

MAD MEN

MAD MEN

Written by

Matthew Weiner

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Matthew Weiner". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "M" and a stylized "W".

One-Hour Pilot

"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"

Writer's First Draft
April 5, 2001

MAD MEN –

A term coined in the late 1950's identifying the advertising executives of Madison Avenue.

They coined it.

ACT ONE

FADE IN.

TITLE CARD "MANHATTAN - 1959"

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Stock footage of late 50's Manhattan - night-time shots of vintage skyscrapers, traffic, and people.

INT. KNICK KNACK BAR

With its vinyl upholstery and mirrored walls. This is a dive bar of today--but brand new. It's after work, but the women have their hair done and each man's tie is pushed to the top of his collar. Highballs and martinis clink under quiet music and everywhere are the sights and sounds of smoking.

Alone in a red corner booth is DON DRAPER, early 30's, handsome, conservative, and despite his third seven and seven, he is apparently sober. He is doodling on a cocktail napkin. He crosses something out, puts down his fountain pen, and taps a cigarette out of a pack of "Old Gold".

The BUSBOY, a middle-aged black man, too old for his tight uniform, approaches.

BUSBOY

Finished, sir?

DON

Yeah. Got a light?

The busboy pulls out a pack of matches from the back of his 'Lucky Strikes' and lights Don's cigarette.

DON (CONT'D)

Ah, a 'Lucky Strike' man.

(inhaling)

'Old Gold', here.

There is an awkward silence. The busboy starts to walk away.

DON (CONT'D)

Can I ask you something? Why do you smoke 'Lucky Strikes'?

The busboy seems flustered and looks around nervously. The burly white BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

I'm sorry sir. Is Sam here bothering you? He can be a little chatty.

DON

No, we're actually having a conversation. Is that okay?

BARTENDER

(thinking)

Can I get you another drink?

DON

(points to drink)

Do this again. Seven and seven, please.

The bartender walks off.

DON (CONT'D)

So, obviously you need to relax after working here all night.

BUSBOY

I guess. I don't know.

DON

What is it, low-tar? Low-nicotine? Those new filters? I mean, why "Luckies"?

BUSBOY

They gave them to us in the service. A carton a week for free.

DON

So you're used to them. Is that it?

BUSBOY

Yeah, they're a habit.

DON

So I could never get you to smoke another kind? Let's say, my Old Gold's?

BUSBOY

I love my Luckies.

DON

Let's just say tomorrow a tobacco weevil comes and eats every last Lucky on the planet.

BUSBOY

That's a sad story.

DON

Yes, it's a tragedy. Would you just stop smoking?

BUSBOY

I'm pretty sure I'd find something.
I love smoking.

DON

(writing as he speaks)
"I love smoking". That's very good.

BUSBOY

My wife hates it. "The Reader's
Digest" says it will kill you.

DON

Yeah, I heard about that.

BUSBOY

(shrugs)
Ladies love their magazines.

DON

Yes, they do.

CUT TO:

OPENING MONTAGE:

TITLE CARD "MAD MEN"

Images and sounds from late 1950's and early 60's advertising:
Doctors selling cigarettes. Athletes selling liquor. Bathing
suit models with vacuum cleaners.

And most importantly, proud Dads with their perfect wives
and children driving their cars to some green suburban utopia.

We get a sense of the time and its ideals.

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Don, hat in hand, knocks on the door. He waits a beat and
checks his watch. It's midnight. The door opens to reveal
MIDGE DANIELS, a sexy no nonsense woman about Don's age
wrapped in a red kimono.

MIDGE

(sarcastic)
You weren't worried about waking me,
were you?

DON

Am I interrupting anything?

MIDGE

No, only my work.

She turns and Don follows her shapely form into the apartment.

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment has a huge glass view of Manhattan and is decorated in Swedish modern: chrome, teak, and white. In the center of the room, under a large mobile, is a queen-size bed on a platform.

Midge walks to her drafting table where she is working. Don sits on the edge of the bed.

MIDGE

Well, you're lucky I'm still up working. And that I'm alone.

DON

How's it going?

MIDGE

They invented something called "Grandmother's Day". It ought to keep me busy drawing puppies for a few months.

She holds up a few of the greeting cards that she has been working on.

DON

Can I run a few ideas past you?

Midge smiles and heads to the bar to fix a couple of drinks.

MIDGE

Does that mean what I think it means? Because I'm familiar with most of your ideas.

Don starts leafing through his pockets, pulling out napkins.

DON

I have this situation with my cigarette account.

MIDGE

(surprised)
Wow, you really are here to talk.

DON

The Trade Commission is cracking down on all of our health claims.

MIDGE

I get "Reader's Digest".

(MORE)

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(handing him a drink)

This is the same scare you had five years ago. You dealt with it. I know I slept easier knowing that doctors smoke.

DON

But that's the problem. The whole "safer cigarette" thing is over. No more doctors, no more testimonials, no more cough-free, soothes your t-zone, low-tar, low-nicotine, filter-tipped, nothing. It's over. All that's left is a crush-proof box or "Four Out of Five Dead People Smoked Your Brand."

Don drains his drink. Midge puts on a record. She sits behind him on the bed, starts rubbing his neck.

MIDGE

Is this the part where I'm supposed to say, "Don Draper is the greatest ad-man ever and his big strong brain will find a way to bring all of the sheep into the slaughterhouse"?

Don grabs her hands over his shoulders, pulls her over and kisses her on the lips lightly.

DON

I don't want to go to school tomorrow.

MIDGE

Are you going to pitch it to me or not?

DON

Midge, I'm serious. I have nothing. I'm over and they're finally going to know it. The next time you see me there'll be a bunch of young executives picking the meat off my ribs.

MIDGE

That's a pretty picture.

DON

What's your secret?

MIDGE

Nine different ways to say, "I love you, Grandma."

She opens her kimono revealing she has nothing on underneath and pulls Don's head to her chest. As she smiles with pleasure, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

It's still dark outside. Don is laying on Midge's chest. Midge smokes a cigarette. Don looks off towards the skyline.

DON

We should get married.

MIDGE

You think I'd make a good ex-wife?

Don sits up and grabs a cigarette off the end table.

DON

I'm serious. You have your own business and you don't care when I come over. What size Cadillac do you take?

Midge lays on the bed completely naked, staring at Don.

MIDGE

You know the rules. I don't make plans and I don't make breakfast.

She laughs and throws Don his watch. He puts it on.

DON

Sterling is having the tobacco people in in nine hours. I have nothing.

MIDGE

People love smoking. There's nothing that you, the Trade Commission, or "Reader's Digest" can do to change that. What do you say you come back to bed?

DON

There's a kid who comes by my office everyday and looks where he's going to put his plants.

MIDGE

(pulling Don onto the bed)

Is he handsome?

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWERING MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER - MORNING

From the air, we see an elegant modern glass building. Below, the hats on the tops of men's heads swarm like ants through revolving doors.

INT. ELEVATOR

A middle-aged black man mans the controls of the crowded elevator. Three young execs, KEN, DICK, and HARRY, in apparently identical suits take off their hats and crowd to the back of the elevator.

DICK

Twenty-three.

KEN

Oh, but not right away.

An attractive YOUNG SECRETARY, holding her purse to her chest, steps on the elevator and turns her back to them. The three men look her over and nod to each other approvingly.

DICK

You going to Campbell's bachelor party?

KEN

Yeah, I want to be there when they tie an anchor around his neck and drag him out to sea.

DICK

I heard she's a nice girl.

HARRY

Who wants that?

The doors open on the elevator. Ken slaps the secretary on the ass as they push past her. She gives them an angry stare.

YOUNG SECRETARY

(to elevator operator)

Twenty-nine, please.

As the doors close, Ken turns to Dick and Harry.

KEN

Touchy.

INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

We follow the threesome as they wind down the hall of the busy office. It's ultra-modern with teak panelling and Barcelona chairs.

DICK

What did you do that for? She'll probably be assigned to one of us.

KEN

Then she'll know what she's in for. Besides, you have to let them know what kind of guy you are. Then they'll know what kind of girl to be.

HARRY

(to Ken)

I have a feeling we won't be going to your bachelor party anytime soon.

KEN

Yeah, well, compared to Campbell, I'm a boy scout.

They walk past an attractive secretary, HILDY, who stands up as if to stop them.

HILDY

Excuse me, is he expecting you?

DICK

He's not expecting anything.

Ken holds his finger to his lips as the three men burst open the door to see PETE CAMPBELL. He is mid-twenties, charming, all-American, and on the phone.

PETE

(to phone)

Oh, honey, don't worry, I'll get home safely. I have an important appointment right now, so why don't you go shopping or something? Take your mother to lunch, tell her it was my idea.

DICK

(to Ken)

Wow, he's good.

The three guys, Ken, Dick, and Harry, settle into different places around the office. A few of them light cigarettes.

PETE

(to phone)

It's just a bachelor party.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

... No, I really don't know what they have planned, but judging from the creative brainpower around here, we'll probably end up seeing "My Fair Lady".

Ken looks offended and takes a card out of his pocket with a drawing of a stripper, on it is written "The Kitten Klub". He holds it up for Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)

(still on phone)

I'll tell you what. I'll stop by your place on my way home. Your mother can check under my fingernails. ... Of course I love you. I'm giving up my life to be with you, aren't I?

He laughs and hangs up the phone and picks up her picture from his desk.

PETE (CONT'D)

What a great gal. I'll tell you guys, she stole my heart.

DICK

And her old man's loaded.

As Pete laughs, he grabs the card with the stripper from Ken. Pete approves.

CUT TO:

INT. STERLING COOPER HALLWAY -- LATER

Walking down a wide corridor with open offices on either side is JOAN, mid-twenties, an incredibly put together office manager. A half step behind her, carrying a cardboard box with supplies is PEGGY OLSON, who at 20 seems far younger.

JOAN

Now this is the Executive floor. It should be organized but it's not, so you'll find Account Executives and Creative Executives, all mixed together.

(laughing)

Please don't ask me the difference.

PEGGY

Great.

JOAN

Hopefully, if you follow my lead,
you can avoid some of the mistakes I
made here.

Ken and Dick pass in the hallway.

DICK

(as he passes)
Hello, Joan.

JOAN

(to Peggy, re: Dick)
Like that one. So, how many trains
did it take you?

PEGGY

Only one, but I got up very early.

JOAN

In a couple of years, with the right
moves, you'll be in the city with
the rest of us. Of course, if you
really make the right moves, you'll
be out in the country and you won't
be going to work at all.

They push through a couple of double doors to another set of
offices with secretarial desks in front of them. Joan points
to an empty desk.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You'll be there, just across the
aisle from me. We'll both take care
of Mr. Draper for the time being.

Peggy sits down and starts unloading her things. Joan stands
in front of her, very business-like.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what your goals are,
but don't over-do it with the perfume.
Keep a fifth of something in your
desk. Mr. Draper drinks rye. Also,
invest in some aspirin, some band-
aids, and a needle and thread.

Peggy whips out a steno-pad and starts writing.

PEGGY

Rye is Canadian, right?

JOAN

You better find out.
(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

He may act like he wants a secretary, but most of the time they're looking for something between a mother and a waitress. The rest of the time, well --

(confidentially)

Go home, take a paper bag, cut eyeholes out of it. Put it over your head, get undressed and look at yourself in the mirror. Really evaluate where your strengths and weaknesses are. And be honest.

Peggy looks up at her, a little stunned.

PEGGY

I always try to be honest.

JOAN

Good for you.

As Peggy places her gleaming stapler on the desk, she stares at the two button intercom, the rotary telephone, and the electric typewriter.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Now try not to be overwhelmed by all this technology. It looks complicated, but the men who designed it made it simple enough for a woman to use.

PEGGY

I sure hope so.

JOAN

At lunch, you need to pick up a box of chocolates, a dozen carnations, and some bath salts. I'll explain later.

PEGGY

Thank you, Joan. You're really wonderful for looking out for me this way.

Joan starts to head away, then turns back.

JOAN

And listen, we're going to be working together so don't take this the wrong way, but a girl like you, with those darling little ankles, I'd find a way to make them sing. Also, men love scarves.

Down the hallway comes a slightly disheveled Don Draper followed by ROGER STERLING, an elegant WASP with an incredible head of grey hair. Roger is the Sterling in "Sterling Cooper Advertising".

As they whisk by, Joan straightens up and sticks her chest out. She motions for Peggy to stand up as well.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Good morning, Mr. Draper. Oh! And Mr. Sterling! How are you?

ROGER

Good morning, girls.

They enter Don's office, closing the door behind them.

INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Roger speaks as Don opens a closet and hangs up his coat.

ROGER

You look like a hundred bucks. Long night? It's not this tobacco thing, is it?

DON

It has been on my mind.

ROGER

Well, I should hope so. Wayland and his father and the whole 'Old Gold' family will be here at four.

DON

Are you worried?

Don opens a drawer revealing a stack of freshly identical white shirts still wrapped from the laundry. He takes one out and changes into it while they talk.

ROGER

No, if I was worried, I'd ask you what you have. But I'm not. So I'm just going to assume that you have something. Which means you should be worried.

Don folds down his collar and starts tying his tie.

DON

So you came by because you wanted to watch me get dressed?

ROGER

No, I wanted make sure you were here.

Don drops a couple of Alka-Seltzer into a glass.

DON

In body, yes. Give me about a half
an hour for the rest.

Roger heads out, but then stops, remembering something.

ROGER

Do we have any...how do I put this?
Have we ever hired any Jews?

DON

Not on my watch.

ROGER

Very funny. That's not what I meant.

DON

We've got an Italian. Salvatore, my
art director?

ROGER

(disappointed)

That won't work.

DON

Sorry, but most of the Jewish guys
work for Jewish firms.

ROGER

I know. Selling Jewish products to
Jewish people.

DON

(pretending to write)

That's good.

ROGER

It's just that our eleven o'clock is
with Magnin's Department Store and I
wish we had somebody to make them
feel comfortable.

DON

You want me to go down to the deli
and grab somebody?

ROGER

(pointing to Don's
shirt)

You missed a button.

Roger exits. Don buttons his shirt. He is now perfectly
dressed. He looks out at the spectacular view of Manhattan
and closes the venetian blinds.

Now in his dim office, he lays carefully on the couch, downs his Alka-Seltzer and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK

We hear Peggy's disembodied voice.

PEGGY (V.O.)

Mr. Draper? Excuse me? Mr. Draper?

FADE IN:

DON'S POV

Peggy stands over Don holding a glass of water in one hand.

INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE

PEGGY

I'm sorry to wake you, but Mr. Campbell is outside.

DON

He doesn't know I'm sleeping in here, does he?

PEGGY

No, sir.

DON

That's good. And who are you?

PEGGY

I'm Peggy Olson. The new girl?

Don looks at her, putting things together. He stands up and tucks in the tail of his shirt, runs a comb through his hair.

DON

Can you go out there and entertain him?

PEGGY

I know it's my first day and I don't want to seem uncooperative, but... do I have to?

DON

I see your point.

PEGGY

(relieved)

I brought you some aspirin.

Don smiles and takes the glass and aspirin from her.

DON

Send him in.

As Peggy turns Pete swings the door open and enters.

PETE

You look like a hundred bucks. Ready to go sweet talk some retail Jews?

DON

You're hard to take first thing in the morning, Pete.

PETE

I've never had any complaints. Speaking of which, who's your little friend, here?

DON

She's the new girl.

PETE

You always get the new girl. Management gets all the perks.
(to Peggy)
Where are you from, honey?

PEGGY

Miss Deaver's Secretarial School.

PETE

Top notch.
(he looks her over)
But I meant where are you from? Are you Amish or something?

PEGGY

No, I'm from Brooklyn.

PETE

Well you're in the city, now. It wouldn't be a sin for us to see your legs. And if you pull your belt in a little bit, you might look like a woman.

Peggy tries to hide her embarrassment by ignoring Pete.

PEGGY

Is that all, Mr. Draper?

PETE

Hey, I'm not done here. I'm working my way up.

DON
 (to Peggy)
 That'll be all--it's Peggy, right?

PEGGY
 Yes, Mr. Draper. Oh, and it's time
 for your eleven o'clock meeting.

Peggy starts to walk out.

DON
 (to Peggy)
 Sorry about Mr. Campbell, here. He
 left his manners back at the
 fraternity house.

Pete shrugs and holds open the door as Don exits.

INT. STERLING COOPER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don and Pete walk down the hallway together.

PETE
 She's a little young for you, Draper.

DON
 The future Mrs. Pete Campbell is a
 lucky woman. When's the wedding,
 again?

PETE
 Sunday. Did Ken tell you about the
 bachelor party tonight?

DON
 He sure did.

PETE
 So do I get first crack at her?
 Word is she took down more sailors
 than the Arizona.

DON
 How old are you?

PETE
 I just turned twenty-two.

DON
 I bet the world looks like one great
 big brassiere strap waiting to be
 snapped.

PETE
 You are good with words, Draper.

DON
Campbell, we're both men here, so
I'll be direct.

PETE
Christ, are you already sleeping
with her?

Unfazed, Don continues as they round a corner.

DON
Advertising is a very small world.
And when you do something like malign
the reputation of some girl from the
steno pool on her first day, you
make it even smaller. Keep it up
and even if you do get my job, you'll
never run this place. You'll die in
that corner office: a mid-level
account executive with a little bit
of hair, who women go home with out
of pity.

They've arrived at the big board room. Don stops and
whispers.

DON (CONT'D)
And you know why? Because no one
will like you.

Pete is speechless. Don smiles and opens the door.

INT. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don enters, energized. Pete follows behind him, trying to
smile.

Inside, Roger waits with a few people, including RACHEL
MAGNIN, early twenties and stunning in a Chanel suit.

ROGER
Well here are our miracle workers
now. You already know Pete Campbell,
of course, your Account Executive,
if you choose to do business with
us. And this handsome guy is Don
Draper, the best Creative Director
in New York.

DON
Or at least the building.

He holds his hand out to a young man.

DON (CONT'D)
You must be Mr. Magnin.

Roger steps in.

ROGER

(to Don)

Oh, I'm sorry about that.

RACHEL

(offering her hand)

I'm Rachel Magnin.

DON

I apologize. I was expecting, um--

RACHEL

You were expecting me to be a man?
My father was, too.

Their eyes meet. After a beat, Don finally shakes her hand.

DON

(to young man)

And you are?

ROGER

Why Don, you remember David Cohen
from... the Art Department.

DON

(covering)

Oh, of course. David, one of the
rising stars here at Sterling Cooper.

David smiles awkwardly and wipes his hands on his pants.

ROGER

So why don't we all get comfortable
and Miss Magnin, you tell us what
you have in mind.

RACHEL

Wonderful.

As they sit down, Don leans in to Roger.

DON

(sotto, re: David Cohen)

Very subtle. Isn't that your shirt?

ROGER

I had to go all the way to the mail
room, but I found one.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

An old gothic building. Next to the revolving door we see a plaque: "Midtown Medical Building".

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM

Peggy sits on the vinyl exam table reading a pamphlet, "It's Your Wedding Night". Following a knock on the door, DR. EMERSON, early forties, enters with a clipboard under his arm.

DR. EMERSON

(reading chart)

So, you must be Peggy Olson. Joan Holloway sent you over. She's a great girl. How is Joan?

PEGGY

She sends her regards.

DR. EMERSON

She's a lot of fun. It must be a scream to work with her.

PEGGY

Yes.

(thinking)

It's pretty terrific.

DR. EMERSON

Try to make yourself comfortable and relax.

Dr. Emerson nods towards the stirrups. Peggy leans back and stares up at the acoustic tile. Dr. Emerson adjusts the miner's light on his forehead and begins to palpate Peggy's stomach.

DR. EMERSON (CONT'D)

I see from your chart and your finger, you're not married.

PEGGY

That's right.

DR. EMERSON

And yet you're interested in the contraceptive pills?

PEGGY

Well, I--

DR. EMERSON

No reason to be nervous.

(MORE)

DR. EMERSON (CONT'D)

Joan sent you to me because I'm not here to judge you. There's nothing wrong with a woman being practical about the possibility of sexual activity. Spread your knees.

PEGGY

(trying to be casual)
That's good to hear.

DR. EMERSON

Of course, as a doctor, one would like to think that putting a woman in this situation, it's not going to turn her into some kind of strumpet. Slide your fanny towards me. I'm not going to bite.

Peggy winces as he inserts the speculum.

DR. EMERSON (CONT'D)

I'll warn you now, I will take you off this medicine if you abuse it.

Peggy looks towards him but is blinded by the light on his forehead. All she hears is his disembodied voice.

DR. EMERSON (CONT'D)

It's really for your own good, but the fact is, even in our modern times, easy women don't find husbands.

PEGGY

I understand, Dr. Emerson. I really am a very responsible person.

He turns off his light and goes to the other side of the room. He lights a cigarette.

DR. EMERSON

I'm sure you're not that kind of girl. Now, Joan...

(he laughs)

I'm kidding around here. You can get dressed.

Peggy starts to awkwardly put her clothes on, turning her back to the Doctor.

DR. EMERSON (CONT'D)

I'm going to write you a prescription for Enovid 10. They're eleven dollars a month.

(MORE)

DR. EMERSON (CONT'D)

But don't think you have to go out
and become the town pump to get your
money's worth. Excuse my French.

Peggy smiles politely and takes the prescription.

CUT TO:

INT. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - LATER

Rachel Magnin sits between David Cohen and Pete listening to Don and Roger give their pitch. The table is lined with Shrimp Cocktails, toast points, and a pitcher of Bloody Mary's.

ROGER

So what Don's saying is that through a variety of media, including a spot during "The Danny Thomas Show" if you can afford it, we can really boost awareness.

DON

Then, a ten-percent off coupon in select ladies' magazines will help increase your first time visitors.

(eating a shrimp)

After we've got them in the store, it's kind of up to you.

RACHEL

Mr. Draper, our store is sixty years old. We share a wall with Tiffany's. Honestly, a coupon?

DON

Miss Magnin, coupons work. I think your father would agree with the strategy.

RACHEL

He might. But he's not here because we just had our lowest sales year. Ever. So, I suppose what I think matters most right now.

Rachel takes out a cigarette. Pete lights it, smiling.

PETE

Miss Magnin, why did you come here? There are a dozen other agencies better suited to your... needs.

RACHEL

If I wanted some man who happened to be from the same village as my father to handle my account, I could have stayed where I was. Their research favors coupons, too.

ROGER

Miss Magnin, it's not just research. Housewives love coupons.

RACHEL

I'm not interested in housewives.

DON

(frustrated)

So, what kind of people do you want?

RACHEL

I want your kind of people, Mr. Draper. People who don't care about coupons, whether they can afford it or not. People who are coming to the store because it is expensive.

DON

We obviously have very different ideas.

RACHEL

Yes, like "the customer is always right?" Gentlemen, I really thought you could do better than this. Sterling Cooper has a reputation for being innovative.

DON

(raising his voice)

You are way out of line, Miss.

Roger takes hold of the situation.

ROGER

Don, please. Let's not get emotional, here. There's no reason we can't talk this out.

DON

Talk out what? Some silly idea that people will go to some store they've never been to because it's more expensive.

RACHEL

It works for "Chanel".

DON
 (steely)
 "Magnin's" is not "Chanel".

RACHEL
 That's a vote of confidence.

Now Pete tries to ease the tension.

PETE
 What Don's saying is that "Chanel"
 is a very different kind of place.
 It's French. It's continental.
 It's--

RACHEL
 Not just another Jewish department
 store?

PETE
 Exactly.

Rachel stumps out her cigarette in the shrimp cocktail.

RACHEL
 You were right Roger, this place
 really runs on charm.

DON
 (standing up)
 This is ridiculous.

ROGER
 Don--

DON
 (to Rachel)
 I'm not going to let a woman talk to
 me like this. This meeting is over.
 Good luck, Miss Magnin.

Don storms out. Pete follows after him. David reaches for the pitcher of Bloody Mary's. As Roger glares, David awkwardly excuses himself.

CUT TO:

INT. STERLING COOPER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Don walks down the corridor at a brisk clip with Pete trailing a step behind.

PETE
 Hey, Don. I don't blame you. She
 was way out of line.

DON
Tell me about it.

PETE
Adding money and education doesn't
take the rude edge out of people.

DON
Well, Roger's not going to be happy.
So, I guess that's good for you.

Pete grabs his arm, stops him.

PETE
I'm not going to pretend that I don't
want your job. But you were right.
I'm not great with people, and you
are. I mean, not counting that
meeting we were just in. So, I'm
kind of counting on you to help me
out. There's plenty of room at the
top.

Don calms down.

DON
Yeah, I'm sorry I was so hard on you
before. It's this damn tobacco thing.

PETE
You'll think of something. Just
remember, I'm here to make you look
good. All right, buddy?

Pete holds out his hand. Don just looks at him.

DON
Let's take this a little slower. I
don't want to wake up pregnant.

As Don walks away, Pete tries not to look insulted.

PETE
(under his breath)
Fuck you.

CUT TO:

INT. STERLING COOPER CORRIDOR - LATER

Joan leads Peggy down the hallway. Peggy is holding the
flowers, candy, and bath salts that were requested.

JOAN
Dr. Emerson is a dream, isn't he?

PEGGY

He seemed nice.

JOAN

He has a place in South Hampton.
I'm not saying I've seen it, but
it's beautiful.

Joan stops in front of a door.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Now, don't be nervous, but this is
the nerve center of this office.
You and your boss depend on the
willing and cheerful co-operation of
a few skilled employees. Never snap,
yell, or be sarcastic with them.
And above all, always be a supplicant.

Joan opens the door. The door to,

INT. TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD ROOM

Three women with headsets plug and unplug into a wall of
wires, lights, and holes. There is a drone of ad-libbing,
"Good afternoon. Sterling Cooper. Please hold. Mr. Dawson's
office, please hold." Etc.

JOAN

I know you girls are busy, but we've
got a new one. Peggy, this is Marge,
Nanette, and Ivy.

They nod to Peggy while they work. Joan elbows Peggy.

PEGGY

I brought you some things. I guess
a sort of "getting to know you" gift.

The women stop working. The board buzzes and lights continue
as they chat.

MARGE

(to Peggy)

Aren't you a sweetheart? If I know
Joan, the candy's for me.

IVY

You're not fair, Joan. You know she
has to lose eight pounds by the
Christmas party.

PEGGY

I think you look great.

Joan smiles, pleased that Peggy has picked up the cue.

MARGE

It's because I'm sitting down.

NANETTE

Come back and visit anytime, honey.

(to Joan)

Who does she work for?

JOAN

Don Draper.

MARGE

They got rid of Eleanor?

JOAN

She moved on. Draper wasn't interested.

NANETTE

Well, she couldn't get a call through. Rude little thing.

JOAN

I see you all have your hands full. We don't want to be a bother.

PEGGY

Nice meeting you.

They go back to work answering the phones.

IVY

(to Peggy)

You have great legs. I bet Mr. Draper would like them if he could see them.

She winks at Peggy as Joan pulls her toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Don sits at his desk looking out of the window. He takes a pack of "Old Gold" out of his pocket and puts it on the desk freestanding. He stares at it like an artist about to do a figure drawing.

SALVATORE ROMANO, transparently gay--although in 1959, no one seems to know it--stands in the doorway with a hand on his hip like Marlene Dietrich.

SALVATORE

You can look at it all you want, it's not going to talk to you.

DON

It's worth a try.

Salvatore puts a couple of trace paper sketches on the desk.

SALVATORE

Without the medical claims all we have is a white box with a stripe on it.

He shows Don a sketch of a shirtless man in a hammock smoking. The word above says, "Relax..."

DON

It's not a bad idea. The picture is appealing.

SALVATORE

That's my job. Drawing appealing pictures. My neighbor posed for this. Believe me, he always looks very relaxed.

(giggles a little)

Of course, he doesn't smoke. I had him hold a pencil.

DON

If I know these guys, you're better off with a little sex appeal. Can you give me a woman in a bathing suit? Put your guy next to her?

SALVATORE

Oh, a sexy girl? I can do that.

DON

(winking)

Give you a chance to get a real model.

SALVATORE

(too enthusiastic)

I love my work! Speaking of sexy girls, are you going to Pete's bachelor party?

DON

I'm not really big on those things.

SALVATORE

(relieved)

Oh, tell me about it. It's so embarrassing. If a girl's going to shake it in my face, I want to be alone so I can do something.

DON

(laughs)

I hear you.

Don sits down on the couch and looks out at the skyline again. Salvatore opens the desk drawer and takes out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses.

SALVATORE

Should we drink before the meeting or after? Or both?

Don lights a cigarette.

DON

I need my wits about me.

SALVATORE

Well I need a whiskey and soda right now.

He drops a couple of Alka-Seltzer into a glass of whiskey.

DON

So that's it, huh? "Relax...", that's all we have?

SALVATORE

Don't be short with me. You're the writer. I thought it was worth a try.

The intercom buzzes. Don hits the button.

PEGGY (V.O.)

Greta Guttman is here to see you.

DON

Send her in.

Salvatore downs his drink.

SALVATORE

Great. Now we have to hear from our man in research.

Peggy opens the door and shows GRETA GUTTMAN, a fifty-ish German national who embodies the sober world of research right down to her white lab coat.

GRETA

Mr. Draper. Mr. Romano.

Her eyes follow Peggy as she leaves.

GRETA (CONT'D)

I see you have another attractive young plaything.

DON

You can fight with Campbell over her.

Salvatore spits his drink back into his glass, stifling a laugh.

GRETA

I don't understand.

(a beat)

You both seem more relaxed than I expected. Do you have some kind of surprise for the tobacco people?

DON

(re: cigarette)

I'm doing my own research.

GRETA

I have a few ideas drawn from my most recent surveys. If you are planning to continue with medical testimony, you'll only be inviting further government interference. We must police ourselves.

SALVATORE

Well there's your slogan.

DON

(to Greta)

The medical thing is dead, we all understand that.

GRETA

Yes, dead. An apt choice of words. Considering the public is convinced that cigarettes are poisonous. So if we can't insist that they're not, we can still suggest that they are "part of American life." Too good to give up, and "an assertion of independence".

DON

So basically if you love danger, you'll love smoking?

SALVATORE

We could put a skull and crossbones on the label! I love it!

GRETA

Before the war, I studied with Mr. Adler in Vienna. We proved that what Freud called "the Death Wish" is as powerful a drive as those for sexual reproduction and physical sustenance.

DON

(looking at his watch)
Almost in here a full minute without bringing up Freud.

SALVATORE

(unaware of the irony)
So we're supposed to believe people are living one way and secretly thinking the exact opposite? That's ridiculous.

DON

Let me tell you something, Miss Guttman--

GRETA

Doctor.

DON

Dr. Guttman, although psychology is great at a cocktail party, it just so happens people were buying cigarettes before Freud was born. The issue isn't, "why should people smoke"--it's why should people smoke "Old Gold". Suggesting our customers have a, what did you call it? A "Death Wish"? Well, I just don't see that on a billboard.

SALVATORE

It's all a big scare anyway. So what if "Reader's Digest" says they're dangerous? They also said "Bambi" was the book of the century. There's no proof, no studies.

GRETA

There's conclusive proof that none of these low-tar, low-nicotine or filtration systems have any effect on the incidences of lung cancer.

DON

This isn't Germany.
(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

If you were right, the government would shut down the tobacco companies, not just limit advertising. Just give me the damn report.

GRETA

(hands it to him)

I think you'll find it very convincing.

DON

I'm sure I will. You were the one who dug up all our medical testimonials to begin with.

GRETA

That's true, Mr. Draper, but--

DON

I respect your right to protect your job and have your "input", but we both know you could write a report that says the moon is made out of green cheese if I asked you to.

Greta gives what passes for a smile.

DON (CONT'D)

Has anyone else seen this?

GRETA

No, of course not. It's your account.

DON

Good. I don't want to hear about it again. And I don't want anyone else to, either. I'm sorry, but I find your whole approach perverse.

GRETA

I understand. Good luck at the meeting.

(on exit)

I'm sure it will be a quick one.

Greta exits. Don throws the report into the wastebasket.

DON

Sal, I'll take that drink now.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD "4:15PM"

INT. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - AFTERNOON

The large table in the board room is covered with ashtrays. JIM WAYLAND, JUNIOR, a forty-ish tobacco magnate, and his father, JIM SENIOR, sit flanked with other tobacco executives. Across the table, Roger, Don, and Pete listen patiently to Jim Sr.'s lilting southern anger.

JIM SENIOR

I just don't know what we have to do to make these government interlopers happy. They tell us to build a safer cigarette, and we do it. Then suddenly, that's not good enough.

JIM JUNIOR

We might as well be living in Russia.

JIM SENIOR

Damn straight. You know this morning, I got a call from my competitors at Brown & Williamson, and they're getting sued by the federal government because of the health claims they made.

ROGER

We're aware of that, Mr. Wayland. But you have to realize that through manipulation of the media, the public is under the impression that your cigarettes are linked to... certain fatal diseases.

JIM SENIOR

Manipulation of the media? That's what I hired you for. Our product is fine.

He coughs. Suddenly, a round of spontaneous coughing begins among all of the people in the board room. It dies down.

JIM SENIOR (CONT'D)

I smoke them myself.

JIM JUNIOR

My Granddad smoked them. He died at 95 years old. He was hit by a truck.

ROGER

I understand, but our hands are tied. We are no longer allowed to advertise that "Old Golds" are safe.

JIM SENIOR

So what the hell are we going to do? We already funded our own tobacco research center to put this whole rumor to rest.

ROGER

And that's a great start. But it may not affect sales. Don, I think that's your cue.

Don opens up a folder, it's filled with blank pages. He pretends to shuffle the pages around, stalling.

DON

Well, I... I've really thought about this. And hell, you know I'm an "Old Gold" man from way back...

From Don's POV, we see the anxious stares of all those at the table.

In slow motion, cigarettes are being lit and men are exhaling. A bead of sweat forms on Don's brow. His heart is pounding in his ears.

Suddenly, the silence is broken by Pete's voice.

PETE

I might have a solution.

Don does not seem relieved as Pete takes the stage. Roger catches Don's eye, but Don looks away.

PETE (CONT'D)

At Sterling Cooper, we've been pioneering the burgeoning the field of research. And our analysis shows that the health risks associated with your products is not the end of the world.

As the executives look at each other curiously, Don sees Pete is reading from Greta's report.

PETE (CONT'D)

People get in their cars everyday to go to work, and some of them die. Cars are dangerous. There's nothing you can do about it.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

You still have to get where you're going. Cigarettes are exactly the same. Why don't we simply say, "So what if cigarettes are dangerous?" You're an adult. The world is dangerous. Smoke your cigarette-- You still have to get where you're going.

JIM JUNIOR

That's very interesting.

(then)

I mean, if cigarettes were dangerous, that would be interesting.

Roger looks around nervously to see if they're going to bite.

JIM SENIOR

Except they aren't. Is that your slogan? "You're going to die anyway. Die with us."?

PETE

Actually, it's a fairly well established psychological principal that society has a "Death Wish". And if we could tap into that, the market potential--

JIM SENIOR

What the hell are you talking about? Why not just write "cancer" on the package? Are you insane? I'm not selling rifles. I'm in the tobacco business--I'm selling America. The Indians gave it to us for shit's sake.

JIM JUNIOR

Come on, Dad. Let's get out of here.

They stand up.

JIM JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(he helps his father
up)

The bright spot is, at least we know that if we have this problem, everybody has this problem.

Don's ears perk up at this last comment. He lets it sink in.

DON

Gentlemen, before you leave, can I say something?

ROGER

(pointed)

I don't know. Can you, Don?

DON

The Federal Trade Commission and "Reader's Digest" have done you a favor. They've let you know that any ad that brings up the concept of health and cigarettes together, makes people think of cancer.

JIM SENIOR

(sarcastic)

Yes, and we're grateful to them.

DON

But, what Jim Junior said is right. If you can't make health claims, neither can your competitors.

JIM SENIOR

Great, so we got a lot of people not saying anything that sells cigarettes.

DON

Not exactly. This is the greatest advertising opportunity since the invention of cereal. We have six identical companies with six identical products... We can say anything we want.

The men sit down, interested. Don walks over to a black board.

DON (CONT'D)

How do you make your cigarettes?

JIM JUNIOR

I don't know.

JIM SENIOR

(to his son)

Shame on you.

(to Don)

We breed insect-resistant tobacco seeds, grow them in the South Carolina sun, cut it, cure it, toast it, treat it--

DON

There you go.

Don writes on the board: "Old Gold - It's 'Toasted'."

The men all look at it, not sure how to react.

JIM JUNIOR

But everybody else's tobacco is
toasted.

DON

No. Everybody else's tobacco is
poisonous. "Old Gold" is toasted.

Roger's face lights with a slow smile of pride and awe.

ROGER

Gentlemen, I don't have to tell you
what you've just witnessed here.

JIM JUNIOR

I think you do.

Don gathers his thoughts and lowers his voice.

DON

Advertising is based on one thing:
happiness. And you know what
happiness is?

Don looks out the window into the setting sun, almost lost.

DON (CONT'D)

Happiness is the smell of a new car...
It's freedom from fear. It's a
billboard on the side of the road
that screams with reassurance that
whatever you're doing is okay.
(almost to himself)
You are okay.

The tobacco people look at each other with understanding and
relief.

JIM SENIOR

(quietly impressed)

"It's 'Toasted'." I get it.

Don underlines the slogan with the chalk. As he turns and
looks over at Pete's disappointed face, he smiles and taps
out a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - LATER

Roger stands at the bar, fixing drinks. Don sits at his desk with his feet up, smoking a cigar.

ROGER

You had me worried. I don't know if you were drunk or not drunk, but that was inspired.

He hands Don a drink. As he does, Don notices that Greta's report is no longer in the waste basket.

DON

For the record, I pulled it out of thin air.

(he looks up)

Thank you, up there.

ROGER

You're looking the wrong way.

Don laughs. The intercom buzzes.

PEGGY (V.O.)

Mr. Draper? You have visitors.

DON

Honey, could you be a little more specific?

Ken, Dick, and Harry bust through the door with Pete in tow.

KEN

We heard you saved the day.

He slams down a bottle of "Canadian Club". Don looks at it.

DON

Thanks, boys. I appreciate it.

PETE

(sucking up)

I told them how amazing you were. I'm still tingling.

The guys start fixing themselves drinks.

ROGER

Well it looks like you're all about to engage in a little mid-level camaraderie, so I'll be on my way. And Don, thanks for the home run.

DON

I love to come through.

ROGER

(quietly)

Speaking of that, any way you can patch things up with Rachel Magnin? Any chance you could be as charming as I said you were?

DON

Haven't you had enough of my magic for one day?

ROGER

She's worth two million dollars.

DON

You're a whore.

Roger salutes and exits. Don hits the intercom.

HARRY

Can she get us some more ice?

PEGGY (V.O.)

Yes, Mr. Draper?

DON

(to intercom)

Just a minute.

(then to them)

I think this party needs to move elsewhere.

DICK

We'll move wherever you want, but it's five fifteen, the bachelor party's underway.

DON

I don't know--

PETE

Aw, come on, Don.

KEN

Aren't you going to help us give Pete his big send-off?

DON

(pointed to Pete)

Maybe some other time.

PETE

Come on, guys.

He puts down a card of the strip club.

PETE (CONT'D)

Don will join us later, right Don?

Pete holds open the door as the guys file out. Don looks Pete in the eye.

DON

If Greta's research was any good, I would have used it.

PETE

What are you talking about?

DON

I'm saying I had a report just like that, and it's not like there's some magic machine that makes identical copies of things.

PETE

I still think she's right.

Peggy stands in the doorway.

DON

Have a great night, Pete.
Congratulations.

He shakes Pete's hand. Pete simmers and walks away. Don goes back to his desk and looks through his notes. Peggy stands next to him.

PEGGY

I heard you were amazing in the meeting.

DON

Fear really stimulates my imagination.

PEGGY

I just wanted to thank you for a great first day. And for, you know, standing up for me with Mr. Campbell.

She puts her hand on top of his.

DON

First of all, Peggy, I'm your boss, not your boyfriend.

(removing her hand)

And second of all, you let Pete Campbell go through my trash again, and you won't be able to get a job selling sandwiches at Penn Station.

PEGGY

(eyes welling)

He said he left his fountain pen in here, I didn't know... I hope you don't think I'm the kind of girl--

DON

Of course not... Now go home, put your curlers in, and let's start fresh again tomorrow.

Peggy starts to head out.

DON (CONT'D)

Oh, and Peggy, I need you to place a call.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE KITTEN KLUB - EVENING

A neon sign of a bubbling champagne glass sticks out over the door of the strip club.

INT. THE KITTEN KLUB

Live jazz sizzles in the background. A buxom blonde STRIPPER is onstage. She unzips her dress in the back and slowly shakes it to the floor.

Through the smoke-filled air we see Ken, Dick, Harry, Salvatore, and Pete sitting at a corner booth. They are drinking and laughing, but Pete is in no mood to participate.

Ken hands a scantily clad WAITRESS ten dollars.

KEN

(to waitress)

I want to see you here every fifteen minutes, whether you have drinks or not.

As she puts the drinks down, she shows them her cleavage.

HARRY

Every five minutes.

The waitress smiles and crosses off. They all watch her.

DICK

Let's live here.

SALVATORE

(to Pete)

You better do more than look, tonight.

PETE
You have a girlfriend, Salvatore?

SALVATORE
(proud)
Come on, I'm Italian.

Just then, three beautiful young women in cocktail dresses and pearls approach the table. WANDA, a brunette with too much hairspray, sits down next to Pete.

WANDA
Is there some kind of party here?

Pete turns to Ken.

PETE
You shouldn't have.

Pete turns to Ken as the women chat with Salvatore.

KEN
Hey, how many times are you going to get married?

PETE
(looking them over)
How did you swing it?

KEN
They work at the Automat.

DICK
(laughing)
He pressed a button, and they came out.

The girls squeeze into the booth. CLEO, a red-head with fake eyelashes, puts her arm around Salvatore and holds a cigarette to her lips. Salvatore lights it.

CLEO
I hope we're not interrupting anything.

HARRY
Definitely not.

CAMILLE, a platinum blonde in a Chinese dress squeezes in between Ken and Harry.

CAMILLE
Well I have the best seat. What are we drinking?

KEN

More of whatever's making you the way you are.

CLEO

(to Salvatore)

I love this place. It's hot, loud, and filled with men.

SALVATORE

(looking around)

I know what you mean.

Cleo looks at Salvatore curiously.

Wanda leans over and grabs Pete's hand with the drink in it and pulls it to her lips. She takes a sip, then reacts like a little girl.

WANDA

(giggling)

Oh my god, I can already feel it.

PETE

I have a feeling you're like this all the time.

WANDA

I like to laugh.

PETE

(leaning in to her)

Is that right?

We see his hand reach under the table to her knee. He tickles her a little. She squirms and giggles.

WANDA

(playful)

Now, you stop that.

PETE

You said you like to laugh.

He tickles her again. She throws her head back, laughing louder.

WANDA

(warning)

I mean it. It's too--

PETE

Too delicious?

We see his hand slide up under her dress. A look of shock goes over Wanda's face.

She stops laughing and instinctively brusquely pushes him away.

WANDA

Hey! I said stop it. What are you doing?

PETE

You know exactly.

Wanda stands and picks up her purse.

WANDA

You know what girls, I think we should go.

PETE

Oh, come on.

Pete grabs her arm. She tries to move.

WANDA

(under her breath)
You're hurting me.

PETE

(letting go)
I'll be good.

Wanda rubs her arm and sits down on the other side of the table. The waitress comes over. Pete throws some money.

PETE (CONT'D)

Get the girls whatever they want.

Wanda stares at Pete and then links arms with Dick.

WANDA

(to Dick)
So what do you fellows do?

DICK

You're looking at the finest ad-men
in New York. Hell, the world.

As Wanda throws her head back laughing, we see Pete sullenly staring off at the stripper. Her bra explodes off of her, revealing two sequined pasties on her gigantic breasts. As the applause begins, the spot light blacks out.

CUT TO:

INT. TRADER VIC'S BAR - LATER

A white-coated ASIAN WAITER weaves through the chic tiki style bar, as well-dressed couples have intimate drinks by

candlelight. He arrives at a booth where Don and Rachel sit across from each other.

ASIAN WAITER

For the lady, a special mai-tai.

He puts down a large fruit and umbrella covered glass.

ASIAN WAITER (CONT'D)

And one whiskey, neat.

Rachel takes a sip through a long straw. She is stunning, her diamond earrings sparkling in the darkness.

RACHEL

So you're going to ply me with drinks and convince me what a terrible mistake I'm making?

DON

That is quite a drink.

RACHEL

You got in trouble, didn't you?

Don smiles and offers her a cigarette. She takes one.

DON

I'm really not as bad as all that. I was under a lot of pressure. Another account. It doesn't really matter.

RACHEL

No, it doesn't.

DON

Why aren't you married?

RACHEL

Are you asking what's wrong with me?

DON

It's just you're a beautiful, educated woman. Don't you think getting married and having a family would make you a lot happier than all the headaches that go with fighting people like me?

RACHEL

If I weren't a woman, I would be allowed to ask you the same question.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And if I weren't a woman I wouldn't have to choose between putting on an apron and the thrill of making my father's store what I always thought it should be.

DON

So that's it? You won't get married because you think business is a thrill?

RACHEL

(smiling)

That, and I have never been in love.

DON

"She won't get married because she's never been in love." I think I wrote that. It was to sell nylons.

RACHEL

For a lot of people, love isn't just a slogan.

DON

Oh, "love". You mean the big lightning bolt to the heart, where you can't eat, can't work, so you run off and get married and make babies?

He looks at Rachel and smiles. She doesn't smile back.

DON (CONT'D)

The reason you haven't felt it is because it doesn't exist. What you call "love" was invented by guys like me to sell nylons.

RACHEL

Is that right?

DON

I'm pretty sure about it. You're born alone, you die alone, and this world just drops a bunch of rules on top of you to make you forget those facts. But I never forget.

(finishing drink)

I'm living like there's no tomorrow, because there isn't one.

Rachel just stares at him with a long, forgiving look.

RACHEL

I don't think I realized it until this moment, but it must be hard being a man, too.

Don nervously reaches for another cigarette and lights it.

DON

I don't know if that's true.

(then)

You want another drink?

RACHEL

No. But you can tell your boss that you charmed me.

She stands up and turns her back to Don. He helps her on with her coat.

DON

So I guess we'll be seeing each other again.

RACHEL

I'll be back in the office Monday morning for a real meeting.

She turns to face him. They are very close. Don looks at her. She is luminous.

DON

I'd like that.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pete in his top coat stands in front of an apartment door, leaning his head against the wall. He is obviously drunk and knocks on the door.

A young woman, MARJORIE, in a pink housecoat opens the door, holding a toothbrush.

MARJORIE

We're not buying anything.

PETE

Actually, for the first time today, I'm not selling anything. Does Peggy live here?

MARJORIE

Do you know that it's nine-thirty?

PETE

(re: watch)

Actually it's nine-fifteen. Is Peggy in?

MARJORIE

Hold on.

She closes the door. She opens it again. Peggy comes to the door in a white bathrobe and slippers.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Do you know him?

PEGGY

It's okay, Marjorie. We work together.

MARJORIE

(under her breath)

He's really drunk.

PEGGY

It's okay, Marjorie.

Marjorie gives a stare and walks back. Peggy closes the door behind her and stands in the hallway with Pete.

PETE

So what are you up to?

Peggy smiles.

PEGGY

Nothing. Sitting in my room listening to records. Getting ready for bed. Another big day tomorrow.

PETE

I'm getting married on Sunday.

PEGGY

I heard that.

PETE

You must think I'm a creep.

PEGGY

(firmly)

Why are you here?

Pete looks down and takes a step toward her. He leans in very close to her. His lips are almost on her forehead. He talks over her head.

PETE

I wanted to see you tonight.

PEGGY

(without moving)

Me?

PETE

(whispers)

I had to see you.

Peggy's hand turns the door knob. She opens the door.

PEGGY

Marjorie?

MARJORIE (O.S.)

Yeah, Peg?

PEGGY

I'm going to bed now.

Peggy takes Pete's hand and leads him into the apartment. The door closes and fills the frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUTER TRAIN - NIGHT

The silver blur of train cars passes. We follow up a window where Don sits nursing a drink, reading the paper.

EXT. RAILWAY PLATFORM

The platform clock reads 9:45. Don and a few other trench coated hat wearing businessmen get off the train and run in the light drizzle to the parking lot.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The car pulls into the muddy driveway. Door opens, Don runs to the front door. He fumbles with his keys and puts them into the brightly painted red door.

INT. HOUSE

In the dimly lit entryway, Don shakes off the rain and climbs the stairs to a bedroom door.

INT. BEDROOM

Suddenly we are close on a woman's hand as it turns the switch on the end table lamp. We pull back and reveal BETTY, 29, and beautiful despite having just awakened.

BETTY

I called the office and they'd said
you'd left.

Don comes over and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

DON

I didn't want to bother you.

BETTY

It's no bother, I just assumed you
were staying in the city again.
There's a plate in the oven.

She helps him take off his tie and opens his shirt. He smiles
at her and gives her a deep kiss.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Unless you're not hungry--

DON

I'm not.

(standing)

I'll be right back. Don't move.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We watch Don's feet, now in slippers, cross the floor. He
eases onto the side of the bed. His hand reaches out to
gently stroke a shock of gold hair. We pull out to reveal
he is sitting between the twin beds containing Robert and
Sally, his two children.

Don has a hand on each of their heads as they sleep. He
looks up to the doorway where Betty now leans in her peignoir,
smiling at the scene of domestic bliss. Don looks away to
the window. We follow his gaze as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. IDYLLIC TWO-STORY COLONIAL HOUSE

We pull back from the dimly lit window. The rain has stopped.
The house is one of many.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW