

Mad Men --

A term coined in the late nineteen-fifties to describe the advertising executives of Madison Avenue.

They coined it.

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD "MAD MEN"

Images and sounds from late 1 's and early '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.

TITLE CARD "MANHATTAN - 1960"

**1 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT**

**1**

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

**2 INT. KNICK KNACK BAR**

**2**

Vinyl upholstery and mirrored walls, 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's, handsome, conservative, and despite his third old fashioned, 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 "Lucky Strike".

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 'Old Gold's' and lights Don's cigarette.

DON  
Ah, an 'Old Gold' man.  
(inhaling)  
'Lucky Strike', here.

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

DON  
Can I ask you something? Why do you  
smoke 'Old Gold'?

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. Old Fashioned,  
please.

The bartender walks off.

DON  
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 "Old  
Gold"?

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  
Luckies?

BUSBOY  
I love my Old Gold.

DON  
Let's just say tomorrow a tobacco  
weevil comes and eats every last  
Old Gold 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.

**3 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER**

**3**

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.

**4 INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

**4**

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".  
(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 and "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 say, "Don  
Draper is the greatest ad-man ever  
and his big strong brain will find  
a way to lead the sheep to 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:

**5 INT. MIDGE'S APARTMENT - MORNING**

**5**

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 smiles a little and throws Don his watch. He puts it on.

DON

Sterling is having the tobacco people 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.

DON

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

MIDGE

Is he handsome?

**6 EXT. TOWERING MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER - MORNING**

**6**

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.

**7 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

**7**

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.

HARRY

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.

KEN

(to the operator)

Pal, can you take the long way up?  
I'm really enjoying the view here.

The secretary looks down. The operator says nothing. Dick slouches against the back wall.

DICK

You going to Campbell's bachelor party?

KEN

Yeah, I want to be there before  
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?

8 INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

8

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 --

9 INT. PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

9



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 -- 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 Slipper Room". He holds it up for Pete.

PETE

(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

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.

## 10 INT. STERLING COOPER HALLWAY - LATER

10

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 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

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

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. 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

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, Miss Holloway. You're really wonderful for looking out for me this way.

JOAN

It's Joan.

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

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

ROGER

Good morning, girls.

As they enter Don's office, Don automatically hands Joan his hat and overcoat and then closes the door behind them.

**11 INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

**11**

Roger speaks as Don opens a cabinet 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. Lee Garner and his father and the whole 'Lucky Strike' 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 Mencken'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. He looks up at the ceiling and  
stares a moment at the dark florescent fixture. A fly buzzes,  
trapped inside. He closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

**12 INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - LATER**

**12**

OVER BLACK

We hear Peggy's disembodied voice.

PEGGY (V.O.)  
Mr. Draper? Excuse me? Mr. Draper?

Fading up on Don's POV Peggy stand over Don holding a glass  
of water in one hand.

PEGGY

Mr. Draper. Excuse me. 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.

**13 INT. STERLING COOPER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

**13**

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-six.

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

And you know why? Because no one  
will like you.

Pete is speechless. Don smiles and opens the door.

**14 INT. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**14**

Don enters, energized. Pete follows behind him, trying to  
smile. Inside, Roger waits with a few people, including  
RACHEL MENCKEN, 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

You must be Mr. Mencken.

Roger steps in.

ROGER

(to Don)

Oh, I'm sorry about that.

RACHEL  
(offering her hand)  
I'm Rachel Mencken.

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 Mencken, 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.

**15 EXT. MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

**15**

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

## 16 INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

16

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 reflector on his forehead and begins to palpate Peggy's stomach.

DR. EMERSON  
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. 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  
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  
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 along here. You can get dressed.

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

DR. EMERSON

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

17 INT. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - LATER

17

Rachel Mencken sits between David Cohen and Pete listening to Don and Roger give their pitch-- Don standing by some mock-up ads. 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.  
(sits, grabs 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 Mencken, 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 Mencken, 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 Mencken, 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)  
"Mencken'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 Mencken.

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



## 18 INT. STERLING COOPER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

18

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.

(catching up)

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. A man like you I'd follow into combat blindfolded. And I wouldn't be the first. Am I 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.

**19 INT. STERLING COOPER CORRIDOR - LATER****19**

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

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,

**20 INT. TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS****20**

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 smiles at Peggy as Joan pulls her toward the door.

## 21 INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

21

Don leans back in his chair eyes closed for a moment then slaps his face to alert himself.

He opens a desk drawer, pulling out a chest exerciser which is just a few springs and some handles. As he does a small black leather box drops to the floor, popping open.

He puts the exerciser on the desk and returns the contents to the box, we see it's a US ARMY purple heart medal.

He flips the lid closed, "LIEUT. DONALD FRANCIS DRAPER" in gold on the outside.

He regards it a moment and puts it back in the drawer. He then taps a cigarette out, lights it and begins to exercise as he smokes.

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

SALVATORE

Aw look at you, Gidget. Still  
trying to fill out that bikini?

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 red spot  
on it.

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

SALVATORE

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

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

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.

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

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.

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

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 bun hairstyle and clipboard.

GRETA  
Mr. Draper. Mr. Romano.

Her eyes follow Peggy as she leaves.

GRETA  
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  
(amused)  
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  
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. If  
we can't insist that they're not, I  
believe my most recent surveys have  
provided a solution.  
(re: report)  
We can still suggest that  
cigarettes are "part of American  
life," or "Too good to give up,"  
and most appealing "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, when I studied with  
Adler in Vienna, we postulated that  
what Freud called "the Death Wish"  
is as powerful a drive as those for  
sexual reproduction and physical  
sustenance.

DON

Freud, you say-- which agency is he  
with?

SALVATORE

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, psychology is terrific  
at a cocktail party, but it happens  
people were buying cigarettes  
before Freud was born. The issue  
isn't, "why should people smoke"--  
it's why should people smoke "Lucky  
Strike". 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. 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--

Greta gives what passes for a smile.

DON

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. 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.

FADE IN: TITLE CARD "4:15PM"



## 22 INT. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - AFTERNOON

22

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

LEE GARNER 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.

LEE GARNER JUNIOR

We might as well be living in Russia.

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

LEE GARNER 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. Garner. But you have to realize that through manipulation of the mass media, the public is under the impression that your cigarettes are linked to certain fatal diseases.

LEE GARNER SENIOR

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

LEE GARNER 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 "Lucky Strikes" are safe.

LEE GARNER 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 a "Lucky Strike" 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

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

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.

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 a man. The world is dangerous. Smoke your cigarette-- You still have to get where you're going.

LEE GARNER 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.

LEE GARNER 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--

LEE GARNER 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.

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

They stand up.

LEE GARNER JUNIOR  
 (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, well, it just makes people think of cancer.

LEE GARNER SENIOR  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, and we're grateful to them.

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

LEE GARNER 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  
How do you make your cigarettes?

LEE GARNER JUNIOR  
I don't know.

LEE GARNER SENIOR  
(to his son)  
Shame on you.  
(to Don)  
We breed insect-resistant tobacco seeds, plant 'em in the North Carolina sunshine, grow it, cut it, cure it, toast it, treat it--

DON  
There you go.

Don writes on the board: "Lucky Strike - It's 'Toasted'." The men all look at it, not sure how to react.

LEE GARNER JUNIOR  
But everybody else's tobacco is  
toasted.

DON  
No. Everybody else's tobacco is  
poisonous. "Lucky Strike" 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.

LEE GARNER 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  
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.

LEE GARNER 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.

**23 INT. DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - LATER**

**23**

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)

So, while I've got you in the afterglow here, what do you say you reconsider this presidential campaign?

DON

I don't know, bunting and babies, that's hard work-- I'd just make a hash of it.

ROGER

Modesty, that's adorable. I expect significant billings on this thing. Country houses for all of us. And if that doesn't make you patriotic, think about the product: he's young, handsome, beautiful wife, Navy Hero, honestly Don, it shouldn't be hard to convince America Dick Nixon is a winner.

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  
Mencken? 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. All hands on deck.

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

## 24 INT. THE SLIPPER ROOM - NIGHT

24

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

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?

HARRY

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.

**25 INT. ZEBRA LOUNGE - LATER**

**25**

A white-coated OLD WAITER weaves through the more formal, lounge room of the bar, as well-dressed couples have intimate drinks by candlelight. He arrives at a booth where Don and Rachel sit across from each other.

OLD WAITER

For the lady, a special mai-tai.

He puts down a large fruit and umbrella covered glass.

OLD WAITER

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

I shouldn't have lost my temper,  
and I certainly shouldn't have  
treated you like anything less than  
a client.

RACHEL  
Apology accepted.

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

DON  
So you understand.

RACHEL  
Now I do. It was refreshing really,  
I mean, actually hearing all the  
things I always assumed people were  
thinking.

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  
So without making things worse, can  
I ask you a personal question?

RACHEL  
Don't you want to get a second  
drink in me first?

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. And I suppose 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

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  
Excuse me?

RACHEL  
Mr. Draper--

He corrects her.

DON  
Don.

RACHEL  
Mr. Draper, I don't know what it is  
you really believe in, but I know  
what it feels like to be out of  
place. To be disconnected. To see  
the world laid out in front of you  
the way other people live it. And  
there is something about you that  
tells me you know it 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.

**26 INT. PEGGY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT**

**26**

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  
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.

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

**28 EXT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION - LATER 28**

Don and a few other trench coated hat wearing businessmen exit the station and run in the light drizzle to the parking lot.

**29 EXT. DRAPER HOUSE - NIGHT 29**

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

**30 INT. DRAPER FOYER - NIGHT 30**

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

**31 INT. DON AND BETTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 31**

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

(smiling)  
Unless you're not hungry--

DON

I'm not.  
(standing)

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

**32 INT. DRAPER'S CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**32**

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:

**33 EXT. IDYLIC TWO STORY COLONIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

**33**

We pull back from the dimly lit window. The rain has stopped. Another car pulls in next door. A man gets out and heads in. Houses stretch in the distance.

FADE OUT.