

MAD MEN
"To My Sweetheart"
Peter Young

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Previously on "Mad Men": Don comes back from Disneyland with Megan and makes her his new bride. Peggy struggles to find a balance between work and her new boyfriend, Abe Drexler. Trudy forces Pete to give up life in the city in exchange for parenthood in the suburbs. The company is desperate after losing Lucky Strike and all are feeling the mounting pressure of finding new business, and so far Peggy and Ken are the only ones to bring anything, Topaz Pantyhose, in the door.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Camera is just over the golf ball as it sits on a tee. The fairway ahead, flanked by trees. Whack! A club drives through the ball and slices it into the trees.

ERIC
(off screen)
Damn, Double D! You haven't hit a
fairway yet today.

Laughter. CUT TO DON, who shrugs his shoulders after shanking another. He's with ROGER, ERIC, and BLAIR, the latter two are fat, beer-drinking men from Oklahoma.

DON
Not my day today, fellas.

BLAIR
Aw shoot, Donny. Your driver ain't
that bad. Helluva lot better than
your putter.

Don takes the ribbing well. They head to their golf carts.

ROGER
(with Okie accent)
C'mon Double D. Hop in. We'll find
that little rascal 'fore midnight.

Don gets in. Eric and Blair ride by.

ERIC
See you on the green, boys.
Remember Big D, if you didn't pass
the ladies tee you gotta putt with
your pants down.

Eric cracks a beer as he and Blair drive off giggling.

(CONTINUED)

In Don and Roger's cart, Don lights a smoke. They drive off.

DON

Jesus.

ROGER

I said you should lay down to these guys, but I didn't think you'd fall on your face and crawl in the mud. Pete should be out here, not you. He brought them in.

DON

Pete sends the wrong message to guys like this.

ROGER

Sonic? A little drive-in burger chain from Oklahoma? Pete could be a carhop.

DON

We need anything we can get.

ROGER

"Why I'm quitting cheeseburgers."
We have that to look forward to.

PETE, in classic Scottish golf attire, runs up to Don and Roger's cart. He's not happy.

PETE

There you are! Stop the cart.

They look at Pete, who looks like a clown, and stop.

ROGER

I think Moe and Curly are back at the clubhouse looking for you.

PETE

Very funny, Roger. You know this is mine. I brought them in.

ROGER

And we're going to close them. We've got Double D. He plays so well that he can make playing poorly look like an art form.

DON

I'm laying down.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Of course. You're so good at that.

Don gets out, grabs his clubs.

DON

You can't do any worse.

Don grabs his clubs off the cart, walks away. Pete then puts his clubs on the cart where Don's were.

ROGER

20 bucks a hole. We're down \$300.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- DAY

LANE and REBECCA are exiting from a movie theater showing "Help!", the title is on the marquee in the background. She's lovingly on his arm.

REBECCA

They're so charming, aren't they?
So adorable and witty. More so than
one would expect.

LANE

Yes. Shaggy hair and all.

REBECCA

Reminds me how much I miss home.
Don't you miss it?

LANE

So that's why you were tearing up
during "Ticket to Ride". I thought
perhaps it was the tiresome plot.

REBECCA

I'm sorry, I suppose. I miss London
so. Watching the Beatles on the
screen does something to me.

LANE

Yes. You and millions of others.

REBECCA

I saw Tony the other day.

LANE

Ah, Tony. Delightful chap. Is he
here for business or pleasure?

(CONTINUED)

REBECCA

Business mostly. We had lunch. He has a situation. Or concern. I don't know what to call it.

LANE

Ready to get away from the storm that is the Beatles, I presume?

REBECCA

Well, that's part of it. Do you think you could talk to Don? I believe he may be able to help.

LANE

Don? How curious.

They exit the shot. The "Help!" marquee is still visible.

INT. CAMPBELL'S GARAGE -- EARLY EVENING

Pete hauls in golf gear, still in golf costume from earlier. Cab leaves behind him.

PETE

(excited)

Trudy! I may have landed a new account. They loved me.

Trudy, in sleepwear, enters holding Tammy.

TRUDY

Shh! Of course they did.

He puts away his golf gear.

PETE

Roger was so drunk he tried to putt with his driver, though he played remarkably well. I was basically alone with the Sonic gentlemen for the last 4 holes. And do you know what? They're great fans of scatological humor, just like Lincoln. A couple of well-timed fart jokes and, well, they **need** us and we **need** them. Make room for corn dogs and cherry-limeades!

TRUDY

I'm so happy for you, Peter. I have great news too: Daddy sent a gift.

(CONTINUED)

She points to a push lawnmower in the corner. Pete winces.

PETE

What? A lawnmower? I thought we agreed a service would take care of the grass.

TRUDY

Well, you didn't talk to Daddy.

PETE

A lawnmower is horrifying. Do you know the damage they can do to a human being? To Tammy?

TRUDY

What kind of example does that set for your daughter? You're a man in the country now. Start it up. You can do it.

She begins to exit to the kitchen.

PETE

Is there a manual? What do I do with the clippings?

TRUDY

If you need help, you can call Daddy.

Pete throws his golfing cap down.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DAY

Don approaches his secretary, CAROLINE, who is eating a turkey leg.

CAROLINE

Louie sells these right outside the building and they're so good. Reminds me of Thanksgiving.

DON

What'd I miss?

CAROLINE

Megan called -- several times -- Eric Roach from Sonic, Barrow and Epstein, and your accountant.

(CONTINUED)

DON
Frank called? Was it urgent?

CAROLINE
Didn't say. How's the move going?

DON
I'm going to lay down.

He goes into his office. Caroline returns to her turkey leg.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Close up of a man's foot clothed in pantyhose. Pan up and we see it's STAN, contemplating his pantyhose.

STAN
I think I finally understand why women wear these. Added layer of protection. It's like a wetsuit.

PEGGY is busy at her desk. She's clearly stressed out.

PEGGY
It makes a woman feel smooth and desirable. Sexy.

STAN
Maybe you should wear two or three.

She shoots him a look. ABE bursts in.

ABE
Of course. You're here.

PEGGY
What? Oh. Damn it.

ABE
I've been waiting for over an hour.

PEGGY
Not now, Abe.

ABE
Our lunch date was sacrosanct. You said sacrosanct, not me.

PEGGY
I know. I'm sorry. I'm just --
argh!

Peggy throws her Parker pen and it sticks into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY

Will you please leave me the --

She stops herself, angry. Stan and Abe are alarmed. She storms out.

STAN

Just so you know, I think pantyhose can protect the skin.

ABE

She works too much. She turning into some kind of maniac.

Stan stands. He gets professorial, whispery and seductive.

STAN

Abe, here's what you don't know about women.

ABE

Great. It just occurred to me, I've never seen you with a girl.

STAN

First mistake of what I'm sure is many, Abe. Don't take your girl to the office. And you shouldn't be here so much either.

ABE

But this is where she always is.

Stan shakes his head.

STAN

You're playing this all wrong, man. You've got to get her to come to you. Be cool. Available, but not desperate. She has to want you, need you. Write this word on your palm: aloof. Treat her like a cat or a delicate little bird. Deny her your gift. Don't even think about it. And then she'll come running, writhing in lust for your giant --

A bird flies into the window. Stan yelps. Abe laughs.

ABE

Thanks. I'll remember that.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Don is laying on the couch.

CAROLINE
(through intercom)
Ms. Olson is --

Peggy busts through the door and heads to the liquor.

PEGGY
I can't do this anymore.

DON
What now?

PEGGY
I brought in new work. Well, with Ken. The only new work in months. Stan is a pig. Pete's off...Abe is...You're in here asleep. I feel like I'm the only one doing anything.

Peggy slams a Canadian Club. Don sits up.

DON
Calm down.

PEGGY
I'm trying Don. I'm trying. I just -- I'm being torn apart here.

DON
Can I get one of those?

Peggy pours a drink for Don, takes it to him and sits.

DON
I understand your frustration.

PEGGY
Do something.

DON
I have. I've been wooing a tiny burger chain in Oklahoma.

PEGGY
(derisively)
You were out golfing and drinking with Roger.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Yes. I had to act like I didn't know what I was doing. I lost \$20 a hole and watched these fat bastards drink beer and laugh at me.

PEGGY

(sympathizing)

That must have been unpleasant.

DON

It's tough right now. I know. We're all being torn apart.

PEGGY

I don't know about ALL of us. Stan seems to be doing just fine.

DON

Stan is a cocker spaniel. And you know what I mean.

Peggy lets out a small laugh.

DON

Nose down, kid. Focus on the work. Don't worry about anyone else.

Peggy sets the glass on the table and heads for the door. Don gets up and heads to his desk, sifts through papers.

DON

My advice? Treat yourself. Do something out of the ordinary, even if you think it's wrong.

PEGGY

Like what?

DON

Something you think is wrong. You'll be surprised.

Peggy stops at the door, ponders this advice. Don is at his desk, looking at a message he received while out.

DON

Who's Barrow and Epstein?

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- JOAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

JOAN is opening the office mail. Roger enters.

ROGER
Knock knock!

JOAN
(with contempt)
Come in, Roger.

ROGER
Ouch. Colder than Belgium in here.

JOAN
Weren't you in the Pacific?

ROGER
Yes. But we all share the stories.
Want to hear about the Philippines?
Cut off a man's leg with a tool
smaller than your pen. Great food
there. Hot. And the women! I met a
girl in Cebu --

JOAN
What do you want?

ROGER
I want to say hi, that's all. I
thought you might admire my tan.

She continues going through the mail, ignoring him.

JOAN
Very impressive.

Roger takes pretend practice golf swings.

ROGER
You should've seen me out there,
Joanie. Don did all the heavy
losing. Then Pete. I got to play my
game. Shot 79. My all-time best.

JOAN
I'm sure it was thrilling.

ROGER
It was. These Sonic guys, wow, they
can drink some beer.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

I bet you held up your end just fine.

Something in the mail catches her eye. She stops.

ROGER

Well, you know me, eye on the ball. Focused on my game.

CLOSE UP of the post she's looking at. It reads: "Ford Motor Company" and then "Confidential: Creative Only".

ROGER

My putter was on fire. Not one three-putt. Missed a few greens though.

(Notices Joan)

What do you got there, your novel getting published?

JOAN

What? No. Just the usual -- I don't have a novel.

ROGER

Because I know people. I can make a call. To them. Then to you. Or just to you. Up to you.

Joan's look says 'get the hell out'.

ROGER

OK, OK. I'll crawl back into the Korova Milk Bar.

JOAN

What's that?

ROGER

From a drawing in the men's room. Some book. I don't know what it means but I like it.

He leaves. Joan waits a beat then exits the other door with the envelope from Ford.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Joan walks down the hall and Peggy bumps into her.

PEGGY

Ah! Joan. I'm so sorry.

They're uncomfortably close. Joan has dropped the Ford envelope and quickly grabs it. Peggy tries to help.

JOAN

That's OK.

PEGGY

(re: envelope)

What's that?

JOAN

Oh, nothing. For Don.

PEGGY

I see.

Peggy gazes at Joan for an awkwardly long beat.

JOAN

Anything else?

PEGGY

Joan, have you ever...

JOAN

Have I ever...what?

PEGGY

I don't know. Um. Never mind.

JOAN

Goodbye, Peggy.

Joan leaves. Peggy is a little dazed.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Joan stops at Caroline, who's finishing up the turkey leg.

JOAN

Can you tell him I'm here?

CAROLINE

(into intercom, mouth full)

Ms. Harris here to see you.

(CONTINUED)

DON
(through intercom)
Send her in.

She goes in Don's office. Roger rushes over to Caroline.

ROGER
What's that about?

CAROLINE
I don't know.

ROGER
Any usable information and I will
personally buy you a turkey leg
each day for the rest of the week.

CAROLINE
Month.

ROGER
Damn it. How about 50 bucks?

Caroline picks her teeth, considering.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Joan is seated as Don finishes a phone message.

DON
(into phone)
OK. Tell Frank to call back when he
can. Thank you.

He hangs up.

JOAN
Sorry to interrupt.

DON
Returning a call. What's up?

JOAN
This.

She gives him the envelope from Ford.

DON
Ford?

JOAN

I thought it would be best to bring it directly to you.

He opens it. Pulls out a note and several drawings. He looks at Joan, hands her the note as he looks at the drawings.

As Joan reads, we see the drawings as Don sees them: different sketches of a muscled-up Ford Mustang.

JOAN

Dear Sir, your agency is among a select few asked to submit proposals for naming a new version of the Ford Mustang. We request a name for the new model and a tag line. Please do not submit artwork. Words only. Return your work to the Ford address on the envelope by the first of the month. This is of the utmost confidentiality. Respectfully, Ford Motor Company.

Don gives her one of the drawings. Joan takes a look.

JOAN

Wow.

DON

How did we get this?

JOAN

I got it in the mail today. It was addressed to creative only. I thought you would know.

Don looks at one of his messages from earlier.

DON

Do you know the names Barrow and Epstein?

JOAN

No. It's a mystery. Like a James Bond movie.

DON

(Russian accent)

You must know I have to kill you now, Mrs. Harris.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- ROGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Roger enters and is startled to find Pete waiting for him.

ROGER

Jesus! You know I have a heart condition.

PETE

What the hell was that on the golf course? I sacrificed a great deal to get face time with Sonic.

ROGER

Hey, Junior. I did you a favor.

PETE

Precisely how was that a favor?

Roger pours drinks for them.

ROGER

Yes, you brought them in. How you did that I'm not quite sure. Although I'm guessing it's shady.

Pete squirms a little.

ROGER

I made you look like the man. I went out, played the game of my life, drank beer -- Jesus! -- talked about how they're in the capable hands of Pete Campbell, made you sound like a phenomenon. And then I beat them each by 10 strokes.

PAUL

You're supposed to lose. That's how it works.

ROGER

I'm only telling you this because I know you appreciate this business. I bested them. I competed with them toe-to-toe. Don laid down because he had to. But I didn't. And I offered nothing but glowing praise of you. They won't be working with me, but they will be working with you and Don. Do you get what I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

I bought new clubs.

ROGER

You've never been to Oklahoma.
You've never been at war. And
you've never played team sports.

PETE

I was coxswain at Dartmouth.

ROGER

(chuckles)

I believe if you had told them
that, you would've gotten your ass
kicked.

Roger pours himself another as Pete exits.

ROGER

Next time say "thank you, Roger."
Or send a basket of something
useful, preferably with a lot of
turkey legs.

Pete is beaten and little confused.

EXT. CAMPBELL HOME -- BACKYARD -- EVENING

Pete is reading a document titled "The 1964 Montgomery-Wards
3HP Lawn Mower Operating Manual".

PETE

Prime the gas twice, as directed.
Then pull the cord, holding the
handle down to start the engine.

Pete does so. The lawnmower starts. He's thrilled. He pushes
the mower and begins mowing the lawn.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Trudy, holding Tammy, looks out the window after hearing the
mower start up. She beams with pride.

Trudy sees Pete notice her. He motions for her to bring him
a beer. She nods and runs off to get one.

OUTSIDE IN THE BACKYARD

(CONTINUED)

Pete is starting to get the hang of it, then the mower gets stuck in a hole. Pete struggles, unable to get the mower out. He shuts it off and goes to look at the hole. He strains and lifts the mower's wheel out of the hole. As he does, a gopher runs out of the hole and he shrieks in fear.

Trudy and Tammy show up with a beer. Pete's on the ground.

TRUDY

Peter? Are you OK?

PETE

A creature ran out of that hole.

TRUDY

Oh dear! Did it bite you?

PETE

No. It ran away before I could confront it.

TRUDY

You scared it off. That's good.

Trudy gives him the beer as he sits on the ground.

PETE

Thanks, dear.

INT. DON'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Boxes everywhere. Don is relaxing on the bed reading Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood". MEGAN enters carrying a box.

MEGAN

Bathroom is done, except for toothbrushes.

DON

Amazing.

MEGAN

I don't know if it's amazing.

DON

Sorry. The book. Very well-written.

MEGAN

What's it about?

(CONTINUED)

DON

Two parolees murdered a family in a small town in Kansas. True story.

MEGAN

They wrote a book about it?

DON

No. Truman Capote did. An outsider from New York, went there to write an article and ended up writing this book.

Megan packs a box, feigning interest.

MEGAN

Hmm. That's great. I've always looked forward to marrying an old man who uses the bed for reading.

DON

(looks at her)
What was that?

MEGAN

You heard me. Old man.

Don slams the book closed and stands.

MEGAN

Afraid you'll lose your place?

He grabs her and throws her down on the bed.

DON

I know where my place is.

They begin to make love. The camera pans from their faces, kissing, down to Megan's thigh. Underneath her leg, the spine of "In Cold Blood" is clearly seen.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Don scoops out ice and puts it in two glasses. He pours Canadian Club in each.

DON

I'll take your silence as a sign of profound inspiration.

He hands a drink to Peggy, who's looking at the Ford images.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY
There's no time.

DON
For Ford? There's always time. And yes, we're doing artwork. I'm not sending over just a letter.

PEGGY
I'm doing everything. There's no way I can fit in something this important.

DON
Clearly you haven't taken my advice.

PEGGY
Why don't you take my advice and get me some help?

DON
I'm your help.

PEGGY
Yeah. When you show up.

She slams the drink and walks out the door.

DON
(yelling out)
Fine. I'll do it myself.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- LANE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Lane is poring over figures. He's getting frustrated.

SCARLETT
(through intercom)
Your wife is on the line.

LANE
Yes, of course.

He picks up the phone.

LANE
(into phone)
Hello, Love...Yes...Nothing...For Nigel, yes...Sorry, I'm rather distracted with work at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

He looks at a bill. It says: Lewis Executive Services, \$6,000, refer to Peter Campbell.

LANE

(into phone)

Bullocks! Sorry, not you. Can I call you back? Oh yes, Tony. I'll mention it to Don. I have to go.

He hangs up the phone and exits with the bill in hand.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Pete is grinning on his way to Roger's office when he's interrupted by Lane.

LANE

What do you think you're doing?

PETE

At the moment, I'm going to gloat to Roger about how I closed Sonic. He's not the only one good with a wedge.

LANE

Lewis Executive Services? \$6,000? Have you any idea what fiscal restraint means?

PETE

Oh. That. Let me explain.

LANE

What is this, some sort of patrician prostitution service?

PETE

Lane, calm down.

LANE

I suppose it's very convenient for you to simply say 'charge it to the company' without a thought of what impact that has on our already meager financial situation. We can't afford staples, let alone an evening whoring with some client!

PETE

It's a lead service! You pay a fee and they give you leads.

(CONTINUED)

The lights go off. The power is out.

PETE

What the -- did we pay our bills?

LANE

Of course!

PETE

I know the power grid can -- hell's bells! what was that?

LANE

What?

PETE

You touched me.

LANE

I did nothing of the sort.

PETE

You touched my manhood with your fat English fingers. What do you think this is, prep school?

LANE

You must apologize immediately!

PETE

I will not! Save this nonsense for your perverted evenings in the Village. I have to see Roger.

Pete storms off.

LANE

Come back here and apologize!

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Peggy and Stan are in the dark.

PEGGY

I don't have time for this bullshit.

STAN

Hey there, Catholic girl. Doesn't Jesus have a thing against --

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY

I don't have time for Jesus!

She pauses, thinking about what she just said.

PEGGY

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

STAN

You know, my name is one letter away from being Satan.

PEGGY

I'm leaving.

Stan giggles as she leaves. He plays with pantyhose.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- ROGER'S OFFICE -- DAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Pete opens Roger's door and is hit with a golf ball.

ROGER

Pete. I didn't know you were here.

PETE

Your girl is gone.

ROGER

I sent her home. Isn't this fun?

He chips another golf ball that misses Pete.

PETE

Will you stop that?

Roger gestures to the trashcan next to Pete.

ROGER

You're standing next to the hole.

PETE

Despite what you said, I've managed to close Sonic.

ROGER

(hitting a ball)

I don't think so.

PETE

What? I spoke with Eric's secretary. She said the paperwork is on the way.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER

Yeah. On the way to some agency in Hick Town. They opted to keep it local.

Roger hits another golf ball.

PETE

But I closed them.

ROGER

They're not closed until you have a check in your hand.

PETE

We shook on it.

ROGER

Pete. I shouldn't be the first one to tell you that sometimes people like to come to New York just to have a good time.

PETE

They used us?

ROGER

Looks like it.

Another golf ball hits Pete.

PETE

Will you stop that?

ROGER

Shouldn't you be in your office? I hear a dairy farm from Kansas may be calling us soon.

Pete exits, barely escaping another golf ball.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Don is lying on the couch. Phone rings. He rises but decides to use the speakerphone on the coffee table.

DON

This is Don Draper.

A man with an English accent speaks.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Ah, Mr. Draper. I've finally got you on the line.

DON

Who is this?

TONY

My name is Tony Barrow. I'm a friend of Lane Pryce -- well, Rebecca Pryce, really.

DON

Barrow and Epstein.

TONY

Yes. I hope Lane has mentioned me to you? He gave me your card.

DON

No, but I've received messages. Who are you?

TONY

I'm press agent for the boys.

DON

(confused)

The boys?

TONY

The fab four. My phrase actually. Embarrasses me to use it.

DON

The fab four?

TONY

The Beatles. You might find it interesting to know that we rarely refer to them as The Beatles.

DON

Oh. Well. Tony. What can I do for you and, uh, the boys?

TONY

I'd like to have an informal chat with you, if that's possible.

DON

Certainly. I'd invite you to my office but it's too dark here.

(CONTINUED)

TONY
Do you know the Waldorf Astoria?

DON
Yes. I do.

TONY
Let's meet in the bar.

DON
I'm on the way.

Don hangs up the phone, a little stunned.

INT. WALDORF ASTORIA HOTEL BAR -- DAY

Don is at the bar smoking a cigarette and halfway through an old fashioned. TONY walks up to him.

TONY
Rebecca said to look for James
Garner with a cocktail. You must be
the one. Tony Barrow.

DON
Don Draper. Good to meet you.

They shake hands, then Tony sits next to him.

DON
What can I get you?

The bartender approaches.

TONY
(to bartender)
Gin martini, please.

The bartender fetches the martini.

TONY
Sorry Brian couldn't make it. He
had to fly back to London. I'll be
doing the same in a few hours, so
we'll have to keep this brief.

DON
Understood. I'm curious why --

TONY
Curious, yes. I'm sure you are. I
was at lunch with Rebecca the other
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TONY (cont'd)

day -- I went to school with Rebecca, you see -- and I mentioned a bit of, well, I don't quite know how to phrase it.

DON

If you're looking for a fifth Beatle I'm afraid you've got the wrong guy.

Tony laughs.

TONY

Fifth Beatle. Charming. Lane assured me you were charming.

Pause. Don is intrigued.

DON

So how can I help you?

TONY

Yes, of course. I must ask you, Don, outside of the casual exposure, you're quite familiar with the Beatles, correct?

DON

There's an old man in my office from the 1800s and he knows exactly who John, Paul, Ringo, and George are. Yes, I'm familiar.

TONY

Very well. Here it is. Don, I fear they've gotten too big. It's my job to think about the future and, damnit, I have no idea.

DON

I saw them at Shea with my daughter, Sally. It was a little horrifying.

TONY

Precisely. Hmm, Sally? Lovely. Then you have an insight to my problem.

DON

Problem? Seems like they're on top of the world. Thousands of teenage girls screaming their heads off. I couldn't hear a single song.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

That's the problem. You see, they're disciplined musicians who care very deeply about the music they make. I've sensed some grumbling from them about how they're not taken seriously. They can't even hear each other onstage.

DON

I believe that.

TONY

I told Rebecca that I can't help but think that something dreadful is around the corner for them.

DON

Impending doom.

TONY

Exactly. These are young men. They're the biggest stars in the world. Beatlemania. Screaming fans. I worry something is about to break. From outside or within.

Don takes a drink.

DON

Not sure how I can help you.

TONY

Rebecca mentioned that Lane worked with you, and he says that you possess a keen ability to think like no one else around you. He's rather impressed with you. I wondered if, perhaps, you could offer a perspective on this situation that I nor anyone else has thought of.

DON

So you want me to tell you what to do with the Beatles because they're too successful.

TONY

Yes. Well, advice, really.

Don thinks, lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Good problem to have. I can tell you that if my job included mobs of 13-year-old girls shouting at me, I'd find something else to do.

TONY

You understand.

DON

Can I ask you where the money comes from? Record sales or from touring?

TONY

Both. But the records are the real moneymakers. The tours are to support the record sales.

DON

There you go. Sounds like to me, and from Sally's bedroom, that records are what it's all about. Why not just make records? Stop playing live. No one can hear them live anyway.

TONY

Hmm. Stay in the studio. What about the Stones?

DON

They're not the Beatles. The Beatles are rich. They have an enormous fan base, and they're, as you say, disciplined musicians. Why play live anymore? What's the point if they can't be heard? The records are selling themselves. You don't need tours to help that.

TONY

Stop playing live. Interesting.

DON

No one's done that, right?

TONY

No one can.

Don smiles at Tony, who gestures for the tab.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

They may go for it -- all but one, of course. Don, you've lived up to your billing. Sometimes it takes an outsider to see things clearly, doesn't it?

DON

I suppose so.

Bartender drops the check.

TONY

Let me pick this up.

DON

It's my party.

Tony prepares to leave.

TONY

It's been a delight to meet you. And I wish to repay you for your time and insight.

DON

I don't feel like I did much.

TONY

The good one's never do. I have your card. Thank you, Don.

Tony leaves. Don is amused and confused at once.

INT. JOYCE'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

JOYCE and Peggy are on the couch, listening to "For Your Love" by The Yardbirds and smoking weed. They laugh as Joyce finishes a story.

JOYCE

Then they went all the way to Agawam, Massachusetts!

PEGGY

Agawam.

JOYCE

Agawam. Agawam.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY
Agawam. Agawam.

JOYCE
Agawam.

They laugh. Joyce reaches for a folder on the coffee table.

JOYCE
Check these out.

PEGGY
More nudes?

JOYCE
No. Studio pics of the Mamas and
the Papas.

Joyce shows the pics to Peggy.

PEGGY
Who are they?

JOYCE
A band in Los Angeles. They're from
Northeast, around here. They're
going to be huge.

Peggy looks at the photos.

PEGGY
They look so happy.

JOYCE
Doin' what they love. That blonde
guy, that's Barry McGuire. Do you
know "Eve of Destruction"? Crazy
song, man.

PEGGY
I don't know it.

JOYCE
Really? Abe's your squeeze. The
lyrics are practically tattooed on
his thighs. What's on your thighs?

Joyce leans in to Peggy. Peggy gets nervous.

PEGGY
I'm not political. I work mostly.
And think mostly about work. And
work. That's what I think about.
Mostly. Job. Work. Pantyhose.

Joyce gets closer.

JOYCE

It's a song about how the world is going to hell and most people don't even know it.

PEGGY

Probably because they're working.

JOYCE

Exactly.

Joyce kisses Peggy, who is alarmed for a bit, but then aggressively returns the kiss. Joyce pulls back.

JOYCE

Wow, you people in advertising! Are you hiring?

Clothes start coming off. "For Your Love" continues.

INT. CAMPBELL'S HOME -- NIGHT

Pete is in pajamas, boiling milk on the stove. He pours the milk in a coffee cup. He goes to the window, looks out: nothing but black night. He confidently sips his milk.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, something moves about in the dark. He leans in closer.

He sees something running through his yard. It has four legs and hair and makes a growling sound.

He leans in closer.

The sound of a lawnmower starts up as a bear slams into the kitchen window, a chewed human foot in its mouth. Pete stumbles in fright.

He wakes up in bed screaming. A dream. Trudy and baby awake.

TRUDY

Are you OK?

PETE

The lawnmower goes away and we get a service. That's the end of it.

TRUDY

OK. If it means that much to you.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

It does.

She goes to the baby as Pete clings to his pillow.

INT. JOYCE'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Peggy buttons her blouse as Joyce lies under a blanket on the couch.

PEGGY

I have to go.

JOYCE

No you don't.

Peggy pauses -- she doesn't want to leave.

JOYCE

It's that Catholic blah-blah guilt thing, isn't it? C'mon.

PEGGY

No. It's just...

Joyce rises from the blanket and approaches Peggy.

JOYCE

What is it? Too much joy?

Joyce kisses her neck. Peggy likes it.

JOYCE

What's wrong with being friends?

Peggy kisses Joyce, feels her breast.

PEGGY

We are friends. I have to go.

Peggy pulls away and slips out the door.

OUTSIDE JOYCE'S APARTMENT Peggy shuts the door. She gathers herself, buttons her blouse, pumps her hair. Takes a breath.

She smiles as she exits the hallway.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Don walks down the hall, briefcase in hand. Roger walks up next to him.

ROGER
The power is back.

DON
I see that. I was beginning to wonder if we'd paid our bills.

ROGER
Should've seen Lane yesterday. He was so stressed he almost broke his glasses. Hey, I heard about your work with the CIA.

DON
(alarmed)
What?

ROGER
Relax. It's just that you've been so secretive lately and I want to know what's going on. Sleeping with the senator's wife?

DON
I'm moving. New apartment.

ROGER
That's a shame. She was a real piece of ass. Hey, listen. I left a large portion of my subtlety in a PT boat off the coast of Okinawa, so I'll be clear: You got an envelope. Joan was sweating when she gave it to you, and she doesn't sweat. In the office, anyway. What was in it?

Don reaches his office door. Pauses.

DON
Design plans for the new place.

ROGER
They must be damn good.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Don enters and Roger follows him and shuts door.

ROGER

Jane knows a great painter. He's one of those actor types, sings a lot while he works but he does a helluva job. No tip.

DON

Roger.

ROGER

I need to know what was in that envelope.

DON

Why?

ROGER

Because I need it Don. Jesus! My chair smells of Pete Campbell's farts. Help me out here.

Don briefly hesitates, then spills the beans.

DON

Request from Ford to name the new Mustang. It said creative only.

ROGER

Where'd it come from?

DON

I thought...I don't know.

ROGER

That's huge! How could you sit on this?

Don gives the 'what could I do?' look.

ROGER

You got something?

DON

I'm close. Very close.

Roger nods. Starts to head out.

(CONTINUED)

ROGER
Let me know?

DON
I will.

Roger has one foot out the door.

ROGER
Sonic guys are back. More golf.

DON
Any chance we'll close them?

ROGER
I'll know before we tee off. They
could be the next McDonald's.

DON
You've said that before.

ROGER
I think this time is the real
thing, but don't tell Pete. And
hey, don't be so sheepish. Show a
little anger with yourself. People
love to see that when they're
beating you. Just ask Mona.

DON
Why don't you lay down this round?

ROGER
They don't give a damn about me.

Roger leaves.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- PEGGY'S OFFICE -- DAY

A woman's hand slowly glides over a pantyhose-covered calf.

CLARA
Smooth. Touchable. Secret. You have
nice calves. No. I can't. I'm not
good at this.

CLARA stops. We see it's Stan's calf she was feeling.

STAN
No. You were doing great. "Secret".
You were really on to something.

Peggy walks in, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY
Sorry to interrupt.

Clara rushes out. Peggy goes to her desk.

STAN
My, my. Peggy Olson coming in at noon. Smiling and somewhat kind to other humans. Have a nice evening?

PEGGY
You're wearing pantyhose so much that you could be our spokesman.

STAN
Where do I sign?

Peggy is embarrassed and tries to hide it.

PEGGY
We've got to have Topaz nailed down today. I'll go to Don with --

STAN
Nailed down is right. Abe took my advice, didn't he? Treat you like a woman? You can thank me, you know.

Stan puts his pantyhosed feet on her desk.

STAN
"Honey, lie down. Relax. Here's a little move Daddy Stan showed me at work today, guaranteed to --

PEGGY
You're a pig! And get your piggyhosed feet off my desk!

She stomps out. Stan watches her run off and smiles. After a beat, he leans into the intercom.

STAN
(into intercom)
Clara? Can you come back? I think we were on to something.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- PETE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Pete is at his desk, cradling his rifle and staring off.
HARRY bursts in and spooks Pete.

HARRY

Hey. Elmer Fudd. Lunch at
Maxwell's.

PETE

What? Oh. I'm not in the mood.

HARRY

It's Thursday. That waitress with
the tits will be there. And
Salisbury Steak. She likes you.

PETE

She likes everybody.

HARRY

Yes, well, that's how you choose to
see it. I choose to see that she is
fun, fun, fun. Don't be so moody.
Put the gun down and flirt.

PETE

I've done everything for her. I
moved to the middle of nowhere. Cos
Cob might as well be another
planet.

HARRY

Funny what we do for our girls.
Should've listened to me and never
had that kid, you know. Now you're
stuck.

PETE

We'll see about that.

HARRY

You gonna go blow their heads off
or just yours?

Pete aims at Harry.

PETE

Maybe I'll start with you.

HARRY

Whoa! Whoa! Is that thing loaded?

(CONTINUED)

PETE
Of course. What's the point?

HARRY
(nervous)
Salisbury Steak, Pete. Salisbury
Steak. And tits.

Pete puts the rifle down and laughs.

PETE
I'd probably miss you and blow a
hole in that load-bearing pillar
and bring the whole damned office
down.

Pete walks over toward Harry.

PETE
Extra gravy today, eh?

Harry is concerned.

HARRY
Were you really aiming a loaded gun
at me a second ago?

PETE
Not at all.

He pats Harry on the back as they leave his office.

PETE
Not at all.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Don pours FRANK, his accountant, a refill of Canadian Club.
Frank is putting papers in his briefcase.

FRANK
I'll go to the bank first thing in
the morning and then the apartment
will officially be all yours. And
your wife's. Hope I get to see it
sometime.

DON
I'm sure Megan will plan something.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Say, I've been meaning to ask you, did Ford contact you at all?

DON

Pardon?

FRANK

Ford Motor Company. Anybody from there reach out to you at all?

DON

Yes. How do you know about that?

FRANK

Ronald Gregory. Client of mine. He's an art dealer here. I mentioned that the wife and I were shopping for a new car. He told me his dad was some kind of executive of something at Ford, maybe he could get me a deal. Then he says his dad is coming to New York soon to meet with some ad agencies about a revamp of the Mustang. I said, oh, really? I know a guy, so on. So I was wondering if they've contacted you about it.

DON

They have. That was you?

FRANK

What can I say? I'm like a fat, bald Tinkerbell.

DON

I'm glad you thought of us.

FRANK

I thought of **you**, Don. So. What is it? Can I see?

DON

I can't really say much about it. Still in the works.

FRANK

Ah, yes. I'm on the outside looking in. Your business is so exciting. I stare at numbers all day, Don.

(CONTINUED)

DON
And you're damned good at it.

FRANK
(wistful)
Yeah. Well.

He finishes his drink then gets up to leave. Don escorts him to the door. Shakes his hand.

DON
Frank, thanks a lot for this.

FRANK
Pleasure to be even the smallest part of the process here. Hope I get to see what you come up with.

DON
Definitely.

Frank leaves. Don goes to his desk and picks up a sheet of artwork. Looks at it as he lights a smoke.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- HALLWAY BY ELEVATOR -- DAY

Pete and Harry approach the elevator. Pete hits the button.

HARRY
You know Maxwell's is the only place I'll ever eat cauliflower?

PETE
I have the same thing there with broccoli. Peculiar isn't it?

Lane bursts out the office front door and into the hall.

LANE
Peter Campbell! Stop right there.

PETE
We're going to lunch, Lane. It can wait, whatever it is.

LANE
You owe me an apology.

PETE
For what?

(CONTINUED)

LANE
Accusing me of deviant behavior.

PETE
You should be the one apologizing.
You touched my penis.

HARRY
He did what?

LANE
I did nothing of the sort.

PETE
(to Harry)
When the electricity went out, Lane
here groped me.

Pete and Harry giggle.

HARRY
Oh my god! I knew it.

Lane rushes over to Pete, aggressively grabs his dick. Pete
buckles.

LANE
This is groping, Peter. This is
what it would feel like if I groped
you. Do you understand? I fought
the war.

PETE
Jesus!

LANE
I'm not being romantic, you little
shit. I'm running a business.

He lets go. Pete is shaken and Harry is in shock.

LANE
My apologies, Harry. Enjoy your
lunch.

Lane goes back inside the office. Pete limps into the
elevator as Harry stumbles behind him.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Don sits on his couch, contemplating one of his roly poly bar glasses.

CAROLINE
(through intercom)
Ms. Olson here to see you.

DON
Send her in.

Peggy enters.

PEGGY
I want to apologize.

DON
You took my advice?

Don is now contemplating two of his bar glasses, one in each hand.

PEGGY
Yes, I did. I did something that I thought was -- what are you doing?

DON
You ever really look at things?

PEGGY
Um. Isn't that our job?

Don holds up one of the bar glasses to Peggy.

DON
What do you see?

PEGGY
Well, I see a cocktail glass. In your hand. Empty. A little ice.

DON
No. Really look at this.

Peggy is confused. She stares hard at the glass.

PEGGY
I see...it's almost like a ball.

DON
Now you're getting close. Tell me what you see.

(CONTINUED)

Peggy is mesmerized by the glass in Don's hand.

PEGGY

Glass. Someone made this. They curved the glass in just such a way. It has utility and design. You can't just buy this anywhere. You have to want it. The person who made this knew what they were doing.

He hands her one of his glasses.

DON

Keep going.

PEGGY

My hand fits perfectly around it. I can cradle it. It's soft and firm. Beautiful and non-threatening. It's delightful to hold.

DON

What's it feel like in your hand?

PEGGY

A breast.

DON

Well done.

PEGGY

Yes.

DON

Give me a line.

Peggy is lost in thought.

PEGGY

Warm and all yours. Soft. Inviting. No one will hurt you here.

DON

What else?

She stares at the glass in Don's hand.

PEGGY

Mother.

DON
Too strange.

PEGGY
Nourish yourself.

DON
Good. Come here. Look at this.

Peggy sits next to him and he shows her a poster of the new Mustang.

DON
Got a line for this?

Peggy gazes at the poster.

PEGGY
Something different. Something new.
Something...I don't know.

DON
Something though, right?

He shows her his poster with text added.

INSERT -- DON'S POSTER FOR NEW FORD MUSTANG:

The drawing is a muscled Mustang, expertly sketched, with the words "The New Ford Mustang Outsider: Watch. Or Be Watched."

PEGGY
Interesting. Outsider. Playing the rebel angle. Watch or be watched has an enticing 'join us, we're different' kind of vibe. That's good. Really good.

DON
Glad you approve.

PEGGY
Do we really have a shot at this?

DON
We'll see what happens.

PEGGY
So all that about the glasses...

(CONTINUED)

DON
Getting you out of your head.

PEGGY
It worked.

DON
Want a drink?

PEGGY
No. I should get back to Topaz
right now. Who drew that for you?

DON
I did.

PEGGY
I knew you could draw, but not like
this.

DON
(whispering)
I traced.

She turns to go, then stops at the door.

PEGGY
Thanks for the advice, Don. About
doing something wrong. Something I
think is wrong. I really -- I
hadn't thought of things the way
you were -- well...

Peggy is about to leave. Don stops her.

DON
Peggy. Thanks for looking at this.
No one else has seen it.

PEGGY
Anything I can do to help.

DON
You can always sell bar glasses.

PEGGY
Oh yeah. All shapes and sizes.

Don smiles. Peggy turns to leave, then stops.

PEGGY
Oh, did you find out who Barrow and
Epstein are?

DON
They're no one. Sales call.

PEGGY
Oh. OK.

Peggy exits Don's office. Don looks at his Ford poster.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- HALLWAY -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Peggy, feeling good about herself, runs into an intensely overheated Lane outside his office.

PEGGY
Lane. Glad I ran into you. I have a question about --

LANE
There's simply no goddamned money!

He slams the door and retreats into his office. Joan, carrying an envelope, witnessed the tantrum and shares a look with Peggy, who is visibly shocked.

PEGGY
Did I do something wrong?

JOAN
Did you?

PEGGY
Well...

JOAN
Avoid him. He's going through it right now.

PEGGY
Noted.

JOAN
And if you have financial questions just come to me. I usually have the answers. You know that.

PEGGY
Yes. You're right. I will do that in the future.

Peggy spies the 'confidential' stamp on Joan's envelope. Joan and Peggy lock eyes.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN
It's for Don.

PEGGY
Why do I feel like everyone is
keeping secrets from me?

JOAN
I don't know what this is. I
promise you Lane doesn't either.

PEGGY
It seems like everyone knows what's
going on around here and I'm in the
dark with Stan. I mean, who the
hell is Barrow and Epstein?

JOAN
I have no idea who that is.

PEGGY
But you're you.

JOAN
You may be spending too much time
with the creatives, Peggy.

Joan makes the 'smoking weed' pantomime.

JOAN
Paranoid. Take a hot bath.

Joan walks away. Peggy thinks for a moment, then walks off.

INT. SCDP OFFICE -- DON'S OFFICE -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

Don is standing on the A/C unit behind his desk, leaning on
the window. Caroline buzzes him.

CAROLINE
(through intercom)
Ms. Harris is here to see you.

DON
Send her in.

Joan enters and is taken aback by where Don is standing.

JOAN
Should I come at another time?

(CONTINUED)

DON
Come here.

JOAN
Pardon?

He extends his hand to her.

DON
Join me up here.

JOAN
This is very Roger Sterling of you.

DON
Maybe he's onto something.

He helps her onto the A/C unit. She kicks off a stack of magazines then giggles as she apologizes.

JOAN
Ooh! I'm sorry.

DON
Don't worry about it.

Don holds her by the waist. She awkwardly recognizes how intimate he's being. He doesn't. He's in his own world.

DON
What do you see?

JOAN
Walls. A door. It's your office but from higher up.

DON
How would you sum it up?

JOAN
It's your office, but...

DON
It's the same but different.

JOAN
Yes.

DON
We should look at things a little differently from time to time.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

I agree.

DON

You ever look at me differently?

JOAN

Um, I don't...

DON

I look at Caroline differently. I look at Bert differently. Roger. I look at these walls differently. I choose to do that. To make the effort. I look at you differently.

They look like they're about to kiss, then Don hops down.

DON

Shake things up, Joan.

He helps her down.

JOAN

Yes, of course.

Don flops down in his chair.

JOAN

Are you OK? I've never seen you like this.

DON

I'm having a great day.

JOAN

I'm happy for you. I have this envelope addressed to Mr. Draper, from London.

DON

And I have this for you to give to the Ford Motor Company.

He gives her the poster in a folder, and she gives him the envelope from London.

JOAN

May I?

DON

Why not?

Joan opens the folder and looks at the Ford drawings.

(CONTINUED)

JOAN

These are gorgeous. Who drew this?

DON

Some freelancer. 20 bucks.

JOAN

I won't tell Lane.

DON

You don't have to. It never happened.

She exits. Don looks at the envelope from London.

INSERT -- THE ENVELOPE

Don holds a 8x12 envelope and sees the international mailing, the sender is 'Barrow' from London, England. He opens it and pulls out a note. It reads: "This should make you father of the year! Excellent meeting you and I thank you for your time and talent. Hope we meet again, Tony".

Don then pulls out from the envelope a glossy 8x10 photo of Paul McCartney. It's signed: "To my sweetheart, Sally Draper, all my loving, Paul McCartney".

Don smiles and sets the pic down on his desk. He lights a smoke. He couldn't be happier.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Eric, Blair, Roger, and Don are at the tee, slamming beers. Don finishes first, crushes his can in victory. The others tie for second. Don tosses his can into the nearby trashcan.

DON

Five bucks says none of you can make it into that can.

ERIC

You're on, Double D.

BLAIR

Yessir!

They both miss. Roger raises an eyebrow to Don.

DON

(mocking)
C'mon R Jr.!

Roger feebly tosses his can and misses.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIR
Hell, you got the touch today,
Donny!

They hand Don five dollar bills.

DON
Double or nothing I win this hole.

Eric cracks open another beer as Don tees up.

ERIC
Why the hell not? We're already
down a hundy after one hole.

Blair laughs. Roger pulls Don aside for a moment.

ROGER
What are you doing?

DON
Rubbing it in.

ROGER
Why?

DON
Because I can.

ROGER
Can't argue with that. How can I
help?

DON
Assist me.

ROGER
Anything in mind?

DON
Help me on the greens.

ROGER
My putter is for shit.

DON
Not today.

Don addresses the ball, takes a practice swing.

ERIC
We brought some tequila.

Roger looks at Eric, who is pulling out a bottle of tequila.

(CONTINUED)

DON
How do you two play under pressure?

BLAIR
What kind of pressure?

DON
One hole. This one.

ERIC
Hell, we're already at double or nothing.

DON
I win this hole, we get your account.

Eric and Blair look at each other. They seem unsure of themselves.

ERIC
I don't know, Donny.

BLAIR
Yeah, we'll have to run this past the other partners.

DON
Afraid?

ERIC
Shit no, we're not afraid!
Just...we can't make that kinda bet.

Don stares him down.

DON
That's what I thought.

ROGER
Gentlemen, you have no idea what's about to happen to you.

Don drives his tee shot perfectly down the fairway.

END OF SHOW