

Mad Men

Episode #107
"The Code Don't Lie"

by
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FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR/STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - DAY

Elevator doors slide open to reveal a middle-aged, black OPERATOR. He nods a greeting as Pete ENTERS.

PEGGY (O.S.)
Oh, hold the doors, please!

Peggy rushes up and squeezes through the closing doors.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

PETE
Well, well.

PEGGY
Good Morning.

PETE
Says who?

PEGGY
Twenty-three, please.
(off his look)
...What?

PETE
Don't you think I would have
already said what floor?

PEGGY
I, I don't know.

PETE
Besides, how long have you been
working here -- how long have I
been working here? The man
recognizes us.

PEGGY
Right. Sorry.

An awkward moment. Peggy breaks it, all nervous energy.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
I guess we're two early birds here
to catch a worm.

PETE

I can't believe they let you write.

PEGGY

Are you in a bad mood or something?

PETE

Just because a guy's not lit up like Luna Park doesn't mean he's in a bad mood.

PEGGY

You're right, I'm sorry.

Peggy can't decide where to look.

PETE

I work. I have a busy day.

PEGGY

Of course.

PETE

...All this other crap. God forbid I'm not there should one of the six Renzulli brothers need a hand.

PEGGY

Hunh?

PETE

I'm supposed to supervise the movers, whatever that means. The movers, by the way, she has coming today instead of Saturday, which is why I have to leave early, which is why I'm here at the crack of dawn.

PEGGY

I'm a nervous wreck, too. I kept my roommate up all night pacing the apartment. Finally I just decided to get dressed and come in.

(beat)

Before I left yesterday, Mr. Rumson told me he was pitching my material this afternoon.

PETE

Yeah, I heard. Lavioris.

PEGGY

No. Maxfield.

PETE

Rummy should gargle Lavoris
beforehand. The client is more apt
to buy a slogan that doesn't reek
of rotgut.

PEGGY

Oh. Oh, okay.

The elevator pings.

PETE

Make sure he spits it out.

INT. STERLING COOPER - DAY

The entire floor is deserted as Pete and Peggy CROSS.

PEGGY

It smells different up here.

PETE

Five minutes without cigarette
smoke and this place is like
Colorado.

E/I. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pete ENTERS his office, Peggy stands half in half out.

PEGGY

I'm going to make a pot of coffee.
Would you like some?

PETE

No.

PEGGY

You sure?

PETE

No coffee, Peggy.

They look into one another's eyes. Peggy moves in. They
kiss passionately. He pulls her hair, she fumbles with his
belt buckle, they crab-walk to the couch. He fiddles with
her skirt zipper, but it's stretched too tight and difficult
to undo, so he yanks her blouse.

PEGGY

Don't, you're ripping it.

So he digs under her shirt. Finds an undergarment. He pulls it down. Finds another.

PETE

Jesus, you're wrapped like a mummy.

She eases him onto the couch. He is prone, undoing his tie, watching her disrobe. It is such an involved process that enough time passes for us to notice the hunting rifle leaning against the wall.

At last, Peggy shimmies out of her drawers. Pete's eyes light up. She moves toward him.

INT. STERLING COOPER - DAY

The two lovers are blurry forms moving behind the frosted glass windows that separate Pete's office from the bullpen. The sound of their rising passion is drowned out by a caravan of FIRE TRUCKS ROARING THROUGH THE STREETS below.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Peggy reassembles the layers of her meticulous outfit with a druggy smile on her face. Pete's expression is distant.

PETE

Listen. Maybe this isn't the right time to mention this but I want to clear the air.

(beat)

I know I told you I'd look over the stuff you wrote...but...I haven't.

PEGGY

Pete, stop. There are only so many hours in the day. It's okay.

She inspects her collar in the reflection of his desk lamp -- the seam needs stitching, but for now it must simply slouch in an unattractive way. She's miffed.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Nuts.

PETE

I've made a mistake, Peggy.

She turns, her face white. Pete reads the miscommunication.

PETE (CONT'D)

No, not this. I needed this. What I mean is. I mean marriage is a lot different than I pictured it.

PEGGY

Well, gosh, Pete, give it a chance.

PETE

It's been six weeks!

PEGGY

Maybe you're still adapting.

PETE

I guess. I don't know. I have all these things going on in my head and I can't say them. I won't be able to live like that, like little green men sucked my brains out.

PEGGY

Whatever you need to say, you can say to me.

He touches her elbow.

PETE

I don't know why I did it. I guess I did what I was told. Everybody said 'she's a great gal, she'll make a great wife, a great mom,' and it's true, she's perfect. But she doesn't understand me.

PEGGY

Pete, you're not alone in this. I'm here for you.

People can be heard through Pete's closed door. The office is coming to life.

PETE

Sorry I ripped your blouse.

PEGGY

Should I start keeping a spare?

PETE

Out you go.

LOIS (O.S.)

Please hold.

INT. TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD ROOM - DAY

The fresh-faced new switchboard operator, LOIS SADLER, 23, adorable, plugs a cord into a jack, presses a switch forward and speaks into her headset.

LOIS
I have Mrs. Romano on the line for
Mr. Romano.

In the cramped room with her are Nanette, Marge, Ivy and a persistent MURMUR OF NOISE as the ladies field calls. Lois toggles her switch.

LOIS (CONT'D)
I'll connect you.

Then she toggles it backward, remaining connected so as to listen in. *SNIPPETS OF THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN SALVATORE AND HIS MOTHER ARE HEARD OVER LOIS'S HEADSET:*

SALVATORE
Hi, ma.

SALVATORE'S MA
Bellezzo!

MARGE
"Good Morning, Sterling Cooper?
Please hold."
(to the girls)
Look who's off the clock again.

IVY
Who can blame her? It's a regular
soap opera with those two.

LOIS
The Romano's??

NANETTE
Yeah, I've, it's a snore. I've
listened.
(beat)
"Yes, I'll connect you."

IVY
I was being sarcastic.
(sing-song)
"Sterling Cooper."

SALVATORE

If the neighbors are such a problem
let's move you somewhere quiet.

SALVATORE'S MA

Where, Bellevue?

Sal and his mother proceed in Italian, producing a charmed smile on Lois's face.

LOIS

They're speaking the mother tongue.

IVY

Ugh... Bad word choice.

LOIS

So musical. And peppery.

MARGE

Okay, this no longer a crush. She
is officially on the hunt.

(beat)

"Sorry, you were holding for... ?"

SALVATORE

Ma, ma, I gotta run. I love you.

SALVATORE'S MA

Ciao ciao, figlio mio.

They hang up. Lois toggles, disconnects, looks enchanted.

LOIS

"Ciao Ciao." Goll-ee!

NANETTE

You would think by the second week,
city living would've knocked the
Kentucky out of New Girl.

IVY

Goll-ee.

They giggle at Lois's expense.

LOIS

"Sterling Cooper, please hold."

(yearning)

He's got such a sweet way about
him.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

Respects his mother, doesn't waste half his day flirting with girls like most them. A real gentleman. Almost Midwestern.

NANETTE

By way of Ellis Island.

IVY

"I'll connect you."

(beat)

Just be careful falling for a voice.

LOIS

"I have a call for Mr. McHugh."

(troubled)

No one knows what he looks like?

MARGE

Sorta. Maybe. Not really.

IVY

He wears a toupee, right?

NANETTE

"Yes, right away."

(beat)

My guess is tall, dark and handsome. But I'm a glass-half-full kinda gal.

IVY

Check the art department. He's down there somewhere.

MARGE

Don't make eye contact with the artists. If they sense a threat they're liable to lunge.

(beat)

"I'm sorry, are you still holding?"

INT. COOPER'S OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT on a expensive loafers being pushed off stocking feet - Don Draper's stocking feet. We follow the feet across the carpeted floor.

WIDER, as Don makes his way toward the imposing desk of Mr. Cooper. Cooper stands beneath big palm plants, looking out big windows at big buildings in Midtown Manhattan.

MR. COOPER

You a sportsman, Don? Fishing or camping? You seem the type.

DON

(amused)

I spend my free time with the kids. The closest I get to the outdoors is yard work.

Cooper faces him.

MR. COOPER

I'm not much for nature. I read. History, biography, little of everything.

DON

It's a marvelous habit.

MR. COOPER

Michener's a friend. Had lunch out in Doylestown last week. You think Hawaii is an epic, get him talking about those three marriages.

DON

I'll bet.

MR. COOPER

Anyway, I'm not terribly fond of popular fiction. I'm more a philosophy man.

DON

"I drink, therefore I am." Basil Hayden.

MR. COOPER

Don, I'm giving you a bonus and I don't care what Roger Sterling has to say about it.

DON

Well, that is not where I thought you were going.

MR. COOPER

This doesn't mean we're going to become fishing buddies.

DON

What about yard work buddies?

MR. COOPER
Friendship is a low commodity for
men like you and I.

DON
You're ruthless... And right on the
money.
(sincere)
I'm honored. And grateful. And a
little shocked.

MR. COOPER
Don't be. You are a **Prime Mover**.

Cooper hopes Don will catch the reference (hint: Ayn Rand).

MR. COOPER (CONT'D)
No?

DON
More or less. Actually, no.

MR. COOPER
Most people live off the hard work
of others. They contribute nothing
and depend on the people at the
top.

(beat)
I'm impressed with you. You rise
above the nonsense that goes on
here. You certainly rise above
your peers. That turd Campbell.
My partner... Christ, Sterling
hasn't changed since he was in
short pants; he's a sourpuss and a
slacker.

(he sighs)
They are vampires, and they want to
suck away our vitality. But you
won't let them. That's why I'm
grateful you're on my team.

DON
Just so I'm clear, this means "Keep
doing what you're doing," not "Do
what you're told."

MR. COOPER
My God, has no one ever done
anything nice for you? Ever??

Don looks a little embarrassed. He takes the check.

INT. HALLWAY/STERLING COOPER - DAY

Lois squares her shoulders, sweeps hairs from her eyes and raises a manila folder to create the illusion of purpose.

INT. ART DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lois snakes through the smoky, cluttered art department. She has a hard time seeing faces; most men are hunched over drafting tables sketching, coloring and cutting.

She's now at the other end of the department, having walked its length. She takes a breath, turns around and walks back the way she came. This time a few guys look up. She smiles.

DUANE
Lost, little lamb?

DUANE: a zero. Coke bottle glasses, a moth-eaten cardigan and chewed fingernails. We won't talk about the dandruff.

LOIS
Oh. I'm. Uh.

Another artist looks up: MARTY. Dark, swept back hair, handsome.

LOIS (CONT'D)
I think I --

SALVATORE (O.S.)
Marty, who is sketching the Firestone comps, you or Frank?

Lois's eyes flash recognition.

MARTY
I'm your tire man, Sal.

Lois about faces and gets an eyeful of Salvatore. She likes.

SALVATORE
Hello.

LOIS
I'm such a feather head. I need to get my paperwork in to accounting, then find my way back to the switchboard room. Am I close?

SALVATORE
No.

LOIS
I'm new here, I'm Lois Sadler. Hi.

SALVATORE
Hello, Lois. Salvatore Romano.

LOIS
Is this the art department?

SALVATORE
Yes. If I'd known you were coming
I would have cleaned their cages.

LOIS
Oh, ha ha, no, it's great. I work
in a closet all day - just to come
out and walk around is wonderful.

SALVATORE
Well, I'm heading into a meeting
otherwise I'd show you myself.

LOIS
Oh, just point me, that's fine.

SALVATORE
Better yet... Marty, would you walk
Miss Sadler down to accounting?

MARTY
Uh, well, I gotta --

SALVATORE
Marty.

MARTY
Sure, Sal.

SALVATORE
A pleasure.

LOIS
Oh, the pleasure was mine, Mr.
Romano. I'll come back some time
so you can show me your... Self.

SALVATORE
That would be interesting.

Lois and Marty EXIT. Duane gets off his drafting stool and
moves to Salvatore.

DUANE

Sal, she is hot to trot, Sal.

SALVATORE

There was a bit of a spark, wasn't there?

DUANE

Like a Tesla Coil. Wow.

SALVATORE

I swear, Duane, I am not even trying.

DUANE

Don't rub it in.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pete is at his desk scribbling away at something. There's a knock at the door, which is open a crack. Without looking,

PETE

It's got to wait, Hildy.

Hildy ENTERS.

HILDY

I'm sorry, Mr. Campbell, you have a visitor.

TRUDY (O.S.)

Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater.

Pete's wife, carrying a champagne bottle, pushes past Hildy.

PETE

Trudy. What are you doing here?

TRUDY

I thought I'd come get you and we could go together. It would be fun.

PETE

Oh. Okay. Um.
(beat)
Thank you, Hildy.

TRUDY

We could even walk.

PETE
It's thirty blocks.

TRUDY
It's lovely weather. But we can
cab it if you want.

Trudy moves toward the couch.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Even better, really. It would give
us a little time to celebrate.

She sits in the exact locus of Pete and Peggy's morning screw
and starts peeling the foil off the top of the bottle.

PETE
What are you doing?

TRUDY
Go ahead, finish up, I won't
disturb you.

PETE
Yeah. Look. Trudy, you shouldn't
have come here.

She stops peeling.

TRUDY
Shouldn't have? What does that
mean? I'm your wife.

PETE
I know. I just don't think I can
leave early.

TRUDY
That's absurd. Of course you can.

PETE
No, I can't. Things are busy. I
have a lot of calls to make. What
am I supposed to do?

TRUDY
You're supposed to come with me.
You're not a doctor, no one is
going to die.

PETE
You see what happens when you just
show up like this? We fight.

TRUDY

I just. I miss you. We're newlyweds.

PETE

Don't you get it? This is what I do. You should go down to the apartment and do what you do.

She becomes visibly upset.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. Don't be like this, don't get that look. Why don't we have a glass of champagne. Huh? Let's have a glass of champagne.

She snuffles, peels away the foil and corks the champagne. Appropriately enough, the bottle foams over a bit.

INT. BOARD ROOM/STERLING COOPER - DAY

There's a generous spread for the lipstick people: coffee, cookies, a tray of sandwiches. Booze, too. The titular MR. MAXFIELD, flanked by his three ASSOCIATES, pours himself coffee. His right-hand man, AL STRAYHORN, reaches for something with sprinkles. Freddy Rumson paces the room giving 'em the old razzle-dazzle. Salvatore displays artwork. Ken looks on.

RUMMY

It's as simple as *E Pluribus Unum*.
From many, one.

Mr. Maxfield stirs sugar into his cup, half-listening.

RUMMY (CONT'D)

From many shades of lipstick, one that belongs to her. She owns it, it makes her unique, it colors her kiss. And her kiss, Mr. Maxfield, colors her man.

Salvatore reveals the coup de gras art, Rummy the tag line:

RUMMY (CONT'D)

Maxfield Lipstick. Mark Your Man.

Rummy waits for the fireworks but Mr. Maxfield is nonplussed.

MR. MAXFIELD

One shade? One? What about the other hundred I've developed over the past two-and-a-half years? October Sunset? Raindrop blue? Cactus. Flower. Pink.

RUMMY

She could easily "mark her man" with pink, uh, cactus... Sunset.

MR. MAXFIELD

And this idea of "marking." I'm confused. Is the image I want a Maxfield Woman to conjure at the beauty counter that of a bear urinating on a tree?

Strayhorn claps powdered sugar off his hands. Salvatore notices his Longines wristwatch. Strayhorn notices him noticing. Salvatore covers by checking his own watch.

MR. MAXFIELD (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, this is bad.

RUMMY

Mr. Maxfield, you offer variety to your consumer, but what your consumer wants --

MR. MAXFIELD

They're not consumers, they're women, and women want colors. Lots and lots of colors.

Everyone looks at everyone else. It's tense. Don stands.

DON

I'd say there's not much else to do but call it a day.

(offers his hand)

Gentlemen, thank you for your time.

MR. MAXFIELD

Excuse me, that, that's it? You're giving up?

DON

You're not a believer. So why should we waste time with Kabuki?

MR. MAXFIELD

Exactly what does that mean?

KEN

It's stylized Japanese theater...

DON

Mr. Maxfield, you've blazed a trail in the world of lipstick, you have more colors than all of your competitors combined, you've engineered a fine product and built a great company. And you're still number four.

(a pause for effect)

Do you know why that is?

ASSOCIATE

He's not a believer.

MR. MAXFIELD

Brav-o, Rafferty.

DON

It's a simple idea we have. It's a powerful idea. I could show you data that proves it, but data didn't knock Paul off his horse on the way to Damascus.

Don lifts the phone receiver and gestures.

DON (CONT'D)

Call a woman, your wife, his wife.

(beat)

I believe in "Mark Your Man." But if I can't make you believe, I'll go back to the drawing board.

Mr. Maxfield reads his associates. He takes the phone.

DON (CONT'D)

Ask her how many colors she'd like you to bring home.

After a long moment of consideration, Mr. Maxfield dials.

INT. HALLWAY/STERLING COOPER - MOMENTS LATER

The doors to the conference room blast open with exuberant laughter and back-slapping. Things turned out fine. Rummy even feels good enough to pitch extra ideas on the way out.

RUMMY

You could run a different ad in each region. Down South, Tobacco Brown, on the Coast, Malibu Mauve --

KEN

(leans in)
Stop drilling, Freddy, we hit oil.

DON

Where you fellas staying?

MR. MAXFIELD

The Roosevelt.

DON

Fan-cy.

KEN

We know how to take care of our people.

STRAYHORN

Have you been since the they redid the lobby? Word is they spent \$80,000. It's like the Taj Mahal, only fewer Indians. Last night I had a drink with Robert Mitchum. Actually, many drinks. I looked up and it was three in the morning.

(sighs)

Yep, it's the place to be. At least for one more night.

SALVATORE

Doesn't that sound like a dream.

Strayhorn, Mr. Maxfield and the others bid farewell and EXIT.

Don and the rest ride the wave of their conquest. Grins all around, barely contained glee. As they head for Don's office they talk over one another.

KEN

I swear I thought you were going to dangle him out the window.

DON

If it would have helped him see the light, I might have.

RUMMY

You certainly made me a believer.

SALVATORE

Amen.

DON

I'd like to henceforth be known as Reverend Draper.

KEN

How about The Pope? Those ideas of yours must come right from the big man himself.

DON

I am merely a vessel through which brilliance passes, my son.

Hearty laughter as they EXIT into Don's office.

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Peggy, quietly watching from her desk, scrunches her brow. She sits there a moment, blinking excessively.

Her intercom buzzes to life.

DON (O.S.)

Peggy, we'll need some ice.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The men are gathered at Don's bar. Don stands behind his desk. Comes a courtesy knock, then Peggy ENTERS with a bucket. She leaves it and moves to EXIT.

DON

Peggy?

PEGGY

Yes, Mr. Draper?

He points to an empty glass on the bar.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

She fills the empty glass with ice.

DON

No, Peggy, it's for you.

She looks around the room. Everyone is smiling.

RUMMY
Home run, kiddo.

SALVATORE
Congratulations.

She takes the drink Salvatore just poured for her.

ALL
(ad lib)
Cheers!

They murder an impromptu version of "For **She's** a Jolly Good Fellow," then trail off when Peggy downs her drink in one go.

PEGGY
Oh, my God, can I see it?

DON
Don't know why not.

She leafs through Salvatore's portfolio.

SALVATORE
You like?

PEGGY
Yes, I do. But, um, well, it was supposed to say *It's the Mark You Make on Your Man*.
(re: "Mark Your Man")
This slogan is wrong.

RUMMY
(not unkind)
No, honey, you were wrong.

KEN
You know you're walking around with a ripped collar?

She immediately tugs at it, having forgotten.

PEGGY
Oh, yeah. I. I. Had an accident.
(redirecting, re: the art)
Can I keep these?

SALVATORE
No.

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Several girls from the office are circled around Peggy's desk, among them Joan and Lois. They're chatting away when the door to Don's office opens. When Peggy emerges, they fall into an eager silence.

PEGGY
They loved it.

All the girls squeal with delight. Moving through the bullpen, the accolades pour out.

LOIS
That's great, Peggy.

OFFICE GIRL
Good for you!

JOAN
Congratulations...

IVY
Tell us everything.

DIFFERENT OFFICE GIRL
Details...

NANETTE
Get ready for a promotion!

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pete's open door leaves room enough to view the well-wishers.

INT. BULLPEN/STERLING COOPER - CONTINUOUS

PEGGY
I could use a little water.

Joan arches an eyebrow at Peggy.

JOAN
I just want to know one thing. How did you do *this*?

Peggy nods and shrugs in her inimitable way and looks sheepish/innocent/sexy all at once. The girls giggle.

IVY
Where's the celebration?

PETE (O.S.)
Peggy?

Pete peeks out from his office and beckons. She crosses toward him.

PETE (CONT'D)
Feels good to be part of the team,
huh? Well, congratulations.

PEGGY
I did good work, didn't I?

FIND Sal as he ENTERS the men's room. Lois sees this.

INT. BREAK ROOM/STERLING COOPER - CONTINUOUS

OFFICE GIRL
Uptown or downtown?

NANETTE
Uptown?

Peggy ENTERS and is handed a cup of water.

IVY
I'm not paying \$2 a drink.

NANETTE
Don't be a pill, Ivy, it's Peggy's
big night.

IVY
We're all on a budget, are we not?

OFFICE GIRL
Tonight we can splurge.

PEGGY
I feel like dancing!

DIFFERENT OFFICE GIRL
Ooh, how about The Village?

Lois stands at the door watching for Salvatore.

LOIS
Sounds fun. Where?

NANETTE
I dunno, maybe The Rickshaw?

IVY
Has anyone seen that rumba band at
the El Morocco?

OFFICE GIRL
Yeah. It's a little passé.

LOIS
Where else?

PEGGY
If we want to stay in Midtown, why
not PJ Clark's?

Lois spots Salvatore leaving the john.

LOIS
Perfect!

Lois rushes out.

INT. BULLPEN/STERLING COOPER - DAY

Lois comes at Salvatore from an oblique angle so she's out of his eye-line. She passes a few desks, muttering...

LOIS
PJ Clark's, PJ Clark's.

She takes a sharp corner and bumps into Salvatore.

LOIS SAL
Oh, my. Excuse me... No, no. My fault.

LOIS (CONT'D)
...Mr. Romano, right?

SALVATORE
We're on a collision course today.

LOIS
Ha ha, yeah, we keep "running into"
one another.

SALVATORE
People will start talking.

He smiles. She stammers. It's cute.

LOIS
Oh, hey, congratulations.

SALVATORE
I'm sorry?

LOIS
Everybody's talking about the
meeting. I guess it went super.
(false flattery)
(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

Ms. Olsen said your artwork was amazing.

SALVATORE

She did, did she?

LOIS

Oh, yeah!

SALVATORE

You know what they say. Flattery will get you everywhere.

LOIS

That's funny, I haven't heard that before. Anyway, a bunch of us are taking her for drinks tonight.

SALVATORE

Good for her. She deserves it.

LOIS

Yeah. If you're free you could come join us. We're going to, um, oh shoot, it's um...

SALVATORE

PJ Clark's?

LOIS

How did you know??

SALVATORE

You were chanting it when we collided.

LOIS

Oh. Ha ha. Er.

SALVATORE

Sounds fun. I'll see you tonight.

Salvatore leaves Lois in a cloud of romance.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pete is flipping through folders when Peggy opens the door a crack. The office girls carry on across the bullpen.

PEGGY

Am I interrupting?

PETE
No, no, come on in.

She does, looking flush, confident.

PEGGY
Hi.

PETE
Hi.

PEGGY
I'm kind of jumping out of my skin.

PETE
It is exciting.

PEGGY
We're going out to celebrate. Are
you going to come?

PETE
Are you inviting me?

PEGGY
Pete.

PETE
I appreciate the offer, but...

PEGGY
One drink.

PETE
Peggy.

She steps a bit closer.

PEGGY
I'd really like it if you'd come.
(almost to herself)
This day has been AMAZING.

PETE
This is the first night in my new
apartment. I just don't think --

PEGGY
I'll make it up to you later.

Relenting vis à vis sex,

PETE
One drink.

PEGGY
Maybe two.

EXT. VILLAGE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing. A KNOCK at the door, off screen.

INT. HALLWAY/APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A DEAD BOLT turns, then the door opens on AN EYE.

DON
Midge around?

The eye (shortly to be introduced as Judd) responds.

JUDD
Got a visitor, Midge. A G-Man.

DON
Ad Man.

JUDD
Pfft. I woulda preferred G-Man.

MIDGE (O.S.)
That's Don. Let him in.

JUDD
What's the password, Ad Man?

DON
The password is I'm about to kick
this door into your face.

JUDD
Typical.

A CHAIN LOCK slides. The door opens on JUDD, a self-styled intellectual with a Mennonite beard and a rumpled Army jacket. Laughter and music issue forth as...

INT. MIDGE'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Don ENTERS and hands his top coat to Judd, who throws it over a chair. Midge is lighting a candle.

Lounging on the couch, sorting through a handful of jazz LPs is, DORA, a black coquette channelling Josephine Baker.

DON
Having a little soiree?

MIDGE
Nothing formal. You met Judd,
that's Dora. A couple others are
on their way.

He follows Midge as she dots wicks with fire.

DON
I have to be honest, I'm
disappointed.

MIDGE
You're raring to go, huh?

DON
Yeah. To Paris. Closest I ever
got was Korea.

MIDGE
That's not very close.

DON
I know. So let's go. Tonight.

She turns, snaps out the burning match.

MIDGE
What's got you flying so high?

DON
My boss says I'm a Prime Mover.

MIDGE
Wow, the boss of a Mad Ave agency
reads Ayn Rand? I am shocked.

He flashes Cooper's check. She whistles like "whoa."

DON
Whaddaya say? If we catch the next
flight out we'll be there in time
for breakfast and I hear they do
wonders with toast.

There is a KNOCK at her door.

MIDGE

I had something planned.

DON

Better than transatlantic flight?

MIDGE

You might like it. A little horizon-expanding.

DON

Sounds fruity.

She opens the front door. Two more bohemians gambol in: ROY, whom we've met before, and KIBBY, a hot proto-hippie with armpit hair and boyish tits peeking out of her flowing dress; she's carrying a Spanish guitar.

KIBBY

Hey! Finally!

Kibby hands the guitar to Midge.

MIDGE

Oh. Um. Thanks.

KIBBY

You look surprised. I thought you wanted it back.

MIDGE

I... Don't own a guitar.

KIBBY

Oh. Oh, well. Um. You want one?

MIDGE

Say hello to Don. Don, this is Kibby, and you remember Roy.

DON

Yeah.

ROY

Yeah.

KIBBY

Hey, handsome.

DON

Hi... Kibby. Got a five year plan on that armpit hair?

DORA

We all present and accounted for?

Dora opens the clasp on her tiny rhinestone clutch and pulls out a huge branch of MARIJUANA that clearly took up the whole purse. Don eyes Midge, who returns a raised eyebrow.

DORA (CONT'D)

Got a spare a nail?

Don shakes out a smoke. She takes it, he lights it.

DORA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Dora opens the gatefold sleeve of an LP titled GOSPEL CLASSICS.

DON

Oh, I see, it's a revival meeting.

DORA

That's right, baby, we're all going to heaven tonight.

Roy hands her rolling papers, which she sets in the crook of the album. She then picks seeds and stems from the pot.

DON

You kids kill me. You need a record to roll it.

JUDD

Yeah, Jeff, that's how you do it.

DON

Is that so, Maynard G. Krebs? Cause that's not how I ever did it, and I been rolling smokes since LPs were 78s.

JUDD

Where did you find this Icky?

MIDGE

Sometime you gotta leave the Village for a decent screw.

Roy drops the needle on a record. It's hard to tell what it is, free-jazz, soundtrack to foreign film, Miles Davis. Whatever it is, it's weird and intense.

ROY
Oh, man, this cat is the gonest!

JUDD
This your maiden voyage, eh, Jeff?

MIDGE
You're the Jeff, Judd. Lay off
him. His name is Don.

KIBBY
Well, don't you worry, Don. We'll
take real good care of you.

Kibby throws a tapestry over the light and bathes the room in
different colors.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Conversation and the strains of Rogers and Hart play off one
another at a polite volume in this elegant, discreet bar. A
grey-haired BARTENDER stirs gin and ice with a long spoon,
then strains the concoction into a frosted martini glass.
It's finished with a sunken spear of cocktail onions.

The bartender sets the drink in front of Al Strayhorn and
leaves a carafe of extra beside the glass. Strayhorn nods
and tucks in. It tastes as good as it looks.

A GLASS BREAKS somewhere and Al turns to look. It's nothing,
but it leads his eye toward Salvatore, ENTERING. They
acknowledge one another. Salvatore approaches.

SALVATORE
Don't you look right at home?

STRAYHORN
Fancy meeting you here.

They shake.

SALVATORE
Thought I might catch Bob Mitchum.

STRAYHORN
Will you settle for yours truly?

SALVATORE
Do I have a choice?
(to the Bartender)
Booth's and tonic.
(to Al)

(MORE)

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I'm surprised. I figured you'd be halfway home by now.

STRAYHORN

I needed a little extra time in town. I had research to do at Bergdorf's... As far as Maxfield knows.

SALVATORE

A man works up a thirst after a hard day of work.

STRAYHORN

(the G&T)

And that's on me; these are deductible.

They laugh. Salvatore enjoys Strayhorn's wit, makes tentative eye contact, fiddles with his cuff links.

STRAYHORN (CONT'D)

Of course I will leave tomorrow. Altogether too soon. Truth is I love being here, which is contrary. I'm not one of these guys who looks forward to a business trip to escape the wife and kids - I'm really a homebody. But New York...

(beat)

As soon as that jet plane breaks through the clouds and you see that skyline like stones on a jeweler's felt... I get a feeling I can't put into words.

(beat)

Whatever hotel I stay at I demand a view. I have to look out at that limitless possibility. You feel a thousand feet tall, like you can do anything, be anyone.

(beat)

Christ, I must be drunk. Have I bored you to death?

SALVATORE

Not at all. New York is a wonderful, wonderful place.

STRAYHORN

I have bored you. Sorry. I start rhapsodizing around number four.

SALVATORE

Did you eat? Maybe you should get something in you.

Strayhorn enjoys the double-entendre that Salvatore doesn't catch right away.

STRAYHORN

If I eat, you will have to eat with me.

We see it in Salvatore's eyes: he will.

INT. PJ CLARK'S - NIGHT

The gang from Sterling Cooper is cramped in back of the bar near the juke box. A few couples, Peggy among them, sway to a syrupy ballad. Freddy Rumson cuts in on Peggy's partner, and she obliges him with a chaste slow dance. FIND Joan talking to Lois: both dancing, both ignoring their partners.

JOAN

I'm not saying Peggy doesn't have something upstairs, I'm just saying at Sterling Cooper things are usually happening downstairs.

Lois gets whirled around -- by a guy that's not Salvatore.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I said things are usually happening downstairs.

LOIS

Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, good to know.

JOAN

What's with you?

LOIS

(forcing a smile)
Nothing. I'm fine.

FIND Ken, Pete, Harry, and a few other suits sitting and watching from Loser's Row. Pete eyes Peggy as she kisses Rummy on the cheek in the song's final moments. Rummy returns the nicety with a courtly bow and spills some of his drink. Most everyone goes to the bar.

HARRY

(jingles his empty glass)
You want another?

Silence from sulking, sullen Pete.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Take that as a no.

A girl loads the juke box with coins. After a respite a rollicking song blasts out: **CHUBBY CHECKER'S "THE TWIST."**

Peggy and the girls immediately jump up in delight. They cluster together and start gyrating. A few guys get up and head for them. Everyone is into it except Pete.

Peggy sees Pete's committed pout and slinks toward him, mouthing the lyrics. Her arms beckon, her hips twist, her face radiates desire. It's sexier than we've yet seen her, but Pete seems immune.

She takes his hands and see-saws, doing The Twist.

PEGGY
Come on, grumpy.

He looks her dead in the eye.

PETE
I don't like you like this.

Peggy's twist becomes a swivel. Her face falls and her eyes well up. She snaps her hands away and returns to the crowd to dance. Pete crumples his cocktail napkin and EXITS.

INT. HOTEL BAR/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Al and Salvatore have moved to a small table and finished dinner. A BUSBOY clears the utensils and glasses and uses a crumb valet to sweep the tablecloth. A WAITER places coffee in front of Al and a dram of Sambuca in front of Salvatore. Three espresso beans rest at the bottom of the shot glass.

SALVATORE
Sambuca con la mosca, literally
"with flies." The espresso beans
mean health, wealth and happiness.

STRAYHORN
Cheers.

They clink a small toast.

SALVATORE
...Two outta three ain't bad...

STRAYHORN
Ah, but which two?

SALVATORE
You want to play twenty questions?

STRAYHORN
I can guess in one.

SALVATORE
I'm that easy to read?

STRAYHORN
You're an artist, you wear your
heart on your sleeve.

SALVATORE
And here I thought I was brooding.

STRAYHORN
You do have a certain "tortured"
quality.

SALVATORE
It's nothing to do with art; I
spend my days sketching bubble gum
logos.

STRAYHORN
Maybe you need a change of careers?

SALVATORE
Maybe just a jolt of inspiration.

STRAYHORN
I've got a view upstairs that would
take your breath away.

SALVATORE
I'll bet you do.

STRAYHORN
What do you say?

Salvatore is suddenly aware of a cuticle.

SALVATORE
I should probably get home, Al.

STRAYHORN
Look at you. Nervous.

SALVATORE

No, no, it's just late. I appreciate the invitation.

STRAYHORN

Hey, some other time.

SALVATORE

Next time you're in New York.

STRAYHORN

Sure. Good night, Salvatore.

Strayhorn puts down a fifty dollar bill and EXITS.

INT. MIDGE'S LOFT - NIGHT

Pot smoke and "Sketches of Spain" hang in the air. Dora runs her fingers through a candle flame. Roy picks at a bunch of grapes and whispers to Kibby. Across the room, Don is on Midge's bed, eyes droopy, lips chapped. Midge lays beside him in a haze.

Don turns and reaches around her shoulders. He means to embrace her, but instead gets a clutch of men's hair.

JUDD

Hey, man!

They both pull away with a start.

DON

Whoa, hey, sorry.

JUDD

Whaddya, a faggot or something?

MIDGE

All right, calm down, don't flip out.

Don gets up and composes himself. He pulls a glass from the sink, cleans it with his shirttail and fills it with tap water. He walks over to the hi-fi and looks through Midge's records. Miles is replaced by some fuddy-duddy crooner.

ROY

Hey, hey, whaddaya doin?

MIDGE

Don??

DON
The bullfight music is making me
sleepy.

JUDD
That's *Miles*, man.

DON
I don't care if it's Francisco
Franco, it's boring.

KIBBY
You're a real cube, Ad Man.

DON
Yeah, well, I can see your tits --
at least I think those are tits.

ROY
That's my girl you're talking to.

KIBBY
Your girl? If I'm your girl, Roy,
how come you been cold-shouldering
me all night?

ROY
Kibby, don't start this. **Why don't
you make yourself useful and get
everyone some water.**

She does.

MIDGE
Wow, I've got to get one of those.

Dora prepares the Gospel LP for another joint. Don turns to
his attention to her.

DORA
Like to watch? That your bag?

DON
Let me try.

She shrugs, hands him the pot and the papers. Don rolls a
perfect smoke in ten seconds flat, as natural as breathing.

DORA
Look like you coulda done that in
the dark.

DON

I have.

She sparks the joint, takes a pull on it and offers it to Don, whose attention is drifting somewhere unsettling.

DON (CONT'D)

No, thanks. I, uh, I have to...

INT. BATHROOM/MIDGE'S LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Don looks at his reflection for a long moment, then takes a comb from his pocket. In the mirror, we go close on Don's hand running over his scalp.

CLOSE UP -- (**FLASHBACK**)

A boy's hand combs hair. A train whistles in the distance.

WIDER

DICK (Young Don) stands in front of the mirror, exactly as Don was in front of Midge's mirror. We are now...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

In the yard of Dick's home. He combs his hair in a mirror that leans against the shed. His father, ARCHIBALD WHITMAN, stands behind him dragging a razor over his soapy cheek.

WIDER, a landscape of dust and more dust. Some dry greenery clings to a fence running around the property. Across the road, a clapboard barn and a field of meager crops.

The squeaking hinge on the gate turns Dick's attention away from his reflection. He sees a HOBO, 40's, approaching Dick's mother, EFFIE, who is hanging clothes on a line. Archibald squints and stays the blade.

The Hobo remove his hat.

HOBO

Ma'am.

ARCHIBALD

Move it along, Buster.

HOBO

I'm not a freeloader and I'm not an agitator. I'm an able-bodied man looking to work in exchange for a hot meal and a place to sleep.

ARCHIBALD

You need your hearing checked? I said move it along.

EFFIE

Archibald.

Effie studies the Hobo - a gaunt, desperate-looking man dressed in filthy denim and a threadbare cotton shirt.

EFFIE (CONT'D)

When's the last time you ate?

HOBO

Noon yesterday. Beans and coffee.
(for Archibald)
I'm good with my hands, can slop pigs, clear stones in your field.

EFFIE

You sit with us for supper then start tomorrow, pick the last of the corn.

ARCHIBALD

(throws down the razor)
God dammit woman!

EFFIE

Never mind him. Change out of those rags, lemme boil the stink out of 'em.

HOBO

Mighty Christian of you, ma'am.

Dick and The Hobo make fleeting eye contact.

HOBO (CONT'D)

Hiya, son.

MUSIC from Midge's loft creeps into the scene. It's manic and atonal. It's Mingus or possibly Sun Ra.

INT. MIDGE'S LOFT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Don emerges from the bathroom, the room mad with music. He sits on the couch next to Midge. Everyone else has gathered in the dinette for an ersatz palm reading. Cheap wine is drunk from tumblers, cigarettes smolder between fingers.

MIDGE

I can't believe you.

She giggles and pulls down his tie, which is still tight.

Don doesn't react. He looks at Midge's hipster friends, then looks across the room where, as in a stage play, the lights dim except for a spotlight on the *DINING ROOM* in Dick's (Young Don's) childhood home. Dick scoots out a chair and joins Archibald and The Hobo at the table. Effie ENTERS from out of the shadows carrying a crock of god knows what.

ARCHIBALD

You give him the bones, Effie. He don't get no God damned meat.

EFFIE

The man can't go to sleep with an empty belly. Hardly any meat to give, besides.

ARCHIBALD

Jesus Christ Almighty no one told you could (trails off muttering).

He knocks back a long swig of home brew.

DICK

Want my chicken leg, mister?

Archibald backhands Dick. It stings and he suppresses tears.

ARCHIBALD

Put that back on your plate, you ain't lifted a finger around here and you ain't giving away my food. Tired of giving my money, my food to every sombitch...

EFFIE

You're drunk, Archibald.

ARCHIBALD

Well, you're a millstone.

Don strains at the memory playing out in front of him. Midge's laughter creeps into the tableau, as does the scream and bash of free jazz. Suddenly, POLICE SIRENS. The spotlight darkens on the dinner scene. The hipsters get edgy and go to the window.

JUDD

Whoa, what is this jive??

MIDGE

I bet that prizefighter in 2F was at it again. He uses his wife like a speed bag. My landlord musta called the fuzz.

DORA

We're stuck now.

ROY

Aw, man, I was gonna truck down for some carrot juice.

DON

Well, we should capture this magic moment, don't you think?

Don grabs Midge's Polaroid camera off the end table.

DON (CONT'D)

Come on, Dora, you exotic flower. Memories are made of this.

Don flashes a shot of Dora and pulls out the film.

DON (CONT'D)

How about you, Midge?
(re: Roy)
You and Tragic Beauty get together. Here we go, look at the birdie.

Don snaps and the flash goes off. He peels out the film and sets it on the table.

DON (CONT'D)

Who else? Who's next?

JUDD

Let me see that.

Don hands him the camera. Judd points it at himself. POP.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm blind, I'm blind. Man,
that was dumb.

He laughs at himself, then shoves the camera in Don's face as a fuck-you. A blast of white light fills the screen as we...

CUT TO:

INT. ROOT CELLAR/DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

The Hobo's skeletal hand pours tobacco into a small crease of rolling paper. Dick sits across from his cot and watches The Hobo fashion a smart cigarette, lick it, light it, and puff.

HOBO
I'll teach you how, if you like.

DICK
Are you a bum?

HOBO
I'm *on* the bum. Means I have no obligations. Don't have to work, support a family. I'm free.

DICK
You were working for my ma.

HOBO
That's different. That's getting me on the next boxcar so I can have my next adventure.

DICK
I want adventures.

HOBO
Those Bulls'd grab you by your baby fat and toss you right back here.

DICK
I ain't too young.

HOBO
'I'm "not" too young,' not 'I "ain't" too young.' People think you're ignorant if you say "ain't."

DICK
I'm *not* too young.

HOBO

Good.

(beat)

And you're right, you're not. But it's a lonely life, takes getting used to.

DICK

You done it.

The Hobo leans back, exhales.

HOBO

I was already lonely. Alone in a building full of people, working for a man I never met, squeezed by some Tax Man you can't look in the eye. New York: good riddance.

DICK

Daddy says New York is full of Bolsheviks.

HOBO

They take a club to the head same as any man.

(beat)

Your old man has a lot to say.

DICK

He's always talkin'.

HOBO

Talk is cheap. It's what a man does. Hell, I've been lied to my whole life. Smiled at one minute, stabbed the next.

DICK

Don't you have friends?

HOBO

Out there on the road, they'll kill you for the shoes on your feet.

DICK

Don't you trust nobody??

HOBO

See, now, that's a double negative. 'Don't you trust anybody.'" And the answer is I trust the code.

Dick's expression is blank. The Hobo picks a rock off the crate by Dick's cot and gets down on his haunches.

HOBO (CONT'D)
It's like the old jungle buzzards
say, "The code don't lie."
(beat)
That's not good English, but I
don't care to correct them.

The Hobo scratches out a few crude symbols on the floor of the root cellar. He points.

HOBO (CONT'D)
This one means if you talk religion
you'll get a meal. This tells you
to watch out for a nasty dog. This
one means that a dishonest man
lives here. And this means tell a
sad story.

DICK
How do you remember them all?

HOBO
You just do. If you want to
survive.

DICK
Don't you ever want to go --

HOBO
Back to my wife, my girls?

The Hobo stubs out his cigarette.

HOBO (CONT'D)
Gotta keep movin'. You quit for
even a second, Death will get you.
(beat)
You pay attention to what I say.
If there's anyplace Death'd come
next, I'd wager it'd be here.

Dick looks mildly startled. The Hobo is on to other things, however. Again he pulls out tobacco and papers.

HOBO (CONT'D)

Now, what we do is we sprinkle a little tobacco in the fold here, like this, tuck it in, and then we **start rolling**. Got it? ...

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. MIDGE'S LOFT - NIGHT (**PRESENT**)

Don comes to his senses on the couch, Midge's head on his chest, her feet in Roy's lap. Don reaches for the by-now-developed Polaroids. He shuffles through them and is stopped short by the shot he took of Midge and Roy.

DON

Oh my god.

JUDD

What, I shot your bad side?

DON

I didn't see it. I completely missed it.

(Roy & Midge)

You two are in love.

Everyone chimes in...

KIBBY

Wait, what?

ROY

Nah, no way.

MIDGE

Are you nuts?

JUDD

Of course she chooses Roy.

MIDGE

You're having some kind of reaction to the reefer.

DORA

Killer-Diller.

DON

(sincere)

You are breaking my heart.

Midge is brought up short. She pushes open a window.

JUDD

Breaking his heart.

MIDGE

You need to clear your head, you've been acting strange all night.

JUDD

Dig that, Ad Man expects us to believe he's got a heart!

DON

I don't need air, Midge.

DORA

Tin Man had no heart, either.

KIBBY

Tin Man, Ad Man, G-Man.

Some mocking laughter breaks out. Don recoils.

MIDGE

Play it cool, let's not ruin it.

JUDD

Ad Man's the one ruining things.

DON

Judd, please, the grown-ups are talking.

JUDD

Don't bark at me, man. I'm saying what's on my mind, I'm not goose-stepping in some John Birch zombie parade.

ROY

All right, Judd, lay off him.

DON

Don't defend me, you, you actor.

ROY

Screw you.

MIDGE

What, you're mad at him, now?

DON (CONT'D)

Mad? I'm amused. I'm seeing how this scene of yours works, this so-called "movement." Bunch of people laying around selling each other rebellion. It's laughable.

ROY
We should be like you, selling
shampoo on The Perry Como Show?

JUDD
Toothpaste doesn't solve anything,
man. Dacron doesn't fix Cuba. And
a new car sure as hell don't bring
back those ten dead kids in Biloxi.

A few grumbles of assent.

ROY
Selling is your game and we're not
interested, because selling's about
money and we don't wanna profit off
freedom, dig?

MIDGE
How come every time we smoke tea
the ladies have to sit around and
listen to you guys?

ROY
(own track)
We want freedom back from the
plastic-pushers, the profit-mad
dinosaurs. We're taking this
country back.

DON
And doing what? **What do you people
do?** You grow your beards and you
talk about how we've squandered
everything, but what's your plan?

ROY
We don't plan, man, that's the
point. You can't be in the moment
if you're always planning. You
just gotta "be."

DON
And you do that how? Buy some
Tokay wine and hang around Grand
Central pretending you're a bum?

ROY
Start a theater company. Hit the
hides in a jazz combo. Write.

DON
Oh, God.

JUDD

He doesn't have to justify to your bourgeois notions of productivity, man, chasing that block of cheese. We reject cheese-chasing.

MIDGE

Supporting a family is not cheese-chasing, Judd. It's called personal responsibility.

JUDD

Whatever you want to label it, baby, it's the same thing. He sits there dreaming up jingles for soap flakes and spot remover, telling himself he's free. He's only as free as the money changers say, man. He's for Them and we're for Us. The difference is he bought the lie and we didn't.

Don nods his head, looking sober.

DON

So that's what it is? The liars and the saints, the beats and the squares?

(beat)

I've got news for you: we are all those things at once. We're all made of the same spit and clay, and we're all gonna die one day. Life is finite. It starts *here* and ends *here* and the only thing in between is love.

ROY

What does that mean? What the hell does that have to do with anything?

DON

All you get is a kiss.

(touching Dora's shoulder)

A touch. Skin.

(glancing around)

A smile.

(through the open window)

The look on the face of someone you don't want to lose...

Kibby is rapt. Midge sighs.

DON (CONT'D)

You're all so convinced you have to choose sides you've missed the message. This life you live, this country you live in, they're heading for the horizon like the brakeman's lamp on a train. Right at this moment you're dying a little bit. You want a real revolution you try to change that.

Judd is silent. Roy looks at the floor.

DON (CONT'D)

You talk about "the establishment," and "taking sides?" You want to define yourself by "the struggle?" Try squeezing in a moment of true love, that's struggle enough.

The room is quiet but for the record needle stuck in the groove. The red and blue police lights blip in and out.

JUDD

Pretty good, Ad Man, pretty good. Almost had me there for a minute.

MIDGE

He does have a silver tongue.

ROY

Kibby, baby, see if there's juice in the fridge.

DON

So. Paris?

Midge looks at him for a long moment. She shakes her head no. He removes Cooper's check from his pocket, clicks his pen, and endorses it... To her. He stuffs it in her bra.

DON (CONT'D)

Buy yourself a Cadillac.

Don throws his jacket over his shoulder.

DORA

Fuzz is out there. You can't go.

He pushes up his tie up to his collar.

DON

You can't go.

EXT. STOOP OUTSIDE MIDGE'S LOFT - NIGHT

Patrol cars are out front, their lights sweeping across the streets. TWO UNIFORMED COPS roust a handcuffed Puerto Rican MAN in a bathrobe.

Don parts the small sea of people, tipping his hat to the cops, who return a friendly wave of the nightstick.

EXT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM/DRAPER HOUSE - NIGHT

DON
Bobby. Wake up, sweetie. Daddy
needs you to wake up.

ROBERT
(moans incoherently)

DON
Come on, kiddo.

ROBERT
...Daddy...

DON
Shh-shh, your sister's sleeping.
(beat)
You awake?

EXT. DRAPER HOUSE - NIGHT

Robert, in rocketship pajamas, rubs his eyes. He and his father stand in the backyard with crickets chirping.

DON
Look at me. I want you to ask me
any question you want.

ROBERT
What?

DON
Anything you want to know, whatever
it is, ask me.

The boy looks into the dark hedges and sees throbbing pinpoints of light.

ROBERT
Why do lightning bugs light up?

DON
(frustrated)
I don't know...
(beat)
But I will never lie to you.

EXT. DRAPER HOUSE - LATER

Don sits alone in his backyard residually high. The sound of a **DISTANT TRAIN WHISTLE** drifts through the night. **He closes his eyes and runs his hand over the dewy grass.**

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - DAY (**FLASHBACK**)

Dick's young hand runs over the greenery that creeps along the farmhouse fence. The leaves and vines become metal at the gate. Dick moves his hand back over the greenery and digs around for something. He pulls back the leaves and twigs and sees a crude symbol carved into the peeling white paint. It is the same symbol The Hobo scratched on the floor of the root cellar, a curved dagger, the symbol that tells fellow travelers *a dishonest man lives here*.

Dick looks past the fence and sees his father sharpening the blade of a scythe. His father stands up.

ARCHIBALD
Get away from that fence and do
your chores or so help me I'll cut
you from your asshole to your
appetite!

ON Archibald's dirty face looking at Dick,

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FACE OF A WALL CLOCK (**PRESENT**)

Which reads 7:10. HEAR a "ding" and FIND Peggy...

INT. STERLING COOPER - DAY

...Coming off the elevators into the empty office. She makes her way through the bullpen. She stops at the door to Pete's office. She peeks in, looks around and leaves.

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Peggy sits and opens her shoulder bag. She removes a blouse and places it in her bottom drawer. She fixes her lipstick.

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - LATER

DING. Peggy looks up. A woman gets off the elevator.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - LATER

Another DING. Peggy sees an older gentleman step off the elevator. The office is more lively now, filling up.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - LATER

Another DING. She doesn't even look. She salts an egg.

INT. PEGGY'S DESK - LATER

OFFICE GIRL (O.S.)
Good Morning, Mr. Campell.

PETE (O.S.)
Morning.

Peggy looks up and sees Pete approaching. She watches him come towards her, lock eyes with her, then pass her completely. No words are uttered. He steps into his office and closes the door.

Hold on Peggy a moment. Her shoulders sag. Then she puts paper in her typewriter and begins working.

FADE TO BLACK.