

MAD MEN

"Vostok"

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DRAPER HOUSE - MORNING

BETTY and FRANCINE (with her new BABY) sit in lawn chairs watching as ROBERT and SALLY play with NEIGHBOR CHILDREN. The Boys play around a giant cardboard mail-away rocketship. The girls are off playing with dolls, except Sally who wants to play astronaut.

BETTY

He's adorable.

FRANCINE

Would you mind holding him for a minute?

BETTY

I'd love to.

Francine carefully hands him over. Betty smiles and give the baby a little bounce. Francine is visibly relieved to have the baby off her hands.

FRANCINE

It's nice to not feel like he's attached to me for a minute.

BETTY

If you like, I could watch him for you one night. So you and Carlton can...

(realizing)

I mean, if you two...

FRANCINE

I never said anything to him.

BETTY

So he's still calling that woman?

FRANCINE

I don't know. I don't want to know. It just...it's easier.

Betty notices the boys being annoyed that Sally is trying to play with them.

CONTINUED:

BETTY

Sally, go play with the Barbies.

FRANCINE

I can't leave Carlton, so what does it matter? Not with that albatross around my neck.

Gestures to the baby. Betty isn't able to completely hide how appalled that makes her. Luckily, Francine isn't looking.

BETTY

What about your parents?

FRANCINE

My mother knew about my father's affairs for twenty years. I know what she would say.

Betty and Francine notice as a car drives by. It's HELEN BISHOP and her son GLEN. Helen looks away as soon as she sees Betty and Francine. Glen is quite the opposite.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Is that...?

BETTY

Helen Bishop.

FRANCINE

You remember all those things we said about her when she first moved into the area? A divorcee? Working in a jewelry store like that, with her son at home? How can she live like she does? Now I wish I knew.

BETTY

You don't mean that.

FRANCINE

I do. I'd rather be Helen Bishop than be Francine Hanson.

Francine reaches for the baby back. Betty is deliberately slow in giving her back, like it's not really the best thing for the baby.

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

I may be stuck with Carlton, but
at least I can still spend some
of his money.

Balancing the baby, reaches under the chair for a copy of the
Spring '61 Avon Order Booklet.

BETTY

Janey was down again?

FRANCINE

I got an extra one for you.

Hands her the booklet. Betty looks at the cover. A nice little
bright spot to her day.

INT. THE SUMMIT HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Darkened ballroom. Rows upon rows of chairs set up facing the
front of the room, but only the center portion of the first
couple of rows is filled with EXECUTIVES.

They're watching as DON DRAPER stands beside a slideshow screen.
He's illuminated only by reflected light. The slide on screen
displays a a Hertz employee standing beside a '60 Thunderbird.

DON

Hertz keeps pace with our lives.

Screen goes white. Don passes through the light to the other
side of the screen. He lets himself exemplify this idea.

DON (CONT'D)

America. We are the world leader in
everything.

Slide of a wall-sized IBM computer

DON (CONT'D)

Technology.

Slide. A television.

DON (CONT'D)

Entertainment.

Slide. Marilyn Monroe. Slide. Race cars.

DON (CONT'D)

Automobiles.

CONTINUED:

Slide. Highway traffic. Sitting on the end of one of the rows is PETE CAMPBELL, silently mouthing the words as Don speaks, though maybe just a fraction of a second behind him. He operates the wired projector remote. Not happy about it.

DON (CONT'D)
We are the leading edge. Each one
of us.

Slide. A couple cruising in a convertible.

DON (CONT'D)
At work or at play, we live our life
at a certain pace.

Slide. Hertz logo.

DON (CONT'D)
Hertz helps us keep that pace without
missing a beat.

Slide. Palm trees.

DON (CONT'D)
Whether we're on vacation...

Slide. A man with his hand on his head looking at his wrecked car after an accident.

DON (CONT'D)
...or we just need a helping
hand,...

Slide. Artist's rendering. A sleeker '61 Thunderbird leads race cars around the bend on a track. Beneath it, the slogan that Don repeats...

DON (CONT'D)
...Hertz keeps pace with our lives.

Don steps into the slide light.

DON (CONT'D)
Television spots, print and radio.
All set to roll out on May 31st.
The campaign however would begin
on the 30th.

EXECUTIVE #1
Why the specific dates. Is this
somehow date spec--

CONTINUED: (2)

Executive #2 waves his hand in the slide light. Room lights go up, revealing the foldaway wall, a ridiculously detailed and dark carpet pattern and that Executive #2 is LEON GREENBAUM, chairman of the board of Hertz. He "owns" this room.

GREENBAUM

May 30th.

DON

Yes.

GREENBAUM

The Indianapolis 500.

DON

Opened by a pace car. A spotlight
Ford model, their updated
Thunderbird.

(beat)

Presented by Hertz.

Greenbaum leans back to confer with Executives behind him and beside him, leaving Don to try and look comfortable standing before the group. Greenbaum then remembers to dismiss him.

GREENBAUM

Thank you, Mister Draper. We'll
be in touch.

DON

Thank you.

Don walks off toward the end where Pete's sitting. Walks past him without acknowledging him. Pete watches him pass. Looks at the the conferring executives, then back to Don, who has not stopped or slowed in heading to the door. Pete leaves the remote and follows.

PETE

(trying to whisper loud)

Don!

Don ignores him. Pete catches up before he gets to the door.

PETE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

I could've done that.

Don continues to ignore him and he EXITS to...

INT. SUMMIT HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Pete follows Don out .

PETE (CONT'D)
(free to speak normally)
I could've done that.

Don ignores him.

PETE (CONT'D)
So you brought me here to run
the clicker?

DON
This bake-off is too big to let an
intern try to take cues off a script
in the dark. And when we get back, I
think you should take a look at which
door your name is on.

Pete would be about to say something stupid, if not for...

RUSSELL
Don Draper?

Don slows and looks around to see RUSSELL (a light-haired
version of Don), approaching from an adjacent gallery. Some
other Suits look on after Russell until they realize what's
happening and continue talking among themselves.

DON
Russell.

They shake hands. Don looks past at the group. A little
surprised to see Russell.

DON (CONT'D)
Your boys?

RUSSELL
You know it.

Russell glances briefly at Pete. Pete's about to have to take
the step of introducing himself when he loses the opportunity.

DON
They usually schedule these things
so that we don't have these
awkward meetings in the hall.

Russell laughs that whole concept off.

CONTINUED:

RUSSELL

Yeah. That's why we've been camped out in here all afternoon. Even saw Mac Dane himself head in there.
(gestures to the ballroom)
And back out again twenty minutes later.

PETE

Five longer--

DON

--So you're up next?

RUSSELL

Got any tips? Greenbaum in a good mood?

DON

He has moods.

RUSSELL

You know this shuffling us in and out...what, he's too good for the the Catskills like the rest of them or something? Make us go in and do a song and dance.

DON

Fine. We get paid more.

Russell smiles at that.

RUSSELL

Well...
(gestures to his boys)
...we'll get paid more.

Turns back to rejoin his group. Waves behind him without looking back at Don. Don nods to himself and continues on his way. Pete fumes, separating himself from Don before he resumes walking.

INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - LATER

The attractive, worldly JOAN is talking with her polar opposite, MARGE of the drab colors and black cat's eye glasses.

JOAN

And the traffic department mimeo is broken. Call the repairman and schedule him to come in. Today.

CONTINUED:

MARGE

The traffic mimeo machine seems to
break down at least once a month
these days.

Joan can scarcely even pretend to be listening.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(droning on)

I was thinking that, I mean, with the
back up and the overtime from getting
caught up along with the the repair
bill in February and the one from January
and the one from Dece-- No, it didn't
break in - November. It was November...

Over Marge's shoulder, Joan sees HILDY and ALLISON ENTER,
wearing their coats and attempting to shield the fact that Hildy
is carrying a big pink cake box from general view. They don't
notice they they've been noticed. They EXIT to the coffee room.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(..and on and on...)

I think that we've already spent the
cost of a new mimeo machine once over
and if it's going to continue then
maybe we could just cut a purchase
order for a new machine. Not
necessarily a new mimeo...

Hildy REENTERS from the coffee room and scans around until she
sees Joan. Makes her way over.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(..and on...)

If we're going to be paying for it
anyway, I know a fellow who works
for Haloid Xerox out in Rochester--

HILDY

--Miss Holloway? Do you have a minute?

JOAN

I absolutely do.

MARGE

So the purchase order?

JOAN

(what purchase order?)
I'll look into it.

CONTINUED: (2)

Marge nods and heads off past Joan.

HILDY

Can you come to the coffee room
for just a minute?

Joan looks to the coffee room door, reluctant.

JOAN

I really need to--

HILDY

--It'll just take a minute.

JOAN

I can't escape this, can I?

Hildy shakes her head with a playful smirk.

INT. STERLING COOPER COFFEE ROOM

ALLISON lays out the paper plates and plasticware. SALVATORE ROMANO stays out of her way, observing as he adds cream and sugar to his coffee.

SALVATORE

Another one off the market?

ALLISON

Discount shopping.

SALVATORE

Kitten's got claws.

Allison smirks. Door starts to open, both up to see Hildy ENTER with Joan, who visibly goes from some kind of dread to mild confusion as she notices the cake reads "CONGRATULATIONS MARGE."

HILDY

We're hoping this isn't a problem.
We threw this together last minute.
We only found it this morning.

JOAN

Found out?

ALLISON

Marge is getting married.

Joan is that which she never is. Stunned.

CONTINUED:

SALVATORE

If you can believe that. Though,
with maybe a little Belle Jolie
Roman Red and something a little
more A-line, I'd have given her a--

Allison turns to look at Salvatore before he says something
rude. Several other of THE GIRLS start filtering in through the
rest of the scene.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Too much estrogen in one place.

JOAN

(confirming to herself)
This is for Marge.

HILDY

You didn't notice the ring?

JOAN

No.

Salvatore tries to stifle a chuckle as he EXITS. Turning, he
catches Joan's eyes. She smiles. They both got the unintended
joke, though neither Hildy nor Allison nor else showed they did.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Seriously. Marge?

ALLISON

I know. Makes me wonder what I'm
doing wrong.

HILDY

You know how she always said she
thought she'd find a husband here.

ALLISON

Not just her.

HILDY

Well, she did.

JOAN

Someone here? How do I not know
about this?

HILDY

Because he's the guy that fixes
the elevators.

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone laughs except Joan.

JOAN

Maybe there's a lesson there.

ALLISON

I don't know. Salva-- I mean,
Mister Romano. He's handsome,
smart, knows how to dress himself.

Laughs.

HILDY

He's got to be dating models or
something. No one here has ever
so much as turned his--

Door opens, PAUL KINSEY sets one foot in, notices the party
about to begin.

PAUL

Oops.

Steps back out, then back in.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Save me a piece?

Joan rolls her eyes. Paul EXITS.

JOAN

I'll get Marge.

Joan EXITS to...

INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Joan looks around for Marge, notices Salvatore talking to Don in
the reception area. Moves on to find Marge.

INT. STERLING COOPER - BERTRAM COOPER'S OFFICE - MOMENT LATER

BERT COOPER sits behind his desk, leaning back in his chair,
cloth draped on his chest, as he receives a haircut/shave/beard
trim from a BARBER (a gray-haired black man in traditional white
barber's jacket). Door opens.

BERT'S SECRETARY (O.S.)

He's expecting you.

CONTINUED:

Don ENTERS and stands by the door to be acknowledged. It closes behind him. Bert doesn't move or look at him, deferring to the barber's work. Don proceeds to the bar to make himself a drink.

BERT
How was the bake-off?

DON
Call me Betty Crocker.

BERT
I'll call you Mary.

DON
I ran into Russell over there.

DUCK PHILLIPS ENTERS behind Don and helps himself to the drink Don just made. Don makes another.

DUCK
From Norman/Craig?

DON
As a matter of fact.

BERT
Damn unprofessional.

DUCK
I think they like that.

The barber finishes up, enabling Bert to look at Don. Don gestures to his drink. Bert subtly shakes his head to decline.

BERT
We shouldn't even be in that position. Time was they wanted us at least as much as we wanted them.

DON
Once we get Hertz launched, things will swing back.

Barber removes the cloth from Bert and folds it up, containing the clippings. Don leans back on the wet bar.

BERT
I'm not entirely ready to come to Jesus. Duck's not satisfied with the accounts coming in. Neither am I.

CONTINUED: (2)

DON
Cosgrove just signed that carpet
chain.

Barber packs up and takes his leave.

DUCK
A regional.

BERT
Next Friday, George. Same time.

Barber nods and EXITS.

BERT
That Campbell. Brought in Clearasil?

DON
He did.

DUCK
What's he done for us lately?

Don smiles and finishes off his drink.

INT. STERLING COOPER - PETE'S OFFICE - LATER

Pete's sitting back on his couch, reviewing ad copy. Peggy
stands before him, awaiting judgment. Shakes his head.

PEGGY
Why?

PETE
Because it's pointless.

PEGGY
Is it because it's pointless or
because Mister Draper is forcing
you to work with me on this.

PETE
Men don't read Woman's Day or
Family Circle.

PEGGY
That copy wouldn't run in either
of those. Esquire. GQ. Playboy.

Pete's giving her nothing.

CONTINUED:

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I just think that Clearasil didn't come to Sterling Cooper so we can keep things the same. Acne doesn't go away the day you graduate high school and men are an untapped--

PETE

--I'm not an idiot.

Peggy focuses her eyes on a spot just under one of Pete's ears. A reddish bump.

PETE (CONT'D)

What?

Peggy contains her amusement. Pete touches the bump and seethes.

HILDY (INTERCOM)

Mister Campbell. Mister Draper is here.

Don ENTERS, letting himself in.

DON

Peggy, can you excuse us?

PEGGY

Certainly, Mister Draper.

Peggy straightens herself out as she EXITS, closing the door behind her.

DON

You've been putting a lot of time into Clearasil?

PETE

The copy I'm getting is--

DON

--I think maybe that's why the rollout is going so slowly.

PETE

Are you taking me off the account I brought in here?

DON

The account you brought in here.

CONTINUED: (2)

PETE

Yes.

DON

Did you think one was enough?

Pete realizes he's been making a huge and continuous error for months. Tries to dig out of it.

PETE

It's not exactly small potatoes.

Don starts walking the office's perimeter.

DON

You go home and your wife only makes you potatoes for supper?

PETE

(grudgingly)

No.

Don stops, directly behind Pete's desk. Notices an empty lowball glass on Pete's desk. Turns it upside down.

DON

There are no vegetarians at Sterling Cooper.

Pete stands up, as though he were going to argue the point.

DON (CONT'D)

Pete.

PETE

I'll make it a top priority.

(beat)

Don.

Pete waits for Draper to vacate, but uncomfortable, like he should be the one to leave the room. Don takes his time EXITING.

INT. CAMPBELL APARTMENT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pete and TRUDY are having her parents, TOM and JEANNIE, over for dinner. The meal is over.

JEANNIE

So I'd had all the bags packed.

CONTINUED:

TOM

Then in the paper, there it was again. Launch delayed. Jeannie and I even booked a trip down to Florida to see it the first time and the second time. Canceled both.

JEANNIE

Though I'd be happy just to lay on the beach anyway.

TOM

These delays, though. They're not good for the country. When we found out about their glorified basketball...

Pete nods, speaking just for the sake of being active in the conversation.

PETE

Sputnik.

Tom shakes his head. Damn shame.

TOM

This keeps up and they're going to win the space race. You know, Pete, they say that damned missile gap is a myth but what's a rocket if not a missile?

Trudy stands up and starts taking plates.

TRUDY

Let me clear some of this out. We have cheesecake.

JEANNIE

Let me help you.

TRUDY

Mother, you don't have--

JEANNIE

--The sooner we clear this away, the sooner we have cheesecake. Let the boys talk about spaceships for a minute.

Trudy relents and she and Jeannie EXIT to the kitchen with the used china and cutlery.

CONTINUED: (2)

PETE

I wanted to thank you again for connecting me with Clearasil. That was big for the agency.

TOM

I hope it was big for you.

PETE

It was, Tom. It was, but what I need to is to capitalize on that. You know, really push through. Make an impact. Follow it up, in a big way.

TOM

Smart thinking there, Pete.

PETE

Isn't it?

TOM

It is. It's smart to establish your ability to achieve independently, especially being one of the younger men at your firm. Independence is exactly the quality we look for at the company when we want to fast track some young executive.

PETE

Independence?

TOM

The higher you get on the corporate ladder, the less you find a hand to help.

PETE

(getting the message)
You have to pull yourself up.

TOM

Jeannie and I are always saying to each other, Trudy couldn't have done better than to snag you.

Pete smiles, looks for the arrival of the cheesecake. Not coming soon enough.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

PHONE RINGING, Don ENTERS from the bedroom, wearing pajama bottoms and a robe. Answers the phone.

DON
Draper residence.
(pause)
No, not at all Bert. Is everything
all right?
(pause)
They have?
(pause)
And?
(pause)
Norman/Craig. I see.
(pause)
No. Thank you. Monday. Right.

Don hangs up and lingers, visibly irritated.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - DON AND BETTY'S BEDROOM - MOMENT LATER

Betty sitting up in bed, flipping through the Avon booklet. Don, ENTERS, discards the robe, turns out the light. Unilaterally.

BETTY
Is everything all right?

DON
Wrong number.

Joins Betty in bed. She sets the booklet on the night stand and snuggles up to him. She's not just snuggling either. She wants some. Don reciprocates, but there's a problem. He's not rising to the occasion.

BETTY
Don?

He gets very cold, very fast. It quickly becomes clear to Betty and she backs off. Rolls off on her back, staring at the ceiling.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Francine was over today with the
baby.

DON
Is Carlton still...?

Can't quite say it himself. It hangs for an uncomfortable beat.

CONTINUED:

BETTY

Maybe. I don't understand why he would ever...

(trails off; a beat)

She said the most incredible thing.

DON

Hmm?

BETTY

She said she envied Helen Bishop.

DON

Helen Bishop?

BETTY

She said she wished she was as strong as Helen Bishop. Strong enough that she didn't need Carlton.

DON

For the best. With a new baby.

BETTY

I think she could do it.

DON

You say that to her?

BETTY

Mmm-mmm.

DON

Good thing. If she's really that fragile, you don't want to be giving her ideas.

Betty turns away from Don, catching sight of the Avon booklet on the night stand.

BETTY

No. I suppose not.

Closes her eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY (ONE MONTH LATER)

Betty's on the hall phone. Robert goes running past.

BETTY

So you'll be home for dinner?

(pause)

Steaks from the Franklin butchers.

CRASHING noises coming from Robert's room.

BETTY (CONT'D)

All right. I'll see you tonight.

I love you.

Hangs up.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Sally! Sally, go see what your
brother's getting into.

Betty places a stepladder down and steps up to open the hatch to
the attic.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Sally!

She pulls down a large cardboard box and places it on the hutch.
Closes the attic and steps down carefully. Looks at box. A
postal parcel. Return address reads Avon Cosmetics.

INT. STERLING COOPER - DON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Don's looking out his window on the city as he gets to the
bottom of a cigarette.

BERT (O.S.)

I thought you might be out to lunch.

Don turns to find Bert in the doorway of his office, in his
customary stocking feet. He's carrying the day's New York Times.

DON

Just finished.

Don drops the remains of his Lucky Strike into a glass with just
a sliver of scotch left in it.

BERT

You've seen the paper this morning?

CONTINUED:

DON

The Russians. Yes. Soviets beat us.

BERT

(correcting)

They got there first. That's not what I'm talking about.

Bert ENTERS as Don takes up own copy of the Times from the edge of his desk.

BERT (CONT'D)

Page A-ten.

Don opens the paper to find an ad for Hertz featuring a man floating in a seated position several feet above the driver's seat of a convertible car. The slogan reads...

BERT (CONT'D)

Hertz puts you in the driver's seat.

DON

It's not bad.

BERT

It's not not bad. It's fantastic. We were beat, boy. And this is what beat us. Television commercials too. The man floats right down into the car. Elegant.

Bert takes a seat on the sofa and leans back like he owns the place...because he does.

DON

It's a different approach than I had.

BERT

Than we had. I pay you for your ideas and they represent all of us.

DON

Bert, are you looking for me to fall on my sword over this?

Bert shakes his head. Perish the thought.

CONTINUED: (2)

BERT

The Russians got their man in space first. And as much as there are, no doubt, rocket scientists over there toasting themselves with champagne and vodka, they owe as much to us for their achievement. We dropped the ball. A smart man said, in this very newspaper, that we lost this race because we were unimaginative.

DON

Let it not be said you lack subtlety.

BERT

There's good work coming out of creative. I think it's good work.

DON

There is. Peggy Olson had some good progress on our Clearasil rollout.

BERT

Junior copywriter? How old is she? Twelve.

DON

About.

BERT

I'm not seeing Draper-level work, though. You've been passing off accounts lately.

DON

I'd put my guys up against BBDO, Burnett, Ogilvy any day. And I do.

BERT

I'd put you against them.

DON

I've got Campbell bringing an account in. One I'll be handling personally.

Bert gets to his feet.

CONTINUED: (3)

BERT
A sight to see.

Bert goes to exit, but stops at the door.

BERT (CONT'D)
I was young once.

DON
You will be again.

Bert looks past Don into Don's office. The full ashtray, the empty bottle. Looks at Don, nods. Not what he meant. EXITS. Don watches him walk back to his office and when he's out of earshot...

DON (CONT'D)
(to o.s. Secretary)
I want to know where Pete
Campbell is right now.

INT. MARK'S AT THE MARK HOTEL - AFTERNOON

Pete's at a business/martini lunch with VAN CONNOR, an executive at Avis Rent-A-Car. He's a little older than Pete, wears his suit a little better, a little more handsome, a little more everything. But just a little. A WAITER clears their plates.

PETE
There is no better steak in the
city.

CONNOR
There are five better steaks in
the city.

PETE
Then let that be the final reason
to come to Sterling Cooper. Five
more lunch meetings.

CONNOR
At least.

PETE
Call it an appreciation for the finer
things. I think it's something that
shows though in our campaigns.

CONTINUED:

CONNOR

Your firm has been aggressive in pursuing us for the last month.

PETE

We see an opportunity in Avis. For both of us.

CONNOR

I'm just a little concerned.

PETE

Concerned about what?

CONNOR

It was about a month ago that Hertz decided to go with Norman, Craig and Kunnel for their new campaign. Over Sterling Cooper.

PETE

And BBDO, Leo Burnett, Doyle Dane Bernbach...

CONNOR

None of whom have exhibited the same -lets call it- tenacity.

PETE

That seems to be reason enough to go with us.

CONNOR

That's not how we're seeing it.

PETE

How are you seeing it?

CONNOR

We're not interested in the second best presentation.

PETE

We don't create mix and match ad campaigns.

CONNOR

There's another concern.

PETE

Please. Let's get it all out in the open.

CONTINUED: (2)

CONNOR

How do I put this? You know that girl in high school? The one that you never had your eye on? She wasn't the cheerleader or the girl most likely to, but every time you turned around, there she was.

PETE

I see.

Connor waves down the waiter for the check.

PETE (CONT'D)

No. Mister Connor, I can't--

CONNOR

--No. I've got this. The fact is I'm only here for one reason. It's a Madison Avenue hotel.

Connor breaks out his cigarettes. Lights himself up.

PETE

Draper once said to me that Advertising is a small world.

Connor exhales just past Pete.

CONNOR

It really is.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Francine sits on the couch with a drink and the baby beside her, being surprisingly quiet. Betty arranges an array of Avon products on the coffee table. She is, it appears, an Avon Lady now.

FRANCINE

This should be me.

BETTY

(has she offended?)
Oh, Francine...

FRANCINE

No. you should do this. I just wish I had the time.

CONTINUED:

BETTY

Soon. Sally will be ten next year.
She could help look after--

FRANCINE

--I know. Time.

Betty steps back and looks at the arrangement of products.
Uncertain.

BETTY

Maybe you should be doing this?

FRANCINE

Don't you want to?

BETTY

I don't know that I can.

Betty takes a seat on the couch on the other side of the baby.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Don is the sales expert in this
family. He could sell this stuff
to a...to a man.

FRANCINE

So could you.

BETTY

You're just saying that.

FRANCINE

No, I'm not. You could sell these
things to men and you could probably
do it even easier that you could
to the ladies.

BETTY

I don't know what to say.

Betty reaches for a tube of lipstick.

BETTY (CONT'D)

What do I say about this?
It's called Carnation Kiss and
I think it's really pinkish.
God. Sally could be more...
(tip of her tongue)
..you know...

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANCINE

Articulate?

Both laugh at the irony.

BETTY

You see. And you think I can sell anything to anyone?

FRANCINE

You don't realize it do you?

BETTY

Realize what?

FRANCINE

You don't have to say anything. You just have to wear it.

Betty looks at the lipstick. Then at the wall clock. Big look in her eyes.

BETTY

We've got twenty minutes before they get here.

FRANCINE

I'll help you.

Betty and Francine are sixteen again for a few seconds as they get up to go paint up Betty. Then Francine remembers to take the baby with her.

INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - DAY

Paul (shaking out a smoke), KEN COSGROVE and HARRY CRANE are not-very-discreetly ogling Joan as she walks to meet up with Hildy, Allison and Marge on the other side of the room. Salvatore notices this as he walks up to join the guys, taking out his lighter for Paul.

SALVATORE

Those heels. Like she's walking on two Chrysler buildings.

Salvatore holds out his lit Zippo. Paul lights his cigarette from it. Joan confers with the girls.

KEN

I'm not sure I understand that.

CONTINUED:

PAUL

I have this theory about redheads.

SALVATORE

I think we all have a theory about redheads, right?

KEN

I've tested that theory.

SALVATORE

If you mean Tammy from traffic services, I seem to remember her being a blonde before last Easter.

PAUL

Yeah. She's not a blonde either.

Gets questioning look from Ken.

HARRY

What's your theory?

PAUL

It's a stop sign from God. He's saying "this one is out of your league, move along."

KEN

If that were true, there wouldn't be any redheads.

PAUL

There's always the guy that can run the red light and never gets a ticket. Right, Sal?

SALVATORE

I suppose.

KEN

(amused)
He supposes.

HARRY

You're a cool cucumber, Sal.
That's for sure.

SALVATORE

What are you talking about?

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL

The way she's been looking at you.

SALVATORE

The way who's been looking?

PAUL and KEN

Joan.

Joan glances ever so slightly. She heard that. Continues conferring with the girls.

HARRY

What? Are you blind, Sal?
I've seen her looking at you
for a few weeks now.

The girls disperse away from Joan, he continues standing where she is, reviewing a file folder.

PAUL

And I think it's about time to
her -and us- off the tenterhooks
and go in for the kill.

KEN

Nice mixing of metaphors.

HARRY

(to Ken)
Maybe that's why you're a
published--
(faux pas; quick gear change
to Sal)
Yeah. Go get her, ace.

KEN

Take a prisoner.

Paul gives Sal a smack in the ass to get him moving. Sal is surprised by the move and tries to contain a pleasant smirk. As he's nudged forward, Joan turns to look in his direction. He's caught and now he *has* to follow through.

PAUL

I've waited a long time to see
this.

HARRY

See what?

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

Salvatore Romano. Best dressed.
Artistic. Italian. Every advantage.
(gestures to Sal)
The master at work.

Ken and Harry nod in agreement and observe. As Sal arrives at Joan. They see Sal begin to speak to her. They can't hear him.

KEN

I wouldn't even know how to begin
with her.

ON SAL AND JOAN

Only someone looking directly into Sal's face would see that he's nervous. Someone like Joan.

SALVATORE

Joan, I...ahm...

JOAN

Just look back at the boys and
smile like you know exactly what
you're doing.

Salvatore does exactly that. The boys all reflect the smile back in an 'attaboy fashion.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to do you a favor and
you're going to one for me.

Joan puts a hand on Salvatore's chest and drags it down slowly.

SALVATORE

I am? What am I going to do for
you?

JOAN

We'll talk about that tomorrow
night. Pick me up at seven
thirty.

SALVATORE

Where are we going?

JOAN

I know you have good taste.

CONTINUED:

SALVATORE

And what favor are you going to do for me?

Joan puts a hand on Sal's shoulder to pull herself up his frame briefly enough to whisper...

JOAN

I'm already doing it.

Joan sashays away past Salvatore, putting on a little show for the boys. Salvatore realizes what she meant and turns to look at her walking away. She knows.

INT. STERLING COOPER - DON'S OFFICE - LATER

Don's behind his desk. Pete's delivering the bad news and trying to anticipate exactly how badly this will go for him. Don's got a glass going.

DON

He said that?

PETE

Yes. He also said that even if it didn't work, they were signing with them by the end of business today.

DON

Knock off a few percent and justify his bonus.

PETE

Not a bad move, really.

Don picks up his glass and turns in his seat to look out the window.

PETE (CONT'D)

I hope you realize how much time I've been putting into this when I could have been trying to get--

DON

--Yeah.

PETE

Then you'll--

CONTINUED:

DON
--Okay, Pete.

Pete finally gets the hint and EXITS quietly. After a beat, and Pete is well gone, Don hurls the glass across the room into a corner, shattering it. DON'S SECRETARY ENTERS.

DON'S SECRETARY
Mister Draper?

DON
I need Marty Lampert's number at DDB.

DON'S SECRETARY
You don't want me to place the call?

DON
Just the number, thank you.

Looks at his watch.

DON (CONT'D)
Then you can go home for the day.

DON'S SECRETARY
Yes, Mister Draper.

She EXITS to get the number.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Betty setting the final pieces of a nicely laid out table. Good china. Candles. No places for the kids. She surveys her handiwork then looks at her watch. It's getting late. Picks up her wine glass and EXITS to...

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Takes wine from the refrigerator and pours herself a glass. Leans on the counter and she takes a sip. Sets the glass down, opens a cabinet and reaches to the top, pulls down a small nondescript box and opens it. A tidy sum of cash. Smiles to herself.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENT LATER

Betty ENTERS with her wine glass, takes her seat and waits.

INT. THE OAK BAR - NIGHT

Don is waiting at the bar with a drink and a smoke. He glances over to see MADDIE (30, gorgeous, dressed to the nines) ordering a drink at the other end of the bar and glancing at him. MARTY LAMPERT (just another agency's version of Don) arrives.

LAMPERT

I hope you've got a good reason to be dragging me clear to the other side of the park, Draper.

DON

You'll have to excuse me if I don't want to put my career on the line in a Madison Avenue bar.

LAMPERT

What are you on about? And where's my drink?

Don flags the BARTENDER, directs him to Lampert.

LAMPERT (CONT'D)

Vodka martini.

Bartender goes to make the drink.

LAMPERT (CONT'D)

If we're here not to be seen, then I'm going to take advantage of it too. Some of the guys in the office swore off vodka this morning. I give it about a month, but in the meantime...

Bartender puts down the martini.

LAMPERT (CONT'D)

This about Avis?

Lampert picks it up and gets to making it disappear.

DON

It's mostly about me. I need a big favor, Marty. A big one.

LAMPERT

If you're looking for me to steer Avis toward you, I can't do it. They just signed today.

DON

I know.

CONTINUED:

LAMPERT

Then what--

DON

--You've got a campaign lined up?

LAMPERT

There's a couple of pitches hanging
in the air. Final decision hasn't
been made yet.

DON

I want to add one more.

LAMPERT

One more what?
(realizes)
A pitch?

Don stares him down, looking for a reaction before he goes on.

LAMPERT (CONT'D)

I'd heard rumblings that the Hertz
bake-off didn't go well for you.

DON

It could have gone better.

LAMPERT

We all have great pitches that go
nowhere. Just let that one lie.

DON

This isn't about Hertz. It wasn't a
great pitch. If it was, Greenbaum
would be in my boardroom right now.
Like I said, Marty, this is about me.
I want to pitch Avis. Take me as a
consultant. However you want.
Draw up a confidentiality agreement.

LAMPERT

I don't have the budget to--

DON

--I'm not asking for anything.
Just you, me, and Van Conner.

Don takes out a Plaza room key and puts it on the bar top. Room
814.

CONTINUED: (2)

DON (CONT'D)

Tomorrow.

(taps the key)

If he likes what he hears, it's all yours.

LAMPERT

If you're looking to make a move...

DON

I'm not. I need to do this though.

LAMPERT

I'll draw it up tonight.

DON

You'll do it yourself?

LAMPERT

Of course. I can't speak for Connor, though. Can't guarantee I'll get him in the room

DON

Ten o'clock.

LAMPERT

Eight fourteen.

Lampert smacks down on Don's shoulder and EXITS. After a beat, Maddie comes down to Don's end of the bar.

MADDIE

Work never ends, hmm?

DON

Pardon?

MADDIE

Looked like business. After five.

Don nods. Maddie offers a delicate hand.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I'm Madeline. Maddie.

Don takes it.

DON

Don.

And lets go.

CONTINUED: (3)

DON (CONT'D)

Here alone, Maddie?

MADDIE

I wasn't until my friend Sandy hit it off with Jerry. He's an actor. We're both seamstresses.

DON

Broadway?

MADDIE

Threepenny Opera. What do you do, Don? Anything creative?

DON

(nods)

Advertising.

MADDIE

Doesn't exactly speak to the soul, does it?

DON

Good advertising? That's all it does.

MADDIE

Your ads are good?

DON

Do you smoke?

Maddie slides out a pack of Salems from her purse. Don's disappointed.

MADDIE

Wrong ones?

(beat)

Why don't you try to sell me something else?

Glances toward the hotel room key. Don puts the key in his pocket, removes his hand from his pocket with his wallet in it. Takes out a couple of dollars and leaves them on the bar. Leaves Maddie at the bar.

She's stumped. She thought she had him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Don's up. Making his own coffee. Looking through the cupboards, (he doesn't even know where the sugar is) he comes upon Betty's secret box. Takes it down. Finds the cash. Betty ENTERS, cinched up bathrobe, not fully awake or made up, but beautiful all the same.

DON
What's this?

BETTY
Good morning.

DON
I asked you a question.

BETTY
It's mine.

DON
Yours?

BETTY
I was going to open an account
with it today. Down at the bank.

DON
Your own account? Where did this
come from?

BETTY
I-- I was going to surprise you.

DON
Surprise me how?

BETTY
I'm an Avon Lady.

DON
So you're selling make-up to
our friends?

She's not doing this.

BETTY
There's steak sandwiches in the
refrigerator.

Don knows exactly what that means. it's enough to shut him
up...for now. Betty EXITS angrily.

CONTINUED:

DON
(non-apologetic)
Betty.

He realizes she's not coming back. Puts the box down on the counter. Checks his watch. Dumps the coffee in the sink. Turn around, looking for his jacket and his briefcase. Reaches into his pocket and pulls out the Plaza room key. 814.

INT. STERLING COOPER - PETE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Pete is sitting at his desk with his head laying on his desk blotter, looking to the side, his ear pressed flat against it. Paul and Harry ENTER as if they were expected. Both start laughing.

PAUL
What on Earth on you doing?

PETE
I spent a summer on my Uncle
Billy's farm when I was twelve.

Sits up.

PETE (CONT'D)
Every few days, he'd go into the
henhouse, come out with a chicken,
put it on the block and that
was dinner.

Opens the desk, pulls out the bottle and sets it on the far end of the desk. Paul reaches for it. Harry looks at his watch and blocks Paul from it.

PETE (CONT'D)
There was this one hen, at the
end of the row where he kept the
ones that didn't lay enough eggs.
He called it his Death Row.

Pete takes out some shot glasses and also sets them on the far side of the desk. Harry still watches his watch.

PETE (CONT'D)
Uncle Billy had a sense of humor.
End of the summer came and he'd
gotten to the end of the row.
Every chicken struggled but not
that one. And I could swear that
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)
when he brought it to the block,
it just laid it's head down
and waited for the inevitable.

Harry gestures to the bottle and stops watching his watch.

HARRY
Ten o'clock.

Paul takes the bottle and opens it.

PETE
Draper here yet?

Paul and Harry look at each other, shrugging. Then back to Pete.
Apparently they haven't seen him.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - MORNING

Establishing. Landmark façade.

DON (V.O.)
Marty. Thanks for coming.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - ROOM 814

It's a suite, suitable for doing business. A large sofa, coffee table, and a couple of armchairs. Also a desk with a desk chair. Don is inside, letting in Lampert and Van Connor.

LAMPERT
Don Draper, Van Connor from Avis.

CONNOR
I've heard a lot about you.

DON
I don't doubt it.

Lampert and Connor ENTER. Don closes the door behind them, with a quick scan of the hall to make sure no one was watching.

CONNOR
You know, I'm not entirely sure why I'm here. The contracts are signed. Marty insisted I come though.

CONTINUED:

DON

Well, I'm not here to try and convince you that you made the wrong choice. DDB's the rookie that's showing the veterans a thing or two.

LAMPERT

And we learn from the best. Or close to it.

CONNOR

Well, here I am.

LAMPERT

One bit of business first.

Lampert pulls a tri-folded document from his inside jacket pocket.

LAMPERT (CONT'D)

This just says that anything Don says, he didn't say and that anything we heard here, we didn't hear from him.

Lampert takes out a pen and signs it, passes it to Don.

CONNOR

Of course. I understand the limb you've gone out on for this.

Don passes it to Connor.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I figured if you're willing to take this chance, I should be willing to sit and listen to you.

Connor gives it back to Lampert, who refolds it and puts it back in his pocket.

DON

I appreciate it. I think you'll understand why I'm doing this before you walk back out that door.

CONNOR

Now. What have you got?

MARTY

Yeah, I have socks in need of knocking off.

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

What I have is something you're
seeing in action right now.
It comes down to three words.

Don gestures for Marty and Connor to take a seat. They do so.
Don remains standing.

DON (CONT'D)

As you know, Norman Craig and
Kunnel beat out a number of
agencies for your top competitor
and the number one car rental
company in the nation. They beat
out Doyle Dane Bernbach for
Hertz. They beat Sterling Cooper.

Don pulls the desk chair directly opposite Marty and Connor.
Coffee table between them.

DON (CONT'D)

I can't speak for DDB, but I can
tell you my story.

Don takes a seat, leaning forward as he speaks to them. Closing
the distance.

DON (CONT'D)

Sterling Cooper, as a rule, does
not go stag to the dance, until Hertz
last month. We regard ourselves
as professionals-- We'll take you out,
we'll bring you home, but we don't
stand on the wall hoping you'll pick
us because we're the prettiest girl.
Our clients have come to us for
our reputation. Innovation.
Professionalism. Kodak. Secor.
Lucky Strikes.

Don sits up and pulls out a cigarette pack, flashing the Lucky's
logo at them for a quick beat.

DON (CONT'D)

Thanks to the newer agencies and
people like our friend here...
(gestures to Marty)
...I decided we no longer had the
luxury of that arrogance and
if we were to reestablish ourselves,
we were going to have to hit a home
run in the first at bat.

CONTINUED: (3)

Slips out one cigarette with a quick shake of the pack.

DON (CONT'D)

We didn't.

Offers a cigarette to Lampert and Connor. Lampert declines. Connor nods and reaches for one. Don takes out a Zippo and lights it for him as he continues.

DON (CONT'D)

I'd arranged to tie in the roll out with the Indianapolis 500, with Ford, and had negotiated ad rates with two of the three networks. It came to me like Athena from Zeus' forehead.

Finally lights his own cigarette.

DON (CONT'D)

I went into that hotel ballroom expecting to walk out with the account.

Snaps his Zippo shut, punctuating his sentence with bravado.

DON (CONT'D)

Call it hubris, call it delusion. I honestly don't care. I didn't have to prove anything to anyone, but myself. I could do better. I didn't try hard enough. Given another chance, I could do better. That's why we pursued Avis so strongly. I wanted that same chance back.

Leans in to close the distance once more.

DON (CONT'D)

That's why I'm here now. To try again. To try harder.

Connor and Lampert exchange glances. Is Don going to pull this out or is he just embarrassing himself?

DON (CONT'D)

I have three words that will make people identify with Avis not as a company but as people. Three words that position Hertz as the company you don't want to
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

DON (CONT'D)

go with because they don't care.
They're already number one.
They don't have to care anymore.
Three words that will do more
for you than any publicity
stunt. We're in the same place.
Me and Avis. We came in second.
The whole country feels this right
now. Because we're number two, we
live by the same three words.
(beat)
We try harder.

CONNOR

(trying it on for size)
Avis.
(looks to Lampert)
We try harder.

Connor looks back to Don with a big smile on his face.

LAMPERT

It's good. I admit it.

Connor stands, Don and Lampert follow suit. Connor shakes Don's hands.

CONNOR

We'll let you know.

All walk to the door.

DON

I'll know when I see it on a
billboard. Or not.

Don opens the door for them.

CONNOR

Pleasure meeting you.

Don nods. Connor EXITS. Lampert shakes his head at Don. Not clear if it's because he's humbled by Don's ability or if he thought it was stupid. Pats his breast pocket.

LAMPERT

I'll send a copy to your office--
Your home.

Don nods. Lampert EXITS. Don closes the door. Just him and an empty hotel suite.

INT. STERLING COOPER - SALVATORE'S OFFICE - LATER

Sal's at the drawing board with Ken, reviewing a portfolio.

KEN

Okay, this one's going to be a problem.

SALVATORE

What? It's a gorgeous piece if I do say. And I do say.

KEN

The product is on the left of the copy.

SALVATORE

As opposed to where? The next page?

KEN

The client is very religious.

SALVATORE

And?

KEN

Extremely so. You're Italian. You know this right?

SALVATORE

De sinistra.

KEN

He says the left side is the sinister side. Right. He won't even hire left-handed people.

SALVATORE

We'll flip it. Then the copy can be evil.

Salvatore closes the portfolio.

KEN

Tonight's the night, eh?

SALVATORE

Hmm?

KEN

Miss Holloway.

SALVATORE

Right. Tonight is the night.

CONTINUED:

KEN

Where you taking her?

SALVATORE

JDG.

KEN

That French place?

SALVATORE

Jambes de Grenouille. Frog legs.

Ken chuckles.

KEN

So you're just going right for the prize. Get in and get out?

SALVATORE

What makes you say that?

KEN

JDG's not cheap. You start out with A-game and she's always going to expect A-game. Unless you're just in it for the night?

SALVATORE

Or maybe some of us just have class.

KEN

One day, you and I are going to sit down with a bottle of scotch and you are going to impart your wisdom.

SALVATORE

There are some things, dear boy, I can never teach.

Ken's disappointed.

INT. STERLING COOPER - DON'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Don and Duck are sitting around, shooting the breeze, both with empty or nearly empty glasses. Door is open. Outside it several employees are covering typewriters, putting on coats or leaving for the day.

CONTINUED:

DUCK

Where were you this morning?

DON

Had an errand.

DUCK

Missed the traffic meeting.

DON

You don't need me for that.

DUCK

I thought maybe you were going to take the day off. Clear your head.

DON

You thought it needed clearing?

DUCK

It's been needing something. I was starting to think maybe you burned out. You haven't been very hands-on.

DON

Consider my head cleared.

Don gets up and starts putting some work materials into his briefcase.

DUCK

Excellent, then. Pete Campbell.

DON

What about him?

DUCK

How long are we going to wait for his head to clear? He dropped the ball on Avis.

DON

I put him on it.

DUCK

He's got to know when to cut bait. He could have landed three regionals in the month he spent courting them. I know they're not high profile, but it's money.

CONTINUED: (2)

DON

I wouldn't let him off it. As much as I'd like to see him squirm a little, it's not his fault for once.

Duck gets up and puts his and Don's glass on the shelf and caps a bottle of liquor.

DUCK

I'll let him know he's off the hook.

DON

I don't see a whole lot of advantage in doing that.

Duck gets it. Smiles.

DUCK

Night, Don.

DON

Duck.

Duck hunches down, as a joke, as he EXITS. Don takes the hotel room key out of his pocket. Still has it.

EXT. JDG RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sublime. Just an awning with the initials JDG, a shrub on either side of the door and a valet stand.

INT. JDG RESTAURANT

Elegant French dining. Intimate. Salvatore and Joan share a central table. She examines the menu. GARÇON taking the wine order.

SALVATORE

The house bordeaux, please.

Garçon takes his leave.

JOAN

How could you possibly have gotten reservations for JDG so quickly?

SALVATORE

You don't expect to know all my secrets do you?

CONTINUED:

Joan sets down the menu. Right to business apparently.

JOAN

No.

SALVATORE

How did you--

JOAN

--Honestly, Salvatore, I don't know
how anyone else doesn't know.

SALVATORE

I would hope it wasn't that
obvious.

JOAN

It's not.

SALVATORE

How long?

JOAN

Since Roger's heart attack.
(with a look up and down)
A little after.

SALVATORE

Roger? Not Mister Sterling?

JOAN

No.

SALVATORE

I see. Apparently I can learn a
thing or two about keeping secrets.

JOAN

So, you're not-- I mean-- You aren't
with--

SALVATORE

Never did I dream of seeing you at
a loss for words.

(beat)

No. Not for a long time.

JOAN

Ever?

Salvatore resists answering.

CONTINUED: (2)

JOAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. That's too much.

SALVATORE

Being a communist might be easier.

JOAN

I'm not sure how to say this.
Have you ever considered...

Salvatore raises a brow, but he knows what she's asking. There's no need to come right out with it.

SALVATORE

Once or twice. Because it might
make things simple.

JOAN

Would you consider it again?

SALVATORE

Joan, I'm-- Sometimes I wish
I could. You're a beautiful woman--

JOAN

--What about--
(swallowing her pride)
What if that wasn't part of it?

Realization dawns on Salvatore.

SALVATORE

Do you realize what you're asking?

JOAN

I should never have...

Joan starts to get up. Salvatore reaches over and touches her arm for her to remain. She settles back down.

SALVATORE

You're a tempting woman, Miss
Holloway.

Joan halfheartedly smiles.

JOAN

I've been at Sterling Cooper too
long. And I've given too much of
myself to the wrong people. The race
started and--

CONTINUED: (2)

SALVATORE

--You missed the starting gun?

JOAN

I think I ran the wrong way.

Salvatore nods in understanding.

SALVATORE

I ran the wrong way.

(beat)

You know, it might be really something, you and I. I confess that I would really like someone to share things with. Finer things. But we'd both be incomplete.

Joan looks away. Hiding her sad disappointment poorly.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I've been that way for a long time and I've resigned myself that I might be that for a lot longer, but I can't let you do this to yourself.

JOAN

Do what? I know what I'm--

SALVATORE

--You don't even want to be here.

JOAN

This is very ni--

SALVATORE

--I don't mean here, I mean you're forcing yourself. I'm not even looking at Joan Holloway right now. And I don't think you feel like her right now.

Joan demurs. He's completely right.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

I know how that feels.

JOAN

I imagine everyone knows what it's like to not be Joan Holloway.

Forces a smile. Salvatore appreciates the effort and smiles.

CONTINUED: (4)

SALVATORE

You do what you want to do. I can't stop you, but I'm not going to help you give up.

Joan nods, holding back any emotional display. Prepares to get up again. Garçon arrives with the wine. Salvatore dismisses him before he pours.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

Joan?

Joan looks up at Salvatore.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)

The Carré D'agneau aux Pistaches is astounding and I promise the bordeaux will never stop coming.

Salvatore pours her a glass.

JOAN

It's too much like a life I don't have.

SALVATORE

It's a life I'll never have.

She remains. Pours himself a glass.

JOAN

Do you promise not to take advantage of me after I'm drunk?

SALVATORE

I promise.

JOAN

Well, I don't.

She drinks. No doubt about it, she drinks.

SALVATORE

Avete palle.

JOAN

Don't you wish?

And drinks some more. Salvatore laughs his ass off.

EXT. DRAPER HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights on. Car in the drive. Quiet.

INT. DRAPER HOUSE - KITCHEN

Betty takes foil-wrapped steak sandwiches out of the refrigerator.

DON (O.S.)
We're not eating those tonight.

Don ENTERS through the back door.

BETTY
I wasn't sure if you were coming home tonight.

Don puts down his briefcase by the door. Takes off his coat.

DON
Do you think we could get Francine to watch the kids tonight?

BETTY
I think she'd take any chance to get out of her house for the night. Why?

DON
Overnight?

Don sees that Betty doesn't understand. Don takes out the key to the Plaza suite and puts it on the table. She picks it up. Notices the name.

BETTY
The plaza?

Betty looks up at Don for confirmation of what she's thinking.

DON
Call Francine and pick out a nice dress for dinner.

Betty's pleased, heads off to do just that, almost bouncing. Stops, remembering something.

BETTY
You'll need to take out the garbage.

CONTINUED:

Don smiles and nods. Betty smiles, rushes him and gives him a passionate, but brief kiss then EXITS, bouncing as she was before.

EXT. DRAPER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Don brings a garbage can out to the curb, sets it down with a thud, jostling the lid so that it bounces off. We see in the top of the can, atop the garbage bags, a stack of a couple dozen Avon catalogs. Don puts the lid over them. and walks back into the house.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW