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MAD MEN

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Season 1 Episode 1: **“Smoke Gets In Your Eyes”**

"MAD MEN"

Images and sounds from late 1950's and early 60's advertising: Doctors selling cigarettes. Athletes selling liquor. Bathing suit models with vacuum cleaners. And most importantly, proud Dads with their perfect wives and children driving their cars to some green suburban utopia. We get a sense of the time and its ideals.

"MANHATTAN - 1960"

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Stock footage of late 50's - early 60's Manhattan - nighttime shots of vintage skyscrapers, traffic, and people.

INSIDE THE KNICK KNACK BAR

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

Alone in a red corner booth is Don Draper, early 30's, handsome, conservative, and despite his third old fashioned, he is apparently sober. He is doodling on a cocktail napkin. He crosses something out, puts down his fountain pen, and taps a cigarette out of a pack of "Lucky Strike". The Busboy, a middle-aged black man, too old for his tight uniform, approaches.

Busboy: Finished, sir?

Don: Yeah. Got a light?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bartender (thinking): Can I get you another drink?

Don (points to his drink): Do this again. Old Fashioned, please.

The bartender walks off.

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

Busboy: I guess. I don't know.

Don: What is it, low-tar? Low-nicotine? Those new filters? I mean, why "Old Gold"?

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

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

Busboy: Yeah, they're a habit.

Don: So I could never get you to smoke another kind? Let's say, my Luckies?

Busboy: I love my Old Gold.

Don: Let's just say tomorrow a tobacco weevil comes and eats every last Old Gold on the planet.

Busboy: That's a sad story.

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

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

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

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

Don: Yeah, I heard about that.

Busboy (shrugs): Ladies love their magazines.

Don: Yes, they do.

LATER INSIDE APARTMENT HALLWAY

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

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

Don: Am I interrupting anything?

Midge: No, only my work.

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

INSIDE MIDGE'S APARTMENT

The apartment has a huge glass view of Manhattan and is decorated in Swedish modern: chrome, teak, and white. In the center of the room, under a large mobile, is a queen-size bed on a platform. Midge walks to her drafting table where she is working. Don sits on the edge of the bed.

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

Don: How's it going?

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

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

Don: Can I run a few ideas past you?

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

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

Don starts leafing through his pockets, pulling out napkins.

Don: I have this situation with my cigarette account.

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

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

Midge: I get "Reader's Digest". (handing him a drink) This is the same scare you had five years ago. You dealt with it. I know I slept easier knowing that doctors smoke.

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

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

Midge: Is this the part where I say, "Don Draper is the greatest ad-man ever and his big strong brain will find a way to lead the sheep to the slaughterhouse"?

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

Don: I don't want to go to school tomorrow.

Midge: Are you going to pitch it to me or not?

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

Midge: That's a pretty picture.

Don: What's your secret?

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

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

DISSOLVE TO: INSIDE MIDGE'S APARTMENT THE NEXT MORNING

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

Don: We should get married.

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

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

Don: I'm serious. You have your own business and you don't care when I come over. What size

Cadillac do you take?

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

Midge: You know the rules. I don't make plans and I don't make breakfast. She smiles a little and throws Don his watch. He puts it on.

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

Midge: People love smoking. There's nothing that you, the Trade Commission, or "Reader's Digest" can do to change that.

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

Midge: Is he handsome?

EXTERIOR. TOWERING MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER - MORNING

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

INSIDE ELEVATOR

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

Dick: Twenty-three.

Harry: Oh, but not right away.

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

Ken (to the operator): Pal, can you take the long way up? I'm really enjoying the view here.

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

Dick: You going to Campbell's bachelor party?

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

Dick: I heard she's a nice girl.

Harry: Who wants that?

INSIDE STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY

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

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

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

Harry (to Ken): I have a feeling we won't be going to your bachelor party anytime soon.

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

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

Hildy: Excuse me, is he expecting you?

Dick: He's not expecting anything.

Ken holds his finger to his lips as the three men burst open the door to see.

IN PETE CAMPBELL'S OFFICE

Pete is mid-twenties, charming, all-American, and on the phone.

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

Dick (to Ken): Wow, he's good.

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

Pete (to phone): It's just a bachelor party. ...No, I really don't know what they have planned, but judging from the creative brainpower around here, we'll probably end up seeing "My Fair Lady".

Ken looks offended and takes a card out of his pocket with a drawing of a stripper, on it is written "The Slipper Room".

He holds it up for Pete.

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

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

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

Dick: And her old man's loaded.

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

STERLING COOPER HALLWAY - LATER

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

Joan: Now this is the Executive floor. It should be organized but it's not, so you'll find Account Executives and Creative Executives, all mixed together. (laughing) Please don't ask me the difference.

Peggy: Great.

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

Ken and Dick pass in the hallway.

Dick (as he passes): Hello, Joan.

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

Peggy: Only one, but I got up very early.

Joan: In a couple of years, with the right moves, you'll be in the city with the rest of us. Of course, if you really make the right moves, you'll be out in the country and you won't be going to work at all. They push through a couple of double doors to another set of offices with secretarial desks in front of them. Joan points to an empty desk. You'll be there, just across the aisle from me. We'll both take

care of Mr. Draper for the time being.

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

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

Peggy whips out a steno-pad and starts writing.

Peggy: Rye is Canadian, right?

Joan: You better find out. He may act like he wants a secretary, but most of the time they're looking for something between a mother and a waitress. The rest of the time, well -- (confidentially) Go home, take a paper bag, cut eyeholes out of it. Put it over your head, get undressed and look at yourself in the mirror. Really evaluate where your strengths and weaknesses are. And be honest.

Peggy looks up at her, a little stunned.

Peggy: I always try to be honest.

Joan: Good for you.

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

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

Peggy: I sure hope so.

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

Peggy: Thank you, Miss Holloway. You're really wonderful for looking out for me this way.

Joan: It's Joan.

Joan starts to head away, then turns back.

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

Down the hallway comes a slightly disheveled Don Draper followed by Roger Sterling, an elegant WASP with an incredible head of grey hair. Roger is the Sterling in "Sterling Cooper Advertising". As they whisk by, Joan straightens up and sticks her chest out. She motions for Peggy to stand up as well.

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

Roger: Good morning, girls.

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

INSIDE DON DRAPER'S OFFICE

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

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

Don: It has been on my mind.

Roger: Well, I should hope so. Lee Garner and his father and the whole 'Lucky Strike' family will be here at four.

Don: Are you worried?

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

Roger: No, if I was worried, I'd ask you what you have. But I'm not. So I'm just going to assume that you have something. Which means you should be worried. Don folds down his collar and starts tying his tie.

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

Roger: No, I wanted make sure you were here.

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

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

Roger heads out, but then stops, remembering something.

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

Don: Not on my watch.

Roger: Very funny. That's not what I meant.

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

Roger (disappointed): That won't work.

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

Roger: I know. Selling Jewish products to Jewish people.

Don (pretending to write): That's good.

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

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

Roger (pointing to Don's shirt): You missed a button.

Roger exits. Don buttons his shirt. He is now perfectly dressed. He looks out at the spectacular view of Manhattan and closes the venetian blinds. Now in his dim office, he lays carefully on the couch.

He looks up at the ceiling and

stares a moment at the dark florescent fixture. A fly buzzes, trapped inside. He closes his eyes.

FADE OUT

INSIDE DON DRAPER'S OFFICE

OVER BLACK

We hear Peggy's disembodied voice.

Peggy (voice over): Mr. Draper? Excuse me? Mr. Draper?

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

Peggy: Mr. Draper. Excuse me. I'm sorry to wake you, but Mr. Campbell is outside.

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

Peggy: No, sir.

Don: That's good. And who are you?

Peggy: I'm Peggy Olson. The new girl?

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

Don: Can you go out there and entertain him?

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

Don: I see your point.

Peggy (relieved): I brought you some aspirin.

Don smiles and takes the glass and aspirin from her.

Don: Send him in.

As Peggy turns Pete swings the door open and enters.

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

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

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

Don: She's the new girl.

Pete: You always get the new girl. Management gets all the perks.

Pete (to Peggy): Where are you from, honey?

Peggy: Miss Deaver's Secretarial School.

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

Peggy: No, I'm from Brooklyn.

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

Peggy tries to hide her embarrassment by ignoring Pete.

Peggy: Is that all, Mr. Draper?

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

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

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

Peggy starts to walk out.

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

Pete shrugs and holds open the door as Don exits.

Don and Pete walk down the hallway together.

Pete: She's a little young for you, Draper.

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

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

Don: He sure did.

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

Don: How old are you?

Pete: I just turned twenty-six.

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

Pete: You are good with words, Draper.

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

Pete: Christ, are you already sleeping with her?

Unfazed, Don continues as they round a corner.

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

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

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

Pete is speechless. Don smiles and opens the door.

INSIDE STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM

Don enters, energized. Pete follows behind him, trying to smile. Inside, Roger waits with a few people, including Rachel Mencken, early twenties and stunning in a Chanel suit.

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

Don: Or at least the building.

He holds his hand out to a young man.

Don: You must be Mr. Mencken.

Roger steps in.

Roger (to Don): Oh, I'm sorry about that.

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

Don: I apologize. I was expecting, um--

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

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

Don (to young man): And you are?

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

Don (covering): Oh, of course. David, one of the rising stars here at Sterling Cooper.

David smiles awkwardly and wipes his hands on his pants.

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

Rachel: Wonderful.

As they sit down, Don leans in to Roger.

Don (sotto, re: David Cohen): Very subtle. Isn't that your shirt?

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

EXT. MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 17

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

INTERIOR DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION ROOM

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

Dr. Emerson (reading chart): So, you must be Peggy Olson. Joan Holloway sent you over. She's a great girl. How is Joan?

Peggy: She sends her regards.

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

Peggy: Yes. (thinking) It's pretty terrific.

Dr. Emerson: Try to make yourself comfortable and relax.

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

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

Peggy: That's right.

Dr. Emerson: And yet you're interested in the contraceptive pills?

Peggy: Well, I--

Dr. Emerson: No reason to be nervous. Joan sent you to me because I'm not here to judge you. There's nothing wrong with a woman being practical about the possibility of sexual activity. Spread your knees.

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

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

Peggy winces as he inserts the speculum.

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. Emerson: I'm sure you're not that kind of girl. Now, Joan... (he laughs) I'm kidding along here. You can get dressed.

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

Dr. Emerson: I'm going to write you a prescription for Enovid. They're eleven dollars a month. But don't think you have to go out and become the town pump to get your money's worth. Excuse my French.

Peggy smiles politely and takes the prescription.

INTERIOR. STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM

Rachel Mencken sits between David Cohen and Pete listening to Don and Roger give their pitch-- Don standing by some mock-up ads. The table is lined with Shrimp Cocktails, toast points, and a pitcher of Bloody Mary's.

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

Don: Then, a ten-percent off coupon in select ladies' magazines will help increase your first time visitors. (sits, grabs a shrimp) After we've got them in the store, it's kind of up to you.

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

Don: Miss Mencken, coupons work. I think your father would agree with the strategy.

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

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

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

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

Roger: Miss Mencken, it's not just research. Housewives love coupons.

Rachel: I'm not interested in housewives.

Don (frustrated): So, what kind of people do you want?

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

Don: We obviously have very different ideas.

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

Don (raising his voice): You are way out of line, Miss. Roger takes hold of the situation.

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

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

Rachel: It works for "Chanel".

Don (steely): "Mencken's" is not "Chanel".

Rachel: That's a vote of confidence.

Now Pete tries to ease the tension.

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

Rachel: Not just another Jewish department store?

Pete: Exactly.

Rachel stumps out her cigarette in the shrimp cocktail.

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

Don (standing up): This is ridiculous.

Roger: Don--

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

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

INTERIOR OF THE STERLING COOPER HALLWAY MOMENTS LATER

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

Pete: Hey, Don. I don't blame you. She was way out of line. (catching up) Adding money and education doesn't take the rude edge out of people.

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

Pete grabs his arm, stops him.

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

Don calms down.

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

Pete: You'll think of something. A man like you I'd follow into combat blindfolded. And I wouldn't be the first. Am I right, buddy?

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

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

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

Pete (under his breath):

**** you.

INTERIOR OF THE STERLING COOPER CORRIDOR

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

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

Peggy: He seemed nice.

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

Joan stops in front of a door.

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

Joan opens the door. The door to,

INTERIOR OF THE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD ROOM

Three women with headsets plug and unplug into a wall of wires, lights, and holes. There is a drone of ad-libbing,

"Good afternoon. Sterling Cooper. Please hold. Mr. Dawson's office, please hold." Etc.

Joan: I know you girls are busy, but we've got a new one. Peggy, this is Marge, Nanette, and Ivy. They nod to Peggy while they work. Joan elbows Peggy.

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

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

Marge (to Peggy) "Aren't you a sweetheart? If I know Joan, the candy's for me.

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

Peggy: I think you look great.

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

Marge: It's because I'm sitting down.

Nanette: Come back and visit anytime, honey. (to Joan) Who does she work for?

Joan: Don Draper.

Marge: They got rid of Eleanor?

Joan: She moved on. Draper wasn't interested.

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

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

Peggy: Nice meeting you.

They go back to work answering the phones.

Ivy (to Peggy): You have great legs. I bet Mr. Draper would like them if he could see them.

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

INTERIOR OF DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Don leans back in his chair eyes closed for a moment then slaps his face to alert himself. He opens a desk drawer, pulling out a chest exerciser which is just a few springs and some handles. As he does a small black leather box drops to the floor, popping open. He puts the exerciser on the desk and returns the contents to the box -- we see it's a US ARMY purple heart medal. He flips the lid closed, "Lieut. Donald Francis Draper" in gold on the outside. He regards it a moment and puts it back in the drawer. He then taps a cigarette out, lights it and begins to exercise as he smokes.

Salvatore Romano (transparently gay--although in 1960, no one seems to know it) stands in the doorway with a hand on his hip like Marlene Dietrich.

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

Don: It's worth a try.

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

Salvatore: Without the medical claims all we have is a white box with a red spot on it.

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

*

Salvatore: My neighbor posed for this. Believe me, he always looks very relaxed. (giggles a little)

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

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

Salvatore: Oh, a sexy girl? I can do that.

Don: Give you a chance to get a real model.

Salvatore (too enthusiastic): I love my work! Speaking of sexy girls, are you going to Pete's bachelor party?

Don: I'm not really big on those things.

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

Salvatore opens the desk drawer and takes out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses.

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

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

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

The intercom buzzes. Don hits the button.

Peggy (voice over): Greta Guttman is here to see you.

Don: Send her in.

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

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

Peggy opens the door and shows Greta Guttman, a fifty-ish German national who embodies the sober world of research right down to her bun hairstyle and clipboard.

Greta: Mr. Draper. Mr. Romano.

Her eyes follow Peggy as she leaves.

Greta: I see you have another attractive young plaything.

Don: You can fight with Campbell over her.

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

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

Don (re: cigarette): I'm doing my own research.

Greta: If you are planning to continue with medical testimony, you'll only be inviting further government interference. We must police ourselves.

Salvatore: Well there's your slogan.

Don (to Greta): The medical thing is dead, we all understand that.

Greta: Yes, dead. An apt choice of words. Considering the public is convinced that cigarettes are poisonous. If we can't insist that they're not, I believe my most recent surveys have provided a solution. (re report) We can still suggest that cigarettes are "part of American life," or "Too good to give up," and most appealing "an assertion of independence".

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

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

Greta: Before the war, when I studied with Adler in Vienna, we postulated that what Freud called "the Death Wish" is as powerful a drive as those for sexual reproduction and physical sustenance.

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

Salvatore: So we're supposed to believe people are living one way and secretly thinking the exact opposite? That's ridiculous.

Don: Let me tell you something, Miss Guttman--

Greta: Doctor.

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

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

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

Don: This isn't Germany. If you were right, the government would shut down the tobacco companies, not just limit advertising. Just give me the damn report.

Greta (hands it to him): I think you'll find it very convincing.

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

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

Greta gives what passes for a smile.

Don: Has anyone else seen this?

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

Don: Good. I don't want to hear about it again. I'm sorry, but I find your whole approach perverse.

Greta: I understand. Good luck at the meeting. (on exit) I'm sure it will be a quick one.

Greta exits. Don throws the report into the wastebasket.

Don: Sal, I'll take that drink now.

INTERIOR STERLING COOPER BOARD ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

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

Lee Garner Junior: We might as well be living in Russia.

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

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

claims they made.

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

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

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

Roger: I understand, but our hands are tied. We are no longer allowed to advertise that "Lucky Strikes" are safe.

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

Roger: And that's a great start. But it may not affect sales. Don, I think that's your cue. Don opens up a folder, it's filled with blank pages. He pretends to shuffle the pages around, stalling.

Don: Well, I... I've really thought about this. And hell, you know I'm a "Lucky Strike" man from way back...

From Don's Point of View, we see the anxious stares of all those at the table. In slow motion, cigarettes are being lit and men are exhaling. A bead of sweat forms on Don's brow. His heart is pounding in his ears. Suddenly, the silence is broken by Pete's voice.

Pete: I might have a solution.

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

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

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

Pete: People get in their cars everyday to go to work, and some of them die. Cars are dangerous. There's nothing you can do about it. You still have to get where you're going. Cigarettes are exactly the same. Why don't we simply say, "So what if cigarettes are dangerous?" You're a man. The world is dangerous. Smoke your cigarette - You still have to get where you're going.

Lee Garner Junior: That's very interesting. (then) I mean, if cigarettes were dangerous, that would be interesting.

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

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

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

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

Lee Garner Junior: Come on, Dad. Let's get out of here.

They stand up.

Lee Garner Junior (he helps his father up):

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

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

Don: Gentlemen, before you leave, can I say something?

Roger (pointed): I don't know. Can you, Don?

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

Lee Garner Senior (sarcastic): Yes, and we're grateful to them.

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

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

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

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

Don: How do you make your cigarettes?

Lee Garner Junior: I don't know.

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

Don: There you go.

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

Lee Garner Junior: But everybody else's tobacco is toasted.

Don: No. Everybody else's tobacco is poisonous. "Lucky Strike" is toasted.

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

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

Lee Garner Junior: I think you do.

Don gathers his thoughts and lowers his voice.

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

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

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

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

Lee Garner Senior (quietly impressed): "It's 'Toasted'." I get it.

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

INTERIOR OF DON DRAPER'S OFFICE - LATER

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

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

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

Don: For the record, I pulled it out of thin air. (he looks up) Thank you, up there.

Roger: You're looking the wrong way. (Don laughs) So, while I've got you in the afterglow here, what do you say you reconsider this presidential campaign?

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

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

The intercom buzzes.

Peggy (voiceover): Mr. Draper? You have visitors.

Don: Honey, could you be a little more specific?

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

Ken: We heard you saved the day.

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

Don: Thanks, boys. I appreciate it.

Pete (sucking up): I told them how amazing you were. I'm still tingling.

The guys start fixing themselves drinks.

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

Don: I love to come through.

Roger (quietly): Speaking of that, any way you can patch things up with Rachel Mencken? Any chance you could be as charming as I said you were?

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

Roger: She's worth two million dollars.

Don: You're a *****.

Roger salutes and exits. Don hits the intercom.

Harry: Can she get us some more ice?

Peggy (voiceover): Yes, Mr. Draper?

Don (to intercom): Just a minute. I think this party needs to move elsewhere.

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

Don: I don't know--

Pete: Aw, come on, Don. All hands on deck.

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

Don (pointed to Pete): Maybe some other time.

Pete: Come on, guys.

He puts down a card of the strip club.

Pete: Don will join us later, right Don?

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

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

Pete: What are you talking about?

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

Pete: I still think she's right.

Peggy stands in the doorway.

Don: Have a great night, Pete. Congratulations.

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

Peggy: I heard you were amazing in the meeting.

Don: Fear really stimulates my imagination.

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

She puts her hand on top of his.

Don: First of all, Peggy, I'm your boss, not your boyfriend. (removing her hand)

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

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

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

Peggy starts to head out.

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

INTERIOR OF THE THE SLIPPER ROOM

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

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

Ken (to waitress): I want to see you here every fifteen minutes, whether you have drinks or not.

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

Harry: Every five minutes.

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

Dick: Let's live here.

Salvatore (to Pete): You better do more than look, tonight.

Pete: You have a girlfriend, Salvatore?

Salvatore (proud): Come on, I'm Italian.

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

Wanda: Is there some kind of party here?

Pete turns to Ken.

Pete: You shouldn't have.

Pete turns to Ken as the women chat with Salvatore.

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

Pete (looking them over): How did you swing it?

Ken: They work at the Automat.

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

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

Cleo: I hope we're not interrupting anything.

Harry: Definitely not.

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

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

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

Cleo (to Salvatore): I love this place. It's hot, loud, and filled with men.

Salvatore (looking around): I know what you mean.

Cleo looks at Salvatore curiously.

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

Wanda (giggling): Oh my god, I can already feel it.

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

Wanda: I like to laugh.

Pete (leaning in to her): Is that right?

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

Wanda (playful): Now, you stop that.

Pete: You said you like to laugh.

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

Wanda (warning): I mean it. It's too--

Pete: Too delicious?

We see his hand slide up under her dress. A look of shock goes over Wanda's face. She stops laughing and instinctively brusquely pushes him away.

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

Pete: You know exactly.

Wanda stands and picks up her purse.

Wanda: You know what girls, I think we should go.

Pete: Oh, come on.

Pete grabs her arm. She tries to move.

Wanda (under her breath): You're hurting me.

Pete (letting go): I'll be good.

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

Pete: Get the girls whatever they want.

Wanda stares at Pete and then links arms with Dick.

Wanda (to Dick): So what do you fellows do?

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

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

INTERIOR OF THE ZEBRA LOUNGE

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

Old Waiter: For the lady, a special mai-tai.

He puts down a large fruit and umbrella covered glass.

Old Waiter: And one whiskey, neat.

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

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

Don: That is quite a drink.

Rachel: You got in trouble, didn't you?

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

Rachel: Apology accepted.

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

Don: So you understand.

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

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

Rachel: No, it doesn't.

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

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

Don: Why aren't you married?

Rachel: Are you asking what's wrong with me?

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

Rachel: If I weren't a woman, I would be allowed to ask you the same question. And I suppose if I weren't a woman I wouldn't have to choose between putting on an apron and the thrill of making my father's store what I always thought it should be.

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

Rachel (smiling): That, and I have never been in love.

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

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

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

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

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

Rachel: Is that right?

Don: I'm pretty sure about it. You're born alone, you die alone, and this world just drops a bunch of rules on top of you to make you forget those facts. But I never forget. (finishing drink) I'm living like there's no tomorrow, because there isn't one.

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

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

Don: Excuse me?

Rachel: Mr. Draper--

He corrects her.

Don: Don.

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

Don nervously reaches for another cigarette and lights it.

Don: I don't know if that's true. (then) You want another drink?

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

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

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

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

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

Don: I'd like that.

INTERIOR PEGGY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Pete in his top coat stands in front of an apartment door, leaning his head against the wall. He is obviously drunk and knocks on the door. A young woman, Marjorie, in a pink housecoat opens the door, holding a toothbrush.

Marjorie: We're not buying anything.

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

Marjorie: Do you know that it's nine-thirty?

Pete (checks his watch): Actually it's nine-fifteen. Is Peggy in?

Marjorie: Hold on.

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

Marjorie: Do you know him?

Peggy: It's okay, Marjorie. We work together.

Marjorie (under her breath): He's really drunk.

Peggy: It's okay, Marjorie.

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

Pete: So what are you up to?

Peggy smiles.

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

Pete: I'm getting married on Sunday.

Peggy: I heard that.

Pete: You must think I'm a creep.

Peggy (firmly): Why are you here?

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

Pete: I wanted to see you tonight.

Peggy (without moving): Me?

Pete (whispers): I had to see you.

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

Peggy: Marjorie?

Marjorie (O.S.): Yeah, Peg?

Peggy: I'm going to bed now.

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

EXTERIOR OF THE COMMUTER 30 TRAIN - NIGHT

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

EXTERIOR OF THE SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION

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

EXTERIOR OF THE DRAPER HOUSE

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

DRAPER FOYER 33

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

DON AND BETTY'S BEDROOM

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

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

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

Don: I didn't want to bother you.

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

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

Betty (smiling): Unless you're not hungry--

Don: I'm not. (standing) I'll be right back. Don't move.

INSIDE. DRAPER'S CHILDREN'S BEDROOM

We watch Don's feet, now in slippers, cross the floor. He eases onto the side of the bed. His hand reaches out to gently stroke a shock of gold hair. We pull out to reveal he is sitting between the twin beds containing Robert and Sally, his two children. Don has a hand on each of their heads as they sleep. He looks up to the doorway where Betty now leans in her peignoir, smiling at the scene of domestic bliss. Don looks away to the window. We follow his gaze as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR IDYLLIC TWO-STORY COLONIAL HOUSE

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

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW