

# **MAD MEN**

## **Lost Horizon**

Ep. #P712/S712

Written by  
Semi Chellas  
And  
Matthew Weiner

Directed by  
Phil Abraham

As Broadcast Draft

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INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - ELEVATOR - MORNING (DAY 1)

TWO SECRETARIES and THREE BUSINESSMEN, no one we recognize, stand in the elevator as the doors start to close. Then BEVERLY, 40s, professional, smiles at DON as he enters.

BEVERLY

Good morning, Mr. Draper.

DON

Good morning. It's Beverly, isn't it?

Beverly looks at a Businessman by the button panel.

BEVERLY

He's on nineteen.

The Businessman presses the button. Don faces forward, doors close.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - (DAY 1)

MEREDITH waits in the busy, windowless, long hallway, by a door marked "McCann-Erickson Reference Library", holding a cup of coffee. Don rounds the corner.

MEREDITH

Good morning.

She hands him the coffee, he hands her his bag.

DON

(smiles)

You don't have to do this every day.

MEREDITH

I won't have you lost again.

DON

I wasn't lost, I was late. I was fibbing.

MEREDITH

Well, you can't do that. It throws off a very busy schedule. Not to mention everything eck-cetera.

They start walking.

DON

Can you call housekeeping and ask them not to make up my bed while I'm still in it?

MEREDITH

Well, you won't have to endure the hardships of the Plaza much longer. The floors of your apartment will be done Monday. If you pick paint, you could move in next week.

DON

Sounds great.

They continue walking the long hallway.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - DON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 1)

Modern with a view, with his old furniture, some boxes, slightly unpacked, so far just the family photos. A fruit basket on the desk, a larger one on the couch. Don enters, handing his coffee to Meredith, dries his hands.

DON

(re: coffee)

Honey, you can just have this waiting on my desk.

MEREDITH

Does it smell any better in here?

DON

If you like Airwick. And fruit.

Meredith picks a manila envelope off of his desk.

MEREDITH

When I was packing, well-- I think these were best kept from the movers.

She hands him the envelope.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Have you thought about new furniture?

Don looks in it during the following to see a stack of cash with a rubber band around it, safety deposit keys, a social security card, and Megan's diamond ring.

DON

I think it looks great in here.

MEREDITH

No, for your apartment. You only have a bed.

As Don puts the envelope in his breast pocket,

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

I made dinner reservations in Farmington tomorrow.

(off his look)

You're taking Sally back to school.

DON

(smiles)

Oh. Thank you.

MEREDITH

Jim Hobart's back from vacation. No napping.

Meredith leaves. Don looks around his office. The wind WHISTLES. He walks to the window, presses on it a little. The NOISE stops.

INT. SC&P - DON'S HALLWAY - (DAY 1)

Very small STAFF in the office. TWO MOVERS and an ENGINEER with short sleeves and a tie roll out a tape drive and a card reader as HARRY watches, smoking, outside the now empty computer room. Half of the office has been emptied, but it's a mess. ROGER approaches.

ROGER

You and the computer going to share an office over there?

HARRY

No, the old girl served her purpose. McCann is mission control. Statisticians. Programmers. Five men and ten women just handling data.

ROGER

Maybe they can keep track of your hat size. It seems to be growing.

HARRY

Why are you still here?

ROGER

Someone's got to hand over the keys.

HARRY

Well, I'm on twenty-four and you're on twenty-six, but I'll be up there all the time. There's an executive dining room.

Harry drops his cigarette, steps on it. Roger watches.

ROGER

You know, I once rode on a bus to camp sitting next to a guy like you. We're not going to be bunkmates, Crane. I'll make them build another floor if I have to.

HARRY

I'm not going to let you spoil the moment. My moment. See you in the funny papers.

Harry exits. SHIRLEY (Ep. #711) approaches with Roger's coat and hat.

SHIRLEY

I don't know what's keeping the building representatives, but I feel perfectly comfortable--

ROGER

Forging my signature? No, that's okay. You can go.

SHIRLEY

Well, this is my last day, and I wanted to thank you--

ROGER

Bullshit. They can't fire you.

SHIRLEY

Actually, I took another job. Travelers Insurance. My cousin works there.

ROGER

Look, I hate Caroline too.

SHIRLEY

(laughs)

No, it's--

ROGER  
Did I do something?

SHIRLEY  
(surprised)  
No. It's just, I kept thinking  
about walking into a new office.

ROGER  
I'm doing it too, and now there's  
going to be one less person I know.

SHIRLEY  
Mr. Sterling, it's not you.  
Advertising is not a very  
comfortable place for everyone.

ROGER  
Oh.

SHIRLEY  
(shrugs)  
That in mind, I have to say thank  
you. You're very amusing.

She puts out her hand, he shakes it.

ROGER  
Fat lot of good it did me.

Shirley walks back towards his office. Roger looks at the  
empty computer room, just wires hanging.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - JOAN'S OFFICE - (DAY 1)

JOAN is at her desk going through a box that says "Tampax" in  
her small version of Don's office with a slender window. A  
fruit basket is nearby. There's a KNOCK. KAREN, 50s, tough,  
holding a plant, and LIBBY, 40s, curvy, enter. Beverly  
enters behind them.

LIBBY  
Hello, neighbor.

KAREN  
We're the welcome wagon. We heard  
you had a window.

Joan stands, Karen hands her the plant.

JOAN  
Aren't you sweet to come by. This  
is Beverly, and who are you?

LIBBY  
I'm Libby Blum.

Karen reaches out her hand, and Joan shakes it as,

KAREN  
Karen Schmidt.  
(to Beverly)  
Can we have a minute?

Joan smiles as Beverly steps out, closing the door.

LIBBY  
We're copywriters.

JOAN  
I recognize the names. I was just  
going over Tampax.

LIBBY  
We also do the pill for Ortho and--

KAREN  
If it's in it, near it, or makes  
you think about it, we're on it.

Joan laughs.

LIBBY  
So Topaz Pantyhose and Butler shoes  
set off an alarm.

KAREN  
But we really love Avon.

JOAN  
This is incredible. So you just  
came in here to get on my business.

LIBBY  
And to say hello.

JOAN  
Well, I'm flattered by both.

KAREN  
(smiles)  
If you want us, just ask Frank in  
the studio. He'll ask Bobby in  
traffic, and he'll tell Carl, the  
associate creative director.

LIBBY

You can put in a request however  
you want, and we'll let the Soviets  
deal with it.

JOAN

You're aware that Peggy Olson  
handles all of those accounts.

LIBBY

(to Karen)  
See, I told you.

KAREN

Well, we'd love to share the crumbs  
with her.

JOAN

Thank you so much for the plant.

As Karen and Libby start to go,

LIBBY

Oh, we're going to the Oyster Bar  
tonight. We have an informal  
ladies' club.

KAREN

It's not women's lib, just a bitch  
session.

LIBBY

(makes a drinking gesture)  
We are strictly consciousness  
lowering.

JOAN

(laughs)  
When I get settled in.

Joan watches as Libby and Karen leave.

INT. SC&P - DON'S HALLWAY - (DAY 1)

PEGGY, dressed up, carrying a box of her things, enters  
through the propped open, double doors. We see MOVERS taking  
a desk out of reception.



INT. SC&P - PEGGY'S OFFICE - (DAY 1)

Peggy enters. ED (Ep. #709) sits at her empty desk, the couch and a secretary chair being the only other things in the room.

PEGGY  
Incredible.

She puts the box down.

ED  
Did you come to get your furniture?

PEGGY  
There was a mix-up. My office isn't ready. Why are you still here?

ED  
Well, I'm not going to McCann and so far, I'm not going anywhere and I'm being paid through the end of the week, so I thought I'd make some long distance phone calls.

Peggy hands him a folder, he looks at it.

ED (CONT'D)  
We lost Dow.

PEGGY  
We still owe them work. Could you get Mr. Kreutzer at Sugarberry Ham for me?

ED  
Why would I do that?

PEGGY  
Because Marsha's sorting things out over there, and I'm not calling myself.

Peggy reaches in the box, takes out her rolodex and hands it to him.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - HOBART'S OFFICE - (DAY 1)

JIM HOBART (Ep. #711) stands behind his desk, FERG DONNELLY (Ep. #711) by a guest chair as Don enters, jacket on. HOBART'S SECRETARY closes the door behind him.

JIM

I'm giving you a standing ovation.

DON

How was the Bahamas?

JIM

It's everything we say it is in print.

As Jim comes around the desk, he points to the guest chair, Don and Ferg sit as Jim sits on the edge of his desk.

JIM (CONT'D)

I hope you're finding everything satisfactory.

DON

Ferg's been an excellent tour guide.

JIM

He's just following you around because he's our resident impressionist. Do you do an imitation of Don yet?

FERG

(as Nixon)

I'm, uh, working very diligently, um, on the, uh, um-- matter at hand.

Jim laughs, then Ferg. Don smiles uncomfortably, looking back and forth between the two of them.

JIM

(to Ferg)

Well, you'd better not make a joke of this man.

(to Don)

We've lined up coffee and baloney with Nabisco, National Cash Register, and your old friend Conrad Hilton.

FERG

He bought you a gift.

DON

That's never good.

JIM

And we just bought an entire agency  
in Milwaukee to get Miller Beer.

DON

For me?

JIM

(smiles)

When I want something I get it.  
And I've been trying to get you for  
ten years. You're my white whale,  
Don.

DON

Well, maybe you need to send me to  
the Bahamas.

JIM

(laughs)

In due time. The important thing  
is we're expecting you to bring  
things up a notch around here.

DON

(modestly)

Jim, I don't know what to tell you.  
I'll do my best.

FERG

And Don, this is a shirtsleeves  
operation. We want you relaxed,  
and should you ever need anything  
in this city -- dinner  
reservations, parking tickets --

JIM

Just drop our name into yours.

DON

I will.

Don shakes their hands, starts to walk out.

JIM

Oh.

Don stops and turns by the door.

JIM (CONT'D)

Miller Beer is coming in tomorrow  
for handshakes on their new idea.  
Diet beer.

DON  
For ladies?

FERG  
For men watching their waistline.

DON  
Why don't we call it "Tub"?

Ferg laughs.

JIM  
Have you said it yet?

DON  
What?

JIM  
Have you introduced yourself?

DON  
(proud)  
I'm Don Draper from McCann-  
Erickson.

Jim puts his hand over his heart. Don walks out.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - JOAN'S OFFICE - (DAY 1)

Joan sits at the desk. Her new plant is now hanging. DENNIS FORD (Ep. #708) in a guest chair, folder in his lap, speakerphone between them, listening to BARRY, 40s, southern accent.

BARRY (OVER SPEAKER)  
I appreciate the call, mostly  
because it's hard for me to walk  
around here acting like nothing's  
changed.

JOAN  
Only some things have changed.  
Avon will be serviced by the exact  
same personnel, creative handled by  
Ted Chaough and Peggy Olson--

DENNIS  
Forget about personnel. Every  
dollar you spend will now get you  
five times the audience. And once  
we get you on TV--

BARRY (OVER SPEAKER)

Well, we are already on TV.

JOAN

We know that, what Dennis is saying is--

DENNIS

You know I'm in Atlanta all the time. How about a trip to Augusta? Play a few holes. You any good?

Joan just stares at him, stunned, her hands out.

BARRY (OVER SPEAKER)

No, no, I'm not. Listen, my secretary's telling me that it's time for our staff meeting. Thanks again for the call.

JOAN

(sick)

Of course, such a pleasure, Barry.

DENNIS

Bye!

She hangs up, staring at Dennis. He sips his coffee.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Who's next?

JOAN

I don't know what to say, except Barry, is in a wheelchair.

DENNIS

What?

JOAN

I told you that, and I wrote it down.

DENNIS

Oh. I thought that was Charlie Butler. From the shoes.

JOAN

No. It's not. And it's Charles Butler. And it's footwear. I can't believe you.

DENNIS

It's an honest mistake, you heard him say he was walking around the office.

JOAN

It's an expression!

DENNIS

Which he shouldn't be able to use!

JOAN

I stayed up all night preparing those briefs. Mr. Donnelly said you'd be on the call to help with the transition, but you seem like you don't even care about keeping these accounts.

DENNIS

(stern)

I'm sorry, who told you you got to get pissed off?

JOAN

(civil)

All I ask is that you please read the brief before our next call?

DENNIS

(stands)

You know what? Do it yourself. I thought you were gonna be fun.

Dennis walks out. ON Joan.

INT. PEGGY'S BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT 1)

Peggy comes in holding a white takeout bag. She closes the door, unzips her skirt, sits on the couch, picks up the remote (new TV), turns the TV on, then takes a hamburger and french fries out of the bag, eating a fry. There's a KNOCK on the door. She gets up, zipping her skirt and CLICKING off the TV, looks through the peephole, opens the door. MARSHA (Ep. #711) enters, an accordion folder under her arm and a small bouquet in her hand.

MARSHA

I'm sorry to drop by.

PEGGY

Oh, Marsha, that's so sweet of you.  
(taking flowers)

(MORE)

PEGGY (CONT'D)

You didn't have to come up here.  
It's not your fault.

MARSHA

Those are actually from McCann.

PEGGY

An apology? That's classy.

MARSHA

How do I explain this? All the  
SC&P girls got flowers.

PEGGY

Still classy.

MARSHA

Well, all the new secretaries.

PEGGY

They thought I was a secretary?  
Did you tell Don what happened?

MARSHA

Do you want me to?

PEGGY

No. Maybe I should call Joan.

MARSHA

That's not her job there.

PEGGY

I know that, Marsha.

MARSHA

I'm taking care of it.

(hands folder)

As well as your mail and memos  
regarding Peter Pan Peanut Butter  
and Tampax.

PEGGY

What happened to all my things?

MARSHA

They're putting your boxes in  
storage. You will have an office  
any minute. In the meantime, you  
can work in the pool.

PEGGY

I'm a copy supervisor. I'm not setting foot in there until I have an office. If they want me, they can reach me here.

MARSHA

(worried)

At home?

PEGGY

(agreeing)

No, no. I'll be at SC&P. Hell, that's where my furniture is.

MARSHA

(smiles)

I'll let them know.

Marsha walks out. Peggy closes the door.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - ELEVATOR - MORNING - (DAY 2)

Don waits, staring blankly, with his hat and bag with TWO BUSINESSMEN, as similar as possible, and TWO SECRETARIES. Don looks down as the doors start to close.

JOAN (O.S.)

Could you hold that?

Don looks up, smiles, holds the doors back as Joan enters, smiling. She remains facing him as the doors eventually close.

DON

Good morning.

JOAN

Good morning.

DON

How are you, stranger?

JOAN

Homesick.

The elevator lurches up, Joan presses the button and faces forward.

DON

Well, it takes time to settle in.



JOAN

I know.

DON

You should come by for a drink.

JOAN

When am I going to do that?

The elevator stops, the Secretaries and both Men exit.

DON

Put me on your calendar.

JOAN

We don't share any accounts.  
You're too important.

DON

Not for you.

JOAN

Believe me, I'd involve you if I  
could. It's been a little bumpy.

DON

(smiles)

I can still interfere.

JOAN

No, I'll figure it out.

DON

Of that, I am certain.

The elevator stops, the doors open, a BUSINESSMAN gets on.

JOAN

Let's make a date for lunch.

DON

Soon.

Don gets out. ON Joan, riding up in silence.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - DON'S OFFICE - (DAY 2)

ON Don's desk, six torn-out magazine pages featuring decorated rooms, some ads, some layout, each with an index card at the bottom: "sofa," "arm chair," etc. Don stands at his desk, staring at them, his office now fully unpacked.

MEREDITH

Tell me if you like the general idea, so I can take a few risks.

DON

Where did you learn to do this?

MEREDITH

I'm an army brat, remember? New base every year.

Don taps one of the pictures.

DON

I want to live here. You're my decorator. I'll pay you in cash.

MEREDITH

Nonsense, I love it. Lunch in the executive boardroom with Miller Beer. They asked if roast beef was okay.

DON

Perfect.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - ACCOUNTS BULLPEN - (DAY 2)

Joan walks past a door marked "Boardroom B", sees PETE and Ferg, both in shirtsleeves, coming towards her, laughing.

PETE

Joan! It's nice to see you up here. Are you coming to the Sears briefing? That's a good idea.

JOAN

No, I was actually looking for Mr. Donnelly, but if now's not a good time--

FERG

Ferg.

(then)

Pete, it's your meeting, you can start without me.

PETE

(to Joan)

I'm going to put in a request to get you involved with this.

JOAN

Thank you.

He pats her on the back as he walks away.

JOAN (CONT'D)

That's thoughtful.

FERG

So, what can I do for you?

JOAN

It's just-- Regarding the Avon transition, I thought maybe Pete could be an asset.

FERG

Pete's a vice president. What's wrong with Dennis?

JOAN

I like Dennis personally. I'm not sure the client responded to him.

FERG

Uh-huh. Say no more. I'll take care of it.

Ferg walks off, Joan stands there, surprised.

INT. SC&P - DON'S HALLWAY - MORNING - (DAY 2)

Peggy walks into the now empty office. It's ransacked, no furniture, wires hanging.

PEGGY

Hello?

Peggy walks to her office, hears TALKING.

ED (O.S.)

(in Japanese)

*No, the secret is to take it out of the oven a half hour early. It makes it juicy.*

INT. SC&P - PEGGY'S OFFICE - (DAY 2)

Peggy enters to find Ed at her desk, on the phone. Near the couch are six Banker's boxes and two cases of Cinzano.

PEGGY

Are those my boxes?

ED

I gotta go.

(louder)

I gotta go.

He hangs up.

ED (CONT'D)

Yeah. I signed for them, but I was wondering what happened.

PEGGY

(shakes her head)

You've got to be kidding me.

ED

You know we're the only ones here.

PEGGY

Have you been on the phone all morning?

ED

Stan called. He doesn't have a phone yet. He's on the fourteenth floor. Come by and say hi. And I prepared this for your approval.

Ed looks on the floor behind him, picks up a board, and hands it to her. It's a soldier holding a can of Dow Oven Cleaner and a lighter with the slogan, "Cleans Up Quagmire."

PEGGY

What is this?

ED

Do you think quagmire should be plural?

PEGGY

We can't do this.

ED

They're never going to look at it.

PEGGY

Ed, you could easily end up working for Dow again or Ken Cosgrove. You could even end up working for me.

She hands the board back to him. The lights go off.

ED  
(looks around)  
That's not very subtle.

PEGGY  
I asked you to do one damn thing,  
and you didn't even do it.

ED  
(smiles)  
Fine, I quit.

Ed picks up his satchel and Mets hat.

ED (CONT'D)  
Well, thanks for everything. When  
you get settled in over there,  
which will happen, give me a call?

PEGGY  
I promise.

Ed walks out. Peggy opens the bottle and drinks it, stands there.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - HALLWAY - (DAY 2)

A YOUNG OFFICE BOY walks with Don, padfolio in hand, passing MORE STRANGERS.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - BOARDROOM - (DAY 2)

Don walks in and stops short. There's a MURMUR as we see FIFTEEN MEN around a big conference table, some seated already, most in shirtsleeves, some of their coats already on the back of the chairs. Don walks towards the table, a little confused. He looks at BOB LUCAS, 50s, gray, big, standing near BILL PHILLIPS, 30s, energetic, in a sports coat.

DON  
I'm sorry, it's Bob, right?

BOB  
Yes, Don, good to see you. We've  
got the best box lunch around.  
Should have your name on it.

He points to a credenza under the windows, lined with white box lunches and Cokes. Don looks around.

DON  
Is this the Miller Beer meeting?

Bill steps in.

BILL  
It certainly is.  
(hands card)  
Bill Phillips, Conley Research.

Don pockets the card.

BOB  
Don Draper and Ted Chaough.

Don looks over to see CHAOUGH standing next to him, holding two lunches. Bill shakes Chaough's hand.

CHAOUGH  
Pleasure.

BOB  
Shall we?

As Bob and Bill turn around to talk to others, Chaough hands Don his lunch.

DON  
Is this every creative director in the agency?

CHAOUGH  
It's only half of us.

The Men start to sit down as Bill walks over to the head of the table, led by one of the Men. As Bob and Chaough walk towards the opposite side of the table,

BOB  
(to Chaough)  
So, are you here to "bring us up a notch," too?

CHAOUGH  
(laughs)  
So they tell me.

Don registers this and takes a seat in the middle of the table, his back to the window. Some Men have their lunches, every place is set with a Miller Beer binder.

BOB

Good morning, gentlemen. As you know, this is Bill Phillips, senior director of Conley Research. Bill, why don't you tell us a little bit about this exciting new beverage.

BILL

Despite that pile of facts and figures in front of you, I don't look at this as a presentation of research. To me this is an opportunity to stimulate some of our industry's finest imaginations.

Don looks down the table at the row of arms, wristwatches, some with pens, some with cigarettes, stacked like a line of Rockettes.

BILL (CONT'D)

(re: notes)

I'm going to describe a man to you, of very specific qualities. He lives in Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio. Some call it the heartland, some call it the beer belt. He has some college. Makes a good living, but it doesn't feel like it because he works long hours. He has a lawn mower. Wants a hammock. A bunch of power tools in the garage that he never uses. He loves sports--

During the following, Don turns over his shoulder towards the window and stares. He sees a jet flying in the distance.

BILL (CONT'D)

Because he used to play. And he loves dogs because they don't talk.

The Crowd LAUGHS along with Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

We all know this man. Because there are millions of him. And he drinks beer. Not just any beer. It has to be his brand. And what is his brand? The one he drank in college? The one his dad drank? The one that comes in the best bottle, can, tap? It doesn't matter, because that's it and it's not open for discussion. Now you all know that's not true.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

But how do you get him to open his mind? You better have something more. Or in this case, less. And that's tricky.

During the following, Don gets up, grabs only his box lunch, and calmly walks to the door, a few Men NOTICING.

BILL (CONT'D)

When we talk about a low calorie beer, we immediately become feminine. It's the word "calorie", it makes you think of a reducing plan.

As the door closes, it's clear no one cares. Chaough gives a little smile, Bill continues uninterrupted.

BILL (CONT'D)

A note on the fridge to remind her about her diet.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - JOAN'S OFFICE - (DAY 2)

Joan walks in, holding a brown paper bag and a Tab. She sets them on her desk next to her fruit basket. There's a KNOCK on the open door. It's Ferg.

FERG

Your girl's still at lunch?

JOAN

(waves him in)

Beverly always takes the whole hour, I insist.

Ferg enters, closing the door behind him.

FERG

I have a little news for you.

JOAN

Oh. I hope I didn't cause any trouble.

FERG

(re: bar)

Too early for you?

JOAN

No, of course not.

He walks over and pours two drinks as Joan sits at her desk.



FERG

So, I spoke with Dennis--

JOAN

I hope I didn't ruffle any feathers.

FERG

(sits)

Well, here's how it looks. Like some junior account man came in and started swinging her elbows.

JOAN

He didn't read the brief. And I'm not Dennis's junior.

FERG

Joan, see it from his side. He has a wife and three children, he's not going to work for a girl. What's he going to say to a client? "She's my boss"?

Ferg shrugs, takes a sip of his drink. Joan smiles.

JOAN

It happens all the time now. Peggy Olson was our copy chief.

FERG

It's different with a bunch of writers fresh out of Columbia. And honestly I doubt that's going to continue here, anyway.

JOAN

(takes a sip)

I see.

FERG

(brightening)

Joan, I didn't come down here to upset you.

(smiles)

I agree that the best way to keep the business is to keep your status on your accounts.

JOAN

(pleased)

Oh.

FERG

And you'll certainly get the  
respect you desire now that it's  
just you and me.

He raises his glass.

JOAN

You don't have to do that, but I  
accept.

She raises her glass, they both drink.

FERG

Good. The first thing we have to  
do is pay this guy a visit.

JOAN

Who?

FERG

Barry from Avon. We owe him an  
apology and let's face it, it would  
be good to get out of town, even if  
it's to Atlanta.

JOAN

I appreciate that, but I don't want  
to put you out.

FERG

(smiles)

Look, I know a good job when I see  
one.

Joan takes this in, then tries to act casual.

JOAN

No, it's just that might be too  
much. He'll be in New York soon,  
and Avon Corporate is blocks away.

FERG

Hey, I'm easy. I'm not expecting  
anything more than a good time.

JOAN

Excuse me?

FERG

I mean, I want to get to know you,  
of course.

JOAN  
(forced smile)  
Of course.

Ferg stands. So does Joan.

FERG  
Good. For my first act of  
benevolence, you can call Charles  
Butler on your own. We'll take him  
to lunch next week.

JOAN  
Thank you.

He puts out his hand, she shakes it, he doesn't let go and  
turns his so that he's holding hers.

FERG  
From now on, no one comes between  
me and your business.

JOAN  
I appreciate that.

He lets go, walks towards the door, smiles.

FERG  
We can't lose those accounts. What  
would you do around here?

He leaves. Joan crosses her arms, looks down.

INT. FRANCIS HOUSE - KITCHEN - (DAY 2)

BETTY sits at the table, with coffee, cigarette going,  
reading a paperback of Freud's *Dora*, making notes in a spiral  
notebook. The DOORBELL rings.

BETTY  
Loretta!

She straightens up in her seat, rolling her head like her  
back hurts. LORETTA (Ep. #710) enters with Don, then exits.

LORETTA  
Here she is.

Loretta exits.

DON  
Sally left?

BETTY

Yes, she got a ride with her friend.

DON

And no one thought to call me, I guess.

BETTY

(stands)

Do you want something to drink?

DON

No.

BETTY

They left after lunch. I told her to call your office. Your secretary's a moron.

DON

I was out of the office. I wanted to get the car washed.

BETTY

She comes and goes as she pleases. We can't get mad at her for being independent. It's normal.

DON

(re: book)

Is that what Freud says?

BETTY

(re: book)

So far I haven't come across anyone normal.

She sits, wincing a little, making a NOISE.

DON

Are you okay?

BETTY

I carried a hundred dollars worth of textbooks yesterday during registration.

Don puts his hands on her shoulders, massaging.

DON

Maybe you're getting old.

BETTY

I'm younger than you. Always have  
been, always will be.

DON

Maybe you can find some nice  
freshman to carry your books.

Betty touches his hand, gently brushing it away.

BETTY

That's fine.

Don takes a step towards the door.

DON

When do the boys get home?

BETTY

Gene's at Cub Scouts, and Bobby's  
got baseball. They won't be back  
until six-thirty.

DON

(smiles)

I'll let you get back to your  
studies.

BETTY

(laughs)

I've always wanted to do this.

Don starts to walk out.

DON

Knock 'em dead, Birdie.

BETTY

Bye.

Don leaves. ON Betty.

INT. SC&P - KITCHENETTE - (NIGHT 2)

It's dark and ransacked, all the cabinets open, mostly empty. Peggy enters with a jar of instant coffee past a pair of roller skates, a banana, and a toaster by the stove, where a mug sits on the hot red burner. She pours some coffee in the cup, stirs it with her finger. She turns off the stove and picks up the mug. It's TOO HOT. As she walks a step, she DROPS it on the floor.

PEGGY

Shit.

She puts her burnt finger to her mouth, looks at the coffee on the floor, it missed her. She looks around for something to wipe it up, shrugs, walks out.

INT. DON'S CAR - (NIGHT 2)

Don drives. He looks left at a sign that says "MANHATTAN VIA TRIBOROUGH BRIDGE" with an arrow, and on the right, "PENNSYLVANIA / NEW JERSEY" with an arrow. He puts on his blinker, turns the wheel towards the right.

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - (NIGHT 2)

Joan lies on RICHARD's (Ep. #711) bare chest, both sweaty.

JOAN

Your stomach's grumbling.

RICHARD

You never let me eat.

JOAN

I can make fried chicken.

RICHARD

I don't mind playing house, but as long as your mother and Kevin are away, why don't you call in sick and let me take you to Bermuda?

JOAN

No.

RICHARD

Cape Cod?

JOAN

(irritated)

I don't want to go anywhere I don't want to go. Don't make plans for me.

RICHARD

Alright, alright.

She grabs a cigarette off the night stand, lights one during the following.

JOAN

I have a lot of work.

RICHARD

Look, I know I told you not to complain, but that doesn't mean I don't want to hear about it.

JOAN

But you really don't.

RICHARD

What happened?

JOAN

(carefully)

It's a big place and I asked the wrong person for help and I don't think I can get out of it.

RICHARD

Well, if you don't like that job, you don't have to do it. You've got enough and you've got me.

JOAN

They still owe me over half a million dollars. I'm not walking away from that.

RICHARD

(smiles)

So this is a business problem. Now I can help.

He turns on his side, she turns to face him.

JOAN

You're already helping.

RICHARD

There's two ways I deal with disagreeable people. One, you can call a lawyer, throw a bunch of paper at them, tie them up in court, cost 'em some money. Nobody wins, but it loosens the earth.

JOAN

What's the second?

RICHARD

You can call a guy.

JOAN

A guy.

RICHARD

I'm a developer. Men get stubborn.

JOAN

What does "a guy" do?

RICHARD

If you get the right guy, all they have to do is show up.

JOAN

(smiles)

You've really done that?

RICHARD

You seem to like it, so I'm going to say yes.

JOAN

You're disturbed.

RICHARD

Doesn't seem like such a big problem now, does it?

She kisses him.

INT. DON'S CAR - (NIGHT 2)

Don drives. A SONG on the radio ends.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Beautiful night out there tonight.  
In downtown Cleveland we have a  
high of seventy-five, low of sixty-  
two--

COOPER'S VOICE continues.

COOPER (O.S.)

Not too sticky and it should stay  
that way through the weekend. I  
don't know about you, but I'm not  
ready to say goodbye to the summer--

Don turns and sees COOPER sitting there, continuing to talk.



COOPER (CONT'D)

But not true of the folks at Higbee's department store, where they're ready to provide all the back to school fashions.

DON

I'm really tired, aren't I?

COOPER

You've been driving for seven hours in the wrong direction. Where are you going?

DON

Racine, Wisconsin. Ever been there?

COOPER

What's in Racine? Maybe some waitress who doesn't care about you? You shouldn't do that.

DON

That's not going to stop me.

COOPER

You like to play the stranger.

DON

Remember *On the Road*?

COOPER

I've never read that book, you know that.

DON

I'm riding the rails.

COOPER

"Whither goest thou, America, in thy shiny car in the night?"

ON Don, alone again, as MUSIC plays.

INT. SC&P - PEGGY'S OFFICE - (DAY 3)

Peggy sits at her desk, working, a cigarette burning, a diner cup of coffee and a sandwich in front of her. She hears a distant phone RINGING. She gets up.

INT. SC&P - ELEVATOR LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER - (DAY 3)

ON the RINGING pay phone. Peggy enters frame and answers it.

PEGGY

Hello?

MARSHA (O.S.)

Peggy?

PEGGY

(confused)

Yes. Who is this?

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - PEGGY'S OFFICE - INTERCUT - (DAY 3)

Marsha stands, holding the phone, in the small, windowless office.

MARSHA

It's Marsha. I thought I'd try this before I ran over. Your phone's dead.

PEGGY

(irritated)

What do you want?

MARSHA

Well, on behalf of McCann-Erickson, I want to welcome you to your new office. When can you come over?

PEGGY

(smiles)

Well, I guess right now.

MARSHA

Wonderful. Can you work at a drafting table until they bring your things over tomorrow?

PEGGY

Yes, thank you.

Peggy hangs up, exits.

INT. SC&P - DON'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - (DAY 3)

Peggy walks through the double doors and hears an ORGAN SUSTAIN. She stops.

She looks down the hallway, where she can now see through the computer room all the way to the steps because some of the wall panels have been removed.

PEGGY

Hello? Is someone there?

ORGAN STOPS. As she gets to the door of her office, the ORGAN STARTS. She continues towards Don's office, passing the SCDP and SC&P signs propped against a wall.

INT. SC&P - STAIRCASE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS - (DAY 3)

Peggy comes around the corner and sees Roger, his back to her, near the steps, PLAYING an electric organ.

PEGGY

Roger?

Roger STARTLES, turns around.

ROGER

Christ! I have a heart condition you know.

PEGGY

Believe it or not, I'm not scary. Organ music is scary. What are you doing here?

ROGER

I told Caroline I wanted to pack my personal things, which I will eventually do, as soon as I figure out why she thought my bar wasn't personal.

PEGGY

Did you try Don's office?

ROGER

All I found was lighter fluid. I'm not there yet.

PEGGY

Mine's gone.

ROGER

(thinking)

I don't want to go to a bar. I did that yesterday.

He gets out his money clip.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Listen, sweetheart, if you don't mind--

PEGGY

I'm not running an errand. I have to go to McCann.

ROGER

Three days ago.

PEGGY

They screwed up my office and-- It doesn't matter. They're finally ready.

ROGER

(smiles)

I'd do it for you.

PEGGY

(thinks)

Would you drink vermouth?

ROGER

(thinks)

Yes, I'm afraid I would.

Peggy exits.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - JOAN'S OFFICE - (DAY 3)

Joan enters to find a box of chocolates with a bow on the desk. She smiles, opens the card: "Pick a weekend. Ferg". Joan crumples the card and throws it in the trash.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - DON'S OFFICE - (DAY 3)

Meredith is at Don's desk, cutting up magazines. Jim Hobart enters, looking back to the hall.

JIM

I've got it fellas, I'll be along in a minute.

MEREDITH

Oh, Mr. Hobart. Can I help you?

JIM

You're sitting in his chair, you're obviously not expecting him.

MEREDITH

I told Daphne I don't know when  
he'll be in.

(clicks pen)

Can I take a message?

JIM

(shakes his head)

Sure. Tell him he missed Nabisco  
and National Cash Register just  
left, so he might as well take the  
rest of the day off.

MEREDITH

Thank you. I'll let him know.

Jim takes a step in.

JIM

Is he on a bender, sweetheart?

MEREDITH

(firm)

I haven't heard from him but he  
went to take his daughter to  
school. I'm not concerned.

Jim walks out. ON Meredith, concerned.

EXT. DON'S CAR/HIGHWAY - (DAY 3)

Sun shines on Don's car, pulled over to the side of a  
deserted road. The door opens and Don emerges, shirtsleeves,  
no tie, stretching. He walks away from the car, unzipping  
his pants.

INT. SC&P - ROGER'S OFFICE - (DAY 3)

Empty except for a desk and credenza. Peggy sits on an  
overturned wastebasket near the doorway, holding a glass as  
Roger stands at his desk, pouring more vermouth while he  
reads an airmail letter from a stack of mail.

ROGER

Look at this. Christmas Day,  
nineteen fifty-one. Who's Roberta?

PEGGY

I don't know.

ROGER  
(reads, smiles)  
Ohhhhh, Roberta.

PEGGY  
(standing)  
We had our drink. You clearly  
don't need help-- you need an  
audience.

ROGER  
McCann made you wait, you can make  
them wait.

PEGGY  
I'm not enjoying this.

He looks behind him, picks up a framed picture leaning  
against the wall. It's Cooper's Japanese octopus. He hands  
it to her. She takes it.

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
Oh, my God. What is this?

ROGER  
It's an octopus pleasuring a lady.  
It's Cooper's. It was in his  
office forever. You can have it.  
You can put it in your office.

PEGGY  
No. They won't take me seriously.

ROGER  
It's pretty serious. It's a  
hundred and fifty years old.

PEGGY  
You know I need to make men feel at  
ease.

ROGER  
Who told you that?  
(then)  
So now I gave you something, you  
can sit tight and keep me company.

He motions for her to sit. She does. He drinks.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
You think you're going to have fun  
like this over there?

PEGGY

This is more attention than I've ever gotten from you.

ROGER

You should see the floor I'm on. It's a nursing home. What the hell happened?

PEGGY

You're acting like you had nothing to do with this.

ROGER

I'll have you know, I held this place together.

PEGGY

I know you think that, but you actually sold it. You were supposed to watch out for us.

He looks at her.

ROGER

This business doesn't have feelings. You get bought, you get sold, you get fired. If the account moves, you move. Even if your name's on the damn door, you should know better than to get attached to some walls.

PEGGY

Well, hopefully I'll have that problem some day.

Roger goes over to her and fills her glass, smiling.

ROGER

Okay, hot stuff.

PEGGY

It's exciting. I mean it's going to be a challenge, but I needed that. So do you.

ROGER

In the summer of forty-four, it was over a hundred degrees every day in the Pacific. So we dropped anchor in the Ulithi lagoon to go for a swim, and you can imagine the men.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

It was bedlam. But I couldn't do it.

PEGGY

Can't you swim?

ROGER

Did I mention I was in the Navy?  
No, the real problem was it was a two story drop off our cruiser.

PEGGY

We all have regrets.

ROGER

No, I did it. I just needed a push.

Roger looks around the office.

ROGER (CONT'D)

This was a hell of a boat, you know.

(raises his glass)

Come on.

They both drink.

PEGGY

It just looks good now, but it was miserable when you were in it, trust me.

ROGER

Is that really how you're going to remember this place?

PEGGY

No.

ROGER

Good.

Roger goes over and pours her another drink.

PEGGY

This is the one for the road, okay?

ROGER

You gonna show up drunk at four o'clock on your first day?

Peggy laughs. Roger holds up a letter opener that looks like a trowel.



ROGER (CONT'D)  
You know any Freemasons?

EXT. BAUR RESIDENCE - LATE AFTERNOON - (DAY 3)

Don, cleaned up in a suit rings the BELL. Just then LAURA BAUR, mid-30s, blonde, plain, dressed for summer, comes to the door.

LAURA  
Yes, can I help you?

DON  
I'm looking for Mrs. Baur.

LAURA  
I'm Mrs. Baur.

DON  
Good evening, I hope I'm not disturbing your dinner.

LAURA  
Not yet. My husband will be home any minute.

DON  
Well, I really just need to speak to you. I'm Bill Phillips from Conley Research.

Don hands her the business card he got from Bill Phillips.

DON (CONT'D)  
We represent an array of American companies, including Miller Beer, and out of over nine hundred entries, you, Diana Baur, were chosen to win a brand new Westinghouse refrigerator full of Miller beer.

LAURA  
(smiles)  
Oh.

DON  
Now you have your choice: white or harvest gold, that's the fridge, not the beer, of course.

LAURA

Well, that sounds wonderful, but  
I'm not Diana, I'm Laura. Can I  
still accept it?

DON

I don't know. I'm supposed to  
speak to Diana.  
(smiles)  
Is your mother at home?

She looks at his card.

LAURA

You really should speak to my  
husband.  
(lowers voice)  
She's his ex-wife.

DON

I guess if he knows where she is I  
can come back, or wait in the car.

LAURA

My neighbors have seen you on the  
porch long enough. Come on inside.

She opens the door and reveals that standing within earshot  
is JULIE BAUR, 9, dark hair, dressed for summer.

INT. BAUR RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - (DAY 3)

Don follows Laura into the modest living room.

LAURA

Have a seat, would you like some  
iced tea?

DON

I don't want to be a bother.

LAURA

It's no bother. I have to check on  
the chicken.

Laura goes out as Don sits there and looks around, Julie  
walks closer to him.

JULIE

Are you looking for my mother?

DON  
(struck)  
Diana's your mother?

JULIE  
If she won something, I should get it.

DON  
Yes. That makes sense.

Julie walks into the kitchen, leaving Don alone.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - HOBART'S OFFICE - EVENING - (DAY 3)

Jim Hobart comes around his desk as Joan enters.

JIM  
Sorry to keep you waiting.

JOAN  
It was no problem at all.

As Joan gets to the couch, Jim joins her.

JIM  
I hope you're finding everything satisfactory.

JOAN  
Well, I'm here because I need your help.

JIM  
I'm at your disposal.

JOAN  
I don't know how to put this, but I don't feel that my accounts are getting the right kind of attention.

JIM  
Our accounts.

JOAN  
That's just it. I fully expect to service clients with the help of your personnel, but as a partner at SC&P, I had a certain amount of status. You know, more independence.

JIM

What's the problem? You can speak freely.

JOAN

Well, I don't think that Ferg Donnelly is a good match.

JIM

Ferg is very important around here. Frankly, you're lucky he's taken an interest in your business.

JOAN

I understand that, but it's not necessary. I don't mean to brag, but I've been handling this account on my own since I brought it in.

JIM

I'm sure that's true, but you're going to have to get used to doing things the way we do them.

JOAN

Well, I don't know how to say this but I can't work with him.

JIM

Joan. It may not have sunk in, but your status has changed.

JOAN

Avon, Butler Footwear, Topaz pantyhose? I guess you don't need those accounts.

JIM

I've tried to be patient. But I don't care about your SC&P partnership. I don't know if somebody left it to you in their will, but your little stake doesn't mean anything here.

JOAN

Is that what you want? Because I'm perfectly happy to take my half a million dollars and be on my way.

JIM

(stands)

I bet people always say you're the kind of gal who doesn't take "no" for an answer. But no. You're not telling me how to run my business. Now find a way to get along or you can expect a letter from our lawyer.

JOAN

(nods, then)

I wonder how many women around here would like to speak to a lawyer. I think the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission has one.

JIM

(smiles)

Women love it here. You want to threaten us? You'll be all alone.

JOAN

No, I think the second I file a complaint, I'll have the ACLU in my office, and Betty Friedan in the lobby with half the women who marched down Fifth Avenue. I guess you didn't see the headlines about what happened at *Ladies Home Journal*. Or *Newsweek*?

JIM

Do you have any idea how much space McCann buys in *The New York Times* every year? We could get them to print *Mein Kampf* on the front page.

JOAN

Yes, I'm sure I'll have a tough time finding a reporter who wants to embarrass you this deeply.

Jim stares at her, shakes his head, sits again.

JIM

Look, you're unhappy and now I'm unhappy. So how about this? I'm willing to give you fifty cents on the dollar to never see your face again.

JOAN

I guess I wasn't clear. I'm not negotiating.

JIM

(looks down)

Then you should get out of my office immediately.

Joan stares at him. He looks up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Go ahead. I'd rather give it to a lawyer.

Joan gets up and walks out. ON Jim, angry.

INT. BAUR RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - (DAY 3)

Don sits on the couch with his drink, Laura in a chair.

LAURA

So, you get to drive all over America giving people prizes? That sounds like fun.

DON

Well, I also give a lot of boring presentations.

Just then, CLIFF BAUR, 40s, handsome, in a suit, enters.

CLIFF

Hello.

LAURA

(stands)

Oh, hello honey. This is--

(re: card)

Bill Phillips. He says Diana won some kind of prize.

DON

A refrigerator full of Miller beer.

She hands Cliff the card.

CLIFF

Really?

DON

Well, there seems to be some confusion because a Mrs. Diana Baur entered our contest, and, well, she's nowhere to be found.

CLIFF

Diana never entered any contest.

DON

Well, I guess it's a mistake.

CLIFF

Yeah. Letting you in our house. My wife doesn't know any better but I guess you knew that.

LAURA

Cliff, please.

CLIFF

Let him answer. Who the heck are you? Or do I have to call the police.

Don takes a beat, looks at Laura then Cliff.

DON

You're right.

(stands, to Laura)

I'm deeply sorry for the ruse ma'am, but I work for a collection agency. Clearly you're not responsible for Mrs. Baur anymore, but I need to know her whereabouts.

CLIFF

(irritated)

Last I heard she was in New York.

DON

Do you have an address?

CLIFF

No. That's all I got.

Cliff walks towards the front door, Don follows.

DON

I apologize for the intrusion.

Cliff opens the door.

EXT. BAUR RESIDENCE/DON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER - (DAY 3)

Don walks down to the car, opens the door, turns, sees Cliff behind him.

CLIFF

I guess we're not as dumb as you think we are.

DON

I'm leaving.

CLIFF

The clothes, the shoes? The Caddy? You're no collection agent.

DON

I am.

CLIFF

You think you're the first one who came looking for her? She's a tornado. Just leaving a trail of broken bodies behind her.

DON

I didn't mean to disturb you.

Don gets in the front seat, Cliff holds the door.

CLIFF

But you did. I'm just starting to get back on my feet, just starting to get back even part of the way to where I was.

DON

I'm sorry, I was worried about her. She seemed so lost.

CLIFF

Well I lost my daughter to God and my wife to the devil. I lost everything. Is that what you wanted to know?

DON

No.

CLIFF

You can't save her. Only Jesus can. He'll help you, too. Ask him.



DON

Look, I...

CLIFF

And don't come back.

Cliff walks inside. ON Don.

INT. SC&P - STAIRCASE LOUNGE - (NIGHT 3)

Roger has a secretary chair pulled up to the organ, cigarette in his mouth, big glass of vermouth on the top.

ROGER

(yells)

Come on! Once more from the top.

Roger begins to play "Hi Li-li, Hi Lo." As he looks back towards the office, we see some of the walls have been removed. You can see through the conference room to the computer room. Peggy ROLLER SKATES into frame, looking serious, and then ZIGZAGS across the space, smiling, getting smaller as Roger PLAYS with flourishes.

INT. DON'S CAR - (NIGHT 3)

Don drives, staring ahead, no radio. Lights from an unseen passing truck wash over him, then he's in the darkness again.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - HOBART'S OFFICE - MORNING - (DAY 4)

Roger enters to see Jim, in his shirtsleeves, standing by the window.

JIM

Where the hell have you been?

ROGER

I had a lot of stuff to move.

JIM

Are any of you planning to work here, or is this the con of the century?

ROGER

Look, calm down. We're all just settling in.

JIM

Calm down? Where the hell is Don?  
He walked out of a meeting  
Wednesday and hasn't come back.

ROGER

He does that.

JIM

Well, you may have sold me a rotten  
apple, but it's not too late to let  
the axe fly. Starting with that  
redhead.

ROGER

Joan?

JIM

I don't want to hear her name  
again.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - HALLWAY - MORNING - (DAY 4)

Peggy, wearing sunglasses, comes around the corner, holding a Banker's box with the Octopus painting and thermos sticking out. She walks, determined, down the hallway past a few SECRETARIES and some MEN.

INT. MCCANN-ERICKSON - JOAN'S OFFICE - (DAY 4)

Joan walks in holding a cup of coffee to find Roger standing at the bar.

JOAN

Good morning. You made it.

ROGER

You just come in to work like  
nothing happened.

JOAN

I'm here and I'm doing my job.

ROGER

Get the door.

She closes it.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Jim Hobart's not afraid of you.

JOAN

Then why'd he send you?

ROGER

To tell you I can't help you.

Joan walks past him to her desk to sit down.

JOAN

Well, thank you very much.

ROGER

(stopping her)

Listen to me. You're not going to do better than fifty cents on the dollar.

JOAN

It's not about the money.

ROGER

It's only about the money. Don't hide behind politics. Take the money and be done with them.

JOAN

(incredulous)

Take half my money.

ROGER

I know it's all my fault, and I'm trying to take care of it. You started something that could leave you with nothing. It's plenty. And I made sure he's good for it.

Roger and Joan share a look, Joan looks down, nods. She picks up her Rolodex and a picture of Kevin.

JOAN

Tell him he has a deal.

Joan walks out. Roger sits on the side of the desk.

INT. DON'S CAR/BACK ROAD - (DAY 4)

Don, in his shirtsleeves, no tie, drives. We hear the BLINKER as he pulls over, rolls down the window. A HIPPIE, 20s, long hair, beard, guitar and backpack, leans in.

DON

Where you headed?

HIPPIE  
St. Paul.

DON  
I can go that way.

HIPPIE  
Great.

The Hippie opens the door, throws his things in the back,  
gets in the front seat.

HIPPIE (CONT'D)  
I don't want to take you out of  
your way man.

DON  
It's not a problem.

We watch as the car drives away.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW