MAD MEN

Episode 104: New Amsterdam

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FADE IN:

1  OMITTED

2  OMITTED
INT. STERLING COOPER - BULLPEN - (DAY 1)

Business as usual. We hear live laughter from a nightclub. It's "The Buttoned Down Mind of Bob Newhart".
INT. STERLING COOPER - PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)

KEN, HARRY, and PAUL are leaning around Pete's office. Pete at the desk, laughing as Bob Newhart continues.

PAUL
It's not Lenny Bruce, but it's good.

HARRY
This is better. It's funny.

KEN
(holding album)
This guy used to be an accountant. Did you know that?

PETE
Really?

PAUL
(condescending to them)
But he isn't anymore, is he?

There's a KNOCK at the door. Hildy sticks her head in.

HILDY
Your wife is here, Mr. Campbell.

PETE
(confused)
Thank you, Hildy.

Hildy exits.

HARRY
Lunch date? Good idea.

PAUL
You married folks. Must be nice to spend some time together.

INT. STERLING COOPER - OUTSIDE PETE'S OFFICE - (DAY 1)

TRUDY CAMPBELL, 24, fresh from a sorority and well cared for, stands at HILDY's desk. Pete comes out, gives Trudy a little kiss on the cheek. The guys follow.
PETE
Hello, Lovely.

KEN
You can do better than that.

PETE
Trudy, you know the fellahs. Ken, Paul, and Harry, of course.

HARRY
(kisses her cheek)
You’ll notice, only men coming out of there.

TRUDY
I know you all work so hard. How’s Jennifer?

HARRY
Good. Swell actually, considering she’s still at the phone company. Nothing I can do.

TRUDY
(laughs)
That’s not true, you could give her a baby.

Pete looks at her, pulls her a little away.

HARRY
(laughs)
You’re all in on it together.

The guys move off.

TRUDY
Nice to see you all again.

PETE
(to Trudy)
Do we have a lunch date? Because Hildy, uh, she can show you the book.

TRUDY
No, but I am taking you away.

PETE
Trudy, I don’t think taking you to lunch is part of my job.

TRUDY
Do you have something today?
PETE

No.

TRUDY
(hurt and defensive)
I thought you’d be happy to see me.
I called Hildy and asked if you
were free. It’ll only take a
minute, I promise.

PETE
I’m sorry. It’s great. Where are
we going?

TRUDY
It’s a surprise.

Hildy gives Pete his coat. He and Trudy head out and
encounter Don and Peggy heading towards them.

PETE
Don. I’d like you to meet my wife,
Trudy Campbell.

DON
(hand out)
Don Draper. Nice to meet you.
Congratulations. You’re a very
lucky girl.

Don and Trudy shake hands.

TRUDY
I know. Most of my friends can’t
find a good man.

She waves at Peggy, who nods and peels off.

PETE
Believe me, I’m the lucky one.

Don gives Trudy a generous smile.

DON
Yes, you are.
(Trudy smiles back)
He’s essential to the process
around here. I think we’re almost
as happy to have him as you are.

TRUDY
Oh, I don’t think that’s possible.
DON
Well, maybe you’re right. Nice to
meet you.

Smiles. Don heads off. Pete doesn’t know how to take it.

TRUDY
(genuine)
He’s so nice. Not at all like what
I imagined.

EXT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON (DAY 1)
Establishing shot of a post-war, doorman building.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (DAY 1)
Pete and Trudy are standing in an empty living room with
hardwood floors. We see a terrace. They seem happy.

TRUDY
Fifteen hundred square feet, two
nice bedrooms. I don’t know if
that includes that maid’s room.

PETE
Have to be a pretty small maid.

TRUDY
It’s on the market for thirty-two.
But Elaine, the realtor, says we
can get it for thirty.

PETE
(beat)
Lovely, you know I want to give you
everything.

TRUDY
We don’t have to pay for the whole
thing at once. We can get a
mortgage.

PETE
Trudy, I make seventy-five dollars
a week. Now, I know you’re not
good at math, but that’s thirty-five
hundred dollars a year.
TRUDY
You'll make more.

PETE
Eventually. But if we put down ten percent, that's an entire year's salary.

TRUDY
Sweetheart. We're not in this alone. We're a young couple that needs a little help.

He nods. She threads an arm through his and tugs him towards the hallway leading to the rest of the apartment.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Did you see the sink in the master bathroom? It's the same one they have in The Pierre.

Pete is dragged deeper into the apartment.

INT. STERLING COOPER - BACK HALLWAY - AFTERNOON (DAY 1)

Don comes out of a door labelled "Projection Room" with Harry, Ken, and TWO OTHER GUYS. RACHEL MENKEN comes down the hallway with Paul. Don and Rachel regard each other. As Don talks to Rachel, the guys (except Paul), realizing that he's occupied, sneak off.

DON
Hello.

RACHEL
Hello, Mr. Draper. (smoke flows out the door) Some kind of spa in there?

DON
Screening a television commercial. It'll probably look better when it's breaking up "Bonanza".

RACHEL
(re: Paul) His work is wonderful. He's perfect for Menken's.

DON
So he keeps telling me.

A beat.
PAUL

Well, I'll let you see Miss Menken out.

Don nods, dismissing Paul.
DON
How are you?

RACHEL
I'm fine. My family's fine. The weather's been spectacular.

DON
Rachel, listen--

RACHEL
(irritated)
What are you doing?

DON
I don't know.
(quietly)
I don't want it to be like this.

RACHEL
(putting on her gloves)
Yes, well, we both know how we'd like it to be.

A beat. Don looks away, frustrated.

DON
Can we at least have lunch sometime?

RACHEL
I can't really see a reason for that.

She walks away toward reception.

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INT. DRAFER HOME - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - EVENING (DAY 1)

BETTY is stretched out, reading "The Wild Swans" by Hans Christian Andersen, with ROBERT curled up next to her, already asleep. SALLY is in her bed, listening intently.

BETTY
"...Church bells rang out, and the air was filled with flying birds. What a joyous parade it was back at the palace. No king could command anything finer."

She closes the book, switches off the table lamp.

SALLY

The end.

BETTY

The end.
SALLY
Again?

BETTY
(kissing Sally’s forehead)
Daddy will see you in the morning.

Sally dutifully closes her eyes. Betty exits.
Betty holds the leash as their dog Polly (ep. 3) pulls ahead. The street is mostly quiet—cars in driveways, one lone tricycle on a lawn. We hear televisions in the distance. On the sidewalk, Betty approaches Helen’s house. There is a man standing out front, DAN BISHOP, late 30’s, handsome, banging on the door.

DAN
Helen! Come on! I know you’re in there.

Betty freezes, watching him. He pounds on the door.

DAN (CONT’D)
Dammit, Helen! Open the door!

He rings the bell a few times. Polly barks, Betty starts walking again.

DAN (CONT’D)
(to Betty)
Excuse me? Miss?

Betty keeps on, he starts to come down the steps, closer.

DAN (CONT’D)
I know you can hear me. Miss!

Betty stops.

DAN (CONT’D)
Look, can I use your phone? I’m her husband. I’m supposed to see my kids. I know she’s in there, I just called from the gas station.

BETTY
No, I’m sorry.

Betty starts to move off.

DAN
Are you serious?

BETTY
I’m sure you are who you say you are, but I don’t let strange men in my home.

Betty walks off, dragging Polly.
A KNOCK at the door. Betty comes to the door in her nightgown and slippers, looks through the side window, opens the door. It’s HELEN BISHOP.

HELEN
Can I come in?

BETTY
Of course.

Helen comes in. Betty closes the door.

HELEN
I’m really sorry. I’m so embarrassed.

BETTY
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

HELEN
Yes, you do. I was in the window.

BETTY
(beat)
Did you let him in?

HELEN
(tired)
Yes.

BETTY
Do you want some coffee?

Betty, still in her nightgown and slippers, pulls a cigarette out of a tabletop box. Helen sits back sipping a cordial glass.

HELEN
It’s a joke, really. Dan hardly saw the kids at all when we were married. He works in Manhattan, life insurance. Now, all of a sudden, he can’t live without them.
(smiles)
Of course, if he does die, I’m set.
(then)
I’m joking.
BETTY
What happened?

HELEN
I’ll tell you exactly. He had a lot of friends in the city. There was poker and tennis, drinks at The River Club. Turned out none of them were men.

Betty tenses – a little taken aback by Helen’s directness.

BETTY
Oh, I’m sorry. I really just meant tonight, what happened.

HELEN
Please, I figure I might as well say it, it’s what you’ve all been guessing anyway, right?

BETTY
We hadn’t all been doing anything.

HELEN
Okay.
(smiles at Betty, relaxes)
The strangest part of it is that I think he’s angrier at me than I am at him. Of course, my father got a lawyer, an army buddy who just hammered the hell out of him.

BETTY
I’ve always loved that house.

The front door opens and Don enters. He makes eye contact with his wife, registers a tiny bit of surprise at the sight of Helen.

DON
Hello.

They both wave, Don heads up the stairs. A beat.

BETTY
(to Helen)
He has to go right upstairs and have complete quiet for a while. He works so hard.

Helen stands.
HELEN
I should get back, my kids are asleep.

INT. ANDREW CAMPBELL APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT 1)
The dimly lit living room is prepared for the summer, the furniture draped with white bed sheets. Pete is on a couch, drink in hand, while his father, ANDREW CAMPBELL, 50's, in a sport coat and shorts, top siders with no socks, sits in a wing chair with the sheet pulled up. There is a silence.

ANDREW
Boat's in the water.
Pete nods. Good to know.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
Your cousin Sara had a baby, named it after your Uncle Skip, I think that's nice.

Pete's mother, DOROTHY "DOT" CAMPBELL, enters, pulling on a Christmas cardigan.

DOT
Everything's already in the trunks. (then) We do hope you and Trudy will be making it out to the house this summer.

PETE
We'll try. But I'm not sure I'll be able to take the time off from work.

ANDREW
Work. I still don't understand what you do.

DOT
I'd hate for you to miss the blackberries.

ANDREW
I run into you at the club, you're working. At a restaurant, you're working. Taking people to dinner, wining and whoring? That's not a job for a white man.
DOT
She’s made such a nice addition to
the table, so nice and
appreciative.

PETE
(to Andrew)
There’s a lot more to it than that.

ANDREW
Advertising, really. See if
someone were to say there’s a lot
more to the law, I’d believe them.

PETE
I can’t explain how business works
to you.
(them)
Trudy found an apartment that she
likes.

DOT
Did she? Whereabouts?

PETE
83rd and Park. Very nice.

ANDREW
Are you sure you want to be that
far uptown?

PETE
It’s not that far, Dad.

ANDREW
But things fall off after 79th.

DOT
No, darling, they fall off after
86th. It’s a very nice area.

PETE
It is. And, well, it’s actually
kind of expensive, so we’re going
to need help with the down payment.

ANDREW
Really.

PETE
Yes.
ANDREW
(thinks)
No, I don’t think that’s a good idea.

PETE
And why is that?

ANDREW
I just don’t think it’s a good idea.

PETE
You thought it was a good idea to help Bud when he hit that girl on her bike in Montauk last summer. What did that cost?

Dot looks at Pete, gets up, walks out.

ANDREW
I assume that it’s your profession that’s responsible for this lapse in manners.

PETE
I’ll pay you back.

ANDREW
It’s not about the money, Peter. You know that.

PETE
(drains his drink, stands)
Why is it so hard for you people to give me anything?

ANDREW
We gave you everything. We gave you your name. And what have you done with it?

INT. PETE’S BEDROOM - (NIGHT 1)

Pete is undressing at the night stand. Trudy enters in her babydoll nightgown.

TRUDY
Did you have a nice visit?

PETE
They’re very keen on us coming out to Fisher’s Island this summer.
Trudy lays on the bed, coquettishly.

TRUDY
Can they help with the apartment?

PETE
I didn’t bring it up. My dad’s having some health problems.

TRUDY
Oh, sweetheart. What’s wrong with him?

PETE
Nobody knows.

Pete sits on the edge of the bed, takes his shoes off. Trudy comes behind him and kisses his ear.

INT. STERLING COOPER - CONFERENCE ROOM - (DAY 2)

Don and SALVATORE stand as Pete and WALTER VEITH, late 50’s, enter the room. There is artwork on easels, blank side up.

DON
Walter, how’s the golf game?

WALTER
Never have much luck, unless I’m playing against Campbell, here.

DON
He’s known for losing gracefully.

PETE
(unamused)
You know our Art Director – Salvatore Romano.

Salvatore and Walter shake hands. They sit.

DON
Did you enjoy yourself in the city last night?

WALTER
When I come into town I like to just do my business and go home.

DON
Unwind with the psalms.
WALTER
No man should have to live out of a
suitcase.
(then)
So. What have you fellahs got for
me?

Walter looks to the group - let the games begin.

DON
Well... We take for granted the
things we need the most.
(MORE)
DON (CONT'D)
Water, oil, electricity, steel.
(indicates Walter)
I thought about the last time you were here, looking out this window at this incredible city, and saying "it's all steel."

Don flips the mock-up on the first easel. It's a picture of the Manhattan skyline.

DON (CONT'D)
"New York City - brought to you by Bethlehem Steel."

He puts up the next mock-up - a picture of Lakeshore Drive.

DON (CONT'D)
"The city of Pittsburgh - brought to you by Bethlehem Steel."
(flipping them over)
"The city of Chicago," "St. Louis," "Detroit" - full page ads in targeted markets; newspapers, trade publications, throw in a few billboards so your employees can brag to their girlfriends.

The group looks to Walter for a reaction. He scans the mock-ups. Crosses his arms over his chest.

WALTER
They're kind of plain, aren't they?
Reminds me of those WPA ads before the war.

DON
Walt, you've been doing this long enough, you know we can throw the artwork away in a minute.
(Salvatore coughs)
But the sentiment, the thought? It's so basic you think you already know it, you just haven't thought of it lately.

WALTER
(considering)
Cities are made of steel.

PETE
Bethlehem Steel.
WALTER

(beat)
I might be wrong, but these feel like ads for cities. You're making our company look like a middleman for another product.

DON
Would you prefer an I-beam on a plate with a pat of butter on it?

Walter looks at Don.

PETE
No need to get cute, Don.

DON
(stares at Pete, calm)
I'm just trying to make a point. Steel is not something you buy at the supermarket.

WALTER
But it is a commodity.

DON
I'm surprised, Walter. I believe this is fairly close to what we had talked about.

PETE
We talked about a national strategy that would involve the virtues of this essential... commodity.

DON
I believe it was more specific.

PETE
Don, Walter has expressed himself. Now, Walter, if this does not meet your expectations, I'm sure Don can find something that does. Right, Don?

Don cocks his head toward Pete, almost mystified.

WALTER
I hate to be a pain in the ass, but if they didn't just lay there so flat. I don't know, maybe it's because I'm not from a city. They bother me.
PETE
Look, if we can persuade you to stay in town for another twenty-four hours, back at the St. Regis, of course, it will give us a chance to come up with something with more impact.
    (selling)
Get you tickets to a Broadway show...? There’s a new one: ‘Bye Bye Birdie.’

WALTER
    (apologetic)
I don’t like birds either.

PETE
Something else, then.

Pete opens the door, motions Walter out.

DON
Pete, I think Sal can show Mr. Veith out.

WALTER
    (to Salvatore)
Sorry about that. They are good drawings.

SALVATORE
No, the WPA was a very respected style.
    (you dick)
Twenty years ago.

They exit. Don pushes the door closed before Pete can leave.

DON
What the hell was that?

PETE
Come on, Don. That’s not the first time someone’s been unhappy. Give it a haircut. He’s a second time guy, anyway. I could feel that.

DON
And I could feel I was sentences away. I’m that kind of guy.

PETE
He didn’t like the idea.
DON
Someone hadn't prepared him to like the idea.
(MORE)
DON (CONT'D)
An idea he was extremely
enthusiastic about just three
months ago.

PETE
I'm sorry I didn't lower his
expectations enough.

DON
You do your job: take him sailing,
get him into a bathing suit. Leave
the ideas to me.

PETE
I have ideas.

DON
I'm sure you do. Sterling Cooper
has more failed artists and
intellectuals than the Third Reich.

PETE
(smiles)
You know what? I have good ideas.
In fact, I used to carry around a
notebook and a pen, just to keep
track. Direct marketing? I
thought of that. It turned out it
already existed, but I arrived at
it independently. And then I come
to this place, and you people tell
me that I'm good with people, which
is strange, because I'd never heard
that before.

Pete walks out. Don smiles, shakes his head.

16
INT. DRAPER HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING (NIGHT 2)

Betty, oven mitt on one hand, drains pasta in the sink. The
PHONE rings. Betty reaches for the wall phone.

BETTY
Draper residence.

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INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT (NIGHT 2)

Helen - in a slip and big hair rollers - empties Carnation
powdered milk into a pitcher as she talks.

HELEN
Betty? Helen Bishop. Are you
busy?
BETTY
Well. No. I'm just finishing up dinner.

HELEN
Of course. Listen, this may be truly rude, but, I was wondering--I'm supposed to be stuffing envelopes at Kennedy headquarters tonight and my sitter just cancelled and I hate to back out, because, well, you know, New York State is so important.

BETTY
I didn't know that.

HELEN
Well anyway, is it at all possible you might be able to come over and watch the kids for a few hours?

BETTY
Right now?

Long beat.

HELEN
You know what? I shouldn't have asked.

BETTY
Well, let me just get dinner on the table. I guess Don can watch the kids.

HELEN
Really? Gosh, that would be wonderful. Take your time.

Betty looks into the den.

ANGLE ON:
Don laying on the couch in the den with the Bethlehem Steel mock-ups in front of him. He seems entirely unaware of the kids watching “Little Rascals” on TV.

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EXT. HELEN’S HOUSE — LATER (NIGHT 2)

Betty stands at the front door. Helen — hair done, make-up on — opens it, clipping on an earring. The piano is playing.

HELEN
You’re a lifesaver. Truly.
(heads into living room)
I can’t tell you how much I appreciate this.

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INT. HELEN’S HOUSE — LIVING ROOM — CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)

Betty enters and closes the door behind her. It’s a messy room: newspapers, mail, a sewing kit on the coffee table, a chair filled with laundry, and an ironing board are out. GLEN is playing Borodin’s “Polovtsian Dance”.

HELEN
(re: room)
Hiroshima. I know. Cleaning lady and babysitter are one.

BETTY
Stop. It’s charming.
(then)
That’s beautiful Glen.

HELEN
Except he can wake the baby. Glen. Stop that now.

He does. Betty watches as Helen marches around looking for the mate to the flat shoe she has on one foot.

HELEN (CONT’D)
You remember Mrs. Draper?

Glen sits at the piano, slumped. Helen gets down on her knees to check under the couch.

HELEN (CONT’D)
She’s going to watch you while I’m gone. And no ironing tonight.

BETTY
Ironing?
HELEN
I give him five cents a piece. He
loves doing it.
(reaching under the couch)
There you are!

She retrieves her shoe from under the couch and slips it on.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I swear to god, I am so exhausted
when I get home from the jewelry
store that I just kick these off
and I never know where they end up.

Betty smiles - trying to look like she can relate. Helen
reaches for her purse.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You, Glen Bishop - in bed after
'The Real McCoys.' No discussions.

She gives Glen a kiss on the top of his head, then pulls out
a compact. She gives her face the once-over, poofs her hair.

BETTY
You look very nice.

HELEN
I keep the place poorly lit.

As they move towards the front door:

BETTY
I guess there'll be a lot of nice
men there.

HELEN
Well, yes, I guess so. Although
it's mostly women. Have you seen
the candidate?

BETTY
On the news. He's handsome.
(then)
But I'm not sure who we're voting
for.

HELEN
I'll bring you back some
literature.
(MORE)
HELEN (CONT'D)
I'll be back before ten I promise.
Glen?

Glen waves. She flashes a smile and exits. Betty locks the door.

INT. RESTAURANT - (NIGHT 2)

An upscale place. Pete and Trudy are seated at a table with Trudy's parents: JEANNIE VOGEL - late 40's, with a helmet of sprayed hair and TOM VOGEL - overfed, ruddy, in jacket and Rep tie. They are eating their appetizers. Tom's is a salad, dripping in bleu cheese dressing.

TOM
...you've got to get that Lux Soap
campaign over to Sterling Cooper.
Janet Leigh, Natalie Wood - there's
a day at the office.
(irritated, re: salad)
Is that an orange?
(then)
I'm telling you. You boys have it
made: martini lunches, gorgeous
women parading through - in my next
life, I'm coming back as an ad man.

PETE
Well, there's slightly more to it
than that.

TOM
I'd keep that to yourself.

TRUDY
I met his boss yesterday. You
should have heard the nice things
he said.

PETE
He's not my boss.

JEANNIE
Well, isn't that nice? To be
appreciated for what you do?

TRUDY
We have some great news.

JEANNIE
Already?!
TRUDY
Honestly, you two! It's not that.
We found an apartment.

JEANNIE
Well, that's exciting too.

PETE
(looks at Trudy)
Yes, well, unfortunately, it's a bit out of our price range right now.

TRUDY
I've been looking in the neighborhood, and it seems very well-priced to me.

TOM
What's it going for?

Pete shoots another look at Trudy.

TRUDY
Thirty two. But the realtor says we can get it for thirty.

JEANNIE
Around here?

PETE
83rd, but--

TOM
How many rooms?

TRUDY
Five. Two bedrooms, two baths. A terrace.

TOM
I don't know... I'd have to take a look at it first.

He smiles. Trudy beams, then looks at Pete.

PETE
Sir.

TOM
I'll take Tom or Dad. Got me?
PETE
Tom. It's very generous for you to even consider it, but I think we'd rather wait.

TOM
For what? Start your life already. You're gonna be a rich bastard on your own some day. Waiting is a bunch of bullshit.

JEANNIE
Tomcat.

TOM
It is.

PETE
Your confidence is really, well it's swell, but, honestly I'm not sure if it's a good idea.

TOM
I am. Pete, this is an investment for me. In you. And my Jellybean over there of course.

Trudy looks pleadingly at Pete. He relents, smiles. She gets up and wraps her arms around her father's neck.

TRUDY
Oh, thank you. You're going to love it. We'll be so happy there.

Pete smiles. Starts eating his salad.

INT. CAB - LATER (NIGHT 2)

An old Checker. Pete has his feet up on the fold-out seat in front of him. Trudy is curled up next to him.

TRUDY
(proud of herself)
I knew they'd help us.

PETE
I know you did.

TRUDY
Oh, come on. You can't possibly be angry with me.
PETE
I'm just not sure taking that kind of money is a good idea.

TRUDY
He's not paying for the whole thing.

PETE
It's still a lot of money. And I'm not sure what it means.

TRUDY
It means we get the apartment.

PETE
Do they get to tell us where to put the furniture?

TRUDY
They're not like that.
(then)
You would have taken money from your parents.

PETE
That's different.

TRUDY
Why?

PETE
Because. That's my money. I'll get it eventually.

TRUDY
So, this is my money.
(then)
Sweetheart - he wants to help. It makes him feel good.

PETE
Well, what about me?

TRUDY
What about me?

PETE
(beat)
You always get what you want, don't you?
TRUDY
I got you. That's all I really wanted.

She threads her fingers through his. He just shakes his head. She leans forward to the driver.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Can we turn up Park?

PETE
I have to meet a client downtown.

TRUDY
Oh, hush. It'll only take a sec.
(then, looking)
The armory. When are they going to tear that dinosaur down?

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER (NIGHT 2)

"Gang of Outlaws" is on the TV. Glen, in his PJs, sits far down the couch from Betty, eating an apple. She stubs out a cigarette.

BETTY
I'll be right back.

Glen just watches TV.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 2)

Betty enters, flips on the light, closes the door. She looks at the counter. A hairbrush sits among the knick knacks, covered in a blob of hair. She thinks a moment, opens a drawer. Inside is a pack of cigarettes, some match books, junk. She sees the pink case of a diaphragm. She closes the drawer and goes to the toilet, lifting up her dress. She sits and is startled by the sound of the door opening.

BETTY
I'm in here.

The door swings open to reveal Glen, standing in the doorway - staring at Betty. Flustered, she pulls her dress down over her knees.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Glen! I said get out.

He just stares. She gets up, minces towards him, one hand holding on to her panties through her dress.
BETTY (CONT'D)
(grabbing him by the arm)
Young man. What is wrong with you?
This room is occupied.

She manhandles Glen out the bathroom, closes the door and locks it angrily. Lets out a tense breath. Shakes her head.

INT. HELEN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 2) 24

Glen sits on the couch, the TV is still on. Betty snaps off the TV and turns to him.

BETTY
What do you have to say for yourself?

Glen hunches in on himself. He looks like a kid who's used to being yelled at.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Glen. Look at me.
(turning him to face her)
That was very bad.

Glen's eyes puddle with tears. Betty softens.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, now.

He looks down. Betty sits down next to him.

BETTY (CONT'D)
You know better than to walk in on someone like that. That room is private. Extremely private.

Glen nods, trying not to cry. He does know that.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Well, that's all I'm trying to say. Now, look at me. Don't you think you owe me an apology?

Nods again.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Well...?

GLEN
I'm sorry.
BETTY
Well. Good. That’s not the way to behave. Okay?

Betty puts her arm around his back. He leans in and hugs her. She’s surprised, but then reciprocates.

BETTY (CONT’D)
Oh, now. It’s alright. I’m not angry anymore.

She holds him for a beat. He tries to pull himself together.

BETTY (CONT’D)
Are you okay?

Glen nods. She smiles at him. He wipes his face with his sleeve. He stares at her.

GLEN
You’re pretty.

BETTY
Um. Well, thank you dear.

GLEN
Really pretty.

BETTY
That’s sweet of you to say.

GLEN
(beat)
How old are you?

BETTY
Well... I’m the same age as your mother.  
(beat)
How old is your mother?

GLEN
She’s thirty-two.

BETTY
I’m twenty-eight.

He stares up at her again.
GLEN
Your hair is so beautiful. You look like a princess.

BETTY
I don't know about that.

GLEN
Can I have some?

BETTY
What?

GLEN
Can I have some of your hair?

BETTY
(confused)
Glen. No.

GLEN
Just a little piece?

BETTY
Glen.

GLEN
You won't even miss it.

Betty looks at him. He looks so dear and so needy. She spots the scissors sticking out of the sewing basket on the coffee table. He watches as she reaches for them and snips a tiny lock of hair from behind her ear. She puts it in his hand. He looks at it. Betty watches him with curiosity. He looks up at her, expressionless. She smiles like nothing's happened.

BETTY
Now, off to bed with you.

He nods and gets up—focused on the hair in his hand like a butterfly has landed. She listens as he climbs the stairs.

BETTY (CONT'D)
And no radio.

On Betty -- what was that?

INT. OLD KING COLE HOTEL BAR - (NIGHT 2)

Music, smoke, sounds of clinking glass, lots of people. Ken and Walter Veith are seated at table, drinking and smoking.
Pete enters, spotting two attractive women - A BLONDE and A BRUNETTE in their mid-to-late 20’s - sitting at the bar. He gives them a quick nod and they slide off their barstools and follow him to Walter and Ken at the booth.

PETE
Evening, gentlemen.

Walter and Ken rise for the women.

PETE (CONT'D)
Walter, I'd like you to meet my cousins: Charlotte and Wendy.

WALTER
Ladies. It's a pleasure.

Handshakes and smiles.

CHARLOTTE
We were hoping you were Pete's friends.

WENDY
(big smile)
You must be the man of steel.

WALTER
(re: Wendy)
Will you look at that? You could lose a nickel in those dimples.

As the women scootch into the booth (sandwiching themselves between Walter and Ken):

WALTER (CONT'D)
I thought your cousin Wendy was a redhead.

PETE
No. That's my cousin Doris. She wasn't available this evening.

WALTER
Well, I think we can make do with this branch of the family.

The men take their seats.

PETE
Glad you decided to stay over.

WALTER
(re: the women)
So am I.
Walter slides an arm along the back of the booth, behind Wendy. Pete flags down a WAITER.
PETE  
A bottle of champagne for the 
table. And--
(re: Walter and Harry)  
another round of these. Plus one.

The Waiter moves off. Pete turns to Walter.

PETE (CONT'D)  
You know, I had some thoughts about 
your campaign today.

WALTER  
(distracted smile)  
Did you?

PETE  
Well, I was trying to find a way to 
express the essential-ness of 
steel. And I thought: "Bethlehem 
Steel: the backbone of America."
What do you think?

WALTER  
(amused)  
Unbelievable. Did Draper tell you 
to try and sneak that one by me?

PETE  
No. I was just--

WALTER  
Campbell. Get off the clock. We 
have two lovely ladies here. The 
only backbone I'm interested in now 
is -
(running his finger down 
Wendy's spine)  
- right here.

Wendy wriggles. Walter tosses Pete a look. Got it? Then:

WALTER (CONT'D)  
So, tell me, Wendy - what do you 
do? When you're not lighting up 
rooms with your smile.

WENDY  
Oh, I'm an actress. And I also 
take some classes at Hunter.

WALTER  
Do you? I would have thought you 
slept all day and bathed in milk.
The Waiter arrives with the champagne.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - (NIGHT 2)

Betty is on the couch, flipping through a coffee table book about Italy. Helen enters. Betty slips into her shoes. Gets ready to leave.

HELEN
(whispering)
How was it?

BETTY
It was nice. Very quiet.

The women head for the door. As they do, Helen hands a brochure to Betty - a smiling Jack Kennedy and the words "A New Leader for the 60's."

HELEN
In case you're interested.

BETTY
Oh? Thank you. I'll be sure to look at it.

Helen opens the door for her.

HELEN
I can't thank you enough. I hope I can return the favor sometime.

BETTY
Please. Don't even think about it.

Betty heads for the door.

INT. DRAPER HOME - BEDROOM - LATER (NIGHT 2)

Don is sleeping with a legal pad on his chest. Betty comes in from the bathroom, takes the pad from his chest and crawls into bed beside him.

CLOSE ON: a mock-up for the steel campaign. We see the Manhattan skyline and underneath it, the words: "Oh little Town of Bethlehem." PULL BACK to reveal we are:

INT. STERLING COOPER - CONFERENCE ROOM - (DAY 3)

Don, Pete, and Salvatore look to Walter, who is eyeing the mock-ups.
WALTER
Looks pretty familiar.

DON
Well, I wanted to maintain our original strategy. But I think the wordplay achieves what you were looking for.
(off Walter’s look)
The idea that from the acorn that is Bethlehem Steel comes America’s great cities.

WALTER
(big smile)
I know this isn’t the idea you want to sell me, so don’t sell it so damned well.

DON
Excuse me?

WALTER
The “backbone” idea. Campbell pitched it to me last night. I like it.

SALVATORE
What “backbone” idea?

WALTER
“Bethlehem Steel - the backbone of America.” Wasn’t that it?

All eyes on Pete. He nods. That’s it.

DON
Ah. Right.

WALTER
It’s concise. Strong. And frankly, I like that you were so excited about it, you couldn’t wait to tell me.

Pete smiles.

INT. S.C. - OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER(DAY 3) 29

Don and Salvatore stand by the table. In the doorway Pete shakes hands with Walter. A SECRETARY waits silently. Salvatore looks at Don, shrugs. Don doesn’t react.
WALTER
Thanks again boys.
DON
Pleasure to make you happy, Walt.

PETE
Hope your visit to New York was productive.

WALTER
I'm warming to the place.

Walter is led off by the Secretary.

INT. STERLING COOPER CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)
Pete re-enters the conference room - happy.

DON
Nice work.

PETE
I told you I had ideas.

DON
Yes, you did. Good one. Enjoy it.

Don gives Pete an icy once-over.

PETE
You know what I think? I think I did something good and you got a compliment for it.

Salvatore winces. Don looks around the room.

DON
(casually)
Listen, Pete. I need you to go and get a cardboard box. Then put your things in it. Okay?

Don exits. Salvatore and Pete watch him go.

SALVATORE
You picked the wrong time to buy an apartment.

On Pete, looking confused and worried.

INT. STERLING COOPER - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 3)
Pete heads for his office, trying not to hyperventilate.
31 INT. STERLING COOPER - PETE’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 31
Pete enters to find Ken and Harry, lounging around listening to another cut from the Bob Newhart album.

PETE
Everybody out. Now.
The guys do a double take. What’s his problem?

PETE (CONT’D)

Now.
Ken and Harry hustle out of the office. Pete looks around.

32 INT. S.C. - OUTSIDE PETE’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3) 32
We see the Bob Newhart record and sleeve being tossed into the hallway. It flies by Hildy, at her desk.

33 INT. STERLING COOPER - ROGER’S OFFICE - SAME TIME (DAY 3) 33
Don enters. ROGER is at his desk.

DON
Remember Pete Campbell’s last day?
(off Roger’s confused look)
It’s today.

ROGER
What happened?

DON
While I was breaking my neck trying to fix the hash he made yesterday, he was at the St. Regis pitching copy. His copy.

ROGER
Little shit.

34 INT. STERLING COOPER - PETE’S OFFICE - SAME TIME (DAY 3) 34
Pete fills a tumbler with scotch. Sits on the couch on the verge of tears.
INT. DOCTOR WAYNE'S OFFICE - (DAY 3)

Betty lies back. DR. WAYNE sits behind her with his pad.

BETTY
It was hard to see her. All alone, like that. Supporting herself with that sad little job at the jewelry store. Frozen food? I mean, I know she gets some kind of help. But still. She looks so exhausted. She tries to put on a brave face.

He jots down notes. She turns a bit. He stares at her. She turns back, chastened. Lights a cigarette as she continues.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Honestly, I think she's jealous of me. I've seen it before. I was in a sorority.

She takes a drag and blows it out.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I mean, seeing happy families all around. But I don't really know what I can do. I mean, I can't just disappear. I live there. Of course, my real concern is those children. The baby won't know the difference, I guess. But, that poor little boy.

(thinks)
The person taking care of him isn't giving him what he needs.

(beat)
You know?

She shakes her head.

INT. S.C. - OUTSIDE COOPER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (DAY 3)

Don and Roger are standing in front of the closed door to Cooper's office. His SECRETARY - an older woman in her 60's - sits at her desk behind them. Before they enter, they pull off their shoes. Roger shrinks an inch. Don notices. Roger doesn't look at him as they enter.

INT. STERLING COOPER - COOPER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)

Don and Roger enter the room. It's vast and Japanese.
COOPER
Gentlemen. Please.

The group sits. Roger finds himself facing a group of framed photographs on the credenza behind COOPER. One of them is of a 30 year old Cooper with a nine year old boy sitting on his knee.

ROGER
(re: photograph)
You really love that thing.

COOPER
You were cute back then.

Don takes in the picture. Why, it’s little Roger Sterling.

COOPER (CONT’D)
Pete Campbell.

ROGER
On his way out.

COOPER
Sorry to hear that.

ROGER
It can’t be avoided, I’m afraid.

COOPER
I wish I could agree with that.

ROGER
He’s a Junior Account Executive who brought his own idea to a client. In a bar. There are rules.

COOPER
There are other rules.

DON
What’s the problem?

COOPER
New York City is a marvelous machine, filled with a mesh of levers and gears and springs. Like a fine watch. Wound tight and always ticking.

DON
Sounds more like a bomb.
COOPER
(to Don)
How much do you know about Pete's family?
DON
Nothing. Except they put out a mediocre product.

COOPER
His mother is Dorothy Dykeman Campbell.
(off Don's look)
The Dykmans owned pretty much everything north of 125th Street.
Which, I don't know how good your geography is, but, that's a fair chunk of the island.

DON
So they're rich. So what?

COOPER
(laughs)
No, his grandfather dropped it all in '29. Panicked. Some people have no confidence in this country.

DON
What's your concern then?

COOPER
Well, I don't want Dorothy Dykeman Campbell standing on the dock in Fisher's Island this summer talking about how badly Sterling Cooper treated her son.

ROGER
I don't think any of us want that.

Don shakes his head. This is bullshit.

COOPER
We lose him, we lose our entree to Trinity, Deke, The Maidstone Club, the Century Club, Dartmouth, Gracie Mansion sometimes-- It's a marquee issue for us. See my point?

DON
Absolutely. He's more valuable to the agency than I am.

COOPER
Don't fool yourself - there's a Pete Campbell at every agency out there.
DON
Well, let’s get one of the other ones then.

COOPER
You’re going to need a stronger stomach if you’re going to be back in the kitchen seeing how the sausage is made.

DON
I thought it was a big watch.

COOPER
(laughs)
You handle the words. You know how much we want you here with us.

ROGER
No doubt about that. Don’s a big boy, Bert. Aren’t you Don?

Roger looks at Don, scrutinizing. Don relents.

DON
Well, thank you, sir.

COOPER
There you go. I’m glad we’re all better now.

Cooper starts whistling “This Old Man” and takes out a nail scissor. It’s over. Roger gets up. Don follows.

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INT. STERLING COOPER – PETE’S OFFICE – LATER (DAY 3) 38

Pete lays on his couch, half filled box on the floor. Roger and Don march in. Pete sits up, stands.

ROGER
What you did is totally unacceptable.

PETE
I realize that.

ROGER
I want you to be very clear on this: you were fired. I wanted you out of here. Cooper wanted you out of here. And you would be - if it weren’t for this man.

(re: Don)
(MORE)
ROGER (CONT'D)
He thought you deserved a another
chance.

Don looks as surprised by this revelation as Pete does.

ROGER (CONT'D)
That's right. He fought for you.

PETE
I don't know what to say.

ROGER
(off Don's silence)
Say nothing. You are here because
of Don Draper's largesse.

PETE
Thank you. Thank you so much.

Don still says nothing.

ROGER
I know your generation never
served, so I'll illuminate you.
This man is your commanding
officer. You live and die in his
shadow. Understood?

Pete nods. A beat. Roger looks satisfied, turns to go.

PETE
I won't let you down, Don.

ROGER
Aw, Jesus, Campbell. Don't ever
say that.

INT. STERLING COOPER - DON'S OFFICE - EVENING (NIGHT 3)

Roger is seated on the couch, a leg up, nursing a drink. Don
stands at his bar cart, fixing himself another.

ROGER
I bet daily friendship with that
bottle attracts more people to
advertising than any salary you
could dream of.

DON
It's why I got in.

Don takes a long sip without turning around.
ROGER
So enjoy it.

DON
I’m doing my best here.

ROGER
No. You’re not. You don’t know how to drink. Your whole generation. You drink for the wrong reasons.

(as Don sits)
Now, my generation? We drink because it’s good. Because it feels better than unbuttoning your collar. Because we deserve it. We drink because it’s what men do.

DON
What about shaky hands? I’ve seen a lot of that too with you boys.

ROGER
No joke. Your kind, with your gloomy thoughts? Your worries. You’re all busy licking some imaginary wound.
DON
Not all imaginary.

ROGER
Boo-hoo.

DON
Maybe I'm not as comfortable with being powerless as you are.

ROGER
(taken aback)
Pardon?

They stare at each other. Roger takes a sip.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You know, you shouldn't compete with Pete Campbell.

DON
I'm not.

ROGER
You are. Not on a personal level, but for the world.

Don laughs.
ROGER (CONT'D)
I don’t know-- Maybe every
generation thinks the next one is
the end of it all. I bet people in
the Bible were walking around
complaining about “kids today”.

DON
Kids today. They have no one to
look up to. Because they’re
looking up to us.

Roger looks at Don, nods. Don shrugs. Roger holds his glass
up for more.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING (NIGHT 3)

Pete, Trudy and ELAINE - the real estate agent - are walking
into the living room from the back of the apartment.

ELAINE
...of course if you’re not going to
have live-in help, that back room
can be used for any number of
things.

TRUDY
Oh, I don’t think we’ll be having
live-in help just yet.
(to Pete)
Do you, sweetheart?

PETE
(scanning the room)
No. I think we’ll be managing on
our own for now.

The DOORBELL rings.

The front door (unlocked) opens to reveal the Vogels and
MRS. LYMAN, mid-50’s, wool dress, pearls. As they enter:
ELAINE
(to Mrs. Lyman)
Oh, I'm so glad you could come.
(to Pete and Trudy)
I'd like you to meet Mrs. Clifford Lyman. She'll be one of your new neighbors. And she's on the co-op board.
(re: Vogels)
And of course, you know these two.

TOM
(big grin)
Where's the nursery at?

Pete shakes hands, gives a little kiss to Jeannie.

PETE
Thank you, Tom.

TOM
I don't want to hear that again.

TRUDY
Mrs. Lyman. Trudy Cambpell. So nice to meet you.

MRS. LYMAN
Well, aren't you darling, the two of you.

PETE
(shaking her hand)
Pleasure.

MRS. LYMAN
Now, I know I shouldn't ask, but I have to: your mother-in-law was just telling me that your great, great grandfather was a farmer with Isaac Roosevelt. Is that right?

Pete looks at her, a little surprised.

PETE
Um. Yes, that's true.

JEANNIE
That would be Nicholas Dykeman, right? On his mother's side.
TRUDY
Can you imagine? Orchards? On
204th street? He was buried at the
Church of the Intercession.

MRS. LYMAN
Oh my goodness! Wait till I tell
my husband we’re going to have a
Dykenman living in the building.
He’ll be so thrilled.

TRUDY
Sweetheart, tell Mrs. Lyman the
story about your great, great aunt
getting into that fight with the
British soldier and the Hessian.

Pete looks at Trudy, his in-laws, then Mrs. Lyman.

PETE
You tell her, dear. You tell it so
much better than I do.

Pete moves off toward the terrace. He looks out at the view
as the fawning conversation continues behind him.

TRUDY (O.S.)
Well, I think it was his great,
great aunt. Or great, great, great
- I’m not sure. But it was before
the Revolutionary War. And the
Dykenmans owned a large tract of
land just north of Central Park.
Of course, it wasn’t called Central
Park back then, but...

On Pete standing quite separate from them all, we

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW