

MAD MEN
"UPTOWN SATURDAY NIGHT"
by
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Contact:
Jennifer Levine, Untitled Entertainment

FADE IN

INT. NYC GRAND CENTRAL STATION - MID MORNING - STORMY WEATHER

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Eleven fifteen, Harlem Line, to
Harlem, Bedford, Pleasantville,
White Plains, now departing on
track nine. New York Central,
Harlem Line, track nine!

DON DRAPER enters the station through shiny brass doors,
dressed in a soaked trench coat. He lowers his umbrella and
looks at his watch.

HIS WATCH: 11:11

Don walks to the middle of the marble hall and stands next
to..

THE BIG CLOCK

Scanning the room, he checks his watch.

ANNOUNCER
Final call for the eleven fifteen
Harlem Line, track Nine! All
aboard!

Annoyed, Don hurries to the entrance to TRACK NINE and
disappears down the ramp.

INT. NY CENTRAL HARLEM LINE TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Don sits. The car lurches forward on its way.

TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

INT/EXT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS - 110TH STEET

The train emerges from the tunnel into a dreary, gray day.

(V.O.)
Tickets.

The CONDUCTOR moves through, taking tickets as the train
rolls through uptown neighborhoods.

Don pays for his, then settles back into his seat.

The rain flows down the window. It's a soothing beat.

Suddenly, the rain slows and darkness lifts from the car.

Sunlight flickers across his features and across his eyes. Dazzled, Don leans in.

DON'S POV: HARLEM

The storm, evaporated. The clouds, dispersed. Harlem gleams.

CONDUCTOR

Next stop: One hundred twenty-fifth street!

CUT TO

INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - TWO DAYS EARLIER

(PETE O.S.)

Seagram's is *the* premium liquor brand.

INT. STERLING COOPER AD AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM

The Sterling Cooper team takes up one side of the conference table. Present are Don Draper, ROGER STERLING, BERT COOPER.

PETE CAMPBELL addresses the room.

PETE

An iconic company that gets better with age in every way. We at Sterling Cooper have a passion for your product, Mister Bronfman and we want to be your agency of record.

The catch of the day? **SAMUEL BRONFMAN**, 70's, OWNER OF JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & COMPANY.

Samuel sits at the head of the table. A well-heeled gentleman with steely black eyes.

His son, **EDGAR M. BRONFMAN**, 40, a pampered prince of the liquor industry, smooths his hair and shoots his cuffs. He's all pride and no joy.

PETE (CONT'D)

But, for now, we're willing to settle for just a slice of your overall ad business. A portion where, we believe, the potential for its improvement and success is a matter of life or death for your entire company. What is it..?

Pete pauses for effect, his audience on tenterhooks..

PETE (CONT'D)

Your minority business. We want to re-brand your minority business.

Silence as the men wrap their minds around Pete's statement.

ROGER

(mouths to Don)

Minority business?

Don sits up, alert at this strange turn.

PETE

Our market research shows us that currently thirteen percent of Seagram's revenues come from an under-served consumer group.

Don, clearly unprepared for Pete's wild pitch, throws him the hairy eyeball, but Pete's on a roll.

PETE (CONT'D)

Negroes.

SAMUEL

Negroes?

BURT

My god.

DON

Pete.

PETE

Seagram's Seven Crown and Crown Royal Canadian Whisky.

SAMUEL

I didn't come here to talk about the Negro problem. My record of giving is unmatched.

PETE

I'm not talking about your giving, I'm talking about your business.

EDGAR

We can't have a Negro problem, we're Canadian.

PETE

Well you do and you can't afford to ignore them any longer.

SAMUEL

I'm not son, but would that I were.
Seems to me if doing *nothing* gets
something, that is good business.
So, why the hell would I change it?

PETE

Because the times are changing. New
markets, new revenue, new
competitors. And they advertise.

Pete slides several BLACK-OWNED NEWSPAPERS across the long
table. He opens the *AMSTERDAM NEWS* and folds it out on a
large double-paged ad for JIM BEAN WHISKEY.

PETE (CONT'D)

Six months ago Jim Beam had four
percent of the brown goods market,
now they have *six*.

Beat.

SAMUEL

So what? They don't have our
reputation. And that reputation has
prospered through prohibition, the
Depression, two World Wars and, God
willing, Topo Gigio. I think our
Negroes are doing just fine.

DON

I think what Pete's trying..

PETE

Negroes are not a passing fad.
We're asking for a chance to build
and grow a lucrative niche market.
Let us dazzle you. If we do well
then we'll expect you to reevaluate
our service and negotiate for
access to your premium products
across the board. I see no reason
why, with limited investment and
tailored ads, Seagram's shouldn't
gain twenty percent of this unique
audience, while growing its current
profit share to five million
dollars per quarter. How's that
sound?

(he's got 'em)

Or are you too embarrassed to hold
onto business you haven't earned.

Oops, too far. Edgar stands and buttons his jacket.

SAMUEL

This meeting is over..

DON

Mister Bronfman, my colleague Pete may be clumsy in his approach but he's right.

(beat)

You're concerned that your reputation with your key consumer, *whites*, will be damaged, but that will not happen.

EDGAR

You can't guarantee that.

DON

Yes Edgar, I can, because your key consumer does not read the Amsterdam News.

That's true.

DON (CONT'D)

Forecasting growth and loss *is* your business Samuel. You only stand to gain if you court a growing demographic that already likes what you're selling.

(a beat)

What's the downside to making more money?

Now he's playing Samuel's song. The old man sighs and takes a long draw on his cigar.

SAMUEL

Twenty percent huh?

(exhales, looks at the "Negro" ad)

The future ain't what it used to be.

Pete smiles. Don seethes.

INT. BURT'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

DON

I'm going to fire him.

ROGER

I gotta say it was Cowboys and Indians for a second there, but the red man won this round.

BERT

We don't know how to buy that media.

Pete walks in.

PETE

Well, that went well.

ROGER

You're fired.

PETE

No good deed..

DON

You set us up like marks and ambushed a major client so you could be hero in a pathetic power grab. How long have you been planning this performance?

PETE

I just got us a premium brand liquor client and that's grounds to fire me? In what world is that sane?

BERT

I thought this was a shot at the main chance. A pitch for their top business, not taking a political stance. Minorities? We're Sterling Cooper we don't play footsie. We don't grub around for crumbs. It's unseemly. Don's right.

(to Pete)

You're fired.

PETE

The Negro market is the next big thing and I knew if I revealed my full plan you would all say no.

DON

Do you even know a Negro?

PETE

Market research will tell me everything I need to know. Negroes are just like everybody else.

ROGER

Only Negro.

PETE

Can we please try and expand our minds?

ROGER

I'll drink to that.

Don gives him a look.

BERT

Let's focus-group this.

Bert presses his intercom.

BERT (CONT'D)

Joyce, please send in Miss Chambers please.

Don is not pleased.

DON

Let's not and say we did.

ROGER

This is fun.

DAWN CHAMBERS, Don's negro secretary, arrives, pen and pad in hand.

BERT

Here she is. Thank you. Please sit down. We have a dispute. We need your ..*unique* opinion.

Dawn sits. Waits.

ROGER

(to Pete)

Well?

PETE

Ms. Chambers, may I call you Dawn?
(Dawn nods)

When you drink Seven Crown Whiskey, well uh, when would you drink it?

DAWN

I don't drink it.

PETE

Of course you don't. You look like a martini woman, but *if* you were to drink it when would you?

DAWN

(with conviction)

I'm a Jehovah's Witness.

Pete's mum on that.

BERT

Thank you Dawn. That will be all.

Dawn stands and exits.

PETE

A teetotaller. She's a real credit to her race.

Roger laughs out loud.

PETE (CONT'D)

So, we don't sell hard liquor to Jehovah's Witnesses. What's your point.

DON

Creative is only half of it, but it's the part that matters. And I know enough to know we know jackall about negroes. But our new bootlegging, gun-slinging client will not wait for you to get hip.

PETE

You were in the Army Don, you should know a Negro or two.

Army? Alluding to Don's past is dangerous. Pete knows he has crossed a line. The mood goes dark.

Bert, oblivious turns to Roger.

BERT

Roger was in the service. World War Two. You must know a few?

ROGER

Navy.

(off Pete's "so" look)

The only desegregated branch. Yeah,
I know a guy who'll know. I'll give
him a call.

Roger exits the office.

PETE

I'll admit my methods were,
aggressive but it turned out
positive.

DON

(serious)

Don't ever do that again.

PETE

Fair enough.

(lingers)

I think I should go with you on
this ..reconnaissance. It's my
deal. I'd like to see it through.
Admit it Don, we make a good team.

Don is silent. Pete exits. Bert follows.

Don exhales.

INT. OUTSIDE DON'S OFFICE

Dawn sits at her typewriter.

DAWN

Your wife called. Twice.

DON

Call her back.

Don enters his office. He removes his jacket. His phone
rings. Don picks up.

DON (CONT'D)

Is everything okay?

MEGAN (O.C.)

My mother's here.

Silence.

DON

Is she okay?

INT. BALCONY - DRAPER APARTMENT

Megan sips a soda.

MEGAN

She's fine. Just wanted to see me.
She's in the guest room napping.

Silence.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Don?

DON (O.C.)

How long is she staying?

MEGAN

The weekend. Daddy will come
Saturday night. I thought the three
of us could do something on
Saturday. A play, the ballet? You
haven't spent much time with my
mother.

BACK TO DON

Don stands at his bar. He pours a long drink.

DON

Saturday's no good I have to vet a
new agency.

MEGAN (O.C.)

Don..

DON

It just came up. I'll have to, uh,
we'll do something Sunday. Brunch.
All of us. Okay. I have to go I'll
be home early. We'll have dinner
together. I promise.

MEGAN (O.C.)

I love you.

DON

I love you. Bye bye.

Don hangs up. Looks at the phone, miserable.

The door opens. Roger enters. All smiles, he makes a beeline
to Don's bar.

(the normally immaculately-turned-out Roger plays this entire scene without noticing his tie is seriously askew).

ROGER

(with enthusiasm)

Just got off the phone with Benny Ashburn. Harlem man, knew him from my Navy days. I haven't thought about that devil in - I think I was nineteen.? My god. You can't tell it to look at me but..

(pours himself a drink,

looks at it, doesn't drink)

I was not always deep sea material. It's true. They should've put me in dry dock but my dad was a big noise. So they hid me down in stores. That's where I met Benny. We spent months in that musty shit-hole doling out supplies and playing pinochle for cigarettes. Miserable. But it was life one-oh-one for me, watching him handle things. Benny was the guy. He taught me how to be *me*.

He puts his drink down.

ROGER (CONT'D)

The war ended, we lost touch. Then I'm at Capote's Black and White Ball, there's Javits, Dietrich, Astor and Benny. Tuxedo, spotlight on him.

Don's look says "Really?"

ROGER (CONT'D)

He was in the *band*. Nearly tackled him. I wished my old man could've been there. Just for the look on his face.

(chuckles)

Good ol' Benny.

(his face darkens, he

hands Don a number)

Leon Early Agency on Lenox in Harlem.

Dawn enters and feeds Don a stack of paper to sign.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Benny says he's a real comer.

DON

Yes, but will he play ball? I'll set it up for Saturday.

ROGER

Saturday?

DON

If they want our business they'll make it their business to be there.

(Don lights up)

And Megan's mother is in town for the weekend.

ROGER

Say no more.

Dawn exits.

ROGER (CONT'D)

You ever been to Harlem?

DON

Of course.

ROGER

In the daytime.

Don reacts. Roger winks and heads for the door.

DON

Roger?

ROGER

Mm?

DON

Your tie.

Roger sees his tie, reacts, exits.

CUT TO:

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger sits at his desk. His suit and tie are perfect, but he looks just slightly ..different. There is a half SUGAR CUBE on the desk in front of him.

Roger squints at something on the floor, a speck, marring his pristine white shag rug..

He does a double-take as the speck seems to double in size. He bends and picks it up.

ROGER'S POV: A .38 CAL. BULLET

Hmmm..

Looking up, he turns and stares at the ABSTRACT DOT PAINTING on his wall. The dots distort, swirl and shift subtly. Roger smiles.

Roger stands, confronts the painting. He moves to touch the abstract design and when he does, the dots glide away from his fingertips..

..making a man-sized KEYHOLE.

Without hesitation, Roger steps through, to..

INT. STERLING COOPER - OFFICE HALLWAY.

Secretaries type and bustle down the hall. As Roger walks, they greet him. Something is different, but Roger can't quite figure it out. He stops a STOCKY SECRETARY.

ROGER
Where am I?

STOCKY SECRETARY
Roger Sterling you are a crack-up.

Laughing, she moves off. A dark figure rushes pass him.

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Roger. Get a move on son.
Daylight's burning.

ROGER
Dad?

Roger turns and sees his father, **ROGER STERLING, SR.**, 40s walking away down the hall, along A WALL OF MIRRORED GLASS. His father? Then Roger catches his own image:

He stares in recognition, the clothes, the hair, the carpet: It's Sterling Cooper 1926. And he is eleven years old. Call him YOUNG ROGER.

He wears a boy's version of his father's suit, and his TIE is askew.

YOUNG ROGER
O-kay.

Off Young Roger's face we...

CUT TO

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM 125TH STREET - HARLEM - SATURDAY

Don exits the train, walks out onto the platform. He follows the crowd down the stairs to the street.

EXT. 125TH STREET - HARLEM

Hustle and bustle. Negroes, "Spanish", Whites.

One look tells us this ain't the Harlem Renaissance. The neighborhood is raggedy, in decline, its best days behind it.

Don crosses the street to arrive at...

MADISON AVENUE

Rounding the corner Don bumps into... **A BLACK MUSLIM**

Don eyeballs the man. Except for a BOW TIE and a handful of "Muhammad Speaks", the two opposites look alike. A slight nod from both acknowledges that fact.

He moves on and looks around.

RETAIL STORES line the streets.

BAR, DISCOUNT CLOTHING, FURNITURE SHOP, LIQUOR STORE, CHURCH, REPEAT. BAR, DISCOUNT CLOTH...

Many with names like Berkowitz, Edelstein, Romano, all vestiges of segregation.

DON

Checks his address: 307 Madison Avenue. Sees the sign:

"DISCOUNT FURNITURE"

Discount furniture?

He looks harder, there is a doorway. He enters.

INT. 307 MADISON VESTIBULE

Dark staircase. Not promising. Don climbs, arrives at..

A HALLWAY OFF A LANDING

Three suites. A SIGN reads:

"EARLY AGENCY #2"

He knocks, then enters.

INT. THE EARLY AGENCY

The office is little shabby, but brighter than the entrance. Potted plants, a sofa and chair. The Early Agency is striving.

A SHAPELY SECRETARY, **SHEILA YANCY** sits front and center behind a desk.

Behind her, a series of OFFICES separated by wooden partitions with pebbled glass inserts fills the modest space.

Hand-painted signs decorate glass doors. Framed AD WORK sits proudly on a shelf holding several AWARDS.

SHEILA
(standing)
Mister Draper, we're expecting you.
I'm Sheila. May I?

His hat and coat?

DON
Thank you.

SHEILA
I'll let Mister Early know you're here. May I get you something to drink?

DON
No, thank you.

She smiles, disappears, then boom, moments later, she's back.

SHEILA
Right this way please.

Don follows her, down the hall. As they pass, VARIOUS SILHOUETTES move behind glass office doors.

Sheila opens the end hall door, revealing a TALL BLACK MAN. **LEON EARLY**, 30's approaches. Big smile, open palm.

LEON
Leon Early, nice to meet you.

DON
Thank you, Don Draper.

LEON
How was your ride?

DON
Wet. Nice place you have here.

LEON
Thank you.

There's something familiar about Leon - tall, alpha, controlled. You might call him a Don Draper type.

Leon indicates a chair, Don sits down. Leon walks to a SMALL BAR.

LEON (CONT'D)
Would you like coffee? Something stronger? Maker's Mark I believe?

DON
(checks his watch)
No, thank you. I'm hoping to catch the four o'clock back.

Leon pours himself a glass.

LEON
Thank you Sheila.

Sheila smiles and leaves.

The way Leon watches her go tells Don there's more than meets the eye to that relationship.

LEON (CONT'D)
You're a big deal for us up here.

Leon points to a FRAMED *LUCKY STRIKE* CIGARETTE AD.

LEON (CONT'D)
One of yours. I keep it there, it's "*aspirational*" for us.

DON
Thank you. That's very flattering. Benny Ashburn speaks highly of you.

LEON
Benny's a good man.

Beat, as the two men take each other in.

LEON (CONT'D)

Don, I know why you're here.

DON

You do?

LEON

You need our agency to help you market to Negro consumers. And the client you're servicing must be top five and impatient to get a star like you to come uptown on a Saturday.

Don wasn't expecting this. Beat.

DON

Okay, you got me. What next.

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don Draper, are you in there?

The door opens, Don turns and sees --

DON

Burt Peterson?

Standing in the door is **BURT PETERSON**, ex-Sterling Cooper Accounts Director. He's a little grayer, balder but it him.

BURT

In living color.

LEON

Welcome to Madison Avenue, North.
(re Don and Leon)
Feel like I'm seeing double.

DON

(to Leon)

You know, I think I will have that drink.

Leon smiles, he's already poured it. He hands glasses to Don and Burt and lifts a glass himself.

BURT

(toasts)

Welcome to Harlem. Brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - COS COB, GREENWICH, CT. - MORNING

Pete, PHONE in hand, looks anxiously out of his bay window. It's raining. His car sits in the driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Pete has his coat and hat on, his briefcase in his hand. He sits on a floral settee.

PETE

Trudy where is the baby sitter?
Of course I called her, there was
no answer, then I called you..
Tammy's fine. She's asleep. I don't
have time for this now. I'm late
for my uptown meeting. Don will be
furious. I need you to come home
now. You said this thing would only
be an hour or so and that was two
hours ago.

(softer)

Sweetheart why can't you drive
yourself home? Monsoon season?
Don't exaggerate Trudy, it's only
little drizzle.

Cue the CRACK OF THUNDER and a ginormous flash of lightning.

CLICK. DIAL TONE.

PETE (CONT'D)

Trudy? Trudy? Hello!

BABY(O.S.)

Wahhhhhhhhhh!

CUT TO:

INT. DRAPER APARTMENT - MANHATTAN - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Megan Draper enters carrying a tray of drinks.

SFX: Rain off the patio.

Her mother, **MARIE CALVET**, is dressed in a bathrobe, her dark locks wrapped in a towel. Marie twirls. Her robe flies open.

MEGAN

Mother, what's gotten into you?

JAZZ MUSIC plays in the b.g. and the pair giggle as Marie dances around the living room. Her moves, though unrehearsed, have a dancer's grace.

MARIE

I love the rain! Come here ma
cherie. Dance!

Megan shimmies over. Mother and daughter dance with abandon, then collapse on the couch, giggling with exhaustion.

They reach for the drinks and they toast.

MEGAN

A l'amour fou!

They gulp their drinks down, then burst out laughing.

MARIE

Lucky girl. To be young, in love,
not a care in the world...
(pinches her)
..and fat.

MEGAN

Mother! I am not.

MARIE

Un petit peu. Ce n'est-pas grave.
You are married, it comes with the
territory.

They listen to the rain, feeling the liquor's effects.

MEGAN

Does it?

MARIE

Yes.

MEGAN

What else comes with the territory?

MARIE

(shrugs)
Let's not be morbid.

They laugh.

MEGAN

I thought it'd be different, but
it's so..

MARIE

Lonely.

Megan nods and faces her mother. Together, they make a spectacularly sexy image. Marie strokes Megan's face.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I miss you. New York is nice, but it's not Quebec. I worry for you, here all alone.

MEGAN

It's unusual for Don to work weekends. But he's so proud of his work. It's not easy but there are perks being the boss's wife. We're happy.

Marie looks at her daughter and, like an x-ray, sees through her.

Megan turns away, her sadness overwhelming and the emotion it stirs, embarrassing.

Marie sits up, tightens her robe.

MARIE

You're young Megan. You can adjust. But if you don't accept *..limitations*, your pain will only worsen. God help you after you lose your looks and your figure.

MEGAN

My god, mother!

MARIE

You must think about these things. It's a curse to be smart and beautiful. And Megan you are a horribly smart girl. You are also my daughter, so unfortunately, you will always be beautiful.

They both smile at that.

MARIE (CONT'D)

But we both know you are not a housewife and an ivory tower life in a high rise over a kingdom can not change this.

MEGAN

I act, mother. I'm an actress. Don lets me go to as many auditions as I want.

MARIE

Yes, of course. As long as you're home by five.

MEGAN

What's wrong with that?

MARIE

You're not a homing pigeon!

The record has ended. All we hear now is the rain.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I hate this rain. I'm hungry. Let's order Chinese.

CUT TO:

INT. LEON'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Don, Burt and Leon are in the office. Burt lights a cigarette.

BURT

I'm probably the last person you thought you see up here. Especially after our fallout. Things got heated there. It's not every day a man gets fired. After fifteen years.

DON

Burt..

BURT

No grudges. It's worked out.

Don looks at Leon, silent.

BURT (CONT'D)

Can you give us a minute?

LEON

Of course.

Leon exits. Don and Burt face each other.

DON

Okay?

BURT

(shrugs)

After my layoff, I worked around. Here and there. I was fine. Then a buddy of mine calls me in, big meeting. They want me to consult on an account. A *Negro* account. No one would touch it. My buddy says, "Burt'll do it." I saw my life begin and end in that moment.

(takes a long drag)

I took the job. Dummy move. I knew nothing about Negroes. Then I met Leon. And, surprise, the campaign made money. Lots of money. Word spread, Negroes were in. I was back in the game. Sort of.

Don shifts in his seat.

DON

You don't have to sell me.

BURT

(laughs)

I'm flattered you think I could. It's okay Don. I'm good here. I oversee operations. Guarantee results. I smooth things over. I'm a bridge. I give this place face and my presence makes investors sleep better. Downtown I may be a bit past it, but up here I'm King Shit. And you know what else?

(leans in)

These coloreds work hard and their people like to buy. Wall Street is onto em' and money sure as hell don't discriminate. This is the future. And for once *I'm* in the vanguard.

Burt downs his drink then stands.

BURT (CONT'D)

I know we have history, but before you make the call, let Leon show you the place. We'll get a drink later and catch up. There's this great joint. I'll drive you back myself.

Before Don can refuse the LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO OUT.

BURT (CONT'D)

The storm's penned us in buddy,
might as well play the hand out.

Burt winks and exits.

BURT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's get some candles going.

Don sits as the storm rages.

CUT TO:

INT. STERLING COOPER - 1926, LSD TIME

Young Roger walks down the office hallway. STURDY SECRETARIES IN HORN-RIMMED GLASSES sit behind noisy typewriters. Young Roger enters in what should be his father's office but is really..

INT. STERLING MANSION - NYC - CONTINUOUS

Quiet, solid, pre-crash money.

YOUNG ROGER

Dad?

ROGER SR.

C'mon in.

Young Roger enters his father's study. It's a well-appointed room with stacks of books, nautical paraphernalia and booze. His father addresses him sternly..

ROGER SR. (CONT'D)

Shut the door.

Young Roger looks around. A BULL MASTIFF, raises its head. Sniffs. The dog starts to growl. Young Roger steps back.

ROGER

Rex, shh! Dog.
(to Young Roger)
Well?

Young Roger is frozen with fear. He wills himself to speak.

YOUNG ROGER

Um. Hi. Uh. I'll be back.

The boy tears out of the room but, with the terrible logic of a dream, is confronted again by Rex, the growling dog.

Young Roger stumbles back into the study, but it's not the study anymore it's..

A STONE PATH leading to the..

EXT. STERLING MANSION - POOL

A BEAUTIFUL **ICY BLONDE WOMAN** lounges in a teak deck chair.

ICY BLOND WOMAN

Hello Roger. Would you please hand me that towel. I'm burning up.

Young Roger turns, sees a polka-dot towel. He picks it up and hands it to the Blonde.

ICY BLOND WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. You're such a good boy.
A pretty boy. So pretty.

She wipes beads of sweat from her ample bosom and from between her thighs.

ICY BLOND WOMAN (CONT'D)

Help me. Come here. I don't bite.

Young Roger leans in and places his hand between her thighs.

The Icy Blond leans back in ecstasy.

Rex BARKS O.S.

And Roger looks up just in time to see HIS FATHER'S FIST enter his field of vision..

And then it all goes BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - COS COB, GREENWICH, CT. - AFTERNOON

A CAB sits in the drive.

The DOOR BELL RINGS O.S.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

Pete answers the door. **CAROL MINARD, MISS MINNIE**, white, late 50s, enters. She lowers her umbrella.

MINNIE

I'm sorry I'm late Mister Campbell.

PETE

We'll discuss this later Minnie. I have to go. I'll take your cab..

MINNIE

I can't stay sir. I have to go back home. My mother is ill.

PETE

What?! Why the hell did you come here then?

MINNIE

To tell you. I called but your phone was busy then it went out. My mother is home alone, she's afraid of the storm. She's seventy-eight years old. She's afraid of dying alone. I have to go back home.

Pete, incredulous, stares at Minnie, then explodes..

PETE

I have one of the most important, no, the most important..

MINNIE

Chopin. Tammy likes to listen to it. It calms her. Feed her cereal, bathe her, wrap her in her *bow-bow*, then give her a warm bottle. She'll sleep for hours.

And as a dumbfounded Pete watches, Minnie turns, pulls the door, opens her umbrella and disappears back into the cab.

For a heartbeat, through the open window of the cab, Pete makes eye contact with the CAB DRIVER, a NEGRO MAN, and Pete reacts..

PETE

Jesus Christ..!

CUT TO:

INT. DRAPER APARTMENT - MANHATTAN - LATE AFTERNOON.

Open Chinese food boxes sit on the dining table. The mood is somber. Mother and daughter eat in silence.

Finished, Megan takes their plates into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Megan rinses the plates, puts them on the drainer. She closes her eyes and sighs. She reaches for the coffee pitcher, puts it on a tray with coffee cups, picks up the tray and exits.

DINING ROOM

Megan pours two cups of coffee, with a dollop of milk and a sugar cube in each.

Marie watches. Amused. Distracted.

MARIE

How long have you been thinking
about divorcing Don?

(off Megan's look)

I know my daughter.

MEGAN

I don't know Mom. It's not
something you're aware of. I don't
keep a calendar.

Marie sips her coffee.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I love him. Sure, he makes me
crazy, but..

MARIE

I'm going to Morocco in April. Come
with me.

(Off Megan's reaction)

Three glorious weeks we'll eat,
shop, sleep, breathe. Meet different
people. The people you know here,
they're all the same

MEGAN

Three weeks? Don wouldn't let me.

MARIE

Let you? Do you hear yourself? My
angel, don't be like me and assume
the future will be better because
you want it to be. Waste your youth.
Come with me and find inspiration to
continue the charade or move on. You
must not be afraid to be who you
are.

Megan in thought.

MARIE (CONT'D)

A caged bird does not sing for very long.

CUT TO:

INT. EARLY AGENCY

Don, bathed in candlelight, sits facing FOUR BLACK MEN. Leon sits off to the side.

DON

This is strange.

LEON

It's a bit unorthodox but an impromptu work session may be the best way to evaluate our team.

Don nods. Leon makes introductions.

LEON (CONT'D)

Paul Fisher, my brother Thomas Early, William Lumbly and Martin Clay.

DON

Look, I don't have a lot of time for this so here's the big deal. And this doesn't leave this room.. Our client is Seagram's Seven Crown.

The men sit up. This is a big deal.

DON (CONT'D)

Who, up until two days ago, had no idea thirteen percent of their business came from Negro consumers. At Sterling Cooper we believe in being good samaritans. So we let them know about this lost fact.

(chuckles)

Then we made a play to double their profits in this untapped market and solidify Seagram's stronghold by purposely building brand awareness in your neighborhood, in your market. I have the weekend to come up with a plan that convinces Samuel Bronfman we are right to spend his money this way. My plan?

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

Find and partner with a Negro agency that can deliver first rate advertising and direct marketing to a company that feels they already own you.

(Ouch)

Bad choice of words, but true. So gentleman, dazzle me.

The men stare at Don.

DON (CONT'D)

Now it's your turn.

The men turn to each other and look at Leon who nods.

THOMAS EARLY

We need to appeal to folk who like the brand and make them become disciples for it. Tell the others.

WILLIAM LUMBLY

What are we working with?

LEON

Brown goods.

MARTIN CLAY

Sales of brown goods are up among Negroes. This is good. We're halfway there. Don looks dazzled already.

They all laugh. Don smiles, lights up a cigarette.

THOMAS EARLY

We like drinks to be sweet.

WILLIAM LUMBLY

Right. We have a sweet tooth.

LEON

Maybe if they mixed it with something.

WILLIAM LUMBLY

Yeah, like a tonic, syrup or juice.

DON

(sour-faced at the thought)

This doesn't need mixers. It's good stuff.

PAUL FISHER

The man's got a point. Don you were
in the Army right?

DON

I was. How..?

PAUL FISHER

I can just tell. Why do soldiers
always put ketchup on Army eggs?
Cause it's reliable. Cause Army
eggs change from day to day.
Ketchup always tastes the same.

(to Don)

So you ask why mess up a perfectly
good whiskey? Uptown you don't know
what a bar is pouring, but mix it
with something and it covers a
whole mess of 'unreliable'.

MARTIN CLAY

Twenty percent of new cocktail
recipes are mixed. The ladies love
them. If we already have men
drinking Seven Crown we can show
them how that bottle can make their
woman happy too. It's good math.

LEON

Seven-Up. It's a lot more fun to
say than tonic water.

WILLIAM LUMBLY

We need a catchy nickname.

And like a bolt of lightning it comes to them.

ALL

"Seven and Seven!"

Suddenly the lights come back on. They all laugh.

WILLIAM LUMBLY

Add a high yella gal in a
Blackglama mink and you got
something there!

Leon looks to Don, shrugs.

LEON

Seven and Seven.

Don nods. Dazzled?

DON
(mildly impressed)
Not bad.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - TAMMY'S NURSERY - PETE'S FACE

Is a puzzled mask.

TAMMY
Ahhhh!

Pete stands over her in the crib, at a loss.

PETE
My god who are you? I wasn't like
you at all when I was a baby.

He walks to the dresser, picks up a baby picture of himself.
The rain streaming silhouettes his face.

PETE (CONT'D)
Mother said I was content. A happy
baby.
(turns back to crib)
Why aren't you a happy baby?

With that Pete picks Tammy up and heads into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Where a bubble bath is waiting. Rubber Ducky afloat.

Pete tests the water. Temperature okay. He places Tammy into
the tub.

Tammy continues to scream.

TAMMY
Ahhhh!

PETE
Tammy you have to try and relax.
Let the water soothe you.

She screams.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pete is undressed in the water. The rubber duck on his head.
Tammy splashes water on her father. She is thrilled. Pete
tries to smile but is miserable.

INT. KITCHEN

Pete, now in a bathrobe, places Tammy into her high chair.

Tammy starts to wail.

TAMMY
Waaaahhhh!

PETE
Where do you get the energy?

Pete puts a pot on the stove turns on the burner and tosses a BOTTLE from the fridge in it.

He walks to the PHONE raises the handset, no dial tone. Sighing Pete slams the phone down.

A renewed wail from Tammy.

TAMMY
Waaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

Pete starts to cry too.

BLACK

Then a CLOSET DOOR opens

Pete bends down, tosses a few things around. Stands and shuts the door.

MASTER BEDROOM

Pete is on his knees. Looks under the bed. Stands exits the room.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Pete opens the door, quickly surveys the tidy room.

Beat.

Then he walks to the dryer, opens it, reaches in, grabs a rust-colored BLANKET from inside and exits.

PETE (O.C.)
I found your Bow-bow!

LIVING ROOM

Pete enters, Bow-bow in hand. Tammy is standing in her crib. She stops crying. Sniffles.

PETE

Atta-girl.

CUT TO:

PETE'S P.O.V. - TAMMY

She sits alone on the couch, propped between two pillows, clutching her Bow-bow.

Pete stands, a silver spoon doubles as a cigarette, he performs his best "Don Draper."

PETE AS DON

What my too brilliant for the room colleague Pete Campbell is trying to say is, 'I'm right and he's wrong.' Mind you he always is except when I say he isn't. That's why I make him do all the work while I take all the credit.

Pete flashes a Don Draper brilliant smile.

PETE

Oh, is that right 'Mister I can sell ice to Eskimos?' Well, I know one person immune to your charisma and movie star good looks. If you like that. Someone who's not buying what you're selling. And that person is my daughter Tammy Campbell. Right Tammy?

Tammy just looks at her dad.

PETE AS DON

Oh yeah? Watch me.

(to Tammy)

You see Tammy that poop in your diaper is what separates you from the lower animals. That warm feeling you've got there? That's poop. You want to poop, you need to poop. It's the only thing that's gonna give you that feeling.

Tammy has a thoughtful look on her face.

PETE

Tammy? What are you doing dear?

Tammy in full concentration.

PETE (CONT'D)

I was kidding. Daddy was joking.
No. Oh no.

Tammy exhales. Smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRAPER APARTMENT BALCONY - SUNSET - LATER

The rain has stopped, the weather has cleared and a muted purple sunset fills the sky.

Megan, deep in thought, sits on the balcony. Marie steps out, wrapped in a shawl.

MARIE

Look Megan.

Megan turns around, her eyes light up.

MEGAN

A rainbow. It's a sign.

MARIE

It's a rainbow.

They admire it in silence.

MARIE (CONT'D)

New York is a gorgeous city. One of the best. What girl in the world wouldn't trade places with you? Don't listen to me, I married a sensible man too. A real stiff, but it can be like pantomime theater.

Megan takes this in. An actor prepares.

MARIE (CONT'D)

He makes me laugh. Without realizing. Makes it bearable.

Megan hugs her mother. They kiss and embrace.

MEGAN

I love you Maman.

MARIE

Of course you do.

They smile.

THE DOORBELL RINGS O.S.

Megan exits into..

INT. LIVING ROOM

The door opens. Megan's father, **EMILE CALVET** stands in the hallway. He is drenched, wrinkled, a disheveled mess.

MEGAN

Daddy?!

MARIE

My God Emile? What happened?

EMILE

What does it looked like happened?
I nearly drowned in a monsoon. Help
me for heaven's sake.

Megan and Marie make a wide berth for Emile, who picks up his Samsonite hardcase SUITCASE and steps into the foyer..

As he does the suitcase falls open and water goes splashing everywhere.

Megan and Marie look at Emile, look back at each other and explode into tipsy giggles...

EMILE (CONT'D)

What? What is wrong with you?

..that quickly blooms into a full laugh..

EMILE (CONT'D)

Are you crazy?

...that is quickly replaced by peals of laughter.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Marie, have you two been drinking?

Uh-oh, it's too much, Megan and Marie bend over. Completely gone now.

Baffled, Emile moves off.

EMILE (CONT'D)

I've walked into a circus.

CUT TO:

INT. EARLY AGENCY - HALLWAY

Don and Leon exit the office. In a great mood.

Burt joins them.

BURT

So?

DON

It's worth exploring.

BURT

I told you these boys were sharp.

DON

We have to work out a split. If we can come to terms, maybe.

LEON

Don and I were going into my office.

BURT

Let's do it.

Don goes forward. Leon hangs back stops Burt.

LEON

It's important I handle this deal.

BURT

I am not sitting this out. Don needs me in there to feel comfortable. Say all the right things.

Burt brushes past Leon.

INT. LEON'S OFFICE

Don and Burt listen while Leon makes his final pitch.

LEON

Negroes spend a disproportionate amount of their disposable income on luxury goods. There's a reason why Cadillacs are the best-selling cars among our people. Along with Florsheim shoes, Johnny Walker and yes, Seagram's Seven Crown.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

We're hungry and ready to represent and market the brands we helped make successful with our money.

DON

I know, that's why I'm willing to give you twenty percent on this account.

LEON

(disappointed)

An eighty-twenty split.

Silence, this was not what Leon or Burt were hoping for.

BURT

Alright, that's just the opening shot. Now, let's really get down to it.

DON

No, Burt, that's the offer. Take it or leave it.

LEON

Don, the going rate on partnerships is thirty-five percent and up. Why would I take less?

DON

It's not a partnership. Sterling Cooper is just farming out a small part of the overall campaign. It's work for hire.

Leon looks to Burt, who is silent.

DON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if this wasn't what you were expecting, but despite being impressed with your agency I'm the one taking a chance here and you have no real track record. You need me, I don't need you.

Burt thinks about it. Swallows.

BURT

Don's right. Leon that's a fair deal.

LEON

Fair? Buying us cheap then selling us dear. That's not a fair deal, that's Dutch colonialism. We all know how that worked out for the Indians.

Burt and Don exchange a look. The reference lost on them.

LEON (CONT'D)

A few furs, beads, and some fire-water was all it took for the white man to conquer Manhattan. Well, sorry Don, Harlem's not for sale.

Don bristles at Leon's vehemence. Burt stands.

BURT

Now wait just a minute Leon, Don's not Dutch. Are you Don? And what's this Indian bead business got to do with our deal?

DON

Look, I didn't come here to make history and I certainly didn't come to change it. A premium brand just fell into your lap, a "Thank you" would be nice. But if you don't like my terms I'll find someone who will or make do. I need an answer. I'm offering you a seat at the table. You make good on it and you can eat the food too.

Burt looks to Leon. Leon points to a plaque on the wall.

LEON

We did this campaign a while back for Gimbel's, a premiere department store. The goal? Bring more Negroes to shop downtown. Buy their clothes at Gimbel's. We ran a simple coupon ad in the Amsterdam News.

(smiles)

It wasn't easy to get Negroes to believe the ad wasn't a hoax, but we did and they went downtown. Gimbel's sales increased ten percent in one quarter. Uptown the Gimbel's brown paper shopping bag was more popular than the clothes it held.

BURT

Damn right, humans have aspirations.

LEON

Yes, it's one of our least admirable traits.

DON

Why are you telling me this?

LEON

I don't know.

DON

What are we really doing here?

LEON

I got a call from Edgar Bronfman Friday afternoon offering my agency the chance to pitch for its Negro advertising business for Seagram's Crown Royal.

Don sits up, this *is* news.

Burt is silent, stunned.

DON

(to Burt)

You knew this and you let me come up here and make an ass of myself.

BURT

Wh-what? No. This is the first I've heard of this Don. God's truth.

LEON

Your assistant called Thursday saying you'd come in Saturday for a general meeting with us. I didn't understand until today, until you said the account was for Seagram's Seven Crown, that the two were connected.

DON

So, that whole business in there, "Seven and Seven" was a setup?

LEON

No, that was real. My team knew nothing about Edgar's call.

DON
But you knew.

LEON
I knew.

Beat. Leon's got the upper hand. Don simmers.

DON
But wait there's more?

LEON
Yes, Don there's more. Remember that Gimbel's campaign? It was instructive. I learned that although our premium client was glad to have our money, it came with a cost. When their white customers saw all those Negroes with Gimbel's bags, they decided the store was not for them. Faced with white flight, Gimbel's decided they didn't want Negro customers and their money.

(sincerely)
When you came all the way up to Harlem, I knew I had to dazzle you. I couldn't let you walk out of here without showing you what my team could do. See them in action. Impress the great Don Draper, so you could bear witness to and acknowledge the value of our participation.

DON
And you wanted to see if I'd offer a better split.

Burt looks confused.

DON (CONT'D)
Edgar Bronfman may have called, but the reason we're still talking is that he gave you a bum deal. Less than mine. Let me guess. Fifteen percent?

The silence is deafening and Don knows he has Leon.

DON (CONT'D)
C'mon Leon we're all in now. The Dutch have taken Manhattan.

(MORE)

DON (CONT'D)

Let's play it out. What'd that Canadian bastard offer you? Twelve percent? Ten?

LEON

Seven.

BURT

Son of a bitch!

Don is silent, genuinely embarrassed for Leon.

A beat.

We hear the rain has stopped. Early evening light floods the room.

DON

(getting it)

So, I'm insurance.

Leon is silent. Don stands.

DON (CONT'D)

Leon, this has been ..instructive.
Burt, good luck.

BURT

What the hell is going on here?
This meeting is not over.

DON

Yes it is.

LEON

It doesn't have to be.

DON

I'm done.

LEON

A deal.. a partnership, could be worked out here. The Bronfmans don't have to have the last say.

Don waits for more. The rest goes fast.

LEON (CONT'D)

Your instinct was correct Don, negroes are in. Well, exploit that. You have other clients, big money clients who think of my people as outsiders to the American dream.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

You're a master salesman, the perfect ambassador to let them know they're leaving money on the table and that our money is as green as theirs.

Leon stands up and closes the distance between them..

LEON (CONT'D)

The Leon Early Agency will be your conduit to the new world. No downside here. You get to live up to your reputation as a maverick while providing cover for retail cowards who need assurance that Negro money doesn't have cooties.

BURT

He's right Don, it's fair play and you'll have it over that asshole Bronfman who took your idea and came straight to the source.

(wryly)

I guess they decided they didn't need a middle man.

DON

Partners?

LEON

We can't be ignored forever.

DON

(not budging)

Twenty-eighty.

Beat. A standoff, then..

LEON

Welcome to Harlem.

DON

(corrects him)

Welcome to Madison Avenue.

Both men extend hands and shake. Wary new allies.

BURT

(relieved)

I'll drink to that!

CUT TO:

INT. STERLING MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - LSD TIME

SFX; SOFT WHEEZING

Young Roger's eyes flutter open.

A HOSPITAL BED looks out of place in this dark, wood-paneled room. A WOMAN, ROGER'S MOTHER, **BETH STERLING**, 40s, lies in fetal position on her side. Her labored breath tells us she's in a world of pain.

Young Roger stares at her, until his reverie is interrupted by..

LAUGHTER O.S.

He turns from his mother's bed..

Is that MUSIC?

MUSIC O.S. "*See See Rider Blues*", a growling, lascivious song by Ma Rainey and Louis Armstrong.

Young Roger exits the bedroom and goes to a desk, unlocks the top drawer, reaches inside..

And pulls out a small GUN, a .38 CAL. REVOLVER

ROGER SR.(O.S.)
Lose the towel, that's right..

Young Roger walks down the hall toward the study, his face determined

Suddenly, Rex stands, cocks his head and growls, blocking Young Roger's path.

YOUNG ROGER
Shh, dog!

Rex stands down, moves off into the shadows.

Young Roger reaches for the knob and opens the door.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The Icy Blonde Woman, naked but for the polka-dot towel in her hand, grinds slowly to the music.

YOUNG ROGER'S POV - ROGER SR.'S SILHOUETTE.

Young Roger stops and plants his feet.

He tightens his grip around the gun he holds behind his back.
Slowly, he lowers it.

ROGER SR.
So? Speak.

ICY BLONDE WOMAN
He's so pretty.

Young Roger fingers the trigger, lifts and points the gun.

ROGER SR.
For God's sake Roger.

The Icy Blonde Woman stops dancing, points to the floor.

ICY BLONDE WOMAN
You've peed your pants.

YOUNG ROGER
(sotto voce)
I've peed my pants.

Yes, Young Roger has peed his pants. Rex licks the floor.

ROGER SR.
Navy'll toughen you up, son. Make
a man out of you.

YOUNG ROGER
(disgusted)
That's a cliché, Dad.

The gun hanging limply at his side, Young Roger turns around
and walks out of the door, back to the future...

INT. STERLING, COOPER, DRAPER, PRYCE - THURSDAY

Roger fingers the bullet. Stares off into space.

Is reality assuming its normal shape once again?

He breathes, blinks.

He looks none the worse for this acid trip, one that has
taken only seconds in real time, except for one thing:

His TIE is now askew (and we see this momentary trip took
place before he told Don about his friend Benny Ashburn.)

Picks up the phone. Dials.

ROGER
Benny? Roger Sterling..

CUT TO:

INT. A HARLEM NIGHTCLUB

Burt and Don follow a GORGEOUS BLACK HOSTESS to a table in crowded bar.

Don and Burt sit down as a JAZZ COMBO begins playing.

DON
I've got to make a call.

BURT
Sure thing. Hostess has a phone up front.

Don weaves his way back to the front.

DON
I'd like to use your phone.

The Hostess hands him the hand set. Don dials.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - COS COB, GREENWICH, CT.

The PHONE RINGING. RINGING. Stops.

Baby Tammy in his arms, Pete is asleep on the couch. CHOPIN plays O.S.

A CAR DOOR SHUTS O.S.

A few beats later, Pete's wife, **TRUDY CAMPBELL**, enters.

TRUDY
Peter I'm..

She stops short when she sees the tranquil, albeit messy scene. Smiling, Trudy sighs and shakes her head.

INT. HARLEM CLUB - HOSTESS DESK

Don is on the phone talking to..

MEGAN - ALONE IN THE APARTMENT

Her mixed feelings show on her face, in her voice.

DON

I'm sorry this took longer than I wanted.

MEGAN

It's okay. Really. My mother and I had a good talk. Daddy's here now too. How'd you do?

DON

I don't know. We'll see.

Beat.

DON (CONT'D)

I love you baby. I miss you.

No response.

DON (CONT'D)

Megan?

MEGAN

Me too. I'll see you when you get home. Bye.

DON

Bye.

Don hangs up, takes a deep breath and turns his attention back to..

THE CLUB

NEGRO COUPLES pile into the dark club, dressed in thick FURS, large shiny BEADS float on polished bosoms. WAITERS with trays of COCKTAILS work the room.

An enigmatic look lingers on Don's face.

DON

Sold.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END