

MAD MEN

"Families - Manson & Otherwise"

written by

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Previously on "Mad Men"

This episode takes place after the season 7 "Waterloo" episode, the last show from 2014. (Season 7 was split into two parts, episodes #1-7 in 2014 then #8-14 in 2015.)

There are no act breaks because Matthew Wiener and his writing team do not put act breaks into their Mad Men scripts.

Megan has been living in Los Angeles after Don convinced her they should move out there for her acting career, but then he failed to follow her. When he thinks he's been fired and finally offers to join her in L.A. she remains silent, and he takes this to mean she no longer wants him to move out to California with her -- their marriage is over.

Sally, now 16, still attends Miss Porter's school away from home, but constantly butts heads with her mother, Betty. Sally has been living with the secret knowledge that Don is cheating on Megan with his downstairs neighbor Sylvia.

Peggy did a great job of pitching the Burger Chef campaign, thereby proving to Don that she is a worthy protege.

And many years ago, let's not forget that closeted Sal Romano was unfairly fired by Don for not returning the advances of Lee Garner, Jr., the head of Lucky Strike and Sterling Cooper's largest account.

INT. DON'S MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

DON looks ready to head out, suitcase beside him. He finishes a glass of orange juice. TV is on, a news broadcast catches his attention.

INSERT: News footage about the slaying of Sharon Tate.

NEWSCASTER

...Sharon Tate's body, along with four other victims, were found this morning in Benedict Canyon in Los Angeles.

Don's brow furrows as he watches the news broadcast.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Ms. Tate was married to famed director Roman Polanski who is currently in Europe directing a film. She was known for starring in such films as "Valley of the Dolls" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers." There are no suspects in the case yet.

The next sentences almost make Don gasp, if Don was the type of man to gasp.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

Ms. Tate was eight and a half months pregnant. Her unborn child is considered the sixth victim.

INT. AIRPORT PHONE BANK - DAY

Don dials a public phone. Waits.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

MEGAN, dressed in a cute summery hippie dress, picks up the phone and speaks immediately.

MEGAN

No, they're not here yet, Don.

INTERCUT DON AND MEGAN

DON

Did you hear about Sharon Tate?

She frowns as she arranges fresh flowers in a vase on the table.

MEGAN

Yeah, it's been all over the news. Horrifying. And another family was killed last night, they think it's the same killer.

DON

I called you from the apartment earlier.

MEGAN

I was at the store. I needed groceries.

DON

I want you to stay home and lock your doors.

MEGAN

Don, she was killed IN her house.

DON

I know. Do not open your door for anyone except Sally and Betty.

MEGAN

I know. I know.

He can practically hear her smirk.

DON

I'm serious. Four other people were killed with her. Don't open the door for anyone!

MEGAN

So if the murderer came to my door, you think he'd politely go away if I didn't answer the door?

DON

This isn't funny, Meg! She was a beautiful, young actress living in the Hollywood Hills! You're a beautiful, young actress living in the Hollywood Hills!

MEGAN

Actually, Benedict Canyon is over in the West Hills. I'm not quite in her neighborhood yet.

He sighs.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll be careful. Promise.

DON

So when's Betty arriving?

MEGAN

Sally said her debate is over at eleven, then they'll head over here.

DON

Tell her I'm sorry I missed it. I got held up at the office last night. But I'm waiting for my flight now. I should be there this afternoon.

MEGAN

Okay. But should I let you in once you get here?

Finally a smile from him.

DON

Very funny.

She chuckles.

DON (CONT'D)

When they get there, don't tell them...about us, okay?

Her smile dissipates.

MEGAN

I won't.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Megan opens her front door to see a grinning SALLY and a politely smiling BETTY.

MEGAN

Hi! Come in!

Megan is a vision of freedom and carefree hippie style in her dress, her long free-flowing locks. Betty is wrapped up in her tight-fitting pantsuit and helmet of hair.

Sally hugs Megan, then pushes past her, agog at the cool bohemian vibe of the place. Betty casts a cool eye on everything.

SALLY

Oh, wow, this is great! Look at the view!

MEGAN

Yeah, I love it up here.

Betty follows her to the window.

BETTY

It's nice.

Before Megan moves away from the front door area she makes a point to step back and lock the door.

MEGAN

I made lunch!

EXT. HAIGHT-ASHBURY DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

PEGGY stands at the now semi-famous corner. She takes a snapshot of the intersection street signs Haight and Ashbury.

INT. CAFE IN HAIGHT-ASHBURY, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Peggy sits in a cute little Haight-Ashbury café. She's alert and taking in everything around her, especially all the HIPPIE GIRLS AND GUYS that traipse in and out. Ultimate hippies.

A young woman at the table next to her notices that Peggy seems surprised at the wild outfits. She looks familiar...we finally recognize her as KITTY ROMANO, now a hippie too.

KITTY

Wild, huh?

PEGGY

I'm sorry?

KITTY

The outfits. Out-of-towners are always amazed at the styles here. Great for people-watching.

PEGGY

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to stare.

KITTY

It's okay. I'm doing some people watching myself. Waiting for my husband.

PEGGY

How'd you know I was from out of town?

KITTY

Your outfit seems more east coast.
New York maybe?

PEGGY

Yes, actually. Good guess.

KITTY

I used to live in New York a few years ago. Too uptight for me. California just seemed more groovy.

Peggy gestures to a newspaper on her table.

PEGGY

Sharon Tate might not agree with that.

KITTY

Oh, so horrible! Now there's another slaying, they think it's the same killer. A couple murdered in their own home. I don't think I'd want to be wandering around L.A. right now.

PEGGY

Isn't the Zodiac killer still running loose here in San Francisco? They published his decoded letter, it's in the paper today.

KITTY

I don't ever read the paper. It's all bad news.

Peggy picks up the paper, flips to the page and reads out loud.

PEGGY

(reads)

"I like killing people because it is so much fun it is more fun than killing wild game in the forest because man is the most dangerous animal of all."

Kitty is truly distressed. She covers her ears with her hands.

KITTY

No, no, stop. I can't hear that!

Peggy doesn't even look up from the paper.

PEGGY
Full of misspelled words. No
punctuation.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sally, Betty and Megan sit at the little dining table. They eat a lunch of pasta salad and chicken. Polite. Awkward.

MEGAN
So Don's flying in and will be here
later this afternoon.

Betty nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
He said he's taking you both to dinner.
So tell me about your debate. How'd
it go?

Sally frowns.

SALLY
We lost.

BETTY
It was very close though. It's quite
an accomplishment that they got to
come out to compete at national level.

MEGAN
Yeah, that's great!

Sally only shrugs.

SALLY
It's okay. I don't really care.

BETTY
You don't care? Well, maybe that's
why you lost.

SALLY
I just wanted to come to L.A. It's
so cool out here!

She looks around the cozy little home, out at the view.

SALLY (CONT'D)
It's like we're up in a tree house!

MEGAN

I guess that's true. I never thought of it like that.

SALLY

Yeah, a cute little tree house. This is exactly the type of place I want. I could live here, I love it.

Betty unleashes one of her typical snide commands.

BETTY

Sally, finish your lunch.

Betty finishes her meal and lights a smoke.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I'm a little surprised actually. It doesn't seem like Don's taste at all.

Megan nods and shrugs a bit. Embarrassed.

MEGAN

Yeah, it's more my taste. Don isn't really here all that much.

BETTY

Ah.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - DAY

Don can't look at the headlines anymore, puts his paper aside.

A FRAZZLED MOM, 40, and her SULKING SON, 10, and WHINY DAUGHTER, 7, sit across from Don. She hands the Sulking Son a handful of magazines and gestures for him to put them on an empty seat.

FRAZZLED MOM

Save a seat for Daddy.

She hands the Whiny Daughter a picture book.

FRAZZLED MOM (CONT'D)

Read your book, hon.

Don gives them a polite smile. She smiles back. She sighs and smooths her hair down.

DON

Long day, huh?

FRAZZLED MOM

Connecting flight was endless. Or I should say, *seemed* endless. I guess in actuality it was only 90 minutes. And we've only just begun!

DON

Where you headed?

FRAZZLED MOM

Santa Barbara, California. Two more flights and we're done.

DON

I hear Santa Barbara is very nice.

FRAZZLED MOM

It better be.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(over speaker)

Attention please. TWA flight 515 to Los Angeles has been delayed one hour due to a ground delay in Newark.

Loud MOAN in the waiting room.

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

We are sorry for the inconvenience.

The Frazzled Mom and Don exchange a pained look.

FRAZZLED MOM

Better be *damned* nice.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sally, Betty and Megan sit on the couch. Sally is wide-eyed as she listens to Megan.

MEGAN

So then if they like you you get a callback. You have to go in again, but this time it's more exciting - and nerve-wracking - because you know they liked you and are considering you.

SALLY

That is so cool. Do you get many callbacks?

Betty draws on her cigarette, sits back and just listens.

MEGAN

Some. I have one this week.

SALLY

For what?

MEGAN

It's a new comedy called "The Brady Bunch." On ABC. It's about a family with six kids.

Betty laughs.

BETTY

Oh, god! Heaven forbid!

Sally doesn't find that funny. She scoots ever-so-slightly closer to Megan.

SALLY

Would you play the mother?

MEGAN

Oh, no. It's just for a small part. But it's a good start!

SALLY

I'm thinking of acting.

Betty nearly coughs on her cigarette.

BETTY

Really?

SALLY

Yeah. Why not? I think I'd be good.

MEGAN

Oh, Sally, that's so great! I could help you. I've taken a lot of classes.

SALLY

Do they allow kids in the classes?

MEGAN

Sure! They need child actors, too.

SALLY

Right! Like for that new show.

MEGAN

Exactly.

Betty glares at Megan, but Megan is excited and doesn't notice.

SALLY

Wouldn't I have to live out here
though?

MEGAN

Not necessarily. But honestly, it IS
easier to get into acting out here
rather than New York. Ask me, I know.

SALLY

Could I stay here with you?

MEGAN

Of course!

Megan notices the cool stare of an unhappy mother.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh. But...maybe it's not such a good
idea. You're still in school and
everything.

Sally turns, stares at Betty accusingly.

BETTY

What? I didn't say anything. When
you're 18 you can live wherever you
want.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - DAY

The waiting area is a bit more crowded now. Don finishes
folding a hat from a discarded newspaper. He plops it onto
the head of the Sulking Son, who now sits right next to Don.
The kid perks up a bit.

SULKING SON

Thanks, mister.

DON

No problem.

WHINY DAUGHTER

I want one!

Don grabs the rest of the old newspaper. Starts folding.

DON

Yes, ma'am!

The Frazzled Mom laughs.

SULKING SON

You're such a copy cat.

WHINY DAUGHTER

Am not!

DON

No, no, hers is going to be completely different!

He struggles with how to fold it in a different way.

DON (CONT'D)

I think.

FRAZZLED MOM

You're very good with them.

DON

Oh...*sometimes*. In small doses.

FRAZZLED MOM

You have kids?

DON

A daughter and two sons.

WHINY DAUGHTER

Where's Daddy?

FRAZZLED MOM

(to Don)

Story of my life.

(to Whiny Daughter)

He's coming, sweetie.

EXT. MEGAN'S BALCONY - DAY

Sally leans forward on the railing. Inhales the mountain air and enjoys the view. Megan approaches and leans her elbows on the railing.

SALLY

I wish Betty had stayed home. Then you and Dad could show me around.

MEGAN

Oh, Sally, don't say that. It's nice that she came out with you. Shows she cares. She took time out of her schedule to take a trip with you.

SALLY

Oh, yeah, took time out of her busy schedule throwing cocktail parties and having her hair done. How important.

Megan laughs.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What?

MEGAN

Well...I'm an actress. Not exactly ground-breaking work I do either.

Sally smiles, she can see the humor in it.

SALLY

I guess. Still. It would have been fun if it was just you and me.

MEGAN

And your dad.

SALLY

Yeah, of course.

They study the town below them.

MEGAN

But yeah...that would have been fun. I could take you to the observatory. The Whiskey-a-Go-Go. I could even sneak you into one of my acting classes. So you could see if you liked it.

SALLY

Yeah! That'd be so great!

MEGAN

But you know what? There's no rush. We can do that next time. You can come out, just you and your dad.

SALLY

I guess.

MEGAN

But this time your mother is with you, so I think you should try and have fun with her.

SALLY

She wants to go to Hollywood Boulevard,
see the stars on the sidewalk. Boor-
ing.

MEGAN

Hey, that's actually pretty fun. And
maybe you'll see someone famous.

INT. MEGAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Betty washes her hands in the bathroom. Flowing curtains,
groovy wall hangings, framed prints of artsy women in long
dresses. Dangly earrings and necklaces strewn about. Betty
catches her reflection in the mirror. Hard. Bound up tightly.
Outdated.

Betty tries to give her hair a more tousled look, but it is
cemented into place with hairspray. Won't move much so she
tries to put it back the way it was.

She picks up a pair of long swingy earrings. Holds them up to
her ears, turns her head this way and that to see how they
sway. Picks up a bottle of perfume, sniffs it, but doesn't
use any.

INT. CAFE IN HAIGHT-ASHBURY, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Kitty has now moved to Peggy's table. A LAID-BACK WAITER
delivers two more glasses of iced tea to them.

KITTY

Are you thinking of moving here?
It's really great. For, you know,
certain types of lifestyles.

Peggy doesn't get it.

KITTY (CONT'D)

To be free. To date...whoever you
want. Other women.

PEGGY

Oh! Oh no! No, no. I'm not gay.

A little overly emphatic about it.

KITTY

Oh. Okay. I thought maybe you were
checking out San Francisco to maybe
live here. Because...you know.

PEGGY

No, no. I'm just here for work. Have a meeting with a client. I just wanted to visit the famous center of the flower children and the summer of love. Better late than never, right?

KITTY

Most tourists want to see Alcatraz.

PEGGY

Not my style. My meeting isn't until tomorrow, so I just thought I'd take a look down here. Then check out Fisherman's Wharf.

KITTY

Got it. Not gay.

PEGGY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to sound offended.

KITTY

Didn't offend me. I'm not gay.

PEGGY

It's just that I was raised Catholic. So I'm not really used to...you know.

KITTY

Raised Catholic. Does that mean you're not anymore?

PEGGY

I'm not sure exactly.

KITTY

Well, this is the perfect place for people who "aren't sure exactly" about things in their lives. Heck, my husband is gay.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Sulking Son and Whiny Daughter leaf through their books, paper hats still on. Frazzled Mom now sits right next to Don.

FRAZZLED MOM

I don't know. I just thought it'd be more...I hate to say fulfilling, because that makes it seem like I

(MORE)

FRAZZLED MOM (CONT'D)
don't love my family, but I thought
marriage would be...

DON
Less lonely.

She looks at him -- he had that answer pretty fast.

FRAZZLED MOM
Exactly.

She looks to the empty seat still saved with their magazines.

FRAZZLED MOM (CONT'D)
When you're young you think when you
get married that you've finally found
your other half. That you'll never
be alone again. Or maybe that's just
what women think.

DON
No, I think men think that, too.

FRAZZLED MOM
And then...what happens? Jim used to
rush home from work to be with me.
Now I barely see him. Look...

She gestures to his empty seat.

FRAZZLED MOM (CONT'D)
...even when he's here he's not here.
When I heard of this wine-tasting
getaway event in Santa Barbara I
thought it was right up his alley, he
loves wine.

DON
Well, maybe once you get there he'll
be more present. Traveling is hard.
He'll unwind once he gets there.

FRAZZLED MOM
Maybe. You're easy to talk to, you
know that? I guess it's because you
don't say much. You listen. At least
I think you are.

He laughs.

DON
I am.

FRAZZLED MOM
I shouldn't complain. He works so hard. So many late nights at the office. He does it for us.

INT. DON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Don sits at his desk, on the phone.

DON
(on phone)
Hi, hon. I'm still at the office.
(beat)
Yeah. Tons left to do.
(beat)
No, Roger's here too. Gonna be a late night.

A pretty YOUNG SECRETARY sits on his couch. She unbuttons her blouse, gives him bedroom eyes.

DON (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Go ahead and eat without me. Roger and I will get a bite here.

The Young Secretary is now behind him, bites his ear sexily.

DON (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Okay. See you later. Good night, sweetheart.

He hangs up. Turns and kisses the Young Secretary hovering over him.

END FLASHBACK

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Don's eyes narrow as he relives his shitty nights at the office "working."

FRAZZLED MOM
That's why we can afford these vacations, right?

He flinches.

DON
Right.

INT. CLASSY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Don's on the phone in phone enclosure in the lobby of the nightclub.

DON

(on phone)

Megan, you know it's work. We have to wine and dine these guys from Centerfire Electric.

(beat)

Yeah, Roger, too. Some suits from Chicago. Real somber types. I'm in for a long boring dinner.

(beat)

Okay. You too. Night, hon.

He opens the door, falls immediately in the arms of a BUXOM BLONDE in a slinky dress. Sly grin. No somber guys in suits anywhere.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Don stares ahead. Deep, slow breath.

FRAZZLED MOM

So, listen to me going on and on about me. Where you headed?

DON

Los Angeles. Going to see my wife. She's been in L.A. for work, and I haven't seen her in a while.

FRAZZLED MOM

Aw, that's sweet. A reunion. Good for you.

Don forces a smile that barely hides his pain.

ANNOUNCER

(over P.A. system)

Attention passengers. TWA flight 515 has been delayed another hour...

Don moans.

DON

I need a drink.

EXT. MEGAN'S BALCONY - DAY

Sally and Betty lounge on the balcony enjoying the sunshine. Megan steps out to join them.

MEGAN

That was Don. He's delayed again.

BETTY

Let me guess. Working late? Stuck in the office? I remember those days. All too well.

Megan frowns at Betty's tone. Megan sits between mother and daughter on the chaise lounges.

MEGAN

No, he's at the airport. They keep delaying his flight. He says he'll probably just meet you at your hotel later tonight. So you won't be stuck here all day.

SALLY

I like it here.

Wind chimes TINKLE in the breeze. Sally turns to look at them.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Those are so groovy. We should get some.

BETTY

Those would drive Henry mad. Besides, you don't even live at home anymore.

SALLY

Jeez, am I not allowed back?

BETTY

Of course you are. But after Miss Porter's you'll probably go to college. Or move out here to study acting with Megan.

(was that a dig?)

You probably won't ever live at the house again.

This staggers Sally. New concept for her. She sits, mouth agape. Betty is oblivious to her distress. Megan isn't, and jumps in to soothe her.

MEGAN

But you know, home is always home, no matter where you live.

They sit in silence.

INT. CAFE IN HAIGHT-ASHBURY, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Peggy and Kitty dig into their sandwiches.

PEGGY

Is your husband going to get mad that you're eating without him?

KITTY

No, he won't mind.

A quiet, awkward moment between two strangers. They eat.

PEGGY

So, you said your husband is gay? Or was that a joke?

KITTY

No, not a joke. He's gay, and we're in a totally open relationship. After he was fired he tried a few more jobs in New York, then he got a job here. I didn't know he was gay yet. Not sure he did either. So we moved out here and of course it didn't take too long for his true sexuality to come out. I mean, it's San Francisco, right? But we liked it here, liked the vibe. Seemed like the right place for us, so we stayed.

PEGGY

You didn't get a divorce?

KITTY

Nope. Didn't seem necessary.

Peggy takes this in. Marvels and smiles.

PEGGY

Wow. It sure is different out here.

Kitty notices someone walk in.

KITTY

Here he is.

Peggy turns to see SAL ROMANO walking to their table. Longer hair, full beard. Jeans and a nice shirt with a colorful scarf tied around his neck. Recognition sets in slowly for both.

PEGGY

Sal?

INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT

Don sips his usual Old Fashioned at a crappy airport bar. A WORN OUT MAN sits a few stools over nursing a beer. The Man holds his drink up to the light to get a better look at it. Shakes his head.

WORN OUT MAN

Gotta love watered down drinks.

DON

Well, they're watered down, but...
(ironic upside)
...they are twice the price!

The Worn Out Man chuckles.

DON (CONT'D)

Trapped at the airport. They've got us where they want us.

WORN OUT MAN

Broke but not so drunk we can't get on the plane. Great planning, filling my bladder with beer before a long flight.

Don holds up his drink.

DON

Should've stuck to the potent stuff.

WORN OUT MAN

I've been in here a while. Couldn't bring myself to order hard liquor while it was still light out.

DON

I've never suffered from that disorder.

WORN OUT MAN

Now my bladder's gonna suffer for it.

DON

An airport bar's a free area. No time zones in here.

WORN OUT MAN

What do you mean?

DON

This is an international airport.

He points to a COUPLE in the corner.

DON (CONT'D)

They could have been in Paris a few hours ago. Maybe I was in Japan, maybe it's the middle of the night for me.

WORN OUT MAN

That's true.

DON

No judgments in here.

WORN OUT MAN

Damn. I should have started out with whiskey. Too late now.

DON

Maybe once you reach your destination you can hit the hard stuff.

WORN OUT MAN

No such luck. Going to a wine-tasting event. Gonna be grapes all weekend long.

Don chuckles to himself.

DON

Santa Barbara.

WORN OUT MAN

Yeah, how'd you know that?

DON

Uh, you must have said.

WORN OUT MAN

(tipsy)

Did I?

EXT. MEGAN'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Quiet. Dark. City lights twinkle below. The three girls still relax on the balcony chaise lounges. Betty quietly puffs

a cigarette. Sally gazes at the stars. Megan takes in the hillside.

BETTY

I'll say one thing, it sure is nice and quiet up here. I didn't think it'd be so quiet in L.A.

MEGAN

Yeah, the hills can be quiet.

SALLY

It's like we're camping or something.

Megan starts to chuckle.

MEGAN

Don would have a fit if he knew we were sitting outside.

SALLY

Why? Oh, because of the murders?

MEGAN

He was going on about the murderers still being out there. Skulking around the Hollywood Hills.

All three of them look out beyond the balcony railing. Complete darkness. Still. Unnerving. Almost at the same time they all hop up.

BETTY

I've had enough air for tonight.

SALLY

Yeah, let's go in.

MEGAN

Inside is good.

INT. MEGAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Betty veers off to the living room, but Megan and Sally take their glasses and cups into the kitchen.

MEGAN

Lock that back door, would you?

SALLY

Dad didn't get into your head I see.

MEGAN

Well, he's right. Those murderers
are still out there.

Sally doubles back a few steps, locks the door, then returns.
Megan fills the sink with water, puts dishes in.

SALLY

Want me to help?

MEGAN

No, I'm just gonna let 'em soak.

SALLY

It's weird that Dad doesn't live here
with you. Does it feel... bad?

Megan takes a deep breath. Thinks about it.

MEGAN

At first, I guess. I thought he was
going to move out with me, then
suddenly he decided to stay in New
York. It was hard not to take that
as a bad omen.

Megan doesn't look at Sally, but tidies the countertop.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

But...relationships aren't always
easy, Sally.

SALLY

Since you guys live apart...do you
worry that he'll find someone else?

Megan flinches a bit, but keeps tidying. Finally she shakes
her head no.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Would you want to know if he had?

Megan finally turns to face Sally who is about to burst with
her secret knowledge. She looks into Sally's eyes for several
eternal seconds.

MEGAN

No.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - NIGHT

Don and the Worn Out Man now sit next to each other at the bar. Don slightly tipsy, the Worn Out Man more so, having moved onto whiskey now.

WORN OUT MAN

This is a great bar! I can't believe I ever said anything bad about this bar! It has everything we need.

DON

It has alcohol. I'm not sure how much more than that we need.

WORN OUT MAN

It has the presence of alcohol, yes.

The guy leans over to Don, lowers his voice.

WORN OUT MAN (CONT'D)

But the absence of kids was equal in my decision making. I know that's horrible to say. But honestly, it's not so much that I needed a drink as much as I knew they didn't allow kids in here. Man, I just need a break from them sometimes. I know that makes me sound horrible.

DON

No, no.

WORN OUT MAN

Maybe this is the liquor talking, or just the fact that you're a stranger I'll probably never see again, but I find you easy to talk to.

DON

I get that a lot.

The BARTENDER approaches, Don motions for refills. The Worn Out Man has gone from happy drunk to drunk-in-despair.

WORN OUT MAN

I'm a terrible dad. I think I only had kids because my wife wanted 'em.

Don nods only slightly, enough to show he's listening.

WORN OUT MAN (CONT'D)

The other day I saw a young man, he was pushing one of those baby carriages, the kind where the baby lies flat inside. He reaches in, very carefully picks the baby up. I could see it was a newborn. Or pretty close. My wife looks at this new dad, says one word. "Sweet."

He slings his arm around Don, gets closer to confess his sin.

WORN OUT MAN (CONT'D)

When I saw that guy holding his newborn you know what the first word was that ran through my head? Saddled. Saddled for life. I felt bad for him. Then I remembered...I have two kids.

They both down their drinks. Don absorbs his confession. It finally occurs to the guy...

WORN OUT MAN (CONT'D)

You have any kids?

Don shakes his head no.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan's eyes brim with tears.

MEGAN

"...and then I knew. It was him. There was no denying. All this time and I had been sleeping right next to him. This monster, this predator. And I knew in some small way that I too was at fault. I had let it happen."

A single tear rolls down her face.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

"And that's when I knew what I had to do. The gun was loaded. I used it. And then...it was over."

She bursts into a grin.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

And that's it. That's my audition piece.

Sally applauds wildly from the couch.

SALLY

Wow! That was amazing. So cool!

Sally turns to Betty, next to her, who only raises her eyebrows to show her mild appreciation. Megan brushes the tears from her eyes.

MEGAN

My acting teacher said only a small amount of actresses can cry on demand.

BETTY

What a useful skill for a woman to have.

SALLY

They cry on the soap operas all the time. Maybe you could get on one of those again.

MEGAN

Yeah, maybe. That's steady work, they're on every day.

SALLY

That would be so cool. I'd love to be on a soap opera. But they're all so glamorous and sexy.

MEGAN

Are you kidding? You're gorgeous! And young! You're exactly the type they're looking for.

BETTY

See Sally, you might not need to go to college after all. Just learn how to weep and you'll be all set.

SALLY

Mother, you watch your soaps every afternoon. You love them.

BETTY

I enjoy watching them. I'm not sure I'd enjoy having my daughter on one.

SALLY

That's kind of hypocritical, don't you think?

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)
(to Megan)
Can I use your bathroom?

Megan gestures to the bedroom door.

MEGAN
Course.

Sally scoots off into the bedroom.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
I know I don't have kids. But you
might want to try being a bit more
supportive.

Betty's so surprised, she doesn't even finish lighting her
next cigarette.

BETTY
Supportive? I'm always supportive.

MEGAN
Since she's been here Sally's indicated
several times that she might want to
be an actress.

BETTY
And if she wants to be an actress, she
will be. Believe me, she's very head
strong, if she wants to do it, she'll
do it. Won't matter what I say.

MEGAN
But it does matter. You could at
least say something nice about it.
Encourage her. At her age she's taking
in everything you say, even your
careless remarks.

BETTY
Careless?

MEGAN
Believe me, my mother said cold,
offhand comments too, and they stayed
with me my whole life. You might not
think so, but things you say do affect
her. Even just your tone of voice.

Megan perfectly mimics Betty's mean tone.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

"Sally, eat your dinner. Sally, sit down. Come here. Go away."

BETTY

I see those acting lessons haven't gone to waste.

MEGAN

Using a nicer tone of voice with your kids couldn't hurt. Then maybe they wouldn't be so eager to move to L.A.

Sally comes back into the room from the bedroom.

BETTY

We should probably go to the hotel now, Sally.

Sally is disheartened, looks to Megan, but Megan doesn't contradict it. Sally senses the coldness in the room.

SALLY

What happened? I come back into the room and you two are suddenly cold and quiet.

MEGAN

With your mother, how can you tell?

SALLY

Oh, the first wife and current wife don't get along. Not *too* cliché.

Betty stands, grabs her purse. Uses that demanding tone of hers.

BETTY

Let's go, Sally.

Sally sits. Defiant.

SALLY

No. I'm not done visiting with Megan yet.

Megan immediately diffuses the tension by flashing a script.

MEGAN

Wanna see a real script?

Sally lights up.

INT. SAL & KITTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kitty, Sal and Peggy are draped on low sofas and bean bag chairs. They are smoking pot.

SAL
 Never ever would I believe that I'd
 be smoking pot with little Peggy Olson,
 prim and proper secretary.

Peggy notices the large paintings all have a similar look.

PEGGY
 (to Sal)
 Did you paint those?

SAL
 Yeah. Finally took my talent to the
 canvas.

PEGGY
 You sell any?

SAL
 Not really.

KITTY
 He doesn't do it for the money. He
 just does it to express his creativity.

SAL
 (to Kitty)
 Honey, you're talking to someone in
 advertising...she doesn't understand
 what you're saying.

Peggy laughs.

PEGGY
 Oh, very funny. I understand. I
 think it's great. But I bet you could
 sell some.

KITTY
 So Peggy, you're still at Sterling
 Cooper. But are you married? Kids?

PEGGY
 Yes, no and no.

KITTY
 Oh, I didn't mean to sound so square.
 (MORE)

KITTY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean you had to be married
to have a baby.

PEGGY

Oh, I know.

KITTY

You don't, you know.

Peggy nods.

KITTY (CONT'D)

You want kids?

Peggy thinks, then nods.

PEGGY

I think so.

KITTY

You should just do it. Don't wait
for a man.

SAL

Well, she needs a man at some point
in the process. For a night anyway.

PEGGY

What about you guys, no kids?

Sal laughs heartily.

SAL

Oh, honey. How stoned are you?

Peggy just stares at him, not understanding.

SAL (CONT'D)

I. Am. Gay! I have sex with men!
Not many pregnancies occur that way.

PEGGY

Oh! Right!

Peggy dissolves into a fit of giggles.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I forgot!

Sal is pretty stoned too, a bit silly.

SAL

Gay, gay, gay! Boy, I sure couldn't say that last time I saw you. I sleep with men. I am a homosexual!

Peggy squirms a bit.

SAL (CONT'D)

I love men!

KITTY

Sal, you're making her uncomfortable.

PEGGY

I'm sorry, I was raised Catholic.

SAL

Honey, I was raised Catholic by an Italian mother and I still turned out gay. Religion doesn't change DNA.

PEGGY

You think...you think it's in your DNA?

SAL

God made me. God made me gay. And God doesn't make mistakes.

PEGGY

Wow, you really ARE a hippie now.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Betty watches Sally and Megan as they go over one of Megan's scripts. Sally is really getting into it. Phone RINGS. Megan grabs it.

MEGAN

(on phone)

Hello? Hi hon.

(beat)

Yes, doors are locked. We're all still alive.

Betty and Megan exchange a bemused look at Don's expense.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yes, they sure are. Hold on.

Megan holds the phone out to Sally.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Your dad wants to talk to you.

Sally hops up, grabs the phone.

SALLY
(on phone)
Hi Dad. Yeah, we lost. Yeah.
(beat)
I know. No, it's okay.

The super long cord allows Sally to wander off into the kitchen.

SALLY (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Looking at some of Megan's scripts...

Betty clears her throat. Bit of an awkward silence between her and Megan.

BETTY
You know, perhaps I was a bit
judgmental about your acting. I'm
sorry.

MEGAN
That's okay.

BETTY
I was a model when I was younger.
And I have to admit, I did wonder if
it could have turned into an acting
career.

Betty tries to make light of it.

BETTY (CONT'D)
Oh you know, paths not chosen, blah,
blah, blah.

Megan's genuinely surprised.

MEGAN
I never knew you were interested in
acting.

BETTY
Well, that was a million years ago.

MEGAN
Oh, come on, it hasn't been that long.

Betty looks around the bohemian tree house pad with new eyes.

BETTY

(kind)

Who knows. I could have ended up in a place like this.

MEGAN

I've seen your house. You have nothing to complain about.

BETTY

Oh I know. I'm very lucky. But...

Megan waits for the end of that sentence. And waits. Betty only shrugs her shoulders.

BETTY (CONT'D)

...so are you.

MEGAN

I am?

BETTY

Yes. You are gorgeous. Talented.

MEGAN

Oh, I don't know about--

BETTY

No, you are. And not only does my daughter prefer to spend time with you over me, but you have so much freedom. No kids. You come and go as you please. Pursuing your dream.

Megan nods, but not enthusiastically.

MEGAN

I can come and go as I please because my husband prefers not to live with me. You're the first wife and mother to Don's kids. That's something I'll never have.

BETTY

You're young. You and Don have plenty of time to have kids and all live happily ever after.

Betty can't hide her surprise when Megan bursts into tears. No words necessary. Megan grabs a tissue, wipes her eyes.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Oh Megan. I'm sorry. I truly am.

MEGAN

Don't tell Sally, okay?

INT. SAL & KITTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peggy eats Spaghettios with a spoon straight from the can.

PEGGY

Oh my god, these are so good.

KITTY

At least let me get you a bowl.

Peggy shakes her head no. Sal, Kitty and Peggy sit on the floor around the coffee table with a serious case of the munchies. Junk food everywhere. Sal is chowing down on chips, Kitty preferring cupcakes.

PEGGY

(re: Spaghettios)

I'm going to buy a case of these when I get home.

KITTY

You know Peggy, I know a lot of handsome, intelligent, open-minded men who don't believe in social conventions.

Peggy nods enthusiastically. Totally stoned.

PEGGY

That's so cool!

SAL

(to Peggy)

No, she means she's determined to get you pregnant before you leave San Francisco.

Peggy lets that sink in.

PEGGY

Oh!

KITTY

Yeah. A lot of them would really dig giving you a child.

PEGGY

How come you don't have one with them?

KITTY

I don't think I'm really cut out for motherhood. I'm digging my freedom too much. A baby would tie me down.

PEGGY

But you think I should be tied down?

KITTY

Well, yeah, because you WANT to be ti-- to have a baby.

PEGGY

Well yes. But not quite yet.

KITTY

You gotta stop letting the Catholic church hang you up. Do your own thing.

Peggy savors her big mouthful of Spaghetios, taking her time before swallowing them.

PEGGY

You know, it's not just the Catholic thing. I guess it's just a die-hard romantic thing. I still see myself as married when I'm a mother. I still want that old fashioned love story, a fairytale ending.

She gets a bit down as she continues.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

I might have missed my chance though. Maybe you only get one chance, and I had mine.

KITTY

What do you mean?

PEGGY

(zoned out)

I gave it up.

SAL

Gave up your chance?

She snaps back into things. Smiles.

PEGGY

Well...I don't know. But I'm still holding out hope. I guess we're not

(MORE)

PEGGY (CONT'D)
as free-thinking and progressive on
the east coast as you are out here.

SAL
Hey, you just had the Stonewall riots.
So thanks for that!

Though teary Peggy manages a grin.

PEGGY
You're welcome!

Kitty suddenly realizes...

KITTY
Orange juice! Oh my god, I have to
have orange juice! Doesn't that sound
divine?

She hops up and scurries off to the kitchen.

Sal makes sure Kitty is out of earshot before he turns to Peggy.

SAL
I think you should wait.

PEGGY
Wait for what? Orange juice? Actually
that does sound really good.

SAL
No. I mean I think you should wait
to have a baby.

PEGGY
You do?

SAL
Yes. I have no trouble believing
you'll find someone, get married and
have a baby. That whole east coast
straight thing.

PEGGY
You do?

SAL
Sure. I always liked you and thought
you were cute as a bug.

PEGGY
Really?

He nods.

SAL

Of course.

PEGGY

Well, you were in the minority I think.

SAL

I thought for sure Don would have deflowered you on the sofa in his office.

To her this is a compliment and she beams.

PEGGY

Aw, really?

SAL

Only you would take that as a compliment.

Sal taps the last bit of chip crumbs from the bag into his mouth. Nods.

PEGGY

You know, I used to be intimidated by you. So handsome and polished and sophisticated.

She reaches out and brushes some chip crumbs from his beard.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Now I'm watching you polish off a whole bag of Ruffles.

SAL

We all knew you were special, even back then. Not like the other girls.

She leans closer, truly moved. Strokes his beard.

PEGGY

Sal, would you marry me?

SAL

I'm already married. And I'm gay.

PEGGY

So? We could make it work.

He kisses her hand.

SAL

Don't worry, Peggy. You're still a pup. And anyway, love finds people of all ages.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Don settles into his seat on the plane. Alone.

Across the aisle and one row up he sees the Worn Out Man, Frazzled Mom and the two kids. The father is tickling his little girl who stands on the seat.

WORN OUT MAN

(joking)

Why are you laughing? You need to sit down!

He tickles her more, she shrieks in delight, giggles and squirms.

WORN OUT MAN (CONT'D)

What's so funny? Why are you squirmy?

He attacks her again, she laughs and squirms more.

SULKING SON

Dad, Dad, look!

The Worn Out Man pretends to be interested in whatever thing his son shows him. The Frazzled Mom gets blankets from the overhead compartment, starts to get them seated. Your basic happy family.

FRAZZLED MOM

Okay, who wants the window seat?

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan stands in the middle of the room holding her script open. Sally sits nearby reading from another script.

SALLY

(reads)

"But I don't understand why you're telling me this now."

Betty watches from the safety of the couch.

MEGAN

(not reading)

"Because I've had enough! This is a
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)
college, not a prison! We should be
able to speak up."

SALLY
(reads)
"Tina, you're going to get us in
trouble." Oh wait, there's a third
character. Should I read her lines,
too?

MEGAN
Actually.

She holds her script out to Betty. Betty doesn't take it.

BETTY
Oh, I can't.

MEGAN
Sure you can. I've got my lines
memorized. Take it. You be the
teacher.

Sally grins.

SALLY
Do it, Mom!

Betty girds her loins, stands up, takes the script and takes a
deep breath. Finds her place in the script.

BETTY
(reads)
"Tina! Sit down! How dare you
interrupt my class again. Who the
hell do you think you are?"

SALLY
(reads)
"See, I told you!"

BETTY
(reads)
"I see students like you come through
here every year."

Though seeing the text for the first time Betty's doing a pretty
good job of it.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Every year there's someone who thinks they know more than the teacher. And every year they end up an empty shell of a student, failing their classes and flunking out."

MEGAN

"I have had enough of your dictatorship. We all have!"

Betty's taken aback -- Megan gets in her face, spews venom.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

"We all know exactly what you get up to in your room at night. With those boys. You're disgusting."

Betty ratchets things up a notch to keep up with Megan. Scans her lines quickly, then puts the script down at her side.

BETTY

"I'd be careful if I were you. You are treading on very dangerous ground."

SALLY

(reads)

"Tina, stop. She can fail you, she can fail us all."

MEGAN

"I'd like to see her try! I'm sure the school board would love to know about the so-called bottle of water in her desk!"

Betty follows her script, gives a huge gasp.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

"That's right. We all know it's vodka."

Betty learns her next line, puts the script down again.

BETTY

"You bitch! I'll see you in hell before I'll let you pass this class!"

Very believable venom and screaming.

They all burst into laughter at the absurdity of the scene.

MEGAN

That was great!

SALLY

Go, Mom!

Betty beams, her moment in the spotlight.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Don's nap is interrupted by the chatter of an unseen MAN next to him.

MAN (O.S.)

Travel is so easy these days. You can be across the world in a matter of hours. Too easy if you ask me. Too easy to run away.

Don closes his eyes. But the Man continues.

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

Everyone's running away.

Don cracks his eyes open. Through the crack between the seats he can see the Worn Out Man's family has settled in.

DON

He's not running away. Taking his family with him.

MAN (O.S.)

Not talking about him.

The man next to Don is his dead father ARCHIBALD.

ARCHIBALD

A fatal horse kick to the head is what it took for me to leave my family.

The DING of the seatbelt sign rouses Don from his sleep.

INT. MEGAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Betty and Megan, seemingly old friends now, sit at the kitchen table. Sally stands at the kitchen counter and slices cheese for the crackers she has set out. Betty and Megan laugh.

BETTY

And of course it never occurs to them to actually look for it.

MEGAN

Right! "I don't see it, where is it?"

BETTY

I mean how big is the inside of a refrigerator? How far can it be?

Megan laughs harder.

MEGAN

I know! Once Don actually asked me if we had ice.

Betty rolls her eyes, nods.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Gee I don't know, Don. If only we knew where the ice might be we could look to see if we had any.

BETTY

Check the oven, honey!

More laughter.

SALLY

I'm never getting married.

BETTY & MEGAN

Good!

Betty and Megan have a good laugh over their shared misery.

BETTY

You don't have to get married at all. You can be an actress. Or a journalist. Or a...nurse. Or a stockbroker. Or a...lion tamer.

SALLY

Okay, I get it, Mom. I can be anything I want to be.

BETTY

Yes, you can.

Sally suddenly remembers, turns to Betty.

SALLY

Oh hey, Mom. There's this big music
(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)
festival up near Woodstock soon. My
friend Jen said her dad would drive
us up there. Can I go?

BETTY
Too much going on right now.

SALLY
Aw, come on, please? It's gonna be
cool.

BETTY
Maybe next year.

SALLY
Next year, in a few years, everything's
so far off.

BETTY
"Anything worth having is worth the
wait."

Sally rolls her eyes.

MEGAN
If you're serious about acting you'll
definitely have to learn patience.
It can take years to get a break.

SALLY
Yeah, I guess that's true.

BETTY
(to Megan)
I say it, she rolls her eyes. You
say it, she accepts it as gospel.

Megan smiles, shrugs.

MEGAN
But you're welcome to crash here while
you wait for your big break.

SALLY
Thanks!

Sally goes to the refrigerator, a bit out of earshot.

BETTY
Is that a promise you can keep?

MEGAN

Don or no Don, Sally will always be
welcome here.

INT. MEGAN'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Megan hugs Sally goodbye. Sally is happy and excited, but
Megan tries to hide her tears.

SALLY

I'll take a look at those acting books
you suggested.

Megan nods, smiles, tries not to cry. Sally misreads the tears
as happy tears, not goodbye forever tears.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon!

Sally opens the door and pops out.

BETTY

Be careful!

SALLY (O.S.)

Okay, I think I can get from the porch
to the cab without getting murdered.

Betty gives Megan a sad smile.

BETTY

Thank you for being such a gracious
hostess. Sorry Don didn't show up.

MEGAN

Well, he's my husband, I should
apologize to you! He said he'll meet
you at the hotel later.

BETTY

Don's always done his own thing, hasn't
he?

Megan nods.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I guess this is goodbye.

Betty offers her hand for a goodbye handshake. She's startled
when Megan lunges into her for a hug. Betty hugs her back --
as much as Betty's personality will allow her.

INT. SAL & KITTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kitty's dead asleep on the couch, empty juice glass in hand. Peggy is slouched down on a bean bag. Sal sits on the couch.

PEGGY

Normally I wouldn't have flown out here by myself. But Don was convinced I could do it. It's a big client.

This comment gives her a little smile.

SAL

So Don's still your mentor and guiding star?

PEGGY

I guess so. But I wouldn't put it quite like that.

SAL

How would you put it?

PEGGY

He's my boss.

SAL

And that's all? You were never... involved with him at any point?

PEGGY

Oh my god, no. No. Why does everyone think that? They think I couldn't have made it unless I slept with my boss?

SAL

Calm down. I think it's more just a "handsome man and pretty woman co-worker" thing.

She blinks at this. Maybe sort of a compliment?

PEGGY

Oh. No. I admire and respect his opinion, that's all.

Sal shifts in his seat. Squirms. Just nods. Too quiet.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

What?

SAL

What what?

PEGGY

What aren't you saying?

Sal stares at her. Leans in a bit, then leans back out.

SAL

No. I don't wanna say. You admire him, and that works for you.

She sits up.

PEGGY

Okay, seriously, you need to tell me. What?

SAL

Do you know why I left Sterling Cooper?

She struggles to remember back that far.

PEGGY

Uh...I assumed you got a better offer.

SAL

No.

PEGGY

You disappeared so fast. We all thought Don had let you skip the two week notice thing.

SAL

No.

PEGGY

What happened?

SAL

Back then I wasn't really out yet. Not even to myself. I was just coming to terms with...well, anyway. Don knew. One of our biggest clients -- I won't say who -- was also gay. And...showed interest in me. But I just couldn't. I wasn't ready to...just didn't want to...go there.

Peggy nods sympathetically. Puts her hand on his.

PEGGY

Sure, sure.

She waits for more details. But he just looks at her.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

And?

SAL

And that's it. I wouldn't have sex with this client. So Don fired me.

She blinks hard. No way. She leans back. Lets it sink in.

PEGGY

I can't believe that. You must have misunderstood.

He laughs.

SAL

Oh, believe me, he was quite clear. I wasn't willing to prostitute myself for the company, so I was gone.

Her mouth hangs open.

PEGGY

Oh, Sal, that's horrible.

He shrugs.

SAL

It was business. Water under the bridge now. We all have our idols, but remember, pumpkin, they aren't perfect.

He easily brushes it off, pops a cookie in his mouth. But her world has been turned upside down.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Peggy ambles down the street past a small square. Trees, grass, lush and pretty. A SMALL CROWD is assembled. Peggy stops when she notices it's a small wedding reception. She watches the festivities from afar.

The HIPPIE BRIDE AND GROOM are the center of attention, GUESTS of all ages and colors shower the couple with hugs, kisses and good wishes.

Peggy passes by, a bit closer now. The bride and groom dance together, holding each other close. True love.

As Peggy keeps walking she finally gets a closer view of the happy couple. Her face show shock at first -- the bride and groom are both well into their 50s. Then she's overcome by a huge grin. Love finds you at all ages.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Don has his headphones on. Watches the very last scene of the airplane movie "Winning" -- Paul Newman wants to get back with on-screen and off-screen wife Joanne Woodward. But she only gives him a long, uncertain stare -- and that's how it ends.

The other PASSENGERS stir but Don stays still. Jarred.

Lights back on.

Don pulls a newspaper from the pocket in front of the empty seat next to him. Headline reads "STARLET SHARON TATE DEAD." There is a photo of the gorgeous young actress, obviously a headshot.

INT. AIRPLANE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Don flips the lid of the toilet down, sits on it. A moment of quiet. Then he SOBS. Mourns for Sharon Tate. For his marriage. His father. His life. Cathartic tears run down his face. At last.