

THE MARVELOUS MRS. MAISEL SPEC SCRIPT

Written by

Avery Warsaw

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TV WRITING, MARYGRACE OSHEA

Episode takes place in season 3 between episodes 6 and 7 where Midge is back in NYC on a two month break from touring with Shy, Joel just got into a fight with Mei and can't contact her to make amends, Abe is just getting into writing theatre critique essays.

**TEASER**

INT. THE STAGE DELI - DAY

MIDGE sits at a booth in the deli. She relaxes into her seat and soaks in her surroundings.

SUSIE enters the deli, nose scrunched up.

SUSIE  
Smells like ass-shit out there.

A MAN walks by, offers in passing:

MAN  
—trash day.

Susie smiles fondly, but ever-so-slightly.

SUSIE  
(to herself)  
Ah, the sweet stink of New York.

Susie plops down across from Midge. Midge sits up.

MIDGE  
How are you today, Susie?

SUSIE  
Not bad, not good, but not bad.

MIDGE  
Medium. I'll take it!

The WAITRESS stops by.

WAITRESS  
Nice to see ya back, what'll it be?

SUSIE  
I'll do a Number 4.

MIDGE  
I'll have the same.

WAITRESS  
Comin up!

The waitress nods and spins away. Midge resumes conversation.

MIDGE

It's nice to be back, I've missed home...and I finally got to see Ethan and Esther again. They're huge now, like really big, it's kind of horrifying. And Imogene came over the other day, we got pedicures.

SUSIE

Yeah? Well, it was good to see the homeless man on 34th again, too. He spat at me today, it was quite a warm "welcome back!"

MIDGE

Well, that's New York, baby!

The waitress comes and serves Midge and Susie two giant pastrami sandwiches. Susie's eyes light up as she grabs the sandwich and takes a big chomp of it.

SUSIE

I definitely missed this. Holy balls this is good.

Midge sets her napkin out on her lap.

MIDGE

So. What about you, how's rehearsal going? Game day is coming up soon, isn't it?

SUSIE

It is, yeah, a few days. It's...we have it under control. It's good. We're just workin out some kinks.  
(to herself)  
Dear God, I hope we get a good review.

MIDGE

(sarcastically)  
Well I can't wait to see Sophie Lennon *put theatre on her plate!*

Joke falls flat, Midge takes a beat.

Susie exhales, does a few flustered blinks, and changes the subject:

SUSIE  
 Anywaaay, this isn't about me,  
you're back and we are gonna kill  
 it.

Susie takes a crumpled piece of paper out of her pocket.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
 You got a couple gigs at some local  
 clubs and a potential radio set in  
 the works.

MIDGE  
 Ooh this is exciting, I've always  
 thought it'd be so fun to talk on  
 the radio, have my own show: "*Rise  
 and shine boys and girls, this is  
 'Mornings with Mrs. Maisel' and  
 we're having pancakes!*"

SUSIE  
 Mornings with Mrs. Maisel has a  
 good ring to it. But! You're no Bob  
 Hope, yet.

Midge winks:

MIDGE  
 Yet!

SUSIE  
 Those fuckers still needa get back  
 with us. Been waiting all morning,  
 they were supposed to call already.

Susie hands Midge the crumpled piece of paper.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
 Here's what we have for the gig  
 lineup so far. A couple smaller  
 shows next week around the city...

The waitress comes running over to them.

WAITRESS  
 Call for Susie.

Susie lights up, repeats it back to Midge, suggestively:

SUSIE  
 Call for Susie.

Susie hops up and goes over to take the call. Midge crosses  
 her fingers, cheering Susie on.

Susie nods along on the phone.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
(over the phone)  
Yes, yes. We can do that.

Midge takes her pocket-sized calendar out of her purse. She grabs the crumpled paper of dates, scans over it. Susie throws her head back: success!

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
(over the phone)  
16th it is, thank you!

Susie comes back to the table.

SUSIE (CONT'D)  
We got it, baby! Radio set secured,  
15 minutes on air AND an  
introduction.

MIDGE  
Susie you are amazing. Thank you.

SUSIE  
This'll be great for exposure.

Midge goes to open her calendar and mark it in.

MIDGE  
What date did you say?

SUSIE  
The 16th. This Sunday, the 16th.

MIDGE  
(to herself)  
That can't be right...

Midge flips back and forth in her calendar. Her excitement fades, she furrows her brow.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
No because if this Sunday is the  
16th, then that'd mean Ethan's  
birthday was...

The blood drains from Midge's face.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
SHIT! Ethan's birthday is today!!

SUSIE  
Oh shit, Midge.

MIDGE

This has never happened before...

Midge frantically collects her purse, calendar, and coat, snatching a final bite of her sandwich, throwing some coins on the table, and sprinting out of the diner.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

See ya Susie, talk later!

SUSIE

Hey don't forget about the gig  
Sunday!!

The door shuts behind a blur of Midge. Susie is winded, eyes wide and shakes her head as she takes a bite.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)  
She better not forget.

**END TEASER**

**ACT ONE**

EXT. STREET - DAY

Midge bolts down the street, frazzled and concerned. She spots the local bakery, heads toward it.

INT. LOCAL BAKERY - DAY

Midge barges through the doors. Several INNOCENT BAKERY-GOERS turn their heads toward her, disturbed and concerned.

MIDGE

I need a cake, do you have cake?  
Can I get a birthday cake to go? Or  
any cake really.

A grumpy BAKER yells from the back:

BAKER

We don't make cakes here!!

MIDGE

(to herself)  
Yes, totally obvious, not like it's  
a bakery or anything.  
(yells to baker)  
Alrighty thank you sir!

Midge heel-turns out the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She hurries down the sidewalk toward another bakery.

A few moments later, Midge runs out of the doors with a cake box in one hand and a pack of cookies in the other.

Midge continues her mission, fast-walking down the street. A SMALL CHILD jumps out of her path, falling to the ground and crying out.

Midge back peddles to the kid.

MIDGE

Sorry buddy, have a cookie! Get  
home safe.

Midge throws a cookie at him and runs off. The kid sits there stunned, holding the cookie.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - DAY

SHIRLEY sits in the living room watching the Today Show on full volume. She is oblivious to anything else.

Midge bursts through the door, heading straight to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She puts down the cake and cookies, leans against the counter, catching her breath.

MIDGE

That's enough cardio for the week.

ROSE wanders into the kitchen, brow furrowed. She walks up to Midge and studies her.

ROSE

You look terrible. Your hair...did you get attacked?

MIDGE

Thanks, hello to you too, Mama. And no, I'm fine I just...

ROSE

What's going on?

Midge takes a breath.

MIDGE

Don't judge me. Not a word of criticism, okay?

Rose furrows her brow, following.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I've been all scrambled since coming home and I wasn't thinking ahead and

Genuine fear rests in Rose's eyes.

ROSE

Oh my god what did you do.

MIDGE

No, it's just that  
(exhales)

I forgot it was Ethan's birthday today.



Rose exhales, relieved for a moment before moving back to confusion.

ROSE

Ethan's birthday? But there's no party planned. It can't be his birthday.

MIDGE

Right. But because originally I was supposed to be on tour—

ROSE

—but then you got fired.

MIDGE

No, mama, I didn't get fired, Shy is just taking a break.

ROSE

(under her breath)

Well still...

MIDGE

I have three major gigs coming up, I am not unemployed!

Midge shakes it off, back on topic:

MIDGE (CONT'D)

As I was saying, we planned not to do a party and instead do a little vacation celebration but plans changed and days slipped by and, well. Now Ethan actually has a reason to hate me.

Rose isn't exactly listening, more caught in her own thoughts.

ROSE

Well we'll have to throw a party...how old is he now? Eight? Ten?

MIDGE

He's five. It's too late to plan a whole thing, let's just do the cake and cookies, pump him up with sugar and sing him happy birthday.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

From the other room, Shirley sits up in her chair, ears perked. She pulls herself up and comes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shirley enters.

SHIRLEY

Now, what's going on over here?  
Bette Davis is supposed to be on  
the TV next.

Midge and Rose are taking the cake out of the box and plating the cookies.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Oooh what's this? A cake?! Not the  
best for your diet, Rose.

ROSE

(as politely as she can)  
I'm not on a diet, Shirley.

SHIRLEY

Well you don't seem to eat a thing  
of the dinners I make.

ROSE

That is correct, yes.

Midge turns to Shirley to explain the situation:

MIDGE

The cake is for Ethan's birthday  
today. I very briefly forgot about  
it, but we're here, we're  
celebrating.

SHIRLEY

Aw Ethan! How did that happen! Baby  
Ethan...I had a feeling it was his  
birthday. I can make my famous  
Kugel tonight, he loves it. It's  
his favorite...

ROSE

(under her breath)  
Buttered noodles made by Zelda is  
more Ethan's style.

Midge is stuck in thought.

MIDGE  
 (to herself)  
 Did Joel forget too? Is this what  
 happens when I'm out of town? I  
 need to call him.

Midge leaves the Kitchen.

INT. READING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Midge walks in the reading room to use the phone. ABE is sitting hunched over his typewriter with an intent look in his eyes.

MIDGE  
 I'm gonna use the phone—

ABE  
 Not in here.

Abe doesn't look up, continues typing. Midge accepts it and walks to the next room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shirley is getting ingredients out of the cupboards, singing to herself.

SHIRLEY  
 Da Da Daaa, Grandma Maisel's Kugel.  
 Da Daaa.

ROSE  
 (to herself)  
 Ohh how is he already five. I'm  
 getting so old.

SHIRLEY  
 If Ethan really is five, he should  
 be going to Hebrew School every  
 week. The little boy across the  
 street is already reciting all the  
 prayers by heart. I heard him  
 singing the Mi Shebeirach last  
 week.

ROSE  
 (concerned that Ethan's  
 falling behind)  
 The little boy already knows the Mi  
 Shebeirach?

SHIRLEY

If I know one thing it's that we can't have Ethan falling behind. My boys have always been tip top on their Hebrew.

ROSE

Oh it'll be horrible for our reputation at services if he can't keep up. No way are we going to be the next Goldberg or Herschel family with their failure of children who can't follow along with the prayers. How humiliating. I'll call Rabbi Krinsky tomorrow and see if he'll squeeze him in...

SHIRLEY

No no, Ethan will go to school with our Rabbi here in Queens.

Midge walks back in, stops short at the word "Queens." Rose's eyes widen, she shares a look with Midge.

MIDGE

No...we can't have Ethan go to Hebrew school in Queens, it's not part of the plan.

SHIRLEY

(dismissing)

It only makes sense if Ethan's going to be living here.

INT. READING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abe types away, yells out to Shirley in the kitchen.

ABE

(without knowing any context to the convo)

Ethan will not be living here.

He finishes the paper, proudly places the pages together on the desk and stands up.

MOISHE appears.

MOISHE

Oh but he does live here, in fact you all live here. If you want to move out, please do.

(MORE)

MOISHE (CONT'D)

I'll buy champagne, we can throw a moving out party. We'll even buy you a toaster as a house warming gift.

Abe grimaces.

ABE

Oh, don't go to the trouble.

Moishe walks into the kitchen. Abe follows.

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moishe walks in, smirk on his face. Abe goes over to Rose.

ROSE

(quiet plead to Abe)

Oh thank god you're here. Shirley's trying to send Ethan to—

MIDGE

—we can discuss later, but right now we have more important stuff to think about. Shirley, get Ethan in here. Mama, get matches and candles. Papa, Moishe, it's Ethan's birthday, we're celebrating.

Shirley heads out of the kitchen to go call for Ethan. Rose searches for candles in the cupboards. Midge looks at Abe.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Hello Papa, you're looking...not well?

ABE

(proudly)

This is the face of a writer, Midge. I've been up all night and morning typing away on this critique of my friend's theatre show and I'm going to send this in to the New York Times and it'll be a success and we'll finally be able to leave this...

(whisper)

...asylum.

MOISHE

Awh the Jo March of the house. Dreaming of being a writer. Making it big!

(MORE)

MOISHE (CONT'D)

I heard you tip-tap-typing away  
last night. Tippity tap! Tippity  
tap. Oh well, we all have our  
downfalls...

Moishe pats Abe on the shoulder and exits, calling back:

MOISHE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go feed the porcelain  
stallion a brown bone, if you know  
what I mean.

Abe shuts his eyes closed in frustration, clears his head and  
turns to Midge.

ABE

I have to build my success, I need  
more opportunities and things to  
write about. I need to get us out  
of here!

A thought pops into Midge's head, she throws in:

MIDGE

I have an idea for you! A potential  
opportunity.

ABE

Hmm?

Rose taps Midge on the shoulder, stressed.

ROSE

—There're no candles, I can't find  
the candles. I don't know where  
Shirley keeps them.

Midge, distracted, turns to Rose to take on the task.

MIDGE

Okay let me help find them.  
(to Abe)  
We'll talk later, Papa.

Midge goes off to find candles for the cake. Abe raises his  
eyebrows.

ABE

(outraged)  
Talk later? Wha—just tell me now!

EXT/INT. LIVING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shirley sticks her head out of the open window and yells at the top of her lungs.

SHIRLEY  
EEETHHHAAAANNNNN!!!

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - DAY

Ethan plays with NEIGHBOR BOY 1 and NEIGHBOR BOY 2, they're hitting each other with sticks.

ETHAN  
Die! Die!

SHIRLEY  
(distantly)  
ETHANNNNN!! ETHAN! COME HOME!

Ethan frowns, the playing fizzles out.

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - DAY

Ethan runs in through the door, passes Shirley.

SHIRLEY  
There's the boy! Hullo!

Midge scurries over to greet Ethan with open arms, hoping for a hug.

MIDGE  
Happy Birthday Ethan!! You're Five  
today, my big boy!!

Ethan looks at her, shrugs, and hops around her. Midge stands there, rejected.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
Well, what did I expect.

Midge follows him into the dining room where the cake and cookies are splayed out. Ethan takes a seat.

Shirley and Rose stand next to each other by the table.

SHIRLEY  
There's no way Ethan will go into  
the city every week for Hebrew  
School.

ROSE  
There's no way he won't.

Rose walks to the other side of the table.

MIDGE  
Let's sing happy birthday, c'mon  
everyone! Papa, get in here.

The family surrounds the table. As they sing, Ethan picks his nose at the table, uninterested.

EVERYONE  
*Happy Birthday to you! Happy  
Birthday to you!*

Abe pushes his way toward Midge.

ABE  
(whispers)  
Midge I'm not playing this game,  
just tell me.

EVERYONE  
*Happy Birthday dear Ethaannn*

MIDGE  
(whispers to Abe)  
I promise I will, after the cake.

EVERYONE  
*Happy Birthday to you!*

Everyone claps as Ethan blows out the candles.

MIDGE  
Ethan, I'll take you wherever you  
want to go for your birthday, we'll  
do whatever you want. Whattaya say?  
What do you want to do?

Ethan jumps up and down, excited.

ETHAN  
Baseball! Baseball!

Ethan flies around the table pretending to bat and run the bases. He runs out of the room on a high.

MIDGE  
Guess we're going to a baseball  
game!



ROSE

A baseball game? You could've just bought him a ball to play with.

Abe impatiently turns to Midge.

ABE

For the love of God, Midge what were you going to tell me?

MIDGE

Okay. So, Susie's kinda working on this theatre production and she has a star who really needs a good review. So I was thinking that maybe, if you're interested, I can talk to her and try to get you an 'in' to shadow a rehearsal and maybe get a head-start on reviewing it.

Abe nods his head along.

ABE

(pondering)

I'm intrigued...who's the star, Julie Andrews? Mary Martin?

MIDGE

No—

ABE

Arch Johnson!

MIDGE

No...no Papa it's Sophie Lennon.

ABE

Sophie...Lennon? I thought you said she had a star.

MIDGE

She is...well, she is a star. This'll be good Papa you should do it.

Abe ponders.

Rose and Shirley are staring at each other. Rose breaks the stare off.

ROSE

I'm gonna talk to Rabbi Krinsky.

SHIRLEY

Well I'll get to my rabbi way  
before you get all the way to the  
upper west side!

Rose turns up her nose, then bolts out of the room, fast-walking. Shirley quickly pushes her way out. It's on.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. FOREST HILLS SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Shirley barges into the Forest Hills Synagogue, humming to herself. She navigates her way straight to a door labeled "RABBI'S OFFICE" and knocks.

SHIRLEY

Ohhh Rabbiii! Oh hellooo! I'm Shirley Maisel! We haven't formally met yet!

The door opens slowly, the RABBI peaks his head out and smiles.

RABBI

Oh! Hello, whatta...surprise, I uh wasn't expecting anyone! Come on in. What brings you here today?

INT. RABBI OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They move into his office and take a seat.

SHIRLEY

I'm looking to enroll my grandson in Hebrew School here. He just turned five, so he should be enrolled if you can just do that for us...

RABBI

Oh how nice of you to come in. I hate to tell you though that we're not really enrolling anymore kids, we've reached our quota already.

SHIRLEY

Aha! But I know there's more space somewhere to squeeze in one more smart little boy.

RABBI

Ohh we really don't tend to do that, unless of course there are very special circumstances or it's a very personal matter—

SHIRLEY

—Why don't you come over for dinner. I'll make a real nice dinner on Sunday, we can have soup and cake and bread and you can meet Ethan—that's my grandson, the smart boy—you can meet him and get to know the family a bit, maybe then...?

RABBI

Well...

(giving in)

Alright, I'd love to meet the family of course. I can't turn down a meal!

Shirley winks at him: success!

SHIRLEY

Oh lovely!

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Rose fixes her hair in a compact mirror, then confidently opens the synagogue doors and floats on in.

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE SYNAGOGUE - CONTINUOUS

She goes up to the SECRETARY.

Rose

Hellooo.

SECRETARY

Oh welcome! It's been a few weeks since we've seen the Weissmans!

ROSE

Oh it hasn't been that long.

(trying to charm)

I love your blouse, it compliments your hair just so nicely.

The secretary smiles, nods her on to continue to the request.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I was hoping to enroll my grandson in Hebrew School. He just turned five and we don't want him to get behind—you know how embarrassing that would be.

SECRETARY

Ahh I'm sorry, we usually request people enroll 6 weeks before the term starts...general enrollment has passed.

ROSE

(reassuring)

Oh no it's okay, I know Rabbi Krinsky, I just need to talk to him. He'll get me in. He knows the family. We're on good terms.

The secretary smiles, annoyed.

ROSE (CONT'D)

(smiling)

If I could just get in contact with him.

SECRETARY

...I suppose I can set up a meeting. He's a busy man, though.

(scans over calendar)

How's next Wednesday, 4:00?

ROSE

Oh, just fabulous!

INT. CHINATOWN CLUB - DAY

JOEL stands on a ladder painting the walls. Next to him, ARCHIE puts lightbulbs in a few table lamps.

ARCHIE

I feel guilty about Imogene, I shouldn't, but I do. She really knows how to punish me for these things, y'know? Even when I don't even do anything she makes me the villain.

JOEL

Eh, put in some effort, maybe buy her some flowers, you two will be okay. But I'm telling you, don't push it. You are on thin ice my man, and I will actually knock you out next time if you try to mess it up again.

ARCHIE  
Actually? I think you pretty much  
 did last time.

JOEL  
 Trust me on this, don't mess it up.

ARCHIE  
 Speaking of...you gonna go get your  
 girl back? She hasn't stopped by in  
 a bit.

JOEL  
 She's not my girl. This is totally  
 different. I hardly even know Mei.

ARCHIE  
 Welllll, looked like you knew her  
 pretty well last week.

JOEL  
 Oh shut up. I find her intriguing,  
 okay? I thought there might've been  
 something there, I don't know.

Joel stops painting, he takes a beat to think.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
 ...I guess I miss having her  
 around.

ARCHIE  
 Take your own advice, make things  
 better with her.

Suddenly the PHONE RINGS. Joel hops off the ladder and  
 answers.

JOEL  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello?

INTERCUT

INT. MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE / CHINATOWN CLUB - DAY

Midge sits at the table on the phone, holding ticket stubs.

MIDGE  
 (into the phone)  
 I got em!

JOEL

Got what?

MIDGE

Ethan's gift. Baseball tickets for tomorrow, Saturday.

JOEL

Ah yes! The Yankees are going up against the Giants! Ethan will be so psyched.

MIDGE

(correcting him)

No, Mets.

JOEL

...Mets?

MIDGE

Yep! At Polo Grounds. Up against...the Reds?

JOEL

Really, Midge?

MIDGE

Yes really, Joel.

(pause)

Is there an issue?

JOEL

The Mets, Midge. That's the issue.

MIDGE

It's baseball, what difference does the name make...it's still just a few guys chasing each other over a ball.

JOEL

The Mets are a brand new, "nobody" team with absolutely no talent. They're a disgrace to the sport, really. It's embarrassing.

MIDGE

Come on, Joel.

JOEL

I can't do it, I won't be caught dead at a Mets game.

MIDGE

They're playing nearby in Upper Manhattan, it's perfect, it'll be easy to get to. And Ethan won't care either way. We can even tell him it's the Yankees, how would he know the difference? He can't even read the jerseys.

JOEL

Midge, this is ridiculous.

MIDGE

Plus, the team colors are better.

JOEL

You know what, just go without me. I'll find a way to make it up to Ethan.

MIDGE

(annoyed)  
Really, Joel?

JOEL

Really.

Joel sighs. Midge takes a beat, they both calm down.

MIDGE

Are we bad parents for forgetting his birthday?

JOEL

Not at all, everyone slips up every once in a while. We're busy people.

MIDGE

I just feel bad.

JOEL

(in good fun)  
Well, you should feel bad. You're taking our son to a Mets game.

Midge smiles into the phone.

MIDGE

Okay go get Ethan a better gift, Marv's shop always has something.

END INTERCUT



EXT. POLO GROUNDS - MORNING

Sunshine, cheering fans, classic organ MUSIC. Midge and Ethan are in the stands watching the game.

MIDGE  
Isn't this Exciting, Ethan?

Ethan bops up and down, pretending to bat.

A HOTDOG MAN comes down the aisle with hotdogs for sale.

HOTDOG MAN  
Hotdogs! Get yer hotdogs!

Midge waves him down, excited.

MIDGE  
Kosher?

HOTDOG MAN  
Yes ma'am!

MIDGE  
Two hotdogs please! Extra Ketchup,  
no mustard.

The man hands her the hotdogs, she pays. Midge turns to Ethan.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
Isn't this fun?? A classic American  
day out, baseball and hotdogs.

Midge hands Ethan the hotdog.

MIDGE (CONT'D)  
Just how you like it, extra  
ketchup.

ETHAN  
No hot dog!!

Ethan turns away and watches the game, rejecting Midge.

MIDGE  
No? Alrighty...no hotdog. More for  
me, I guess.

Midge eats both hotdogs. She tries again to engage Ethan who is intently watching the game.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Okay expert Ethan, so tell me what's going on: who's winning, how are they doing? Was that just a home-run?? Why isn't that guy running?

Ethan giggles and shakes his head, refusing to give any information. Midge moves on, thinks of something else to say:

MIDGE (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I wanted to play baseball with my brother—your uncle Noah—and his friends, but I'm a girl and none of the boys would let me play. So one day I decided to just run into the middle of the field to try and catch the ball and I ended up getting hit in stomach with it and—

The GUY in front of them turns around.

GUY

Hey princess, quit yapping I'm tryna watch the game!

MIDGE

Hi, that's not my name. And I give you full permission to watch the game. I, however, do not care what's going on with the game and simply want to spend time with my son.

Midge looks over at Ethan who is completely oblivious to what's going on as he watches the game intently.

GUY

I don't care! Show some respect!! Everyone else came here to watch baseball! Not hear you run your mouth!

MIDGE

Well, even I know this is not real baseball...this is the Mets, calm down.

GUY

Why I oughta...

The man grumbles and turns away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Joel walks down the street, vaguely window shopping. He spots a small shop, heads for it and goes inside.

INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

The STORE OWNER, a friendly old man, engages him.

STORE OWNER

Joel! Nice to see you again son,  
how goes it?

JOEL

Not bad, nice to see you, man.

STORE OWNER.

What brings you in today?

JOEL

Looking to get my son something  
nice for his birthday, I'm not  
typically the one that shops for  
him...Got any gift recommendations  
for a five year old boy?

STORE OWNER

Ah, I know just what'll do it.

The Store Owner escorts him to the back of the shop. Small portable RADIOS line the shelves.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

The best gift a father could get a  
son.

JOEL

A radio, huh? I like it, he can  
listen to music and follow along  
with sports...this is good.

STORE OWNER

Yeah, make sure you keep an ear on  
him listening to it though, got  
some weird channels out there that  
come through sometimes.

JOEL

Noted.

STORE OWNER

You got one lucky son!

JOEL

Ahh, you know, we try our best.

STORE OWNER

It's not easy. How are you doing with everything? You back in the dating game yet?

JOEL

I'm okay, it's tricky. Dating makes me feel like an idiot most of the time but I'm trying to be better about it, not mess things up this time around.

STORE OWNER

Don't be too hard on yourself. Have fun with it. Go after what you like, if it doesn't come to you, then maybe it's not meant to be.

Store Owner pats Joel on the back, they share a smile and walk together toward the cash register.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Joel walks down the street by a building labeled "SCHOOL FOR MEDICINE." A group of STUDENTS leave the building.

Joel jogs up to them.

JOEL

Do you know a woman named Mei? I'm looking for her, does she go here?

The students shake their heads, shrug, and continue on their way.

Joel sighs, goes up to another small group of students.

JOEL (CONT'D)

You know Mei? Small woman, kind of feisty.

STUDENT

No, sorry.

Joel wanders down the street, lights a cigarette. He takes a seat on a bench and people-watches.

EXT. POLO GROUNDS - EVENING

As the game comes to an end, Ethan lays his head in Midge's lap, asleep. Midge smiles at the sweetness of the moment. She truly feels like a mother right now. The crowd erupts in cheer.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

INT. MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - MORNING

Sun pours through the windows as Shirley and Zelda work side by side in the kitchen. The TV is BLASTING in the other room.

Rose and Abe sit together at the table sipping coffee and reading. Abe looks up annoyed, frustratingly turns the page. Rose clears her throat, adjusts, then puts her hand up to her nose.

ROSE

Shirley? What is it that you are cooking?

ABE

What am I smelling, gefilte fish?

SHIRLEY

I'm cooking all kinds of things! Matzah ball soup, brisket, latkes, challah, vegetables, mashed potatoes, I might make another soup too. Zelda, help me out with this, we only have 7 hours til the Rabbi gets here.

ZELDA

Miss Shirley, I am working as much as I can right now.

Moishe enters, taking up as much space as he can.

MOISHE

Oh what a beautiful day it is outside, huh? Sun shining, birds chirping. Of course, I've been out all morning, had a whole day already! While all of you were asleep and now eating breakfast, I was doing business, getting exercise, breathing air and living life.

ABE

(under his breath)  
How unfortunate.

Shirley turns around abruptly, hitting poor Zelda with a mixing spoon covered in sauce. Zelda winces. Shirley doesn't notice.

SHIRLEY

The Rabbi will be here for dinner tonight 6:30 sharp. I need everyone to be there, I'm making all my famous dishes and he'll get to meet Ethan and the whole family. It's important that everyone's on their best behavior!

Rose rolls her eyes, rests her head in her hands.

ABE

Do we have to be there?

MOISHE

Are you a part of this house?

Abe grunts, turns the page. Moishe smiles.

MOISHE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought!

Moishe steals some food from the pan and takes a bite. Zelda shakes her head, annoyed at the audacity.

INT. BEDROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - DAY

Midge stands in front of the mirror wearing her black cocktail dress with two different shoes on, trying to decide between red pumps or black pumps.

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - DAY

Midge comes into the kitchen holding the two pairs of shoes.

MIDGE

Morning all!

MOISHE

Would hardly say it's morning anymore, more like day or pre-noon, if you will.

ABE

Pre-noon is morning, Moishe.

ROSE

(concern)

Where are you going? ...Why the dress?

MIDGE

I've got a gig, I'm recording a set for *The Big Show* today! I'm excited for it, I think it'll be good for me, to get out there, reach a wider audience!

ROSE

...people are going to listen to you talk on the radio?

SHIRLEY

(yelling over to her)  
The Rabbi is coming today, you can't be gone! The family all has to be there. 6:30!

MIDGE

It's just for an hour this afternoon. I will be back for the Rabbi.

Midge turns to Rose, holds up the two shoes.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Which shoes? Red or black?

ABE

(irrationally annoyed)  
Why does it matter?! No one will see you, you'll be on the radio.

MIDGE

Look good to feel good, Papa.

ROSE

Black, definitely. Your skin is too pink-toned to wear red.

Midge nods, sits down with them, and puts on the shoes.

MIDGE

So, papa, I talked to Susie. She can get you in later today and they'll have someone take you around to get acquainted and talk to the cast, the director, and then watch the rehearsal.

ABE

Is that so?



ROSE  
 (disapproving)  
 That little Susie is behind this?  
 Can't be good...

Midge ignores Rose, continues to Abe:

MIDGE  
 It's Broadway, it'll be a great  
 opportunity for you. Here's the  
 address, he's expecting you this  
 afternoon.

Midge writes down the theatre address on a napkin, slides it  
 to Abe. Abe, pleased, studies the napkin, nods.

ABE  
 Hmm.

MIDGE  
 Is that a: "yay, thanks Midge!"

ABE  
 ...I like the idea. I'm impressed.  
 It's important to write, spread  
 educated criticism and commentary  
 on the arts. This will be good.

MOISHE  
 You know what else is important?  
 Peanut butter! I think it's time  
 for a peanut butter sandwich.  
 It's healthy, filling, not too  
 sweet....

Midge glances at the clock, springs up, collects her things.

MIDGE  
 Coat, bag, lipstick...  
 (pauses to recall)  
 ...Kids! Where are Ethan and  
 Esther?

Midge runs off to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ethan and Esther are both placed in front of the TV. Midge  
 scoops up Ethan in one hand and Esther in the other and heads  
 out. Midge yells back to everyone as she runs out the door.

MIDGE  
 Bye mama, papa! Shirley, Moishe!

SHIRLEY

6:30!!

INT. CHINATOWN CLUB - DAY

Joel is filling out paperwork at the bar and Archie is varnishing the countertops.

ARCHIE

Well, you're bound to see her at some point, seems that she knows just about everyone downstairs.

They both look over at the basement door. Joel sighs.

KNOCK KNOCK. Joel's head spins to the front door, he gets up.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Hell, maybe that's her right now.

Joel opens the door. Midge is standing there carrying Esther and holding Ethan's hand.

MIDGE

Here, I found some kids on the street for you to take care of.

The kids run inside, Joel smiles.

JOEL

Hey Midge. Thanks for dropping them off.

MIDGE

Good luck getting them to do anything but watch TV. I gotta run for this gig, but do not forget about dinner tonight with the Rabbi at 6:30. Shirley will murder you if you don't come.

JOEL

That's ma! I'll be there.

They share a friendly nod. Joel closes the door and turns around to Ethan and Esther who are having an unsettling staring contest.

JOEL (CONT'D)

...Alrighty you two.

Joel Scoops up Esther and places her in a playpen.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Follow me, Mister Ethan. I got a birthday surprise for ya.

INT. BACK ROOM - CHINATOWN CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Joel pulls out a little box, Ethan grabs it and rips through the wrapping paper to find a radio.

JOEL

It's your very own radio! You can listen to sports or music or anything. It's kinda like TV...you'll love it!

ETHAN

Radio!!

Joel crouches down beside him and shows him how to use it.

JOEL

And here, look. Use these dials to switch between channels...

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Susie talks on the phone as RADIO PRODUCERS hustle and bustle in the background. Midge enters the room.

SUSIE

(into the phone)

He's coming, I told you...it'll all be fine.

INTERCUT

INT. THEATRE / RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The DIRECTOR speaks on the other line. PEOPLE are running back and forth getting props and lights into place behind him.

DIRECTOR

(into the phone)

How bold of you to invite a critic in for rehearsal, first of all. But a rehearsal at this stage?! Ludicrous!

SUSIE

Oh cool it, don't worry too much about it. He's not a real critic, okay?

Midge, hearing this, walks up to Susie and shoots her a harsh look.

DIRECTOR

Real critic? What do you mean not a real critic? What does "real" mean to you Susie!!

SUSIE

Look, I gotta run, but if you need anything I'm a phone call away.

DIRECTOR

(angry)  
Fine!

The director slams down the phone, fixes his jacket.

END INTERCUT

INT. RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Susie sets the phone down and feigns a smile to Midge. Midge looks at her, confused.

MIDGE

...Everything alright?

SUSIE

Swell. Everything's swell and you got a set to prepare for! Ya ready? It'll be a little weird at first because no visible audience means no way to gage a response, just be yourself, trust yourself, and you'll be fine.

PRODUCER hurries in.

PRODUCER

Mrs. Maisel, let's get you in the booth. We're on air in 5.

Susie shoots Midge a reassuring smile, Midge nods back.

SUSIE

You got it. Just be funny. Tits up!

MIDGE

Tits up!

INT. RECORDING BOOTH - RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Midge sits on a stool with the mic in front of her and puts on the headphones.

The producer takes his seat at the sound controls, talks to her through a mic.

PRODUCER

Okay let's get a sound check.

MIDGE

1, 2. 1, 2.

PRODUCER

Excellent. They'll introduce you over at our main broadcast and give us the cue and you'll be on. Remember to greet your audience, and then jump right in. Keep it clean, this is public radio.

MIDGE

Got it.

PRODUCER

Aaaaand we got the cue. On in 3, 2, go!

MIDGE

Helloooo lovely people!  
I say "people" but who knows...I can only imagine who's in my audience, it could be a bunch of monkeys behind the radio listening in as a science experiment to see if they'll laugh at human jokes for all I know.

(takes breath)

Whew, It's weird talking on the radio because I have no idea if anyone's actually listening.

(chuckles to herself)

In fact, I'm basically telling jokes to myself. I feel like I'm my 90 year old grandmother after she has a little too much manischewitz.

(MORE)

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Who am I kidding, I should be used to this whole talking-to-a-wall deal, I do it every time I try to talk to my son! He is only five to be fair, but I mean truly, I have full blown conversations with myself when I'm with him. He refuses to acknowledge me, it's humbling really. He keeps me in check.

INT. CHINATOWN CLUB - DAY

Tucked away from the action of Joel and Archie working, Ethan lays on his stomach in front of his radio. He's listening to baseball.

RADIO

*"And he got it! 44 is running, he has first, heading for second——"*

Suddenly the radio cuts out. Ethan's relaxed face drops: he frowns.

ETHAN

Stupid stupid!!

He hits the radio but the signal doesn't come back. Ethan sits up and starts messing with the dials. A signal comes through! He relaxes and listens in.

MIDGE

(through the radio)

Hell, I went to a baseball game the other day for my son's birthday.

Ethan furrows his brow, puts his ear close to the radio.

ETHAN

Mama?

INT. RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Midge continues her set, getting into the rhythm of her jokes.

MIDGE

You can probably guess I am not a natural baseball fan—although, have you seen some of these players? I mean wheew, why didn't anyone tell me earlier!

(MORE)

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I'd have been down at that field every weekend.

(chants)

"Best! mom! ever!" Always taking her son to the game! Who knew pin stripes and baggy pants would have such an effect on a girl...do you think that's the secret? Should I start wearing pin stripes and baggy pants? Baseball is interesting though. I mean it's such a classic American experience. The hotdogs, the organ music, the MEN who worship the sport like it's Jesus himself. No really, it's ridiculous. I was running my mouth like I tend to do, you know, and this man turned to me and threatened me to, quote,

(imitates gruff man voice)

"stop yapping princess!"

OH hell is he in for something when he finds out I run my mouth for a living! I shoulda handed him my business card and requested he tip me for the free bit.

INT. CHINATOWN CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Ethan lays on his stomach again, smiling, as he listens in to Midge's set.

MIDGE

(through the radio)

...Or I coulda just simply told him to go shove his little shlong shlong up his and leave me alone.

Ethan's eyes light up in wonder. He repeats in whisper:

ETHAN

Shlong shlong!

INT. RADIO STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Midge finishes up her set.

MIDGE

But alas, I'm not that bold...yet. Boy, I hope I don't turn into that person.

(MORE)

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I'm staying with my in-laws for the time being and lemme tell you, they say pretty much anything out loud as if there are nooo consequences—and I mean anything, it's disturbing what euphemisms they spout. How many different ways can you say "I need to take a dump"?? Apparently many. There's... "gotta drop the kids off at the pool," "gotta chop a log," it's horrifying really, I'll spare you the rest.

(chuckles and wraps up)

Well that's all I got for you today. I'm Mrs. Maisel everybody, It was a pleasure talking at you— whoever you may be! Now, go watch a baseball game or something!

Midge takes a breath and removes the headphones: she's satisfied and relieved. Susie shoots her an affirmative nod.

**END OF ACT THREE**



ACT FOUR

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Abe walks into the theatre, fiddling with the note and looking around. He spots the ASSISTANT, goes up to him.

ABE

Hello, I'm Abe Weissman. I was told I could sit in on rehearsal, talk to the cast a bit?

ASSISTANT

(frazzled)

Oh holy night, a critic, okay.  
Um...

The Assistant clears his throat, looks around. He spots the director, goes to tap on his shoulder. Director turns around.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(nervous enthusiasm)

We have um...a Critic here!

ABE

Hello, I'm Abe Weissman—

DIRECTOR

Yes yes of course. I heard.  
Pleasure to meet you! You know, this really isn't something we typically tend to do, have a writer sitting in on rehearsal.

ABE

Ah well, thank you for the rare opportunity, then! I'm excited to experience theatre in the making!

DIRECTOR

(to the assistant)

Here, take Mr. Weissman around to get acquainted.

The assistant, eyes wide, shoots Director a nervous look. Then turns to Abe. Abe follows along with a pleasant smile.

ASSISTANT

Right this way.

INT. BACKSTAGE - THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

They walk backstage.

ASSISTANT

'*Miss Julie*' is a 3 character play, you may recognize our acclaimed talent, Gavin Hawk and Sophie Lennon. It's expected to be quite a hit when it opens next weekend.

SOPHIE LENNON is seated at her dressing table.

ABE

Ah! Hello. A privilege to speak to you, really. I was wondering if you could tell me a little abo—

SOPHIE LENNON

A black coffee please, boiling hot, with 12 cubes of sugar. No less, no more.

ABE

Sorry, uh...

SOPHIE LENNON

Don't judge my coffee order. I know what I like, I am secure in my order.

ASSISTANT

Uh Ms. Lennon I will fetch that for you. This is Mr. Weissman, a writer interested in the show. He's here to write about the production.

Assistant heads out in a hurry. Abe shifts uncomfortably.

SOPHIE LENNON

Hmmm I don't think so, I don't think you are. Why are you tricking me?

ABE

Oh I'm not tricking you...or anyone. I wanted to talk to you about the production. Of course, if you will.

SOPHIE LENNON

I just want my coffee and my sugar. Why are you being so harsh to me, so cold?

ABE

Really I think there must be some misunderstanding here, I—

GAVIN HAWK enters. He hangs onto Sophie.

SOPHIE LENNON

Gavin, baby. This man is attacking me, I don't know what happened.

ABE

Oh I'm really not attacking anyone, I just came here to ask a few questions and observe the rehearsal.

GAVIN

Ask questions? Is this an investigation?...we didn't do anything?

ABE

No no, I'm a writer, a critic.

SOPHIE LENNON

Your energy is putting me off. It's that striped tie. The beige color...so odd. So unusual. Not right...It's almost turning me on...

Abe winces, both confused and disgusted.

INT. STAGE - THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

The Assistant runs for the Director.

ASSISTANT

Excuse me, we may need some interference.

The director fast-walks with Assistant to backstage.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(whisper)

It's the critic...I'm afraid Sophie isn't making a good impression, our reputation is in jeopardy! The whole production is at risk!

INT. BACKSTAGE - THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Sophie and Gavin are now making out passionately. Assistant and Director walk in.

DIRECTOR  
 (to Assistant, quietly)  
 Don't worry too much, he's not a  
real critic anyway.

Abe hears this, turns around, fuming.

ABE  
 Excuse me?

DIRECTOR  
 With all due respect—

ABE  
 No...I came here to do you a favor,  
 to write about your play, to  
 celebrate the theatre. Where's the  
 respect! Look at this place,  
 there's no order, no tradition!  
 What kind of joke is this? I'm  
 getting attacked for not getting  
 her a cup of coffee, you're  
 gossiping behind my back, they're  
 kissing...this is outrageous!

Abe storms out of the theatre. The Assistant, Director, and cast members all stand in stunned silence.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - EVENING

Ethan plays with a figurine, making it "talk" to another figurine. He quietly whispers to himself.

ETHAN  
 "Leave me alone"

He makes the other figurine respond.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 "shove your shlong up your...shling  
 shlong!"

INT. KITCHEN - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Food dishes line all available counter space. Shirley works on finishing up a dish and Zelda goes back and forth to the dining room, prepping the table.

Rose walks in, nose in the air with bitterness. She squints at Zelda, almost wanting her to feel bad for "choosing sides."

Zelda bows her head, regretfully, and hesitates with her task. Rose takes a seat at the kitchen table, Joel enters, claps his hands together.

JOEL

Rabbi time! Need any help, ma?

SHIRLEY

Get Ethan and Esther in here, make sure they're looking pretty and nice.

JOEL

Pretty and nice, quite the request.

Joel spins away. Shirley bellows:

SHIRLEY

MOISSHEEE! GET DOWN HERE, WE ONLY HAVE 15 MINUTES!

MOISHE

(yelling down from upstairs)

I'm putting on my pants!

ROSE

(to herself)

Oh dear lord.

Rose holds her head in her hands. Abe enters and stands by Rose, hands on hips.

ABE

Where's Midge?

ROSE

Should be around? Why?

ABE

(angrily)

I have things to discuss with her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joel picks up Esther and tries to smooth down her hair, she puts up a bit of a fight. Midge enters. Ethan runs around the room with his toy car.

MIDGE  
Shirley's put you to work?

JOEL  
Yep, making 'em pretty!

MIDGE  
How were the kids, they didn't give you too much trouble today did they?

Ethan comes up and holds onto Midge's leg.

JOEL  
Angels. They kept to themselves, hung out, Ethan listened to a bit of sports on his cool new radio, right Ethan?

Ethan nods.

JOEL (CONT'D)  
Fed them a slice of pizza before we left, too. How'd your thing go?

MIDGE  
It was great, the producers want me back on to do some—

ABE  
(yelling from the other room)  
Midge!

MIDGE  
...Yes papa??

Abe stomps in. Midge is caught off guard.

ABE  
I'm not very happy, Miriam. It was so impossibly stupid of you to merely suggest I visit the production. I want you to know that I take my writing very seriously and will not ever be mocked by my own blood again! Do you understand? This is real life, not material for your silly little comedy acts.

MIDGE  
Oh lord. Slow down, back up, what happened?

ABE

You know damn well what happened. I was humiliated! By my own daughter! What have I ever done to you other than provide, provide, provide? Buying dresses and hats and shoes and—

MIDGE

Papa! What happened? I swear everything was supposed to be arranged, they were expecting you!

ABE

They were monsters, Miriam. It was a wreck back stage, I was called a fraud!

MIDGE

Oh no, oh this is bad. I swear it wasn't supposed to be like that.

DIINNGG DONNGGG! The doorbell interrupts and the house falls quiet. Abe whispers to Midge before walking away.

ABE

I'm not gonna stop writing...and I'm also not gonna listen to your advice ever again.

INT. FRONT DOOR - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Shirley runs and opens the door, big smile across her face.

SHIRLEY

Rabbi! Welcome, welcome! What a pleasure to have you here, come in make yourself comfortable! We have latkes and soups and vegetables and brisket waiting for you, so I hope you're hungry!

RABBI

Aahh, how nice! Nice to meet you all!

SHIRLEY

(yelling)  
EETHHAAAN, COME MEET THE RABBI!

Rabbi steps inside, Moishe pats him on the back.

MOISHE  
The man of the hour!

Everyone comes to greet him. Rose stands back, still bitter.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOISHE/SHIRLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The table is nicely set with dishes of food. The Rabbi sits at the head of the table. Rose sits in bothered silence, poking at her food and hardly acknowledging the rabbi. Abe is still angry at Midge, staring her down.

SHIRLEY  
Ethan is our smart boy, he's a straight-A student and one of the brightest in his class!

JOEL  
(chuckles)  
It's a pretty dim class—

Shirley kicks Joel. Midge distracts.

MIDGE  
He's got many other talents, he loves sports and cartoons and—

MOISHE  
He's gonna be a business man one day like me and his father! We do business! Like men!

Moishe's eyes fall on Abe who grimaces back at Moishe. Abe diverts into passive aggression.

ABE  
Ethan could be a number of other, more meaningful, things too. Like an activist or a lawyer or maybe a rabbi for all we know! Possibilities are truly not to be limited.

The Rabbi nods and turns to speak directly to Ethan. Ethan has no interest in what Rabbi is saying.

RABBI  
Ah, well first of all Ethan, we would welcome you warmly into the rabbinical community. It takes a special something, you know. I feel very deeply about religion, it's very personal to me.  
(MORE)



RABBI (CONT'D)

Ever since I was young I just knew this is what I had to do. The Jewish culture and Hebrew language blossomed in me as a glorious flower of life, prayer, and study. It's a beautiful thing.

Everyone is quiet, they look from the rabbi to Ethan. This is the big moment. Ethan doesn't know what to do, he fidgets in his chair and whispers to himself.

ETHAN

Shhhhllooo...

RABBI

What is it that you said, buddy?

Ethan smirks, then points to Midge while looking at Rabbi.

ETHAN

Go shove your shling shlong up yours and leave me alone! Mama says!!

Midge's eyes go wide in shock. She looks at the Rabbi. The Rabbi coughs and wipes his mouth, uncomfortable and unsure what to say.

Ethan giggles and hops out of his chair, running away. The table freezes for a moment before it all sinks in.

MOISHE

Well this doesn't look too good, now does it.

Shirley starts talking and serving the Rabbi more food in her attempt to distract and save the dinner.

SHIRLEY

Here, have some mashed potatoes, they're from my grandmother's recipe, I use a special kind of butter with onions and chives and...

ABE

(to midge)

Do you find "shlong" funny? Is this comedy to you?

MIDGE

Uh, no, well I don't know how he heard that or why he said that...I—this was not intended for him to—

JOEL

(realizing, punching himself)

Aw shit. The radio.

MOISHE

Oh! This is getting interesting!

ABE

Ah, hmph! Midge on the radio, throwing around jokes like there are no consequences.

The Rabbi shifts in his chair as if considering leaving. Midge leans toward the rabbi, tries to apologize.

MIDGE

I am so sorry for...whatever this is. I swear, this is not the kind of people we are. Ethan is a sweet, innocent boy, we are a nice family. Everyone has...moments sometimes.

The Rabbi nods along, very much trying to find a way out as he starts to stand up.

SHIRLEY

I have cake, I will go get the chocolate cake!

Shirley gets up, gestures for the Rabbi to sit. She exits, flustered.

Rose is invigorated by this drama, a smile creeps up on her face.

ROSE

(to herself, in song)  
Rabbi Krinsky it is!!

**END ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVE

INT. GASLIGHT CAFE - NIGHT

Midge slumps over at the bar, sitting next to Susie.

MIDGE

So that's how my life is going. A  
cherry on top of the sundae.

Susie nods.

SUSIE

Well shit.  
(tentatively)  
...am I allowed to laugh?

Midge gives Susie a look that says: don't you dare.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

What! Your kid yelled shlong at the  
Rabbi! I should be allowed to  
laugh!

MIDGE

(warning)  
Hey you're also in trouble.

SUSIE

Fuck. You're right. I kinda blocked  
that part out.

Midge puts her head in her hands.

MIDGE

Really wish you sold alcohol here.

Susie pulls a flask out of her pocket, grabs two mugs from  
behind the bar and pours them each a glass.

SUSIE

Cheers.

They take a drink. Susie ponders for a second, reassures  
Midge.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

So yeah, this was not the best  
situation. In fact, the whole  
situation was kinda fucked, like  
royally ass-fucked.

MIDGE

You're supposed to be making me feel better.

SUSIE

My point is, we can move on. We'll try to be a little more careful next time doing public sets and I'll sort out the whole theatre debacle tomorrow. It'll be fine.

Their attention is suddenly taken by A MAN yodeling horribly on stage. Midge and Susie look at each other, disturbed.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

You wanna save the day?

MIDGE

Please.

SUSIE

(yelling across room)  
Alright buddy, time is up!

Susie goes to usher the yodeling man off the stage. Midge walks up, taking his place.

MIDGE

I just had the most chaotic, heart-attack inducing, gag reflux-esque dinner of my life. And I'm not saying this because my mother-in-law served her very special chopped liver for dinner. I'm saying this because I was dining with my in-laws, my parents, my ex husband, my kids, and the Rabbi, and my son points to ME, and tells the Rabbi to go shove his shlong up his ass and leave us alone. If you don't quite understand how jarring that was, think about what it would be like if Marilyn Monroe could go back in time and flash her tits at Jesus during the Last Supper. Absolute chaos would ensue. There would be no Christmas or Easter today if that would have happened, nothing has any potential of being holy again after that. And somehow this was my fault, I'm responsible for my son yelling shlong at the Rabbi.

(MORE)

## MIDGE (CONT'D)

"Midge, you ruined the chances of getting your son enrolled in Hebrew School!" "Midge, now he's gonna be one year behind FOREVER in EVERYTHING." Okay okay, To be fair, it was kinda my fault...my son did hear that quote from me—but it was my ex husband that let him hear it! Just when I thought he was getting it together, too. Ladies, this is a lesson: you can never trust a man. So here's what happened: I forgot it was my son's birthday, so to make it up to him I took him to see the Mets. My ex husband, REFUSING to go with because he hates the Mets, bought him a radio as a gift instead. The next day, I do a set on the radio. See where this is going? Yeah. You apparently can't trust five year olds either. The little snitch. Now don't get me wrong, I do love motherhood and am so thankful for my kids—I mean how could I not want the constant yelling, smell of peanut butter, and sticky booger fingers in my life? But motherhood is hard! I always knew I would be a mother one day, it was kinda just what was expected of me and, to be fair, it's all I expected of myself too. When I was a young girl, I'd carry around this little doll and pretend it was my child—I'd take the bastard out for walks, braid her hair, feed her applesauce, and teach her to read, as any delusional and lonely little child did back in the day. You'd think there would've been more entertaining games to play, but instead there was this obsession with being a mother. And now that I am one? Well jeez. Once you're actually a mother you can't just decide to put the doll away and stop playing for the day; you are a mother and you will forever be a mother....Crazy right?? I also just found that out! Who woulda thunk? In all honesty though, this is something I'm still learning.

(MORE)

## MIDGE (CONT'D)

Because sometimes when you think there are no consequences to your actions, you remember you have kids. And this goes alllll the way back to when I found out I was pregnant. Both times. But really, your children will constantly find different ways to remind you that you have to be a responsible person. And considering how I'm still a huge pain in the ass for my poor parents, I don't think it'll get much easier with age. You know, I do sometimes question whether maybe I'm the problem and my kids will one day be stuck parenting me. Really though, my life choices have made things severely more complicated than they have to be. There's this friction between being a woman and being literally anything else at the same time—like a comedian. It feels like I have dual-identities and they hate each other, which is unfortunate considering this is my everyday life. It's like when you want to wear a nice delicate dress with pumps to the family gathering but you're required to wear the sweater your grandma knitted for you—you know the one, garish and thick. Itchy and oversized...but made with love, unfortunately. Anyways, it throws the whole outfit off. Sometimes I feel like that's me, the cursed, ugly sweater messing up anything it comes in contact with. But alas, I'm trying to embrace the messiness that is my life with as little guilt as my Jewish body will let me have. I'll let you know how that goes when I'm up here next weekend ranting about the same general problem. Anyway, thank you all so much for listening, I'm Mrs. Maisel. Goodnight!

Midge takes a breath, feeling better.

**END OF EPISODE**