

"FINDING THE BALLS"
THE MARVELOUS MRS. MAISEL

Written by

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A Mrs. Maisel Spec Script

EXT. COMEDY CLUB. LATE NIGHT.

A 3am-kinda quiet. Midge and Susie bust through the comedy club door, ready to take on the world.

SUSIE

You killed it in there!

MIDGE

You really think so? I mean I wasn't expecting to get such a laugh from that butcher bit, but I guess you really can't underestimate how hard it can be to get good meat!

Enter OSCAR (40s), Eastern European gangster, and posse.

OSCAR

Well I can certainly tell you how hard it can be to find a good butcher...

MIDGE

(to Susie)

Susie, why is it so hard for him to find a good butcher?

Susie grins through her teeth. The ol' smile and wave tactic.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(to Oscar)

You know I can give you the name of my guy, you'll have to schelp all the way across the river for it, but no one has a better brisket.

OSCAR

Why don't we take a ride and you can tell me about it.

His white Rolls rolls up to the curb.

SUSIE

Oh shoot, you know I forgot my purse inside. Aren't I just always doing that, Midge?

MIDGE

You have a purse?

SUSIE

Sure, I have loads of 'em, to match all my... hats...

Back towards the club. Shit! More goons - They're surrounded.

OSCAR
(opens car door,
gentlemanly)
Please, I insist.

MIDGE
Susie I'm sure it's fine, I mean no
gangsters actually drive white
cars, do they? White car, no
gangsters. It's practically
scientific fact.

OSCAR
What's wrong with a white car?

MIDGE
Nothing. Nothing's wrong with it.
It's just usually gangsters have
black cars.

OSCAR
You don't like my car?

MIDGE
I love your car, it's lovely. Isn't
it lovely Susie?

SUSIE
It'd be even more lovely if I
wasn't getting hearse vibes from
it.

MIDGE
The hearse is for after you're
dead. This is more...

OK MIDGE. Gangster present... sensitive gangster, apparently.

MIDGE (CONT'D)
Like a carriage... of some kind,
isn't that right- what was it that
you said you're name was?

OSCAR
Oscar.

SUSIE
Like the wieners.

OSCAR
What did you call me.

MIDGE

She said vinner, didn't you Susie?
Vinner? Because Oscar, you're a
winner. Anyone can tell.

SUSIE

Oh ya! A real winner. I mean what
kind of gangster has the confidence
to drive around in a white car.
That takes balls. Balls and class.
Plus I'm sure you save a fortune on
the car washes.

OSCAR

Enough. Get in.

INT. JOEL'S CLUB. MORNING

Joel is making his rounds with Mrs. Moskowitz and Archie, who
has stopped by on his way to work.

JOEL

Ronnie, I thought we agreed on the
periwinkle for these cushions?

RONNIE (50s) constantly measuring (everyone and everything)
cuts cushion patterns.

RONNIE

We're out of the periwinkle Mr.
Maisel.

JOEL

Mrs. Markowitz, make a note to
order more periwinkle!

ARCHIE

I like this side of you.

JOEL

Oh ya, what side is that?

ARCHIE

You know, the one with little
shades of periwinkle.

JOEL

Are you tryna tell me something
Archie?

ARCHIE

That your fabrics are showing.

MRS. MOSKOWITZ
And that periwinkle stains...

JOEL
Periwinkle stains?

Mrs. Moskowitz nods.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Midnight blue?

Mrs. Moskowitz nods. Joel tornados through the space.

JOEL (CONT'D)
Midnight blue it is! Mrs. Moskowitz
how soon can we have it in?

MRS. MOSKOWITZ
Depends how soon you can patch
things up with Nicole.

ARCHIE
Who's Nicole?

JOEL
The daughter of our upholsterer.

Joel wipes the bar, fidgets with a stool, shuffles papers,
calculates - has his hands on everything.

MRS. MOSKOWITZ
She hasn't spoken to him since he
stood her up for dinner last week.

ARCHIE
Is that so Mrs. Moskowitz?

JOEL
Mrs. Moskowitz what is it we said
about keeping my agenda to
ourselves?

He's drowning in tasks at his own watering hole.

ARCHIE
And speaking of dinner, any plans
now that the Mrs. is back in town?

Joel stops dead.

JOEL
Tonight's the night.

MRS. MOSKOWITZ
Tonight's the night!

JOEL
Tonight's the night!

He could pirouette, but he'll lean back instead.

ARCHIE
So, uh what are you going to do?

JOEL
Treating her to a home-cooked meal.

ARCHIE
You can cook?

JOEL
No. But Mrs. Moskowitz made me a frozen casserole that I knew would come in handy sometime.

ARCHIE
You can't be serious, frozen Moskowitz casserole?

MRS. MOSKOWITZ
Uh!

ARCHIE
Sorry Mrs. Moskowitz, I just thought I heard Joel say that he wasn't going to try to win his dream woman back at all.

JOEL
Not trying?

ARCHIE
Frozen casserole doesn't scream effort.

JOEL
Oh ya, well what do you expect? You want me to pull out *The Joy of Cooking* and just whip something up.

ARCHIE
You know Imogene makes the best roast chicken from that book.

MRS. MOSKOWITZ
Oh and the salads.

JOEL

Mrs. Moskowitz you think so too?

Mrs. Moskowitz nods.

JOEL (CONT'D)

All right then *The Joy of Cooking* it is! Mrs. Markowitz, cancel my appointments after 4.

Mrs. Moskowitz purses her lips.

JOEL (CONT'D)

3?

Mrs. Moskowitz nods.

JOEL (CONT'D)

And call my mother, tell her I'm going to need the kitchen.

ARCHIE

What's wrong with your kitchen?

JOEL

I don't have any pans!

ARCHIE

You really make me think what life would be like without Imogene.

JOEL

Pan-less? I've been suffering for the last year but it's pan-less that got you?

INT. INDUSTRIAL ROOM.

Midge and Susie are tied to a chair. The, one, lone light sways, creaking, annoyingly above their heads.

SUSIE

Oh God, I don't want to die. Get me out of here!

MIDGE

Stop it Susie, we're not going to die.

SUSIE

Look around you Midge! This has slaughterhouse written all over it!

(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I've seen the movies. Oh God. Oh God. We're gonna fucking die.

MIDGE

Since when did you become the pussy?

SUSIE

Since when did you get enough balls for the both of us?

MIDGE

What is it with you and balls these days?

SUSIE

They're a rare thing to come by.

MIDGE

Not really, every other person has two.

Enter Oscar and goons. The setting really looks grim now.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Ok Susie just keep it together. We've done nothing wrong. They're going to let us go.

SUSIE

God you really don't know how the world works outside your Pyrex.

MIDGE

What is that supposed to mean?

Oscar drags a chair and sits, facing them. Hat off, sleeves rolled, knuckles cracked. All menacingly like.

SUSIE

Right there. That is straight out of a mob movie I'm telling you.

Oscar clears his throat.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

This is it. This is fucking it.

MIDGE

Susie, calm down. We did not survive driving through rivers and snow storms and changing tires and sleazy club owners to die 45 minutes from New York.

SUSIE

I always knew Jersey would take me down.

Oscar clears his throat again.

OSCAR

You know, I can hear you.

SUSIE

Of course we know you can hear us!

OSCAR

So what is it, you're not afraid of me?

MIDGE

Actually, Oscar, we think that you're a pretty nice guy. You know maybe a little rough around the edges, but a real nice guy. Have you thought of going with a softer color palate? I think pastels would do wonders for your complexion.

SUSIE

Pastels? That's your fucking angle.

OSCAR

I organize this cities biggest import/export business...

SUSIE

Oh God, it's drugs. It's drugs and you're here talking about pastels. Let me guess you're going to chop us up, dump us in barrels of acid and export us across the Atlantic.

MIDGE

Susie, calm down.

SUSIE

Calm down? How am I supposed to calm down? They're going to find our unidentifiable remains in fucking Portugal or some shit.

(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Some prissy European in a powdered wig will be like "what's this a barrel of wine? Ahh there's bones in there!"

MIDGE

Susie, don't -

OSCAR

Why do you think I am such a bad guy that I send remains to Portugal?

SUSIE

I don't know, the creepy warehouse thing and tying us together bit kinda put the nail in that coffin. Oh God, I've done it. I've accepted my fate. I've mentally nailed my own coffin.

OSCAR

And you?

MIDGE

Me? Oh, I just told you, remember pastels, bring out those eyes. I think you're a nice guy. A real nice guy. Nice guys don't send remains to Portugal, they don't have any remains to get rid of... Right, because they keep their, um prisoners, I mean friends, alive... Oscar did I mention that you seem like a nice guy. A real, real nice guy....

OSCAR

You did. And that is why I want to do business.

MIDGE

I'm sorry did you say business? I'm not looking to get into... import/exports right now.

OSCAR

No, but you, ehh, you like to joke, no?

MIDGE

I mean, when the mood is right.

Beat.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Yes, yep I like to joke.

OSCAR

You see, in my country, we don't have many people who joke.

MIDGE

Well, at least they don't have to worry about laugh wrinkles, I'll tell ya since I've started this I've had to apply twice as much cream at night. Not that I'm saying that I laugh at my own jokes. Because I don't, well not usually anyway.

OSCAR

As I was saying...

MIDGE

Sorry go ahead.

SUSIE

Midge will you shut up and let the man talk. If I'm going to be chopped up into a barrel of acid, I at least deserve to know why.

MIDGE

I was just trying to...

OSCAR

Why do you two talk so much?

SUSIE

He's talking about you.

MIDGE

Me? You're the one going off about acid barrels and powdered wigs.

He clears his throat with the intent to terrify - achieved.

OSCAR

As I was saying... in my country, we don't have many people who joke. And with my business, I've had to make a lot of difficult decisions. Decisions that make me unpopular.

SUSIE

Oh God, here it comes.

OSCAR

So, this weekend, it's wife's birthday party. I was hoping that you preform and you tell some jokes, and everybody laughs and Oscar's not so scary any more.

SUSIE

I'm sorry you want us to improve your image? What are we in PR now?

MIDGE

How did you even find us?

OSCAR

We came to the club last night to collect some money. Then I see you, I hear jokes, and I think to myself, this is it. This is my way to show I've changed.

SUSIE

Or you can ditch the warehouse, and the ropes...

MIDGE

So this weekend?

OSCAR

Yes.

MIDGE

8 o'clock?

OSCAR

Yes. I'll send a car.

MIDGE

Ok.

Two goons begin to untie them. They can taste freedom...

SUSIE

There's just a small matter of payment.

OSCAR

How does \$1,000 sound?

MIDGE

That sounds very good thank you.

Midge rubs her wrists, breathes. Grateful. Excited?

SUSIE

Have you ever heard of negotiating?

MIDGE

Have you ever heard of getting out while you're ahead?

OSCAR

My car will bring you back.

SUSIE

Oh that's ok. We'll get a cab. Don't really want you following us back to my car and then figuring out where we live. I'll take the address to the gig too.

MIDGE

She means, we'll see you Saturday.

SUSIE

When we arrive, in our own car.

They exchange glances. And relief.

OSCAR

Very well.

A piece of paper. The address. The ticket to freedom. The 1000 dollar voucher, whatever you'll call it. Clutched.

Midge and Susie are in the middle of an industrial nowhere. The sun is shining. The birds are chirping. They survived, and they got themselves a gig.

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN.

The Joy of Cooking is flopped open, carrots are chopped, the smell of roast garlic divinely fills the kitchen, but the scene's overpowered by Rose and Shirley.

Abe reads the paper at the table, and adorned in a messy, borrowed, frilly apron, Joel is panicked in the cross hairs.

ROSE

Joel, sweetie, you can't chop carrots like this, it has to be like this.

Rose grabs the knife.

SHIRLEY

No, no. You're father always likes a heartier carrot. We cut carrots like this in the Maisel household.

Shirley grabs the knife.

ROSE

Well you're not in the Maisel household, and trust me Joel, Midge prefers a daintier carrot.

Rose grabs the knife.

JOEL

Let's put the knife down.

ABE

I thought you leaving Midge meant we never had to hear about Maisel carrots again.

ROSE

Abe, you can't be serious.

SHIRLEY

Abe, this is a beautiful moment, our children are rekindling their romance.

ABE

There wouldn't need to be any rekindling in the first place if he just kept his carrot where it was supposed to be!

JOEL

Abe look, I'm sorry...

ABE

Sorry for what, exactly? For leaving my daughter? For leading her down a path to stand up comedy? For making me a perpetual babysitter?!

ROSE

Now you're acting like Zelda doesn't exist? What is wrong with you today Abe?

ABE

Or for forcing me to listen to this nonsense about chopping carrots for the last hour of my life?!

Abe slams the paper down, it's as anti-climatic as his outburst.

ROSE

Ignore him.

Shirley chops, Rose attempts to snatch the knife. Blocked.

JOEL

All of it. But especially the carrots. I wanted to just heat up a casserole...

ABE

Midge would love a casserole.

ROSE/SHIRLEY

Midge would not love a casserole.

ABE

I would love a casserole.

ROSE

Well I'll have Zelda fix you one for dinner tomorrow night. Remember her? The woman who watches your grandkids?

SHIRLEY

I have a great recipe you can use.

ROSE

I don't need your casserole recipe Shirley.

SHIRLEY

You'll be missing out on the best casserole you ever had.

ABE

What are we having tonight if casserole is for tomorrow night?

ROSE

We're going out tonight so Midge and Joel can have a night at home.

ABE

He doesn't live here. This isn't his home.

SHIRLEY

This is why their marriage didn't work, you never let him feel comfortable here.

ABE

Oh, he felt plenty comfortable with his secretary!

JOEL

Look Abe, I'm sorry. I made a mistake ok? I know that. I'm man enough to own up to it. I'm man enough to put on an apron and try.

ABE

Why can't you do this at your house?

JOEL

My mother wouldn't let me.

SHIRLEY

I wanted to see my grandchildren that you're always keeping from me.

ABE

They're here. Maybe you can take them next time Miriam runs off with her comedy.

SHIRLEY

Abe, what are you not understanding? Maybe, if tonight goes well, there won't be a next time.

Beat.

JOEL

Nobody's saying that.

ROSE

But everyone is thinking it!

SHIRLEY

It's why Rose was so thrilled with the whole Benjamin thing not working out..

ROSE
I wouldn't say "thrilled"...

ABE
Can we not mention the names of any more men that disappoint my daughter...

JOEL
I would never ask Midge...

ABE
To take you back after what you've done?

JOEL
Can we all just please get through the carrots?

ABE
Why did you even tell your mother about this? You have an apartment, why didn't you just take Midge there?

JOEL
I don't have any pans.

ROSE
No pans?

SHIRLEY
I offered him a set, top of the line, imported from Italy.

ABE
Somehow I doubt that...

SHIRLEY
I did, and he refused them!

ABE
A man doesn't know how to use a pan.

SHIRLEY
There's a lot of things a man doesn't know, pans are the least of it.

JOEL
Can somebody please tell me what the hell to do with these carrots!?

ROSE
Here's what we will do...

ABE
Thank God. We can move on with our lives.

ROSE
I will go to collect Midge from,
God what's that plumbers name...

ABE
Susie.

SHIRLEY
Oh, on a first name basis with the
plumber now I see.

JOEL
She was never really a plumber.

ROSE
Abe and I will go collect Midge
from Susie. Then, we will send her
bags up and say we forgot... to
pick up my coat from the dry
cleaners. That's it... we'll run
out...

JOEL
And Midge is going to believe that
you'll go all the way back out for
a coat?

SHIRLEY
What? Does she want her mother to
freeze to death?

JOEL
It's Spring.

ROSE
We'll head out for the coat.

ABE
I don't want to go to the dry
cleaners.

ROSE
We're not going to the dry
cleaners, we're going to the
Maisels.

ABE

I take it back, lets go to the dry cleaners.

ROSE

The four of us will have dinner while the kids have their evening.

ABE

So we have to have *their* cooking?

SHIRLEY

What's wrong with my cooking? I told you, best casserole you've ever had.

ABE

Oh tonight is going to go very, very badly.

INT. GASLIGHT. 4PM.

Midge and Susie sit at the bar. Sunlight streams through the cracks in the window boards. Susie pours a them a scotch. It's about as cheery as a dingy club can be in the daylight.

SUSIE

That was some tour, wasn't it.

MIDGE

What kind of mother am I? I've been gone months and the first thing you'd think I'd do is rush home to see my kids, but no... I'm sitting here, in this dingy club...

SUSIE

Hey!

MIDGE

Drinking before 5... thinking of every excuse not to go home.

SUSIE

You're waiting for your parents.

MIDGE

And that's why I'm drinking... and excuse-ing

SUSIE

Ya, well that, and we just went into business with the mob. You're like a real comedian now.

MIDGE

Susie I'm serious.

SUSIE

I'm serious! And may I say "cheers" to our highest paying gig yet!

MIDGE

What am I even supposed to say at this party?

She thoughtfully walks to the stage, armed with her scotch.

SUSIE

You'll figure something out. Just you know, play nice.

MIDGE

Play nice? With gangsters?

She starts riffing - to just Susie and the flies.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

You know what they say about crime lords... well nothing. Anyone who says anything about them gets two right in the head. And let me tell you, I did not spend every night of the last 8 years applying lotion to my forehead to get two in the head. I mean what's the point of preventing wrinkles if you don't get to live long enough to get them? And how do you even have an open casket with two in the head? Could you imagine my mother?

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(now doing a Rose impression, pretending to look over a body)

Miriam had such a flawless complexion, it's too bad the corner wasn't able to remove the bits of brain from just here and here. It really would be nice to see her eyes. If she only died smiling...

MIDGE (CONT'D)
(now doing Midge)
Apparently my mother's never seen
anyone hold a gun to their head.
It's way more shit your pants than
smile wide.

The Gaslight door flings open. Rose and Abe enter.

ROSE
Miriam! You did what!

MIDGE
I uh-uh-

ABE
Did someone hold a gun to your
head?

ROSE
Do you really think that I would
criticize your corpse?

MIDGE
"Hi Midge, welcome home!"

Rose storms out.

ABE
We'll be in the car.

Abe grabs a few bags and walks out.

MIDGE
And just like that.

SUSIE
And just like that.

Cheers. Midge downs her drink, grabs a bag and walks out. She
looks back to Susie, smiles, one more scotch? Save it.

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. DINING ROOM. LATER.

Joel has candles everywhere, the kids are dressed in their
Sunday best, the table's set - it's the perfect homecoming.

In walks Rose, followed by Abe and Midge.

MIDGE
Mama, will you just listen to me.

ABE

Why is it so dark in here.

Abe turns on the lights.

JOEL

Hi Midge, welcome home!

MIDGE

Joel? What are you doing here?

ETHAN

Mama!

MIDGE

Ethan! Sweetie.

Midge picks him up.

JOEL

I wanted to surprise you.

MIDGE

But Mama and Papa...

JOEL

Were supposed to go to the cleaners.

MIDGE

The cleaners?

JOEL

The cleaners. Don't you have something at the cleaners Rose?

ROSE

Nope, no. Just a daughter who thinks my first words at her funeral would be, "couldn't you have moved the brain off the side of her head!"

Playing catch up, Joel follows into the kitchen.

JOEL

What the hell is going on here Midge? You've been home for 3 minutes.

MIDGE

It's a long story. Something smells incredible, what did Zelda make?

ABE

Nothing. Zelda made absolutely nothing and now we're stuck with no casserole.

MIDGE

It sure doesn't smell like nothing. What is in here...

Midge opens the oven.

JOEL

No don't...

She pulls out the baking dish with a very conflicted chicken.

MIDGE

That is one confused bird.

JOEL

Surprise number 2.

MIDGE

You cooked?

Midge is shocked. Jaw-dropped, almost speechless.

JOEL

Ya. Well I navigated between our mothers' recipes, hence the confusion...

MIDGE

It's just...

JOEL

Go ahead say it.

MIDGE

You know, I wasn't planning on...

JOEL

Can we just eat the chicken? With our children, and for once not think and have dinner as a family.

MIDGE

That sounds nice. It's actually all I've wanted to do for months...

Abe bursts back into the kitchen.

ABE

I hope your happy!

MIDGE

Papa...

ABE

Your mother is going to be in bed for weeks! When are you going to start telling jokes that are funny!

MIDGE

I am funny.

ABE

Are you laughing at your mother? Because I most certainly am not.

Rose walks in.

ROSE

Zelda, put the children to bed.

MIDGE

Mama...

ROSE

Zelda, now.

Zelda scurries in and grabs the children.

ZELDA

Hi, Miss Miriam.

MIDGE

Hi Zelda. Mama, they haven't eaten yet.

ROSE

What would you know about your kids?

MIDGE

Well, they're mine.

ROSE

Are they? Who's been with them for the last 2 months.

Ouch. Midge's stung, Joel's burned, even Rose's singed.

MIDGE

Mama...

ETHAN

Goodnight Mama.

MIDGE
 Goodnight Ethan, I'll be in in a
 second to tuck you in.

ETHAN
 That's ok, Zelda can do it.

Salt in the wound.

Rose grabs the pyrex and throws it in the sink, chicken and
 all. The dish shatters, like Midge's homecoming.

MIDGE
 Joel, I am so sorry.

JOEL
 Ehh, I wasn't in the mood for
 chicken anyway. You want to go out?

MIDGE
 Out? I just got home.

Doors slam, feet stomp, hysterics, drama...

MIDGE (CONT'D)
 On second thought, I'll sleep when
 I'm dead.

JOEL
 Unless your mother's waiting for
 you in heaven.

MIDGE
 You're right, quick let's get out
 of here and see if I can't get an
 invite to hell.

INT. JOEL'S CLUB. STILL EARLY.

The club is glowing and looks polished and rough at the same
 time. A cool blues band is sound checking.

JOEL
 Now, I know what you're thinking,
 "how could he take me to another
 club?" But...

MIDGE
 That's actually exactly what I was
 thinking. What happened to dinner?
 I'm starving.

JOEL

Later...

MIDGE

To tell you the truth I'll probably feel more at home here than at my parents apartment...

JOEL

Let me show you around.

MIDGE

Show me around? You're acting like you own the place.

Beat.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, do you own the place?

JOEL

It's my place.

MIDGE

Joel, you bought a club. How? When?

JOEL

You've been gone.

MIDGE

It's just, I was expecting most people to get haircuts while I was away, not up and change their lives.

JOEL

I'm not most people.

MIDGE

No, but...

JOEL

You're not the only one with a dream Midge.

MIDGE

I just didn't know that this, that this is what you wanted, that's all.

JOEL

Well you weren't exactly forthcoming with the whole comedy thing.

Midge is *actually* speechless this time... for a beat.

JOEL (CONT'D)

It was never the comedy. It was this. It was the clubs.

MIDGE

When...

JOEL

While you were away.

MIDGE

And your parents?

JOEL

They don't get it but then again they never did.

Joel walks up to the bartender, CLARA (20s) sexy, sweet, cool and beautiful.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Hey Clara, can I get...

Joel looks at Midge for her drink order.

JOEL (CONT'D)

(shrugs at Midge)

Things change.

MIDGE

Vodka martini, wait, I'll have a scotch, neat.

JOEL

2 scotches. I told you things change.

CLARA

Coming right up.

Midge is slightly threatened.

MIDGE

Aren't you going to introduce me?

JOEL

Clara, this is my wife Midge.

CLARA

I've heard a lot about you.

Clara puts the drinks on the bar.

CLARA (CONT'D)
(to Joel)
Did you ask her yet?

MIDGE
Ask me what?

Clara freezes.

JOEL
Not yet.

They walk through the club.

MIDGE
Let me guess, she can't sharpen a pencil either? What is it with you and women who can't sharpen pencils...

JOEL
She can sharpen a pencil.

MIDGE
Oh really? Can she. You know there will be a test someday. If there really is a God, there will be a test some day. Or maybe that's another reason to consider hell.

JOEL
I've been wanting to ask you something...

MIDGE
Everyone already seems to know. When's the wedding date?

JOEL
Would you preform here?

MIDGE
Preform?

JOEL
Wedding?

MIDGE
Let me get this straight, you want me to preform? Here?

JOEL
I'll pay you.

MIDGE
You're offering me a gig?

JOEL
Or a residency.

MIDGE
A residency?

JOEL
Say every Saturday night.

MIDGE
You don't want me to, I don't know,
audition first? See how the crowd
likes me?

JOEL
I think the last 5 years of
marriage can count as your
audition.

MIDGE
It's not the same. Personal funny
and professional funny. They're
different.

JOEL
Midge, I know. I know you're great.
I'm not asking for you, I'm asking
for me, for my club.

MIDGE
You'll have to go through Susie.

JOEL
I'll go through Susie.

MIDGE
And she's going to want to
negotiate.

JOEL
Let her negotiate, I'm a Jew. I
live to negotiate.

MIDGE
I want a dressing room.

JOEL
You can dress in my office.

MIDGE
Are you sure this is a good idea?

JOEL
I think it's a great idea.

MIDGE
Who will watch the kids?

JOEL
Whoever's watching them now.

MIDGE
Ok, next Saturday. I'll start.

JOEL
Why not this Saturday?

MIDGE
I have a gig.

JOEL
With who? You just got back into town.

MIDGE
I know, it's more obligatory than optional.

JOEL
Who's it with?

MIDGE
The mob.

JOEL
You can't be serious.

MIDGE
I'm never serious! I'm a comedian.

Loud music starts up.

MIDGE (CONT'D)
Let's dance.

JOEL
Dance? Now?

MIDGE
Come on.

Chemistry never dies. Spinning, twirling, falling...

EXT. JOEL'S CLUB. LATE.

Midge and Joel stroll out of wrapped up in each other.

MIDGE

You know I've done nothing but drive from club to club for the last 2 months, but I haven't had a night like that in... forever.

JOEL

It was nice. Me and you.

Midge rests her head on his shoulder.

MIDGE

It was.

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN. SATURDAY MORNING.

The phone rings, and rings, and rings... Midge runs out in a curler crown.

MIDGE

Hello?

INT. SUSIE'S APARTMENT

Susie's on the other end, sitting on her table, leaning against the window. Intercut.

SUSIE

Where the hell have you been? I've been trying to get a hold of you all morning.

MIDGE

I've been doing - things. We have a show tonight.

SUSIE

I know we have a show tonight. Why do you think I've been trying to get a hold of you all morning?

MIDGE

To induce more anxiety before the most stressful performance of my career?

SUSIE

Stop being so dramatic. You've been on television.

MIDGE

Ya well the television audience doesn't pop two in your head if you say a joke that they don't like.

Rose approaches the kitchen in horror - shocked by both Midge's appearance and the mention of violence.

ROSE

Are you in danger Miriam? You keep bringing up -

MIDGE

No Mama, I'm not in danger. Can you just give me one minute, I'm on the phone.

ROSE

("to herself" but to
Miriam)

She's been gone for months but doesn't even have 1 minute for her mother.

Rose storms off, a graceful thunder cloud, spiraling.

MIDGE

(on the phone)

Can you spit it out I only have another minute before my mother falls into the sink hole that is her bedroom.

ROSE (O.S.)

I heard that Miriam.

Susie can almost hear Midge's eye-roll.

SUSIE

When will you be ready?

MIDGE

In another few hours.

SUSIE

Ok and uh, tighten things up, we don't want to offend anyone tonight.

MIDGE
Never thought I'd hear you say
those words.

SUSIE
Never thought we'd be working for
the mob.

MIDGE
See you at 5.

SUSIE
5 it is.

They hang up.

MIDGE
Mama!

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. STUDY.

MIDGE
Mama what are you doing in Papa's
study?

ROSE
I don't have to explain myself to
you, you never tell me anything
anymore. It's like I don't even
exist in your new life.

MIDGE
What do you want to talk about.
I'll tell you anything.

ROSE
Who were you on the phone with?

MIDGE
Susie.

ROSE
What were you talking about?

MIDGE
Our show tonight.

ROSE
You have a show, tonight?

MIDGE
Yes.

ROSE
For who?

MIDGE
I can't tell you that.

ROSE
Why not?

MIDGE
It's a private party, we're trying
to help a husband improve his
image. We are getting a LOT of
money and...

ROSE
I'd like to come.

MIDGE
Tonight?

ROSE
Yes.

MIDGE
I don't think tonight...

ROSE
This is what I'm talking about.

MIDGE
It's just that tonight.

ROSE
Yes...

MIDGE
You know, starting next week, I'm
going to be playing at Joel's club
every Saturday. I'm going to have a
residency. Why don't you come -

ROSE
It's always something with you
Miriam. This week it's next week,
and next week will be next week.

MIDGE
But this week really is next week,
I promise.

Rose shuts her eyes.

MIDGE (CONT'D)
Ok, come tonight.

ROSE
I don't want to impose.

MIDGE
It's no imposition. Really.

ROSE
Good, I want to make sure that the jokes your telling are respectable enough for Joel's club. You know it really is a high-end place that he has there. We even saw...

MIDGE
You've been to Joel's club?

ROSE
Of course. We had a table the night it opened and we've seen a couple of shows since.

MIDGE
You've been to Joel's club multiple times, and you've still never seen me perform?

ROSE
Who's fault is that Miriam?

MIDGE
Yours.

ROSE
Cause I'm the one who's been across the country?

MIDGE
Mama -

ROSE
What time should I be ready?

MIDGE
4 o'clock.

ROSE
So early?

MIDGE

4 o'clock with you means 5 o'clock
but 5 o'clock to Susie means 5:45
and all I know is we have to be
there at 8.

ROSE

Why don't you just tell people the
time you mean?

MIDGE

Ok, I mean 4 o'clock.

ROSE

4 o'clock it is. I'll get ready.

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN.

Ring. Ring Midge taps her foot waiting for an answer. Ring.

INT. JOEL'S CLUB.

Ring ring.

CLARA

Hi, how can I help you?

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN.

Intercut.

MIDGE

Um, is Joel there?

CLARA

Midge? Ya I was just with him, hold
on while I get him, k?

MIDGE

(under her breath)
I'm sure you were. Why don't you
sharpen a pencil while you're at
it?

CLARA

What was that?

MIDGE

Oh nothing. Nothing at all.

CLARA
Ok, it'll be just a sec.

Midge holds impatiently.

JOEL
Hey Midge.

MIDGE
Joel, hi. I'll give you this, she answers the phone better than your last secretary, not that the last one needed to answer the phone.

JOEL
She's not a secretary she's a bartender.

MIDGE
Well whatever she is...

JOEL
What can I do for you Midge? Or did you call to test Clara's phone skills?

MIDGE
Are you busy tonight?

JOEL
It's Saturday night... I own a night club.

MIDGE
You remember that gig I was telling you about?

JOEL
The one with the mob?

MIDGE
Ya.

JOEL
Ya.

MIDGE
Well, Mama's insisting that she comes.

JOEL
Tell her to come next week.

MIDGE
I tried.

JOEL
Try harder.

MIDGE
I did.

JOEL
So what do you need from me?

MIDGE
I was wondering if you'd accompany
her.

JOEL
You want me to take my ex-mother-in-
law to a mobsters house, and watch
while my ex-wife tells tit jokes?

MIDGE
There's actually no tit jokes in
the set... and I know it's a lot...

JOEL
Fine.

MIDGE
Fine?

JOEL
Fine.

MIDGE
Great. Be here at 4:30.

JOEL
You're not going to at least pick
me up? What kind of escort am I?

MIDGE
The best kind. Bye Joel.

EXT. STREET. SUSIE'S CAR.

Susie pulls up in front of the Weinberg apartment, Joel's
been waiting. He walks up and opens the door.

JOEL
Hey.

SUSIE

Hey.

Joel gets in. Susie clears her throat.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Well, what are you doing here?

JOEL

You haven't heard?

SUSIE

Heard what?

JOEL

Oh this'll be good...

Midge and Rose climb in the back.

SUSIE

You brought an entourage?

MIDGE

It's not an entourage. It's my mother, my husband and my manager.

SUSIE

That is literally the definition of an entourage. What made you think it was a good idea bringing your mother to a party with the mob.

ROSE

This party is with who?

MIDGE

With Rob. You said Rob, right Susie?

Susie looks at Joel.

SUSIE

That wife of yours is really unbelievable.

JOEL

You're telling me, I knowingly agreed to this.

MIDGE

Hey, hey, don't you two go all ganging up on me up there.

SUSIE

You brought an entourage to a party
with the mob.

MIDGE

It'll probably make us look more
official, don't you think?

SUSIE

No, I don't think.

ROSE

We better hurry, it's already 5:15.

SUSIE

It's 5:15, why does my watch say
5:45 Midge?

MIDGE

I may have set it forward.

SUSIE

When? When did you do this?

MIDGE

Um, 2 months ago.

SUSIE

2 months! You've taken an hour away
from me for 2 fucking months!

MIDGE

It's 30 minutes and I'm not sure
why you think this is a big deal.
Look how well it's worked out.

ROSE

So she lies to you too.

MIDGE

I'm not lying, I'm making sure
we're on time.

JOEL

Says the woman who was 20 minutes
late to her own wedding.

MIDGE

I was only late because we got
caught up in the bathroom...

ROSE

What were the two of you doing in
the bathroom?

Caught red handed - or red cheeked. Blushing.

SUSIE

Oh, this ought to be good.

MIDGE

Joel was putting his mother's necklace on me.

ROSE

I didn't see you wearing Shirley's necklace at the ceremony. I would've noticed a thing like that.

MIDGE

It's because I took it off, it was hideous.

ROSE

Makes sense.

JOEL

Midge!

ROSE

Well that's why this marriage failed, you saw the bride before the wedding.

Joel and Midge breathe. Regret, tenderness...

JOEL

We didn't fail yet.

Rose smiles, they walked right into that one didn't they?

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN.

Abe is alone and confused.

ABE

Rose? Rose?

ZELDA

She's not here.

ABE

Not here? Where did she go?

Just then the door opens, Shirley pokes her head through.

SHIRLEY

Yoohooo!

ABE
Zelda who is that?

ZELDA
Mrs. Maisel.

ABE
What's she doing here? I didn't
invit- Shirley, what do I owe the
pleasure.

SHIRLEY
Well now I talked to Rose earlier
when she apologized for you two not
coming to dinner the other night,
she said it was a cold, I think it
was that lasagna...

ABE
Shirley, what is that you're doing
here?

SHIRLEY
I came to help you watch our
grandchildren.

ABE
What do you mean? I have Zelda for
that.

SHIRLEY
Not tonight, Zelda has to go out,
or something.

ABE
Zelda, is this true?

SHIRLEY
Of course it's true! I spoke to
Rose about it a week ago...

ABE
And Rose left anyway. Even though
she knew Zelda would be out.

SHIRLEY
Yes, that's why she had me come.

Shirley runs off after her grandkids. Abe looks Zelda up and
down and notices her civilian clothes.

ABE
Zelda before you go, did Rose leave
a number or anything?

ZELDA

No.

ABE

She left nothing, no instructions?

ZELDA

Nothing.

ABE

Is there anything I can do to convince you to stay?

Ha, no.

ABE (CONT'D)

Ok then. This is happening. This is happening. Oh God, what did I do to deserve this?

EXT. OSCAR'S PARTY. DUSK.

It's gorgeous - Round tables lavishly set, and a stage with a swing band plucking along. Stunning guests trickling in.

Joel opens the door for Midge, she has arrived.

MIDGE

Ok Susie let's go find Oscar.

ROSE

And what are we supposed to do?

MIDGE

You insisted on coming, so, I don't know, use your imagination.

Midge and Susie set off.

SUSIE

I can't believe you brought them.

MIDGE

What was I supposed to do?

SUSIE

What you've done every other time you've had a gig!

They find Oscar, or, he finds them.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Oscar, how are ya?

OSCAR
I'm ready for this beautiful woman
to make me a star!

SUSIE
Aren't we all.

MIDGE
When should I plan on going on?

OSCAR
When I tell you.

MIDGE
Ok, when's that?

OSCAR
You'll know when.

SUSIE
We need a time so she can...
prepare.

OSCAR
Be prepared. Or is that a problem?

MIDGE
No, no problem. See I just like to
get a sense of the room, go over
my...

OSCAR
Ok, ok you save the talking for the
stage. They'll introduce you
shortly.

SUSIE
Shortly? No one is even here yet!

OSCAR
She's going to play, when I tell
her to play.

SUSIE
Ya but for a thousand bucks it
seems like you'd want to at least
get your moneys worth.

OSCAR
I like you, you're looking out for
Oscar.

MIDGE
So you'll give me a later time?

OSCAR
You'll start when I say.

Oscar leaves. Midge looks at Susie infuriated.

SUSIE
Don't look at me like that, it's
not like I found us the gig.

MIDGE
Well you sure didn't do the best
job negotiating.

SUSIE
Oh? And what do you know about
negotiating?

MIDGE
You're the manager. It's your job
to do the negotiating.

SUSIE
I don't know how to deal with the
mob.

MIDGE
Don't you?

SUSIE
No! Who do you think I am.

MIDGE
I don't know. Susie Mother Fuckin'
Meyerson, that's who.

Fuck ya, she is.

MIDGE (CONT'D)
Where's the bar? I need to get a
drink.

SUSIE
Not too many... remember..

Susie mimes a gun.

MIDGE
Yes, yes I know.

EXT. OSCAR'S PARTY - BAR. LATER.

Rose and Joel mill about awkwardly. There's not much to be
said.

ROSE

So what is it that you DO at one of these things?

JOEL

At a party with the mob? Well I haven't exactly been to a ton of them.

ROSE

Well do we mingle?

A large fat man smokes a cigar next to a cigarette thin woman, he grabs a handful of skinny ass.

JOEL

Sure, you want to go talk to them?

Rose shakes her head no.

JOEL (CONT'D)

Ok, why don't we start by grabbing a drink? Alcohol always seems to make a bad thing better.

Joel sticks out his bent elbow for Rose to link. She does.

ROSE

Look Joel, I'm sorry for the other night...

JOEL

No, no, it's no problem.

ROSE

No, you planned this beautiful evening and I made a mess of it, and I - I owe you an apology.

JOEL

It's really nothing to worry about. I promise. There'll be more nights.

ROSE

Will there be?

JOEL

If I have anything to do about it.

They approach the bar where they see Midge having a drink.

ROSE

(pointing)

Oh look there's Miriam!

Rose starts waving. Her voice is elevated in that embarrassing mom kind of way.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Miriam! Miriam!

ROSE (CONT'D)
(to Joel)
Why won't she wave back?

JOEL
Let's try not to get too much of
the gangsters' attention now, shall
we?

Rose scurries over to Midge, Joel paces coolly behind.

ROSE
Did you find the host?

MIDGE
Yes, he told me to "be prepared"
whatever that means.

ROSE
And scotch is how you prepare?

JOEL
When do you go on?

MIDGE
I'm not sure.

ROSE
What do you mean you're not sure?

MIDGE
I mean the host hasn't been exactly
forth-coming, it's more be ready
when I tell you, than come on time.

ROSE
What kind of host behaves like
that?

MIDGE
The head of New York's
import/exports.

Susie runs up and downs the rest of Midge's drink.

MIDGE (CONT'D)
Hey!

SUSIE
Needed it more than you.

ROSE
Is something wrong?

SUSIE/MIDGE
No.

Midge pulls Susie to the side.

MIDGE
What the hell is going on?

SUSIE
Al Solimando is here!

MIDGE
Who the hell is Al Solimando?

SUSIE
Al Solimando! How long 've you been
doing this for? He's only the top
radio programmer on the East Coast.
And he's run by the mob!

MIDGE
You say that like it's a good
thing.

SUSIE
It is a good thing because he's
going to see you play tonight. And
if he likes you he said he'll
consider playing your radio set on
his Sunday Morning Comedy Cafe
show!

MIDGE
But, I don't have a radio set.

SUSIE
You'll get one!

MIDGE
It can't be that easy to just...

SUSIE
Midge, right now just go up there
and kill it without getting us
killed. Then we can get to the
radio show.

MIDGE

You're right. Hey, wait that's good news!

SUSIE

Ya?

MIDGE

So why'd you need my drink?

SUSIE

My life is hanging in the balance of whatever the hell is about to come out of your mouth... I think I deserve a drink and you owe me to stay sober.

Just SERGEY (30s, tough, buff, goon) approaches the duo.

SERGEY

Mrs. Maisel, Mr. Korkashov is ready for you to preform now.

SUSIE

Who the hell is Mr. Kas-or-ka-shov?

SERGEY

He's the boss. Please.

Sergey turns to walk, they follow behind. Midge waves to Rose and Joel as they walk to the stage.

MIDGE

(to Susie)

Did you seriously just ask who that is?

SUSIE

How the hell am I supposed to know Oscar's last name.

MIDGE

I don't know, it's your job to know these things, like with Al whatever the hell his name is.

SUSIE

See! It's not like you're the name wizard...

MIDGE

Ya but when I don't know, at least I don't have the balls to ask.

Sergey pauses at the stage. The swing band steps off and the party announcer walks on.

SERGEY
Wait here please.

The party announcer is on stage.

PARTY ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen...

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM.

Abe is trying to watch his program when he's interrupted by Shirley calling from the kitchen.

SHIRLEY
Abe, can you come in here please.

ABE
Sorry Shirley, my program is on.

Shirley walks in, takes her stand in front of the TV.

SHIRLEY
I need your help to roll all the matzo balls.

ABE
Can't you just do it, I'm in the middle of something.

SHIRLEY
You want me to roll out every matzo ball alone?

ABE
How many are you making? There's just us and two little kids...

SHIRLEY
And what? Leave none for Rose and Midge when they get home?

ABE
We don't need an army of matzo balls we just need 4.

SHIRLEY
Well I expect you to help with all 4.

ABE

Look Shirley, I don't know how things are in your home, and I'm not here to judge, but here...

SHIRLEY

So long as I am here, and so long as my grandson lives in this house you will help roll out the matzo balls.

ABE

Take Ethan with you then, he doesn't contribute much anyway.

SHIRLEY

Abe, kitchen, now!

Abe gets up and walks into the kitchen.

EXT. OSCAR'S PARTY. NIGHT.

Midge is waiting to begin her set, the announcer is introducing her.

PARTY ANNOUNCER

Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight we are so honored to celebrate the darling Mrs. Korkashov on her birthday. Can we get a round of applause for this stunning woman!

The crowd goes wild.

PARTY ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

In honor of the birthday girl, we want all of you to eat, drink and dance the night away! We have some amazing performers lined up for you tonight, and to start things off right, here's our very own Mrs. Maisel....

The crowd claps unenthusiastically.

MIDGE

Woah, woah, woah, don't give all that applause away for free now.

The audience giggles.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

You better make me work for it first. At least let me buy you dinner before you just agree to bring me home... otherwise this whole comedy thing would just be too easy. I'd come up here, I'd imagine you naked - you'd be surprised how often I get that advice-

The crowd chuckles.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

And I'd be standing here looking at you naked and now that I've brought it up you're imagining me naked, hold on I'll spin so you can get a better look.

Midge twirls. The crowd hoots.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Yes, I know I look pretty good. Not as good as this super model in the front row, but I'm a mother, cut me some slack! I bore children with this body.

Rose is embarrassed.

ROSE

(to joel)

This is funny to people?

JOEL

(to Rose)

Just wait.

MIDGE

(on stage)

So now that we've imagined each other naked, try to focus, just try. I know it's hard with tits on the mind, especially when they're tits like these... you know I think that's why they tell girls, "no, no, not until you're married." Cause men really have short attention spans.

The crowd laughs.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

It's true. Men have a much easier time faking being interested when all they're doing is thinking how to get you naked. I once when out on a date with this guy, nicest guy in the world, we had a ton in common. Liked the same books, movies, even liked the same kind of food... he was perfect... If I could only get over the fact that every time I opened my mouth he started starring at my tits. Eyes like lasers straight down. Honest to God I don't think he heard a damn word that came out of my mouth that night. It was all yes, yes, yes!

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(miming herself on her date)

Can I have all the money in your wallet? I feel like a new pair of shoes.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(pretending to be her date)

For you, anything.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(miming herself on her date)

Great and, I'm thinking of shaving my head. Thoughts?

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(pretending to be her date)

I totally agree with you.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(back to being herself)

Oh I bet he didn't! Bald is not a good look for me, I don't the bone structure. The point is, I could've said anything, and speaking of saying anything, this, this may shock you, it may be one of those risqué things you hear about comedians saying, but I feel like taking a risk so I'm gonna just say it... I have had sex before.

The crowd laughs.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Yes, I am a mother. That's why I'm thinking I'm going change this sex/marriage rule when my kids are old enough to date, or at least eat without spilling macaroni all over themselves.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

(pretending to hear something from the audience)

What's that, your husband still spills macaroni on himself?

The crowd gives it up to her.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Well I certainly hope to not have that kind of failure as a mother. I'm going to be all sex on the first date. See each other naked, get the hormones raging, hop on the good foot and do the bad thing.

The crowd laughs, Rose looks horrified.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

At least then I know that when they come to me, and say "Mama I found the one, the smart, loving, caring JEWISH one, I'm ready to get married". I'll know that when I spend thousands of dollars on their wedding that it's for more than a quick ticket to the bedroom. That my son won't be trying to keep the blood flowing to both his penis and his brain as he dates this young, brilliant, Jewish lady in the, hopefully very distant future. He'll just have to focus on sustaining one of those organs at a time.

Rose's jaw is dropped.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

Really it's our fault, womankind. How can we expect men to think with two heads in operation?

(MORE)

MIDGE (CONT'D)

You ask a question while they're tinkering with a screwdriver and it's like they forgot how to hear. Imagine what it's like when they're thinking of screwing more than a few bolts.

The crowd laughs.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I mean why wait? What if you get married and the sex is shit? I mean really shit. Then you've faked being interested to this guy for the last year and you've gotta spend the rest of your life sitting across the table from him listening to him drone on about the stock market and you can't even think of the sex to distract yourself because it's SO awful and then whoops, this brisket disgusts me. Now you don't eat and every time you see your mother she asks why you're so skinny... and not in a good way.

The crowd is laughing.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

You know how you can really tell when someone loves you? It's in the little things...and the big ones. Take Mr. Korkashov, he tracked me down after my last show and said "Mrs. Maisel, you have to play for my wife's birthday, she's going to love you." And so this is my birthday gift to you Mrs. Korkashov, if you don't love me, tell him you want a bigger diamond because that man will do anything for you. Will you look at this place? It's like they moved the garden at the Plaza to Jersey. Mr. Korkashov you've really gone above and beyond and it's so easy to see that you and your wife are the real thing... and that you're not faking anything - not even in the bedroom.

The crowd laughs and Oscar and his wife kiss. Everyone cheers.

MIDGE (CONT'D)

I'm so grateful to be here with all this love tonight, the Korkashov's you are my favorites! I'm Mrs. Maisel, goodnight!

The crowd goes wild. Midge has a standing ovation.

PARTY ANNOUNCER

Mrs. Maisel!!

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN.

Abe and Shirley are folding matzo balls.

SHIRLEY

See Abe, you're a natural. Look at those balls.

ABE

No, no they're all wrong. These are bigger than those, these are all kinds of lumpy. I just don't know what to do.

ENTER Moishe who lets himself into the apartment.

MOISHE

Abe? Shirley?

ABE

What is he doing here?

SHIRLEY

In the kitchen sweetheart!

MOISHE

There you are.

Moishe gives Shirley a kiss on the cheek.

SHIRLEY

Abe is just learning how we make matzo balls in the Maisel family.

ABE

Yes, hello.

MOISHE

Best matzos you'll ever have Abe! Nice and dense.

ABE

But I like my matzos fluffy.

MOISHE

Nonsense, everyone loves a dense matzo ball.

ABE

What, what are you doing here?

MOISHE

It's getting late. Shirley will need someone to take her home.

ABE

Oh so you're leaving?

MOISHE

Before the matzo balls? Abe you crack me up.

ABE

I better make more.

SHIRLEY

I told you Abe, you can't have enough.

EXT. OSCAR'S PARTY. NIGHT.

Midge walks off stage. Susie is waiting for her.

MIDGE

Well?

SUSIE

We didn't get shot, so it's looking pretty good.

MIDGE

Well let's keep it that way.

SUSIE

You clean up for Oscar or for your mother?

MIDGE

What's that supposed to mean?

SUSIE

Midge, I've seen you smart off to a judge who was sentencing you to prison, you don't really think that I believe that the mob scared you?

MIDGE

You told me to keep it clean.

SUSIE

Doesn't mean I thought you'd listen

Up walks Oscar.

OSCAR

Mrs. Maisel.

MIDGE

Oscar.

OSCAR

You were fantastic. Less about Oscar than I would have liked but fantastic ending.

MIDGE

Thank you.

OSCAR

(hands a paper bag to
Susie)

Your money. Go ahead count it.

Susie starts counting.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

(to Midge)

We hope to see you again soon.

MIDGE

Anytime.

SUSIE

Just not too soon...

Susie hands him her card.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

And next time, skip the warehouse and give me a call directly.

OSCAR

I will, and I'll be sure to pass this along to Mr. Salimando. He said he was interested.

SUSIE

That, that would be great Mr. Oscar, sir.

Oscar leaves. Susie and Midge head towards the bar.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Well that was enough to make me shit a brick.

MIDGE

Still wondering why I was "safe?"

SUSIE

I didn't say safe I said clean.

Rose and Joel greet her.

JOEL

You were fantastic.

MIDGE

You really think so?

JOEL

Absolutely.

MIDGE

And Mama?

ROSE

It's not the most lady-like of acts.

Eyes on Susie, what does she mean "clean"?

MIDGE

Well when comedy finds it's skirt I'll tell them you were looking.

ROSE

What's that?

MIDGE

Sorry, I haven't snapped out of performing mode yet.

ROSE

You were funny Miriam.

MIDGE

Thank you.

JOEL

So should we hit the road?

SUSIE

Yes. Let's get the fuck out of here before Oscar changes his mind about your act.

EXT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. STREET.

The car pulls up and everyone gets out, except for Susie.

ROSE

(to Midge)

Aren't you going to invite Susie?

Midge is caught off guard. She walks back over to the window of the car.

MIDGE

Susie, do you want to come up?

SUSIE

Up? With your family?

MIDGE

It was Mama's idea.

SUSIE

Umm, I don't, it's just.

MIDGE

It's late, you should come up and take a break from driving.

SUSIE

Ok.

MIDGE

Ok.

SUSIE

We're doing this then.

Susie gets out of the car.

MIDGE

I told you we'd become friends.

SUSIE
Oh, shut up.

INT. WEINBERG APARTMENT. KITCHEN.

Abe and Moishe are wearing aprons finishing off the matzo ball soup. Shirley is stirring a large pot over the sink.

Joel, Midge, Susie and Rose enter the apartment. Rose bust through the door first.

ROSE
Abe? Shirley?

They all walk into the kitchen to see the men in aprons.

MIDGE
Papa!

ABE
It's not, it's nothing.

Abe rips off the apron.

SUSIE
(to Midge)
You're right, everything has changed.

JOEL
Ma, what are you guys doing here.

SHIRLY
Making matzo ball soup for Rose's cold.

JOEL
(to Midge)
You know about this?

Midge shakes her head.

ROSE
(fake coughs)
Oh yes, I'm feeling much better now.

SHIRLY
(whispering to Moishe)
I told you it was the lasagna.

MOISHE

Well you're just in time. The matzo balls are ready.

ROSE

I'll make up the dining room.

MOISHE

Nonsense, Rose. We're all family here, we can eat in the kitchen.

ROSE

We don't eaten in the kitchen. That's where the children eat.

SHIRLEY

Well the children are sleeping, it's after 11 and we've got hot soup. So sit, sit.

JOEL

I'll bring in some extra chairs.

Joel leaves to grab chairs. Moishe stares at Susie.

MOISHE

Aren't you the plumber?

MIDGE

(to Moishe)

Susie is my manager, she's family.

ABE

This is happening we're eating dinner in the kitchen. Ok. It's fine. It's fine.

ROSE

And you cooked?

ABE

I cooked. I rolled out the matzo balls. Mine will all be uniformed, and while I can't speak for others...

Abe leans in to Rose.

ABE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

They don't like fluffy matzo balls! Who likes a dense matzo ball?!

Joel is bringing in chairs.

MOISHE
Shall we sit! Let's sit.

They all cram at the table. It's a wonderful family scene.

MOISHE (CONT'D)
(to Susie)
Squish in here, don't be shy.

SHIRLEY
So how was the party tonight
Miriam?

JOEL
She was great. Really.

Midge smiles.

MOISHE
And Rose? What did you think?

ROSE
She's certainly very brave. And I
respect that.

MIDGE
Can somebody pass the salt?

ABE
(to Moishe)
I told you it needs more salt!

MOISHE
Everything needs more salt when you
have your taste buds.

MIDGE
Forget I said anything.

We zoom out on the perfect family scene. They continue to
bicker and eat. Fade to black.