

The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel

Midge: What are you doing?

Joel: I have to go. I have to leave. You. i have to leave you.

Midge: That's my suitcase.

Joel: It is?

Midge: You going to leave me with my suitcase? Joel, tomorrow is Yom Kippur..

Joel: I'm.. i'm not happy.

Midge: Nobody's happy, it's Yom Kippur.

Joel: I don't know how to do this. I'm not good at things like this.

Midge: Thing like what? Like leaving me?

Joel: Yes.

Midge: So don't. Practice a little. Try again when you feel more confident about your moves..

Joel: Midge.

Midge: Joel, the Rabbi is coming.

Joel: Yeah. i know he is.

Midge: Five years we've been trying to get the Rabbi, and this year we got him. We got the Rabbi.

Joel: I should go.

Midge: No. please. I don't understand.

Joel: I thought my life was going to be something different. I thought i was going to be something different. But tonight was just so terrible. I mean, a whole room fool of people just watching me bomb.

Midge: It was one stupid night.

Joel: And I'm up there dying and I'm thinking about last week, we're in temple and the Rabbi tells that stupid Sodom and Gomorrah joke, and suddenly the whole synagogue goes nuts.

Midge: So?

Joel: He got more laughs in 5 minutes than I did in 5 months.

Midge: You're jealous of the Rabbi? He was in Buchenwald, throw him a bone.

Joel: Did you ever think you were supposed to be something, and you suddenly realized you're not?

Midge: Yes. Married.

Joel: That's good. You're good.

Midge: Joel, please.

Joel: I'm never going to be a professional comedian Midge. Never .

Midge: No. Of course not.

Joel: What do you mean of course not?

Midge: What do you mean what do I mean?

Joel: What did you think all those nights in the club were?

Midge: I thought they were fun. I thought they were our fun couple things. Like how the Morgensterns play golf or how the Meyers ballroom dance or how the Levins pretend they're from warsaw once a week to get 10% off that Polish restaurant that does keilbasa Night.

Joel: I can't believe this.

Midge: I never knew you were serious about it.

Joel: Of course I was serious, Miriam. What the hell ever made you think i wasn't serious?

Midge: Well, for starters, you were doing someone else's act.

Joel: I told you, everybody does that when they start.

Midge: If you wanted to be a comedian, you should've at least written a joke.

Joel: I tried. With the Ted thing.

Midge: I wrote the Ted thing.

Joel: And it bombed.

Midge: Because you killed it.

Joel: Oh, forget it.

Midge: Joel, come on. You have a job.

Joel: Yet, the comedy was a dream. Do you know what a dream is? A dream is what keeps you going in a job you hate.

Midge: Since when do you hate your job?

Joel: Do you know what I do, Midge?

Midge: You're the vice president of..

Joel: No, no, no. Do you know what I do every day? Day in day out, what the actual physical machinations of my job?

Midge: No!

Joel: Neither do I! I take meetings, I make phone calls, I shuffle paper around, and I have no idea of what the hell i actually do.

Midge: Maybe if you did you'd like it more.

Joel: I just thought with the brisket and the notebook, I thought you understood.

Midge: I'm sorry.

Joel: Yeah, me too.

Midge: But, Joel, you can't just leave. I love you. We have a home. We have children. They're gonna notice.

Joel: I have to go.

Midge: No, no. Wait. I will be better. I will do better. I'll pay more attention. You can quit your job. We can go to the club every single night, and I'll buy more notebooks.

Joel: I've been having an affair. It's been going on for months. I thought it was a phase, but now-

Midge: Who?

Joel: Penny.

Midge: Your secretary. You're leaving me for a girl who can't figure out how to sharpen pencils?

Joel: It's not about her, and it was a new sharpener.

Midge: It was electric. All she had to do was push.

Joel: Don't you understand? I need to start over.

Midge: With her? She wins?

Joel: It's not a contest. I just don't want this life, this whole upper west side, classic six, best seats in temple..

Midge: Wife, 2 kids.

I just don't want it. So you'll tell your parents for me?

Midge: Oh, that must be the funniest thing you've ever said.

Joel: Honney.

Midge: Tomorrow is Yom Kippur. I have 30 people and a Rabbi coming over for break fast and this is the moment you decide to tell me you're going to ride off into the sunset with your half wit secretary. Can I just say that you have the worst timing ever?

Joel: I'm sorry.

Midge: Go on. Get out. Grab some pens on your way out. You're going to need them.