

HATERS BACK OFF 01x06

Hey, guys. It's me, Miranda.  
So I, um, am a voice teacher as well as a singer,  
and... A professional singer.  
So... [sighs] I don't have any voice students right now,  
but I would like to get some, so...  
I'm going to give you a free voice lesson,  
when usually they cost a lot of money, because they are  
not cheap.  
[fast-forwarding]  
[vocalizing]  
That's a scale.  
[fast-forwarding]  
♪ Bumble bee Bumble bee, bumble bee ♪  
[inhales deeply] So, that's a scale with a word.  
Once again, that is more advanced.  
[fast-forwarding]  
- So... - [door opens]  
[scoffs] My freaking uncle's here.  
[Jim] Miranda! I know you're upset we had to cancel Annie,  
but did you finish the free voice lesson video yet?  
- Yes. - [gasps] And?  
And it was a horrible idea. It gives away all my singing  
secrets.  
Miranda, tutorial videos are all the rage right now.  
This video is gonna be a hit. [whispers] Trust me.  
[bicycle bell rings]  
Don't post it.  
[sighs heavily] Of course.  
[theme music playing]  
So then, he starts making noise while I'm trying to film  
his stupid video  
that I didn't even wanna make in the first place,  
and it was a total waste of time.  
And I stepped in an ice cube puddle this morning with my  
socks on. [scoffs]  
I'm sorry, Miranda.  
I had no idea things were that bad.  
I know. [scoffs]  
Not to mention, I should be more famouser by now!  
Uncle's Five Phase Plan is taking way too long to get me  
famous.  
Well, maybe this will cheer you up.  
[humming]  
[whooshing]  
- [imitates fanfare] - Patrick!  
- That's stealing! - Sorry.  
Give me another one.  
I'm sorry. I'm just...  
I'm really nervous for my audition at the magic club  
tomorrow,  
so I'm just practicing everywhere I can.  
- Magic club? - Yeah.  
It's this group of really prestigious magicians.  
And if I get in, I get all the perks.  
I'm talking, I get a certificate. I get to pay dues.  
I should get into that thing.

That way I can skip to the magician phase and get famous faster.  
Okay, well, would you like me to teach you some tricks?  
Okay, I'll come over later and we can spend the whole day together doing magic.  
Okay.  
Okay, yeah.  
Yes, and, uh, then I will sign you up for the next auditions,  
which are in like six months,  
which gives us plenty of time to rehearse.  
Six months? That's like a year.  
[groans]  
Well, why... [clears throat]  
Why don't you just take my place?  
Really?  
Yeah.  
I don't mind waiting another six months...  
and you deserve it more than I do.  
I do, don't I? [slurps]  
[sighing]  
Oh.  
Home sweet home.  
Hmm.  
Uh-huh.  
[Miranda] Guess what, Uncle Jim.  
I'm skipping ahead to the last phase of your little plan.  
You're not ready to become a magician yet.  
I haven't gotten you a wand or anything.  
Patrick's gonna teach me.  
Patrick? [chuckles]  
Patrick is gonna teach you about magic?  
What does a popsicle salesman know about magic?  
Well, you're taking way too freaking long to make me famous.  
Miranda, my Five Phase Plan has been scientifically formulated.  
You can't just go skipping willy-nilly from phase to phase.  
That's not how it works.  
- Let's do... the free voice lesson video. - No, too late!  
Patrick already got me an audition at a big magic club tomorrow.  
Magic club?  
There's such a thing in the world as a magic club?  
Mmm-hmm.  
That sounds suspicious. No, I'm not going to allow you to go.  
What? Yeah, right.  
- [sighs] - Okay.  
- Now that that's settled... - Oh, no.  
- No. - [Jim] Ah, perfect.  
No, Jim, what're you doing?  
Well, I can't live in my room. My toilet is overflowed with poop.  
But... we all live in the living room. All of us.  
Don't worry. I'll be outta here before you know it.

All I have to do is rip out the floors, tear down the walls in my room, redo the plumbing with a longer pipe, rewire the circuitry and boil everything.  
Oh, and paint.  
You won't have any privacy.  
Well, I appreciate your concern about my private area, Bethany, and...  
[takes deep breath] I will come up with a plan to make my private area...  
less exposed.  
[gasps] Ooh, sticks and cheese!  
- No, no, no. - Mom.  
Well, these are for Emily.  
Emily? Are you serious?  
- Excuse me. - Oh.  
Why does everyone keep taking away my snacks today?  
- Huh. - Jim!  
[stapler clicking]  
When I said you wouldn't have any privacy, I didn't mean stapling a sheet to the ceiling.  
Now you're just gonna have to find a private place that's less public.  
Bethany, I have a lot on my plate right now.  
I am building a new bedroom.  
I am trying to get Miranda to upload a new video.  
I am working on my Five Phase Plan poster.  
And not to mention that I have to investigate a suspicious magic club.  
But, sure, I'll squeeze a move in there for you, Bethany.  
Thank you. I'd appreciate that.  
That magic club is not suspicious.  
Oh, and by the way...  
I'm gonna become a magician no matter what you say.  
Oh, no, you're not, because I am in charge.  
Are you?  
[takes deep breath] Yes, I am.  
Emily, I thought you might be hungry, so I made you some snacks.  
Honey, you haven't eaten anything.  
Strangely enough, none of it seemed appetizing.  
Well... what if I add a little bit of ketchup?  
You love ketchup.  
Ooh!  
Honey?  
Oh, honey.  
You can't just stay in here and paint every day.  
I don't understand why you won't come inside and talk to us.  
You wanna talk? Okay.  
My only friend thinks I'm a liar and a loser.  
And now everyone at school knows the one thing I've been trying to keep a secret my entire life.  
[sighs]  
Oh, sweetie. [sighs]  
I know, as a mother...  
there are some things that I could say to you that would make you feel better.

I'm listening.  
Oh! You want me to say them now?  
Uh...  
You...  
What do you think I should say to you?  
So, you want me to tell you what to tell me to make me feel better?  
Well, see, now you're just... being confusing. [chuckles]  
Okay. Thanks for the ketchup, Mom.  
I also have some soy sauce packets.  
And some lefts... Like, some other stuff.  
So watch my... position here.  
Here, you try.  
Okay. Well, now you see it...  
What the heck? It didn't disappear.  
Here, maybe if I help you...  
Maybe I can...  
You smell like lettuce.  
- [clears throat] - What are you doing here?  
I just came by to let you know that I decided to green light this whole "skipping ahead to phase five magic" idea.  
So... [clears throat] we're good to go.  
You can just come home with me, and I'll teach you some magic. Please.  
No, Uncle Jim, we're fine.  
All right, that's great.  
Patrick! Come... Can I talk to you over here?  
Over here, Patrick.  
[whispering] Listen, okay?  
Let me give you a piece of advice, pal.  
I've been working with Miranda a long time.  
And you may think it's cute to swoop in and try to take over,  
but let me tell you something.  
You are in way over your head.  
But don't worry... [chuckles] 'cause I'll be here...  
to pick up the pieces... as per ushe.  
Now it's time for me to disappear.  
You know, Miranda, maybe... maybe if I teach you a simpler trick.  
[groans] I want you to teach me real magic.  
Oh, well, there isn't actual magic.  
Magic isn't real.  
It's not?  
Uh... no, it...  
it is.  
There's real magic.  
It just... [stammering] It isn't this stuff.  
This is just card tricks.  
Real magic...  
It's... [sighs] making a connection with someone.  
Or, uh... seeing the love of your life walk across the room.  
Hearing... angels sing in the voice of the girl next door.  
That doesn't sound like real magic at all.  
[scoffs] Patrick, I'm kind of offended that you're trying to teach me

these little dinky, stupid magic tricks.  
If I'm gonna do magic, it needs to be big.  
Bigger, right.  
Big?  
Yeah.  
Yes! Uh, yes, of course.  
[stammers] You can be a stage magician. And I can be your assistant.  
Mmm, sounds good to me. [chuckles]  
[stammering] And we can do a big finale.  
Uh, uh, and we'll figure out a routine, and then...  
then this.  
You usher me into this box.  
- And you're gonna take swords... - Ooh.  
...and you're gonna put them through these slots here.  
- Okay, right now? - No, not right now. Please, not right now.  
Uh, and then you take them out,  
and I will exit the box completely uninjured.  
So this box is actually magic?  
Uh, no. No, I just...  
Yes, this box is magic.  
[sighs] That's incredible.  
Yeah.  
But you might wanna learn some sword flourishes.  
Just, uh... [whooshes]  
sword flourish.  
[Miranda] Mmm.  
Okay.  
So just a little flourish.  
[exclaiming]  
[Patrick grunts]  
[Miranda] What's that? [Patrick] Uh, this, uh... it's nothing.  
- Are those my popsicle sticks? - No, you know, this is...  
This is... This is just something that I have.  
It's not, uh... It's not finished yet. It's...  
Uh, so the magic box, you know... Uh, maybe just take the swords in and out.  
You know, no sword flourishes.  
Okay.  
[sighs] Jim!  
[groans]  
Oh, boy, Bethany.  
What a day!  
I... am bushed. [sighs]  
[sighs] What's going on?  
Well, you told me to find a more private, out-of-the-way place to live, remember?  
So you moved into my bedroom?  
Oh, don't worry, Bethany. I'm gonna sleep on top of the covers.  
Besides, I have some pretty serious night sweating issues, so it'll be better for my body to breathe, anyway.  
[sighs]  
And I, uh, sometimes cry in my sleep.  
Okay, can we just not talk?  
- Okay, I get it. - [sighs]

[both sigh heavily]  
[line ringing]  
- Hello, Tacoma... - What?  
Excuse me, I'm on the phone.  
Hello, Tacoma Wildlife Foundation?  
Yes. Okay, great.  
- I need two white tigers, please. - [sighing]  
Oh, really?  
Uh, okay, then I'll just settle for one regular orange one.  
Wou... Hello?  
Yoo-hoo! Uh...  
- They hung up on me. - Well, what are you doing, Jim?  
Well, I'm trying to help Miranda.  
There's no way she's gonna get in that club without a pair of tigers.  
That Patrick has no idea what he's doing.  
Miranda thinks that she doesn't need me. [scoffs]  
I worry about that girl sometimes.  
I sort of feel the same way about Emily.  
Really?  
- Is Emily trying to become a magician? - No.  
Good, because she would be a terrible magician.  
Oh, the worst.  
She has no stage presence.  
She just won't come out of the garage. I mean, I...  
[sighs] I've tried to get her out. I've tried everything.  
I've tried... bologna and some cheese... [stammers] bread.  
You know, I probably don't tell you this often enough, but...  
I really appreciate your bread, Bethany.  
- Really? - I mean, I know it's store-bought, and...  
[sniffs] sometimes it's from the day-old shelf, and you get a discount because you work at the grocery store, but... still.  
I like it, I...  
I like bread, I guess.  
You love bread.  
I know that about you.  
I like it on sandwiches... toast...  
Sometimes I'll just... eat it with nothing.  
And that one time...  
Oh, that one time, where I said, "Hey, we don't have hotdog buns.  
Let's just use regular bread."  
You went crazy.  
- I threw that plate... - Mmm-hmm.  
I have a temper.  
But you were right. It was just as good with bread.  
Especially if you toast it a little.  
Mmm-hmm. You put the hotdog on, the mustard, the ketchup...  
and toast the bread.  
By the third bite, it falls apart. But it doesn't matter.  
Mmm-hmm.  
[sighs] Thanks, Jim.  
That means a lot.

Okay...  
so now you're supposed to say something nice about me.  
Oh, right. Of course, yes.  
Um... Jim.  
You are...  
You are always around.  
I'm always around what?  
The house?  
Thank you, Bethany. I...  
I really appreciate that.  
Well, good night, Jim.  
Good night.  
[clears throat]  
[coughs and grunts]  
[sniffs]  
- [clears throat] - Ugh! Jim.  
- [clears throat] - Jim!  
Thank you. [sniffs and clears throat]  
[spits]  
- Ugh. - [grunts]  
[sniffs]  
[sighs]  
- Oh, Jim! - [sighs]  
- Gross! - [shushes]  
[snorts]  
- [sighs] - Ugh.  
[upbeat music playing]  
Five, six, seven, eight.  
♪ Magic! It's magic ♪  
No, hang on. Five, six, seven, eight.  
♪ Magic! It's magic ♪  
Oh, Patrick, hey. I've been working on a new magic trick,  
and I think we should add it to the act.  
Okay, ready? Watch this.  
All right, take a look at this ordinary, average banana.  
I'm going to make it disappear in two seconds flat.  
Ready? Watch this.  
[muffled] Ta-da!  
Wow, oh... Well, you're a very fast banana eater,  
but I think we should stick to the original routine.  
[spits] So I almost ate a banana for nothing?  
I'm sorry.  
Uh, look, you... you should go finish getting ready, and  
I'll see you out there.  
This is gonna be great.  
Yeah, I know. [scoffs]  
Miss Bethany, what are you doing here?  
Oh, Patrick. I heard Miranda was performing here.  
So I came to clap for her in case no one else does.  
[shushes and stammers] You can't be here.  
Non-magicians are not allowed at these judging events.  
If anyone sees you, Miranda will be disqualified.  
So, uh, I need you to leave. I'm sorry.  
- Okay. - But I've got everything under control.  
- Don't worry. - Okay.  
- She'll be fine. She'll be fine. - Okay. Okay.  
I'm so sorry. Okay. Um... Oh, jeez.  
[whispers] Patrick! Oh, gosh!

Um, uh... Oh, shoot. Um...  
Oh, God!  
Uh...  
Oh, my God! What? Um...  
Miranda!  
Miranda!  
I caught a dove for your magic show.  
Well, actually, it's a pigeon, but I can make it work.  
Miranda!  
Miranda!  
[sighing]  
Where's the white paint? [gasps]  
- [Jim] Wow, Emily. - [gasps]  
Nicely done. Look at that.  
You have the brushes, and the paint, and the canvas, and  
the easel,  
and you even have that little cup for water.  
The only critique I have is maybe, uh,  
consider redoing the whole thing.  
This time, more brown.  
- What do you want? - Uh, I'm looking for Miranda.  
But I think she's out with that little, no-good, wannabe  
magician, Patrick.  
Well, she's not here.  
Ah, this. This attitude.  
This is what your mom was talking about last night when we  
were in bed together.  
I don't even want to know what that means.  
Emily, she's worried about you.  
Not everyone understands artists the way I do.  
You are a volatile peoples. Emotionally unstable.  
- Nearly impossible to love. - Are you trying to make me  
feel better?  
The point is, you can always talk to good old Uncle Jim.  
I'm lending an ear, and if you ever want to tell me  
anything,  
I'm here for ya.  
I'm serious. You can tell me anything.  
Okay.  
Do you ever feel like you want to disappear?  
Oh... Emily...  
No. No, no, no. No, I'd much rather be able to fly.  
Or super strength.  
Or maybe, you know what? X-ray vision.  
That would be really cool, huh?  
- Okay. Good talk. - Good talk. Good talk.  
You know, I was a bit of an artist myself back in the day.  
I almost went to that art high school,  
but I soured on the idea after they rejected me.  
Wait, what art high school?  
Oh, it's some conservatory upstate. They have terrible  
taste.  
Anyways, I have a pigeon that I need to look like a dove.  
Do you have any white?  
Thank you, Emily. Good talk.  
My little invisible girl.  
[jazz music playing]  
♪ Magic! Magic time! ♪



♪ I'm Miranda And it's magic time ♪  
♪ We're gonna do a magic trick For you and you ♪  
Here we go. We're gonna juggle. Okay, ready?  
One, two...  
five, six, seven, eight.  
Juggling! Okay.  
♪ Next, we're gonna do Another magic trick ♪  
♪ Ta-da ♪  
Hit it!  
♪ Ta-da ♪  
Watch as this scarf floats through the air.  
How'd she do it? No one will ever know.  
[panting] Magic! Magic!  
Next, for the grand finale,  
I'm gonna stick my lovely assistant in this terrifying  
box.  
Watch this.  
Step on in, Patrick. Go.  
- Miss Bethany? - Oh, hi again, Patrick.  
Here we go.  
I'm gonna stab that young boy all through the body.  
I'm sorry. I tried to leave, but then I saw a person and I  
got scared.  
Oh, my gosh! What is that?  
The next few minutes are gonna be pretty intense.  
Follow my lead and you won't get hurt.  
Can you believe it?  
Is he okay? I guess we'll never know.  
- 'Cause I'm about to chop off his ankles. - Stand on my  
knees right now.  
[Bethany] Okay.  
Sliced his ankle right in two.  
You know, Miss Bethany, since you're here,  
I thought I would take the opportunity to tell you that  
I think Miranda is a truly special person, and...  
Patrick, I have to tell you.  
I have always thought the two of you are so cute...  
- May I? - Oh! Uh...  
This feels better than you know.  
Get ready for sword number four in the magic box.  
It's a high hole, ladies and gents.  
[grunts]  
Magic.  
One last one, guys.  
In the worst place you could ever get stabbed...  
the temple.  
So, Miss Bethany, I was hoping I could have your  
permission  
to ask Miranda on a date.  
Oh, Patrick, can we just talk about this  
when we're not in a box getting stabbed with swords?  
[Miranda] Is he okay? Let's find out.  
[grunts]  
Not a trace of blood.  
Yes!  
I did it.  
[groans]  
The last one.

[exhales heavily]  
Ta-da!  
[clears throat]  
Um, excuse me? [scoffs]  
I just bowed.  
That means you're supposed to applaud.  
Hello? Are your ears working?  
[scoffs]  
Do your eyeballs not work, everyone?  
Hello? Did you not see what just happened?  
This is a freaking real magic box!  
Nothing?  
[sighs] Oh, you think you're so much better than me.  
With your little card tricks, and your little scarves,  
and your little stupid doves.  
- She's going off script. - What is happening?  
[Miranda] I hope they poop in your jacket!  
'Cause I know they're in there. 'Cause all of your magic  
is fake!  
But this, this is real magic!  
Can you stab a freaking person in the freaking heart?  
[Patrick and Bethany scream]  
Okay, I need to start over. This box is broken.  
[sirens wailing]  
[Jim] Emily, you're out of the garage.  
Bethany couldn't get you out,  
but one little talk with Uncle Jim is all it takes.  
Hey, you weren't invited to Miranda's big magic show  
audition, were you?  
What?  
Well, the reason I'm asking is because I was told that I  
couldn't go,  
and then I find out that Bethany was there?  
I don't know. I just find it very hurtful and confusing  
that I wasn't invited.  
And not only that, they didn't invite me to the hospital  
after.  
They just had some total rando from the ER do it.  
Wait.  
What about the ER?  
Oh, um, I guess, uh, Patrick and your mother got  
stabbed...  
in a... in a magic trick?  
Or... they stabbed each other in a...  
I don't know. I didn't write it down.  
I should've written it down.  
What?  
Miranda.  
Hey, Patrick.  
You look tired.  
Oh, a little.  
- It must be from all the dancing. - Yeah.  
Mmm. Doctors say it's 'cause I lost 10% of my total blood  
volume on the way here.  
But I agree. It's probably the dancing.  
Hey! There they are.  
- So, big performance today, huh? - [Patrick sighs]  
I wasn't invited, so I was wondering how it went.

Oh, Patrick got stabbed.  
A stabbing. Well, that is not ideal, but Miranda, this is what happens when you try to learn magic from a magician and not a manager.  
What? I mean, it wasn't anyone's fault, really.  
Well, if you look around the room, only one of us got stabbed, Patrick.  
He's got a good point.  
- [Jim] But hang in there. - [groaning softly]  
[Jim] I missed you. [chuckles] [Miranda] I missed you.  
Jinx.  
[chuckles] I didn't say it just because we were saying at the same time.  
I wasn't saying it because I saw your mouth moving, and then I jumped in there and said it. I really meant it. I missed you. I mean it. I missed you.  
I... missed you so much, Miranda.  
I missed you a real lot more.  
Patrick, thank you.  
Thank you for bringing us together.  
Ow...  
Yes, "Ow."  
It hurt being away.  
How you feeling?  
- Okay. - Yeah? Still in pain?  
Yeah.  
I mean, but I have fibromyalgia, so... that's kind of a way of life for me.  
Okay. Uh, good news.  
There's no internal damage from your stab wound.  
[sighs]  
However, there was an abnormality on one of your kidneys from your ultrasound.  
So we're gonna run a few more tests.  
Abnormality? I...  
What does that mean?  
Well, we have some concerns.  
But, uh, let's get the results back and see if we can't rule out a few things.  
I'll be in touch.  
Okay. Sure.  
[sighs]  
Mom?  
Emily.  
Are you okay?  
Yes. Yes. I'm totally fine.  
It was just a few stitches. So...  
Okay.  
- Are you okay? - Yeah.  
I'm better now.  
Good.  
I was stabbed.  
Oh, hey. You still here?  
Do you want to go sit in the waiting room? It's much more comfortable.  
No... I wanna stay with Patrick.  
[Patrick sighs]

[instrumental music playing]