

HATERS BACK OFF 01x04

[Miranda] How do you get this thing in here?

[Jim] You just, uh, put it... Let me help you...

No, I'm trying to do it.

[Jim] We can do it together. It's a camera. It's very expensive.

I think I got it. Did it. Okay.

[softly] Okay.

And three, two, one. Action.

Hey, guys. It's me, Miranda.

So, I've decided I'm gonna start singing some of the many requests that I get.

So...

I haven't gotten any yet, so I'm just gonna request a song for myself.

So, I'm gonna do...

[sighs] Oh.

Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt. [chuckles nervously]

What are you doing in my house?

Laundry. You have any for me?

- Out. - [Keith softly] Okeydokey.

[chomping]

Can I help you?

Got any laundry for me?

That depends. What are you gonna do with it?

You are not welcome here!

So take your little laundry basket and get out!

- Get out! - No trespassing!

Okay, Keith. What's going on?

Mom, I swear if you do not get him out of this house right now...

Yes. Yes, you're right. Yeah, you should go.

But you don't want me to.

Yeah, I don't want him to.

- What? - Oh, no! He's gonna...

He's my friend...

[all yelling]

All right, that's enough!

I'm calling a family meeting.

Oh, no, no, no. You can't call a family meeting.

I can call a family meeting.

As a matter of fact, I think it's time we had a family meeting.

So, family meeting time!

Welcome to our first-ever family meeting.

First order of business in the family meeting...

Keith has something to say.

So, the floor is yours.

[Keith claps hands]

Let's begin.

I already began it, but go ahead.

[claps] Have an announcement to make.

Your mother and I...

- Are just friends. - [Keith] Oh no, no, no, no, Bethany.

I can't hide these feelings inside any longer. Listen.

Your mom and I...

have been dating secretly ever since the funeral.

[yells] What?
[stammers] Okay, Miranda, I can explain. We're not really dating.
No, I refuse this.
You are not allowed in this house or in my mother!
[Keith] I know.
I know this is an uphill battle for me.
And I have hurt you...
and for that I'm so sorry.
Actually, that's why I came here this morning.
Doing the laundry. You know, it's my way of apologizing to you,
showing my love to Bethany.
Getting to know Emily.
And what about me?
Won't be doing your laundry.
Well, this is ridiculous!
You know what, Keith? I don't accept your apology.
- How about that? - Good.
[sighs] You know, Miranda, I really think you're gonna grow to like me.
If you just give me a chance.
Give you a chance?
[softly] Yeah.
First of all, you kicked me out of the choir,
then you manipulate with my mother.
After that, you barge in my room
and you interrupt my private video time with my uncle.
And to top it all off, you tried to steal my perfectly good, dirty clothes.
[takes deep breath]
Like the Lord said to Noah after he built the ark...
"You're gonna regret this."
Ooh, Bible burn.
In your face.
But you know what?
I've been thinking about that whole choir thing,
and I wanna make it up to you
by helping you with your singing career, if you'll let me.
Oh no, no, no, no, no. We are not interested.
Ever thought about performing live?
Well, how about the Thea Foss Theatre?
[scoffs] That place is impossible to book.
I've tried.
[whispers] I know a guy.
We don't need your help, okay?
I'm already, uh, trying to get Miranda several other very important gigs.
[Keith] Hmm.
- The Thea Foss Theatre. - [Keith] And I can call him... right now.
No!
Miranda, you don't need that,
because I've already gotten you a... a gig that's better.
Really? Where?
Uh... [sighs] where? Uh...
Uh... [clears throat]
At a very reputable theater...

in the Big Attle.
- The Big Apple? - New York?
The Big Attle. Seattle?
Seattle?
Wow, this is gonna be amazing for my career.
Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?
Well, I, uh... [smacks lips]
I wanted it to be a surprise.
Oh, a surprise?
I love it. Do you have any more surprises?
[Jim] Yes. I have, uh,
- way more surprises. - Oh, like what?
Uh... like a tour bus.
[Miranda] What else?
- Uh, else? Uh, a... a roadie. - What else?
- Uh, jeez. [stuttering] Snacks. - [gasps] Ooh, snacks!
- I love snacks! - Okay.
- She loves snacks. - This is so exciting.
I win.
This will be fun.
[theme music playing]
[sighs]
Operator, get me your most reputable theater in Seattle.
Yes, I'll hold.
I got that paint you asked for.
Perfect. Um, Patrick, I have a business opportunity,
which I think you'd be perfect for.
Okay. Uh, well, I'm about to get really busy with the ice
cream bike.
I think once this fog lets up,
- I'll see a big influx in the sales... - [sighs]
[stammers] Forget all that.
Close the door. Yes.
Okay.
Now, Patrick, what I am about to tell you
is for your eyes only.
Miranda is about to start her world tour.
- Really? - Mmm-hmm. A huge gig in, uh, Seattle.
- The Big Attle. - Yep.
And she needs a roadie.
I'll do it.
I gotta warn you. It's, uh, long hours and no pay.
It's fine, fine, fine.
You'll be crammed into a small dressing room with Miranda,
and you'll have to do whatever she says.
Yes! I mean, you don't...
[stuttering] You don't need to talk me into it anymore,
because...
[takes deep breath] I'm your roadie.
Okay, we can start by taking this paint and decorating the
tour bus.
It's the one parked in the driveway.
- I'm thinking of something tasteful... - Uh, say no more.
I've sketched this out a dozen times already.
Oh! [stammering] Uh, hello.
My name is Jim, Uncle Jim. And I have an act so
sensational,
you'll wanna book it immediately. It's my...

Just let me finish. Let me finish.
It's my niece, Miranda.
She's been on YouTube...
[stammers]
Hello?
Hello?
So, things going well with Keith?
Oh, they are going fantastic.
He is such a great guy.
Do you know he does hospice ministry?
Can you imagine being around all that pain
all day and all night?
- [sighs] - Yeah, I have a general idea.
Ouch.
Ow...
- [sighs] - Oh, let me get that for you,
- my little cherubim. - Aw.
[Keith chuckles]
If you ever...
need me to get that down for you...
just let me know.
Okay.
- Like, if I'm making a big beef stew... - Mmm-hmm.
- ...I'll know who to call. - [chuckles] You do.
I do. [chuckles]
Uh, Mom?
- Huh? - Might wanna tone it down
on the fake carpal tunnel with this guy.
I don't know what you're talking about.
Okay, he seems like a really nice guy,
and you have him doing all these chores just because he
thinks you're sick.
You can't take advantage of someone like that.
What?
No, I am not.
I mean, he... he just likes taking care of me.
[Keith] Hope you don't mind,
but I threw in a few of my things in the wash.
[Emily] Well...
there goes the last of my childhood innocence.
What?
[door opens and closes]
Well, this is interesting.
That's my chair.
Oh, it is?
Yes, it is.
Then why aren't you using it?
Because you are sitting in it.
Exactly.
I don't like your attitude.
[yells] Bethany!
- What? - I don't have any clean underwear.
- Really? - Yep. Is it in the wash or where is it?
Well, I'm sorry, but the machine has been in use all day.
Great, Bethany. I am supposed to go on a big road trip.
I have my manager outfit all picked out,
and I don't have any clean panties.

So, I guess we're gonna have to cancel the gig that I definitely booked.
The trip is canceled.
Well, I can take her.
I've got plenty of fresh underwear. [chuckles]
Oh, yeah?
Trip uncanceled.
Miranda, we're going!
Okay, everybody.
In...
[all] Three, two...
one.
[Patrick] Blast off!
[chuckles]
[Bethany] Oh...
That's perfect.
[Miranda] It's pretty good.
- Yeah. - I probably could've done better.
So, you decorated my van.
Is that permanent paint?
What do you care, Mom?
I'm going on tour and you're never gonna see me or the van again.
So have fun with your little choir-kicker-outer, Keith.
- We're leaving now. - Uh, Miranda,
we don't have to leave for another, uh,
two, three, four hours or so. So...
No. No, we have to leave now. I have to do sound check,
a dress rehearsal, costume fittings, makeup, all these
kinds of things.
Well, we can't leave. We have that whole list of props we
need to get.
Oh, I already got 'em.
What? How? You got the entire list?
The bubble machine? The Princess Diana Beanie Baby?
Yep, with the tag protector still on.
- Oh. Good work. - [Jim sighs]
Okay, well, um...
I guess there's no reason...
for us to stay here and not go.
So...
we'll go.
So, goodbye, Mom!
I won't even miss you.
- Oh, now, Miranda... What? - No, no, no, no. Wait.
- Let 'em go have their fun. - [van door closes]
- [engine starting] - She'll be back.
Well, now how am I supposed to get to work?
How big is the theater?
Uh, big. Uh, yeah, yeah, it's, uh, gigantic.
But if it seems small, it's 'cause it's... it's intimate,
you know.
So it may seem small to you, so...
It's one of those theaters that can go any way, really,
you know. [chuckles]
- What's it called? - Um, uh, let's...
That'll be a surprise. That'll be a surprise.
How much am I getting paid?

Miranda, Miranda, okay, just... No more questions.
You haven't even written a rider yet.
- What the heck is that? - It's a list of demands
that all celebrities have. It shows people how, uh,
special and unreasonable you can be.
Mmm, all right.
Roadie, paper.
It'll take a while to write it.
Thank you very much.
Okay.
Oh, there's a gas station over there.
We should, uh, pull over and stop a while and get gas.
Uh-huh. Well, I'm noticing that Miranda's really in a
hurry to get to her show,
and it looks like we have enough gas.
Uh, Patrick, have you ever driven a tour bus before?
Uh, no.
Then I would appreciate it if you didn't give advice
about things that you know nothing about.
This is a lot more complicated than an ice cream bike.
How do you spell "salami"?
S-A-L-A-M-N-I.
Salami.
Got it.
Fill her up, Patrick!
[clears throat]
[man] Hello?
Hello! Oh, thank God you finally picked up.
Listen, I have a fantastic act
featuring a well-known YouTube sensation,
and I need a gig tonight for...
Uh, at a reputable theater, please.
Is this the guy that keeps leaving all those weird
messages?
Listen, I think you're confused. This is a bookstore.
This isn't Broadway Booking?
Uh, this is Broadway Book, Inc. Like, "incorporated."
Incorporated?
Are you okay, man?
It sounded like you were crying in your last message.
Okay, can she just... Can she just sing at your bookstore,
like, while people are buying books? Is that...
is that something that we can do? We could work out
between us...
Um... I don't think...
Oh... [stammers] You tell that tech guy
that if he can't handle those lighting cues that I sent
over,
well, then he should find himself another job.
You tell him that. Yep. [chuckles]
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry I yelled at you, sir.
Can she just sing?
I'm sorry.
I respect that answer. [sniffles]
[exclaims]
[grunts]
[mouths] You see that?
[softly] This is my foot. Does it look like this?

See this resemblance there?
[Miranda grunting softly]
[grunting]
What're you doing?
Uh, I'm just testing the tires
in case we run over any knives on the road.
You never can be too careful, you know.
[continues grunting]
[Miranda clears throat] Welcome, everyone, to my show.
- My name is Miranda Jo... - You know what might...
Sorry, I was thinking, you should probably come up with,
uh, a stage name.
For protection reasons.
Oh yeah, he... he's right.
You should take your time and come up with a stage name,
you know.
- Uh, everyone in the business uses one. - Yeah, I didn't
even think about that.
I don't wanna get a stalker coming to my house. [chuckles]
All right, let me think.
Miranda... Car.
No.
Miranda... Shirt.
- No. - Miranda Shirt. No.
Miranda... Person.
Miranda Person. No.
Miranda Store.
Miranda Store.
No. Miranda...
Okay, just stop it. Stop it, okay?
There's an age-old system for this.
You simply take the name of the first street you lived on,
plus the name of your first pet, and that gives you your
stage name, okay?
Just stop with those ridiculous names.
Okay, okay.
So that would be...
- Forty-seventh Street Scabs. - See, perfect.
Forty-seventh Street Scabs it is.
What a wonderful stage name.
Um... can I still call you Miranda?
Yeah, I like my old name better.
What... what about Miranda Mooney?
Mooney? Patrick, that's your last name!
[stammering] That's stupid. [chuckles]
It was a stupid idea.
[mutters] I don't know.
[gasps]
What about Sings?
That way everyone'll know what my talent is.
So, Forty-seventh Street Scabs Sings it is then.
We'll just have to check, make sure no one else has that
name.
No, no. Miranda Sings.
Just plain Miranda Sings.
I think it's beautiful.
Miranda Sings.
[Keith sighs]

[chuckles] Normally, I give the Lord all the praise for a meal,
but what you have done with this casserole... [chuckles]
is nothing short of a culinary miracle.
- Really? - Oh, absolutely.
Well, I recommend putting ketchup on it, if you like. Ow.
Oh, oh. Allow me. Allow me.
[ketchup squirting]
Your mother tells me you like to paint.
Mom said that?
Who's your favorite artist?
It's not a trick question.
Sorry. No. I just... I'm not used to being the topic of
conversation at the table.
Mmm.
Well, I think it's time for a lot of things to change
around here.
Um...
well then, maybe Frida Kahlo.
Kahlo. Uh, let's see.
She painted The Wounded Deer.
Yeah. Wow.
She did.
One of my favorites.
[squirting]
[Miranda] Are we there yet?
[Jim] Not much longer.
Hey, Patrick, keep an eye out for any theaters because,
uh...
one of them might work.
Because it will be the one
that I booked, uh, prior, earlier.
Roger that.
- [police siren wails] - [gasps]
Oh, no! You two keep quiet.
It's the feds. Let me handle this.
Uncle Jim, we don't have time for this.
Just tell them I'm a celebrity and they'll let us go.
I'll do all the talking. [breathing heavily]
Okay, Uncle Jim, you just need to stay calm and don't
freak out!
- I am calm. How do I look? - Try and keep calm.
- [Miranda] You look stressed! - He's here!
He's here! He's here.
Good evening to you, my good sir.
- License and registration. - Yes, of course.
Oh. [grunts softly]
It should be one of those things.
You have any idea why I pulled you over tonight?
No, no idea.
In your best estimate,
how long do you think this will take? Like...
are we looking at jail time, possibly, maybe, hopefully?
No.
But we will need to impound your vehicle.
I can't have you driving this thing around
with the windows and signal lights covered over.
No. No, you can't do that. You can't do that!

I have a show to get to. I'm a performer.
Miranda, please!
Let me handle this. Here are the keys,
and be careful backing this thing up because you cannot
see a thing.
- Uncle Jim! - It's true.
I can't see anything. It's a death trap.
You can pick it up tonight, once you pay the fine and make
it street legal.
Okay, thank you.
[whispering] And take your time.
Oh! Yes, good sir, thank you.
[clears throat]
Well, that went well.
That went very well.
[crying] How can they do this?
My first world tour and it's ruined.
What are you doing?
Calling Bethany to help us get home.
- [Miranda] What? No! - Wait, we can still make it.
We can, uh, hop in a cab or a bus.
Oh, yeah. Yeah, let's do that.
No. No, we can't do that.
[stutters] We have to go. Bethany has to take...
Uncle Jim, come on. We're gonna be late. Let's go.
Uh, no, no, no, no, no. Miranda...
Okay, here's the thing.
I am so sorry, but we don't actually have a...
long walk! Because we're here already.
[sighs]
[man on TV] Her artistic style transformed over the course
of her life.
During her darkest days, she experimented with brush-
loading techniques
to add texture to the canvas.
In her late twenties, diagnosed with...
[Keith] How's your neck doing?
Oh, well, it's a little lonely. [chuckles]
Because I noticed you haven't been wearing your brace.
You probably shouldn't strain yourself, right?
Well, I... I haven't been feeling any pain there.
Mmm. Feel harder?
Wouldn't it be a little better with a little support?
Yeah, I guess.
- Perfect. - [chuckles]
I'll get it for you.
Okay, thanks.
Mom.
I know, he's great.
Yeah. I mean, I'm just... I'm just, like, surprised.
This is really, really fun.
Yeah.
Oh, shoot. You know, I put the neck thing in the bottom
drawer,
so he's gonna have a hard time finding it.
No, oh, uh, I'll show him. I'll show him.
- Thank you. - Yep.
[sighs]

[sniffing]
Um...
did you just sniff Mom's neck brace?
No.
I just saw you.
You don't know what you saw.
Okeydokey.
[upbeat music playing]
[sighs] Oh...
[chuckles]
Excuse me. Could you tell me where I can find the manager,
please?
If we put the doors back on the bathroom stalls,
just put those back on...
[sighs and chuckles]
There you are! Oh, well.
You look exactly like I thought you'd look
based on all the conversations that we've been having
on the phone lately. [chuckles]
I'm... I'm sorry. Can I... Is there... Uh, how can I help
you?
Yes, I am here with YouTube sensation Miranda Sings,
and we are going to win that...
hundred bucks tonight.
Oh, okay. Well, good luck.
Oh, what's this?
- My demands. - That's her rider. Deal with it.
"A dozen Slurpees, a Chia Pet,
M&Ms with my face on them,
and lots of meats."
[chuckles] Okay, I feel you on that last one, but, girl,
you're crazy.
Okay, sir, I don't believe...
Uh, excuse me?
I did not beat my face for three hours
and snatch my body to perfection to be called "sir."
I am a lady, you crazy cu...
Contestants perform up there?
Yeah, see that? I told you we'd hit the big time.
Okay, we need to hurry this up.
I think that manish lady-person wants to kill me.
What's the plan?
Uh... well, you're performing up there on this glass
stage,
and I think... and I think people...
I think people are gonna see up your skirt.
[Jim gasps] Patrick!
I'm worried about protecting your honor.
Who cares about my honor? Everyone's gonna see my tookie!
Okay, everyone remain calm.
We will think of something.
Stay right there, all right? No peeking now.
- No peeking. - [Bethany] All right. Okay, okay.
- I'm not peeking. - [Keith] Almost done.
- [Bethany] Okay. - [both chuckle]
Okay, you ready?
[Bethany] Mmm-hmm. [Keith] And now!
[chuckles] It's for you to get around.

- Oh. - But her legs work fine.
- Oh, come here. Have a seat. - Okay.
Have a seat. I think we should let Bethany decide if her legs work or not.
Because they don't.
Hey, Mom, are you hearing this?
Well, honey, you know, sometimes my legs get very tired when I'm standing for, like, a long time.
Yeah, so why don't you... ride that nice and slow for me?
- Mmm-hmm. Oh! - [clicks lever]
- Oh, oh! Whoa. - [stammers] Hey, hey, hey.
Easy, easy, cobra. Hit it, hit it.
Oh, oh. Gosh, it's got a sharp turn on it, huh?
[Keith] Uh-huh, take your time. Whoa, easy. Oh.
- Don't hurt nothing. All right. - [both chuckle]
- Look at you in that. Mmm-hmm. - [Bethany] Okay.
[Bethany] Think I got it. [Keith] Ooh. Yeah, uh-huh.
[Jim] Don't worry, Miranda.
No one is gonna see your tookie.
This is my gift to you.
- [Miranda] Okay. But what about you? - Don't worry about me.
Wait, Uncle Jim, I can see your entire naked legs.
You're being completely porn. You need to go hide right now.
Okay.
Hey...
these are really comfortable.
They fit me so well in all the places. [chuckles softly]
[cell phone vibrating]
Uncle Jim's phone.
Miranda, I need your help.
[scoffs] Of course you do.
- I knew this day would come. - Okay, okay. But listen.
We need to get rid of Keith, and you're the best person I know
at getting rid of people. So I need you to come home...
You know what? I warned you, Emily.
But listen. He's worse than we thought, and he's really encouraging Mom's fake illnesses, and I think he has a fetish for sick people.
Okay, well, you brought this on yourself.
Oh, and by the way, tell Mom that I'm having a great time without her
and I don't miss her at all. [cries]
Here's Patrick.
What? Patrick? Hello?
Oh, Emily. Thank goodness you called.
What's wrong?
The car got impounded, Miranda's in a fight with a big, beautiful lady,
and we need you to come pick us up and, uh,
can you bring some pants for Uncle Jim?
Because he's not wearing any.
Interesting. Where are you?
[indistinct chatter]
All right. Our last act of the night is...
special.

So, please give a warm welcome to Miranda Sings.
- [vaudeville music playing] - [scattered applause]
♪ Come on, babe Why don't we paint the town ♪
♪ And all that jazz ♪
♪ I'm gonna rouge my knees ♪
♪ And roll my stockings down ♪
♪ And all that jazz ♪
♪ Start the car ♪
♪ I know a whoopee spot ♪
♪ Where the gin is cold But the piano's hot ♪
♪ It's just a noisy hall ♪
♪ Where there's a nightly brawl ♪
♪ And all ♪
♪ That ♪
♪ Jazz ♪
[vocalizing] ♪ Whoopee ♪
♪ And all that jazz ♪
♪ Ah... Whoopee ♪
It's too close, Patrick.
♪ And all that jazz ♪
Nice camel toe!
[Miranda grunting]
♪ Slick your hair And wear your buckle sh... ♪
Patrick.
♪ And all that jazz I hear that Father Dip ♪
Patrick, stop.
You're too close.
[all gasp]
♪ And all that jazz ♪
Patrick, stop. Can you get on the other side?
Hi, guys. It's not part of the show. [chuckles]
Patrick, you're making it very hard for me to do my
choreography.
♪ I betcha Lucky Lindy Never flew so high ♪
Ow!
- Patrick. - [all gasping and laughing]
♪ Oh, you're gonna see Your shimmy shimmy ♪
Patrick, stop.
[crowd laughing and cheering]
Turn off the bubble machine.
Uncle Jim.
Oh, Patrick.
- [Miranda] Uncle Jim, do something. - Okay.
Just... I'll help you.
- [Miranda] Get off the stage. - [scattered applause]
- Oh, thank you. - Uncle Jim, what are you doing?
- Oh! [humming] - Uncle Jim, just get off this stage.
[crowd whistling and cheering]
No, no, no. Don't clap for him. Don't clap for him.
Thank you. Thank you.
[crowd continues cheering]
[Miranda] Don't look at that, please.
Oh, my God, this is perfect.
That was not part of the show.
Do you see how crazy they are?
[Miranda screams]
I mean, we all understand if this is just too much for
you.

I'm just glad you got to see it before you and Mom got too serious.
[stutters] This family is clearly broken.
[Miranda] It's not part of it.
And what do you do when something's broken?
It's time to move on.
Uncle Jim!
Patrick, just let him fall off the stage, okay? It's fine.
[Miranda] Don't watch them, everybody.
- Just watch me, please... - Bethany...
my little basket of fish and loaves...
I can take you from this train wreck.
What? No, we're not a train wreck.
We're just a mess, and my mom's not going anywhere.
[sighs]
[crowd exclaiming]
[scattered applause and laughter]
[Keith] Bethany?
- [Emily] Mom? - Right.
You can't actually be considering this.
[Keith] You need me.
And deep in that bandaged, broken heart of yours,
you know it's true.
- [crowd laughing] - [Miranda] Patrick!
Patrick, just... Let's just jump off, please.
No, don't clap for them.
Stop, everybody.
I do need you.
- [crowd laughing] - But, I mean, clearly they need me more.
This has been a lot of fun, Keith. It really has.
But if there's one thing I've learned about being a mother, it's...
fun has nothing to do with it.
What?
I'm sorry.
[Miranda] Patrick, stop encouraging this...
Well, if that's how you feel.
[Miranda] Patrick, please stop. Please stop...
- Just, please stop it. - [crowd cheering]
Don't clap for them, you guys. We did not rehearse any of this.
This is not planned.
- I'm gonna need the Rascal back. - [Miranda] Stop!
Stop...
Oh, yes, of course. I understand.
[crowd laughing]
[Miranda singing]
♪ All ♪
♪ That ♪
♪ Jazz ♪
[crowd applauding]
- Stop. Thank you. - [crowd cheering]
It was a cheap, low-grade model anyway.
Yeah, but I liked him.
Okay, wow. Just... just... Just wow.
Well, I think we can all agree
what the most entertaining act of the evening was.

The \$100 prize goes to the comedy trio from Tacoma.
- [crowd applauding] - Thank you, thank you.
- This is a wonderful life moment for me. - What? Comedy trio?
No, I'm a solo act.
No, we don't accept your stupid check, okay?
[grunts]
Okay. We don't want it.
Thanks for nothing.
Thank you, though.
Thank you.
- [whistling] - [cheering]
[chuckles]
Oh, Miranda? Miranda?
[Jim] Uh-huh.
That's the idea. Just a few more windows
and I'll be able to drive this baby back home.
Where's your stupid boyfriend?
He's gone.
[glass shattering]
[Jim] I can't believe this.
I made this trip turn out even more perfectly than I could
have imagined.
[sighs]
Winners.
We're all winners.
[theme music playing]