

No time for Rehearsals....

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No time for Rehearsals....

by [Justanothervanityproject](#)

Summary

Midge has no reason to be nervous, but she can't help it though.... she wants everything to be perfect for today...especially this day of all days.

Notes

Ah so I did it, I wrote my first Midge and Lenny FIC...totally inspired by my joke posts here on Tumblr [here:](#), [here:](#), and [here:](#)

NO WAY Near as good as amazing Midge and Lenny fics on here...but I had to get this out of my system..so I did and imagined their story in the 2020s?? I tried to make it work

Also make sure to check out [@theglamourfades](#) inspired by same Rachel and Luke photoshoot...but it's set in the 1960s and it's perfect - We're the ones they wanna be like

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Midge stared at her reflection and then puckered her lips right back at it. She had to ensure those fine lines between her lips were perfect, and since it wasn't her signature red shade, she felt a little more out of her comfort zone. But it made more sense for her to go with Dior's new lighter shades and with that she picked, *Rosewood*. It matched her outfit, and really the natural look she was aiming for. Midge wanted everything perfect for today from the shade of her lipstick to the designer suit she was wearing. It just had to be.

This wasn't her first rodeo though. She had done all of this before, and yet, something about it felt different this time. Midge checked her phone again and saw all the usual work notifications; Twitter mentions, insta tags and one or two messages from the very few who knew about this *special, secret "gig"*.

She smiled to see one from Joel.

“Best of luck of Midge today, I know you will knock em dead ;-)”

She replied with simple ***“thanks :-)”***

There was a knock on the door then.

“Come in” Midge sighed as she put her phone in her pocket.

“Well shit.” Susie lamented as she entered. “I thought I would be the only one bar the obvious, wearing a suit in there.”

“Well it drew me in, it called me through the Barneys window. Pick me Midge, Pick me. So I couldn't possibly refuse it, you know? It was desperate, calling out for a home.” Midge gave her a smirk.

Susie rolled her eyes.

“I’m mostly shocked that the only one wearing a hat out there is your mother.”

“Oh don’t remind me.” Midge sighed knowing all too well that her mother was still devastated that on this occasion of all occasions, this was the one that Midge had refused to wear a dress to. It was something she claimed to be so hurt about, even more than when Midge revealed to Mama that she wanted to keep it low key, and insisted, only telling a select few about the “secret event”.

“Look when she sees it altogether I know your mother is going to love it, even if it’s not the most traditional in dress, sense wise.”

“Thanks Susie,” she smiled at her then, and of course, with that they both seemed to become on the verge of tears. It was a big occasion for Susie too, because she was there when it all began for Midge, and really in many ways she helped initiate this "moment". So this day was just as big for her, really as it was for Midge.

Susie awkwardly wiped her nose, trying to hide any waterworks from appearing at that moment.

“So, I am just came in to say...”

“Tits up?” Midge smiled affectionately at her, feeling her own tears brimming around her eyes, but instead she decidedly raised her hands under her boobs in their signature way. Susie chuckled.

“Tits up.” She was about to turn around, and head out the door.

“Hey Susie, walk with me.” Midge asked nervously.

“I thought you wanted to do the walk up yourself.” Susie looked perplexed.

“Well I will, but can you walk me to the door? You’re usually always backstage with me, so this is practically the same thing.” Midge squinted her nose at her.

“Come on Miriam,” Susie held out her hand out for her to hold, to which Midge obliged and they marched out the door together.

Midge could really feel those butterflies churning in her stomach now. She hadn’t felt that nervous anticipation before a gig in quite, some time. But this was different, and she knew why this was different, because this was everything. Before she knew it, they were at the double doors now, with various crowds of people moving around the hall behind them. All completely oblivious to what was going on between her and Susie then. They were going to their own appointments, ceremonies, and Midge’s was just another one of many. She took a deep breath.

“Can’t imagine why you’re nervous, not like you haven’t done this before.” Midge gave Susie an annoyed but knowing look. To which Susie smirked back to. “See you in there, I will be the one who looks absolutely scared shitless of your mother’s hat, and constantly wondering if anything is alive in there.”

“Bye Susie.”

Susie stared at her one last time and then walked through the double doors. Leaving Midge standing alone shuffling in her heels as she could feel the fabric of her new satin, pants rub against each other.

This is ridiculous she thought to herself, *she had nothing to be nervous about.*

Eventually she got her cue to enter, and finally, she heard that very recognizable, string quartet version of that cheesy, Taylor Swift song...King of My Heart.

She smiled, it was a soppy choice, but he insisted on using it, because he knew what it meant to her and to them.

Midge took a deep breath and whispered to herself “tits up” as she walked through the double doors. She was sure everyone could hear her heels clicking against the tile floor, and her heart thumping through her chest. But thankfully this recorded rendition of Swift’s song had overtaken the iPhone speakers. She could see her Papa mumbling to Mama that the music was “too loud”, and in “no way traditional or fitting for this occasion”. But they stopped mumbling when they saw Midge walk towards them, and instantly smiled. In that moment realized how touched they looked, almost proud of their daughter.

She could tell that even though they didn’t fully understand what was going on, they were just as happy for her as she was for herself at that moment.

As she kept moving her focus then shifted to Susie, who she could see was still staring horrified at Mama’s hat and she couldn’t blame her. The feathers and flowers sticking out of it seemed too lifelike. It’s as if every time Rose slightly moved her head, the hat somehow sprung itself into life more within the design. But she supposed she couldn’t blame Mama too much for her extravagant hat, this was her way of making an effort and showing her support for this day. With that strange hat, Rose was showing her support for her Miriam, and her new family. Susie then caught Midge staring at her, and Midge tried to suppress her grin as Susie mouthed pointing to the hat:

“There’s something alive in there.”

This instantly caused Abe and Rose to turn around, where Susie tried to played dumb as if she was waving to Midge. But of course, neither Rose nor Abe bought it.

Midge kept walking, biting her lips to stop herself from laughing, until they were out of view and she tried to return to a form of a dignified composure. She was closer to the front now and there was Zelda and Imogen, keeping a faithful eye on the children. She wanted them there for this moment, not because the kids loved them, but because they had really been through everything with Midge. Midge probably knew it was safer to have Zelda there too. While Zelda was family at this point, she had also started to become very paranoid about the suits. To be fair Zelda had every right to be concerned about these suits, they were very expensive, unique, and were a matching, significant symbol for today. But Midge suspected

her recent paranoia, had come from past experiences with a certain suit. Well really in that instance, it was more the pants in particular, but from it, she could understand Zelda's fears surrounding today.

But really she needed worry, Midge could already tell just by the flared trousers surrounding his ankles, that they were perfectly tailored all the way up to his waist. Nothing was creased, everything was perfect, neat and up to Zelda's standards. *Definitely not his style though*, Midge thought. But she knew he wasn't wearing it for any other purpose *except to make her smile*.

Something he quoted to her, when she proposed the idea of said suit, and why he should wear it especially for "today". But he still had no idea....that she was a very similar suit that was matching his

"You'll recognize me. I will look like something similar to John Travolta from Saturday Night Fever...except without the sensational dance moves." He said in his usual nonchalant way. "I don't want to startle Abe and Rose, you see? I am planning on saving for that for later in the proceedings, when I go on stage and discuss the time Abe and I spent a night together...in jail that is."

She shook her head laughing, whilst packing. It was the day before their big gig, and they were continually teasing each other about how they would remember each other, after being separated for just one night. She stopped packing then and put her hands on her hips, to make sure, she could get a better look at him. There he was sat on the edge of her bed, his hair messy, but still grinning impishly up at her. He was enjoying every second of this, even if it was just the mere action of Midge packing a suitcase for a night away.

*"Well, you'll recognize me. I will be the one wearing white, and I want no smart remarks about me wearing **white**." Midge said teasingly, but with some slight insecurities about stating that decision out loud too. It was 2022 and yet somehow, she could still feel the weight of patriarchal expectations weighing on her shoulders. "Look at the Duchess of Sussex, I still think she's a Duchess... Meghan Markle can wear white twice damn it! I mean look at J.LO! J.LO has worn white three fucking times. I should be able to do the same. Not that I am planning on a third time, but you understand my point here?"*

“Surely you know by now, that I would never dare comment on your dress sense, or even your undergarments choices for that matter. Just the sight of you Midge would more than suffice. But if you wish to speak to your shoes or any other item of clothing, even if they are white beforehand. I understand.” He said in his most serious, mocking tone, and then gave her another devilish grin.

“Lennnnny.” She shook her head laughing.

Midge had grown to know that smirk all too well from their time together. It had many layers and meanings, and it wasn't that he was simply, secretly delighted with himself. It wasn't really a form of seduction, or living out visibly, the many plans of what he would do with her later, when they were finally alone. But she soon learned over the course of their relationship, that this grin was mostly reserved for her, not for him. That it was always a result of his absolute glee that he had made Midge smile. That he got her to laugh, he got to amuse her, or even better he got to be amused by her. It was something she had taken for granted before, but now it meant everything.

The music was fading out now as she approached the top of the aisle as she could see the City Hall staff, desperately trying to stop the orchestral version of King of My Heart, from playing on the speakers.

She could hear Mama mumbling about “the unprofessionalism of City Hall” and they should have gone somewhere like the St. Regis.

But eventually the music came to a halt and Midge was finally there standing beside him, and she could smell his aftershave enveloping around her. It was in that moment, she realized just how much she missed him, and with that, she still felt strangely nervous to look at him. Her thoughts were interrupted by the clearing of his throat beside her and she slowly glanced up.

There he was, her Lenny, staring at her in that all consuming way he does.

She never was around a man or anyone that stared at her the way Lenny did. She can't pinpoint the moment that she started to notice a shift in how he looked at her, but she

remembered the feeling that caused within her. It threw her off her guard, rendered her speechless which almost never happened around anyone else. It made her feel restless but still, frightened but calm - it was overwhelming, but also everything.

He was giving her that same look now, but with it, a reassuring smile as if he knew what she was thinking, and then gently squeezed her hand reassuringly. It was then she was able to take him in. She knew full well initially, he didn't know what to make of her outfit proposal, especially how the jacket and pants were both lined and patterned with silver stitching. She could tell now by his excited grin, that he finally understood the purpose of her suit proposition as the realization that they were both wearing matching suits just dawned on him. While his was completely dark, it didn't seem as dramatic now, because Midge's suit was practically identical to Lenny's...except for one thing:

“Now I get why you were very keen to emphasize the color white.”

He looked irresistible right then, but she could tell he was absolutely sweltering in the black shirt, and no doubt couldn't wait to undo all the top buttons and let himself breathe. Lenny more than anyone wasn't a button up shirt person but for this occasion, he was going to make an exception.

Midge still wasn't able to respond, she wanted to fully take him in.

His hair was fluffy but tamed no doubt, in the unique style he was attained to. While the silver lines from the suit were dramatic, exorbitant and way out of his comfort zone - Midge fucking loved it. The way the pattern lined up with his silhouette....well, it made him very hard to resist, and if Midge wasn't aware of where she was right now, she would grab him, and rip every stitch of clothing off him. It had only been 20 hours since she had last seen him, and each of them were as equally, unbearable as the next. Midge could see that he was also then staring her up and down with a grin that emphasized that he had the exact same thoughts as her in that moment.

“So yes, I can understand the fascination with the color white, however....” Lenny had to pause again during his mid whisper, just to emphasize that he couldn't believe what was standing in front of him. That she was standing in front of him. “Although, it's not exactly what I had in mind but it has am....exceeded my expectations”

“Daddy quit joking around with Midge, and get married already. I wanna head home and watch my toons!!” A tiny voice protested behind them, and caused the whole room to explode into laughter. Midge and Lenny turned around to see a grinning Kitty sitting in between Esther and Ethan. While poor Imogene and Zelda were now trying to calm the three children down, who were being egged on by Kitty’s excitement.

Kitty was the only one from Lenny’s side present for the occasion. So with that, of course, she was not going to sit at the other side of the aisle by herself, which still remained empty.

Despite Midge pushing Lenny to invite some of his friends or some of his crew, or at least his old agent - Lenny shook his head and said “no.”

Before she could protest more, he held her hand then, and then looked down at Esther, Kitty and Ethan who were playing together under the supervision of Rose and Abe. Lenny had started to spend so much time with all of them at Midge's apartment, that it had become easy to tell that he had grown fond of her parents. Well Papa adored Lenny from his first meeting with him and the flowers he sent Midge, but it took some convincing with Mama. But once Mama could see how different Lenny was to all the other men in Midge’s life, she began to slowly warm to him too.

“I have everyone I want to invite right here in this room.”

“But Lenny what about...” He squeezed her hand affectionately.

“Midge.” He smiled at her then. “I have everyone I will ever want and need right here”.

“Ok”, she nodded and gave him a peck on the cheek.

She remembered that moment vividly, because it was not long after that, they decided a date to get married, and with that, they both decided it would be a close circle. No social media posts, no texts, all phones would be left at the door, and the most important rule, only a select few would know. So she understood where Lenny was coming from with wanting only Kitty and Midge's immediate family there, but still, in many ways she felt sad that he had no one filling up what should be his side of the aisle.

But Kitty was now another daughter to Midge, and Lenny saw Ethan and Esther as family too now. This was evident with how he was willing to bend down in that very fitted suit to placate his daughter and his step children to be, whom he truly loved in equal measure. She couldn't help but smile at the scene before her, because it was just one of the many reasons she was marrying him.

She would never understand why any person would want someone as wonderful as Lenny out of their lives, even with his demons, imperfections...his heart trumped all of those things by a mile.

When Midge first met Lenny he was surrounded by his crew, mostly men, mostly wearing similar suits and loving every second of the legendary, Mr. Bruce. But at the same time, not really giving a damn about him. Not really caring that at that time his marriage then was falling apart, because all that mattered was that his career was on the rise, and they were benefiting from every second of it. But that's all Midge could remember from that time, and mostly, how Lenny was surrounded by people that he was constantly performing for, even when he wasn't on the stage.

This was back when Midge was opening acts at the Gaslight, and people were slowly, starting to recognize that women could be funny too. This still didn't mean she couldn't get her foot in the door though, because people were more obsessed with her looks, and her fellow male comedians were just desperate to get her into bed. But he was different, Lenny knew from the get go that Midge was a natural, for she was as he once quoted her as 'corrupted'. She was a comic.

She realized it the most, in the intimate moments between them, when his entourage would disappear and it somehow just became them. There he would commend her on act, and ask her why on earth he should be on Twitter, where she had surprisingly become a massive hit at the time. But with his praise and queries, she could see the immense respect he had for her then, and how genuinely amused he was by her bits.

He wasn't Lenny Bruce around her then in those moments, he was just Lenny.

Her idol, her mentor, her friend but of course back then, she had no idea that he would become so much more.

As the years passed, things escalated and grew complicated for Midge, and as did life for Lenny Bruce.

Lenny was at his peak career wise, but his demons were unfortunately not far behind. It became very apparent during one bad show, not long after their infamous fight where Midge began to realize that Lenny might have a drug problem, and where also he called her out on "hiding" from her potential. He went on stage high one night, and it went viral, and the legendary Lenny, had somehow become an online joke. Loyalty for Lenny Bruce soon left the door and soon with his entourage began to fizzle out with it.

Not many people wanted to be associated with him then, and from that a lot of canceled gigs soon followed. TV shows went down the pan, rumors spread, visits to his own daughter were limited, and eventually a film deal went too.

With it, he lost a lot of joy and spark that once glinted eyes. It was something that really stood out to Midge, when she finally plucked up the courage to visit him for the first time since their fight. He was recovering at some very, swanky rehab located upstate, and was lucky to get in, and Midge was hoping that meant a new start for him and them. But she knew it wasn't going to be easy.

She could tell that from the moment she entered the door and his eyes were glued to the floor. He was afraid to look at her, even when she sat beside him, and she tried to get into their usual witty repertoire, but he wasn't biting.

"I just want to make people laugh, Midge." Lenny said hurt. "Sure make them think, but really, I just want to make them laugh."

"I know Lenny." Midge said. She had never seen him so low.

"I'm still here Lenny. And I always will be." She squeezed his hand and he half smiled back at her. But he remained focused on the wooden floor, almost ashamed to look at her.

"Also you know another reason I am here to see you Mr. Bruce is to tell you....That I am opening up for Amy Schumer. Susie got it for me, well I did some persuading too. I met Amy at some nursery thing with Esther; anyway it's a gig. No, it's a great gig! And she will be touring all across the states." Midge took a deep breath in as she could see she was getting through to him, and eventually exhaled: "So I would really like you to look me in the eye, and tell me you will at least make it to my opening act gig for Amy at Madison Square Garden in a month's time."

There was silence in the air and he finally looked her directly in the eye, the most hopeful gaze she had seen from him in a while.

"An opening act?"

"I paid attention Lenny." Midge could hear her voice hitching up remembering that night. The night after they finally gave into the years of tension building between them. Where Taylor Swift was playing in the background at his hotel as they entered the lobby. There they ended up stuck inside from a snowstorm, and eventually up in his hotel room. All a day before he was about to perform in front of the biggest crowd of his life.

In that moment there was no doubting his affection and attraction to her, but what scared Midge so much was how he could see her, every part of her, and clearly loved her all the more for it. She hadn't felt this vulnerable in a while, and was scared to sacrifice the comedic respecting and professional stance that each had for the other. But once he promised her that, that they would never lose that. She gave in and was so glad she did.

The next night felt like whiplash though as she expected more of round two with Lenny Bruce after his successful gig, but he instead gave her a dressing down. He was hurt and angry with her for stepping away from her passion, her life, her true love - comedy. She was heartbroken, confused as he left her on an empty stage, staring at what could have been and could be. But her real devastation was mostly because she knew everything he said to her then was right.

“I was a little lost but I think I found my way again.” She could feel the tears brimming down her face and her lips trembling now. It was hard not to become emotional, recalling that night when he walked away from her. “You helped me find my way, you always did really. I just want you to know, I see you. I see you now, Lenny. I never judged you, I am not trying to save you or protect you....I guess..”

He was staring at her, his eyes also filling with tears.

“Ohhhh..I know, I know I put you on a pedestal. But I am me. You are you, you’re Lenny. I love you for it. Not just stage you, comedy you, but dancing in Miami you...holding my hand, giving me your jacket you. Respecting me... I love all of you....Now that I realize that I am so scared of losing you.”

She could feel the tears streaming down her face as he leaned towards her then stroking them softly away from her face. Then gently laying a kiss on her lips.

“I am trying Midge. But it feels different this time. It’s going to stick. I have a real good fucking reason for it to stick. I need to fucking be there in the crowd, cheering on how sensational you are, and how much, I love you. And basically, Amy can go schtick it.” She giggled whilst tasting the salty tang of tears on her lips. “But you won’t lose me, I am determined to stay, I will stay.”

“You better.” Midge said half seriously. “Or you’ll break my fucking my heart.”

“Mr. Bruce, shall we,” Midge smirked at him and he looked up at her, and then moved away from the kiddos to stand beside her.

“But of course.” Linking arms, their black and white matching suits instantly intertwined. They then took joint steps and walked up to the clearly amused registrar. The ceremony began with the exchanging of the vows, the odd joke and sense of humor some of which landed with Midge’s friends and family, but for the majority went over their heads. But both Midge and Lenny were still laughing with each other, and really in that moment, that was all that mattered.

Then finally came the exchanging of the rings, a moment Midge found herself surprisingly weepy at. But then she realized it was because it brought back recollections of what really gathered them together today, and how far both of them had come.

It was over a year ago and they were in San Francisco where Lenny was accompanying her during her own solo tour. Of course her opening act with Amy Schumer had become such a huge success, that Susie managed to get Midge a tour of her own. With that tour came her own comedy special, and from that Midge’s stardom continued to rise. Lenny was proud of her, and loved to say it endlessly, but she was even more proud of him being a year clean.

But he found his own lane too, and his own way back to doing what he loves. But while he was doing this, he insisted he wanted to be with her as she toured. Something she loved, especially the moments when it was just them, and her gig in San Fran was one of those occasions.

Ethan and Esther were with Joel and Mei spending time with their new half sister, Ai. Which enabled Midge and Lenny to have a fun weekend by the Golden Gate Bridge.

It was a Saturday morning, where they were having their usual banter in the kitchen of the Airbnb compliments of the touring company.

It was in the midst of Midge cooking brunch for them, when Lenny paused mid flow of his own funny comeback, just to stare at her.

He had done this many times before. Before the first time they danced. Before the first time they made love. The moment he left rehab, where she was waiting for him by the front door, and he just stood and stared to take her in as if she wasn't real. Each of those times caught her by surprise, and usually ended in something extraordinary for them both.

"Oh boy..." Midge whispered to herself, mixing the pancake batter and eventually, decided to look back at him. Lenny was still staring, but this time in possibly a more emotionally, charged way, than any of those times before.

"Ok the bit wasn't my best, but it wasn't that bad Lenny. I mean, you don't have to..."

"I think we should get married." Lenny interrupted.

"What?!" Midge said whilst spilling the pancake batter all over the floor, and on her feet as a result.

He was chuckling and stood up, grabbing some paper towels from the counter beside her.

"Are you kidding Lenny because it's a strange bit." Midge said babbling knowing all too well, there was a high probability that he might be. "Although maybe, I could find a way to work into my Washington gig?"

She was still determined to pass it off as a joke, because she really never contemplated a moment like this for them. They had both been married before and it both ended badly for them. So the idea of them being wed, never cropped up for her.

It always made sense with Joel because from the moment she met him, she knew she was going to marry him. It just made sense with the direction they were going in with their lives. It was what was expected for them and by them.

But with Lenny, it was different. Nothing about it felt traditional, or predictable. Because really they were anything but traditional and predictable.

They were together a year now, he practically lived with her and her family at the Upper West side. Her kids loved Lenny and she loved Kitty. None of this should be surprising and yet...

"No I am not kidding," he said whilst mopping up the pancake batter around her feet. "I never kid."

He looked up at her affectionately then, whilst still remaining on one knee in batter.

"I love you Midge. You are the funniest, loveliest, person alive. I count my lucky stars every day that I met you, and that I have so many second chances because of you. I love every part of you....your endless ensembles....I am at awe at how many dresses, shoes, suits, shirts...one person could procure.....But it makes it, well really, all the worthwhile just to hear what conversations you might have with them, even when you think I am not listening."

Midge scoffed out a laugh, but could feel the rise of many potential sobs building up from within her gut.

"I love your kids, with that, I do include Susie. But I also love Rose, Abe...hell, I even love Zelda. Never met anyone who loves pants as much as Zelda does." Midge was now laughing and crying at the same time, she didn't even know it was possible. "I might even love Joel, Mei, even their cute little, new baby, and your ex in-laws..... That friend of yours who actually talks more than you. You see where I am going with this...Midge I love everything about you. You're whole world, and I want to spend it always by your side. Now, what I am saying is you see. I think we should just, maybe make it official?"

Midge was sobbing uncontrollably now and realizing he was still kneeling in paper towels and pancake batter. But now he was looking up at her almost fearful, that she could possibly say no and refuse him in this moment.

She immediately knelt down in the pancake batter with him and kissed him, mumbling “yes” on his lips.

He let out a sigh of relief, and with that deepened the kiss between them.

“I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may kiss...” Before the registrar could finish the sentence, Midge grabbed Lenny by the back of his head and gave him a deep kiss to make their new life as a married couple official.

“Finally, thank Jesus fucking Christ,” she could hear Susie yell in the background.

“Susie!” Rose and Abe yelled in unison.

She could feel Lenny laughing against her lips as they continued to kiss.

Despite the protests of the kids, mumbling “ewwwwww”, they continued pressing their lips against each other, but a little more family friendly.

Later that day, they gathered back at a private venue and much to Lenny’s relief, where he was finally felt able to loosen his black shirt. It was only fair considering how many dance sessions he sweated through with Ethan, Esther and Kitty to whatever JoJo Siwa song, they insisted blasting on the speakers. Causing everyone to laugh at every second, and somehow enabling Lenny to convince Rose and Abe to join him out on the dance floor.

Once the kids had gone to bed, they could finally breathe and be together, it was a moment reserved for some slow dancing for just him and Midge. It was reminiscent of the night they danced the first time together in Miami, and it was everything.

“Love birds hate to interrupt this moment, but I think we need to let my dear friend here take some snaps of the newlyweds, before the night runs away from us.” Susie lamented looking up at them both, and standing beside her, was a photographer friend of Susie. One she insisted to Midge was almost as good as Annie Leibovitz.

“Must we...” Lenny said his lips mumbling against Midge’s neck then, causing goosebumps to rise from her neck down to her chest. Midge knew what she really wanted to do at that moment and it was to drag him up to the same blue room, where they first consummated their relationship. While Midge was in charge of the invite list and outfits, Lenny insisted that the reception had to happen in the hotel where everything changed for them forever. The hotel where they first consummated their relationship, but he also joked about wanting to have easy access to their blue room, specifically for their first night as newlyweds.

But before any of that could happen Midge knew Susie was right, despite Lenny’s protests. The fact that two of the world’s most successful comedians had got secretly hitched, most definitely wouldn’t stay secret for long.

A lot had changed since they had got engaged, and the biggest part of that was Midge’s success. She had just landed a job as a Late Night chat show host, as a result of her gaining huge momentum on social media and as a touring comedian. While Lenny was much loved for his comeback and his honesty about his recovery, and his remaining struggles with addiction. With that, came more low key gigs, and somehow a podcast, even though some of Susie’s staff had to help show him how to exactly run that.

But when fans and audiences realized that seemingly odd, but perfect comedians were a couple - it took social media by storm. Every clickbait site and anyone who had bothered to read a paper became suddenly engrossed with Midge and Lenny.

But as a result every shred of privacy they had once left had seemed to be growing limited day by day. So when and how they decided to get married, both Lenny and Midge agreed that they were doing it on their terms. Including the ceremony, reception and Midge insisted that the announcement had to come from them and them only.

Although she knew from Lenny’s frown he was regretting it now.

“I promise, it won’t take too long.” She kissed him on the lips, and he sighed and nodded. He stepped away from her embrace, and then faced Susie and the photographer.

“Alright, Mr. Non Leibovitz. I am ready for my close up.”

Susie led them to a private room in the hotel, where they could take photos.

As requested, the photo shoot was on their terms. They wanted something relaxed, nothing posed - just them. In fairness to Mr. Non Leibovitz he captured this perfectly, with various shots of them teasing and being flirtatious with each other. But he also photographed everything she loved about Lenny, even his stupid routine with a plotted plant that happened to be in the room at the time.

“Lenny put down that plant! This is a serious photoshoot announcing our nuptials....” Midge said affectionately, because she always found it hard to be mad at him.

“Midge.....But I like the plant.” Lenny said giving her the most puppy eyed look in response, something the photographer managed to capture on camera.

Despite the several photos that was taken, that was of course one of the two Lenny chose to use to announce that they were married. The other was of them sitting on the floor leaning against each other with their matching suits, him laughing at whatever joke she happened to be cracking then.

His caption was hilarious but so sweet, that she couldn’t help but become overly emotional at reading it.

“I love her as much as I love this plant. But really, I still can’t believe I get to spend the rest of my days with this amazing being, Midge I mean...not the plant.”

Midge kept hers, a little more simple, even if she had a total of three posts, and all with endless pictures citing she found it hard to pick. But the first photo she chose to post though

was her taking a stray eyelash out of Lenny's eye. An intimate, non staged moment that she had no idea the photographer had managed to capture.

So of course, Midge had to use it and caption it: ***“He asked and I said yes. Love him from the Upper West Side and Back #couldntbehappier “***

Once they posted this on their instagram accounts, they immediately switched off their phones, and they made their way to the blue room. They did not want to be disturbed for the rest of the night, planning to spend every waking hour entangled in the sheets where it all began.

The next morning she woke up and slowly slipped out of bed from a quietly, snoring Lenny. She walked around the remnants of the white and black suits scattered across the floor. She knew she should probably be taking better care of couture, but this mess for them - it made perfect sense. She grabbed his black suit jacket to put on on and closed up the buttons over her chest She then opened the hotel door, to see The New York Times on the floor. She looked up and there was her and Lenny posing on the front cover doing serious, yet joking poses, and on this occasion, his shirt happened to be more closed up.

The story caption underneath made her smile:

“Successful comedians Midge and Lenny finally tied the knot in a small intimate ceremony. They made the announcement through some sweet and funny snaps on Instagram. Wearing matching suits to boot, the wedding announcement keeps in tune with the much loved, couple’s dynamic.”

Midge giggled then because for once, she didn’t mind being on the front cover of a newspaper for her relationship with Lenny Bruce.

“Midge what could you be possibly laughing at on this grey, morning...” A voice beckoned from behind her.

“Oh nothing, just the fact that I am married to a very successful comedian.”

“Oh I am so sorry to hear that.”

“It’s ok, it’s the price I am willing to bear, if it means I can get him into more matching ensembles with me, and photoshoots of course....”

“Oh Midge...” she could hear him groan from the bed, and from what she could tell, his voice sounded like it was being muffled from a pillow. Midge slammed the door behind her then, and with some momentum she ran over and jumped on top of the bed, beside him. She could see him laughing against the pillow now and she began to poke his back tenderly.

She began laughing at his groans, especially when she started teasing about other ensembles for their wedding anniversaries, bar mitzvahs...the list was endless.

He eventually sat up and tackled her affectionately into lying back on the bed.

“Midge, I will agree to these conditions of matching ensembles. But only if...” He paused looking down at her and gently stroking her face so heavenly, that she was convinced that she might melt then and there. “If I can immediately take them off you afterwards.”

She giggled and smiled as he leaned down and kissed her slowly, savoring every moment, as she then slowly, wrapped her arms around him.

She knew what was next. She didn’t need any more rehearsals; she was very much happy to be in it with Lenny Bruce for the long, live haul. She finally felt safe and unstoppable because she knew she had everything she ever needed by her side.

Midge had her muse, her partner, her friend, her lover...her everything.

Her...Lenny.

FIN

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it and yes I had to include a Taylor reference in relation to [this post...](#) But I couldn't resist ;)

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