

# BOB'S BURGERS

## “Burger War”

Episode #1ASA03

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# “Burger War”

## CAST LIST FOR #1ASA03:

BOB.....	H. JON BENJAMIN
LINDA.....	JOHN ROBERTS
TINA.....	DAN MINTZ
GENE.....	EUGENE MIRMAN
LOUISE.....	KRISTEN SCHAAL
ANDY.....	LAURA SILVERMAN
GUY.....	DAVID HERMAN
JIMMY.....	JAY JOHNSTON
JIMMY JUNIOR.....	H. JON BENJAMIN
MORT.....	ANDY KINDLER
MR. FISCHOEDER.....	KEVIN KLINE
OLLIE.....	SARAH SILVERMAN
SCIENCE TEACHER.....	LARRY MURPHY
TEDDY.....	LARRY MURPHY
TREV.....	DAVID HERMAN

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - DAY**

The kids are in the dining room. Bob and Linda enter from the kitchen.

BOB

All right, listen. You kids are gonna be on your best behavior, right now. The landlord, Mr. Fiscoeder's coming over to talk about the lease, and we don't know if he's gonna renew.

LINDA

(HOPEFUL) He'll renew.

BOB

Well, we haven't always paid our rent on time.

LINDA

We never pay our rent on time.

BOB

Thanks, Lin.

LINDA

Uh.

BOB

(TO KIDS) All right, listen... Your mother and I are gonna go make him some food.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

That's gonna save us - our food,  
and our service. You kids start  
cleaning now.

LINDA

(ON A PIECE OF PAPER) Pick that up.

Tina picks it up off the floor.

BOB

And Gene, you go outside and try  
and drum up some business.

GENE

I'll play my triangle! (PLAYS  
TRIANGLE, MAKES TRIANGLE NOISES)

BOB

No!

Bob takes it and puts it in his apron.

GENE

You don't understand my music!

BOB

Shush. And here's the other  
important thing... When Fischoeder  
gets here, you will not, I repeat  
not, stare at him like he's some  
kind of spectacle.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

I don't... I don't ever stare at  
him.

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

I... I don't stare... at him.

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

BOB

Yes, Mr. Fischoeder is an  
eccentric.

INSERT: A flash of MR. FISCHOEDER riding a golf cart towards  
camera (IN SILHOUETTE).

BOB (CONT'D)

Yes, he wears a white suit.

INSERT: Another flash of Mr. Fischoeder - CU on his fancy  
lapel/vest/tie.

TINA

And an eye patch.

INSERT: A flash of Mr. Fischoeder's (matching) white eye  
patch.

GENE

And he drives a golf cart  
everywhere...

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CONTINUOUS**

A longer shot of Mr. Fischoeder driving straight up the middle  
of Ocean Ave. towards Bob's. He throws a firework at a PASSERBY.

LOUISE (V.O.)

He is one white cat away from being  
a super villain.

PASSERBY (O.S.)

Ah!

**BACK TO SCENE:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM**

BOB

All right, but he owns this building, everybody. He owns the amusement park, and just about everything else in town, so you're *not gonna stare at him when he gets here.*

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM**

Mr. Fischoeder stands at the counter.

The kids all conspicuously look up at the ceiling and away from him. And **whistle.**

GENE/TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(WHISTLE)

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(WHISTLE TURNS INTO HUMMING)

Bob and Linda come out of the kitchen with a burger, etc.

LINDA

Here we go!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Bob, Linda. Your children are refusing to acknowledge me.

BOB

Ah, kids, stop doing that!  
Acknowledge Mr. Fischoeder, right  
now.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(RUSHED) Are you a super hero or a  
super villain?

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(RUSHED) What's under the eye  
patch?

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(RUSHED) Can I feel your hair?

BOB

Stop! Stop! Go clean something,  
now. All of you.

The kids walk away.

BOB (CONT'D)

So... ah... Mr. Fischoeder, you  
know, after all these years, I've  
realized, you've never eaten my  
food.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Mm-hmm.

BOB

And I want to present to you one of  
my favorite specialty burgers...

He sets it down ceremoniously.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh, no offense, Bob, but I have a policy that I don't dine at any of my tenant's establishments.

The kids pretend to clean, but really just watch Mr. Fischoeder.

BOB

Oh. But I saw you eating at Dushi Sushi.

MR. FISCHOEDER

That's different. That place is incredible. Have you had their starfish? It melts in your mouth.

(BEAT) No? Nobody? (POINTS TO TINA)

You?

TINA

No.

A long beat.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Anyway... Quiet in here. Like this a lot, Bob?

BOB

Yeah, well, I mean... It's twelve-thirty. (THEN, COVERING) Sorta the lunch lull.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(MULLING) The lunch lull...

BOB

That's what we call it. (CHUCKLES)

MR. FISCHOEDER

(POLITELY LAUGHS)

TINA

Wow, Jimmy Pesto's lunch lull is  
really busy.

Tina looks over to Jimmy Pesto's Pizzeria. ANGLE ON: Jimmy  
Pesto's Pizzeria, there's a line to get in.

BOB (O.S.)

Well, Jimmy Pesto's is a pizza  
place...

Back on Bob and Mr. Fischoeder.

BOB (CONT'D)

...if you're into that kind of  
thing. Pizza. (LAUGHS) That's  
stupid.

TINA

I like pizza.

Gene runs up, looking around.

GENE

Pizza? Where's pizza?!

BOB

Shush. Anyway, when people want a  
burger, (GRANDIOSE) a good American  
burger, (MUSIC SWELLS) they have  
nowhere else to go but--

MR. FISCHOEDER

Sorry (MUSIC STOPS) sorry to interrupt. Let me be honest with you - I enjoy you, Bob - your mustache... it's fascinating.

BOB

Thank you.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(TOUCHING BOB'S MUSTACHE) Do you mind if I...?

BOB

You're touching it.

Mr. Fischoeder rubs Bob's mustache.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yeah. I...

BOB

That's. Yeah, you're...

MR. FISCHOEDER

That's really something.

BOB

Thank you.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Thank you. (SLO-MO) Mmm... (STOPS RUBBING MUSTACHE) Listen, Jimmy Pesto has tendered an offer on this space.

BOB

Jimmy Pesto?! He wants to move over here?

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yes, he wants to move his gift shop over here.

BOB

*Gift shop?!*

GENE

This would be an amazing gift shop!  
(GASP) I could do all my Christmas shopping here!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yes.

BOB

No, no, no, no, no. Please, I think if you tried my burger you'd see--

Bob guides his burger plate toward Mr. Fischoeder, who guides it back to Bob.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Bob, you're always late with the rent. And Jimmy pays early.

BOB

Wait, wait, wait, Mr. Fischoeder... please. Be-- Before you make a decision, just taste my burger. Just taste it.

Bob holds up his plated burger.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(SIGHS) Fine. Another trip to the  
gym.

Mr. Fischoeder picks up the burger and takes a bite.

Bob slaps Mr. Fischoeder on the back. Mr. Fischoeder starts  
to **choke**.

BOB

Jimmy Pesto may be a good  
businessman...

MR. FISCHOEDER (SIMULTANEOUS)

(CHOKING)

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

...but I think you'll find that,  
unlike his microwaved junk, my food  
is th-- Mr. Fischoeder? Mr.  
Fischoeder?

Bob starts performing the Heimlich maneuver on Mr.  
Fischoeder. This doesn't seem to be working. Mr. Fischoeder  
continues to **choke** through the scene.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(CONTINUES CHOKING THROUGH SCENE)

BOB

He's choking. He's chok-- How do I  
do it?!

Linda and the kids rush over and try to help.

LOUISE

You just push! Push!

BOB

What do I do?

LOUISE

Push on his belly!

GENE

Hit him in the crotch!

BOB

No. Gene! Don't hit him in the  
crotch.

GENE

Yes! Hit him in the crotch!

TINA

I'll hold his hair.

She reaches for his hair.

Bob, trying the Heimlich, lifts Mr. Fiscoeder up.

LINDA

Oh my God, Oh my God...

BOB

Linda, please.

LINDA

Oh my God.

Bob is trying to Heimlich Mr. Fiscoeder and failing.

LOUISE

Wow, he's turning blue!

GENE

Put his hand in warm water.

BOB

He can't die! He can not die in  
here.

GENE

Let's move him outside.

BOB

No! Everybody hands around him!

Group Heimlich! One...

EVERYONE

Two. Three. Ahh.

Finally, they manage to give him a huge family Heimlich. Mr. Fischoeder expels a large hunk of burger.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(EXPELS FOOD)

Gene gets the expelled burger square in the chest. Louise and Tina, standing next to him, get only splatters.

BOB

There it is!

LOUISE

Holy crap.

MR. FISCHOEDER

God.

Mr. Fischoeder recovers.

BOB

Give him some room, kids.

LINDA

Give him room!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh... Ow...

BOB

So, um...

MR. FISCHOEDER

Ow...

BOB

Did you, ah... did you like it?

Mr. Fischoeder takes out a handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(GASP) Your rent is due Friday  
night, and if you're late, I'm  
giving your lease to Jimmy Pesto.

STING! CU on Bob.

Tina takes the burger off of Gene's shirt.

TINA

(TO FISCHOEDER, RE: BURGER) Do you  
want me to pack this to go?

STING! CU on Gene.

Gene pulls fries from his pocket.

GENE

You're gonna want fries with that.

STING! CU on Mr. Fischoeder.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - THE NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING**

Bob and Linda are behind the counter. MORT the mortician, and TEDDY the contractor, Bob's best customers, sit at the counter.

LINDA (O.S.)

(TO MORT AND TEDDY) So Mr.

Fischoeder's okay...

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

BOB

But we've gotta pay the rent *in full* by tomorrow night.

TEDDY

Paying the rent in full!

MORT

What's next, paying your other bills?

LINDA

Don't worry. We'll figure something out. Right, Bobby?

Bob looks at Jimmy Pesto's Pizzeria through his window.

BOB

Jimmy freaking Pesto.

LINDA

Oh, Bob.

MORT

(ON BOB'S LOOK) You know Pesto's  
not his real name. It's  
Poplopovich.

BOB

Of course it is. The guy's a  
complete phony.

LINDA

What is this obsession with him?

BOB

I'm not obsessed with him.

LINDA

Yeah you are, you're both obsessed.  
It's like you guys are stalking  
each other.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY**

Bob raises binoculars to his face to look into Jimmy's.

Across the street, JIMMY does the same. They both drop them  
quickly and hide when they see each other.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY**

Bob has a small mirror which he's using to look at Jimmy's  
over his shoulder.

Across the street Jimmy is holding spaghetti up with a pair of  
tongs and peering through it. A customer waits for his food.

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - NIGHT**

Cut to Bob's. It's closed. Bob is standing in his restaurant with the lights off, watching Jimmy's, like a stake out.

Jimmy's is packed. A sign says, "GNOCCHI-OKI - ITALIAN KARAOKE"  
Jimmy is visible, doing karaoke.

BOB

AH!!!

**END FLASHBACKS:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

Bob is now watching Jimmy's through one of those side-address telescopes, mounted on a tripod.

BOB

I could care less about the guy.

LINDA

I think you should *both* grow up. At least for the kids' sake. (THEN)  
Let me see. Let me see.

BOB

Ugh. The kids. Why does Tina have to like Jimmy Pesto Junior? Of all the thirteen year old boys in the world...

LINDA

Eh, she likes them too. (THEN) It's kind of romantic though - Two families at war! A budding romance! It's like West Side Story!

BOB

*Ugh!*

Linda snaps her fingers like the sharks/jets song.

LINDA

*Dun dun, dun dun, dun dun.*

Rumble!!!

BOB

Stop!

LINDA

*Dun dun dun.* You know Louise is friends with the twins now too - Pesto's little boys. Andy and Ollie.

BOB

No. No. No. I'm calling a ban on all the Pesto kids. Our kids are going to cease contact.

**INT. WAGSTAFF PUBLIC SCHOOL - LUNCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Gene and Louise sit together with twin boys, ANDY and OLLIE. They're small, with high voices.

OLLIE

(TO LOUISE AND GENE) Let's be best friends forever.

LOUISE

Okay.

Beat. **CHYRON: "THE PESTO TWINS"**

ANDY

(TO LOUISE AND GENE) Let's cut our hands and press them together and become blood brothers!

GENE

Okay! (GRUNTS)

Gene starts trying to cut his hand with a plastic spoon.

OLLIE

No, spit brothers - (SPITS) spit in  
your hand and then shake.

GENE

Let's do both! (SPITS IN HAND)

LOUISE

Sorry, I'm saving my spit and blood  
for my honeymoon.

OLLIE

Let's rub our eyes together. You  
can get my pink eye!

ANDY

Okay!

Andy and Ollie bump heads, trying to touch eyeballs.

ANDY/OLLIE

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. (PRESSING  
NOISES SIMULTANEOUS WITH GENE)

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

So hard to be friends these days.

LOUISE

Hey, is that your brother Jimmy  
touching himself all over?

ANGLE ON: JIMMY JUNIOR with headphones on, dirty dancing with  
himself in the lunch line.

OLLIE

Yeah, he's really into slow dancing  
now.

LOUISE

He knows it's supposed to be with  
other people, right?

ANDY

It is?

LOUISE

Uch, look at Tina.

Tina, crawling on a lunch table, is trying to get Jimmy  
Junior's attention but his eyes are closed.

LOUISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Kissed the guy, and she still can't  
get his attention.

GENE

She should try Pigs in a Blanket.

That always gets *my* attention.

(LONG EXHALE OF DESIRE)

Tina tries to kiss Jimmy Junior. He turns and she falls to  
the floor.

TINA

Eh.

He continues to dance.

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY**

The kids walk back from school.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The kids enter. The restaurant is empty of customers. Bob is  
still staring at Jimmy Pesto's.

BOB

Uck. What's he up to now.

The kids follow his look.

There are guys on ladders. They unfurl a banner over Jimmy's awning. It says, "NOW SERVING BURGERS! BESTO-BURGER ON THE BLOCK!"

BOB (CONT'D)

What!?! Oh my God!

LINDA

(READING) Now serving burgers.

GENE

Burgers!

BOB

That's it. It's time for a  
showdown.

Bob takes his apron off.

LINDA

All right. (STARTS TO SNAP HER  
FINGERS, ALA WEST SIDE STORY) We're  
going to a rumble.

BOB

Yeah, I'm gonna confront him.

LINDA

(SNAPPING FINGERS, THEN SING-SONGY)

Gonna con-front him!

BOB

Confront him right in the face.

LINDA

(SING-SONGY) Yeah, right in his  
handsome face!

BOB

What?

LINDA

What?

BOB

You said handsome face.

The kids are watching this.

GENE

You did.

LINDA

It's a--

LOUISE

Right in his handsome face.

LINDA

I know what I said.

BOB

*You think he's handsome?*

TINA

God, yes.

LINDA

No, I'm saying it with anger. Like,  
you handsome face!

BOB

So he's--

LINDA

He's so handsome you wanna, you  
wanna punch him. He looks like Tom  
Selleck. When I die I want you to  
cremate me and throw my ashes in  
Tom Selleck's face.

BOB

(LAUGHS) That's a crazy request.

GENE

I get it.

Bob hands Linda his apron. She puts it on the counter.

BOB

(THEN) All right, let's go. Kids,  
watch the restaurant.

They exit.

**EXT. JIMMY PESTO'S - CONTINUOUS**

Bob marches across the street to Jimmy's. Linda follows him.

LINDA

(SNAPPING) We're going to a rumble.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

TIGHT ON BOB as he opens the door like a western gunslinger  
and...

BOB

Oh Lord.

LINDA

(HUSHED, AWED) So many people.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - MEANWHILE**

The kids are pressed against the window.

LOUISE

Kids, watch the restaurant.

She leaves.

GENE

Tina, watch the restaurant.

He leaves.

TINA

(BACKING OUT, TO RESTAURANT)

Restaurant, we both know you can  
handle this. Call me if you need  
me. Love you.

She leaves.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - CONTINUOUS**

TREV, the bartender, comes out of the kitchen.

TREV

Jimmy said he'll be right out. You  
wanna try a Pesto-colada?

LINDA

Yeah sure.

BOB

Lin.

LINDA

What? (WHISPERS) Free drink.

Bob picks up a promotional "table-tent" from the bar.

INSERT: A picture of Jimmy dressed up like the Terminator  
with a shotgun and plate of pasta.

BOB

Ech. Look at that (READING) "Pasta  
La Vista Baby".

He flips it over.

INSERT: A promotional image of Frank and Zelda. It's promoting PIANO BAR TUESDAYS. Little, old Zelda (wearing a bra over her ample bosom) is on the drums. Old, toupee-wearing Frank is on the keys.

BOB (CONT'D)

"Frank and Zelda, Oldies with  
Goodies," Eck.

Behind Bob and Linda, the kids hide behind the hostess podium.

LOUISE

(ON BOB AND LINDA) Some  
confrontation. I want some action.  
I need some action.

Jimmy Junior comes from the back carrying a bus tub.

TINA

(GASPS) There's Jimmy Junior.  
(SIGHS) Bussing tables has never  
looked so sensual.

GENE

Yet so menial.

TINA

Yeah.

Jimmy comes out of the kitchen.

LOUISE

Here's Jimmy. Now some fur's gonna  
fly.

Jimmy approaches Bob and Linda.

JIMMY

Bob of Bob's Burgers...

BOB

Jimmy *so-called Pesto* of Jimmy  
Pesto's. Let's skip the niceties,  
shall we?

Trev brings Linda's drink.

TREV

Pesto-colada for the lady. On the  
house.

LINDA

Thank you.

BOB

Except for... that nicety.

JIMMY

(HORSE CLICKS)

BOB

What are you doing, Jimmy?

JIMMY

What?

LINDA

(DRINKING) Mmm.

BOB

Selling burgers, coming after my  
lease. What are you doing, *Jimmy*  
*Poplopovich?*

JIMMY

Whoa... (GLANCES AROUND)

BOB

Yeah, your name...

LINDA

(DRINKING) Mmm.

BOB

...is not what it says on the--

Linda sips her drink.

LINDA

Mmm. Mmm.

BOB

*Lin.*

LINDA

Mmm. Ah.

BOB

(LAUGHS) Stop.

LINDA

Ah. It's good.

BOB

(SIGHS)

JIMMY

Bob. I run a business. All right? I don't know what *you're* doing - with your *fancy* ingredients. (MOCK VOICE, ENGLISH ACCENT, FINGER FOR A MUSTACHE) I'm Bob, and I like kale.

TREV (O.S.)

(LAUGHING) Kale.

BOB

(QUIETLY DEFENSIVE) There's nothing wrong with kale.

JIMMY

Why don't you call it *Snob's Burgers*?

TREV

*Snob's Burgers*, ha!

Jimmy high-fives Trev, the bartender.

BOB

You think anything that isn't frozen or rotten is fancy, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Okay. Mister Fancy Face, let's see who's got customers? (LOOKS AROUND) Ah, da-di-di-di. Ah... I've got some. Let's see who doesn't (POINTS TO BOB'S BURGERS). Oh, you.

ANGLE ON: Bob's Burgers - it's empty.

BOB

Ha. I've got-- I've got customers, Jimmy. They're not there right now. They have a life.

JIMMY

Oh, yeah... Well, good luck making  
rent by tomorrow night.

BOB

Well good luck trying to steal my  
customers, with your *Best-o* Burger.  
They'll never come--

At that moment Mort and Teddy enter. Bob sees them. They  
freeze.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

TEDDY

Bob!

BOB

Unbelievable.

TEDDY (SIMULTANEOUS)

(POINTS TO TV) We just came to  
watch the ball game!

MORT (SIMULTANEOUS)

(POINTS TO KARAOKE) I had the urge  
to sing some Journey!

BOB

Come on, Linda. We're leaving.

The kids peel off and head for the door.

LOUISE

Go, go, go, go, go, go.

Linda picks up her drink and **slurps** it aggressively through  
the straw.

LINDA

(SUCKING SOUND)

Everyone waits while she drains the drink.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(SLAMS THE GLASS DOWN) Hmm!

BOB

You're not gonna get our lease,

Jimmy!

They exit.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bob looks down at Jimmy Pesto's from the window. He moves away from the window. Linda and the kids are watching TV.

BOB

He's gonna get our lease.

LINDA

No, Bobby! Forget about Jimmy  
Pesto. All we need is one really  
good day of business, then we can  
pay our rent and keep the place.  
Huh? HUUUH?

Bob slumps in his chair.

BOB

(SIGHS) I guess you're right. If we  
could pack the house tomorrow...

LINDA

Sure! A packed house. We can do  
that - let's have a family  
brainstorm! Right now. Gene. Go!

GENE

Ah, live entertainment featuring...

LINDA

Yeah, yeah.

GENE

...A mix of techno (STARTS A LOOP  
ON HIS SAMPLER) and Dad's  
favorite... the *triangle!* (TRIANGLE  
NOISES)

He starts jamming on his little triangle. He's going nuts.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS WITH GENE)

(DANCING) Ah, yeah.

BOB

No.

LINDA

Tina! Go!

TINA

Slow dancing! (SHE SLOW DANCES  
WEIRDLY) Grind.

BOB

No.

TINA

Grind. Grind.

BOB

Tina, stop. What are you doing?

Stop that.

LINDA

Louise, whattaya got?

LOUISE

When I was young and naive I would  
have said arson, but I'm gonna go  
with *voodoo!*

BOB

Hmm. I like arson.

LOUISE

No. Seriously, Dad. Voodoo! I  
have...

BOB

No.

LOUISE

...a book. No, I have a book! I'll  
go get it.

Louise runs off to her room.

LINDA

(SLAPS LEG) I got it. Make some  
flyers, for half off and good for  
tomorrow night only.

BOB

(WARMING ON THE IDEA) You know,  
that *might* bring some people in.

LINDA

Yeah, yeah.

Louise comes back in with her book.

LOUISE

Okay. I found it.

BOB

Forget voodoo. We're doing flyers.

LOUISE

What? Who's candy ass idea was that? I'm out of the room for five seconds!

LINDA

Ah, we're on a roll. Let's brainstorm something else. Ah... Christmas card!

BOB

No, no, no, we're done brainstorming. We got it.

GENE

Oh, how 'bout we shave our heads for the Christmas card!

TINA

Spell our names wrong.

GENE

Shave our legs. Totally soft, silky family.

LINDA

I like it.

LOUISE

I have a book!

LINDA

Nobody forget what they just said,  
I'm... I'm gonna go get some paper.

Linda moves off.

**EXT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LATER - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy Pesto is alone, standing at his bar, in the near-dark, staring at a Besto burger. His synth pop opera is playing loudly - building to a tragic crescendo.

**CHYRON: "LATER THAT NIGHT"**

He takes a bite. Chews...

JIMMY

(CHEWING) Eh, it's pretty good.

(CHUCKLES) It's pretty good.

(BREAKING DOWN) It's not good. It's  
not good! It's not good!

He throws the rest down violently.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CONTINUOUS**

JIMMY (O.S.)

Go in the garbage!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The kids are walking to school. Louise holds open her voodoo book.

LOUISE

If I can get a lock of Jimmy  
Pesto's hair I'm pretty sure I can  
control his mind.

GENE

Really?

LOUISE

I don't know. I'm just skimming.

(CLOSES THE BOOK) All I know is it works on fools and imbeciles.

TINA

(RAISING HER HAND) Oh, me! Me! Can you help me dance Jimmy Junior back into remembering we're going out?

LOUISE

Yes I can. I just need a lock of your hair.

Louise hands Tina some scissors.

TINA

Okay.

Tina cuts off part of her bangs, leaving her with an unfortunate hair style.

GENE

Can you help me get a gig in the music business?

LOUISE

Hair.

Gene takes the scissors. He pulls out a long, braided rattail he's been hiding down the back of his shirt.

GENE

So long, old friend.

He cuts it off.

**INT. WAGSTAFF PUBLIC SCHOOL - SCIENCE CLASS - DAY**

Louise is partnered with the Pesto twins.

SCIENCE TEACHER

So if you stick the penny into the  
potato... you've just made a  
battery out of a potato.

Louise has carved a face into her potato with a pencil and  
stuck some hair in the top of it.

LOUISE

(TO TWINS) I've just made a *voodoo*  
*doll* out of a potato.

ANDY/OLLIE

Ooooh!

ANDY

Who is it?

LOUISE

My sister Tina. She wants me to  
make your brother slow dance with  
her and remember that they're going  
out. Can you get a lock of your  
brother's hair?

ANDY

Yup.

Ollie reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of hair.

LOUISE

Agh.

ANDY

(TO ANDY) And you said I was crazy  
for carrying this around.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

(SHOVES HAIR IN ANDY'S FACE) Now

who's laughing? (LAUGHS) Me.

Andy and Ollie knock heads again.

ANDY/OLLIE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(LAUGH) Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

SCIENCE TEACHER (O.S.) (SIMULTANEOUS)

Settle down. Settle--

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY**

The kids arrive home from school with their book bags. Andy and Ollie are following Louise like puppies.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The kids enter. Andy and Ollie look all around. Bob and Linda are wiping down behind the counter.

LINDA

Hi kids. How was school?

GENE/TINA/LOUISE

Good.

LINDA

Yeah.

LOUISE

Mom, Andy and Ollie are helping me  
with a school project. I'm gonna  
need fifteen potatoes...

Ollie squeezes the ketchup and mustard bottles on the counter.

LOUISE (CONTINUOUS) (CONT'D)

...and a lock of hair from you and  
Dad. Also rum and cigars, if you  
have any.

LINDA

(DOUBTFUL) Wait. What's this for?

LOUISE

English.

Louise, Andy and Ollie go into the kitchen.

BOB

(TO GENE AND TINA) You two have  
homework?

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

A little.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Not doing it.

BOB

Good. 'Cause you're going down to  
the pier to hand out flyers.

Bob puts two stacks of flyers on top of the counter, one for  
each of them.

**EXT. BOARDWALK - LATER**

Tina is successfully handing out hers. Gene's are blowing in  
the wind.

GENE

(STRUGGLING NOISES AS HE TRIES TO  
GRAB THE FLYERS)

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM**

Tina and Gene walk back in the door. The bell chimes.

TINA

We're back.

BOB

Did you pass 'em all out?

GENE

Yup. We saved the family.

TINA

Jimmy Pesto even took one.

GENE

So did Jimmy One Wing. He's a  
seagull I met.

Bob turns and looks at Jimmy Pesto's. A handwritten sign is up  
in his window.

BOB

What the hell? (READING, ANGLE ON:  
SIGN) "Tonight only our  
competitor's flyers (JIMMY SHOOTS  
HIM A FINGER-GUN) good for half off  
your meal plus a free T-shirt!" Oh  
my God.

Mort and his mother approach the front door.

LINDA

Aw, Mort's bringing his mother to  
dinner.

Mort's mother stops and reads Jimmy's sign. Points it out to  
Mort.

Mort's mother pulls him into the street. She's made up her mind. Mort looks at Bob, helpless. Bob runs to the window.

MORT (SIMULTANEOUS)

Ah. Oh.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

No. No. No!

Bob is pressed up against the window, banging on the glass.

ANGLE ON: Bob's flyers.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CONTINUOUS**

We see people going into Jimmy's with their flyer. Including Speedo Man, Mort and others.

BOB (O.S.)

Those are my customers!

A terrible silence. Then...

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - CONTINUOUS**

BOB

This is a war now. This is a war.

GENE

Listen. It's the theme from

*Braveheart!*

Gene starts playing his triangle.

GENE (CONT'D)

(TRIANGLE SOUNDS)

BOB

No.

GENE

Wait, wait. This is the best part.

Di--

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - KITCHEN**

Bob, Linda, Tina and Gene in the kitchen. Bob prepares something on the grill. Everyone else is watching.

GENE

Dad, what are you doing?

BOB

(WAVING HIS HAND, MAKES SOUND LIKE  
DON'T BOTHER ME)

Linda blots his sweaty brow with a towel.

LINDA

(WHISPERS LIKE GOLF ANNOUNCER) Shh.  
Gene, Tina, this may be our last  
chance to save the restaurant. Your  
father needs full concentration  
right now. He's attempting to make  
the most difficult burger known to  
man. I've only seen him do it once  
successfully. And now he has to do  
it in a mini sampler size.

CLOSE ON THE GRILL: We see little tiny patties.

TINA

What *is* it?

LINDA

He calls it *The Meatsiah...*

Above the grill is an open book with instructions for The Meatsiah. As Linda describes it, we zoom in.

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...It's beef tartare *inside* a  
burger medium-well *inside* a burger  
Wellington.

TINA

Is Dad gonna die?

LINDA

Maybe, honey. Maybe.

Bob flips a burger.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Oh he has to be happy with that  
one.

GENE

So how is this gonna save the  
restaurant? Am I gonna put on the  
burger suit and hand these out in  
front?

Bob suddenly joins the conversation.

BOB

(A LITTLE CRAZED) Oh no. We're  
going straight to the source with  
these. You're going to be handing  
these out... (DUN DUN DUNNNNN) In  
Jimmy Pesto's restaurant.

STING! CU on Bob.

TINA

Whoa.

BOB

That's right. Whoa. These samples are gonna get us our rent money tonight so we can keep this place.

TINA

How are free samples gonna get us money?

BOB

They'll try the samples, and they'll love 'em, but they'll want more. *More!* They'll be craving these burgers, itching to get their fix!

GENE

Like heroin.

BOB

That's right son, like heroin!

GENE

Yes.

BOB

But this family is gonna have to execute perfectly to pull this off. Where's Louise?

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

ANGLE ON: The Gene potato with a cardboard Casio.

LOUISE (O.S.)

This one shall have his first gig.

ANGLE ON: The Jimmy Junior potato and the Tina potato.

LOUISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This one shall slow dance upon that  
one.

ANGLE ON: The Jimmy Pesto potato.

LOUISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And Mr. Jimmy Pesto's fate is yet  
undetermined...

Louise is in a headdress of spoons and straws. Andy and Ollie  
are in face paint playing a rattle drum and shaker. They  
stand at an altar of voodoo potatoes.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

...because I still need to get some  
of his hair. (DROPS CHARACTER) I'm  
gonna go get it right now. Wanna  
come?

ANDY

We want to stay here.

OLLIE

Forever. We wanna stay here forever  
and ever.

Louise grabs Jimmy's potato and leaves.

ANDY

We want to be buried here.

OLLIE

Buried here!

Andy and Ollie run at each other, swaying back and forth,  
then collapse their hands toward the ground.

LOUISE

(FROM TOP OF STAIRS) Okay. I'll  
bury you when I get back.

**EXT. JIMMY PESTO'S - A LITTLE LATER**

JIMMY (O.S.)

You're taking hair donations?

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Louise is in the lounge, standing on a stool next to Jimmy.

LOUISE

That's right.

JIMMY

(DUBIOUS) Hmm, for people with  
mustache cancer.

LOUISE

Yeah, it's a serious disease.

JIMMY

Hey, aren't you, ah... Bob's kid?

LOUISE

(LAUGHS) No. No, no.

She snips off a lock of his hair. He's about to react when  
Jimmy Junior approaches.

JIMMY

Hmph.

JIMMY JUNIOR

Dad, Frank and Zelda both got the  
scampi and now they're in the  
bathroom puking.

JIMMY

Oh, for God's sake-- Where am I  
gonna get another piano player at  
this hour?

Louise lights up when she hears this. So does Jimmy Junior.

JIMMY JUNIOR

Well, we could put on some Boys to  
Men and I could slow dance. (STARTS  
TO DANCE)

JIMMY

Hey pepper, no! For the thousandth  
time, no!

JIMMY JUNIOR

(PETULANT) It's my passion, Dad!

JIMMY

Ah!

JIMMY JUNIOR

Passion!

JIMMY

(SCOFFS)

LOUISE

I know a guy.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM**

The phone rings. Gene picks it up.

GENE

Hello, Bob's Burgers.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LOUNGE**

Gene enters with a bow tie on, hair combed, carrying his Casio and his triangle. Louise meets him at the door.

LOUISE

You tell Dad where you were going?

GENE

Mm, he's working on his burger bites. Hey, there's a drum set.

(EXCITED) Back me up!

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM**

Tina comes in from the kitchen and sees a single customer waiting.

TINA

Sorry, it'll just be another minute, we're really backed up in there.

The customer looks around at the empty restaurant, confused.

At that moment, Gene starts playing across the street and it's audible in Bob's. Tina looks, sees Gene at the mic. Then she sees Jimmy Junior standing there dancing.

TINA (CONT'D)

Gene got his wish! The voodoo is working!

She takes off her apron and rushes out.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - MOMENTS LATER**

Gene is playing the house Casio, techno on his sampler, and beating the triangle. Louise is hitting the drums and cymbals.

GENE

(TO A GUY) How you doin'? Nice shirt.

A confused customer looks around.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Linda comes out of the kitchen to serve their one customer. She offers the plate to the customer. The customer reaches up to get it. Linda gets distracted by what's going on at Jimmy's and absent-mindedly pulls the plate away from his waiting hands.

LINDA

Oh my God! Gene's first public performance!

BOB (O.S.)

These are almost done. Is everybody ready?

Linda sees Tina trying to dance next to Jimmy Junior.

LINDA

Aww! And my Tina's dancin'. My little clam's coming out of her shell! (WHISPERS TO CUSTOMER) I'm just gonna slip out for one sec!

Linda puts the burger on top of the booth in front of the customer and leaves. He reaches forward, over the table, and grabs the plate.

BOB (O.S.)

Okay, here we go.

Bob enters holding the tray of burger bites, Gene's burger costume.

BOB (CONT'D)

Time to go win back the restaurant!

Bob looks around at the empty dining room.

BOB (CONT'D)

Linda? Kids?

Bob sees his whole family in Jimmy's lounge having a good time.

BOB (CONT'D)

*Oh my God.* (THEN SADLY) Gene was supposed to wear the costume.

(RESOLUTE) Well, you know what?

I'll do this myself.

The Customer gives him a sympathetic nod.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LOUNGE**

GENE

This next number's a slow jam. It's called (FINGER AROUND TRIANGLE)

*Three Sides Don't Make a Square.*

(TRIANGLE NOISES)

He kicks off the song. Louise adds almost random drum hits.

Tina is next to Jimmy Junior. He's air-dancing, eyes-closed, doesn't even know she's there. She tries to dance with him, reaching toward him.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - ENTRANCEWAY**

A MAN holds the door for Bob. He enters wearing Gene's burger costume. It's very small on him. His bare legs stick out, like he's wearing short-shorts.

MAN

(LAUGHS)

BOB

Thank you.

He's about to take the lid off his tray...

JIMMY

(LAUGHS) What happened, did you snap? Did Mr. Fancy Face take a trip to the sexy store?

BOB

No.

JIMMY

That's a little small on you. A little tight in the pickles, huh? What's on the tray?

BOB

These are burger bites, Jimmy. The best in the world. (TAKING THE LID OFF THE TRAY) I'm gonna show your customers what *real* food is.

Bob steps up to the closest table.

BOB (CONT'D)

Here, try a real burger, sir.

The GUY is startled.

JIMMY

(BLOCKS HIM) Hey.

Bob tries to get back to the table.

BOB

Huh, well.

JIMMY

(BLOCKS HIM) Eh-eh.

BOB

I'm gonna go this way then.

JIMMY

(BLOCKS HIM) Nah-nah-nah.

BOB

Yeah. Well then I'm...

Bob throws a sample onto the Guy's plate.

GUY

(STARTLED NOISE)

JIMMY

Dah-dah.

Jimmy pokes Bob.

BOB

Don't poke me.

A LADY is walking by. Bob reaches past Jimmy and stuffs a burger bite into her face awkwardly.

LADY

Ah!

BOB

Real burgers. Right across the street.

JIMMY

(POINTING HIS FINGER) Hey, hey.

BOB

Just move.

JIMMY

(MOCKING BOB) Eh, just move.

BOB

Shut-- What-- (MOCKING JIMMY) I  
didn't do it.

JIMMY

Yeah, I did-da-da-dah.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Da-pa-pa-pa.

JIMMY (SIMULTANEOUS)

Eh-duh-duh-duh.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Gene's rocking out. Louise notices Bob, then Linda.

LINDA

Oh no.

Gene stops playing.

GENE

Is that Dad?

Bob points angrily in his family's direction.

BOB

*And Yooooou people!*

Bob addresses his family.

BOB (CONT'D)

Traitors! Traitor family!

LINDA

(YELLS TO BOB) It's Gene's first  
public performance!

GENE

You coulda had me at the ground floor, Dad. Now I play the big rooms.

LINDA

You gotta let the kids have a little fun.

BOB

(LOSING IT) *We have fun, Linda! We have lots of fun!*

LINDA

(TO KIDS) What's he wearin'?

GENE

My buns.

LOUISE

With a few extra buns hanging out the back. OH! (DOES A RIMSHOT, THEN TO BOB) Hey Dad, I'm playing drums!

BOB

(FAST, FURIOUS) Oh, I'm so happy you're playing drums, Louise!

JIMMY

(ON KIDS) And you know what, you should keep your freaky kids locked up in your own place.

BOB

*What did you say about my kids?*

The insult to her children turns Linda into Momma-bear.

LINDA

(SHRILL) Hit him in his handsome  
groin!

The two men start grabbing at each other - ineffectually.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

(STRUGGLING WITH JIMMY)

JIMMY (SIMULTANEOUS)

(WHILE STRUGGLING WITH BOB) Wait.  
Watch it. You. I'm gonna. Ow! Hey.  
Wait. Wait. Wait.

They spill through the doors and into the street.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone rushes outside to watch.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(PUNCHING THE AIR) Get him, Dad!

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

(STRUGGLING WITH JIMMY)

JIMMY (SIMULTANEOUS)

Okay, Come on. Come on.

Louise pulls out Jimmy's voodoo potato, now with hair.

LOUISE

Don't worry Dad. (TAKES A BITE OUT  
OF POTATO) Argh! (SPITS, THEN TO  
BOB) Anything? Anything?

LINDA

(RE: TRAY) I got the samples,  
Bobby.

As Bob and Jimmy fight in the street, Mr. Fischoeder drives up in his golf cart.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Aw, crap.

Mr. Fischoeder drives up and gets off his golf cart.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(TO LINDA) That looks silly.

LINDA

(TO FISCHOEDER) Come for the rent?

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yes, I've come for the rent.

LINDA

Bob!

MR. FISCHOEDER

No, no, let 'em fight. Looks like a betting crowd. (TO CROWD) Who wants three to one against the burger?

LOUISE

Right here!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yeah, let me see. Let me see. Let me see... Wanna, here. (TAKING LOUISE'S MONEY) Oh... Very nice, thank you.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. STREET - SAME SCENE - LATER**

Bob and Jimmy continue to grapple, but they're exhausted. The crowd is getting bored. They've collapsed into a boxer's clinch.

BOB/JIMMY (SIMULTANEOUS)

(HEAVY BREATHING)

MR. FISCHOEDER (SIMULTANEOUS WITH BREATHING)

(TO CROWD) All right, it's a draw.

Who had they-end-up-hugging-each other?

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS WITH BREATHING)

(RAISES HER HAND) Me.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(HANDS HER A TEN) That's ten to you.

TINA

Thank you.

Bob and Jimmy separate.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Now Bob, Jimmy, let's all go over to Jimmy's new gift shop-- I mean... (LAUGHS) Sorry. Bob's place and settle this over some nice alcohol. Hmm?

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

Mr. Fischoeder sits at the counter with a beer. Bob and Linda are behind the counter.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Bob, (DRINKS) do you have the rent?

BOB

(SIGHS) No. Not all of it.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Okay then. Here we go.

BOB

Oh god.

MR. FISCHOEDER

(HOLDING OUT HIS HANDS) Give me  
your hands.

BOB

Um... sure.

Bob gives Mr. Fischoeder his hands.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Do you cry easily?

BOB

Um... sometimes.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Well, let's get it over with.

(THEN) Bob, I will not be  
renewing... (SNIFFS) Ooh, what is  
that amazing smell?

REVEAL: Linda has removed the cover from the tray of samples.

LINDA

(SING-SONGY) Who's hungry???

MR. FISCHOEDER

What are those?

LINDA

Only the holy grail of hamburgers.

The Meatsiah!

Mr. Fischoeder reaches for a burger bite, then stops.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Huh... Are these... choke-  
resistant?

LINDA

They're bite sized!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh, good.

Fischoeder cautiously puts a Meatsiah bite in his mouth and **chews** it. Tension in the room.

MR. FISCHOEDER (CONT'D)

(CHEWING) Mmm. Mm. Mmmm.

LINDA

Ehhhhh?

MR. FISCHOEDER

(SWALLOWS, THEN) I have never...  
eaten a burger... *half* (STARTS  
CHOKING).

GENE

Hit him in the crotch!

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Oh, no, no.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS)

Oh. Oh.

MR. FISCHOEDER

I'm just kidding...

BOB/LINDA

(LAUGH, RELIEVED)

MR. FISCHOEDER

...as good as this. This is great.

LINDA

Uh.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yeah. Oh. It's... it's complicated,  
it's... it's mystical, it's... it's  
barbaric...

BOB

Thank you.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Mmmm.

JIMMY

Mr. Fischoeder, I... I wanted to  
ah, um--

MR. FISCHOEDER

(HOLDS UP HIS HAND) *I'm... I'm  
talking, Jimmy!*

JIMMY

Yeah, I want--

MR. FISCHOEDER

I'm talking. (THEN) Bob, you might be the worst tenant I've ever had. And I rent space to a raccoon sanctuary.

BOB

I know. They're next door. I've been meaning to talk to you about--

MR. FISCHOEDER

Shhhh. It's okay.

BOB

Right.

MR. FISCHOEDER

I get it now. You were trying to tell me the other day, but I wouldn't listen because I was choking to death.

JIMMY

(CHUCKLES) Mr. Fischoeder, no I just have--

MR. FISCHOEDER

*Jimmy, please! Please!* (THEN, TO BOB) I was thinking about *my* life, you see, and how I didn't want it to end in your pathetic little restaurant, on your sad, filthy floor.

LINDA

Hey--

MR. FISCHOEDER

But now I see it - You're not a  
business man. You don't care about  
customers and money!

JIMMY

Ha!

BOB

No, I do. I do--

MR. FISCHOEDER

*No. No. You are an artist. A beef  
artist. A be-fartist! A poet! Who  
writes with meat and buns and  
pickles. Like a greasy,  
heterosexual Walt Whitman.*

BOB

Uh... Thank you.

JIMMY

Okay. Well, Mr. Fischoeder, I...

MR. FISCHOEDER

Jimmy!

JIMMY

No, it's fair--

MR. FISCHOEDER

(HOLDS UP A HAND TO JIMMY) Jimmy!

JIMMY

...To talk.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Please. (TO BOB) Which brings me to  
your lea--

JIMMY

Just 'cause I'm not greasy--

MR. FISCHOEDER

SHUT UP! (TO BOB) Which brings me  
to your lease.

He pauses. The whole room holds its breath.

MR. FISCHOEDER (CONT'D)

Let's extend it.

TEDDY

All right, Bobby!

Bob and Linda hug.

MR. FISCHOEDER

But I gotta make it month to month.

LINDA

Eh.

BOB

Oh... um... all right. Ah, we'll  
take it.

MR. FISCHOEDER

And I have to raise your rent a  
little.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Okay. That's... yes.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS)

Hmm. Hm. Oh. Yeah.

Andy and Ollie enter from the basement, still in their underwear.

ANDY/OLLIE

Daddy! / Dad!

JIMMY

Andy! Ollie! What are you doing here?

ANDY/OLLIE

(THEY HOLD UP POTATOES) Voodoo!

JIMMY

What?

ANDY/OLLIE

Voodoo!

OLLIE

Yeah, and we switched underpants!

ANDY

(STAGE WHISPER) Ollie, that was a secret!

OLLIE

I couldn't hold it in anymore!

BOB

(ON ANDY AND OLLIE) Wait, these are your kids? And... and you thought my kids were freaky.

JIMMY

Come on, boys, we're leaving.

ANDY

No! We wanna stay!

OLLIE

Yeah, it's fun here!

Bob puffs up with pride.

BOB

Yeah, Jimmy. It's fun here.

BOB'S KIDS

Ehhh...

BOB

Shush.

LINDA

All right! Let's celebrate!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Yes!

BOB

Gene? Ah, do us the honor. A little music?

GENE

(GASPS) You believe in me. Time to tickle the iron.

He starts tinkling his triangle, then he triggers a loop on his Casio. Tina starts swaying.

GENE (CONT'D)

A ding. A dong. A ding dong ding.

TINA

(TO JIMMY JUNIOR) Slow jam.

Tina goes up to Jimmy Junior and tries to slow dance.

JIMMY

(SIGHS) Come on, Jimmy Junior,  
let's get back to work.

Jimmy leads Jimmy Junior away by the arm. Jimmy Junior pulls his arm back.

JIMMY JUNIOR

NO, dad! I'm gonna dance with  
Tracy!

TINA

Tina.

JIMMY JUNIOR

Tina!

JIMMY

Ach!

Jimmy Junior grabs Tina, and starts to dirty slow dance with her.

Jimmy walks off in a huff.

Speedo Guy starts dancing. Linda starts dancing. Andy and Ollie start dancing (like their brother) Everyone starts dirty dancing.

LOUISE

Yup, voodoo works. I'm a god!

TEDDY

Am I doing this right? Mort, do I  
look sexy? My pants aren't falling  
down are they, Mort?...

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - CONTINUOUS**

TEDDY

...When I dance sometimes my pants  
fall down.

Jimmy, angry, walks back to his restaurant alone.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**