

Bob's Burgers - "Predictabob"
An Original Spec Script

By

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Bob is serving the kids smiley-face pancakes for breakfast. He puts a plate in front of Tina.

TINA

Hello, handsome. How are you this fine morning? What? You want me to kiss you? We're moving kind of fast don't you think? Ok maybe you're right.

Tina begins kissing/eating the bacon lips off the pancake.

BOB

Tina don't do that.

GENE

I'll have what she's having.

TINA

(TO HERSELF) Woah, forbidden love.

Linda walks in the kitchen.

LINDA

Breakfast? More like break-last!
Ha!

Everyone stares at her, blankly.

LINDA

Because I was last. To breakfast.
What? It's funny.

TINA

(TO HER SMILEY-FACE PANCAKE) I hope her edgy sense of humor doesn't intimidate you.

Bob places a breakfast plate in front of Linda.

LINDA

(DISAPPOINTEDLY) Oh.

BOB

What?

LINDA
Smiley-face pancakes.

BOB
Yeah, you love smiley-face
pancakes.

GENE
Yeah mom, you're acting weird. Oh
no, it's finally happening. Mom's
menopause-ing!

BOB
Gene.

LINDA
I know but it's always smiley-face
pancakes.

Louise lets out an overinflated belly laugh, then grabs
Linda's collar and pulls her face up against her own.

LOUISE
(IN AN INTENSE WHISPER) What're you
doing mom? Dad makes pancakes for
breakfast everyday. You're about to
ruin a good thing we got going
here.

BOB
Do you not want smiley-face
pancakes?

LINDA
What? No! Look at them with their
cute little smiles and their little
faces.

TINA
(WHISPERING TO HER SMILEY-FACE
PANCAKE) She didn't mean it. Your
face is the perfect size.

BOB
Well if you want the smiley-face
pancake, what's the problem?

LOUISE
Problem? Haha. There's no problem.
Right, mother?

LINDA

It would just be nice if you surprised us once in a while. Did something a little different. You know, put a little flair in your underwear.

TINA

(IN A PONDEROUS WAY) Flair, in your underwear.

TINA'S IMAGINATION:

We see Tina standing in a blank white space. She's in completely bedazzled underwear.

END TINA'S IMAGINATION - BACK TO SCENE:

BOB

Like what? Make Tuesdays chocolate chip smiley-face pancake day and Thursdays banana smiley-face pancake day?

GENE

Can Sundays be double scoop of ice cream with smiley-face pancakes instead of single scoop of ice cream with smiley-face pancake day?

LINDA

It's not about the smiley-face pancakes. Bobby, I hate to say it, but you're predictable.

BOB

Predictable?

LINDA

I feel like sometimes you live in this cycle of sameness. It gets a little, you know... boring. And I think I - er I mean - the kids would really appreciate it if you made more of an effort.

BOB

Oh my god.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

Oh my god.

LINDA (CONT'D)

See!

TINA

(TO HER SMILEY-FACE PANCAKE) I swear there's usually not this much breakfast table drama. It must be a full moon.

LOUISE

Dad, you're more predictable than Tina kissing her breakfast every morning.

TINA

Well I don't know about every morning.

LINDA

No, sweetheart, it's every morning. You should probably... you should probably stop doing that.

BOB

If I were predictable would I, uh...

Bob clearly has nothing planned and looks around trying to think of something.

BOB (CONT'D)

Would I have written a song?

GENE

You wrote a song without me?! I've been asking you to write a song for years. You traitor! You're out of the band.

BOB

We don't have a band.

GENE

And we never will!

LINDA

You wrote a song?

LOUISE

He didn't just write a song. He wrote a rap. I heard him practicing this morning. It's good. Really good. Like award-nominated good.

LOUISE
Not award-winning good, but
definitely deserving of a
nomination. Unless those sons of
bitches snub him.

BOB
Um, ok thanks Louise. I'm gonna
start now.

Bob starts improvising a rap.

BOB
Breakfast time is my favorite time.
I love bacon and fruit...

GENE
And when Gene lets out a toot.

Gene presses a key on his keyboard that plays a fart noise.

BOB (CONT'D)
Right... and I love OJ. Uh, the
drink, not the murderer.

GENE
He was found innocent by a jury of
his peers.

LINDA
Bobby, it's ok. I didn't mean what
I said. I love you just the way you
are. Stale or not.

LOUISE
Wow dad, that was, that was not
very good.

LINDA
Louise, be nice to your father.
He's sweet, and kind, and pre- Uh,
preeeeety. He's pretty. Look at
those eye lashes.

TINA
Ok I think I'm gonna take my
breakfast to my room.

BOB
No.

TINA

I was gonna leave the door open.

BOB

(IN A BUILDUP OF IRRITATION) Kids, time for school. Go to school. Actually, don't go to school. Do whatever you want. How's that for predictable, Linda?!

LOUISE

Dad's having a breakdown! This isn't how I'd imagine it would happen, but I'll take it.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Bob is behind the counter talking to Teddy who is eating a plate of burger and fries.

BOB

Can you believe that? Me? Predictable?

TEDDY

I don't know Bobby, you do serve me the same thing everyday, a burger and fries.

BOB

Teddy, you order that every day. I just give you what you ask for.

TEDDY

Yeah, but, just saying it'd be nice if you surprised me every once in a while.

BOB

That's exactly what Linda said.

TEDDY

You should do something you wouldn't ordinarily. It might even make you happier too. Maybe instead of making me the same thing every day, you serve me... uh, a hot dog.

BOB

You want a hot dog?

TEDDY

No! Oh god no. I swear, you better never serve me a hot dog. You see that sign? This is Bob's Burgers, alright? Bob's Burgers! Not Bob's Hot Dogs. Bob's Hot Dogs is a stupid name for a restaurant!

BOB

Woah.

TEDDY

Yeah, woah, sorry Bobby. I just don't like change, that's all. Promise me you'll never serve me a hot dog. Promise me, Bob!

BOB

Ok Teddy, jeez, I'll never serve you a hot dog.

TEDDY

Thank god.

BOB

You ok?

TEDDY

Yeah I think I'm going to lay down in a booth for a few minutes.

BOB

Um...

TEDDY

Just until I compose myself.

BOB

Ok. I'm gonna go for a walk.

Teddy walks over and lays down in a booth. Bob leaves the restaurant.

TEDDY

(TO HIMSELF) Get ahold of yourself, Teddy. There's no hot dogs. They're not real.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Tina, Gene, and Louise are all walking home from school. The streets are exceptionally crowded with people.

LOUISE
Ugh, who are all these people?

TINA
I don't know, it's hard to tell
when they're not wearing name tags.

GENE
That one is carrying a flag. Is
today national flag carrying day?
Dammit, I forget it every year.

The kids walk up to a woman, NATALIE who's in one of the
groups.

TINA
Excuse me, miss, who are you? I
only ask because you're not wearing
a name tag.

NATALIE
I'm Natalie.

TINA
Ok great, thanks, have a great day,
Natalie.

Tina begins to walk away but is stopped by Louise.

LOUISE
(FRUSTRATED) Tina!

LOUISE
(TO NATALIE) Who are all these
people?

NATALIE
We're taking a tour of your city.
We love it here. It's as if fifty
years ago the whole world agreed to
advance in science, technology, and
architecture. And your town just
said, "no thank you".

TINA
We were voted "most polite" town
three years running.

LOUISE
And you paid for these tours...
with money?

NATALIE

What do I look like, a prostitute?

GENE

I can only assume so.

NATALIE

Thank you young man. Whoops, the group is leaving. Gotta go!

GENE

Wow, my first prostitute. Wait until dad hears about this.

Natalie walks off with her group.

GENE

Why would anyone want to tour this dump?

LOUISE

Who cares?! Don't you guys see? Dumb tourists are coming and looking to be guided. We can give tours and undercut the competition.

TINA

But we don't know anything interesting about this place.

LOUISE

Sure we do! See that building right there?

Louise points to an abandoned store front.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Joey Pepperoni was murdered there by mobsters forty years ago!

GENE

I knew it!

LOUISE

And see that old man?

Louise points to an OLD MAN walking on the sidewalk.

OLD MAN

Hello, children!

LOUISE
That's Chester. He's the world's
oldest man!

OLD MAN
I'm 68 years old.

LOUISE
You shut your mouth old man!

OLD MAN
Ok.

The man walks off, defeated.

LOUISE
See, we just make stuff up and
people will love it. We'll make a
fortune. Who's in?

GENE
Me!

TINA
I don't know, making stuff up? It
seems so dishonest.

LOUISE
You made up Jericho, your imaginary
horse, didn't you? And he's the
most honest horse you know.

TINA
Yeah that is true. And I guess I
could use the money to pay off his
stable fees. And my impending
student loans. Ok, I'm in.

LOUISE
We're gonna be rich!

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - AFTERNOON

Bob walks down the street by himself.

BOB
(IN A MOCKING VOICE) You're too
predictable, Bob. Surprise me, Bob.
You smell like burning garbage,
Bob. Wait, did anyone say that last
one to me? No, not today.

Bob walks and does things without thinking about them as if it's routine to him. He's mastered every turn, maneuver, hick-up, etc. on the route because he does it all the same every day. A shop-keep is sweeping outside his store.

SHOP-KEEP

Good day, Bob! I see you're making your daily mid-afternoon stroll.

BOB

Well, I wouldn't say it's daily.

SHOP-KEEP

No, it's definitely daily. I keep a log.

BOB

You keep a log of people who walk outside your store?

SHOP-KEEP

No. I keep a log of you walking outside my store. See here.

The shop-keep pulls his log out of his back pocket to show Bob.

SHOP-KEEP

There was one day about four months ago where you didn't show up exactly at three-twenty-eight. I nearly called my nephew, Jonathan.

BOB

Oh, is Jonathan a police officer?

SHOP-KEEP

No, why do you ask?

BOB

Never mind.

SHOP-KEEP

Anyways, but then you showed up at three-twenty-nine and all was right in the world. And my log.

BOB

Right.

Bob notices something across the street.

BOB

Hey what's that building over there? Is that new?

SHOP-KEEP

The rec-center? Oh no, that building has been there since Jonathan was born. You've probably never noticed it on account of you always walk on the same side of street. Look here in the log. "Bob always walks on the left side of the street."

BOB

Hmm, maybe I could be a little more... unexpected. Ok, you have a good day, sir. And say hello to Jonathan for me.

Bob walks over to the rec-center.

SHOP-KEEP

Jonathan has been dead for 7 years!

Bob reaches the building and sees a sign on the building door that reads "INTRO IMPROV CLASSES: SIGN UP"

BOB

(TO HIMSELF) Improv? Up on stage with nothing to say? All those people watching?

Bob shudders at the thought and starts to walk away. He takes a few steps then stops.

BOB

(TO HIMSELF) You know what? No. I'm gonna prove everyone wrong. I can be unpredictable. I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna take an improv class!

THE SHOP-KEEP YELLS FROM ACROSS THE STREET

SHOP-KEEP

What did you say, Bob? I want to update it in my log.

BOB

I said I'm going to take an improv class!

SHOP-KEEP

You're taking a lamaze class? Did you say lamaze class, Bob?

BOB

No, improv!

SHOP-KEEP

What are you saying? Is it lamaze? Yell into my good ear.

BOB

Which one is your good ear?

SHOP-KEEP

I don't have time for this. I have to call Jonathan.

The shop-keep walks inside.

INT - REC CENTER

Bob walks up to a single folding table in an otherwise empty room. Mr. Frond is sitting there.

BOB

Mr. Frond?

MR. FROND

Bob! What are you doing here?

BOB

I'm gonna sign up for the improv class. Do you know where I do that?

MR. FROND

Right here.

BOB

Oh. Are you the teacher?

MR. FROND

Yes *I'm* the teacher. And *I* don't think improv is for you.

BOB

Well I don't think *teaching* improv is for you.

MR. FROND

Well guess what, you can't take my class.

BOB
I don't want to take your stupid
class!

Bob starts to leave.

MR. FROND
Bob, wait! Please take my class.

BOB
Why?

MR. FROND
If I don't fill it they're gonna
stop letting me teach it.

BOB
Oh. Ok. How many people do you need
to fill the class?

MR. FROND
Five.

BOB
That's less than I expected. Do you
think I'll be good at it?

MR. FROND
No.

BOB
Oh.

MR. FROND
But no one is good at improv. So
you'll do great at being bad.

BOB
Um, ok, thanks I guess.

MR. FROND
Classes start tomorrow and are
every day after school. And there's
a class show at the end of the
week.

BOB
Ok, see you tomorrow.

Bob continues to stand there.

MR. FROND
You can leave now.

BOB
Right.

Bob walks away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. REC CENTER - DAY

Bob is standing in a line with four other people: Gretchen, Marie (a middle-aged women), Paul (a young, thirty-something man in a business suit), and Zeke. Mr. Frond is in the front of the room.

MR. FROND
Welcome to introduction to improv everyone. I'm your teacher, Mr. Frond. Some of you may know me better as Mr. Frond, your guidance counselor.

ZEKE
Wagstaff represent!

MR. FROND
Yes, thank you, Zeke. Ok, let's all introduce ourselves. Please say your name and why you're taking this class.

BOB
Hi, I'm Bob. I'm taking this class because my family thinks I'm too predictable.

GRETCHEN
It's true. I know his wife. Especially in the bedroom.

BOB
What?

MR. FROND
Ok, how about you Gretchen? What brings you here?

GRETCHEN
I'm here looking to meet a funny man.

ZEKE
(TO GRETCHEN) I got jokes.

GRETCHEN
(IN A FLIRTY WAY) Oh yeah?

MR. FROND
No, nope, no. (TO MARIE) How about you?

MARIE
(VERY MEEKLY) Hi my name is Marie, and I'm trying to step outside my comfort zone.

MR. FROND
Marie, take a step forward.

Marie nervously takes a step forward.

MR. FROND
Congratulations. You've just taken your first step outside your comfort zone.

ZEKE
Woah Mr. Frond. That was the most inspirational thing I've ever heard! I'm ready to run through a wall for you.

MR. FROND
Really?

Mr. Frond gets intense.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)
Ok, yeah, let's do this! Who's ready to improvise?!

ZEKE
Ooh you lost me.

BOB

You should have stopped while you were ahead. It just got weird.

GRETCHEN

Yeah it's almost as if that was the first compliment you've ever received. And you just ran way too far with it.

ZEKE

You hit the finish line of your 5k and ended up running a half marathon.

MR. FROND

Oh yeah? Well I can't even run. I was born without patellas. So take that.

The class awkwardly looks at him.

BOB

You, uh, you showed us.

MR. FROND

Shut up, Bob!

MR. FROND

(TO PAUL) Now how about you? What's your name?

PAUL

My name's Paul. I'm a fire lawyer. And all my friends say I'm the funniest guy they know. So I'm really doing this for them.

GRETCHEN

What's a fire lawyer?

PAUL

Pfft, you don't know what a fire lawyer is?

BOB

(TRYING TO SEEM COOL) Uh, I know what a fire lawyer is.

PAUL (SIMULTANEOUS)

I deal with fire-related crimes.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)
fire-related crimes.

BOB (CONT'D)
Right, that's right.

GRETCHEN
(IN A FLIRTY WAY) Oh! I think
there's a fire right now.

GRETCHEN
(WHISPERING ACROSS EVERYONE SO THEY
ALL HEAR) It's in my panties.

ZEKE
Damn. Love found at improv, love
lost at improv.

MR. FROND
Alright! Does anyone know the first
rule of improv?

PAUL
Women aren't as funny as men?

BOB
Woah.

ZEKE
Let the learning begin.

Zeke pulls a notepad out of his pocket and starts writing notes.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Women... not as funny... as men.

MR. FROND
No Zeke, erase that.

ZEKE
Sorry Mr. Frond. Once it's in the
journal, it's in the journal. I
don't write the rules, I just write
based on the rules.

MR. FROND
It's to never "no" our scene
partners. Everything is "yes, and."

PAUL
But you just told that heavy child
"no."

MR. FROND

We weren't doing a scene. We were going over rules.

GRETCHEN

Can we do a scene about going over the rules?

BOB

Wait, did we start?

ZEKE

I call big spoon!

PAUL

Love it.

GRETCHEN

Ok someone name something that could fit in my mouth.

ZEKE

Tangerine!

MR. FROND

What? What is going on?!

GRETCHEN

Tangerine was way off by the way.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

(WHISPERING TO PAUL, AGAIN, ACROSS THE WHOLE CLASS) Way off.

Mr. Frond puts his face in his palms in frustration.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY

Tina, Louise, and Gene walk into the restaurant. Linda is comforting Teddy.

LINDA

There there, Teddy.

Tina places her hand on Teddy's neck.

TINA

There there, Teddy. There there. We still love you.

LINDA

Your father tried to serve him a hot dog.

GENE

That monster! Don't worry, Teddy,
I'll give him a stern talking to
when he gets home.

LINDA

Where have you been, kids?

LOUISE

Planning our tour route.

LINDA

Tour route?

LOUISE

Yeah we're gonna give tours to
loaded out-of-towners looking to
blow cash.

LINDA

Oooh! Tours?! Can I help?

LOUISE

I don't know.

LINDA

What? Come on! The tour the
merrier.

TEDDY

Can I take the tour? I've lived
here all my life and couldn't tell
you a thing about it.

Tina puts her hand back on Teddy's neck.

TINA

There there there, Teddy.

LINDA

I can give ooh's and ahh's in the
background. Really sell what you
guys are talking about.

GENE

Let's see what you've got.

LINDA

Here, Teddy, show me that fry.

Teddy holds a fry up to Linda.

LINDA
Yeah now really sell me the fry.

TEDDY
But you sold *me* the fry, Linda.

LINDA
Teddy, I know. I'm asking you to make me want the fry.

TEDDY
Oh you want the fry? Here, you can have it. I have plenty.

LINDA
(BECOMING INCREASINGLY FRUSTRATED)
Teddy just tell me something good about the fry!

TEDDY
Oh. Um, this fry is very good.

LINDA
Oooh!! Ahh! What a great fry! Huh, kids?

LOUISE
That was painful. Ok, fine, you can come on the tours.

TEDDY
Me too, Louise?

LOUISE
Sure.

Tina puts her hand on Teddy's neck.

TINA
Hey, see that Teddy? Things are really starting to turn around for ole T-bag.

TEDDY
Tina could you stop putting your hand on my neck? It's like the one non-inappropriate place that's weird to put your hand.

LINDA
Alright! We're goin' tour-guidin'. Welcome to Jurassic wharf!

Linda starts "ba-da-ba-ing" a somewhat recognizable rendition of the *Jurassic Park* theme song.

INT. REC CENTER - DAY

Bob, Zeke, and Marie are sitting. Paul and Gretchen are standing, about to perform. Mr. Frond is directing the class.

MR. FROND

Thank you Gretchen and Paul for volunteering.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED) And thank you, Zeke, for so accurately portraying the miracle of birth.

ZEKE

That's my wheelhouse, Mr. Frond. I just draw from what I know.

BOB

I actually learned a ton.

MR. FROND

Ok, back to our next scene. Can I get a non-sexual relationship for Gretchen and Paul?

GRETCHEN

Hah, good luck with that.

MARIE

(MEEKLY) How about doctor-patient.

MR. FROND

Ok perfect! And let's begin.

PAUL

Hi, I'm Dr. Patient.

PAUL

(AN ASIDE TO THE AUDIENCE) No I'm just kidding around.

ZEKE

Ha!

PAUL

(TO GRETCHEN) How long have you had that rash for?

GRETCHEN

What?! You can see that?

Gretchen looks over her body to examine what is and what is not covered up.

GRETCHEN

Oh, right, the scene.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Um, about two weeks.

PAUL

Well it doesn't look very good.

GRETCHEN

(IN A SEDUCTIVE WAY) Wanna get a closer look?

MR. FROND

Ok, and scene, very nice. Great work.

ZEKE

Ah come on, don't be such a Mr. no-Frond Mr. Frond. It was just gettin' good.

MR. FROND

Alright how about Bob and Marie come up for a scene?

Bob walks up to the center of the class. Marie is wide-eyed and clutching her chair.

MR. FROND

Come on, Marie. It's ok.

Marie joins Bob.

MR. FROND

Ok can someone give me a location that can fit in this room.

PAUL

Outer-space.

MR. FROND

No, that can fit in this - ugh, who cares? Ok, outer-space it is. And begin!

BOB
Um. Sure is cool, uh, being in
outer-space. Look...

Bob points off into the distance.

BOB (CONT'D)
I think I can see my house.

MARIE
I don't have my helmet.

(INTENSELY)

I don't have my helmet! I can't
breathe! I'm dying! I'm dying! Oh
god someone help me I can't
breathe. There's no oxygen.

Marie drops to the ground and starts convulsing. Everyone
else becomes visibly uncomfortable.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Why aren't you helping me?!

BOB
Um...

Marie continues to convulse and then dies.

MR. FROND
And, scene.

ZEKE
Bravo! Bravo!

Marie and Bob walk back to their seats.

MARIE
(TO BOB) I thought that went really
well.

BOB
Uh, yeah, me too?

BOB
Mr. Frond, what do we do if we
can't think of anything to say?

MR. FROND
Oh, you mean, if you're bad at
improv?

BOB

Sure.

MR. FROND

Just say how you feel right then and there. Ok class, that's it for today. And remember the class show is at the end of the week. Invite your friends and family because otherwise we'll be performing in front of no one. And I guess it'll essentially be like a regular class. Which honestly wouldn't be the worst thing at this rate.

ZEKE

Don't worry, my whole family's coming. My mom, my dad, my step-dad, my other step-dad, my mom's boyfriend, my mom's other boyfriend.

PAUL

Wait, what's your mom's name?

MR. FROND

Alright I'll see you all next class.

INT - THE BELCHER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob walks into the restaurant where Linda and the kids are hanging out.

GENE

Where have you been? We've been worried sick.

BOB

I was at my improv class.

LINDA

Improv class?! Since when do you take improv classes?

BOB

Since today. And you know what? I like it. I'm not very good at it, but I like it.

LOUISE

Really?

BOB

Actually, no. I kind of hate it.
But I'm gonna finish it. And I'm
gonna prove to you guys that I can
be unpredictable. We even have a
class show at the end of the week.
And you guys can come watch.

LOUISE

Yeah but we could also not come
watch, right?

LINDA

Bobby that's so great! Look at you,
my little Stevey Silverstein.

BOB

Who?

LINDA

You know, Stevey Silverstein.

BOB

No. I don't.

LINDA

He was in that show with the
sketches.

BOB

Linda I have no idea what you're
talking about.

LINDA

Maybe that wasn't... wait, what am
I talking about?

LOUISE

Local theater, huh? That could make
a great addition to my tour.

BOB

What?

LOUISE

Nothing.

TINA

I'll come to your show, dad. I
think you'll do great.

BOB

Thanks Tina. Just, guys, please
don't invite anyone. I'm already
nervous enough as it is.

Linda is already on the phone.

LINDA

(ON THE PHONE) That's right,
improv! I know! Who would have
thought? The show's at the end of
the week. Yeah I'm sure, bring
everyone.

BOB

Oh my god.

Tina walks over and places her hand on Bob's neck.

TINA

There there, dad.

BOB

Tina what are you doing?

TINA

Shhh. There there there there.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE WHARF - DAY

Louise, Tina, and Gene are sitting at a table in a crowded area. Tina is wearing a beige vest, with an excessive amount of pockets, over her shirt. Their table is surrounded by tourists and other tour booths. A crudely written sign hangs from their table that reads: **CITY TOURS: \$5 LESS THAN THOSE GUYS**. An arrow on the sign points to the tour booth next to them.

A tour guide from a nearby booth, KENNY, walks over. Kenny is wearing the same vest as Tina.

KENNY

Excuse me, you can't have that sign up.

LOUISE

(SARCASTICALLY) Really? Cause I thought we were in America.

TINA

Louise, we are in America.

KENNY

(TO LOUISE) Take a cue from your friend and smarten up. You kids better get out of here. You can't just come here and undercut us all.

LOUISE

You just watch us.

KENNY

If you know what's good -

TINA

(CUTTING KENNY OFF) I'm her sister.

KENNY

What?

TINA

You said before I was her friend. But you're wrong. I'm her sister.

KENNY

Agh! Just, just get out of here.

LOUISE

You get out of here! Sic em, Gene.

Gene repeatedly presses a key on his keyboard that makes a barking dog noise. Kenny walks off in anger.

GENE

Alright Louise! Making enemies right away. I love it.

LOUISE

We gotta show these guys we mean business. This is our turf.

TINA

Um, Louise, what do we do when we get customers?

LOUISE

You're the eye-candy, Tina. You just stand near me with that vest looking official. And Gene, you're my flag guy.

GENE

On it.

Gene pulls out his tour guide flag which is a yard stick with a pair of his "tighty-whities" attached at the top.

GENE

You may want to make sure no one gets too close to me. I can't confirm the last time this flag was washed.

LOUISE

And I'll take the lead. I'll point stuff out, answer questions, the works.

TINA

What if you don't know the answer to someone's question?

LOUISE

Of course I won't know the answer to their questions. Haven't you been listening? I don't know anything about this town. But

LOUISE
 neither do they. So as a local,
 anything I say they'll have to
 believe. Now enough with the
 questions. Tina, Gene, start
 finding some people to sign up.

GENE
 We won't disappoint you.

TINA
 We might disappoint you.

Gene and Louise start to walk off.

LOUISE
 Gene, maybe leave the flag for now.

GENE
 That's probably a smart business
 move. And that is why you are in
 charge.

Gene puts the flag down. He and Tina walk off.

FADE IN:

INT. REC CENTER - DAY

Mr. Frond stands in front of the class. Everyone is on a chair except Zeke who is laying on his stomach with his chin resting on his hands and his legs gently kicking back and forth.

MR. FROND
 Alright everyone, our class show is
 tomorrow. Let's run one more game
 so we're sure we're ready. This
 game is called, "Mismatched
 Voices."

PAUL
 Dumb.

MR. FROND
 It's not dumb, Paul, it's actually
 a lot of fun. Can I get four
 volunteers who want to play?

ZEKE
 Count me in, Em-Ef.

MR. FROND
Come on, who else?

Mr. Frond pans across the remaining people. He goes over each person, equally hesitant about asking them to play.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)
Ok, how about Bob, Marie, and Paul.

GRETCHEN
Wait, Paul is playing? Ok, I'll play too.

MR. FROND
Sorry Gretchen. You need an even number of players to play.

GRETCHEN
What if you play?

ZEKE
Yeah, let's see what you got, teach!

MR. FROND
No, no, no. I'm the teacher. I teach. I don't participate.

GRETCHEN
Teach by example.

ZEKE
(STARTING A CHANT) Mr. Frond! Mr. Frond

MARIE
(IN AN UNEXPECTED CONFIDENT VOICE AND IN UNISON) Mr. Frond! Mr. Frond! Mr. Frond!

BOB
(STRUGGLING, AND UNABLE TO DO IT IN UNISON) Mr. Frond. Mr. Frond. Mr. Frond

MR. FROND
Oh what the heck. Fine, I'll play.

ZEKE
Alright! See what a little peer pressure can accomplish, Mr. Frond? I knew all those assemblies were a waste of time.

BOB

So how does the game work?

MR. FROND

Three of us will be doing a scene.

PAUL

How's that any different than what we've been doing? I knew this was dumb.

MR. FROND

Let me finish, Paul. But the catch is, everyone will be voiced by someone else. So for example, Bob will speak for me. Zeke will speak for Gretchen. And Paul will speak for Marie.

GRETCHEN

Oh like bedroom role reversal. Why didn't you say so? Ok let's go people, come on.

MR. FROND

Zeke, ignore that.

Zeke takes his notebook out and starts writing.

ZEKE

When will you learn? Rules are rules.

MR. FROND

Ok, someone suggest a location.

MARIE

An airplane.

MR. FROND

Airplane! Perfect. Let's begin.

Mr. Frond grabs two chairs and puts them side by side. He sits in one. Marie sits in the other. Gretchen walks up to them. Bob, Zeke, and Paul all stand a few feet away from the scene.

BOB

(SPEAKING AS MR. FROND) Excuse me, flight attendant. I'd like a water.

ZEKE
(SPEAKING AS GRETCHEN) That'll be
fourteen-ninety-five.

BOB
(SPEAKING AS MR. FROND) Oh, wow.
Ok. Expensive.

ZEKE
(SPEAKING AS GRETCHEN) This is
Fancy Pants Air. All frills.

PAUL
(SPEAKING AS MARIE) Javier, cut the
charade. She has to know.

BOB
Wait, am I Javier? Or, I mean, is
Mr. Frond Javier?

MR. FROND
Bob, shut up. You're ruining this.
Well, don't shut up, just stop
ruining it.

BOB
(SPEAKING AS MR. FROND) Right, it's
me, Javier.

PAUL
(SPEAKING AS MARIE) Tell the flight
attendant. You must!

ZEKE
(SPEAKING AS GRETCHEN) Come on
Javz, spit it out. I need to know.

BOB
(SPEAKING AS MR. FROND) Um, I'm
having an affair.

ZEKE
(SPEAKING AS GRETCHEN) An affair?
Boy, that ain't fair.

PAUL
(SPEAKING AS MARIE) That's right.
He's having an affair with me,
Tatyana. I'm his lover.

BOB
(SPEAKING AS MR. FROND) I'm sorry
you had to find out this way.

ZEKE
 (SPEAKING AS GRETCHEN) That's it.
 You and your girl-pearl need to get
 off my plane right now. Here are
 two parachutes.

Zeke poorly mimes handing Mr. Frond and Marie a parachute.

MR. FROND
 (IN A WHISPER) Great object work,
 Zeke.

PAUL
 (SPEAKING AS MARIE) I don't think
 so, whore!

MR. FROND
 (IN A DISAPPROVING TONE) Ok.

PAUL
 (SPEAKING AS MARIE) My grandfather
 founded this airline. So it's going
 to be you who's tossed out of this
 airplane. Get him babe!

Marie and Mr. Frond awkwardly go over to Gretchen and push her.

ZEKE
 (SPEAKING AS GRETCHEN) Ahhhhhh.

Gretchen clumsily falls to her knees and then on her stomach as she's "tossed from the airplane".

PAUL
 (SPEAKING AS MARIE) We did it,
 babe. She's dead. Now we can be
 together.

BOB
 (SPEAKING AS MR. FROND) Yes. Um, I
 love you. A lot.

MR. FROND
 And, scene! Lackluster work,
 everyone.

The improv scene is over and everyone resumes talking as themselves again.

MR. FROND
 That was somewhere in-between
 terrible and passable improv. So,

MR. FROND
 congratulations. Now remember, the
 class show is tomorrow. So invite
 your friends, family, mom's
 boyfriends...

Zeke gives Mr. Frond a wink, point, and a
 click-of-the-tongue noise.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)
 Oh and don't forget stage-wear.
 Everyone needs to dress casually.
 Women, wear a nice dress. And don't
 forget leggings in case the scene
 gets a little... physical.

GRETCHEN
 (WHISPERING TO MARIE) I won't wear
 leggings if you don't.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)
 Guys, wear a button up shirt or
 something. No dirty clothes or
 aprons or whatever it is you people
 wear...

Mr. Frond glares at Bob.

BOB
 I can dress nice.

MR. FROND
 I don't mean wear your nicest white
 t-shirt. I mean dress nice.

BOB
 You dress nice.

ZEKE
 Got him!

FADE IN:

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY

Linda and Teddy are inside the restaurant, already
 mid-conversation.

TEDDY
 And my third hamster died from
 malaria. But in my defense, he had
 the malaria before I got him.

LINDA
(BORED AND UNINTERESTED) Uh huh.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Oh, the kids!

Louise, Gene, and Tina walk outside the restaurant. Louise is leading. Gene is next, carrying his underwear flag. Tina is last, she's wearing her pocket-heavy vest.

TEDDY
Linda, look!

A group of tourists walk by behind the kids.

LINDA
Ooooooh, they really did it! My babies are giving their first tour. I'm so proud of them. I gotta give them hugs. One hug for every person in their group.

Linda heads for the door.

TEDDY
Linda, no! We gotta let them be. Let them spread their wings. They're tour guides now. All we can do is watch and admire. And give them five-star reviews online. And also go on the tour. Come on let's go. They're getting away.

Linda and Teddy run outside and join the rest of the group in the back. Louise is leading the tour.

LOUISE
And if you look on your left you'll see Bob's Burgers. Bob's Burgers was opened in 1986 as a waterbed store. But upon opening, the waterbed industry immediately *tanked*.

We hear Linda let out a loud, "HA"

LOUISE (CONT'D)
And the owner was forced to turn it into a mediocre burger restaurant.

GENE
And mediocre is being generous.

The tourists snap pictures of the restaurant.

TEDDY

Wow, I had no idea.

LINDA

Teddy, no, that's not true. You helped install the appliances when we were renovating it.

TEDDY

I guess I forgot. Wow, Louise is really good at this.

Tina shows up in the back of the group next to Teddy and Linda.

TINA

Did you guys know our restaurant used to sell waterbeds?

TEDDY

No, I had no idea!

LINDA

Teddy we just went over this. Tina, honey, that's not true. Your sister is making it up. You know that's not true.

TINA

Oh, right.

LOUISE

If we could cut down on the chit chat from the back that'd be great.

GENE

(TO LOUISE) Louise, they're really buying it. And they're loving it. You were right, tourists will believe anything. They're so stupid.

TOURIST A

What was that?

GENE

Uh, I said tourists... tourists are so... stu-

LOUISE

(CUTTING GENE OFF) Stupendous! Stupendous at being guided.

GENE

(WHISPERING TO LOUISE) Sorry, I couldn't think of anything else to say other than the original thing I was going to say.

LOUISE

Ok people, keep up. Follow the underwear. We've got a lot more to see.

GENE

I see London, I see France, I see a beautiful flag made of my underpants.

FADE IN:

INT. FAMILY ROOM IN BELCHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The whole family is sitting around.

BOB

Ok guys, tomorrow is the big show. I just want you all to know you should go in with pretty low expectations. Almost, like, no expectations. It'll probably be terrible.

LOUISE

Your words, not ours. But you're probably right

LINDA

Bobby, you're gonna do great.

BOB

You know what? Even though I'm not very good, I'm having fun. And that's all that matters, right?

GENE

Not to the audience.

BOB

I really think taking this class has been good for me. But guys, seriously, no more guests at the show tomorrow. I'm too nervous as it is. If I see a full audience I'm not sure I'll be able to go out.

LINDA

Bob just picture them all in their underwear.

BOB

Yeah but the kids will be there. You want me to picture our kids in their underwear.

GENE

You don't need to picture it!

Gene starts to take his shorts off.

BOB

Gene.

LINDA

You know what I mean. Just don't look at the audience. It's like how sky-divers aren't supposed to look down when they're in the air.

BOB

I don't think that's right. Where else are they supposed to look?

TINA

Up?

BOB

I should be ok. I don't think anyone in the class is bringing too many people. And why would random people want to come and see bad improv? It should just be a handful of people.

LOUISE

Right. *Should.*

BOB

What?

LOUISE

What?

BOB

No I said what.

LOUISE

Yeah me too.

BOB

Enough. No funny business. Just show up and don't bring anyone.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Louise and the tour group turn a street corner as they continue their tour. They run into Kenny and his tour group. Louise and Kenny come face to face.

KENNY

You! I thought I told you kids I better not see you around here.

LOUISE

(TALKING TO HER TOUR GROUP) And this man, ladies and gentlemen, is the town idiot. Speak slowly to him, he struggles to follow. Actually don't speak to him at all.

Tina walks up to Kenny. They're both wearing matching vests.

TINA

Woah.

Tina raises her hand and slowly waves it in front of Kenny as if she's looking in a mirror. She clearly expect Kenny to do the same because they look "identical" to her. Kenny doesn't reciprocate.

KENNY

What is this? What are you doing? Go away.

TINA

Don't you feel it?

KENNY

Little girl, get your friend away from me.

TINA

No, remember? We're sisters.

LOUISE

Ok Tina, go make sure Mom and Teddy aren't bothering anyone.

We cut to Linda and Teddy in the back of the group. Linda is playing the "hand slap" game with a tourist, TOURIST B, who clearly doesn't want to play. Linda has her hands palm-up while reluctant TOURIST B's hands are palm-down on top of hers. Linda slaps TOURIST B's hands.

LINDA

Ha! Got you again. That's nineteen in a row.

TOURIST B

I'm not enjoying this.

LINDA

Ok best out of thirty seven!

We cut back to Louise and Kenny arguing.

LOUISE

Me and my tour group are gonna tour wherever we want.

KENNY

Oh no you're not. I'm calling u-gaag right now and reporting you.

LOUISE

What the heck is u-gaag?

KENNY

Um, hello?! The United Guide Association of America Guild. I'm beginning to think you're not a real tour guide.

GENE

I gag. You gag. We all gag for something. For me it's cheesy bread sticks. I just can't seem to ever eat those things without chocking.

Louise spots the rec-center just down the street.

LOUISE

(TALKING TO KENNY'S TOUR GROUP)
Hey, who wants to see some local theater? Guaranteed best show in town put on by authentic locals.

Kenny's tour group murmurs in excitement.

LOUISE
Come on! Follow me.

Louise, her group, and Kenny's group all walk away from Kenny.

KENNY
No! By the power bestowed on me by
u-gaag, I order you to get back
here! That's it, no one is getting
their voucher for one free small
frozen yogurt.

Louise and her giant group walk towards the rec-center.

KENNY
Come back! I'll make them mediums!
I'll make them mediums!

Kenny remains, pouting.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. REC-CENTER - DAY

The improv students are all backstage. Bob is wearing a green button up shirt and slacks. Marie is wearing a modest, maroon dress. Gretchen is wearing a romper that's a bit too tight. Paul is wearing skinny jeans and a slim fit denim shirt. Zeke is wearing a full-blown tuxedo. Mr. Frond walks up to them.

MR. FROND

Ok. I have good news. Well, it's good news in theory. You're all going to hate it.

MARIE

I thought the first rule of improv was all news is good news.

MR. FROND

What? Have you been paying attention at all this past week?

PAUL

I remember you saying that too.

MR. FROND

I never once said that! Just focus up! We sort of have a full theater.

BOB

What?! It's full?

MR. FROND

Well, no.

BOB

Phew. Not funny, Mr. Frond.

MR. FROND

It's overfilled. There are people standing in the back. I've never seen anything like it. It's almost as if two separate tour groups were combined into one mega-tour group by three children. And for some random reason, unbeknownst to me, those three children - led by one

MR. FROND
precocious little girl - decided to
bring that mega-tour group to our
show.

BOB
Hmm, kinda of sounds like you're
describing my kids.

MR. FROND
(WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT) I'm
describing your kids, Bob!

PAUL
You have kids? I assumed you were
impotent the moment I saw you.

BOB
No. I have kids. Three of them.

PAUL
I mean, there was zero hesitation.

BOB
Not now, Paul. Mr. Frond, what are
you talking about?

MR. FROND
Come look for yourself.

Bob pokes his head out of the curtain and looks at the
audience. He sees an over-capacity theater composed of
primarily the tour groups.

Cut to Tina trying to start "The wave" in the crowd.

TINA
One... two... three.

Only Tina throws her hands up.

TINA
Ok good, but I think we can do a
little better. One... two...

Cut back to Bob. He heads back stage to the rest of the
class.

BOB
Oh god. There are so many people
out there. I can't do this.

Cut to Louise talking to Gene in the audience.

LOUISE
Wouldn't it be so like Dad to just
not do this?

GENE
I in no way expect to see him on
stage.

Cut to back stage.

BOB
No, no, no.

MR. FROND
Get a hold of yourself, Bob!

Mr. Frond slaps Bob.

BOB
Ow! I was fine.

ZEKE
Hey come on now, big B. You're our
captain. We need you!

BOB
Really?

ZEKE
No you're more of a bench warmer.
But we don't want a cold bench, do
we?

BOB
No, you're right. We don't want a
cold bench. Ok, I can do this. I
think.

Cut to the audience. Jimmy Jr. walks up to Tina.

JIMMY JR.
Hi Tina.

TINA
Jimmy Jr.? What're you doing here?

JIMMY JR.
I'm here to support Zeke. He always
comes to my dance presentations.

TINA
Don't you mean dance recitals?

JIMMY JR.
 No, dance recitals are for girls.
 Boys have dance presentations.
 Everyone knows this, Tina. Jeez.

TINA
 Oh, sorry. Do you want to sit next
 to me? I brought a basket of rotten
 tomatoes we can share. Ha. Ha.

JIMMY JR.
 Why would you bring *rotten*
 tomatoes? I'd have a fresh tomato.
 Not a...

TINA
 Mhm.

JIMMY JR.
 Not a rotten tomato.

TINA
 Right. It was a joke. Because,
 people, throw rotten tomatoes, at,
 the people...

JIMMY JR.
 Whatever. Yeah I'll sit next to
 you. But I don't want any rotten
 tomatoes.

TINA
 Ok that's fine. No rotten tomatoes.

Zeke walks up to Tina and Jimmy Jr.

ZEKE
 J-Ju! You made it. Come here you
 dirty dog!

Zeke puts Jimmy Jr. in a headlock and starts roughhousing
 with him.

ZEKE
 Come on. Squeal like a seal and
 gimme that rose!

JIMMY JR.
 Zeke, not so hard.

Tina delicately touches Jimmy Jr.'s shoulder.

TINA
Got you. This is fun.

Zeke lets go of Jimmy Jr.

ZEKE
Woah, girl, not cool.

JIMMY JR.
Yeah, Tina. Boundaries.

TINA
Oh. Sorry. I guess the shoulder was too much. Hey, Zeke, shouldn't you be getting ready?

Cut to Mr. Frond backstage with the rest of the class.

MR. FROND
(RATTLED) Where is Zeke! Ahhhh. We have to go out. They're giving us the light!

GRETCHEN
What light?

Cut to a teenager in the back of the audience flashing a flashlight.

MR. FROND
Forget it, let's just go.

They all walk out on stage.

Cut back to Zeke with Tina and Jimmy Jr.

ZEKE
Whoops! Enjoy the show. Take flattering pictures.

Zeke runs to the stage and clumsily climbs up as the rest of the class is already standing there.

MR. FROND
(TO THE AUDIENCE) Welcome, everyone...

A thunderous applause lets out.

BOB
(QUIETLY TO HIMSELF) Oh no. No no no.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)
To our class improv show!

Only a handful of people clap this time. We hear a random audience member say something.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
This is an improv show?

MR. FROND (CONT'D)
Can I get Bob and Gretchen for our first scene?

Bob nervously walks up with Gretchen to the front of the stage.

MR. FROND
And now I need help from you, the audience. Where are Gretchen and Bob?

Another audience member yells something out.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
A stage!

MR. FROND
(FRUSTRATED) Ha ha. Ok, I guess that's my fault. Where *could* these two be?

LINDA
A burger restaurant!

Mr. Frond rolls his eyes.

MR. FROND
Ok, a burger restaurant. Take it away.

BOB
Uh...

GRETCHEN
I'd like to order a burger.

BOB
A burger?

GRETCHEN
Yes. It's for my husband. The President.

BOB

Right.

Bob's face transforms from fear to gaining confidence.

BOB

The President. This burger comes on
an Air Force *Bun*.

We hear an audience member cough.

But more importantly, Bob is becoming more confident on stage.

Cut to an improv montage showing various scenes. Bob raises his arms in the air as Gretchen points a "gun" at him. Marie turns from Zeke in disgust while cradling a "baby". Gretchen tries to give Paul CPR. Paul pushes her away.

End montage.

All the students are now standing in a line on stage with Mr. Frond.

MR. FROND

What a show it's been so far. And now we've come to the end. We're going to finish with one final game. It's called, "Freeze". We'll have two students come on stage and act out a scene. At any point, someone from the back can yell, "freeze". The person doing the scene will stop mid-movement. The student who yelled freeze will take the place and physical position of one of the students, and create a brand new scene.

Cut to the audience.

TEDDY

(TO TOURIST B) I didn't follow any of that. Did you?

TOURIST B

Please don't talk to me.

Cut to the stage.

MR. FROND

Ok let's begin. Paul and Bob, why don't you start us off? And can

MR. FROND
someone from the audience give
these improvisers a -

Jimmy Jr. interrupts Mr. Frond and yells out a suggestion.

JIMMY JR.
Dance!

Bob and Paul walk up. Bob starts awkwardly gyrating his hips as if he's hula hooping. Paul walks up to him.

PAUL
Hey cutie. I spotted you from
across the dance floor.

BOB
(IN A HIGH PITCHED VOICE) And I
spotted you right in front of me.

PAUL
You. Me. My studio apartment. Let's
do this.

Cut to a bunch of guys in the audience hooting and hollering. They're clearly Paul's macho friends. Paul breaks character momentarily as he points to them, flexes his biceps, and wiggles his tongue.

PAUL
I'll go get you drink.

Paul walks a few feet away from Bob.

MARIE
Freeze!

Marie walks from the back line, taps Paul on the shoulder, and takes his place. Paul walks back to the line.

Marie looks at Bob. She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. She has a deer in headlights look, as she can't think of anything to say. Bob recognizes this. But he too has nothing to say.

A memory cloud appears over Bob's head with Mr. Frond in it. Mr. Frond is not paying attention at first. Then he notices Bob.

MR. FROND
Bob? Oh, right. If you can't think
of anything to say, just say how
you feel.

The memory cloud dissipates.

BOB

(TALKING TO MARIE) Linda, you were right, I could be more unpredictable. But I was scared. I *am* scared.

MARIE

(CONFUSED) Yes... and

BOB

(CUTTING MARIE OFF) I'm comfortable with what I know. But look at me now, I'm on stage with nothing to say in front of a lot of people. But I don't need to do this and, and, and...

Louise interjects from the audience.

LOUISE

Embarrass yourself!

BOB

Yes, embarrass myself. Thank you, Louise, I assume.

Bob walks towards the end of the stage and is talking towards the audience at this point.

BOB

I can be unpredictable every day. Maybe I'll surprise you with flowers or a spontaneous date night. And I'll surprise myself, in a good way. I mean, I surprised myself when I signed up for these classes. I know I don't have to do crazy things. But I now know I should do little things here and there that no one sees coming, not even me.

Cut to Linda in the audience.

LINDA

(IN AN EMOTIONAL WAY) Oh Bobby.

MR. FROND

(WHISPERING TO ZEKE) Save this train wreck.

ZEKE

Freeze!

Zeke comes up from the back line and taps Marie. Marie leaves the scene.

MR. FROND

No, get Bob out, not Marie!

Mr. Frond slams his hand to his forehead.

Now Bob and Zeke are in the scene. Bob's back is to Zeke, and he is not paying attention after his heartfelt speech. Zeke looks at Bob and looks around, unsure of what to do or say.

We see the "lightbulb" go off in Zeke's head.

ZEKE

Leapfrog!

Bob's eyes nearly bulge out of his head. Zeke comes running full speed and attempts to leapfrog Bob. He obviously doesn't. He crashes into Bob. They go flying off stage and onto the ground. Zeke is fine. He ends up on top of Bob. Bob SCREAMS in pain under Zeke.

ZEKE

And, scene!

INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob, Linda, Tina, Gene, Louise, and Teddy are all in a hospital room. Bob is sitting on the hospital bench with a cast on his wrist.

LINDA

I'm sorry, Bobby. This is all my fault. If it weren't for me none of this would have happened.

BOB

Don't apologize, Linda. I'm glad you said it, and I'm glad you pushed me to take the class.

TEDDY

I said it too, Bob. Remember?

BOB

Yes, thanks Teddy.

LOUISE
I said it too.

GENE
I didn't say it. But I definitely
thought it.

TINA
I forgot, when did this
conversation take place?

BOB
Ok, thanks kids. Linda, I thought I
just wanted to prove you and
everyone else wrong. But I really
just wanted to prove to myself that
I could be unpredictable. And I
wanted to prove to you that life
with me isn't so boring.

LINDA
Bobby, believe me, you've proved
enough. Every day with you is a new
adventure.

BOB
And I actually think the show went
pretty well.

LOUISE
It didn't.

BOB
Well, yeah, that impromptu speech
wasn't ideal timing.

LOUISE
It wasn't just the speech.

BOB
Oh.

LINDA
Don't listen to her. The show was
great!

TINA
Yeah, dad, I got to sit next to
Jimmy Jr. during the whole thing.

BOB
Yeah, but how about the show
itself?

TINA

The what?

BOB

Oh my god. By the way, what was the deal with the tour groups?

LOUISE

We started a tour guide business. We gave tours all over the city.

BOB

Of course you did.

LINDA

And me and Teddy went on them.

BOB

Of course you did.

GENE

And I need new underwear.

BOB

Of course you do. Hey, wait a minute. If you've been giving these tours all day and I've been taking classes, who's been running the restaurant?

LINDA

Don't worry, I took care of it.

INT - BOB'S BURGERS - NIGHT

Linda's sister, Gayle, is behind the counter.

GAYLE

Bob's Burgers! Get your Bob's Burgers.

The restaurant is empty except for a handful of cats that Gayle brought. The cats are on the counter, tables, and in the kitchen.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW