

BOB' S BURGERS

"BOB' S BOOGERS"

by Donald Capone
spec script

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ACT 1

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING
INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Linda is standing behind the counter talking to Bob through the window to the kitchen. Bob is cooking a burger.

LINDA BELCHER

Bob, I gotta go to the little girl's room.

Watch the counter for me.

BOB BELCHER

But this burger is ready to go.

LINDA BELCHER

I'm ready to go!

BOB BELCHER

OK, I'll cook the burgers and serve them too.

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Linda runs to the bathroom while Bob comes around out of the kitchen and carries the plate over to a man sitting alone in a booth, scrolling through his phone.

BOB BELCHER

Here's your Bob's Burgers special of the day.

"Build it and they will Cumin."

Bob, unknown to him, has a booger hanging out of his nose. The customer looks up startled, shocked to see the booger. He fumbles with his phone, then stands and bolts out of the restaurant. Linda comes out of the bathroom just in time to see the man fleeing.

LINDA BELCHER

Bob, what happened to our customer?

BOB BELCHER

Beats me.

Bob turns to Linda.

BOB BELCHER (CONT'D)

He just got up and ran out without saying a word.

LINDA BELCHER

Oh, Bobby, no. NO NO NO.

BOB BELCHER

What?

LINDA BELCHER

You have a thing. A thingy in your nose.

(She rubs her nose)

BOB BELCHER

I do?

Bob wipes his sleeve across his face.

BOB BELCHER (CONT'D)

Did I get it?

LINDA BELCHER

I think so.

Realization crosses Bob's face and suddenly he panics.

BOB BELCHER

Oh my god, do you think the customer saw it?

Is that why he ran out?

Linda tries to calm Bob down, even though she does think that is why the customer ran out.

LINDA BELCHER

No, of course not. He probably just remembered some urgent business he has across town.

BOB BELCHER

You really think so?

LINDA BELCHER

Sure, Bob.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Tina, Louise, and Gene walk into the diner.

TINA BELCHER

Another happy customer I see.

LINDA BELCHER

What do you mean?

GENE BELCHER

That guy nearly ran us over!

TINA BELCHER

Why was Aiden Branson running out of here
like the place was on fire?

LOUISE BELCHER

There wasn't a fire, was there?

BOB and LINDA BELCHER

NO!

BOB BELCHER

Who's Aiden Branson?

TINA BELCHER

Only the most influential of influencers on
social media.

BOB BELCHER

Influen...?

TINA BELCHER

Influencer. A person who influences people to use and buy products on social media. Or to NOT buy them, as the case may be.

BOB BELCHER

Oh, no.

GENE BELCHER

What did you do to him? Even I don't think the food is *that* bad.

LINDA BELCHER

Your father had a thingy. In his nose. You know.

Linda puts a finger to her nose and wiggles it.

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GENE BELCHER
Dad had a booger?!

LINDA BELCHER

Yeah, a booger. It was a real dangler too.

LOUISE BELCHER

Was it big? HOW BIG WAS IT!!!

BOB BELCHER

It was nothing. He didn't even notice. My mustache probably hid it anyway. Right Linda?

LINDA BELCHER

Yeah, right. He never noticed. Now go get cleaned up kids.

TINA BELCHER

OK. I'll keep an eye on Branson's social

media just in case.

BOB BELCHER

In case of what?

TINA BELCHER

Oh, nothing.

BOB BELCHER

WHAT?

TINA BELCHER

Well, he does a lot of restaurant reviews.

It's good for business...usually.

BOB BELCHER

Oh, crap. You don't think he would say
something about the you-know-what?

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GENE BELCHER

The booger?

BOB BELCHER

Yes, Gene, the booger.

LOUISE BELCHER

Don't worry, Dad. I'm sure he'll keep it
classy.

(Shakes her head no to Gene and Tina.)

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, LATER THAT EVENING - ESTABLISHING
INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, EVENING - CONTINUOUS.

Teddy sitting at counter. Bob stands behind counter, Linda standing next to Teddy. Kids sitting in booth doing homework.

TEDDY

I've been trying to grow my business lately.

Things have been slow. I'm thinking of
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expanding into another market. Maybe I can have this Branson guy do some influencing for me.

Branson's review is just posted on social media and Tina brings her laptop over to the counter to show Bob.

TINA BELCHER

Uh, Dad, Aiden Branson just posted something on Yelp about the restaurant.

BOB BELCHER

(Reading from Yelp review on Tina's laptop)

Oh my god, here's the headline: "BOB'S BOOGERS."

GENE BELCHER

That's a good start.

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BOB BELCHER

No, Gene, it isn't. Here's the review:

Bob, the proprietor and "chef" of Bob's Burgers, fancies himself a purveyor of scrumptious, unique burgers with his daily "Burger of the Day" specials. The advertised "If You Build It, They Will Cumin Burger" turned out to be served with a side of dried mucus. That's right—I'm talking about what you think I'm talking about. Guess I "picked" the wrong day to try Bob's Burgers. One star. Stay Away!"

GENE BELCHER

Hey, that's SNOT so bad!

(Turning to his sisters)

Get it? Snot?

LOUISE BELCHER

We get it.

Tina turns the laptop to her and starts searching. Bob puts his head down in defeat on the counter.

TINA BELCHER

He put it on Instagram too. Oh, no. There's a photo.

BOB BELCHER

A photo? What? How is there a photo?

TINA BELCHER

Uh...never mind. Did I say photo?

BOB BELCHER

Gimme that computer Tina.

Close up of photo on computer screen. Little blurry, but Bob's mustache and nose with a big booger is clearly visible.

BOB BELCHER

We're ruined. Ruined!

LINDA BELCHER

Oh, Bobby, it'll blow over. Give it a few days, no one will remember.

BOB BELCHER

No, Linda, the internet is permanent!

Everyone will remember!

JIMMY PESTO (O.S.)

Hey, Bob. Bob!

They hear Jimmy Pesto calling Bob's name from outside. In the window of his restaurant across the street he's hung up a hand-drawn sign that says "We DON'T serve boogers in our food." There
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is a drawing of a big nose and mustache with a red circle and slash over it.

BOB BELCHER

(Mumbling)

It wasn't IN the food, Jimmy. It was still in
my nose.

LINDA BELCHER

Bob, he can't hear you.

BOB BELCHER

(Yelling now)

We're ruined. Ruined!!

TEDDY

You know, I once redid this guy's bathroom.

The influencer. Had all these tiny little
soaps shaped like ex-presidents.

BOB BELCHER

What are you talking about Teddy?

TEDDY

Little carved soaps.

LOUISE BELCHER

Interesting. Tell us more.

LINDA BELCHER

He bathes with them?

TEDDY

Oh no, he was real freaky about them, didn't
want them to get wet. He had all the
presidents except for one—President Taft.
Did you know he was the fattest president?

Couldn't get out of the bathtub one time.

LOUISE BELCHER

So...you know where this Branson guy lives?

TEDDY

Sure. He's over by the wharf, right above that antique store. That's where he buys all those crazy soaps.

LOUISE BELCHER

I see.

LINDA BELCHER

I don't like the sound of that "I see" Louise. Don't you kids do anything stupid. I can smell trouble a mile away!

LOUISE BELCHER

Us? Trouble? Smell? I don't know what you're talking about.

(Whispers to Tina and Gene)

I just got an idea. Branson has something that we want, and we'll have something that he wants. It's a little thing called blackmail.

TINA BELCHER

What do we have that he wants? And what do we want?

LOUISE BELCHER

We want him to take down the review--and we're gonna have the rare soap he wants.

TINA BELCHER

LOUISE BELCHER

Yes!

GENE BELCHER

Whatever you're planning, I'm in. Let
Operation Booger Blackmail begin!

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ACT 2

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE/AIDEN BRANSON'S APARTMENT, NEXT DAY.

The Belcher kids are hiding behind a tree across the street, spying on the antique store. It's raining, puddles in street.

TINA BELCHER

So, what's the plan Louise?

LOUISE BELCHER

This is where it all goes down. This store is Branson's rare soap connection.

GENE BELCHER

His street source.

TINA BELCHER

Sounds illegal. Maybe we should call the police. If you see something, say something, right?

LOUISE BELCHER

Tina, it's soap—it's not illegal.

GENE BELCHER

And we haven't seen anything yet. Except that bagel store over there. Who else is hungry?

LOUISE BELCHER

Gene, focus. So I did a little homework last night.

TINA BELCHER

Me too! I love homework.

LOUISE BELCHER

Not that kind of homework, Tina--the fun

kind. I went on the store's website, and guess what they just posted in their new arrivals section?

TINA BELCHER

The rare, unreleased first album by Boyz4Now?

GENE BELCHER

The first whoopee cushion invented in the 1930s?

LOUISE BELCHER

NO!! What are we here for people? The President Taft soap!

GENE BELCHER

Oh, right.

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TINA BELCHER

They have it? For real?

LOUISE BELCHER

Yes. And we have to get in there and buy it before Branson can. Before he even *knows* they have it. Then we offer him a trade: the soap for the deletion of his review.

TINA BELCHER

That's a good plan, Louise, except for the fact that we don't have any money.

LOUISE BELCHER

First things first. Let's go see the soap in question.

GENE BELCHER

Will we know the soap when we see it? What
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did President Taft look like?

LOUISE BELCHER

He was large and had a big mustache.

GENE BELCHER

Sounds familiar...

The kids cross the street, jump over puddles, and enter the store. Bell on door rings as they enter.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE-CONTINUOUS

The proprietor, an elderly woman, stands behind counter. Rare soaps are displayed under glass like they're expensive jewelry.

OLD WOMAN

Good morning children. Are you sure you're in the right store? We don't sell candy here.

LOUISE BELCHER

(In fake, upper class voice)

Oh, yes. We are quite the connoisseurs of rare antique items.

GENE BELCHER

We have two very old things at home right now.

LOUISE BELCHER

We noticed a new item while perusing your splendid website. Oh, yes, there it is.

(Louise points at Taft soap.)

OLD WOMAN

Oh, you are quite the connoisseur.

LOUISE BELCHER

The detail work on it is exquisite. It even

has the big handlebar mustache!

OLD WOMAN

These are hard to come by. Only one left
that's still available. Collectors don't want
to part with them.

TINA BELCHER

How much are you selling it for, if I may
ask?

OLD WOMAN

Well, if you are a true connoisseur of these
presidential soaps, price doesn't matter.

TINA BELCHER

So...how much?

LOUISE BELCHER

Tina, my dear sister, the woman is right—
price is no object.

TINA BELCHER

It's not?

GENE BELCHER

I'm so confused. What's the price?

OLD WOMAN

\$250. The price is \$250 dollars.

GENE BELCHER

For a tiny little soap?

LOUISE BELCHER

If you may be so kind as to hold it for us as
we make our way to the bank to withdraw the
appropriate legal tender.

OLD WOMAN

(Skeptical)

OK, but I know another collector who would
love this. I can't make any guarantees.

LOUISE BELCHER

(Still in fake, upper class voice)

We will be back promptly.

Kids leave the store, and once out of sight begin running back
home.

LOUISE BELCHER

(In normal voice now)

We have to get back before Branson can buy
it!

GENE BELCHER

Where are we going to get \$250 bucks?

LOUISE BELCHER

I'm thinking, I'M THINKING!

INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, LUNCHTIME-CONTINUOUS

Teddy sits at the counter eating a burger, Bob and Linda are
behind the counter. Rest of diner is empty.

BOB BELCHER

Thank god for you, Teddy, or we'd have no
customers.

TEDDY

I figure I'm safe. What're the odds of two
boogers in two days? The odds are in my favor!

BOB BELCHER

Uh...OK.

LINDA BELCHER

Don't worry, this place will be hopping again soon. Bobby's got a plan. Right Bob?

BOB BELCHER

Well, you know how food preparers have to wear hairnets? I'm going to take out an ad in the Pennysaver with a picture of me also wearing a facemask. To prevent any accidental...boogers.

(Bob pulls out a facemask and puts it on.)

TEDDY

Uh...

BOB BELCHER

(Voice slightly muffled.)

I'm self-owning myself. Get it? It's self-deprecating humor.

TEDDY

If you say so, Bob.

LINDA BELCHER

I think it's cute--the mask will keep in the boogers. And I can write the ad! Maybe I'll do it in verse, or a limerick! There once was a man named Bob...

TEDDY

But why the Pennysaver, Bob? Are those even still around? Who reads it?

BOB BELCHER

(Mask still on, voice still muffled.)

It's all we can afford. As it is, I was saving that money to get the ice machine fixed. Now that'll have to wait.

TEDDY

I didn't want to say anything, but since you brought it up, the ice cubes have been a little shriveled lately.

Bob removes the mask as the kids walk into the restaurant.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, LUNCHTIME-CONTINUOUS

GENE BELCHER

What's a little shriveled lately?

LINDA BELCHER

Your father's ice cubes.

GENE BELCHER

Too much information.

TEDDY

They won't be for long. Bob's getting a new ice machine.

BOB BELCHER

No, I'm not, Teddy. Didn't you hear a word I said? I have to use that money for a Pennysaver ad instead.

LOUISE BELCHER

(Ears perking up.)

Money? What money?

LINDA BELCHER

To fix the ice machine. But he's going to use
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it to take out a Pennysaver ad instead to counter the influencer's booger claims.

LOUISE BELCHER

(Idea popping into her head, she pushes her brother and sister to the back of the store.)
It's really admirable how you keep the store updated, Dad!

BOB BELCHER

Nobody listens to me.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS BASEMENT-CONTINUOUS

Basement light clicks on as kids go downstairs at Louise's urging.

LOUISE BELCHER

Did you hear that? Dad has money to burn on a stupid Pennysaver ad.

TINA BELCHER

I hope the ad campaign is successful.

LOUISE BELCHER

Tina, think! There's not going to be an ad campaign.

TINA BELCHER

There's not?

LOUISE BELCHER

No. There's money somewhere here. We can buy things with money.

TINA BELCHER

Correct. What are we buying?

LOUISE BELCHER

The President Taft soap!

TINA BELCHER

Oh, right.

LOUISE BELCHER

OK, we all know Dad hides his emergency funds jar down here, right?

TINA BELCHER

Yes. But it's for Mom and Dad. And for emergencies.

GENE BELCHER

And candy.

LOUISE BELCHER

This IS an emergency! If Branson doesn't take down his review, no one will ever eat at Bob's Burgers again, the family will go bankrupt, and we'll be homeless and living on the street, fighting the raccoons for scraps of food from Pesto's dumpster.

GENE BELCHER

(Rubbing his stomach)

I do like Italian food.

TINA BELCHER

Well, if you put it like that...

GENE BELCHER

All because of one rogue booger.

Louise is digging around the shelves, moving bottles of canned goods, looking for Bob's emergency funds jar.

LOUISE BELCHER

Dad was going to spend the money on a stupid ad anyway. So we'll just spend it on the soap instead. The result will be the same, right?

TINA BELCHER

So...you're saying it's OK to steal?

LOUISE BELCHER

The end justifies the means!

Louise finds the money jar and holds it aloft triumphantly.

LOUISE BELCHER (CONT'D)

AHA! Here it is!

TINA BELCHER

(Making her disapproving moaning sound)

I don't know about this. The ice machine really has been bad lately. The customers deserve better.

LOUISE BELCHER

Tina, there won't be any customers if we don't take down that review. Or even Bob's Burgers for that matter!

(Louise pockets the money.)

GENE BELCHER

Yeah, Tina, we're fighting for our very existence!

LOUISE BELCHER

Quick, let's get back to the antique store before Branson can buy the soap.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS-CONTINUOUS

LINDA BELCHER

I think I got it! How does this sound?

"There once was a man named Bob
Who did declare, 'I am not a slob'
When a thingy dangled from his nose
And added to his woes
He was just human after all, our Bob."

BOB BELCHER

That's really not that bad, Linda.

TEDDY

Wow, Linda! You may have a whole new career
ahead of you! That's it--I'll take out an ad
too and you can write it.

LINDA BELCHER

There once was a man named Teddy
He was always at the ready!

TEDDY

Amazing!

LINDA BELCHER

I'll polish this up and write the rest of it,
Bob. Then we'll take a picture of you with
the mask on and place the ad.

BOB BELCHER

Thanks, Linda.

The kids come upstairs and rush through the restaurant and back out the front door.

ACT 3

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE-ESTABLISHING-CONTINUOUS
INT. ANTIQUE STORE-CONTINUOUS

The kids run back to the antique store with the money. They cross the street, jumping over puddles, and enter the store, the bell ringing on the door.

LOUISE BELCHER

(In fake serious voice again.)

As promised, my dear proprietor, we have returned with the money to make our intended purchase.

OLD WOMAN

Delightful! I will wrap up your item.

Woman takes out a small jewelry box, wraps the soap in tissue paper, and puts it in a bag.

INT. BRANSON'S APARTMENT UPSTAIRS FROM THE STORE-CONTINUOUS

Branson is looking at his collection of presidential soaps all arranged neatly on a shelf with framed photos of the presidents alongside the soaps.

BRANSON

Hello Mr. Lincoln. That stovepipe hat sure looks good on you! Mr. Washington, I cannot tell a lie: you look fabulous today. Mr. Kennedy, you're looking especially handsome. President Eisenhower: I like Ike!

Branson's phone pings with an alert. He looks at it and gets excited: the antique store has in the Taft soap. He quickly leaves his apartment.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE-CONTINUOUS

The bell on the store's door rings as Branson the influencer enters. The old woman is just about to hand over the bag with the soap to Louise.

AIDEN BRANSON

Good afternoon, Miss Templeton.

OLD WOMAN (MISS TEMPLETON)

Hello Mr. Branson.

AIDEN BRANSON

I noticed on your website that you got in the President Taft--hey, I know you kids. You're from that disgusting diner!

GENE BELCHER

Tell us something we don't already know.

OLD WOMAN (MISS TEMPLETON)

© Diner?
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(Pulling the bag back slightly.)

LOUISE BELCHER

(Holding the money out to the woman.)

My good madam, here is the \$250 to complete our transaction.

AIDEN BRANSON

(Suspicious)

Wait, what are you kids up to?

The old woman hands the bag to louise and takes the money.

LOUISE BELCHER

(Now holding the bag with the soap)

We are participating in our capitalist system.

AIDEN BRANSON

donaldcapone@yahoo.com

(Looks down at the display case)

President Taft! Did you kids...Miss Templeton, you didn't sell the soap to these miscreants?

Miss Templeton shrugs in response. Kids begin leaving and make it out to the street before Branson catches up to them on the sidewalk.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE-CONTINUOUS

AIDEN BRANSON

Stop right there!

The kids stop, Louise standing with one foot on the sidewalk, one in the street, straddling a big puddle by the curb.

LOUISE BELCHER

(Turning toward Branson)

Alright, Branson, we might as well do this right here, right now.

AIDEN BRANSON

Do what?

LOUISE BELCHER

You know what.

TINA BELCHER

This is where we make the exchange. Right out in public, so you don't try any funny stuff.

AIDEN BRANSON

What are we talking about?

GENE BELCHER

I know what, you know what, my sisters know what!

LOUISE BELCHER

We have the President Taft soap, and you want it!

Louise pulls the jewelry box out of the bag, flips the top open and takes out the precious little soap with her fingertips.

AIDEN BRANSON

(Alarmed)

Whatever you do, don't harm the president!

LOUISE BELCHER

(Dangles the bar of soap over the puddle)

This is how it's gonna go down. We make a little trade, see, you and me.

AIDEN BRANSON

Trade?

LOUISE BELCHER

Yeah, trade. You give us what we want, and we give you what you want.

AIDEN BRANSON

And what exactly do you want? Money?

I have money. Just don't hurt the soap.

LOUISE BELCHER

We don't want your stinking money!

GENE BELCHER

Well, wait a minute...

LOUISE BELCHER

No, we want you to retract your review!

AIDEN BRANSON

Which review? I write lots of them, you know.

GENE BELCHER

You know, the one of our 'disgusting diner'.

AIDEN BRANSON

Oh, right. That one. And what if I don't?

LOUISE BELCHER

Then this president will take a nice little swim in this dirty little puddle.

AIDEN BRANSON

You wouldn't!

Louise lowers her hand, closer to the puddle.

LOUISE BELCHER

Wouldn't I?

AIDEN BRANSON

(Calling her bluff)

I don't believe you. You'd be throwing away \$250 dollars.

LOUISE BELCHER

Don't try me! I'll do it! Sure, we'll be out \$250 dollars, but you'll be out any chance of getting the soap. Taft will be toast!

TINA BELCHER

Or in this case, soap suds.

AIDEN BRANSON

OK, I'll buy it from you. I'll give you the \$250 you paid for it.

Louise laughs maniacally.

AIDEN BRANSON

OK, \$300.

LOUISE BELCHER

I told you, we want you to take down the review.

Louise again lowers her hand, just barely above the puddle now, Taft's butt nearly touching the water.

GENE BELCHER

Your chance is slipping away!

AIDEN BRANSON

All right, all right!

Aiden Branson quickly fumbles his phone from his pocket, goes to Yelp, and deletes his review. He holds the phone out so the kids can see it's been deleted.

AIDEN BRANSON (CONT'D)

Happy? Now turn over the president.

LOUISE BELCHER

Not so fast! There is still the Instagram post, which, I believe, has an incriminating photo.

Aiden Branson swipes some more on his phone.

AIDEN BRANSON

I'll delete it, but the photo is already out there in the multi-verse.

TINA BELCHER

Uh, that's not what multi-verse...forget it.

LOUISE BELCHER

That's why you have to write a retraction! Say it was all a mistake. Say how much you LOVE Bob's Burgers!

GENE BELCHER

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Yeah, and say it was *your* booger!

AIDEN BRANSON

My booger?! Are you mad? Young man, that is impossible, I assure you.

Louise lowers her hand even more. Taft's butt is just an inch above the dirty water now.

LOUISE BELCHER

Don't make me do it!

AIDEN BRANSON

OK, OK!! I have an idea.

Aiden starts typing furiously, then posts his new review and holds his phone out for the kids to see.

LOUISE BELCHER

(Reading the post aloud)

"I removed an earlier review that was done in error. Seems there was a bit of dirt on my camera lens and I jumped to an incorrect conclusion. In fact, Bob's Burgers serves one of the best hamburgers in town. I can't wait to eat there again!"

GENE BELCHER

Sounds sincere.

AIDEN BRANSON

Now hand over the president.

LOUISE BELCHER

Here ya go!

Louise tosses the soap to Branson, who frantically catches it, then clutches it lovingly to his breast.

AIDEN BRANSON

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(Speaking to the soap and stroking the president's head)

It's OK now Mr. President. Don't worry. I'm
going to take you upstairs to be with all
your fellow presidents.

Branson skips off happily humming Hail to the Chief.

GENE BELCHER

Well, that was weird.

TINA BELCHER

How do we explain this to Mom and Dad?

LOUISE BELCHER

We tell them we appealed to his humanity
and he couldn't resist the pleas of three
innocent children.

TINA BELCHER

But what about the money? They'll see it's
gone.

LOUISE BELCHER

How am I supposed to know? I didn't actually
think we'd get this far.

GENE BELCHER

We can say it was stolen.

TINA BELCHER

Well, it was.

LOUISE BELCHER

They won't notice it's gone till tomorrow
when they try to place the ad. I'll think of
something by then.

TINA BELCHER

donaldcapone@yahoo.com

Or maybe it'll take care of itself somehow,
like things sometimes do.

GENE BELCHER

That's the idea I like.

ACT 4

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, NEXT DAY - ESTABLISHING
INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Teddy is working on the ice machine, his toolbox is open, Bob and Linda watching.

TEDDY

She'll be up and running in no time, making nice, big, healthy ice cubes. And the best thing is, I found the new market I can expand into: restaurant appliances.

BOB BELCHER

Thanks for doing this, Teddy. I really appreciate it.

TEDDY

Honestly, Bob, I'm not just doing this for you, I'm doing it for me, too. Your ice cubes were just so pathetic looking. I like my iced tea to have, you know, ICE.

BOB BELCHER

It's really something what the kids did for us, talking that influencer into retracting his review. And now we can use the money for the ad to pay you, Teddy, instead. We know you're trying to grow your business.

TEDDY

You don't have to pay me, I'd do it for free!

Best friends don't charge each other.

BOB BELCHER

Well, you do pay for all the burgers you
eat...

TEDDY

That's different.

LINDA BELCHER

I'm sad we didn't get to run the ad, though.
I had such fun writing it!

BOB BELCHER

Well, maybe we can use it for something
else. Maybe WE can get on the social media
bandwagon.

TEDDY

I don't know, Bob, everyone's dancing and
singing and Tik-Tokking on social media. Can
you do that?

BOB BELCHER

Well, no...

LINDA BELCHER

Ooh, I can do that! I love to dance! I wanna
TikTok!

The door opens and a customer enters the diner. Linda cranes
her neck and sees that is it Aiden Branson taking a seat at the
counter.

LINDA BELCHER

Uh oh, look who's back.

donaldcapone@yahoo.com

BOB BELCHER

Oh no. Linda, how's my nose?

(Bob sticks out his nose toward Linda.)

LINDA BELCHER

Well, you got some long hairs in there,
really long, but no boogers.

BOB BELCHER

Oh, thank god. What do you think he wants?

TEDDY

(Waving wrench)

You want me to take care of him?

BOB BELCHER

No, Teddy. Come on Linda, let's see what he
wants.

Bob and Linda leave the kitchen, come around tentatively, and stand behind the counter.

BOB BELCHER

Hey...hi.

LINDA BELCHER

Oh, hello there.

BRANSON

Hello Belchers.

LINDA BELCHER

Returning to the scene of the crime I see.

BOB BELCHER

Linda...

BRANSON

No, that's OK. I want to give that cumin burger from the other day another shot.

BOB BELCHER

(Nervous but also excited)

You do? Are you sure?

BRANSON

I'm sure. And don't worry, I want to like the burger, Bob. I already gave you a good review, so I have to like the burger for real now. I have a reputation to upkeep.

BOB BELCHER

It'll be the best burger you ever had. The best burger I ever made!

BRANSON

No booger this time.

BOB BELCHER

Right, hold the booger. Coming right up.

Bob scurries back to the kitchen to make the burger while Linda brings out a glass of water with big ice cubes and places it next to Branson.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS RESTAURANT, KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

The three Belcher kids enter the restaurant. Branson is finishing up his burger, satisfied. More customers now—the place is actually busy, Bob flipping burgers, Linda running around delivering orders. The kids see Branson and stop short, scared.

TINA BELCHER

(Whispers to Louise and Gene)

Uh oh, what's he doing here?

GENE BELCHER

(Whispering)

Is he a glutton for punishment or something?

LOUISE BELCHER

(Whispering)

Maybe this is a good thing.

Branson sees the kids and calls them over. Bob and Linda still busy and out of earshot.

BRANSON

Come here kids, I have something for you.

(Pulls money out of suit jacket pocket)

I believe this belongs to you. \$250. It's only fair.

LOUISE BELCHER

Wow, thank you!

TINA BELCHER

I told you everything would work out on its own.

GENE BELCHER

You were right Tina.

LOUISE BELCHER

I need to put this back.

Louise runs downstairs to return the money to the emergency fund jar. Teddy comes out of the kitchen carrying his toolbox.

TEDDY

The machine is fixed, my tools are all packed up, and I'm starving!

BOB BELCHER

Let me get the money for you, then I'll make you a burger.

Bob goes downstairs and passes Louise as she is returning. Bob returns and hands Teddy the \$250.

BOB BELCHER

Here you go Teddy, for parts and labor.

TEDDY

Thank you, Bob. I'm going to use this for my own ad now, once Linda writes it.

LINDA BELCHER

Oh, I forgot to tell you! I finished.

"There once was a man named Teddy

He was always at the ready!

With his box full of tools

He'll break all the rules

To keep everything working steady!"

TEDDY

Linda, that's fantastic. Thank you so much.

I'm going to get a lot more work out of this.

Branson stands to go and leaves a tip on the counter.

BRANSON

Well, Belchers and Teddy, I bid you adieu.

LINDA BELCHER

Aw, he knows French too. So sophisticated.

Thank you for giving us a second chance Mr.

Branson.

Branson leaves and the Belchers crack up laughing, relieved.

BOB BELCHER

I don't know what you actually said to change his mind, but we owe you kids big time.

donaldcapone@yahoo.com

LINDA BELCHER

Yeah, thank you!

LOUISE BELCHER

It was nothing—let's just say we buttered him up.

GENE BELCHER

No, we lathered him up!

Linda goes to the laptop on the counter, turns the camera toward her, and hits record.

LINDA BELCHER

OK everyone, time to celebrate! Let's make a dance video! Big Bob's TikTok!

GENE, LOUISE, TINA, AND BOB BELCHER

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END OF EPISODE

As credits roll, Linda is dancing and “Tik-Tokking” while Bob flips burgers and the kids play with the ice machine.