

BOB'S BURGERS

"Honey, You Blue My Mind"

Written by

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March 6th, 2021
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ACT I

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a television playing the news. A REPORTER stands beside DAHLIA, a weaselish, stylish woman with a quirky pink bob and a "GIRLBOSS" shirt.

REPORTER

I'm here with Dahlia Lowballia, the founder of the women's empowerment marketing group "She's On Top." Dahlia, what's it like being the city's leading lady entrepreneur?

DAHLIA

Invigorating! My "ass-ets" have never looked better! Callia Dahlia to perk up your biz from an awful A-cup to a "Da-Dang" double D!

REPORTER

Any advice for local small business owners?

DAHLIA

Promotion is everything. Follow me on SnapChat, Tinder, and Pinterest for more of my *hot business...tips*.

REVEAL LINDA BELCHER watching the screen. She wipes sweat from her face, then uses the same rag to wipe counter.

LINDA

Dahlia was number one on *Oh No You Didn't Magazine's Flirty Under Thirty* list. Maybe I'll call her. I'd love some fatter assets. Hah!

Across from her, BOB BELCHER examines their checkbook.

BOB

We're in the red. Again.

LINDA

That can't be right. Between rent, utilities, supplies, and booming business -- no, that tracks.

Looks around. The restaurant is empty save for a SINGLE COUPLE seated in the back booth and THE BELCHER KIDS.

GENE lays shirtless on the bar-top. Beside him, LOUISE empties TINA's piggy bank on the counter as Tina watches.

LINDA (CONT'D)

At least we finished those repairs?

THE AIR CONDITIONER RATTLES AND SPUTTERS OUT PURPLE GOOP.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Except the A.C. When're we fixing that? It's gone all Willy Wonky.

LOUISE

Yeah, it's getting pretty "boys' locker room" sticky in here.

TINA

(mumbling)

Some of us like it.

BOB

According to the checkbook, we can fix the air conditioner in five.

TINA

Five days isn't so bad.

BOB

Years.

LOUISE

Good thing business is booming.

LINDA

Business! That's it Bob! I could take that business course, learn how to spruce things up around here, and bring in some more cash!

Bob stares at the long line outside Jimmy Pesto's. JIMMY PESTO, in a pickle costume, hands out promotional fliers.

BOB

That could work. Our food is good. We just need something to get people in the door. Think...

Gene fans himself with the television remote.

GENE

I'm too hot to think. This must be how Timothée Chalamet feels.

Louise shushes him, takes the remote, and turns the TV up.

LOUISE
They're talking about Sugar Crush!

GENE
"The tastiest flavor sensation in
the nation?!" TM.

ON TV SCREEN: a picture of the boyband BOYS 4 NOW is replaced
with a picture of Sugar Crush, a candy box kit.

NEWSCASTER
Move over Boys 4 Now, America has a
new sweetheart. The popular candy
Sugar Crush has been banned due to
causing super-cavities.

LOUISE
Banned? I've been saving Tina's
money for weeks!

Linda takes the remote and shuts the television off.

LINDA
Go to school before you get
heatstroke. Shoo!

The kids leave. The couple fan each other with fliers and
stand.

BOB
Hold on, you just sat down.

MAN #1
If I wanted to stuff my mouth in a
sauna I'd go to a bathhouse.

MAN #2
We only stayed this long 'cause
Van's sweat glued his cheeks to the
seats.

Bob notices the flier.

BOB
Is that from Jimmy Pesto's?

MAN #2
Great idea! Let's eat there.

Man #1 drops the flier on the counter. Couple exits.

Bob and Linda examine the flier. An erotically charged,
Fabioified Jimmy Pesto holds a giant pickle over his crotch.

BOB
 (reading flier)
 Tickle My Pickle Tuesday, 50% off
 pickle-flavored pasta! Only at
 Jimmy Pesto's?!

LINDA
 (also reading flier)
 Ladies drink free?! He's good.

BOB
 Our food's way better than Pesto's.
 Those should be *our* crowds.

LINDA
 "Promotion is everything." If we
 had a promotion, we'd draw in a
 crowd twice the size of
 Jimmy's...crowd. She *is* a guru.

BOB
 A promotional menu item...I can do
 that! Hah! Hear that Jimmy?! I'm
 going to beat you at your own game!

The A.C. VENT RATTLES AND SHOOTS PURPLE GOOP AT BOB.

BOB (CONT'D)
 ...after I fix the air conditioner.

Linda grabs her purse and heads for the door.

LINDA
 While you do that, I'm going to see
 a little lady about a big business
 opportunity. I'm taking that class
 to get our keesters outta the red!

EXT. STREET - MORNING - SIMULTANEOUS

Louise, Gene, and Tina walk past a grocery store.

LOUISE
 I can't believe Sugar Crush got
 sugar crushed.

GENE
 What do you think it tasted like?

TINA
 Sugar, spice, and cavities. Because
 it causes cavities.

An EMPLOYEE carries a box behind the store. Louise sniffs.

GENE
What is it, girl?!

Louise notices the box's label: "SUGAR CRUSH."

LOUISE
Sugar.

Louise leads her siblings behind the store.

TINA
School is that way.

LOUISE
And payday is this way!

Louise pulls her siblings behind a trash can.

GENE
Smells like a yeast infection.

REVEAL the STORE OWNER and the employee examining the kit.

EMPLOYEE
This is the last Sugar Crush kit.

OWNER
Toss it, it's all been banned.

The employee bank-shots the box into the trash and follows the boss inside.

Once the coast is clear, Louise snatches the box.

LOUISE
Sweet mother of marzipan! This is the last Sugar Crush in town. Do you know what this means?

TINA
We're going to be late to school?

LOUISE
We have the technology to create the candy everyone's drooling over. We control supply and demand.

GENE
That supply, so demanding.

LOUISE
It means we're going to be rich!

GENE

Finally we can pay greasier,
dirtier kids to do our chores!

TINA

Or use the money to fix the air
conditioner.

LOUISE

Whatever helps you sleep at night.
Clear your recess. We have to cook.

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - ROOFTOP - MORNING

Bob unlatches the air vent. Blue fluid leaks from the vent. A
strange buzzing coming from deeper inside.

BOB

What the...?

He removes a panel and uncovers -

A BLUE, MISSHAPEN BEEHIVE. The bees SWARM HIM. Bob <SCREAMS>.

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - ROOFTOP - MORNING - LATER

CLOSE ON twitchy bees swerving drunkenly over blue honeycomb.
REVEAL TEDDY and a swollen-faced Bob peering down at them.

TEDDY

These honey bees don't look good.

BOB

They look like Lin after she double-
fisted pumpkin Schnapps last
Thanksgiving. Why's the honey blue?

TEDDY

Sometimes honey matches the flower
pollen it was made from. You should
call somebody to take care of 'em.

BOB

I called you! Can you remove them?

TEDDY

It would be expensive.

BOB

How expensive?

Teddy starts writing on a piece of paper.

BOB (CONT'D)

I think you meant to put a period there instead of a comma.

TEDDY

Nope.

BOB

Oh my god. ...Do you take credit?

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A well-stung Bob empties the register and hands Teddy a thin stack of bills. The hive sits on the back counter in a jar.

TEDDY

Half of this is Monopoly money.

BOB

I'll get the next thirteen payments to you before I die. Probably.

Bob examines blue honey pooling in the container bottom.

BOB (CONT'D)

I've never seen blue honey before.

TEDDY

The pest control place is closed today. They'll pick it up tomorrow.

BOB

Why are they closed on a weekday?

TEDDY

I don't know Bob, I don't ask people intimate business details.

BOB

You broke into the restaurant last week to find "the secret menu."

TEDDY

The cold uncooked hamburger and hard buns were worth the E. Coli. Having the A.C. running again was worth the blinding pain, eh Bob?

BOB

Not really, but at least I can get back to running the business.

Teddy looks across the street. Jimmy Pesto lap-dances on cheering customers in his pickle outfit.

JIMMY PESTO
Tickle my pickle! Tickle my pickle!

TEDDY
No man can compete with that art.

BOB
I need something...unexpected.

He dips his pinky into the honey. Tastes it.

BOB (CONT'D)
Smoky but sweet. Full bodied.

His eyes widen. CLOSE ON his dilating pupils. As Bob's irises expand, his RETRO HONEY VISION fills the screen.

Bob, dressed in tight hot-pants and a cow-hide crop-top, rollerblades through a blue honeycomb metropolis. He dirty dances with Jimmy Pesto and does the water dance scene from Flashdance, using Jimmy as the chair and blue honey as water. He dazzles the masses with the burger... THE VISION ENDS.

Bob holds the honey jar up to the light. CLOSE ON JAR. Rainbows dance over the honey/Bob's face like an oil slick.

BOB (CONT'D)
Woah.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - LATER

HOLD ON Teddy crying as he gulps down a blue honey burger.

REVEAL Bob watching intently and taking notes.

BOB
How do you feel?

TEDDY
Like Mardi Gras is cha-cha sliding across my tongue! What's her name?!

Bob writes on the chalkboard.

BOB
The "Honey You Blue My Mind" burger. She's going to make the bee stings on my scrotum worth it. Teddy, we're back in business!

ACT II**INT. LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Linda sits on a couch beside GRETCHEN and MORT. More women wearing colored scrunchies sit on the floor.

LINDA

Gretchen and Mort! What're you two doing here?

A woman <SHUSHES> her.

GRETCHEN

Hairdressers know everybody's business. Now I want to sell it.

LINDA

Blackmail and Brazilians. Interesting strategy.

MORT

I'm working on my seller's remorse.

LINDA

Isn't it buyer's remorse?

MORT

Nope. People buy fancy coffins, but who cares? They're all going in the same cold, wet dirt. ...What?

<MORE SHUSHES>. Lights dim. A VIDEO PLAYS ON A WALL.

ONSCREEN: Dahlia climbs a ladder to the top of an apple tree.

DAHLIA (V.O.)

The best things in life are at the top, but so is the glass ceiling. I created "She's On Top" to help you reach your business potential.

Dahlia bumps her head against a glass ceiling. REVEAL a LIFEGUARD blowing a whistle.

LIFEGUARD (V.O.)

Hey missy! Keep your princess parts stay in the shallows.

MORT

Bit of a mixed metaphor.

GRETCHEN

That's why it's good. Like a cocktail. Ooh, cocktails...

ON SCREEN: explanatory graphics clearly depict a pyramid scheme.

DAHLIA (V.O.)

Here's how it works. You complete my Fiscally Frisky training modules and earn status scrunchies. Once you've earned your purple scrunchie, you can scam, er, *introduce* Lady Ladder products to other aspiring money mamas and empower the uterine universe!

Dahlia smashes through the glass ceiling and lands on a throne in a HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING filled with powerful women making powerful phone calls. The lifeguard, now a sexy footstool, holds out a phone.

LIFEGUARD (V.O.)

Ring ring.

DAHLIA (V.O.)

Who's calling? EQUALITY. Hi-yah!

She throws the telephone at the screen --

LINDA/GRETCHEN/MORT

AHHHH!

-- and the *real* Dahlia jumps through the screen holding sign-up clipboards. The attendees GO WILD.

GRETCHEN

Is it the five edibles I took earlier, or are these effects amazing?

DAHLIA

For the low price of \$100 per module, you too can smash through the glass ceiling and make the kind of life-changing, business-saving money you've only wet-dreamed of.

Women rush Dahlia to sign up. Linda hangs back, conflicted.

LINDA

\$100?! I can't afford that.

DAHLIA
When I look at you Leena-

LINDA
Linda.

Dahlia takes Linda's face in her hands.

DAHLIA
Limbo, I see a beautiful business
bitch frothing at the mouth with
revenue rabies. I believe in you.
Do you?

Linda considers...and pulls out her checkbook.

LINDA
I'm investing in our restaurant's
future. It's only \$100 right?

DAHLIA
(sotto voce)
Per module.

LINDA
Whazzat?

DAHLIA
Annnd sign.

Linda does. Dahlia snatches the signed check and tucks it
into her shirt pocket with the rest.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
Welcome to the inner circle,
Lumbar! Let's get down to business!

LINDA
Alright!

INT. WAGSTAFF - OUTSIDE BOY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

MR. BRANCA mops a yellow puddle in front of a wet floor sign.

MR. BRANCA
Always peeing. Like little urine
firetrucks.

A trashcan on wheels rolls toward him.

MR. BRANCA (CONT'D)
Rolling trashcans. Millennials.

He spits in disgust then mops it back up, missing Gene and Tina running behind him into the bathroom.

INT. WAGSTAFF - BOY'S BATHROOM - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

They dump bags of sugar, aprons, hairnets, a turkey baster, and other cafeteria items onto the floor out of their shirts.

GENE
We got the goods.

TINA
Stealing from the cafeteria felt
like taking tater-tots from a baby.

GENE
Heart-warming?

TINA
Bad.

LOUISE (V.O.)
It will all be worth it. Behold.

Louise opens the stall. Mist flows out to reveal --

THE SUGAR CRUSH KIT, ASSEMBLED IN ALL ITS GLORY.

It looks like the unholy child of an Easybake Oven and a meth lab but, y'know, for kids. On the box a child holds a red vial of "SECRET SAUCE." Tina reads the label:

TINA
"So sweet it's banned in fifty
states."

GENE
That's almost all of them!

The mist settles, revealing Louise with a bag of flour.

LOUISE
Step one: suit up.

INT. WAGSTAFF - BOY'S BATHROOM - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

Louise, Gene, and Tina cook the Sugar Crush. It's a scene straight out of *Breaking Bad* except they're wearing hair nets, oven-mitts, and aprons instead of hazmat suits.

Gene pours hot sugar-water from a beaker into coffee filters. Rock candy crystals form. Tina admires the collection.

TINA

Never seen sugar crystal this pure.

Louise dips a turkey baster into a steaming beaker of secret sauce. She drips a single drop onto the candy crystals.

The candy sizzles, steams, burns red. Louise inhales deeply.

LOUISE

We did it.

What they don't see: a hole forms in the coffee filter, almost like...a **cavity**.

Gene reaches for the candy.

GENE

Just a taste...

Tina slaps him.

TINA

No getting high on our own supply.

GENE

You're right, I'm talking crazy.

LOUISE

We all saw the news report. Sugar Crush causes super-cavities. As long as we don't eat it, it'll also cause us to get super-rich.

Louise sticks candy in a plastic sandwich bag. Sniffs.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

You smell that, boys?

GENE

Sorry.

LOUISE

That's money, baby-
(sniffs, gags)
Aw, Gene, sick!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

QUICK CUTS:

-- Make-shift cubicles fill the living room. Dahlia adjusts a leaderboard every time someone makes a sale.

-- Mort and Gretchen struggle with calls. Linda swoops in and closes both calls. Dahlia flings a green scrunchie at her, then pushes Linda to the #10 spot on the leaderboard.

-- Linda spins down the cubicle aisle in her chair. Like a synchronized swimming performance, the women hold up their phones. Linda closes each sale then spins to a stop in front of Dahlia. Dahlia dumps a box of scrunchies over her. Linda throws them in the air with delight. Dahlia flicks the '0' from Linda's leaderboard; Linda is now #1.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON - LATER

The make-shift call-center is a cacophony of activity. Dahlia walks among the cubicles, overseeing all. Mort neurotically adjusts abacuses as he makes a (failing) sales call.

MORT
(earnestly, into phone)
Don't you just find death
comforting? Hello? *Hello?*

Gretchen, on the phone, paints her nails yellow at her desk.

GRETCHEN
(into phone)
How many can I put you down for?

Dahlia adds a tally to Gretchen's leaderboard. Continues walking. As soon as she looks away--

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)
(whispering into phone)
No, what're you wearing?

Dahlia stops beside Linda's cubicle.

LINDA
(into phone)
So I sign you up, you sign your
friends, and we all become sisters
in dollars and sense!

SPLIT-SCREEN: DAHLIA'S LIVING ROOM/HOUSEHOLDER'S HOME

Both Linda and a LADY HOUSEHOLDER draw diagrams on separate notepads as Linda talks.

LADY HOUSEHOLDER
This isn't a pyramid scheme is it?

They look at their diagrams, and it's totally a pyramid scheme. Linda flips her diagram over, erases the bottom line.

LINDA
 Noooo, not a pyramid, it's a
 ladder! A happy little girl power
 ladder. Scootch it over mamacita!

The householder tilts her notepad. It *is* kind of a ladder...

LADY HOUSEHOLDER
 <SQUEAL> Put me down for five!

LINDA
 Alright!

END SPLIT-SCREEN.

Linda hangs up as Dahlia approaches.

DAHLIA
 Lucinda Blender, you are a natural.
 These women really trust you.

LINDA
 I just love talking to people! I've
 learned so much today. But I should
 probably get back to the restaurant-

DAHLIA
 You're doing soooo well Linda. Your
 inner goddess is starting to shine
 through. Why not stick around for a
 few more modules?

Dahlia gestures to a wall of top sellers, all wearing purple
 scrunchies. She dangles one in front of Linda.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)
 You could be the greatest
 saleswoman ever. Better than me!

Dahlia <LAUGHS MANIACALLY>. Everyone stares at her.

LINDA
 ...eh. I think I'll just cash out
 and go home. This was fun.

Dahlia purses her lips. She can't lose her cash cow just yet.
 She glances around for something to help her out.

DAHLIA
 Wait! Until I tell you about the...

She notices Gretchen's nail polish. Dahlia grabs the nail
 polish and hurriedly paints over a scrunchie.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

The gold scrunchie! Yes! Everyone who reaches gold-tier has become wildly successful -- and you're just a few modules away. Why go home like the rest when you can go home as the best?

LINDA

Well...

Linda gazes longingly at the scrunchie and leaderboard. Thinks about the restaurant's situation. Sets the phone down.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Maybe a few more wouldn't hurt...

INT. WAGSTAFF - AFTERNOON - MONTAGE

QUICK CUTS:

-- Gene plays patty-cake with JIMMY JR as MR. FROND walks by. The second Frond is gone Gene lifts up his shirt, revealing two rock candy packets taped to his belly.

-- Gene walks out of the bathroom and hands PETER PESCADERO a "poopie" candy baggie. Peter grimaces; hands over cash. Mr. Frond walks past. Frowns.

-- Louise sends candy-pushers into Wagstaff with candy bags. Mr. Frond watches two children exchange funds with suspicion.

INT. WAGSTAFF - CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Sugar-high students with red-stained mouths run around causing chaos as Louise counts her money, guarded by ZEKE.

LOUISE

(kissing her money)

201, 202, 203, how are my babies?

ANDY and OLLIE sprint past in their undies throwing chicken fingers and mini flans at other kids, inciting a FOOD FIGHT.

ANDY

I can smell my eyeballs!

OLLIE

I crave destruction. And tots!

Zeke blocks Gene and Tina from joining Louise at the table. The Belchers are the only kids without red-stained mouths.

LOUISE
It's cool, they're with me.

Zeke lets them pass.

ZEKE
Chicken finger?

Zeke serves the Belchers chicken fingers like cigars, "lighting" them with a ketchup packet.

LOUISE
Isn't it beautiful?

TINA
(chews chicken finger)
I don't hate it.

Gene catches airborne tater tots with his mouth.

GENE
It's definitely delicious.

A tweaked-out DANNY DUSZYNSKI drags himself to the table. His teeth are stained and slightly browned with cavities.

DANNY
Hey Louise-

LOUISE
I already told you Danny: if you can't pay, you don't play.

DANNY
Just a spoonful of sugar to make the dark thoughts go down, Louise!

ZEKE
You want me to make the boy dance?

LOUISE
Like a Korean boyband.

Zeke steps forward. Danny runs out of the cafeteria crying.

Tina looks around. HOGARTH HABER sits on a trashcan (a la William Shatner) addressing a Pocky carton.

HOGARTH
Captain Pocky. Prepare. For. Warp.

REGULAR-SIZED RUDY sidles next to Hogarth.

RUDY
Are you going to finish that?

HOGARTH
No, because I...hate....

Hogarth flips over a lunch table and drops to his knees.

HOGARTH (CONT'D)
FLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!

Tina <GROANS UNCERTAINLY.>

TINA
Should we...stop?

LOUISE
No! Business is a game and we're winning. This is how capitalism is supposed to work. Lazy-fairy or whatever.

Mr. Frond bursts into the cafeteria with Danny.

DANNY
(pointing to Louise)
There she is!

LOUISE
Uh oh.

Mr. Frond takes in the sugar-fueled carnage in horror: KIDS monkey-swing from the cafeteria lights. Andy and Ollie play five-finger fillet with sporks. Hogarth Shatner-wrestles Rudy. JIMMY JR, covered in flan, dances to lite rock. It's total anarchy - with the Belchers in the middle of it.

MR. FROND
Belchers, my office!

TINA
<Hyperventilates> We're doomed.

Louise unzips her backpack: candy bags glimmer inside. She knows what she has to do.

LOUISE
No we're not.

Unseen by her siblings, Louise starts scarfing candy.

INT. WAGSTAFF - MR. FROND'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mr. Frond glowers at the Belcher kid while Louise tries to keep it together.

GENE

I want my lawyer! She's my mom!

MR. FROND

You brought a banned substance to school. You are in serious trouble.

LOUISE

(tweaking)

You have no proof. This is unlawful detention. You can't hold me!

MR. FROND

Detention will be the least of your worries. You'll be expelled.

Tina <GASPS.>

MR. FROND (CONT'D)

Or I'll just confiscate your profits and use it to buy yarn.

GENE

<LOUDER GASP> You animal.

In the hallway, <A LOUD CRASH>.

MS. TWITCHELL (O.S.)

Mr. Frond, I need back-up!

MR. FROND

Don't. Move.

He runs out and closes the door.

Tina examines Louise's hands: red-stained. She opens Louise's backpack. No candy.

TINA

Did you eat the rest of the candy?!

LOUISE

No evidence, no crime. I'd rather die than fund his sick knitting obsession.

She GROANS, doubles over in pain.

TINA

No one's eaten that much sugar
before!

GENE

Are you going to be okay?

LOUISE

I will be once we're out of here.

A roughed-up Mr. Frond enters. He snatches Louise's backpack.

MR. FROND

Okay - let's see the damage. How
much are you holding?!

He looks inside. Turns the backpack inside out. Nada.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)

It's empty. This can't be.

<THE SCHOOL BELL RINGS>.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)

Where's the candy Louise?!

Louise rubs red from her mouth. Spits plastic into her palm.

LOUISE

That's our time, <pained grunt>.
See you tomorrow Mr. Flub!

The Belchers head for the exit. Mr. Frond stares after them. Notices the red on the back of Louise's hand. She winks at him and adjusts her hat, giving him a glimpse of a bill-roll. His vision fishbowl (think a candified version of Hank realizing Walter White is Heisenberg in Breaking Bad) as a crowd of kids blocks the Belchers from view. Frond falls to his knees with a <FRUSTRATED WAIL.>

ON THE BELCHER KIDS-

GENE

What about the Sugar Crush kit?

Louise slips cash to Mr. Branca. He <WHISTLES SUSPICIOUSLY> and tapes a "CLOSED" sign on the bathroom door.

LOUISE

(weakly)
Already taken care of.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - HALLWAY

Linda exits the bathroom, dabbing FeBreeze on her wrists like perfume and eating a salami snack.

LINDA
(singing)
Mommy's salami, eat mommy's salami!

She admires her purple scrunchie in a hall mirror.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Golden scrunchie, here I come.

In the reflection, an open door -- DAHLIA'S OFFICE.

DAHLIA
... You won't believe how much
money I'm making off these broads.
These stupid housewives are forking
over a fortune to unlock their
"business potential." Hilarious!

Linda creeps forward and peers into the office to see:

Dahlia at her desk talking on a phone. The office is flush with scammer gear and posters labeled things like "How to start your pyramid scheme." Linda <GASPS> -- the leaderboard now says "SUCKERS" at the top with Linda's picture front and center, circled with Sharpie hearts.

Linda <GASPS>.

LINDA
Oh my god, that's an awful photo of
me!
(beat)
And she's scamming us!

ACT III**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAHLIA'S OFFICE - DAY**

Linda bursts into the room. Dahlia mutters into the phone.

DAHLIA

Sorry, let me call you back. Yes, I do know this is a Wendy's!

(to Linda)

Lumber, what can I do for my number one fraudster - I mean finance femme!

LINDA

Can it, you fishy sardine. You're scamming us!

Dahlia fans herself with signed blank checks.

DAHLIA

What tipped you off: the obvious pyramid scheme or the obvious pyramid scheme?

LINDA

I joined your fruit loop troop to help my family. I want my money back! I want *all* our money back!

DAHLIA

You already signed the blank checks. How much should I charge you? \$500? A thousand?

LINDA

Joke's on you. I don't have that much in my account. Belcher checks always bounce!

DAHLIA

<GASPS> Why are you proud of that?

Linda opens the door.

LINDA

HEY SCRUNCH-BUNCH! COME LOOK!

The other ladies, Gretchen, and Mort run into the office.

GRETCHEN

What's going on? We doing coke?

The group <GASPS> at the well-drawn fraud underway.

LINDA

Little Miss Fraudulent here has been cleaning out our purses to stuff hers!

Mort notices the leaderboard. Tears up.

MORT

Now I have *buyer's* remorse! That's not a thing!

DAHLIA

Yes I scammed you all out of thousands of dollars, but I also taught you self-confidence, which is priceless.

LINDA

Let's tie her up and call the cops!

GRETCHEN

Or I can beat her with this crowbar.

LINDA

Why do you have that?

GRETCHEN

A girl should never leave home without a blunt instrument.

The other women murmur <ASSENT> and grab blunt objects.

While they're distracted, Dahlia hops out the window.

LINDA

Stop her!

<CAR ENGINE REVVING.> Linda runs to the window as Dahlia peels out of the driveway, checks fluttering in her wake.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Our money!

GRETCHEN

Bummer. Wanna try mescaline?

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

A packed restaurant. Blue burgers on every plate. Bob serves MUDFLAP and CRITTER, who sit at the counter with Teddy.

TEDDY

It's packed tighter than my girdle!

BOB

The promotion worked! Think about all the things we could buy with this profit. Like health insurance.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

JIMMY PESTO and his yes-man TREV barge in.

JIMMY

The only way you could get a packed house is by spiking the ketchup. Resorting to cheap tricks, Bob?

BOB

Nothing's cheaper than your pickle promotion.

Jimmy snatches a half-eaten burger off a plate. Chews.

JIMMY

So good. I mean, *gross*. Once people come to their senses they'll be tickling my pickle *all* night long.

TREV

Want some fries with that burn?

TREV (CONT'D)

HEY-OOO!

HEY-OOO!

JIMMY

Jimmy and Trev high-five and exit.

BOB

I don't need tricks to pack this place. People come for the food.

CRITTER

I mean, the opium doesn't hurt.

BOB

What are you talking about?

CRITTER

This honey is made from *Meconopsis baileyi*, the Himalayan blue poppy.

MUDFLAP

Funny honey is pretty popular among elderly communities.

BOB

Why do you know all of this?

CRITTER

We do a lot of drugs, Bob. A lot.

BOB

No one looks like they're on drugs.

Bob looks at the full restaurant and the relaxed customers.

REVEAL: A man vomits blue, wipes his mouth, and keeps eating.

BOB (CONT'D)

Except that guy. He looks bad.

CRITTER

Blue poppy is no joke. Look around.

Bob looks around: one booth does ramekin shots. A SUBURBAN DAD makes breakneck investments on a stocks app.

SUBURBAN DAD

We're going to retire next year, I can feel it!

A WHITEBREAD MOM draws ketchup doodles on a table.

WHITEBREAD MOM

Sweetie you won't believe this, I'm using my imagination!

WHITEBREAD HUSBAND

Well hooty-hoo!

Everyone seems...glassy eyed.

BOB

Oh my God, the honey is drugs. The honey is drugs!

Bob <LAUGHS NERVOUSLY>.

CRITTER

I *just* said it's not a joke.

EXT. STREETS - AFTERNOON - SIMULTANEOUS

Gene and Tina support Louise as they rush her home. Louise is on the Mt. Everest of all sugar highs.

LOUISE
(at strangers)
You're so cute I want to maim you!

TINA
She's sugar rushing, second stage: hyperactive. Followed by emotional, irritable, and finally naptime. But with that much sugar in her system--

GENE
She could be headed for the big pillow in the sky. Why'd you do it?

LOUISE
I didn't want you guys to go down with me.

GENE
You brave bastard.

LOUISE
(emotional)
Remember me for who I was, not who I became.

TINA
Second stage! <NERVOUS GROAN>

Louise <GIGGLE-GROANS> and doubles over again.

LOUISE
I can feel...cavities...forming!

Tina tries to carry her. Louise SMACKS HER.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Leave me!

Tina SMACKS HER BACK. Louise <GROANS> and cups her face.

TINA
Don't you die on me girl.

GENE
We're gonna get you home and give you a proper Christian burial!

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON - LATER

Bob ushers the last of the crowd outside and locks the door.

BOB
Everybody out.

CRITTER
You look stressed. Want some Xanax-
meth sizzurp? It's homemade.

BOB
Especially you.

Honeyed-out customers mill restlessly in front of the shop, knocking on the window and scratching at the door. Some bump against HAROLD and EDITH, who carry art supplies.

HAROLD
Hands off the merch, hippies!

EDITH
Art is worth more than your acai
mustache waxes. Filth!

They exit.

BOB
It's been great but all the, uh,
beef's gone so we're closing early.

TEDDY
(yelling through glass)
Close? You can't close!

Teddy throws a rock at the window, fracturing the glass.

BOB
Teddy, what are you doing?!

TEDDY
Whoops. Mob mentality got me.

BUSINESSMAN
(slightly muffled)
I'd love to talk to you about some
prime beachfront property in Idaho!

Customers bang against the door. Hard. *Harder*. Bob stacks stools under the door handle.

BOB
You've seen commercials for *The
Walking Dead*. You can do this.

CHANTING CROWD
Honey...honey...honey...honey...

Bob hides under a booth with the honey container.

From the backdoor, Gene and Tina run in carrying Louise.

BOB
Kids! Lock the door! Under here!

GENE
Playing Dutch Oven Fortress by
yourself huh? Smart man.

BOB
I'm hiding from the mob.

TINA
What mob?

Teddy hurls his body against the glass. The crowd copies.

TINA (CONT'D)
Oh.

Bob notices Louise shaking and sweating.

BOB
What's wrong with your sister?

TINA
She's stage two sugar rushing!

BOB
Oh god. The last time she was this
amped on sugar I got a vasectomy.

GENE
Okay, brag.

LOUISE
Don't look at me, I'm changing!

Tina props Louise on the ground with a beef-bag pillow.

TINA
Irritable. That's stage three!

BOB
Oh my God. Wait, is that...bad. I
don't know what's going on here.

Tina slaps Bob.

TINA
We're losing her, damnit!

BOB
I...am going to let your mother
handle this one.

CRASH! Another rock cracks the window. More follow suit.

BOB (CONT'D)
DAMN IT TEDDY!!!!

TINA
What do we do?!

BOB
If we stay hidden they'll get bored
and wander away.

It's true; the crowd thins as folks get distracted.

TEDDY
(sobbing against glass)
It's so cold. I need a bite. Bobby!

Louise <GROANS>.

TINA
This is an emergency! Wait. The
emergency phone!

There it is: on the counter. Tina runs for it. Tries to
action-jump onto counter. Falls. Knocks phone off counter.

BOB
(slow-mo)
Careful! It's fragile!

It tumbles for the ground. Tina dives and catches it --

TINA
Aha!

-- but she's also caught the crowd's attention. The crowd
shoulders the window. The glass FISSURES.

TINA (CONT'D)
What's 911's phone number?

BOB/GENE
911!/Somebody get the phone book!

Tina huddles beneath the booth and dials on speakerphone.

PHONE

This line has been disconnected due to an outstanding balance. Goodbye.

BOB

We...couldn't afford it this month.

GENE

Wait, are we *poor*?!

JIMMY (O.S.)

Heeeere's Jimmy!

The crowd parts to REVEAL a tweaking Jimmy Pesto.

BOB

Jimmy?! What are you doing here?

JIMMY PESTO

I'm here for your bod, Bob.

BOB

My... what?

JIMMY

BODD. "Burger of da day." I want a sip of your sweet sticky icky.

BOB

I shouldn't have sold it to you in the first place. I just wanted a menu item good enough to beat...

JIMMY PESTO

Say it slow, Bobby baby.

BOB

...Tickle My Pickle Tuesday.

JIMMY PESTO

It doesn't matter how badly you want to Tickle My Pickle. You're gonna give me a taste and you're gonna like it.

BOB

It's over! This is the last of the honey.

Jimmy looks at the container in Bob's hands.

JIMMY

Is that right.

BOB

I... shouldn't have told you that.

Jimmy smears blue honey warpaint under his eyes.

JIMMY PESTO

You heard him, people: attack!

KRRK! The window glass BUCKLES. Moments from shattering.

Bob huddles protectively around his children.

LOUISE

(crazed, at crowd)

I'm gonna do to you what Lassie did to Timmy. He "fell" in that well? That's what she WANTS you to think!

TINA

Stage four: Lassie flashbacks. What do we do?!

BOB

This is my fault. I wanted to save the restaurant but I wound up destroying it. I'm sorry I couldn't protect the business from failing, but I can protect you kids.

TINA

It's really brave of you to fight off a suburban crowd to save us.

A HIPPIE WOMAN bangs on the window.

HIPPIE WOMAN

Have you seen *Hamilton*?

The entire crowd <STARTS SINGING HAMILTON.>

BOB

Oh, I was thinking I'd stay inside with you.

GENE

Like you were already doing?

BOB

...yeah.

JIMMY PESTO

Get that bod nice and hot for me Bob. This chow train don't stop!

BOB
No matter what happens, I love you
kids. Louise, hang in there.

LOUISE
(weak Galadriel gasp)
I have seen heaven and hell and
divined life's truth. There is no
such thing as just desserts.

GENE
Now I want dessert *and* mom...

BOB
Remember the time she distracted
that crowd by glueing pennies to
her shoes and tap-dancing?

GENE
Best. Funeral. Ever.

BOB/TINA/GENE/LOUISE
LINDA!/Mom!/Mommy!/Anarchy!

LINDA (O.S.)
Is somebody crying for their mommy?

Bob and kids whip around to see - LINDA AT THE BACK ENTRANCE.

BOB/GENE/TINA
Linda!/Mom!/Help!

LINDA'S POV: The honey jar. The crowd outside forms a human
pyramid. Pickle Jimmy Pesto <YELLS "CHARGE" IN SLOW-MO.>
Louise limp in Bob and Tina's arms.

LINDA
What the hell is going on here?!

BOB
They're after the honey, Lin!

The human pyramid advances. KRRKRKRRK! A final push. The
window SHATTERS. Linda decides.

LINDA
I've had enough pyramid schemes for
one day!

She grabs the honey jar and HURLS IT OUT THE WINDOW.

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The jar SAILS MAJESTICALLY OVER THE CROWD. Everyone STOPS. Blue honey sloses overhead. Jimmy beams and reaches for it --

JIMMY PESTO
Come to daaaaaddy.

-- only for the jar to FLY OVER HIM and SMASH AGAINST A MOVING SUGAR CRUSH TRUCK. The customers turn in unison and amble after the truck, trampling Jimmy.

JIMMY PESTO (CONT'D)
Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda sweeps her family into a hug.

LINDA
I leave for an afternoon and lose two thousand dollars and the whole place goes to hooley!

BOB
The promotion went great...until it didn't. Wait, what about losing two thousand dollars?

LINDA
Doesn't matter! What matters is we may always be in the red, but what we've got here works for us. Who needs change!

BOB
...We'll talk later. Speaking of changes-

Louise twitches and coughs like a sick Victorian boy.

LOUISE
Mama...is that you?

TINA
Stage five: eternal naptime.

Linda examines Louise like she's checking for a concussion.

LINDA
Sugar overdose. Sh, mama's got you. Nothing Pedialyte and mommy kisses can't fix!

Linda pulls Pedialyte from her purse, rigs it into an IV, and sticks straws in Louise's mouth. Louise bucks and shakes.

LOUISE

The saccharine gods demand
sacrifice! The ritual must...

Linda kisses her forehead. Louise conks out. Tina <EXHALES.>

LINDA

Aw, her crazy tank's empty.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Bob and Linda clean behind the counter. REVEAL: the restaurant is patched up but still busted. Across the street, an exhausted Jimmy fails to pass out promotional fliers.

In a booth, Louise holds an icepack to her swollen cheek. Gene and Tina flick cavity-pocked molars into water cups.

Bob looks around and sighs.

BOB

After the module payments, Louise's
root canals, and all the repairs,
we're back to net zero.

LINDA

A liiiittle less than that.

Gene flicks a tooth into a cup and hops onto the booth bench.

GENE

Holes in one!

The booth bench slumps and falls apart.

GENE (CONT'D)

...That was already like that.

Louise counts out a large stack of bills on the counter.

LOUISE

I'll just add this to your tab.

BOB

Where did you get this money?

LOUISE

You want answers, or seats for
butts?

BOB
...seats for butts.

LOUISE
That's what I thought.

TINA
Where'd the honey come from anyway?

LINDA
It's one of life's mysteries. Like
that one couch stain that looks
just like Don Cheadle.

EXT. REFLECTIONS - ROOFTOP

Edith waters a patch of blue poppies as Harold tucks OPIUM PACKETS into ART SUPPLIES. He looks around, then tosses the supplies to the sidewalk where Critter and Mudflap wait on their bikes. The Snakes stash the goods and motor off.

EDITH
<SCOFF> And they say there's no
money in the arts.

END OF EPISODE