

BOB'S BURGERS

"Honey, You Blue My Mind"

Written by

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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

<Squeals> 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)

JIMMY

HEY-OOO!

HEY-OOO!

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.)

Heeere'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  
Like I said, there's always money  
in the arts.

**END OF EPISODE**