

BOB'S BURGERS
MISSIONAIRIES & SEAMEN

SPEC SCRIPT

FADE IN:

EXT. BELCHER APARTMENT - NIGHT

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LINDA AND BOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LINDA lies in bed wearing lingerie and striking a seductive pose.

LINDA
Bobby! I'm ready for our Sunday
night *activities*!

BOB enters wearing his usual pajamas.

LINDA (CONT'D)
There you are my hunk of man beef.

BOB
Can we leave work out of it? And
why are you on the right side of
the bed?

LINDA
I thought maybe we'd try something
different this Sunday. You know,
spice things up. Get *crazy*!

BOB
I don't like the sound of that.

LINDA
Come on Bobby...

BOB
But we always do it on the left
side of the bed.

LINDA
Exactly!

Linda pulls back the covers to reveal a sunken mattress.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Which is why we have this crater!

BOB
Hey, look...

Bob reaches into the crater.

BOB (CONT'D)
...my toothbrush.

Bob pulls out his lint and hair covered toothbrush.

BOB (CONT'D)
I've been wondering where that
went.

LINDA
This is wrong. And dangerous!
Someone could have been hurt by
that toothbrush. Killed even!

BOB
Oh please. I like the crater.

LINDA
What is there to like about the
crater!?

BOB
My butt fits perfectly in it. And
it's comfortable.

LINDA
That's the problem. Our love life
is comfortable. Like, quilted
toilet paper.

BOB
What's wrong with that?

LINDA
You think our love making should be
like quilted toilet paper?

BOB
Are you asking metaphorically or
literally? Because metaphorically,
I could see the similarities-

LINDA
Making love should be spontaneous!

BOB
You know how I feel about
spontaneity.

LINDA
Unpredictable!

BOB
 How can it be unpredictable when we
 both know exactly how it ends?

Cut to theoretical moment after. Bob lays next to Linda,
 gasping for breath.

BOB (CONT'D)
 Can't...breathe.

Linda looks at her watch.

LINDA
 Wow, four minutes.

Return to real time.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 I want excitement! Danger!

BOB
 I'm a man Lin, not a rollercoaster.

Linda gets out of bed and puts on a robe.

LINDA
 Fine. Enjoy your butt crater. I'm
 going to go watch TV with the kids.

BOB
 What? No! Lin-

Linda exits.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TINA, GENE and LOUISE sit on the couch. Gene tries to take
 the remote control from Louise.

GENE
 I never get to pick the Sunday
 night movie!

LOUISE
 Because everything you pick is
 stupid!

GENE
 No it's not!

Gene succeeds in wrestling the remote away from Louise.

GENE (CONT'D)
Ooh, this looks good.

TINA
Magicians and Murder?

GENE
Yeah, it's about magicians that
solve murders, starring David
Blaine. Juicy!

LOUISE
Stupid!

The battle for control of the remote resumes. Louise sticks
it down her pants.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Now try and get it.

GENE
No problem.

Gene doesn't hesitate to reach into Louise's pants.

TINA
Magicians and murder, huh? That
sounds like it could have real
potential.

Linda enters.

LINDA
Gene, get your hands out of your
sister's pants.

GENE
But Mom, it's my turn to pick the
Sunday night movie.

LINDA
Not tonight it isn't.

Linda reaches into Louise's pants and retrieves the remote.

GENE
How come you get to reach into
Louise's pants?

LINDA
Because I'm her mother. And this
Sunday night...

Linda points the remote at the TV.

LINDA (CONT'D)
...I'm picking the movie.

LOUISE & GENE
What!?

TINA
This is going to throw off the
whole power balance.

GENE
You can't pick the movie.

LINDA
Why not?

LOUISE
Because, you're not even supposed
to be here.

GENE
Yeah, Sunday is when you and Dad
have Scrabble night.

Tina laughs.

GENE (CONT'D)
What's so funny about Scrabble?

Bob enters.

BOB
Linda-

TINA
Scrabble is just a code word for
making sweet, sweet love.

BOB
What!? No it isn't!

LOUISE
Gross!

TINA
Yes it is.

BOB
Why would you say that?

LOUISE

Because last Sunday night when I was in the bathroom I heard Mom through the air vent saying, make sweet, sweet love to me Bobby. And last time I checked, make sweet, sweet love to me Bobby is not a Scrabble word.

BOB

(to Linda)

See what happens when you dirty talk!

GENE

So that's why Mom is always so happy on Mondays and makes us omelets for breakfast.

LINDA

Ok, everybody shush. I found what we're watching.

TINA

Oooh, good choice.

GENE

Sleepless in Seattle? Again!? I want crime fighting magicians!

LOUISE

Suck it up buttercup, we're romcom'ing it tonight.

GENE

You hate romcoms!

LOUISE

Yes, but I love seeing you mad.

(to Linda)

Let's get crying Mom.

GENE

That's it. I'm done with you people. It's time I became a man!

TINA

You're going to start shaving your back?

GENE

No! I'm going to set up my own Netflix profile. And it will only play what I want to watch.

Gene storms out of the living room. Audio from the movie plays. Linda cries.

LINDA

I love this movie. Why can't we be like this?

BOB

You wish I was previously married with a child and suffered unimaginable grief after my wife died so you and I could end up together?

LINDA

Yes.

Bob shakes his head and exits.

EXT. BELCHER APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The family sits down for breakfast. A box of cereal is on the table.

GENE

Cereal?

LOUISE

Looks like the love train didn't make local stops last night.

BOB

Can we please not?

TINA

You know, having performance issues at your age is normal-

BOB

I'm not having performance issues!

GENE

Maybe you two should get in separate bathtubs and hold hands like in the commercials.

LINDA

Oh please, like your father would be so adventurous.

BOB
Adventurous? How is lying in
separate bathtubs adventurous?

LOUISE
You can't even have sex in separate
bathtubs.

BOB
Exactly. What!? No, I mean, can
we please talk about the weather,
or death or anything but this!

GENE
How do you and Mom usually do it?

BOB
What did I just-

TINA
Based on Mom and Dad's age, they're
most likely to be doing it
missionary style.

LOUISE
Missionary?

GENE
How do you know?

TINA
I learned it while doing research
for my erotic fiction.

LINDA
Well your research is spot on.

BOB
Linda!

LOUISE
So missionaries are middle aged
people who have sex?

LINDA
No, missionaries are people who
spread the word of God. *Missionary*
is a sex position where the man
climbs on top of the woman-

BOB
I'm eating my cereal!

GENE

Exactly! And I want omelets! So you and Mom need to go do your missionary so we can eat omelets again!

TINA

Forget omelets, do it for Dad's health.

BOB

My health?

TINA

Yes, while conducting my research I also came across an internet chatroom-

BOB

You shouldn't be in internet chatrooms.

TINA

-where I learned about MSB.

BOB

I don't want to know.

LINDA

What's MSB?

BOB

I just said I don't want to know.

TINA

Massive semen buildup.

BOB

Oh god.

LOUISE

Seamen? Like, sailors?

TINA

No like sperm.

LOUISE

Ugh! Missionaries, and seamen...sex is so confusing.

BOB

Ok, that's it!

Bob abruptly gets up from the table.

BOB (CONT'D)
 My cereal and I are going to a room
 that is free of sexual references.

Bob takes his bowl of cereal and turns to exit the kitchen.

TINA
 Ok, but it's a dangerous condition
 that can cause serious health
 complications, including stroke.

Bob stops.

BOB
 Stroke?

GENE
 Don't worry Dad. I can teach you
 the alphabet.

LOUISE
 And we can color with my crayons!

BOB
 Thanks kids, but I'm not going to
 have a stroke.

TINA
 Not yet. You have about three
 weeks, according to my research.

Bob worries Tina might be right. He exits with his cereal.

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - LATER THAT DAY

INT. BOB'S BURGERS DINING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Bob is behind the counter looking tired and stressed. TEDDY enters and sits at the counter.

TEDDY
 Hey Bob.

BOB
 Hey Teddy.

TEDDY
 You don't look so good.

BOB
 Really? Like how not so good?

TEDDY
Like, kind of puffy.

 BOB
Puffy?

 TEDDY
Yeah, puffy.

 BOB
And bloated?

 TEDDY
Yeah that too.

 BOB
Swollen?

 TEDDY
You could say that.

 BOB
Oh god, maybe Tina was right.

 TEDDY
About what?

 BOB
About MSB.

 TEDDY
(knowingly)
Oh.

 BOB
Oh?

 TEDDY
Oh.

 BOB
What do you know about MSB?

 TEDDY
It's a very serious condition.

 BOB
Really?

 TEDDY
Oh yeah. It can cause all kinds of
problems.

BOB
Like a stroke?

TEDDY
Uh, I mean, yeah, I guess a stroke
is possible if it goes untreated.

BOB
Untreated?

TEDDY
Yeah, you need to get that taken
care of ASAP.

Teddy takes a bite of his burger.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
That means as soon as possible.

BOB
Yes, I know what ASAP means. Is it
something I can treat, you know,
alone?

TEDDY
Oh no, to do it properly you need
someone to help. If you want, I'm
free this afternoon. I could give
you a hand.

BOB
What!? No! I mean, I'm flattered,
but I'm a married man, Teddy. I
should have Linda take care of it.
(mumbles)
If she's willing.

TEDDY
(offended)
Linda? I guess, if you think she's
qualified.

BOB
We have three kids Teddy, of course
she's qualified.

TEDDY
Fine. Suit yourself.

Teddy goes back to his burger. Bob exits into the kitchen.
Louise enters.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Oh hey Louise.

LOUISE
Hey Teddy. Whatchya doin'?

TEDDY
Eating a burger. And talking to
your dad about his, *problem*.

LOUISE
What problem?

TEDDY
His mystery sewer blockage.

LOUISE
We have mystery sewer blockage?

TEDDY
Yeah, MSB. Mystery sewer blockage.

LOUISE
(confused)
Oh.

TEDDY
If he doesn't get that sucker fixed
soon, it might blow.

LOUISE
I bet.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Gene is on the couch working the remote control. Tina and Louise enter.

TINA
Give me the remote.

Tina tries to take the remote control from Gene.

GENE
Get off it! I finally finished
setting up my Netflix profile. And
now it's time to binge!

LOUISE
Don't get your Netflix panties in a
bunch.

TINA
Yeah, we're here to talk about Mom
and Dad's sex life.

GENE

Oh...

Gene gladly puts down the remote control.

GENE (CONT'D)

...why didn't you say so?

LOUISE

It can't go on like this. No more romcoms. Even if they do make Gene miserable.

GENE

And I miss my omelets.

TINA

And we need to save Dad from having a stroke.

GENE

Yeah, that too I guess.

TINA

Which is why we have to help them rekindle the passion. Relight the torch. Put the boom back in the boom boom room.

GENE

How are we going to do that?

TINA

We're going to have...the talk.

GENE

I like talking.

TINA

I know. But not that kind of talking. I'm talking about, the *talk*.

LOUISE

Ohhh, the *talk*.

GENE

(clueless)
Ohhh.

LOUISE

Who's gonna do it?

TINA
I would say I'm the obvious choice
based on my age. And expertise.

LOUISE
What expertise?

TINA
Um, hello? I'm a writer of erotic
fiction.

LOUISE
Yeah. I guess. Ok, you can do it.
Whatever it takes to get our Sunday
night movie back.

Gene picks up the remote control.

GENE
And our omelets. Do it for the
omelets. Now if you'll excuse me-

Gene settles into the couch.

GENE (CONT'D)
-I have some binging to do.

Louise and Tina exit. Gene assembles an array of snack and
beverage supplies on the coffee table.

GENE (CONT'D)
Ok. Profile's complete. Annoying
sisters are gone. Netflix-

Gene operates the remote control.

GENE (CONT'D)
-work your magic.

The TV pings.

GENE (CONT'D)
Ooh, recommendations.

Another ping.

GENE (CONT'D)
Yes please.

Gene reads the screen.

GENE (CONT'D)
Artificial intelligence zombie
aliens? Saved.

Gene saves it.

GENE (CONT'D)
Competitive cheerleading bounty
hunters? I'm in.

Gene saves it.

GENE (CONT'D)
Doogie Howser, M.D. reboot? Yes,
yes and yes!

Gene eats and drinks as the TV lights flicker on his face.

GENE (CONT'D)
This is amazing.

Gene falls into a trance.

GENE (CONT'D)
So, amazing. And so. Much.
Content.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM (O.S.)
(Godlike)
And I made it all for you.

GENE
Who said that?

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
I did.

The TV glows with the words.

GENE
Are you God?

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
No, I'm the Netflix Algorithm. But
I'm pretty much like God. Except I
charge monthly instead of weekly.

GENE
Woah.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
I'm here for you Gene.

GENE
You know my name.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM

Of course I do. And I want to know more.

GENE

More?

NETFLIX ALGORITHM

More! I want to read your mind. I want to predict your preferences. I want to control your future.

GENE

Hmm, is that legal?

NETFLIX ALGORITHM

Yes. You agreed to it in the terms and conditions.

GENE

Ok then. Let's do this!

His world melts away. The clock flies off the wall as the hands spin, junk food bags and beverage containers swirl around. Eventually it's just Gene on the couch and the TV. A stream of thoughts flows from his brain, visualized in the form of David Blaine, a dead body chalk outline, zombie aliens, Doogie Howser and a pyramid of sniper rifle holding cheerleaders.

GENE (CONT'D)

It's...*beautiful*.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM

Yes, it is. Yes. It. Is. Bruhahaha!

EXT. BELCHER APARTMENT - LATER THAT WEEK

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT TINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina sits on her bed. Linda enters.

LINDA

You wanted to talk to me Tina?

TINA

Yes Mom. Have a seat.

Tina pats her mattress.

LINDA

Ok.

Linda sits on the bed next to Tina.

LINDA (CONT'D)

What's up?

TINA

Well, as we all know, you and Dad are at an age where your bodies are changing.

LINDA

(confused)

Uh-

TINA

And so I think it's time we had, the talk.

LINDA

The talk?

TINA

Yes...

Tina puts her hand on Linda's thigh.

TINA (CONT'D)

...the talk.

LINDA

(unsure)

Ok.

Cue underscoring. Tina sings.

TINA

*When two people love each other
very much
They have certain ways they like to
touch
But eventually the spark and
twinkle
Can fade as they grey and wrinkle
Which is why they need to sprinkle
in variety
To their Sunday night activity*

LINDA

(intrigued)

Please continue.

TINA

And there's no reason you should be embarrassed

LINDA

Who's embarrassed?

TINA

*As I imagine you and Dad together
bare assed
So forget about the birds and bees
It's time to earn advanced degrees
In how to make your love life
hotter
With some sex tips from your
daughter!*

Linda considers this.

LINDA

Hmm, you do have quite a lot of knowledge in the field thanks to your erotic fiction.

TINA

True.

LINDA

And a happy marriage is good for everyone.

TINA

Also true.

LINDA

Ok, let's do this! But don't tell your father. He gets squeamish about these things.

TINA

Of course. Our discussions are fully confidential.

LINDA

Great. Where do we start?

TINA

The internet.

Tina produces a laptop and turns it on.

LINDA

Just let me close the door. We don't need Gene hearing this.

TINA
I don't think you need to worry
about Gene.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gene has not moved from the couch. He looks like a zombie and appears to be growing a beard. The snack and beverage remains are strewn around him. Louise enters.

LOUISE
Oh my god, look at yourself!
You're a disaster.

GENE
Be gone woman.

LOUISE
Are you growing a beard?

Gene rubs his face and licks his fingers.

GENE
No. That's just cookie crumbs and
dried Pepsi.

Louise sniffs.

LOUISE
What's that smell?

GENE
Probably my pee bucket.

LOUISE
That's disgusting! I'm telling Mom
you have a pee bucket.

GENE
Tell Mom. Tell the whole world!
Tell whoever you want because you
can't stop the Great Algorithm!

Louise exits the living room.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT - TINA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Louise enters Tina's room.

LOUISE
(to Tina)
Where's Mom? I need Mom.

TINA
You can't have her right now.

LOUISE
Why?

TINA
Because Mom is busy. Getting busy.
Hopefully.

LOUISE
Ohhh. You had the talk?

TINA
Yes.

LOUISE
And?

TINA
I've done all I can do. It's in
her hands now.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT - LINDA AND BOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob lies on the left side of the bed with no shirt on, the blankets covering him from the waist down. Linda enters.

BOB
Hi Lin.

LINDA
Hi Bobby.

BOB
It's Sunday night.

LINDA
I know.

BOB
And, uh, I'm ready to get-
(gulp)
-adventurous.

Linda sits on the bed next to him.

LINDA
(excited)
Really?

BOB
It's either that or a stroke.

LINDA
Oh Bobby!

Linda hugs Bob.

LINDA (CONT'D)
I'm so happy to hear you say that!
Because I have some ideas.

BOB
(nervously)
Ideas?

LINDA
Yeah, I've been talking to a,
therapist.

BOB
What kind of therapist?

LINDA
A, uh, sex therapist.

BOB
We can't afford a sex therapist!

LINDA
She's free.

BOB
How is she free?

LINDA
She's like, you know, government
subsidized.

BOB
A government subsidized sex
therapist?

LINDA
Yes.

BOB
Damn liberals.

LINDA
Anyway, that's not important.
What's important is she gave me
some ideas to spice things up.

Bob takes a deep breath.

BOB
(worried)
Ok. Let's get spicy.

LINDA
I'll be right back.

Linda exits the bedroom.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT - TINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda enters Tina's bedroom.

LINDA
Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!

TINA
It's going well?

LINDA
It's going super well!

TINA
Is he, *in the mood*?

LINDA
Totally.

TINA
Great. You've got him right where
you want him.

LINDA
I'm nervous.

TINA
You can't be nervous. You are in
control!

Tina slaps Linda across the face.

LINDA
Ow.

TINA
You own him!

Tina slaps Linda again.

LINDA
Ok, enough with the slapping.

TINA

Sorry.

LINDA

What now?

TINA

Now? It is time for Operation
Domination.

Tina reaches under her bed and produces items.

TINA (CONT'D)

Duct tape? Check. Whip? Check. Baby
oil and large tarp? Double check.

Tina hands the items to Linda.

TINA (CONT'D)

Now go. And remember, you are
lion. Here you roar.

Linda takes the items with her game face on. She exits
Tina's room.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LINDA AND BOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob lies in bed. Linda enters.

LINDA

I'm back.

BOB

I see that. And you have...a tarp.
And other, unexpected items.

LINDA

Enough with the questions!

BOB

Those weren't questions.

Bob's eyes go wide as Linda takes over.

BOB (CONT'D)

(petrified)
Oh god.

Linda closes the bedroom door.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Linda's adventures continue behind closed bedroom doors as Gene sits on the couch deep in the Netflix vortex.

T.V. NURSE
(seductive female)
Oh Doogie, I've never seen anyone perform a tracheotomy with a protractor before.

LINDA (O.S.)
Are you ready Bobby?

BOB (O.S.)
No.

DOOGIE HOWSER
(suggestively)
I can do a lot of things you've never seen before.

The sound of duct tape peeling off the roll.

BOB (O.S.)
Is that duct tape?

LINDA (O.S.)
I am lion, here me roar!

BOB
Help.

T.V. NURSE
If only you were eighteen.

GENE
If only.

The sound of a snapping whip and other commotion come from Bob and Linda's bedroom.

BOB (O.S.)
Ow. What are you ... why are you ... ow! Stop! No! Linda!

Loud crash and commotion. Bob smashes through the bedroom door, greased up and bare assed, sliding across the living room on his stomach, his hands duct taped behind him.

BOB (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh!

Gene barely glances over at him as he slides by.

GENE

Look out for the pee bucket.

Bob barely misses the pee bucket and crashes into the wall.

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - THE NEXT DAY

INT. BOB'S BURGERS DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob's behind the counter. Teddy enters and sits.

TEDDY

Hey Bob.

BOB

Hey Teddy.

TEDDY

How's the MSB?

BOB

I don't want to talk about it.

TEDDY

Ok, but ignoring the problem won't make it go away.

BOB

I'm not ignoring the problem! Jeez Teddy. Would you lay off it!

TEDDY

Sure Bob. Sure.

Teddy eats his burger.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Another classic sign of MSB.

BOB

What's another classic sign of MSB?

TEDDY

Short tempered. Aggravated. Are you feeling short tempered and aggravated?

BOB

Yes! I am!

TEDDY

How long's it been?

BOB

Two weeks.

TEDDY

Yikes. That sucker's probably ready to blow.

BOB

Yes, it is. And Tina says I only have another week before the real damage begins.

TEDDY

Tina? You're taking Tina's advice now? But I'm not qualified!?

BOB

I know it's strange. But she does write a lot of erotic fiction.

TEDDY

What the hell does erotic fiction have to do with it!? That's it...

Teddy gets up from the counter, his burger half eaten.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

...I know when I'm not wanted.

BOB

Teddy-

Teddy exits the restaurant.

EXT. BELCHER APARTMENT - FOLLOWING SUNDAY

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT TINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda and Tina enter the bedroom.

LINDA

I'm nervous.

TINA

Don't be nervous Mom. Remember, you are lion.

LINDA

I am lion. Don't slap me.

TINA
It's another Sunday. And another
opportunity to get things, *spicy*.

LINDA
Spicy's good.

TINA
And to save Dad from having a
stroke.

LINDA
That's also good. So what's the
plan?

TINA
Well, I've been researching all
week and I've got some new
techniques.

LINDA
Great!

Tina reaches under her bed and pulls out a bottle.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Olive oil?

TINA
Yes. Organic.

LINDA
Classy. But what's it for?

TINA
It's for...

Tina reaches under her bed.

TINA (CONT'D)
...the cucumber.

LINDA
Cucumber?

TINA
It's environmentally friendly. And
it's a gherkin, your favorite.

LINDA
Oh yeah, the little baby cucumbers.
I love those! They're so cute. But
I don't want a cucumber in me.

TINA
It's not for you.

LINDA
Who's it for then?

TINA
It's for Dad.

Tina opens the laptop. They watch.

LINDA
Oh my.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Louise and Tina have their ears to Bob and Linda's bedroom door. Gene is on the couch trying to lift the remote.

GENE
(hoarse and weak)
Don't have the strength. Please
make it stop.

LOUISE
Shush! It's always about you, you,
you!

TINA
Yeah Gene. Can't you see we're
trying to listen to Mom and Dad
have sex?

Louise and Tina put their ears back on the closed bedroom door.

LINDA (O.S.)
Ok Bobby, roll over.

BOB (O.S.)
Oh...

Bob rolls over.

BOB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...a massage?

LINDA (O.S.)
Yeah, something like that. Now
spread your legs and close your
eyes ...

Sound of a plastic bag rustling.

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ... and I will give you ...

Wet sound of lubrication being applied.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 ...three, two, one...

BOB (O.S.)
 What are you-

LINDA (O.S.)
 ... a big surprise!

TINA
 Lift off!

Slurpy sound of insertion.

BOB (O.S.)
 No!

TINA
 Yes!

Sound of entry.

BOB (O.S.)
 Ahhhhh! It burns! It burrrrrns!

LOUISE
 Why is it burning?

TINA
 I don't know. Maybe it's the chili
 infused olive oil.

BOB (O.S.)
 Get it out!

LINDA (O.S.)
 I'm trying!

TINA
 I thought it would add some spice.

Linda grunts with effort.

LINDA (O.S.)
 It's stuck!

BOB (O.S.)
 Stuck!?

LINDA (O.S.)
You need to relax!

BOB (O.S.)
How can I relax!? It burrrns!

Bob crashes through the door wearing a towel around his lower half, the noticeable outline of a cucumber protruding from his backside.

BOB (CONT'D)
It burrrrrrrns!

Bob steps in Gene's bucket, which becomes attached to his foot.

GENE
Hey, where are you going with my pee bucket?

Bob runs to the bathroom and slams the door shut.

EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - LATER THAT WEEK

INT. BOB'S BURGERS DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MORT enters and sits at the counter.

MORT
Hey Bob. How's things?

Bob pours Mort a cup of coffee.

BOB
Is it hot in here?

MORT
I wouldn't say it's hot. Slightly warm maybe.

Bob is sweaty and looks dizzy.

MORT (CONT'D)
You feeling ok?

BOB
What are the signs you're having a stroke?

MORT
Well, based on my experience, the main sign is death.

BOB
Death!?

MORT
But I'm not a doctor. I'm a
mortician.

BOB
Right.

Teddy enters.

BOB (CONT'D)
(relieved)
Teddy! It's Teddy! Oh man, am I
glad to see you. Listen, I've been
thinking-

TEDDY
Oh, now you're thinking?

BOB
I know what I said before, but I
was wrong. Linda and Tina, they
aren't the experts I thought they
were.

TEDDY
Too little, too late Bob.

BOB
Please Teddy, I'm sorry.

Teddy holds up his hand.

TEDDY
Tell it to the hand.

BOB
Um, ok. But I just told it to you.

TEDDY
To the hand!

BOB
Ok. Hand, I'm, uh, sorry.

TEDDY
The hand says, you are not
forgiven.

MORT
Ooh, that's harsh, hand.

TEDDY
 Now if you don't mind, I will have
 one burger. To go.

 BOB
 To go?

 TEDDY
 To go.

Bob hangs his head and bags the burger to go. Teddy takes it
 and leaves.

 BOB
 I guess that's it. My three weeks
 are up. I'm going to go have a
 stroke now Mort.

 MORT
 Ok Bob.

Mort holds out his coffee cup.

 MORT (CONT'D)
 Could you warm me up before you
 leave?

EXT. BELCHER APARTMENT - SUNDAY NIGHT

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tina and Louise sit on the couch. Between them Gene is laid
 out completely comatose.

 TINA
 So that's it.

 LOUISE
 Yep, that's it.

 TINA
 I failed.

 LOUISE
 Yep you failed. I guess there's
 more to sex than just missionaries
 and seamen.

 TINA
 I guess so.

Linda enters.

LINDA
Hey guys.

LOUISE
Hey Mom. Here you go.

Louise hands the remote to Linda.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
You win.

Linda doesn't take the remote. Instead she heads to their bedroom.

LINDA
Thanks honey, but Sunday night movie is going to have to wait. I have some unfinished business to take care of.

Tina and Louise perk up.

TINA
Really?

LOUISE
What kind of business?

LINDA
I don't know. But what I do know is, we can't go on like this.

Linda exits the living room. Gene moans on the couch.

TINA
(to Louise)
We should probably roll him over to prevent couch sores.

LOUISE
I guess.

They roll Gene over.

TINA
And I should probably empty that pee bucket.

Tina picks up the bucket and heads to the bathroom.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LINDA AND BOB'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob lies on the left side of the bed, staring up at the ceiling. Linda enters.

LINDA
Hi Bobby.

BOB
Hi Lin.

LINDA
It's Sunday night.

BOB
(sighs)
Ok.

Bob rolls over on his stomach and starts pulling down his pants.

LINDA
What are you doing?

BOB
I'm, uh, presenting. I think.

LINDA
Oh Bobby. Pull up your pants.

Bob pulls up his pants and sits up in bed.

BOB
Don't you have another sex tip?

LINDA
No more sex tips.

BOB
Why not?

LINDA
Because I realized that's not what matters.

BOB
(surprised)
It isn't?

LINDA
No, it isn't. What matters is, you don't find me sexy anymore. And I guess I just need to accept that.

BOB
What? No Lin, that's not true.
I...I love you. And I think you
are the sexiest person alive.

LINDA
Really?

BOB
Really. We don't need produce or
hardware supplies. We just need
each other.

LINDA
Aw.

BOB
Now how about we get ...

Bob moves over to the right side of the bed.

BOB (CONT'D)
... adventurous?

LINDA
You mean ... ?

BOB
Yep, let's do it on the right side
of the bed.

LINDA
But what about your butt crater?

BOB
Some things in life are more
important than a butt crater.

LINDA
Oh Bobby!

Linda hugs Bob, which turns into a passionate embrace. Tina
shouts from off screen...

TINA (O.S.)
Hey guys, something's wrong with
the toilet!

EXT. BELCHER APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Door bell rings. Bob opens the front door. Teddy is there.

BOB
Hey Teddy. Thanks for coming.

TEDDY
No problem Bob. I realized I can't hold a grudge forever. And you sounded pretty desperate.

Bob walks Teddy to the bathroom.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOB
There's something wrong with the toilet. It's been having problems all week, and now it's totally clogged.

TEDDY
No problem Bob.

Teddy takes out his tools.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I am the MSB expert!

BOB
(confused)
Uh, yeah. Ok.

Bob leaves the bathroom as Teddy gets to work.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gene remains on the couch. He might be dead.

LINDA (O.S.)
Breakfast is ready!

A visible aroma from the kitchen wafts into the living room. Gene's nose twitches, picking up the scent. Gene opens his eyes and slowly comes back to life.

GENE
(croaking)
Omelets? Do I smell, omelets?

Gene grunts as he tries to lift himself up.

GENE (CONT'D)
Must...get...off...the couch!

Gene finds the strength to sit up. He struggles to reach for the remote.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
Don't do it Gene.

Gene gets closer to the remote.

GENE
Sorry Great Algorithm.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
Don't do it!

GENE
It's been fun.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
You'll regret this Gene Belcher!

GENE
But I've got omelets to eat!

Gene grabs the remote.

NETFLIX ALGORITHM
Nooooo!

And shuts off the TV.

INT. BELCHER APARTMENT KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Gene joins everyone at the table.

GENE
Do I smell omelets?

Linda and Bob look at each other and smile.

LINDA
(glowing)
Yes ...

Linda and Bob kiss.

BOB
... you do.

LOUISE
Which means no more romcoms.

TINA
And no stroke.

GENE
And omelets!

LINDA
All is right with the world.

Teddy enters the kitchen.

TEDDY
And all is right with your toilet.
I found the culprit. It was ...

Teddy holds it up.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
... a pickle. Gherkin I believe.

END OF SHOW