From opening credits a van and two men get out to take the sign off the space next door.

INT. BOB’S BURGERS

Linda has her face pressed up against their store window looking next door.

LINDA BELCHER
Well, you don’t see that every week.

BOB BELCHER
What?

Linda still has her face to the glass as Mr. Fischoeder walks by the window from the next door direction.

BOB BELCHER
(hastened whisper)
Lin! Move your face, it’s Mr. Fischoeder.

Linda moves back from the window.

LINDA BELCHER
Oh!

Mr. Fischoeder enters the restaurant.

LINDA BELCHER
Oh. Hello, Mr. Fischoeder.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Oh. Hello. Linda and Linda’s family.

BOB BELCHER
What brings you by Mr. Fischoeder?

Mr. Fischoeder appears absentminded.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
I’m not sure. It seems almost every week I get a call. I stop by next door and I get a set of keys. I don’t know why. Doesn’t happen a lot during the summer months though.

The space next door
LINDA BELCHER
(to Mr. Fischoeder)
I was just talkin’ ta Bobby about that very thing before you showed up. I was about to say the same thing. It’s been everything you could imagine, every week it’s something new. Well except for a couple’a months in the summer. Then Boom, fall and it starts all over again.

BOB BELCHER
Thank you, Lin.

LINDA BELCHER
I’m just sayin’. How do you not know? Yeah, they don’t even make it past the credits.

BOB BELCHER
What?

LINDA BELCHER
Ha! Nothin’ Bobby. You come up with your burger specials, this will be my thing.

BOB BELCHER
And when did you start having a thing?

LINDA BELCHER
I’m trying this out.

BOB BELCHER
Ugh. Okay.

BOB BELCHER
(to Mr. Fischoeder)
I’m sure it’s because you own that space Mr. Fischoeder.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Now, bob. If I owned property, don’t you think I would know?

The space next door
GENE BELCHER
Uh-oh, it’s time to be off to the house of neglect and abuse.

BOB BELCHER
Quiet, Gene. Ugh, remember about five, six years ago, you had a raccoon sanctuary next door? I was meaning to talk to you about it and the whole Jimmy Pesto wanting to turn this place into a gift shop and you ate the meatsiah, little burgers and--

Mr. Fischoeder just stares blankly at Bob.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
I’m afraid I don’t recall that. Seasons change you know. All that.

BOB BELCHER
Umm. Okay. Anyway, it must be a real pain for whoever to continuously rent the place out.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
I wouldn’t know, Bob.

Now Bob just stares blankly at Mr. Fischoeder.

GENE BELCHER
(to Bob)
Can we keep him? We can put him in one of the booths, feed him and we can tell him the same stories everyday because he won’t know the difference and if he’s abused, he won’t know it’s with love.

Tina and Louise come over.

TINA BELCHER
Are we getting a human?

LOUISE BELCHER
Then I’m getting the stick.

The space next door
Teddy comes into the restaurant.

TEDDY
Hey, Bob. So what’s goin’ on next door, Huh? Never seen anyone move out before.

LINDA BELcher
I know right?

TEDDY
Hey! Ya know what’d be great there? Maybe I could open a work shop there. Do repairs and--

BOB BELcher
(abrupt)
No! I mean. No. I’m sure Mr. Fischoeder already has--

Bob with a look of desperation to Mr. Fischoeder.

BOB BELcher (CONT’D)
people lined up to sign and--

CALVIN FISCOEDER
No. Not that I know of.

BOB BELcher
Oh god. So, um. Crazy thought, what would anyone else like to do with the spot? Anyone?

TEDDY
Ugh. I couldn’t do it anyway, Bob. I like to travel, go to peoples homes. What have you. I don’t wanna be tied to one place ya know? Everybody popin’ in all the time. Yamerin’ not bein’ able to work. Who needs that? Am I right, Bob?

The space next door
BOB BELCHER
(relived)
You’re right, Teddy. You are most
certainly right. No chains around
you, Teddy. No sir.

TEDDY
So what would the Belcher family
do next door? All that space?

LINDA BELCHER
Oh I know! I got it all planned
out in my head already.

BOB BELCHER
What? What would that be?

LINDA BELCHER
We could expand and grow.
Like our waist lines. Heh.
Oh! We could live there. Think
about. We could walk to work.

BOB BELCHER
We walk to work now, Linda.

LINDA BELCHER
Yeah, but no stairs.

BOB BELCHER
That’d be nice.

LINDA BELCHER
Yeah. Just picture it.

Linda stands next to Bob, her arm stretched out.

LINDA BELCHER
Now picture this with me, Bobby.

BOB BELCHER
Oh god.

LINDA BELCHER
You too kids, gather ‘round.

The space next door
The family stand next to each other staring to us.

CUT TO:

Linda’s vision:

We see her vision: Large store space, like a studio apartment, decorated as a home. There are no curtains over the window. Passersby look in, some stare. A man stays glued to the window in an overcoat and his hand in his pocket.

Bob and Linda are watching TV. Linda half turns to address the kids.

LINDA BELCHER  
(hollers)  
Kids! Time fer bed!

Tina is the first to appear. She is in pajamas and wearing a coat. She slowly steps with regret into the room, keeping her head down. She goes to her bed lifts the covers and with coat and all, she covers up. She doesn’t face the window side.

Louise appears wrapped in a blanket and her rabbit ears.

LOUISE BELCHER (V.O.)  
Mom! Your fantasy sucks!

LINDA BELCHER (V.O.)  
Soosh!

Louise goes to bed. She sits there staring at the people. Pulling on her rabbit ears making faces.

Gene enters in pajama tops and bottoms. He walks over to the window tugging at his bottoms. He turns to have his backside face the window, as he goes to drop his bottoms.

GENE BELCHER  
Well, time to press the ham.

GENE BELCHER (V.O.)  
You know me so well, mom.

The space next door
CUT TO:

Bob’s Burger’s present.

BOB BELCHER
No. No ham, Gene.

Gene is backing up to their store front window.

GENE BELCHER
Mmm. I can just picture it.

BOB BELCHER

LOUISE BELCHER
Why bring us into this? He’s the reason we can’t have ham anymore.

TINA BELCHER
I miss ham.

Gene again tries for the window.

GENE BELCHER
Pressing ham I am said, Sam.

Bob gets Gene by the collar holds him. Gene struggles till gives up.

LINDA BELCHER
I just don’t understand, every time I envision this, that man keeps fishing for his keys. Odd.

BOB BELCHER
Really, Linda? Every time? We’re putting up curtains. Everywhere. Even in the car.

GENE BELCHER
Sweet! Mystery car. Who will dad run over this week? Nobody will know.

The space next door
BOB BELCHER
(to Linda)
Why wouldn’t you want curtains?

LINDA BELCHER
Where’s the fun in that? We got nothin’ ta hide?

BOB BELCHER
No, Linda.

LINDA BELCHER
Poo on you, mister.

GENE BELCHER
(abrupt)
I know! My turn. Hold hands everybody as this will blow your mind!

Gene holds out his hands, the others take them. Bob doesn’t, but Linda finally gets him to.

CUT TO:

GENE BELCHER (V.O.)
Behold! Bob and Busters!

Gene vision: A Dave and Busters rip-off. Everyone ever from the show is running around having a good time. Gene is playing his keyboard as Tina is playing a triangle and Louise is rocking out with a drum set. They are adored by the crowd.

TINA BELCHER (V.O.)
Aww. You included us. In a non-creepy way.

LOUISE BELCHER (V.O.)
Yeah, mom.

LINDA BELCHER (V.O.)
What?

Focus on Bob as the noise keeps getting louder and louder. Kids running around like maniacs. Bob about to lose it.

The space next door
CUT TO:

Bob’s Burger’s present.

Bob, same look on his face.

BOB BELCHER
(screams)
No, Gene!

Bob like comes down from all the noise he imagined.

GENE BELCHER
Okay. A simple no would suffice. No need to raise your voice.

BOB BELCHER
I’m sorry everyone. Gene. ’A simple no.’

Gene points both hands like finger pistols to Bob.

GENE BELCHER
Ahhh! Gotcha.

BOB BELCHER
I’m sorry, Gene. Plus, I’m sure there’s some kind of infringement thing and arcade games are really expensive.

Gene has already past it and forgotten it.

GENE BELCHER
Umm, what?

BOB BELCHER
Never mind, Gene.

TINA BELCHER
Okay, me. I have one. Can I go?

LINDA BELCHER
You go ahead, Sweety.

The space next door
TINA BELCHER
Thanks, mom.

TINA BELCHER
I call it 'Tina’s vision' not the place, just what we’re about to imagine.

CUT TO:

Tina’s vision. She talks as we see it happening.

The store front is like a library with an opening to Bob’s burgers. A lot of the show regulars are there.

TINA BELCHER (V.O.)
So my idea is, if you come here and buy a burger, you can read any book next door for free. We could have games.

GENE BELCHER
Like a eat ‘n’ read.

TINA BELCHER
Exactly.

GENE BELCHER
Call it that.

TINA BELCHER
Okay.

Linda says in vision as in real life. Tina and Linda picture a messy kid food all over his face and clothes and melted cheese from cover to cover of a book he brings back. Linda looks over to the places kid had been, cheese etc are all over shelves, etc.

LINDA BELCHER
Oh, you’re a reader aren’t’cha?

TINA BELCHER
Mom you’re in my dreams, you’re like Freddy Kruger. Agh!

The space next door
LINDA BELCHER
Oh honey. I'm sorry it wasn't much of a dream.

TINA BELCHER
Mom!

LOUISE BELCHER
Harsh!

BOB BELCHER
I have to agree with Louise, Linda.

LINDA BELCHER
Oh, I was just being honest. Next time you'll blow us away, honey.

TINA BELCHER
Thanks, mom.

LINDA BELCHER
Just not this time.

Tina lowers her head.

LOUISE BELCHER
Finally! The best for last! Picture if you will laser tag with real lasers.

No we’re not showing it. She’s disturbed. We’ll just let her act it out.

Louise grabs two ketchup bottles off the counter. She starts going over and under booths and shooting the walls, anything that won’t move, with the ketchup. She laughs and screams as she acts it out and describes it.

LOUISE BELCHER
Over there and there, him too! Ahhh! Arms, legs, feet. Oh it’s so awesome! she can’t be stopped! She slices, she dices, she juliennes. You weren’t using that hand were you? Zam! Zowee!

The space next door
She works herself into being out of breath. She lies on the floor, deep breaths. She relishes it.

LOUISE BELCHER
Not much repeat business but that’s to be expected.

All are stunned.

LINDA BELCHER
(to Bob, low voice)
You had to have the grill replaced. I wanted to get her seen by someone.

BOB BELCHER
(long exhale)

TINA BELCHER
Who needs therapy? Is it me? Oh god, it’s me. I knew it.

LINDA BELCHER
No honey. No one’s crazy.

BOB BELCHER
That’s right we love you all the same.
(to Linda)
We're locking our door at night.

LINDA BELCHER
Oh god yes.

Linda will hand Louise a wet cleaning towel.

LINDA BELCHER
Alright, miss dismember. You get to clean up after your little rant.

Louise takes the towel.

LOUISE BELCHER
Worth it.

Louise begins cleaning as the others talk.

The space next door
BOB BELCHER
Well, I don’t think it would hurt to have a look at least. You still have the keys, Mr. Fischoeder?

MR. FISCHOEDER
Yes. Yes I do for some reason.

GENE BELCHER
(slow to Mr. Fischoeder)
Are. You. Sure?

BOB BELCHER
Gene! I’m sorry, Mr. Fischoeder.

MR. FISCHOEDER
About what, Bob?

GENE BELCHER
See, dad?

Mr. Fischoeder hands the keys to Bob.

MR. FISCHOEDER
Well. Go have a look. Let me know.

TEDDY
I should come to, Bob. Just in case... (freaks out) I just want to have a look, okay? Bob? Sheesh! Bob. Break a man down why don’t’cha?

BOB BELCHER
I didn’t say no, Teddy. You’re welcome to come along.

Teddy almost in tears.

TEDDY
Well... Okay then.

All but Mr. Fischoeder go to leave.

The space next door
BOB BELCHER
Um. Mr. Fischoeder, aren’t you coming?

MR. FISCHOEDER

LINDA BELCHER
Aww.

BOB BELCHER
Well, I’m just gonna grab...

Bob looks around the counter. He spies a large spatula. He takes it in hand.

BOB BELCHER (CONT’D)
In case... see anyone with their hand in there pockets.

Gene pulls his hands out of his pockets.

GENE BELCHER
Not me.

BOB BELCHER
You’re okay, Gene. Or, maybe not. Yeah just don’t.

Mr. Fischoeder wonders behind the counter.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
I’ll just wait on anyone who wonders in.

LINDA BELCHER
(unnerved)
Ahh! Look, Bobby. Mr. Fischoeder is behind our counter. Our counter, Bobby.
BOB BELCHER
I can see that, Linda.
(to Mr. Fischoeder)
We’ll just be a second.

They slowly back up to the front door.

BOB BELCHER (CONT’D)
Just a second.

Mr. Fischoeder touches things like a kid behind the counter.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Take your time.

Mr. Fischoeder begins to whistle.

BOB BELCHER
Oh god. Um. Okay. Go kids.
Linda honey, quickly.

They go, but stop at the window to watch Mr. Fischoeder.

GENE BELCHER
See. He’s family now. We have to take care of him. If you’re behind the counter, you’re family!

TEDDY
I’m sure I’ve been behind the counter too, Bob.

BOB BELCHER
Fine. Teddy. Gene will take care of you both when the time comes.

GENE BELCHER
(long and slow)
Ummm. What?

They all go next door. Bob unlocks the place.

LINDA BELCHER
Strange being over here, huh?

The space next door
BOB BELCHER
No. Not really. Well, maybe really.
(as door opens)
This is it.

LINDA BELCHER
Ta-da! Oh.

The place is bare except for one empty crate.

LINDA BELCHER
Figured there’d at least be a light bulb. It’s like the Grinch was here.

The gang wonders around.

LINDA BELCHER
(to Bob)
So Bobby you never said what your dream was. C’mon tell us. Tell us, tell us.

BOB BELCHER
No to everyone. Your ideas, everything. I’ve always wanted to do a real fancy restaurant. Food like you see on TV. Those kinda shows. I’ve seen the way you look Lin when we do go to one of those places, the look in your eyes like you could’ve had so much more.

LINDA BELCHER
I really haven’t.

BOB BELCHER
Oh Lin. This is my chance to show you I’m more than just some burger guy.

LINDA BELCHER
I like my burger guy.

The space next door
Bob's burgers

I settled for what we have next door. I was trying to be my father, only changing the menu when I wanted, but I’m meant for so much more. We don’t have to settle anymore, Lin.

LINDA BELCHER
(mumbles)
I wouldn’t say we settled. I like it here, there I mean.

Bob brings her to him.

BOB BELCHER
Picture it with me, Lin.

A nice restaurant, candles, chandelier, tablecloths, the whole nine. The entire adult cast is there all dressed appropriately. Bob is dressed in chef’s attire and Linda in an evening gown hobnobbing with guests.

BOB BELCHER (V.O.)
It’s a real nice place, tablecloths on the tables. Real fancy. And everyone in town, the grown ups, are all like dressed up nice. they’re lovin’ the place, the food and--

As Tina interjects, her vision pops into Bob’s of her kneeling and giving Jimmy Jr. a ring.

TINA BELCHER (V.O.)
(abrupt)
And that’s where I'll propose to Jimmy Jr. He will of course say yes. I’m with you dad. And Jimmy and I, we’ll celebrate every anniversary there. That night, over and over.

BOB BELCHER (V.O.)
No, Tina. You will not.

The space next door
And out pops Tina and Jimmy Jr. from the vision.

Out of Bob's vision.

BOB BELCHER
I’m afraid none of you kids will.
I’m sorry, but it’s going to be a restaurant for grown ups only.

LINDA BELCHER
Bobby?!

LOUISE BELCHER
That’s illegal!

BOB BELCHER (V.O.)
No it’s not. We need this. Now, if you’ll let me finish.

Back to Bob's vision.

BOB BELCHER (V.O.)
Now you have to picture all the kids in town, with their faces pressed to the glass and Teddy here, draws the curtains. See, Lin? Curtains.

LINDA BELCHER (V.O.)
Yeah. Yeah.

TEDDY (V.O.)
Sorry kids. I gotta do what your father tells me.

BOB BELCHER (V.O.)
Okay. So Linda is working the room. She's a vision.

LINDA BELCHER (V.O.)
Aww, Bobby.

BOB BELCHER (V.O.)
Me. I'm talking to a table some people from out of town I think.

The space next door
He stands by a table with the cast of “Archer”. They are eating and drinking. Archer is talking to Bob.

Out of Bob's vision.

BOB BELCHER
Yeah. And I can just picture it. He’s a handsome man.

LINDA BELCHER
(flabbergasted)
W-what?!

BOB BELCHER
Nothing. I just thought it was time we included them.

LINDA BELCHER
Aww. Mr crossover here.

BOB BELCHER
(mumbles)
Well we were sorta over there, more or less. Kinda rude he still pictures himself though. Funny too, we never talk at the same time.

Linda snaps her fingers in front of Bob.

LINDA BELCHER
Focus, Bobby.

BOB BELCHER
You’re right.

LINDA BELCHER
Who'd you say they were, again?

BOB BELCHER
(mumbles)
It’s not important. Apparently.

Back to Bob's vision.

The space next door
In Vision: Jimmy Pesto is coming at Bob.

BOB BELCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh god it’s Jimmy Pesto and he’s, yes, he’s running his mouth at me and, and I’m taking it. Oh god, even in my imagination. Wait, what’s this?

Archer gets up and then gets Bob to take his seat at their table. Archer finishes his drink sets it down, then steps around to go over to Jimmy Pesto.

Archer takes Jimmy by the collar, pushing him backwards out of frame.

Archer's mother Malory is on the phone, she is annoyed and just turns her back to the whole thing.

Cheryl takes and places a napkin over the candle on the table starting it on fire and enthralled in it.

Pam is cheering Archer on to beat on Pesto. Ray and Krieger are talking amongst themselves. Lana just sips her wine looking beedy-eyed to where Archer went. Cyril simply pays the bill to a waitress with a Figgis agency credit card.

Bob in vision, reacts to Jimmy being hit several times with cringes each time, then finally blood splatters on Bob.

Out of Bob's vision. Show Bob sitting on the crate.

BOB BELCHER
(in trance)
Oh, so much ketchup.

Bob salivates.
LINDA BELCHER
Bobby. You're drooling over here.
Here let me--

Linda wipes Bob's chin with her apron. Bob comes out of it. He stands with an excited/determined look.

BOB BELCHER
We’re doing this!!!
Where do we sign?

Bob looks to ceiling.

BOB BELCHER
(declares)
This time I will be all that I/we can be. You hear me? Do you?

LINDA BELCHER
Bobby, who are you talkin’ to?

TINA BELCHER
Well, dad’s mind is made up. He’s doing it his way.

LOUISE BELCHER
Typical.

TINA BELCHER
Um. I'd like to revisit the no kids thing.

LINDA BELCHER
Now see? Bothering your father is why he's banning kids forever.

LOUISE & GENE BELCHER
Well that’s not fare!

BOB BELCHER
(to Linda)
Just imagine it.

Linda’s POV, she sees the kids, then moves her hand in front of her eyes, so she doesn’t see the kids.

The space next door
LINDA BELCHER
Oh. I get it now.

Bob, Teddy and Linda are holding their hand in front of eyes blocking kids.

TEDDY
Yeah. I can see it too.

LINDA BELCHER
Right?

LOUISE BELCHER
Lousy grown-ups!

BOB BELCHER
Louise. Haven’t you ever wished there was a place without grown ups?

LOUISE BELCHER
Phyea! Like every-day.

BOB BELCHER
Well, parents want that too, only well, with kids.

LOUISE BELCHER
(shocked)
You just blew my mind, old man.

LINDA BELCHER
Bobby! Kids aren’t supposed to know the truth.

LOUISE BELCHER
So it’s true?

LINDA BELCHER
Oh god yes!
  (bends down kisses Louise on head)
love you though.

LOUISE BELCHER
Ugh-huh.

The space next door
GENE BELCHER
Ummm. I hate to--

BOB BELCHER
(snappish)
What, Gene?

GENE BELCHER
Um. Does anyone else smell smoke? Or am I gonna need looking after? Who’s gonna beat me like an orderly?

LOUISE BELCHER
Me! I’ll do it.

BOB BELCHER
No. No one is beating Gene. Anyone. Let’s go.

LOUISE BELCHER
Yet.

GENE BELCHER
Yea!

BOB BELCHER
Teddy you lock up here. We'll go deal with whatever's happening over there.

TEDDY
Will do, Bob. 'ey, Bob? I'll just take a few measurements while I'm here and--

BOB BELCHER
(abrupt)
You do that, Teddy.

They go out the door and walk over to restaurant.

GENE BELCHER
Well, at least we got to look at your man cave, dad.

The space next door
LINDA BELCHER
And woman cave.

LOUISE BELCHER
Just no kids cave.

LINDA BELCHER
Aww. Ha!

BOB BELCHER
(to Linda)
When you get a chance, Lin, I need you to look up a Figgis agency. I think I'm saying that right. We really need to get those people over here.

Linda with a notepad in hand.

LINDA BELCHER
Okay, Bobby. How do you spell that? I'm wondering.

BOB BELCHER
Um. F-i-F-i-g maybe? Maybe two. F-i-iggis. I don't know.

LINDA BELCHER
I know I'm not playin' scrabble with you mister.

From the street Bob's burgers is filled with smoke, can't see inside. Smoke is coming out from door.

BOB BELCHER
Oh god.

They open the door which helps the smoke to clear some. Inside is Mr. Fischoeder behind the counter and Mike Wobbles the mailman standing by the door. There are burgers on the grill well past done. The grill is on fire. Mr. Fischoeder is clueless.

CALVIN FISCOEDER
How do you do it, Bob?

The space next door
Bob's burgers

BOB BELCHER
It's easy. Don't cook it until there is a fire.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Now I know the inside secrets of the restaurant business. A peek behind the curtain as it were.

MIKE WOBBLIES
I just came to drop off your mail. I didn't want a burger.

BOB BELCHER
Why not, Mr Wobbles?

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
That's what I said.

LINDA BELCHER
Bobby honey. The fire. You wanna deal with that?

Bob as goes behind counter:

BOB BELCHER
Yeah. Tina open the door and leave it open.

As Tina opens the door the smoke begins to exit.

TINA BELCHER

BOB BELCHER
Linda open the back door.

LINDA BELCHER
On it, Bobby.

She dashes out of site.

BOB BELCHER
Okay. Gene get me the salt. The big box. Please hurry.

The space next door
Gene grabs a big box of salt.

    GENE BELCHER
    Salt-a-roni the grease fire’s treat, ‘ey dad?

As Bob pours the salt over the fire, it goes out.

    BOB BELCHER
    Yes, Gene. Thank you, Gene.

    GENE BELCHER
    No problemo.

Gene walks out from behind the counter humming.

    LOUISE BELCHER
    What about me, pop?

    BOB BELCHER
    Oh, I'm sorry Louise. There wasn’t enough of a disaster for all of you.

    LOUISE BELCHER
    Fine. Well when I have a disaster I won’t get you to help me either.

    BOB BELCHER
    Louise!

Linda comes back.

    LINDA BELCHER
    Everybody good? Great! Hurry. We’re not standing in ashes. Hurry.

Mailman goes to leave.

    CALVIN FISCHOEDER
    No burger then?

Mailman leaves.

The space next door
CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Well I tried. I should be going too.
That’s the most I’ve worked in awhile.
Oh and Bob, What did you decide?

BOB BELCHER
We’ll take it.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Splendid. Keep the keys. I’ll be back.

GENE BELCHER
Don't count on it.

BOB BELCHER
Gene! Mr. Fischoeder I’ll just feel more comfortable if you come out from behind the counter.

Mr. Fischoeder comes out from behind the counter. He wonders out the door and down the street.

LINDA BELCHER
Aww. Maybe we should call his brother.

BOB BELCHER
No. Well... no.

Bob takes the burnt burgers off the grill and places them into a bucket.

BOB BELCHER
(to kids)
You guys go play hockey in the alley.
Don’t break any windows.

LOUISE, GENE & TINA BELCHER
Yea!

LOUISE BELCHER
Come on, Gene. You can be the goalie, but no sissy helmet.

GENE BELCHER
I’m no silly, I mean sissy.
BOB BELCHER
(to Gene)
Wear the bucket, Gene.

Gene stares into the bucket as he walks.

GENE BELCHER
I’m gonna eat the puck out of mine.

Gene picks one out and nails it on.

BOB BELCHER
Gene, no. We don’t have dental. We don’t have any insurance. Just go play with the food, don’t eat it.

LINDA BELCHER
That’s what you want to hear from a restaurant owner. So Bobby, we ain’t got no money for insurance and we’re always late with our rent here. How do you figure we can do this?

BOB BELCHER
I’ll talk to Mr. Fischoeder and see if he’ll cover start up cost for half or more of the profits. It’s the only way, Lin. It’s not about the money. It’s--

Bob works himself almost into an anxiety attack.

LINDA BELCHER
Oh, Bobby. I know you’re getting yourself all worked up. I know it’s about the dream. I know that. Well, you dream big Mister and I’ll be right with you. Right kids?

GENE BELCHER
Why? We can’t be there.

LOUISE BELCHER
We’ll remember this old man when you’re in that home.

The space next door
TINA BELCHER
I’ll help.

LINDA BELCHER
Aww that’s my baby.

LOUISE BELCHER
Way to go, Tina.

GENE BELCHER
Wait. Who’s side am I on?

LOUISE BELCHER
(sighs. to Gene) I would say you’re adopted, but look at this family.

BOB BELCHER
Anyway, thanks Linda.

Louise open arms in air to the restaurant.

LOUISE BELCHER
(to Tina and Gene)
So, it looks like this is ours now.

BOB BELCHER
No.

LOUISE BELCHER
Your greed knows no bounds, old man.

superimpose lettering: days later.

EXT. SPACE NEXT DOOR

Bob's burgers and space next door. In front of the space is a van with a sign going up and a cloth draped over it.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS

LINDA BELCHER
You know that day, I never knew you could run that fast, catching up to Mr. Fischoeder like that.

Bob has his face pressed to the glass of restaurant.

The space next door
BOB BELCHER
Well I didn't want to wait it's to important. I'm just surprised how fast things are happening. Mr. Fischoeder can make people jump and Teddy, I'm really surprised how--

LINDA BELCHER
What'cha lookin' at, Bobby? Tryin' ta be like me earlier.

BOB BELCHER
They're puttin' up the sign, Lin.

LINDA BELCHER
Really? I didn't even think you decided on a name, Bobby.

BOB BELCHER
It's perfect. You gotta see it.

Bob takes her hand leads her to the outside

BOB BELCHER
Come take a look.

As they step outside the cloth comes off to reveal: "Linda's"

LINDA BELCHER
Aww, Bobby.

Linda hugs and plants a kiss on Bob's cheek.

SIGN GUY 1
We'll be back

BOB BELCHER
No. No back.

LINDA BELCHER
Tonight Mister, we're droppin' the kids off at my sister's.

superimpose letting: next day

The space next door
EXT. LINDA'S

Bob and Teddy stand in front of the space next door. The place is empty and the sign is gone from outside.

TEDDY
Wow, bob. You got some pretty powerful enemies.

Bob looks over to the 2nd floor of the restaurant.

BOB BELCHER
(screams)
Lin! Lin!

Linda opens window above the restaurant.

LINDA BELCHER
What Bobby? what is it? Fer cryin’ out loud.

BOB BELCHER
It’s gone, Lin! Everything! Even the freakin’ sign, Lin. Look where the sign used to be, Lin. It’s not there.

LINDA BELCHER
Maybe it’s like the Bermuda Triangle of buildings, huh, Bobby?

Bob stares at the building until he develops a twitch to his eye. Gene, Louise and Tina are in the alley with school cloths and backpacks. Gene pulls out the sign for “Linda's”.

GENE BELCHER
Told ya. I seen everything from my room. I see all, yet know nothing.

LOUISE BELCHER
Ain't that the truth?

The space next door
Bob's burgers

TINA BELCHER
Sad really. You must be ecstatic, Louise.

LOUISE BELCHER
I'm not a monster. They think they were getting rid of us. Well, we'd be getting' rid of them too. Two way street.

TINA BELCHER
That's true. I'm sorry for some of the things I say about you behind your back.

LOUISE BELCHER
Yeah. What?

Linda comes to the back door.

LINDA BELCHER
What are you kids doing out here? Let those hamburgers go. They've been through enough. And no show and tell. That'll tell people not to eat here.

Gene drops one.

GENE BELCHER
Okay.

Bob stands behind Linda.

BOB BELCHER
They got school. What's going on?

Tina hides the Linda's sign.

TINA BELCHER
Me? I don't have anything.

LINDA BELCHER
Well, let's get ready, eat your breakfast.

The space next door
The kids walk past Bob and Linda.

**LINDA BELCHER**
They mean well, if well means wanting to pull your hair out.

Tina is the last to pass.

**BOB BELCHER**
(to Tina)
Thanks, Tina.

Tina hugs Bob and goes on.

**LINDA BELCHER**
So that’s where all those signs go. Huh? Never noticed them before. Ah, well. Who needs fancy-smancy? At least my sign's not alone.

Linda places the sign back behind the store with the rest from all the seasons.

INT. BOB'S BURGERS

The kids have stopped. Bob and Linda come up behind them.

**BOB BELCHER**
Why aren't you moving?

They all look to see Mr. Fischoeder.

**GENE BELCHER**
(to Mr. Fischoeder)
Why you--

Gene hits a key on his keyboard, which covers up a word for a dog bark sound effect.

**BOB BELCHER**
Thank you, Gene

**CALVIN FISCHOEDER**
I suppose you have some questions for me Bob and family of Bob.

The space next door
Louise starts to speak, but Linda covers her mouth. Bob still has a twitch to his eye.

BOB BELCHER
(to Linda)
Did you ever find that number?

LINDA BELCHER
No. Must be a different network.
(to kids) Well, come on kids, eat your cereal before you go, huh?

Linda pours the milk into the bowls. They eat.

LINDA BELCHER
(under breath)
Pee popper, Stinka boob taka, Momma kaga, Poopa!

LOUISE BELCHER
Mom, you know that's still not cussing right?

LINDA BELCHER
Eat.

CALVIN FISCHIOEDER
Anyway. I just wanted to come by and let you know it wasn't my doing.

LINDA BELCHER
Then who's?

CALVIN FISCHIOEDER
My wife. Well ex-wife.

BOB BELCHER
I didn't know you were married.

CALVIN FISCHIOEDER
Neither did I. Come to think of it. Most I don't remember, the rest, I simply don't care about.
BOB BELCHER
Still. That's pretty big being married and all. What else don't we know about you Mr. Fischoeder?

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
There's a lot you don't know about me Bob.

BOB BELCHER
Like what?

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
(with a laugh)
Bob.

GENE BELCHER
(to Mr. Fischoeder)
Did you forget?

Mr. Fischoeder rubs Gene's hair.

GENE BELCHER
That must be senile for 'I'm not answering.' Gotcha.

BOB BELCHER
So why Mr. Fischoeder? You were the one putting up the money? Why?

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Well, we both owned it, the property that is, then mostly... all her. Owned it. And it's all coming back to me now. She picks tenants that are high risk, so she can use the space as a tax write off and... well as her lawyer politely reminded me I cannot-- Bob if you understood business it's all tax write offs, moving and re-positioning of profits, leveraging and well excreta.

The space next door
Bob and Mr. Fischoeder look around at just Bob’s family and Teddy. To an empty restaurant. Mr. Fischoeder places his hands on Bob’s shoulders.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
(condescending)
Yes you do, Bob. I see that.

BOB BELCHER
(mumbles)
Well, it’s early.

Bob has keys in hand.

LINDA BELCHER
Well Bobby, give him back her keys.

Bob still holds on. Linda pulls at his hand.

LINDA BELCHER
Bobby the keys, Bobby.

He finally gives in and lets her have them. She gives them to Mr. Fischoeder.

CALVIN FISCHOEDER
Well. I’ll see you all next week I guess, or the fall.

Mr. Fischoeder whistles and wonders off.

LINDA BELCHER
Egh. Who needs mixed up in that crazy business? Not us that’s who.

Linda hugs the kids and pushes them out the door.

TEDDY
Well I guess I should be going too.

BOB BELCHER
Okay, Teddy.

The space next door
TEDDY
I'd close curtains anytime for ya, Bobby.

BOB BELCHER
Thanks, Teddy.

LINDA BELCHER
It'll be okay, Bobby. Maybe later huh, I'll drop the kids off again. What ya thinking?

BOB BELCHER
Sure, Lin.

LINDA BELCHER
Well, you get ready for business. I'll bring up some supplies.

BOB BELCHER
Sure, Lin.

Bob walks to the front, sits next to the window, his face pressed to the glass looking next door.

BOB BELCHER
(Sighs)

The end.