

# BOB'S BURGERS

## “Bob Day Afternoon”

Episode #2ASA02

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# “Bob Day Afternoon”

## CAST LIST FOR #2ASA02:

BOB.....	H. JON BENJAMIN
LINDA.....	JOHN ROBERTS
TINA.....	DAN MINTZ
GENE.....	EUGENE MIRMAN
LOUISE.....	KRISTEN SCHAAL
BANK MANAGER.....	CRAIG ANTON
BOMB ROBOT DRIVER.....	LARRY MURPHY
EDITH.....	LARRY MURPHY
HUMMER GUY.....	TODD BARRY
JIMMY.....	JAY JOHNSTON
MICKY.....	BILL HADER
MORT.....	ANDY KINDLER
MR. FISCHOEDER.....	KEVIN KLINE
MR. FROND.....	DAVID HERMAN
OFFICER.....	H. JON BENJAMIN
OLSEN BENNER.....	PAMELA ADLON
RODNEY.....	DAVID HERMAN
SERGEANT BOSCO.....	GARY COLE
SETH THE ROBOT.....	BILL HADER
SPEEDO GUY.....	H. JON BENJAMIN
SWAT SNIPER.....	CRAIG ANTON
TEDDY.....	LARRY MURPHY
TREV.....	DAVID HERMAN
YOGA LADY.....	PAMELA ADLON

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. APARTMENT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT**

LINDA (O.S.)

So, Bobby...

**INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

The family is at the table, finishing dinner.

LINDA

...what are we gonna say to the bank manager tomorrow? If we don't get those loans restructured, we're up a creek. Screwed creek.

BOB

Don't worry, Lin. I got it all worked out. Very convincing stuff.

LINDA

Let's hear it.

BOB

All right...

LOUISE

Action!

BOB

(CLEARS THROAT, PRESENTATION MODE)

As you know, sir, we have several loans with your institution, all "past-due." But what does "past-due" even mean, you know?

GENE

It's brilliant! There's no such  
thing as time!

LINDA

Gene was "past-due" and he came out  
fine.

GENE

I wish I stayed in there.

Gene moves underneath the kitchen table.

LINDA

Hey. Get out of there. Gene!

GENE

Let me in. (SIMULTANEOUS) Let me  
back in!

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS)

Gene! Bob!

BOB

Oh god.

LINDA

This is your son.

LOUISE

Sorry, Gene. No backsies.

Gene emerges, back to his seat.

GENE

You can't put the candy back in  
mom's wrapper.

TINA

You know, I have a savings account  
at First Oceanside. So I might have  
some pull over there.

BOB

Thanks, Teen, but I think I got  
this covered.

**INT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - NEXT DAY**

Bob sits across from the BANK MANAGER. Bob is mid-spiel.

BANK MANAGER

No.

BOB

Look, I know we owe money and my  
credit score is on the low side,  
but--

BANK MANAGER

It *is* the low side, Bob. It's kind  
of an inside joke around here.

(CHUCKLES)

BOB

(CHUCKLING) That's funny. But I  
would still like you to look at the  
loan--

BANK MANAGER

No.

BOB

Well, it's really important that--

BANK MANAGER

Bob, I have to take this call.

The Bank Manager picks up a piece of paper.

BOB

That's... not a phone.

BANK MANAGER

Ah... I still have to take it.

BOB

Great. Well, then I will, ah, leave  
you to your piece of paper phone  
call. I just wish that you-- nope,  
you know what, forget it.

Bob gets up and starts walking toward the exit, past a life-sized foamboard cutout of a Bank Employee shaking hands with an imaginary customer. The caption reads: "ALWAYS ON YOUR SIDE!" (NOTE: MR. FROND is at the counter.)

BOB (CONT'D)

*Always on your side.* Ha!

Customers and tellers look at Bob, blankly.

BOB (CONT'D)

I'll make a scene!

Bob flicks the display, then catches it. Customers and tellers continue to look at Bob, blankly.

MR. FROND

(SOFT SQUEAL)

BOB

(OFF BANK CUSTOMERS' REACTIONS) Um,  
I'm gonna leave.

**EXT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - MOMENTS LATER**

On his way out of the bank, Bob holds the door open for a nervous looking man (MICKEY) who's in a hurry. Mickey has his gun hand in his pocket and his other hand holding a shoulder duffel bag.

MICKEY

Hey, thanks man.

Bob steps off the curb, when a Hummer stops short of Bob.

BOB

Whoa!

Bob steps back on the curb.

HUMMER GUY

Get a car, idiot!

The Hummer parks just beyond Bob. HUMMER GUY hurries into the bank.

HUMMER GUY (CONT'D)

(TO BOB, MOCKING) Gonna check on my  
money!

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Bob returns from the bank. Linda stands behind the counter cleaning off a mustard bottle.

BOB

The bank manager didn't go for it.

And he was mean.

Just then, police sirens blare outside. Bob rushes to the window to look. Across the street, several police cars screech to a stop outside First Oceanside Bank.

LINDA

My God, Bobby, what'd you do?!

BOB

Nothing, I just punched a cardboard cut-out guy. I didn't even punch it, I just flicked it.

LINDA

Oh, Bobby.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - SAME TIME**

The kids are walking home from school.

LOUISE

Man, I gotta do this stupid essay for English class on "someone important to me."

TINA

I'd write about the guy who flies the helicopter on *The Bachelor*.

The kids spot the police activity down the block.

GENE

Look at all those police. This is a good time for me to be stuck in that tree again.

Linda's watching the bank, then notices the kids coming and turns to them, motioning to Bob's.

LINDA

Kids! Get in here!

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

The kids watch the commotion. A news van shows up.



GENE

Channel six news. They'll finger anything with a pulse!

BOB

I'm pretty sure their slogan is their "finger's on the pulse," Gene.

GENE

No!

BOB

That can't be right.

GENE

It's right.

Outside, a SWAT truck screeches to a stop.

LINDA (O.S.)

Ooh, SWAT team's here. Intense.

ANGLE ON: A portly man in his 50's, in plainclothes, steps in front of the restaurant. He is **barking** to various Officers, pointing up and down the block.

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

All right, I want SWAT taking position on the roof. Clear that sidewalk now! I don't care!

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(RE: MAN) That guy's important. You can tell by the way he points.

GENE

He's fingering right at us.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Tell those guys to get behind the  
barricades, now!

Suddenly the man turns and enters the restaurant. He is one  
SERGEANT BOSCO.

SERGEANT BOSCO (CONT'D)

There's a hostage situation at the  
bank. We need this restaurant.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER**

It's wall-to-wall cops. Bob and Linda are behind the counter.

BOB

(SOTTO, TO LINDA) This is um,  
interesting. The restaurant will  
get on TV.

LINDA

(SOTTO, TO BOB) I know, I was just  
thinking the same thing.

Linda tops off a few Officers' mugs with coffee.

BOB

(SOTTO) That's a lot of coffees  
going out. Write it all down, all  
the coffees, we gotta keep track...

OFFICER (O.S.)

(ON BOSCO'S WALKIE) Snipers are in  
position on the roof.

LINDA

Oh, god, that's embarrassing. Our  
gutters are a mess.

Louise approaches Sergeant Bosco.

LOUISE

(HOLDING CHALK) Hello, my name's Louise. I would like to donate a piece of my personal chalk in case you need to outline a body.

Tina approaches.

TINA

Is my money safe in that bank?

SERGEANT BOSCO

What are these kids doing here?

BOB

Uh, uh, they're our kids. They, ah, work slash live here.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Well, keep 'em out of the way. You got me? (TO TECH) Do I have a hard line yet?

TECHNICIAN

Line's up.

Bosco takes the phone.

GENE (O.S.)

(BREATHING SOUNDS)

SERGEANT BOSCO

Who's breathing on my line?

GENE

(HOLDING PHONE) All I know is I was  
just talking to Ken and now I'm on  
hold at the bank.

A cop takes Gene's phone.

GENE (CONT'D)

Hey!

SERGEANT BOSCO

(TO RESTAURANT) Everyone Shhhh!  
God, we're making the call here!  
(TO COPS) Shut up!

The room goes silent. The TECHNICIAN holds the phone base,  
following Sergeant Bosco around as he talks on the phone.

SERGEANT BOSCO (CONT'D)

This is Sergeant Bosco and I'm in  
charge.

The room hangs on every word.

SERGEANT BOSCO (CONT'D)

Ah, who am I speaking with? (PAUSE)  
All right, Mickey (EXHALES)... how  
many people you got in there?  
(LISTENING) Eight. Okay, Mickey,  
this is what we're gonna do, you--  
(INTERRUPTED) Uh huh. He wants  
pizza.

BOB

Oh, c'mon!

SERGEANT BOSCO

They always want pizza. Isn't there  
ah... an Italian place across the  
street?

OFFICER

Jimmy Pesto's? Heard that place was  
pretty good.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Get six pizzas over there quick!

BOB

(TO LINDA) No! That could've been  
huge for us.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - A LITTLE LATER**

JIMMY (in a Pesto's logo shirt and hat) carries the pizzas to  
the barricade, along with TREV and a waitress. MR. FISCHOEDER  
is among the crowd: sitting in a beach chair. Bob watches  
from the sidewalk.

JIMMY

(MUGGING FOR CAMERA) I hope this  
standoff ends pizza-fully!

(LAUGHING)

TREV

Pepper-ono-he-didn't!

BOB

(TO LINDA) Uch, you believe this?  
Pesto is getting the free  
advertising we were supposed to  
get.

ANGLE ON: The bank doors as MICKEY, the bank robber, (curly haired and pasty - the same guy Bob held open the door for) emerges with his gun in one hand and a hostage (Bank Manager) in the other.

ANGLE ON: The barricade, as a SPECIALIST drives a bomb-squad "robot-on-wheels" loaded with Pesto's pizza up the curb and towards the bank.

ANGLE ON: The bank, as the hostage reaches out and grabs the pizza from the robot. Mickey, gun in hand, holds the hostage.

ANGLE ON: Gene, watching the specialist in awe.

GENE

How does, ah... one get into robot driving? (GASPS) Did you go to robot college?!...

PUSH IN: On Gene's face...

**EXT. ROBOT COLLEGE - FRAT HOUSE - GENE'S FANTASY**

A party of robots rages. Gene stands by a drunk ROBOT.

GENE

C'mon, give me your keys, Seth.

SETH THE ROBOT

(ROBOT SLURRING) I'm fine. I only have to drive point-three-seven miles. We're in college dude, chillax. (BARF SFX)

**EXT. ROBOT COLLEGE - QUAD - GENE'S FANTASY**

Gene runs naked across the quad while robots who look normal "streak" behind him. One robot scrolls "STREAK MODE" across its front display.

GENE

(HEAVY BREATHING) Are you sure you guys are naked?

SETH THE ROBOT

Totally.

**INT. ROBOT COLLEGE - DORM HALLWAY - GENE'S FANTASY**

Gene is at the door to his dorm room.

SETH THE ROBOT (O.S.)

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Gene opens the door, and walks in to find...

**INT. ROBOT COLLEGE - DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

SETH THE ROBOT (SIMULTANEOUS)

Oh. Oh.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(GASPS) Ooh!

His Robot roommate stops whatever it was doing and turns to face Gene.

GENE (CONT'D)

Ugh.

SETH THE ROBOT

I was just performing routine maintenance. Doesn't anyone knock around here? Jeez.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - BACK TO SCENE**

BOMB ROBOT DRIVER

There's no such thing as robot college.

GENE

Not yet.

GUNSHOTS!

Cops draw their guns.

CROWD

(GASPS)

Panic washes over the crowd, except Mr. Fischoeder. HUGO is in front of Mr. Fischoeder.

MR. FISCHUEDER

Finally, some gun play. (TO HUGO)

Down in front! Thank you.

ANGLE ON: The bank. The Bank Manager tosses bullet-holed pizza boxes from the door of the bank. INSERT SHOT of the bullet-ridden pizza boxes. Mickey, is in the doorway, holding the Bank Manager around the neck and pointing his gun at the crowd.

MICKEY

That was the worst pizza I ever  
had. Jimmy Pesto's is crap!

A giddy Bob spots the news cameras taping this.

BOB

(LAUGHS) Yes!

ANGLE ON: Jimmy Pesto looking at his pizzas on the ground. Jimmy's cringing as he sees this.

JIMMY

Aaaugh!

TREV

Ouch!

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

The cops are re-grouping. Sergeant Bosco's on the phone.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(INTO PHONE) Yeah. I'm sorry about  
the pizzas, um, waddya want  
instead?



Sergeant Bosco takes off his jacket. Bob turns around.

SERGEANT BOSCO (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Chinese?

BOB

Burgers.

Louise approaches.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(INTO PHONE) Mexican...?

BOB

This is a burger place.

LOUISE

What about Hot Pockets?

Tina approaches.

BOB

Burgers are right here.

TINA

Or non-fat frozen yogurt?

BOB

We're in a restaurant. It's my  
restaurant.

Gene approaches.

GENE

Oooh, how 'bout some sort of a  
Malaysian cuisine?

BOB

(POINTING) Burgers.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(INTO PHONE) How 'bout, ah...  
burgers? Okay, burgers it is.

BOB

(RELIEVED) Thank you. Uh, fries, do  
they want fries?

SERGEANT BOSCO

(INTO PHONE) All right, Mickey,  
listen up. Do you want fries? (TO  
BOB) Yeah, he wants fries-- and,  
and a what...?

Bob takes his notepad out to write down the order.

BOB

And a what?

SERGEANT BOSCO

Ju-- (GIVES UP) Here, you take the  
order.

He hands the phone to Bob. All eyes are on Bob.

BOB

Oh, okay. Uh... (INTO PHONE) Hi.

SPLIT SCREEN:

MICKEY

Hi.

BOB

(INTO PHONE) So, ah... bur--  
burgers. How 'bout cheese? How many  
we doin' with cheese?

MICKEY

(AWAY FROM PHONE) All right, who  
wants cheese?

HOSTAGES

(GASP)

Mickey uses his gun to point at the hostages. They all  
instinctively put their hands up.

MICKEY

(INTO PHONE) Huh, everyone. (THEN)  
God, what do *I* want?

Mickey turns his back to them. They lower their hands.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

(MOUTH CLICKS) Um... Be-be-bo be-be-  
booooo what does Mickey want? What,  
what, what's your favorite?

BOB

Well, uh, the burger of the day is  
the, ah, "Chard To A Crisp" burger.

MICKEY

What the hell is that?

BOB

Oh, it's, ah, a burger with Swiss  
chard on it. I was just having fun  
with the...

MICKEY

Look at you, mister creative.

BOB

No. (CHUCKLES) A little bit...

MICKEY

What was your name again?

BOB

Uh, Bob.

MICKEY

Bob. What if you brought the  
burgers over yourself?

BOB

Uhhhh...

Bob looks to Bosco, who's listening in on headphones.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(WHISPERING) Say, yes. Say, yes,  
Bob.

BOB

(WHISPERING) Please, I can't do  
that.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Say it!

BOB

Oh, okay.

MICKEY

Okay, Bob's in. Who needs these  
scumbag cops, right?

Bob looks up at a room full of cops, several of whom are  
listening in on this conversation.

BOB

(NERVOUS LAUGH) Scum...

MICKEY

Right?

BOB

Yeah. The cops are, are really,  
ah...

MICKEY

Scumbags.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Yeah. Well, no.

MICKEY (SIMULTANEOUS)

You can say it.

Bosco gives Bob a "don't say it" look.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Their scrunched up faces and their  
stupid arms. And--

Bob turns away.

BOB

I'm gonna... start on the burgers,  
okay?

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Cops strap a bullet-proof vest onto Bob.

BOB

Why do I need to wear this?

GENE

'Cause you might get popped! I'm  
ready to be the man of this family.

TINA

I'm ready to call you Dad, Gene.

LINDA

No one's calling Gene Dad.

GENE

GeneDad!

The cops hustle him out.

SERGEANT BOSCO

All right, time to go. Let's move.

Remember, Bob. He's hot, you stay cool. (POINTS TO BANK) Hot. (POINTS TO BOB) Cool. What're you?

BOB

Um... the... the guy with the hamburgers.

SERGEANT BOSCO

No. No. No. What are you, hot or cool?

BOB

Coo-- Oh, Cool.

SERGEANT BOSCO

You're ready.

LINDA

'Kay. C'mere, c'mere, c'mere, c'mere, c'mere. (QUICK INHALE) Come back safe, Bobby. All right?

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS WITH LINDA)

Let's go, Bob.

BOB

All right.

Linda grabs Bob.

LINDA

C'mere. C'mere, c'mere, c'mere,  
c'mere. (KISSES BOB)

SERGEANT BOSCO

Bob.

GENE

I love you, Father.

BOB

I, kno--

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS WITH LINDA)

Bob, let's go.

LINDA

(KISSES BOB, SIMULTANEOUS WITH BOB)

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Okay, hold on one sec, I just gotta--

SERGEANT BOSCO

Bob.

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Dad, if you die I'll have to write  
my report on GeneDad.

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Timing is everything here, Bob.

Let's go.

BOB

Ehh.

LOUISE

No, Dad. No, if you die...

BOB

All right.

LOUISE

...I'll write my report on you.

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Okay, enough, Bob.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS WITH BOSCO)

(KISSES BOB) Oh.

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Come on. Let's go now.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

I'm coming. I just have to finish

up here. (SIMULTANEOUS WITH LINDA)

Well, my family's saying goodbye.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS WITH BOB)

NO!

SERGEANT BOSCO

This is a precision operation.

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS)

No! Don't leave us!



BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

I understand...

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS WITH GENE)

This is a tactical operation. We've  
gotta move right now.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Dad! Dad, don't go! I changed my  
mind! Don't go! I love you!

BOB

Gene, you gotta let go of my arm.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

No, I love you! Please don't go!  
Please don't go! Please don't go!  
Please don't go!

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Oh, don't worry you can--

SERGEANT BOSCO

Oh my god.

BOB

Get off.

LOUISE

Dad.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

I love you so much, Dad!

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

I'll be right there, I just  
gotta...

LOUISE

Wait.

BOB

...wrap this up.

GENE

No! Dad!

SERGEANT BOSCO

Shake 'em loose, Bob. Let's go!

GENE

Dad.

BOB

I'm trying. They're not letting me  
go.

GENE

I have too many unanswered  
questions! (SIMULTANEOUS) What is  
sex?

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Get off of him!

BOB

Gene, just let go!

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

I will kick all of your asses  
across the street!

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

I don't know what sex is!

BOB

I said I'm coming!

SERGEANT BOSCO

(ON MEGAPHONE) Bob!

LINDA

Come back safe, Bobby. Don't leave  
me with these friggin' kids.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - MOMENTS LATER**

AERIAL SHOT of Ocean Ave.

ANGLE ON: Bob holds the bags of food and prepares to cross the street to the bank.

BOB

(BIG BREATH) Okay, I'm going.

Bob turns back into the restaurant.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

BOB

(ON BAGS) Oh crap, we don't have the logos on our bags. That's what's gonna be on camera!

TINA

I'm on it!

Tina draws on the bags with a marker. Hands them back.

BOB

Why'd you draw a rocket?

TINA

It's not a rocket. It's a fish.

BOB

Okay. Why would you draw a fish?

TINA

It's easy to draw.

BOB

(CHUCKLES) So is a hamburger, or my name.

GENE

Looks like a Jesus fish. Preachy.

The cops hustle him out.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Let's go. Now. Move it.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - CONTINUOUS**

Bob tries to walk tall as he nears the cameras. The lame logo is on display. He walks slowly to milk the free advertising. HAROLD and EDITH are among the on-lookers.

EDITH

It looks like a huge misshapen  
penis.

BOB

(TO CAMERA CREWS) It's-- It's Bob's  
Burgers... It's supposed to be a  
fish, not a rocket, or a penis.

EDITH

It's a penis.

BOB

(SIGH)

ANGLE ON: The bank doors.

Back on Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh, boy.

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - OVERHEAD - WIDE**

We see Bob approach the bank from above. The barricades, the crowds.

BOB

Ohhhh, god.

**EXT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Bob approaches the bank door, looking around, taking it all in.

BOB'S POV on the bank doors.

BOB (O.S.)

Ohhhh, no. (THEN, RE: COPS) Ohhhh,  
boy. (THEN, RE: SNIPERS) Ohh, my  
god.

Bob moves up to the bank doors. Mickey opens it.

MICKEY

Bob?

BOB

Yeah.

MICKEY

Hey, you are Bob. (CHUCKLES) You  
are definitely not a cop.

BOB

Okay. Uh, thanks? Here are your  
burgers. (TRIES TO OFFER BAGS)

MICKEY

Hey, what-- what're they saying  
about me out there?

BOB

Uh, that you'd be, um... hot.

MICKEY

(FLATTERED) Hot? Like Vin Diesel-  
hot?

BOB

N-- No. Like hot tempered.

MICKEY

Oh, like a hot guy with a bad  
temper. Like--

BOB

So, ah, here's the burgers.

Bob holds out the bag. Mickey reaches for them.

BANG! BANG! Bullets from a SWAT sniper hit the wall next to Bob and Mickey, who scurry inside the bank. The crowd **reacts**.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As do Linda and the kids.

LINDA

(HORRIFIED) Bobby?!

SERGEANT BOSCO

(INTO WALKIE) How did you miss  
that?!

SWAT SNIPER (ON BOSCO'S WALKIE)

Fatty got in the way.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(TO LINDA) Ah, it's a code name we  
gave to Bob.

**INT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Bob and Mickey crouch behind a desk. Mickey grabs the phone off the desk.

MICKEY

You screwed up big time shooting at  
me, maybe I'll shoot a hostage!

(PANTOMIMES TO BOB THAT HE WON'T)

SPLIT SCREEN:

SERGEANT BOSCO

Go ahead! Do it, big man! Shoot a  
hostage! (PANTOMIMES TO LINDA HE  
WON'T)

MICKEY

You shoot a hostage!

SERGEANT BOSCO

Maybe I will!

BOB

What is going on here?

MICKEY

You guys are trigger happy!

SERGEANT BOSCO

No, we're not!

Mickey holds the full-sized promotional display up to the  
window. A bullet pierces the foamboard head. Hostages **scream.**

HOSTAGES

(SCREAM)

MICKEY

Are too!

BOB

(GRABS PHONE) What is wrong with  
you people!? Stop this!



SPLIT SCREEN:

SERGEANT BOSCO

Who is this?

BOB

It's Bob.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(HAND OVER PHONE) It's fatty. (TO BOB) Look, Bob, we're gonna get everyone out of there safely, okay?

BOB

I don't believe you!

SERGEANT BOSCO

That was not on my orders. Someone just got a little hot.

BOB

(POINTS TO MICKEY) *He's* hot. We're cool. Remember?

SERGEANT BOSCO

We're cool. We just shoot sometimes.

BOB

Okay, this is ridiculous. I-- I'm coming outside now.

END SPLIT SCREEN.

BOB (CONT'D)

Do not shoot me!

MICKEY

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.

If I let you go now, then everyone will wanna leave. And it's a big domino effect thing. (TAKES PHONE FROM BOB, TO BOSCO) Bob's a hostage now.

Mickey hangs up.

BOB

No. Wha-- wait, wait. No.

MICKEY

(TO BOB) Hey man, it's a really great group. (HESITANT) Will you close those blinds?

Bob turns to the window, as Mickey (gun in hand) crawls toward the hostages, including the Bank Manager, Mr. Frond, YOGA LADY (in workout clothes) and HUMMER GUY (douchebag in the Hummer from before). A handful of other customers are also there. Everyone but the Bank Manager is seated.

BANK MANAGER

Maybe we should pass those burgers around, my blood sugar is low.

BOB

I dropped them.

HOSTAGES

What?!

BOB

I was getting shot at.

**EXT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS**

At that moment SPEEDO GUY skates by and scoops up the bags and skates blithely down the sidewalk, carrying away the bags.

SPEEDO GUY

Drive through!

He just skates on.

**INT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS**

YOGA LADY

That was gonna be my red meat for the week. What am I gonna do for protein?

HUMMER GUY

I've got a protein bar in my pocket. You can fish it out.

YOGA LADY

(DISGUSTED GROAN)

MR. FROND

(SARCASTIC) I am so glad you joined the group, Bob.

BOB

Oh, shut up, Frond.

MICKEY

Do you guys know each other? What a coinky-dink.

BOB

He works at my kids' school.

MR. FROND (SIMULTANEOUS)

We've had-- We've had our dif--

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

We hate each other.

MR. FROND

(TO BOB) What?

MICKEY

Oh, this is gonna be fun you guys.

Mickey elbows Bob and Mr. Frond.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME**

SERGEANT BOSCO

He's taken Bob as a hostage.

LINDA

What?! This is crazy!

LOUISE

Yeah, crazy good for my essay!

Louise grabs the extension from the counter.

**INT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS**

Mickey picks it up. SPLIT SCREEN:

MICKEY

Hello?

LOUISE

Hello, you're on with Bob's  
youngest child, Louise.

MICKEY

(TO BOB, CONFUSED) It's your  
daughter?

BOB

Oh. They work with me at the  
restaurant.

MICKEY

Aw. Adorable.

BOB

Yeah.

MICKEY

You're such a good father.

BOB

Oh, no. It's more about not paying  
regular-- Whatever.

MICKEY

(TO LOUISE) You wanna talk to your  
Daddy?

LOUISE

No. I wanna talk to you. You have  
been selected as the subject of my  
important-person school essay.

MICKEY

Shut up.

LOUISE

Ha-oh. Don't tell me to shut up!

Question one... What--

OUT OF SPLIT SCREEN:

Bosco tries to take the phone away from Louise.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

(TO BOSCO) *IT'S MY DADDY!!!*

SERGEANT BOSCO

Ah!

In the b.g., a cop monitoring the conversation on headphones, reacts, pulling his earphones from his ears.

LOUISE

(INTO PHONE, TO MICKEY) How did you  
first get into bank robbing?

SPLIT SCREEN:

Mickey kicks his feet up on the Manager's desk.

MICKEY

Pfft... Me and a buddy of mine, we  
just kinda fell into it. You know,  
I had a gun, I needed some money.  
And, ah--

Bosco tries to grab the phone again from Louise.

SERGEANT BOSCO

All right, kiddo, we've had our  
fun. Now hand over the--

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

(TO BOSCO) *IT'S MY DADDY! MY  
DADDY'S IN THERE!*

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Yeah! 'Kay! 'Kay!

LOUISE

(TO MICKEY) So just a couple more questions. I know you're a busy guy.

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

Give me the phone. Give me that phone back. Give it to me. (GRUNTS)

LOUISE

(SIMULTANEOUS STRUGGLING, THEN) You are being so rude right now.

Louise kicks Bosco.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Ow!

Bosco kicks Louise.

LOUISE

Ouch!

SERGEANT BOSCO

Serves you right, kid. (THEN)  
Listen to me Mickey. We need to talk--

MICKEY

No, no, no. You know what, I don't wanna talk to you, I wanna talk to the little girl.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Negative. You'll talk with me.

MICKEY

It's the girl or, you know, I shoot somebody, I kill somebody.

SERGEANT BOSCO

All right. Hang on. Hang on. (THEN, HIGH VOICE) Hiii... ummmm... Listen Mickey, you said you were a bank robber--

MICKEY

Hey! I'm gonna shoot somebody.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Fine, here she is.

LOUISE

This is Louise. I'm running the show now.

Linda, in the kitchen, has picked up another phone extension.

LINDA

Bobby! I'm worried about you.

SPLIT SCREEN:

MICKEY

Who is this?

LINDA

Hey, it's Linda.

MICKEY

Linda, hi.

LINDA

Who's this?



MICKEY

This is Mickey. I'm a criminal.

LINDA

Hey, Nicky.

MICKEY

How old are we?

LINDA

Don't worry about it.

SPLIT SCREEN: Tina stands beside Louise.

TINA

(TO LOUISE) Ask about my money.

LOUISE

(TO MICKEY) Hey Mickey, uh, my sister Tina's worried about her bank account.

TINA

(LEANS INTO PHONE) I have eighty-seven dollars in that bank.

MICKEY

I heard two hundred.

He reaches into a duffel bag and takes out two crisp bills.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

And I have just withdrawn her money, for peace of mind, huh?

LOUISE

Nice!

Linda's and Mickey's screens pull back and we're left with Bosco, Tina and Louise.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

(TO BOSCO) I just brokered the  
release of my sister's money. You  
haven't brokered jack! All right,  
here's how we're gonna do this...

**EXT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - A LITTLE LATER**

The Bank Manager reaches out the front door and wedges Tina's money onto a tiny RC car. Gene uses his RC controller to drive it back to them.

People **cheer** as Gene drives the car in evasive circles while Tina tries to grab her money from it.

GENE

Thank you!

Just as Tina clutches the money, Bosco tries to take it from her.

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(STRUGGLING SOUNDS)

SERGEANT BOSCO (SIMULTANEOUS)

(STRUGGLING) Hey. Gimme that. No.

No. I need that for evidence.

TINA

I will punch you.

SERGEANT BOSCO

I will punch you!

LOUISE

He will.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Bosco is on the phone.

SERGEANT BOSCO

I'm through playing games, Mickey!

SPLIT SCREEN:

BOB

Ah, actually, it's Bob. Mickey  
wants me to handle the calls now.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Oh. Bob...

BOB

Yeah.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(HUSHED) All right, listen, can  
Mickey hear this?

BOB

No. He's... behind the counter,  
playing "banker."

Mickey "playing banker," handing out bills to the hostages,  
pretending to be a teller.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(HUSHED) Ohh, good, good, good. All  
right now, listen very carefully.  
You are now my man on the inside.

BOB

What? No. (QUICK CHUCKLE) No, no.  
I'm just the guy who brought the  
burgers over, okay?

SERGEANT BOSCO

No. Not anymore, Bob. You're more than a burger guy.

BOB

(SIGHS)

SERGEANT BOSCO

Now listen, whatever you're doing at six PM, in exactly one hour: hit the deck.

BOB

Hit the deck? What?

SERGEANT BOSCO

Hit the deck. You've never heard that expression before?

BOB

Yeah. I said "what"?

SERGEANT BOSCO

Were you in the navy?

BOB

No, I was not in the navy. Were you?

SERGEANT BOSCO

Yeah. As a matter of fact, I was. But I don't wanna go through my military history right now.

(SIMULTANEOUS) Hit the deck means get down.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Well you don't have to be in the  
navy to know that expression.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Just focus...

SPLIT SCREEN: A SWAT officer outside activates a timer on a  
tear gas canister and drops it into the air ducts.

SERGEANT BOSCO (CONT'D)

Spread the word to the other  
hostages - At six o'clock on the  
dot. Hit. The. Deck.

Bob and Bosco on the phone.

BOB

Wait, no! Listen... Don't do that.

ANGLE ON: Mickey hears this.

MICKEY

Everything all right, Bob?

Bob's about to say something, but hesitates. He hangs up the  
phone.

BOB

Yeah-- Uh, no, everything's fine,  
yeah. I just had a cramp.

MICKEY

Oh, good. Now get over here and  
play banker! C'mon, get in on this.

BOB

(CHUCKLES) Yay.

MICKEY

You got a fifty? C'mon, I can break  
a fifty.

BOB

Um, I got a five.

ANGLE ON: An air vent in the ceiling. PUSH IN through the  
vent to reveal a tear gas cannister with the timer ticking  
away.

MICKEY

All right. Let's break Bob's five.  
One, two, (SIMULTANEOUS) three,  
four, five. We broke your five!

BOB

(O.S. SIMULTANEOUS NERVOUS  
CHUCKLES) Thank you. That was fun.

MICKEY

(LAUGHS) You got five singles now.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER**

A news helicopter is hovering above the crowd below. A field reporter, OLSEN BENNER, is reporting. Linda is next to her.

OLSEN BENNER

(TO NEWS CAMERA) Olsen Benner here

reporting from the hostage

standoff, where tensions are high.

(PUTS MIC TO LINDA) I understand

your husband is one of the hostages

inside the bank.

LINDA

Yes. Bobby, if you're listening...

We love you, Baby! If you make it

out of there, I will do anything...

*anything* you want. Except that one

thing.

TEDDY leans into the news camera and takes Olsen Benner's mic. MORT's next to him.

TEDDY

(INTO MIC) Us too, Bobby. Anything.

MORT

Most things, Bobby.

**INT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - SAME TIME**

The hostages are exhausted. Mickey takes money out of a bank bag and puts it into his duffle bag, which Bob holds.

BOB

All right, Mickey. You... You have to give up. You... You have to end this before someone gets hurt.

MICKEY

I have a plan! Bob! Okay? This is gonna go fine.

MR. FROND

(STEPPING UP) I can help, I am a self-certified counselor after all. You want money. Okay. The cops want to kill you. Sure. You have a gun and might kill us--(HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER)... (SNAPS) I am freaking out! What is your plan?!

MICKEY

All right. I don't have a plan, okay?! (THEN) This is the first bank I've ever robbed by myself. Without Rodney.

HUMMER GUY

Oh, truth comes out. Rodney was the brains and you were the... dead weight I'm guessing.

MR. FROND

Why the hell would you do a job without Rodney?! You stupid idiot!



BOB

Mr. Frond, shut up!

MICKEY

He's right, I'm so stupid!

BOB

No--

MICKEY

I'm nothing without Rodney.

Mickey hits himself in the forehead with the gun.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid.

BOB

Okay. All right. C'mere. C'mere.

Sit down.

Bob helps Mickey into a chair as the phone rings. Bob picks up. Louise is on the other end.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN:

LOUISE

Dad, I need to talk to Mickey. It's an emergency -- my report's due on Monday.

BOB

Louise, please! I'm in a hostage situation. People could die.

LOUISE

Ugh, I just wanna know what the  
nuttiest thing he ever stole is?

SPLIT SCREEN: Linda picks up another extension.

LINDA

Bob, this is Linda. I don't know if  
you saw what I said to you on TV...

BOB

What did you say?

LINDA

*Anything.* That's what I'll do for  
you if you get out. Everything's on  
the table. Including on the table.

BOB

Lin. Lin. Stop. I have to go.

SPLIT SCREEN: Gene picks up another extension.

GENE

Dad, I just remembered, I have an  
account there too and a safety  
deposit box - So I have about, I  
think a thousand, and then I just  
have, like, a lot of valuables in  
the safety deposit box. I'm sending  
the robot.

SPLIT SCREEN: Bosco picks up another extension.

SERGEANT BOSCO

How many extensions do you people  
have?!

SPLIT SCREEN: Tina picks up another extension.

TINA

Four.

BOB

All right, I'm hanging up.

Bob hangs up. Rubs his face. Looks up at clock. It's 5:35.

BOB (CONT'D)

Mickey, listen... We-- We gotta  
start making moves here, okay? What  
if, hear me out, what if you  
release all the hostages...

MR. FROND

Ah. Yeah.

MICKEY

No.

BOB

You leave the money.

MR. FROND

Sure. Sure.

MICKEY

No.

BOB

You give yourself up.

MR. FROND

Why not?

MICKEY

Why would I do that?

BANK MANAGER

(TO BOB) Almost as good as your  
"what is past due?" argument.

MICKEY

(SIGHS) Look. I wanna talk to  
Rodney.

**EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - ESTABLISHING**

CHYRON: "SECOND HORIZONS HALF-WAY HOUSE"

GUY (O.S.)

Rodney, phone's for you!

**INT. HALFWAY HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

RODNEY picks up the receiver on a pay phone. SPLIT SCREEN:

RODNEY

Hello?

MICKEY

Rodney?

RODNEY

Mickey? Hey, what's up?

Mickey wipes sweat from his brow with the gun in his hand.

MICKEY

Oh, not much. Ah... (WHISPERS) I  
botched a job, man. The cops are  
everywhere. What do I do?

RODNEY

Are there cops on the phone?

MICKEY

(WHISPERS) Yeah, but I'm  
whispering.

SPLIT SCREEN: Now includes Bosco, listening the whole time.

SERGEANT BOSCO

Yeah, we can't hear anything. Go  
ahead.

MICKEY

(WHISPERS) See.

RODNEY

Oh man.

SPLIT SCREEN: Louise picks up an extension.

LOUISE

(CUTTING IN) Rodney.

RODNEY

Who the hell is that?

MICKEY

Oh, just a little girl who's  
writing a paper about *me*.

Bosco, on his screen, **sips** his coffee.

LOUISE

When you two were working together  
what was the first thing you would  
buy after you stole all that money?

RODNEY

You know, I love me a Cadbury egg,  
but I--

MICKEY

That's my Rodney.

RODNEY

Hey, Mickey, I don't know what  
you're up to, but count me out.

Rodney hangs up. Mickey slams the handset into the phone base  
over and over, smashing it.

MICKEY

(GROAN) *Rodney! Rodney! Rodney!*

BOB

Easy, Mickey, calm down.

MR. FROND

Ah! Let me outta here! Women and  
children should be released!

BOB

You're not a woman, Frond.

MR. FROND

I will tuck my junk so fast!

Mickey paces back and forth.

MICKEY

Look, I'm losing it, Bob! Maybe I  
should make a break for it.

Bob ushers Mickey into a chair to regain control.

BOB

Mickey, look, you're not getting away with the money. You have to accept that.

MICKEY

I, I just don't think Rodney would--

BOB

You gotta stop thinking about Rodney, all right? *You* robbed this bank. So *you* need to decide how this ends... not how Rodney would do it. It's how *Mickey* would do it. Do the Mickey plan.

MICKEY

I don't know what the Mickey plan is though. Ye-- I just don't wanna look like a total failure on TV. Cops touching my hair, laughing at me, pullin' on me, grabbing my shir--  
- My, my new jeans.

BOB

All right, all right. So give yourself up, but on your terms. Look, I don't make a lot of money selling burgers...

The Bank Manager nods his head in agreement.

BANK MANAGER

Em-eh.

BOB

...but I do it on my terms.

BANK MANAGER

Mm, okay.

MICKEY

All right, I'll turn myself in. On my terms. And here's one of my terms. I'm hungry, I want one of your burgers, Bob.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - A LITTLE LATER - DUSK**

A jumbled mass of hostages squeezes through the doors. Snipers take aim, it's tense.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Baby steps, baby steps, baby steps...

ANGLE ON: Bob's Burgers. The cops shuffle out. They are also in a huddle, like Mickey and the hostages, except bristling with guns.

Olsen Benner reports live from the scene.

OLSEN BENNER

(TO NEWS CAMERA) That's right, the hostage situation is moving to Fish Rocket Burgers!

ANGLE ON: A sniper takes aim at the group of hostages as they inch closer to the group of police officers and Bob's Burgers.



BACK ON: The hostage huddle. Mickey shuffles, squat-walking, in the middle. We can barely see him, and he can barely see through. Bob leads the huddle.

MICKEY

Say we go to your place, order up some burgers. I give myself up. On my terms. How you like my plan, Bob?

BOB

Eh, it's not great.

MICKEY

Pretty sweet.

BOB

Ah, I think it's fair at best, Mickey. But it's yours.

MICKEY

(CHUCKLING) Sure is mine. (THEN)  
Hey, what are you guys doing after this? I mean, not that I can come. Probably not. I mean, maybe I can.  
(LOOKING AT FROND'S AND BANK MANAGERS'S FEET) Hey, you guys are shoe twins! Look at your shoes.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OCEAN AVENUE - DUSK - CONTINUOUS**

ANGLE ON: The mass of hostages (with Mickey inside) slowly walks toward Bob's.

BOB

Easy.

Linda and the kids call from behind the barricades.

LINDA

You're almost home, Bobby! (TO  
HERSELF) Oh God. Now I have to do  
*that*. Bobby, I'll trade you that  
for two of the other things.

ANGLE ON: The huddle.

They pass Hummer Guy's Hummer.

HUMMER GUY

(PROUD) Hey. Hey. Look at that,  
that's my ride. (TO YOGA LADY) It  
gets great ass-milage.

YOGA LADY

How are you still single?

HUMMER GUY

(HORNY WHISPER) I'm not.

Yoga Lady keys the Hummer as they pass by.

YOGA LADY

Ooops.

HUMMER GUY

Hey!

The huddled cops walk slowly past Bob's huddle.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(TO MICKEY) All right, we're out of the restaurant! I just don't get why we have to be in a huddle too!

MICKEY

So you don't fan out. Plus we're in a huddle. And it just feels like it should be, you know, like a huddle thing! Pretty tight though. Lookin' good!

Mickey is peeking out from between Bob's legs at a police officer who is fanning out.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hey, I see you! Get in the bank or, you know, I start shooting!

Mickey's gun appears through Bob's legs.

BOB

(STARTLED) Ahh!

SERGEANT BOSCO

Okay, okay! We're goin'!

The police all move to the bank.

MICKEY

See that? Yeah, this is how you go out in *style*. The Mickey way.

Louise runs to the huddle with pen and paper in hand.

LOUISE

Mickey! What advice would you give young people? Who's your hero? What's your favorite pig-out food?

MICKEY

Stay in school, Superman, potato chips if I'm sad, chocolate if I'm bad.

BOB

Louise! Get out!

**EXT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - A LITTLE LATER**

The cops look out the windows, frustrated.

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - CONTINUOUS**

We see Bob, Mickey and the hostages through the front window.

MICKEY

You guys...

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Mickey has a burger in one hand, a beer in the other. He addresses the quiet hostages.

MICKEY

...are amazing. Best human shields ever. (POINTING) Whoa, look out! Just kidding. (POINTING) Oh my god, no, look out! I'm kidding. These burgers are good.

Mickey moves to the counter.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

This is great, huh? Look at me.  
Burger in one hand. Beer in the  
other. Livin' life. This is how you  
go to jail!

BOB

Yeah, and no one got hurt.

MICKEY

(THROWN AWAY) Well, that too. That  
too. (THEN) Hey, Bob, you know when  
they, ah, caught up to Rodney?

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. STREET**

A SERIES OF STILL SHOTS:

Rodney is running away from cops.

MICKEY (V.O.)

They tackled him and his pants came  
half-way down.

Rodney is tackled by a cop.

MICKEY (V.O.)

He's splayed out like that. With  
his hands on his head. Ass in the  
breeze. It's like his pants just  
kinda gave up.

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

MICKEY

My pants are staying on. So thanks  
for that, Bob. (KNOCKS ON COUNTER)  
Thanks for everything.

BOB

Uh. Sure, Mickey.

**EXT./INT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - SAME TIME**

EXTREME PUSH IN through window of the bank - past the cops milling around, to an air vent in the ceiling. PUSH THROUGH vent to tear gas canister clock beeping. 2... 1... BOOM! PFFFT! Tear gas comes pouring through the vents.

**EXT. FIRST OCEANSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS**

WE SEE through the window the bank filling with green gas. Cops run out of the bank, **gagging** and **wheezing**. Bosco stumbles out, coughing.

SERGEANT BOSCO

(COUGHS)

A cameraman starts shooting the action.

OVERHEAD SHOT: Green gas pouring out. It's chaos.

BACK ON: The street in front of the bank.

SPEEDO GUY

The cops tear gassed themselves!

Love it!

ANGLE ON: Mr. Fischoeder, enjoying the spectacle as green gas slowly envelopes him.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh! Well done! That's the money  
shot. Goodie! (COUGHS)

ANGLE ON: The Hummer. Cops are **gagging** and **wheezing**, leaning on the Hummer.

COPS

(COUGH)

One cop **pukes** into the Hummer's open window.

COP

(PUKES)

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Hummer Guy sees the cop puking into his Hummer.

HUMMER GUY

Ow man, not my Sex-U-V.

Bob's watching the action on TV.

Mickey grabs his duffle bag of cash now that everyone's attention is on the bank.

MICKEY

All right, now's my chance!

BOB

No, no, Mickey, don't do it!

MICKEY

Sorry to... *eat and run*. (THEN) Was that a cool line?

BOB

Umm... Not really.

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - CONTINUOUS**

Mickey's making a break for it. SLO-MO as cops give chase. Bob watches from the door of the restaurant.

BOB

(SLO-MO) Nooooo!!

LOUISE

(SLO-MO) Yess!! Run Mickey!

TRACKING SHOT: Mickey outruns the cops for a moment, then he's thrown to the ground by the cops.

MICKEY

(SLO-MO) Not the pants!

END SLO-MO. The cops handcuff Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Uff! (CALLING OVER HIS SHOULDER TO BOB) You see that Bob?! P-Oh! My pants are up! Ow! (O.S., SIMULTANEOUS) They're up! (GRUNTS)

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Yeah, I see it, buddy! I see it.

The kids and Linda run up and hug Bob.

GENE

Dad!

LOUISE

You survived!

BOB

I did.

LINDA

Oh, Bobby, you're a hero. (KISSES BOB)

BOB

I don't know about that...

The Bank Manager approaches Bob to shake his hand.

BANK MANAGER

You really stepped up today. Maybe I was wrong about you, Bob.

(MORE)



BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)

Come by the bank tomorrow and we'll  
see about restructuring your loans.

Just then, Bob's back pocket explodes in blue ink.

BOB

What the...?

Bob produces a stack of cash, dripping in blue ink. The Bank  
Manager's mouth is open.

BANK MANAGER

That's a dye pack from the bank.

BOB

The-- Mickey must have put it--

BANK MANAGER (SIMULTANEOUS)

(TSKS)

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Oh, don't tsk me. I didn't--

BANK MANAGER

Em-eh.

BOB

Oh, come-- (SIGH)

BANK MANAGER

Nope.

The Bank Manager walks away, just shaking his head, holding  
the blue cash at arm's length.

GENE

Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.

LOUISE

Didn't know you had it in you, Dad.

BOB

I didn't steal the money.

LINDA

I believe you, honey. Kinda.

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - TWO WEEKS LATER - ESTABLISHING**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tina carries a box. Louise is marrying ketchups. Bob sweeps behind the counter. Linda yells through the pass-through window.

LINDA

Hey Bob, why don't you go negotiate the release of some tomatoes from the walk-in?

BOB

It's been two weeks, Lin. You can stop with the hostage jokes.

LINDA

Ha ha.

The phone rings.

BOB

(ANSWERS) Bob's Burgers.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JAIL - CONTINUOUS**

Mickey is calling from jail.

MICKEY

Bob! It's Mickey!

**INTERCUT:** Bob and Mickey.

BOB

Hey, Mickey, how-- how's jail?

MICKEY

It's horrible.

LINDA

(TO BOB) Ask him if he got the books-on-tape we sent him.

TINA

Does anyone there need a pen pal?

GENE

Ask him what he'll do for a pack of smokes.

MICKEY

Hey, Bob, I wanted to know what grade your daughter got on that essay about me?

BOB

Oh. Um... (COVERS MOUTHPIECE) He wants to know what grade you got on that essay you wrote.

LOUISE

Oh... I never even turned it in.

BOB

Right. (INTO PHONE) Uh, she got an A.

MICKEY

Hey! (AWAY FROM PHONE) We got an A!

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INMATES (O.S.)

Yaaaaay!

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**