

BOBS BURGERS
Rat Season

By

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

BOB flips burgers on the grill. TINA stands next to him hovering over what he's doing.

BOB
Tina you don't have to stand so close.

TINA
I'm watching.

BOB
Yea, I know. You could back up-

TINA
No I can't.

BOB
Okay.. hey Lin could you go get some more buns from the basement?

LINDA stands behind the counter in the restaurant stacking condiments. LOUISE and GENE sit at the counter. Gene speaks through his megaphone voice changer.

LINDA
Hey Tina, go get your father some buns.

GENE
Ha! Tina's getting dad's buns!

LINDA
Ha, buns like butt.

TINA
Sure, I'll get you some butts dad.

BOB
(groans)
Ah, yea, just get the burger buns please.

Tina walks to the basement.

LINDA
Buns, ha. Buns.

TEDDY walks into the restaurant looking frazzled.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA
Hey Teddy, happy Tuesday!

TEDDY
Huh? Its Tuesday already? Oh geez.

BOB
What's wrong Teddy do you want a
glass of water or something?

LOUISE
It looks like you just saw a ghost,
or like you just killed someone and
now they're a ghost and they're
haunting you!

TEDDY
(screams)
AHH!

LOUISE
Murderer!

LINDA
(screams)
AHH!

BOB
Stop! Stop! Everyone stop, Louise
go help Tina with the buns.

GENE
Butts.

BOB
Gene you go too.

Louise and Gene walk to the basement.

BOB (CONT'D)
What's going on Teddy?

TEDDY
I'm, I'm just so stressed Bob.
Getting all the paperwork in on
time. Tax season is the worst of
all the six seasons.

BOB
Did you just say tax season?

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY
Uh. Yea, I did.

 BOB
(screams)

 LINDA
(screams)

 TEDDY
(screams)

 BOB
Wait did you say six seasons?

 TEDDY
Huh?

 BOB
You know that there are four
seasons right?

 TEDDY
Yea yea I know.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tina is stacking bun packages on top of each other. Gene holds his megaphone and speaks through it. Louise walks around inspecting the basement.

 GENE
Get dad's buns, stack dad's buns!

 TINA
Gene could you say maybe stack
Jimmy Juniors buns? I think I would
be more efficient that way.

 LOUISE
This basement is so big.

 GENE
Stack Jimmy's buns!

 LOUISE
If you had a space this big..what
would you do with it?

 TINA
Sexy cuddle chamber.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

It was a hypothetical question
Tina, I'm talking to myself over
here.

GENE

Fart room!

LOUISE

You guys are useless.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob sits at the kitchen table with his head in his hands.
Linda looks through a stack of papers.

BOB

I haven't got anything together,
our expenses were crazy this year
with Gene going in for his
digestion issues and Louise with
breaking other peoples legs.

LINDA

Calm down Bobby, we'll just call an
accountant and get an extension.

BOB

We can't just call an accountant
Lin we don't have the money for
that.

LINDA

Well what if we just don't file
this year?

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Gene sits at his desk doodling on his paper.

MR. FROND

So who will it be?

Gene looks up and immediately raises his hand.

MR. FROND (CONT'D)

Did you even hear what I asked
Gene?

(CONTINUED)

GENE

Yes!

MR. FROND

OK what did I ask?

GENE

You asked did you even hear what I asked.

Mr. Frond groans and walks over to Genes desk.

MR. FROND

You can take Toad home but you need to bring this back signed by your parents. Capiche?

GENE

Quiche

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Gene spins on the counter chair while Louise paces. Tina stands alone.

LOUISE

You could always sign it yourself.

GENE

I can barely write my own name not in sign form.

TINA

You could say its for a field trip.

LOUISE

No cause then Mom will absolutely want to go.

TINA

You could just tell the truth.

LOUISE

Tina why don't you go over and count the napkins.

TINA

I already did that.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The kitchen is now a mess with papers all over. Bob sits at the kitchen table Linda walks in

LINDA

Oh Bobby. You look like mess.

BOB

We don't have time. Can we really not file? I mean do people do that?

LINDA

Gayle does it!

BOB

Gayle only has three cats as dependents. She can afford to not file.

LINDA

Gayle was also an accounting major, she knows what she's doing Bobby.

BOB

Hm. Well I mean, we already filed for the restaurant. Its not like the IRS is going to check in our personal stuff.

LINDA

Uh huh uh huh. I could even call Gayle and have her look over our stuff to make sure.

BOB

I don't think that's necessary.

LINDA

(on the phone)

Hey Gale, yeah sure you can come tomorrow.

BOB

Lin!

LINDA

Shh, Bobby! I'm on the phone.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

GENE

I'll just sneak it in.

LOUISE

You think you have the finesse for that?

GENE

I don't know I don't exercise.

TINA

Maybe we don't need to take the rat under our roof. Maybe rats don't even like roofs. I know I sometimes don't.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob pushes papers around on the table, stressed out. Gene walks in.

GENE

So taxes huh?

BOB

Not now Gene.

GENE

I've been there before too dad.

BOB

Gene.

GENE

Here look at this paper.

BOB

Gene.

GENE

Write your name.

BOB

Gene, if i write my name will you please leave me alone so I can think.

GENE

Yes. I definitely can.

Bob scribbles on the paper that Gene pushes toward him. Gene walks away. Bob lightly bangs his head on the table and rests it there.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Gene, Louise and Tina walk down the street. Gene carries a small cage containing toad, a white rat. Tina walks on the opposite side of Gene uncomfortably.

 LOUISE
How'd you do it?

 GENE
Dad was busy with taxes.

 LOUISE
Taxes. Ah. Of course. The weakness to all adults. The kryptonite to any working man or woman. Next, all we have to do is sneak the rat into the basement.

 TINA
(groans)

 LOUISE
Tina its a rat not some sort of horrifying-

 GENE
His name is toad and he will be called by his name.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bob and Linda stand behind the counter. Linda arranges the napkin holders.

 BOB
Well we're in the clear. As long as we don't do anything to stand out with our spending.

 LINDA
Good bye Florida.

 BOB
Maybe next year Lin.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

I was gonna swim with the whales
and dolphins. And turtles, oh the
turtles.

BOB

They'll be there next year, and the
year after that. Well unless global
warming does something.

LINDA

Hey, ya know, I've got my family,
my Bobby, who needs extra stuff.

Gene, Louise and Tina walk into the restaurant. Gene has
stuck the cage under his shirt.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Ahh speaking of my babies!

LOUISE

Hey there parents, can't talk at
the moment. Really gotta pee.
Emergency mode.

Louise scurries to the basement.

GENE

Me too, bumpy school bus ride has
turned my number 1 into 2 and
number 2 into 3.

BOB

What's three?

GENE

Lets just say it starts with E and
is the word explosive.

BOB

Oh god. Gene. Go to the bathroom.

Gene waddles awkwardly to the basement.

LINDA

What about you Tina? Are your
bowels feeling okay?

TINA

I feel taxed.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Ugh.

TINA

Is it too soon? I'm trying out
topical comedy.

LINDA

Your father is just worried about
the big bad IRS huffing and puffing
and blowing our house down.

TINA

Oh.

BOB

Don't worry Tina it's okay.
Everything is okay. The IRS isn't
going to audit us.

The BELL on the door jingles and a short MAN in a suit walks
in.

MAN

Bob Belcher?

Bob turns around.

BOB

Yea?

MAN

My name is Sam, I'm with IRS.
You're being audited.

Tina yells.

SAM

Is she okay?

TINA

My bowels are now unwell.

Tina walks backward to the basement bumping into a wall
before she finally exits.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Louise stacks bun packages up into round rings. Gene stacks
up buns in the shape of a throne and sits in it. Tina comes
down the stairs wide eyed.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

Hello Tina greet your new prince.

TINA

The IRS-

GENE

Greet your rat prince.

TINA

Hello rat prince. The IRS is going to take away our house.

LOUISE

What?!

TINA

Mom and Dad just said so. They're being audited.

LOUISE

Now we need this more than ever.

TINA

Need what?

LOUISE

The rat rings. Take a gander, you are now looking at the new location for the king pin of rat fights.

Tina starts to hyperventilate.

GENE

No rat fights.

LOUISE

Gene.

GENE

I will not have Toad getting hurt in barbaric acts. The rat prince has spoken.

LOUISE

Hey Gene, come here a sec.

GENE

I can't.

LOUISE

Just come here.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

No I really cant, these buns are so plushy on my tush and I sweat when I get excited, so now I'm stuck.

Louise walks over to Gene on the bun throne.

LOUISE

Here me out. With the rat fights come more rats, more rats mean more rats to rule.

GENE

Keep talking.

LOUISE

That was it.

GENE

Okay you've convinced me.

Tina lays down in the bun walled rat ring.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bob and Linda both stand behind the counter. Sam picks a toothpick out of a container on the counter.

BOB

How can we be audited we only just didn't file like yesterday! And why didn't they send a letter or something. I didn't even know that people went door to door.

SAM

You didn't file?

LINDA

Bobby...

BOB

Well yea, we didn't file this year. Isn't that why you're auditing us? You audit people who don't file.

SAM

Actually usually no, we don't look too deep into low income personal tax cases.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

Told ya! Hey. Low income? I've got three kids and two toasters. One is for bread and one is for bagels.

BOB

Then why are you auditing me?

Sam pulls a small notebook from the inside his jacket pocket and flips it open.

SAM

April 2005. Your restaurant filed and didn't sign the return.

BOB

What?

SAM

What?

BOB

That's it? I must have forgotten.

SAM

Exactly. I'm here to see what else you could have possibly forgotten. Cash based restaurants like yours are always trying to sweep extra money under the rug.

BOB

Does it look like this place can afford a rug to sweep it under?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tina is still laying in the bun rat ring. The basement now has a few people in it. Louise talks to ANDY and OLLIE, small twin boys. Both boys hold rats.

LOUISE

You both got rats for the fights?

ANDY

Yep, his name is rat.

OLLIE

His name is also rat.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
You both named your rats rat.

ANDY
Mine has a silent K in it.

LOUISE
Right. Okay just put your rats in
the holding pen.

Andy and Ollie walk to the ring Tina is lying in.

LOUISE
Tina get out of the holding pen.

Tina gets up and sees the rats Andy and Ollie have. She
MOANS.

TINA
You can do this Tina. They are just
rats. They can't even speak.
They'll never know right from
wrong. They'll never know love.

Tina gasps.

TINA (CONT'D)
Rats don't know love. They will
never know the feeling of butt
touch, or the look of a perfectly
timed hair flip.

LOUISE
Tina. The pit. You. Out.

TINA
(whispering)
I am no longer afraid.

Tina climbs out of the pen and pets the rats on her way out.
She spins in a circle off toward Gene. There are now more
people in the basement all with rats of their own.

GENE
Alright my small worshipers, the
rat prince needs a show.

LOUISE
You heard the man! Line up with
your rats! The bidding starts at
five in increments of five. Now or
never, first two rats up are Toad
and Rat.

OLLIE
Which Rat?

LOUISE
Yours.

ANDY
Mine?

Louise smacks her head. TEDDY comes next to Louise.

TEDDY
Does your dad know you're doing
this?

Louise looks at Teddy.

LOUISE
Is that a rat?

Teddy holds up the rat in his hand and makes "goo goo" eyes at it.

TEDDY
This is Princess.

LOUISE
Aw, wow look at her!

Louise turns to Tina.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Throw her in the ring.

Tina takes Princess, kisses her head and plops her in the ring next to Toad.

TEDDY
Fight fair Princess!

LOUISE
All bets are in, let the fight
begin!

GENE
KILL HER TOAD.

Everyone stands around the ring watching. The two rats don't move. Everyone is silent.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bob and Linda stand with their arms crossed watching Sam who walks around the restaurant writing down things in his notebook.

BOB

We have nothing to hide. Especially not some excess money. I'll just sign the stupid return.

SAM

Oh Mr. Belcher it doesn't work like that.

LINDA

So then what are you looking for? What do you want, you cant just come in here and march around our restaurant.

SAM

I'll need to see your taxes.

BOB

Fine that's fine. Where are the taxes Lin?

LINDA

Uh.

BOB

Lin?

LINDA

I kinda don't know. After the telephone pole hit the house we moved all the important paperwork to the...

BOB

Lin...

LINDA

We moved it somewhere!

SAM

Missing paperwork?

LINDA

Not missing! Just misplaced. It's here, well it's somewhere.

Sam scoffs at them and continues to examine things and takes notes.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Everyone is still standing around the pen. The rats are not doing anything. Gene still sits stuck in his bread throne.

GENE

The rat prince is bored. The rat prince is yawning.

ZEKE pushes through the crowd and yells.

ZEKE

We're all bored. These rats stink like poo!

TINA

Don't yell at them, they're discovering who they are.

LOUISE

Everyone relax, this was a tie. Next up is Mr. Fiscoeder's rat, Big Cheese, against Jimmy Jr's rat, Superstar.

A few people boo from the crowd. Louise collects the money from reluctant patrons. Tina gives princess back to Teddy who snuggles her. Tina holds Toad and places Big Cheese and Superstar into the ring. Tina walks past Jimmy Jr and whispers in his ear.

TINA

I sure hope your rat has got what it takes. I'm rooting for you.

She winks.

JIMMY JR

What?

TINA

Oh never mind.

JIMMY JR

Okay. Is your eye okay?

TINA

I said I'm rooting for you.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY JR

What?

TINA

(groaning)

Your rat looks.. healthy.

JIMMY JR

Uh, thanks Tina.

Tina walks away and hands Toad to Gene. Gene takes him and puts him on his lap.

LOUISE

Alright people, bets on Big Cheese and Superstar are in. Let the rat fight begin!

Everyone in the basement gathers around the bun ring and watches. Superstar faces the wall not moving and Big Cheese tries to climb up the wall and escape.

MR. FISCHOEDER

What are you doing Big Cheese! This is not what we trained for!

JIMMY JR

Dance Superstar, dance!

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Teddy enters from the basement door into the restaurant. He sees Bob and Linda and hides Princess in his pocket.

TEDDY

Uh hey everyone.

BOB

Hey Teddy.

Bob does a double take.

BOB (CONT'D)

Did you just come from the basement?

TEDDY

What? Who?

BOB

You. You Teddy. Did you just, never mind.

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

Whats going on up here?

BOB

Well Sam is here from the IRS
because we are being audited.

TEDDY

Oh. Bummer. Hi Sam.

Princess moves around in his pocket and Teddy starts to wiggle and move around. He LAUGHS loudly a few times.

SAM

Is your friend there okay?

LINDA

No. No. But hey! Neither are we! Ha
ha.

SAM

I'm actually fine.

LINDA

Oh well good for you mister I'm
better and know everything
about...ya know what, hey, I'm
going to look in the house.

BOB

Okay hurry Lin.

Linda leaves. Bob stands at an awkward distance from Sam and Teddy. Teddy jerks his body a few times.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The rats are not fighting. People start booing in the crowd.
Gene motions to Louise.

GENE

The people are not happy.

LOUISE

I am aware.

GENE

The rat prince is not happy.

LOUISE

Well a crowd of broke angry people
is a little more intimidating than

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE (cont'd)
a self proclaimed rat prince who's
butt is stuck to a pile of burger
buns.

ZEKE
Hey these rats are lame. I want my
five back.

Others murmur in a agreement.

LOUISE
Think Louise, think.

Tina looms near Gene and Louise.

TINA
(quietly)
Butts.

LOUISE
(yelling)
Calm your hormones Tina because
there are more important things at
hand like keeping mom and dad
afloat and not losing everything we
just made!

TINA
No, butts. Gene your buns are on
the buns rights?

GENE
That they are.

TINA
Everything down here is made of
all these burger buns.

LOUISE
Yes Tina and upstairs we actually
have a burger restaurant.

TINA
Louise. Look around, what is
keeping these rats from escaping
and causing a panic? Just bread.

Louise looks around realizing and smiles.

LOUISE
Wow Tina, I think I may be rubbing
off on you.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Sam sits in a booth and taps his foot impatiently. Bob is watching Teddy.

BOB

Teddy do you want to use the bathroom?

TEDDY

No I think I'll just go. HA.

Teddy waddles to the door. He holds it open as Linda runs in with a few folders. He leaves. Linda slaps them down on the table.

LINDA

It's gotta be in here.

BOB

Ha. There ya go Sam.

SAM

Let's see.

Sam flips open the folders with his pen and moves around the pages on the table. Bob and Linda stare.

SAM

Mmm. Mhm.

LINDA

Mhhmm.

SAM

Mm.

LINDA

Well??

SAM

You're missing the signed return.

BOB

AGH. Its one signature! I'll sign something now! I'll sign everything!

Bob starts to take napkins and sign with his pen.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Gene sits on his throne and signals with his hands to Tina, who is a few feet away.

TINA
(whispering)
I don't know what that means.

GENE
(whispering)
It means go.

TINA
(whispering)
When?

GENE
(whispering)
On my signal.

Tina waits and Gene moves his hand again. Tina doesn't move.

LOUISE
Tina, oh my god. Go!

TINA
Is that the signal?

LOUISE
YES!

Tina jogs extremely slowly toward a bread ring. She bends down pretending to tie her shoe and pulls two loaves away from the wall.

TINA
Be free.

She goes to the other bread rings and does the same.

A GIRL in the crowd sees a rat loose outside of the pen gnawing on a package of buns.

GIRL
AHH! Rouge rat!!

People turn to see and start to scream and move in different direction. Louise stands holding two packages of burger buns that made up the ring and LAUGHS.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

Toad, eat the burger buns near my butt so I can flee while my power as prince is at an all time high.

Gene puts Toad near his burger throne. Toad sits still.

GENE (CONT'D)

That's okay take your time.

Chaos begins and people scramble in different directions knocking over more stacks of buns and letting more rats loose.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Bob throws the napkins he's signing all around the room and then toward Sam.

LINDA

Oh Bobby stop.

BOB

Here Lin, you sign some too! Plenty of signatures to go around here!

LINDA

Those napkins cost a lot, stop throwing them.

GALE walks into the restaurant.

GALE

Hi sis.

Linda spins around and hugs Gale.

LINDA

Oh Gale! You're just in time. Bobby and I are being audited.

BOB

(groaning)

Hi Gale.

Linda picks up the napkins on the floor. Gale walks by Bob and whispers.

GALE

You know, the government isn't the only ones with their eyes on you.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Oh god, Gayle, Can you help us with
our taxes or no?

GALE
Well I can try.

Gale puts on cat eye rimmed glasses and licks her lips. She
turns and sees Sam.

GALE
Hello.

SAM
Hi.

A SCREAM is heard form the basement. Sam, Bob, Gale and
Linda look toward the basement door.

SAM
What was that?

LINDA
Ah it's just the kids in the
basement..THE BASEMENT!

BOB
What?

LINDA
The files are in the basement!

BOB
HA! AH HA! You see Sam? You see??

Bob walks toward the basement door.

BOB
We've got them! No audit today!

A rat squeezes under the door and scurries out.

BOB (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

SAM
Is that a rodent?!

LINDA
What! Where?!

SAM

What kind of restaurant is this?

Bob pulls open the door and a flood of rats and people come plowing through.

BOB

Ah! Ah! What the hell is going on?!

LINDA

Louise, Tina, Gene!?

Tina runs up with rats in her arms.

TINA

Be free!

BOB

Tina??

LINDA

Tina put those rats down!

BOB

Stop! Everyone stop!

All of the people stop running. Rats scurry in different directions.

BOB

Tina.

TINA

Hello.

BOB

What is going on.

TINA

I think a mass panic.

LINDA

Tina you tell us right now what Louise is up to.

Louise YELLS from the basement.

LOUISE

Oh, always blaming the youngest!

TINA

(groaning)

Uhh.

(CONTINUED)

BOB

Lin, lock the door and get some burgers cooking. Nobody leave! I'm going to figure this out.

Bob walks to the basement.

LINDA

You heard the man! Everyone take a seat, this may take a while.

Everyone moves to the booths and sits.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The basement is a mess with papers and bread everywhere. Louise is counting money in the center, among chewed up packages of bread. Gene is still stuck in his bread throne and Toad lays idly next to it. Bob walks down the stairs.

BOB

Louise? Gene?

GENE

Hey dad.

BOB

What is going on? Why are there rats and why are you sitting on all of of those buns? Why are there buns everywhere? Louise!

LOUISE

What?

BOB

Why are there rats in the restaurant and why do you have...money, where did you get all that money?

LOUISE

Well Gene got to take home his class rat.

GENE

Toad!

LOUISE (CONT'D)

And from there it kinda just escalated and then Tina said the IRS was gonna take the house so I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
planned that forty percent of the
profit from the rat fights would go
to you and the other sixty to me.

BOB
First of all, the IRS is not taking
anything. Me and your mom were just
missing some paperwork. Second of
all, you're grounded for the rat
fights.

GENE
Can you-

BOB
You too Gene.

GENE
Okay, but can you help me out of my
bun throne? I think the plastic has
melted into my skin.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Lin gives out burgers to everyone and everyone eats. Gale
scoots closer to Sam in the booth.

GALE
I was an accounting major.

SAM
Uh huh.

GALE
I know how to balance a check book
if you catch my drift.

SAM
I really don't.

Sam jumps a little.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh! Please don't touch my leg.
Please stop.

Bob enters from the basement door with Louise and Gene.

BOB
Okay everyone, I'm sorry about all
of this. Louise is going to pay
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)
back everything she owes to
everyone.

MORT turns toward them.

MORT
Actually, just keep my five. This
burger is worth that.

WOMAN
Eh, keep mine too.

BOB
Are, are you sure? I'm teaching my
daughter a lesson in right and
wrong, does anyone want their money
back for the illegal rat fights
that happened in my basement?

MAN
Nah. Can I get a refill on this
soda though?

LOUISE
Well dad it looks like sometimes
bad stuff turns into good stuff.

BOB
No, no-

GENE
Sometimes you just need to sweat on
some burger buns till you can't
move.

BOB
No Gene.

LINDA
I'm just happy my babies are okay.

SAM
Ahem.

BOB
Oh right. You.

Bob pulls a dirty soggy paper from his pants pocket and lays
it on the table.

BOB (CONT'D)
The signed tax return.

Sam picks up the paper looking it over.

SAM
So it is. Well Belchers, you are not being audited. This time. I'll be sure to keep my own close personal eye on you for this next tax season.

BOB
You can go.

Sam gathers his notebook and leaves. He has trouble with the locked door and spends a moment trying to open it, he finally does and exits.

LINDA
Why was that paper all wet?

BOB
It was pee.

LINDA
Oh.

BOB
Yea the basement is covered in rat..stuff. We're gonna need a week to clean it up.

LINDA
Hey at least it was the IRS and not the health inspector, right Bobby?

Linda laughs as the bell on the door JINGLES. A MAN walks in.

MAN
Bob Belcher?

Bob turns around.

BOB
Oh what now.

LARRY
My name is Larry I'm with the board of health-

Bob faints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

30.

FADE OUT.

END