

BOB'S BURGER'S  
"SHEESH! CAB, BOB?"

Episode #1ASA09

**ACT ONE**

**FADE IN:**

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

Bob's hosing down the sidewalk outside his restaurant. Gene and Louise are floating trash down the gutter.

JIMMY (O.S.)

(TRYING TO GET ATTENTION) Bob! Hey,

woo-hoo! (WHISTLE)

Bob looks up to see Jimmy Pesto across the street in front of his restaurant. He's flanked by one of the fratty bartenders, TREV.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Bob! (RE: CLEANING THE SIDEWALK) Hey,

I think you missed a spot! Uh, never mind, that's just your mustache!

(LAUGHS)

TREV

(GOOD ONE JIMMY) Ka-Boom!

BOB

Uh-ha, ha ha, Jimmy. Good one! Uh, at least I could grow one! You can't! (TO KIDS) Gene? Louise? How about a "Ka-boom?"

LOUISE

You can do better than that, Dad.

GENE

Yah, step it up!

BOB

Okay, you do better. Give me something.

LOUISE

How about... Pff... I don't know ...nice shoes, Jimmy! Do they make them for men, too?! Ha!

BOB

All right. That's, ah... That's good.

(TO JIMMY) Hey, Ji--

REVEAL: Jimmy and Trev have gone inside.

BOB (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) Oh, they're gone.

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

Bob enters. Linda's waiting for him behind the counter. Gene and Louise follow Bob in.

BOB

God, I hate Jimmy Pesto. With his crappy food and all his customers.

LINDA

Oh, forget about your silly rivalry for one minute. Bob, listen... Come here... Tina's birthday's coming up...

ANGLE ON: Tina at a booth by herself.

LINDA (CONT'D)

...and I think we should do something special since she's turning thirteen. This is the year she becomes a woman.

BOB

Yeah, I don't want to hear this.

LINDA

Bob, she deserves a special party this year.

Louise and Gene stand on either side of Bob.

LOUISE

If what it says in her diary is true, then I'd say she needs it, a lot.

GENE

It's true.

BOB

Wait, you read her diary?

LINDA

Yeah.

LOUISE

What I can stomach.

LINDA

I just skim it to make sure she's not on drugs.

BOB

What... what does it say?

LINDA

It says, "I'm not on drugs."

GENE

It's pretty rough. But she thinks things will really turn around this year.

LOUISE

Yeah, she dubbed it "The Year of Tina."

BOB

Why is everyone reading her diary?

GENE

It's well written.

LOUISE

She's better on the page than in person.

GENE

And what if the Nazis get us and it's all we have of our family.

BOB

(LAUGHS) Okay, fine, we'll make this birthday extra special.

LINDA

All right. (CALLING OFF) Tina sweetie! C'mere.

Tina walks over from the booth.

TINA

Yeah?

LINDA

Listen, baby, we'd like you to have an extra special thirteenth birthday party. So take your time, and think about what would make the perfect party--

TINA

(INTERRUPTING, RATTLES OFF) I'd like it to be a boy-girl party.

BOB

Mm-hmm.

TINA

With mingling.

BOB

Hmm.

TINA

I want to close the restaurant and invite my whole class over.

BOB

No.

TINA

And I want there to be a DJ, and dancing, and a smoke machine.

BOB

Em-eh.

TINA

And about two hours in the party, I  
want there to be a moment where I see  
Jimmy Junior across the room...

BOB

Hmm.

TINA

...and we're pulled toward each other.

BOB

Em-eh.

TINA

We meet under the disco ball...

BOB

Eh.

TINA

...and we kiss until our bodies and  
souls become one.

BOB

Oh God.

TINA

And it's my first kiss.

BOB

Oh.

TINA

And it's perfect and I remember it  
forever.

Stunned silence.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Scary.

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Freak.

LINDA

Wow. You've really put some thought  
into it.

BOB

That, uh... sounds expensive. And I  
could do without the kissing Pesto's  
kid part.

TINA

(GENUINE) Oh. It's okay. I guess I  
wasn't meant to have a good life.

LINDA

Bob, a word. Now.

BOB

Now now.

LINDA

Now.

BOB

All right.

Bob walks back towards Linda. Louise walks up to Tina.

LOUISE

(TO TINA) You wanna kiss Jimmy Pesto Junior?!

TINA

Yes. A lot. Many times.

LOUISE

I can help you. I'll be your kissing coordinator. It's my birthday present to you.

TINA

Yeah, I think I know how to kiss.

Tina starts kissing the air. Louise slaps her.

TINA (CONT'D)

Ow!

LOUISE

Do ya?! You think you know how to kiss? (SLAPS HER) Know how to lock lips, huh? (SLAPS HER) Do ya?

Louise slaps here again.

TINA

Ow!

LOUISE

You think you know it feels like to kiss a man, Tina? (SLAPS HER) If you don't what you're doing out there you could get yourself killed. Or worse.

Louise slaps her again.

TINA

Ow!

She slaps her again.

TINA (CONT'D)

Ow!

LOUISE

STDs Tina, have you heard of 'em? Have  
you heard of herpes?

Louise slaps Tina.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Have ya?

TINA

Yes. Yes.

LOUISE

Do you know what herpes feels like on  
your mouth?

TINA

Yes.

LOUISE

What? What is it? What?

TINA

Like, um... cuts on your mouth.

Genes comes over.

GENE

That sounds right.

LOUISE

Sla-- I'm gonna slap Gene.

Louise slaps Gene.

GENE

Ow!

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Linda stands across from Bob. The kids can be seen through the pass-through window, Loise slaps Tina and Gene multiple times each.

BOB

...(WHISPERING) Closing down the restaurant, getting a smoke machine and a DJ... That's gonna add up. We have nothing extra this month, Lin.

LINDA

Well, we gotta do what we gotta do.  
Look at her...

Bob and Linda look at Tina through the pass-through window. Louise slaps her.

BOB

She's so awkward.

LINDA

She's a good girl.

BOB

(SIGHS) Okay, I'll talk to Fiscoeder about getting an extension on the rent.

**EXT. WONDER WHARF - LATER THAT EVENING**

Bob stands next to Mr. Fischoder at the end of the pier. It's foggy, and they're the only people out there.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Hmm... it's foggy.

BOB

Yes. It is.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Are you here?

BOB

I am.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Pwoff.

Beat.

MR. FISCHOEDER (CONT'D)

Why are we here in the fog?

BOB

I... I wanted to meet you and then you told me to meet you here.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh, that's right. It was a good idea.

I love the fog.

BOB

Listen, Mr. Fischoeder, I... I know we talked about never doing this again, but if you can just give us two extra weeks this month on the rent--

MR. FISCHOEDER

I'm gonna have to stop you right  
there, Bob.

Bob stares at Mr. Fischoeder for a beat or two of silence.

BOB

Were you... Were you going to follow  
that up with anything?

MR. FISCHOEDER

Nope.

BOB

Oh.

MR. FISCHOEDER

OH, I love the way the fog feels under  
my cape.

BOB

Ah... right, I'll get goin'.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Bob. Listen. What do you think of  
this?

Bob stops and walks back to Mr. Fischoeder.

MR. FISCHOEDER (CONT'D)

What if I don't give you an extension  
on your rent, but I do give you the  
opportunity to ear some extra money in  
one of my side-businesses.

BOB

That sounds sketchy.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh, it is, Bob.

BOB

Oh.

MR. FISCHOEDER

But you get to wear this hat.

Mr. Fischoeder presents Bob with a classic cabbie hat.

BOB

(BRIGHTENS) Oh.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The family's gathered around. The kids sit on the floor around the table, Louise reads. Linda's on the couch knitting.

BOB

So for the next week, I'll be driving  
a taxicab to pay for Tina's party. And  
I'll be wearing this hat.

Bob puts on the classic cabbie hat.

LOUISE/GENE

Cool!

BOB

Cool... hat or job?

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Job.

GENE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Hat.

TINA

Thank you, Dad. This party is gonna  
sizzle. (MAKES SIZZLE SOUND)

BOB

Stop it.

LINDA

Wait, wait, Bo-- Bobby.

BOB

Yes.

LINDA

When are you gonna have time to drive  
a cab?

BOB

Well, I'll work the full day at the  
restaurant, Lin, then I'll go drive  
the cab from ten PM to six AM.

LINDA

Awwwww, Bob!

Linda hugs Bob.

BOB

All right, all right...

GENE

Wait, why do you have to wear a hat?

BOB

Just let this be fun for me.

TINA

Dad. You won't regret this. When I  
kiss Jimmy Junior under the disco  
ball, it'll be like we're all kissing  
Jimmy Junior under the disco ball.

GENE

I call first!

LOUISE

Really?

GENE

Well if I'm gonna kiss, I don't want  
to go after you guys.

LINDA

I'll go last, I'm fine with that.

BOB

We're not kissing Jimmy Junior!

GENE

Yes we are!!!

Gene slams his hands on the table. Everyone looks at Bob.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

**FADE IN:**

**INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Linda and the kids sit at the table, surrounded by construction paper, markers, glue, etc. Tina, towel around her neck, is **chewing gum** with great difficulty. Louise puts another piece of gum in her mouth.

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(CHEWS GUM)

LOUSE (SIMULTANEOUS)

That's ten pieces of gum, Tina. Chew.

Chew! A kiss is like a fight with mouths!

Tina keeps **chewing**.

LOUSE (CONT'D)

And... time. Spit.

Louise holds out a trash can. Tina **spits** a wad of gum into it.

TINA

(SPITS, THEN) I'm gonna destroy this kiss.

Tina starts **kissing** the air.

TINA (CONT'D)

(KISSING NOISES)

Louise slaps her.

TINA (CONT'D)

Ow!

LOUISE

Not yet.

Bob enters, taking off his apron.

LINDA

There's my Johnny two jobs! Mkaing  
money for the dream birthday party!

Linda stands, kisses Bob and takes his apron from him. Bob  
puts his cabbie hat on.

BOB

(GRAONS) Okay, off into the night I  
go.

Linda gives Bob a cup of coffee.

LINDA

Bobby, be safe out there.

GENE

And make chit-chat. You'll get more  
tips.

LOUSE

Yeah! And keep the meter running.

GENE

Watch out for pukers.

TINA

Stay away from route one. It's bumper  
to bumper all the way to the  
interstate.

BOB

Tina... h-- how do you know that?

TINA

(SHRUGS) I like traffic updates.

BOB

Why?

TINA

I like when they say bumper to bumper.

BOB

Bumper to bumper?

TINA

(HEAD BACK) Ahhh.

GENE

Wow.

BOB.

Yeah. Al-- Bye.

Bob exits.

**INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob enters and looks at the cab. A rat scurries from underneath it.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bob shimmies around in his seat.

BOB

(GRUNTS) Stupid beaded seat cover.

Bob scooches around and finds the sweet spot.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ooh. Okay, I get it.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob drives around the town, settling in. He's at a red light. He turns on the radio which plays some COOL JAZZ.

BOB

FM. Nice.

The light turns green, along with the next lights down the block.

The music continues as Bob leans back in his seat and takes in the beauty of the town at night. He drives past the Ferris wheel on the wharf, which reflects off his window. Bob's eyes widen with wonderment.

Bob spots a PASTY MAN flagging him down. Bob slows. The Pasty Man gets in he back seat.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bob turns back to him.

BOB

Hey, guess what? Ah, you're my first  
fare.

The Pasty Man suddenly **projectile vomits** all over the cab.

PASTY MAN

(VOMITS)

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

Oh, no! No. Oh.

PASTY MAN

(VOMITS MORE)

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PIER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob is hosing down the cab. He holds up the beaded cover seat cover and gives it a good spray.

BOB

(GAGGING)

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - LATER**

A couple makes out sloppily in the back of Bob's cab. Bob does his best to mind his own business until a pair of panties flies into the front seat, landing on Bob's face.

BOB

Ew!

Bob brushes the panties away. A pair of men's underwear lands on his head, they get stuck, he brush them away no matter hard he swipes at them.

BOB (CONT'D)

(STRUGGLING NOISE)

Finally, he is able to throw them out the car window.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PIER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Bob hoses out the back seat of the cab. He then hoses off his head.

**EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - LATER**

Bob stands beside his cab with the back door open as he tries to prop drunk Speedo Guy up against a wall. Speedo Guy can't stand up, he slides down the wall repeatedly, doing the splits, as Bob struggles to help him up.

Bob drives the cab through a run-down part of the city. He picks up three women, flagging him down.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

BOB

Ah, where to, ladie?

The "ladies" (CHA-CHA, MARBLES, and GLITTER) wear fishnets, halter-tops and slightly crooked wigs. They're clearly transvestites. They pile into the cab.

CHA-CHA

Fourth and Ocean, doll.

MARBLES

Thanks for stopping, most cabbies are  
too prudish to pick us up.

BOB

(LAUGHS) And ah, that's because... you  
are...

Bob checks them out in the rear-view mirror. Quick shots of  
Adam's Apples, five o'clock shadow, big hands.

CHA-CHA

Fabulous.

The Trannies share a **laugh**.

CHA-CHA (SIMULTANEOUS)  
(CONT'D)

(LAUGHS)

MARBLES

(LAUGHS)

GLITTER (SIMULTANEOUS)

(LAUGHS) It's true.

BOB

(SIMULTANEOUSLY CHUCKLES ALONG, THEN  
INTO REAR-VIEW MIRROR) Well, you're  
clearly fabulous. Yeah.

CHA-CHA

Yes.

GLITTER

(PLAYFUL) Eyes on the road mister.

MARBLES

Yeah, stop staring at us, this ain't  
no library.

CHA-CHA

Don't fall in love, Mr. Cab Driver,  
you can't afford us.

BOB

Hey, who's picking up who here?

(AWKWARD LAUGH, THEN ALSO PLAYFUL)

Hey, Don't worry, ladies, I'm... I'm  
kidding. I'm a... I'm a married man.

CHA-CHA

So am I.

The cab drives on.

TRANNIES (SIMULTANEOUS)

(LAUGH)

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

(LAUGHS, THEN) Oh.

**INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING**

LOUISE

Now Tina, anyone can tie a cherry stem  
with their tongue. Let's see what you  
can do with this banana peel.

Louise shoves a banana peel in Tina's mouth.

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(MOUTH SOUNDS)

LOUISE (SIMULTANEOUS)

Get... Get it in there.

Bob staggers in, rubbing his neck. Bob takes off his hat.

LINDA

Bobby! Good morning! You're home!

Linda peels foil off a plate and hands it to Bob. Bob is eating dinner, unlike the weggs and O.J. Everyone eats. She kisses him on the cheek.

BOB

Yeah, guess who learned a lot about transvestites last night!

Bob sits down next to Gene.

GENE

I was only on that web site for, like, two seconds!

BOB

What? No. I was talking about me. I picked up a group of transvestite hookers who showed me a side of this town I never knew existed. And Gene, you're banned from the computer for two days.

GENE

After what I saw, I'm... I'm fine with that.

TINA

(MOUTH FULL OF BANANA PEEL) What's a transvestite hooker?

Linda brings Bob a cup of coffee.

LINDA

Bob, I'm not sure this is appropriate  
breakfast conversation.

BOB

(YAWNING) I guess you're right. Maybe,  
(BOB SLOWLY STARTS TO LEAN ON GENE) I  
should just and go to sleep--

Bob dozes off mid-sentence on top of Gene.

GENE

Ahh...

BOB

(SNORES THROUGH SCENE)

LINDA

(WHISPERING) Gene honey. I... I think  
he's sleepin'.

GENE

I... I have to go to school.

LINDA

Shh. Shh. Just hold still.

Bob starts to leak on Gene.

GENE

Eww. Is this drool or sweat?

LINDA

It's both. Your father is a very moist  
sleeper.

GENE

Ahh...

LINDA

Oh, look at my two boys.

TINA

(SPITS UP THE BANANA PEEL)

LOUISE

Nice.

LINDA

Oh. A bow.

LOUISE

Let's put that on Dad's head. (PUTTING  
IT ON BOB'S HEAD) There's your  
transvestite.

LINDA

Get the camera.

**EXT. WAGSTAFF PUBLIC SCHOOL - LATER - ESTABLISHING**

**EXT. WAGSTAFF PUBLIC SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Tina walks the hall of lockers, passing out invitations to her birthday party. She hands them off to fellow students without breaking her slow stride.

TINA

I'm having a birthday party this  
Saturday. It's co-ed because I'm  
becoming a woman.

CLASSMATE #1

Coed?

CLASSMATE #2

My hands just got clammy.

ANGLE ON: JIMMY JUNIOR retrieves a book form his locker. He closes the locker door to REVEAL Tina is standing right behind it.

TINA

Hey Jimmy Junior.

JIMMY JUNIOR

Hi Tina.

Tina hands Jimmy Junior an invitation.

TINA

This is an invitation to my birthday party. (AFTER A BEAR) Hey I noticed you haven't RSVP'd to my party yet.

JIMMY JUNIOR

Um, I need to ask my dad for permission. Can I let you know later?

TINA

Sure, okay.

He walks off. He butt reflects in Tina's glasses.

TINA (CONT'D)

(WATCHING HIM GO, WHISPERS) Butt.

ANGLE ON: Jimmy Junior's butt.

TINA (CONT'D)

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Descending from the moon, we see Bob driving his past a movie theater.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bob drives his cab around town. A sound-alike of Bobby Womack's "Across 110th Street" PLAYS.

He passes guys shooting dice, they point at him. He points back.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Bob pulls up beside a fare flagging him down.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

At Bob's passenger-side window, the fare's a business man who mime's a woman's figure with his hands and money by rubbing his fingers together. Bob nods and signals for him to get in the back of the cab.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER**

Bob pulls up to the Trannies' corner.

**INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS**

Glitter comes to the window and leans in, winking. The business man recoils with trepidation, then shrugs, smiles, and nods his head "yes."

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - EARLY MORNING**

Linda is icing a birthday cake. Bob enters, exhausted. He hands Linda a wad of cash.

LINDA

Aw, how you holding up, Bob?

BOB

Good. I mean, I'm tired. (YAWNS) And,  
um... I might be a pimp.

Louise walks by.

LOUISE

You're goona need a bigger hat.

Bob trades his cabbie hat for his apron.

LINDA

Well, you're still Father of the  
Year...

BOB

Hm.

Bob walks off screen.

KINDA

...Tina's party is gonna be *amazing*. I  
got a disco ball and streamers...

Bob walks back on screen holding a coffee cup.

BOB

Great. Great.

LINDA

...It's gonna be like Buckingham  
Palace!

BOB

Yeah.

LINDA

(DANCING) Studio fifty-four.

BOB

(LAUGHS) Those are two very different  
examples.

Linda dances a little.

LINDA

Well, you get the idea, ya know, it's  
a party.

BOB

So is Tina happy?

Linda returns to icing the cake.

LINDA

Eh... She'll be happier once Jimmy

Junior RSVPs.

Gene and Louise sit in a booth. Gene plays with the smoke machine.

LOUISE

She's over at Pesto's right now, to see if he'll come. I told her to show some skin.

Tina runs in with her shirt tied up Daisy Duke-style, upset, **sobbing**.

TINA

(SOBS)

LINDA

(UPBEAT) Soo... how'd it go??? (THEN NOTICES TINA ON FLOOR) Oh.

She lays on the floor, staring up.

TINA

Jimmy Junior isn't coming to my birthday party even though he wants to because his dad won't let him.

Gene and Louise walk over to Tina on the floor.

TINA (CONT'D)  
(RAISING HER HEAD) All because our dad's hate each other!

BOB

Oh, sorry Tina.

TINA

Now I'll never know how soft Jimmy  
Junior's lips are.

Tina scooches underneath a table.

GENE

My guess is they're pretty soft.

TINA

(SIGHS)

GENE

...Like a... (RUBBING HIS STOMACH)  
like a kitty cat's stomach.

BOB

(TIRED) Gene, stop.

Tina is now balled up under the table.

TINA

Without Jimmy Junior, I don't wanna  
have a party.

STING! CU on Tina.

LINDA

(FIRM, ANGRY) Hey. Your father's been  
working very hard for this party,  
young lady. *It's going to happen.*  
Right, Bob

Bob has fallen asleep on his feet. He keels over face into  
the cake.

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

(SNORES)

LINDA (SIMULTANEOUS)

I'll re-frost it. It's still good.

(TASTES CAKE) Mmm. Oh, it's delicious.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BOB'S BURGERS - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

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

The family's all there. Tina is still balled up under the booth table.

Linda walks to the booth Tina hides under.

LINDA

Tina honey, your father's been working his you-know-what off, driving a cab to pay for this.

Bob has frosting on his face.

BOB

Yeah, and we've rented the smoke machine, so this party is definitely happening.

Louise pulls Bob's hand, which holds a coffee cup, down to the counter.

LOUISE

(TO BOB) You've been working your you-know-what-off? I've been working-my-ass-off! Night and day training!

BOB

Louise, take it easy.

LOUISE

Do you know what she was like when I started working with her? She was a sick joke! Now look at her!

ANGLE ON: Tina, under the table. Her mouth is hanging open. Gene smoke-farts onto Tina.

GENE

Incoming!

LINDA

Bob, you gotta go talk some sense into Jimmy Pesto. This isn't fair.

Linda wipes his face as he exits.

BOB

Fine.

**EXT. JIMMY PESTO'S - MOMENTS LATER - ESTABLISHING**

JIMMY (O.S.)

Uh, hey Bob.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - CONTINUOUS**

Bob stands at the bar. Jimmy and Trev stand behind it.

JIMMY

(LOOKS BOB OVER) You look like crap.

TREV

(LAUGHS) *Nice!*

Trev high-fives Jimmy.

BOB

Yeah, that was funny. Look, Jimmy, my daughter Tina said that Jimmy Junior isn't allowed to go to her birthday party. Whatever issues we have shouldn't matter. Just please let Jimmy Junior go.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay... you know it's going to cost you, right?

BOB

Oh, God.

JIMMY

Yeah, you see, Bob, I'mm a collector of rare and exotic trophies...

Jimmy indicated the various "trophies" behind the bar (a mounted trout, a fantasy football trophy, autographed panties, etc.).

BOB

Well that's pathetic.

JIMMY

And you have soething I want to add to my collection... Your mustache. Your bushy, robust, filthy eyesore of a moustache. (LAUGHS)

BOB

What are you talking about?!

JIMMY

I want you to shave your mustache, and bring it over in a baggie, and I'll pin it on the wall.

BOB

What Why?

JIMMY

As a trophy.

TREV

(FLIPPING A BOTTLE) *Trophies!*

BOB

Well, I'm not giving you my mustache!

JIMMY

Well, I'm not giving yo Jimmy Junior then.

BOB

This is crazy, just let him go to my daughter's party. If you want a bag of hair so bad, why don't you just pick it out of the food you serve here?! Ka-boom!

TREV

(SUDDENLY SERIOUS) How dare you?

JIMMY

(TO BOB) No 'stache, no bash.

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

Linda and the kids are at the counter when Bob enters.

LINDA

(HOPEFUL) So, what'd he say, honey?

LOUISE

(SQUEEZES TINA'S LIPS) Are these lips gonna see any playing time?

TINA

(THROUGH SQUEEZED LIPS) Yeah, is Jimmy Junior coming to my party?

BOB

No, Tina. I'm sorry. He's not.

Tina goes lmp and slides down from her stool, returning to laying on the floor. She **groans**.

TINA

(GROANS)

LINDA

What happened? You two couldn't work it out?

BOB

(FURIOUS) No! We couldn't work it out, Linda! He said the only way he'll let Jimmy Junior go is if I shave my mustache and give it to him.

TINA

(SITTING UP) So Jimmy Junior *can* come to my party?

BOB

What? No, Tina.

TINA

But if all you have to do is shave  
your mustache then he can come.

Tina walks off.

LOUISE

Yeah, it sounds to me like you just  
said that Jimmy Junior can come.

GENE

That's what I heard. Done deal!

BOB

I'm not shaving my mustache! It's my  
mustache!

Tina appears alongside Bob, holds out scissors. She attempts  
to trim it herself. They struggle over the scissors as Tina  
keeps trying to trim his mustache.

TINA

(STRUGGLING SOUNDS)

BOB

Hey, no, watch it.

LINDA

You know, Bobby... yo're just as  
handsome without the mustache... kind  
of.

BOB

Um, so that's what we should show our  
kid, Lin...

Bob takes the scissors back from Tina. She keeps trying to get them back.

BOB (CONT'D)

That it's okay to negotiate with terrorists? I'd drive a cab every night for the rest of my life for my kids...

Linda holds Tina back. Tina still reaches for the scissors.

BOB (CONT'D)

...but I'm not letting Jimmy Pesto humiliate me!

Bob moves to leave with the scissors.

TINA

You're the most selfish father in the world!

Tina, sad, hugs Linda.

LINDA

Oh, Bob.

BOB

Good night!

Bob enters the kitchen.

**EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Bob is driving Cha-Cha, Marbles and Glitter in his cab. He looks even more tired and disheveled than before.

MARBLES

...You can't shave it, Bob. It's glorious...

**INT. CAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

GLITTER

Oh, I miss having mustache.

CHA-CHA

Pff. Miss it? Honey... News flash...

MARBLES

I can see it from here.

CHA-CHA

You can see if from space. (LAUGHS)

MARBLES (SIMULTANEOUS WITH  
CHA-CHA)

(LAUGHS)

GLITTER

Stop it, Cha-Cha! I will your eyeballs  
out of your skull.

CHA-CHA

I-ee!

BOB

Hey, come on. Glitter, your-- I happen  
to like the way your upper-lip looks.

GLITTER

Thank you, Prince Valiant.

CHA-CHA

Your shift's almost over, right Papi?

BOB

Yea-- ah, yeah it is.

CHA-CHA

Why don't you join us for a beer?

MARBLES (SIMULTANEOUS)

(CLAPPING) Yeah...

GLITTER (SIMULTANEOUS)

Yay.

MARBLES

...we'll throw back a few beers and  
smoke some crack!

BOB

Crack?

The street light turns green and the cab drives away?

MARBLES

Just the beer, then?

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING**

Bob shuffles into the kitchen carrying a beer in a paper bag and puts his apron on his head. Linda's there.

LINDA

What is that? Whoof, your breath.

She fixes his apron, takes the bag from him and pulls out the beer.

BOB

I know.

LINDA

Bobby, listen.

BOB

Hm?

She puts the beer back and the bag on the counter. She hands him a cup of coffee.

LINDA

All right. I talked to Tina. I told her how hard you've been working, and she agreed to come to the party tonight. For a few minutes. It's something.

He drinks. She takes the cup back.

BOB

(MUTTERS) What party?

LINDA

Bob, you're delirious.

BOB

Shh. You are.

LINDA

You're drink.

BOB

I may or may not have tried crack...

LINDA

Okay.

BOB

Last night. I don't think I did. But if I did, I liked it. (QUICK LAUGH)

LINDA

Okay. Bobby, listen, go take a nap and  
I'll watch the restaurant, please.

Bob grabs Linda, caressing her.

BOB

Take off your clothes.

LINDA

(LAUGHING) Bobby.

BOB

I'm gonna go to bed.

LINDA

Bobby?

BOB

I don't wanna do this.

Bob pushes Linda off of him. Linda holds his wrists.

LINDA

Stop it.

BOB

Get your hands off of me, (PUSHING  
LINDA IN THE BACK) sick idiot.

LINDA

Such a freak. Pull it together--

Bob starts to freak out.

BOB

AHHH! I'm like an animal!

LINDA

Keep your voice down.

He bangs his chest.

BOB

I'm like King Kong!

LINDA

Unbelievable.

BOB

I need to go to bed.

LINDA

Good night.

Bob slowly collapses backwards and curls up on a low shelf.

BOB

Go get me special pillow. (WHISPERING)

Hurry, hurry, hurry...

Linda takes a small dish towel and places it on Bob like a blanket.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. BOB'S BURGERS - KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING**

Bob is still curled up on the shelf, asleep. He is woken up by pickle slices hitting him in the face.

LINDA

Hey, sleepy bear.

Linda is slicing a pickle above Bob.

BOB

What time is it? How much longer 'til  
the party?

LINDA

It started a half hour ago.

BOB

What?

Bob goes to stand up and hits his head on the shelf.

BOB (CONT'D)

(RE: SHELF) Ow! (TO LINDA) You let me  
sleep all day? Why didn't you wake me  
up?

He stands, rubbing his head.

LINDA

I tried! That was not the first pickle

I dropped on your face!

Bob looks at his chest. There are pickle slices all over him.  
He wipes them off.

BOB

Oh.

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

Bob and Linda peek out of the kitchen door.

Gene is playing ONE BEAT on his Casio, and the boys and girls  
have split into two groups. The party's a dud.

LINDA

(TO BOB) The boys hate dancing, and  
the girls won't ask the boys... it's a  
Mexican stalemate out there.

GENE

(INTO MIC) C'mo Boys, you're the  
peanut butter! Girls, you're the  
jelly! Let's make some sandwiches!!

Bob and Linda enter the dining room.

BOB

Oh, God. Why is Mort doing magic?

PAN OVER: REVEAL: MORT doing magic for some bored kids.

LINDA

It's his gift to Tina.

Mort holds a deck of cards which he fumbles, spraying them  
all over the kids.

MORT

Uh-oh. I mean, ta-da!

The kids look confused.

Tina enters through the front door looking glum, with Louise  
pushing her from behind. Tina's wearing a poofy prom-style  
dress.

BOB

Wow, Tina. You look... great.

TINA

(SIGHS)

She doesn't respond. Tina looks at Bob, then looks away.

LINDA

Maybe I can cheer her up. Louise,  
smoke me!

Louise pushes a button on the smoke machine, covering the  
floor. Linda goes out alone on the dance floor.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Whoo-hoo! (DANCING) Tina, dance with Mommy! Eh-eh-eh-eh! It's a party! All right!

CHA-CHA (O.S.)

Did someone say *party*?!

The smoke in the restaurant clears, revealing Cha-Cha, Marbles, and Glitter walking through the front door. The kids stare.

TINA

They don't go to my school.

LINDA

I'm sorry ladies, we're closed for a private party.

MARBLES

We were invited by Bob.

LINDA

Bob. (WHISPERS) You invited transvestite prostitutes to our daughter's birthday party?

Bob wabes.

BOB

No. (THEN) Maybe. (THEN) I... This week has kind of been a blur...

**FLASHBACK TO:**

**EXT. CITY STREET - LAST NIGHT**

Bob's sitting on the hood of his cab, drinking beer with the Trannies.

BOB

(TO MARBLES) All of you are coming to  
my daughter's party! (TO CHA-CHA)  
We're gonna have some much fun. (TO  
GLITTER) Bring whoever you want!

TRANNIES

(CHEER)

Bob passes out and falls off the car.

**END FLASHBACK:**

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

BOB

I mighta thrown it out there.

Several more TRANNIES show up at the door.

RANDOM TRANNY

Is this the sweet thirteen party?

The new Trannies, plus several other street characters enter  
and fan out. The kids are frozen.

TINA

Dad! You brought all your nighttime  
friends, but you want shave your  
mustache to get my Jimmy Junior!

(GROANS)

She runs to a booth and collapses underneath.

A transvestite, MARSHMALLOW, enter in a big, fake fur coat.

MARSHMALLOW

(TO LINDA) Where do I put my coat?

She takes it off and hands it to Bob. She's wearing a very revealing outfit.

BOB

Oh, hey, Marshmallow.

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

**FADE IN:**

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

Louise is in mid-conversation with Marshmallow.

LOUSE

...so, Marshmallow, how'd you get your name?

MARSHMALLOW

'Cause if you show me a sweet potato pie, I am on top of it.

LOUISE

I knew it!

Bob goes to console an inconsolable Tina under the booth.

BOB

Tina, I know you're upset because Jimmy Junior's not here. And that there are more transvestites than you imagined, but--

TINA

Unless you're Jimmy Junior and you're here to kiss my lips, I don't want to talk to you.

Tina runs to the restaurant's front window.

Bob watches as Tina stands at the window and stares longingly toward Jimmy Pesto's restaurant. WE SEE Jimmy Junior, sweeping the floor. He looks and notices Tina looking at him. He hits his head on the window. They press hands the window...

Bob takes this in and walks off. The Trannies have danced their way over to Tina.

CHA-CHA

C'mon, girl, it's your party, you  
might as well enjoy it.

MARBLES

It's like I always say. When life  
gives you lemons... Tuck em'.

Tina looks confused.

GLITTER

Uh... I think what my girlfriend here  
is trying to say is, (ON ONE KNEE)  
when it's time for you to blossom into  
a woman, you can't let anything stop  
you. Not a party, not a boy, and not a  
town full of doctors who refuse to  
remove your penis.

CHA-CHA

And you have a very good father, baby.  
Never forget that.

MARBLES

It's true. Not many fathers would make  
the sacrifices your father made to  
throw you this party. Working two  
jobs...

GLITTER

The things he saw...

CHA-CHA

The things he smelled...

MARBLES

He deserves an award.

Just then, Bob emerges from the bathroom... Without mustache and carrying his mustache hairs in a baggy. The party goes silent.

MORT

Bob! What'd you do? You lost your nose  
cozy!

LINDA

Oh, bob! You made yourself ugly to  
save Tina's party!

BOB

Yes, Linda, this is why I didn't want  
to do it. But, you know, it's worth it  
if it means Tina will be a happy  
teenager.

Linda stares at Bob for a beat.

BOB (CONT'D)

Just stop staring.

Linda moves off, staring. Tina sees her father and runs up to him.

TINA

Stop, don't do this!

BOB

I... I just did.

TINA

You don't need to. I don't want you  
to.

BOB

You know how mustaches work, right?

TINA

Well, don't give it to Jimmy Pesto.

BOB

What about Jimmy Junior?

TINA

Jimmy Junior isn't gonna make this  
party perfect... you already have.

BOB

Really?

TINA

I'm sorry I didn't appreciate  
everything you've done for me. I  
didn't appreciate it as a girl, but I  
do appreciate it *as a woman*.

BOB

(RUBS BARE LIP) Woulda been nice to  
hear you say that a minute ago.

Bob and Tina hug, then she runs and joins the party. Bob  
looks through the window at Jimmy Pesto's.

BOB (CONT'D)

Bastard.

ANGLE ON: Jimmy Pesto taunting Bob.

The Trannies walk over to Bob.

CHA-CHA

(DANCING) Come and join the party,

Bob!

Bob's stare is locked on Jimmy Pesto.

BOB

(POINTS) That's Jimmy Pesto, Cha-Cha,  
the guy I was telling you about.

CHA-CHA

Wait, that's Jimmy Pesto? I know that  
guy.

GLITTER

We all know that guy.

MARBLES

But we know him as Baby Num Num.

BOB

Baby Num Num? (LAUGHING) Wait, Pesto  
is one of your "dates?"

MARBLES

He wishes!

CHA-CHA

We just run in the same circles. He's  
a regular over at the Desire Dungeon.

MARBLES

He's what known as a diaper-lover. You  
know what that is?

(MORE)

MARBLES (CONT'D)

(WAVES HANDS IN FRONT OF NOSE) It's  
nasty.

BOB

(LAUGHS) Jimmy Pesto is a diaper-  
lover.

**INT. JIMMY PESTO'S - LOUNGE - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER**

Bob, mustache-free and full of vigor, marches into the crowded restaurant filled with nice, normal looking families. Jimmy Pesto is behind the bar with Trev. Bob is holding his mustache-bag.

JIMMY

Ha, ha, ha. Hello Bob. Well, I see I'm  
getting my trophy after all.

Bob approaches the bar. Jimmy Pesto reaches for the hair bag. Bob pulls it away.

BOB

(HOLD BAGGY OF HAIR) A-bup bup bup.  
Not so fast, Baby Num Num.

JIMMY

Wh--! Baby...! (STUNNED) How do you  
know about that?!

BOB

(CHUCKLES)

Bob steps aside, REVEAL: Trannies entering behind Bob.

CHA-CHA

Hey Baby!

JIMMY

Oh!

GLITTER

(WAVING) Hi!

JIMMY

(NERVOUS LAUGH)

BOB

(LOUDLY) We just wanted to see if  
wittle Baby Num Num...

JIMMY

Shh! Come on! Quiet!

BOB

...wanted to change his mind about  
letting Jimmy Junior go to Tina's  
party. Or maybe he wants the whole  
(TURNING TO PATRONS, BABY TALK)  
*westauwant...*

JIMMY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Come on. Ah-ah-ha-  
hey. We got the fresh pie! Ah, listen,  
would you--

BOB (SIMULTANEOUS)

...to know about how he likes to put  
on diapers, and poop in them--

**CUT TO:**

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

Bob taps Tina on the shoulder and points. Tina looks over  
from dancing with some friends and see Jimmy Junior.

TINA

(GASPS) I don't believe it.

Tina then looks at Bob.

TINA (CONT'D)

Thank, Dad. You're the best pimp I'm  
ever gonna have.

BOB

I've waiting to hear those words all  
my life, Tina. Happy birthday.

LINDA

Bobby, come help with the candles.

Bob walks back towards Linda. Tina walks towards Jimmy  
Junior.

ANGLE ON: Gene talking into the mic.

GENE

This on goes out to the birthday girl -  
pardon me, birthday woman.

Tina and Jimmy Junior meet on the dance floor.

TINA

I like your shirt. Are those snaps.

JIMMY JUNIOR

Yes. (UNSNAPS THE TOP SNAP) *Snap.*

TINA

One more.

JIMMY JUNIOR

(UNSNAPS ANOTHER) *Snap.* (SIMULTANEOUS  
WITH TINA) Wanna dance?

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

Wanna dance?

JIMMY JUNIOR (SIMULTANEOUS)

Yes.

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

Yes.

Tina puts her hands on Jimmy Junior's shoulders and Jimmy Junior puts his hands on Tina's waist. Louise comes up behind Tina and nudges her closer to Jimmy Junior.

LOUISE

It's go time, Tina! I want his *kids* to  
have hickeys!

Tina takes off her glasses, making from her POV blurry. She closes her eyes and sticks out her tongue. Louise guides her toward Jimmy Junior's face. He sees this coming. Jimmy Junior shrugs, closes his eyes and leans in. They kiss.

TINA (SIMULTANEOUS)

(KISSES JIMMY JUNIOR)

JIMMY JUNIOR (SIMULTANEOUS)

(KISSES TINA)

**TINA'S FANTASY:**

Inside Tina's head are rainbows and fireworks exploding into cartoon hearts, which rain down on Tina and Jimmy Junior (shirtless) kissing and floating on a cloud, zombie angels fly by. Unicorns fly by. Speedo guy skates through as cupid, a rainbow trailing him.

**END TINA'S FANTASY - BACK TO SCENE:**

Tina and Jimmy Junior gently pull away from each other.

TINA

I just kissed my first boy!

ANGLE ON: Mort standing next to Marbles. Mort wears a frown.

MORT

Me, too.

MARBLES

Oh, boo hoo.

Bob and Linda walk into the dining room with a birthday cake. Linda plants a big **kiss** on Bob.

LINDA

(KISSING BOB) Hurry up and grow that thing back.

BOB

I know. It's bad.

LINDA

Now. Concentrate. Push it out.

BOB

(SHRUGS) I'm trying, Lin.

LINDA

Oh, let me cover it with my finger.

(USING FINGER) That's okay...

Gene grabs the mustache bag away from Bob.

GENE

I'm gonna glue this to my chest so I can wear v-necks! (LAUGHS)

Gene runs off. Louise runs after him.

LOUISE

Glue it to your back. Oh! Glue it to your palm.

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

The party's a success. The Trannies and the kids are all dancing, having fun.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**