

BOB'S BURGERS  
"SÉANCE ON A WET PICKLE"

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Spec Script

ACT ONE

**FADE IN:**

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

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

BOB watches TINA as she prepares a burger by herself.

BOB

And you want to make sure you  
caress the buns, Tina. Customers  
can tell if their food was made  
with love or not.

TINA

Don't worry Dad, I'm an expert at  
caressing buns.  
(whispering)  
If you only knew.

BOB

If I only-- Yeah, okay, let's not.

A patty <SIZZLES> on the grill.

TINA

I have an idea: the Hold Me Closer  
Tina Dancer Burger, where the patty  
looks like me.

BOB

Hmm. No. We already have the Gouda  
Vibrations Burger today.

Tina takes a spatula and casually flips the patty like a pro.

LINDA (O.S.)

Look at my little baby!!

A bright CAMERA FLASH goes off. LINDA sneaks photos, peeking  
through the kitchen window.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I smell a Christmas card!

Tina gently handles the buns, sensually placing them on a  
plate. She does a little twirl over to a cutting board,  
getting in the groove. She grabs a knife.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

BOB

Okay, um. Be careful.

TINA

What if we add something different  
to the Gouda Vibrations Burger?  
Like...

She grabs a pickle.

BOB

That's not really on brand for that  
burger.

Tina does an awkward behind-the-back toss with the pickle. It  
slips out from her hands and rolls under the grill.

TINA

Oops. Sweaty hands.

BOB

Just let me handle it. Next time  
maybe don't... dance? Was that  
dancing?

TINA

It was more of a shimmy... I will  
regain your trust.

Bob reaches under the grill.

BOB

Where did... ah, here we go.

Bob pulls out a different, evil-looking pickle. It's  
blackened and rotten; clearly it's been under there a while.

BOB (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

The pickle radiates a dark glow... and it's grown some fur.

TINA

Looks like my dehydrated-- I mean a  
dehydrated poo.

(beat)

I'm sorry, a dirty mouth has no  
place in the kitchen.

BOB

Hm.

Bob places the pickle in his apron pocket. He continues  
reaching underneath the grill, making <STICKY SOUNDS>.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oh hey, I think I found my copy of  
Dear John under here-- I mean, Die  
Hard. Yeah, feels like Die Hard.

O.S. The restaurant door <RINGS> open.

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

In walks a MYSTERIOUS WOMAN, wearing a maroon coat and an  
oversized hat that covers her face.

Linda sees her as she scrubs the counters.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Hello, I'm looking for Bob, of  
Bob's Burgers.

GENE swiftly steps in.

GENE

That'd be me! Pleased to meet you,  
toots. Mr. Burgers--

He extends a handshake. Linda shoos him away.

LINDA

Hello, you're looking for my  
husband?

The woman faces the wrong direction, her face still covered.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Yes. Please give him this.

She reveals a maroon envelope, emblazoned with gold wax in  
the form of a french fry crest. Linda takes it.

LINDA

Oooh, what is it?

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

I must go now!

She clumsily turns around and runs for the door-- she <BANGS>  
against the glass.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN (CONT'D)

<WHIMPERING>

And out the door she goes.

LOUISE pops out from one of the booths.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

LOUISE

Lemme see!

She reaches for the envelope. Gene joins in.

GENE

As the owner of this establishment  
I demand you hand it over!

Linda swats them both away.

LINDA

Stop it you two!

Bob and Tina enter from the kitchen.

BOB

What's going on?

LINDA

I think you may have a secret  
admirer!

She hands him the envelope. <STING!> CU on Bob's face.

BOB

Oh my God.

LOUISE

I bet it's a treasure map!

LINDA

Ooh! Ooh! Or an escape room clue!  
I've always wanted to do one of  
those.

GENE

Careful, Bob! It could be a trick  
from the dentist.

TINA

(softly)

I just want everyone to have fun.

BOB

No... do you know what this is?

LINDA

What is it, Bobby?

He <SNIFFS> the envelope for authenticity.

BOB

...*The League*.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

He tears it open and reveals a single card with gold scripture on it. He reads it:

BOB (CONT'D)

"8:00pm tonight."

LINDA

...That's it?

BOB

Yeah, they didn't leave an address anywhere. Hm.

LINDA

Who didn't leave an address?? What is it??

GENE

Those dentists are mischievous!

BOB

This is from *The League of Restauranteurs*, Linda! Do you know what this means? I've only heard stories about them from my father...

LOUISE

So what, are we joining a cult or something?

BOB

Yes! Wait, no.

LOUISE

I wanna sacrifice stuff!

BOB

Lin, you know how that restaurant on 3rd Avenue has stayed open all these years? The one with the feathers?

LINDA

Oh my goodness, that place is terrible!

TINA

Shebiscuit used to like their jalapeño poppers...

LOUISE

Your dead hamster?

TINA

Shh... too soon.

BOB

That place is protected by *The League*.

LOUISE

Why do you keep saying it like that?

GENE

Yeah, all italicized and such.

BOB

This could be big for us, Lin! Our restaurant could be in distinguished company. We'd never have to worry about going under, or bad reviews, or any of that!

TINA

And maybe one day, our restaurant could have feathers.

LINDA

If only they left an address...

The Mysterious Woman suddenly sprints back in, <PANTING>.

She hands Bob a second envelope. She runs back to the door. <BANGS> the glass.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

<MORE WHIMPERING>.

And out the door she goes.

GENE

She is my white whale.

Bob opens the second envelope.

BOB

(reading)

An address! I should go comb my mustache.

Bob skips away like a little kid.

LINDA

Alrighty kids, we're gonna need to spruce this place up if we're joining some fancy-schmancy cult! Any ideas?

GENE

Complimentary bath water?

TINA

Maybe strobe lighting, for customers who want to boogie.

LOUISE

OOH! Or an indoor playground with a bunch of tunnels and a ball pit! A PLAY PALACE!

GENE

Oooooooh.

LINDA

Oooooooh.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I hear cults love claustrophobic places to trap kids!

GENE

I'll get the glue!

Louise and Gene also skip away.

LINDA

(to Tina)

Are you gonna help out your brother and sister?

TINA

No, I want to show dad that I can be his trusty right-hand woman... maybe even his successor...

LINDA

I thought Louise was his successor.

(beat)

I mean, what?

TINA

What? Why would you say that?

LINDA

I didn't say anything.



**EXT. WONDER WHARF - NIGHT**

Bob wanders along the Wharf alone in the dark. He clutches the letters, checking the address repeatedly.

He arrives at a quaint, unsuspecting building. <GOSPEL CHOIRS> emanate from inside, along with a faint golden light.

He checks his watch.

BOB  
Damn. 7:52.

Bob waits casually, <WHISTLING>. Tapping his foot.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Oh screw it.

He enters.

Reveal Tina, watching from a distance.

**INT. THE LEAGUE OF RESTAURANTEURS HQ - CONTINUOUS**

Inside is a dark pathway leading to an open room where the light & choir come from. Bob slowly approaches.

He enters the open room and finds himself among a crowd of HOODED MEMBERS dressed in maroon, each with their own mask depicting a fast food item.

The Members are still setting up and chit chatting when they notice Bob.

MEMBER #1 (O.S.)  
Oh crap, he's here!

MEMBER #2 (O.S.)  
What is it, 7:53?

Someone clicks an old stereo off, and the choir stops. They scramble into a uniform circle, facing Bob in the center of the room.

BOB  
Uh, hi everyone. I'm Bob.

EVERYONE  
Hello, Mr. Belcher.

The HEAD MEMBER (40s) steps forward. He wears a gold cord draped around his shoulders. His mask depicts a chicken nugget.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

HEAD MEMBER

Evening, Bob. A bit early, are we?

BOB

Yeah, I uh, didn't know if this was one of those 'If you're not early, you're late,' kind of deals.

(beat)

Cool masks.

He scans around and sees a burger mask, a malt mask, a ketchup packet mask. He spots an odd-looking one.

BOB (CONT'D)

What are you supposed to be?

MEMBER #3

I'm a urinal cake!

HEAD MEMBER

Bob, we have invited you to our ceremonial christening because we at *The League* feel Bob's Burgers has achieved local status worthy of recognition... and protection.

BOB

Christening?

Two members carry in a large standing cauldron filled with dark liquid.

Bob dips a finger in and tastes it.

BOB (CONT'D)

Is this Mr. Pibb?

HEAD MEMBER

Precisely. Let us begin.

The stereo clicks on again (O.S.) and the <GOSPEL CHOIR> continues.

HEAD MEMBER (CONT'D)

O holy waters of the divine Pibb, please accept Bob as one of our own.

He pushes Bob's head towards the soda, but Bob resists.

BOB

Are you sure-- am I going to get sticky, or--

HEAD MEMBER  
(struggling)  
Just, come on Bob.

He <DUNKS> him. Suddenly the Head Member's hand burns, and the Pibb soda <SIZZLES> angrily.

HEAD MEMBER (CONT'D)  
AHH!

Bob pops out of the Pibb, dazed.

BOB  
What? What happened? Ooh, ow. My eyes.

The Head Member grabs his burned hand dramatically as the other Members <GASP>.

HEAD MEMBER  
Alas! These waters burn!

BOB  
Is it the carbonation?

HEAD MEMBER  
No, this Pibb went flat years ago, AHHHH!

MEMBER #1 (O.S.)  
Something evil sits within him!

BOB  
What? No there isn't!

HEAD MEMBER  
Tell me Bob, is there anything unholy on your person now?

Bob pats around his pockets.

BOB  
Uhh... wallet... piece of gum... oh, I have this.

He reveals the blackened pickle from his apron pocket. Members <SHRIEK> in terror.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Must've forgotten to throw it away earlier. Ha.

HEAD MEMBER

You dare expose this forsaken rot  
to our sacred *League*?

BOB

Do you have a trash can, maybe?

HEAD MEMBER

Leave at once with your brined  
companion!

He leans in close.

HEAD MEMBER (CONT'D)

You must cleanse yourself of this  
evil, Bob. We will give you 24  
hours before a final inspection at  
your establishment.

BOB

Uh, okay.

HEAD MEMBER

Also, if you'll please consider  
donating in the green can on your  
way out. Most of us are volunteers.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO**EXT. WONDER WHARF - NIGHT**

Bob exits The League's HQ. Tina leaps out at him from the shadows.

TINA BOB  
Are we in *The League*, dad?! AH!

BOB (CONT'D)  
Tina, what are you doing here?

TINA  
Just, you know, strolling.

BOB  
You shouldn't have followed me, you could ruin things. *The League* is very... particular.

TINA  
I think you should've waited a few more minutes before going in. What was it, 7:52?

Bob reveals the evil pickle from his apron and tosses it in a nearby trash can.

TINA (CONT'D)  
You brought the pickle?

BOB  
Yes, I mean no, I didn't-- Tina, they'll be at the restaurant tomorrow night, so everything needs to be perfect.

TINA  
Great, I can help make things perfect.

BOB  
No, Tina. Just let me handle it.

**INT. BOB & LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Linda reads a novel in bed. Bob enters, drying himself off after a shower.

LINDA  
Still smellin' like soda?

Bob sniffs himself.

BOB  
I can't tell. I think I'm going  
nose blind. Still a little sticky  
though.

LINDA  
What exactly happened, Bobby?

Bob unfolds the covers on the bed.

BOB  
They said I need to rid myself of--  
AH!!

<STING!> Reveal the rotten pickle sitting on the bed.

BOB (CONT'D)  
How? Where?!

LINDA  
What?! What's the matter, it's just  
a pickle! You've never found a  
pickle in bed before?

Linda <GIGGLES>.

BOB  
I threw it away earlier!!

Tina, Gene, and Louise all poke their heads in the doorway.  
Gene has crayons up his nose.

LOUISE  
We're here for the drama.

LINDA  
(snickering)  
Nothin' kids, go back to bed. Your  
dad is just afraid of a lil'  
pickle!

GENE  
Aren't we all?

TINA  
I would be too if it was my first  
time.

BOB

Tina, you saw me throw it in the garbage, didn't you?!

LINDA

Bobby, you probably just left it and forgot about it. Like car keys!

BOB

*The League* will be here tomorrow night, and they specifically asked that I get rid of this!

LINDA

You... showed them your pickle?

LOUISE

(to Gene)

Tomorrow night? Sheesh, we'll need to expedite our plans. Time for an all-nighter.

TINA

(re: the pickle)

Dad, have you considered that we could be dealing with something...

(CU on lips)

...*supernatural*?

GENE

Uh oh, here come the italics again.

**EXT. WONDER WHARF - DAY**

The next morning, Gene & Louise peruse the wharf armed with a big blueprint. Louise's eyes are bloodshot.

LOUISE

Now that the play palace design is finished, it's time to find some suckers to build this thing.

GENE

Why the wharf?

LOUISE

Wharfs are scientifically proven to attract the seediest workers that can be taken advantage of.

UNKNOWN (O.S.)

Pssst!

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

They look around. Behind one of the wharf's ring toss games is MR. FISCHOEDER, the eye-patch-wearing landlord of Bob's Burgers and owner of the Wonder Wharf.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Psssst!

He beckons them over.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND RING TOSS - CONTINUOUS**

Gene and Louise huddle in close.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Word on the street is you're at the Wharf looking to attract the seediest workers to be taken advantage of, hm?

GENE

News travels fast these days.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Let me see these plans, if I may.

Louise unrolls the blueprint. It's a crayon-drawn network of tunnels and a ball pit, set right in the dining area of their restaurant.

MR. FISCHOEDER (CONT'D)

Magnificent. I've got one word for you two kingpins: miners.

LOUISE

Miners?

MR. FISCHOEDER

I know of some hardworking laborers that used to work in one of my mines, who could sure use some work right now.

LOUISE

You have a mine? What were you mining?

MR. FISCHOEDER

Mercury, but that's beside the point. Forget I told you that, actually. Underneath the Wonder Wharf on the south side you'll find yourselves some suckers to build this thing.



GENE

You've got yourself a deal!

MR. FISCHOEDER

Also, please don't mention I sent you.

LOUISE

Seems suspicious but we'll oblige!

**EXT. UNDER THE WHARF - DAY**

Gene & Louise watch a group of FIVE MINERS (all women, all covered in black coal dust) skipping a jumprope. Three of them are jumping while two are swinging.

LOUISE

Excuse me?

They don't pay attention.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I'm going in.

Louise hops into the fray, skipping rope alongside a husky woman named DAGMAR (50s, frizzy hair).

DAGMAR

Wowza, missus! You're a natural!

LOUISE

I know! I hear you all are looking for work!

DAGMAR

Who's asking?

LOUISE

I'm Daisy, and that's Donald over there!

Gene waves.

GENE

Dance, monkeys!

LOUISE

We have a lucrative proposition, one that involves... a play palace.

DAGMAR

Double jump!

The rope swings rapidly now as they all double jump.

DAGMAR (CONT'D)  
Play palace, eh? Is it in a mine?

LOUISE  
No. I have to ask, if you're all  
out of work, why are you covered in  
crap?

DAGMAR  
We ain't outta work, we're on  
strike. And this ain't just for  
show, missus. This here is  
marketing for us miners. We got an  
image to keep up. No coal, no  
branding.

One of the jumpers trips on the rope and <HITS> the ground.  
The jumping stops.

DAGMAR (CONT'D)  
Ah, pick up your feet!  
(gesturing to the ground)  
That's Baby Miner.

BABY MINER (female, baby face, 30s) waves.

Dagmar points out the rest of the group to Louise, who each  
nod as they're introduced.

DAGMAR (CONT'D)  
Then we've got Sporty Miner, Ginger  
Miner, Posh Miner, and me, Dagmar.  
AKA Scary Miner.

LOUISE  
A pleasure.

DAGMAR  
Now, tell me more about this play  
palace.

**EXT. OCEAN OVERLOOK - DAY**

Tina leans on a railing overlooking the water, studying a  
dusty book titled "What To Expect When You're Specter-ing."

TINA  
I don't think this will work.  
According to my book, "lost souls  
can't be quelled by simply  
increasing physical proximity."

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

Reveal Bob, hunched over a jar containing the rotten pickle, duct-taped shut and chained to a pink 5 pound dumbbell.

BOB

Tina, be careful near the ledge.  
And the pickle isn't a lost soul.  
This is just precautionary.

Bob hurls the dumbbell over the railing and into the water, the jar getting pulled down with it.

TINA

I'm worried you've just angered it.

BOB

We'll be fine. Also if your mother asks, she's only ever had the one dumbbell.

**INT. BOB'S CAR - DAY**

Bob drives, Tina is in the passenger seat. Bob <WHISTLES>.

Tina pulls some handwritten pages out of her dusty book.

TINA

Um, dad, I'd like for you to look at a kitchen cleanliness system I put together so we can avoid any potential pickle hauntings in the future.

BOB

What? Tina, we don't need a system. Things are fine the way they are.

TINA

But you said you found Dear John under the grill. And with this system, DVDs would have a designated place in the kitchen.

BOB

Die Hard. It was Die Hard.

TINA

And maybe we would already be in *The League* if you hadn't left an evil pickle lying around.

BOB

I left it lying around?! Maybe it rolled under there because someone was dancing with the burgers again!

Tina frustratedly <SNAPS> her book shut and a cloud of dust poofs out. Bob and Tina <COUGH>.

TINA

(wheezes)

Ugh, stupid dramatic effect.

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

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

Bob and Tina open the front door to find the whole play palace operation under way. One of the main tunnels blocks the entrance.

BOB

What the hell is going on?

Bob awkwardly climbs over the tunnel, stumbling. Tina follows and lands on her face, <GROANING>.

More tunnels line the restaurant, going over booths, leading in and out of the kitchen, and into the bathroom.

Dagmar and her miners work diligently, carrying clunky tubes around CUSTOMERS. The floor is stained with coal.

Louise and Gene wear hard hats with a light. Like miners.

LOUISE

(to the miners)

We're down to the wire people,  
let's MOVE!

BOB

Kids, what is this? Are those  
miners?

GENE

This is the future of dining,  
Bobert.

BOB

This looks like a cheap knock off  
of a McDonald's.

GENE

You're stifling our creativity!

TINA

Join the club.

BOB

Nobody is stifling! Where is your  
mother? LIN!

Lin enters, overwhelmed and carrying multiple orders.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

LINDA

Bobby, where have you been?

BOB

You let the kids take over the whole restaurant with this play crap?

LOUISE

Hey boomer, it's a "play palace."

LINDA

Aw, I think a little initiative and entrepreneurial spirit is adorable!

TINA

I learned about entrepreneurial disease in biology class.

BOB

Everything was FINE the way it was!

TEDDY (O.S.)

Hey, Bob!

Reveal TEDDY, Bob's best friend and local handyman, sitting at the counter almost hidden by an unfinished tunnel.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

You know Bob, I coulda built this stuff for you. You didn't have to hire all these suckers.

BOB

Hi, Teddy. I didn't hire them. And you wouldn't want this job.

TEDDY

Oh I definitely would. A chance to impress *The League*? You betcha.

BOB

No! They will not be impressed by this! This is helping no one!

GENE

Bobster, surely *The League* will appreciate our fine tunnels!

BOB

AGH! I'M LEAVING!

Bob storms off to the kitchen.

LINDA

Hah, look at your father, gettin'  
all red again.

LOUISE

Classic.  
(to the miners O.S.)  
That's supposed to be a 3-way  
tunnel intersection! STICK TO THE  
BLUEPRINT!

GENE

Crack that whip, girl.

BOB (O.S.)

(from the kitchen)

AHH!

Tina and Linda run over.

LOUISE

I'm sure he's fine.

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

In the center of the floor is the pickle, returned once  
again. Bob watches in horror at this pickle angrily vibrating  
and oozing a dark substance.

Note: a tunnel now pokes through the kitchen window.

Tina and Linda enter through the door.

LINDA

Bob, you gotta stop leaving pickles  
everywhere!

BOB

It's back! I drowned you, monster!!

TINA

I told you that would only anger  
it!!

LINDA

Tina baby, what are you talking  
about?!

Tina reaches into her pants and pulls out the dusty book.

LINDA (CONT'D)

You were just keeping that in  
there?

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

She frantically flips through the pages as the pickle grows more restless.

TINA  
(nervous moaning)  
Uhhhh...

BOB  
What do we do?!

Teddy peeks into the kitchen.

TEDDY  
Hey Bobby, I heard--  
(spots the pickle)  
Holy cow, uhh, good luck with your  
tunnels, Bob.

He runs out as other customers peek in to see what the commotion is.

CUSTOMER #1  
Wowza, that's an angry pickle.

CUSTOMER #2  
Do they not have a kitchen  
cleanliness system or something?

We see through the kitchen window as one by one, panicked customers leave the restaurant. Some climb through the tunnels, some over them.

BOB  
(through the window)  
WAIT! Everything is fine, don't  
worry!

LINDA  
I don't know about that, Bobby.

Bob looks around for an answer: deep fryer.

He swoops up and grabs the oozing pickle.

TINA  
Wait! Dad!

BOB  
HIYAH!

Bob throws the pickle into the deep fryer. Grease spatters and <HISSES>.

Bob <SIGHS>.



BOB (CONT'D)

There.

Suddenly, a ghostly, animalistic face erupts from the grease <SCREECHING>.

EVERYONE

AHHH!

The screeching grease ghoul thrashes around the kitchen, knocking things off shelves.

They all fall back on their butts, taking cover.

The ghoul subsides. All of the contents of the deep fryer are absorbed into the pickle like a wicked <SLURP>.

Silence.

LINDA

(to Bob)

Hiyah?

Tina rushes over to observe: the pickle is unscathed.

BOB

Tina, get away from that thing!

TINA

It's time for drastic measures.

LINDA

What happened? What does that mean?

TINA

Mom, dad, we need to perform a séance. Or an exorcism. Or a hybrid... a séxorcism!

(beat)

Okay never mind, I just heard it out loud. Unless you guys like it, then we can keep it.

LINDA

You know how to do that, sweetie?

TINA

I'll try, mom.

Tina looks to Bob for assurance.

BOB

...Okay.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

He checks his watch.

BOB (CONT'D)

We have less than an hour before  
*The League* will be here.

Bob pokes his head out the kitchen window.

BOB (CONT'D)

Gene, Louise! Do not let anyone  
wearing a cloak and chicken nugget  
mask inside the restaurant until I  
say so!

GENE

(from the dining area)  
Seems suspicious but we'll oblige!

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE TO:

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

Bob and Linda sit criss-cross on the floor of the kitchen surrounded by dimly-lit candles.

Tina draws something on the floor with chalk in the center of the room. Her dusty book is open nearby.

BOB

Wow, Tina. You've actually got remarkable free-hand skills.

Tina finishes and steps back.

Reveal a large pentagram design, and in the center a line-drawn hamburger. It's quite good.

TINA

Thanks, dad.

Tina takes a pair of tongs from the counter and retrieves the pickle from the now-empty deep fryer.

She places the pickle in the center of the pentagram.

Tina sits criss-cross beside her parents and grabs her book.

TINA (CONT'D)

Okay, thank you everyone for joining this exorséance, where we try to communicate with the being inhabiting this pickle while also asking them politely to leave.

She flips through the book. Bob peeks at the pages.

BOB

Tina, is that all in Latin? How are you--?

TINA

(over)

Pickle pickle inspiravit exspiravit sandwico, sisterent te!

BOB

Um.

LINDA

Okay, Plato!

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

BOB (CONT'D)

Plato? Did he speak Latin?

LINDA

No, she's just smart! Like Plato!

The pickle gently moves in response to Tina.

TINA

If you are present, do something cool so I can get it on video.

She holds up a smart phone.

Suddenly, a block of cheese gets thrown at Bob and <SMACKS> him in the head.

BOB

OW! What the hell, pickle?!

TINA

Wait I wasn't recording yet, do it again.

**INT. PLAY PALACE TUNNEL - SAME**

Louise leads an inspection crawling inside the tunnels. Gene follows with a clipboard.

The insides of the tunnels are coated in coal dust.

Louise looks at her hands, which are now black with coal.

LOUISE

We'll need to clean this. Make a note, Gene.

GENE

I think it adds pizazz.

He writes "GENE FARTED HERE" in the dust, then <FARTS> there.

Louise points ahead to a tunnel intersection.

LOUISE

That intersection may cause gridlock if this main corridor has heavy traffic, make note.

GENE

Mhmm.

Dagmar crawls beside them from an alternate tunnel.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

DAGMAR

Missus, we'll need to begin construction of the ball pit soon if you want to be finished in time.

LOUISE

Forget the ball pit! We need more tunnels!

**INT. DINING ROOM - SAME**

Meanwhile, outside the tunnels, the League's Head Member arrives at the entrance which is still blocked by a tunnel.

HEAD MEMBER

Hm. Hello?

He looks inside the tunnel and crawls in.

HEAD MEMBER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh! This is quite fun.

BACK TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Another block of cheese hits Bob, who's looking bruised.

BOB

Okay Tina, I think we've established its presence.

Tina taps her phone.

TINA

I got it that time. Good job everybody.

She returns to the book. The pickle seems to vibrate and grow more restless.

TINA (CONT'D)

And finally... muria revelare!

<WHOOOSH>! A large apparition emerges from the pickle in the form of... a HAMSTER?

Tina <GASPS>.

TINA (CONT'D)

Shebiscuit?!

The apparition is none other than Tina's deceased hamster, SHEBISCUIT. She looms over them, with tattered fur and a wily look in her eyes.

SHEBISCUIT  
Tis I, Shebiscuit!

LINDA  
I can't believe it!

BOB  
Your old hamster?

SHEBISCUIT  
Behold Belchers, your undoing!

Shebiscuit flicks her rodent wrist and another block of cheese flies out of nowhere and <SMACKS> Bob again.

BOB  
Why do we have so many blocks of cheese lying around?! Agh, okay, ow, it's in my eye.

He winces and rubs his eyes.

TINA  
Shebiscuit, I've missed you so much! Where have you been? Why did you run away?

SHEBISCUIT  
I've not been away, dearest Tina, for I never left. Your father, Bob, is nonetheless responsible for my demise!

TINA  
What?! Dad, is this true?

LINDA  
Bobby, how could you! You killed an innocent hamster?

BOB  
I didn't kill any hamster! Shebiscuit ran away!

SHEBISCUIT  
Oh, Bob. You killed me, alright. With a healthy dose of ego and neglect.

As Shebiscuit speaks, we hear Tina and Bob's voices:

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

SHEBISCUIT (CONT'D)

(as Bob)

Tina, just let me handle the hamster. I don't want you messing up its feeding schedule or pulling a Lennie Small or something.

(as Tina)

But you can trust me, dad! I want to take care of Shebiscuit myself!

(as Bob)

The thing could be diseased. You never know what bacteria it brought back from the gutter.

**INT. PLAY PALACE TUNNEL - SAME**

Gene and Louise hear faint <GIGGLING> O.S.

GENE & LOUISE POV: They turn around to see the cloaked and chicken nugget-masked Head Member crawling around a corner.

GENE

Chicken nugget man!

LOUISE

Get him!

They crawl after him.

They reach the corner and he's gone. Gene looks down one tunnel while Louise looks through another.

The <GIGGLING> echoes again.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Wait, which direction did we come from?

GENE

I'm sensing a dizzy spell!

Louise heads one direction. Gene slugs off the opposite way.

ON LOUISE:

LOUISE

There are too many tunnels!

ON GENE:

GENE

I hope he's impressed!

BACK TO:

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Tina turns to Bob, teary eyed.

TINA

You never fed Shebiscuit?!

BOB

Well, uh, there was the jalapeño popper that one time.

SHEBISCUIT

Allow me to paint a picture...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. TINA'S BEDROOM - HAMSTER CAGE - FLASHBACK**

Shebiscuit is alive in her cage, looking rather gaunt.

SHEBISCUIT'S POV: Empty water canteen. Empty food dish.

SHEBISCUIT (V.O.)

The only attention I received was from dear Tina, who was naive to my predicament.

Enter Tina, who grabs Shebiscuit out of her cage to caress and kiss her.

Tina places her on the floor and rummages through her dresser. Shebiscuit sees the open door.

SHEBISCUIT (V.O.)

Though it pained me, I had every intention of returning once I'd found sustenance.

Shebiscuit scurries out of Tina's bedroom.

Tina turns around with a TOY HORSE, only her hamster is gone.

**INT. DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK CONT.**

Shebiscuit waddles through the legs of CUSTOMERS along the floor of the restaurant.

The aroma of a hot meal catches her attention. She follows the scent into the kitchen, avoiding getting stepped on.



**INT. KITCHEN - FLASHBACK CONT.**

Shebiscuit sneaks into the kitchen unnoticed.

SHEBISCUIT'S POV: A hot burger sits upon a tray above her head on the counter.

Her hamster tummy <GROWLS>. She salivates.

She climbs the counter, struggling to hoist herself up until she finally plops beside the glistening burger.

Bob enters the kitchen.

BOB  
(shouting to the dining  
area)  
You're really testing your  
cholesterol with four burgers  
today, Teddy!

Bob grabs the burger tray off the counter without noticing Shebiscuit and exits.

SHEBISCUIT (V.O.)  
Typical Bob.

The only thing left on the counter is an open jar with a solitary pickle inside submerged in the brine.

SHEBISCUIT (V.O.)  
My desperation knew no bounds.

Shebiscuit pulls herself up, balancing on the top of the jar.

She reaches for the pickle, but it's too deep...

She slips. She falls in. <SPLASH>. She can't breathe.

Shebiscuit drowns while embracing the lone pickle.

Bob enters again with an empty tray.

BOB  
That man will never cease to amaze  
me.

He tosses the tray onto the counter and hurries out. The tray <BUMPS> the pickle jar and sends it tumbling down off the counter, rolling beneath the grill.

Shebiscuit's corpse, still clutching the pickle, lands beside a DVD copy of *Dear John* and other rotting food.

SHEBISCUIT (V.O.)  
My angry, burdened soul latched  
onto the pickle...

TIME PASSING.

Shebiscuit's body dematerializes, absorbing itself into the  
pickle as it rots and grows some of her fur.

SHEBISCUIT (V.O.)  
And then, I was awakened...

Bob's hand reaches in and grabs the rotten pickle...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Back to the kitchen, where Shebiscuit confronts the Belchers.

LINDA  
You poor thing.

TINA  
Dad, how could you? I told you I  
wanted to take care of her! And you  
said you'd handle it!

BOB  
I'm sorry, Tina... I messed up.

LINDA  
Bobby, I think you deserve to get  
haunted.

SHEBISCUIT  
Alas, that is the plan! The  
Belchers will experience pain and  
suffering just as I have!

LINDA  
Oh, actually that sounds not great.

Just then, the League's Head Member tumbles into the kitchen  
from the tunnel in the window.

He dusts himself off, but he's covered in coal and soot.

HEAD MEMBER  
Those tunnels are quite impressive!  
(notices hamster ghost)  
Good heavens, what kind of  
séxorcism do we have going on here?

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"

TINA

My dead hamster is haunting us.

BOB

Head Chicken! I mean, Mr. Member!  
Let's step out, there's nothing to  
see here.

HEAD MEMBER

Ooh, no can do, Bob. I'm invested  
now. Carry on.

Tina approaches her father.

TINA

Dad, you can let me handle things  
now.

BOB

Tina, I'm so sorry. I should've  
listened to you...

TINA

It's okay. I've got this.

She faces Shebiscuit.

TINA (CONT'D)

Shebiscuit, you were the best pet I  
could've asked for. I'm sorry for  
the pain Bob has put you through.  
But I can't let you hurt my family.

SHEBISCUIT

Don't you want to see your father  
suffer for his neglect of your poor  
old hamster? Don't you love me?

TINA

I do, Shebiscuit. And it's time you  
were set free.

Tina flips through the pages of her book.

She points a finger at Shebiscuit.

TINA (CONT'D)

(reading)  
Exeatis! Exeatis!

SHEBISCUIT

Never!

Sheiscuit gallops around the kitchen, knocking appliances over with a <CRASH> here and a <CLANK> there.

Bob, Linda, and the Head Member all duck down.

Tina follows her.

TINA  
Exeatis! Criceta exeatis!

Shebiscuit's ghost form shrivels.

SHEBISCUIT  
No!!

TINA  
I love you, Shebiscuit! O mel ad inferos!

Shebiscuit contorts and gets sucked down the nearest sink drain, swirling in a vortex until... <POOF>. Gone.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Goodbye, queen.

She picks up the pickle that remains in the pentagram.

TINA (CONT'D)  
This pickle is clean.

She takes a bite out of it, then <GAGS> and spits it out.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Still rotten.

BOB  
Oh my God, Tina! That was incredible!

Bob hugs his daughter and holds on tight.

BOB (CONT'D)  
How did you know latin?

TINA  
I don't know latin.

Linda joins the group hug.

LINDA  
Tina, baby, you're a superstar!

The Head Member also joins the hug.

HEAD MEMBER

Stunning work, young lady! Such gusto to send your own hamster Hell!

They all let go.

TINA

What? No, I couldn't have.

She reads a couple more pages of her book.

TINA (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh no. What have I done...

BOB

Tina, I should've trusted you all along. With everything. Will you please be my right-hand woman?

TINA

Thank you, dad. I will give your offer careful thought.

(leans in, whispering)

Of course I will, I'm just trying to look cool in front of the *League* guy.

HEAD MEMBER

Bob, I must say, this establishment has shown great promise and continues to surprise me. Now that you're cleansed... welcome to *The League of Restauranteurs*.

BOB

Really?!

HEAD MEMBER

Yes, really!

(gestures to Tina)

It's just a shame your family won't be able to work here anymore!

BOB

...What?

HEAD MEMBER

Oh yes, Bob! Only *League*-appointed cooks and workers are eligible for employment at any of our restaurants. It's standard, really.

The Head Member <WHISTLES>, and a group of three COOKS (2 men and a woman) enter the kitchen via tunnel.

They all wear identical white aprons to Bob, and they all have his same mustache. Combed. Mustaches.

HEAD MEMBER (CONT'D)

This lot here has been studying the way you like to run things. They are capable and ready to obey your every command.

TINA

Are we really getting fired, dad?

LINDA

No sweetie, more like laid off.

HEAD MEMBER

Whaddya say, Bob?

Bob looks to these new cooks. Then to his family. Contemplating.

BOB

No, thanks.

Tina grins.

HEAD MEMBER

Excuse me?

BOB

I'll stick with my family. We don't need The League.

LINDA

(whispering to Tina)

Oooh, he didn't italicize it that time.

HEAD MEMBER

Bob, this offer only comes once. Think of the protection and prestige we can offer.

BOB

Yeah, we're good. Thanks.

The Head Member <HUFFS>. Then storms out with his posse of cooks through the main door, skipping the tunnel.

Then he pops his head in for a moment.

HEAD MEMBER

I was only mildly impressed by your tunnels.

TINA

Get lost, loser!

He gets lost. The front door <CHIMES> O.S. as they leave.

Gene and Louise suddenly burst out of the tunnel.

GENE

The chicken nugget man is here!

LOUISE

He's on his way in!

BOB

Thanks, you two. We're okay now.

LINDA

Oh honey, I can't believe you gave up the League for us! That was so sexy!

BOB

Ha. I am pretty sexy, I guess.

(beat)

I wouldn't be this sexy without my family. Especially you, Tina.

TINA

Thanks, dad...

The door <CHIMES> O.S. again.

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Belchers all exit the kitchen to see Mr. Fiscoeder at the entrance.

BOB

Mr. Fiscoeder?

MR. FISCHOEDER

Bob! What an exquisite layout of play things!

LOUISE

Thanks, Mr. F.

Dagmar and her gaggle of miners enter.

DAGMAR

(to Gene & Louise)

We're running out of square footage, we think the blueprint may need some revisiting.

(noticing Mr. F)

Fischoeder?

MR. FISCHOEDER

(acting surprised)

Now, what is this? My own miners, violating their non-compete clause which is clearly outlined in their contracts?

DAGMAR

What clause, mister?

BOB

What's happening?

Fischoeder whips out a contract from his back pocket.

MR. FISCHOEDER

I just happen to have a copy here, if you'd like to review.

He drops it on the floor in front of her.

MR. FISCHOEDER (CONT'D)

I'll have no choice but to terminate you and your dirty friends. I suppose that strike of yours is null and void.

LOUISE

Oooh. He got 'em. He got 'em good.

Dagmar picks up the contract. Mr. F heads for the exit.

MR. FISCHOEDER

Oh, and Belchers, due to your lack of a permit for this monstrous construction, you can expect a fine in the mail shortly. Toodles!

He leaves.

GENE

And we got got. The play palace business sure is cut throat.

BOB

Gene, Louise, you're grounded.

"Séance on a Wet Pickle"





TINA (CONT'D)

the Marching the Picket *Brine* Burger. It has loads of pickles. Like, an unnecessary amount of pickles.

BOB

That's great. How about, Marching the *Pickle Brine*? Ooh, and try adding *salad-arity* arugula.

TINA

I want to bottle this feeling.

Tina rushes off to the kitchen.

LINDA

(to Bob)

I'm proud of you, sweetie. Finally cuttin' loose.

GENE

Well, my work is here is done. If you'll excuse me, I need to go paint the john seafoam green.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF SHOW**