

# SPONGEBOB SIDE 1

**SPONGEBOB**

Hey! Check this out.

*(He pulls on one end of the couch and it expands, slinky-style. He shouts at his friend from the far end:)*

The Incredible Stretching Sofa!

**PATRICK**

It's alivvvvve!

*(He shakes it to make it "alive" like a giant worm. But then he lets go.)*

It got away!

*(As the couch hits **SPONGEBOB** – Bam! – knocking him over:)*

You okay?

**SPONGEBOB**

*(Grinning as he gets up, cross-eyed.)*

Sure! What's a minor concussion between friends?

**PATRICK**

Ooh, ooh, I have an idea...

*(He runs over, and with **SPONGEBOB**'s help turns the couch into a hot tub. Bubbles start rising out of it.)*

**SPONGEBOB**

I love me some bubbles in my bath.

**PATRICK**

I love me some bubbles *anywhere*.

**SPONGEBOB**

Okay, since you're so into bubbles, I'm gonna make you the biggest baddest bubble ever!

*(They turn the couch into a giant bubble.)*

# SPONGEBOB SIDE 2

## SPONGEBOB

*(Answering the voice in his head.)*

No, Mr. Krabs!

I'll find a way to stop that volcano!

We'll use science, like Sandy said.

We can use her jetpack to get to the top!

Wait, pretty sure it's only built for one.

We'll have to climb it, then. Patrick can help with that, he's super strong. Sandy's brains plus Patrick's brawn plus my... *(He's stumped.)*

I'm not sure what *my* thing is.

But that won't stop me.

When the going gets tough,  
this sponge gets going!

# SANDY SIDE 1

**SANDY**

SpongeBob, what are you doing out of your pineapple? Everyone's supposed to be inside!

**SPONGEBOB**

It's going to be fine. The Mayor said she'll handle it. And everyone knows, you can always trust the government.

**SANDY**

Well I've got news, hot off the griddle. I did some calculations...and that volcano is gonna erupt, as sure as a rhinestone cowboy at a disco rodeo. I figured out when, too. It's gonna happen at sundown – tomorrow!!!!

**SPONGEBOB**

*(Dismissively.)*

Okay Sandy, but –

**SANDY**

I'm serious as a guacamole shortage at a taco party! *(She holds up printouts or points to a large PowerPoint-ish presentation.)* I determined the timeline through analysis of seismic activity, gas emissions, geomagnetic and gravimetric changes. Over the next thirty-six hours, tremors will increase and boulders will fall, eventually leading to a cataclysmic eruption which will completely destroy Bikini Bottom. The End is nigh.

**SPONGEBOB**

The "end" end?

# SANDY SIDE 2

**SANDY**

*(To herself.)*

Sure is beautiful. I reckon I'll miss this place the most of all.

*(**SPONGEBOB** and **PATRICK** come running in.)*

**PATRICK**

Sandy! Hey Sandy!

**SPONGEBOB**

We've been looking for you everywhere!

**SANDY**

I've been hiding. That mob's turned me into a scapesquirrel.

**PATRICK**

Aw, who's afraid of a little ol' mob.

**SANDY**

Did you not see the pitchforks??

**SPONGEBOB**

It's terrible what they're doing. But that doesn't change the fact we have a volcano to beat – and we need you on the team. Brains (*i.e. her.*), brawn (*i.e. **PATRICK.***), and...though I may not have a special skill to bring to the table, I'm coming too.

**SANDY**

They don't want my help, they want me gone. And I can take a hint.

**SPONGEBOB**

You can't leave. This is your home.

**SANDY**

It's not, SpongeBob. Let's face it, I've never fit in here.

Then again, I never really fit in Texas either.

*(The music shifts to sad Texan underscoring. A bunch of small, stuffed squirrels – in cowboy hats – now appear and float around **SANDY's** head. They point and giggle at her.)*

I was always the odd rodent out. No one knew what to make of a girl-squirrel who was into science and martial arts.

*(Out of the blue, she executes some karate chops or nunchuck moves with loud foley, and some of the squirrels get knocked out. A couple of jellyfish swim away, frightened.)*

*(Realizing.)*

I've never felt at home anywhere, really. And now it's time to dig up my acorns again and push on.

*(Music ends, and the squirrels are gone.)*

# PATRICK SIDE 1

*(SPONGEBOB bursts in to find PATRICK sitting sprawled out on his couch, half-stuffed suitcase beside him, scratching his belly button with an odd-looking implement. [PATRICK has packed things like a giant Goofy Goober ice cream cone, a rock, a pizza, etc.] )*

**SPONGEBOB**

Get ready, Patrick! I have a plan to save the town and I need your help. We're gonna climb the volcano and use science to stop it from blowing.

**PATRICK**

*(Totally wasn't listening.)*

Huh? Sorry. I found this great belly button scratcher while I was packing, and we've been having a reaaaaaally nice time together. *(Scratch, scratch, sigh.)*

**SPONGEBOB**

Patrick, I need to know: are you with me?

**PATRICK**

I'm right here, hello?

*(SPONGEBOB lifts PATRICK up.)*

**SPONGEBOB**

No I mean... *(Marching and calling out like a drill sergeant.)* ARE YOU WITH ME METAPHORICALLY UNTIL WE ACTUALLY START WITH THE TOWN-SAVING?

**PATRICK**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT METAPHORICALLY MEANS BUT YES I'M WITH YOU!

**SPONGEBOB**

Then welcome to the team.

**PATRICK**

Our team needs a name. *(Thinking.)* How about Team...PatBob.

**SPONGEBOB**

I prefer SpongeRick.

**PATRICK**

PatBobSpongeRick?

**SPONGEBOB**

*(To PATRICK.)*

Were you expecting all these sardines?

**PATRICK**

Um. *(He thinks for a moment.)* Sometimes my bellybutton itches. *(He scratches.)* And then it doesn't.

## PATRICK SIDE 2

**SPONGEBOB**

No no no no no, you can't leave! We have a mountain to climb.

**PATRICK**

That was before I was a savior.

**SPONGEBOB**

You said you'd be with me no matter what.

**PATRICK**

...Unless I became a savior. Pretty sure I said that.

**SPONGEBOB**

What about our team?

**PATRICK**

This is my moment, SpongeBob. Don't ruin it.

**SPONGEBOB**

Okay then. Go. I don't need you.

**PATRICK**

*(Stung.)*

You don't?

**SPONGEBOB**

Nope. Forget about our team. It has a stupid name anyway.

**PATRICK**

*(Offended.)*

You said you liked it! *(Lashing back.)* Well, I don't like you!

**SPONGEBOB**

I don't like you more.

**PATRICK**

At least I don't live in a fruit!

**SPONGEBOB**

At least I don't have a conehead!

**PATRICK**

At least I'm not SQUARE! *(Pointing.)* SQUARE! SQUARE!

## PATRICK SIDE 2 CONT.

PINK! PINK!

**SPONGEBOB**

YELLOW!

**PATRICK**

FINE.

**SPONGEBOB**

FINE.

**PATRICK**

FINE!

**SPONGEBOB**

FINE!

**PATRICK**

FINE!!

**SPONGEBOB**

FINE!!

**PATRICK**

FINE!!!

**SARDINES**

We're out.

**PATRICK**

# SQUIDWARD SIDE

**SPONGEBOB**

– Ever established for eating.

*(SQUIDWARD is there behind the cash register.)*

**SQUIDWARD**

And here I thought it was a third-rate greasepot.

**SPONGEBOB**

The finest third-rate greasepot, where I am proud to be Fry Cook of the Month.

**SQUIDWARD**

You're the only fry cook.

*(SPONGEBOB leans his hand on the stovetop. It starts to burn. He doesn't even notice.)*

**SPONGEBOB**

There should be a prize for that too.

**SQUIDWARD**

Riiiiight. I, for one, have my sights set beyond this place. I've been developing a one-man show starring an as-yet-undiscovered young, handsome...and very leggy...talent. I call it: *Tentacle Spectacle, the Musical*.

*(We see a quick flash of the Playbill! [Or rather, PlayGill.] )*

My mother *(He gazes lovingly at the heavens.)* always said I belonged on the stage.



## MR. KRABS SIDE 1

**KRABS**

Hold on, tiny dancer. I wasn't hatched yesterday. This sounds like another one of your schemes.

**PLANKTON**

At a time like this? How could you think such a thing?

**KRABS**

You've got *something* up your sleeve.

**PLANKTON**

I'm a one-celled organism. I don't even *have* sleeves.

## MR. KRABS SIDE 2

**SPONGEBOB**

Hey Mr. Krabs! Guess what? We won't have to leave Bikini Bottom after all. I'm putting together a team to save our town!

**KRABS**

Good luck with that – I'm packing. (*Places a giant safe down with his suitcases. Shouting offstage.*) Pearl honey, how's it going in there? Are ya packed yet?

(**PEARL** comes out, holding two pink outfits.)

**PEARL**

No! I can't decide which one to wear for the Electric Skates.

**KRABS**

For the last time, get it through your blowhole: you are not meeting those sting-ray degenerates.

**PEARL**

But Daaa-ad...

**KRABS**

You've got your priorities all wrong. We're in a crisis here – and when you're in a crisis, there's only one thing you can depend on.

**PEARL**

You mean family?

**KRABS**

No.

**SPONGEBOB**

Community?

**KRABS**

(*Shaking his head.*)

You're kidding, right?

# PEARL SIDE

**KRABS**

*offstage.*) Pearl honey, how's it going in there? Are ya packed yet?

*(PEARL comes out, holding two pink outfits.)*

**PEARL**

No! I can't decide which one to wear for the Electric Skates.

**KRABS**

For the last time, get it through your blowhole: you are not meeting those sting-ray degenerates.

**PEARL**

But Daaa-ad...

**KRABS**

You've got your priorities all wrong. We're in a crisis here – and when you're in a crisis, there's only one thing you can depend on.

**PEARL**

You mean family?

**KRABS**

No.

**SPONGEBOB**

Community?

**KRABS**

*(Shaking his head.)*

You're kidding, right?

**PEARL**

You don't understand me. Maybe it's because we're not the same species. Which is pretty weird, now that I think about it –

# PLANKTON & KAREN SIDE 1

*(PLANKTON's head rises slowly from the orchestra pit, or he rolls on in a lounge chair, or... something sly and surprising. He holds and sips from a green martini. KAREN is working hard on the Avalanche Maker 3000.)*

**PLANKTON**

How's it coming, Karen?

**KAREN**

Almost done. *(Computer sounds – “beep boop bop.”)* Target program complete. I'll be able to aim the Avalanche Maker with lethal precision.

**PLANKTON**

Feels good, working together again. *(A bit shy.)* You know...there's something I've been meaning to ask you for a while, but I was too nervous. Now that we're getting along so much better, I thought maybe...

**KAREN**

Yes, Sheldon?

**PLANKTON**

It's just... *(Genuinely vulnerable.)* Sheldon is such a small-sounding name. Maybe you could call me something else now and then? Something like...I dunno...“Big Guy”?

*(KAREN is surprised. And a little amused.)*

**KAREN**

Big Guy?

**PLANKTON**

*(He profoundly loves it.)*

Yes! Say it again.

*(KAREN smiles. And does.)*

**KAREN**

Big Guy.

**PLANKTON**

I could get used to that.

**KAREN**

Big Guy.

**PLANKTON**

Uhh!

**KAREN**

Big guy! Big guy!

# PLANKTON & KAREN SIDE 2

*(PLANKTON reveals himself in human scale. His computer wife, KAREN, enters. She responds with a sigh and an eye-roll:)*

**KAREN**

With you, there's always another plan.

**PLANKTON**

Quiet, computer wife, this time it'll work! I'll make everyone love my chum burgers through the power of hypnosis! *(He chuckles to himself.)* It's almost too easy.

*(He produces a DVD package – DING! With a WHOOSH, KAREN produces a magnifying glass and we see its cover magnified: "BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO HYPNOSIS: IT'S ALMOST TOO EASY.")*

Soon they'll all see. I may be small, but my genius is immense!

**KAREN**

Come on, Sheldon. It'd take forever to hypnotize the whole town.

**PLANKTON**

*(Hurt.)*

You used to enjoy my evil schemes.

**KAREN**

What can I say? After twenty years of marriage, the magic's gone.

*(She frowns with a disgruntled BEEP. Focus shifts back to KRABS.)*

## PERCH PERKINS SIDE 1

*(Lights snap up on news anchor **PERCH PERKINS**. He speaks with urgency and intensity. Think: cable news in a moment of crisis.)*

### PERCH PERKINS

Breaking news: that is something we should worry about! After today's second unexplained tremor, smoke has been sighted at the top of Mount Humongous –

### [MUSIC NO. 02B "MOUNT HUMONGOUS REVEALED #1"]

– the long-slumbering volcano of doom.

*(On a video screen or somehow: Mount Humongous is revealed, looking very scary indeed. Smoke is rising from the top of the mountain.)*

And now, a live statement from the mayor of our town.

## PERCH PERKINS SIDE 2

*(**PERCH PERKINS** runs onstage.)*

### PERCH PERKINS

With just one hour left on the Doomsday Clock, I'm coming to you live from the Bandshell. The benefit concert is about to begin. Our phone lines are now open.

*(On a video screen or somehow, we see an image of a phone bank manned by fish.)*

It's up to you, our viewers across the ocean. We need your donations to pay for the escape pod...so we can get out before the volcano blows us all to oblivion!

*(He looks offstage.)*

And there...

### [MUSIC NO. 16C "HISTORIC EXODUS (BIKINI-TEVKA)"]

...You can see them now...

*(On the screen, we see shots of the **CITIZENS OF BIKINI BOTTOM** loaded up with suitcases, looking very much like refugees. The **MAYOR** is leading them all. **LARRY THE LOBSTER** [with his jellyfish-on-a-stick] is herding them.)*

...The citizens of Bikini Bottom, led by the Mayor through the streets of our beleaguered town, on their way to the Bandshell. It is a truly historic exodus.

## PRESHOW

*As the audience enters, PATCHY THE PIRATE is set up in a front corner of the theater, right near the FOLEY ARTIST's rig. Patchy is in a folding camping chair, surrounded by dozens of pieces of SpongeBob merchandise. The weirder the merch items, the better. Patchy is getting pumped up for the show—almost like he's tailgating, Broadway-style. He chats with various audience members as they pass, telling them how incredibly excited he is for SPONGEBOB SQUAREPANTS THE MUSICAL. He is the President of the SpongeBob Fan Club, after all. He has a big sign that says so.*

*As house lights go to half, Patchy runs up onto the stage. He could not be more excited. He's got his cellphone out (complete with SpongeBob case) and he's snapping photos of anything and everything.*

PATCHY

Excuse me, everyone! Ahoy up there! Before the show starts, can I get a group photo? Smile! *(he takes a selfie with the audience)* Thank you! I want to remember this moment forever. I'm about to see SpongeBob, right here on...

*He's interrupted by TWO SECURITY GUARDS who come barrelling down the aisle.*

SECURITY GUARD 1

Sir! You need to get off the stage. The show's about to start.

PATCHY

And I couldn't be more excited! I'm SpongeBob's #1 Fan. Patchy the Pirate.

SECURITY GUARD 2

*(gesturing to the merch)* This is your junk?

PATCHY

Those're my collectibles - brought all my favorites with me from Encino.

*Patchy holds up his cellphone. Its giant yellow case is one of his favorite collectibles.*

SECURITY GUARD 1

Sir, put away the phone, there's no filming allowed...

PATCHY

But I'm making a pirate copy!

SECURITY GUARD 2

*(to Security Guard 1, disgusted)* Get this jokester out of here.

*Security Guard 1 starts toward Patchy.*

PATCHY

What? No! I came to see SpongeBob!

SECURITY GUARD 1

Come on, one eye.

*Security Guard 1 grabs Patchy to drag him down the aisle. Patchy, offended, shouts as he goes.*

PATCHY

What did you call me? This is pirate discrimination! Peg leg phobia! Yo ho we won't go! Yo ho we won't go! Yo ho we won't go!

*Security Guard 2 stays behind to address the crowd.*

SECURITY GUARD 2

Alright! It's time to turn off your cellphones... stop your facebooking and your instagrams... And no pictures or videos during the performance. I can see your screen, ma'am, don't even try me. Now y'all enjoy the show.

*Lights shift...*

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)  
LET ME SHOW YOU, LET ME MAKE YOU PROUD.

I'VE BEEN WAITING PATIENTLY  
TO BE THE SPONGE I'M MEANT TO BE -  
WON'T ANYONE BELIEVE IN MEEEEEE--

*SpongeBob is interrupted by a GIANT RUMBLE.  
Everything on stage shakes. SpongeBob tries  
again.*

EEEEEE--

*Another RUMBLE.*

EEEEEE--

*Yet another RUMBLE.*

SQUIDWARD  
Um. Is that something we should worry about?

SPONGEBOB  
Nah.

*But then, lights snap up on news anchor PERCH  
PERKINS. He speaks with urgency and intensity.  
Think: cable news in a moment of crisis.*

PERCH PERKINS  
Breaking news: that is something we should worry about! After today's  
second unexplained tremor, smoke has been sighted at the top of Mount  
Humongous—the long-slumbering volcano of doom.

*On screen: MOUNT HUMONGOUS is revealed,  
looking very scary indeed. Smoke is rising from  
the top of the mountain.*

PERCH PERKINS (CONT'D)  
And now, a live statement from the mayor of our town.

*Lights rise on the Mayor of Bikini Bottom.*

MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM  
Ladies and gentlefish, if this mountain erupts, orange rivers of steaming  
lava will obliterate all we know and love. *(abrupt beat shift, placid smile)*  
Don't worry, your government has everything under control.



MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM (CONT'D)

I'm starting an initiative to assemble a committee to identify a strategy to evaluate the situation. In the meantime, all citizens must return home and remain indoors. The threat level is now Code Orange.

MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM

All citizens report to the town square! All citizens to the town square!

MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlefish, we only have until sundown tomorrow. But I will lead us through this crisis by setting meetings to encourage dialogue about drafting proposals for eventual action.

MRS. PUFF

SpongeBob, please, I almost spilled my kelp-accino.

MRS. PUFF

What we need is a task force.

MRS. PUFF

I'm going to do all the living I should've done before. (to a bartender)  
Gimme another kelp juice, Johnny. Carpe diem!

MRS. PUFF

Clear off the road! I have a bender to go on!

MRS. PUFF

We won't survive! Without the band, we'll never raise enough money for the pod.

MRS. PUFF

How? The town is in ruins!

MRS. PUFF

We can't have a concert without the band.