

SpongeBob SquarePants Sample

written by

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EXT. SQUIDWARD'S EASTER ISLAND HOME

Squidward peeks out his front door to see SpongeBob and Patrick playing in the front yard. Squidward, wearing a fancy tuxedo and holding his clarinet, tries to tiptoe past them.

SPONGEBOB

Oh, hi Squidward! We were practicing mind reading. Wanna give it a try?

SQUIDWARD

No, I-

PATRICK

Wait! I know what he's going to say.
(mind-reading)
"No, I have to get out of these uncomfortable clothes."

SPONGEBOB

Woah! How'd you do that?

SQUIDWARD

That is not what I was going to say! As a matter of fact, I'm off to perform a private concert.

PATRICK

Can we come?

SQUIDWARD

What part of private don't you understand?

PATRICK

I don't know.

SPONGEBOB

Let me see if I can get Patrick's answer for you.

SpongeBob puts his hands on his head, trying to read Patrick's brain.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)

Hm. Nothing.

Patrick is drooling with his eyes half closed. A limousine pulls up, and a LIMO DRIVER steps out.

LIMO DRIVER

Is there a Mr. Tentacles here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SQUIDWARD

That's me! Take me away from these
barnacle heads.

The Driver opens the limo door for Squidward as he steps in.

SQUIDWARD (CONT'D)

(to SpongeBob & Patrick)

Don't even try to follow me to the
concert. You'll just mess it all up.

The limo driver shuts the door and takes off with Squidward.

SPONGEBOB

Did you catch what he just said?

PATRICK

I was too busy trying to read his mind.

SPONGEBOB

Well, what did he think?

PATRICK

Something about us being at his concert!

SPONGEBOB

I knew he needed us! Come on, Patrick,
let's go support our friend.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB STAGE

The Maître d'hôtel and Squidward stand on a stage in the
middle of the dining room.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

This stage is your space tonight. If you
ever need anything, just ring this bell.

SQUIDWARD

Glad to see someone respects the talent
around here.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Oh, trust me sir. We take our art quite
seriously around here.

Squidward sits down and takes out his clarinet to tune it.
He's nervous. As he takes a breath to play his clarinet, he
spots SpongeBob and Patrick outside. Frantically, Squidward
rings the bell and The Maître d'hôtel rushes back to him.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL (CONT'D)

Yes, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SQUIDWARD

Do not let those two fools outside into the building, under any circumstances.

SpongeBob and Patrick are dancing in circles outside while chanting "Squidward's about to play a show!"

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Nothing to worry about, sir. Only members are allowed in. Plus, we enforce a high class dress code for our establishment: "No shirt, no service."

SQUIDWARD

Ah. Paradise.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB ENTRANCE

SpongeBob and Patrick are talking to the Maître d'hôtel.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

I'm sorry, but you aren't on the list.

SPONGEBOB

Well what names are on the list?

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

I can't disclose that information.

PATRICK

Allow me.

Patrick closes his eyes, and begins to mind read.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There aren't any names on that list!

SPONGEBOB

(gasps)
Scandal!

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

You have to be club members to enter.

SpongeBob excitedly opens his mouth to ask a question.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL (CONT'D)

There's currently a 12-year waiting list to join. Now if you'll excuse me...

SpongeBob and Patrick slowly step away, keeping a keen eye on the Maître d'hôtel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPONGEBOB

What are we going to do, Patrick?

PATRICK

Squidward needs our support! We have to come up with something!

The two look at the coat check nearby.

SPONGEBOB

You thinking what I'm thinking?

PATRICK

I don't know, let me check.

Patrick mind reads SpongeBob.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh yeah.

SPONGEBOB

Let's do it!

SpongeBob runs to the left while Patrick runs to the right.

PATRICK

Oh! You meant *your* left.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB ENTRANCE, MOMENTS LATER

SpongeBob sits on top of Patrick's shoulders. They're wearing a long trench coat that reaches the ground, covering up Patrick entirely. SpongeBob's head pops out of the top of the coat. Patrick pokes out his head for a moment.

PATRICK

Okay SpongeBob, ready?

SPONGEBOB

Ready, Patrick!

Patrick steers the two straight into a wall, then continues to try and walk through the wall.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)

Patrick, that's a wall.

PATRICK

Right.

Patrick slowly turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPONGEBOB

Keep turning, keep turning. Stop! Okay!
Now walk forward. Two steps! Stop!

Patrick arrives at the host stand for the Maître d'hôtel.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Don't I recognize you?

SPONGEBOB

Um, no... I'm just a regular member that
says regular member things.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

You can't fool me! You're no regular
member!

SPONGEBOB

Uh...

PATRICK

(quietly)
He's on to us!

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Atticus FancyCoat, pleasure to meet you!
You look just like your photo.

Behind SpongeBob is a portrait that looks identical to their
disguise. The engraving reads "Atticus FancyCoat - the fancy
man's artist".

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL (CONT'D)

We never thought you'd actually grace us
with your presence. Please, allow me to
show you to your table.

The Maître d'hôtel snaps to his colleagues, who set up an
elaborately fancy table in seconds, all while muttering about
how much they love Mr. FancyCoat's work.

PATRICK

I can't believe that worked.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

What was that?

SPONGEBOB

Uh, I said I can't believe you work...
for a living.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Well, yes, sir. Unfortunately we cannot all be as talented with art criticism as you are. This way please.

Patrick follows the waiter, blindly bumping into a table, and knocking over another waiter's tray.

SPONGEBOB

Oh, sorry folks. Ah ha.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Pay them no attention, sir. They are not worthy of your destruction.

The Maître d' arrives at the table, and pulls out a chair.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL (CONT'D)

Please, take a seat.

Patrick sits down, missing the chair and landing directly on the floor. SpongeBob is at eye level with the rest of the restaurant.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL (CONT'D)

Of course, you prefer no chair. How modern! We have a specially selected musical talent tonight that should be starting shortly. Can I get you started with a fresh Seahorse Milk?

SPONGEBOB

That sounds excellent.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

Very well.

The Maître d' ducks out. Squidward marches over.

SQUIDWARD

Just what do you think you're doing?

SPONGEBOB

Don't worry Squidward. They wanted to kick us out, but we weren't going to let anything stop us from supporting you!

SQUIDWARD

(groans)

You better not mess this up for me SpongeBob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SERVER

Seahorse Milk for the sir. Thank you for
the privilege of getting to serve you.
Can I get you anything else? Please?

Patrick, still hidden under the coat, is looking at the menu.

PATRICK

I want something!

SERVER

What would you like, sir?

SPONGEBOB

(scanning at the menu)
What was it called...

PATRICK

Hmmmm...

SPONGEBOB

I know I saw it here somewhere...

PATRICK

Uh...

SPONGEBOB

Make a decision Patrick!

PATRICK

I can't decide! I want it all!

SPONGEBOB

Found it! One of everything!

SERVER

One of everything. Excellent choice.
That'll be coming out right away, sir.
Let us know if you need anything else.

SPONGEBOB

That will be enough.

SERVER

I'm finally enough for someone.

The server faints. Squidward clears his throat and plays his
clarinet. It's out of tune. The audience groans.

SQUIDWARD

Uh, bear with me here...

Squidward panics as he retunes his clarinet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SPONGEBOB
Woo! Go Squidward!

The rest of the club is perplexed by the appearance of Mr. Fancy-Coat. They gossip among themselves.

BRAD TED	LADY FISH
Is that Mr. Fancy-Coat?	I didn't know he came here.

JANET	FREDRICK T. NITPIK
He's the most cultured Sponge in the sea.	He doesn't show his face very often.

The crowd settles down. Squidward continues playing, but his Clarinet is still out of tune. This time, the audience gives him a light round of applause. Confused, Squidward continues playing out of tune.

BRAD TED	LADY FISH
This guy must be a new discovery.	I've never heard anything like this.

JANET	FREDRICK T. NITPIK
Is this guy serious?	Are we supposed to be enjoying this?

A server delivers a plate of nachos to SpongeBob. SpongeBob dumps it down his coat, who instantly eats the whole plate.

PATRICK
Wow! This is so good!

Everyone looks to SpongeBob, stunned.

SPONGEBOB
You heard right! This music is so good!

LADY FISH	BRAD TED
Maybe this guy is good.	I think he's playing like this on purpose.

JANET	FREDRICK T. NITPIK
I got what was happening from the start. I was always a fan.	It's certainly an interesting deconstruction on our prior assumptions of the musical language.

The audience is enjoying the show. Squidward is in bliss.

A plate of hamburger sliders is brought out to SpongeBob. He dumps the plate down his coat to Patrick.

PATRICK
Gross! I hate pickles!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Everyone looks to SpongeBob again, he is very nervous.

SPONGEBOB
Because pickles sound... crunchy.

BRAD TED	LADY FISH
This part really lost me.	I prefer a chewier sound.

JANET	FREDRICK T. NITPIK
I never really liked this guy.	The crunchiness of the timbre
Too crunchy for my taste.	really undercuts the melody as
	a whole.

Squidward is surprised the audience turned on him so fast. A big steak comes out. Patrick digs in with his fork and knife, snapping his fork in the process.

PATRICK
Oh no! My fork broke!

SPONGEBOB
The tune is quite... Baroque.

LADY FISH	FREDRICK T. NITPIK
I never liked his Baroque	The melody he institutes is
period.	archaic rather than nostalgic.

Squidward is frustrated and plays faster as tension builds.

SPONGEBOB
Patrick! Keep it quiet down there.

SpongeBob hands Patrick a salmon bagel.

PATRICK
(yelling)
Okay! I won't say a thing about the lox!

SPONGEBOB
(in a panic)
This guy rocks!

BRAD TED
What can I say, when Rock n' Roll works,
it just works.

The audience is happy, Squidward's relaxed. SpongeBob hands Patrick a chicken and broccoli plate.

SPONGEBOB
Okay, Patrick. They're finally happy.
Let's keep it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

PATRICK

Oh no. Broccoli? Boo!!

The audience joins in booing.

FREDRICK T. NITPIK

I can't stand him. And I like broccoli!

Squidward, frustrated and exhausted from the ups and downs, slams his clarinet to the ground.

SQUIDWARD

That's it! I can't take it anymore! You people need to decide what you like, instead of letting a sponge make your decisions for you!

Everyone is shocked Squidward has addressed Mr. Fancycoat in this manner.

SPONGEBOB

Yeah, you tell them!

SQUIDWARD

This is supposed to be my show! I won't let you take over my concert!

Squidward slams his clarinet case shut and storms out.

SQUIDWARD (CONT'D)

I'm done with this backwards audience!

JANET

I respect an artist who isn't afraid to speak his mind.

Patrick scrapes the plates around him, there's no food left.

PATRICK

Oh no. It's all over. I want more!

BRAD TED

Encore! That was the greatest show ever!

The audience gives Squidward a standing ovation as he storms out of the club.

FREDRICK T. NITPIK

Incredible! I've never seen an artist so committed to his work.

LADY FISH

I'm obsessed!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

The audience chases after Squidward.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Squidward stomps away with adoring fans in tow.

SQUIDWARD

You fish don't have real taste anyways.

JANET

But we loved you! You have to come back!

FREDRICK T. NITPIK

You're the finest clarinetist I've seen in years.

SQUIDWARD

So my raw talent did get through to you over that incessant heckling.

LADY FISH

Of course it did! What an electrifying performance.

BRAD TED

If it were up to me, you'd be the resident artist at our clubhouse.

SQUIDWARD

(to self)

They love me. They really love me.

The real Mr. Fancycoat steps out of a limo and walks by the crowd. Squidward notices him out of the corner of his eye.

SQUIDWARD (CONT'D)

Hey! I have a bone to pick with you!

MR. FANCYCOAT

Whom, me?

SQUIDWARD

Yes, you! You almost ruined my whole act, you abhorrent sponge! You call yourself an art critic, but you're the worst bottom feeder of them all!

MR. FANCYCOAT

Well if that's the way you feel, I suggest you find a new career.

Mr. Fancycoat dials his shell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SQUIDWARD

Wait a minute... you're not SpongeBob.

MR. FANCYCOAT

Gloria. Make sure a mister... what's your name?

SQUIDWARD

Uh, it's Squidward Tentacles...

MR. FANCYCOAT

...Make sure Squidward Tentacles never works in this- or any- town ever again.

The crowd falls dead silent.

SQUIDWARD

Wait, you don't really care what he thinks, right? Say you still love me!

FREDRICK T. NITPIK

I can't separate the art from the artist on this one.

JANET

I can't believe I bought this stupid T-shirt.

Janet rips her Squidward Tentacles T-shirt in half. The crowd shuffles back inside, leaving Squidward alone in his shame.

SQUIDWARD

No, please, come back!

Squidward falls to his knees. SpongeBob and Patrick come outside, and join Squidward.

PATRICK

I can't believe all that food was free!

SPONGEBOB

Uh, Squidward, are you okay?

SQUIDWARD

Of course I'm not okay! Can't you see my music career is over?

PATRICK

I didn't think the show was that bad.

SQUIDWARD

Just let me sit and wallow in silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SPONGEBOB

Don't worry, Squidward, we don't need words!

SpongeBob puts his hands up and reads Squidward's mind. Squidward looks furious. SpongeBob is shocked.

SPONGEBOB (CONT'D)

(somberly)

Squidward, I never realized you felt that way about me...

SQUIDWARD

That's because you never listen to what I'm actually saying.

SPONGEBOB

To think- all those times you yelled at us you were actually asking for advice on your act.

PATRICK

Oh! I definitely have some notes.

SQUIDWARD

That's not-

PATRICK

Do you like jazz?

SPONGEBOB

Have you considered losing the clarinet?

PATRICK

I don't know if you've ever heard of this guy Baroque...

Squidward, still on the ground, sighs and sulks.

SpongeBob and Patrick continue giving him notes, acting out their suggestions.

PAN OUT.

END OF SHOW