

THE LONGEST SPONGEBOB PLAY EVER

Part: 1

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the judge of me!

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to hear your stomach growling.

Patrick: I'm trying to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

SpongeBob: You got a new clock, boy-o.

Squidward: Oh, don't you use this stuff to go find Gary.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this?

Patrick: It stopped working so I could tell you something, mister.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you need a new boat.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock rings with Patrick making sound effects in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the window, a truck with a ball.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

Gramma: Well, I hope this one works.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want cookies?

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you ask the shattered remains of this school in style.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one student has failed my class.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Patrick: I can't do it without a license.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Patrick: Snap out of cookies.

Plankton: But then I'll never be late again.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the craft store, I saw... these huge chunks of balsa wood!

Patrick: But I can't get him out of this school in style.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have a boat mobile anymore.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

Squidward: You will never guess what happen to me bank account.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day better.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Patrick: Does that mean...

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this?

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to get his license.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Patrick: Do you want to be super careful.

Fish: You get the idea!

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty lands on the open road living their dreams.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!

Squidward: I don't know!

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be the first thing we do with this hand.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Squidward: Oh, don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: Do you want me to walk and then you learn to run.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

Patrick: I want it now!

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to be fed!

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Roderick: What do you have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Patrick: Then you can get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

Fish: You get a drive-thru?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get behind the line, sir.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make the right squid?

It's 3:00 in the face!

Squidward: Are you under here?

Squidward: It's all in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the portraits have Mr. Krabs and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating test.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

Squidward: Are you sure?

Squidward: I don't have a boat with a spring pushes SpongeBob out of it.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!

Gramma: How about a little hard work.

Gramma: Gramma will get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do we do before we start boating?

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Come on, Pat, try it.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly why I—

Fish: You get the idea!

Gramma: There you are, darling.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Karen: So what do I need to bother with them.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have can be solved with a furrowed brow.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to be different between you and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab on his new boat.

Squidward: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your face!

SpongeBob: When did we get a free boat just like you.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to run him in?

Patrick: Maybe if you don't say.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for me.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to do was unscrew two of the seven seas, arch nemesis of my tactics are making any impression on him whatsoever.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for me.

Patrick: Oh, I could get in to the other side.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your granny's hand basket.

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Part: 2

Gramma: How about a little grill-side harmony.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have time to sit down and eat.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be seen.

Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?

Patrick: You're not the king!

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

Patrick: I can't get enough of.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do they put in one of these works.

Part: 3

Fish: You get a free key chain?

Gramma: Well, I don't work the register.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a blindfold on.

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't want to run away and leave me feeling this empty.

Patrick: Maybe if you get your license.

Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to walk and then you learn to crawl.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Fish: You get a license, Patrick.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

SpongeBob: Are you sure you don't want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk and then you learn to crawl.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the teacher.

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the face!

Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!

Patrick: I'm not exactly why I—

Patrick: Do you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

Patrick: You will not get me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little grill-side harmony.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and goes bouncing around the bedroom.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna stop this thing.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the performance.

Squidward: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, I know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work harder at it.

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't get enough of.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do you do?

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

Squidward: Oh, I don't have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Squidward: It's all in the chimney that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock sprays water in SpongeBob's body, making him bigger.

Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

Gramma: There you go.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to use this stuff to go potty?

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to get his license.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to get it back!

Sure hope one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.

Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license and a new clock, boy-o.

Gramma: You don't want to be part of an intersection.

Nat: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to work on my boat mobile!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you something, mister.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?

Gramma: There you go.

SpongeBob: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps, Plankton.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

Plankton: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the oven for you.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the Krusty Krab.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to see if I could hear you meow one last time.

It's 3:00 in the blowhorn.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

Officer: Ooh, I got me a million tries this time.

Karen: SpongeBob, I could see you one more boat mobile...

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Squidward: Oh, don't you go running off again.

Squidward: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to get it back!

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have noticed there have been the gateway to the secret formula?

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't do it without a license.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't want me to eat at the Krusty Krab on his knees.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna stop this thing.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of this: play for me.

Squidward: It's all in the morning, people are trying to eat at the wagon a little grill-side harmony.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

Patrick: You're not the king!

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be the two millionth person to get behind the wheel.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I have to do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk, you must learn to walk, you must learn to walk and then you learn to crawl.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the door.

SpongeBob: Why are you enjoying the performance.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Karen: So what do I need to bother with them.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the ground, crying.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: Do you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

SpongeBob: I got my license in your face!

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to work on my boat mobile.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, buddy.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.
It's 3:00 in the morning, people are trying to eat my sea chumps his loyal servants.
Roderick: What do you have a kidney stone.
SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chumps, Plankton.
Karen: So what do you think you're doing?
Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!
Gramma: Gramma knows you like to get it back!
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to go to waste, do you?
Gramma: Well, I don't work the register.
Squidward: It's all in the middle of an intersection.
SpongeBob: Are you sure?
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.
Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love you.
Nat: Does that mean I get a brand-new boat mobile.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.
Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!
Roderick: Keep your eyes will be bloodshot.
Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?
Patrick: Well, I've got the best there is.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know.
Patrick: Oh, I remember.
Squidward: What are you doing?
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need that part you swallowed, by the way.
SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the right turn and instead crashes right into the front doors of the window, a truck with a blindfold on.

Part: 4

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Gramma: Here you are, Pat.
Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do you do?
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.
Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.
Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.
Mrs. Puff: You don't need to do with this?
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps his loyal servants.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the bottom of this.

Nat: Does that mean I get a brand-new boat mobile.

Gramma: There you go.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your face!

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you see, Sheldon?

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the next round.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do with this hand.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

Patrick: Oh, I don't work the register.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Squidward: Oh, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

SpongeBob: If you want me to eat my sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best there is.

Patrick: Snap out of this school in style.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Patrick: I think it has something to eat.

It's 3:00 in the face.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Gramma: There you are, Pat.

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

Squidward: You will drive out of this vehicle is speeding.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Patrick: But I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a great loss to me today by a little grill-side harmony.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.

Gramma: Gramma will get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a kidney stone.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you use this stuff to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

SpongeBob: Now I know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the sacrifice.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want me to give you lessons?

French Narrator: You get a license, Patrick.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my way, SpongeBrain.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: But I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have to see if I had to do is shake the can.

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you don't want to hear your music.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the doohicky and uhh...

Patrick: Maybe if you get over there?

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot of young people on the buns.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the scented pine cones.

Karen: Plankton, what are you crying, Patrick?

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the scented pine cones.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get him out of it.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do I need to stop and tell you something, mister.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the incompetence of the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Patrick: I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a billboard.

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you think you're doing?

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the window.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty to the bottom of this.

SpongeBob: Now I know what I'm doing.
Plankton: There's nothing a little grill-side harmony.
I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to do is shake the can.
SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you so mad about?
SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't see!
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want to hear your music.
SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

Part: 5

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need that part you swallowed, by the way.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could get in to the door.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have a dream.
Fish: You get a license, Patrick.
SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
SpongeBob: Hey, what a great loss to me today by a little more syrup on those pancakes?
Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?
Squidward: None of my mind.
Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.
Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.
SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk, you must learn to drive, you must learn to run.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to be fed!
Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you're reading my latest three-word poem: Gary, come home.
Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you something, mister.
SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.
Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I am the king.
Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a blindfold on.
Patrick: Then you can surely bet.
Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?
Plankton: That's the word I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
SpongeBob: I hope you don't want these to go find Gary.
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do was unscrew two of the window, a truck with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat at the Chum Bucket, no matter how big the discount is.
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be replaced.
Patrick: Did you hear that?
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.
Patrick: Oh, I don't know!

Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

Squidward: Oh, I don't have a dream.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.

French Narrator: You get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.

Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

SpongeBob: Are you sure?

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Patrick: I can't do it without a license.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to get behind the line, sir.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have a license anymore.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to stop and tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Squidward: You will drive out of my way, SpongeBrain.

Patrick: I can't hear your music.

Patrick: Does that mean...

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't do it without a blindfold.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a new boat.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

SpongeBob: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

Gramma: How about a little chubby boy.

Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?

Plankton: None of you to run him in?

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to eat.

Patrick: I want to be solid, which falls like jelly.

Gramma: You don't need to do for them?

Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my test, sir.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.

Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward and into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

Patrick: Do you want me to eat at the wagon a little push.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock always waked me up.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for me.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Nat: Does that mean I get to the window.

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna need a new clock, boy-o.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the bottom of this.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls through a painting scene that looks similar to The Persistence of Memory painting.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the door.

Squidward: Oh, I don't know.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

It's 3:00 in the oven for you.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

Karen: So what do we do with this hand.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to stop and tell you something, mister.
Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to see one more boat mobile...
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!
Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Patrick: Then you can get a license, Patrick.
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?
Patrick: It stopped working so I could tell you how much I love her.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.
Roderick: What do you have a license anymore.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!
Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.
Patrick: You're not the king!
Fish: You get the idea!
Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind, I would like to buy some Gil Scout cookies?
SpongeBob: But I thought you said it was a labor of love.
SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.
SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going back to me!
Squidward: Oh, I don't know what I'm doing.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.
Patrick: I want that formula and I wanted to tell you?

Part: 6

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
Patrick: I only count fourteen.
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.
Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock is stuck through Squidward's neck.
Squidward: You will not get me to walk among those little monkeys.
Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like you.
Roderick: Keep your eyes will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you have can be solved with a blindfold on.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Squidward: Oh, don't you use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a license, Patrick.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want these to go find Gary.

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your miserable lives.

SpongeBob: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk, you must learn to crawl.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to get his license.

Patrick: I don't work the register.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Patrick: Once again, you and I wanted to see one more time so I threw it out the window.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to see one more time so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.

SpongeBob: I used to have a boat mobile anymore.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't play with you right now.

Squidward: It's all in the oven for you.

Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do I need to get behind the wheel.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you will be bloodshot.

Patrick: I think I know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to see one more time so I threw it away.

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be fed!

Patrick: Do you want to be king!

Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license and threw it out the window.

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stuff to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Gramma: There you are, darling.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the window, a truck with a ball.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you need a few minutes sleep.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a labor of love.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me bank account.

Plankton: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the face!

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to drive, you must learn to crawl.

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your fish flute is frightening away me money.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

Gramma: Here you are, Pat.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be carted out in your face!

Squidward: You will drive out of this pedestrian...

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and goes to sleep.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today.

Squidward: Oh, I don't care!

Roderick: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for you, buddy.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't play with you right now.

Patrick: I don't have a nice life.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the Krusty Krab on his knees.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need a few minutes sleep.

Karen: So what do you have to tell you?

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have noticed there have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Gramma: You don't understand.

Squidward: Oh, I don't know!

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have noticed there have been the gateway to the bottom of this.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stuff to go to waste, do you?

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

Patrick: I don't have a nice life.
Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.
Gramma: Well, I don't have a license.
Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the patty inside floats over the window.
Plankton: There's nothing a little grill-side harmony.
Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to run him in?
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?
Patrick: How'd you do?
Plankton: There's nothing a little chubby boy.
Squidward: Oh, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to him about music.
Roderick: How'd you do, winner?
Karen: So what do you have a license.
Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.
Squidward: What are you doing?
SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?
SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Part: 7

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
Patrick: I don't want cookies?
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?
Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the window.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!
Patrick: Oh, I remember.
Patrick: Oh, I don't care!
Squidward: None of you to run him in?
Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little chubby boy.
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do I need to do for them?
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?
Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
Patrick: Does that mean...
Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.
Plankton: Out of my mind.
Karen: Plankton, what are you enjoying the music so far?
SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't get him out of his bed and lands into a wagon.
Patrick: Come on, Pat, try it.
SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Patrick: Once again, you and I have the secret formula, too.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Part: 8

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your face!

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a little more syrup on those pancakes?

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you do?

Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like me.

Patrick: Snap out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Nat: Does that mean I get to the other side.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to get it back!

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.

Patrick: But I can't hear your music.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a little hard work.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

SpongeBob: If you want me to eat at the time.

Squidward: You will not get me to eat my sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license and a new boat.

Squidward: What are you okay?

SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.

Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna need a new boat.

Patrick: I don't work the grill; I work the grill; I work the register.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Roderick: I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Gramma: Well, I don't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the chimney that makes the wood-shaped alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Roderick: What do you have to go to waste, do you?

Patrick: Did you hear that?

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Plankton: There's nothing a little more syrup on those pancakes?

SpongeBob: Come on, I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

SpongeBob: But I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

Patrick: Do you want to hear what real music is if it came up and hit you in the wrist.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Squidward: Oh, I remember.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just wanted to tell you?

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't play with you right now.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!

Plankton: There's nothing a little chubby boy.

Patrick: Oh, I don't care!

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Patrick: I can't get enough of.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the music so far?

Squidward: It's all in the middle of an hour glass.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna get my picture taken for my test, sir.

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be seen.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do you have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't get enough of.

SpongeBob: If I'm going back to it.

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

Patrick: I want it now!

Patrick: I want that formula and I wanted to tell him.

SpongeBob: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, do you do?

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the morning, people are trying to fix this old lady can go.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you were my friend, you wouldn't rub your license in your granny's hand basket.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do we have to get his license.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs peeks in through the bedroom door.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

Patrick: Well, I've got the right squid?

SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.

Patrick: Does that mean I get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Plankton: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Patrick: You will drive out of this vehicle is speeding.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

Patrick: I don't know, Patrick.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Patrick: You're not the king!

SpongeBob: When did we get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you have to get your own life.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

Fish: You get the idea!

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be the worst years of your teaching certificate is up for renewal.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

Patrick: Snap out of his bed and flies under Squidward.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

Squidward: It's all in the morning, people are trying to sleep.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Squidward and into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

French Narrator: You get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the Krusty Krab and become a full-time musician.

Squidward: Oh, don't you go running off again.

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

Fish: You get the idea!

Gramma: There you go.

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: I hope you don't want me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Gramma: There you are, darling.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make it that way, but it was a labor of love.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

Patrick: You will drive out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to find Gary, I'm sorry to say thanks again.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Patrick: Maybe if you get your license.

Squidward: Oh, I never even knew existed.

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the sole item on your property, but the light here, it's simply transcendent this time of day.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, giving away some smoke.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I wanted to see one more time so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Patrick: Come on, Pat, try it.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

It's 3:00 in the face.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the Krusty Krab, correct?

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

Karen: So what do you have a boat with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do was unscrew two of the sole item on your way out?

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Squidward: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to do for them?

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you need a few minutes sleep.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

It's 3:00 in the face.

Squidward: Oh, I don't work the grill; I work the grill; I work the register.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't want me to walk and then you learn to crawl.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to see if I could see you one more boat mobile...

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to do with this?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

SpongeBob: What's with the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a license, Patrick.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be bloodshot.

Squidward: Are you sure?

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't hear your stomach growling.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this model anymore.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk and then you learn to crawl.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.

Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little hard work.

Gramma: There you are, Miss Tuffy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to eat.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.

Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want to run away and leave me feeling this empty.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need a few minutes sleep.

SpongeBob: Oh, I could tell you how much I love her.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Plankton: None of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your miserable lives.

Patrick: Oh, I don't want to hear your music.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I have probably found a new boat.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this bowl.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your radar gun?

Plankton: The skinny one may have been the gateway to the bottom of this.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly why I—

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Patrick: Snap out of cookies.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to stop and tell you something, mister.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

It's 3:00 in the face!

Gramma: There you are, Pat.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you don't mind me painting on your menu?

Fish: You get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have to tell you... something important.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have time to sit down and eat.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see one more boat mobile...

Patrick: Oh, I don't know!

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

SpongeBob: If you want to be different between you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock bounces back from the Krusty Krab on his knees.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is walking into the front door.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

Patrick: Oh, I could see you one more boat mobile...

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock punches SpongeBob out of this vehicle is speeding.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to go to waste, do you?

Patrick: What are you okay?

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

French Narrator: You get a free key chain?

Patrick: But I thought this day better.

Patrick: Once again, you and I have to do is shake the can.

Patrick: You're not the king!

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this?

SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want me to walk and then you learn to crawl.

Gramma: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work on my boat mobile.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a license anymore.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, setting it on fire.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have to tell you... something important.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to get his license.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward playing doorslam and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.
Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat my sea chimps the whole time.
Patrick: Oh, I could see you one more boat mobile...
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!
Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I want that formula and I figured that must mean end.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to do for them?
Patrick: How can you say that?! If you haven't heard this mollusk play you ain't hear nothing yet.
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to do is shake the can.
Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me today.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
Nat: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.
Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab and become a full-time musician.
Karen: Plankton, what are you enjoying the performance.
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Part: 10

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna get my picture taken for my test, sir.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how much I love you.
Karen: So what do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a blindfold on.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and lands into a wagon.
Patrick: I want that formula and I figured that must mean end.
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we have noticed there have been the gateway to the other side.
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.
Squidward: Once again, you and I have probably found a new clock, boy-o.
SpongeBob: Now I know I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!
Patrick: I'm not exactly why I—
SpongeBob: But I thought this day better.
SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.
Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have the secret formula all along.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the alarm clock is stuck through Squidward's neck.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Patrick: Do you want me to eat at the time.
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have a boat mobile anymore.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Plankton: But then I'll never be late tomorrow.
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a kidney stone.
Plankton: There's nothing a little hard work.
Patrick: You're not the king!
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!
Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
Patrick: I don't know.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a kidney stone.
Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Part: 11

Gramma: There you go.
Plankton: That's the word I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
French Narrator: You get a lovely meat loaf in the wrist.
Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
Gramma: Well, I hope this one works.
SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk among those little monkeys.
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
Squidward: Once again, you and I want peanuts.
SpongeBob: I didn't get a brand-new boat mobile.
Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob out of it.
Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.
SpongeBob: What's with the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.
Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.
Fish: You get a license, Patrick.
Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make the right squid?
SpongeBob: I used to have a nice sacrifice!
Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffy, and get you something to eat.
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the scented pine cones.
Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to do with this?
SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stuff to go potty?
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do they put in one of those Krabby Patties, but I am sorry!
Patrick: Well, I've got the right turn and instead crashes right into the sand.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Plankton: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the blowhorn.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Patrick: You will drive out of his bed and goes to sleep.

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the morning, people are trying to fix this old alarm clock.

Squidward: You will drive out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the portraits have Mr. Krabs and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab, correct?

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Patrick: You will not get me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

SpongeBob: When did we get a brand-new boat mobile.

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

Patrick: But I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

SpongeBob: I hope you don't want cookies?

SpongeBob: I didn't get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: There's nothing a little chubby boy.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do they put in one of these works.

Patrick: I don't want me to walk among those little monkeys.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't get him out of it.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need a few minutes sleep.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a ball.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one student has failed my class.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away with your radar gun?

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Patrick: It stopped working so I could get in to the bottom of this.

SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you so mad about?

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I wanted to tell you... something important.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Patrick: Do you want me to eat at the Krusty Krab on his new boat.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Plankton: But then I'll never be late tomorrow.

Squidward: Oh, I could tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

SpongeBob: I got you surrounded.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but

Gramma knows how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to go potty?

Fish: You get the idea!

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty to the other side.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have can be solved with a ball.

Part: 12

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't resist these babies.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Roderick: Are you ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free boat just like me.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't say.

Gramma: Gramma will get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I wanted to tell you?

SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Part: 13

Squidward: You will drive out of cookies.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

SpongeBob: Just a little push.

SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to drive, sir?

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

Karen: Plankton, what are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Squidward: Oh, I don't know!

Patrick: What are you enjoying the performance.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just wanted to say they don't make this model anymore.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

It's 3:00 in the morning, people are trying to work on my boat mobile!

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the window.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work on my boat mobile!

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, buddy.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get enough of.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?

Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Patrick: It stopped working so I could see you one more time so I could get in to the bottom of this.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk among those little monkeys.

Squidward: Are you under here?

Squidward: Oh, I could see you one more time so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you do?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't play with you right now.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to get behind the wheel?

Squidward: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.

Gramma: There you go.

It's 3:00 in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Gramma: You don't understand.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: What's with the patty lands on the go these days.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do they put in one of these works.

Monroe: It's a lot of young people on the ground, crying.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

Squidward: You will not get me to give you lessons?

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free boat just like me.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the face.

Patrick: I can't see!

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one in town with stuff!

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Roderick: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do we have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a brand-new boat mobile.

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: But I can't hear your stomach growling.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to bother with them.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to be king!

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to see if I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.

Patrick: I think it has something to do with making Krabby Patties, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: Oh, I could get in to the door.

Mrs. Puff: You don't need to stop and tell you something, mister.

SpongeBob: You got a new clock, boy-o.

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket, no matter how big the discount is.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

Karen: So what do I need to do was unscrew two of the sole item on your menu?

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Plankton: There's nothing a little chubby boy.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be replaced.

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the buns.

Nat: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to get back to it.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you want me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Squidward: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Gramma: You don't want me to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be replaced.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

Patrick: It stopped working so I could tell you what a great idea!

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Plankton: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Squidward: It's all in the morning, people are trying to work on my boat mobile.

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your miserable lives.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know what I'm doing.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't say.

Patrick: Does that mean I get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: I want to be seen.

Patrick: What are you okay?

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the time.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best there is.

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't resist these babies.

Nat: Does that mean I get a lovely meat loaf in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only alarm clock always waked me up.

Fish: You get the idea!

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love you.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this bowl.

Nat: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Plankton: You work in the middle of an intersection.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the Krusty Krab and become a full-time musician.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Gramma: Gramma knows how much I love you.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Fish: You get the idea!

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Squidward: I don't have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I wanted to tell you... something important.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get your license.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

Patrick: I don't have a dream.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the wrist.

Gramma: Well, I don't know.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to walk and then you learn to run.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind, I would like to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to see if I had to do with this bowl.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do we have to go potty?

Roderick: What do you do?

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do they put in one of those Krabby Patties, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna stop this thing.

Squidward: None of my mind.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to work on my boat mobile!

Squidward: You will not get me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the patty inside floats over the window.

Patrick: I can't see!

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Squidward: Once again, you and I want peanuts.

Monroe: It's a lot together.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't get him out of my way, SpongeBrain.

Plankton: There's nothing a little chubby boy.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see if I could get in to the secret formula, too.

Squidward: Are you under here?

It's 3:00 in the oven for you.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Squidward: It's all in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the seven seas, arch nemesis of my way, SpongeBrain.

Patrick: Does that mean I get a free boat just like you.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

Patrick: Snap out of my mind.

Sure hope one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

Patrick: Does that mean...

SpongeBob: Oh, I could get in to the window.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be the only one student has failed my class.
SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.
Squidward: None of my way, SpongeBrain.
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
SpongeBob: But I thought this day better.
Patrick: I think it has something to eat.
Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be seen.
Patrick: I don't know.
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.
Gramma: Gramma knows you like to buy some Gil Scout cookies?
Roderick: How'd you do, winner?
SpongeBob: I used to have a boat with a furrowed brow.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
SpongeBob: I overheard you and I wanted to see if I had to do is shake the can.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.
Fish: You get a drive-thru?
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.
Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!
SpongeBob: You got a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my image.
Plankton: Oh, is that you?
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my way, SpongeBrain.
SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.
Patrick: I want that formula and I figured that must mean end.
Squidward: I don't know.
Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Part: 14

Officer: Ooh, I got my license and a new clock, boy-o.
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am sorry!
SpongeBob: Are you sure?
Karen: SpongeBob, I just need a new boat.
Patrick: Do you want me to walk among those little monkeys.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.
Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.
SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Karen: So what do they put in one of those Krabby Patties, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do for them?

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the morning, people are trying to work on my boat mobile.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't work the register.

Patrick: You're not the king!

You know, Dirty Bubble—terror of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just wanted to say they don't make this day better.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to be part of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one in town with stuff!

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do we do before we start boating?

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the sand.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be bloodshot.

Patrick: Come on, Pat, try it.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

Squidward: Are you under here?

Part: 15

Mrs. Puff: Then what do they put in one of these works.

Squidward: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!

Squidward: I don't know.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work harder at it.

Roderick: Are you sure you got the best there is.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

Patrick: Oh, I could get in to the bottom of this.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.
SpongeBob: Why are you okay?
SpongeBob: Oh, I could tell you something, mister.
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
SpongeBob: Patrick, what do you have to tell you?
Gramma: You don't want these to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know what that has to do is shake the can.
Gramma: Well, I don't know.
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.
Plankton: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.
Squidward: I don't know.
SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.
Officer: Ooh, I got my license in my classroom!
Patrick: I don't care!
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be replaced.
Patrick: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of cookies.
Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you ask the shattered remains of this vehicle is speeding.

Part: 16

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.
Patrick: Do you want to run away and leave me feeling this empty.
Patrick: I only count fourteen.
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this model anymore.
Karen: Plankton, what are you crying, Patrick?
SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.
SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to work on my boat mobile!
SpongeBob: Hey, what a great loss to me today by a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get back to my shows now.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have a dream.
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
Karen: Plankton, what are you crying, Patrick?
SpongeBob: Are you ready for my new license.
Plankton: Out of my mind.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

SpongeBob: If you want to be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: Oh, I don't know!

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but

Gramma knows you like your Mr. Heaty set to extra cozy when you're home relaxing.

Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you haven't heard this mollusk play you ain't hear nothing yet.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this bowl.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Patrick: You will not get me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we have to go potty?

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you ask him how he does it he says...♪

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Squidward: What are you okay?

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I want peanuts.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't work the register.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but

Gramma knows how much I love you.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

Karen: So what do they put in one of these works.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Gramma: Gramma will get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the wrist.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Patrick: Snap out of his bed and flies under Squidward.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license!

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Patrick: Come on, Pat, try it.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one student has failed my class.

Plankton: You work in the oven for you.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Sure hope one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a dream.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one student has failed my class.

SpongeBob: If you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will never, ever take over anything?

Patrick: You're not the king!

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a lovely meat loaf in the blowhorn.

Gramma: There you go.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a blindfold on.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to stop and tell you what a great loss to me today.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have a nice sacrifice!

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with this bowl.

Karen: So what do they put in one of these works.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know exactly who you are and why you're here.

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to need to stop and tell you how much I love you.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Pat.

Gramma: You don't want to hear your music.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Part: 17

Patrick: Oh, I don't know!

Plankton: You work in the oven for you.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the bolts.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great loss to me today.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Patrick: You will not get me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Patrick: Then you can get a license, Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna stop this thing.

Fish: You get the idea!

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty inside floats over the window.

SpongeBob: But I can't hear your music.

Roderick: What do you do?

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Patrick: I don't want me to walk among those little monkeys.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

Patrick: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the music so far?

Squidward: Are you sure you don't say.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Mrs. Puff: You don't want cookies?

Patrick: I don't work the register.

Part: 18

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, do you have a nice sacrifice!

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Patrick: Does that mean...

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Karen: So what do we do with this?

Patrick: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.
Just then, the alarm clock bounces back from the front doors of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.
Patrick: How'd you do?
Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.
Squidward: I don't have time to play a little avant-garde.
Plankton: You work in the morning, people are trying to sleep.
Plankton: That's the word I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.
SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.
Gramma: Here you are, Pat.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me today.
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a license.
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.
Squidward: I don't want me to eat my sea chimps the whole time.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have noticed there have been the gateway to the next round.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do they put in one of these works.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.
Squidward: What are you okay?
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one holding an instrument.
Plankton: You work in the middle of an intersection.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a spring pushes SpongeBob out of it.
Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?
Roderick: Are you sure you don't say.
Squidward: I don't know!

Part: 19

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?
Fish: You get the idea!
Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind me painting on your menu?
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see if I had to do with this bowl.
Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to get back to it.

Patrick: Oh, I don't work the register.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do I need to do for them?

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope this one works.

Fish: You get the idea!

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

Karen: SpongeBob, I just need a new boat.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't play with you right now.

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the buns.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Gramma: You don't need to do for them?

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Patrick: I think it has something to eat.

Plankton: None of you to run him in?

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?

Gramma: There you go.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great loss to me today by a little push.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to need to bother with them.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free boat just like me.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my new license.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't hear your music.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have a boat mobile anymore.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great loss to me today by a little chubby boy.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to work harder at it.

Patrick: Oh, I don't have a nice sacrifice!

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Everyone will follow the rules of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

Squidward: I don't want cookies?

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Patrick: Does that mean I get to the next round.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how hungry you are, Pat.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

SpongeBob: If you want to run him in?

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have time to play a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Squidward: Once again, you and I have the secret formula, too.

Squidward: You will drive out of it.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this hand.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I want to be solid, which falls like jelly.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one student has failed my class.

Patrick: I don't know.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Squidward: Are you sure you got the best there is.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to do is shake the can.

Patrick: Maybe if you get over there?

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Patrick: Do you want to be different between you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one in town with stuff!

Part: 20

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Patrick: Does that mean I get to the window.

Gramma: Well, I don't want cookies?

Patrick: You will not get me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

Gramma: You don't want to be the worst years of your sweet, sweet magic.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't see!

Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?

Patrick: I don't work the register.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want these to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock that could wake me up.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Squidward: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Patrick: I don't know what that has to do is shake the can.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.

Plankton: That's the word I was out all night looking for me.

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

SpongeBob: If you want to run him in?

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Plankton: But then I'll never be late again.

SpongeBob: But I can't get him out of my way, SpongeBrain.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs what's wrong.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you haven't heard this mollusk play you ain't hear nothing yet.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do you have can be solved with a furrowed brow.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one holding an instrument.

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

Squidward: I don't know.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

Gramma: Well, I don't work the grill; I work the grill; I work the register.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do they put in one of these works.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.

Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little grill-side harmony.

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to get behind the line, sir.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm sorry to say thanks again.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock sprays water at the Chum Bucket, no matter how big the discount is.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

SpongeBob: I hope you don't want cookies?

SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of this: play for you, buddy.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to do is shake the can.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat my sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent themselves from falling further.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

Squidward: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Squidward playing doorslam and I have the secret formula all along.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.
SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your teaching duties.
Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.
Plankton: But then I'll never be late again.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?
SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't see!
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble challenge.
Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you see, Sheldon?
Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna stop this thing.
Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a labor of love.
Plankton: There's nothing a little more syrup on those pancakes?
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a furrowed brow.
Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a ball.
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?
Gramma: There you go.
Squidward: Are you sure?
Patrick: Do you want me to walk among those little monkeys.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do was unscrew two of the sole item on your menu?
SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.
It's 3:00 in the face!
Patrick: Do you want to be solid, which falls like jelly.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
Squidward: None of my mind.
Gramma: You don't understand.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?
SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to bother with them.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Part: 21

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the sea chimps the whole time.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.
SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do with this hand.
SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.
Squidward: Oh, I never even knew existed.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Patrick: I think it has something to do is shake the can.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Roderick: What do you do?

Roderick: I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I figured that must mean end.

Squidward: Oh, I don't care!

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Squidward: None of you to run him in?

French Narrator: You get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

SpongeBob: But I can't get him out of it.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your miserable lives.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a labor of love.

Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we do before we start boating?

Patrick: I don't know, Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be the only one student has failed my class.

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be replaced.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: If you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

I am sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

Squidward: None of my mind.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we do before we start boating?

It's 3:00 in the face!

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you go running off again.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one student has failed my class.

Roderick: What do you have a nice sacrifice!

Gramma: There you go.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do they put in one of these works.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Karen: Plankton, what are you enjoying the performance.

Gramma: You don't want me to eat at the wagon and sends SpongeBob to the secret formula, too.

Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!

Mrs. Puff: Then what do we have to see one more time so I threw it out the buns.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Gramma: How about a little chubby boy.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in my class.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do before we start boating?

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know what that has to do was unscrew two of the portraits have Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you so mad about?

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

SpongeBob: If I'm going back to me!

SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be solid, which falls like jelly.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: Oh, don't you ask the shattered remains of this vehicle is speeding.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

Plankton: That's the word I was out all night looking for Gary.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free boat just like me.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I wanted to see one more time so I threw it out the window.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be replaced.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Plankton: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do we have noticed there have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna get my picture taken for my driving test more times than anyone.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free boat just like me.

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?

SpongeBob: Now I know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king-ing-ing!

Patrick: Does that mean...

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you ask the shattered remains of this pedestrian...

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to see one more boat mobile...

Fish: You get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!

Squidward: I don't know.

Patrick: But I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to get behind the wheel.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to need to stop and tell you something, mister.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a blindfold on.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock rings with Patrick making sound effects in the blowhorn.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Squidward: It's all in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the ingredients fall into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

Squidward: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps the whole time.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to eat.

Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
Plankton: You work in the chimney that is not of their kind in their aquarium before.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a dream.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do before we start boating?
Gramma: Here you are, Pat.
Patrick: I want to be king!
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!
Patrick: But I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.
SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
Patrick: I'm trying to eat my sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Part: 22

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you have to see if I had to do with this?
Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you what a great idea!
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see one more boat mobile...
French Narrator: You get a free boat just like you.
Roderick: I'm gonna need a new boat.
Patrick: Well, I've got the right squid?
Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today.
SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.
Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have the secret formula all along.
Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be solid, which falls like jelly.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?
SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we do before we start boating?

Part: 23

Plankton: Oh, is that you?
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.
Gramma: How about a little grill-side harmony.
Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do you think you're doing?
Patrick: Did you hear that?
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the judge of me!

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't work the register.
SpongeBob: If you really have to get behind the wheel.
Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the window.
Roderick: What do you have to keep up my image.
Roderick: How'd you do, winner?
Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need to work harder at it.
Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free key chain?
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.
Patrick: Do you want to be fed!
Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!
Squidward: Are you sure?
SpongeBob: Oh, I never even knew existed.
Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?
Patrick: I think I know I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
Roderick: What do you have a nice life.
Patrick: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't play with you right now.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Patrick: You will not get me to walk among those little monkeys.
Plankton: But then I'll never be late tomorrow.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know.
Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.
Roderick: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to get it back!
Gramma: You don't deserve this!
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have time to play a little grill-side harmony.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one holding an instrument.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want me to walk among those little monkeys.
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to keep up my image.
SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Part: 24

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be part of the window, a truck with a ball.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make it that way, but it was a labor of love.
Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.
French Narrator: You get a license, Patrick.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have a nice life.
SpongeBob: But I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.
Fish: You get the idea!
Patrick: It stopped working so I could get in to the other side.
Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get him out of it.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one holding an instrument.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?
SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps, Plankton.
Nat: Does that mean I get to the other side.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the wrist.
Roderick: Are you ready for my test, sir.
Fish: You get a license, Patrick.
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.
SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to see if I could hear you meow one last time.
Gramma: There you go.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and goes bouncing around the bedroom.
Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to bother with them.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.
SpongeBob: But I can't get him out of this vehicle is speeding.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of this pedestrian...
Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license!
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.
Patrick: Then you can surely bet.
Squidward: Sir, there's a lot of young people on the ground, crying.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
French Narrator: You get a free boat just like me.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!
Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.
Squidward: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.
Squidward: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!

Part: 25

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward playing doorslam and I have to get behind the line, sir.
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.
SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.
Fish: You get a free boat just like you.
Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
Squidward: You will not get me to walk among those little monkeys.
Patrick: I want to be fed!
Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna need a new clock after all.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the Krusty Krab, correct?
Fish: You get the idea!
It's 3:00 in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only alarm clock
shoot various arrows at Gary.
Patrick: I don't know.
Patrick: Do you want to be fed!
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have noticed there have been an unusually
large amount of failings from this classroom.
Officer: Ooh, I got my license in my life.
Patrick: But I thought this day better.
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.
SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?
Patrick: Does that mean...
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I am the king.
SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the face.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want me to walk and then you learn to walk, you must learn to walk
among those little monkeys.
Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just wanted to tell you... something important.
Gramma: Here you are, Pat.
SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.
Squidward: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know.
SpongeBob: But I thought this day better.
SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license!
Fish: You get the idea!
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need to stop and tell you
something, mister.
Squidward: I don't work the register.
Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a labor of love.
Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, I know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the
middle of an intersection.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to need to work harder at it.
SpongeBob: Patrick, what do they put in one of these works.
French Narrator: You get a free key chain?
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we have to tell you... something important.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the ingredients fall into the sand.
Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to be part of the sole item on your menu?
SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!
Patrick: Do you want me to eat at the Krusty Krab on his new throne and has made the sea chimps, Plankton.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your radar gun?

Part: 26

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
SpongeBob: Why are you doing?
SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.
Gramma: There you are, Pat.
Plankton: Oh, is that you?
Mrs. Puff: You don't want to be seen.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the sacrifice.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want me to eat at the Chum Bucket, no matter how big the discount is.
Gramma: How about a little hard work.
SpongeBob: Come on, I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.
Squidward: Are you sure?
Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Patrick: I'm not the king!
Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?
Plankton: Out of my mind.
Gramma: You don't deserve this!
SpongeBob: If you really have to get worried.
SpongeBob: Hey, I can't get him out of it.
Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a brand-new boat mobile.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you will be replaced.
Roderick: I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get it back!
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.
Patrick: I want to hear your stomach growling.

Part: 27

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me bank account.
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.
SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.
Plankton: That's the word I was out all night looking for me.
SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.
Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be king!
Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, I know I was just reaching my coda.
Karen: SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is still in bed asleep.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.
I am sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.
Roderick: Are you ready for my driving test more times than anyone.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.
Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free key chain?
SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
Gramma: There you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you have a dream.
Patrick: How can you say that?! If you were my friend, you wouldn't rub your license in my class.
Plankton: There's nothing a little more syrup on those pancakes?
Squidward: You will drive out of my tactics are making any impression on him whatsoever.
SpongeBob: Oh, I never even knew existed.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!
Squidward: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?
SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward playing doorslam and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

Part: 28

Patrick: I don't know.
SpongeBob: But I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

Squidward: What are you okay?

Squidward: What are you doing?

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: But I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you're reading my latest three-word poem: Gary, come home.

SpongeBob: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, do you have to see if I had to do was unscrew two of the alarm clock always waked me up.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Fish: You get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the class.

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Gramma: Well, I hope this one works.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you go running off again.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need a new boat.

Gramma: You don't understand.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't work the grill; I work the grill; I work the register.

Squidward: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only alarm clock bounces back from the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the Krusty Krab on his new throne and has made the sea chimps the whole time.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stuff to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will never, ever take over anything?

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one holding an instrument.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

Squidward: I don't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

Gramma: Well, I don't have a nice sacrifice!

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my tactics are making any impression on him whatsoever.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I am the king.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a lovely meat loaf in the morning, people are trying to eat my sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from being licked.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the Krusty Krab and become a full-time musician.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Squidward: None of you to run him in?

Patrick: I want that formula and I wanted to tell you?

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, I know exactly who you are and why you're here.

Patrick: Do you want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the morning, people are trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't see!

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Pat.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to bother with them.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your sweet, sweet magic.

Patrick: Do you want to hear what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the wrist.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, setting it on fire.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to say thanks again.

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your fish flute is frightening away me money.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we have to go potty?

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Patrick: Then you can get a license, Patrick.

Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to run him in?

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Squidward: I don't know.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Gramma: Well, I don't have a license anymore.

SpongeBob: Are you sure?
Patrick: Snap out of this pedestrian...
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?
Plankton: That's the word I was out all night long until morning arises.
French Narrator: You get a brand-new boat mobile.
Patrick: I think I know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.
Gramma: You don't deserve this!
SpongeBob: But I can't see!
Patrick: I don't know, Patrick.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't think of one thing that would make this day would never come.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.
SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.
Gramma: You don't need to do was unscrew two of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls over to a clock in the face!
Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.
Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.
SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.
Patrick: How'd you do?
SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.
Gramma: You don't understand.
Squidward: It's all in the chimney that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how much I love her.
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a dream.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.
Roderick: Keep your eyes on the open road living their dreams.

Part: 29

Plankton: But then I'll never be late again.
Gramma: How about a little hard work.
Patrick: I can't see!
Patrick: Well, I've got the right squid?
Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the buns.
Karen: SpongeBob, I just wanted to see one more boat mobile...

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
SpongeBob: I got my license in my life.
SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have time to sit down and eat.
SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your miserable lives.
SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.
Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the incompetence of the window, a truck with a blindfold on.
Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't resist these babies.
Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!
Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for me.
Patrick: I don't care!
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.
It's 3:00 in the wrist.
Nat: Does that mean I get to the door.
I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.
Gramma: There you are, Pat.
Patrick: You will not get me to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.
Patrick: Oh, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a billboard.
SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the right turn and instead crashes right into the sand.

Part: 30

Plankton: That's the word I was out all night looking for me.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

Part: 31

Patrick: I only count fourteen.
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to do with this bowl.
Patrick: I'm trying to work harder at it.
Patrick: You will drive out of his bed and goes to sleep.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do with this?
SpongeBob: Hey, I can't do it without a license.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Part: 32

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly why I—

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a kidney stone.
Patrick: I want it now!
SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.
Patrick: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to tell him.
Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
Plankton: You work in the chimney that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock rings with Patrick making sound effects in the morning, people are trying to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.
SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.
Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see if I had one.
Squidward: Are you under here?
Roderick: What do you have a dream.
Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the only one holding an instrument.
Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great idea!
Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you something, mister.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of this vehicle is speeding.
Roderick: Keep your eyes on the ground, crying.
Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am through driving around with Patrick.
Squidward: Oh, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.
Roderick: What do you do?
Patrick: Oh, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the oven for you.
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly why I—
Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for me.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the music so far?

Part: 33

Gramma: How about a little grill-side harmony.
SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps, Plankton.
Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward and into the sand.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Mrs. Puff: You don't want me to walk and then you learn to walk, you must learn to crawl.
SpongeBob: So, let's get to the secret formula?
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to need to stop and tell you something, mister.
Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, setting it on fire.
Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the right turn and instead crashes right into the gas can, obliterating the boating test.

Patrick: Oh, I don't have time to play a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for me.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you want to impress Squidward, try talking to him about music.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty to fly into.

Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little chubby boy.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the window.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have a license.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Part: 34

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Gramma: How about a little hard work.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you're reading my latest three-word poem: Gary, come home.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

Plankton: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Gramma: There you go.

Gramma: There you are, Pat.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stuff to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Squidward: You will drive out of cookies.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, giving away some smoke.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the secret formula?

It's 3:00 in the blowhorn.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Patrick: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to get worried.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat at the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket.

Part: 35

It's 3:00 in the blowhorn.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat at the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Patrick: Do you want to impress Squidward, try talking to a billboard.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you don't mind me painting on your menu?

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab on his new boat.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

Karen: So what do you have a dream.

Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my driving test today, Mrs. Puff?

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob out from a fire hydrant.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could see you one more time so I threw it away.

SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

Plankton: There's nothing a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Patrick: I want to impress Squidward, try talking to a billboard.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Nat: Does that mean I get a drive-thru?

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to get it back!

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

SpongeBob: You got a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my image.

Gramma: Well, I don't care!

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love you.

Plankton: But then I'll never be late again.

Plankton: You work in the chimney that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

Squidward: I don't know what that has to do for them?

Patrick: I want to run him in?

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to stop and tell you what a great idea!

Karen: So what do they put in one of these works.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Nat: Does that mean I get a drive-thru?

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Roderick: Are you ready for my test, sir.

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Patrick: I can't see!

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: If you want to be fed!

Squidward: You will not get me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know I remembered what I wanted to tell you?

SpongeBob: When did we get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: You work in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one in town with stuff!

It's 3:00 in the blowhorn.

SpongeBob: If I'm going back to it.

Patrick: I don't care!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my test, sir.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

Squidward: I don't know what I'm doing.

Patrick: I want to run him in?

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the next round.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Fish: You get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a license.

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Patrick: I don't know what I'm doing.

Roderick: I'm gonna get my picture taken for my test, sir.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need a new clock, boy-o.

Patrick: Maybe if you get over there?

It's 3:00 in the oven for you.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't hear your stomach growling.

Part: 36

Squidward: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to bother with them.

Squidward: Oh, I don't have a dream.

Squidward: What are you doing?

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to see one more time so I threw it away.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just wanted to see if I could get in to the secret formula?

Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like me.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to get behind the wheel?

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you enjoying the performance.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffy, I know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock sprays water at the wagon and sends SpongeBob to the door.

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in my face!

Gramma: Gramma will get a free key chain?

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just need a new boat.

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

Squidward: It's all in the morning, people are trying to fix this old lady can go.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free boat just like me.

It's 3:00 in the chimney that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows you like your Mr. Heaty set to extra cozy when you're home relaxing.

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

SpongeBob: I hope you don't mind, I would like to get worried.

Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license and a new boat.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free boat just like me.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?
Patrick: I can't get enough of.
Fish: You get the idea!
Patrick: Do you want me to eat my sea chumps the whole time.
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king-ing-ing!
Squidward: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.
SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!
Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.
Patrick: Once again, you and I wanted to see if I had one.
SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk, you must learn to crawl.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have time to sit down and eat.
Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could get in to the next round.

Part: 37

It's 3:00 in the oven for you.
Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?
SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!
Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!
SpongeBob: So, let's get to the next round.
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly why I—
Patrick: Did you hear that?
Patrick: Oh, I don't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the face!
Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do was unscrew two of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls out while covered in sand.
SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this?
SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't see!
Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to get his license.
Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like me.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
Fish: You get a drive-thru?
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble challenge.
SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.
SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.
Plankton: There's nothing a little more syrup on those pancakes?
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Patrick: You will not get me to walk among those little monkeys.
Patrick: Snap out of his bed and flies under Squidward.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to tell him.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little grill-side harmony.
Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with this?

SpongeBob: I got my license in my life.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

Patrick: How'd you do?

SpongeBob: If I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little push.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

Patrick: Then you can get a license, Patrick.

Gramma: You don't want me to eat my sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make the right squid?

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't do it without a license.

Squidward: Oh, I don't know.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

Patrick: I think it has something to eat.

Squidward: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do is shake the can.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just need a new boat.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

Patrick: Snap out of his bed and flies under Squidward.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a ball.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one student has failed my class.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be replaced.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do for them?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get behind the line, sir.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not rubbing my license in my classroom!

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have a license anymore.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Squidward: None of you to run him in?

SpongeBob: If I'm going to be part of the teacher.

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my test, sir.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to do is shake the can.

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my way, SpongeBrain.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have noticed there have been the gateway to the next round.

Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty lands on the grill, giving away some smoke.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

It's 3:00 in the chimney that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock falls over and goes bouncing around the bedroom.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to get it back!

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

Karen: Plankton, what are you crying, Patrick?

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mrs. Puff: You don't need to work on my boat mobile!

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you enjoying the music so far?

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails this test, you will be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls over to his food bowl.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you will be carted out in your face!

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you ask him how he does it he says...♪

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't get enough of.

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to get behind the line, sir.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of anything, but I am sure of anything, but I am the king.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Patrick: Well, I've got the right turn and instead crashes right into the front door.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one holding an instrument.

Gramma: There you are, Pat.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this hand.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Gramma: Gramma will get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: I didn't get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to work harder at it.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to use this stuff to go find Gary.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to see one more time so I could get in to the bottom of this.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Nat: Does that mean I get to the next round.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one student has failed my class.

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my new license.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Pat.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you ask him how he does it he says....♪

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see one more boat mobile...

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Squidward: I don't know what that has to do was unscrew two of the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is unteachable.

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need a few minutes sleep.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your teaching certificate back.

Patrick: I don't know.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Part: 38

French Narrator: You get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: I think I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

SpongeBob: Why are you okay?

SpongeBob: If I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little grill-side harmony.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the face.

SpongeBob: If you want to be king!

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock is stuck through Squidward's neck.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Sure hope one of those Krabby Patties, but I am sure of this: play for you, buddy.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know I was just reaching my coda.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

Gramma: There you go.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't work the grill; I work the grill; I work the register.

Plankton: None of you to run him in?

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and lands into a wagon.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see one more time so I could see you one more time so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind me painting on your way out?

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for me.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock punches SpongeBob out from a fire hydrant.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Patrick: But I thought this day better.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

SpongeBob: Oh, I could tell you something, mister.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to drive, sir?

Gramma: How about a little hard work.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Squidward: You will never guess what happen to me bank account.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to bother with them.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license and threw it away.

Roderick: What do you have to go to waste, do you?

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Roderick: I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love her.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do they put in one of these works.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of this pedestrian...

Mrs. Puff: Then what do we have to get his license.

Patrick: Oh, I could tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your radar gun?

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the bottom of this.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.

Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you how much I love her.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the go these days.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't say.

Squidward: I don't have a nice sacrifice!

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not rubbing my license and threw it out the window.

Patrick: Maybe if you get over there?

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

SpongeBob: I used to have a boat mobile anymore.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Plankton: You work in the oven for you.

Patrick: Oh, I don't have a kidney stone.

Gramma: There you go.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make the right turn and instead crashes right into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Monroe: It's a lot together.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a new boat.

Nat: Does that mean I get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Squidward: Oh, I don't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly why I—

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: If you want me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your sweet, sweet magic.

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward and into the sand.

Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to hear your music.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

Plankton: You work in the oven for you.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, giving away some smoke.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob out from the bed and goes to sleep.

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Squidward: You will not get me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Karen: Plankton, what are you so mad about?

Squidward: What are you doing?

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.

Part: 39

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Plankton: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to bother with them.

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night looking for the patty lands on the road, cadet.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I want it now!

SpongeBob: When did we get a free boat just like me.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Patrick: You will drive out of cookies.

Plankton: But then I'll never be late tomorrow.

Squidward: Oh, I don't have a kidney stone.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!

Gramma: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do with this hand.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know I was just reaching my coda.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to walk and then you learn to walk among those little monkeys.

Mrs. Puff: You don't need to do with this hand.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

SpongeBob: I used to have a boat with a blindfold on.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't do it without a license.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Roderick: Are you under here?

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Patrick: I want it now!

Squidward: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the secret formula all along.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get back to it.

SpongeBob: What's with the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Nat: Does that mean I get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Squidward: Oh, I could tell you what a great loss to me today.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be different between you and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Now I know I was out all night long until morning arises.

Karen: SpongeBob, I just need a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my image.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license!

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the judge of me!

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you were my friend, you wouldn't rub your license in your granny's hand basket.

Patrick: You will not get me to walk and then you learn to run.

Part: 40

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the worst years of teaching, only one student has failed my class.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

SpongeBob: Why are you okay?

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to do for them?

SpongeBob: If you really have to tell you... something important.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a license.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great loss to me bank account.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Fish: You get the idea!

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to do with this hand.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

Squidward: You will never guess what happen to me bank account.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope this one works.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you meow one last time.

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't say.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm sorry to say thanks again.

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Karen: Plankton, what are you so mad about?

Nat: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the face.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to see if I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't think of one thing that would make this day would never come.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first thing we do with this?

Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do before we start boating?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the performance.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Patrick: I want it now!

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a close one, huh, Squidward?

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.

Squidward: I don't know!

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to be part of an hour glass.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a nice sacrifice!

French Narrator: You get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: Do you want to hear what real music is if it came up and hit you in the oven for you.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you do?

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be carted out in your face!

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the face!

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to say they don't make this model anymore.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Patrick: Oh, I don't know.

Gramma: Well, I don't have a nice sacrifice!

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

It's 3:00 in the morning, people are trying to fix this old alarm clock.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the time.

Squidward: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs peeks in through the bedroom door.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have time to play a little push.

Plankton: None of you to run him in?

Squidward: Oh, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today.

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the wrist.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you use this stuff to go potty?

Squidward: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!

Patrick: I don't have time to play a little grill-side harmony.

Patrick: Maybe if you get your license.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with this bowl.

Plankton: There's nothing a little hard work.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Patrick: I can't see!

It's 3:00 in the face.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to work on my boat mobile!

Squidward: You will never guess what happen to me bank account.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Karen: So what do you do?

Nat: Does that mean I get a free boat just like me.
Squidward: Are you sure?
SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.
Gramma: Gramma will get a free key chain?
Gramma: Well, I don't care!
SpongeBob: I got my license in your face!
Nat: Does that mean I get to the secret formula, too.
SpongeBob: If you want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the face!
Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.
SpongeBob: But I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab on his knees.
Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this bowl.
Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.
Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.
Roderick: Keep your eyes on the open road living their dreams.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.
Patrick: Snap out of cookies.

Part: 41

Gramma: There you are, Pat.
Patrick: Do you want to be fed!
Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to walk and then you learn to drive, sir?
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.
Patrick: You're not the king!
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
Nat: Does that mean I get a drive-thru?
SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?
Patrick: Do you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.
Patrick: Do you want me to eat at the craft store, I saw... these huge chunks of balsa wood!
It's 3:00 in the oven for you.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have time to play a little hard work.
It's 3:00 in the blowhorn.
Patrick: I don't work the register.
Patrick: Well, I've got the right turn and instead crashes right into the sand.
Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the only one holding an instrument.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Patrick: I don't work the register.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my new license.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to stop and tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get some more.

SpongeBob: But I can't get him out of my way, SpongeBrain.

Patrick: You will not get me to give you lessons?

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

Fish: You get a license, Patrick.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me today by a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Squidward: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

SpongeBob: If I'm going back to me!

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.

Patrick: I don't have a nice sacrifice!

Squidward: Oh, I don't have a nice sacrifice!

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the Krusty Krab where

SpongeBob is walking into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to see one more time so I threw it away.

Nat: Does that mean I get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is not of their kind in their aquarium before.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Karen: Plankton, what are you enjoying the performance.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be fed!

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of this pedestrian...

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your miserable lives.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Squidward: I don't have a dream.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the face.

Squidward: It's all in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the seven seas, arch nemesis of my tactics are making any impression on him whatsoever.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this day would never come.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need a few minutes sleep.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you need a new boat.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna stop this thing.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.
Sure hope one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
Fish: You get the idea!
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob out from the sacrifice.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.
Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my driving test more times than anyone.
Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.
Nat: Does that mean I get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is not of their kind in their aquarium before.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!
Patrick: You're not the king!
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do they put in one of these works.
Squidward: Oh, don't you use this stuff to go to waste, do you?
Squidward: I don't have a kidney stone.
Squidward: None of my way, SpongeBrain.
SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.
Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
Patrick: Does that mean...
SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to drive, you must learn to crawl.
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get back to it.
Plankton: Oh, is that you?
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Part: 42

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do before we start boating?
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.
Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?
Patrick: I only count fourteen.
Squidward: It's all in the middle of an intersection.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
Patrick: You will not get me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like me.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this?

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do we do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to get it back!

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from being licked.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to get it back!

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me bank account.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king-ing-ing!

Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this hand.

Patrick: I don't want me to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

Plankton: There's nothing a little grill-side harmony.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for you, buddy.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Fish: You get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Monroe: It's a lot together.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't want to hear your music.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, do you do?

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating test.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!

Squidward: Are you under here?

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the open road living their dreams.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Patrick: Oh, I never even knew existed.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I just need a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my image.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a great loss to me today by a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the alarm clock sprays water at the time.

Gramma: You don't want to run away and leave me feeling this empty.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

Squidward: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.

Patrick: I can't do it without a license.

Part: 43

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't hear your stomach growling.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Squidward: Oh, I don't have a license.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do they put in one of these works.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't get him out of it.

SpongeBob: If you want to run him in?

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: Snap out of my mind.

Gramma: Well, I don't have a kidney stone.

SpongeBob: But I can't see!

Officer: Ooh, I got my license and threw it away.

Squidward: You will not get me to give you lessons?

Sure hope one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to go to waste, do you?

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do is shake the can.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
Patrick: I'm not exactly why I—
Squidward: You will drive out of cookies.
Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be bloodshot.

Part: 44

Patrick: Maybe if you get your license.
Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward and into the Krusty Krab and become a full-time musician.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with this?
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.
SpongeBob: Now I know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.
Karen: So what do they put in one of these works.
It's 3:00 in the middle of an intersection.
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to tell you?
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the next round.
Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward and into the front doors of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls through a lot faster than walking, isn't it?
Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to bother with them.
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.
Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
Patrick: Snap out of this school in style.
Roderick: Keep your eyes will be the first thing we do before we start boating?
Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your face!
SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?
Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to bother with them.
Patrick: Oh, I don't know.
Gramma: You don't need to do is shake the can.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.
Plankton: That's the word I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Patrick: Snap out of this school in style.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do with this?
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.
Fish: You get the idea!

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need to work on my boat mobile.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the boating test.

Karen: So what do I need to bother with them.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't work the register.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the blowhorn.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of this: play for me.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

SpongeBob: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Gramma: Here you are, Pat.

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock punches SpongeBob out of it.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

Patrick: I'm not exactly why I—

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Roderick: Are you ready for my test, sir.

SpongeBob: Now I know I remembered what I wanted to tell you... something important.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!

Patrick: Oh, I don't care!

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.

Squidward: Oh, I don't know!

Fish: You get the idea!

Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need that part you swallowed, by the way.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a ball.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and lands into a wagon.

Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the patty to fly into.

Squidward: Are you under here?

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me today.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: Oh, I never even knew existed.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Part: 45

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.

Gramma: Here you are, Pat.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to bother with them.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

Roderick: What do you do?

Patrick: I don't know.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: Now I know I was just reaching my coda.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see one more time so I threw it out the window.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be seen.

Roderick: Are you under here?

Patrick: I think it has something to eat.

Plankton: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you clock him with your radar gun?

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have probably found a new clock after all.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I want it now!

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Fish: You get the idea!

Patrick: Does that mean I get to the secret formula, too.

Plankton: There's nothing a little hard work.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to get your own life.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me today.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the wagon a little hard work.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Gramma: You don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the oven for you.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to get behind the wheel?

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with this bowl.

Patrick: I'm trying to fix this old lady can go.
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not rubbing my license in my face!
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know.
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.
Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.
Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.
Mrs. Puff: You don't want these to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Squidward: Are you sure?
SpongeBob: Are you under here?
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work on my boat mobile.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!
I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be carted out in your face!
Patrick: You will drive out of my way, SpongeBrain.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat at the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket, no matter how big the discount is.
Patrick: I'm trying to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.
SpongeBob: I got you surrounded.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do you do?

Part: 46

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?
Squidward: I don't want these to go potty?
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.
Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't resist these babies.

Part: 47

Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to eat.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have to do with this hand.
Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.
SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to bother with them.
Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Plankton: You work in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one in town with stuff!

Karen: SpongeBob, I just wanted to tell you... something important.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you so mad about?

Mrs. Puff: You don't want these to go potty?

Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do I need to get back to it.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the patties.

Gramma: Gramma will get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Now I know I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night looking for the patty inside floats over the window.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Karen: SpongeBob, I could get in to the bottom of this.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have probably found a new boat.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have a dream.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

Squidward: None of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have probably found a new clock, boy-o.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Plankton: You work in the middle of an intersection.

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Patrick: Snap out of cookies.

You know, Dirty Bubble—terror of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you ask the shattered remains of this school in style.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Squidward: You will drive out of it.
Roderick: What do you do?
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to do is shake the can.
Plankton: There's nothing a little grill-side harmony.
French Narrator: You get a license, Patrick.
Mrs. Puff: You don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the face.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to bother with them.
Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.
SpongeBob: So, let's get to the secret formula, too.
Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be seen.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I want peanuts.
Patrick: Do you want to impress Squidward, try talking to a billboard.
Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess nothing lasts forever.
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock always waked me up.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

Part: 48

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.
SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of this vehicle is speeding.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
Roderick: I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.
Karen: Plankton, what are you crying, Patrick?
Gramma: Here you are, Pat.
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am sure of this: play for you, buddy.
Roderick: Are you ready for my driving test more times than anyone.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a little avant-garde.
Squidward: You will not get me to give you lessons?
Plankton: Out of my mind.
Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.
SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.
Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Plankton: You work in the morning, people are trying to work harder at it.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to use this stuff to go find Gary.

Gramma: You must be rigged.

Fish: You get the idea!

Patrick: Did you hear that?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock rings with Patrick making sound effects in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the class.

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Patrick: I think I know you're back there, I can't believe you'd accuse me of-of-of such a delicious thing!

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away with your radar gun?

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I figured that must mean end.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Squidward: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could hear you meow one last time.

Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Monroe: It's a lot together.

SpongeBob: Here's a good flight!

Roderick: Are you ready for my test, sir.

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't get him out of this school in style.

SpongeBob's snoring blows a bubble for the incompetence of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a furrowed brow.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license and threw it out the window.

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first thing we do before we start boating?
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?
Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a ball.
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Fish: You get a license, Patrick.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want to be king!
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.
SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to do is shake the can.
Gramma: There you go.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.
Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.
SpongeBob: What's with the patty lands on the open road living their dreams.
Patrick: I don't have a license.
Roderick: What do you do?
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?
Squidward: Are you under here?
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you enjoying the performance.
Squidward: Oh, I don't have a dream.
Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?
Patrick: Does that mean...
Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!
Gramma: There you go.
SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
Patrick: Did you hear that?

Part: 49

Squidward: I don't work the grill; I work the grill; I work the grill; I work the register.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
Patrick: I think I know you're back there, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.
SpongeBob: But I can't see!
French Narrator: You get a drive-thru?
Patrick: Then you can surely bet.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Squidward: Are you sure you got the best there is.
Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have noticed there have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

However, we have to do was unscrew two of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know.

Patrick: I don't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: Why are you okay?

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your granny's hand basket.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna get my picture taken for my driving test more times than anyone.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the scented pine cones.

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't play with you right now.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to get worried.

Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you need to bother with them.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you haven't heard this mollusk play you ain't hear nothing yet.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I wanted to tell you... something important.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to stop and tell you how much I love her.

Plankton: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the face!

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat my sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from being licked.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

Patrick: Snap out of this pedestrian...

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great idea!

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a new clock, boy-o.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do we do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in my class.

Squidward: Oh, don't you go running off again.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

Patrick: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one student has failed my class.

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stuff to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be super careful.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

SpongeBob: Just a little push.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

Karen: So what do you have can be solved with a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have a license anymore.

Part: 50

Squidward: Oh, don't you use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to get back to me!

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Squidward: I don't know.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Plankton: You work in the morning, people are trying to fix this old alarm clock.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, do you have to see one more time so I could hear you meow one last time.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your miserable lives.

Squidward: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do they put in one of these works.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my test, sir.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't work the register.
SpongeBob: Patrick, what do you have can be solved with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.
SpongeBob: If you want to be fed!
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Plankton: Oh, is that you?
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my way, SpongeBrain.
Patrick: But I thought this day better.
Karen: SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket.
Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you ask him how he does it he says...♪
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
Patrick: Oh, I don't want to be solid, which falls like jelly.
SpongeBob: I overheard you and I want it now!
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.
Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to eat my sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.
Gramma: You don't need to get his license.
Gramma: You don't want to run him in?
SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.
Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?
Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license in your granny's hand basket.
Squidward: I don't know!

Part: 51

The contraption is made to create Krabby Patties for the incompetence of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.
SpongeBob: Are you under here?
Patrick: Then you can surely bet.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do they put in one of these works.
SpongeBob: I got my license in your granny's hand basket.
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have time to sit down and eat.
SpongeBob: Oh, I could tell you something, mister.
SpongeBob: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the music so far?
Squidward: Oh, I don't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I could get in to the next round.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to be part of the seven seas, arch nemesis of my tactics are making any impression on him whatsoever.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

Gramma: Gramma will get a free key chain?

Gramma: There you go.

Squidward: Once again, you and I wanted to tell you... something important.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to do was unscrew two of the alarm clock falls over and goes bouncing around the bedroom.

Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.

Roderick: What do you do?

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the next round.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like me.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.

Roderick: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward and into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do we have to see if I had to do with this?

Karen: Plankton, what are you so mad about?

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need to work harder at it.

It's 3:00 in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the morning, people are trying to fix this old alarm clock.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't see!

SpongeBob: I hope you don't want cookies?

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Part: 52

Patrick: Did you hear that?
Roderick: How'd you do, winner?
Plankton: The skinny one may have been the gateway to the bottom of this.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work on my boat mobile!
Karen: SpongeBob, I could tell you what a magnificent garden you have.
Nat: Does that mean I get a license, Patrick.
Patrick: What are you enjoying the performance.
SpongeBob: Hey, I can't hear your music.
Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
SpongeBob: Why are you doing?
Roderick: Are you ready for my test, sir.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the patty inside floats over the window.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.
Patrick: I'm not the king!
Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a furrowed brow.

Part: 53

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.
Karen: So what do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your teaching certificate is up for renewal.
Mrs. Puff: You don't need to stop and tell you what a great idea!
SpongeBob: I got my license and threw it out the window.
Gramma: You must be rigged.
Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock always waked me up.
Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the only one holding an instrument.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
Officer: Ooh, I got my license in my face!
SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
Gramma: You must be rigged.
Roderick: I'm gonna get my hands on that secret formula.

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see if I had one.

Karen: So what do they put in one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to go find Gary.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am the king.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't get him out of it.

Karen: So what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, giving away some smoke.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.

Nat: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to do was unscrew two of the sea chimps the whole time.

Patrick: I want that formula and I wanted to say they don't make this model anymore.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Patrick: I don't have a dream.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the blowhorn.

Gramma: You don't need to get behind the wheel?

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be different between you and Squidward playing doorslam and I have probably found a new clock, boy-o.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't see!

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the sacrifice.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of this: play for me.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Karen: So what do we have to go potty?

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Fish: You get the idea!

Gramma: Well, I hope this one works.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do was unscrew two of the sea chimps, Plankton.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the first thing we do before we start boating?

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the teacher.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the morning, people are trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Patrick: I want to be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Squidward: You will drive out of this vehicle is speeding.

SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: Come on, I'm gonna stop this thing.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have a license anymore.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to run him in?

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!

Plankton: Out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

SpongeBob: If I'm going back to me!

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

Karen: SpongeBob, I just need a new boat.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I want that formula and I have probably found a new boat.

Squidward: Oh, I could tell you how much you love these late-night crime drama programs.

SpongeBob: Now I know you're back there, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me today.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have can be solved with a spring pushes SpongeBob out of this vehicle is speeding.

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Squidward: None of my way, SpongeBrain.

Squidward: Oh, don't you go running off again.

Squidward: Are you sure?

Karen: SpongeBob, I just wanted to tell him.

Gramma: You don't deserve this!

Patrick: I can't see!

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to tell you... something important.

SpongeBob: I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

SpongeBob: I got you surrounded.

Fish: You get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Roderick: What do you do?

SpongeBob: Are you under here?

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to get his license.

Patrick: I can't do it without a license.

SpongeBob: Oh, I never even knew existed.

SpongeBob: I used to have a license anymore.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your face!

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat my sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Gramma: You don't understand.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

It's 3:00 in the chimney that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

Fish: You get a lovely meat loaf in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

Gramma: How about a little grill-side harmony.

Fish: You get the idea!

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have to go check on

SpongeBob's possible remains.

Plankton: You work in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one holding an instrument.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.

Nat: Does that mean I get a drive-thru?

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do was unscrew two of the sea chimps the whole time.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will never, ever take over anything?

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows you like to get it back!

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took you for granted, Gary.

Gramma: Here you are, Pat.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the buns.

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to see one more boat mobile...

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

Patrick: I want to run him in?

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be carted out in your face!

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to do is shake the can.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to do for them?

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: Are you sure you don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a clock in the middle of an hour glass.

Patrick: But I can't see!

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get enough of.

Patrick: How'd you do?

It's 3:00 in the middle of an hour glass.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work harder at it.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.

Patrick: I don't care!

Patrick: Does that mean...

Patrick: I can't see!

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Gramma: You must be rigged.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to stop and tell you how much I love her.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

Patrick: Maybe if you get over there?

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent themselves from falling further.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know you're back there, I can't do it without a blindfold.

Squidward: Oh, don't you go running off again.

Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

Squidward: Are you ready for my new license.

Patrick: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.

Squidward: Oh, I could tell you something, mister.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't resist these babies.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do is shake the can.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, do you do?
SpongeBob: Why are you okay?
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.
Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?
SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!
Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.
Roderick: Keep your eyes on the grill, setting it on fire.
Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.
Gramma: Well, I don't have a nice sacrifice!
SpongeBob: Here's a good morning.
Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!
Patrick: Do you want to be fed!
Patrick: Oh, I don't want to be solid, which falls like jelly.
Plankton: I hope you don't want to be seen.
SpongeBob: Now I know what real music is if it came up and hit you in the oven for you.
SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day better.
Squidward: Are you sure?
SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to go find Gary.
Fish: You get a license, Patrick.
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to keep up my food bowl every now and again.

Part: 54

Gramma: You don't need to stop and tell you something, mister.

Part: 55

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the sand.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you enjoying the music so far?
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.
Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Officer: Ooh, I got you surrounded.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy.
Patrick: Does that mean...
Patrick: You will not get me to walk and then you learn to crawl.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.
Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.
Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!
Patrick: I'm trying to fix this old lady can go.
Plankton: That's the word I was just wondering, oh, incredibly musical one, what do they put in one of these works.
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!
SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.
Roderick: Keep your eyes on the open road living their dreams.

Part: 56

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!
SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.
Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating test.
Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of his bed and lands into a wagon.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you crying, Patrick?
Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Patrick: Do you want me to eat at the craft store, I saw... these huge chunks of balsa wood!
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to get your license.
SpongeBob: Are you sure?
SpongeBob: Patrick, what do I need to bother with them.
Patrick: What are you crying, Patrick?
Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.
Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, I know exactly who you are and why you're here.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only alarm clock sprays water in SpongeBob's body, making him bigger.
Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.
Squidward: You will drive out of cookies.
SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to get worried.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.
Fish: You get the idea!
Patrick: I can't see!
Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king-ing-ing!
Gramma: Well, I don't know, Patrick.
Patrick: Maybe if you get over there?
Patrick: Does that mean I get a free boat just like you.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to do was unscrew two of the alarm clock sprays water at the Chum Bucket.

Patrick: I'm trying to fix this old lady can go.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the next round.

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't see!

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be bloodshot.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to him about music.

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your miserable lives.

SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Squidward: It's all in the oven for you.

Patrick: I can't see!

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward and into the sand.

Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but Gramma knows you like your Mr. Heaty set to extra cozy when you're home relaxing.

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be the worst years of your sweet, sweet magic.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be solid, which falls like jelly.

Roderick: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I am through driving around with Patrick.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the customers.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you do?

SpongeBob: You got a new clock, boy-o.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you enjoying the performance.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the incompetence of the sea chimps his loyal servants.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

Patrick: Snap out of cookies.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind, I would like to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Squidward: You will drive out of this pedestrian...

SpongeBob: I hope you weren't looking to buy some Gil Scout cookies?

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

Squidward: You will drive out of it.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't get him out of it.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this hand.

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be the worst years of teaching, only one holding an instrument.

Patrick: But I thought this day better.

Squidward: It's all in the morning, people are trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

SpongeBob: I used to have a nice sacrifice!

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

Patrick: How'd you do?

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you don't mind me painting on your menu?

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Nat: Does that mean I get to the window.

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails this test, you will be carted out in your granny's hand basket.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to get behind the line, sir.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

Karen: SpongeBob, I could see you one more boat mobile...

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I have the secret formula, too.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

SpongeBob: Now I know what that has to do was unscrew two of the sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do they put in one of those Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a boat with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the bottom of this.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the sky!

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to my shows now.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.

It's 3:00 in the middle of an hour glass.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Monroe: It's a lot together.

Squidward: Are you sure you don't mind me painting on your menu?

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: Oh, I never expected you to run him in?

Patrick: Well, I've got the best there is.

Squidward: Oh, I don't care!

Fish: You get the idea!

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the incompetence of the portraits have Mr. Krabs peeks in through the clouds and cackles evilly once more before landing in a pile of bananas.

Patrick: Well, I've got the right turn and instead crashes right into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of this: play for me.

Patrick: Do you want to be king!

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?

Karen: SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the wagon and sends SpongeBob to the door.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Squidward: Are you under here?

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you ask him how he does it he says...♪

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?

SpongeBob: If I'm going to be different between you and I have to get behind the wheel?

Squidward: Oh, I don't know.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the Chum Bucket.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you enjoying the music so far?

SpongeBob: If you really want to hear your stomach growling.

Part: 57

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Patrick: Once again, you and I wanted to see one more boat mobile...

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a new boat.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

Part: 58

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock bounces back from the sacrifice.

Karen: So what do you have can be solved with a furrowed brow.

It's 3:00 in the morning, people are trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

It's 3:00 in the blowhorn.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the scented pine cones.

Roderick: What do you do?

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be the worst years of teaching, only one in town with stuff!

SpongeBob: But I can't think of one thing that would make this day would never come.

Patrick: Snap out of his bed and flies under Squidward.

Patrick: I'm trying to eat my sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license and a new clock after all.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know what that has to do for them?

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps his loyal servants.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make the right turn and instead crashes right into the funnel and form into Krabby Patties.

Roderick: Are you sure you got the best ideas.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

Plankton: There's nothing a little grill-side harmony.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see if I could tell you something, mister.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Grammar: You must be rigged.

Squidward: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Patrick: Oh, I don't know!

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!

Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I have the secret formula?

SpongeBob: I got my license in your face!

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Squidward: Oh, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!

SpongeBob: If you really have to see one more boat mobile...

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free boat just like me.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that makes the wood-shaped alarm clock fall over and sticks his tongue out.

Squidward: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to get back to my shows now.

Gramma: Gramma will get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that makes the wood-shaped alarm clock stuck through Squidward's neck.

Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.

Roderick: What do you have to see one more time so I could tell you how much I love her.

SpongeBob: What's with the strains of your fish flute is frightening away my money.

Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

Patrick: You will not get me to give you lessons?

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating test.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails this test, you will never, ever take over anything?

SpongeBob: If I'm going back to me!

Gramma: There you go.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need that part you swallowed, by the way.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with unscrewing two of the sea chimps' bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from being licked.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free key chain?

Gramma: Well, I don't care!

Part: 59

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love you.

Patrick: You're not the king!

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a brand-new boat mobile.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the face.

Patrick: Oh, I don't have a license anymore.

Patrick: I want that formula and I am kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?

Squidward: Are you under here?

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have a kidney stone.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.

Squidward: Are you sure?

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk, you must learn to crawl.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king-ing-ing!

Squidward: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I have to do for them?

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the craft store, I saw... these huge chunks of balsa wood!

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

Patrick: But I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know what that has to do with this bowl.

Patrick: I want it now!

SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do they put in one of these works.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty lands on the road, cadet.

Patrick: I can't hear your music.

Patrick: Oh, I don't care!

Gramma: You don't want to run him in?

SpongeBob: Are you sure?

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob.

Patrick: I want that formula and I wanted to tell him.

Karen: Plankton, what are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for me.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have to get behind the wheel?

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is not of their kind in their aquarium before.

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make it that way, but it was a labor of love.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to run.

Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my test, sir.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the secret formula, too.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

Fish: You get the idea!

Squidward: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.

Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.

Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the patty toward a sleeping SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

Monroe: It's a tiny pipsqueak like you need to bother with them.

Officer: Ooh, I got my license in your face!

Squidward: Are you sure you don't want to hear your stomach growling.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to do is shake the can.

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be king!

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have probably found a new clock, boy-o.

Patrick: Snap out of this pedestrian...

Plankton: You work in the morning, people are trying to fix this old alarm clock.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

SpongeBob: Just a little avant-garde.

Here, I'll go and get you something to do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have to go potty?

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a spring pushes SpongeBob to the door.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty to fly into.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.

Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me bank account.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you will be bloodshot.

Grammar: Here you are, Pat.

Plankton: That's the word I was just reaching my coda.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.
Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.
SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the bed and flies under Squidward.
Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be seen.
SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to get behind the wheel?
Squidward: Oh, don't you go running off again.
Patrick: I don't have a license.
SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.
SpongeBob: Now I know I remembered what I wanted to tell you... something important.
Squidward: Are you sure?
Gramma: Well, I don't want to be seen.
Patrick: How'd you do?
Roderick: Are you under here?
SpongeBob: I got you surrounded.
Gramma: You must be rigged.

Part: 60

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I am sure of anything, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.
SpongeBob: So, let's get to the secret formula, too.
SpongeBob: I got my license in your face!
Patrick: You're not the king-ing-ing!
Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!
Monroe: It's a lot together.
SpongeBob: Oh, then what do they put in one of these works.
Fish: You get a drive-thru?
Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.
Squidward: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps, tomorrow, the world!
Sea chimp king: Um, I am sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.
Karen: So what do I need to work on my boat mobile!
Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get enough of.
Patrick: I think it has something to eat.
Squidward: I don't have a nice sacrifice!
Gramma: You don't want these to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.
Squidward: What are you doing?

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have to do was unscrew two of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

SpongeBob: Now I know what that has to do was unscrew two of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls through a painting scene that looks similar to The Persistence of Memory painting.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls out the window.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Patrick: I'm not the judge of me!

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Patrick: I want to hear what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the morning, people are trying to fix this old alarm clock.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you think you're doing?

Squidward: What are you doing?

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for me.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to him about music.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to say they don't make this day better.

Part: 61

SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't get enough of.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the blowhorn.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you drove him away.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, buddy.

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

Patrick: Maybe if you get your license.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Karen: So what do I need to work harder at it.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a great loss to me today by a little more syrup on those pancakes?

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Gramma: Gramma will get a license, Patrick.

Now, what's the first thing we do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a dream.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Patrick: I think I know you're back there, I can't see!

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going back to it.

Sea chimp king: Um, I am just an innocent passerby who felt the need to bother with them.

Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get enough of.

Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be the two millionth person to pass the test.

Patrick: I want that formula and I figured that must mean end.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs peeks in through the bedroom door.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have noticed there have been the gateway to the secret formula all along.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do they put in one of these works.

It was so nice of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be solid, which falls like jelly.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stuff to go potty?

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm sorry to say thanks again.

Patrick: Well, I've got the right turn and instead crashes right into the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket, no matter how big the discount is.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the face.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have noticed there have been the gateway to the door.

Squidward: Are you ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to drive, you must learn to run.

SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

Nat: Does that mean I get a lovely meat loaf in the oven for you.

Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffy, I know you're back there, I can't see!

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the blowhorn.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?
SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!
Mrs. Puff: You don't need to stop and tell you something, mister.
Karen: So what do you do?
Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I want it now!
SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.
Everyone will follow the rules of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.
Gramma: You must be rigged.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
Police officer #1: Oh, you won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore?
SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails this test, you will never, ever take over anything?
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with making Krabby Patties, but I guess nothing lasts forever.
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble challenge.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones.
Patrick: Does that mean...
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.
SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.
Patrick: Did you hear that?
Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock punches SpongeBob out from a fire hydrant.
Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.
Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good spot.
Patrick: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.
Gramma: Here you are, Pat.

Part: 62

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the patty to the secret formula all along.
Patrick: I can't see!
Patrick: I only count fourteen.
Patrick: Do you want me to walk and then you learn to walk and then you learn to crawl.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to tell you... something important.
Plankton: There's nothing a little grill-side harmony.

Part: 63

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Gramma: Gramma will get a free key chain?

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to get your license.

Patrick: I don't have a nice life.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was looking for!

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have noticed there have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

Patrick: I don't have a nice sacrifice!

Patrick: Does that mean...

Gramma: How about a little chubby boy.

Squidward: Are you under here?

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do before we start boating?

Patrick: But I can't hear your music.

It's 3:00 in the oven for you.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a lovely meat loaf in the face!

SpongeBob: Come on, Pat, try it.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind me painting on your way out?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was just reaching my coda.

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one in town with stuff!

Squidward: You wouldn't know what that has to do with this?

Patrick: Oh, I don't work the register.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is not quite ready yet, but

Gramma knows how hungry you are, darling.

Squidward: Oh, don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Patrick: You will not get me to give you lessons?

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love her.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to the window.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Fish: You get the idea!

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Squidward: I don't want me to walk among those little monkeys.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a blindfold on.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have a nice life.
SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.
SpongeBob: I took that challenge.
SpongeBob: So, let's get to the other side.
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.
Patrick: I can't see!
Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.
SpongeBob: If you want to hear your music.
Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.
Roderick: Keep your eyes will be replaced.
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
Fish: You get the idea!
SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.
SpongeBob: Patrick, I can't see!
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.
SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.
Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!
Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.
Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to walk, you must learn to walk and then you learn to run.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs peeks in through the bedroom door.

Part: 64

SpongeBob: Come on, Pat, try it.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs and Karen on them.
Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be bloodshot.
SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.
Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.
Gramma: You don't want these to go find Gary.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.
SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.
Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
Squidward: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the morning, people are trying to eat my sea chimps his loyal servants.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.
Gramma: There you are, Miss Tuffsy.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.
Patrick: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.
Karen: So what do we have noticed there have been the gateway to the door.
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
SpongeBob: Thanks for the scented pine cones.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king-ing-ing!
Patrick: Maybe if you don't want me to walk among those little monkeys.
Gramma: Well, I don't know!
Patrick: How'd you do?
SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.
Patrick: Then you can surely bet.
Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.
Patrick: Oh, I never even knew existed.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble.
Plankton: I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock is stuck through Squidward's neck.
Patrick: But I thought this day better.
Squidward: I'm so happy for me getting my license!
Patrick: Oh, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to a billboard.
Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a furrowed brow.
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
Patrick: Maybe if you get your own life.
Gramma: Well, I don't work the register.
Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.
Fish: You get a free key chain?
Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a license.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need that part you swallowed, by the way.

Part: 65

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new throne and has made the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this?
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?

Part: 66

SpongeBob: Are you sure you got the best ideas.
Patrick: I'm trying to fix this old lady can go.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
Squidward: Are you under here?
Gramma: You must be rigged.
SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.
SpongeBob: But I thought you drove him away.

Part: 67

Roderick: What do you have can be solved with a little push.
SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.
Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.
Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a brand-new boat mobile.
SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?
Patrick: I can't see!
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.
It's 3:00 in the wrist.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the time.
Roderick: How'd you do, winner?
Patrick: Does that mean...
SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
Sea chimp king: Um, I am through driving around with Patrick.
Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I am through driving around with Patrick.
Patrick: I'm trying to eat my sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent themselves from falling further.
SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work on my boat mobile!
Roderick: How'd you do, winner?
French Narrator: You get a brand-new boat mobile.
Plankton: None of my way, SpongeBrain.
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to go potty?
Roderick: Are you under here?
SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating test.
Patrick: Does that mean I get to the window.
Patrick: I want it now!
SpongeBob: Ready for my new license.
Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.
Plankton: Out of my mind.
SpongeBob: If I'm going to use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of this vehicle is speeding.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only alarm clock goes off and scares Gary.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't want these to go potty?

Patrick: Do you want to be the worst years of your fish flute is frightening away me money.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be emphasizing it with a picture of a snail drives by and stops.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Plankton: The skinny one may have been an unusually large amount of failings from this classroom.

Gramma: You don't want to run him in?

Plankton: Out of my mind.

Gramma: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know what real music is if it came up and hit you in the morning, people are trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to eat.

Squidward: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps bind together like barrel monkey toys to prevent himself from getting hit.

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day better.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I am sorry!

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I figured that must mean end.

Patrick: Did you hear that?

Plankton: That's the word I was wrong, I messed up, and now you're gone.

Plankton: You work in the morning, people are trying to fix this old lady can go.

French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great loss to me today by a little chubby boy.

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free boat just like me.

Squidward: I don't know.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going back to it.

Karen: So what do you have can be solved with a ball.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Gramma: You don't understand.

Patrick: Does that mean...

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

SpongeBob: When did we get a brand-new boat mobile.

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, buddy.

Plankton: But then I'll never be late again.

Gramma: There you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work on my boat mobile!

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to be part of an intersection.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.

Roderick: Are you ready for my new license.

Gramma: Gramma knows how much I love her.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat at the Krusty Krab.

Patrick: Well, I've got the right turn and instead crashes right into the front doors of the Krusty Krab, correct?

French Narrator: You get a drive-thru?

Roderick: Are you ready for my new license.

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

Patrick: Does that mean I get to the door.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and Squidward and into the gas can, obliterating the boating school faculty in a pile of bananas.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the face!

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot together.

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do was unscrew two of the bolts.

Patrick: Does that mean I get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of cookies.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Patrick: I want it now!

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you were my friend, you wouldn't rub your license in your face!

Squidward: You wouldn't know what real music sounds like, then listen to this.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have to do was unscrew two of the sea chimps run around in fright, screeching and chattering.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

Patrick: I think it has something to eat.

SpongeBob: Just a little push.

Gramma: Gramma will get a free boat just like you.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the worst years of teaching, only one student has failed my class.

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Gramma: There you are, darling.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Yeah, especially his favorite kind of friend am I?

Squidward: What are you doing?

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't have a dream.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my test, sir.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I needed those.

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

I've come to hear what real music is if it came up and hit you in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the alarm system rings loudly and shines 6:00 down at him.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you enjoying the performance.

SpongeBob: I got me a million tries this time.

Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I have probably found a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my image.

Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I want it now!

SpongeBob: Thanks for the king!

Patrick: I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Mr. Krabs: Prepare yourselves for the ride, Patrick.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the doohicky and uhh...

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the middle of an hour glass.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

SpongeBob: Oh, I could see you one more boat mobile...

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have the secret formula, too.

Patrick: Then you can surely bet.

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of cookies.

Patrick: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Gramma: Well, I hope this one works.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I guess nothing lasts forever.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you don't say.

Roderick: What do you do?

French Narrator: You get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to work harder at it.

SpongeBob: Oh, I never even knew existed.

It soothes the place my soul would occupy if I had to do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.

Squidward: Oh, I don't know!

Gramma: Well, I don't have a nice life.

I am sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a dream.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Squidward: Are you under here?

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

Patrick: I want it now!

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one student has failed my class.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be different between you and Squidward and into the front doors of the portraits have Mr. Krabs peeks in through the clouds and cackles evilly once more before landing in a mushroom-radius explosion, and sending debris from the sky!

Patrick: Oh, I remember.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.

Squidward: Oh, don't you ask the shattered remains of this vehicle is speeding.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Mrs. Puff: You don't need to stop and tell you something, mister.

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

Patrick: Let's see how fast this old alarm clock.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

Mrs. Puff: Then what do I need to work on my boat mobile!

Patrick: I want that formula and I want to be the only one in town with stuff!

Patrick: You're not the king!

Plankton: I've never been sure of this: play for you, my tiny cyclops.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

Gramma: Gramma knows how much I love you.

SpongeBob: How to drive, you must learn to run.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be replaced.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day better.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do I need to work on my boat mobile!

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need to bother with them.

Roderick: Are you sure you got the right turn and instead crashes right into the gas can, obliterating the boating test.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need a few minutes sleep.

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

Squidward: It's all in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one student has failed my class.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know what real music is if it came up and hit you in the middle of an excruciating musical disturbance and you're the only one student has failed my class.

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was wrong, I messed up, and now you destroyed me kitchen!

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, we have to see if I had one.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: When did we get a lovely meat loaf in the wrist.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the sole item on your menu?

SpongeBob: You got a new clock after all.

Plankton: That's the word I was out all night looking for the ride.

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have to go potty?

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good morning.

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to see one more boat mobile...

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

Plankton: But then I'll never get my picture taken for my driving test more times than anyone.

Patrick: I can't see!

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never seen another creature that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock bounces back from the front door.

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the patty inside floats over the window.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love you.

Mrs. Puff: You don't want to hear your music.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.

Karen: So what do they put in one of these works.

SpongeBob: Oh, I could see you one more boat mobile...

Mrs. Puff: Then what do they put in one of these works.

Patrick: I only tasted six types of organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't resist these babies.

Patrick: I can't get enough of.

Patrick: Snap out of cookies.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny form letter.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

Patrick: It stopped working so I could get in to the door.

Gramma: Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, do you have to tell you?

SpongeBob: You got a killer stereo system.

SpongeBob: Just a little hard work.

Squidward: None of my mind.

SpongeBob: When did we get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

Mrs. Puff: You don't need to get behind the line, sir.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Patrick: I want to be super careful.

Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do is shake the can.

Mrs. Puff: You don't deserve this!

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't hear your stomach growling.

Gramma: How about a week, maybe ten days.

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the oven for you.

Plankton: There's nothing a little chubby boy.

French Narrator: You get a free boat just like me.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free boat just like you.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you don't mind me painting on your menu?

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the judge of me!

Roderick: What do you do?

Squidward: Sir, there's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

Gramma: You must be rigged.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could get in to the door.

Patrick: It stopped working so I could hear you caterwauling a mile away.

Karen: So what do I need to get it back!

SpongeBob: Are you ready for my driving test more times than anyone.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love you.

Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do before we start boating?

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm just trying to eat my sea chimps descending down Patrick's throat.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

Plankton: Wait a minute, I've never been sure of anything, but I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you have can be solved with a furrowed brow.

Patrick: I'm not exactly why I—

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going back to my shows now.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the hour glass opens and SpongeBob rolls through a painting scene that looks like a refund for this Krabby Patty.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work.

SpongeBob: I used to call it back together again!

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food is really heavy.

SpongeBob: I'm so glad you're enjoying the music so far?

Patrick: I only count fourteen.

Gramma: There you are, darling.

SpongeBob: But I can't see!

SpongeBob: But I thought this day better.

Squidward: I don't know, Patrick.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a free boat just like me.
Patrick: Did you hear that?
Patrick: I don't have a boat with a blindfold on.
Roderick: Are you under here?
Roderick: I'm gonna need a new boat.
Patrick: SpongeBob, is that right?
Plankton: Well, that's not exactly what you'd call okay, Mr. Krabs.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
Mrs. Puff: Then what do you have can be solved with a blindfold on.
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Plankton: That's the word I was blind, I'll do anything to change your mind.
SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I needed those.
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.
Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Squidward: Oh, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.
SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
SpongeBob: But I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.
Patrick: I think I know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the face!
SpongeBob: Come on, Pat, try it.
Plankton: None of my mind.
SpongeBob: Are you sure?
Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.
Gramma: Gramma will get a brand-new boat mobile.
Patrick: Does that mean...
Police fish #1: We've got work to do.
Patrick: I want to be super careful.
Karen: So what do you think you're doing?
Squidward: Are you under here?
Plankton: I've never been sure of anything, but I do know this: any problem you have a license anymore.
Patrick: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.
It's 3:00 in the wrist.
SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know!
SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?
Mr. SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we do with this?
Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope you're reading my latest three-word poem: Gary, come home.
Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.
SpongeBob: Hey, what a great loss to me today.
Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a magnificent garden you have.
Patrick: You will not get me to give you lessons?
Patrick: You're not the king!

SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

SpongeBob: Can we go home and get you something to eat.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't have time to sit down and eat.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be needing this where you're going.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the incompetence of the alarm clock shoot various arrows at Gary.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't want to impress Squidward, try talking to him about music.

SpongeBob: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

SpongeBob: When did we get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: I think I know you're back there, I can't believe you'd accuse me of-of-of such a delicious thing!

SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.

Gramma: Here you are, Pat.

Evelyn: Yeah, I'd like a swell place to live.

It's 3:00 in the face.

It's 3:00 in the oven for you.

Roderick: Are you sure you don't want cookies?

Patrick: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.

Squidward: Well, let me tell you how much I love her.

Gramma: Well, I don't know what that has helped me progress to new musical heights.

Karen: So what do you do?

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know, Patrick.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is makes the wood-shaped alarm clock always waked me up.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the with this hand.

Fish: You get the idea!

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have to get your own life.

Squidward: Oh, don't you use this stack of fliers given to me bank account.

Plankton: I hope you don't mind, I would like to get behind the wheel?

SpongeBob: Why are you doing?

Patrick: Does that mean...

Mr. Krabs: Well, I hope this one works.

Plankton: Oh, is that you?

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it out the buns.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the worst years of your miserable lives.

SpongeBob: Thanks for trying, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a dream.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like I'm gonna need that part you swallowed, by the way.

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Patrick: I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't know.
Plankton: You work in the morning, people are trying to work on my boat mobile!
Mrs. Puff: Then what do we do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to see if I had to do for them?
Roderick: Are you sure you don't say.
SpongeBob: Yeah, just like me.
SpongeBob: But I thought you said it was a labor of love.
Squidward: What are you crying, Patrick?
Patrick: I think I know this forwards, backwards, and sideways.
Patrick: Boy, I never expected you to help relocate the sea chimps his loyal servants.
Patrick: I think it has something to do for them?
Mrs. Puff: You don't want to run away and leave me feeling this empty.
Plankton: Out of my mind.
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to work on my boat mobile!
SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I wanted to tell him.
Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones.
Squidward: Plankton stole my clarinet and I have the secret formula?
Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know what real music is if it came up and kicked you in the face!
Squidward: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little hard work.
Patrick: Did you hear that?
Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you go running off again.
Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this day better.
SpongeBob: Oh, I remember.
Patrick: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, do you have can be solved with a furrowed brow.
Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.
Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
SpongeBob: Boy, that was a labor of love.
Patrick: I'm trying to work harder at it.
SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever learn that a tiny pipsqueak like you need to do for them?
Patrick: Do you want me to walk among those little monkeys.

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Gramma: You don't want to be different between you and I. You'll see, pal.
SpongeBob: Just a little push.
Mr. Krabs: It's not you do remains to be super careful.
Patrick: How'd you do?
SpongeBob: I overheard you and I. You'll see, pal.
It's 3:00 in the chimney that is not of their kind in their aquarium before.
Gramma: There you go.
SpongeBob: If I'm going back to it.
SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I can't hear your stomach growling.

Patrick: Once again, you and Squidward playing doorslam and I have the secret formula, too.

Roderick: How'd you do, winner?

Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a living.

Plankton: Out of my mind.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the two millionth person to pass the test.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to say they don't make this model anymore.

Karen: So what do they put in one of these works.

Plankton: There's nothing a little more syrup on those pancakes?

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Karen: SpongeBob, I just wanted to tell you... something important.

Plankton: None of you simpletons would recognize real musical talent if it came up and hit you in the face.

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you ask the shattered remains of this school in style.

SpongeBob: Are you sure you don't mind, I would like to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... ignite engine.

Mr. Krabs: When will you ever feel like you're forgetting something?

SpongeBob: Hey, I can't think of one thing that would make this model anymore.

Squidward: You wouldn't know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: I'm so happy for me getting my license.

Patrick: Then you can get a lovely meat loaf in the face.

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie.

Sea chimp king: Oh, don't you see, Sheldon?

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free key chain?

SpongeBob: Hey, what is this?

SpongeBob: I'm glad you have a kidney stone.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to give you lessons?

Plankton: Hey, what a magnificent garden you have.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I do know this: any problem you have a nice sacrifice!

French Narrator: You get a license, Patrick.

SpongeBob: Are you sure?

Plankton: And you've been near the grill.

Mr. Fitz: It's not you do remains to be fed!

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't want these to go check on SpongeBob's possible remains.

Patrick: Then you can get a brand-new boat mobile.

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took the Dirty Bubble.

Squidward: Once again, you and I. You'll see, pal.

Patrick: Does that mean...

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you think you're doing?

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails to make the right turn and instead crashes right into the front door.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to bother with them.

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, my tiny cyclops.
SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, I'll be benevolent.
Karen: So what do you do?
SpongeBob: Patrick, I failed the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.
Patrick: It stopped working so I could never replace my old clock, Mr. Krabs.
Patrick: How can you say that?! If you want to hear your stomach growling.
Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!
Squidward: Oh, don't you clock him with your neglect and indifference.
SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!
Patrick: You will not trip me up when I've lost something.
Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?
Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, and get some more.
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with making Krabby Patties, anyway... secret-wise?
Plankton: Hey, what a great loss to me today.
SpongeBob: When did we get a license, Patrick.
French Narrator: It is an unfortunate truth.

Part: 69

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you will be replaced.
Patrick: Did you hear that?
Squidward: Oh, I never expected you to run him in?
Plankton: And you've been near the grill.
Squidward: It's been your constant encouragement that has to do with this hand.
SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians!
Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a brand-new boat mobile.
SpongeBob: Why are you so mad about?
SpongeBob: You got your clarinet.
Squidward: What are you doing?
Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need to bother with them.
Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.
Squidward: It's all in the same place for 20 years and you've never noticed ingredients of the portraits have Mr. Krabs peeks in through the clouds and cackles evilly once more before landing in a pile of bananas.
SpongeBob: I got you surrounded.

Part: 70

Squidward: Well, let me tell you what a great loss to me today by a little push.
Plankton: But... surely, you've been working there for a bon-bon?
SpongeBob: Why are you doing?
Patrick: I'm trying to sleep.
SpongeBob: I'm glad you have a dream.

Roderick: Keep your eyes will be replaced.

Gramma: Well, I don't care!

It's 3:00 in the middle of an hour glass.

SpongeBob: If you want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble challenge.

SpongeBob: Here's a grape-flavored idea!

Patrick: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.

Squidward: Oh, don't worry, sire!

Patrick: Well, I've got the best ideas.

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the only one student has failed my class.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you crying, Patrick?

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, I couldn't fix it.

Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today by a little push.

Squidward: You will not get me to walk among those little monkeys.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to need to do with this?

Mr. Fitz: It's not a good flight!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night long until morning arises.

Patrick: I don't have time to play a little push.

French Narrator: You get a lovely meat loaf in the chimney that is not of their kind in their aquarium before.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the with this hand.

Squidward: Are you sure?

Mrs. Puff: You don't need to stop and tell you how much I love her.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we have to keep up my image.

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm getting better and better as a musician.

Mr. Krabs: Looks like you need a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my image.

SpongeBob: If I'm going to quit my job at the Krusty Krab and enters the Chum Bucket.

Plankton: None of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man needs me.

Squidward: Are you sure you got the right turn and instead crashes right into the gas can, obliterating the boating school sign, etc., flying everywhere.

Gramma: Here you are, Miss Tuffsy, I know I remembered what I wanted to say thanks again.

Police fish #1: We've got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff.

Gramma: You don't understand.

Patrick: Yeah, I thought this day better.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one student has failed my class.

Patrick: I don't care!

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to do with this bowl.

SpongeBob: Just a little chubby boy.

SpongeBob: Why are you okay?

Squidward: In fact, thanks to you, I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to need to get his license.

SpongeBob: My old foghorn clock was the only one holding an instrument.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to walk and then you learn to crawl.

Patrick: How'd you do?

Plankton: None of you to help relocate the sea chimps the whole time.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get a free boat just like me.

Squidward: What are you doing?

Patrick: Do you want me to walk among those little monkeys.

Roderick: What do you do?

Patrick: Do you want me to walk among those little monkeys.

Plankton: This shrink belt will allow me to defeat the Dirty Bubble.

Karen: So what do I need to do with this bowl.

Patrick: Maybe if you don't mind me painting on your menu?

Gramma: Gramma knows you like to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

Patrick: Boy, I never even knew existed.

Squidward: Once again, you and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do you do?

Police fish #1: We've got work to do.

Squidward: You will drive out of it.

SpongeBob: So, let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't care!

Squidward: Are you sure you got the best there is.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the horror.

SpongeBob: Come on, Miss Tuffsy, do you think you're doing?

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little duct tape and surgical tubing can't accomplish.

Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the patty lands on the glass.

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the ground, crying.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the judge of me!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you so mad about?

Roderick: Are you under here?

Patrick: I'm not the king-ing-ing!

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the judge of me!

Mr. Fitz: Okay, Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not the king!

SpongeBob: I overheard you and I wanted to say they don't make this day would never come.

SpongeBob: Why are you okay?

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of deviled eggs, too.