

Announcer: Ah, the sea. So fascinating. So wonderful. Here, we see Bikini Bottom, teeming with life, home to one of my favorite creatures, SpongeBob SquarePants. Yes, of course he lives in a pineapple, you silly. (The giant foghorn wakes up SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Today's the big day, Gary!

Gary: Meow!

SpongeBob: Look at me! I'm naked! (Gets His Pants On) Gotta be in top physical condition for today, Gary.

Gary: Meow!

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob tries to throw a weight) I'M READY!! I'm ready! I'm ready! I'm ready!

Starfish: Go SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: There it is. The finest eating establishment ever established for eating. The Krusty Krab, Home of the Krabby Patty. With a 'Help Wanted' sign in the window! For years I've been dreaming of this moment! I'm gonna go in there, march straight to the manager, look him straight in the eye, lay it on the line, and I can't do this! (he runs, but Patrick blocks his way) Patrick!

Patrick: Where do you think you're going?

SpongeBob: I was just....

Patrick: (cutting him off) No you're not. You're going to the Krusty Krab and get that job!

SpongeBob: I can't, don't you see? I'm not good enough!

Patrick: Whose first words were, "May I take your order?"

SpongeBob: Mine were.

Patrick: Who made a spatula out of toothpicks in wood shop?

SpongeBob: I did.

Patrick: Who's a.... (thinks)uh, who's.... (thinks even harder)who's a big yellow cube with holes?

SpongeBob: I am!

Patrick: Who's ready?

SpongeBob: I'm ready!

Patrick: Who's ready?

SpongeBob: I'm ready!

Patrick: Who's ready? (Does a split)

SpongeBob: I'm ready!! (with his confidence restored, he runs toward the restaurant. There, An Octopus is spraying the glass windows to eliminate graffiti of himself with the word 'Loser.' He sees SpongeBob.)

Octopus: Oh no, SpongeBob. What could he possibly want?

SpongeBob: (in background) Go SpongeBob! Go SpongeBob! Go self! Go self! (The Octopus noticed the 'Help Wanted' sign and runs inside.)

Octopus: Mr. Krabs! (cut to the ordering window, where Mr. Krabs is smelling a handful of money. Squidward runs up to him) Hurry, Mr. Krabs, before it's too late, I gotta tell you... (too late.)

SpongeBob: (off-screen) Permission to come aboard, captain! (cut to SpongeBob, casting a shadow across the restaurant) (manly voice) I've been training my whole life for the day I could finally join the Krusty Krew, (regular voice) And now I'm ready. (while walking, he accidentally steps on a nail. He trips and bounces all over the last. The Octopus and Mr. Krabs just stare at each other. SpongeBob finally comes to a stop) So, uh, when do I start?

Krabs: Well lad, it seems like you don't even have your sea legs.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, please. I'll prove I'm fry cook material. Ask Squidward! He'll vouch for me. (Krabs and Squidward walk to the corner, where Squidward puts it plain and simple.)

Squidward: No. (Krabs winks. The two walk back over.)

Krabs: Well lad, we'll give you a test and if you pass, you'll be on the Krusty Krew! Go fetch me... (SpongeBob pulls out a notepad) a, uh, hydrodynamic spatula with, ah, port-and-starboard-attachments, and turbo drive! And don't come back till you get one! (Krabs puts a Krusty Krab hat on SpongeBob. SpongeBob, overjoyed, looks at himself in the mirror. He then gets serious)

SpongeBob: Aye aye, captain! (reading) One hydrodynamic spatula, port-and-starboard attachments, turbo drive, coming right up sir! (he leaves)

Krabs: Hurry on! (to Squidward) We'll never see that lad again.

Squidward: You're terrible! A hydro-what? (the two laugh. Cut to outside, where SpongeBob walks off. Just then, five boats come and encircle around the restaurant. The doors open. Cut to Squidward and Krabs still laughing. Krabs stops, then Squidward.)

Krabs: That sounded like hatch doors! (Krabs smells something, then close in on his wiggling eyes.) Do you smell it? That smell. The kind of smelly smell. The smelly smell that smells? smelly. (his eyes bug open) (silently) Anchovies.

Squidward: What?

Krabs: Anchovies!!! (the anchovies come in, hoards of them, just swarming and swarming. Squidward tries to maintain some order)

Squidward: Please, please, quiet! (the anchovies stop bickering) Is this any way to behave, hmm?

Anchovy: Meep!

Squidward: Could we show a little decency and form a neat, single file line in front of the register?
(moment of silence, then the anchovies rock the ordering boat around a bit, very violently I might add. Cut to SpongeBob, walking to a store shaped like a treasure chest.)

SpongeBob: Barg'n Mart: meeting all your spatula needs. (cut back to Squidward and Mr. Krabs, stuck in the ordering boat and being swung across, literally a sea of anchovies.)

Squidward: One single file line was all I asked! (cut to the ship being thrown up)

Krabs: Button down the hatches, Mr. Squidward! (getting thrown back up, the ship is in pieces) We're taking on water, Mr. Squidward! (getting thrown back up again, Krabs is holding Squidward) I want my mommy, Mr. Squidward! (cut back to SpongeBob, shopping)

SpongeBob: (humming) Spatula, spatula, port-and-starboard attachments? (cut back to the restaurant, where Squidward and Krabs are hanging onto a pole)

Krabs: Climb, Mr. Squidward! Climb! (they do climb and tidal wave after tidal wave of anchovies nears closer and closer) Well, this is the end. Good-bye, Mr. Squidward!

Squidward: Oh Mr. Krabs! (the two start to cry. Then, some blinking red lights from off-screen illuminate the two. They look up to see, SpongeBob with the spatula he was sent off to receive. He's using it as a propeller to keep him in air. He sings a tune as he arrives.)

SpongeBob: Did someone order a spatula? (Squidward and Mr. Krabs babble to themselves on how he obtained this) One hydrodynamic spatula with (two other spatulas pop out on the sides of the previous one) port-and-starboard attachments, and let's not forget the turbo drive! (the two extending spatulas whirl around and smack Squidward and Krabs around) Would you believe they only had one in stock? To the kitchen! (SpongeBob makes a double-spin and flies into the kitchen window) (to anchovies) Who's hungry?

Song: Tiny Tim "Living In The Sunlight, Loving In The Moonlight":
Things that bother you never bother me,
I feel happy as pie, a-ha!
Living in the sunlight, loving in the moonlight,
Having a wonderful time.

Haven't got a lot, I don't need a lot,
Coffee's only a dime,
Living in the sunlight, loving in the moonlight,
Having a wonderful time.

Just take it from me, I'm just as free as any daughter,
I do what I like, just when I like, and how I love it!

I'm right here to stay, when I'm old and gray,
I'll be right in my prime,
Living in the sunlight, loving in the moonlight,
Having a wonderful time.

Krabs: That was the greatest fast-foodsmanship I've ever seen, Mr. SquarePants! Welcome aboard! (Krabs gives him a nametag with 'SpongeBob' written on it.)

Squidward: But Mr. Krabs—

Krabs: Three cheers for SpongeBob! Hip-hip!

Squidward: (weakly) Hooray, Mr.—

Krabs: Hip-Hip!

Squidward: (quickly) Hooray, Mr.—

Krabs: Hip-hip!

Squidward: (quickly) Hooray, Mr. Krabs!

Krabs: I'll be in my quarters, counting the booty. (he proceeds to drive a wheelbarrow full of money into his office. Then, Patrick walks in.)

Patrick: Good morning, Krusty Crew!

Squidward: What would you like to order, Patrick?

Patrick: One Krabby Patty please. (as if as a signal, SpongeBob flies back through the ordering window via spatula and starts doing some stuff. Cut to outside, where Patrick gets hit by a wave of Krabby Patties and is flung out the door.)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs! Mr. Krabs! Mr. Krabs, come see your new employee....

End Song: Tiny Tim "Living In The Sunlight, Loving In The Moonlight":

Things that bother you never bother me,
Living in the sunlight, loving in the moonlight,
Having a wonderful time.

Narrator: As the day begins in Bikini Bottom, Squidward steps out of his home. He takes in the tranquility of his neighborhood until a bent flower catches his eye. With a swift and careful touch, he straightens it back to perfection.

Suddenly, he spots a stray shell on his well-kept lawn. With a quick glance to ensure no one is watching, he kicks it onto SpongeBob's yard. From the confines of his pineapple home, SpongeBob peers out his window, his eyes landing on the shell. A spark of inspiration strikes him, and he slides energetically into his garage.

The garage door opens, revealing SpongeBob, now donning a leaf blower on his back. The noise startles Squidward from his

hammock, leading him to resort to earplugs for peace. Unperturbed, SpongeBob approaches the shell, pointing his leaf blower at it. Despite his initial efforts, the shell merely floats upward and drops back down. Undeterred, he tries again, only to create a hole in the ground from the intense air pressure.

Meanwhile, Squidward, enjoying a peaceful meal outdoors, is suddenly drenched in a cascade of sand from SpongeBob's blower. Rushing to his neighbor's aid, SpongeBob blows off the sand, inadvertently causing sand to go into Squidward's eyes and his eyeballs to pop out. Noticing the mess he's made, SpongeBob points his blower at the pile of sand on his yard, proclaiming "You!" (subtitle at the bottom), and sucks up all the sand into his leaf blower bag.

Content with his clean yard, SpongeBob suddenly finds his leaf blower shaking uncontrollably. Moments later, the sand he had sucked up is spat out, covering his yard once again. Undeterred, SpongeBob empties his leaf blower bag, collects all the sand, and tries to start the blower once more. After a considerable pull, he is sent flying with the blower, past an intersection, causing chaos.

In a surprising turn of events, the blower sucks up all the water in the ocean, leaving Squidward gasping for air in the suddenly dry environment. SpongeBob, noticing the oversized bag on his leaf blower, witnesses it explode, resulting in a sandstorm that covers the entirety of Bikini Bottom.

Emerging from a sand-made door, SpongeBob admires his now clean yard before retreating into his house. Meanwhile, Squidward, covered in sand, watches as his surroundings are transformed into a sandy landscape. And as if to add insult to injury, the stray shell floats down, landing perfectly on his nose.

SpongeBob: Wow, four stingers.

(He then puts away the telescope and puts on some black glasses. Cut to the jellyfish, just hanging out, and SpongeBob floats over besides it with net in hand. Cut to the jellyfish alone, where SpongeBob's foot stretches out from off-screen and then the rest of his body appears. He attempts to grab the jellyfish in his net, but he ends up catching himself in the net. The jellyfish flies away. Just then, SpongeBob hears some struggling noises from off-screen. He arrives at the top of a hill, where he sees a giant clam attempting to eat a squirrel, who is wearing some sort of space suit underwater. SpongeBob gasps as he sees the squirrel struggling to stay her ground)

SpongeBob: Where have I seen this before?

(He then takes out his handy dandy 'Field Guide' and skims through the pages)

SpongeBob: Here it is!

(SpongeBob comes upon a picture of the squirrel)

SpongeBob: Land squirrel! That little squirrel is in trouble.

(cut to the squirrel, who is bashing the squirrel into the ground)

Squirrel: Take that, you sorry old clam! Y'all need to learn some manners! You're about as ugly as homemade soup.

SpongeBob: Hooray, land squirrel!

(cut back to The Squirrel, who is oblivious to the clam resurfacing and jumping right at her. Cut to SpongeBob, who is shock, his glasses shoot up)

SpongeBob: Look out! Hold on, little squirrel!

(he does a karate yell in front of the clam, then does the same while bouncing to different sides. He jumps high in the air, and lands on top of the clam)

SpongeBob: You have fought well, giant clam. Prepare to be vanquished!

(SpongeBob strains)

SpongeBob: Hey, I'm actually doing it!

(SpongeBob strains some more)

(The squirrel holds open the clam's mouth and SpongeBob goes flying face-first into a coral reef.)

SpongeBob: Your shell is mine!

(SpongeBob attempts to grapple with an appendage in the clam's mouth. The clam then slams shut.)

Squirrel: Hold on there, little square dude!

(she then gets SpongeBob out and kicks the clam around some more and finally kicks it across the sea. The clam whimpers. The squirrel leans down to see if SpongeBob is OK)

SpongeBob: Hey, you like karate too!

(SpongeBob does a series of karate moves, spins in mid-air, and lands on his head with a splat.)

SpongeBob: So, uh, what's your name?

Squirrel: Sandy! So, what do y'all call yourself?

(SpongeBob runs up a nearby rock and jumps off.)

SpongeBob: I----'m SpongeBob!

(One of the corners of his head gets stuck in the ground.)

Sandy: Well SpongeBob, take a gander at this!

(she walks next to a huge rock and slaps it with her hand, making a gong sound effect. The gong sound effect intensifies and the rock shatters into tiny pebbles.)

SpongeBob: Oh.

(Sandy stands with her hands on her hips and a big, proud smile on her face.)

SpongeBob: Oh yeah? Well, watch this! (he prepares to do a karate move, but all he does is make an armpit fart noise. Sandy walks on screen laughing)

Sandy: I like you, SpongeBob. Why, we could be tighter than bark on a tree. Hi-yah!

(Sandy chops SpongeBob's head, leaving a triangle-shaped indent at the top.)

SpongeBob: Uh, I like you too, Sandy. Hi-yah!
(He tries to chop Sandy's head, but her air helmet stops him.)
SpongeBob: D'oh. Say, what's that thing on your head?

Sandy: Why, that's my air helmet.

SpongeBob: May I try it on?

Sandy: Heck no. I need it to breathe! I gotta have my air.

SpongeBob: Me too! I love air! Air is good.

Sandy: No kidding?

SpongeBob: Why, "air" is my middle name! The more air, the better! Can't get enough of that air.

Sandy: Shee-oot. How about coming over tomorrow for tea and cookies then? (shows a map) You are Here! (Points at "Sandy's House") Don't be late!

SpongeBob: Okay, see you tomorrow.
Patrick! Patrick! Patrick, Patrick, Patrick! What's air?
Patrick (getting up): Huh?

SpongeBob: I just met this girl. She wears a hat full of...air.
(Patrick takes off his sunglasses)

Patrick: Do you mean she puts on airs?

SpongeBob: I guess so.

Patrick: That's just fancy talk. If you want to be fancy, hold your pinky up like this. The higher you hold it, the fancier you are.

SpongeBob (holding his pinky up): How's that?

Patrick: Higher!

SpongeBob (holding his pinky higher): Like that?

Patrick: Now that's fancy! They should call you SpongeBob Fancypants!
At Sandy's Treedome
Patrick: Remember, when in doubt, pinky out. You can do it,
SpongeBob. I'll be watching.

SpongeBob: Thanks pal.

Sandy: Hello?

SpongeBob: Hi-ya, Sandy. It's me, SpongeBob!

Sandy: Hold on a sec, I'll let you in.

(buzzer sounds as water drains from entryway)

SpongeBob: Sandy, something's gone terribly wrong. There's no water in.....here.

Sandy: 'Course there's no water. Nothing but air.

(SpongeBob waves his hand around and smells this air)

SpongeBob: No water?

Sandy: That ain't a problem, is it? Hi-yah!

SpongeBob: Problem? (laughs) Hi-yah! That's how I like my air! (takes deep breath, then lets out forceful cough) With no water.

Sandy: Well all right. I made Texas tea and cookies. Well, come on in! Hi-yah! (SpongeBob is walking an inch forward and it makes weak squeaking sounds with every step) That's not in. In! (SpongeBob walks another inch with all the squeaking. Sandy runs and gets SpongeBob and takes his hand and runs off) You're a funny little dude. Come on, I'll give you the grand tour.

(cut to the blazing sun and pan down where Sandy and SpongeBob are standing)

Sandy: This is my own private little air bubble. This air is the driest... (SpongeBob gasps) ..Purest...

SpongeBob (while gasping): Maybe...

Sandy: ...most airiest air in the whole sea. Oh, over there's my birdbath.

(cut to the birdbath, where a red robin is splashing and chirping)

Sandy: And there's my oak tree. (SpongeBob seems enticed by the water in the birdbath. He tries to sneak away, but stays until Sandy lets her guard down)

Sandy: It provides me with extra air. This dome is made of the finest polyurethane-- that's a fancy word for plastic. Ain't that just the bee's knees? Tell you what, weren't easy getting here neither. First, I... (SpongeBob finally escapes and wallows in the birdbath, absorbing all the water. He then jumps back to his original spot, and the bird is quite angry. SpongeBob gets back before Sandy notices) ...that's my treadmill. That's how I stay in tip-top shape. Well, come on. Let's have that tea now. (does in-air karate moves and moves off-screen. SpongeBob gasps. He hears some knocking from outside. It's Patrick, pointing at his pinky)

Patrick: Pinky! Pinky!

(SpongeBob weakly holds up his pinky and gasps again. Cut to him sitting at a picnic bench. He holds up his bouquet)

SpongeBob: I brought you some flowers. (Sandy walks over)

Sandy: For me? How sweet! (Sandy grabs the flowers, which SpongeBob doesn't want to let go. She finally pries them loose and reveals SpongeBob's bony crusty looking hand) You OK?

SpongeBob: Yes, I'm OK.

Sandy: You know, you're the first sea critter to ever visit.

SpongeBob: I can't imagine why.

Sandy: Can I get you anything.

SpongeBob: Water would be nice.

Sandy: I'm going to put these in a vase.

SpongeBob: Take your time. (he then gasps and stumbles toward the door and struggles to try and open it)
I gotta get out of here! Aaaaahh! (he then thinks)

Sandy: (in SpongeBob's head) I like you, SpongeBob. We could be tighter than bark on a tree! (SpongeBob struggles even more)

Patrick: (in SpongeBob's head) When in doubt, pinky out.
(SpongeBob lifts his pinky. He then gets confidence and victorious music plays)

SpongeBob: I don't need water! Water's for quitters! I don't need it! I don't need it! I don't need it! I don't need it, I don't need it...(he then loses confidence again and the music stops)

Sandy: Why, these flowers are just beautiful! They'll last much, much longer in a glass of ice, cold water. (SpongeBob is totally enticed by the water. Sandy sits down across from him) So tell me about yourself. It must be fascinating being a sea critter.

(SpongeBob watches a drop of water drop down the side of the glass)

Sandy: SpongeBob? (a timer goes off) Oh, there's the cookies. (walks back into the tree) Be right back.

SpongeBob: I don't need it. I don't need it. I definitely don't need it. I don't need it. I don't need it. I don't need it. I don't need it. I NEEDED IT!!! (he shoots up in the air, bounces off the ceiling and holds the glass)

Patrick: No, SpongeBob! No, no, no, stop! Pinky! Pinky! (SpongeBob holds up his pinky while guzzling down the whole glass)

SpongeBob: I'm a quitter! (SpongeBob cries out)

(Patrick enters into the dome and slams the door shut)

Patrick: You can't leave now! You'll blow it!

SpongeBob: Air is not good, Patrick! Air is not good!

(Patrick pries him off the door and carries him around)

Patrick: You're just being shy. Don't worry, buddy. You're doing fine. (starts getting weak) I won't let you blow....

this... (he drops SpongeBob and crawls on the floor, panting. He coughs and sputters) What kind of place is this?! (runs toward the door and tries to open it) There's no water in here!

(SpongeBob joins in on the door-opening struggle)

SpongeBob: I tried to tell you!

Patrick: We've got to get out of here!

SpongeBob: You're...doing it...wrong! (the two collapse on each other)

Patrick: Wait, no! We've got...to get...out... (cut to the blaring sun. Sandy walks out of the tree with tea and cookies)

Sandy: Come and get it! You're all gonna like this..(she screams and drops her tray. On the floor is a live-action sponge and starfish.)

(Cut to SpongeBob and Patrick leaning against a ladder with two goldfish helmets on. Sandy, on top of the ladder, uses a hose to fill these helmets with water)

Sandy: There, that ought to do it! If y'all wanted water, you should have asked.

(Sandy carries over a tray with three tea glasses. Everyone takes one)

Sandy: I propose a toast: to new friends!

(she drinks it. SpongeBob and Patrick lift their drinks up and they clink the glasses on the helmets, causing them to spill)

Sandy: Wait, hold on a second. (she places a tea bag in each helmet, allowing the two to drink the tea water.) I hope you like your tea strong. Drink up!

(Patrick nudges SpongeBob and they both put their pinky up. The three drink up again and give a heartfelt sigh)

SpongeBob: Ah, what a wonderful day. The sun is out, the water is shimmering, scallops are chirping. So peaceful.

(SpongeBob grabs wood, hammer, and nails, then starts building a bubblestand.)

Squidward: Can we lower the volume, please? I can't work with all that racket going on!

SpongeBob: Oh, sure thing, Squidward.

Squidward: Ha, yeah right.

SpongeBob: Okay.

(SpongeBob taps on the nail lightly, then looks up at Squidward's window, and repeats this 5 times.)

Squidward: And now, for some soothing sounds from Squidward's clarinet. Thank you, thank you.

(Squidward starts to play. SpongeBob looks up and sees that Squidward is playing his clarinet, so he decides to finish building the stand quickly. Squidward looks out at SpongeBob.)

Squidward: I thought I... wha?

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward! Wanna blow some bubbles? Only 25 cents.

Squidward: Oh, right. Like I would spend a moment of my time blowing bubbles.

SpongeBob: Uh huh!

Squidward: Oh puh-leeze. I mean, who in the world would pay to blow bubbles?

(Patrick's rock opens.)

Patrick: Good morning!

(Patrick falls off his rock.)

Squidward: Oh, boy.
(Patrick walks over to SpongeBob.)
SpongeBob: Good morning to you sir. Would you care to blow a bubble?
Patrick: Hmmm, how much is it?
SpongeBob: Only a quarter.
Patrick: Sounds reasonable. Um, I'm going to need to borrow a quarter.
SpongeBob: Sure thing, Patrick.
(SpongeBob pulls out a quarter and gives it to Patrick.)
Patrick: Ah, one quarter.
(Patrick hands SpongeBob the quarter. SpongeBob bites it to see if it's real, and it bends.)
SpongeBob: Thank you.
Squidward: Ha, business is booming. How did I ever get surrounded by such loser neighbors? Heh.
SpongeBob: One bubble wand, dipped and ready to go.
(Patrick grabs the wand from SpongeBob, inhales deeply and begins to blow, but nothing happens. After a while, SpongeBob puts up a lessons sign.)
SpongeBob: Could I interest you in some lessons? Only 25 cents.
Patrick: Uh, very well then. Hey, Sponge, can I borrow another quarter?
(SpongeBob hands Patrick a quarter.)
Patrick: Thanks.
SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, it's all in the technique! First go like this, spin around. Stop! Double take three times. One, two three. Then pelvic thrust. Whooooooooo, whooooooooo. Stop on your right foot, don't forget it! Now it's time to bring it around town. Bring-it-a-round-town. Then you do this, then this, and this, then this, then that, then this and that, and then...
(SpongeBob blows three bubbles; one big duck and two small ducks.)
Patrick: Ooooooh.
(SpongeBob pops out of nowhere and blows a box. Patrick giggles as SpongeBob blows a caterpillar.)
Patrick: Ahahaha.
(SpongeBob blows a boat bubble. It floats off, then pops and makes a foghorn noise.)
Squidward: Huh?
(Squidward looks at his clarinet.)
SpongeBob: And now... with two hands!
(SpongeBob inhales deeply, and blows an elephant bubble while circus music starts playing. Patrick starts laughing.)
Patrick: It's a giraffe!
(The elephant floats into Squidward's house and explodes. Squidward angrily walks outside and goes toward the bubblestand.)
SpongeBob: Excuse me sir, but we are cl...
Squidward: Don't give me any of that! How can you two possibly make all this noise just blowing bubbles?
SpongeBob: We're not just blowing bubbles, we're making bubble art! Watch carefully. First go like this, spin around. Stop! Double take three times. One, two three. Then pelvic thrust. Whooooooooo, whooooooooo. Stop on your right foot, don't forget it! Now it's time to bring it around town. Bring-it-a-round-town. Then you do this, then this, and this, then this, then that, then this and that, and then...
(SpongeBob blows a butterfly which flies over to Squidward, lands on his head, and finally pops.)
Squidward: That's not art! That's just annoying! Blowing bubbles, that's the lamest idea I have ever heard!
(SpongeBob and Patrick put their head down as they walk to Sponge's house.)
Squidward: You should be ashamed of yourselves! Bubbles. Ha. Art.
(Squidward mumbles, then picks up bubble wand, sniffs it, and inhales to blow a bubble. SpongeBob pops up out of nowhere.)
SpongeBob: That'll be 25 cents, sir.
Squidward: Ah, whoa, what? Oh, who would pay 25 cents to blow bubbles?
SpongeBob: We also offer lessons for beginners.
Squidward: Beginners? What could be more simple than blowing a stupid bubble? Here's your 25 cents!

(Squidward hands SpongeBob a quarter. SpongeBob bites it to see if it's real, and it bends.)
Squidward: Watch and learn.
(Squidward inhales deeply and begins to blow, but nothing happens.)
Squidward: Uhh, wait, wait, wait. One more time. Wait.
Squidward inhales and blows again. A small bubble comes out and quickly falls to the ground and pops. Squidward looks over at SpongeBob and Patrick. They gulp then whistle. Squidward places another quarter on the stand.
Squidward: Just a mere warm-up.
SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, remember the technique.
(Squidward keeps trying while SpongeBob and Patrick are trying to show him the technique.)
SpongeBob and Patrick: Technique, technique, tech-
(Squidward looks at them annoyed.)
SpongeBob: You're not doing the technique.
Squidward: Technique? Technique? Technique, technique, technique, technique, technique! First I do this, spin around. Stop. Double take three times. And here we go... pelvic thrust. Whooooooooo, whooooooooo. Oh, stop on your right foot, don't forget it. Then bring it around town. And a little of this, a little of that, a little of this, a little of that, this, that, and this. And that and this. this that this that. Then ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh!! Squidward blows huge bubble that lifts him off of the ground.)
SpongeBob and Patrick: Wow!
SpongeBob: All right Squid! That was so good!
Patrick: Squid is number one!
Squidward: I really did it, didn't I? You guys didn't blow anything like that!
SpongeBob: No.
Squidward: Now that's a bubble!
SpongeBob: You said it, Squidward. See, it is all in the technique!
Patrick: Yeah, technique.
Squidward: Technique? Ha! SpongeBob, you don't think I created that... (Squidward kisses one of his tentacle.)
Squidward: ...beautiful work of art with your help? Come on, it's in my genes.
SpongeBob and Patrick: Squid's got genes! Squid's got genes!
Squidward: Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you.
(Squidward goes back in his house.)
SpongeBob and Patrick: Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward...
Squidward: I rock!
Squidward's bubble flies over them, covers Squidward's house, and pulls it out of the ground and up towards the surface of the ocean. SpongeBob notices then stops Patrick.
SpongeBob: Squidward!
SpongeBob and Patrick: Squidward! Squidward! Squidward!
Squidward: Hello my friends, you are looking at a...
(Squidward looks down and sees Bikini Bottom getting farther and farther away.)
SpongeBob and Patrick: Squidward!
Squidward: ...genius.
(The bubble explodes.)
SpongeBob and Patrick: Wow!
(As house falls to the ground, SpongeBob and Patrick run towards their own houses. Squidward's house lands in its old spot, and he plays his clarinet.)
Narrator: Ah, Goo Lagoon. A stinky mud puddle to you and me. But to the inhabitants of Bikini Bottom, a wonderful stinky mud puddle.
SpongeBob: What a great day. (SpongeBob rushes off scene for a bit) Hey, Sandy! Look! I'm Sandy! (SpongeBob looks like a sand castle. Next he dresses up like Squidward) Hey, Sandy? Who am I? (Sandy laughs as SpongeBob picks up a sandy phone and

imitates Squidward) Hello, SpongeBob. Could you try and keep it down. I'm trying to be boring.
Sandy: (laughs) SpongeBob! (doorbell)
SpongeBob: Did anybody order 20 pepperoni and sand pizzas? (both laugh)
Lobster: Hey, Sandy. Hey, SpongeBob.
Sandy: Hey, Larry.
Larry: You guys wanna go lift some weights?
Sandy: Sure. Well, c'mon SpongeBob!
SpongeBob: Coming. (next scene is everyone lifting weights)
Larry: Give it a try, Sandy. (Sandy lifts up a heavy weight)
SpongeBob: Good job, Sandy. Well that's about enough for today, don't ya think?
Larry: How about a little more weight? Observe. (Larry lifts an even heavier weight)
SpongeBob: Alright, stand back everyone! (SpongeBob lifts a stick and sinks. No one cheers)
Sandy: Ya'll watch this. (Sandy lifts up something heavier and everyone cheers. Larry lifts up the 2 bleachers with citizens in them and everyone cheers even more)
Sandy: Way to go, Larry! (SpongeBob digs underground to a campfire)
SpongeBob: Can I borrow a couple of these?
Fish: Mm-hmm.
SpongeBob: Now, with the addition of two, count 'em two, marshmallows. (SpongeBob tries to lift it but rips his pants instead. Everyone laughs)
Indigo Fish: Hahahahahaha. That was too funny. You are hilarious.
Sandy: Ain't he the funniest sponge you ever saw.
Larry: Anybody up for some volleyball? (Larry spikes the ball over the net and everyone cheers. SpongeBob gives it a try, next)
SpongeBob: I got it! (SpongeBob hits the ball but it doesn't go anywhere) Incoming! (SpongeBob hits the ball again but it doesn't go anywhere. The crowd gets restless so SpongeBob rips his pants again to get a laugh) Oops, I guess I ripped my pants again. (everyone laughs)
Indigo Fish: Hahahahahaha. Once again, dude, you have split my sides. Hahahahahaha.
SpongeBob: (playing Frisbee) Hey, Sandy? How about throwing it to me?
Sandy: Ok. Here it comes. (Sandy throws it and hits SpongeBob with it)
SpongeBob: I could use a hand here. (Sandy helps him get up)
Sandy: You ok, SpongeBob?
SpongeBob: I guess so. Except I ripped my pants! (SpongeBob rips his pants again and everyone laughs)
Indigo Fish: Hahahahahaha. You still got it, dude!
Ice Cream Man: May I help you?
SpongeBob: I'll take a banana split.
Ice Cream Man: Uh, we don't have that.
SpongeBob: That's ok. I already split my pants. Get it?
Ice Cream Man: Tee-hee. Anything else?
SpongeBob: How about ripple? (spills his pants) No, thanks? Already got one. (Sandy laughs hysterically. Then SpongeBob walks up to a guy eating a burger) Is that a burger you're eating?
Fish: Why, yes, it is.
SpongeBob: You know what would go good with that?
Fish: No, what?
SpongeBob: Ripped...pants. (rips his pants then goes up to two other guys eating) Ripped pants a la mode. (rips pants again) Delivery. Did you order 20 cases of...ripped pants? (rips pants through the cardboard box)
Surfing Announcer: Surfs up in the Goo Lagoon. And here comes Larry doing his trademark layback. There goes Sandy hanging ten. Figures, that is. There goes SpongeBob... (SpongeBob is ripping his pants on his board) ...ripping his pants again. (wipes out and washes it up on shore)
Lifeguard: Oh, look, a cardboard box washed up on the beach. (looks through his telescope) Holy fish paste! It's a guy!

(gets SpongeBob and flips him over. SpongeBob is unconscious.) Why-y-y? Why-y-y? Why-y-y?
Sandy: SpongeBob!
(SpongeBob has a light upon him. much like various animes)
SpongeBob: Come closer. I need...I need...
Lifeguard: What do you need?
(Sandy is sad. this is like various animes where the female character sheds a tear upon the main character or the male character's final words)
SpongeBob: ...a tailor...(The light mentioned turns off abruptly)because I ripped my pants! (no one laughs)
Sandy: That wasn't funny, SpongeBob. Ya'll had me worried sick.
Indigo Fish: Dude...
SpongeBob: C'mon SpongeBob you're losing 'em. think... Your public's waiting. Let's see... (reads list) ...lifting weights: big laugh, Frisbee in face: kills, surfing: knocks 'em dead, pretending to drown: No. C'mon think! I got it! Hey, everybody! Not ripped pants... (rips pants off) ...pants ripped off. Huh? Someone call the police, there's a pants thief on the loose. (no one is there) Oh, no! Everybody's gone. Even Sandy. She'd rather hang out with Larry! Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no, no. We blew it pants.
Pants: What do you mean we? (pants walk off)
SpongeBob: Ohh...I didn't have to be a fool to get Sandy's attention. Am I the biggest loser on the beach?!
Female Fish: No, I am. I forgot to put on sunscreen. (touches sunburn)
SpongeBob: Ouch.
Male Fish: No, I am. I got sand in my buns. (whales comes up from under the sand)
Whale: No, I'm the biggest loser on the beach. They buried me in the sand and forgot me.
All: What happened to you?
SpongeBob: I lost my best friend.
All: How?
Song: Beach Band "Ripped Pants"
When I ripped (rip) my pants,

I thought that I had everybody on my side,
But I went and blew it all sky-high.
And now she won't even spare a passing glance
All just because I (rip) ripped my pants.

When big Larry came 'round just to put him down,
SpongeBob turned into a clown,
And no girl ever wants to dance
With a fool who went and (rip) ripped his pants.

I know I shouldn't mope around, I shouldn't curse,
But the pain feels so much worse.
'Cause windin' up with no one is a lot less fun
Than a burn from the sun or sand in your buns.

Now I learned a lesson I won't soon forget,
So listen and you won't regret,
Be true to yourself; don't miss your chance,

And you won't end up like the fool who ripped his pants. (rip)

Sandy: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Sandy! (both hug)

Sandy: Your song is true. If you all wanna be my friend, just be yourself.

Larry: SpongeBob, that was so righteous. Will you...sign my pants?

SpongeBob: Absolutely, buddy. (SpongeBob rips his underwear while signing Larry)

(Fish whistles)

Narrator: Ah, ze early morning in Bikini Bottom, when the jellyfish are buzzing about and making their jellyfish jelly. (telescope peeks out of SpongeBob's window) Oh, what is happening here? (SpongeBob looks through the telescope for a jellyfish) Collectors? (SpongeBob nods to Patrick that there are jellyfish around. SpongeBob jumps into a metal, square vent like contraption while Patrick jumps into a round one. Then both slide down a rope but stop before hitting the ground as their hands burn from sliding down it. After their hands cool off, they put together some nets and try them out before heading out the door. A jellyfish floats by as they stare at it and then go after it)

SpongeBob & Patrick: La la la la la! La la la la la! La la la la la!

SpongeBob: I think I've got it! No, wait a minute... (the jellyfish stings them both as they run away from the jellyfish)

Patrick: Go! go! go! go! go! go! (both tumble over in front of Squidward's house as the jellyfish floats by and stings them both on their bottom.)

Squidward: Humph.

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, we're jellyfishing.

Squidward: Of course you are. Bye now. (walks away)

SpongeBob: Wait! We made a net especially for you! Do you want to come with us?

Squidward: Really? Jellyfishing with you guys? Oh, that would be the best day ever in my book. I would love to go jellyfishing! I can't think of anything I'd like to do more on my day off than go jellyfishing with my two best friends:

SpongeBob and...uhh...

Patrick: Patrick.

Squidward: Right. But I can't. Bye bye.

SpongeBob: Next time?

Squidward: Oh sure, right! Whatever. (rides his bike) Like that'll ever happen.

SpongeBob: You know, Patrick? It always seems like Squidward never has time for fun.

Patrick: Maybe he doesn't like us.

SpongeBob: No, are you kidding? We're his best friends.

Squidward: (laughs as he bikes down up and down the road) Jellyfishing! Oh, I'll go! (laughs more) I sure had them going. (laughs more. Just then, a jellyfish floats towards Squidward direction and floats into his mouth causing him to spit it out and smack it) Stupid jellyfish! Beat it! (the jellyfish flies up Squidward's shirt causing him to lose control of his bike and falling down a cliff. Then we are shown SpongeBob gradually waiting for Squidward as he checks every so often, out the window, for Squidward's return. Then Squidward, in a wheelchair, rides down to his house wrapped up in bandages from head to toe)

SpongeBob: Squid's back! (calls Patrick on the phone)

Patrick: Hello?

SpongeBob: Hey Patrick, Squid's home! And we're gonna make sure he's greeted by his two best friends!

Patrick: Oh great! Who are they?

SpongeBob: Us! (two shown talking right next to each other as they hang up) Let's go! (Squidward rolls into his house and turns on the lights to reveal SpongeBob & Patrick with a banner hanging over them with the words 'welcome home' on it)

Welcome home, Squidward!

Patrick: Merry Christmas!

SpongeBob: We're gonna make this your best day ever! (Squidward tries to roll back out but SpongeBob grabs him and turns him around) Well, your best day's sure not gonna be out there.

Patrick: How about some soup on your best day ever? (Squidward is rolled over to the table with the soup. Looks down at it with the words 'best day ever' spelled out) Here we go! Oh, it's a little hot. (blows on it too hard causing it to splash on Squidward. Then Patrick notices the soup is gone and gets some more and blows it on Squidward again. He grabs some more soup and tries it again but he blows it on Squidward again. About to blow on more soup but SpongeBob stops him)

SpongeBob: I don't think soup is the best thing for him on his best day ever. (leans over to Squidward's clarinet) How about some music on your best day ever? Played on your very own clarinet. (blows on it but high-pitched notes blow out) Sorry, my lips are a little dry. (licks his lips for few seconds and reattempts to play the clarinet but Patrick takes it away)

Patrick: Music isn't best either.

SpongeBob: But what is best is what we saved for last. The one sure-fire thing to make your best day ever (the) best day ever! (at Jellyfish Fields)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Jellyfishing! jellyfishing! jellyfishing~ jellyfishing! jellyfishing! jellyfishing! jellyfishing! jellyfishing!

SpongeBob: This is Jellyfish Fields, where wild jellyfish roam just waiting to be captured. (Squidward tries to get away but SpongeBob stops him again) No, no, Squid! Over here! I know you're eager, Squid, but you don't even have your net.

Patrick, fix him up while I find him a good specimen.

Patrick: Firmly grasp it in your hand. (puts the net handle on Squidward's hand and lets go but it falls to the ground)

Firmly grasp it. (puts the net handle on Squidward's hand and lets go but it falls to the ground) Firmly grasp it!!!! (shoves the net into Squidward's hand making a huge hole in the bandages and making Squidward scream in pain) That oughta do it.

SpongeBob: (points to a jellyfish) There's one in position. Ready...set...go!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Go Squid! You got it! Go, Squidward, go! (Squidward doesn't move)

Patrick: I think we better show him how it's done.

SpongeBob: Da, da, da, da, dum. (both jump two steps forward) Da, da, da, da, dum. (both jump forward two steps again) Da, da, da, da, dum. (Patrick tries capturing the jellyfish but falls onto the ground)

Patrick: Da, da, da, da, dum. (both try to capture the jellyfish)

Jellyfish: Bz, bz, bz, bz, buz.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Da, da, da, da, dum.

SpongeBob: Da, da, da. Da, da, da, da, da, da, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum (SpongeBob & Patrick get stung by the jellyfish then the jellyfish stings Squidward's nose and Squidward gets angry and goes after the jellyfish)

SpongeBob: Hey look! Squid's doing it! (Squidward's wheelchair gets stopped by a rock but he continues on and captures the jellyfish. Then he bangs his net on the pink look-a-like rock. Then the rock raises above the ground and is a big jellyfish which hovers over Squidward)

Patrick: This guy's good.

SpongeBob: He's a natural! (SpongeBob & Patrick cheer for Squidward on)

Patrick: See what you've been missing?! (as Squidward tries to get away from the Jellyfish Queen)

SpongeBob: You've got 'em now!

Patrick: It's in the bag!

SpongeBob: This really is your best day ever, isn't it? (Squidward gets zapped big time by the jellyfish)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Oohhh!!!! (Next, we're shown SpongeBob & Patrick, with band-aids on, walking around in front of the easter island head) Hey Patrick. Well, thought yesterday went pretty well, don't you think?

Patrick: I had fun.

SpongeBob: Me too.

Patrick: Here comes Squidward!

SpongeBob: Oh, great. (laughs nervously. Squidward rolls in on a motorized hospital bed) Hey Squid! How about that... (Squidward ignores SpongeBob and keeps going) ...best day ever?

Patrick: There's always tomorrow! (Squidward tries to get in his house but just keeps running into his door)

SpongeBob: Umm, we're really sorry about what happened yesterday, Squidward. (Squidward runs into his door again) We got you a present! (the jellyfish from yesterday is in a jar) It's the jellyfish. (SpongeBob gives the jellyfish to Squidward)

Patrick: You know, from yesterday!

SpongeBob: You're not still mad, are you? (Squidward opens the jar pointing towards SpongeBob & Patrick)

Patrick: Yup, he's still mad. (jellyfish goes after SpongeBob & Patrick as Squidward laughs at what he just did. In comes the jellyfish Queen hovering over Squidward. She zaps him and Squidward's cast comes off and now in his regular attire)

Squidward: Ouch.

Squidward: One Krabby Patty for table two. SpongeBob, I don't have the whole day.

SpongeBob: Oui, oui. Un Krabby Patty, Monsieur. First, les patty. (flips patty in air and through one of his holes)

Squidward: Come on, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Next, les ingredients. Ah, whee! (catches food all around his body) Les mustard. (squirts some in eye)

Squidward: Les quit fooling around, where's my Krabby Patty?

SpongeBob: Les hold on a second! (takes his head off and shakes it then puts it back on) And voila. (pulls out a Krabby Patty under Squidward's nose) It's under your nose! (laughs)

Squidward: You're killing me SpongeBob! Ha ha ha ha...you really are.

SpongeBob: Look at it, Squidward. Mr. Krabs gift to all of Bikini Bottom, the Krabby Patty.

Squidward: Ok, give it to me. (patty jumps off plate and climbs all over the kitchen stuff) Come on SpongeBob, stop it!

SpongeBob: I swear, I'm not doing anything! Mr. Krabs! The Krabby Patty is haunted! (Mr. Krabs stabs the patty with his leg)

Mr. Krabs: Alas, ye patty pirate! This is no ghost. This is Plankton! Stealing me booty!

Plankton: Hear me Krabs. When I discover your formula for Krabby Patties, I'll run you out of business. I went to college! (picks up Plankton) Hey! Let me go!

Mr. Krabs: I'll let you go all right, squirt. On a flying saucer! (puts Plankton on a plate throws the plate back to the Chum Bucket) Back to the Chum Bucket with you!

Plankton: You'll pay for this Krabs!

SpongeBob: Uhh...Plankton, sir?

Mr. Krabs: Aye, he's been trying to steal me secret formula for years. But you haven't got it yet, have ye bug? Ok.

(SpongeBob laughs) Enough lad, it wasn't that funny. (SpongeBob laughs more) Get back to work! (stops laughing)

SpongeBob: Ok Mr Krabs, see you tomorrow!

Mr. Krabs: Good night, me boy!

Plankton: Psst...young man. (SpongeBob looks around) Yes, over here. Come on boy, a little closer. (walks forward)

Closer... (walks closer) Not that close! (steps on Plankton, Plankton screams) Ahh! You blasted barnacle head! I mean, hi!

SpongeBob: Plankton? What do you want?

Plankton: I just want to talk. You could say we're friends, right?

SpongeBob: Umm...no.

Plankton: Acquaintances?

SpongeBob: No.

Plankton: Well, we're both invertebrates, aren't we?

SpongeBob: I guess so.

Plankton: You see? Everything works out. I have something for you. I've been keeping it in my secret compartment. (takes out a golden spatula) Ching! Sparkle, sparkle.

SpongeBob: Wow! A golden spatula! And its even got my name on it!

Plankton: It's a gift! A gift from a friend. (hugs SpongeBob's thumb) Friends give each other gifts. And tomorrow is my birthday. (puts on a birthday hat and on SpongeBob's thumb and takes out a cake) And you know what I'd like more than anything in the whole wide world? (blows out the candles)

SpongeBob: A booster seat?

Plankton: Booster seat? Hot dog! I mean, no. What I want for my birthday from you my friend, is one of those tender...delicious...Krabby Patties!

SpongeBob:[gasps] You just want to be friends so you can get your hands on a Krabby Patty! And I bet it's not even your birthday tomorrow.

Plankton: Gee, and I thought you were stupid.

SpongeBob: You'll never get a Krabby Patty from me, even if we are friends! Never, never, never, never!

Plankton: Oh, I'll get a Krabby Patty and you're going to hand-deliver it to me personally! You weak-minded fool! (takes out a record player and plays evil music and laughs along with it)

SpongeBob: Good night, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

(SpongeBob goes to sleep then Plankton jumps up as a flower on SpongeBob's bed)

Plankton: SpongeBob, you will be mine! (pulls out the record player and laughs with it but instead it plays the ABC's. Plankton flips the record and laughs again then pulls out a map of a brain while in SpongeBob's head) It should be in here somewhere...but where? (standing on the brain) Where? Oh. This will be the beginning of the end! (SpongeBob turns over on his left side and the brain rolls over Plankton) Ouch! Stupid brain. Come back here you swine! (SpongeBob rolls around a couple more times until the brain stops and Plankton tapes it down) That's it brain, you're going down! Yes, yes, that's grand. (takes out some blueprints) And now, for my very elaborate and college-educated plan. (Plankton puts the antenna in SpongeBob's brain) And now it's time for a little wakey-uppy. (Plankton touches the 'total control' button with his foot that tells SpongeBob to wake up)

SpongeBob: Morning already? (Plankton shifts the controls to where SpongeBob's legs are at his side) I...I feel a little funny today.

Plankton: I have you now! (SpongeBob walks to the kitchen)

SpongeBob: Time for a well-balanced breakfast. (crashes through the wall and through the fridge) This isn't what I had in mind. (walks toward his pants) Let me just grab my pants. (runs into pants but doesn't put them on) I guess I'm not wearing any pants today. (crashes through the wall) I guess I'm not using the door either. See you later Gary...I guess.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: You're right, Gary! There is something wrong with me! Squidward! Squidward! Wake up! I need some help!

Squidward! Help!

Squidward: Be quiet, SpongeBob! (crashes through Squidward's wall)

SpongeBob: Help!

Squidward: SpongeBob! What are you doing? I'm talking to you! SpongeBob! (SpongeBob crashes through the opposite wall then turns head) SpongeBob, are you mad?

Plankton: Shut your mouth, you mediocre clarinet player.

Squidward: Mediocre?

Plankton: You pretentious little insignificant artist. Your snidely creations are worth less than a protozoa's waste!

SpongeBob: Something must be wrong with my brain! (rolls his eyes to the back of his head and notices Plankton) Plankton! What kind of friend are you?

Plankton: Nonsense. You never liked me anyway. You wouldn't even come to my birthday party!

SpongeBob: Get out of my head! Leave me brain alone! Never! Never! (laughs evilly and walks out backwards. SpongeBob walks through Patrick's rock and then onto the Krusty Krab)

Plankton: How about a little take-out!

SpongeBob: No, never! You can't fool me Plankton, you want the Krabby Patty secret formula! (walks into the Chum Bucket)

Plankton: You are going to hand it over to me personally!

SpongeBob: No, no, no! There's no one here.

Plankton: Don't remind me. Brace yourself SpongeBob, this is my lab! (walks into a room with a video of a Labrador Retriever then walk into Plankton's laboratory) And this is my laboratory! And did I ever show you my record player? (pulls it out and plays dramatic music)

SpongeBob: I must fight! (tries to break free but can't)

Plankton: No, no, no. There, you see how much easier it is when you help, friend? How do you like my analyzer? It tells the ingredients of whatever I put into it. (a mechanical arm puts in some seaweed in the analyzer)

Computer: Seaweed: 50% Sea; 50% Weed. (picture of the seaweed appears)

Plankton: Impressed? Now let's reveal that secret formula. (pulls the lever forward making a couple of SpongeBob's fingers slip off) And this little piggy brought home a Krabby Patty. (more fingers let go of the patty) This little piggy will help me drop it in. Any last words, SpongeBob SecretPants?

SpongeBob: I just have to say I'm sorry I let Mr Krabs down. I let all of Bikini Bottom down. But worst of all, I let you down, you delicate little Krabby Patty.

Plankton: Mmm.

SpongeBob: With your tasty, juicy, scrumptious, warm, steamy goodness.

Plankton: Steamy... (a real patty is shown being created)

SpongeBob: I'll never forget your 100% all-secret patty, secretly assembled with undersea cheese, pickles, lettuce, tomato, onion, all secretly steamed between two fluffy seaweed-sea buns. (Plankton drools)

Plankton: Yes...yes...yes!! (jumps at the patty) Come to poppa! (Plankton bounces off the patty and goes in the analyzer) Oh boy.

Computer: Plankton: 1% Evil, 99% Hot Gas. (shows Plankton on the screen)

Plankton: Well this stinks.

SpongeBob: Well patty, I guess we can go home now.

Plankton: SpongeBob, that's my Krabby Patty! (SpongeBob walks out and the doors swing open and close a few times) Give it back you porous freak! I command you! My patty! No!! I'll settle for some fries.

Squidward: Wow. Squidward, this is the best soufflé you have ever created. Congratulations, chef! (gets dressed off screen by taking a shower, gargling, and brushing his teeth. Comes out in a tuxedo and sits down but he hears giggling coming from outside. He goes to check on it and notices SpongeBob and Patrick playing with bubbles. SpongeBob whispers into the bubble and it floats right next to Patrick's head and pops) SpongeBob Bubble: Hi Patrick. (Patrick giggles as he whispers into a bubble and sends it over to SpongeBob where it pops)

Patrick Bubble: Hi SpongeBob. (SpongeBob giggles as Squidward gets irritated and makes a bubble of his own from the liquid of his soufflé. SpongeBob whispers into another bubble) SpongeBob: (whispering into bubble) Patrick, you're my best friend in the whole neighborhood. (bubble floats over but is interrupted when Squidward whispers into his "bubble". Squidward's bubble pops SpongeBob's bubble by kicking it. Squidward's bubble floats over to Patrick and pops)

Squidward Bubble: Patrick, you are the dumbest idiot it has ever been my misfortune to know. (Patrick frowns then sends a bubble over to SpongeBob)

Patrick Bubble: Do you really think that, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (whispering into the bubble) Of course, Patrick. Anyone with eyes can see that. (bubble floats over to Patrick and pops. Then another bubble floats back over to SpongeBob)

Patrick Bubble: Yeah? Well I think you're ugly. (another bubble comes over and pops) Yellow is ugly! (2 other bubbles, but smaller, floats over and pops and gives SpongeBob a raspberry.)

SpongeBob: (whispering into the bubble) Patrick, what are you talking about? (bubble floats over to Patrick. One of Squidward's bubbles floats over to SpongeBob and pops)

Squidward Bubble: SpongeBob, I no longer wish to know you. (SpongeBob gasps) You give bottom dwellers a bad name. (Squidward creates a bunch more. One floats over to SpongeBob) If I had a dollar for every brain you don't have, I'd have one dollar. (Squidward laughs. Another bubble floats over to Patrick) Hey Patrick, I heard there was a job opening down at the pet shop...as some newspaper!

Patrick: (stands up and yells at SpongeBob) Well that makes you a big dummy, you dummy!

SpongeBob: (stands up and yells at Patrick) Yeah, well that means that, uhh...so are you!

Patrick: Well, you're a turkey!

SpongeBob: What's that? (at this point, Squidward comes out with a lawn chair and his soufflé)

Patrick: It's what you are!

SpongeBob: Well you're a bigger one!

Patrick: Well you're still yellow! And you know what else is yellow?

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: You are!

SpongeBob: Oh yeah? Well it doesn't matter what you call me, 'cause I never wanna see you again anyway! (SpongeBob goes back inside through the back door and turns around) Aww, tarter sauce! (shuts door as Patrick opens his rock and slams it on himself and comes up all squished and sounding like an accordion. Squidward laughs a lot and puts the soufflé and fork in his mouth. He chokes on the fork and turns a deeper shade of blue as the letter "K" appears in his left eye and the

letter "O" appears in his right eye and flashes appears. Squidward passes out)
Patrick: Wow, Squidward, you're choking! (runs over to Squidward) Uhh...uhh, I know what to do, but I should wash my hands first. Oh, well. (takes a big, deep breath and does CPR on Squidward. As he is doing this, each one of Squidward's tentacles suction cups pops up. Eventually, the fork comes out and Patrick grabs it) I win!
Squidward: Wow! Patrick, you saved me!
Patrick: I did?
Squidward: Yup! You're a real lifesaver, friend! (shakes Patrick's hands)
Patrick: Friend? (holds Squidward) Friend...
Squidward: Yeah, Patrick, we're friends (steps back), just friends. (both notice SpongeBob in his window gazing down with a blank stare)
Patrick: So what're we gonna do tonight, best friend? (walks with Squidward over to the Easter island head)
Squidward: Well, I was going to practice my clarinet solo.
Patrick: Clarinet? I love music!
SpongeBob: Ahh, who needs them? They're no fun anyway, right, Gary? Gary? (knocks on his shell)
Squidward: Squidward will be performing his version of Solitude in E minor.
Patrick: (sitting on a bench as he claps) Yeah! E minor! All right! Yeah! (Squidward takes a deep breath and plays a note but Patrick falls asleep as soon as he starts playing. Squidward gets angry)
SpongeBob: Ah, what am I worried about? I got plenty of friends! I can name three right off the bat! (holds up three fingers) Uhh... (draws faces on each finger) The gangs all here... (starts to cry as we see Squidward dragging Patrick, still asleep, outside. Squidward breaks his back after dragging Patrick a few feet)
Squidward: My back! I threw out my back! (SpongeBob notices)
SpongeBob: Oh, boy, now's my chance! (jumps out the window)
Squidward: SpongeBob? No, no, stay back!
SpongeBob: (running) Don't worry, Squidward! I'm coming!
Squidward: No, no, no, get away from me!
SpongeBob: Hang on! I'll save you! (SpongeBob rips off his suit revealing a speedo underneath. Squidward tries to get to his door)
Squidward: No, no! Get away from me! No, no! (SpongeBob jumps off a diving board)
SpongeBob: Hold on!
Squidward: No, no! Get away! (screaming as SpongeBob dives into his back cracking it back into place) Oh! I'm ruined! I'm...I'm...I'm...I-I feel great! Thanks, SpongeBob! You're a real friend! (SpongeBob smiles big)
SpongeBob: Friend...
Squidward: N-no, no, no, I didn't mean that, no-no.
SpongeBob: Don't worry, Squidy old pal. That's what friends are for. (Squidward and SpongeBob walk into the Easter island head) So dumb Patrick fell asleep on ya, huh? Some friend. A real friend would perform for you!
Squidward: You play?
SpongeBob: Are you kidding? I've been playing bassinet for years! (he takes one from the wall) Give me an A, buddy
Music: Squidward, My Friend
Squidward is my best friend in the world.
Squidward is my best friend in the sea.
Squidward likes Patrick more than SpongeBob.
And Patrick is a dirty stinky, rotten filthy friend stealer!

SpongeBob: Umm, I can fix this. (Squidward is steaming red and throws SpongeBob out) So, uhh, I'll see you tomorrow, Squidward! Call me!
Squidward: Yech! That was disgusting! I feel like I need to scrub myself. (opens up the curtain and screams after he sees

Patrick in his tub)
Patrick: Hey, buddy. I warmed it up for ya. (shows him a brush and soap)
Squidward: Patrick! Get out! And put some clothes on! (SpongeBob peeks in through the upstairs window)
SpongeBob: What's the matter, Squidward, old buddy? (notices Patrick in the bath-tub) Oh, ho-ho, so this is what I find, huh? My best friend and my ex-best friend and... (shown bath toys) ...rubber bath toys! (SpongeBob & Patrick argue as Squidward runs away)
Squidward: Ahh! This can't be happening to me!
SpongeBob & Patrick: Squidward?!
SpongeBob: Buddy?!
Patrick: Squidward?!
SpongeBob: Where'd ya go, friend?
Patrick: Where are ya, ol' buddy?
Squidward: (in a trash-can) Oh, this is nuts! I need a plan to get those two back together and out of my hair!
SpongeBob: (reading a magazine as the doorbell rings a letter is pushed under the door. Then he smells it) Squidward. (opens it) A dinner party? I'd love to! (SpongeBob knocks on Squidward's door and Squidward opens it) Did you miss me?
Squidward: Come on in! You look stunning. (shuts door)
SpongeBob: I'd much rather dine with you than that lousy... (gasps when he sees Patrick) Say, what gives? I'm not sitting near that maniac!
Patrick: Me neither! This was a setup!
Squidward: I thought you two were my best friends.
SpongeBob & Patrick: I am your best friend!
Squidward: (takes out a bottle of soda) Well, how about some soda, guys? (SpongeBob shows him his glass)
SpongeBob: Yes, please! (Squidward gives him some soda) Thanks, friend. (flicks Squidward's nose)
Patrick: How about some for your best friend? (SpongeBob gets the soda instead of Patrick)
SpongeBob: Thanks, best friend! (drinks)
Patrick: Can I have some now, buddy?
SpongeBob: Wait, I need some more! (pours SpongeBob another glass)
Patrick: I still didn't get any! (SpongeBob gives Patrick his soda)
SpongeBob: There ya go. More please! (Squidward fills his glass as SpongeBob drinks it really fast)
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Hey, Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward! (shows Squidward his glass again but it's still full) Hey, Squidward!
Squidward: Patrick, your glass is full.
Patrick: Oh, yeah...
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Hey, Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Hey, Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Hey, Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
SpongeBob: (shows Squidward his glass) Squidward!
Patrick: (shows Squidward his glass) Hey, Squidward!
SpongeBob & Patrick: (both show Squidward their glass) Squidward!

Squidward: Sorry, boys, I'm all out of pop. I'm gonna go get some more. (walks away) Why don't you just stay here and chat? (closes door. Then we are shown SpongeBob and Patrick not wanting to look at each other. Then SpongeBob hiccups and a bubble floats up and pops that sounds like a burp. Both of them laugh and the entire house is full of bubbles as Squidward walks up to his door. Then a crashing sound is heard) I should just walk away right now. (opens door to find his house destroyed) What a surprise... I invited them in, and I left them alone. Well, Squidward, what have we learned today? (pieces around the door break)

SpongeBob: Guess what, Squidward? (both hug)

Patrick: Me and SpongeBob are friends again!

Squidward: Great. Go be friends somewhere else.

SpongeBob: Don't you want us to help you clean this up a little?

Squidward: NO! Out! (both walk out)

SpongeBob: Psst, I think he's jealous.

Patrick: How pathetic. (Squidward shuts door hard and when he turns around the door falls on his back)

Squidward: Oh, my back!

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob's foghorn alarm goes off) This is it, Gary!

Gary: Meow. (SpongeBob's bed bounce up and flings SpongeBob at the calendar where he lands on March 3rd with the words 'boating exam today!' on it then drops to the floor) The big boating exam is today! I've never felt so capable! (door opens from underneath him. Comes out of his house riding a bike) I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready. Squidward! Squidward!

Squidward: What?

SpongeBob: I'm ready, Squidward! (SpongeBob rides his unicycle around Squidward's house)

Squidward: Ready to move?

SpongeBob: No, I'm ready to pass my boating test. (rides his bike towards the school) I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready... (stops his bike near a dumpster and jumps off of it) I'm ready-easy-easy-easy-easy-easy-easy-easy-easy. Well pal, I won't be needing you anymore. (throws the bike into the dumpster) I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready! Oh, yeah! I'm ready!

Citizen: Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Yes! Hey, I just got my license!

SpongeBob: (snaps fingers) Hey, I'm getting mine next!

Citizen: Hey, I doubt it! (walks off)

SpongeBob: Ok, see you on the road. I'm ready! Here I come, Mrs. Puff! I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready (jumps around the boardwalk)

Mrs. Puff: (sighs) I'm not ready. (opens the door)

SpongeBob: Hi, Mrs. Puff! Today is the day I'm going to pass my boating exam!

Mrs. Puff: (with clipboard and pen in hand) We'll see about that, SpongeBob. First we must...

SpongeBob: First I must pass the oral exam. I am confident in my abilities to successfully succeed.

Mrs. Puff: I know. Ok, #1: What is the front of the boat?

SpongeBob: The bow. (Mrs. Puff writes down his answer)

Mrs. Puff: What is the back?

SpongeBob: Stern. (Mrs. Puff writes down his answer)

Mrs. Puff: #3: Right is...

SpongeBob: Starboard. Port. Skipper. Deck. Cabin. Galley. Keel. 1924. (Mrs. Puff writes down his answers)

Mrs. Puff: You've past the oral test. What a surprise! (gets in the boat and secures herself tightly) Now it's time to once again take the driving portion of the exam. Ok, SpongeBob, get in the boat.

SpongeBob: Oh, in this boat right here? (looks at his watch) Is it time already?

Mrs. Puff: Get in the boat, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Oh yeah, absolutely. (gets in)

Mrs. Puff: All you have to do is get on the track. (looks ahead to the track that gets longer and longer) Ok, SpongeBob, what's the first thing you do?

SpongeBob: 1924?

Mrs. Puff: No, no. First thing is to start the boat. (Mrs. Puff turns the engine on and SpongeBob goes crazy) SpongeBob? SpongeBob? Relax, it's only the boat.

SpongeBob: The boat?
Mrs. Puff: Ok, now what do you do next?
SpongeBob: Floor it?
Mrs. Puff: Yes...no, no! Don't floor it.
SpongeBob: Floor it?
Mrs. Puff: No, no, don't, don't floor it.
SpongeBob: Ok, floor it.
Mrs. Puff: No! No! (SpongeBob pushes the accelerator down and starts driving backwards really fast by some spectators and drives into a building. After crashing, Mrs Puff becomes big & round)
Mrs. Puff: (deep voice) Oh, SpongeBob, why?
Fred: My leg!
SpongeBob: (in his bed) I don't know why, Gary. I don't know. I'm tired of failing that boating test. I've already taken it thirty-seven times.
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: Ok, thirty-eight. (puts his pillow on his head)
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: No, Gary, I'm not walking.
Patrick: (over walkie-talkie in SpongeBob's bed) SpongeBob, this is star ranger, over.
SpongeBob: (through walkie-talkie) What is it, Patrick?
Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) I got a surprise for you.
SpongeBob: (through walkie-talkie) Oh, Patrick, I'm not in the mood.
Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Get out of bed. (SpongeBob gets out of bed)
SpongeBob: (through walkie-talkie) Ok, now what, Patrick?
Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Go to your closet for a surprise. (SpongeBob slides down a room and stands up in front of his closet door)
SpongeBob: (through walkie-talkie) Ok, I'm at the closet.
Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Listen carefully. What's pink and square at the same time?
SpongeBob: (through walkie-talkie) I don't know, Patrick. (SpongeBob opens the closet door and Patrick has one of SpongeBob's square pants on)
Patrick: Patrick SquarePants!
SpongeBob: Pat, don't do that. (sits in a chair) I've got too much to worry about.
Patrick: What's the problem?
SpongeBob: I can't pass my boating exam. I've taken it thirty-seven...
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: ...uhh, thirty-eight times. I know all the answers... (Patrick's square pants rip off) ...until I get behind the wheel. I just need something to help me think straight.
Patrick: Thinking straight is what I do. You drive and I'll do all the thinking for you. (takes SpongeBob's walkie-talkie)
SpongeBob: How are we going to do that? (Patrick puts a walkie-talkie into SpongeBob's head with the antenna coming out of the top)
Patrick: Come in, SpongeBob. Hello? Hello?
SpongeBob: Hey! I can hear you in my head! This is great! While I'm taking the test, you can give me all the answers. (SpongeBob notices the antenna sticking out) Wait a minute, Patrick. Won't I look silly with this antenna coming out of my head? (Patrick puts a tall hat over the antenna. Next, we see a big telescope peeking out SpongeBob's upstairs window)
Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Pat to Sponge, Pat to Sponge, testing, testing. (looking through the telescope at SpongeBob) Testing, testing, testing, testing, testing, testing! Testing!! (yells) Testing! Ah! Test. Do you read?!

SpongeBob: Sponge to Pat, I read you loud and clear, over.
Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Got your apple ready? (SpongeBob shows an apple) Lucky undergarments? Hold on. Hold on. (Patrick focuses in on the underwear with the telescope to reveal the word 'lucky' on the top of it) Bingo! Underwear, apple, and me. You're ready to get that license. Uh-oh, here comes Mrs. Puff! Act natural. (SpongeBob jumps out of the boat

and on the ground and starts chewing grass)

SpongeBob: Moo.

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) No, no, get in the boat! (SpongeBob jumps in the boat. A siren is heard as Mrs. Puff comes out an ambulance and into the boat) Give her the apple. (SpongeBob gives her the apple)

SpongeBob: Here you go, ma'am. (Mrs. Puff throws apple in her mouth and swallows)

Mrs. Puff: Let's get this over with. (takes a deep breath) What's the first thing you do? (puts hands and arms over head for protection)

SpongeBob: Uhh...

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Start the boat. (SpongeBob pushes a button that starts the boat causing Mrs. Puff to go crazy)

SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff. Mrs. Puff!

Mrs. Puff: Whoa-ho! Huh? What?

SpongeBob: It's ok, it's only the boat.

Mrs. Puff: The boat? You started the boat?

SpongeBob: I...I think so.

Mrs. Puff: Oh. Well...what's the second thing you do?

SpongeBob: 1924?

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) No, no, put it in drive.

SpongeBob: Put it in drive?

Mrs. Puff: Yes, yes, yes! (SpongeBob pushes lever down to drive) Put it in drive. Then what?

SpongeBob: (lifts leg up) Floor it?

Mrs. Puff: No! Ahh! No-o-o.

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Freeze, mister! (SpongeBob stops) Big toe. (SpongeBob's big toe pops out of his shoe and gently pushes the accelerator down)

Mrs. Puff: Oh gracious. Oh gracious! Oh-oh. Ha-ha! Ah, we haven't crashed yet.

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Ok, you're coming to your first turn. (giant wall with the word 'wall' on it is shown and a left curve)

Mrs. Puff: Oh no, the first turn. Please, tell me you know what to do at the first turn.

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Left. (SpongeBob turns left)

Mrs. Puff: Oh!

Patrick: (through walkie-talkie) Right. (SpongeBob turns right)

Mrs. Puff: Oh! Oh my, this is splendid, SpongeBob. You're doing fine. (SpongeBob stops at a stop sign and looks both ways before starting to drive again. Then drives around with his left arm out making a signal. Patrick still talking to SpongeBob through the walkie-talkie as SpongeBob drives over a big hill in the road. As Mrs. Puff writes a couple things on her clipboard, Patrick is putting on another pair of square pants. SpongeBob pulls back on the boat and the boat jumps in the air over a big anchor. Patrick finds SpongeBob's diary and begins to read and laugh at it as SpongeBob jumps off a ramp through a ring of fire. Fred is walking across the course but SpongeBob stops the boat and helps him walk across. He gets back in the boat as Patrick is eating out of SpongeBob's fridge. SpongeBob is sitting back and driving with his feet and driving upside down) Splendid! Wonderful! (sign that reads 'finish line' is just ahead) There's the finish line. It's unbelievable. You've shown the most spectacular improvement of any student I've ever seen. What's your secret? A little radio in your head? (everyone laughs) Oh, and under that hat is some kind of, uhh, antenna? (everyone laughs) And some guy miles away from here is giving you all the answers? (everyone laughs) Oh, yes, but that would be cheating. (SpongeBob opens his eyes wide realizing he is cheating)

Patrick: Haha! Cheating! Haha! Haha!

SpongeBob: I'm cheating. Mrs Puff!

Mrs. Puff: Yes, my star pupil?

SpongeBob: I think I'm cheating.

Mrs. Puff: What's that, dear? (SpongeBob takes a hold of Mrs. Puff)

SpongeBob: I think I am cheating!

Mrs. Puff: You've...you've let go of the wheel.
SpongeBob: I do have an antenna under my hat. (shows antennae under hat) There is a guy giving me all the answers. It's all true! (crying) I'm cheating! I'm cheating! I'm cheating!
Patrick: What? (Patrick runs out of SpongeBob's house and back under his rock)
SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Mrs. Puff! I'm sorry!
Mrs. Puff: The wheel, SpongeBob. The wheel...
SpongeBob: Cheating...I'm a cheater. Cheater...
Mrs. Puff: No, no, no. It's quite alright, you can cheat.
SpongeBob: No...I'm cheating!
Mrs. Puff: At least, SpongeBob...
SpongeBob: Cheating.
Mrs. Puff: Cheat that way!
SpongeBob: I'm a cheater, cheater, pumpkin eater.
Mrs. Puff: It's ok to cheat today!
SpongeBob: No...
Mrs. Puff: That way! Cheat that way!
SpongeBob: Cheater.
Mrs. Puff: (manly voice) Oh, SpongeBob, why?
SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, I think I cheated.
Fred: My leg!
SpongeBob: Uhh, I'm sorry for letting you down again, Mrs. Puff.
Mrs. Puff: It's ok, SpongeBob, you didn't mean it. Ok, boys, take me away. (EMTs shove Mrs. Puff into the ambulance)
SpongeBob: Don't worry, Mrs. Puff. I'll try harder next semester. (Mrs. Puff screams as she is taken away by the ambulance)
It'll be great! (walks away) Only now I don't even have my bike.
Gary: (with SpongeBob's bike) Meow.
SpongeBob: Gary! My bike! You found it! This sponge is still mobile! (rides away on his bike) Alright, let's go surprise someone at the hospital!
Squidward: Hurry up with those chairs SpongeBob, it's after closing and I'd like to go home. (phone rings)
SpongeBob: I got it, I got it, coming. (leaps for the phone but Squidward answers it first)
Squidward: Hello? Sorry, sir, we're close... (Mr. Krabs snatches phone)
Mr. Krabs: Ahoy, there, Krusty Krab. How could I help you? (customer explains order over phone) Pizza? (eyes turn into dollar signs) Of course we have pizza.
Squidward: Uhh, Mr. Krabs...
Mr. Krabs: Our delivery Squid will bring it right over. (hangs up)
Squidward: Mr. Krabs, we don't serve pizza. (Mr. Krabs gets a plate of Krabby patties and turns it into pizza) We don't deliver.
Mr. Krabs: We don't deliver, but you do.
Squidward: Can't you just get SpongeBob to do it?
Mr. Krabs: Great idea! Take him with you. (SpongeBob sneaks over smiling big)
Squidward: That's not what I had in mind!
SpongeBob: Front end...check. Antenna...check. Bumper...check. Bumper sticker... (bumper sticker says "I Brake FoR SeA URchins") ...check. (un-caps the tire pressure and inhales a little) Tire pressure... (blows out the rest of the pressure in Squidward's face) ...check. Vehicle inspection complete! We're really making history here Squidward. That lucky customer is going to get the first Krabby Patty pizza ever.
Squidward: Good, then you drive.
SpongeBob: I can't. I'm still in Boating School.
Squidward: Come on, SpongeBob. It's just around the corner.
SpongeBob: Well, yeah, but...
Squidward: Just do what you do in school.

SpongeBob: Well, okay. Wait, don't tell me.
Squidward: Back it up.
SpongeBob: Huh?
Squidward: Back it up.
SpongeBob: All right, back it up. (tries to move the stick shift down)
Squidward: Back it up!
SpongeBob: Okay, okay.
Squidward: Shift into reverse, SpongeBob.
SpongeBob: Reverse? Oh, yeah, reverse. (words turn into Korean)
Squidward: Back it up!
SpongeBob: (shifts gears) Back it up! (boat backs up really fast)
Squidward: Give me the wheels, SpongeBob! Give me the wheels!
SpongeBob: Backing up! Backing up! (boat eventually stops with no fuel left)
Squidward: Well...You backed up. And you know what? I think we're out of gas. And you know what else? We're in the middle of nowhere!
SpongeBob: And you know what else else? I think the pizza's getting cold.
Squidward: And the pizza's cold? Oh, the pizza's cold. Not the pizza! Oh, how could it get any worse? (kicks boat and the boat starts up again and goes forward fast back to the KK)
SpongeBob: Well, we can still deliver it on foot. (both walk on the sand)
Squidward: Ow, ow ow.
SpongeBob: (singing) The Krusty Krab pizza is the pizza for you and me. The Krusty Krab pizza is the pizza...
Squidward: ...And my feet are killing me. Whoa. (trips over SpongeBob) SpongeBob? What are you doing?
SpongeBob: (rubbing ground) It's an old pioneer trick. I saw it in a movie once.
Squidward: SpongeBob, this is no time for...
SpongeBob: Shh, shh, shh. It's working.
Squidward: What is it?
SpongeBob: (pointing to the road) Truck! Sixteen wheels. Now I can show you how the pioneers hitchhiked. (starts dancing in the road)
Truck Driver: Crashin' Fashion Break Dancers!
Squidward: He's stopping! He's stopping! (Squidward realizes he's not stopping and grabs SpongeBob out of the way where they are covered in sand thanks to the truck)
SpongeBob: The Krusty Krab pizza is the pizza for you and me. The Krusty Krab pizza is the pizza free delivery. The Krusty Krab pizza is the pizza very ta-asty. (SpongeBob gets carried around in the air by the huge winds)
Squidward: Will you let go of that stupid pizza, already?
SpongeBob: I can't, it's for the customer.
Squidward: Who cares about the customer?
SpongeBob: I do!
Squidward: Well, I don't!
SpongeBob: (wind stops and SpongeBob gasps) Squidward! (starts flying again)
Squidward: Let go of that pizza!
SpongeBob: No! (runs over Squidward)
Squidward: (holding SpongeBob's legs) SpongeBob, let go of that pizza!
SpongeBob: No, it's for the customer!
Squidward: SpongeBob! Let go of the pizza! (lifts up into the tornado) SpongeBob! (looks down) Hang onto the pizza! (tornado spits them both out. SpongeBob uses the pizza as a parachute but Squidward falls hard onto the ground) Hey! Hey! Where's the road? We're doomed! How are we gonna get home, which way do we go? What are we gonna do now! There's no road here!
SpongeBob: I think town's this way. (points)
Squidward: Oh, don't tell me, Jethro. The pioneers?

SpongeBob: That's right. Moss always points to civilization.
Squidward: That way? That way there? (SpongeBob nods) So, let me get this straight...you think that we should go that way?
SpongeBob: Yep
Squidward: Well, then I'm going this way. (heads the other way)
SpongeBob: Huh? Squid, wait! I don't think...
Squidward: Trust me, I know where I'm going. (shows a town in the other direction)
SpongeBob: (sings) The Krusty Krab pizza is the pizza absolutivally. (later, both lying down face down in the sand)
Squidward: Sponge, we gotta eat something.
SpongeBob: I heard in times of hardship, the pioneers would eat coral. (Squidward eats some coral) No, maybe it wasn't coral. (Squidward spits out the coral) Maybe it was sand, no, mud.
Squidward: Give me the pizza!
SpongeBob: Wait, I remember now. It was coral!
Squidward: Give it to me!
SpongeBob: No, we promised it was for the customer.
Squidward: You're right! It's for the customer.
SpongeBob: Yeah!
Squidward: Maybe we better check on it, make sure it's okay.
SpongeBob: Well?
Squidward: Just a peek. (opens box)
SpongeBob: Okay, it's fine.
Squidward: No, I think I saw something. (opens box) Oh, no I was wrong. It looks okay. Sure is a fine looking pizza.
SpongeBob: Yeah!
Squidward: What's that? Is that the cheese?
SpongeBob: Yeah!
Squidward: And the pepperoni?
SpongeBob: Yeah!
Squidward: Oh, looks good, huh?
SpongeBob: Wait a second, I know what you're trying to do Squidward. I'm not letting you eat the pizza!
Squidward: Give me the pizza!
SpongeBob: No!
Squidward: Don't make me take it away from you, SpongeBob!
SpongeBob: Get away!
Squidward: Get back here, SpongeBob, give me the pizza!
SpongeBob: No!
Squidward: SpongeBob!
SpongeBob: No!
Squidward: SpongeBob!
SpongeBob: No!
Squidward: Wait!
SpongeBob: No! (runs into Squidward)
Squidward: I want that pizza and you're gonna hand it over: one way or another.
SpongeBob: Look, we're saved!
Squidward: Sure, we're saved, now give me some pizza!
SpongeBob: No, really Squid, we're saved!
Squidward: Will you cut that out?! That's just a stupid boulder!
SpongeBob: It's not just a boulder; It's a rock! A ro-o-o-ock. (starts to cry) The pioneers used to ride these babies for miles, and it's in great shape.
Squidward: SpongeBob, will you forget the stupid pioneers? Have you ever noticed that there are none of them left? That's because they were lousy hitchhikers, ate coral and took directions from algae! And now, you're telling me they thought they

could drive... (SpongeBob runs over Squidward with the boulder) ...rocks? Hold on there, Jethro.
SpongeBob: I can't wait to see the look on our customer's face! (rings doorbell)
Tom: Yeah?
SpongeBob: Congratulations, sir. Your Krabby Patty pizza is here!
Tom: Wow, thanks, I've been dying for one of these. Where's my drink?
SpongeBob: What drink?
Tom: My drink! My diet Dr. Kelp. Don't tell me you forgot my drink!
SpongeBob: (checks through the order) But, you didn't order any...
Tom: How am I supposed to eat this pizza without my drink?
SpongeBob: But...but...
Tom: Didn't you ever once think of the customer? (gives the pizza back) You call yourself a delivery boy? Well, I ain't buying! (closes door)
Squidward: Sponge? Sponge? It's okay. Sponge? (SpongeBob starts crying like a baby) Sponge? (Squidward gets angry and takes a try at the customer)
Tom: Another one? Look, I told your little friend I ain't paying for that!
Squidward: Well, this one's on the house! (throws pizza in face of Tom)
SpongeBob: (starting to stop crying) Did he change his mind?
Squidward: He sure did. Ate the whole thing in one bite.
SpongeBob: No drink?
Squidward: Nah. Now take me home. (jumps up on the rock)
SpongeBob: Are you kidding, we have just enough time to make it back to work. (backs up the rock where they are instantly at the Krusty Krab)
Squidward: Work? Oh, my aching tentacles!
Nematodes: Walking, walking, walking, walking.
Nematode #1: Hungry!
Nematodes: Hungry, hungry, hungry, hungry. (all eat some coral) Nematode #1: Still hungry!
Nematodes: still hungry, still hungry, still hungry, still hungry. (eat a car that drives by)
Fred: Aww, dang nematodes!
Nematode #1: Thirsty!
Nematodes: Thirsty, thirsty, thirsty, thirsty. (all bounce to SpongeBob's house and take out straws. Then start drinking up the pineapple house. SpongeBob and Gary are still sleeping as everything begins to shrink inside, even Gary's bowl)
Gary: Meow. (SpongeBob's bed begins to shrink as he wakes up)
SpongeBob: Hooray, Gary! We're finally huge!
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: Huh? Wait a minute! Oh no! (squeezes through the doors as he tries to get to the phone. Gary gets stuck in a door.) Shell phone! I'll call Squidward. He'll know what to do!
Squidward: (answers phone) Hello?
SpongeBob: Squidward!
Squidward: Is it time already for you to ruin my day?
SpongeBob: (as he talks to Squidward, his voice gets higher and higher until the phone completely disappears) Squidward! Help me! My house is shrinking and I woke up this morning and it was getting smaller...oh no!
Squidward: Yep, it is. (Patrick comes out from his rock)
Patrick: Is it time, already, to ruin Squid's day? (falls off rock onto his furniture then jumps out with a tuxedo on) Hey, SpongeBob, don't start without me! (SpongeBob's house gets sucked up by the nematodes. Then the nematodes leave)
SpongeBob: Ohh...nematodes. (sees a seed on the ground) The only thing left of my house is this little pebble.
Squidward: What's going on here?
SpongeBob: I've got bad news, guys! Look at what happened to my house! It's gone! It's all gone. What am I going to do? Where am I going to live?
Squidward: (excited) Yeah...

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, your house is gone!

Squidward: Well, what can I say? (begins to shake SpongeBob's hand) It's been great knowing you, SpongeBob. Good luck, somewhere else. (starts to walk back into his Easter Island head) I'm gonna miss you. Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo. (party favors fly out Squidward's windows as he parties) Boo-hoo! (starts to laugh)

Patrick: Squid's taking it real hard. So what are you gonna do now?

SpongeBob: I guess I'll have to move back with my mom and dad. (shown a picture of SpongeBob's parents smiling)

Patrick: No, wait a minute, no you don't. (shown picture of SpongeBob's parents frowning) We can build you a new house!

SpongeBob: We can't build a house!

Patrick: Well, sure, it's easy! I built my house all by myself! (antenna on Patrick's rock falls off)

SpongeBob: Alright, Patrick, let's get to work! (shows SpongeBob and Patrick as construction workers. As SpongeBob tightens a loose bolt, the screen turns every time SpongeBob tightens the bolt sending Patrick flying upside-down then back into the ground. SpongeBob is nailing pieces of wooden boards together and a piece would fall off and land on Patrick's fingers. Then Patrick would move his board under the next board that would fall off. Next, shown SpongeBob's finished house and Patrick gives a big thumbs up with bandages wrapped around his thumb)

Patrick: We're done!

SpongeBob: Yeah! So what do you think?

Patrick: I wish I lived there.

SpongeBob: Really?

Patrick: No. (Sponge puts the pineapple on his head)

SpongeBob: One bedroom. (nose flips through the door and pineapple breaks into pieces)

Patrick: Tartar sauce.

SpongeBob: Well, looks like we've got to move back with mom and pop.

Patrick: Well, you can't move back in with your parents! When my parents kicked me out of the house, I never went back. Wait! You and Gary can come stay with me!

SpongeBob: That'd be great!

Patrick: Yeah! We'll be rock mates! (SpongeBob and Patrick are sleeping under Patrick's rock) Good night, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Good night, rock mate.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Good night, Gary. (SpongeBob goes to sleep but then is awoken to Patrick's snoring) Oh...what the...? (Gary hides in his shell from the noises of Patrick's snoring & SpongeBob puts in a cork in the sides of his head and goes back to sleep. The wind blows and Patrick pulls the rock closer to him and SpongeBob pulls it back. This goes back and forth until Patrick keeps the rock closer to him. SpongeBob gets cold so he covers himself with the sand on the ground and goes to sleep. Patrick's drooling makes its way over to SpongeBob. As SpongeBob snores, he absorbs the drool coming from Patrick and becomes a fat Sponge. He walks over to Patrick and then removes the corks down-sizing him to a normal Sponge. Then he takes out a bigger cork and puts it in Patrick's mouth and goes back to sleep. Patrick spits out the cork)

Patrick: Spiders! (lifts rock and starts hitting SpongeBob with it until he goes back to sleep. SpongeBob walks away from the rock a few feet and goes back to sleep. A few moments later, Patrick hits SpongeBob a few times with the rock, again. Then goes back to sleep. SpongeBob walks over to Squidward's house where Squidward is still sleeping)

SpongeBob: (tapping Squidward's nose as he whispers) Squidward? Squidward?

Squidward: H-h-huh?

SpongeBob: Squidward?

Squidward: Huh? Wha-what?

SpongeBob: Squidward, could we stay here a couple of days or a month or two?

Squidward: Yeah, yeah, wha-wha-whatever.

SpongeBob: Thanks. Thanks Squidward. (gets in bed with Squidward) Squidward, could you scoot over a little?

Squidward: Hmm, yeah, sure. (scoots over to the side)

SpongeBob: While you're at it, could you get me a glass of water?

Squidward: Ok. Hmmm, yeah, sure. (he walks off to get some water for SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Yeah, this is a real swell place you got here. (Squidward hands SpongeBob the glass of water) Thanks, buddy.

Squidward: Y-you're welcome. (SpongeBob drinks the water)
SpongeBob: Yeah, I like sleepovers.
Squidward: Yeah. Me, too.
SpongeBob: Yep, this is great. Good night, Squidward.
Squidward: (yawns) Good night, SpongeBob. (Squidward opens his eyes to realize SpongeBob is in his bed. Next, we're shown Squidward showing SpongeBob out the door) Good night, SpongeBob. (the next day, Squidward opens his eyes excitedly) T-t-t-today's the big day, Squidward! Don't wanna be late! (gets dressed and heads outside) Gotta hurry! Hold it! Hold everything! (SpongeBob, with suitcases, and Patrick are standing outside waiting for SpongeBob's parents to arrive) I do not want to miss this. The day SpongeBob moves! I can't believe it's really happening.
SpongeBob: Don't worry, Squidward. I'll come visit you.
Squidward: Don't try to cheer me up, SpongeBob. Please.
SpongeBob: Here come my parents. (Patrick begins to cry and the car horn sounds)
Mrs. SquarePants: SpongeBob! Hi, honey, we're here!
Mr. SquarePants: Come on, SpongeBob, hurry hurry son, your mother has dinner waiting.
SpongeBob: Hi, mom.
Squidward: Hello, Mrs. SquarePants! Let me help you with these bags.
SpongeBob: Just give me a minute. (walks back to where his house used to be) I cannot hold onto you any longer, little pebble. (buries it into the ground) You hold too many memories. (a tear falls from his nose and into the ground where the seed absorbs it and then glows. Then shakes Squidward's hand) Well, Squidward, this is good-bye. (walks away)
Squidward: Good-bye, SpongeBob, good-bye. (dances) Good-bye, SpongeBob. Bye-bye-bye. Good-bye, SpongeBob. Ha-ha. Good-bye, good-bye.
SpongeBob: (Patrick is crying) Good-bye, Patrick. Good-bye, Bikini Bottom. (Patrick hangs onto the back of the boat still crying)
Squidward: (still dancing) SpongeBob is leaving. He's leaving, he's leaving. (the seed grows some roots) SpongeBob is leaving, he's leaving... (seed grows a vine and comes out of the ground and drops a pineapple where SpongeBob's old house used to be on top of Squidward. The vine then goes back into the ground)
SpongeBob: My house is back! (SpongeBob, his parents, & Patrick all excitedly go back into the pineapple) Aww, Squid, isn't this great? I'm back forever!
Squidward: Forever?
TV Announcer: Mermaid Man: Fleet and Forceful. With the ability to assemble and charge the creatures of the deep.
Mermaid Man: By the power of Neptune!
TV Announcer: Mermaid Man, with his young associate Barnacle Boy, fights for all creatures who live in the sea, against the forces of evil.
Villain: Oh, no! The Raging Whirlpool.
TV Announcer: Mermaid Man: Champion of the Deep.
SpongeBob & Patrick: Yay! Champion of the deep! Woo!
SpongeBob: (dressed up as Mermaid Man) Come, Barnacle Boy. There's evil afoot.
Patrick: (dressed up as Barnacle Boy) Leaping' Lampreys, Mermaid Man. I'm right behind you.
SpongeBob: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy spot their arch enemy, Reflecto, up to no good.
Squidward: SpongeBob.
SpongeBob: You know what this means.
Patrick: Donuts.
SpongeBob & Patrick: Ooohh.
SpongeBob: By the power of Neptune. (Patrick bites into the donut)
SpongeBob & Patrick: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy Unite!
SpongeBob: Creatures of the deep, assemble! (both go into deep thinking) Think...harder...Barnacle Boy. (jellyfish swims by) Here they come. (Squidward blows jellyfish away)
SpongeBob: Blast, Reflecto has become too powerful.
Squidward: (under a tent) What the? Ohh! RAGA...

SpongeBob: If Reflecto is cut off from sunlight, he becomes weak.
Patrick: Jumping Jellyfish, Mermaid Man. He's destroying the shield. (Squidward is destroying The 'Shield')
SpongeBob: Quick, Barnacle Boy, back to the sea cave.
Patrick: Right, Mermaid Man.
Squidward: SpongeBob! SpongeBob, open up!
SpongeBob: Reflecto has found our secret lab.
Patrick: What would the real Mermaid Man do?
Squidward: Why don't you go ask him yourself?
SpongeBob: Elaborate, you vile fiend.
Squidward: He and Barnacle Boy live in the retirement home on the other side of town.
SpongeBob: Hmm, they must be working undercover.
Squidward: Yeah...now please leave me alone.
SpongeBob & Patrick: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy reunite! (Patrick now has 3 bites)
(At Shady Shoals Retirement Home)
SpongeBob: Excuse me, I know that Mermaid Man is working undercover on an important case, but you think we can see him?
Manager: Undercover? Yeah...well I'll see if they can take time from their busy schedule to see you. (SpongeBob and Patrick laughing as they walk in) There they are. Right over there. (SpongeBob and Patrick gasp)
Manager: Try not to surprise them.
SpongeBob: Patrick! Can you believe it?
Patrick: (holding onto SpongeBob) Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy in the flesh! (SpongeBob and Patrick walk in front of the TV)
Barnacle Boy: Hey, who are those guys?
Mermaid Man: Uhh, are they here to fix the TV?
(SB And Pat Are giggling)
Barnacle Boy: What do you want?
SpongeBob: Are you Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy?
Barnacle Boy: Well, we used to be. But now we're retired.
(Patrick and SB Gasp.)
SpongeBob: But you can't retire! There's evil afoot.
Mermaid Man: Wha? what Evil. EVIL! Barnacle Boy! Don't Forget, there's evil!
SpongeBob: All I said that there was evil afoot.
Mermaid Man: EVIL! EEEEEEEEEEEEE! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!
Barnacle Boy: Would you please stop saying that?
Mermaid Man: (hanging on a water fountain) EVIL! EVIL, EVIL, EVIL, EVIL, EVIL, EVIL, BAAAAH! (water squirts at Mermaid Man)
Disgrace! (manager picks SpongeBob and Patrick up and throws them out)
SpongeBob: Wow, Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy.
Patrick: It's too bad they're old.
SpongeBob: What do you mean, Patrick? Old people are the greatest. They're full of wisdom and experience. (captain gives a thumbs up) The world needs Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. Someone, somewhere, is in trouble, and I won't rest until Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy are out of retirement. (fireworks appear)
Patrick: Ooh! Pretty lights!
(At The home's cafeteria)
Mermaid Man: To the meatloaf! To the broccoli! Make sure you give extra broccoli to my young ward. The boy needs his vitamins.
Cafeteria Lady: Here you go, son. Haha.
Mermaid Man: To the table, away!
Barnacle Boy: Careful! Don't run!
SpongeBob: Hey, Mermaid Man.
Mermaid Man: Uh, here comes the TV repairman.

Barnacle Boy: What do you want from us.
SpongeBob: Hold on. Just let me look at ya.
Mermaid Man: Stay alert, Barnacle Boy. He...he's up to something.
Barnacle Boy: Will you cut...will you stop calling me 'boy'?
SpongeBob: Do you remember the time the food supply in Atlantis was running low? So you invited a ray gun that makes things grow six times their size to shoot at the kelp gardens. But then the evil Man Ray swoops down and swipes the gun away and shoots all the algae. (Pretends to shoot) And he globs on the undersea Dome! (Splats on table) And then he starts sucking on the glass. (Sucks up his saliva)
Barnacle Boy: What's your point, kid?
SpongeBob: You guys are the greatest heroes of all time, and I think you should come out of retirement.
Mermaid Man: Listen up, you villains. I wanna eat my meatloaf. If you don't get out of here, then by the power invested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife.
Manager: What is going on in here?
Mermaid Man: You may kiss the bride! (SpongeBob gets kicked out)
Patrick: Did you re-unite our heroes?
SpongeBob: No, but I'm married.
(Back at the retirement home)
Mermaid Man: Up, up, and away. Up, up, and away.
SpongeBob: (dressed up as a woman) Oh, my. This purse is so big and heavy.
Patrick: (dressed up as the A robber) Hold it right there, ma'am. I'll be taking that.
SpongeBob: Aah! Help! Help! Help!
Patrick: It's working.
SpongeBob: Why, are you here to rescue little ol' me?
Barnacle Boy: Pipe down! You could wake Mermaid Man and he's ornery when he's disturbed.
(MM Has his eyes wide open)
SpongeBob: Ever alert, Mermaid Man has trained himself to sleep with his eyes open.
Barnacle Boy: Confound it, get away from him.
Mermaid Man: Stop shoutin'. I'm napping!!
Barnacle Boy: It's not me, you ol' coot!
Retired Elderly #1: Yes.
Retired Elderly #2: That's me.
Retired Elderly #3: I'm over here.
(MM & BB Are arguing)
SpongeBob: Excuse me, Mermaid Man.
Mermaid Man: What do you want?
Barnacle Boy: This better be good.
SpongeBob: This'll cheer you up. We're almost done painting your invisible boat mobile.
Barnacle Boy: Gah! Yeah, but. It's suppose to be invisible. That's it! We gotta end our life of leisure. Time to come out of retirement. There's evil afoot.
Mermaid Man: EVIL! Where is it?
Barnacle Boy: There it is! (points at SB & Pat) You know what this means? (opens up box with shiny rings)
Mermaid Man: Donuts!
Barnacle Boy: Oh, brother. (puts ring on Mermaid Man and then they put them together) Say the oath.
Mermaid Man: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy UNITE! Throw a waterball at 'em!
SpongeBob & Patrick: Waterball! Waterball! (Barnacle Boy throws a waterball at SpongeBob)
Patrick: Hehehehehe.
Barnacle Boy: Mumbling morays. It's not working, Mermaid Man.
Mermaid Man: He's absorbing it like some kind of evil sponge.
Mermaid Man & Barnacle Boy: Dog paddle, away!

Patrick: It's the waging whirlpool. (SB and Pat cheer)
Mermaid Man: Those fiends. They're actually enjoying it.
SpongeBob & Patrick: Do it again! Do it again! Do it again!
Barnacle Boy: Now what, Mermaid Man? We need help!
Mermaid Man & Barnacle Boy: Sea creatures, UNITE! (sea creatures are retired so they come slowly)
Barnacle Boy: Hmm, the creatures of the deep seem to have lost some of their luster.
Mermaid Man: Sea creatures, attack!
SpongeBob: Pinch me, I must be dreaming. (sea creatures pick up SB & Pat) Mission accomplished, Patrick.
Patrick: Yeah, we did it. (sea creatures throw them out)
Mermaid Man: I did it. I feel 5 years younger. Oh, it's good to be back!
Barnacle Boy: We did it, you ol' coot.
Mermaid Man: Who are you?
TV Announcer: The New Adventures of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy! We join our heroes locked in a battle of wits. (Mermaid Man & Barnacle Boy play checkers when phone rings)
Mermaid Man: It's the Aqua phone! What is it, Chief? Uhh, hello? Hello? Hello? ("HANG UP" appears) The phone is still broken. Remind me to get that fixed. ("SIT" appears)
Barnacle Boy: Remind you of what?
Mermaid Man: Remind me of what?
TV Announcer: Will our heroes ever get their phones fixed? Tune in next week and find out.
SpongeBob: Wow. That was even better than the old show.
Patrick: It's all thanks to you. (SpongeBob winks)
WINK!
Squidward: Welcome to the Krusty Krab. My name is Squidward. May I take your order?
Customer: Hmmm...uhh...oh, I'll have a... (Squidward takes out pencil and paper) ...no. (Squidward puts pencil and paper away) Maybe... (takes out pencil and paper) ...no. (Squidward puts pencil and paper away) Hmmm...I'll have... (takes out pencil and paper) ...no. Or maybe...
Squidward: Are you planning on ordering (today), sir?
Customer: I'll have a Krabby Patty. (Squidward writes down order)
Squidward: How original.
Customer: And with extra onions.
Squidward: Daring today, aren't we? (takes order and shows SpongeBob) One Krabby Patty, extra onions. (SpongeBob takes piece of paper and puts with the rest of the orders)
SpongeBob: One cryin' Johnny comin' up! First bun, then patty, followed by ketchup, mustard, pickles, (extra) onions, lettuce, cheese, tomatoes, and bun, in that order. One cryin' Johnny! Up! (rings bell)
Squidward: Whatever. (another customer comes up and tells Squidward what he wants and Squidward relays order to SpongeBob)
Twelve Krabby Patties on wheat buns! (SpongeBob takes a plate and patties begin to appear on the plate)
SpongeBob: One dozen cryin' cows on the farm! Up! (Squidward takes the plate)
Squidward: Thanks, Farmer Brown. (at customer) It's been a thrill serving you.
Customer #2: Can I get some extra salt?
Squidward: We're all out.
Customer #2: Could you check?
Squidward: No... (A Fish walks up to order) Let me guess, Tiny, a small salad?
Dark Green Fish: I'll take a Double Triple Barfy Deluxe on a raft, 4x4, animal-style, extra shingles with a shimmy and a squeeze, light axle grease, make it cry, burn it, and let it swim. (Squidward gives up writing all of that down)
Squidward: We serve food here, sir. (SpongeBob shows Squidward he's already gotten the order done)
SpongeBob: I got it already, Squidward. (gasps) Bubble Bass.
Bubble Bass: (pushes Squidward away) Squarepants. I hear talk you make a mean Krabby Patty.
SpongeBob: (staring at Bubble Bass) Yep. I hear talk you're kinda picky.
Bubble Bass: Yep.

SpongeBob: Well, then here ya go! (Bubble Bass takes the plate and sits down where he plays with the krabby patty until he decides to take a bite) Well, Bubble Bass, whaddya think?

Bubble Bass: This is pretty good. Only one thing...you forgot the pickles! (shows no pickles on the burger)

SpongeBob: No!

Bubble Bass: The best there is? I don't think so. You lose! (laughs)

SpongeBob: (checks patty for pickles) But, the pickles should be right where they always are. I know I put them on! (customers are disappointed) Where are those pickles? Pickles! Pickles! Pickles! (Bubble Bass walks up to Mr. Krabs but also throws Squidward out of the way)

Bubble Bass: I believe you owe me two bucks.

Mr. Krabs: Two bucks?!

Bubble Bass: Your guarantee. (points to the menu where in tiny print it says 'money-back guarantee')

Mr. Krabs: Oh. That. Well, can't we talk about this? (takes out two dollars and Bubble Bass grabs it)

Bubble Bass: No. (Krabs tries to take money back)

Mr. Krabs: How about a discount on restroom tokens? (Bubble Bass takes money back)

Bubble Bass: Afraid not.

Mr. Krabs: How's about a free glass of water? A dozen free glasses of water! I'll even put ice in it! (Bubble Bass walks out the Krusty Krab with the money) No! Come back! Two dollars! Two dollars, no! No! (walks over to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Mr.. Krabs, I know I put pickles on that Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: (grabs SpongeBob) That two bucks is comin' out of your paycheck! (SpongeBob tries to hang onto the floor)

SpongeBob: Wait! Wait! Wait! (Mr. Krabs throws SpongeBob into the kitchen)

Mr. Krabs: Get back to work, we got orders waitin'!

Squidward: I need a Krabby Patty.

SpongeBob: Ok, I am not gonna blow it this time. Let's see. Bun down. Then ketchup, then mustard, then pickles? No! That's not right! (starts a new patty) Bun down. Mustard, then ketchup, lettuce, then the pickles? No! (tries again) Mustard down, bun stuff down d'oh, where's the patty go? (tries again and uses the same bun) Pickles, ketchup, wait! Think! Think! I'm losin' it! (tries again) Bun down, shoe, mustard, pan, bun...no! (Mr. Krabs comes in) Mr. Krabs, I am so confused. I can't remember how to do anything.

Mr. Krabs: Why don't you take the rest of the day off?

SpongeBob: Oh, no, Mr.. Krabs. Who will make the Krabby Patties?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, don't worry about that. We've got Squidward!

Squidward: Huh? (SpongeBob walks out and goes home)

SpongeBob: Mr.. Krabs is right. I need to get my head straight. Now is it bun, patty, ketchup... (looks up and notices door is not there) The door! The door! Mr. Krabs, the front door is missing!! (Mr. Krabs opens door a couple feet away) Oh. (laughs) Sorry about that, Mr. Krabs. This pickle thing has got me all messed up. I better get on home and rest my brain. (walks out) Uhh, which way do I live? (Mr. Krabs points the path) Of course. (laughs. Later, we see SpongeBob in his house trying to write down the formula) No, no! Was it bun, patty, bun... Let's see, tomatoes, pickles, bun? No. Bun? No. Bun? No. Shoe? (throws paper and pencil away) I am so confused! Maybe a good night's sleep will help me get my head on straight. (at night)

SpongeBob: Oh...was it mattress, mattress, sheets, pillow, then SpongeBob? Or... (hits head with fist) D'oh...think, Sponge! Oh yeah! It was mattress, (SpongeBob), mattress, then sheets, pillow. (gets inbetween the two mattresses) Good-night, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Aw, this isn't right. (he slips out and stands upside-down on his bed) Good-night, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Wait, this isn't right either. (SpongeBob lays down on his back) Nope. (SpongeBob is between each railing of the ladder) Nuh-uh. (tries sleeping with a mattress on his head) Negative.)tries sleeping on the ground next to his mattresses) C'mon, c'mon! Get it right. (tries in the the lifesaver) Wrong. (keeps doing the wrong things as the clock fast-forwards to morning where the alarm goes off. SpongeBob is under all three mattresses on the floor) Aww, I almost had it! Alarm clock. D'oh, how do I turn this thing off? Think, think, think, think!

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary! (picks up Gary and shoves him in the foghorn alarm where it is still going off.) (at Krusty Krab)

Squidward: (there is black smoke coming from kitchen. Squidward clears the smoke off with a fire extinguisher) Patties are done. (Mr. Krabs notices black, burnt patties and gets irritated)

Customer #3: Hey, he burnt my Krabby Patty.

Customer #4: He burnt my fries.

Customer #5: He burnt my shake. (everyone leaves)

Mr. Krabs: No! Come back! No! Arrgh... I gotta get SpongeBob back! (Mr. Krabs is at SpongeBob's house when he notices a toaster nailed to the door. He opens the door and walks in) SpongeBob? (the house is a total disaster as everything is misplaced and things are everywhere and opposite) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, hello. Do you how do?

Mr. Krabs: Why you talkin' funny, lad? (takes the underwear off SpongeBob's head)

SpongeBob: I anything can't do right since because pickles.

Mr. Krabs: Nonsense, you'll be back makin' Krabby Patties like your old self in no time!

SpongeBob: I think don't ready back to go to work, Mr. Krabs. (walks off)

Mr. Krabs: But you're fine, me boy! (SpongeBob walks right through the wooden kitchen door) Ohh...uhh, well...maybe not. (walks into the kitchen where SpongeBob is nailing a piece of bread to the table) All we need to do is get your confidence back. So, you can make me more money! I-I-I mean, patties. (chuckles)

SpongeBob: I how do that?

Mr. Krabs: It's like riding a bike. You never forget! (notices a bike in a boiling pot of water on the stove) Uhh...I'm gonna help ya! (shown both of them sitting on the ground in SpongeBob's living room) If you learn to make a Krabby Patty again, your life will be back in order. (takes out a blanket with all the ingredients on it)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, I don't know if I...

Mr. Krabs: Take your time. (SpongeBob thinks of the krabby patty formula. It soon turns to night then day again. SpongeBob reaches for a bun and Mr. Krabs gets excited. SpongeBob puts bun back down)

SpongeBob: No, no, no, no, no. (Day becomes night again. Then day again and then night again. Mr. Krabs is sleeping till SpongeBob wakes him up) I got it! I got it! It's all very clear to me now, Mr.. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: It is?

SpongeBob: Yes! I finally realize that I can't do it! I can't do it, Mr. Krabs! I'm a failure!

Mr. Krabs: Don't talk like that!

SpongeBob: Don't you get it, you crustaceous cheapskate! I can't make a Double Krabby Patty with the works! (makes patty as he tells Mr. Krabs the ingredients) I can't put a patty on a bun, with lettuce, cheese, onions, tomatoes, ketchup, mustard, pickles, and top bun together in that order! (notices the patty he just made)

Mr. Krabs: (squinting his eyes at SpongeBob) It's time. (at the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs enter through the double doors. SpongeBob walks back into the kitchen and shoves Squidward out. Then grabs a fire extinguisher and sprays it at Squidward's back. A fish walks by)

Citizen: Hey, SpongeBob's back! (everyone enters the Krusty Krab after hearing the good news. SpongeBob looks at his reflection in a spatula. Bubble Bass enters and pushes the crowd away)

Bubble Bass: I hear Squarepants is back. (SpongeBob opens the kitchen door)

SpongeBob: I'm right here, Bubble Bass.

Bubble Bass: I thought I ran you out of town. (spits a loogie into a bucket)

SpongeBob: This is where I belong. (blows a bubble. Bubble Bass screams) Rawr. (customers gasp as Bubble Bass holds up a knife and fork and SpongeBob holds up a spatula. We are then shown the customers, a sweaty Mr. Krabs, and Squidward looking at himself in a mirror. Squidward sees everyone looking at him and puts mirror away.)

Bubble Bass: Give me the regular. And this time, don't forget the pickles. (SpongeBob rushes off into the kitchen to make it and quickly comes back out with his spatula twirling in his hands)

SpongeBob: I didn't. (Bubble Bass takes a bite out of the patty. Then we are shown a sweaty Mr. Krabs & Squidward looking at himself in the mirror again. He sees everyone looking at him and so he puts the mirror away)

Bubble Bass: Still no pickles! (everyone gasps) See? (sticks out his tongue with all the chewed up food on it. Everyone is

getting sick at the sight of it) You failed again, SpongeBob LoserPants! (laughs)
SpongeBob: Wait a minute! (grabs Bubble Bass' tongue and pulls it out) Look! (shows four pickles under Bubble Bass' tongue)
He's been hiding the pickles under his tongue the whole time!
Mr. Krabs: And there's the pickles from last time too!
Evelyn: And there's my car keys! (everyone walks up to Bubble Bass)
Bubble Bass: And there's my ride! (runs out the Krusty Krab)
Mr. Krabs: Three cheers for the return of our master fry cook, SpongeBob! Hip hip!
Customers: Hooray!
Squidward: Hooray.
Mr. Krabs: Hip hip!
Customers: Hooray!
Squidward: Whoop-de-doo.
Mr. Krabs: Hip hip!
Customers: Hooray!
Squidward: Oh boy.
SpongeBob: And three cheers for the fry cook who took my place when I was gone! Squidward! (Squidward smiles) Hip hip!
Customers: Boo!
SpongeBob: Hip hip!
Customers: Boo!
SpongeBob: Hip hip!
Customers: Boo!
SpongeBob: Hip hip!
Customer #6: Boo! You stink!
Narrator: Mrs. Puff's Boating School. Where diligent students learn the rules of the road.
Mrs. Puff: Everyone, put down your books, because it's time to pick out the hall monitor of the day! (SpongeBob squeezes his pencil so hard it shoots up into the air) Let's see here. This week's hall monitor will be Bart, Jimmy, no, no, Tina, Ralph, mm... (gasps) ...SpongeBob. (SpongeBob moves his desk between 2 rows) It's Jimmy! Jimmy's the hall monitor.
Jimmy: Mrs. Puff, I've done it already! (SpongeBob moves his desk closer)
Mrs. Puff: Ohh...Phil?
Phil: No way, Mrs. Puff. (SpongeBob moves his desk closer)
Mrs. Puff: Uhh, Tina, you're the hall monitor.
Tina: Hey, I've done it three times already! (SpongeBob moves up closer)
Mrs. Puff: B-B-Beth!
Student: She graduated!
Mrs. Puff: Henry? (SpongeBob moves closer) Vera? (SpongeBob moves closer) Clayton? (SpongeBob is poking Mrs. Puff with his desk as she sighs) Alright, I guess I have no choice. (gulps) The hall monitor of the day is SpongeBob. (SpongeBob launches into the air)
SpongeBob: Yahoo! Hall monitor SpongeBob reporting for duty, ma'am! I am ready to assume my position...in the hall! I will protect all that are weak...in the hall! All rules will be enforced...in the hall!
Mrs. Puff: Ok! Just take the hat and belt. (tries handing him uniform)
SpongeBob: I can't except that yet, ma'am. First I have to make my speech.
Mrs. Puff: You can't make this easy, can you?
SpongeBob: Classmates!! Who am I to deserve such a great honor? Why, I would be nothing without Mrs. Puff.
Mrs. Puff: Give me a break.
SpongeBob: And to my public, all I can say is I'm touched. And furthermore, I will carry out my duties... (clock moves forward in time as SpongeBob continues his speech) ...crime and punishment, punishment and crime in the hall! (at this point, everyone is almost asleep) Which reminds me of an extremely long speech written by the greatest hall monitor of all time. (takes out a long roll of paper) "Friends, students, juvenile delinquents, lend me your ears." (the clock has disappeared, and it is now much later in the day. Puff is asleep at her desk) In conclusion, and without a moment to spare,

I will put on this uniform (takes out the hat and belt) and assume my duties as... (puts on the uniform) ...hall monitor! Wish me luck, Mrs. Puff! (walks towards the door then turns around) Oh, and I will be... (bell rings as all students run over SpongeBob)

Mrs. Puff: SpongeBob, are you ok?

SpongeBob: I overdid the speech again, didn't I?

Mrs. Puff: I'm afraid so.

SpongeBob: Aww, tarter sauce. I guess I won't be needing this. (takes off his uniform) I hardly knew ya. (gives uniform to Mrs. Puff and walks away saddened)

Mrs. Puff: Uhh...SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Mrs. Puff?

Mrs. Puff: I can at least let you wear it until tomorrow.

SpongeBob: A-hoo! (dives into the uniform) Thanks, Mrs. Puff!

Mrs. Puff: What are the consequences of what I've just done? (cut to SpongeBob walking down the street. Then notices a broken traffic light)

SpongeBob: Broken traffic light! Who's to say my monitor duties should end just because the bell rang? I could be helpful anywhere! This looks like a job for the hall monitor! (directs traffic, with a whistle, to their destination using all sorts of hand gestures but ends up causing a huge wreck in the end) What would this town do without you, SpongeBob?

Fred: My leg! My leg.

SpongeBob: On patrol. I'm on patrol. (notices a house with an open window) Uh-oh, an open window. (peeks through the window and there is a couple eating) Woman: More seaweed medley, dear?

SpongeBob: The fools. They've left themselves susceptible to danger. I must show them the error of their ways through example. (jumps through the window and onto their table in a ski mask) I'm the open window maniac! (both run out screaming) I hope you've learned a valuable lesson! (shuts the window and begins walking again) On patrol. I'm on patrol. I'm on patrol... (gasps as he sees a puddle of pink goo on the ground) Vandals! Another crime. (takes his finger and tastes the pink goo) Strawberry. I must act! (more pink goo falls on his head. He looks up and sees Patrick eating some strawberry ice cream) Patrick... (looks around for the voice he just heard) Patrick... Patrick...

Patrick: My ice cream! It's alive! (screams and throws away the ice cream)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Down here!

Patrick: Oh, SpongeBob, it's you. (ice cream cone is on SpongeBob's face)

SpongeBob: Patrick. Get down here. (Patrick jumps down on top of SpongeBob)

Patrick: SpongeBob? SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: I'm down here.

Patrick: Hehe, you look funny! Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: That's hall monitor to you!

Patrick: Sorry, officer.

SpongeBob: Sorry's not good enough, Patrick. You've committed a crime, and I'm taking you in.

Patrick: What crime? (shows him the ice cream that is on the ground) I'm a bad person! (cries)

Paperboy: Extra! Extra! Maniac strikes Bikini Bottom! City paralyzed with fear! (gives one to SpongeBob) Take it, friends. Arm yourselves with knowledge. (runs off) Extra! Extra!

SpongeBob: (reads paper) Maniac. Bikini Bottom? Car wreck? Break-in? Who better to bring this maniac to justice than me, the hall monitor! But I can't handle this case alone. Patrick, are you ready to give up your life of crime?

Patrick: (still crying) I wanna be good!

SpongeBob: Hmmm...now you just need a symbol of authority. (Patrick puts the ice cream cone on his head) Perfect! It is our duty to catch this maniac and bring him to justice! But how to proceed? Listen, deputy, you're an ex-criminal. What would you do?

Patrick: Hmmm...I'd get an ice cream! (both walk out an ice cream store with ice cream)

SpongeBob: Ok, now what?

Patrick: Hmmm... (both come out the ice cream store again with ice cream)

SpongeBob: This isn't working. We've got to do something else. Something with walkie-talkies! (takes out two walkie-

talkies. Patrick grabs one and is elated with joy) And now, duty calls! Alright deputy, I'll go that way, you go some different way! Run 'em out! (SpongeBob runs off sounding like a siren. The police come driving up and stop beside Patrick)

Officer Durado: Afternoon, son.

Patrick: Hello, brothers. (salutes to the officers and points to his 'hat')

Officer Durado: Son, we're looking for the maniac.

Officer Malley: Have you seen this man?! (officer #2 whips out a sign that says 'WANTED MANIAC' with SpongeBob's picture on it. Patrick screams)

Patrick: It's the maniac! Take him away! Take him away!

Officer Durado: Calm down son. It's just a drawing, not the real thing. Now we're going to show you the picture again, and you tell us if you've seen this guy, understand?

Patrick: Yeah, uh-huh.

Officer Durado: Ok. (officer Malley shows Patrick the sign again)

Patrick: (screams) Horrible! (puts picture away. Both officers look at each other and smile. Officer #2 takes away and shows the sign to Patrick as he screams every time.)

Officer Durado: Stay indoors, son.

Officer Malley: And, uhh, take that cone off your head. (both laugh as they drive off)

Patrick: (takes out walkie-talkie) SpongeBob? Come in, SpongeBob. Answer.

SpongeBob: SpongeBob here, Patrick. Report.

Patrick: (over walkie-talkie) I don't wanna be a policeman anymore! I'm scared!

SpongeBob: Get a hold of yourself deputy.

Patrick: (over walkie-talkie) I wanna go home!

SpongeBob: Poor rookie. Alright, I'm on my way back.

Patrick: Hurry SpongeBob, I think it's getting... (day becomes night) ...dark.

SpongeBob: Just put on your siren and I'll be right there.

Patrick: Wee-woo. Wee-woo. Wee-woo. Wee-woo. (Patrick picks up the sign that the officers showed him earlier. Then sees a darkish figure down the road. It's SpongeBob but Patrick doesn't realize it) Wee-woo! Wee-woo! Wee-woo! SpongeBob! I see him!

SpongeBob: (over walkie-talkie) Where is he, Patrick?

Patrick: (over walkie-talkie) At the intersection of Conch and Coral. (SpongeBob turns his head around to read the street sign)

SpongeBob: That's where I am. He's right on top of me, but I can't see him! What's he doing?

Patrick: Uhh, he's just standing there...menacingly! (screams over walkie-talkie) Get out of there, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob screams) That's his maniac screech. He's going to attack! (SpongeBob runs around in circles) He's acting all crazy! Run! Hide behind that building! (SpongeBob hides behind the building) No, he's behind that building! Oh, quick, hide behind that street sign! (SpongeBob hides behind the street sign) No wait! The maniac just went behind that sign! Quick! Get under the street light! (SpongeBob gets under the street lights) No wait, he's there, too! Run for your life! (SpongeBob jumps inside a mailbox. As he tries to relax, the radio is cutting out)

SpongeBob: (over walkie-talkie) Say again, deputy?

Patrick: The maniac is in the mailbox! (SpongeBob pokes his arms and legs through the mailbox and runs through buildings and a fence)

SpongeBob: (takes a look at the 'wanted' sign) Huh, this guy's not half-bad-looking for a maniac. Wait a minute, Patrick, I'm the maniac! (Patrick screams and a bunch of police cars surround SpongeBob)

Officer Durado: We'll take that as a confession. (Mrs. Puff appears)

Mrs. Puff: SpongeBob SquarePants, there you are! I turn my back on you for one minute and you destroy half the city! You should be ashamed of yourself!

Officer #1: You know this guy?

Mrs. Puff: Of course I do. I'm the one who gave him the uniform in the first place. He's my responsibility. (the cops stare at her) Uh-oh... (at the boating school where the whole class, except SpongeBob, is sleeping. Mrs. Puff is teaching class from jail through the TV) Now in conclusion, class: red means stop, green means go. And SpongeBob...

SpongeBob: Yes, Mrs. Puff?

Mrs. Puff: I'd like to see you after class. Six months from now.

Narrator: Ah, Jellyfish Fields. Here we find SpongeBob once again stalking the wild jellyfish. SpongeBob? Hello? SpongeBob? Hmm...he's supposed to be here somewhere... (narrator sees a square-shaped coral) A-ha! (jellyfish floats by. SpongeBob puts his glasses on)

SpongeBob: Safety first. (SpongeBob captures a jellyfish) A-ha! I finally gotcha! (SpongeBob grabs a wooden stool and sits on it. Puts on a farmer hat and 'milks' the jellyfish. Jelly comes out and squirts on a piece of bread) Ah, there is nothing better than the taste of natural jelly from a jellyfish. (walks off but jellyfish floats towards him with his glasses) Oh, my glasses! Thanks little guy! Bye. (jellyfish floats with SpongeBob) I can't play anymore, jellyfish. I got to get home. (jellyfish hangs onto SpongeBob's nose) No, you can't go home with me. (jellyfish walks behind SpongeBob) Jellyfish, you've got to stay here! Hey! (puts the jellyfish on a rock) Stay! (walks backwards) Stay. (jellyfish floats around SpongeBob. SpongeBob grabs the jellyfish and uses a slingshot to launch him somewhere else but the jellyfish ends up on his back. Pulls the jellyfish off) Jellyfish!, for the last time, you cannot come home with me! (jellyfish goes flat) Ahh, what the heck! (SpongeBob, with jellyfish on a rope, walk by Squidward's house) Squidward! Hey, Squidward! Squidward! Squidward-iard! (Squidward peeks out his window) Squidward! Look at my new pet! Squidward: That's no pet, that's a wild animal.

SpongeBob: No he isn't! Watch this! (throws a stick so the jellyfish returns it. SpongeBob is holding up three fingers) How many fingers am I holding up? (jellyfish buzzes three times) Play dead! (jellyfish is buried underground with a tomb that says "R.I.P.")

Squidward: I wouldn't let that thing into my house even if it was potty-trained! (jellyfish is on a toilet reading a newspaper) I didn't need to see that.

SpongeBob: Well, we're going to my house to have a little fun.

Squidward: How can you possible have fun with a jellyfish? (SpongeBob and jellyfish dance to some music. Disco lights rotate around the room. SpongeBob's house is vibrating from the music) SpongeBob is the only guy I know who can have fun with a jellyfish for twelve hours!

SpongeBob: (music stops) Wow, you sure like to dance. Well, that's enough for tonight. Time to go to bed. (as he walks off, the jellyfish turns the music back on) Huh? (walks over to turn the music off) You got it all wrong, little fella. (as he walks off, the jellyfish turns the music back on. SpongeBob turns it back off) Bed. Repeat after me. (SpongeBob ties a rope around the jellyfish) Bed! (upstairs, SpongeBob ties the rope around his bedpost) We'll just keep you right here.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Quit worrying, Gary. He'll be just fine. Good night everybody. (as he is sleeping, other jellyfish float inside the pineapple)

Gary: Meow. (gets squirted with jelly from all the jellyfish. It's now daytime)

SpongeBob: Good morning Gary. Good morning jellyfish. Jellyfish? Jellyfish? Here, jellyfish. Oh, jelly! (puts on his green robe and goes to check downstairs) Oh jellyfi... (slips on some jelly. Opens a door leading into his living room and sees jellyfish dancing to music) Where'd you all come from? (jellyfish form a figure of a hand and grab SpongeBob. They stick over a light bulb like a disco ball and spin him. Then falls to the ground) Ok, that's it. This party is over! You guys have overstayed your welcome. (As SpongeBob is walking to the stereo, jellyfish form a flight of stairs that SpongeBob walks up and falls off of) This music is way too loud. (jellyfish carry SpongeBob in a triangle) Very funny. (jellyfish carry SpongeBob in a rectangle) I'm serious! (jellyfish carry SpongeBob up and down the screen. Squidward wakes up)

Squidward: Eighteen hours! (picks up the phone and dials SpongeBob's number) I'm going to give that SpongeBob a piece of my mind! (jellyfish picks up the phone and Squidward yells) SpongeBob, listen to me, you square-headed assault on my ears, I've had enough of this! (jelly squirts through the phone onto Squidward) Strawberry. (Squidward plays his clarinet outside his window) Two can play at this! (plays his clarinet badly)

SpongeBob: Come on guys, enough is enough! (jellyfish's smile turns into a frown when Squidward plays his clarinet) Uh-oh. (jellyfish sting SpongeBob) OK, I'll talk to him! (SpongeBob peeks his head out his window) Squidward! Would it be possible to play your clarinet a little better? I don't think the jellyfish like it.

Squidward: The jellyfish don't like-? Why sure, pal, I can play better.

SpongeBob: OK, he said he'll play better. (Squidward turns a giant speaker towards SpongeBob pineapple then plays bad to

make the jellyfish angry) Uh-oh! That's not better! (jellyfish start knocking things over. Jellyfish float into Squidward's house)

Squidward: Uhh, w-wait, I can turn it down. (jellyfish sting Squidward and float back into SpongeBob's house. Squidward comes later and gives SpongeBob his clarinet) Everybody's a critic. You won't be hearing from me anymore.

SpongeBob: Hey, now, that wasn't nice! (jellyfish take the clarinet, break it in half, and form a fire from it and then dance around it like Indians) Ok, that is it! Everybody out! (he takes the stereo and runs toward the door but the jellyfish try to take it back. The stereo breaks into pieces and the jellyfish get angry as they start knocking stuff off and breaking it. They even sting SpongeBob) Come on Gary! (SpongeBob and Gary head up to the roof and the jellyfish follow) Gary, you were right. Thanks for not rubbing it in. (Gary clicks his eyes together making a beat that the jellyfish can dance to) Huh? They stopped? (holds Gary's eyes together and the jellyfish get angry again. Then he lets go of Gary's eyes and they dance again. Does this a couple more times and notices a trend) Gary! Don't stop shaking it! (takes Gary to Jellyfish Fields. Along the way, SpongeBob has other creatures and things to join in the rhythm. Eventually, he gets the jellyfish back to Jellyfish Fields and he runs back home)

Narrator: Today, SpongeBob has learned one of the sea's harshest lessons: wild animals can throw wild parties. (Squidward sinks down into his bubble bath) Ooh, I felt that.

SpongeBob: Hey Sandy. Hey Sandy. Hey Sandy! (while knocking on her door, a spaceship comes up from underneath the ground at the left side of the tree dome) Wow! (Sandy peeks her head out of a spaceship window)

Sandy: Howdy SpongeBob, how do you like it?

SpongeBob: What is it?

Sandy: It's a rocket ship, duh! I'll meet you downstairs and show you around.

SpongeBob: Wow, what are you gonna do with it?

Sandy: (pointing to a poster of the moon) I'm going to the moon, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: The moon! Can I go?

Sandy: No way, SpongeBob. Especially with your little mishap with my whirlybird. (shown a graveyard of dead animals) Besides, there's not enough room for you.

SpongeBob: But I don't take up that much space! (squishes himself into a little square) See? (downsizes himself to fit into a little drawer) I can fit in here. (closes the drawer) Mmm, cozy.

Sandy: I need that drawer.

SpongeBob: Well, how about... (jumps into a test tube) This? (jumps into another test tube) Or this? (jumps into another test tube) Or this?

Sandy: SpongeBob, this isn't for fun. (shows her clipboard with math equations on it) See this? This is science. I don't have time for games and I don't have time for stowaways. (SpongeBob is behind a set of bars)

SpongeBob: Fine. (deep voice) Put me in the brig, I don't mind!

Sandy: That's the air vent, SpongeBob. (pushes a button to turn the air vent on that blows SpongeBob out of it) I need that to.

SpongeBob: Oh please, can I go? Can I? Can I? Huh? Please?

Sandy: All right. Y'all can ride in the cargo hold if you just...

SpongeBob: (running around the ship) Yeah! Goin' to the moon! Moon ride! Moon ride! Moon ride!

Sandy: (grabs SpongeBob) But this time, just don't touch anything, ok? (Sandy's pumping a gun)

SpongeBob: Wow, look at that pop-gun. Are we gonna go hunting aliens on the moon?

Sandy: Aww, hush, silly. (shoots her gun and 3 gray nets cover a couple items) This is for harvesting moon rocks.

SpongeBob: Well, when you're done playing with rocks, you could use that for some serious alien hunting.

Sandy: Aliens? Are you nuts? I've been to the moon, there are no aliens.

SpongeBob: Sandy, Sandy, Sandy. How could you be so naïve. There's evidence all around us. How do you explain Atlantis, cow licks, 99 cent stores? (walks around and forms a circle around him and Sandy with his shoes) And how about those mysterious circles that pop up in kelp fields over night? (sees a circle) Ahh, there's one now!

Sandy: SpongeBob, you don't know the first thing about outer space. Now go home and get some shut-eye. Be here tomorrow at the crack of dawn and leave those crazy alien-notions behind.

SpongeBob: (trying to sleep. Checks the clock every few seconds) Oh, hurry up! (grabs two clothespins and puts them on his

eyelids) These oughta do the trick.
Patrick: Hiya SpongeBob! (clothespins shoot off his eyes)
SpongeBob: What is it, Patrick? Can't you see I'm sleeping here?
Patrick: Well, I know you're going on that moon trip tomorrow so I brought you something.
SpongeBob: A present?
Patrick: No. Uhh, SpongeBob, is Sandy's rocket alien-proof?
SpongeBob: There are no aliens, Patrick. Just ask Sandy.
Patrick: (shows a spray can) Well, I guess you won't need this alien repellent for your trip!
SpongeBob: Alien repellent? Let me see that. (looks at the can) New Alien-Out Window Protectant. Does not stop burglars'.
Well, I guess you're right, Patrick. We'd better go spray those windows! (SpongeBob & Patrick walk up to the rocket)
Patrick: Look how big it is, SpongeBob!
SpongeBob: It's pretty impressive alright.
Patrick: Come on! (both head for the rocket)
SpongeBob: We're just here to spray the windows, Patrick!
Patrick: Wow. How do you think we get inside? (pulls a level that says 'open')
SpongeBob: We don't, we're just spraying the... (door opens on SpongeBob) ...windows.
Patrick: I opened it, SpongeBob! Come on! (both walk inside) Holy sea cow, SpongeBob. This must be the control room.
SpongeBob: Yeah, Just don't touch anything. (Patrick starts playing with everything)
Patrick: Look, I'm winning!
SpongeBob: Patrick, cut that out! Patrick, come on, we can't hang around in here. This is Sandy's big rocket, not a fun...
(SpongeBob turns around and looks at himself as thin in the mirror)...house?
Patrick: Woo-hoo! Winner! Yeah! High score!
SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick, what was that game anyway?
Patrick: I don't know! (notices a lever above his head) Let's see what this does!
SpongeBob: Patrick, I don't think we should... (Patrick pulls a lever and the two launch off the seat out of the rocket)
Patrick: I like rockets. (both fall back into the rocket)
Patrick: More! More!
SpongeBob: No more! (Patrick presses a button and both shake a lot then stop) Ok, one more. (shake again) OK, that's enough. Let's go.
Patrick: Oh, wait, I think this one starts it. (SpongeBob stops Patrick from pushing a button)
SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you doing? I'm the space traveler here and I happen to know that that particular button is right over here. (presses the engine button and the ship starts up and is blasting off)
Patrick: You started the rocket!
Sandy: (notices the smoke) Oh, SpongeBob... (SpongeBob & Patrick hold onto each other while the ship is taking off)
Patrick: Hold on, buddy! (while screaming, SpongeBob & Patrick are falling down to the bottom of the ship. The ship enters space and both of them start to float) Hey, we stopped falling!
SpongeBob: Look! (points at the dark galaxy) We're in space now! Whee! (both float around in the ship)
Patrick: Hey! Whoa! Somebody get me down, or up, or something! (SpongeBob laughs as the ship is going around the moon) Hey
SpongeBob, watch this! (squirts toothpaste into some peanut butter)
SpongeBob: Hey! You got your toothpaste in my peanut butter! (SpongeBob lifts a heavy weight) Patrick, I can do this! (the ship is landing back into the sea and the heavy weight hurls into the ground and flattens SpongeBob's hand)
Patrick: Hey, who turned the heavy back on?
SpongeBob: We must be landing.
Patrick: All right! (Sandy uses her jetpack to fly up to the moon)
Sandy: Sometimes that SpongeBob is as dumb as a sack of peanuts. (the ship is now in Bikini Bottom. While Sandy searches for SpongeBob & Patrick on the moon, these two get out of the ship)
Patrick: Wow, it sure looks a lot like home. (Patrick sees Gary asleep) Hey look, it's Gary! Come here, Gary. Gary!
SpongeBob: Wait, don't go near it, Patrick! Can't you see this is all a trick? The aliens are projecting our memories onto the environment! They're trying to confuse us, Patrick.

Patrick: So you mean to say they've taken what we thought we think and make us think we thought our thoughts we've been thinking our thoughts we think we thought? I think...

SpongeBob: Ok, but I'm not gonna to fall for it! (SpongeBob captures Gary with a gray net-like substance) Yeah!

Patrick: You got him, SpongeBob! Won't Sandy be proud.

SpongeBob: Sandy. I forgot about her. She's gonna hate us for stealing her rocket. But won't she feel silly when I bring home a real live alien? Aww, she'll love me! (grabs Gary) Come on Patrick, the more the merrier! (tosses Gary into the ship. Ship's number increases from 00 to 01)

Patrick: Alien hunting! Alien hunting!

SpongeBob: Shh, quiet Patrick, don't let them know we're onto them! Uhh yeah, alien hunting. I saw that on TV, too. Gee Patrick, let's drop in on our old pal Squidward and see what he's up to. (whispering to Patrick) Make sure your gun is pumped. (go in and see Squidward sleeping) Look at it Patrick, it's disgusting. (Squidward moves his arms and legs around then puts them back down) It's even uglier up close. Let's begin the analysis. (SpongeBob takes the covers off)

Patrick: Wait, what's that? (SpongeBob takes a red bag out) I think I'm gonna be sick.

SpongeBob: Patrick, do you know what this thing is?

Patrick: Stinky.

SpongeBob: No, it's an egg sack! Let's look at the embryo. (Patrick puts flashlight under egg sack and SpongeBob's hands are under it)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Twins. (Squidward rolls over in his sleep and his right tentacle sticks on Patrick's helmet)

Patrick: Pardon my French but get this thing off me! (SpongeBob & Patrick try to get his tentacles off but they wake him up instead)

Squidward: Patrick and SpongeBob? Get out of my bedroom! And give me back my tentacles!

Patrick: It's awake!

SpongeBob: Hurry, let's capture the little phony! (Squidward screams)

Squidward: Get away from me! (runs away while SpongeBob & Patrick try to capture him. Outside, Mr. Krabs walks up with his pet worm and notices Squidward's house shaking. SpongeBob & Patrick come out with Squidward captured)

Mr. Krabs: Ahoy there, lads! Up a bit later to be playing pirate, aren't ye? (laughs. SpongeBob & Patrick points their guns are his head) Wait! Don't shoot. Ok, shoot but don't take me money!

SpongeBob: We don't want your money, moon man! (both capture Mr. Krabs and toss him and Squidward into the ship) Look at them squirming around in there.

Patrick: Eww, gross.

SpongeBob: Well, there's plenty more where those came from. (at Boating School)

Mrs. Puff: (grading some of her students paper) SpongeBob, what are you doing here so late? (captured) Whatever this is... (inflates herself and has a deep voice) ...it's going on your permanent record! (Flats, a woman, and Larry are captured along with all of Bikini Bottom. SpongeBob & Patrick are run out of room in the ship for everyone)

Patrick: Uhh, SpongeBob, I think we may have to make another trip.

SpongeBob: There's no time for that, just push harder. (Sandy is on her jetpack floating down)

Sandy: SpongeBob, what are y'all doing? I can't turn my back on you for two seconds without you causing a whole mess of trouble. Why look at ya, bagging up all your friends and neighbors just like they were a fresh crop of hickory smoked sausages. You all turned my little science experiment into a disaster. Y'all should be ashamed of your- (SpongeBob & Patrick capture her)

SpongeBob: Nice try, Sandy.

Patrick: Or should I say Miss Alien Pants.

Sandy: Aliens? Is this what this is all about? (SpongeBob & Patrick throw her into the ship) This isn't the moon, we're still in Bikini Bot... (door is shut)

SpongeBob: It just goes to show you: you can't trust anybody. (both stare at each other and pump their guns) So, you were an alien all the time and you didn't even tell me!

Patrick: I didn't even know.

SpongeBob: Yeah, well I got you now.

Patrick: Oh, well it's not you who's got me, it's... (Patrick catches himself with the gray netting) ...me who's got me!

SpongeBob: Boy, I'd like to see the look on Sandy's face! (ship runs out of gas and stops on the moon) Sandy, I'm back! (peeks out the window) Wow, Bikini Bottom sure looks different. (sees the Earth) Uh-oh...

Everyone: SpongeBob, we aliens would like a word with you!

Mr. Krabs: (dancing and singing at Pearl's birthday party) Yar har, Pearl's my daughter, and I'll spit in your eye! Yo ho, Pearl's a whale and it's her birthday, yar yar yar! Ta-da!

Pearl: Thanks for the show, Dad. Now can we open the presents?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, all right. Presents for me darling little sardine. It's from me. (places the present in front of Pearl)

Pearl: Oh you shouldn't have. What is it, Daddy? It wouldn't be those totally hip new flipper slippers all my friends are wearing, would it? Everyone wants them.

Mr. Krabs: Uhh...well, they might be.

Pearl: Whee! (begins to unwrap present) Oh, you shouldn't have, yay, you shouldn't have. (sees present) I mean, Dad, (holds up big boots) you really shouldn't have! (Pearl's friends laugh)

Mr. Krabs: Pearl, these are the finest fishin' boots available!

Pearl: Dad, you ruined me! (cries)

Mr. Krabs: But I got them for a bargain! (house shakes from Pearl's screaming and crying) Oh, what am I gonna do? I spent two whole dollars on these boots and now I'm stuck with them!

SpongeBob: (peeks into Mr. Krabs office) Oh, uhh, Mr. Krabs, can I get my paycheck?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBoy Me Bob! Come in. Come in, right this way, laddy! Have a seat anywhere, but not on these beautiful priceless boots. (SpongeBob sits down but the boots are in his way so he can't see Mr. Krabs) So you want to get paid?

SpongeBob: Uhh, sir, I can't see you. The boots (leans over to one side and Mr. Krabs leans towards the other) are in (leans over to one side and Mr. Krabs leans towards the other) the way. (Mr. Krabs pushes the boots aside)

Mr. Krabs: In the way? These boots never leave my sight! These are the most expensive and prized possessions I own.

SpongeBob: Wow, really? Why is that, they just look like any old ordinary boots.

Mr. Krabs: Ordinary boots? These are the only official fry cook boots! Only the finest fry cooks in the world are permitted to wear them! Part of a tradition. And these boots were given to me by the most famous fry cook in the sea.

SpongeBob: Who's that?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, uhh, oh, well, his name's not important, but he was famous all right, don't you worry.

SpongeBob: I'm ready! I'm ready! I want those boots!

Mr. Krabs: Sorry son, these boots are far too valuable. (puts boots away)

SpongeBob: I know! What if I give you my Krusty Krab paycheck?

Mr. Krabs: Paycheck! You got a deal-

SpongeBob: And what if I paint the Krusty Krab for free?

Mr. Krabs: You're got a deal.

SpongeBob: And I'll throw in a year's supply of French fry orders!

Mr. Krabs: You got a...

SpongeBob: And... (Mr. Krabs stops SpongeBob from saying anything else) Hold on there, lad! You're gonna give me a heart attack. (shakes SpongeBob's hand) You got yourself a deal. (Squidward is drying off a glass when he looks through the glass and sees SpongeBob wearing boots)

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward. Do you like my new boots? Pretty cool, huh? Now, I'm an official fry cook! (Squidward moans as SpongeBob jumps around the Krusty Krab with the boots and makes squeaky noises)

Squidward: That squeaking is gonna drive us all crazy!

Mr. Krabs: Nonsense, Squidward. That squeaking is money to my ears. I mean, music. (at Mr. Krabs house, he is sleeping and dreaming of money jumping into the register when all of a sudden, the pair of squeaky boots jumps in the register. He wakes up) Wha? Who's there? (rests head on pillow) Back to countin' me money. (goes back to sleep and counts coins bouncing into the register until the boots appear again then he wakes up) What the barnacle is that? (window is squeaking open and shut. Mr. Krabs closes the window then goes back into bed but notices the window still open. Goes back to close it but steps into a hole and falls out the window. Comes back into his bedroom and shuts the window over and over until the window finally stays closed. Walks back to his bed but steps into another hole and slips into his bed and twists around in his hammock and is tied up while the window makes squeaky noises all night. It's morning and Mr. Krabs has his two legs bandaged up as he

walks to the Krusty Krab) Arrgh, that was the worst night I ever weathered. At least I'll have some peace and quiet at work. (as he walks up to the door, Squidward slams the doors open into Mr. Krabs face)

Squidward: That's it, Mr. Krabs; I'm taking my vacation now.

Mr. Krabs: What's wrong, Mr. Squidward?

Squidward: I can't take the world's greatest fry cook anymore! I'll see you in a week.

Mr. Krabs: That fry cook's making me a fortune. What could be the problem?

SpongeBob: Hey Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob-Bob-Bob-Bob-Bob-Bob-Bob. (every time SpongeBob's boots squeaked Mr. Krabs stuttered) I see you're still wearing them boots.

SpongeBob: Are you kidding? I love them! Could the world's greatest fry cook do this? (runs in place fast with plates of patties in each hand)

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't...uhh...I don't...uhh...

SpongeBob: Or could he do this? (leans over to one table and sets the plate on the table) Or this? (leans to another table and puts plate of patties on it) And watch this, Mr. Krabs! (behind the register on top of the boat talking with the squeaky boots)

Squeaky Boots: May I take your order?

Customer: Yeah, I'll have the Krusty Special.

Squeaky Boots: Thank you, sir. I will squeak when it's ready.

SpongeBob: Could the greatest fry cook do that, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I, uhh...

SpongeBob: And watch this Mr. Krabs. (running around the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: (screams) I gotta go to my office! (puts seat cushions on his ears) I can still hear it! (puts the chairs on his ears) It's still coming through! The infernal squeak! (banging head on his desk) Those boots have got to go! And I need an aspirin...

SpongeBob: Gary, these boots have changed my life. I'm never taking them off.

Gary: (puts earplugs in) Meow.

SpongeBob: Good night, Gary. (as he is sleeping with his boots on, Mr Krabs peeks over his diving board and climbs down. Then takes his boots off and runs to the Krusty Krab. Now morning)

Mr. Krabs: Ah, quiet money. Silence and money. (SpongeBob bursts through the doors)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: What is it, my boy?

SpongeBob: Oh, Mr. Krabs, I'm sorry! Sorry. Sorry. I'm sorry.

Mr. Krabs: It's ok, son.

SpongeBob: No, it's not ok! I lost the boots! Your valuable boots, it's my fault, I let you down! Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Ohh, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.

Mr. Krabs: Hold it, boy! It's not the end of the world.

SpongeBob: Yes it is.

Mr. Krabs: Look, don't cry. I got some, uhh, some magic oven mitts! (SpongeBob puts them on then takes them off)

SpongeBob: They're not the same! You were right, I wasn't ready for those blessed boots. (hits the wall then goes into the kitchen)

Mr. Krabs: Poor lad. (looks through the window where SpongeBob put his head onto the hot grill)

Tom: Excuse me?

Mr. Krabs: I didn't do it! Ohh, heh-heh, can I help ya?

Tom: Yeah, I'm ready to order. (Krabs takes out a notepad)

Mr. Krabs: What'll ya have?

Tom: I'll take a (squeak squeak)

Mr. Krabs: What did you say?

Tom: I said, I'll take a (squeak)

Mr. Krabs: Huh?

SpongeBob: I heard his order, Mr Krabs. He says he wants (squeak squeak)

Mr. Krabs: What?

Tom: And a (squeak squeak squeak squeak)

Mr. Krabs: Huh? (everything is squeaking as Mr Krabs goes crazy. Looks at the menu and sees "squeak" as an item for everything) Huh? I didn't write that. (keeps thinking and hearing the squeaks) Stop it! Stop it! Oh, oh, don't you hear it? Yes, I did it! I did it! I took the boots! They're here, under the floorboard! Oh, please, make it stop! It's the squeaking of the hideous boots! I'm sorry, but I can't take the infernal squeaking no more! (lifts up the Krusty Krab and grabs the boots. Walks into the kitchen and puts the boots into some liquid which shrinks them and he eats them. Comes out and burps) The deed is done.

SpongeBob: Umm, why did you eat my boots, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Because lad, you didn't need 'em. It's not the boots, it's the boot-ee. I mean, the person in the boots. You're a great fry cook.

SpongeBob: You really think so, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I do, son. Here's the paycheck I owe you. Plus a bonus! (takes the bonus back) Well, there's your paycheck anyway. (walks away) I need a vacation.

SpongeBob: Bye, Mr. Krabs! (Mr. Krabs and Pearl taking a drive out to somewhere)

Mr. Krabs: Ah, a long week away from Bikini Bottom is exactly what I need. Just me and my darling daughter Pearl.

Pearl: (lifts feet to reveal her new shoes) Don't forget my new flipper slippers, Daddy!

Mr. Krabs: Darling, I won't. (as he laughs, he hiccups and the squeaky noise comes out) Oh-no. (continues to hiccup and squeak)

(SpongeBob is grilling patties until one of them turns into a jellyfish and floats out the window. The rest of the patties turn into jellyfish and buzz out the window. SpongeBob flies out the window and turns into a jellyfish. Buzzes around jellyfish fields when he hears Mr. Krabs voice)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob? SpongeBob! (the grill is on fire) Wake up, boy! You're burning me money! (SpongeBob wakes up from his dream and screams. Then runs behind Mr. Krabs)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, what do we do?

Mr. Krabs: Here, use this! (Hands SpongeBob a fire extinguisher. SpongeBob throws the F.E. at the grill and sets the fire larger than before. SpongeBob tries to blow on the fire to put it out until a fireman comes into the kitchen with a hose and sprays SpongeBob with the water. SpongeBob enlarges and falls backwards, which puts out the fire)

Mr. Krabs & Fireman: Hooray! (SpongeBob shrinks and burns into a black sponge while Mr. Krabs scrapes him off the grill and onto a spatula)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, come into me office. (in Mr. Krabs office) What's wrong, boy?

SpongeBob: Well, I...

Mr. Krabs: This is the fourth time this week I've had to scrape you off of something.

SpongeBob: Well, I've been thinking.

Mr. Krabs: We need to get you thinking about work. (stretches his eyes out)

SpongeBob: No offense, Mr.. Krabs, but I've been thinking about giving up my cold industrial life in favor of a more natural and free life among the jellyfish. (Mr. Krabs laughs)

Mr. Krabs: Ah, SpongeBob, you wouldn't last even one day in the wild. This is your natural habitat. (shows kitchen) This is your wide-open range. (shows grill) These are your amber waves. (shows greasy fryers) And this... (picks up a spatula from the sink) ...ohh, this is your golden scepter, with which you rule! That's better than nasty old jellyfish, right,

SpongeBob? (SpongeBob is gone) SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (walks out the krusty krab) I can too last more than one day. I'll show him. Aww, barnacles! (throws his hat on the ground)

Mr. Krabs: (opens doors) SpongeBob, wait! (sees SpongeBob's hat on the ground and screams) Oh, he'll be back, alright.

He'll be back. (SpongeBob is now giving his stuff away to his friends)

SpongeBob: And Squidward, I want you to have my can opener. (gives it to him)

Squidward: And I thought this friendship would never pay off. (walks away)

Patrick: (teary-eyed) Are...are...are...are you sure you want to give me this mayonnaise?

SpongeBob: It's all yours. (Patrick holds up a bunch of phonebooks)

Patrick: A-a-and these old phone books?

SpongeBob: All yours, old friend. (walks off) Patrick, there is one more thing I want you to have. (opens up a rectangular box that has the words "OL' RELIABLE" on the front. A glowing jellyfish net is inside. SpongeBob throws the phonebooks away and picks up ol' reliable)

Patrick: Ol' Reliable?! (cries as Sandy walks up)

Sandy: Howdy, y'all. Hey SpongeBob, you having a garage sale?

SpongeBob: No Sandy, I'm giving up my material possessions to live in the wild with the jellyfish.

Sandy: SpongeBob, of all the crazy schemes. Why would you want to live among the jellyfish? They're cold and mean and none too bright. (Sponge pats Sandy's helmet)

SpongeBob: Oh, oh, Sandy. That's exactly the response I would expect from someone who lives the sham of a life I once lived. I'm going to prove I don't need all this stuff to be happy. (walks away) Maybe someday you'll wise up and join me. Good-bye. (walks behind a bush and takes his pants off) I won't be needing these. (drops pants and runs away) Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Squidward: He took off his pants.

Sandy: I'll give him a week. (walks away)

Squidward: I'll give him eleven minutes. (walks away)

Patrick: Patrick sad! (at Jellyfish Fields)

SpongeBob: (touches 'Jellyfish Fields' sign) I'm home. I'm home! I'm home! I'm home, I'm home, I'm home, I'm home, I'm home, I'm home, I'm home, I'm home, I'm home! (jellyfish knock SpongeBob down as they fly by) Brothers and sisters, wait for me! (jellyfish fly into a hive) Buzz-buzz. Buzz-buzz. Ok, I'm here! (jellyfish fly out of hive) Wait, I just got here. My jellyfish instincts tell me to go... (sticks his finger in his mouth and then in his head) ...that way. (points to where the jellyfish went) Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz. (running after jellyfish all over the fields. Jellyfish devour a bunch of kelp. SpongeBob decides to try it but is disgusted and spits it out) This is the life. (jellyfish are floating in the middle of the fields as SpongeBob walks into the middle of the group) Hey everybody, buzz-buzz. Buzz to you. Buzz, buzz, nice current today. Hey, what's the buzz? (wants to shake a jellyfish's hand) Hello, I'm Jellybob, and you are? (jellyfish stings him and his arm goes numb) Uhh...nice to meet you. (hand gets huge. SpongeBob smells some aroma and goes to check and see that Patrick and Sandy are having a picnic with krabby patties)

Sandy: Here, Patrick, have a Krabby Patty! (whispers into Patrick's ear) There he is, Patrick. Say your line!

Patrick: (reading off paper) Why thank you, Sandy, I would love one. Take patty. Too bad SpongeBob isn't here. These are his favorites. I sure wish he'd come home. Take bite. (tries to but throws the patty away and turns to SpongeBob) I can't do it! SpongeBob! Come back!

SpongeBob: Patrick, I'm not coming home.

Patrick: I miss you. Sandy misses you. Even Squidward misses you! (Squidward is throwing himself a party at home)

SpongeBob: I'm happy here. This is my home now. (Sandy drags Patrick away)

Patrick: No!! SpongeBob!! (later, SpongeBob comes in wiggling his arms and legs like the jellyfish)

SpongeBob: Hey everybody! I'm back! I think I'm getting the hang of this. (jellyfish float away as the net is swung at SpongeBob, which knocks him down. Patrick is ready to capture SpongeBob with Ol' Reliable) Patrick! What are you doing?

Patrick: If I can't have you as a friend, I'm going to make you a trophy! I even picked out this nice jar for you! (shows a jar with a label on the front that says 'SPONGEBOB - FRIEND')

SpongeBob: Patrick! Go home! I'm a jellyfish now! (Patrick swings the net at SpongeBob but SpongeBob runs away. Patrick goes after him. SpongeBob hides behind a snail's shell but the snail slithers off. SpongeBob goes to hide behind a rock)

Patrick: I can see you there! (SpongeBob hides behind a bush) I still see you! (SpongeBob hides behind another rock) You're going to look good on my mantel! (SpongeBob runs underneath an 'n' shaped rock and peeks around. Patrick is underneath the rock on the top) Friends forever, SpongeBob! I got you now, SpongeBob! (falls on the ground and misses SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Patrick! No! (Patrick runs after SpongeBob again as SpongeBob jumps into the jellyfish hive. Patrick tries to get the hive down with the net but is unsuccessful multiple times)

Patrick: Ok! So this is the way it's going to be. I hope you're happy. (breaks net in half)

SpongeBob: Well, that's over. Back to jellyfish matters. (a drop of jelly lands on SpongeBob nose. He samples it)

Mmm...jelly. (eats a lot of jelly as the jellyfish come back toward the hive) Ah, my jellyfish brethren are returning. (jellyfish buzz into the hive) Greetings, comrades! (jellyfish sting SpongeBob a lot and he screams. SpongeBob climbs out of the hive and runs as the jellyfish keep stinging him. Later, SpongeBob is in a cave) Being a jellyfish sure is fun. Buzz. (rips off a bushel of grass) Buzz. (pushes rock over as he uses it for his pillow) Buzz. (pushes the rock aside and gets cold. The 'blanket' scrunches up but SpongeBob pushes it back down. Blanket scrunches up again and SpongeBob gets cold.) Hey! Eww, I'm itchy! Itchy, why am I so itchy! (takes off the blanket and reveals 9 poison sea urchins) Poison sea urchins! (screams and scratches the urchins off of him and runs out of the cave) Ow, ow, oh, itches. Ow, ow, itches. (crawls on the ground to stop the itching. Later, SpongeBob is walking towards his house) Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. (buzzes 14 more times as he walks up to the Krusty Krab door and sees a plate full of krabby patties on a table) Krabby Patties. (walks past Sandy's treedome) Sandy. (still buzzing, walks up to his pineapple) What have I done? I had a great life and friends, and I gave all of that up. (opens door and turns the light on. Mr. Krabs, Sandy, Squidward, Patrick, and Gary are there to welcome him home)

All: Welcome home, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: You guys are the best! I made a huge mistake. Please forgive me!

Mr. Krabs: Ah, quit your blubbering and have a Krabby Patty. (hands him a krabby patty)

SpongeBob: Don't mind if I do. (eats it as Mr. Krabs places his krusty krew hat on his head)

Mr. Krabs: And I'll see you at work first thing tomorrow morning.

SpongeBob: (salutes) Aye, aye, captain!

Squidward: SpongeBob, do us all a favor. (hands SpongeBob his pants)

SpongeBob: Don't mind if I do. (puts on his pants) Ta-da! (hugs Squidward) Aww...

Squidward: Ok, that's enough. (everyone else hugs SpongeBob and Squidward)

Gary: Meow.

Squidward: Can we please stop this? (everyone stops hugging)

Patrick: Patrick itchy! (everyone but SpongeBob starts to scratch themselves and crawl on the floor)

SpongeBob: It is great to be home!

(Squidward is sleeping and hearing noises. He awakens to reveal SpongeBob and Patrick under his blanket with a sign that reads "happy birthday")

SpongeBob & Patrick: Surprise! Happy birthday, Squidward! (all 3 standing in front of a cake) Happy happy birthday! Happy birthday cake! (standing in front of a picture of a seahorse and Squidward has the tail) Happy happy birthday! Pin the tail on the seahorse! (surrounded by presents) Happy happy birthday! Happy birthday Squidward! (SpongeBob & Patrick run out of Squidward's house)

Squidward: It's not my birthday! (shuts door and takes off party hat) That's it, I'm moving out of this neighborhood!

Realtor Lady: (looking at a picture of Squidward's house) Absolutely, Mr. Tentacles! (woman from Bikini Realty on phone) I can sell your home in a heartbeat.

Squidward: Oh that's great news, because I want to move as soon as possible.

Realtor Lady: No problem! As long as it's not infested with nematodes, or surrounded by troublesome neighbors or something like that.

Squidward: Oh sure, there's none of that... Did you say neighbors?

Realtor Lady: Of course! I can't tell you how many times I've seen a sale fall through because of bad neighbors.

Squidward: Neighbors. Uhh...

Realtor Lady: Anyway, I'll be by tomorrow to check out the house. See you then! (both hang up)

Squidward: SpongeBob! No one will ever buy my house with him living next door! Whatever a good neighbor would do, he does the opposite! Opposite...opposite... (Later, SpongeBob is sleeping but is awoken from Squidward's instrument playing outside)

SpongeBob: Umm, Squidward, why are you playing that drum? (Squidward stops playing)

Squidward: Drum? What drum? (puts the drum on the ground and punches a hole in it) This is just my wig case! (puts on the wig and frolics around) Come on SpongeBob, tackle me!

SpongeBob: Squidward! You need bed rest! (pushes Squidward to his house as Squidward is blowing bubbles) I'll keep you safe until you're well again.

Squidward: Oh, I get it. You don't know what day it is, do you?

SpongeBob: Uhh, Wednesday?

Squidward: Why, it's Opposite Day! (SpongeBob is confused) You mean you've never heard of it? Boy, have you been missing out! Opposite Day is the one day of the year when you get to act different! Normally I'm stuffy, boring, but today I'm silly and spontaneous!

SpongeBob: Does everybody know about Opposite Day?

Squidward: Oh sure! It's a game! Get it?

SpongeBob: Oh, a game.

Squidward: Yeah! Normally, you're really loud and annoying, so what are you going to be today?

SpongeBob: Quiet and out of the way! Yay!

Squidward: Yeah! Why don't you get a jump on it.

SpongeBob: I love...I mean, I hate Opposite Day. (giggles as he runs back into his pineapple) I'm not ready!

Squidward: So long, chum! (takes off wig) And goodbye, Bikini Bottom!

SpongeBob: (running to Gary) Gary! It's Opposite Day and I... (stops running) ...walk, don't run. And I'm gonna...opposite...opposite...I'm just going to crawl into bed and do nothing all day. (crawls into bed) Too bad it only comes once a year, huh Gary?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary, where's your holiday spirit?!

Gary: (barks)

SpongeBob: (doorbell rings) Company! I hate company. Who's there?

Patrick: It's Patrick!

SpongeBob: Patrick...go away! I never want to see you again! (giggles but Patrick cries)

Patrick: SpongeBob doesn't like me anymore!

SpongeBob: (opens door) That's right! You're my worse enemy! (Patrick cries more) Patrick, you're not really not my friend. It's just Opposite Day!

Patrick: Opposite Day? Hey, I've heard of that!

SpongeBob: You have?

Patrick: No, what is it?!

SpongeBob: Well, whatever you normally do, today you do the opposite.

Patrick: Oh! Let me try! Let me try! (Patrick holds his breath and turns purple)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Patrick, breathe! Not that opposite. Let me show you how to do it the wrong way! (SpongeBob & Patrick dance across the screen as SpongeBob is pink and Patrick is yellow. Gary eats properly from a table. SpongeBob eats from Gary's bowl) Meow.

Patrick: (sitting on newspapers) Meow. (SpongeBob & Patrick blows a bubble but they blow themselves into bubbles, instead. Both talk and laugh backwards) Say, want to help me do some work around the house, worst enemy?

Patrick: Nope. (both laugh)

Squidward: Nearly noon and not a peep from SpongeBob! (packing his belongings into boxes) I'm almost sorry I'm leaving! (laughs) Opposite Day. (hears noises from outside) SpongeBob, what are you... (screams as he sees SpongeBob & Patrick destroying his pineapple) Ahh!

SpongeBob: Hello, Squidward! I mean, goodbye, Squidward! Aww, isn't Opposite Day.... (giggles) ...terrible?! (laughs)

Squidward: I'll tell you what's terrible! Living next to you! You are the worst neighbor in history!

SpongeBob: Wow! That's the nicest thing Squidward's ever said to me! (Squid smacks his forehead)

Squidward: (panicked) If the real estate agent sees that mess, I'll never sell this house! (Pat and Sponge marvel at their mess)

Patrick: Isn't it beautiful?

SpongeBob: On Opposite Day it is. (Squidward drives up with a bulldozer)

Squidward: Out of the way, SpongeBob! (Squidward begins to rebuild the pineapple)

SpongeBob: I don't get it. I made my house a mess, which was making it clean, which made Squidward clean my yard, (Sponge wraps his arms around himself repeatedly) but that really means he's messing it up. (Patrick is drooling) But the opposite

of clean is filth, which means filth is clean, that means Squidward is really making my yard a wreck, but I normally wreck my own yard which means, (Gary meows) Squidward is being the opposite of Squidward which means he's SpongeBob! (SpongeBob wrapped his arms around himself) A-ha! I understand everything now! I must be the opposite of SpongeBob! By being... (stretches his nose out and puts his belt around the middle of his head) (talks like Squidward) Squidward!

Patrick: Hey! I wanna be opposite too! (SpongeBob thinks then snaps his fingers. He takes a piece of coral and puts it below Patrick's eyes where his nose would be) Yeah! Finally! Yoo-hoo! (dances) I'm Squidward, I'm Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward.

SpongeBob: Wait! It's not enough to look like Squidward to be opposite... (talking like Squidward) ...you have to act like him, too. Boy, oh boy, do I like playing the clarinet. I practice and practice all day long but I never get any better. (normal voice again) Now you try.

Patrick: Ok. (takes a deep breath and continues dancing) I'm Squidward, Squidward, Squidward, Squidward. (SpongeBob dances along with Patrick)

SpongeBob & Patrick: I'm Squidward. I'm Squidward. I'm Squidward, Squidward, Squidward.

SpongeBob: (opens door for Patrick) After you, Mr. Squidward.

Patrick: Why, thank you, Mr. Squidward. (walks in)

SpongeBob: You're quite welcome, Mr. Squidward. (walks in and shuts door)

Squidward: (still rebuilding pineapple) Oh, Opposite Day. Next time it's going to be "Go Jump Off A Cliff Day!" (as he is building, the realtor lady drives up)

Realtor Lady: Oh my, the house is even more beautiful in person! (knocks on the door. SpongeBob opens it) Hello Mr... (looks down) ...Mr. Tentacles?

SpongeBob: (talking like Squidward) Yes, please come in.

Realtor Lady: It's funny, I pictured you being much taller.

SpongeBob: Yeah, everyone says that.

Realtor Lady: Now if you want the sale to go through, you've got to tell me all the positive things about your house.

SpongeBob: Positive things! Opposite Day...I'd love to. The floor creaks, the roof leaks, there's a terrible draft.

Realtor Lady: Uhh...well, you didn't mention that on the phone.

SpongeBob: Please, let me finish. The winters are harsh, the summers are brutal. There's a wild man eating clam in the backyard. Now, would you care to see the rest of my home?

Realtor Lady: Well, umm, I'm not sure if I'm interested...

SpongeBob: Nonsense! I won't take no for an answer. (laughs then stops) Please follow me. (both walk into Squidward's art room) And here's the worst room in the house: my gallery.

Realtor Lady: Oh my, this painting is very nice. (Patrick bursts through the painting)

Patrick: Thank you! (woman screams and jumps up to the ceiling)

Realtor Lady: Who's that?

SpongeBob: I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Squidward.

Realtor Lady: You're both Squidward?

SpongeBob: I'm Squidward, he's Squidward.

SpongeBob & Patrick: We're both Squidward.

Squidward: Well, that's done. At least SpongeBob has been quiet. (sees the realtor's boat and screams) Ahh, no! (SpongeBob is playing clarinet for the lady)

Realtor Lady: Okay, I really don't want to hear another one.

SpongeBob: Okay. (plays more)

Realtor Lady: I really don't want to hear more, thank you.

SpongeBob: I hear you loud and clear. (plays more)

Squidward: (opens door) Stop! Get away from her! Oh, I am so sorry, ma'am, I hope these two (barnacle heads) haven't harmed you in any way.

Realtor Lady: Who are you?

Squidward: Why, I'm Squidward!

Realtor Lady: What kind of fool do you take me for? He's Squidward, he's Squidward, you're Squidward, I'm Squidward! Are

there any other Squidward's I should know about?!

Gary: (in Squidward's voice with a pickle as a nose) Meow.

Realtor Lady: I'm out of here.

Squidward: Ma'am, please! What about my house?!

Realtor Lady: I wouldn't sell a house for you if you were the last Squidward on Earth! (walks off)

Squidward: Wait!

SpongeBob: Don't...

Patrick: ...go! (Squidward screams and hangs onto the realtor lady's legs)

Squidward: No, no, no! Please sell my house!

Realtor Lady: Never! (gets in boat drives off)

Squidward: Don't leave me here! (cries as SpongeBob & Patrick walk up)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Happy Opposite Day, Squidward! We hate you!

Squidward: Let me show you guys how much I hate you! (Squidward drives up with a bulldozer chasing SpongeBob & Patrick away)

SpongeBob: Patrick, do you ever feel Squidward likes us too much?

Squidward: (angry) Happy Opposite Day! (chases them down the street and laughs angrily)

(no customers at the Krusty Krab as Mr Krabs is holding a FREE sign for the salad bar, Squidward is reading a ballet magazine, and SpongeBob is wiping dust off tables)

Mr Krabs: I just don't get it. If a free salad bar doesn't bring in customers, what will?! (Squidward is dancing)
Squidward!

Squidward: Yes, sir?

Mr Krabs: There's gonna be some changes around here. (customer walks in. Mr Krabs gasps) A customer! Welcome to the Krusty Krab! (runs up to the customer with a chair and seats him. Brings him back to the table) SpongeBob, cater to his every whim. And don't screw this one up.

SpongeBob: Aye aye sir! Welcome aboard, sir! Here at the Krusty Krab, (you) are the captain, and I, a mere cabin boy. You just say the word and I will throw myself in the brig! May I take your order?

Customer: All I wanted was change for the pay phone. (shows the dollar)

SpongeBob: Aye aye sir! (runs off quickly and comes back with change) Monsieur's changé.

Customer: Thanks. (laughs nervously and leaves a penny on the table) Here you go. (runs off as Mr Krabs smells the penny and jumps on it. Later, we are in Mr Krabs office with Squidward and SpongeBob)

Mr Krabs: Now as you may have noticed, profits are way down this month. (pulls down a chart with zig-zag lines going down and his eyes sticking out on each side) We've got to think of a gimmick to bring in customers. (pulls the chart up) Do you lubbers have any ideas?

SpongeBob: I've got one! (takes out a tray with a soda and a pair of socks on it) A free pair of socks with every purchase! Or maybe 'Double Patty Midnight Madness'! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! I know! I know! I know! How about 'mouth full of clams' day! Everyone who shows up with a mouthful of clams... (talks with mouth full of clams) ...gets a free drink! Huh? Huh?

Mr Krabs: Well, uhh, I was thinking more along the lines of live entertainment. (Squidward gasps)

Squidward: That's it, a floor show! Wait, a talent show! With your host me! (runs up to Mr Krabs with stars in his eyes) This is the moment I've...I mean, we've been dreaming of. Think of it, Mr Krabs, you will be responsible for bringing culture to this cultural wasteland we call Bikini Bottom! And not to mention, the money.

Mr Krabs: The money? (Squidward lying on the table)

Squidward: And I can see it now...your daughter Pearl, her name up in lights.

Mr Krabs: (Mr Krabs looks at his picture of him and Pearl) Little Pearly...a star?

SpongeBob: Hoppin' clams! A talent show! I'm talented! I'd better call my folks! (runs off as Squidward and Mr Krabs shake hands)

Mr Krabs: Squidward, you've got a deal. Make my little girl a star! (later, the restaurant is being redecorated for the show)

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, what time am I going on?

Squidward: Going on what?

SpongeBob: The show! When am I going on the show? I have a great act!

Squidward: What talent could you possibly possess? (SpongeBob blows a big bubble which turns into a hippo. Then blows two small bubbles for the hat and cane. Both dance)

SpongeBob: Ta-da! (Squidward yawns)

Squidward: No one, not even your parents, would want to see that. (hippo bubble pops) What the people want is culture, not dancing bubbles.

SpongeBob: Ok, I get it. Don't worry, Squidward, I'm going to come up with the most cultured act ever!

Squidward: I can hardly wait. (SpongeBob runs off) Phew. The only culture that guy has is in his tennis shoes. (laughs) Tennis shoes. I crack myself up. (now the night of the talent show where people are outside conducting interviews and people inside are talking and getting set-up)

SpongeBob: (peeks out from behind the curtain) Wow! A full house! (gasps) There's Mom and Dad! They are gonna be so proud! (Mr Krabs shakes Mr Squarepants hand)

Mr Krabs: Hello, I'm Mr Krabs, and I like money.

SpongeBob: I gotta get ready! (Squidward gets everyones attention)

Squidward: Alright people, listen up. Gather around everyone, chop, chop. (performers gather around) Now, you may be thinking this is your one shot at the big time. Well, it's not. It's mine.

SpongeBob: Hey, Squid! How about this for the show? (runs off and runs back with a tub full of water and the words 'Mister Absorbency' written on the front) The Amazing Mister Absorbency! (puts his finger in the water and absorbs it. Absorbs the water into his legs) Ta-da! (absorbs water into his head) Ta-da!

Squidward: No one is going to watch you engorge yourself. (grabs Squidward's legs)

SpongeBob: Please, Squidward, let me be in the show! I'll do anything! Anything! Anything!

Squidward: So you really want to be in the show?

SpongeBob: Oh, yes!

Squidward: Ok, you get to mop up afterwards. (hands SpongeBob a mop) Now will you stop bugging me? (walks off)

SpongeBob: So, this is what it feels like...the big time! With this mop, I shape my destiny! (show starts and crowd applauds. Squidward comes out and gets the cue cards that are in his tuxedo)

Squidward: Good evening and welcome to the 1st annual Squidward Tentacles Talent Show. Sponsored by the Krusty Krab, home of the Krabby Patty, because no one else would give it a home. (Patrick laughs) Thank you. Our next act is living proof that nepotism is alive and well. (Patrick laughs) Put your fins together for... (Patrick laughs) Put your... (Patrick laughs) Put... (Patrick laughs) Pearl. (crowd claps as curtain rises for Pearl, dressed in cheereleader uniform)

Mr Krabs: Hooray! My little girl is finally a star.

Pearl: Give me a K-R-U! (jumps up and down on the stage causing the crowd to fly up and down with her) Give me a S-T-Y! (jumps up and down again) Krusty Krab! (jumps up and down) Krusty Krab! (jumps up and down) Krusty Krab! (jumps up and down)

Mr Krabs: That's what I call talent! (Krusty Krab floor is destroyed)

Pearl: Thank you! Thank you, thank you! (Squidward closes curtain and as he is lowering the rope, SpongeBob is tied to it holding a mop and a bucket of water)

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, listen, what do you think? When I mop, should I go forward and back? No, no, side to side. (Squidward lets the rope go and sends SpongeBob flying up. Then he walks back out on the stage)

Squidward: And now, poetry. (walks backstage but peeks his head through the curtain) By Gary. (curtain opens. Gary is on a stool)

Gary: Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow.

Sandy: He had such a way with words.

Squidward: (checks his watch) Come on, come on, Ginsburg, if he doesn't hurry it up, we're not going to have time for the best act...me! (SpongeBob walks up)

SpongeBob: Squidward, should I use Mr Cleanser or Dr Clean?

Squidward: Yes. (audience applauds as curtain opens revealing Plankton in a magician costume and a sign that says 'The Amazing Plankton!!!')

Plankton: I, the amazing Plankton, with the use of prestidigitation... (turns his wand into flowers) ...will make a Krabby Patty disappear before your very eyes. (throw the flowers aside) First, I'll need a volunteer from the audience. (jumps onto a table and grabs the krabby patty from the customer. Runs toward the door but Mr Krabs stops Plankton)

Mr Krabs: Nice try. Your act's over, bub. (grabs the patty)

Plankton: You may win this time. She-hah-kazeek! (he claps his hands and ignites into a puff of smoke. The smoke clears and he is completely charred) Well, this stinks. (he walks off and it boos. Krabs runs up to Squid backstage, leaving a trail of flames)

Mr Krabs: Squidward! This show is a disaster! You're ruining me!

Squidward: Now, now, don't you worry, Mr Krabs. I've saved the best for last, you'll see.

Mr Krabs: For your sake, I hope you're right. (bunch of spot lights gleam around Krusty Krab)

Squidward: And now, ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for. We've saved the best for last. Put your hands together for the incomparable Squidward! ('Squidward Live' words blink in pink and green lights. Curtain opens and the background is a canyon. Squidward dances with birds. Then the lights go dark and music is techno as Squidward dances weird. Crowd boos and throws tomatoes at him)

Mr Krabs: I'm losing money on this deal! (puts a \$1.00 sticker over the free sign on the salad bar)

Fish: It's worth every penny. (everyone runs up to Mr Krabs with dollar bills in hand)

Squidward: You bottom feeders! You don't even know talent!

Crowd: No talent! No talent! No talent! (curtain closes)

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, can I go on now?

Squidward: Yeah, show's over! (crowd continues booing as SpongeBob walks out and mops up the tomatoes. Crowd gets interested in this and applauds at him)

Crowd: Hey, yeah. That's really not bad. I like that. Alright!

Squidward: They want an encore! (pushes SpongeBob away) Stand aside, SpongeBob! (Squidward jumps out and the crowd grows silent. He goes backstage and SpongeBob comes back out and crowd cheers again. Squidward jumps out again and the crowd grows silent again. Squidward goes backstage and grabs SpongeBob. Then shows the crowd SpongeBob and they cheer. Puts his own head through the curtain and crowd goes silent. SpongeBob's arm gets a cheer but Squidward's doesn't. SpongeBob's leg is shown then curtain rises and SpongeBob is mopping. Curtain closes then opens to reveal Squidward mopping and the crowd goes silent. Someone in the crowd throws a tomato and SpongeBob sweeps it up as the crowd cheers. Mr & Mrs Squarepants bring Mr Krabs up in a wheelbarrow full of money)

Mr Krabs: You did it, Squidward! What a great show!

Mrs SquarePants: Oh, my son's a star!

Mr SquarePants: Who ever knew he had such talent.

Mr Krabs: I'll be needing another wheelbarrow for next week's show! (crowd throws flowers at SpongeBob)

Narrator: Ahh, lunchtime at the Krusty Krab. Everyone is enjoying their Krabby Patties. (lights go off as everyone in the Krusty Krab screams and runs for cover) Huh?! What's this? (doors and windows are now metal)

Mr. Krabs: Can you spot him, Mr. Squidward?

Squidward: Down there, sir! (a krabby patty is bouncing to the door)

Narrator: (gasps) There appears to be a Krabby Patty napping in progress! (krabby patty shoots a laser hole big enough for it to go through at the door) There can only be one culprit: Plankton!

Plankton: Finally, victory is mine! I win, I win, I win! (laughs)
Squidward: He got away, sir.
Mr. Krabs: No! He's finally stolen my secret recipe!
Narrator: Perhaps not, mousier Krabs, for it's... (SpongeBob tears himself into another SpongeBob and flies off) SpongeBob SquarePants! (later, SpongeBob peeks out through under the sewer with binoculars in hand. Catches a peek at a krabby patty jumping through the crowd)
SpongeBob: A-ha! (chases it behind some buildings) Hey! (krabby patty flies up with a propeller. SpongeBob takes the twirling club that the cop is using as a propeller and flies after the krabby patty to the top of a building) Ok, that's far enough! Huh? (patty jumps off building) Tarter sauce! (uses his hat as a balloon-like ball and jumps off the building. Bounces off the ground towards the krabby patty. Bounces past a cowboy and a cowgirl)
Cowboy: Yeehaw!)patty walks into a magic shop and comes back out with funny glasses on) Have you seen a Krabby Patty? It's about this tall and... (looks up and reads the sign 'MAGIC SHOP') Wow, a magic shop! Are you a magician? One time, I saw this magician and he did this thing...anyway, and then he told us, 'If you believe in yourself and with a tiny pinch of magic, all of your dreams can come true.' (plankton takes away krabby patty)
Plankton: Argh! I can't take it!
SpongeBob: Plankton! It's you!
Plankton: Yes, and after all these years, I thought I was the master of torture. But that...that just wasn't fair! Here. Take the stupid patty, I don't want the secret recipe anyway. I guess my restaurant will never be as good as the Krusty Krab. You don't know what it's like to be a loser. (cries)
SpongeBob: Aww, cheer up Plankton. I think you're a winner.
Plankton: Wh-what did you say?
SpongeBob: I said, you're a... (a bunch of people run up and point at Plankton)
All: Loser! (Plankton jumps away from group and walks back to his restaurant)
Squidward: How does it feel to be the most hated thing in Bikini Bottom, Plankton? It hurts, doesn't it? I know!
Policeman: Yeah, and for running you out, we're going to make this kid honorary town rookie of the day. (puts a big donut with a ribbon on it around SpongeBob)
Song: Bikini Bottom "For he's a Jolly Good Rookie"
Squidward, Mr. Krabs, a Policeman, Fred, Tammy, Joe, Millie, Ricardo, and Stella: For he's a jolly good rookie, for he's a jolly good rookie, for he's a jolly good rookie...

(everyone throws SpongeBob into the air)
SpongeBob: (thinking to himself) I'll bet if he had just one friend, he wouldn't be such a meanie.
All: (as SpongeBob comes down, they stop singing) Which nobody... (everyone walks away. Later, Plankton hears a knock on his door at his restaurant)
Plankton: A customer? (opens door) Our special today is chum... (sees SpongeBob at the door) ...balaya.
SpongeBob: Hi, Mr. Plankton.
Plankton: Haven't you degraded me enough for one day?
SpongeBob: No. I mean...I want you to come out and play with me.
Plankton: Wha?
SpongeBob: Play with me.
Plankton: You know how to induce thermonuclear fusion?
SpongeBob: No, but I like to go... (Plankton closes the door)
Plankton: That naïve cube! How long must I suffer this?
Karen: You're not letting him leave, are you? Can't you see? This is the perfect opportunity for revenge!
Plankton: Elaborate. (computer shows images of a krabby patty and SpongeBob)
Karen: Befriend the sponge bath, then when the time is just right, take the Krabby Patty!
Plankton: Take the Krabby Patty? (runs back to the door)

Karen: Get moving genius, don't let him get away. (Plankton opens the door)
SpongeBob: ...fishing with my friends at Jellyfish Fields.
Plankton: Alright, SpongeBob, I'll play your little game.
SpongeBob: Great! (SpongeBob grabs Plankton and runs off) Last one to the fields is a rotten clam! (now at Jellyfish Fields) So, I get the big net and you get the little net. (hands Plankton a net bigger than him)
Plankton: What happens after we eat 'em?
SpongeBob: You don't eat 'em, you catch 'em, like this! (captures a jellyfish) Like that.
Plankton: And?
SpongeBob: And then you throw them back. But watch out for the stingers!
Plankton: Stingers? (Plankton imagines ruling Bikini Bottom with a jellyfish that only he controls) All knees will bow to Plankton! Hail, Plankton! I win, I win!
SpongeBob: It's not about winning, it's about fun!
Plankton: What's that?
SpongeBob: Fun is when you...fun is...it's like...it's kinda...sort of like a...
Song: F.U.N. (Song)
What is fun? let me spell it for you

F is for friends who do stuff together.
U is for you and me.
N is for anywhere and anytime at all.
Down here in the deep blue sea.

F is for fire that burns down the whole town.
U is for uranium... bombs!
N is for no survivors when you-

Plankton! those things aren't were fun is all about
Now, do it like this

F is for friends who do stuff together

Never! That's completely idiotic

Here, let me help you

F is for friends who do stuff together
U is for you and me Try it!
N is for anywhere and anytime at all
Down here in the deep blue sea

Wait I don't understand this, I feel all tingly inside

Should we stop?
No! That's how you suppose to feel!
Well, I like it. Let's do it again!
Okay!

F is for frolic through all the flowers.
U is for ukulele.
N is nose-sticking, sharing gum, and sand-licking here with my best
buddy.

Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

(looking through a telescope at SpongeBob & Plankton)
Arr, mutiny!

(at the Chum Bucket, Plankton is changing clothes)
Plankton: And after that we frolicked through the flowers and then we...
Karen: Sounds like fun.
Plankton: Well the really fun part was when we...
Karen: Where's the Krabby Patty?
Plankton: The what? (shows a krabby patty on Karen's computer screen)
Karen: The Krabby Patty, remember?
Plankton: You can't rush these things you know.
Karen: You're forgetting about the mission! (shows a formula)
Plankton: What are you talking about?
Karen: You're going native, Plankton! Look at yourself! (metal arm picks up Plankton and shows him wearing square pants like SpongeBob's)
Plankton: What?
Mr. Krabs: I haven't seen Plankton in a while. He must be scheming.
SpongeBob: Who knows? Maybe he's changed.
Mr. Krabs: Who knows? I think you know! (shows a picture of him and Plankton holding up the letters for FUN)
SpongeBob: He's changed, I tell you! (Plankton enters)
Plankton: SpongeBuddy! Yoohoo! (SpongeBob runs over to Plankton)
SpongeBob: Plankton-buddy! Let's go! I forgot this is a no friend zone.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, may I speak to you in private. (talking to Plankton) You won't mind if I set this here, will you?
(puts a plate with a krabby patty on the table and pushes it toward him)
SpongeBob: What's this all about, Mr. Krabs?
Mr. Krabs: He's a thief. Look at the lust in his eye, he's...
SpongeBob: Why can't you just accept our friendship?
Mr. Krabs: He's just after me recipe. I'll prove it to you. (walks up to Plankton) Ah, you must be hungry after that long walk over here.
Plankton: Oh, yes, but I'm saving my appetite for some popcorn at the movies.
Mr. Krabs: Uhh...suit yourself. (walks off then comes back to push the plate closer to Plankton. Uses a fan to get the smell to Plankton)
SpongeBob: We've had enough of your little tests, Mr. Krabs! (turns the fan off) Come on Plankton, let's get out of here.

(both walk away)

Mr. Krabs: Maybe the lad was right. Maybe Plankton's gone straight. (plate falls down revealing that it was cardboard) Or maybe scallops will fly out of my pants! (takes the boat and paddles to the movies) Hold on there laddie, I'm a-comin'! (at the movies, SpongeBob & Plankton are sitting in the front row. SpongeBob is giving popcorn to Plankton as he is eating some himself. Then Bubblebass comes down and sits in Plankton's seat, squishing him)

SpongeBob: I sure like sequels, Plankton. (sees Bubblebass in his spot) Hey Bubblebass, you're sitting on my friend. (Bubblebass gets comfortable in his seat) Hey Bubblebass! (throws some popcorns and Bubblebass runs after it)

Plankton: Thanks for that, friend.

SpongeBob: Sure thing, pal.

Mr. Krabs: Listen up! (Mr. Krabs shadow is on the movie screen)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs? (in the projector room)

Mr. Krabs: He's deceiving ya! Reach into his pocket now and take what he's got! (the ladies reach in their husbands pockets and takes out a watch, some money and a piggy bank then run off) You too, boy! (SpongeBob reaches into Plankton's pocket and takes out a krabby patty)

SpongeBob: (gasps) I can't believe this!

Plankton: It's not what you think.

SpongeBob: What is it then? What do you see here?

Plankton: I...I don't see anything.

SpongeBob: (crying) How can you not see it?

Plankton: Ok, ok, I see it! It's a Krabby Patty, ok? I couldn't help it!

SpongeBob: But we sang the F.U.N. song! I think I'm gonna be sick. How long?

Plankton: How long what?

SpongeBob: How long were you planning on doing this? Tell me! What?

Plankton: (crying) Alright, it's true! I tricked you to get the Krabby Patty! But then you showed me friendship! And now I realize, that's all I really wanted.

SpongeBob: Really? (Plankton grabs the patty and jumps towards the screen)

Plankton: No, not really. Being evil is too much fun! (Plankton laughs)

Movie: Oh darling, I know that nothing could ever tear us apart. (Plankton rips through the screen)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, he's gone. He got the patty. He won.

Mr. Krabs: Ho-ho, no he didn't, boy! Don't you know what's behind these screens? Solid concrete! (laughs. Plankton is squished on the wall. Mr. Krabs takes the krabby patty)

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Mr. Krabs. I thought Plankton had changed.

Plankton: Don't blame him, lad. No friendship could withstand the allure of a Krabby Patty! Now let's go back to the Krusty Krab and have a fresh one on me!

SpongeBob: Aye, aye, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Well, maybe on a discount. (Mr. Krabs flicks Plankton off the wall and onto Bubblebass's jellybeans. Plankton runs around his hand so he doesn't get caught)

SpongeBob: It's time to grow myself large and wide. (grows himself large and wide as he is saying it. Walks over to his weight, which is a pink bunny and a blue bear and has struggle lifting it but gets it over his head. Doorbell rings. Opens door)

Sandy: Howdy, SpongeBob. How's it goin'?

SpongeBob: Not too close, Sandy. I tend to get smelly when I'm pumping iron. Check it out. (shows off his muscles but is still a weakling)

Sandy: Well, you're smelly.

SpongeBob: All thanks to my state-of-the-art work set. (shows all sorts of stuffed animals)

Sandy: Uhh, I don't wanna disappoint you, SpongeBob but you won't see any progress with those.

SpongeBob: Oh, really?

Sandy: That is, if you want arms like these. (shows off big, masculine muscles) Or these. (shows off other arm muscles) Or these. (shows off all muscles. SpongeBob's arm wiggles in the air)

SpongeBob: Well, uhh, maybe I could use a little help.

Sandy: Well, if you want arms like mine, you just gotta follow my training program.

SpongeBob: Wow, really? That'd be great Sandy. I can see me now. (imagines himself with muscles and very tall playing in the Krusty Krab, Jellyfish Fields & sleeping) Yeah...that would change everything.

Sandy: Be at my place at 5 a.m. And you'll need a water helmet. (puts a fish bowl on his head. Now, at Sandy's tree dome where SpongeBob is trying to do push-ups) Come on, SpongeBob, it's only push-ups. Come on. Come on. You can do it.

(SpongeBob is grunting at this point determined to get a push-up. His body cracks and falls down while his arms stay up)

SpongeBob: One. (acorn bell dings)

Sandy: (in boxing ring with gloves on) Alright, put 'em up.

SpongeBob: (struggles getting his gloves up) They're up.

Sandy: Ding ding. (punches SpongeBob out of the ring. Later, Sandy starts up her exercise wheel with SpongeBob on it.

SpongeBob pants while the wheel goes faster and makes him trip all over the wheel) Feeling the burn?

SpongeBob: I'm feeling something. (launches out of the wheel and into the tree dome glass)

Sandy: Well, now that we've got warmed up, it's time for the arm- cruncher.

SpongeBob: Arm-cruncher, great. (sees 2 cement blocks slamming into the cement pedestal) This squirrel's trying to kill me.

Sandy: (walks up to the arm-cruncher with phone in hand) This is it.

SpongeBob: Hey, that's great, Sandy. Well, I sure had fun, we'll have to do it again sometime, bye. (hangs up) This working out thing isn't working out. (arms bulge in and out) Ow. Ow. Ow.

TV: Hey, you. Wimpy, wimpy, wimpy. "Oh, I'm a little peanut worm." Are you too much of a wimp to work out? Are you a weakling built like a sponge? Well, now you too can have muscles.

SpongeBob: Huh?

TV: With anchor arms! (puts a long pink item on his arm) Fits like a glove. Just add air. (puts a plug in the arm's hole and pumps air into it) How big do you want 'em? (pumps air into other arm) Normal? (puts more air into arm) Veiny? And for the ladies... (puts air into arm which makes it grow hair) ...hairy. (SpongeBob whistles as the TV puts up an image of a weak shark) "I was a wimp before anchor arms." Now, I'm a jerk and everybody loves me. So order now, wimp.

SpongeBob: Wow, now that's a good idea.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I wanna be just like him. Yeah, I've gotta get to a phone. (later, a big shadow of SpongeBob is walking down the road past Squidward, who is licking a popsicle) Hi, Squidward.

Squidward: SpongeBob?

Mr. Krabs: (Mr. Krabs is sweeping outside the Krusty Krab) Huh?

SpongeBob: Ahoy, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Mother of pearl. (hides in the Krusty Krab. Now, at Mussel Beach where everyone is lifting weights. SpongeBob comes in and makes one guy drop a big weight on two others feet)

SpongeBob: Hi, guys. (shows off new muscles)

Larry: SpongeBob, is that you?

SpongeBob: (walking on his hands) Who were you expecting, Tiny Tim? Wait...wait... (flexes those muscles) They're big aren't they?

Larry: Dude, you're ripped.

SpongeBob: (flexes out the words) Thank...You. I've been working out. Excuse me a second. (flexes more) Yeah. Anyone up for the... (flexes muscles into drinks) ...juice bar?

Scooter: I'm tellin' ya, he's huge!

Sandy: Have you guys seen SpongeBob anywhere?

Scooter: You mean 'MuscleBob BuffPants'? He's in there. (points to inside of bar)

Sandy: Uhh, whatever. Thanks.

SpongeBob: I start off with 20 raw eggs everyday. But that's just me.

Sandy: Pardon me.

SpongeBob: Working out is my life. I remember when I used to look like that guy over there. (points to weak fish)

Fish: Who me? (everyone laughs)

SpongeBob: I remember when I used to look like you, too. (points to Larry and laughs) But, that was a long time ago.

Bartender: Here's your drink, sir.

SpongeBob: Thank you. (tries to lift up drinks but can't so he stretches his mouth out to the straw and drinks) Yeah...

Sandy: SpongeBob? Wha-where'd you get those muscles?

SpongeBob: I've created my own workout routine that's given me amazing results. (anchor arm almost slips off) Whoops. Yeah, I have never felt better.

Sandy: Heck, what's your secret?

SpongeBob: What?

Sandy: Your secret workout. What is it? (everyone wants to know)

SpongeBob: Hmmm, well...I, uhh...first I take my hand and I do this... (makes armpit noises)

Larry: Are you kidding?

SpongeBob: Do these muscles lie? (flexes muscles into a shape of a sponge. Everyone starts making armpit noises)

Sandy: I'm glad to see you found an exercise program that works for you.

SpongeBob: Yeah, you're workout routine wasn't quite tough enough for me.

Sandy: Can't argue with those results. What you need to do now is put those muscles to the test.

SpongeBob: Uhh, what do you mean?

Sandy: The big Mussel Beach anchor tossing competition. It's today. Everybody'll be there.

Bartender: Here's your drink. (sets drink on SpongeBob's anchor-arm hand and sinks down)

Sandy: Hey, with those arms, you'll do great!

SpongeBob: Uhh, well, I'm not sure.

Sandy: C'mon, let's go.

SpongeBob: Now? Wait, uhh, wait, Sandy. I don't think it's such a... (tries to run away but the drink is holding him back. Tries lifting the drink but is unsuccessful) Sandy, wait!

Sandy: Here it is-- the sign-in list.

SpongeBob: Oh, no.

Sandy: (signs her name on a piece of paper) Ok, Sandy Cheeks. (puts paper into entry box)

SpongeBob: (still struggling) Wait, Sandy-- don't sign just yet. (struggles even harder)

Sandy: Ok...

SpongeBob: Wait!

Sandy: (signs names) SpongeBob SquarePants. (bartender lifts drink off of SpongeBob which sends him flying towards Sandy)

SpongeBob: Sandy, wait... (slams into pole)

Sandy: It's ok, SpongeBob, I already signed your name in.

SpongeBob: Oh, great. Thanks, Sandy. (at competition)

Announcer: We're on! Welcome to the Goo Lagoon 8th annual anchor toss competition. (everyone is getting ready but SpongeBob is so nervous)

Sandy: Ready, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Oh, yeah. Great. No problem. (blows frantically into his anchor arms)

Announcer: Could I get some Ketchup on that? Oh. First up, Don the Whale. (Don throws the anchor and lands. Person comes up to measure distance)

Measurer: 200 yards. (crowd cheers)

Announcer: Let's see an instant-replay. (another anchor comes flying in on top of the measurer) Amazing! Up next, Larry the Lobster. (Larry throws his anchor and it follows the measurer wherever he goes)

Measurer: 210 yards.

Announcer: Here goes, Sandy Cheeks. (Sandy throws it up in the air and kicks it. Measurer runs around until he gets hit)

Measurer: 510 yards.

Announcer: Wow! Fabulous!

Sandy: Beat that, SpongeBob.

Announcer: Up next, SpongeBob SquarePants.

Crowd: (crowd is imitating the armpit exercise while others are holding up SpongeBob signs and chanting) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob! SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (tries to move the anchor but instead he falls under the ground with the anchor and comes out and laughs) Just kidding. Just kidding. (everyone laughs)

Sandy: That SpongeBob is funnier than ears on an acorn.

SpongeBob: Oh, this is it. They're all gonna find out I'm a fake. I can't give up. I've got to try. I can do it. I've got anchor arms. I'm no wimp, I'm a jerk. (blows into anchor arms to makes them "JERK" size. Tries the anchor again but when he tries too hard, some of the air in one arm goes into SpongeBob's nose making it huge. Tries the anchor again but the air goes into his left eye as the crowd 'ooh's. Tries the anchor again but the air goes into his left tooth. Tries the anchor again but the air goes everywhere around his body then explodes. When the smoke clears, anchor arms are floating down)

Crowd Attendee: I think he lost. (crowd chants for Sandy) Sandy! Sandy! Sandy! (Sandy walks up to SpongeBob and taps her foot. Tells SpongeBob to follow her. Later, back at her tree dome)

SpongeBob: 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Sandy: I want 100 more.

SpongeBob: It hurts. (changes channel over and over) 1. 2. 3. 4...

Sandy: I think we finally found an exercise for you, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: ...9. 10. (arm falls off) Can you get that?

Squidward: (talking to a wax statue of himself) Have I told you how beautiful you are? Your tentacles, your nose, your eye's...a little lopsided. (takes out the right eye, fixes it then puts it back in place) There. And now that I've been immortalized in wax, I have conquered all artistic media. Come on, my precious reflection, smile. (Squidward makes wax statue smile. Then he hears a crash from outside and frowns, as does the statue as well)

SpongeBob: Hike, Patrick, hike! (both run in separate directions but SpongeBob has a big rock. Drops the rock on the ground and it breaks in half) You just lost three points. (climbs a tree branch) One. Two. Five! (flips upside down and blows a bubble into a shape) G-7!

Patrick: G-7? King me! King me! (runs into the coral branch and pops the bubble) I lose!

SpongeBob: But it's not Tuesday, Patrick.

Patrick: Tarter sauce! (Squidward peeks out)

Squidward: Hey! What are you invertebrates doing?

SpongeBob & Patrick: We don't know.

Squidward: Hey Patrick, do you know what time it is?

Patrick: Uh, yeah, Squidward, it's... (checks his watch but all the bubble soap leaks out when he turns his wrist around)

Squidward: Time to find some other game to play! (laughs. Turns on the record player while taking a bubble bath)

SpongeBob: Now what?

Patrick: (notices a shell on the ground) We could toss that shell back and forth.

SpongeBob: (picks up shell) Ok, ready! (throws shell into Patrick's belly. Patrick shoots it into the air)

Patrick: Go! (SpongeBob goes after it)

SpongeBob: I got it! I got it! (the shell flies through Squid's open window, knocks into Squid's sculpture, and it falls over) I got it! I got it! I got it! (Squid in the other room, hears a thump, but he ignores it. Sponge and Pat enter the room via the elevator) Remember Patrick, finders keepers.

Patrick: There it is! (points to the shell that is in the wax sculpture of Squidward)

SpongeBob & Patrick: I got it! I got it! (Patrick pulls the shell out)

Patrick: Bonus points! (Patrick starts to walk off)

SpongeBob: Uhh, Patrick? I think something's wrong with Squidward. He looks unconscious.

Patrick: Don't worry. I know how to do this. (Patrick tries to give CPR but his face turns blue and he floats up to the ceiling but lets out all the air and lands on top of the wax sculpture's head)

SpongeBob: Get off him, Patrick! (Patrick stands up)

Patrick: What are you worried about? (Patrick's behind is now imprinted on Squidward's face) He looks better already.

(SpongeBob & Patrick stand him up)

SpongeBob: But he still feels cold. (bring him in front of the window)

Patrick: Well, let's go put him in the warm.

SpongeBob: Do you think he'll be ok?
Patrick: You know, you worry too much. The Patrick is here and SpongeBob I know a lot about head injuries, believe...
(starts to drool as SpongeBob snaps his fingers) ...me. Hey, what's that on your shoe? (Sponge looks down)
SpongeBob: I don't know.
Patrick: It kind of looks like...(a liquidy puddle of green goo is on the floor)
SpongeBob & Patrick: Squidward! (both are screaming as Squidward is powdering his nose)
SpongeBob: No, no, that part goes here.
Patrick: Yeah-yeah, that's it, uh-huh.
SpongeBob: We're almost there. We can do this.
Patrick: It's working, it's working...
SpongeBob: This is working. (sculpture melts again) Patrick, this isn't working!
Patrick: Look! (eyes turn over)
SpongeBob: I don't know how to say it, but our old pal Squidward, he's...he's...he's pushing up daisies!
Patrick: Oh, I thought he was dead. (SpongeBob & Patrick cling to each other and get scared)
Squidward: Well, are you two going to say something or do I...
SpongeBob: No! Stay back!
Squidward: What is the matter with you two?
Patrick: Don't, don't hurt us!
SpongeBob: It was an accident!
Squidward: What are you two talking about? (he notices the goo on the floor and screams) Look what you've done to me! When I get my hands on you, I'll...
SpongeBob: Please, Mr. Squidward's ghost! (SpongeBob & Patrick are bowing before Squidward)> Spare us your ghostly anger!
(Patrick is kissing Squidward's feet)
Patrick: Oh yes, Mr. Squidward's ghost! Please don't haunt us!
SpongeBob: We'll do anything you want! Just have mercy on us!
Squidward: Enough! Listen up. Squidward's ghost is feeling unusually generous today. He hath decided to spare ye a horrible fate. (Hisses) All ye must do is tend to my every whim and tickle my fancy on demand.
SpongeBob: Does that include...
Squidward: Quiet! Now do as you're told lest ye incur the wrath of Squidward! (Squidward walks off)
Patrick: (whispers to SpongeBob) I think they make a cream for that now. (SpongeBob and Patrick carry out Squidward on his bed)
SpongeBob: Here?
Squidward: Too hot. (walk a little more then stops)
SpongeBob: Here?
Squidward: No, too wet. Keep going. Keep going. (walks a little more then stops)
SpongeBob: Here?
Squidward: Too loose, Lautrec. (rim shot)
SpongeBob: Too tired... (both stop where they are)
Squidward: Perfect. Hmmm, I feel needy. (claps his hands) Slaves, fetch me some nourishment.
SpongeBob: Only the freshest, o spooky one. (both run off. SpongeBob comes back with grapes) A grape fresh from the vine, your ghostliness. (Squidward eats it while SpongeBob goes and gets a banana) A banana peeled to your likeness, your incorporealness. (squeezes it into Squidward's mouth. Patrick comes back with a watermelon and drops it into Squidward's mouth)
Patrick: One watermelon fresh from the manure field, your spookiness. (Squidward falls down and stands up with a watermelon head)
SpongeBob: Art thou not pleased? (Squidward spits out the watermelon)
Squidward: Enough of that! I want something else to eat now. Something that's very difficult to find.
Patrick: What do you hunger for, master?
SpongeBob: Whatever you want, we'll find it. We'll find it.

Squidward: Cherry pie. (Patrick holds up a cherry pie) Where'd you get that?
Patrick: I found it. (Squidward takes it and throws it somewhere)
Squidward: Well go find it again! (Patrick goes searching for it) SpongeBob, get over here. Now spin around. (SpongeBob turns around) That's better. Now jog in place. (SpongeBob jogs in place) Now say flank stank. (SpongeBob says it) I think I'm beginning to like this. Stop. (SpongeBob stops) Now, play me an elaborate song with this! (gives SpongeBob a tissue)
SpongeBob: But this is just a piece of tissue paper.
Squidward: Oh, my. Always having to have it our way, don't we? Oh, boo-hoo. (SpongeBob tries to get the tissue as music)
SpongeBob: I can't do it! (Squidward stands up)
Squidward: Well, I hope you don't have any plans tonight, because you're not allowed to leave that spot until I hear a song. (walks away. Day turns into night and into day again and SpongeBob is lying on the ground with the tissue on his nose) What's this? Napping on the job? You're supposed to be making music for me. As punishment for this insolence, Squidward's ghost commandeth you to clean out his back room.

Patrick: (comes back with the pie) I found it. (Squidward takes it)
Squidward: I'll take that! (throws pie in Patrick's face then walks away)
Patrick: Yes, your ghostliness. This is fun. (SpongeBob is seen walking down a dark hallway)
SpongeBob: Patrick, are you ready for this?
Patrick: Yes. (SpongeBob walks a couple steps forward)
SpongeBob: Ok, let's go. Patrick, are you coming? (Patrick is facing the wrong way)
Patrick: Yes.
SpongeBob: Patrick, it's this way.
Patrick: Where?
SpongeBob: Here.
Patrick: (turns around) Oh, coming! (both enter a room in the back with a bunch of junk in it) How are we going to clean up all this mess?
SpongeBob: It's easy. Just tear this wallpaper off! (tears the wall)
Patrick: Oh look, you missed some. (SpongeBob picks up a book)
SpongeBob: Oh, let's see. It's a comic book, and look at this. It's the origin on the Flying Dutchman. (shows picture in book) It says when he died they used his body as a window display. Now he haunts the seven seas because he was never put to rest. Well, don't you get it, Patrick?
Patrick: We're going to go shopping?
SpongeBob: No! We're gonna put poor old Squidward to rest. (Squidward is laying on the couch when something hits him)
Squidward: Ow, what the heck was that?
SpongeBob: Initiation! That was part one of your ceremony.
Squidward: Ceremony for what?
SpongeBob: We're going to put you to rest.
Squidward: I don't want to be put to rest! All I want are those chores done! Now, did you clean the back room yet?
SpongeBob: Yeah.
Squidward: Oh, really? I'm going to go check. (walks off. Opens door and screams because he sees Patrick & SpongeBob with a coffin)
SpongeBob: Ok, get in.
Squidward: Are you crazy? I'm not getting in that thing.
SpongeBob: But you said we could put you to rest.
Squidward: I didn't say anything like that! Now, get out of my house!
SpongeBob: Ok. (SpongeBob & Patrick walk outside)
Squidward: Now what? (Squidward sees SpongeBob writing on a tombstone)
SpongeBob: I wrote 'Here lies Squidward. You may not remember him, but...' (Squidward screams) Oh, hi Squidward. Does this look deep enough?
Squidward: SpongeBob! Cut that out!

SpongeBob: Oh, look, the mourners have arrived. (a bus with a load of people are in front of Squidward's house)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, Squidward, we all came as soon as we were sure you were dead.

Squidward: SpongeBob, are you trying to put me in the nuthouse?

SpongeBob: No, just into this hole. (Squidward sighs)

Squidward: SpongeBob, I have a confession to make. (Squidward takes off the towel off his head)

SpongeBob: You're bald?

Squidward: No, I'm not bald! I'm alive! Now get rid of that tombstone and tell all your friends to go home.

SpongeBob: But...

Squidward: Do it!

SpongeBob: (talking to everyone) Go home. But I...Master...

Squidward: I'm not your master. I'm your neighbor. Now do me a favor and stop doing me favors! (walks off)

SpongeBob: As you wish, master.

Patrick: Boy, he really had us fooled.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, he's the fool. He's a ghost in denial. He needs us now more than ever.

Patrick: You're right. He really needs to get up to the great beyond.

SpongeBob: Patrick, say that again.

Patrick: That again.

SpongeBob: No, the other thing.

Patrick: No, the other thing.

SpongeBob: No, what you said before when you...

Patrick: No, what you said before when you...

SpongeBob: Never mind. I've got an idea.

Patrick: Never mind. I've got an idea. (later, Squidward is on his chair outside when SpongeBob is trying to blow a bubble big enough to get Squidward)

SpongeBob: I can't reach him!

Patrick: Blow harder! (SpongeBob blows a big bubble to consume Squidward) There he goes!

SpongeBob: Isn't he beautiful?

Patrick: How high's he going to go? (Squidward sees he's floating)

SpongeBob: All the way, Patrick, up to the great beyond. (both of them wave to Squidward) Good-bye, friend.

Patrick: Happy trails! (Squidward tries to yell from the bubble)

SpongeBob & Patrick: You're welcome! (floats up in the bubble)

SpongeBob: He's on the other side now.

Patrick: Yeah. (Squidward is above sea in a bubble with seagulls flying around him) He's in a better place.

Squidward: Huh?

(At the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is sniffing a krabby patty then squirts a mustard "check" on the patty and puts on the bun. Just then SpongeBob hears Pearl come in and crying. SpongeBob gets a pan and puts it on top of his head for protection of the tears)

Mr. Krabs: Don't cry, love. Daddy's going to make it all right. Calm down, girl! (a wave of water from the tears busts the door down but SpongeBob pushes the door back up for a couple seconds then the water comes breaking through the door and wiping out all the customers dropping them to the floor. SpongeBob walks up to Mr. Krabs with part of a table around his face)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, what's wrong with Pearl?

Mr. Krabs: Her scurvy prom date stood her, boy and now she can't seem to find another.

Pearl: That's because there's only one fish in the sea that's long, tan and handsome as he is. And that's him!

Mr. Krabs: No, no baby, no more crying. We'll get you a date. Why, uhh...I'll take you! (Pearl begins to cry) What about Squidward? (Squidward is filing his tentacles. Pearl cries even harder) Wait, wait...here, take SpongeBob!

Pearl: Ahh, the fry cook? Do you know what that would do to my complexion? People would mistake me for a planetarium?

Mr. Krabs: What do you mean?

Pearl: I don't know. But I can't take him, daddy! They'll kick me off the most frequently pictured in the yearbook

committee.

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, they would. We've got to find someone else. Listen up! Which one of you lucky lubbers wants to take me lovely daughter Pearl to the prom? (everyone runs away)

Pearl: Just don't be late, SpongeBob. (walks off)

Mr. Krabs: Now listen boy, I'm-a counting on you to make this a very special night for a very special girl. Remember, you're doing it for good old Mr... (real SpongeBob walks up behind him)

SpongeBob: Oh hi, Mr. Krabs! Are you talking to that dummy I made? It's pretty realistic isn't it? (holds up the left arm) I made this part out of...

Mr. Krabs: Never mind that, boy! You're taking Pearl to her prom!

SpongeBob: Really? Oh, wow! Don't worry Mr. Krabs, I am a prom expert! (now at home) Oh Gary, I'm a prom failure. I couldn't even get a date for my own junior prom.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: No, that was Patrick who brought his mom. Besides, how am I supposed to compare with Pearl's old boyfriend, Mr. Long, Tan and Handsome?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: What is it Gary? What do you have? (Gary hides in his shell while SpongeBob takes out a magazine from Gary's shell. Magazine is 'Long Tan and Handsome') Hey Gary, this magazine gives me an idea! (SpongeBob cuts through some black fabric then sews it up. Then he takes a shower and plucks his eyebrows to put in some new ones. Then he plants some seeds into the tuxedo and waters it to grow a pink flower. Now, he ties his shoes which are on stilts) Long. (pops out of a toaster as some bread) Tan. (licks his two front teeth that are braced up) Handsome. Ok Gary, wait till Pearl gets an eyeful of this! (Gary hides in his shell. Later, SpongeBob's limo drives up to Mr. Krabs house. SpongeBob rings the door bell and Mr. Krabs opens the door)

Mr. Krabs: Hello? (SpongeBob lowers himself by some sort of crank) What do you think Pearl? Cleans up pretty well, doesn't he?

Pearl: (wearing a pink dress) Well, at last no one will recognize you. Now listen, SpongeBob, I just want to get through this with my social status intact. (SpongeBob writes down a list of what Pearl wants to do on a notepad) I want to go to the prom, get my picture taken, and I want to dance...(SpongeBob has a big list now) ...I want to drink punch with my friends and don't do that other thing you're always doing...

SpongeBob: Uhh, Pearl, we've got to get back to the limo.

Pearl: (claps) A limo! Why didn't you say so? (Pearl grabs SpongeBob and drags him out of the house) I love limousines!

Mr. Krabs: Go easy on him, lassie! I can't afford to break in a new fry cook! (laughs and closes the door. Now at the prom where the limo is driving up but the back wheels are flat so its screeching on the road.)

SpongeBob: (checks his list) Well, I guess the first thing we should do is... (flash goes off where the pictures are being held)

Pearl: Yay! My first prom picture!

SpongeBob: Uh-uh-uh...(our) first prom picture. (Pearl sprays him with something that deflates his arm)

Pearl: Let's get this over with. (SpongeBob is having trouble getting over to the photo-shoot) Come on, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Be right there.

Pearl: Will you hurry up?

SpongeBob: Just a second. (SpongeBob messes up his footing and jumps everywhere and apologizes to everyone but eventually gets to the photo-shoot. He holds onto the curtain to keep his balance.) Cheese! (curtain collapses on them and the photo is taken) That'll be a keeper.

Friend: Hey look, it's Pearl! Hi Pearl!

Pearl: SpongeBob, here come my friends. Uhh, go get me some punch!

SpongeBob: Prom expert; away! (jumps away as Pearl's friends walk up to her)

Friend: Hi, Pearl!

Pearl: Hi girls.

Friend: I'd like you to meet Billy Fishkins!

Billy: Meep.

Friend #2: And you know Brian Flounder from math class.

Brian: Meep.

Pearl: Hi Brian.

Friend: So, like, where's your date Pearl? We're all dying to meet him.

Pearl: He's over at the punch bowl getting me some punch. (friend looks for SpongeBob)

Friend: Ohh, is he the really tall one?

Pearl: Oh yes! (notices what SpongeBob is doing) I mean...oh no. (SpongeBob is trying to reach for the spoon to get some punch but can't reach because he is too tall. He misplaces his footing and gets the punch all over him. Pearl pushes her friends away) Oh, quick, let's go see how ugly Cindy's dress is! (SpongeBob hands two glasses of punch to some people)

SpongeBob, what are you doing? (SpongeBob has red skin now from the punch. He squeezes some juice from his nose and into the glass)

SpongeBob: Hi Pearl! Come on, it won't bite!

Pearl: You look ridiculous. (gasps)

SpongeBob: What is it? (Pearl pushes him under the table)

Pearl: Stay down, he'll see us! It's my ex-boyfriend, Octavious Rex, a.k.a. long, tan and handsome.

Octavious: Meep.

SpongeBob: Woah. But, I bet he isn't holder of the Regional Romance Dance Championship trophy! (holds it up but another guy takes it away because it's his)

Anchovy: Give me that back.

SpongeBob: (giggles) That just didn't happen. Let's go! (takes Pearl to the dance floor) Ready? (dances like crazy)

Pearl: SpongeBob, what are you doing? Can't you see everybody here is doing 'the whack'? (the couples are jumping at each other with their chests we see couples jumping up and hitting each other)

SpongeBob: The Whack? Oh, yeah, I invented that one. (tries to jump)

Pearl: Are you sure you can do this? (SpongeBob jumps at Pearl but they hit another couple and send them flying through the food table. One of the people crash through a fruit painting. Painter jumps into a trash can which makes everyone else go crazy) Well, I guess you can take me home now, now that you've ruined everything! (cries)

SpongeBob: Don't cry, the prom expert is here! I haven't failed yet! (looks through the list he wrote down) Hey, we can still...no, I broke that. We could...no. Don't cry! D-d-don't cry. Whatever you do, don't.... (went through entire list and cries. Runs off)

Friend: Wow, what did you do to him? Poor little guy... (SpongeBob runs into the ladies bathroom. A couple girls run off screaming)

Pearl: (walks up outside the ladies restroom) SpongeBob, are you ok? (SpongeBob mumbles something) Don't worry SpongeBob, you didn't mess everything up. (SpongeBob mumbles something) Actually, it was pretty funny when that hot dog landed in Judy's hair. (SpongeBob mumbles something) But I am having a good time! You know, we haven't finished our dance yet.

SpongeBob: (mumbles) Can I still wear the wig?

Pearl: Yes, you can still wear the wig. (SpongeBob runs out and grabs Pearl to the dance floor)

SpongeBob: Let's go!

Song: "Doing the Sponge"

All right, you invertebrates.

I'm gonna teach you how to do The Sponge.

Well, first you take your leg and you stick it in the air,

And then you take the other one and jam it right up there,

You twist yourself around and give a great big lunge,

Now you're doin' The Sponge.

Huh, do The Sponge, Sponge, oh do The Sponge,

Beat your buns you're doin' The Sponge.

Well, now, first you take your leg

And you stick it in the air,

And then you take the other one,

And you jam it right up there,
You twist yourself around
And you give a great big lunge,
Now you're doin', yeah, now you're doin' The Sponge.

Pearl: (Octavious Rex walks up to Pearl) Get lost, pizza topping! Can't you see I'm doing the Sponge? (people are still breaking stuff as the paramedics run out carrying people out on their stretcher. Meanwhile, SpongeBob and Pearl are still dancing. Pearl takes SpongeBob and wraps him into a basketball. Shoots and the word "score" lights up on the scoreboard. People are the prom pick up both SpongeBob and Pearl and carry them over to the door)
SpongeBob & Pearl: They love us! Yay, we're popular! (both thrown out of the gym)
Anchovy: Go wreck somebody else's prom, will ya? (goes back inside gym. Later, SpongeBob & Pearl walking up to her house)
SpongeBob: Gee whiz, Pearl. I'm sorry tonight didn't go out like you planned.
Pearl: Oh, don't worry SpongeBob, I knew it would be a total disaster all along. But as long as disasters go, that was really fun. (Mr. Krabs opens up the door)
Mr. Krabs: A-ha! Keep away from me precious little flower! (Pearl gasps) You almost stepped on it. (rakes the flower in the ground. SpongeBob froze in his spot)
Pearl: Oh, Daddy! Well goodnight, short, yellow and spongy. SpongeBob? (shrugs her shoulders and walks back inside)
Mr. Krabs: Good job, laddie. (winks at him and goes back inside. The real SpongeBob appears from the side)
SpongeBob: Ah, there you are, dummy! You sure come in handy! (laughs)
SpongeBob: Hey Squidward. Hey Squidward. Hey Squidward. Hey Squidward. Hey Squidward.
Squidward: All right, I'll bite. What is it, SpongeBob?
SpongeBob: Do you know what today is?
Squidward: Annoy Squidward Day?
SpongeBob: (laughs) No silly! (gets out a calendar) That's on the 15th! (day is marked by a picture of Squidward's head)
Today is the beginning of the judging for Employee of the Month.
Squidward: SpongeBob, don't you know that award is a scam?
SpongeBob: What do you mean?
Squidward: Mr. Krabs gives you that award so you work harder for no extra money.
SpongeBob: That is not true, Squidward. He gives it to me because I work harder. You could win it too if you tried harder.
Squidward: Oh, for what? To have my face on the Wall of Shame? (shows wall full of SpongeBob pictures for being Employee of the Month)
SpongeBob: Squidward, you've got it all wrong. Having pride in your work is nothing to be ashamed of, why it's the only thing that makes it all worth while.
Mr. Krabs: Thattaboy, SpongeBob! This is going to be a tough one though! There's no clear cut winner! (whispering) Watch out, SpongeBob. Squidward appears to be on the verge of a breakout. (shows Squidward reading a magazine) There could be a new face on the wall this month.
SpongeBob: Huh? (looks over and sees the month of "January" with no picture)
Squidward: That's right, SpongeBob. I might sneak up on you. (Squidward and Mr. Krabs laugh at SpongeBob as he walks over to the wall and imagines Squidward laughing at him in the picture)
SpongeBob: No! (begins to cry) How could I have let the quality of my work slip so much! (Squidward's picture continues to laugh. Scene goes to SpongeBob grilling and flipping patties until he comes to a patty that won't flip and he tries and tries then he flips the patty on the ceiling and tries to get it off of there and Squidward peeks in)
Squidward: Need some help? (SpongeBob screams) What are you doing?
SpongeBob: Making...Krabby Patties?
Squidward: You're losing it! Don't you know that award is a load of... (SpongeBob gets the patty off the ceiling but he flings it into the fan and it sprays Squidward with all the meat)...garbage.
SpongeBob: (jumps off of ceiling) Please don't tell Mr. Krabs about this! It'll hurt my chances of winning the award!
Squidward: I already told you, that award is a bunch of... (sprayed with meat again)...baloney!

SpongeBob: That is not true, Squidward. Like this hat, that award is a symbol of...

Squidward: (grabs SpongeBob's hat) It's a symbol that you're a chump! (SpongeBob screams)

SpongeBob: No, Squidward!

Squidward: And this is a symbol of what I think of the 'Employee of the Month' award! (Squidward lifts his foot and tries to stomp the hat flat but his foot hits something that is under the hat and SpongeBob reveals the stick of lead under it)

SpongeBob: An experienced employee of the month always keeps a brick of lead in his hat.

Squidward: I'm telling you for the last time, that award is nothing but a joke! (Squidward walks away but is sprayed with meat for the last time. Then we see SpongeBob looking at all his award photos)

SpongeBob: What if Squidward's right? What if the award is a phony? Does this mean my whole body of work is meaningless! (every award photo now has an army hat on)

SpongeBob Picture: Stop that kind of talk, sailor! This is war now, private! That's exactly what he wants you to think! This is no time to go lily-livered on us!

SpongeBob: But, sir...

SpongeBob Picture: There's no room for butts in war, soldier! He wants you to crack! He's trying to trick you, get inside your mind! You will stop at nothing, and I mean nothing to defeat him! Have I made myself clear, private?

SpongeBob: Crystal, sir!

SpongeBob Picture: Good! Now move out! (SpongeBob marches away and then we see SpongeBob looking through his windows through binoculars while Squidward gets ready for bed)

SpongeBob: I won't let Squidward win! (Squidward sets his alarm and walks off) He can't go to work if he doesn't wake up. Target sited. (SpongeBob sneaks up to Squidward's house by sliding on the ground then through one of Squidward's windows and as he enters he falls to the ground and Squidward's hears the noise while he is brushing his teeth. Squidward goes to check what it is and SpongeBob is standing behind the plant by the door. Squidward closes the door and SpongeBob slides around the door and then by Squidward's bed where the alarm clock is. He is about to grab it when he hears the door handle jiggle so he hides in the pillow on the bed. Squidward gets into bed and isn't comfortable with the pillow as it is so he adjusts it. Tries to adjust it again and you can hear SpongeBob's giggling. Squidward lays his head down and SpongeBob's hand reaches out for the clock and Squidward see it. Squidward freaks out and throws the pillow again the wall. The cover comes down and you can see SpongeBob)

Squidward: SpongeBob? What are you doing here? (SpongeBob grabs alarm clock)

SpongeBob: You can't win that award if you don't get up for work! (SpongeBob destroys the clock. Squidward has another one he is setting while he is laughing. SpongeBob grabs that one and destroys it while Squidward opens up a closet full of alarm clocks with SpongeBob destroying some of them one by one)

Squidward: Stop it, SpongeBob! If I really wanted that award, I could win it with my tentacles tied!

SpongeBob: That can be arranged.

Squidward: You're a lunatic, SpongeBob!

'SpongeBob: Maybe so, but I've won 'Employee of the Month' 26 times in a row.

Squidward: Are you trying to say that you are better than me?

SpongeBob: I've been better than you 26 months in a row and it'll be 27 tomorrow.

Squidward: All right, that's it, square-for-brains! That's it! I'm going to show you how easy it is to win that award. I'm going to be the next 'Employee of the Month'! I will prove to you that I am far more competent than you!

SpongeBob: Well, I'm going in early to wax the floors!

Squidward: Don't bother; I'll have done it already by the time you get there!

SpongeBob: Well, you'll have to get there pretty early to get there before me!

Squidward: I don't need to sleep! Loser!

SpongeBob: Well, me neither! ...26-time loser! (SpongeBob and Squidward are watching each other through their window) Look at him. Watchin' me.

Squidward: I'm watching you, SpongeBob. You're not leaving before me.

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, getting sleepy huh?

Squidward: No, how about you?

SpongeBob: Nope! (Squidward gets out his clarinet and plays Brahms' lullaby and puts SpongeBob to sleep. Squidward tries to

walk out but falls in a very deep square hole dug up by SpongeBob right in front of his door)
Squidward: SpongeBob! (SpongeBob comes up with a shovel in his hand)
SpongeBob: Hey Squidward! Going somewhere?
Squidward: I'm going to wring you dry when I get out of here! Now get me out of here!
SpongeBob: All right, Squidward, I'll stop by after work! [Squid screams some more. Sponge walks back to bed] Now to get some rest. Don't want to look tired for my 'Employee of the Month' photo! (SpongeBob goes to his bed and sleeps a while till Squidward gets out the hole) Squidward! (Squidward is nailing boards onto SpongeBob's front door. SpongeBob saws around it and pushes the door on Squidward and runs away. A cage drops enclosing SpongeBob and Squidward laughs. SpongeBob slides out because he can fit through the bars)
Squidward: SpongeBob! Why you little...! (SpongeBob writes "loser." on the bottle and runs away. Later he sees a krabby patty)
SpongeBob: Ha ha ha ha ha. Hmmm, a Krabby Patty! (smells it but the top bun opens up and a claw comes out grabbing SpongeBob's nose) Aah! Squidward!
Squidward: So long, sponge loser! (Squidward gets caught in a net and SpongeBob runs by laughing. SpongeBob runs through a barbed-wire fence and Squidward runs by laughing. Squidward is tied by his tentacles and SpongeBob runs by laughing. SpongeBob is stuck in a brick wall and Squidward runs by laughing. Later the two are trying to drag along some big items. SpongeBob is dragging an anchor and Squidward is dragging a flaming boat) SpongeBob? Truce? (both wave a white flag)
SpongeBob: Truce.
Squidward: SpongeBob, I can't take it anymore. If we keep this up, neither of us will win the award!
SpongeBob: You're right. We should save our energy for work where we really need it. (its now dawn)
Squidward: Ok, let's have a good clean fight.
SpongeBob: And may the better man win. (shakes hands with Squidward) He's nothing but a lying, boneless, ink-squirting, big-nosed phony!
Squidward: Look at that buck-toothed, corn-fed smile. You can't trust him as far as you can throw him.
SpongeBob: As soon as he stops shaking my hand...
Squidward: ...I'm gonna make a run for it. (SpongeBob and Squidward stop shaking hands, laugh nervously, and run for the Krusty Krab where Mr. Krabs is opening it up)
Mr. Krabs: Money, money, gonna make some money! (sees SpongeBob and Squidward come running over) Ah, it warms me wallet to see me employees coming in so early. Boys, you're early! (Mr. Krabs realizes that they aren't stopping for anything) Wait! (both push Mr. Krabs out of the way and start doing nice stuff)
SpongeBob: Look, Mr. Krabs! Clean floors!
Squidward: Clean tables, Mr. Krabs! (Squidward presses too hard on the table while he is cleaning and breaks it in half)
SpongeBob: Clean dishes, Mr. Krabs!
Mr. Krabs: What's going on here? (SpongeBob drops and breaks the dishes and mops them just like that)
SpongeBob: It's much more efficient to clean dishes this way, Mr. Krabs!
Mr. Krabs: No!
Squidward: Flowers and chocolate for you, Mr. Krabs?
SpongeBob: Look, I'm putting my own money into the register, Mr. Krabs! (SpongeBob puts his money into the register) (Squidward and SpongeBob are in the kitchen) Two spatulas to increase productivity, Mr. Krabs! Faster, SpongeBob, faster!
Squidward: There's nothing to this patty flipping, Mr. Krabs! I'll easily double your output, sponge-hog! (both make many patties to overflow the Krusty Krab to where it explodes)
Citizen: Hey, free Krabby Patties! (While the Krabby Patties fall from the sky, Mr. Krabs head is broken through one of SpongeBob's employee pictures)
Mr. Krabs: Wait, you've got to pay for those! Wait, wait, wait! (SpongeBob and Squidward come through the picture frame that Mr. Krabs is in and asks his who is the winner and Mr. Krabs is still arguing about the Krabby Patties)
Narrator: Halloween is no different under the waves. Pirates, skeletons, and sea monsters. (laughs evilly) Ohh, sorry. Everyone having fun. Well, almost everyone. (SpongeBob is washing the dishes in the Krusty Krab kitchen. The door creaks open and SpongeBob jumps in surprise) Who's there? (door creaks open some more as SpongeBob goes back to washing some dishes. Turns around and 3 pieces of paper spelling out "boo" turn on the ordering turntable. SpongeBob speeds up the

cleaning of the dishes until he finishes)

SpongeBob: Ok, Mr. Krabs, the dishes are done, I'm leaving! (tries running out but Mr. Krabs stops him in his tracks)

Mr. Krabs: Hold on. Don't you want to hear my annual scary story?

SpongeBob: No thank you, Mr. Krabs. Uhh, does it have monsters in it?

Mr. Krabs: Aye, the worst monster of them all.

SpongeBob: Uhh...no. (opens the door then turns around) Is it a true story?

Mr. Krabs: True as the deep blue.

SpongeBob: Ok, maybe just a little.

Mr. Krabs: Have a seat, me boy. (sits on a log. Mr. Krabs puts a campfire in the middle of them) Every year on Halloween night, the Flying Dutchman descends on Bikini Bottom, in a pirate ship, just like this. (holds up a krabby patty) Only bigger!

SpongeBob: Excuse me, did his ship look like a Krabby Patty?

Mr. Krabs: Like I was saying, The Flying Dutchman swoops down and starts stealing people's souls. (holds up a pickle)

SpongeBob: Do souls look like pickles?

Mr. Krabs: Aye, as a matter of fact, they do. And he puts them where you can never get them...in his soul bag. (drops the pickle into a bag that has the words "Krusty Krab" crossed out and the word "soul" written above it. Mr. Krabs laughs evilly as Squidward appears behind SpongeBob in a pirate suit)

Squidward: I've come for your pickle! (SpongeBob jumps up screaming)

Mr. Krabs: Ah, Scaredy Pants gets easier to scare every year! (Squidward takes his costume off as SpongeBob, in a barrel, sees the pirate was Squidward.)

SpongeBob: Squidward...

Mr. Krabs: Nothing like a good ghost story, eh, me boy? Hope you're not too scared to come to me party tonight, SpongeBob ScaredyPants! (laughs while walking out)

Squidward: (walks up behind SpongeBob) Steal your soul. (SpongeBob jumps out of the Krusty Krab screaming and beings to walk home. As he is walking home, he sees a jack-o-lantern and then he walks up to a kid in a cowboy costume)

Kid: Trick-or-treat! (SpongeBob screams and runs away. The kids parents walk up next to their son)

Mother: It's ok, son. That's just SpongeBob Scaredypants. (SpongeBob is walking home until Mrs. Puff drives up and honks sending SpongeBob screaming and jumping to hold onto the street light)

Mrs. Puff: Happy Halloween, Scaredypants. (drives off)

SpongeBob: The name's SquarePants. It's SquarePants! I don't get it, Gary. Every Halloween, no matter how hard I try, everyone seems to scare me.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (carves his pumpkin from the inside) Well, I'm sick of it. (SpongeBob comes out) No more Scaredypants! (notices his pumpkin and screams while running into his closet)

Patrick: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Gary, it's Patrick! I'm going to scare him! It's my turn. (opens the door and tries to scare Patrick) Rawr! (Patrick has some funny glasses on)

Patrick: Hiya, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob screams. Patrick takes his glasses off) Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.

SpongeBob: Why can't I be frightening for once? Where's my chance?

Patrick: Well, if you want to be scary, you got to need a good costume. (later, SpongeBob walks out of his closet with a big, white sheet on)

SpongeBob: What do you think?

Patrick: Great! You'll be going as my trick-or-treat bag!

SpongeBob: No, no! I'm the ghost of the Flying Dutchman!

Patrick: Uhh...something's missing. I know! (Patrick runs inside SpongeBob's closet. A tree falls down but then gets sawed down by Patrick. Patrick comes out with a pair of clogs) Step into these babies, Hans. (SpongeBob steps into the clogs) Terrifying.

SpongeBob: I don't know Patrick. (doorbell rings)

Patrick: Come on, SpongeBob. It's little kids! Little kids are easy to scare! (door opens)

Kids: Trick-or-treat!

SpongeBob: (jumps out and tries to scare the kids like he did Patrick) Rawr-rawr! (kids laugh)

Kid #1: Look, it's the haunted mattress!

SpongeBob: Ok, ok, here's your candy.

Kid #1: No, please, that was enough of a treat, thank you. (kids walk away laughing)

SpongeBob: I don't get it, Patrick.

Patrick: SpongeBob, look at my new paper ghost! (Patrick holds scissors in his right hand and has a puppet on his left hand)

Oooh, scary.

SpongeBob: That is it, Patrick!

Patrick: What's it?

SpongeBob: What's the difference between that ghost and me? (Patrick concentrates)

Patrick: No, no, no wait. Don't tell me. (concentrates more) D-don't tell me. Don't tell me! Don't tell me! I can do this.

Don't tell me! Don't tell me! Ok, tell me.

SpongeBob: I have a square head and a real ghost has a round one. All we have to do is make my head round and boo, I'm

scary! (SpongeBob is now sitting on a chair in his bathroom. Patrick has goggles on)

Patrick: Ok, are you ready?

SpongeBob: (shows paper ghost) Remember, like this. (Patrick razors off SpongeBob's sides)

Patrick: Are you sure you want to do this?

SpongeBob: Shave me down, make me round! (Patrick razors off more and uses one piece to wipe off his sweat from his forehead)

Patrick: All right, let's get to it. (razors off more part. Later, SpongeBob is a round ghost)

SpongeBob: What do you think?

Patrick: Perfect. Now that's scary! (Patrick puts on his funny glasses) Let's go scare somebody. (SpongeBob runs down a street trying to scare people)

SpongeBob: Oooh...I'm the Flying Dutchman!

Patrick: Oooh...I don't know who I am! (man opens door)

SpongeBob: Rawr! Rawr! I'm the Flying Dutchman!

Patrick: Oooh, I'm the Flying Dutchman's best friend! (both run off laughing)

Man: Hey, don't you kids want your candy? (both jump behind some coral in the shape of a skeleton head)

Patrick: Oh boy, that was something. Your costume really packs a punch.

SpongeBob: Do you think?

Patrick: Oh, no question! You scared the barnacles off that guy!

SpongeBob: Who should we scare next?

Patrick: There's a whole party just full of people at the Krusty Krab and the Flying Dutchman is going to be show up uninvited. (kids laughing) Here comes someone now! (SpongeBob jumps out to scare the kids from earlier)

SpongeBob: Rawr! Rawr! I'm the Flying Dutchman! (SpongeBob & Patrick run off laughing again)

Kid #2: Wasn't that the Haunted Mattress?

Kid #3: I guess he's been demoted to the haunted sleeping bag! (kids laugh. Later, Mr. Krabs is bobbing for apples with his daughter Pearl, who is dressed up as Frankenstein's bride. Mr. Krabs chokes on an apple)

Pearl: Oh, dad, you're embarrassing me again! (cries and runs off. Krabs spits out the apple which shoots past Squidward and Sandy)

Sandy: Howdy Squidward, I mean, Flying Dutchman. Great party, huh?

Squidward: What are you supposed to be?

Sandy: Why, I'm a pet goldfish in a bowl!

Squidward: I don't get it. (SpongeBob and Patrick are on the roof of the Krusty Krab. SpongeBob is tied up with some rope which Patrick will lower him in with. SpongeBob opens a door on the roof to peek through to look at the party)

Patrick: Are you ready, SpongeBob? (thumbs up from SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Ok, Patrick, kill the lights! (lights go off and SpongeBob is lowered in appearing with a scary look. Everyone is screaming as Patrick is talking through a megaphone to scare everyone)

Patrick: I am the Flying Dutchman! Booga, booga, booga, booga! Give me your souls! (jellyfish zaps Patrick. He screams and lets the rope go plunging SpongeBob down onto the floor)

Kid #3: Hey, that's not The Flying Dutchman, that's SpongeBob!

Sandy: SpongeBob?

Squidward: SpongeBob. (everyone laughs)

Patrick: (using megaphone) I am not SpongeBob. Those are my street clothes! (thunder appears and the front doors are open)

Flying Dutchman: Enough! (everyone gasps as green smoke comes into the Krusty Krab. A green figure appears)

Mr. Krabs: It's the real Flying Dutchman!

Flying Dutchman: You bet your white lily livers I'm the Flying Dutchman. I'm going to let you in on a little secret. I'm going to steal your souls. (everyone screams) Quiet! (breathes out flames to burn them) You had it coming, you little crybabies. Every year, people dressing like me. (Squidward takes his costume off) Turning the Flying Dutchman name in a laughingstock. But that's not the reason I'm taking your souls. (pointing at SpongeBob, who is hanging upside down) No, this is the straw that broke the camel's back. Out of all the Dutchman costumes I've seen, yours is the most insulting.

SpongeBob: Do you mean I'm not scary?

Flying Dutchman: You? Scary? (laughs. Takes SpongeBob off the rope) Let me tell you about scary, kid. There's all kinds of scary things in the world. Spiders are scary, uhh, I'm scary. You, you're not scary. Ok, let's get this over with. (evil laugh which makes everyone scream in horror)

Sandy: SpongeBob!

Flying Dutchman: First, I got to get rid of this stupid costume. (takes off SpongeBob's ghost costume. Though we don't see SpongeBob, yet, Flying Dutchman flies out screaming. SpongeBob is now shown as skinless with just a brain, eyes, and a mouth with the lower half of his body)

SpongeBob: Hey, what do you know? I scared him! (laughs. Everyone runs out screaming) It worked, Patrick. I scared everybody!

Patrick: Yeah, it must have been because of your pink hat.

SpongeBob: Oh, that's not a hat. That's my brain.

Patrick: Oh. (runs out screaming)

SpongeBob: Don't worry, it grows back!

Title card is shown, title jumps on, and a snail trail follows at the end of the title card showing.

SpongeBob: (Gary is on his exercise wheel) Exercise time is over, Gary. (takes Gary off his wheel) We don't want you getting too thin. (holds up a green, squishy ball) Here, boy. Fetch! (throws it and Gary goes after it but at a slow pace. SpongeBob checks his watch and goes sits on a chair and takes out the newspaper to read. Morning arrives and SpongeBob is asleep in the chair. Gary crawls up to SpongeBob and spits out the ball)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Huh? (sees the ball on the ground) Good job, Gary! I love you Gary. Gary, Gary, Gary, Gary. Gary, Gary, Gary. (scratches his chin which makes Gary purr. Gary climbs up on SpongeBob) Down, boy! (Patrick comes in)

Patrick: SpongeBob! Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready?

SpongeBob: For what?

Patrick: The annual jellyfish convention in Ukulele Bottom this weekend! (shows his jellyfishing net off until he hits something breakable) So, you ready or what?

SpongeBob: That was this weekend? I can't go, I don't have anyone to take care of Gary! (Squidward knocks. SpongeBob opens door)

Squidward: Would you please stop leaving your undergarments on my front lawn?

SpongeBob: Squidward, could you watch Gary this weekend?

Squidward: What's a Gary?

SpongeBob: Not 'a' Gary...Gary. He's my pet snail. (shows Gary to Squidward) Say hello! (Gary is drooling a lot)

Squidward: Yuck. You actually care for that thing?

SpongeBob: I love Gary!

Squidward: Well, I don't. Get somebody else. (walks off)

SpongeBob: I guess we can't go away this weekend after all, Patrick. (Squidward stops)

Squidward: Go away?(rewind himself) You mean, if I watch Gary, you guys will be gone all weekend?

SpongeBob: Actually, a three day weekend.

Squidward: As in, not here for three days?

SpongeBob: Yeah, but you've already said you can't do it, we understand.

Patrick: Don't feel bad, Squidward. The three of us can still have our own jellyfish convention at your house!

Squidward: I changed my mind. You guys deserve a weekend away.

SpongeBob: You'll do it? Great! Let me show you a little bit about snail care. You need to take Gary for a walk...
(SpongeBob explains the daily routine with Gary but Squidward is thinking of how much fun he'll have with SpongeBob & Patrick away)

Squidward: Friday, Saturday and Sunday. A three-day weekend.

SpongeBob: Let me show you how to feed him. (opens a cabinet with a bunch of barrels of Gary's food) The cans are all marked, a can in the morning and a can at night.

Squidward: Sure it's enough? (bus drives up to the pineapple with other jellyfishers inside)

Group: Jellyfishing! Jellyfishing! Jellyfishing! Jellyfishing!

Patrick: The bus is here! The bus is here! (crashes through the wall and through the bus leaving his starfish shape through each hole) C'mon, SpongeBob!

Group: Jellyfishing! Jellyfishing! Jellyfishing!

Squidward: (pushing SpongeBob out of the house) Well, time to go. Don't want to be late. Have fun, bye-bye.

SpongeBob: Now, you won't forget my instructions, will you?

Squidward: I have the memory of an elephant, I'll take good care of Fred.

SpongeBob: Gary.

Squidward: Right, yeah, right. (bus drives off) Jellyfishing! Jellyfishing! So long, losers! (laughs with joy) They're gone! (runs inside his Easter Island Head. Gary peeks his eyes out the window)

Gary: Meow.

Squidward: (comes out with shorts on and his nose with sunscreen on it and a chair. Unfolds the chair and sits on it) This is going to be the best three days of my life. (sighs and lays back with a sun reflector in front of him) I'm going to do all the things I can't normally do because of SpongeBob. (all three days pass and now Squidward is badly sunburned, The bus comes back as the group is chanting "jellyfishing") Well, thus ends the greatest weekend of my life. No SpongeBob, no Patrick, nothing but me, me, me. (Squidward sees Gary through the window. Gary growls. Squidward's sunburn drains) Ahh, the snail! I forgot the snail! (runs inside the pineapple where Gary is old and withered on the floor. Squidward takes him inside to the kitchen) I've got to do something. (takes all the barrels of food and puts it in his bowl) Ok, ok ,ok. Here we go. Here we go. Right here.(throws the food at Gary trying to get him to eat it) Eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat, eat. You've got to finish this food.

SpongeBob: See you later, Patrick.

Squidward: Come on, eat. Eat! Eat! (SpongeBob gets his house key out. Squidward has to decide about the food) Ohh...

SpongeBob: (sticks the key in the hole and opens the door) Gary! I'm home!

Squidward: (greeted SpongeBob with a head full of Gary's food that he ate) Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Squidward! What are you doing here? (Squid swallows all the food)

Squidward: Oh, just checking up on old Gary for you.

SpongeBob: What a great friend you are, Squidward.

Squidward: So, uhh, well, see you. Good-bye.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Squidward. (Gary crawls to SpongeBob still old and wrinkly) I can always count on you. (Gary moans and SpongeBob screams) Gary! Gary, what's happened to you? What's wrong? Squidward, something's wrong with Gary! Squidward! (Squidward frowns cause he can't leave. Later, the doctor's snail-mobile is in front of the pineapple)

Doctor: Yes, yes, it's just as I thought.

SpongeBob: What?

Doctor: This is definitely a snail.

SpongeBob: I knew it! Oh Squid, did you hear that?

Doctor: Therefore, a shot of snail plasma must be carefully administered. Here you go. (hands the shot to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Aren't you going to do it?
Doctor: Oh no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. I'm too squeamish. (doctor leaves. Squidward runs after him)
Squidward: Uhh, hey, doc, let me help you with your bag there.
SpongeBob: Squid, wait! I can't give Gary his plasma. I'm squeamish too.
Squidward: Aww, SpongeBob, I don't want to do... (Gary moans and coughs badly)
SpongeBob: Gary!
Squidward: Ok, ok, I'll do it. (takes the shot)
SpongeBob: Now, don't hurt him, Squidward. Ok, ok, steady. (Squidward tries to give Gary the shot but SpongeBob pulls him away) Wait, that's too hard. Ok, ok, ok, try it again. (Squidward keeps trying but gets the same result every time)
Squidward: Will you hold him still? (snail plasma shot in SpongeBob's nose)
SpongeBob: Squidward, you're injected me with snail plasma.
Squidward: Well, you made me do it.
SpongeBob: What's going to happen to me?
Squidward: Oh, nothing, it's just a little snail plasma.
SpongeBob: I don't know, I feel kind of funny!
Squidward: I'm telling you, it's all in your head. (Gary crawls to his water bowl to get a drink)
Squidward: He just needed water?
SpongeBob: Oh, Gary, you're better! (hugs him)
Squidward: Oh, how touching. I'm going to go home and throw up. Good night.
SpongeBob: Squidward, wait, the snail plasma!
Squidward: Trust me SpongeBob, nothing's going to happen to you. You're fine. (closes door)
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: Don't worry Gary, Squidward says I'll be fine. He knows everything. So, you hungry?
Gary: (jumps up) Meow! (SpongeBob pours food into Gary's bowl but decides to see what it tastes like. He likes it so he eats all of it. Then walks to Gary with the empty bowl)
SpongeBob: Here ya go. Eat up, Gary.
Gary: Meow?
SpongeBob: Sorry Gary, I couldn't control myself. (burps) Meow. Why did I just do that? Am I cracking up?
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: No, no, Squidward's right. I'm fine. I worry too much. It's all in my head. I feel tip-top! (SpongeBob walks off but Gary walks faster) Gary, you've getting (voice slow, lowers) a lot faster. (walks up to the mirror in the bathroom. His voice echoes) Look at me. Never better. (yelps while his body goes into transformation) I'm ok, Squidward said I'm fine! (SpongeBob yells as his eyes pop out and transform like Gary's eyes) Gary, I'm fine! (SpongeBob's left arm gradually disappears) That's ok, I'm a lefty anyway. (his feet disappear) Now I don't have to buy those new shoes! (his body shortens up like a snail) Ahh, I take it back, Gary. Something is wrong with meeeeeeow!
Squidward: (in his bed) I never want to see another snail again. Good night, Gary. (knock on door and doorbell rings) I wonder who that could be as if I didn't already know. (Squidward walks to the door and opens it) SpongeBob, I already told you. You're gonna be just fi-i-i... (SpongeBob is a fully breaded snail now)
SpongeBob: Meow!
'Squidward: AAAAH!!!!!!!!!!
SpongeBob: Meow! Meow. (Squidward touches SpongeBob's left eye and it curls up.)
Squidward: AAAAH! (runs back inside shutting the door)
Squidward: SpongeBob? Oh, Neptune, what have I done? (picks up the snail plasma shot) It's all your fault. (throws it away)
Ok, ok, ok, ok, get it together, Squidward.
SpongeBob: Meow! (Squidward screams and puts boards on his door. Turns around and SpongeBob is at his window) Meow. Meow. (Squidward screams) Meow! (Squidward puts more boards on his window but SpongeBob squeezes through the boards holes) Meow. Meow. (Squidward screams and runs into his closet)
Squidward: None of this would be happening if I'd only fed the snail! (SpongeBob squeezes in from under the door)
SpongeBob: Meow! (Squidward screams and runs through his door) Meow. (Squidward runs up and down his ceiling while

SpongeBob keeps meowing at him. Outside, his house is bouncing from side to side until its flipped on its side completely. Everything is broken and torn inside. Squidward sits up but is injected with the snail plasma through his nose) Uh-oh! (now SpongeBob, Squidward, and Gary are on a fence)

Gary: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

SpongeBob: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Squidward: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Gary: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

SpongeBob: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Squidward: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Gary: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Patrick: Will you clam up?! (throws a shoe)

Squidward: Meow, meo... (shoe hits him off the fence)

Gary: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

SpongeBob: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Squidward: Meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Song: "SpongeBob ScaredyPants"

All right, boils and ghouls, you ready?

Yeah!

Well.... who lives near a graveyard under the sea?

SPONGEBOB SCAREDYPANTS!

Absorbent and yellow and spooky is he!

SPONGEBOB SCAREDYPANTS!

If nautical chills be something you wish,

SPONGEBOB SCAREDYPANTS!

Then spread your gills out and flop like a fish!

SPONGEBOB SCAREDYPANTS!

SpongeBob.... ScaredyPants,

SpongeBob.... ScaredyPants,

SpongeBob.... ScaredyPants,

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SPONGEBOB SCAREDYPANTS!

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Narrator: Ah, it is Sunday morning in Bikini Bottom, and it is about time for Squidward to practice his clarinet. So get your earplugs ready.

Squidward: (kisses clarinet) I think I'll treat Bikini Bottom to some real music. (SpongeBob's alarm horn goes off and sends Squidward's clarinet into his throat)

SpongeBob: Good morning, Squidward! Want to go jellyfishing? (Squidward tries to yell but his clarinet sounds every time he tries to talk) Great! We'll be right over. (Squidward pulls the clarinet out of his throat. Door knocks are heard)

Squidward: I wonder who that could be. (Squidward opens the door)

SpongeBob: Ready to go?

Squidward: No, I'm not ready to go! (slams the door)

Patrick: He doesn't want to play with us.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, he's just not ready. (Squidward tries to play his clarinet but another knock at door) Ready now?

Squidward: No! (slams door. Then he goes back to try to play clarinet but another knock at door. Squidward gets angry)

SpongeBob: How about now?

Squidward: No! (slams door. He then knock at door) Huh? (opens door)

SpongeBob: Now?

Squidward: No! (slams door. Knock at door and opens it)
SpongeBob: Now?
Squidward: No! (slams door. Knock at door and opens it)
SpongeBob: How about now?
Squidward: No! (slams door. Knock at door and opens it)
SpongeBob: Now?
Squidward: No! (slams door. Knock at door and opens it)
SpongeBob: Now?
Squidward: No! (slams door. Knock at door and opens it)
SpongeBob: Now?
Squidward: No! (slams door. Knock at door and opens it)
SpongeBob: Now?
Squidward: No! (slams door then opens it) No! (slams door then opens it. Notices they are both gone then he gets a tap on his shoulder) What?!

SpongeBob: Ready yet?
Squidward: No, I'm not ready! I'll never be ready! Don't you get it?
SpongeBob: Sure we do.
Squidward: What? (shuts door but then realizes he is outside his tiki house so he knocks on the door and SpongeBob opens it)
SpongeBob: Ready? (Squidward pushes them both out of his house)
Squidward: Out! Sheesh! Shouldn't you be at work today, SpongeBob?
SpongeBob: I'd love to be at work today! But it's Sunday. The Krusty Krab is closed. (Squidward gets an idea)
Squidward: Hold on a second. I'll be right out. (closes door. Squidward tip-toes out the other way of his house to the Krusty Krab) Hello? (silence) Ah, alone at last! (tries to play his clarinet but SpongeBob & Patrick enter)
SpongeBob & Patrick: Squidward! Squidward! (Squidward runs into the kitchen as SpongeBob & Patrick come in the Krusty Krab and search for Squidward) Squidward! (Squidward runs into the freezer) Squidward! Oh, Squidward! (Squidward peeks out as SpongeBob & Patrick look for him) Squidward!
SpongeBob: Well, he's not here. I'll bet that eager beaver's already down at Jellyfish Fields.
Squidward: A-ha! They're finally gone. (tries to open freezer but it's locked from the inside) What the...? Locked? Oh no! Oh, well, someone will realize I'm gone and come looking for me. I'll be out of here in no time.
Narrator: 2000 Years Later.
(scene shows Squidward still inside the freezer, frozen; the hinges are rusty, and they fall off; the door falls with Squidward frozen behind it; SpongeTron flies past and then back to Squidward)
SpongeTron: Holy Krabby Patties! A frozen cephalopod! (SpongeTron grabs a chrome hammer; from the hammer comes a red laser, which melts the ice... and Squidward's behind; Squidward screams)
Squidward: (trancelike) I'll be out of here in no time.

SpongeTron: Greetings, primitive.
Squidward: Sp...SpongeBob? Is that you?
SpongeTron: SpongeBob? No! (robot voice) I am SpongeTron. (normal voice) Welcome to the future.
Squidward: What?
SpongeTron: Welcome to the future.
Squidward: Uhh, the future? Huh? Okay, what's going on here? Why is everything chrome?
SpongeTron: Everything is chrome in the future!
Squidward: Wha...? Uhh...Uhh... (Squidward looks outside the window) Oh, my! Impossible! He's lying! (flower pops up from underground and a man comes up to the flower and sprays it with chrome paint) He's right!
SpongeTron: Of course I'm right, Squidward. Just ask my clones: Spongetron X, Y, and Z. (Squidward gasps)
Squidward: Are the other letters of the alphabet involved here?
SpongeTron: Sure! All 486 of them. (Squidward does a few sit-ups while he talks as if he is trying to wake up) Future!

Future! Future! (Spongetron drops a brick on Squidwards head)

Squidward: Thanks. Now listen! All of you! I don't belong here. This is all a horrible mistake. Please, we've got to do something!

SpongeTron X, Y, Z: (pull out jellyfishing nets) Jellyfishing! (a two-headed Patrick appears out of nowhere)

Patron: Did somebody say jellyfishing?

SpongeTron: Hi, Patron!

Squidward: Just listen to me. I'm not supposed to be here. I've got to get home to my own time period. I got to go!

SpongeTron: Well, why didn't you just ask? Time machine is down the hall, to the left. (Squidward runs in the door but we hear a can-opener being used. Squidward steps out and is torn into pieces) Whoops! Oh yeah, that one's the can opener. But try the one on the right. (Squidward tries the door on the right and enters in a room that has a slot looking machine that says "past" and "future")

Squidward: Well, I wouldn't have chosen this interior. Oh, what's this? Well, if SpongeBob exists in the future, I'd better go to the past. (Squidward turns the key and puts the lever on "past". Siren goes off as time machine disappears from where it used to be in the Krusty Krab. After a brief moment, the time machine appears in a primitive look alike Bikini Bottom. Squidward looks out and sees a creature swim by) Wow, primitive. Has sort of an old-world charm. (a creature swims by really close to Squidward's face) Whoa! I guess this is before manners were invented! Well, at least there's no sign of SpongebBrat. Maybe now I can finally be alone with my clarinet. (hears a noise, turns around but some shadow quickle hides. Hears another noise and checks again but a different shadow hides) Huh? (one of the shadow figures swings from tree to tree) What? (a shadow figure hides behind a tree) Huh? (the other shadow figure hides behind a ledge. Squidward keeps walking and then notices a Prehistoric Sponge on the ground) SpongeBob? (Primate Sponge screams) Ahhh!!! Stay back!!!

(Primate Sponge touches Squidwards arm and then sniffs his finger from what he touched. Tries to give some to Squidward) Uhh, no thanks. (Squidward feels some breathing on him and he turns and notices a Prehistoric Starfish breathing on him. Prehistoric Starfish smiles and has nasty, rotten teeth) Uhh, hi there. Well, I better be going now. (Prehistoric Sponge grabs Squidward's tentacle) Yes, that's my arm. (Prehistoric Sponge puts Squidward's arm on his head and prehistoric Starfish licks Squidwards hand) Oh, that's sweet. (Prehistoric Starfish gets scared) What, is it time for your flea bath now? (a jellyfish swims by and Prehistoric Starfish ducks for protection) Oh, it's just a little jellyfish. (Primate Sponge & Prehistoric Starfish run around screaming) Well, I'm going away now. (Squidward walks away) Ah, here's a nice, shady spot, away from those fools. (Squidward plays his clarinet and each time he tries to play, Primate Sponge or Prehistoric Starfish hollers who are each giving a turn at holding the jellyfish) What are you simpletons doing?! You're supposed to catch these things, not torture yourself with them! (Primate Sponge and Prehistoric Starfish are confused) Give me those loincloths! (Primate Sponge and Prehistoric Starfish tear off a piece of their loincloth) I can't believe it. This ought to make things go a little smoother. (gives Primate Sponge and Prehistoric Starfish their nets. They put the nets on their lips. Squidward grabs the nets back) Give me those things. You're supposed to catch them, like this. (Squidward catches the jellyfish in one of the loincloth nets) It's called jellyfishing. (Primate SpongeBob and Prehistoric Starfish grab the nets and chase the jellyfish) Ah, finally! (sits on the ground and plays his clarinet. Primate Sponge and Prehistoric Starfish hear it and go insane and chase Squidward. Squidward runs into the time machine as Primate Sponge and Prehistoric Starfish try to get in by climbing on top of it) Ahh! Get me out of here! (moves the lever up and down really fast and breaks it) Uh-oh. (slow machine spins and stops on 2 lemons and a "bar")

Time Machine: Loser. (Primate Sponge & Prehistoric Starfish are banging on the time machine trying to get to Squidward until it disappears into thin-air. The time machine goes through all sorts of dimensions until it vanishes and Squidward appears in a blank, white space. Squidward sees some sort of colored tiles and lifts one up and it floats and vanishes)

Squidward: He's not here. No more SpongeBob. No more! I may finally have found a place where I can be all... (Squidward becomes tiny) ...alone! (a bunch of "alone" sayings appear with a different voice as each comes up) Vocies: Alone! alnoe. alone! alone. Alone! alone! Alone! Sqidward: I got to get out of here! (Squidward tries to run but he runs off and on the scene) Where's the time machine?! Where's anything?!? Where, where, where, where?! (jumps up and down angrily and busts a hole through the ground into the time machine) I want to go home! I want to go home! I want to go home! I want to go home! I miss Bikini Bottom. I miss my Easter Island head. I even miss SpongeBob!! (when Squidward says "SpongeBob", the time machine disappears and reappears in present time Bikini Bottom where SpongeBob & Patrick are still waiting for Squidward) SpongeBob! Patrick!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Hi Squidward.

Squidward: Oh, I'm back! I can't believe this. I...I..I was in space and then I went to the future and then I went to the past, and then I was nowhere, but now I'm back and you don't know how happy I am to see you guys.

SpongeBob: Does this mean you want to go...

SpongeBob & Patrick: Jellyfishing?

Squidward: No!! Ohh...who's the barnacle head who invented that game anyway?

SpongeBob & Patrick: You are, Squidward! (SpongeBob & Patrick laugh)

Squidward: (Screen cuts to black) I'm going back.

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob is lurking around, heading home, looking for Sandy because they are playing karate. He suspects the pineapple of being Sandy) Hi-yah! Oh, sorry, pineapple house. I thought you were someone else. (walks inside) Ah, what a great day at work. (hears something) Huh? Yeah... (tip toes over to the couch but makes duck sounds as he tip toes. He grabs the ducks that are on the floor and kicks them away. Then he runs in front of his couch) I know you're back there, Sandy! And I also know that nobody can hide from Sponge... (jumps behind the couch and no one is there) ...bob. (has his back to the couch while he squeezes his eyes through the couch looking for Sandy. When he thinks he's spotted her, he runs out from behind the couch and in front of the tv) I got you now! Hi-yah! (no one is there so he sits on the couch and watches TV)

TV:(shows a realistic pink and yellow fish) Yeah, shopping's weird. Did you ever go into the seafood aisle and say 'Who eats this stuff?'" (SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: I love this show! (Sandy is sitting next to SpongeBob)

Sandy: Me too! (SpongeBob screams and begins to karate more)

SpongeBob: Hi-yah! (Sandy puts on her green karate gear)

Sandy: Hi-yah! (SpongeBob high-kicks in slow-motion)

SpongeBob: Hi-yah! (Sandy runs off then drives forward but SpongeBob jumps his upper half of his body to avoid Sandy) Uhh, just a second. (runs off but returns with his red karate gear on) Safety first! (winks) And now, spin technique! (spins around and lunges towards Sandy)

Sandy: Hi-yah! Yah... (SpongeBob grabs her hand and spins her around)

SpongeBob: Double overhand squirrel knot! (turns her into a round knot and throws her through the door like a bowling ball)

Sandy: I'm gonna get you tomorrow, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: That'll be the day. (spins his arms and legs around. Nighttime at Sandy's treedome when the phone rings)

Sandy: Hello? (SpongeBob's arm tries to karate chop Sandy but Sandy takes SpongeBob's hand and puts it through the phone to karate chop himself)

Sandy: Nice try, SpongeBrain! (hangs up phone. Later, at Barg N Mart, Sandy is shopping when a box of cereal falls. She thinks it's SpongeBob so she gets in her karate stance) Yah! (notices the box of cereal) Heh, silly me. (But when she walks a few more steps, SpongeBob is there in his karate gear)

SpongeBob: Hey Sandy, have you ever heard the one about the squirrel and the tin cans?

Sandy: I don't think so.

SpongeBob: Well, it goes like this! (stretches his arm to ricochet off a shelf and the ceiling to come at Sandy. He stops his arm right before hitting Sandy) Oh wait, I forgot the punch line. (hits the loose board on the floor sending Sandy into a pile of tin cans) That's a good one, isn't it? (later, SpongeBob is walking down the road) What a beautiful day. Beautiful sky. Beautiful plants. Hi plants. Beautiful... (sees a pile of tin cans on the ground so he puts on his karate gear) ...pile of cans? Mmm, Sandy, that is your worst disguise yet.

Sandy: No it's not, SpongeBob. (shows him a squirrel mask) This is! (jumps in front of SpongeBob) Now, prepare for a long, merciless whooping. (grabs SpongeBob's tongue and takes out a bottle of hot sauce) Mmmm, my favorite. (SpongeBob screams as a drop of hot sauce hangs over the edge of the bottle and a face appears on the drop)

Hot Sauce Drop: BWAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! By the powers of motleyness, I command this particular drop of hot sauce to be really, really hot!

SpongeBob: Sandy! Wait! Victory is yours.

Sandy: I knew you'd come to your senses, SpongeBob. (drinks the bottle of hot sauce. While she is doing this, SpongeBob wraps the fake tongue she was holding and around her and spins her)

SpongeBob: Yah... (Sandy karate chops SpongeBob far away)

Sandy: Hi-yah!

SpongeBob: Curses! (at Krusty Krab where the line is very long)

Customer: With extra cheese. To go!

Squidward: Three patties, four large oyster skins, on the double, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob is still wearing his karate gear)

SpongeBob: Oh yeah... gotcha! (SpongeBob opens a door)

Squidward: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: What? (karate chops Squidward's face)

Squidward: I'm going to pretend that didn't happen. (throws two pieces of paper at SpongeBob) Now fill these orders or leave, SpongeBob. We're very busy today! (SpongeBob runs out of the kitchen with tray of patties in his hands)

SpongeBob: Order up... (stops as he sees a customer karate chopping a fly. The customer turns into Sandy who is in her gear and winks at SpongeBob)

Squidward: SpongeBob! Now are you gonna... (SpongeBob throws the tray backwards at Squidward causing the krabby patties to land on Squidward's head)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, Squidward. I was going through some records back in my office and...huh? So, you got the hairpiece after all.

SpongeBob: Hi-yah!

Fred: My leg! (under the floor)

SpongeBob: Thought you could sneak up on me at work, did ya? Well, you can't! 'Cause I'm fast, I'm mean, and I can do this! (does something with his hands while hissing. Points at Fred then walks backwards) Took care of her, yes I did. (bumps into Mr. Krabs) Ohh, ahoy, sir!

Mr. Krabs: What was that?

SpongeBob: But sir, she snuck up on me. In my own dojo.

Mr. Krabs: Are you on some new allergy medication, boy?

SpongeBob: No, sir. Just practicing my karate, sir. Or kara-tae, as some call it.

Mr. Krabs: Kara-tae? You should be making me money-ay! With your spatulae! Now get back to work.

SpongeBob: Aye aye, capi-tay. Nice hairpiece, Squidward. (he walks off. Later, at closing time, Squid is mopping the floor)

Squidward: SpongeBob, did you get those bathrooms mopped yet? (SpongeBob is staring at his hands)

SpongeBob: Yes, ma'am. I mean, sir. I mean, boss. I mean, poobah!

Squidward: Go! (SpongeBob walks into the bathroom with a mop and a bucket in hand. He hears a sneeze so he opens a door but nobody is there)

SpongeBob: Hah! (opens the next stall door and jumps in it) Sandy! (Mr. Krabs walks out of the stall with SpongeBob in his hand)

Mr. Krabs: No more!

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs... (Mr. Krabs grabs a hold of SpongeBob's mouth)

Mr. Krabs: Shhh. No more of this karate stuff, lad. Or you're fired. (lets go of his mouth and walks away)

SpongeBob: Fired? (walks out) No more karate? How am I gonna tell Sandy?

Sandy: Hi-yah! (jumps at SpongeBob karate chopping him)

SpongeBob: Sandy, wait! I can't. Mr. Krabs said I have to give up karate.

Sandy: (stops) Uh-huh. Sure, SpongeBob. (Sandy karate chops him again)

SpongeBob: No, no. Really, Sandy. Stop. (stops) Sandy: I'm not falling for it, SpongeBob! (karate more)

SpongeBob: No, really! Please, stop! (Mr. Krabs looks out the window)

Mr. Krabs: What the...?! (walks outside) SpongeBob! (SpongeBob screams)

SpongeBob: Ahh, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: What did I just get through telling ye, lad?

SpongeBob: But...I...uhh...she...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, you're fired!

Sandy: Huh?

SpongeBob: (high-pitched voice) Fired? (faces gets smaller until its not there anymore)

Mr. Krabs: Eh?

Sandy: SpongeBob? (SpongeBob's face reappears and he bursts out crying and runs everywhere) Wait, Mr. Krabs, it's not his fault. It's...it's mine. He tried to tell me but I wouldn't listen. (SpongeBob is crying into a cup and drinking it. Now he's flipping over and over around Sandy and Mr. Krabs) Just give him another chance, please?

Mr. Krabs: Hmmm... (grabs SpongeBob) Alright, me boy, I'll give you a second chance. But no more karate. It's poisoning your mind. (sniffs Sandy) Mmm, mammals. (walks off)

Sandy: Aww, shoot, SpongeBob. I guess you ain't fibbing. Aww, that game was getting old anyway. It's not fun anymore. I mean, what's so fun about... (karate chops SpongeBob) ...this?

SpongeBob: (laughs then stops) Nothing. Nothing is fun about that at all!

Sandy: We can find something to do that's almost nine times as fun.

SpongeBob: We can? I mean, sure we can. Yeah! Like we can, uhh... (picks up a rock) We can squeeze things! (squeezes the rock and drops it) Woo! How much fun was that?

Sandy: Almost some.

SpongeBob: I know! We can act like plants. (lies on the ground and opens and closes his legs and arms) Photosynthesis. Photosynthesis.

Sandy: Wanna go to the park? (SpongeBob and Sandy at the park. SpongeBob is holding a basket in one hand)

SpongeBob: Karate sure is dumb.

Sandy: Yeah, you can say that again.

SpongeBob: I feel dumb just thinking about it. (puts the basket down) Duh...I'm stupid! I like karate! Doy!

Sandy: You like what?

SpongeBob: Not karate.

Sandy: Ha! I don't even know what that is.

SpongeBob: Me too. I don't know what anything is! In fact...

Fisherman: (casting off his fishing rod) Hi-yah! Hi-yah!

SpongeBob: (giggle) For a second that sounded like...

Sandy: Karate?

SpongeBob: Right now? I mean, no! What is this karate? (opens up the basket) Uhh, what do you want on your sandwich?

Sandy: Karate.

SpongeBob: What did you say?

Sandy: Uhh, Ketchup. Ketchup! I want Ketchup on my sandwich. (takes out some Ketchup) There we go. (SpongeBob pulls out some barnacle loaf pulls out a barnacle loaf)

SpongeBob: How many slices of barnacle loaf do you want?

Sandy: One. Just one.

SpongeBob: One for you! (karate chops a slice off)

Sandy: Hmmm?

SpongeBob: And one for me! (chops off another slice in slow-motion)

Sandy: Ohh, uhh, SpongeBob? Maybe just one more. Uhh, I'm kinda hungry. (brings out the barnacle loaf again)

SpongeBob: Sure thing, Sandy. (lifts up his hand)

Sandy: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yeah?

Sandy: Do you think, umm...do you think I could cut this one?

SpongeBob: Uhh, sure.

Sandy: Thanks. Hi-yah! (chops one slice) Is that enough?

SpongeBob: Maybe just one more. Or two!

Sandy: Or three!

SpongeBob: Or ten!

Sandy: Yes, ten! Because we're REALLY hungry!

SpongeBob: Right!
Sandy: Right!
SpongeBob: Right!
Sandy: Right! (chops off more slices and they fly everywhere)
SpongeBob: Time for buns! (throws a bunch of buns in the air and chops them in half)
Sandy: How about some tomatoes?
SpongeBob: And I'll cut the cheese! (both throw the cheese and tomatoes in the air while chopping them into a bunch of slices that land on the patties)
Sandy: And, what else should we slice? (SpongeBob grabs more buns)
SpongeBob: More buns! (Sandy grabs two heads of lettuce)
Sandy: And lettuce!
Both: Yeah! (both slice up more food to complete their krabby patties. When they are done, the entire place is chopped in half. Sandy is slicing wood in half while SpongeBob is resting on a rock)
SpongeBob: Phew. Making sandwiches sure is fun. Right, Sandy? (Sandy has a dazed look on her face) Right? I guess I'll eat one now. (reaches for a patty but Sandy karate chops his arm with her green foam hand)
Sandy: You're mince meat!
SpongeBob: (in his red karate gear) In your dreams! Hi-yah! (both start to karate chop each other. Mr. Krabs is walking through the park)
Mr. Krabs: Huh? What the barnacle? (the whole park is chopped in half)
SpongeBob: Do you think Mr. Krabs ever does karate? (Mr. Krabs clears his throat to get SpongeBob to scream) Mr. Krabs! (tries to hold a tree back in one piece) Uhh, hey Mr. Krabs, how's it going? (holds the rock in one piece) Nice day, huh? (half of the tree falls on SpongeBob's head) Oh, alright, Mr. Krabs. You caught me. But you know what? I just can't help myself. You're just gonna have to fire me.
Mr. Krabs: Fire you? (grabs a couple krabby patties) I've got something else in mind. (at the Krusty Krab, SpongeBob & Sandy are karate chopping up krabby patties for the customers. Sandy is chopping up the meat and SpongeBob is chopping up the mustard)
Sandy: I love karate!
SpongeBob: I love kara-tae!
Mr. Krabs: I love money-a!
Squidward: I hate all of you.
SpongeBob: Ah, time for bed, Gary. (takes off shoes and socks but socks still standing up but when SpongeBob throws them on the floor, the socks go down and Gary puts them on his eyes)
Gary: Meow?
SpongeBob: Oh, Gary. (pulls socks off Gary's eyes) You know what they say: curiosity salted the snail. Mind your wandering eye, you little mollusk. Sweet dreams, Gary. (snores and a dream cloud appears with the background of Krusty Krab stuff. SpongeBob eyes appear then his eyes and then his mouth on a rock) Hey! Over here! (laughs while his arms wiggle on the ground. Both arms attach to the rock and the rock moves over to the other items. SpongeBob's arms grab the eyes and puts them on the rock and then his legs come out and put his shoes on and his body is seen. A car comes over SpongeBob and sits him in it. SpongeBob's nose grows out) Wait a minute. I don't have a driver's license! (driver's license appears) Wow. My driver's license. I can't believe it! I sure take a good picture. (drives through a sign that says "Road Ends") Darn! I should have grown a mustache. (the boat starts bumping up and down rapidly; SpongeBob is now driving off-road, hitting bumps in the sand; he smashes into a rock and flies out of the boat, still holding his license) How could I have forgotten the most important rule of driving? Always wear your seatbelt. (flies over the Krusty Krab) Hey, I can see the Krusty Krab from here. (Mrs. Puff floats up to him) Mrs. Puff! Look! I've finally got my driver's license!
Mrs. Puff: (takes his license and tears it up) Not even in your dreams, Mr. SquarePants!
SpongeBob: No! (flies through the dream cloud and on SpongeBob's real bed) Ouch! Where am I? (walks and looks up to his real self) Is that me? Or is this me? Am I still dreaming?
Gary: Meow. (snoring) Meow.
SpongeBob: (walks up to Gary's dream cloud) This must be Gary's dream. I'm gonna get a closer look. (jumps into the dream

cloud and falls to the ground) Whoa! Wow. Look at all these books. I wonder where Gary is. Gary! Huh? (walks up to Gary reading a book) Excuse me, sir. Have you seen...? (Gary turns around)

Gary: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Gary?

Gary: How dare you invade the sanctity of my dreams?

SpongeBob: Gary! You can talk!

Gary: (sighs) In dreams, one is not tethered by earthly limitations.

SpongeBob: What does that mean?

Gary: Come. For ages, dreams have been thought of as windows to another realm. (picks up a book and reads from it) "Let me not mar that perfect dream by an aurora stain, but so adjust my daily night that it may come again." Emily Dickinson wrote that.

SpongeBob: Who?

Gary: (flips a few pages) Here's one you might know. (clears throat) There once was a man from Peru who dreamed he was eating his shoe. He woke with a fright in the middle of the night to find that his dream had come true.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Gee Gary, you sure are smart.

Gary: Did you think my shell was full of hot air?

SpongeBob: Well, thanks for the info, Gary. I'm going back to my own dream now.

Gary: Beware of your wandering eye, you little poriferan!

SpongeBob: (jumps out of Gary's dream cloud and hops up onto his alarm clock to get into his own; sees Patrick's dream cloud outside the window) I wonder what Patrick's dreaming. (Patrick is stuck to the bottom of his rock, sucking his thumb and snoring; SpongeBob runs over) I can't resist! (laughs and jumps in; inside, he opens a door; everything is white, and there is no scenery, just Patrick rocking back and forth on a 25¢ kiddie ride) Hey Patrick!

Patrick: Hi SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (walks over) You know Patrick, this is a dream. You can do anything you want.

Patrick: Yup.

SpongeBob: I mean anything! Watch. I can turn into a skyscraper. (transforms into the shape of a skyscraper) Going up! Eh? (sees that Patrick is unresponsive; looks dull) I can make... a million of me! (changes back to his normal shape and size, this time with a million copies of himself) Eh? Eh? (the clones disappear) Ah, tartar sauce. I'm going to a different dream. (leaves)

Patrick: Okay. Bye SpongeBob. (kiddie ride comes to a halt; Patrick reaches into his pocket and pulls out another quarter and goes to put it in the slot, but accidentally drops it and it rolls away) Oh!!! (the quarter falls into a grate) Shoot, that was my last quarter. (sits on the ride with a dull gaze; meanwhile, SpongeBob hops out of the dream cloud and starts to walk down the block; he stops below Squidward's dream cloud)

SpongeBob Ooh, this is gonna be good! (sucks in air and floats up into the cloud; inside, Squidward is playing clarinet in front of an applauding crowd; he has a powdered wig on his head) Psst! Squidward! (waving in the audience; Squidward stops playing) Hey, Squidward!

Squidward: SpongeBob!

King: Ahem! (sitting in the balcony above the stage) Why do you stop playing, Wolfgang Amadeus Tentacles?

Squidward: Yes, Your Highness. (Squidward starts to play but SpongeBob tells the kind a joke and Squidward stops playing again) SpongeBob!

King: (stops laughing) Hey! I have not instructed you to stop! Now play! (turns back to SpongeBob) Now, do tell me the one about the man from Peru again.

Squidward: (really mad) Sponge... (snaps his clarinet in half; the audience gasps)...bob?

King: I came here to hear beautiful music! If I don't get my wish, it'll be your head! (Squidward laughs nervously)

SpongeBob: Psst! Squidward! (SpongeBob is a clarinet and Squidward looks down so SpongeBob winks and points to himself) Eh? Eh?

Squidward: (throws the broken pieces of the clarinet off the stage and crosses his arms) No way.

King: Ahem! (looks at Squidward)

Squidward: (looks at SpongeBob) Please, SpongeBob. No tricks.

SpongeBob: Trust me, Squidward. (Squidward pretends to play SpongeBob while SpongeBob sings in a loud, raucous voice) La la, la la la la la la la la! (the audience gasps) La la, la la la!

Squidward: SpongeBob!

King: (crying) Why have you stopped playing that wonderful music? (Squidward looks at SpongeBob and smiles then picks him up and plays) Audience Member: His music touches me ever-so. I fear that my tears my stain my petticoat. (everyone cheers)

Squidward: (bows) Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. (a few audience members run up and grab SpongeBob and push Squidward out of the way) What is this instrument that produces such lovely sound?

SpongeBob: (turns back to normal and runs away while audience chases him) So long, Squidward! (audience members chase after SpongeBob pushing Squidward into a fruit barrel thing. SpongeBob runs out the door and lands on the top of the tree dome) Hey! I'm at Sandy's! (Sandy sleeping in her tree and SpongeBob jumps in her dream cloud and opens a plane door) Aw, this looks neat! I wonder...(falls out of the plane) Ahh!

Sandy: (surfs up on a glide board to SpongeBob) Hey SpongeBob, what brings you here?

SpongeBob: Hey Sandy! What's going on?

Sandy: (turns upside down) Well, we're free-falling from 114,000 feet, and we're gonna land on that itty-bitty target. (a target is shown on the ground and SpongeBob and Sandy spins around)

SpongeBob: This seems kind of dangerous!

Sandy: Not as long as you've got a big old parachute!

SpongeBob: Okay! (gives her a thumbs-up; both his shoes inflate)

Sandy: Not pair of shoes, SpongeBob, parachute!

SpongeBob: Gotcha! (lifts up a green parakeet perched on his finger)

Sandy: Not a parakeet! Para... (crashes in a truck labeled "Clam Manure" while SpongeBob lands on the target)...medic.

SpongeBob: Ahh! (crashes through the target and flips on the ground) Ouch! All right, that's it. No more messing with people's dreams. (sees a dream cloud coming out of Mr. Krabs' house) H-h-hey! Mr. Krabs. (climbs the anchor house and raises his head right under a pink flower in Pearl's dream) Uhh...Mr. Krabs?

Pearl: Hello, SpongeBob! (sits at a table with a green rabbit and a brown teddy bear, she pours some tea into the bear's cup)

SpongeBob: (waves) Oh, Pearl. This is your dream.

Pearl: You're just in time for the tea party!

SpongeBob: Actually, I was looking for your dad's dream.

Pearl: Oh. He's next door. (shakes head in disappointment) Boys don't understand the sophistication of tea parties. Right, Mr. Stuffy?

SpongeBob: Bye! (gets out of Pearl's dream and goes over to Mr. Krabs) I bet Mr. Krabs' dream will be more robust. (peeks in the cloud and just floats on his backside in the large ocean until he hits Mr. Krabs boat)

Mr. Krabs: I've got you now, you slippery demon! (inside the boat, he grips into a fishing rod) You're putting up a good fight, yes you are. (SpongeBob hops into the boat)

SpongeBob: Whatcha doing, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm picking Neptune's pocket!

SpongeBob: What are you talking about?

Mr. Krabs: I'm talking about cold hard flippin' cash. It's the mighty Moby Dollar! (the dollar hooked on to the line goes above the water and then goes back under) Do you see her, boy? (reels it in) I got her! Here she comes! Thar she blows! (the dollar spits tons of pennies out of its blowhole)

SpongeBob: (laughs) Look, Mr. Krabs. Pennies!

Mr. Krabs: Never mind the small change, lad. Get the net!

SpongeBob: (grabs a small butterfly net) This one?

Mr. Krabs: No, no, no, no! The money net! It's in me back pocket.

SpongeBob: (reaches into Mr. Krabs' back pocket and pulls out a huge wallet with Mr. Krabs' license in it) Wow! You look real good with a mustache, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Never mind that, boy. Ready the net!

SpongeBob: Net ready, sir! (opens up the wallet)

Mr. Krabs: (pulls the dollar out of the water and heaves it into the wallet) I did it! (gets excited) I finally did it!

SpongeBob: Congratulations, Mr. Krabs. (puts down the wallet and wants to shake hands with Mr. Krabs but when he tries the wallet bounces toward the back of the boat); the wallet bounces away)

Mr. Krabs: No, SpongeBob! Don't let it go!

SpongeBob: Huh?

Mr. Krabs: Get it, SpongeBob! Get it! Get it! Get it! Get it! Get it! Get it! (SpongeBob chases after it, but it hops off the back end of the boat)

SpongeBob: Hey! Hey! I...!

Mr. Krabs: No! (the dollar jumps in the lagoon and swims away)

SpongeBob: This'll make a make a great fish story, eh Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Oh SpongeBob...

SpongeBob: Yes, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: (throws a rope around him) You're fired! (fires some sort of gun with a plunger inside it to which the rope is attached)

SpongeBob: Ahh!!!!!!! (gets shot out of the dream cloud and into Plankton's dream on a building) Ooh! Hey, Plankton's dreaming about Bikini Bottom.

Plankton: Zap! (zaps a building near SpongeBob and fish come running out) I see you. (stomps up to another building, twenty times the size of his normal self) Zap! (shoots a green laser out of his eye) Fish: My leg!

Plankton: I see you. Zap!

SpongeBob: Plankton! (tries to get himself untied from the rope around his ankle)

Plankton: I see you...(SpongeBob gets untied and drops to the ground) Zap! (zaps and disintegrates the building that SpongeBob was on then walks to the Krusty Krab) Oh look, it's the Krusty Krab, home of the Krabby Patty. (steps on it) Crush! (picks up the Krusty Krab sign and starts to lick it while walking away) Lick, lick!

SpongeBob: This isn't a dream, this is a nightmare!

Gary: Meow!

SpongeBob: (stops and looks) Gary! Gary! No!

Gary: Meow! (Plankton still coming towards Gary making giant step sounds)

Plankton: Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

SpongeBob: Gary!!! (jumps for Gary) I've got you, Gary!

Plankton: Peek-a-boo, here comes my foot! (steps on SpongeBob and Gary) Huh? (lifts his foot from pain) Yow!!!

SpongeBob: (looking like a thumbtack) I think he's got the point. (laughs)

Plankton: (as Plankton's voice gets higher and higher until he goes back to his normal size) Whoa! (three burnt fish walk up to Plankton looking mad) Well, I guess I've got some explaining to do, huh? (fish on left lifts his foot about to stomp on Plankton) No! No! No! Not the face! (gets stepped on and his dream cloud pops and SpongeBob comes out and plops on the ground)

SpongeBob: Ooh! (SpongeBob walks home into his own dream cloud where his real self is still sleeping) Ah, that was fun and all, but it's good to be back in my own dream cloud. (goes to sleep) Ah....(wakes up after hearing his friends voices and faces hovering around his head)

Squidward: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Huh?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob!

Sandy: SpongeBob!

Squidward: SpongeBob!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: What do you want from me? Leave me alone! (wakes up from Squidward shaking him) No! No, no, no, no!

Squidward: SpongeBob! (wakes SpongeBob up)

SpongeBob: Ahh!! (friends stand around his bed, except Patrick came late) What are you all doing in your pajamas? Are we having a slumber party?

Squidward: No. We are not having a slumber party!

Sandy: Do us all a favor SpongeBob, and stay out of our dreams! (everyone agrees) Come on, SpongeBob!

Plankton: Take a hike!

Squidward: Don't we get enough of you during the day?

Gary: Meow!

Patrick: Does anyone have a quarter? (all stare at Patrick)

SpongeBob: (in his dream, krabby patties are falling from the sky) It's raining krabby patties! Yeah! (runs around eating patties. Dream ends with SpongeBob chewing on his pillow then spitting it out. Stomach growls) A quick midnight snack and then it's back to bed. (kicks the pillow on the ground and jumps on it. Sees Gary meowing in his sleep) Aww, sleep tight, my little angel. (tip-toes past Gary and down the stairs to the fridge) Ah, here it is. (grabs 'sea-nut butter' out of the fridge and walks to the counter where there is food and utensils lying on it) Nothing like a sea-nut butter and jellyfish jelly sandwich to get you to sleep. (as soon as SpongeBob takes a bite of the sandwich, he is out cold. In the morning, his whole house is frozen because he left the fridge open. SpongeBob wakes up shivering) The fridge! (slides over and closes the door then sits down trying to get warm. Tries to stand up but he slips and slides everywhere inside the house stopping on his bed. Pulls the frozen covers over him but the blanket breaks into pieces)

Gary: (wearing a hat and ear muffs) Meow.

SpongeBob: (slides into the bathroom) Oh, Gary, I don't feel like myself.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Don't be silly, Gary. I don't get colds. I get the suds.

Gary: Meow?

SpongeBob: No, Gary. If I had the suds, I'd have bubbles coming out of me. (when he sneezes, pink bubbles come out)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I can't get the suds, 'cause then I'd have to miss work! (puts his underwear over his mouth & nose then sneezes. Pink bubbles come out again)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: No, Gary. I like wearing my underwear like this. (turns around and has two bubbles representing his butt cheeks. Each one pops)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I'm not sick. I'm going to work. (at Krusty Krab, SpongeBob is cooking but sneezing at the same time)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what's holding up those patties? (SpongeBob turns around looking pale)

SpongeBob: Right away, sir.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what's wrong with you? You're paler than a baby sea horse.

Gary: Meow.

Mr. Krabs: The suds?

SpongeBob: (holds up the krabby patty on a plate) Here's that patty you wanted, Mr. Krabs, sir. (when he sneezes, the krabby patty splatters all over Mr. Krabs head)

Mr. Krabs: (wipes patty off his face) Alright, SpongeBob, you're too sick to work.

SpongeBob: No, Mr. Krabs, I'm ok, honest. (Mr. Krabs opens the front door)

Mr. Krabs: No, now go home and get some rest. (SpongeBob walks off) Nothing personal, lad. I just can't have you sneezing all over my food! (customers hear what Mr. Krabs just said and all spit out their food and run out of the Krusty Krab)> No, wait! Wait!

SpongeBob: Oh, Gary, I feel horrible. (sneezes. Gary hides in his shell with pink bubble all over his shell) Oh, who am I kidding? I've got the suds, no doubt about it. (after he sneezes again, his right eye rolls down his face) I'd better take care of this before it gets out of hand. (picks up the phone and dials Sandy's number)

Sandy: (running on her wheel) Hello?

SpongeBob: Sandy, I'm sick. (puts his eye back into place) Can you escort me to the doctor's?

Sandy: Oh, sure, SpongeBob. I'll be there faster than a barefoot jackrabbit on a hot greasy griddle in the middle of August in...

SpongeBob: Yeah, ok, Sandy, thanks. (sneezes pink bubble through Sandy's phone. Later, as SpongeBob is getting dressed for the doctor, the doorbell rings) Coming. (opens the door)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob. Going skiing?
SpongeBob: I'm sick, Patrick. I'm going to the doctor.
Patrick: What? Oh, you can't go!
SpongeBob: Why not, Patrick?
Patrick: I know a guy who knows a guy who went to the doctor once, and the doctor's office is a horrible, horrible place!
SpongeBob: (sits in his chair) It can't be as horrible as the suds. (sneezes)
Patrick: Oh, it is, SpongeBob! Well first, they make you sit in the waiting room.
SpongeBob: Is that the horrible part, Patrick?
Patrick: No, it gets worse. They make you read old magazines! (SpongeBob gasps. Patrick takes a piece of coral for a stethoscope) Then the doctor pulls out his stethoscope.
SpongeBob: No!!
Patrick: Yes! It's a device so sinister, so icy cold when it touches your bare flesh, it... (takes the end of the piece of coral and puts it on SpongeBob's chest. SpongeBob jumps and runs around)
SpongeBob: No, no! No stethoscope, no doctor, no old magazines, no hiss! No! (flips over on the floor) Patrick, I don't want to go to the doctor.
Patrick: Exactly. (SpongeBob sneezes. A pink bubble is in the place where Patrick's nose should be then pops)
SpongeBob: You gotta help me get better, Patrick. Please? Would you like to be my doctor, Patrick?
Patrick: What else are friends for? (later, SpongeBob is sitting on the table in his kitchen. Patrick is standing behind him. SpongeBob sneezes) It appears as though we'll have to plug up these holes. This oughta do the trick. (pushes a small cork in one of SpongeBob's holes. Then plugs up the rest of the holes with more corks) Voila! (SpongeBob sneezes but no bubble come out) Feel better?
SpongeBob: I don't know. (when he sneezes more and more he enlarges himself)
Patrick: Help, I'm shrinking! (SpongeBob breaks the table) No! Please don't hurt me!
SpongeBob: No bubbles! Patrick, your treatment is working!
Patrick: You think so?
SpongeBob: Sure! At this rate, I'll be cured in no time. In fact, I'm going to call Sandy and tell her not to come. Thanks, Dr Patrick!
Patrick: And they said I'd never make anything out of myself.
SpongeBob: (can't dial phone due to large fingers) My fingers are too big for the buttons. Dr Patrick, will you call Sandy for me? (gives Patrick the phone)
Patrick: Sure, patient SpongeBob. (Patrick calls Sandy, who is about to head out for SpongeBob's place) Hello, Sandy?
Sandy: Hiya, Patrick.
Patrick: I'm calling on behalf of my patient, SpongeBob.
Sandy: I'm on my way over to take him to the hospital.
Patrick: Uhh, uhh, that will no longer be required. He is in my care as of today.
Sandy: Well, I'm coming over to take a look. I'll be over there faster than a barefoot jackrabbit on a hot...
Patrick: Oh yeah, yeah, the rabbit. Don't bother, Sandy! (hangs up) Oh, SpongeBob, quick, Sandy's coming! We've got to make sure you're well, or she'll take you to the doctor! (runs into the kitchen with rubber gloves on and dips them into the sink of water) Don't touch me, I'm sterile! Scalpel, please. (takes some sea-nut butter and spreads it on SpongeBob's right foot. Then puts a piece of bread on each side and his shoe on it) Feeling better?
SpongeBob: Uh-uh. (later, a string is attached to a door that Patrick closes. A tooth shoots out from the side)
Patrick: Feeling better yet?
SpongeBob: (missing a tooth) Not really.
Patrick: (jumping on SpongeBob in a ballet outfit) How...about...now?
SpongeBob: I don't...think so. (Patrick puts a big band-aid on SpongeBob's back)
Patrick: Feeling better?
SpongeBob: No. (Patrick rips the band-aid off and puts it somewhere else on SpongeBob's back)
Patrick: How about now?
SpongeBob: Nope. (Patrick rips the band-aid off and puts it somewhere else on SpongeBob's back)

Patrick: How about now?

SpongeBob: Uh-uh. (Patrick rips the band-aid off. Later, Sandy arrives outside SpongeBob's house)

Sandy: Hello, SpongeBob?

Patrick: (black mask on his head) Uh-oh, it's Sandy. (SpongeBob is tied onto a medieval machine. He sneezes and enlarges himself into a ball. Sandy knocks on the door) There's no one home.

Sandy: Patrick, you open this door. (Patrick is rolling SpongeBob away) Patrick, sometimes I just don't understand you. (SpongeBob sneezes) Hey! (walks over to Patrick's house) Ok, Patrick, where's SpongeBob?

Patrick: Uhh, uhh, he's not here at the moment. Please leave a message after the beep. Beep.

Sandy: Ok, now tell me, (shows two rocks) since when do you have two houses?

Patrick: Since I ran out of space to put my stuff.

Sandy: Uh-huh. Yeah. Since when do houses have feet? (SpongeBob's feet are sticking out of the other rock)

Patrick: This is my mobile home. (SpongeBob sneezes the rock off)

SpongeBob: Hiya, Sandy.

Patrick: (holding SpongeBob's hand) Hmmm, the dirt therapy seems to be working just fine.

Sandy: Patrick, SpongeBob has to see a real doctor.

Patrick: No he doesn't! I'm taking good care of him! Show her, SpongeBob! Say 'ahh'.

SpongeBob: Ahh... (a green substance-like gas spreads out all over killing the plants, clams, and everything in its path)

Sandy: See? He's even worse than I thought.

Patrick: (clothespin on his nose) What do you mean? He's fine. (Sandy takes the clothespin off of his nose)

SpongeBob: I'm ok, Sandy, really. (sneezes again, enlarging himself more)

Sandy: I'm taking you to the doctor right now. (rolls SpongeBob away)

Patrick: Hey, that's my patient! (runs over and pushes SpongeBob the opposite way) You can't take him to the doctor's.

Sandy: (rolling SpongeBob the other way again) Don't be silly, Patrick!

Patrick: (carrying SpongeBob the other way) He's mine! (Sandy is log rolling SpongeBob the opposite way)

Sandy: SpongeBob, you'll be better soon. (Patrick is using a wheelbarrow for SpongeBob)

Patrick: I'll save you! (Sandy is using SpongeBob as a basketball)

SpongeBob: I'm b-b-b-better, guys! Really! (both push SpongeBob until he squeezes through them into the air)

Sandy: Now look what you've done, Patrick!

Patrick: What I've done? Everything was fine until you showed up.

Sandy: You should be arrested for impersonating a doctor.

Patrick: Hey, I'm a good doctor, right, SpongeBob? SpongeBob? (SpongeBob rolls away)

SpongeBob: Guys, I can't stop! (rolling down a hill, screaming) Help me! (Mr. Krabs is shining up some money)

Mr. Krabs: Shiny dimes.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob? (runs out the front doors) Stop! SpongeBob! Stop! (SpongeBob stops in front of restaurant) Ooh.

(SpongeBob sneezes so hard, the pink bubbles destroy the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs takes SpongeBob to the doctor)

Doctor Gill Gilliam: Well, Mr. SquarePants, it seems you have the suds. Are you ready for your treatment?

SpongeBob: You're not going to make me read old magazines, are you?

Doctor Gill Gilliam: No, silly, you get the sponge treatment. Oh, Hans? (Hans comes through the door and takes SpongeBob out of the room. Shows Hans cleaning SpongeBob with soap) Whoo! (Hans is using real SpongeBob to rub a man's back in the shower) This tickles! (Hans uses real SpongeBob to scrub a man's feet. SpongeBob sniffs) I can smell again! (real SpongeBob being used to wash a plate and a car) Whoo! Yeah! Yeah-eah! Whoo! (SpongeBob being rinsed off in the sink and put back in the doctor's room)

SpongeBob: I feel as good as new! I love the doctor!

Hans: Here is your lollipop. (hands SpongeBob a big lollipop. Sandy winks at SpongeBob)

Patrick: A lollipop? (takes a bubble wand and blows a bubble) Hey, doc, I got the suds, too.

Doctor Gill Gilliam: Oh, yes, Dr. Patrick, we have a special treatment for you.

Patrick: (Patrick gets taken away by Hans. He's being washed in the sink with soap) Hey, wait. (used on a cactus) Ouch! Well, that hurts. (being used to scrub a toilet) Wait, this doesn't seem right!

SpongeBob: (opens doors with a bunch of hearts in his arms) Happy Valentine's Day, Bikini Bottom! (throws hearts everywhere. Hands one to Squidward but he tears it up. Gives one to Mrs. Puff but her boat runs into a fire hydrant. Gives Plankton a tiny heart. SpongeBob leaps over to Sandy's place)

Sandy: Happy Valentine's Day, SpongeBob. I'm nuts for you. (gets out an acorn nut with an arrow stuck through it, close-up)

SpongeBob: (puts the acorn away and takes out a bottle of chocolate syrup) Well, I'm bubbles for you, Sandy. (Close-up of SpongeBob putting his blower in syrup, blows a chocolate heart bubble)

Sandy: (opens a door on her helmet for the chocolate heart to go into. Eats it.) Mmmm, chocolate. Mighty tasty. Patrick's gonna love the one you made for him. (a chocolate balloon is shown and then SpongeBob and Sandy run over and Sandy gets into the basket) Take me through the plan again.

SpongeBob: Ok. (SpongeBob blows a chocolate carnival) Step one: (manly voice) Patrick and I get to the Valentine's Day carnival. (a chocolate SpongeBob and Patrick fly in and hop onto the carnival) Step two: I position Patrick and myself on top of the Ferris wheel. (both of them hop over to the ferris wheel where it rides up to the top. Blows a chocolate hot air balloon) Step three: You arrive at designated checkpoint for maximum visual contact. (the balloon floats over above the carnival) Step four: Patrick is thrilled. Mission accomplished. (chocolate bursts all over the screen and then we see Patrick putting a big rock on the ground and pounds the rock into the shape of a heart and picks it up) Hi Patrick.

Patrick: (imagines the heart is talking to him) Hello?

SpongeBob: Patrick, it's me, SpongeBob.

Patrick: SpongeBob, what are you doing in there?

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: Oh my gosh! Sponge...SpongeBob is stuck inside this rock! Ahh! Hold on buddy, I'll get you out! (smashes the rock into a pile of dirt) SpongeBob? SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Patrick...

Patrick: SpongeBob! (cries and rubs the pile of dirt against the side of his face) SpongeBob...!

SpongeBob: Patrick, I'm right behind you! (Patrick turns around)

Patrick: There you are. (holds the pile of dirt in his hands) Happy Valentine's Day! Here's your present.

SpongeBob: And I have a present for you!

Patrick: You do?

SpongeBob: It's the greatest... (Patrick gets excited) ...the bestest... (Patrick gets more excited)...the most fantabulous... (Patrick gets even more excited) ...present ever! (bounces and rolls all around all excited and overjoyed) But you can't have it yet. (Patrick stops rolling and bouncing around)

Patrick: Huh? Why not?

SpongeBob: Because it's not ready yet.

Patrick: Is it ready now?

SpongeBob: Not yet.

Patrick: How about now?

SpongeBob: Do you want to ruin the surprise?

Patrick: Yes!

SpongeBob: Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh!

Patrick: Oh, come on, please!

SpongeBob: Hmmm...nope, sorry.

Patrick: (grabs on to SpongeBob's legs and feet) You gotta tell me!

SpongeBob: No can do! (laughs) You'll just have to wait! (SpongeBob walks off with Patrick still hanging on his legs and feet)

Patrick: Please. Oh please... (still hanging on his legs we see SpongeBob walking through the middle of nowhere) ...please-please-please-please. Tell me-tell me-tell me. Please?!

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, here we are

Patrick: (gasps as he sees the carnival) You got me a carnival? Mine!,Mine! All mine, mine, mine, mine. (Patrick runs inside the carnival and SpongeBob runs in behind him) Mine, mine, mine! All right, everybody out! This is my carnival!

SpongeBob: It's not the carnival.
Patrick: Oh.
SpongeBob: (takes a quarter out of his pocket) Here, why don't you take this quarter and...
Patrick: (snatches it from SpongeBob) Oh my gosh, a quarter! I've always wanted a quarter!
SpongeBob: It's not the quarter.
Patrick: Oh.
SpongeBob: Now take that quarter and buy some cotton candy...(Patrick interrupts and SpongeBob's finger deflates)
Patrick: Cotton candy! I can't believe it! (Patrick chases the cotton candy seller) Cotton candy!
Cotton Candy Seller: Hey, get away! Hey!
Sandy: (over walkie-talkie). Sandy to SpongeBob. (SpongeBob takes out a walkie-talkie where Sandy's voice is coming from)
Sandy to SpongeBob. Come in SpongeBob.
SpongeBob: Ten-four Sandy, SpongeBob here. (we see Sandy closing in with the balloon on the carnival)
Sandy: (floating toward the carnival in the balloon) I got a visual on the carnival. You want me to bring her in?
SpongeBob: Ohh, not yet, Sandy. Patrick's still trying to guess what his Valentine is.
Sandy: (chuckles) You are such a kidder, Sandy out. That SpongeBob... (a group of chocolate-eating Scallops are heading toward the balloon) Scallops...chocolate-eating scallops!
Patrick: So if it's not cotton candy then what is it? I can't take it!
SpongeBob: You'll have to guess!
Patrick: (points at a tent) This tent?
SpongeBob: No.
Patrick: (holds up a man in line for something) This guy?
SpongeBob: No. (we see live-acted micro-organisms swimming around; it's Patrick's view through a microscope)
Patrick: This paramecium?
SpongeBob: (laughs) Nope.
Patrick: (giggles) Heh, you're a sly one. I can't find here in the carnival...because it's on top of Mount 'Climb Up and Fall Off'. (runs up the mountain and falls off then runs back to SpongeBob) It wasn't there either!
SpongeBob: Are you sure? (runs up mountain and falls off again. SpongeBob uses his walkie-talkie to tell Sandy something)
SpongeBob to Sandy, you can bring it in now. (Sandy is using a whip to keep scallops away)
Sandy: Uhh, SpongeBob, we got ourselves a little problem. I got a pack of chocolate-eating scallops trying to rustle the balloon! Hi-yah! Get away, you sweet-toothed varmints! Hi-yah! I'm going to be a little late!
SpongeBob: Late? But what about... (Patrick still jumping on and off mountain) ...Patrick?
Sandy: hing-ya! Take him up to the Ferris wheel and I'll meet you there! Sandy out!
SpongeBob: (puts away the walkie-talkie) If Patrick doesn't get his valentine... (screams)
Patrick: (suddenly appears from behind, all bruised) I'm pretty sure it's not up there, SpongeBob!
SpongeBob: Uhh...Patrick, actually it's on the Ferris...
Patrick: Ferris wheel! (he grabs Sponge and runs toward it; cut to them on the Ferris wheel being brought to the top) I'm ready for the greatest Valentine's present in the whole world now, SpongeBob.
SpongeBob: Well this is where you're gonna get it...I hope. Just keep looking out there, pal. (SpongeBob talks to Sandy again on the walkie-talkie) SpongeBob to Sandy, SpongeBob to Sandy, come in, Sandy! (Sandy is fighting the chocolate eating scallops.)
Sandy: Sandy to SpongeBob, I got my ox in a ditch here! I'm way off course!Hi-yah! The scallops are eating the balloon! They're everywhere!Whigh yaa! (one scallop bites the balloon and the air goes out and it floats down) Aw, shoot! We're going down, SpongeBob! Switch to plan B!
SpongeBob: No, no, B, Sandy! No, B! (Patrick is smiling big waiting for his surprise) Uh, Patrick, you know how sometimes you plan something special and things don't just work out?
Patrick: No...no...eh-gee! Holy mackerel! Is it hot up here or what! (rips off his shirt and moves the ferris wheel seats back and forth and then up and down. Patrick:(Repeated line)Vlantine! Next, the ferris wheel is jumping up and down and then SpongeBob puts out his hand/arm)
SpongeBob: Patrick, here it is! (Patrick stares at SpongeBob's hand/arm)

Patrick: What's that?

SpongeBob: It's a handshake...a friendly handshake.

Patrick: A handshake? That's the big gift? You got me a handshake?

SpongeBob: A friendly handshake. Happy Valentine's Day! (Patrick shakes his hand and stares at it and makes a grumpy looking face. SpongeBob laughs and throughout their playtime in the carnival, Patrick has the same grumpy look on his face)

Patrick: I've been thinking. At first a handshake doesn't look like much, but really it's the thought that counts... (lady walks up with a box shaped like a heart full of chocolates in her arms)

Fran: Hey SpongeBob, I just wanted to thank you for this box of chocolates.

SpongeBob: Uh, no problem Fran. (walks off)

Patrick: And even though I was expecting more... (Dave with roses walks up)

Dave: Thanks for the roses, SpongeBob. Happy Valentine's Day.

SpongeBob: You too, Dave. (walks off)

Patrick: And not that it matters that we've been friends for so long... (some woman walks by with a bike)

Lady Fish: Hey SpongeBob, thanks for the bike! (talking to Patrick) Can you believe this guy? I just met him this morning! (Patrick gets mad, growls)

Patrick: (angrily) So as I was saying...

Fish: Excuse me; do you guys have the time?

Patrick: (Patrick gets mad, and roars, which is followed by him picking up and throwing the fish) Patrick needs love, too!!!! (Patrick goes psycho freaky. Howls and beats chest which is followed by him running towards the viewers. Cuts the balloon strings from a salesman and destroys his Balloon cart. We see kids playing a guy in a heart suit.) Kids: We love heart man...

Patrick: I defy you, Heart Man!!! (Patrick rips the suit in half, revealing a fish in his under-wear.)

P.A. System: Attention everyone, there's a chubby pink starfish on the loose! (everyone runs screaming. Patrick sees a twirl-around ride that has hearts on it and goes mad over it)

Patrick: (Psychotically) Heart on stick must die! (goes to the pole and tries to pick it up. Gives up eventually. Patrick sees a little girl eating a heart-shaped lollipop) Heart on stick must die! (grabs it, breaks it, and stuffs it in his mouth)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Patrick! (Patrick turns around with an berserk look on his face and growls some gurgling words, then turns round to the crowd. everyone gets scared and runs to a dead-end of one of the carnival sides. Then Patrick goes freaky on them) Patrick: ROOOAAAARRR!!!! (Everybody whimpers).

Patrick: Give me SpongeBob! (SpongeBob is thrown in front of the group of citizens) You broke my heart! Now I'm gonna break something of yours!

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, I know I deserve this. (notes the crowd) But, do they? (crowd smile hopefully).

Patrick: They didn't get me anything either! (They throw a pile of gifts at Patrick's feet) Nope, it's too late for that now...for all of you! (walks onto and over the gifts, wanting to destroy everyone, starting with spongebob. the citizens take a step back and SpongeBob is scared, front view of Patrick's mad face.)

Sandy: Yee-haw! Get along little shellfish! Gallop you scallops! (whipping the scallops as she lands in the carnival with the balloon)

SpongeBob: Yeah! Sandy's here! Woo-hoo! Look Patrick, it's here! It's here! The best valentine in the whole wide world is right behind you! (jumping up and down pointing behind Patrick)

Patrick: Sure it is.

SpongeBob: I'm telling you, it's right there, turn around!

Patrick: Uh-uh.

SpongeBob: Patrick, just turn around! (everyone is yelling at Patrick to turn around but he doesn't)

Patrick: You think I'm pretty stupid, do you?

Crowd: Yes! Turn around!

Patrick: No.

Crowd: Turn around!

Patrick: Nuh-uh!

Crowd: (chanting) Turn around! Turn around!

Patrick: Nuh-uh. I'm gonna say this once and I'm not going to say it again, so pay attention. I am not, I repeat, not going to turn around for any reason...ever!

Sandy: Howdy, Patrick!

Patrick: (turns around) Hi Sandy! (notices the chocolate balloon then is confused and Speaks gibberish)

SpongeBob: Happy Valentine's Day, Patrick! (Patrick jumps for joy and jumps on the balloon)

Patrick: Yay! My valentine! Hey, is this solid chocolate?

SpongeBob: Patrick, no! (Patrick bites the balloon and chocolate spills everywhere. SpongeBob and Patrick are in The mess)

Patrick: Aw SpongeBob, you didn't have to get me anything.

Squidward: (walks out and sits on his lawn chair) Ah, time to relax. (takes out some gum and puts it in his mouth. Throws the gum wrapper away in front of SpongeBob's house. SpongeBob's pineapple moves forward closer to the wrapper and he opens the door)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Squidward!

Squidward: (spits out gum) Well, time to go. (folds up the lawn chair and walks to his front door but SpongeBob stops him)

SpongeBob: Squidward! Squidward, wait!

Squidward: Now what?

SpongeBob: You dropped this little piece of paper.

Squidward: Yeah, so what?

SpongeBob: I just figured you probably want it back.

Squidward: What's the big deal? It's only garbage?

SpongeBob: Garbage? But, Squidward, in the right hands, this paper is a gold mine of entertainment. A spectacular afternoon of underwater fun. A treasure trove of...

Squidward: ...garbage. (walks inside his house)

SpongeBob: So you don't want it?

Squidward: Right! (closes door)

SpongeBob: Does that mean I can have it?

Squidward: Yes, by all means, take it. (phone rings. Picks it up) Hello?

SpongeBob: You sure?

Squidward: Yes! For the final time, I don't want that paper. It's yours forever and ever! (hangs up and sighs. SpongeBob appears from under the table where the phone is. Squidward screams)

SpongeBob: Are you definitely, positively sure?

Squidward: Get out!

SpongeBob: But are you...

Squidward: GEEEEEEEEET 000000000000UUUUUUUUUT!!! (gets SpongeBob out)

SpongeBob: Last chance to change your mind, Squidward.

Squidward: Take it, SpongeBob. Take it, please. And promise me, no matter how much I may beg, and plead, and cry, don't give that paper back to me...ever!

SpongeBob: So, I take that as a possible no? Squidward? Squidward? Squidward? (Squidward closes the door) Ok, Squidward, that's a promise I'll just have to keep. Ah, Mr Paper, I am so lucky to have a friend like Squidward.

Squidward: (walking up to his clarinet) SpongeBob... (SpongeBob is laughing outside. Squidward tries to play his clarinet but Squidward gets annoyed by SpongeBob's laughter so he peeks out the window) What in the world are you giggling about?

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Squidward, it's just... (giggles) ...it's just that I'm thinking of all the fun I'm going to have with this piece of paper! (Squidward walks back and picks up his clarinet)

Squidward: How can anyone have fun with just a piece of paper? (Squidward plays his clarinet but has to stop due to SpongeBob's laughter continuing) Ohh...what can he possibly be doing with that paper?! (peeks out his window and SpongeBob is running around with the piece of paper high, above his head)

SpongeBob: La, la, la, la, la. Gary, watch this! (twists his lower part of his body around and puts the piece of paper in it so it hangs out. Turns his lower body around) Guess what I am.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Well, yes, Gary, I am a sponge with paper stuck in his pants, but I'm also... (deep voice) Super Sponge: soaking

up crime. See, here's my cape. (blows on the piece of paper to make it look like a cape in the wind)

Squidward: Super-moron's more like it.

SpongeBob: Now I'm... (jumps into the air and stands on his pineapple with no clothes on but the piece of paper in the middle of lower half of his body) SpongeBob Junglepants! (does Tarzan impression)

Squidward: Oh, boy.

SpongeBob: Ugh. SpongeBob Junglepants summon animal friends. (he roars like a lion, makes bird calls, makes a raspberry, makes horn noises, dolphin noises and seal noises)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: You're right Gary. I'm not a jungle boy. I'm a box of army supplies. (jumps off his pineapple with his clothes on) Bringing relief to the hungry troops! (has the paper act as a parachute and floats down to the ground. We see Squidward watching from a safe distance) Landing just in time for the bullfight! (he waves the paper in front of Gary) Toro, toro, Gary! Toro, toro! Toro, Gary, toro... (pushes Gary across with his foot) Hey, ole! Now for some impressions. A guy with a moustache. (puts the piece of paper where a mustache would be) Look at me, I'm a guy with a moustache. A pirate with an eye patch. (puts the paper over one eye) Arrgh, I'm a pirate. A regular guy with an eye patch. (puts the paper over one eye) Arrgh, I am not a pirate.

Squidward: Do a big yellow idiot with a stupid piece of paper. (SpongeBob is rolling the piece of paper on the top of his head. Then he sucks in the paper through one of his holes. Blows it in and out of his holes) How did he do that?

SpongeBob: Look, Gary, oralgami. (puts the paper in his mouth and sticks his tongue out with a bird shape for the paper)

Kids: Bird! Yay! (SpongeBob does it again and comes out as a snowflake) Snowflake, yay! (SpongeBob does it again and comes out as a doll) Paper doll, yay!

Squidward: Hey, that little paper does seem like fun. (puts his hand over his mouth) What am I saying?! I am such an idiot. (laughs) SpongeBob, honestly, and his dumb paper. He calls that fun? (opens up a magazine and starts reading it) Now, reading 'Boring Science Digest,' that's fun. (laughs at what the magazine says inside) Erosion. (laughs) Mitosis. (SpongeBob laughs. Later, Squidward is bathing) See, I can have fun taking a bath. (the paper comes flying through the window as an airplane and flies around Squidward a couple times. Then shoots the rubber duck and flies back out the window. The rubber duck sinks under the water. Later, Squidward is painting) Painting fruit, there's nothing more fun than painting fruit. This is more fun than anything. (SpongeBob is laughing outside. Squidward paints but he paints himself with the piece of paper over his nose. When he notices this, he tears up his painting) I'll prove to him that paper is not fun! (runs outside and whistles while playing paddleball) I'm having fun, la-la-la...

SpongeBob: (bouncing the piece of paper off his nose like it was a paddleball) Isn't this great? La-la-la-la-la... (SpongeBob jumps up and down) La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la...

Squidward: Hey, SpongeBob, top this one. (takes out a centrioloquist doll that looks exactly like him) Hey, little Squidward, what's gray and ugly and has six arms?

Little Squidward: I don't know, but have you looked in the mirror lately?

Squidward: What did you... (SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: Oh, that's a good one, Squidward, now let me try. (folds the paper in half) Have you heard any good jokes, Mr Paper?

Paper: What happened to the paper that fell in the ocean?

SpongeBob: I don't know, what happened to the paper that fell in the ocean?

Paper: It was all washed up! (a bunch of people come up and laugh with SpongeBob then leave. Squidward runs off)

SpongeBob: La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la...

Squidward: (riding a shell mobile) Haha, I'm having so much fun with my new shell-cart. Ah-haha. Hey, SpongeBob, can your stupid paper do this? (SpongeBob comes down with the paper acting as a helicopter)

SpongeBob: Nope. (flies away while Squidward drives his shell-cart through the side of his house. Then he comes out with his clarinet)

Squidward: Well, you can't play music with a piece of paper! (plays 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' off-key. Little black musical note symbols fall out of the clarinet)

SpongeBob: (applauding) Hooray! Hooray! That was great, Squidward. All those wrong notes you played made it sound more original.

Squidward: What? I didn't play any wrong notes. (plays the song off-key again)

SpongeBob: Yeah, see, you're playing it like this... (plays his piece of paper as the clarinet with the note symbols coming out) ...when ordinarily it goes like this... (plays the song on-key) I'm partial to doing it in the key of A-minor myself. (plays the song in high notes. A music sheet appears) Ah, nothing like a duet between buddies, eh, Squidward?

Squidward: (grabs the paper but SpongeBob holds onto it) Give me my paper back! Now let go of it. I said let go of it! (SpongeBob still holding on to it) Let go, let go, let go, let go, let go, let go, let go, let go... (jumps up and down)

SpongeBob: I can't!

Squidward: What do you mean you can't? (SpongeBob moves Squidward's hand off the piece of paper)

SpongeBob: I can't! You made me promise no matter how much you begged, and pleaded, and cried not to give the paper back to you ever.

Squidward: I never said anything like that!

SpongeBob: Sure you did, Squidward, look. (folds the paper a few times to make it look like a flip-book to what Squidward said earlier in the day)

Squidward: Take it, SpongeBob. Take it, please. And promise me, no matter how much I may beg and plead and cry, don't give that paper back to me... ever!

SpongeBob: Wanna see it again?

Squidward: No, I don't wanna see it again! Just give me that paper.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Squidward, I am sworn to a promise. (walks off) Maybe I should get going.

Squidward: Wait, wait, maybe we can trade for something. (looks around for something to trade) Yeah-yeah, something, something... (reaches in his pocket and takes out something) A-ha, wait up, SpongeBob! Wait! Hold on there, chum. (chuckles) I'm going to make you an offer. (SpongeBob looks to see what he has)

SpongeBob: Wow, pocket lint! (shows link and rubberband in Squidward's hand) You drive a hard bargain, Squidward. Paper for lint, hmmm...

Squidward: Not the lint, the rubber band!

SpongeBob: The rubber band? Do I dare?

Squidward: Oh, dare, dare!

SpongeBob: (begins to reach for it) Ok... (stops) Oh, I get it. You're just testing me. Don't worry, Squidward, I won't let you down. A promise is a promise.

Squidward: Listen, you! (puts his nose against SpongeBob's nose) You are not going anywhere until we strike a deal. (later, Squidward is bringing a TV over to SpongeBob's side in a wheelbarrow) Gotta get that paper. (walks back to get more)

SpongeBob: Squidward? (keeps walking back and forth with more stuff)

Squidward: Trade... (walks back)

SpongeBob: Hey, listen.... (Squidward brings his house over)

Squidward: Everything must go! Well, that's the last of it. (all of Squidward's possessions are beside SpongeBob) I've given you everything but the shirt off my back. (SpongeBob looks at the paper)

SpongeBob: Oh, Squidward, is this still part of the test? Because it's...it's really getting harder and harder to keep my promise.

Squidward: Ok, the shirt! (takes his shirt off) Take it! Take my shirt!

SpongeBob: Squidward's shirt. I've always loved that shirt. Ok, ok, I'll trade! (puts the shirt on) I can break a promise for this. Squidward, do you want your other stuff, cause this is all I'll need?

Squidward: You can have all that junk, 'cause now I've got this! I've got the paper, and you've got my useless garbage. (puts the paper on his butt and waves it at SpongeBob) I got it! Haha and you can't have it. (runs around SpongeBob) I got it, you're a sucker. You're a sucker, sucker. (laughs) At last, what should we try first, Mr Paper? Impressions! A guy with a piece of paper on his nose. (puts the paper on his nose) Look at me! I'm a guy with a piece of paper...on his...nose. Hmmm. A-ha! Wait, wait, wait, wait... (puts the paper in his mouth and sticks his tongue out revealing a wadded up piece of paper that is wet) Tada!

Kids: Boo! (Squidward dries off the piece of paper)

Squidward: Ok, ok, uhh, helicopter! (puts the piece of paper on his fingers) Gentlemen, start your engines. I'm flying! Oh yeah, I'm flying! I'm flying! That's right, that's right, here we go now. (bends up and down trying to fly) I'm flying,

flying, flying, flying, flying, flying, flying, flying... (sighs) ...flying. (SpongeBob is looking at himself in the mirror with Squidward's shirt still on him while Gary is playing his clarinet) Wait, more impressions. A guy throwing a piece of paper on the ground! (throws it on the ground) A guy stomping on the piece of paper (stomps on the paper then picks it up) I'm a guy who traded everything he owns for a...

Patrick: (walks up to Squidward chewing gum) ...a worthless piece of paper. (Patrick grabs the paper) Hey, thanks, it's just what I needed, Squidward. (blows a gum bubble then puts the gum on the piece of paper and throws it behind him in the garbage can) Nice shirt, SpongeBob. (laughs)

Squidward: Anybody have any sunscreen?

Mr. Krabs: Where could they be? They should've been here hours ago! Arrgh! Not a customer in sight. If I don't make any money today, I surely break out in a rash!

SpongeBob: Yippee! I'm rich! Look Patrick, eight gold doubloons!

Mr. Krabs: Wait, I saw it first! hah! (Jumps onto table) Mine, mine! Huh?

SpongeBob: Boy Mr. Krabs, you sure are sweaty.

Mr. Krabs: What's this? Where are the doubloons?

SpongeBob: (laughs) There are no real doubloons, Mr. Krabs! It's a game: 'The Flying Dutchman's Treasure Hunt'.

Patrick: Based on a real treasure map.

SpongeBob: Take a break and play around with us.

Patrick: Yeah! C'mon sweaty.

Mr. Krabs: Have you finished cleaning the tables?

SpongeBob: I cleaned the tables Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Ay, but did you scrape all the gum off the underside?

SpongeBob: (chewing) I already took care of it.

Mr. Krabs: Ha ha ha. All right, lads. Looks like you've shanghaied me.

Patrick: My turn. (rolls dice) Five. (makes strawberry noise while moving piece) (reads card) One of your shipmates has been a bad pirate! Send him to the brig! Hmmm. (SpongeBob turns eyes toward Mr. Krabs) It's off to jail for you, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Patrick, you're fired!

Patrick: But I don't even work here!

Mr. Krabs: Would you like a job, starting now? (puts hat on Patrick's head)

Patrick: Boy, would I?!

Mr. Krabs: (takes hat off Patrick's head) You're fired!

SpongeBob: My turn. (rolls dice) One, two, three, four. (picks up card and reads it) Look for the Deacon's Goose thru the fork in the old tree and head that way. Well, I see Mr. Krabs zipper is undone.

Mr. Krabs: Uhh! Shiver me timbers!

SpongeBob: (laughs) Just kidding, Mr. Krabs. I'm almost to the treasure. Your turn again Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: (rolls dice) Ooh, fish eyes. One, two.

SpongeBob: (picks up card and reads it) You are a real pirate. Go straight to the "X" that marks the spot. You get to dig for treasure Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Treasure. (digs and mini plastic treasure chest appears) There it is! It's the Flying Dutchman's Treasure! Gold, gold, gold. Mine, mine, mine, mine, mine.

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs is getting all sweaty again.

Fred: Rev up those fryers, cause I am sure hungry for one...help! help! My leg!

Mr. Krabs: Can't you see we're closed! Ready for another round? This is my kind of game!

SpongeBob + Patrick: Hooray!

Mr. Krabs: Six! One, two...I win again! Oh, that's seventeen times in a row.

SpongeBob: I think we ought to call it a night, Mr. Krabs. I really got to get some sleep.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, you can't walk out on me now.

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Mr. Krabs. (yawns) See you tomorrow. (walks inside house) (rattling noises heard) Huh? Whose there? (turns light on)

Mr. Krabs: C'mon, SpongeBob. One more game. I can smell the treasure.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, it is late. Go to bed! Good night, Mr. Krabs.
Mr. Krabs: Wind is perfect, the tide is right. Let's hunt for treasure.
SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, you gotta...(opens door)
Mr. Krabs: That's awful lad. If the Dutchman hears ya, we'll never get his treasure.
SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs...
Mr. Krabs: I'll roll for ya boy.
SpongeBob: But, Mr...
Mr. Krabs: (rolls dice) Eight paces, now that's a good start lad.
SpongeBob: But, Mr....
Mr. Krabs: One, two, three...
SpongeBob: (yelling) MR KRABS! I WANNA GO TO BED! Mr. Krabs, I'm sorry, but it's just a game, ya know?
Mr. Krabs: A game. That's...right. Of course it is, my mistake. I guess I got a little carried away, eh? On this treasure we're dealing here. Sorry, for disturbing ya, lad.
Mr. Krabs: (morning arrives) Avas! Pineapple, ho. Heave two, and prepare to be boarded.
SpongeBob: Aw, go home already. I'm done playing that game, Mr. Krabs.
Mr. Krabs: It's Captain Krabs to you, and this is no game. We're gonna be pirates.
SpongeBob: Pirates?
Mr. Krabs: Ay! How'd you like to go on a real treasure hunt, with a real treasure map?
SpongeBob + Patrick: Treasure? (dancing around) We're gonna be pirates, we're gonna be pirates!
Mr. Krabs: Ay, ay, ay. Relay that skipping. Pirates don't skip. (throws them a bag of pirate stuff) Put on this pirate garb, so I won't be embarrassed to be seen with ya. Arrgh.
SpongeBob: Oh, Patrick. Look! Peg legs and eye patches.
Mr. Krabs: Now, don't you feel more like pirates?
SpongeBob: Look, I'm Peggy the Pirate! (falls on plank)
Patrick: I'm Blind Beard the Pirate. (falls on SpongeBob)
SpongeBob: Ow.
Mr. Krabs: Arrgh! (sailing underwater) Keep a sharp lookout. According to the map, we're close to the first landmark.
SpongeBob: Really? Can we see the map?
Mr. Krabs: Uh...no! Only the captain can lay eyes on the map.
SpongeBob: Okie dokie, then.
Mr. Krabs: Arrgh, a pirate doesn't say, "okie dokie, then." A pirate says, "arrgh!"
SpongeBob: Okie...oops. (laughs) I mean...arrgh! Captain Krabs. (eyes widen) Captain, we're about to hit...uhh...I mean...arrgh, Capt., arrgh, we're, arrgh, about, arrgh, to hit, arrgh...
Mr. Krabs: Out with it man, arrgh!
Patrick: I, arrgh, think, arrgh, he's trying, arrgh, to say...(crash) land.
Mr. Krabs: ARRGH! From now on, only the captain says, arrgh! Status report, Mr SquarePants?
SpongeBob: The whole ship is underwater captain.
Mr. Krabs: Arrgh, we're marooned then. Our treasure hunt will have to continue on foot. This is it boys, from the seaweed with two leaves on it. 10,000 paces east.
SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs, that seaweed has...(Mr. Krabs pulls a leaf off)
SpongeBob: Which way captain?
Mr. Krabs: Answer Patrick. Which way is east?
Patrick: Uhh...let's see, uhh...(points) that way captain!
Mr. Krabs: 9,997...9,998...9,999...10,000! Where's the "X"? Suppose to be right here! 10,000 paces east.
Patrick: Ooh! East? I thought you said "weast".
Mr. Krabs: Weast? What kind of compass you reading lad?
Patrick: This one, sir.
Mr. Krabs: That's west, Patrick. You're fired again. 9,551...9,552...
SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, we're tired.

Patrick: And hungry.

Mr. Krabs: Ooh. So this is my crew. You get a little tired, and a wee-bit hungry, and you want to shove off for home. Arrgh! That sickens me. A pirate is not judged by the notches in his compass, but by the sides of his booty. A pirate is judged by the loyalty and his crew. And without a crew, what am I captain of? Just a bunch of sand! (cries)

Patrick: Don't cry Captain Krabs.

SpongeBob: Yeah, we'll be your loyal crew. *both cry*

Mr. Krabs: You'll stay with me then?

SpongeBob and Patrick: We'll be the most loyal pirate crew ever!

Mr. Krabs: I knew I could count on you boys. One for all!

SpongeBob and Patrick: And all for one! (laying on ground at night outside tent)

SpongeBob: I'm so loyal, I don't even mind sleeping on the cold, hard ground while Captain Krabs sleeps in his warm, dry tent.

Patrick: I'm so loyal, I haven't bathed in weeks.

SpongeBob: But we've only been gone a few hours.

Patrick: I know. (laughs) (SpongeBob moves away)

SpongeBob: I'm so loyal, I don't wanna sleep till we find the treasure. Let's go see if the captain will go now!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Captain Krabs?

SpongeBob: He's not here.

Patrick: Look! The treasure map.

SpongeBob: Only the captain can look at the map, Patrick.

Patrick: Yeah...

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you doing?

Patrick: Nothing.

SpongeBob: Patrick, you're not suppose to look at the map. (Patrick poking the map)

Patrick: I'm not looking, I'm touching. There's no rule against that is there?

SpongeBob: No, guess there isn't. (Both poking map)(Map opens)

SpongeBob: Oops! Patrick, it opened by itself. (Both laugh) (Eyes enlarge and search the map)

SpongeBob + Patrick: The map, gotta see it, gotta look at it. (Eyes go back in)

Patrick: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yeah?

Patrick: Did you notice something familiar about this map?

SpongeBob: You mean, like that it's our game board taped to a piece of paper?

Mr. Krabs: Do you think this is a problem?

SpongeBob and Patrick: Aah! Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Sneaking peeks at me treasure?

Patrick: We're sorry.

Mr. Krabs: That's mutiny on my ship. So you think ol' Captain Krabs has gone crazy, do ye?

SpongeBob: Not at all, Captain Krabs. We don't think that at all!

Patrick: I think that.

Mr. Krabs: I'm gonna throw you overboard for saying that!

SpongeBob: (gasps) Look! It's the "X".

Mr. Krabs: (eyes go into "X" like symbol) "X" marks the spot!

SpongeBob: Wow! That game really is based on a real treasure map.

Mr. Krabs: Well, what are you waiting for lads? Dig! Dig! Dig, dig, dig, dig, dig, dig, dig, dig.

SpongeBob: We got it Captain Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Ha, ha. Hand it up to me lads. Heave! (Brings treasure up)

Mr. Krabs: We finally found it.

Lady Over voice: The Dutchman's Treasure!

All: Wow!

SpongeBob: What are you going to do with your share, Patrick?
Patrick: I don't know. How are you going to spend your share, SpongeBob?
Mr. Krabs: What shares? You're not getting any of my treasure!
SpongeBob: We found it together. So we deserve a share!
Mr. Krabs: Well, I'm the captain. And I say it's mine!
SpongeBob: What about loyalty?
Mr. Krabs: All for one.
SpongeBob: And one for all.
Mr. Krabs: All for one.
SpongeBob: And one for all.
Mr. Krabs: All for one.
SpongeBob: And one for all.
Flying Dutchman: (sleeping) I'm the Flying Dutchman.
Mr. Krabs: All for one.
SpongeBob: And one for all.
Flying Dutchman: (sleeping) I'm the Flying Dutchman. Who dares wake the Flying Dutchman? Keep it down will ya? I'm trying to get some sleep.
Mr. Krabs: All for one.
SpongeBob and Patrick: And one for all. (Lightning)
Flying Dutchman: Who duh up the Dutchman's treasure?
Mr. Krabs: (shoves chest toward SpongeBob and Patrick) They did!
Flying Dutchman: Arrgh! So you two scallywags dug up me treasure?!
SpongeBob and Patrick: Uh-huh!
Flying Dutchman: Well, you saved me a lot of diggin' you did. So here's an reward for the two of ya's.
SpongeBob: Wow!
Lady Over voice: Two Gold Dubloons!
Mr. Krabs: Wait! I'm captain of this crew. Where's my reward?
Flying Dutchman: Hmmm, I guess you're right. A little something for your trouble. (Flicks something to Mr. Krabs)
Mr. Krabs: Gold, gold, gold, gold, gold. Huh? Why, it's just a little plastic treasure chest.
Lady Over voice: Plastic!
Flying Dutchman: Ay, but it's based on a real treasure chest. (laughs)
Patrick: Gee Mr. Krabs, you're looking all sweaty again.
(at Glove World where SpongeBob and Patrick are standing outside the amusement park)
SpongeBob: (Patrick is licking a glove-sickle) Another fantastic day at Glove World. (bus stops at the bus stop and both of them get in but SpongeBob struggles for a bit with his balloon)
Bus Driver: Ahem. (points to coin deposit)
SpongeBob: Let me get my wallet. (turns around and balloon hits bus driver in face) Wait, let me check this pocket. (turns around and balloon hits him again) No... (turns around and balloon hits bus driver again) Patrick do you have any change?
Patrick: How much do you need?
SpongeBob: How much is it?
Bus Driver: Fifty-cents.
SpongeBob: (turns around and balloon smacks bus driver in the back of the head) Fifty-cents.
Patrick: Nope.
SpongeBob: (turns around and balloon smacks bus driver again) Lemme check my other po...
Bus Driver: Forget it!
SpongeBob: (turns around and balloon smacks bus driver again) What did you say?
Bus Driver: Just take your seat!
SpongeBob: Thanks, mister.
Bus Driver: Yeah, whatev... (SpongeBob turns around and balloon smacks him in the back of the head. Bus driver gets angry)

Patrick: Show me what you got at glove world.
SpongeBob: Ok! Here's my glove light. (turns on light)
Patrick: Wow...
SpongeBob: (puts light inside his head) I see you! (both laugh)
Patrick: I got gloves for my glove action-figure! (puts a tiny glove on the big gloves thumb)
SpongeBob: Cool! (Patrick looks out the window and notices a sign that says "You Are Now Leaving Bikini Bottom" as they drive past it)
Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob?
SpongeBob: (a tiny glove is on his nose) Yeah, Patrick?
Patrick: Where's 'Leaving Bikini Bottom'?
SpongeBob: Where did you see that?
Patrick: We just passed the sign. 'You are now in leaving Bikini Bottom'.
SpongeBob: (gasps) What? (looks out the window)
Patrick: What's wrong SpongeBob? (driving past a sign that says "Bikini Bottom City Limits")
SpongeBob: Patrick, I think we're on the wrong... (both scream as bus drives down at a 90-degree angle road. SpongeBob and Patrick fly back and his the back of the bus) ...bus. (SpongeBob walks slowly up front. His face gets all distorted as he is moving closer. His pants rip off and fly at Patrick but Patrick ducks in time. Then SpongeBob's underwear hits Patrick in the face. Bus comes to an immediate stop and both fly forward and hit the windshield. Then the balloon smacks the bus driver onto the windshield and all of them peel off. SpongeBob & Patrick are kicked off the bus) But sir, we need to get back to Bikini Bottom.
Bus Driver: (hands balloon to SpongeBob) Oh, well. (drives bus away)
Patrick: Where is this, SpongeBob?
SpongeBob: (reads sign) Rock Bottom. (scroll over to a bus station) It sure is weird around here. Kinda different and the soil looks different. (picks up some green soil)
Green Soil: Do you... (raspberry) mind... (raspberry) putting me down? (SpongeBob shakes him off)
Patrick: SpongeBob, I don't like it here. It's dark and scary. I don't wanna be here. I wanna go home. Look, I can't even tell the bathrooms apart. (bathroom doors have the ? on one door and the i on the other)
SpongeBob: Uhh, that's an easy one, Patrick. We just wait for somebody to come out and then you'll know. (someone comes out the i door. Patrick gasps) Maybe we should wait for one more. (a snake-like creature comes out of the ? door. 3 creatures come out the i door)
Patrick: I still can't read the signs. I wanna go home.
SpongeBob: Uhh, uhh, ok. You wait for the bus. Call me when it comes and I'm gonna get a bus schedule. (walks off) Boy, this place sure is creepy. (bus drives by with Patrick's head sticking out the window)
Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, the bus is here. (SpongeBob runs after the bus) SpongeBob...! (bus drives up the 90-degree angle road and SpongeBob tries to run up the road but falls down. Tries a couple more times but is unsuccessful)
SpongeBob: I guess Grandpa SquarePants was right. Don't run for a bus. (puts on Grandpa disguise) Especially one that's going up at a 90-degree angle. (takes off disguise) I better go wait for the next one. (later, SpongeBob is standing by the bus stop sign with his glove balloon in his right hand) C'mon, bus. I've got to get home and feed Gary. (notices shoe untied and lets go of the balloon) Uh-oh, shoe's untied. Puts foot on bus sign) Over, under, and over, and loopdy-loop, and over... (bus drives up and then drives off) and through the hole. (later, wind is blowing SpongeBob's glove hat on his side so he puts it back. Wind blows balloon away) My balloon! (chases after balloon jumping for it when he gets the chance. A bus drives up and then drives off) Wait! Hold on! Stop that bus. Aww, not again! (throws hat down. Notices a creature with a red light on his head for an antenna) Umm, excuse me, sir. Can you help me? (gives raspberry) Uhh, uhh, yeah, I... (creature runs after balloon) No, no! Not the balloon! I need to know what time the next bus comes... (bus drives up and then drives off. SpongeBob runs after it but decides to walk back to the bus stop sign) Well, there goes another one. I gotta be more diligent. I am not leaving this spot, no matter what. (SpongeBob's stomach growls) I'm gettin' hungry. (snaps fingers) Glove candy dispenser. Good thing I went to glove world. (squeezes out 6 tiny glove candies onto his tongue then spits them out) Eww, glove flavored. Hey, what's that? (a kandy machine is shown across the road) A kandy machine. Mmm, kelp nougat crunch. (Checks each side of the road to see if a bus is coming) I'm not leaving this spot, no matter what!

(stomach growls) I'll only be gone a second. (runs over to the machine. While getting out a quarter, a bus drives up. Runs back across to buss) Hey! (bus drives off) Ooh!! (stomach growls. Takes a few steps across the road and turns around to check for the bus. Takes a few more steps and checks again. Gets to the kandy machine and takes out the quarter. Before inserting it, he checks for a bus. There's no bus so he puts in the quarter but a bus DOES come and drives off. Now he checks to his left down the road and decides to sprint across and get some candy. Pushes some buttons and checks for the bus. The kandy is slowly coming down) Come on, come on! (kandy drops to the bottom. SpongeBob grabs for it but a bus drives up and then drives off. SpongeBob gets angry. He reaches for the kandy but a bus comes up. Every time he reaches for the kandy, the bus drives forward but when he pulls his arm away, the bus drives backwards. So he decides to leave the kandy and run after the bus, but the bus drives off before he can get there. A creature comes up and takes the kandy) Hey, that was mine! (walks over to the kandy machine. 3 busses drives up and drive off while he's over there so he decides to run back. No more busses come so he shakes the bus sign) Barnacles! Alright, that's it. No more mister nice guy. (later, SpongeBob is at the kandy machine staring at it and a bus drives up. Another SpongeBob tip-toes up but the SpongeBob at the kandy machine falls over revealing it to be made of wood. The bus drives off) Tartar sauce!! (SpongeBob is now a bench. A bus drives up but drives off after it notices the SpongeBob bench) Fish paste! (walking into the bus station) I'm getting to the bottom of this, right now! I want a bus to Bikini Bottom. I am first in line and no one is going to tell me, otherwise! (sees a giant green round creature standing behind him already in line) Ok, second. I am second in line. (sees another giant creature already in line) Ok, third is good. (another creature is already in line) Fourth, not bad. Cut to SpongeBob at the end of the line behind a yellow creature) Ok, 329. I am 329th in line and nobody forget it. (yellow creature spits out a giant egg on SpongeBob's head with the number 329 on it)

Window Attendant: Next. (raspberry)

SpongeBob: Well, at least the line is moving. (everyone steps forward. Egg hatches 3 baby yellow creatures that jump in front of SpongeBob. SpongeBob hides inside his clothes and goes ballistic. Then comes out and everyone staring at him turns around)

Window Attendant: (time is going fast) (raspberry) Next. (raspberry) Next. (raspberry) Next. (raspberry) Next. Next...

SpongeBob: Finally! Yes, I'm next! (runs up to the window) When is the next bus to Bikini Bottom?

Window Attendant: What? (raspberry)

SpongeBob: The bus schedule. The next bus.

Window Attendant: I can't... (raspberry) understand... (raspberry) your accent. (raspberry)

SpongeBob: Duh, next bus... (raspberry) to Bikini... (raspberry) Bottom. (long raspberry)

Window Attendant: Ohh. (raspberry) Why didn't you say so? (raspberry) Next bus leaves in... (raspberry) 5 seconds. (bus leaves) Ohh, tough luck, kid. (raspberry) That's the last one til' morning. (raspberry)

SpongeBob: Oh, (raspberry) no... (raspberry) you don't. (raspberry)

Window Attendant: Goodnight! (puts closed sign up)

SpongeBob: Hold it, I'm not through here! (raspberry) Do you hear me? (raspberry) I demand you come back and give me a bus to Bikini Bottom, right now. And until then I am not leaving this spot. (gives 3 raspberries. Lights turn off. SpongeBob laughs nervously) Ok, like I said, I'll be right here when you get back. At this spot. In the dark. By myself. With no one around. Except my glove light! (turns on light) Ah, that's better. (glove light stops working) This isn't your average everyday darkness. This is...advanced darkness. Hey, if I close my eyes it doesn't seem so dark. (closes eyes. Hears a raspberry in the distance so he opens his eyes) Who's there? (walks down the road) Well, I guess that spot will be there tomorrow. I better just keep walking. (hears another raspberry) Running! Better start running! Running! (hears another raspberry) Sprinting! I just gotta keep sprinting! (runs into the 90-degree angle road. Sits down with scallops flying around his head) Sitting, sitting. Bleeding. (hears noise) Hey, who's there? (hears another raspberry) Ok, that's enough. (hears another raspberry) Don't come closer. (hears another raspberry) I'm warning you! (hears another raspberry) I'm a sponge! (a red light shines around SpongeBob. It's the creature from before that chased after the balloon) Oh, it's only you. (creature ties balloon to SpongeBob's left wrist) Well, that solves my balloon problem, but I have a bigger problem. (creature begins blowing balloon bigger) I'm kinda stuck here. I need to catch a bus to get home. You don't understand a word I'm saying, do you? Balloon... (raspberry) has... (raspberry) enough... (raspberry) air... (raspberry) thanks. (gives a few more raspberries as he is floating up) Hey, I get it, balloon travel. Thank... (raspberry) you! (raspberry) Creature: You're welcome!

SpongeBob: (floats back down in front of his house) Ah, home at last. (balloon pops)
Patrick: (riding another bus to Rock Bottom) Don't worry, SpongeBob, I'm coming back for ya.
SpongeBob: Good morning Bikini Bottom! Ahh, what a beautiful day! (SpongeBob's hand appears from a sand castle pineapple with his face drawn on his hand) I wonder if Patrick's at home.
Patrick: Hiya SpongeBob!(Patrick's hand comes over from a sand castle rock with his face drawn on his hand) Whatcha doin'?
SpongeBob: Goin' over to Sandy's place. (both hands walk off together, arrive at a sand castle rock peak.) Hey, what's this? This doesn't look like Sandy's place.
Sandy: Don't lose your barnacles boys. Hi-yah!(Chops sand castle peak down making a sand image of Texas) There it is!
SpongeBob: What is it?
Sandy: Can't ya see? It's Texas?
SpongeBob: Texas? What's a Texas? (wave covers sand and ruins Sandy's Texas display)
Sandy: Ohh, it's nothing but a memory now.
SpongeBob: All right then. Let's make one of your tree dome.
Sandy: You know, all of a sudden, I don't feel like sand castles SpongeBob. I'll see y'all later.(Sandy walks off.)
SpongeBob: Sandy? Hi-yah! (makes a few karate noises)
Sandy: Aww, SpongeBob, I'm not feeling up to karate now.
SpongeBob: Oh-ho. I get it. Not feeling up to karate, huh? Whatever you say Sandy.(Turns around) Boy, I hope Sandy doesn't attack me from behind. Hi-yah! (grabs Don the Whale from behind and flips him over onto the ground. Don growls and punches SpongeBob)
SpongeBob: Uhh, Sandy? (shown surfing in the air) Surf's up Sandy!
Sandy: No thanks (Enter's jellyfish feild.) (buzzing)
SpongeBob: (Runs after a jellyfish with a net)Boy, there's nothing like going jellyfishing! (Patrick runs after one while laughing, then falls on his face. He gets up and runs again)
SpongeBob: Look Sandy, we caught one!
Sandy: Listen SpongeBob, right now, I don't want to build sand castles, play karate, or eat jellyfish.
SpongeBob: (laughs) We don't eat 'em! We let 'em go!
Patrick: Fly away little critter!
SpongeBob: Go on, go back to where you belong. Run along, back to your family and friends. I know they miss you as much as you miss them. Hurry, before they forget you and leave you behind. Remember: there's no place like home! (Sandy cries filling her helmet with Tears. Takes a flusher handle and attaches it to her helmet. Pulls it down and all the water drains down)
SpongeBob: "Err sandy why are you crying?"
Sandy: I'm ain't crying! My helmet just sprung a leak!
SpongeBob: Sandy...
Sandy: Oh, I guess I'm just feeling a little homesick.
SpongeBob: Homesick, huh? (Sandy is blind-folded as SpongeBob & Patrick take her somewhere)
Sandy: Dog-gone it, SpongeBob, what is it?
SpongeBob: Tada!(the three are standing outside the Treedome)
SpongeBob & Patrick: Welcome home Sandy! (Sandy cries and runs into Treedome)
SpongeBob: Sandy?
Sandy: Go away.(pulls a lever wich brings down a metal covering on the Treedome)
SpongeBob: I don't get it, Patrick! What's wrong with Sandy?
Patrick: Maybe it's just a little squirrel thing.(a hole opens up in the top and Sandy comes out wearinhg a cowboy hat and holding a guitar. Sandy tunes it and starts to sing)
Sandy: (Singing) Wish I was back in Teaxs, The oceans no place for a squirrel.(live action Texas senery appears behind her)Wish I was in Texas, pretteist place in the world oh no.(notes come out of guitar)I know that deep in my heart, I'll always be a Texas girl. I wanna go home(holds note)(while her singing continues, some clams howl along) (as she keeps singing, SpongeBob and Patrick hear It)
SpongeBob: (gasps) Patrick do you hear that? (Patrick has the notes going around him)

Patrick: arrrgh! getthem off me!

SpongeBob:wait Patrick listen.

Sandy: (continues singing) I wanna wake up in texas. (live action secnery is shown) I miss those wide open skys. I miss my 20 acres, barbaques and peacorn pie so why? When Im so far from you texas, all I can do is cry,
(SpongeBob and Patrick start sobbing,Far away Mr. Krabs hears the song to and starts sobbing also and accidently gets hight by the cashier, two coustomers are also sobbing, one drys his eyes pon his Krabbypatty and gives it to the next person who blows his nose on it.

Sandy:(Ends song)I wanna go hooooomme.(man voice)I wanna go home.(as she sings she goes back into the Treedome.
(SpongeBob and Patrick continue sobbing and then stop)

Patrick: DEo you think she knows the MuffinMan song?

SpongeBob: Patrick. she sang that song from her heart. She really misses teaxs.

Patrick: So why don't we bring some of teaxs down here!

SpongeBob: Patrick,that's crazy! how would we-(pauses) hey, your right! Patrick your gueniuse is showing.

Patrick:(franticly covers groin) Where?

(SpongeBob and Patrick have gotten everything ready at the KrustyKrab).

SpongeBob: Okay! lets go and get Sandy!

Mr. Krabs: (from inside) well hurry up lad! we can't sqwat frorever like this!
(at Sandy's house where SpongeBob & Patrick are playing leap frog while going to her tree dome)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab! Sandy's surprise is at the Krusty Krab!

Patrick: Wait until she sees the...

SpongeBob: Shh! Don't spoil the surprise! (SpongeBob knocks, Sandy opens her door.)

SpongeBob: Hey Sandy! You want to come with us to the Krusty Krab?

Sandy: (walks out with 2 suitcases) Hey SpongeBob. Hey Patrick.

SpongeBob: What are you doing with those bags?

Sandy: I'm going back home to Texas.

SpongeBob: What?! Now?! You can't! I mean...

Sandy: Im sorry SpongeBob, but It's time for this tumbleweed to tumble along home.

SpongeBob: Wait Sandy! You can't! Uhh, we we're gonna...the...the...Krusty Krab...that's not the right direction! Wait, if you don't...I can't...augh! Sandy! Wait a second! You don't wanna leave without having one last Krabby Patty down at the Krusty Krab?

Sandy: I'm tired of fish food, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: But, Sandy, don't you want to say good-bye to all your friends down at the Krusty Krab?

Sandy: (gets on to bus)I just can't do that, SpongeBob. It'll be too sad.

SpongeBob: No, no! Wait! Sandy! (bus drives off) I can't believe she's gone.

Patrick: Yeah.What's so great about dumb ol' Texas? (bus speeds back doors open reveling a very angry Sandy.)

Sandy: What did you say?

Patrick: Texas is dumb.

Sandy: Don't you ever take the name of Texas in vain!

SpongeBob: You mean we can't say anything bad about dumb ol' Texas?

Sandy: No, you can't!

Patrick: Then can we say people from Texas are dumb?

Sandy: No! You can't say nuthin' about Texas!

SpongeBob: (gets idea) Oh, so you mean we can't say anything bad about... (turns around grabs his behind and shakes it and rolls eyes) ...Texas!

Sandy: (face gets red) I'm warnin' you, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Look Patrick, I'm Texas! Duh, howdy, y'all! Howdy y'all!

Patrick: I'm Texas too! Get a dog little longie! Get a dog!

SpongeBob: Howdy y'all!

Patrick: Get a dog little longie! Get a dog!

Sandy: Y'all just cut it out!

SpongeBob: (while Patrick does arpit burps)The stars at night are dull and dim, whenever they have to be over dumb ol' stupid Texas! (Sandy gets steaming mad)

SpongeBob: (in a Texas shape) Hey Patrick, what am I now?

Patrick: Uhh, stupid?

SpongeBob: No, I'm Texas!

Patrick: What's the difference! (SpongeBob and Patrick laugh)

Sandy: (drops suitcase) Y'all better apologize, or I'll be on you like ugly on an ape!

SpongeBob: You'll have to catch us first! (SpongeBob and Patrick run) We did it! We got her!

Patrick: Krusty Krab, here we come! (turns head round to Sandy) Can we say that plants from Texas from dumb?(goofily)Can we say that shoes from Texas are dumb?

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, that's enough.

Patrick: Why? You think that old slowpoke Texas is gonna... (Sandy catches up with them)(Patrick finishes sentence) RUUUUUUNNNN!!!!!!

SpongeBob: Run faster, Patrick! (both of them scream)

Sandy: (Sandy ropes Patrick and brings him into the background)

Patrick: Ahh! SpongeBob! (Nuclear explosion is heard. SpongeBob screams. SpongeBob stops in front of a leaf and Sandy karate chops the leaf and SpongeBob in half)

Sandy: Hi-yah! Y'all better take back what ya said!

SpongeBob: No!(gets back together) Almost there! (Sandy's rope turns into SpongeBob, SpongeBob screams.)

SpongeBob: (as SpongeBob jumps for the Krusty Krab, Sandy throws her rope. SpongeBob hands onto the door as Sandy pulls SpongeBob towards her)

Sandy: SpongeBob, you've been messing with the bull! Now here comes the horns!

SpongeBob: Sandy, no! (the front of the Krusty Krab tears off as Sandy has pulled tight enough)

Everyone: Howdy, y'all!

Sandy: Wha-what's this?

SpongeBob: It's a party!

Patrick: (hopping over with arms and legs tie and coverd in bandages.) For you!

Sandy: For me?!

SpongeBob: It's your own little slice of Texas! Check it out Sandy! We got square dancing... (Flats is holding a square) ...giant Barbecues... (Squidward is holding a sharp, spiky Q while going on about the pain) ...homemade peas-in-a-can pie... (Pearl is holding a pie with a can of peas in it(closeup of it) ...and we got our very own 10 gallon hats! (SpongeBob and Patrick put on ten gallon water jugs on their head) So, what do ya think? Are you gonna stay? (Sandy starts to laugh and tears of laughter spew out and fill her helmet. Sandy uses her flush handle to drain it all out)

SpongeBob: Don't cry anymore, Sandy. I'll get your bags.

Sandy: I ain't cryin,' I'm laughin'! I appreciate what y'all are trying to do, SpongeBob, but home isn't about barbecues and pecan pies, home is where you're surrounded by critters that care about ya. (Everyone gathers around Sandy)

Sandy: Huh, duh. What am I doing? I was home all along, and it took me until now to realize it.

SpongeBob: Does that mean you'll stay?

Sandy: I'm staying! (Everyone cheers)

Patrick: Yeah, who needs dumb ol' Texas! (cuts back to live action Island) Sandy: what did you say?! Patrick: eerr.. should I start running now?

(At Goo Lagoon where a toy bulldozer is taking down the "Welcome to Goo Lagoon" sign. Plankton jumps out of the bulldozer and laughs evilly. Then he puts two black & white road blocks in front of him and takes out a megaphone)

Plankton: Attention, beach-goers! You are trespassing! You have exactly seventeen minutes to haul your carcasses off the future site of the 'Chum Bucket Mega Bucket'. (takes out a sign that says 'future site of the mega bucket and plants it into the ground. The beach-goers can't hear anything but squeaking)

Woman: Do you hear something? (man sitting beside her shakes his head while the lifeguard tries to listen through his bullhorn)

Plankton: (takes out megaphone) Ok, have it your way. I don't mind bulldozing over each and every one... (a kid comes over and picks up the bulldozer)

Kid: Mommy, look! Somebody left this toy tractor here.

Kid's Mom: Put that thing down, Billy, it has germs on it. (kid drops it and it lands beside Plankton)

Billy: Ohh, mom.

Plankton: (talks through megaphone) You'll see. (throws away the megaphone) You'll all see! The future site of the Chum Bucket Mega Bucket must be clear to these cretins beachgoers. But it's becoming increasingly obvious. I can deny it no longer! (zoom out) I am small. I need someone big to clear the beach for me. I need... (giant foot almost steps on Plankton but he dives out of the way)) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Steppin' on the beach! Doo-doo-doo-doo! Steppin' on the beach! Doo-doo-doo-doo! Steppin' on the beach! Doo-doo-doo-doo! Steppin' on the beach! Doo-doo-doo-doo!

Plankton: Yes. He's the one. (laughs evilly. The sand on his head falls off)

SpongeBob: I'll have one... (some kid cuts in front of him)

Kid #2: Two please. (ice cream man gives him two ice creams) Thanks. (walks off)

SpongeBob: One please. (a green eel slithers through SpongeBob and grabs the ice cream)

Eel: Excuse me. (walking off licking the ice cream)

SpongeBob: One please.

Ice Cream Man: Sorry, kid. We're all out.

SpongeBob: Aww, barnacles. (he hears crying coming from Plankton, who's sitting on a bench with two ice creams) Plankton, what are you doing here? And why are you crying?

Plankton: Oh, hi, SpongeBob. (blows his nose) I'm cryin' because I've got these two ice cream cones, but I only need one! (cries) I don't know what to do with the other one! (cries then stops and looks at SpongeBob and cries again)

SpongeBob: I'll eat one of those ice cream cones for ya.

Plankton: SpongeBob! Would you do that for me?

SpongeBob: Sure! (starts to lick the ice cream)

Plankton: SpongeBob? (SpongeBob is still licking the ice cream) SpongeBob? (SpongeBob eats the whole ice cream and is now licking what's left inside. Plankton uses his megaphone to get SpongeBob's attention) SpongeBob!!

SpongeBob: (turns towards Plankton) Yeah? (spits out ice cream as he talks)

Plankton: Isn't it great to get the things you desire? Like that ice cream cone, for instance. (SpongeBob licks his fingers) You can have anything you want with a little training. (SpongeBob licks his fingers again)

SpongeBob: Training?

Plankton: Yes. You just have to learn to be more assertive. And I can show you how.

SpongeBob: Assertive, huh?

Plankton: That's right.

SpongeBob: Anything I want. (licks his lips) Sounds great! (spits more ice cream at Plankton when talking)

Plankton: Wonderful. (laughs evilly then SpongeBob joins in the laughing. Then an adult fish sits on SpongeBob) SpongeBob, don't let that guy sit on you! Assertiveness lesson #1: tell him to get off!

SpongeBob: Umm, excuse me, sir, you're sitting on my body, which is also my face.

Plankton: No, no, be assertive! (SpongeBob puts his fingers in the guys pockets)

SpongeBob: Beep beep! (Plankton smacks forehead)

Plankton: Not in-assertive! (adult fish checks his watch then walks away) SpongeBob, you missed your chance! You've got to be aggressive to get the things you want! You're too soft!

SpongeBob: But I'm a spo...

Plankton: Don't say it! (Plankton spots the eel that took SpongeBob's ice cream) There's the guy who took your ice cream. Don't you want it back?

SpongeBob: Ice cream! (Plankton gets up and runs behind the eel)

Plankton: Listen, you! My friend's got something to say! (the eel turns around)

Eel: What, who said that? Was it you? (talking to SpongeBob)

Plankton: Tell him off, SpongeBob. Assert yourself!

SpongeBob: That's my ice cream cone!

Plankton: Great! Now let him have it!

SpongeBob: You can have it.

Eel: Say, thanks! (walks off)

Plankton: No! (jumps inside SpongeBob's mouth) I'll show ya how! Hey, pencil neck! (eel turns around) Yeah, you, slither over here! (eel walks over to SpongeBob) Surrender that ice cream cone or every waking moment for you will become a swarming torrent of pain and misery! (eel throws ice cream on SpongeBob's face)

SpongeBob: Hey, that guy was crying!

Plankton: Those were tears of joy! He was happy that you were assertive!

SpongeBob: Yeah!

Plankton: You see how wonderful life can be, when you're maniacal?

SpongeBob: Uhh, I thought it was called assertive.

Plankton: Whatever.

SpongeBob: Well, if it got me this ice cream, I like it! (throws the ice cream into his mouth, which lands on Plankton. later, SpongeBob is using a metal detector. It starts beeping really fast) I found something!

Fish: Uhh, excuse me, my metal detector broke. Can I use yours? (SpongeBob hands the equipment to him)

SpongeBob: Sure!

Plankton: SpongeBob, this is your next lesson. Be aggressive! Tell that guy to take a hike!

SpongeBob: Do you want to take a hike with me?

Fish: Yeah.

Plankton: (angry) Now look what you've done! Tell that guy to go fall in a ditch!

SpongeBob: Hey, go check in that ditch! (points to the ditch beside them. The fish jumps down in the ditch and finds a treasure chest)

Fish: Wow, buried treasure! Thanks!

SpongeBob: Did you see that, Plankton? That guy found some buried treasure!

Plankton: SpongeBob, you'll never get it right! Tell that guy you know karate and you'll tie him in a knot if you don't get your metal detector back!

SpongeBob: Hey! I'm gonna tie your shoe if you don't give that back!

Fish: But I'm wearing sandals!

SpongeBob: Ok, never mind! (Plankton jumps off of SpongeBob) It's alright, Plankton, he's wearing sandals. What's the matter?

Plankton: (putting things into a suitcase) Oh, nothing, SpongeBob. (puts on a black hat) I was just beginning to think that this was a waste of time.

SpongeBob: No it's not!

Plankton: Forget it! I guess you don't have what it takes to be a stand-up guy.

SpongeBob: But what about airline food?

Plankton: What?

SpongeBob: Airline food. My gosh, what is up with that stuff? Thank you, good night! (rimshot) See, I can be a standup guy. See? (Plankton throws his hat down)

Plankton: SpongeBob, you'll never get what you want! You'll always let people step all over you! You're just like stairs!

SpongeBob: Wait, Plankton, give me another chance!

Plankton: Ok, but this is your last chance! (points to people trying to get a tan) Look at all those beach hogs soaking up your sunrays. Do you have what it takes to get a tan?

SpongeBob: Just watch me! (runs over and waves a blanket up and down and builds up sand to make the beach-goers run away) Man, this thing is sandy!

Fred: My leg! (after everyone runs off, SpongeBob is laying on his back with a funnel acting as a sunlamp)

Plankton: Yes, my plan is beginning to work! They're leaving the beach! (SpongeBob now has a tan and looks brown)

SpongeBob: that was wonderful! Is that an all-over tan?

SpongeBob: Well, not all of me.

Hot Dog Man: Hot dogs! (the two look over to see the octopus vendor given six customers hot dogs with six of his tentacles)
Hot dogs!
Plankton: Look at that huge line at the hot dog stand. Assert yourself to the front!
SpongeBob: I'll do better than that! (sticks his tongue out so far he grabs the hotdogs and eats them all. The hotdog stand closes down)
Plankton: SpongeBob that was genius! Look at all those kite flyers blocking your view!
SpongeBob: What?
Plankton: Breaking your wind! (SpongeBob uses one of his teeth to boomerang it into cutting the strings off the kites)
Larry: Hey SpongeBob, throw us the ball. (Larry and others are playing volleyball but SpongeBob pops the ball and screams like an elephant. Everyone walks off)
SpongeBob: Plankton, did you see that? I was a regular alpha-male! Plankton? (Plankton is driving a crane) Plankton, all my asserting is driving everybody away!
Plankton: Exactly.
SpongeBob: You didn't tell me everyone would leave.
Plankton: Oops. (pushes a button. A sign emerges from under the sand. The sign says "Mega Bucket")
SpongeBob: (gasps) Mega Bucket?! You used me...for land development! That wasn't nice!
Plankton: Haven't you figured it out, SpongeBob? Nice guys finish last. Only aggressive people conquer the world! (laughs evilly)
SpongeBob: Well, what about aggressively nice people?
Plankton: Huh? What are you doing? (SpongeBob brings out the hot dogs he ate earlier and puts them back where they belong. Then he puts the kites back where they were) Wait, SpongeBob! Stop! (a girl is crying because she has sand on her ice cream. SpongeBob takes it and wipes the sand off with his eyebrows) Butterfly kisses. Can't take it. It's too cute! It's...it's disgusted! (Scooter is crying at his broken surfboard)
SpongeBob: What happened? (points to surfboard)
Scooter: I hit a reef with my new board, dude!
SpongeBob: No problem! (makes himself a surfboard)
Scooter: Whoa! (grabs the surfboard) Killer!
Plankton: SpongeBob, stop! Before it's too late! Your kindness is bringing everybody back! Get back! (everyone comes back) Wait! (everyone runs over Plankton. Scooter is surfing)
Scooter: Cowabunga! (Scooter comes back on land and everyone cheers for him. SpongeBob goes back to his normal shape)
Thanks, dude! That was awesome!
SpongeBob: Gee, Plankton, I'm sorry about the Chum Bucket.
Plankton: Forget about that. I just can't take so much kindness in one sitting! (bunches up into a ball) Need hatred. (crawls away)
SpongeBob: Volleyball, anyone? (everyone uses SpongeBob as the ball) Service! (every time he is hit he says "ouch")
SpongeBob: Wake up Gary!
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: We're moving today!
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: That's right! We're moving away. We're going to become peasants! (puts on a hat and takes away Gary's bowl) No more food. (gives Gary a plate with salted clams on it) Sorry, Gary. Peasants only eat mashed-up clamshells.
Gary: Meow!! (cries)
SpongeBob: April Fools! (puts his bowl back where it was) There ya go, pal!
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: Whew, I'm thirsty! (takes out a BIG glass of lemonade out of the fridge) This is an extreme thirst! (puts the lemonade into a lot of small glasses with umbrellas) Whew, I'm exhausted. I sure can't wait to drink all of these drinks!
April Fools! (holds up a mirror) To me! (laughs on his way to work and Squidward sees him)
Squidward: What's he so happy about? (walks by the calendar and notices its April Fools Day. He panics) April 1st? April Fools Day is SpongeBob's favorite holiday! (puts a heating pad on his head and dials for the Krusty Krab) Mr. Krabs, I

can't come in today. I caught something terrible.
Mr. Krabs: What'd you catch?
Squidward: I caught sight of the calendar.
Mr. Krabs: Oh, hold on Squidward, there's someone here to see you. He says he's from the Barnacle Bay Art Museum and he wants to honor you as artist of the month. (Squidward runs to the Krusty Krab with an artist uniform on)
Squidward: I have arrived. (SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs laugh) What's so funny? Where's the art dealer? (SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs laugh more)
Mr. Krabs: You just missed him.
SpongeBob: Yeah, but he told us to tell you...
Squidward: Tell me what? (SpongeBob whispers in Squidward's ear)
SpongeBob: He told me to tell you...April Fools. (Squidward lays his hat on Mr. Krabs desk)
Squidward: Well, it's been nice working here. (he walks off) Thanks for everything, Mr. Krabs.
SpongeBob: Squidward, wait!
Squidward: Just send my last check to the P.O. box, Mr. Krabs!
SpongeBob: Wait, Squidward! (grabs Squidward's legs) It was just a joke! No more jokes on you today, I promise!
Squidward: You do?
SpongeBob: Sure, there are lots of other willing participants. Right, Mr. Krabs? (Krabs sits on a whoopee cushion and it does its thing. Sponge laughs)
Squidward: Well, as long as it's not me. (Next, we see SpongeBob carrying a tray of burger patties)
Old Lady: Excuse me, could you tell me where the forks are?
SpongeBob: Sure! They're right here, lady! (lady picks a utensil up)
Old Lady: But this is a spoon.
SpongeBob: April Fools! (lady laughs then Squidward stares at SpongeBob and he runs away. Next, we see SpongeBob behind the register) Welcome to the Krusty Krab, how may I help you?
Customer: Yeah, give me two large fries and a jumbo Krabby Patty.
SpongeBob: Hey, what's that? (turns around and then SpongeBob turns around and has a smiley face on his back)
Customer: I didn't see anything. Hey, where'd that other guy go? (SpongeBob turns around)
SpongeBob: April Fools! I'm right here!
Customer: (laughs) Hey, that was pretty good. (Squidward notices SpongeBob behind the register)
Squidward: What are you doing behind the counter? (SpongeBob is wiping the floor)
Tom: Excuse me, can I get a couple of ice cubes in here, please?
SpongeBob: Sure! A couple of ice cubes coming up! (fills the cup with ice) Here you go.
Tom: Thanks. (each time he takes a sip of his drink, SpongeBob giggles)
SpongeBob: April Fools! (grabs SpongeBob by the collar)
Tom: What did you do to my drink?
SpongeBob: I...(giggles) I...(giggles)
Tom: You what?!
SpongeBob: You asked for a couple of ice cubes in your drink, and I only put in one! (laughs)
Tom: I guess that is pretty funny. (laughs as he walks off.)
SpongeBob: (laughs so hard his tongue pops off) Hey, your shoe's untied. (tongue looks down) April Fools! You're not wearing shoes! (Squidward tries to mute the sound with tissues but he can still hear it) April Fools! (Squidward drops a plate)
Squidward: That does it! SpongeBob and his stupid pranks! I'm going to show him what a real prank is all about! (squirts some mustard inside a rope circle then shows SpongeBob the mess)
SpongeBob: Oh boy! Something for me to clean up! (SpongeBob is cleaning it and Squidward is standing next to a rope which he is about to cut)
Squidward: April Fools! (cuts the rope which sends SpongeBob into a bag of flour. Squidward is laughing through all of this. Then SpongeBob flees into a wall and then into a customers carcass. Then SpongeBob smashes into the ceiling) I'll catch you, SpongeBob! (he giggles to himself. Sponge falls into the green goop in the garbage can) Oops. (Squid dumps

Sponge, who is now the shape of the can, out) April Fools, you little sausage! (he laughs. Sponge starts to tear and cries hysterically and runs out) SpongeBob! I was just kidding! C'mon, c'mon. You all know I was just kidding... right?

Kevin: Aww, man, poor kid.

Woman: That guy has definitely got some issues to work out. (Everyone leaves)

Tom: April Fools, jerk.

Squidward: Wait, don't go!

Off-Screen Voice: Hey, you stink!

Squidward: Wait, wait, it was a joke! (looks around at the mess he has made of SpongeBob and gets angry with himself) Why is it whenever I'm having fun, it's wrong? I didn't mean to make him cry. I guess this means I'd better tell SpongeBob I'm sor-eaach. (makes silly face) Huh? I guess this means I'd better apolo- (throat goes hay-wire) gii! This is gonna be tougher than I thought. (Squidward knocks on SpongeBob's door) SpongeBob? Uh, SpongeBob, come out! I've got something to tell you! SpongeBob? (notices a Krusty Krab hat and goes over there to talk to the mysterious man who we have not seen yet) Uhh, I was thinking about today and uh... and it just seems that I may owe you some sort of... This isn't something I normally do so, listen carefully SpongeBob, because I am about to tell you that I am... (noties its Patrick with the hat on) Patrick? What are you doing here?

Patrick: Digging.

Squidward: Why are you wearing that hat?

Patrick: Hmm, I don't know.

Squidward: Where's SpongeBob?

Patrick: He's in the house. He's depressed.

Squidward: With what?

Patrick: I don't know, but it must have been pretty good to make him cry like that. (Squidward goes to knock on SpongeBob's door)

Squidward: SpongeBob, let me in there! (tries to turn the handle but SpongeBob's arm comes from under the door and pulls it inside. Squidward grabs his clarinet) SpongeBob, you'd better let me in there! I don't want to have to use this! (plays clarinet horribly. SpongeBob opens door)

SpongeBob: What do you want?

Squidward: SpongeBob, I just wanted to say that I'm sorr-yyyy. (sticks out tongue while talking)

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: I'm trying to say I'm (makes donkey noises)

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: I'm just trying to say that I'm...(head explodes) There's gotta be an easier way to do this... (Squidward writes a note, puts it in a bottle and rolls it to SpongeBob where he picks it up) Well, aren't you going to open it?

SpongeBob: I can't, I don't have a bottle opener. (Squidward hands SpongeBob a can and Squidward drives to the other side of the road)

Squidward: SpongeBob, I'm... (whispers into the can. Puts the can up to his ear but hears some sort of noise. Patrick is flossing his teeth. Squidward throws the binoculars down on the ground) SpongeBob, all I am trying to say is that I am... (waves tentacles in the air and bubbles form. Puts a big bubble on his head and then talks) ...sorry. (pops the bubble) There you go.

SpongeBob: But I couldn't...(Squidward slams door in his face)

Squidward: I don't care! I said it! My conscience is clear! (walks away. Then an image of Patrick appears in the air)

Patrick: It must have been pretty good to make him cry like that. (Squid continues walking and runs into a ghost image on a guy at the restaurant)

Tom: April Fools, jerk. (runs again but this time his mother appears)

Squid's Mom: (deep voice) You stink!

Squidward: Mother? (runs back to SpongeBob's house to apologize) All right, all right! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I admit it, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to hurt you, in fact, I like you! I like living next door, I like your foghorn alarm in the morning and your high-pitched giggling at night! I also like Gary, Patrick, Sandy, Mr. Krabs, and all the other people I'm forced to be in contact with! And, and, and... (SpongeBob opens the door slightly)

SpongeBob: Squidward! Is all that true?
Squidward: Yes, SpongeBob. Yes, it's all true.
SpongeBob: Even the part about the lima beans and the car chase?
Squidward: What the...? Yes, whatever! But you have to promise not to tell anybody.
SpongeBob: I promise.
Squidward: Really? (Sponge opens the door all the way, revealing the citizens of Bikini Bottom inside)
All: April Fools!
Squidward: (twitches eye) April Fools! You're right, April Fools! I just fooled you all! (laughs hysterically while going back into his house)
SpongeBob: What would we do without Squidward?
(SpongeBob Patrick are browsing through Fry Cook Museum making noises at every rare item they see)
SpongeBob: Behold the ultimate cooking utensil, the golden spatula! (Larry tries to pull the spatula out)
Patrick: Hey SpongeBob, look what it says here. (reads plaque) Many have tried to pull the spatula from this ancient grease but all have failed.
SpongeBob: Only a fry cook worthy of King Neptune himself can wield...
SpongeBob & Patrick: ...the golden spatula. Wow!
SpongeBob: Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Take a picture of me and the spatula! (SpongeBob runs up to the spatula and holds it) Okay, I'm ready! (Patrick is about to take a picture)
Old Lady: Excuse me, do you know where the menu section is? (Patrick gets confused and drools)
SpongeBob: The menu section? That's easy, it's over that way. (SpongeBob pulls the spatula out and gray clouds appear above him) Uh-oh.
Old Lady: (deep voice) Holy smokes! (runs away)
Patrick: Rude. Hey, the light changed.
SpongeBob: Uhh, Patrick...
Patrick: Hold on, almost there. (clouds open to a mysterious figure comes out that is known as)
King Neptune: Yes, yes, at last! Someone worthy of being the royal fry cook. Who has freed the spatula from the grease?
SpongeBob: Uhh, I did, Dr. Mindy, sire.
King Neptune: A fine jest, boy. You are but a lowly Sponge. Puny, insignificant, a commoner. Therefore you could never be fry cook to a god and this is why it is funny! (laughs) Now step aside as I seek out the real fry cook. (searches for the real spatula taker then comes up to a hot dog stand) Ah! A purveyor of foods. Yes, you must be my new fry cook.
Hot Dog Vendor: Uhh, sorry, King Neptune. I don't make them. I just sell them.
Princess: Then who pulled the spatula from the grease?
Hot Dog Vendor: Well, he did. (points to SpongeBob)
King Neptune: (laughs) It is even funnier a second time! (destroys the hot dog stand with fist) You there, crustacean!
Larry: Who, me?
King Neptune: You have the physique of Atlas!
Larry: (laughs) Thanks, I work out.
King Neptune: Make poses with me!
Larry: Okay!
Both: (show off their muscles) Body slam!
King Neptune: You pulled the spatula from the grease!
Larry: Nope, that was SpongeBob.
King Neptune: This joke has gone far enough! Where's my fry cook? (everyone runs except Patrick) Certainly you with your prodigious girth would know how to cook a burger to suit a royal palate! (Patrick points to SpongeBob) What? Am I expected to believe that this creature is royal fry cook material? I don't suppose you have any proof? (Patrick shows photo he took of SpongeBob holding spatula) Ha! This thing is unfit to even scrub the royal tail fin! And besides, it's not just enough to pull a spatula from a greasy griddle. There are certain qualities that a royal fry cook must have.
SpongeBob: Like?
King Neptune: The royal fry cook must be left-handed.

SpongeBob: Actually, I've got two. (shows two left hands)

King Neptune: (snaps fingers) Also, the royal fry cook wears red underwear. (SpongeBob shows his red underwear) No, blue. (SpongeBob shows his blue underwear) The royal fry cook's wallet contains... (SpongeBob takes out his wallet) His big toes... (SpongeBob gets ready to show something about his foot) Uhh, he has six...

Patrick: He is the new royal fry cook and you...

King Neptune: Silence! (Patrick gets zapped)

Patrick: Is it hot in here or what? (falls over)

SpongeBob: (gasp) Patrick! You hurt my friend! You're not a king, you're a bully and a liar! (Gets grabbed by Neptune's hand)

King Neptune: So, little one, you think you have what it takes to become my royal fry cook? I will prove your worthlessness. You will be tested with a challenge!

Patrick: (faint, down below) Bring it on! SpongeBob can handle any... (Patrick gets zapped again) Ouch.

King Neptune: Your friend's arrogance will cost you dearly. There will be two challenges.

Patrick: Only two? What are two challenges to someone like Sponge- (Patrick gets zapped again)-Bob

King Neptune: Three challenges!

Patrick: Three? (laughs) Three challenges are nothing. Might as well be 500 challenges!

King Neptune: Enough!! (Patrick gets zapped into a dust pile)

Patrick: We'll settle for one.

King Neptune: There will be but one challenge. You will face me in: The Ultimate Cook-Off!

SpongeBob: I will accept your challenge if you fix my friend.

King Neptune: Ah, yes, the round one. I shall restore him. (Patrick gets zapped to normal)

Patrick: SpongeBob? SpongeBob? (turns around as we see that his face is now on the bottom of his body above his legs)

SpongeBob? Oh, there you are!

SpongeBob: How you feeling?

Patrick: Pretty good. Say, have you gotten taller?

King Neptune: And now, see the fate that may lie ahead. For if some minute chance you meet the challenge, your reward will be great. (opens the clouds) Behold! (shown a man taking a shower and he screams) Woopsie. Now, behold! (opens the clouds again and shown the city of Atlantis) My beloved home of Atlantis. A prize worthy of Apollo. You will reside here in this glorious palace, cook only for me, and be a god!

Patrick: Hey, that sounds pretty good.

King Neptune: But if you should not succeed, you must give up fry cooking forever! What do you say?

SpongeBob: I'm ready.

King Neptune: Very well then. To the Poseidome! (At the Poseidome)

Mr. Krabs: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Ultimate Cook-Off! (Everyone cheers) All right, mates. First to a thousand patties wins. (King Neptune and SpongeBob shake hands. SpongeBob's arm disintegrates)

SpongeBob: May the best man win.

Mr. Krabs: Go back to your corners and when the bell sounds, start cooking! (talking to SpongeBob) Don't worry lad, I have total confidence in you. (Mr. Krabs has a lot of money in his hands) Put it all on Neptune!

SpongeBob: I'm not good enough to cook in Atlantis, Patrick. I should have never taken the challenge.

Patrick: Don't give up on your dream, SpongeBob! People used to tell me: 'Patrick, you'll never amount to anything. You'll always have your head in the clouds.' Well, just look at me now. (bell dings) Go get 'em, tiger! (King Neptune starts making his krabby patties and so does SpongeBob. SpongeBob takes his time going through each important step to make sure his patty comes out right. King Neptune makes his very quickly with help from sea creatures. In the end the score is King Neptune: 1000 SpongeBob: 1)

King Neptune: I win! (everyone cheers but SpongeBob) Loser! Free patties for everyone! (everyone chews a bite out of the patties that K.N. made and they spit it out immediately) Fools! Have you no taste buds? There's nothing wrong with these, they're delicious! (everyone wants King Neptune to eat one) Okay, mine's no good. But what makes you think his will be any better? (King Neptune grabs a patty from SpongeBob) Give me that! (King Neptune eats it and begins to like it) Mmmm. Why this is so good, I'd like to try it a second time! (King Neptune spits it out and eats it again)

SpongeBob: So, uhh, what do you think?

King Neptune: Yours is superior. Therefore, I concede to you, SpongeBob SquarePants, you win. (everyone cheers)

SpongeBob & Patrick: (both dancing) We're going to Atlantis! We're going to Atlantis! (King Neptune laughs)

SpongeBob: What's so funny?

King Neptune: You, SpongeBob. That repulsive thing in my palace?

SpongeBob: You mean, Patrick can't come?

King Neptune: (laughs) No, of course not.

SpongeBob: And my friends?

King Neptune: Ah, the only friend you need, dear boy, is the royal grill.

Patrick: (crying and wiping his tears with a tissue) It was nice knowing you, buddy!

SpongeBob: I know, Mr. Krabs, I'll miss you too.

Mr. Krabs: (crying) I lost me bet!

King Neptune: Come SpongeBob, grab your things! It's time to depart... (2-seater bike appears) to Atlantis!

SpongeBob: I...I... (cries) I don't wanna go!

King Neptune: It's too late now. I can't live without your burgers. You're going to be a god and like it! (King Neptune zaps SpongeBob and he becomes a muscular god. But being the same size, he looks a little strange) Maybe we do have a problem.

SpongeBob: (in a pirate who don't do anything-unlike voice) Wait, Neptune! I have another idea! (Patrick walks in the Krusty Krab still looking the same when King Neptune changed him back to normal but with his face on the bottom)

Patrick: Good morning, Krusty Krew.

SpongeBob: Hi, Patrick. What'll you have? (Patrick drools stupidity then SpongeBob hears King Neptune shout) Can you excuse me?

King Neptune: This accursed stove has burnt my finger. Feel thy own wrath, stove! (uses his powers to zap the stove) Haha!

SpongeBob: What did I tell you about using your powers, trainee?

King Neptune: (sighs) Perfect patties are made with love, not magic.

Narrator: Fisherman have quite an effect on our undersea friends.

Squidward: SpongeBob, have you finished swabbing the deck?

SpongeBob: Almost. There's a nasty barnacle under table 9. (uses himself as a cleaning tool)

Mr. Krabs: (comes running through the front doors) They're back! They're back I tell ya! I saw it with my own eyes. (everyone looks at Mr. Krabs like he's crazy) The hooks. The hooks.

Customer #1: How about a mint?

Mr. Krabs: The hooks. The hooks.

Customer #2: Can you make that to go?

Squidward: You don't know how lucky you are.

Mr. Krabs: The hooks. So there I was minding my own business...

Squidward: I'd love to hear one of your riveting sea tales, but I have to do my waste basket inspection. (puts a trash-can on his head) Uh-huh. Mm-hmm. Oh, yeah. There's one.

Mr. Krabs: Fine, but don't say I didn't warn ya.

SpongeBob: Warn 'em about what, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: The hooks, me bucko. They're back. Beware the hooks.

SpongeBob: The hooks?

Mr. Krabs: Aye. (shapes his arm like a hook) The hooks. They dangle down and draw you close with their pleasing shapes and their pink island colors. And just when you think you found the island of milk and honey they grab you by the britches... (grabs Scooter's pants and lifts high like he is giving him a wedgy) ...and haul you way up high. Then higher, and higher, and higher until you're hauled up to the surface flopping and gasping for air. And then they cook ya, and then they eat ya, or worse...

SpongeBob: (gasps) What could be worse than that?

Mr. Krabs: Gift shops. (shows gift shop)

SpongeBob: (hides under a box) Don't let 'em get me, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: There, there, boy. They won't get ya. Not as long as you listen to ol' Mr. Krabs. Now get back to the kitchen. Time is money.

SpongeBob: Aye, aye, Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: (pokes his head through one of the kitchen windows) Good morning, Krusty Krew.

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick.

Patrick: Guess what? The carnival's in town. C'mon, let's go.

SpongeBob: I can't leave now. I'm working.

Patrick: It's not leaving. It's just taking a break. (SpongeBob goes outside behind unseen) We're going to the carnival. We're going to the carni...(trips and falls on face) We're going to the carnival. We're going to the carnival. There it is, SpongeBob. The carnival is back in town. (many hooks are dangling) I'm gonna be first in line for everything!

SpongeBob: Where is everybody?

Patrick: I don't know. There was one kid here, earlier.

SpongeBob: Doesn't look like any carnival I ever...(bumps into a hook) Excuse me. (gasps) Stop Patrick! Don't touch it! This isn't the carnival, Patrick. Those are hooks. Mr Krabs said they were really dangerous.

Patrick: (sits on a hook) Hmmm. I sense no danger here. How can they be dangerous? They're covered with free cheese!

SpongeBob: All I know is that Mr. Krabs said...Patrick, don't do that! (Patrick is putting the cheese in his mouth)

Patrick: Cheesy. No danger here. Go on, try it.

SpongeBob: But, Mr. Krabs said...

Patrick: SpongeBob, let me ask you something. (puts 9 hooks in his mouth and still has 1 in his hand) Does this look dangerous?

SpongeBob: Ahh, Patrick, don't!

Patrick: Lighten up, will ya? Or do I have to eat all this cheese by myself...(hooks pulls him up)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Patrick! Help! Oh, Patrick, help! Oh, Patrick, come back. Oh, my best friend. (Patrick floats down and SpongeBob runs into him as he hits the ground) Patrick, you're alive.

Patrick: Am I ever. You should try it.

SpongeBob: But...what about the surface, and your britches, and the gift shops.

Patrick: You just jump off before you get too high.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs said I shouldn't get near those things.

Patrick: Did he say you shouldn't climb on top of them and ride them like a horsy.

SpongeBob: Well, no.

Patrick: Wheeee.

SpongeBob: I guess he didn't. (joins Patrick on the hook)

Patrick: Hi Ho, Silverfish. Away! (hook pulls him up)

SpongeBob: Ready?

Patrick: Ready.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Geronimo! (jump off)

SpongeBob: This is more fun than double overtime at the Krusty Krab. (shows real fisherman)

Customer #1: P.U., you call this food?

Customer #2: My sandwich taste like a fried boot.

Customer #3: My sandwich is a fried boot.

Customer #4: Hurry it up, will ya? We're hungry over here. Look at us. My kids haven't eaten in three days and I'm dying. That's not how you're supposed to flip it. (everyone argues)

Squidward: Why do you wanna eat this stuff, anyway?

Mr. Krabs: Mr. Squidward, what the halibut is going on in here?

Squidward: It's a feeding frenzy, sir. And SpongeBob's not back from his break. (Mr. Krabs laughs) What?

Mr. Krabs: I thought you said SpongeBob was taking a break. No one's taking a break at the Krusty Krab since the Chum Famine of '59. (laughs) Now, what were you saying?

Squidward: He took a break.

Mr. Krabs: Alright, SpongeBob LazyPants, I'll find ya. This nose can smell laziness up to 10,000 leagues. (uses his nose to

smell) Aha! I'll give you a break you'll not soon forget.
Squidward: But Mr. Krabs, I still need help! (all the customers pick up Squidward like they are a mob)
Mr. Krabs: (uses his nose to smell again) They should be right here. (SpongeBob & Patrick float down as they are laughing)
Patrick: Again?
SpongeBob: Again!
Mr. Krabs: The hooks! No! No! No!
SpongeBob & Patrick: (pulling on hook) 1, 2, 3...
Mr. Krabs: Wait! Wait!
SpongeBob & Patrick: ...blastoff. (hook pulls them up as Mr. Krabs slams into a rock)
Mr. Krabs: Boys. I wasn't quick enough. They're gone! If I can only hold them in me arms again, I'd...I'd...(SpongeBob & Patrick float back down while laughing)...I'd throttle 'em. What did I tell you about those hooks, boy?
SpongeBob: I...I...I...
Patrick: I'll tell you about the hooks. You ride 'em up, and up, and up, and gently flow down.
Mr. Krabs: And do you know what happens when you don't float back down?
SpongeBob: Gift shop?
Mr. Krabs: Worse! You end up vacuum-packed in a can of tuna. (shows a can of tuna) With nothing to look forward to but the smell of mayonnaise. (shows a jar of mayo)
SpongeBob & Patrick: We're sorry, Mr. Krabs.
Mr. Krabs: I want you boys to promise me you'll never go on those hooks again.
SpongeBob & Patrick: (raises hands) We promise Mr. Krabs.
Mr. Krabs: I need a sailor's promise. Repeat after me: Yo-ho, yo-ho, near the hooks I'll never go.
SpongeBob & Patrick: Yo-ho, yo-ho, near the hooks we'll never go. (hook pokes Mr. Krabs in the behind)
Mr. Krabs: Yow!! Mother of pearl. Fire on the poop deck.
SpongeBob & Patrick: Ahh! Mother of pearl. Fire on the poop deck.
Mr. Krabs: Whoa. Whew. Alright then. Let's get out of this death trap.
SpongeBob: Ok, Gary. Today is a new day. I'm ready to prove myself loyal to Mr Krabs.
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: I'm ready! (comes running out of house) I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready, ready, ready. I'm ready.
Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, you're going the wrong way.
SpongeBob: I always go to work this way.
Patrick: You're not going to work today. We're going to go play hooky!
SpongeBob: But, Patrick, we promised.
Patrick: Well I had my fingers crossed.
SpongeBob: You don't have any fingers, Patrick.
Patrick: Well that Mr. Krabs is just a big dummy. We played on those hooks all day long and nothing happened to us.
SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs said...
Patrick: Look, SpongeBob, are you gonna listen to a big dummy, or are you gonna listen to me?
SpongeBob: Umm...
Patrick: See ya later, SpongeBob. I'm going to go have some fun. (Patrick goes up and down the hooks) You know you want to.
SpongeBob: Ooh, I know I want to, but I promised Mr. Krabs that I wouldn't go near another... (almost runs into a hook.
Gasps) ...hook! (almost touches the hook but takes it back) Oh no! Mr. Krabs told me all about you. You are a liar. A deceiver. I'll never fall for your tricks again. Never! (goes back to hook) Is this seat taken? (hook takes him up but when he comes down and turns around, we are shown he is hooked at the pants) Whew. Glad I got that out of my system. (gasps) I'm...hooked. And that means... (shows can of tuna opening with SpongeBob's face in the can. SpongeBob screams) Help! I'm hooked! Help! Mr. Krabs! Help! It happened! I'm hooked! Oh, no! The hook! The hook! Gift shop, tuna can, mayonnaise!
Mr. Krabs: Here you go, Pearl. Free water for all your little friends.
Pearl: Thanks, dad.
Mr. Krabs: Just don't forget to leave a tip for ol' Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Psst, Mr. Krabs.
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! You're two minutes late. What kept you, lade?
SpongeBob: Um, you know those hooks we were talking about yesterday?
Mr. Krabs: Didn't I tell you not to go near those hooks?
SpongeBob: Umm...no. (hook pulls him a little closer) I mean yes, yes, you told me not to go near them.
Mr. Krabs: Well, you weren't playing on those hooks, were you lade?
SpongeBob: Of course not. (hook pulls him a little closer) I mean, not exactly. (hook pulls him a little closer) I mean, yes, yes I did it. I admit it. (cries) Oh, Mr. Krabs. I'm so ashamed. I mean, look at me. I'm hooked!
Mr. Krabs: Hmmm, it's in there pretty deep.
SpongeBob: What am I going to do?
Mr. Krabs: There's only one thing to do, boy. (group of girls laugh. SpongeBob looks at his pants)
SpongeBob: Oh no, Mr. Krabs. I can't take off my pants. Not in front of all these girls. (hook pulls him closer) Doh, ok. I'm taking 'em off. I'm taking 'em off. (takes pants off) There.
Mr. Krabs: Uhh...lad? (SpongeBob still has his underwear on. Girls laughs)
SpongeBob: Ahh! Oh no. Oh no, no, no, Mr. Krabs. I can't do it! Anything but that!
Mr. Krabs: I understand. You were a good little fry cook, SpongeBob. (puts up Help Wanted sign on window/door. SpongeBob gasps) But, we'll find another. Hopefully one that will listen to ol' Mr. Krabs.
SpongeBob: (hook pulls him a little closer) Oh, Mr. Krabs. I'll listen. I promise. Please save me, Mr. Krabs. (cries) I promise I'll be good. (underwear tears) Whew. (flees into the door naked)
Girls: Ooh, look! (laughs) It's SpongeBob NudeyPants. (SpongeBob screams and runs)
Squidward: Well, that was more of SpongeBob than I needed to see.
Mr. Krabs: Mr. Squidward, that was some fine angling. Do you think the lad has learned his lesson?
Squidward: Oh, I think he'll remember this for a long time. I know I will. (both laugh)
Patrick: (bus drops off a can of tuna) Hello? Does somebody have a can opener?
Narrator: Ah, Saturday morning in Bikini Bottom. SpongeBob is watching his favorite Saturday morning show: The Adventures of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. Enjoying a bowl of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy Bran Cereal, and wearing the official Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy breakfast biters.
TV Announcer: Mermaid Man... fleet and forceful. By the power of Neptune aided by his young ward... (nothing happens) Aided by his young ward... (Barnacle Boy comes drolling down with a rope attached to him) ...protecting the sea with feats of strength and agility. (both try to flex their muscles but break their backs)
Mermaid Man: To the chiropractor. Away!
TV Announcer: By beating a rogue gallery of villains. Like the Sinister Slug, the Atomic Flounder, and the dreaded Jumbo Shrimp. Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy unite! (when rings unite, smoke and sparks show)
Realistic Fish Head: Hey kids, are you ready to hear the winner of the contest?
SpongeBob: I'm ready! I'm ready!
Realistic Fish Head: Our winner will receive a special secret collector's item from The Adventures of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. (a small card comes down) And the winner is...SpringBoob SquirePin.
SpongeBob: Awww. I worked forever on those life-sized Krabby Patty mannequins of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy.
Realistic Fish Head: ...for these Krabby Patty mannequins of Mermaid Man and Barnacle boy.
SpongeBob: Hey! SpringBoob SquirePin stole my idea!
Realistic Fish Head: (a phone drops and tries to correct the fish) What's that? Oh. It appears I've made a slight error in pronunciation. The real name of the winner is...SpongeBob SquarePants!
SpongeBob: (jumps for joy while the pineapple jumps also) Wahoo! Oh, I wonder when my prize will get here. (as he turns around, the prize is already there) My prize! (opens the box as he is crying) Can it be? It is. The Conch Signal. (holds up conch signal) From the Adventures of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. (holds up conch signal again) As seen on TV. I wonder if it still works. (leans out the window and tries it but is a very off key sound)
Mermaid Man: The Conch Signal! To the Invisible Boatmobile! (couch lunges them backwards under the floor)
Barnacle Boy: Uhh, Mermaid Man?
Mermaid Man: Yes, Barnacle Boy?

Barnacle Boy: We're not in the invisible boat mobile, are we?
Mermaid Man: Uhh, nope. (both fall and stand up to search for the boat)
Barnacle Boy: I told you making the boat invisible was a stupid idea.
Mermaid Man: Come out, come out, wherever you are.
Barnacle Boy: It's gotta be around here somewhere? (hits head on back of boat) Ow! Oh, Mermaid Man, I think I...
Mermaid Man: ...found it! (turns boat on and it burns Barnacle Boy) C'mon, get a move on, son. We don't have all day.
Barnacle Boy: Ignition...on. (pushes a button)
Mermaid Man: Throttle...on. (pulls stick shift backwards)
SpongeBob: Humph. Maybe the Conch Signal doesn't work anymore.
Gary: Meow.
Mermaid Man: Activate torpedo mode. Fire! (head crashes through the wall) Mermaid Man...
Barnacle Boy: (Barnacle boy crashes through the door with his head) ...and Barnacle... (The door falls on the ground with Barnacle boy's head still in it) ...Boy.
SpongeBob: I can't believe it, Gary. Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy, in our home.
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: Excuse me, I'm...
Mermaid Man: (points at SpongeBob) Oh, my Neptune, he's been horribly disfigured. Oh, blast us! We're too late.
Barnacle Boy: Oh, please. He's not disfigured. He's-he's just that sponge kid again.
Mermaid Man: Oh, yeah. Good to see you, lad. Say, Barnacle Boy, we gotta find out where that Conch Signal came from.
SpongeBob: Oh, that was me. I blew the Conch Signal, sir.
Mermaid Man: Alright. Where's the danger, son? Bring it on. Bring it on!
SpongeBob: Don't worry. There's no danger.
Mermaid Man & Barnacle Boy: No danger?
Barnacle Boy: Look, there has to be danger. you blew the Conch Signal. When you blow the...where'd you get that thing anyway?
SpongeBob: I won it in a contest.
Mermaid Man & Barnacle Boy: Contest?
Mermaid Man: They don't tell us anything anymore.
Barnacle Boy: Look, Spongy, that ain't no toy.
Mermaid Man: That's right. The Conch Signal is an awesome responsibility. We're duty-bound to help whenever it sounds.
Barnacle Boy: But you only blow it when there's trouble, or there'll be trouble. You got that?
SpongeBob: Yes, sir.
Mermaid Man: Good boy.
Barnacle Boy: C'mon, c'mon, c'mon. They're serving meatloaf today.
Mermaid Man: Oh, goody.
SpongeBob: Don't worry, Mermaid Man. You won't be hearing from me for just anything. Only for the big emergencies.
(At Shady Retirement Home)
Barnacle Boy: (bangs on bathroom door) Will you hurry up in there? And save me some hot water!
(conch signal is blown)
Mermaid Man: (kicks down the door on top of Barnacle Boy then both jump on couch where it lunges them backwards. Later, shown SpongeBob lying on the floor) Ohh, youth. Cut down in his prime. (SpongeBob moans) Oh, speak to me son.
SpongeBob: Help... Can't...open mayonnaise.
Barnacle Boy: What? I come down in my underwear to open a jar of mayonnaise?
SpongeBob: But...
Barnacle Boy: But nothing. We can't go around socializing, we have to be prepared for, uh, emergencies.
Mermaid Man: Barnacle Boy, think about it. Emergencies don't come around as often as they used to.
Barnacle Boy: Alright, ok. You can blow The Conch every once in a while. Just give us something to do when we show up.
SpongeBob & Mermaid Man: Yay! (Back at the retirement home where MM & BB hear the conch signal again)
Mermaid Man: Danger! (MM & BB do some plumbing in SpongeBob's house. Later they hear the conch signal again and this time

they arrange SpongeBob's book shelf. SpongeBob blows the conch signal over and over and then MM & BB get tired and can't get there fast enough)
Barnacle Boy: That's it. Gimme that. (grabs conch signal from SpongeBob) You're running us ragged.
Mermaid Man: Must...must answer clarion call. (he collapses)
Barnacle Boy: We're exhausted.
SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Barnacle boy. I didn't mean it. I just wanted to spend time with you. You're my heroes! (starts to cry)
Barnacle Boy: It's too late for that, Mr. Contest Winner. I'm gonna destroy this thing with my sulfur vision. (tries using "heat/sulfur" vision to destroy the conch but is unsuccessful) Well I'll destroy it when I get back to the, uh, Mermalair. Uh, and as for you...
Mermaid Man: Barnacle Boy, don't squash his enthusiasm. After all, he could be the hero of tomorrow, or the villain. Besides, I remember another young whipper-snapper, who wanted to be a super-hero. (chuckles)
Barnacle Boy: You don't remember breakfast, you old coot.
Mermaid Man: Maybe the Conch Signal is too much responsibility. But how would you like to spend the rest of the afternoon on patrol?
Barnacle Boy: What?
Mermaid Man: To the Invisible Boatmobile.
SpongeBob: Oh...
SpongeBob & Mermaid Man:
Jingle bells, Mermaid Man smells,
Barnacle Boy laid an egg,
The invisible boat mobile, lost a wheel...

SpongeBob: Hey, can I drive?
Barnacle Boy: Drive? What do you know about driving the Invisible Boatmobile?
SpongeBob: Tons. Like the windshield wipers are right here. (pushes a button)
Barnacle Boy: Don't touch that button, it's the... (folds into origami swan) ...origami button.
Mermaid Man: When you patrol in the city, you'll always have to be vigilante. On your toes. Constantly alert. Always expect the unexpected.
SpongeBob: Hey! (makes MM & BB jump off the building by scaring them) I've got the donuts!
SpongeBob & Mermaid Man: ...and Barnacle Boy laid an egg. Hey-hey!
Mermaid Man: Oh, that fellow over there used to be the Atomic Flounder. I know that he doesn't look like much, but he could go back to crime... (snaps fingers) ...just like that. (laughs)
Atomic Flounder: Help! Help! Help somebody here.
SpongeBob: You're under arrest, Atomic Flounder.
Mermaid Man: Stop, kid. Stop! Let him go.
SpongeBob: But you said he could snap... (snaps fingers) ...just like that.
Atomic Flounder: What? Get off of me. If I weren't retired, I'd, I'd... (screams to make lasers come out of his mouth and burns Barnacle Boy's head) ...do that! Out of my way, punk.
(At The Diner)
SpongeBob: I can't believe it: I rode in the Invisible Boatmobile, met a villain, and I learned to treat third-degree burns, all in one day. So, what are we going to do tomorrow.
Barnacle Boy: Uh, uh, say, kid, why don't you take this nickel and go see if our theme song is on the jukebox?
SpongeBob: OK. (goes to the jukebox)
Mermaid Man: You know, for a pain in the neck, he's a pretty nice kid.
Barnacle Boy: Let's ditch him.
Mermaid Man: I'm right behind you.
SpongeBob: (looking through the selection of songs) It doesn't seem to be here.

Barnacle Boy: Oh, it's there all right.
Mermaid Man: Keep looking. Diligence. Diligence.
SpongeBob: Aye, aye, sir. (looks again)
Barnacle Boy: Dagnabbit.
Mermaid Man: What's the matter?
Barnacle Boy: Where did we park the Invisible Boatmobile?
SpongeBob: Aw, that's the 15th time I've looked. (deep voice) But I can't let my heroes down. (looks again)
Mermaid Man: Boatmobile, where are you? (tries to find it) Barnacle Boy, I found it. (turns engine on and BB gets burned)
Dirty Bubble: (laughs) Still getting burned off that tail pipe, huh, Barnacle Boy? (laughs)
Barnacle Boy: It's the Dirty Bubble.
Mermaid Man: In all his dirty roundness.
Barnacle boy: Oh, no!
SpongeBob: (runs outside) I found it and it's the special dance mix.
Mermaid Man & Barnacle Boy: (trapped inside the Dirty Bubble) Help! Help! Help!
SpongeBob: Holy Krabby Patties! Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy's arch nemesis: The Dirty Bubble. I can't believe it.
Dirty Bubble: (laughs) You cannot save them, Sponge of Mystery. They are trapped by my awesome surface tension.
SpongeBob: You don't understand. You're my most favorite super villain. Can I get your autograph? (gets out a pencil and notepad)
Dirty Bubble: Oh, no. Oh, no, you fool. Stay back. The point. Ooh, ooh. Watch the point Now! (pops Dirty Bubble with pencil)
Mermaid Man: Aha! You saved us, son.
Barnacle Boy: Yeah, you're a hero.
SpongeBob: I am?
Mermaid Man: Are you up for another ride in the Invisible Boatmobile?
All 3:
Oh, Jingle Bells
Mermaid Man smells
Barnacle Boy laid an egg
The Dirty Bubble popped
And Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy and SpongeBob got away. Haha!

(SpongeBob is happily watching sea-creatures on TV in his armchair in his pineapple)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary! (changes channel to a football game) Uhh, I was just looking for the sports channel, Gary. (knock on door)
Come in! (Gets up to meet Patrick at the door)

Patrick: Hey SpongeBob, wanna see my new shoes? (shows blue tennis shoes)

SpongeBob: Wow! Those are great, Patrick! Let's see what they look like on your feet.

Patrick: Uhh, wouldn't you rather see them on my hands? (puts shoes on his hands)

SpongeBob: Ok. (puts white gloves on his feet) And we can wear gloves on our feet... (puts hat on his back) and hats on our captain's quarters, too!

Patrick: Uhh, actually, I have a confession to make. (whispers in his ear) I don't know how to tie my shoelaces.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Do you know how lucky you are to have a friend like me?

Patrick: Yes. (SpongeBob places one foot on the chair)

SpongeBob: Look at this knot. Have you ever seen a more perfectly executed shoe-fastening bow?

Patrick: Gosh, probably not.

SpongeBob: I learned when I was just a boy, Patrick, and I'm willing to pass on what I know. Go sit over there and let an old pro show you how to do it. (Patrick sits down on the couch and SpongeBob sets his foot on the couch arm) Pay close attention, Patrick. (unties his laces) Well, you start by taking one lace per hand. (grabs both laces) And then you...ubhh, you gotta...loop the...tuhh...

Patrick: Are you sure you know how to do it?

SpongeBob: Patrick, please! Shoe-tying requires peace and quiet! Okay, where was I?

Patrick: Your shoes are still untied. (SpongeBob takes his shoe off the couch)

SpongeBob: Well, I guess you don't want me to show you how to do it.

Patrick: I'm sorry! (covers his mouth with his shoes) I won't interrupt anymore!

SpongeBob: I've got it! The first rule of shoe-tying is always start with your right foot. Now the lesson will officially begin. (sets his right foot on the couch arm and unties his laces. Ties his laces but they come undone. SpongeBob laughs nervously and tries again but the laces untie themselves once more) That's "knot" right. (laughs) Get it? Knot...right?

Patrick: No.

SpongeBob: Okay, no more fooling around! (tries to tie the laces again) I've got it! (lifts up hands to show them tied in a lot of knots)

Patrick: What was that? Are you okay, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Patrick, aren't you late for something?

Patrick: Oh, poop deck! You're right! We'll have to do this lesson later! Bye SpongeBob! (Hurridly runs out the door)

SpongeBob: I can't believe I've forgotten how to tie my shoes. They've been tied as long as I can remember. (flashbacks to being a baby with legs and shoes only) Well, I'll remember after a good night's sleep. (when morning arrives, SpongeBob looks at his shoes and they are still untied) No big deal. I'll remember sooner or later. (opens the front door) 'Cause I'm ready! I'm rea... (takes a step and trips) ...dy! (stands up) I'm rea... (takes another step and trips) ...dy! (stands up) I'm rea... (takes another step and trips) ...dy! (stands up) I'm rea... (takes another step and trips) ...doy! (continues until SpongeBob arrives at the Krusty Krab)

(Patrick, who is eating a Krabby Patty, notices SpongeBob)

Patrick: Well hiya, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Oh, no. I can't let Pat see I still haven't tied my shoes. (stands up and puts two holes through the floor with his feet)

Patrick: Hey SpongeBob, you're shorter. Have you been dieting?

SpongeBob: Well, a sponge has to look his spongiest. (walks to the kitchen putting a line of holes in the floor with his feet) Well, I've gotta get to work. (opens kitchen door and plops on the floor, face first) Oh, barnacles, maybe I should just lay here.

Squidward: (peeks his head through the order window) Those patties aren't gonna cook themselves, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: He's right! Got to make... Krabby Patties! (he holds out a spatula and gets up) Laces or no laces! (crawls over to the grill) I just have to stand in this one spot. (makes a Krabby Patty) Ta-da! (makes 3 more Krabby Patties) Ta-da! A perfect patty.

Squidward: Alright, SpongeBob, hand it over. Well? (SpongeBob takes a deep breath. Then imagines his shoe laces as snakes who squeeze him then the hallucination goes away)

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward! I've got an idea! How about you come get it?

Squidward: Oh gee, SpongeBob, that's a great idea! And maybe I should cook the patties, and do the dishes, and wear square pants, and live in a pineapple... while you wait in the unemployment line!

SpongeBob: No!

Squidward: Then bring that patty here now!

SpongeBob: Okay, Squidward. Here I come. I'm coming over. (scoots his shoes across the floor inch by inch) I'm bringing the patty to you. Here comes the patty. No problem. I'm walking...the Krabby Patty...over to Squidward. All right, Squidward! I'm giving you the patty...for the hungry customer. So they can eat it when I give it to you. Which is right...now! (holds out the patty but the scene zooms out to show that SpongeBob never moved)

Squidward: Uhh, SpongeBob. I'm over here, now move!

SpongeBob: Okay, Squidward! (looks down at his shoes) Just slowly move your leg. (tries to take a step but trips himself and sends the patty flying through the air at Squidward) D'oh!

Squidward: SpongeBob! (the patty lands in his mouth)

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Squidward!

Squidward: (chewing the patty) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: I'll just make another. (makes another patty but trips again throwing the patty towards Squidward)

Squidward: Sponge... (patty enters his mouth)

SpongeBob: Hold it! (makes another patty and trips again sending the patty into Squidward's mouth again) Let me just... (makes another patty) D'oh! (he trips again and launches another patty. This continues for a while. Pretty soon, Squid is

extremely huge. A group of customers is standing at the register. An old man pokes him)

Customer: What's the holdup? (Squidward turns around and burps really loudly)

Squidward: I think my heart just stopped. (customers complain) It's Sponge... (burps) ...Bob's fault! ('SpongeBob's fault' echoes in SpongeBob's head)

SpongeBob: I've failed. My career is over. I'm sorry, spatula. (puts down the spatula and takes his hat off) I'm sorry, hat. (puts it back on) I'm sorry, floor. (hugs a box of patties) I am sorry, Krabby Patties. (lies in a puddle of tears and absorbs it while Mr. Krabs is working on a crossword puzzle)

Mr. Krabs: Let's see, a five-letter word for happiness. Money. (laughs)

Customer: This is the worst service we've ever had! We're going to the Chum Bucket! (Mr. Krabs opens the bathroom door to see what the problem is)

Mr. Krabs: Wait, wait! Don't go! (his pants are undone since he's Princess Peach)

Customer: Oh yeah, we are definitely out of here. (Mr. Krabs runs over to the door)

Mr. Krabs: Wait, wait! Don't go! That's me money walking out the door! What's the meaning of this, Mr. Squidward?

Squidward: It's SpongeBob's fault. (Mr. Krabs gets upset. His eyes turn into steamboat whistles)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, get out here! (peeks out the kitchen door) More. (SpongeBob peeks out a little more) More. (SpongeBob stretches himself partially through the door) All the way, boy! (SpongeBob falls to the ground completely out the door) What be the matter, SpongeBob? I ought to make you walk the plank for this.

SpongeBob: I'm sorry Mr. Krabs, it's just that I...I...

Mr. Krabs: Yes?

SpongeBob: I...I...I...I...I...

Mr. Krabs: Yes? Yes? Yes?

SpongeBob: I...I...I...I...I...

Mr. Krabs: Out with it, boy! What is it?

SpongeBob: I forgot how to tie my shoes.

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) That's all?

SpongeBob: So you'll show me how?

Mr. Krabs: I don't wear shoes. (SpongeBob gasps then runs over to Tom)

SpongeBob: Could you show me how to tie my shoes?

Tom: Uhh, fins? (points to his feet. SpongeBob runs to another customer)

SpongeBob: Could you show me how to tie my shoes?

Eel: Well I would but, sadly, I am only an eel. (wiggles her tail in front of SpongeBob's face. SpongeBob runs to Jellyfish Fields)

SpongeBob: Could any of you show me how to tie my laces? (jellyfish sting him. scene cuts to SpongeBob looking under a rock of leeches) Could you, you, you, you, or you show me how to tie a knot? (leaches run off. Scene cuts to SpongeBob looking into a cave) Could you show me how to tie a simple knot? (pair of eyes become multiple eyes and the monster eats SpongeBob. He notices a fisherman skeleton inside its mouth) Could you show me how to tie my shoes? (monster spits him out of its blow hole and onto the painting of Painty the Pirate) Could you show me how to tie my shoes?

Painty: Arr, I be just a painting of a head.

SpongeBob: DOESN'T ANYBODY KNOW HOW TO TIE A KNOT?!!!!!!!!!!!! (lightning appears as well as the Flying Dutchman)

Flying Dutchman: Did somebody say knot?

SpongeBob: (eyes grow large) I did.

Flying Dutchman: So, you wanna tie knots, do ya? Well, do ya?

SpongeBob: Yes, please, Mr. Flying Dutchman, sir.

Flying Dutchman: Then you've come to the right flying ghost, kid. You're looking at the first place winner in the fancy knottin' contest for the last 3,000 years!

SpongeBob: Hooray! (floats up into the air and into a heart)

Flying Dutchman: (grabs SpongeBob) You're gonna have to not do that. And stop staring at me with them big old eyes! (SpongeBob's eyes shrink) Now, stand back and watch me be knotty. (laughs and pulls out a rope) Haha! Behold! (rope is in pretzel shape) The pretzel knot!

SpongeBob: Ohh. (Flying Dutchman makes the rope into 2 diamonds)

Flying Dutchman: The double-diamond knot! (holds the rope, now in the shape of a square, in front of SpongeBob) The square knot! (rope slithers over and squeezes SpongeBob) The constrictor. (Grabs SpongeBob and pulls him apart revealing a knot that looks like intestines) The gut knot! (Flying Dutchman makes a knot in the shape of a pillow) The pillow knot. (turns the knot over where SpongeBob is sleeping. Then he makes the knot into a butterfly) The butterfly knot.

SpongeBob: Ohh...

Flying Dutchman: Wait! There's more. (SpongeBob takes out a pen and paper and his glasses) The monkey chain! (shows the rope as a chain) The monkey's fist! (shows the rope into a ball) The monkey! (shows the rope as a monkey)

Monkey: Ohh, ohh!

Flying Dutchman: This one here's a loop knot, otherwise known as the 'poop loop'. (pulls the rope)

Rope: Pooooooooop!

SpongeBob: (laughs) Those are great, Mr. Flying Dutchman, sir! Now can you show me how to tie my shoes?

Flying Dutchman: (laughs) I don't know how to tie me shoes. I haven't worn shoes for over 5,000 years! (holds a sock with two blue stripes up) But sometimes I like to wear this little sock over me ghostly tail. (laughs as he flies off. Scene cuts to SpongeBob crawling into his pineapple)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Not now, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I'm not in the mood, Gary.

Gary: Meow. Meow.

SpongeBob: (crawls into bed) Just leave me and me untied shoes alone, Gary. (Gary roars knocking SpongeBob off the bed and onto the floor) Okay, Gary. You have my attention.

Gary: Meow. (ties SpongeBobs shoes)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Gary! Well, I'll be. You can tie shoes! (Gary shows hes wearing shoes under his shell) Hoppin' clams! How did you learn to do that?

Song: "Loop dee Loop!"

Wanna learn how to tie your shoe?
It's a very easy thing to do.
Just sit on down and I'll give you the scoop,
What's that? It's called the loop-dee-loop.

You gotta take a lace in each hand,
You go over and under again,
You make a loop-dee-loop and pull,
And your shoes are lookin' cool.

You go over and back, left to right,
Loop-dee-loop and you pull 'em tight,
Like bunny ears or a Christmas bow,
Lace 'em up and you're ready to go.

You make a loop-dee-loop and pull,
And your shoes are lookin' cool.

You make a loop-dee-loop and pull,
And your shoes are lookin' cool!

SpongeBob: Yeah Cool!

Narrator: Ah, beautiful springtime. A time for fun and frolic for most, but not for this poor slob.

Squidward: Ohh... what a beautiful day. And here I am, trapped in a prison of high cholesterol. (bell rings) No one ever comes in on Sunday. (bell rings again) Why can't Mr. Krabs just let us go home? (bell rings again. Squidward gets angry. Scene cuts to SpongeBob ringing a bell set on the order window. Squidward runs up to SpongeBob) SpongeBob, stop ringing this bell!

SpongeBob: I was just testing it.

Squidward: (leans through the order window, getting in SpongeBob's face) I will ring the bell when there is an order. But... (scene cuts to show restaurant empty) ...there's no customers!! There hasn't been one all day, and there isn't gonna be any! (picks up the cash register and slams it down, making a bell noise)

SpongeBob: One Krabby Patty coming up!

Squidward: No! (register drawer shoots open, knocking Squidward out of the way. A bunch of coins fall onto the floor. Scene cuts to Mr. Krabs' office, where Mr. Krabs hears the money dropping)

Mr. Krabs: That sounds like me money dropping. (he opens his office door to find Squidward picking up the coins) What's going on out here? My babies! (runs up to Squidward and shoves him away) Get away, you barbarian! What have you done? Nice, clean money...soiled! (scoops up the coins in his hands) I'll take care of ya. Let papa clean ya up. Clear the way! (he runs into the kitchen and starts washing them off in the sink) No, no, no, don't cry, little ones.

SpongeBob: What's wrong, Mr. Krabs? (Mr. Krabs gets scared and throws the dimes in the air)

Mr. Krabs: Me dime! (a dime rolls into the sink, but does not go down the drain. Mr. Krabs gives a sigh of relief. Then the dime comes alive and goes down the drain with a wink) Noo! (grabs the dime in the drain) I got it, boy! (tries to take his hand out, but it's stuck in the drain) What the? It's stuck! You gotta help me, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: You gotta let go of the dime.

Mr. Krabs: I can think of ten good reasons to never let go of a dime, boy. There's got to be another way! Grab me captain's quarters, and heave! (SpongeBob pulls on Mr. Krabs from behind a couple times until Mr. Krabs gets thrown back without his arms) Me arms!

SpongeBob: Oh no, not again. (Mr. Krabs hits the wall, which makes the shelf slant and drop a pan, a glass, another pan, a mug, a chest, an anchor, a buoy, a turtle, and a scuba suit on Mr. Krabs' head. A giant bump rises up on Mr. Krabs head, and then a dime falls on it, causing Mr. Krabs to blacken out. Scene cuts to an ambulance outside the Krusty Krab. Two paramedics are carrying out Mr. Krabs on a stretcher)

Mr. Krabs: Wait. Squidward, I'm putting you in charge of thing around here while I'm gone.

Squidward: (smiles) You can count on me, sir! (a third paramedic carries out Mr. Krabs' arms) Take care! Hurry back! Get well soon! You're in our thoughts! (ambulance drives off) Takes more muscles to frown than to smile! (shuts the door) Okay, SpongeBob, let's get down to business. My first official act as new manager is to give you a promotion. (SpongeBob's pupils form into stars)

SpongeBob: Ahh, really?

Squidward: You get to run the cash register.

SpongeBob: The cash register...wow! Squidward, who's gonna work the grill?

Squidward: You are! It's part of the promotion I mentioned earlier. You'll be wearing two hats now. You're gonna take the orders, then you're gonna make them! (puts his hat next to SpongeBob's hat)

SpongeBob: Ahh... This is the best day of my life!

Squidward: Me too.

SpongeBob: But wait, if I'm running the register and the grill, what are you gonna do?

Squidward: I've got some very important boss-like errands to run. See ya later. (he runs off)

SpongeBob: Squidward!

Squidward: What is it?

SpongeBob: You forgot to teach me how to use...the cash register.

Squidward: You push the button and put the money inside. Okay, you're on your own. (walks off)

SpongeBob: (hugging the cash register) I can't believe this is really happening. (sits on the cash register box) Today, I start living! (scene cuts to Squidward walking outside)

Squidward: Well, Squidward, you've really outdone yourself this time. A beautiful day of relaxing and pampering, with pay. Hmm, I guess I do kinda feel bad about poor little SpongeBob, all by his lonesome...ohh, ohh, it'll pass. He's probably just standing at the register with that stupid grin on his face. (scene cuts to Patrick and SpongeBob in the Krusty Krab with dopey looks on their faces)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hi, Patrick!

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, could you give me change for a quarter?

SpongeBob: No problem! (bangs on the register and gives Patrick a lot of dollars) Here ya go!

Patrick: Thanks.

Squidward: (gasps) I forgot to tell him how to make change! (he runs back to the restaurant, banging the doors open)
Sponge... (sees only SpongeBob in the Krusty Krab) ... Bob. (checks the cash register to see if everything is still there. Gives a sigh of relief)

SpongeBob: Hi, Squidward. All done with those errands?

Squidward: No, I am not. I just remembered... I needed change for this dollar.

SpongeBob: Do you want four quarters? (holds up four quarters) Or ten dimes? (shows ten dimes on his hand) Or twenty nickels? (shows ten nickels on each arm) Or one hundred pennies? (shows one hundred pennies on his back) Or one quarter, three dimes, seven nickels, and ten pennies? (shows the quarter on his nose, three dimes on his fingers, seven nickels on his thumb, and ten pennies, in the shape of the cent symbol, on his foot) Or, if you give me a five dollar bill, your options are...

Squidward: Alright! Goodbye. (walks off. Scene cuts to Squidward's house, where he comes out wearing sunglasses and has sunscreen on, carrying a lawn chair) This is great. My day off, no worries. Just relaxation. (sets his lawn chair down and puts sunscreen on himself) I'm the boss. I deserve this. Ah... (thinking) Everything will be fine. There won't be any customers today anyway. He'll probably just stand there, bored. (chuckles as he imagines SpongeBob behind the counter just standing there) SpongeBob, bored. (chuckles)

SpongeBob: Ehh, gettin' kind of bored. (yawns and falls asleep. Krusty Krab catches on fire and Squidward tries to blow it out, but it's a thought bubble. Begins to run to the Krusty Krab, but stops)

Squidward: Oh, what am I doing? (he pulls out a watch) I am wasting valuable relaxing time here, that's what I'm doing! I mean, really. What are the odds? SpongeBob setting the Krusty Krab on fire? (he walks back down the road, laughing. Then a fire engine whizzes by. Squidward is startled and runs to the restaurant with a fire extinguisher. He sprays the galley with foam. As the foam subsides, Squidward, now with a foam beard, walks over to SpongeBob, who has a foam mustache)

SpongeBob: May I help you, sir?

Squidward: (wipes off his foamy beard) It's me, you dunce!

SpongeBob: Oh, hi, Squidward! (mustache falls off) How are those errands going?

Squidward: What's that supposed to mean? I'm very busy.

SpongeBob: I'm sure you are.

Squidward: I don't like your tone.

SpongeBob: (high-pitched voice) I'm sure you are. (normal voice again) How's that?

Squidward: Just do your jobs. (walks off)

SpongeBob: Aye-aye, Mr. Tentacles! (puts the spatula in his forehead) Boy, no wonder Mr. Krabs put him in charge. (scene cuts to Squidward's house)

Squidward: Must...rel... (breaks the chair) ...ax! (pulls out a mirror) Look at yourself. You're losing your bluish glow. Stop worrying so much! Now, repeat after me...you will not go back to the Krusty Krab. (his reflection turns into SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: I will destroy the Krusty Krab. (Squidward screams and throws the mirror at the wall. Runs to the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: SpongeBob!!

SpongeBob: Have you finished...

Squidward: No! (walks out) That's it. That's it. No matter what sick fantasies run through my mind, I will not go back to that restaurant! (walks into his house, then runs out towards the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: Have you finished those errands? (Squidward runs back to his house, then back to the Krusty Krab) Have you finished those errands? (Squidward runs back to his house) Have you finished those errands? (Squidward runs to the Krusty Krab) Have you finished those errands? (Squidward keeps running back and forth while SpongeBob is repeating 'have you finished those errands?' Finally, Squidward enters the Krusty Krab and stops) Have you finished those errands? Have you finished those errands? Have you finished those errands?

Squidward: No, I am not finished with those errands and I never will be! So quit checking up on me! (walks up to SpongeBob) I know what you're up to. Forcing me to come back here every time you mess up!

SpongeBob: But I haven't...

Squidward: Okay, maybe you haven't messed up yet, but you will. You WILL. (walks backwards) And when you do, I'll be there! I'll be there! (laughs)

SpongeBob: Gosh, Squidward sure is a hard worker. He makes me proud to wear these hats. (cut to Squidward's house. Squidward puts all sorts of door locks on his door so he can't get out)

Squidward: There! Now I'll have to stay here and enjoy myself! I'm not even gonna think about you know who at the you know what doing I don't care! (laughs) Just gonna relax... (turns on the water and puts on his bathing cap, sitting in his bathtub) Let Squid's day off...begin. (Squidward hears SpongeBob laughing outside) What was that? (SpongeBob's laughing is heard again) It's SpongeBob! He's spying on me, to see if I'm really doing errands. But, but he left his post, and I've finally caught him messing up! (peeks out the window) A-ha! I caught you, Sponge... (notices that it's only the wind blowing onto the coral) ...branch. (Squidward notices a SpongeBob look-alike behind his shower curtain) Heh, here's that rubber duck Mr. Krabs wanted me to get. (reveals what's behind the curtain) I've got you now! Wait'll Mr. Krabs finds out you're a... toilet. You're losin' it, Squidward, calm down. If I let this get to me again, I'll just end up running down to the Krusty Krab, bursting through the front door, up to that yellow headache SpongeBob, and he'll say... (SpongeBob appears next to Squidward in the bathtub)

SpongeBob: Hi, Squidward. Are you finished with those errands yet? (goes under the water)

Squidward: A-ha! (goes under the water and appears as an actual octopus) I know you're in here. (gasps. SpongeBob is in the drain. He winks) He's heading back to the Krusty Krab! I'll beat him there! (slams through the locked door with nothing on but his shower cap and bubbles foaming around his waist) I've got you now, SpongeBob!

Citizen: (puts her hand over her son's eyes) Hey, put some clothes on!

Squidward: (runs past Patrick's rock) The truth will be revealed!

Patrick: (stands up) Whoo-hoo! Right on, Squidward! (scene cuts to the hospital, where the doctor and Mr. Krabs are walking out of it)

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Okay, Mr. Krabs, get plenty of rest, and if things don't seem right, come back. (walks inside)

Mr. Krabs: Thanks, doc. (Squidward runs past him)

Squidward: You can't beat me! Ha! (Mr. Krabs' arms fall off, and he walks back into the hospital. Scene cuts to Squidward running into the Krusty Krab) A-ha! I caught you now! You didn't think I knew you were a stick outside my window! Ha! Or the toilet in my bathroom! And then, you were in my bathtub! And I... And-and you... And I... And you... swam down the drain and... beat me... to the Krusty Krab.

SpongeBob: Uhh, does that mean that you...?

Squidward: Yes, SpongeBob, I am finished with those errands. (hugs the register) I guess I want to take my place back at the cash register. I really do.

SpongeBob: (takes off his pants and hands them to Squidward) Then you might wanna put these on. (Squidward looks down and notices a bunch of bubbles. They all pop, so he puts SpongeBob's pants on) Hey, Squidward, you know what? Look! (walks back with a sign) We forgot to switch the 'Closed' sign to 'Open'. It's almost like we could've taken the whole day off! (laughs. Squidward's nose falls off, and he deflates)

SpongeBob: (foghorn sounds. SpongeBob turns it off and launches himself at his big calendar. He hits the 20th day) Wow! It's Sunday, Gary! Guess what's for breakfast?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: That's right! (puts a bowl on the kitchen counter) A sundae! (runs to the freezer and finds it empty) Whoops, looks like we're out of ice cream. Guess I'll have to use something else. Ketchup! (squeezes a bunch of ketchup into the bowl. Then runs over to the storage bin) Hmmm, bananas, cherries, boring. (closes storage door) Ahh, here we go, onions! (runs up to the counter with two sacks that say "onions" on them) Ready, Gary?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (Gary plays a violin while SpongeBob cries while peeling the onions into the bowl) Just one more thing! Pea... (opens up another storage door but finds an empty jar) ...nuts. Gary! Our peanut jar is totally empty! (Gary burps) Hmmm... (snaps fingers) Wait! I know one other place we can find peanuts. (looks in the bathroom and finds a peanut plant in front of the window) Good thing I still have these peanut plants growing in the windowsill. (throws the plant into the sundae bowl) A little texture never hurt. There we go. (gets out a spoon) This sundae's gonna taste great! Aren't you going to help me, Gary? Gary? Oh well, more for me! (takes a few spoonfuls. Scene cuts to SpongeBob coming out of the kitchen with a bunch of sundae smoke coming out with him. He drops his spoon while Gary hides behind a coral plant) You know what they say, Gary. I'm easy like Sunday morning. ('morning' comes out of SpongeBob's mouth and wraps itself around Gary's eyes, twisting them) Ok, let's see my to-do list. (takes out a big long list) Go to work, go to work, go to work, go to work, go to work...wait, that's not right. I need the one for Sunday. (takes out a small piece of paper) Ah, here we go. 'Say hi to everyone in Bikini Bottom'. (runs off. Scene cuts to SpongeBob running up to a citizen) Hello. (citizen runs off in disgust of his bad breath. SpongeBob waves) Some people are even late on Sunday. (SpongeBob notices a mailman) Hi mailfish! (mailfish breaks its skin into a smaller fish and then into another smaller fish. SpongeBob notices a crossing guard) Hi, Mrs crossing guard! (crossing guard gets a whiff of his bad breath)

Crossing Guard: Mother of mercy! (kids walk across the street and then the sound of a crashing car sounds but it's a parade)

SpongeBob: Wow, a parade! Hi, parade! Hi, tuba player! Hi, drummer! Hi, guy with the cymbals! Hi, trumpeter! Hi, tambourine girl! Hi, timbale man! Hi, didjeridu player! (didjeridu player is playing his instrument) Hi, triangle player! Hi, guy with the kettle drum! Hi, pianist! Hi, guy with the flute! And hello, Dolly! (all this time that SpongeBob is giving a shout out

to the parade, his bad breath is forming into a ball. When he finishes, the ball rolls into the parade and knocks them away. Everyone runs off) Was it something I said? Something weird is going on today. Everyone is running away from me. (notices some pink pile of gum on the bench) And now...giant piles of bubble gum?! Ohh, what next? (Patrick's head pops out)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Ohh, hi, Patrick. I'm confused.

Patrick: Yes, I am.

SpongeBob: Patrick, everyone is running away from me. Watch. (walks over to a building) Hi, building! (building moves farther away) I just don't get it.

Patrick: I don't either.

SpongeBob: I just don't get it.

Patrick: I don't either. Maybe it's the way you're dressed. (scene zooms in on SpongeBob's clothing from the feet up)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Nah.

Patrick: Maybe it's your voice. (SpongeBob laughs then stops)

SpongeBob: Good one, Patrick.

Patrick: Well, maybe it's just because you're ugly.

SpongeBob: Ugly? (wipes his forehead with his wet finger and strikes a pose) You gotta be kiddin' me.

Patrick: Better try the reflection test. (takes out a big mirror)

SpongeBob: (talks to the mirror) Hi. (SpongeBob's reflection smells the bad breath and breaks the glass with a hammer)

Patrick: Ugly.

SpongeBob: Oh, no! I can't be ugly! I can't be! I can't be ugly! (runs up to two citizens) Am I ugly! (two smell the bad breath and pull down a hook then bit on it. Both are sent up into the air. SpongeBob jumps onto a car windshield) Am I ugly? (bad breath smell goes around the windshield and into the drivers eyes)

Driver: My eyes! My eyes! (car explodes)

SpongeBob: I'm ugly. (scene cuts to nighttime in Bikini Bottom at SpongeBob's house)

Patrick: (walks in SpongeBob house) SpongeBob, can I borrow some bath beads? (walks into SpongeBob's library and notices someone playing the piano) SpongeBob? (lights turn on. SpongeBob turns around and reveals himself wearing a Groucho Marx glasses/nose and a black cape)

SpongeBob: Go. Run away like all the others. No one would want a friend as ugly as I am.

Patrick: Sure they would! It makes them feel better about the way they look! Maybe a story will cheer you up. (Patrick grabs SpongeBob and sits him down in a chair) It's called, "The Ugly Barnacle." Once there was a ugly barnacle. He was so ugly that everyone died. The end. (smiles big)

SpongeBob: That didn't help at all. (sobs) How long? How long have I been ugly, Patrick?

Patrick: As long as I can remember. You poor ugly thing, you.

SpongeBob: Help me, I'm so ashamed! I'm spiraling! I'm spiraling! (Patrick slaps SpongeBob) Thanks, Patrick. (Patrick is about to slap him again but SpongeBob stops him) It's ok, Patrick. Spiraling, over.

Patrick: Just do what I do when I have problems. Scream!! (Patrick grabs SpongeBob and runs off) Come on, I'll help you. (scene cuts to SpongeBob and Patrick on SpongeBob's roof) Ok, now, say it. (SpongeBob is hesitant) Say it.

SpongeBob: I can't.

Patrick: SpongeBob, you're never going to feel better unless you get this thing off your chest. (scene shows SpongeBob having some creature on his chest)

SpongeBob: I know, Patrick. (pulls the creature off and tosses him away)

Patrick: Say it. Say it.

SpongeBob: I'm ugly.

Patrick: You're ugly and what?

SpongeBob: Square?

Patrick: No. Proud.

SpongeBob: I'm ugly and I'm proud.

Patrick: Good! Say it louder.

SpongeBob: (louder) I'm ugly and I'm proud.

Patrick: Louder.

SpongeBob: (louder) I'm ugly and I'm proud.

Patrick: Louder!

SpongeBob: (loudest) I'm ugly and I'm proud! I'm ugly and I'm proud!! I'm ugly and I'm proud!!

Squidward: (tanning on his roof) Is that what he calls it?

SpongeBob: (breathing hard) That felt great! I feel empowered!

Patrick: So whaddya wanna do now?

SpongeBob: I don't know. How about a movie? (scene cuts to the movie theater. SpongeBob & Patrick walk down to the front row) Pardon me, ugly sponge coming through. (two fish smell SpongeBob's bad breath then float into the air)

Patrick: People respect self esteem. (SpongeBob & Patrick sit in the empty seats)

SpongeBob: (leans over to the lady sitting next to him) Hi, I am very ugly. But you should enjoy the movie anyway. (bad breathe disintegrates the woman's face. SpongeBob leans over to the fish sitting next to Patrick) Excuse me, sir, I hope my horrible ugliness won't be a distraction to you.

Fish: Not at all, boy. (smells the bad breath and freaks out)

Patrick: Don't worry about him, SpongeBob. He's just a... (SpongeBob starts to cry) SpongeBob? SpongeBob, what's wrong?

SpongeBob: I can't do this, Patrick! I've tried, and I've tried... (turns around with a distorted face) ...but I'm not always as confident as I look. Maybe I'd better just go back and hide. (Patrick gets angry)

Patrick: (stands up and turns around) What is wrong with you people? Afraid to look ugliness in the face? (picks up SpongeBob) Well, here, look at it! (bad breath covers the crowd) It's ugly, isn't it?! (group of 5 smell SpongeBob's breath and run) Here! You look at it!

SpongeBob: Hello. (group runs off)

Patrick: You, look at it!

SpongeBob: Hi. (group of people run)

Patrick: Look at it! (everyone runs out) Look at it! Look at it! Look at it! I want all of you to look at it! (everyone in the theater runs out)

SpongeBob: They all ran away, Patrick.

Patrick: I bet there's no line at the snack bar. (scene cuts to SpongeBob & Patrick at the snack bar) Hello? Hello? Must be on break.

SpongeBob: Oh, wait, Patrick! I just remembered. (takes out some of his sundae from his pocket) I've got some of my peanut onion sundae we can share!

Patrick: That looks great! (sucks all the sundae out of SpongeBob's hand. Stomach gets upset afterwards) Ohh, I gotta go to the restroom! (Patrick is using the sink. Notices he is out of soap and asks the fish next to him) I'm out of soap, can I borrow... (fish smells Patrick's bad breath)

Fish #2: Stay back!

Patrick: I just want some...

Fish #2: (takes out some money from his pocket) Here! Here's my money! (lets go of the money) Take it! Take it and go away! (runs away)

Patrick: My hands aren't (that) dirty. (walks over to a line of people waiting to use the bathroom stalls) Hey, you guys want to hear a bathroom joke? (Patrick's bad breath causes them to get angry)

Fish #3: You tryin' to kill us?! (three of them walk off)

Patrick: Oh...oh! I caught the ugly!! (SpongeBob walks into the bathroom)

SpongeBob: Patrick, is everything ok in here? (opens bathroom stall to see Patrick wearing a blue & yellow striped bag over his head) What are you doing in there, Patrick?

Patrick: Wouldn't you like to know?

SpongeBob: And why is that bag on your head?

Patrick: Why? Oh, no reason. Except you gave me the ugly! (takes the bag off his head. SpongeBob gasps) What am I gonna do? I can't go out looking like this.

SpongeBob: Just remember what we talked about. There's power in pride.

Patrick: That may be fine for you, but I was one of the beautiful people. Now look at me! (SpongeBob holds his nose) I'm almost as ugly as you! I always thought if I was as ugly as that guy, I don't know what I'd do.

SpongeBob: Patrick?

Patrick: What's my mom gonna say?

SpongeBob: Patrick?

Patrick: Oh my gosh, if my sister finds out, wait, I don't have a sister, if the bank, I mean it's one thing if you have bad shoes, or even bad hair, but...

SpongeBob: (enlarges himself to get his attention) Patrick!! (shrinks back to normal size) You're not ugly. Your breath stinks. Really bad.

Patrick: (breathes out the bad smell in SpongeBobs face) What a relief.

SpongeBob: Barnacles, Patrick! What did you eat?

Patrick: Oh, some roast beef, some chicken, a pizza...

SpongeBob: No, I mean just this morning.

Patrick: Some roast beef, some chicken, a pizza...

SpongeBob: What else?

Patrick: Well, I had some of your sundae.

SpongeBob: Sundae... (takes out some sundae from his pocket) Patrick! My sundae gave us rancid breath!

Patrick: Whatcha mean? (SpongeBob coughs)

SpongeBob: I mean, we're not ugly, we just stink!

Patrick: Stink? (both cheer)

SpongeBob & Patrick: We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink! We stink!
(while they are chanting this, the theater disintegrates from their bad breath filling up the place. Both run up to
Squidward, who is looking into a wig shop window)
SpongeBob: Oh, guess what, Squidward?

SpongeBob & Patrick: We stink! (both hug Squidward and run away)

[At the Krusty Krab, we see Squid at the ordering boat and Sponge looking out from the ordering window. Krabs' voice is
sounding on the P.A.]

Krabs: Attention! Attention! All Krusty Krew employees, attention! [we pan out to see that Krabs is standing next to them,
speaking into a megaphone] Get the anchors out of your pants and report to me office! [pause] That will be all. [Squid and
Sponge go into Krabs' office and sit down] I have an important announcement to make.

SpongeBob: Woo! Hooray! [Sponge jumps up on top of the chair and twirls it around] The new spatulas are here!

Krabs: Sit down, boy. There's no new spatulas! [Sponge sits down again]

Squidward: [sarcastically] How disappointing.

Krabs: You may know me daughter Pearl. She's growing up fast. [he looks at a picture of Pearl and Krabs in swim attire
jumping up from the water] It seems like it was just yesterday I was teaching her how to breach. Me mammalian angel. Oh...
[puts the picture back on the wall] Anyway, uh, so she's going to be working here during her summer vacation. She's got a
lot of fresh ideas to bring in some hungry customers! [a bell rings]

Pearl: [off-screen] Hello? Daddy?

Krabs: Thar she blows! [Krabs leaves]

Squidward: SpongeBob, do you realize what this means?

SpongeBob: No new spatulas?

Squidward: No! It means some bratty teenager's coming in here to tell us what to do. We can't have that! We have seniority,
right?

SpongeBob: Right! [Sponge and Squid shake hands]

Squidward: So, we'll work together to protect our pathetic positions.

SpongeBob: Okey-dokey, Squidward. And then we'll get those new spatulas!

Krabs: All right, men. Say hello to me Pearl. [Sponge hugs one of the giant pillars]

SpongeBob: Hello, pole. [pan out to see Pearl holding a box]

Pearl: Hi guys.

Krabs: It makes me jolly as a roger to have you finally aboard the family business!

Pearl: Great dad, because I have so many new ideas. [Krabs sniffs the air and his eyes conjoin to make a dollar sign shape]

Krabs: I can smell the money already! I'll be in me office if you need me! [he walks off]

SpongeBob: What's in the box?

Pearl: It's a surprise.

SpongeBob: I like surprises.

Pearl: Great, then close your eyes. [Sponge does]

SpongeBob: I'm ready! [Pearl puts the box's open end over Sponge]

Squidward: Well, I like it so far. [Pearl lifts up the box]

Pearl: Ta-da! [Squid gasps. We see Sponge is wearing a new uniform. It's a full body suit and only Sponge's face has an opening. The body suit is pink with purple flowers and on the top are two K's being held up by springs] It's the new Krusty Krew uniform. I designed it myself. [Pearl hands Sponge a mirror]

Squidward: OK, this is it, SpongeBob. Now tell her how you really feel about that uniform.

SpongeBob: OK, Squidward. Pearl... this is the greatest uniform ever!

Squidward: Fishpaste.

Pearl: Oh SpongeBob, you look so adorable. I could just eat you up.

SpongeBob: Sorry Pearl, but this item's not on the menu! [giggles]

Squidward: Well, I didn't think it was possible SpongeBob, but you look even more ridiculous than usual.

Pearl: Don't feel jealous, Uncle Squiddy. I made one for you too. [holds up his uniform]

Squidward: Don't bother, only a fool would wear that. [Krabs bursts out of his office, wearing the uniform]

Krabs: Avast, ye shipmates! Don't these just shiver your timbers? [laughs, then shuts the door. Krabs peeks his head out] Get that suit on, sailor. It's already been paid for. [we cut to Squid now with the uniform on. The two springs give and the K's fall over Squid's eyes]

Squidward: Rage. Fury. Irritation. Humiliation.

Pearl: Squidward is such a barnacle.

SpongeBob: A stick in the sand.

Pearl: But not you, SpongeBob. You are full of style.

SpongeBob: Me? Really?

Pearl: Totally, SpongeBob. You ooze fashion. And I've got some completely coral concepts for this old joint, and I'm going to need someone with your kind of talent to help me.

SpongeBob: Well, I have been trying to get Mr. Krabs to make a few changes around here. [he looks at a picture he drew of Krabs, himself and Squid with moustaches]

Pearl: Why, with my girlish instincts and your... sponginess, [cut to a view of the Krusty Krab as a deserted place, where a skeleton is sitting at a table] we'll turn this worn-out lunch wagon into a teenage paradise. [cut to Pearl with a notepad, thinking]

Pearl: SpongeBob, what do you like better? The Kutie Krab or the Kooky Krab?

Squidward: For what, dare I ask?

Pearl: Our new name for our new look. I mean, "The Krusty Krab" has got to go. Who wants to eat at a place they think is crusty? Bleh!

Squidward: Well, sure it's a terrible name, but this is a terrible place. Therefore, the name should be left alone. Right, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: I got it! How about The Khaotic Krab?

Pearl: Hmm... how about The Kissy Krab? [puckers up lips. Sponge is now in royal attire]

SpongeBob: The King Krab. [Pearl holds up a lollipop, which bears an odd resemblance to her father]

Pearl: The Kandy Krab! [Sponge is now dressed as a jazzy beatnik]

SpongeBob: The Kool Krab. [now, he's a cowboy riding a stick horsy] Or the Kowboy Krab. [now, he's totally stretched out] The Kurlly Krab. [now, he's like a mad scientist holding a brain with Krabs-like arms coming from it] The Kreeepy Krab. [now he's a crazy killer jungle man with a loincloth] The Killer Krab!

Pearl: Aaah! No!

SpongeBob: You're right, too scary. [they both think and finally get the name and hug]

Sponge & Pearl: The Kuddly Krab! [a rainbow of colors fills the screen. Pearl, Sponge and an anguished Squid stand outside the new restaurant. The sign for the restaurant is now a heart and a cutesy robot Krabs is waving his arms atop it. The restaurant outside itself is tie-died with colors and rainbows and the flags are now hearts. Balloons are hanging from the roof and giant lollipops come from the chimney. Pearl and Sponge, giggling, walk back in the restaurant. Squid is so mad

that the two K's on his uniform catch on fire and he shakes the pole. A couple drives by in a car]

Woman: It's a shame old man Krabs sold the Krusty Krab.

Man: That's a darn shame. Hey, lady! Do you know where we can get something to eat around here?

Squidward: That's it! I quit! [he rips off his uniform, revealing nothing under it. A police whistle is blown and a cop comes over. He writes him a ticket and places it between his legs. Inside the restaurant, it's a total makeover, like Pearl said before, it's a teenage paradise]

Teen: Finally! A cool place for teens to just, you know, hang out! [Pearl and Sponge marvel at their makeover]

SpongeBob: Pearl, you're a genius. All these young, hip new customers. Fooey on Squidward. He can't keep up with the times. You're a true visionary, Pearl.

Pearl: Thank you, SpongeBob. I do have 20/20 vision.

SpongeBob: Well, hip people have to eat too. Back to the grill. [Sponge is in the kitchen at the grill] The customers may be hot but my grill is hotter. [he pushes his spatula on the grill and imitates a sizzle. Pearl is in the ordering window to hand Sponge an order]

Pearl: SpongeBob, order up!

SpongeBob: Two... sal-ads. Never heard of it. I got to stay hip. I don't want to end up like silly old Squidward. But what in the name of Davy Jones' locker is a [pronounces it wrong] sal-lad? [cut to Sponge walking up to Pearl with a tray with two Krabby Patties] Here you go. Two sa-lads.

Pearl: Ew, gross. Those aren't salads. Take those back. Remove the bun, the patty and the condiments.

SpongeBob: But that just leaves the lettuce and the tomato.

Pearl: Exactly.

SpongeBob: All right. [walks back to the kitchen and sadly removes the buns] OK, no buns. That's hip. [removes the patty] No patties, happenin.' [crushed] Oh yeah, that's definitely the coolest meal I've ever saw. [Sponge walks over with a tray of sal-lads to two girls at a table, who are talking] Two salads. [he drops the tray on the table and walks back to the kitchen] That was awful. I hope I never have to tear apart a perfectly good Krabby Patty ever again. I don't think my heart can take it. [he screams, noticing the grill is gone] Where's the grill?

Pearl: Come on SpongeBob, you're a hip guy. You know that fried foods are o-u-t out!

SpongeBob: Uh... right on.

Pearl: Check out this new menu I came up with. [Sponge takes the menu]

SpongeBob: [reading it] Salad... and tea. But where are the Krabby Patties.

Pearl: Silly, those aren't hip. And you won't be needing that thing anymore. [takes the spatula from Sponge. He starts to stutter] I've got something more fun for you to do anyway. [cut to Sponge outside the restaurant in a crab suit, waving at cars. One car stops]

Man: Hey buddy, you need a ride? I was just on my way to the big doofus convention! [laughs and drives off]

SpongeBob: This is humiliating. I'm a fry cook, darn it! You can take away my spatula, but when you take away my dignity, that's when I get mad! I'm going to march right up to Mr. Krabs' office and tell him this is just too much! [he walks toward the restaurant, but gravity gets the best of him and he falls over. He struggles to get up and starts to whimper. Cut to Sponge at Krabs' door, outside the costume] OK SpongeBob, you can do this. Come on... [he knocks on the door and peeks in] Mr. Krabs, can I talk to you? [Krabs' office is just as elaborately decorated as the rest of the restaurant]

Krabs: Come on in, me boy! Have a seat.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Mr. Krabs. [he sits down in a bear bean bag chair, but starts to sink inside it]

Krabs: Don't you just love me new office? Pearly designed it for me. [Sponge has sunk in, now you can only see his eye]

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, um, I think we have a problem.

Krabs: Isn't that the neatest \$40 chair you ever sat in? [Sponge has totally sunk into the chair and he sticks out his hand]

SpongeBob: Sure Mr. Krabs, but I've got some bad news.

Krabs: How about my cuddly executive buddy? [picks up a blue stress-relief doll] Reduces stress for only five easy payments of \$9.95. [Krabs squeezes it and its eyes, nose and ears pop out. Sponge pops out of the chair]

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, Pearl is ruining the Krusty Krab! [he covers his mouth]

Krabs: What?! Why, Pearl is saving the Krusty Krab! I mean, the Kuddly Krab. [goes over to a picture of a seahorse] What would we do without these beautiful \$20 sea unicorn wallhangers? [goes to a strand of lights] How could we ever survive without these \$35 art lights? How could we go on without a sea fern on every last table? [holds one up] It's hip! It's coral! It's... it's losing money! [starts to cry] Oh you're right SpongeBob. But I can't fire me pride and joy, it'd break her fragile little heart! What am I going to do?

SpongeBob: There there, Mr. Krabs. I'm sure there's another way.

Krabs: That's it boy! You could fire her! It's OK if she hates you.

SpongeBob: That's not what I said, sir. [Krabs brings Sponge to the door]

Krabs: Great then, it's all settled: you fire Pearly, I'll wait in me office. [Sponge is pushed out the door and accidentally runs into Pearl]

Pearl: Totally rude, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Pearl, can I see to you in the kitchen for a second?

Pearl: Sure, SpongeBob. [as they walk to the kitchen...]

SpongeBob: [thinking] How am I going to break it to her? I've never fired anyone before. I just got to say. Pearl, you're fired. OK, here it goes. [Sponge opens his mouth to say it, but Pearl is already crying]

Pearl: Oh, SpongeBob! [crying]

SpongeBob: Pearl, why are you crying?

Pearl: I can't take it anymore! Nothing I do is working!

SpongeBob: Sure it is Pearl. Look at all the hip, young people eating sal-lads!

Pearl: No, don't you get it! I've been trying to get fired since day one! I was only pretending to like this place to please Daddy. This job is cutting majorly into my social life. Oh SpongeBob, what should I do? [Sponge thinks]

SpongeBob: I got it! I can pretend to [air quotes] fire you. I'll take the heat from old man Krabs later. [Pearl grabs Sponge in a bone-snapping hug]

Pearl: Gosh, you'd really do that for me? You're a great pal, SpongeBob. How can I ever thank you?

SpongeBob: [muffled] Stop trying to break me in half? [Pearl drops him]

Pearl: Deal. [Sponge and Pearl walk up to Krabs' door, Pearl tries to conceal her laughter]

SpongeBob: OK, Pearl. We've got to make this convincing. [loud and clear] Pearl I need to have a word with you! [we see Krabs in the office]

Krabs: Oh no, here it goes! I don't know if I can bear to listen.

SpongeBob: It's not that you haven't done a good job around here, it's just that... [Krabs is pushed against the door]

Krabs: Don't be too hard on her, now. Why does it have to be this way? [he sees himself in the uniform in the mirror] It's for the best.

SpongeBob: Well, we feel it might be in everybody's best interest if...

Krabs: I can't let him do this! [he goes for the door, then sees the vault open. It's empty, and a spider crawls around its web] Get on with it, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Pearl, you're fired. [Krabs chokes and falls over]

Pearl: Thanks, SpongeBob. [kisses him. She runs off and jumps into a car with all her friends] Come on gang, the mall awaits! [they drive off. Sponge runs into the office]

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs, I did it! [he screams when he sees Krabs' body. He runs over to a bill behind glass, which is for emergency purposes and he breaks the glass. He waves the bill under Krabs' nose.]

Krabs: [regaining consciousness] Oh Pearly... [sniffs] Is that a 20? [he pockets the bill] Oh SpongeBob, how could I have done such a thing to me own fresh and blood? [cries]

SpongeBob: There, there, Mr. Krabs. Pearl took it just fine, in fact, she seemed sort of happy.

Krabs: Really?

SpongeBob: She's off to bigger and better things.

Krabs: That's me old girl; tough as nails, just like her old man! [laughs] But how am I going to get my money back for all this stuff? [Sponge thinks. Cut to his house, where all the stuff is put up in his house. Sponge dances in his uniform to the music]

SpongeBob: [laughing] Isn't this great, Gary? And it only cost me one year's salary! [Gary is covered in stuffed animals and his shell has flowers painted on it]

Gary: Meow?

Narrator: Welcome to Bikini Bottom. Welcome where we found the finest specimens of undersea life. Aha. Well, here not. (Patrick is sleeping and when he wakes up there is a box in his mouth)

Patrick: An award? I never got an award before! Eeeee! Look rock, I got an award. (arrow on top of rock breaks) Jellyfish, I got an award. (jellyfish zap him) Island, I got an award... (chokes for air) I gotta show SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (building a house of cards looking like Gary) Hold still, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Almost done. (Patrick opens door and cards fall on the floor)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, guess what? I got an award.

SpongeBob: That's great, Patrick. What's it for?

Patrick: See for yourself.

SpongeBob: For Outstanding Achievement In Achievement: SpongeBob SquarePants?

Patrick: SpongeBob SquarePants? That's a funny way to spell my name.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I think the award is for me. You must have got it by mistake.

Patrick: But, it's shiny.

SpongeBob: Yeah, but you know what else is shiny?

Patrick: Ice Cream!

SpongeBob: Exactly!

Patrick: I can find it. Is it in here?

SpongeBob: No, don't. That's my... (a bunch of awards pile out of SpongeBob's closet) ...award closet.

Patrick: I want an award. (starts to cry)

SpongeBob: Aww, Patrick, don't cry.

SpongeBob: You'll get an award one day.

Patrick: I'm never gonna get an award because I haven't done anything.

SpongeBob: But you're Patrick...Star. You can do anything you want.

Patrick: That's east for you to say. You're SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Patrick, if you wanna win an award, you have to do something.

Patrick: Hmmm...I wanna defeat the giant monkeymen and save the 9th dimension.

SpongeBob: Me too, but that sounds a little hard. Why don't we start smaller?

Patrick: I wanna defeat the little monkeymen and save the 8th dimension.

SpongeBob: Smaller. (shrinks)

Patrick: Doctor.

SpongeBob: Smaller. (shrinks more)

Patrick: Firemen.

SpongeBob: The smallest you can think of. (shrinks even more)

Patrick: A job at the Krusty Krab.

SpongeBob: Yeah!! I do things at work all the time.

Patrick: Then let's go.

Patrick: Boy, it sure was nice of Mr Krabs to give me a job.

SpongeBob: And at 50 dollars an hour, too. When I started working here, I had to pay Mr Krabs 100 dollars an hour. Hey, Squidward, guess who just got a job?

Squidward: Guess who just quit? (puts his hat on Patrick's head)

Patrick: Do I get my award yet?

SpongeBob: You have to work for it, remember?

Patrick: Tartar sauce. (SpongeBob flipping patties)

SpongeBob: Pick up order! (Patrick comes and eats the order)

Patrick: Do I get my award, now?

SpongeBob: No, you have to take the tray to the customer.

Patrick: Ok. (tray gets to table but with no food. Patrick burps)

SpongeBob: Almost. Try again and this time make sure the food gets to the table. (Patrick arrives with food on tray but then eats it as he sits down)

Patrick: Like that?

SpongeBob: Nope.

Patrick: (spits out food at the customer as he talks) Barnacles!

SpongeBob: Let's try something different.

SpongeBob: All you have to do is answer the phone.

Patrick: Aye, aye, cap'n. (phone rings)

Guy On Phone: Is this the Krusty Krab?

Patrick: No, this is Patrick. (phone rings)

Girl On Phone: Is this the Krusty Krab?

Patrick: No, this is Patrick. (phone rings)

Guy On Phone: Is this the Krusty Krab?

Patrick: No, this is Patrick!! (puts phone down) I'm not the Krusty Krab.

SpongeBob: Uhh, Patrick, that's the name of the restaurant.

Patrick: Huh? Oh, Fishpaste!

SpongeBob: It looks a little dusty around table 3. How about you sweep it out? (hands Patrick a broom)

Patrick: What's the point? I can't do anything right.

SpongeBob: You'll do fine. (Patrick sweeps with the top instead of the bottom)

Customer: Hey pal, were you just born in Stupidtown?

SpongeBob: Keep trying, Patrick.

Delivery Guy: I've got a load of awards for SpongeBob SquarePants. (Patrick gets mad and sweeps harder)

Patrick: Why can't I do anything right? (bangs the bottom of the broom on the floor creating dust all over the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: (pushing Patrick) Kitchen!

Patrick: I'm never going to get an award, now.

SpongeBob: Don't give up, Patrick. This time I've got something I know you can do. We're gonna open a jar. (gets a jar and opens the lid) Easy. Now you try. First get a jar. (Patrick gets out a pickle) Patrick, that's a pickle.

Patrick: Yes.

SpongeBob: You need a jar. (picks a spatula) No. (picks his pants) No. (picks up SpongeBob) No. Try...this! (gives Patrick a jar) Now take the lid off the jar. (puts the lid in his mouth) Just relax. Lift your hand. Great! We're almost there. Now put it on the lid. (puts hand on counter) No the lid. (Patrick tries for the lid over and over as SpongeBob keeps telling him "the lid". Few seconds later, Patrick is almost there) Freeze!! (hand is on the side of the jar) Almost there. Now head for the lid. (hand goes lower) Cold. (hand goes higher) Warmer. (hand goes higher) Warmer. (hand goes higher) Warmer. You're hot. You're on fire!!

Patrick: Ow, it burns.

SpongeBob: Ok, ok. Wait, wait. Do exactly as I do. (takes it off again) Exactly as I do. (takes it off again) Exactly. Exactly. Exactly.

Patrick: Exactly as you do. (takes lid off jar) Oh, no, I broke it!

SpongeBob: No, no, Patrick, you did it!

Patrick: I did? (both cheer as Patrick throws the jar into the floor) Touchdown!

SpongeBob: That was great, Patrick! You really got the hang of it.

Patrick: Yeah. Remember when I had my up? And I put it on the lid?

SpongeBob: Oh, yeah.

Patrick: Then I took the lid off and I thought I broke it.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Yeah.

Patrick: But I didn't. I opened the jar with my hand. And it was all because you showed me how to do it. I'm never gonna forget this.

SpongeBob: Patrick, you do exactly what I do and you'll have an award in no time. (night becomes day in SpongeBob's House then clam cock-a-doodle-doo's everyone up) I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm ready. (notices Patrick dressed up like him)

Patrick: Good morning, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Wow. It's amazing how a simple change of clothes can make a guy look...just...like...me.

Patrick: Yup. If I'm gonna be an award winner, I've gotta dress like one.

SpongeBob: That's creepy...but flattering! I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready... (Patrick copies SpongeBob then SpongeBob stops)

SpongeBob: Well, back to the ol' grind.

Patrick: Well, back to the ol' grind.

SpongeBob: Forget my hat.

Patrick: Uhh, me, too.

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob mops the floor then puts the mop up. Patrick mops the floor but makes it slippery. SpongeBob comes out with a handful of plates and slips and breaks them all. Patrick follows in SpongeBob's footsteps)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Whew! (drops his spatula)

SpongeBob: (laughs) Dropped my spatula. (bends down to pick it up)

Patrick: Uhh, me, too. (drops spatula then picks it up. Patrick copies SpongeBob's every move including putting his hand on the grill. Patrick's hand burns after a few seconds)

SpongeBob: Aha! (shows the fake hand) You're copying me!

Patrick: Yes.

SpongeBob: Why are you doing that?

Patrick: So I can get an award like you.

SpongeBob: Well, it's annoying, so stop it!

Patrick: Stop it. (both imitate the others facial expressions)

SpongeBob: Say, you're good.

Patrick: Thanks.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Ha! Darn. Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as...pickled fish lips!! (both cover their mouth) Sea weavle. Gorgy smorgy.

SpongeBob: At least I'm safe inside my mind.

Patrick: At least I'm safe inside my mind.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Ahh!

SpongeBob: Stop copying me!

Patrick: There's no award for that.

Squidward: (leaning against a poll and reading) Well, I guess it's safe to go in, now. (puts hat back on and walks in)

SpongeBob: Patrick, how long are you going to keep this up?

Patrick: Until I have as many awards as you.

SpongeBob: We'll see about that!

Patrick: No, we won't.

SpongeBob: (takes out a jump-rope) I'm the jump-rope champion of Bikini Bottom.

Patrick: Me, too. (takes out a jump-rope)

SpongeBob: Oh, yeah? I call this one: The Slice N' Dice. (crosses arms and jump-ropes while Patrick tries to imitate but ties himself up with his rope) Ha! Not a scratch on me. (body breaks down into pieces)

Patrick: Oh, no you don't! (squeezes the rope on himself breaking his body down into smaller pieces. Then both hit a hammer on their heads)

SpongeBob: Not much fun being me, now, huh Patrick?

Patrick: Are you kidding? I used to do this way before I started copying you. (Patrick hits himself too hard and stops and gets a headache. SpongeBob runs into Patrick's rock painted as a SpongeBob's house)

Patrick: My turn! (runs into the pineapple rock)

SpongeBob: (runs into his pineapple) I wish I had the old Patrick back, but he just want to be like me. (comes out of house dressed like Patrick) Hi, I'm Patrick Star. I'm the laziest, pinkest starfish in Bikini Bottom and I wish I were me and not SpongeBob.

Patrick: What's so great about being a Big Pink Loser? (SpongeBob's nose pokes out) Exactly. I was never closer to an award then the minute I started copying you.

SpongeBob: But, Patrick...

Patrick: Patrick's not here!

Delivery Guy: Trophy delivery! (shoves a trophy box in SpongeBob's mouth)

SpongeBob: Another trophy?

Patrick: Oh, great! What's it for this time?

SpongeBob: 'For Doing Absolutely Nothing Longer Than Anyone Else'.

Patrick! This trophy's for you!

Patrick: Yay! (puts trophy on head) Eee!

SpongeBob: So, what are you going to do, now?

Patrick: I'm gonna go protect my title. (jumps in his rock and falls asleep)

French Narrator: Every day is a holiday for SpongeBob, even if he has to make one up.

SpongeBob: (jumps out of bed) Hey everybody! It's Leif Erikson Day! Hinga-dinga-durgin! (pretends his bed is a boat and rows out of his pineapple over to Patrick's rock) Ahoy, Patrick! It's Leif Erikson Day! (knocks on Patrick's rock. It opens to show a giant piece of paper taped to it) There's a note.

Patrick: (written on a note) SpongeBob, went to get more giant paper. Uhhhh...Patrick. P.S. Happy Leif Erikson Day! Yerger-hinger-dinger.

SpongeBob: Aww... so much for that. (throws his costume away) Maybe Sandy will play with me. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking up to Sandy's Treedome. Notices a note on the door) Another note.

Sandy: (written on note) SpongeBob, went south for the winter. Love, Sandy.

SpongeBob: I don't get it. The water's fine. (the treedome is snowing inside. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob going up to Squidward's front door) Hey, Squidward! Want to play? (notices a note taped to the door)

Squidward: (on note) No.

SpongeBob: Are you sure? (rips off the note to find another note)

Squidward: (on note) Yes.

SpongeBob: Darn. I wish I had a buddy to play with. I know! I'll make one! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob holding a stick) Stick buddy! (lets go of the stick which falls to the ground) Nah... (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob standing next to a pile of rocks) Rock buddy! Nope... (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob standing next to a sink) Sink buddy! Almost... (scene cuts to SpongeBob again) I've got it! (dips his bubble wand into bubble soap and blows a human shape-like bubble) Bubble buddy! (scene cuts to SpongeBob and his bubble pal on a seesaw) This... is... great! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob going up to the Krusty Krab with his bubble) I can't wait for you to meet Squidward and Mr. Krabs. (SpongeBob walks in the Krusty Krab but his bubble just floats at the door) Don't be shy, come on! (SpongeBob squeezes the bubble through the doors)

Squidward: Please come again. (customer walks off) When I'm not working.

SpongeBob: Hello, Squidward!

Squidward: How am I supposed to enjoy your day off if you come to work anyway?

SpongeBob: I want you to meet my new friend, Bubble Buddy! (Squidward looks at it and sees his reflection)

Squidward: This bubble is your friend? (giggles) Well, he's handsome, I'll give him that. (laughs then takes out a notepad) What'll it be?

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm not hungry.

Squidward: Well, thanks for stopping by. (starts to walk off)

SpongeBob: Wait! You haven't taken Bubble Buddy's order yet!

Squidward: Why would I do that?

SpongeBob: He's hungry.

Squidward: He's an inanimate object, his money's no good here! (Mr. Krabs pops out of the cash register drawer)

Mr. Krabs: What are you saying, Mr. Squidward? Everyone's money is good here. (scene cuts to a man with a prison uniform attached to a ball and chain) At the Krusty Krab, we serves all kinds.

Squidward: I'm not taking an order for a bubble.

Mr. Krabs: Sure you are! Or I'll fill your life with misery and woe. (goes back into the cash register then peeks his head out again) Even if you quit. (goes back into the cash register)

Squidward: May I take your order?

SpongeBob: Wait, Bubble Buddy. Let me decide for you. (reads the menu) Hmm. Krabby Patty, Double Patty Patty, Krabby Junior Junior, Jumbo Small Patty, Junior Senior Sophomore Patty, Quarter Ouncer Double Pounder...ohh, it's all so good! He'll just take one of everything. (Mr. Krabs explodes through the cash register)

Mr. Krabs: One of everything?! Whoopee! (applies a tattoo on himself that has a heart and the words "Bubble Buddy" through it) I love Bubble Buddy! Squidward, show our best customer to his table. (points his eyes to a table in the opposite direction)

SpongeBob: Bubble Buddy's thirsty.

Squidward: How about a glass of our finest shampoo? (laughs)

SpongeBob: Sounds great! (Squidward walks off and returns with a shampoo bottle with a straw in it)

Squidward: Here's your hair care product, sir.

SpongeBob: Uhh, Bubble Buddy likes bendy straws. (Squidward bends the straw) Huh, what's that? Bubble Buddy says it tastes funny. What do you think?

Squidward: Mr. Krabs! (scene cuts to showing Mr. Krabs chewing patty meat for a customer and spitting it back on their plate)

Mr. Krabs: Think of the customer. (Squidward drinks a sample of the shampoo)

Squidward: Oh, silly me. I got the diet shampoo. (Squidward comes out later with a cart of krabby patties) Here we go, one of everything for Bubble Buddy. (puts a Krabby Patty on Bubble Buddy's plate. SpongeBob gasps)

SpongeBob: Oh no, Squidward, wait! There's cheese on these patties!

Squidward: And?

SpongeBob: Bubble Buddy's lactose-intolerant, he can't eat cheese! What should we do?

Squidward: We? How about you take these patties and sho...

Mr. Krabs: Mr. Squidward! (Squidward walks off with the cart)

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Bubble Buddy. Squidward will make a fresh batch. (Squidward comes back with a new cart and puts a new patty on Bubble Buddy's plate)

Squidward: What, is he allergic to bread, too?

SpongeBob: Actually he doesn't like the crust. (scene cuts to Squidward cutting off the bread crusts) And Squidward, the ketchup should be under the patty. (scene cuts to Squidward squirting ketchup on the patties) And Squidward, the pickles should be on the left side. And Squidward, you should... And Squidward... And Squidward... And Squidward... And Squidward... (Squidward goes through many steps to get the order right. He finally brings a plate of patties to Bubble Buddy)

Squidward: Here it is, one of everything! No cheese, no crust, pickles to the left, four squirts of ketchup, wheat buns, non-dairy lettuce, and farm-raised tomatoes carnival-style! (sets a bigger ferris wheel on the table) And if there's anything else I can do, please hesitate to ask. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Bubble Buddy walking out of the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: That was delicious! Money's on the table, Mr. Krabs! (Mr. Krabs waves)

Mr. Krabs: So long, boys! You see Squidward, the restaurant game is all about service. The customer is always right. Remember that, lad, and you'll be as successful as me one day.

Squidward: Oh, you're right, Mr. Krabs. I learned my lesson. And by the way, Bubble Buddy picked up the tab. (hands Mr. Krabs a \$100 bill made of bubbles)

Mr. Krabs: What's this?

Squidward: Bubble money. (\$100 bill pops. Squidward shows his hand, filled with bubble change) At least he left a tip! (all the bubbles pop as Mr. Krabs and Squidward get angry. Bubble-wipe to Goo Lagoon)

SpongeBob: Here we are Bubble Buddy, Goo Lagoon. There are lots of ways to have fun here. (Scooter runs up to SpongeBob)

Scooter: Dudes, bury me! (laughs)

SpongeBob: See what I mean? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob burying Scooter in sand) All done.

Scooter: All right!

SpongeBob: Bubble Buddy, you dig him out while I get us some cotton candy. (walks off as the tide gets closer around Scooter)

Scooter: Don't just stand there dude, the tide's coming in. (laughs) Dude? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob putting Bubble Buddy in a port-o-potty as two other fish walk up)

SpongeBob: My friend's in there.

Fish: Congratulations. (scene cuts to a bunch of strong fish dancing to some music. SpongeBob walks up and starts dancing)

SpongeBob: Woo! Shake it! Shake it! Yeah! Shake that bubble butt! Yeah! (everyone stops dancing and looks at their butts, then walk off mumbling. Scene cuts back to the port-o-potty where the guy behind SpongeBob checks his watch. Scene cuts to a big fish driving a boat and Pearl and her friends run up to him)

Pearl: It's the world-famous surfer, Grubby Grouper!

Grubby Grouper: Later, groupies! (shakes Pearl's hand) Grubby's got to go catch some gnarly pounders. Ahoo!! (drives off)

Pearl: (looks at her fin which is dirty now) Oh, I'll never wash this flipper again. (SpongeBob walks up with Bubble Buddy)

SpongeBob: Hey, Pearl! Shake hands with Bubble Buddy! (Bubble Buddy shakes Pearl's hand which is now clean. She cries. Scene cuts to the port-o-potty) It's his first time on his own.

Fish: Once again, congratulations. (bubble-wipe to later, where the line is longer. Camera pans over to a sign that reads '45 minutes from this point') Two hours is long enough! That's it! (opens the port-o-potty door to see Bubble Buddy)

SpongeBob: Hey Bubble Buddy, you're finished! (takes Bubble Buddy away)

Fish 2: He kept up waiting for a bubble?

Larry: That's nothing! (Larry is with the group of people who were dancing earlier) He called us fat! (group eats celery sticks)

Pearl: (crying as she shows her clean flipper) He washed my flipper!

Mr. Krabs: He owes me money!

Squidward: He made me provide excellent service!

Scooter: (appears with a halo and angel clothing on) Dudes! He made me experience high tide! (floats up towards the surface)

Tom: He poisoned our water supply, burned our crops, and delivered a plague upon our houses!

Protesters: He did?

Tom: No, but are we just going to wait around until he does?

Mr. Krabs: I say we tip something over! (everyone pushes the lifeguard stand over)

Lifeguard: Hey, HEY!

Protester: Now what?

Protesters: Get the lifeguard! (Squidward stops them)

Squidward: Wait! Don't waste this senseless violence on him! It's that stupid bubble of SpongeBob's that's causing all the problems! (takes out a sewing pin) Who's with me!

Protesters: (chanting) Pop the bubble! (everyone else takes out a sewing pin. The group walks up to SpongeBob and Bubble Buddy relaxing on the beach)

SpongeBob: Hey, everyone! Have you met my friend, Bubble Buddy?

Protesters: Yes... (group shows their sewing pins)

SpongeBob: Hey, is this one of those sewing circles?

Protesters: No... (group steps in closer)

SpongeBob: Would you mind not getting so close with those pins? Pointy objects make Bubble Buddy uncomfortable.

Larry: SpongeBob, that bubble's got to go.

SpongeBob: Oh no, he already took care of that, but thanks for your concern.

Pearl: No. "Go" as in... (blows a bubble from her gum and pops it. SpongeBob screams and grabs the bubble)

SpongeBob: Why?

Mr. Krabs: You and that bubble have been nothing but trouble! It's time to end it!

SpongeBob: No! I won't let you! (blows in Bubble Buddy to make him bigger and floats into the air) Here we go! You'll never catch us now! Never! Ha! Never! (both start to get lower to the ground and the group surrounds them both again) Never...

Squidward: Enough sea-horsing around, SpongeBob! Give us that bubble!

Protesters: Pop the bubble! Pop the bubble! Pop the bubble!

SpongeBob: No! You can't! He's not just a bubble, he's a Bubble Buddy! He's my friend and I love him! (hugs Bubble Buddy) Haven't you ever had a very special friend? (tears up. Mr. Krabs takes out a nickel)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, Nickel Buddy, I'll never spend you! (cries)

Fish #2: Funny Muffler...

Larry: Jerky Pal...

Fish #3: Boo-boo Keys...

Fish #4: Snake Eyes...

Fishes #3 and #4: We love you! (both cry)

SpongeBob: So, what do you say? (everyone pauses for a while)

Protesters: (chanting) Pop the bubble! Pop the bubble! Pop the bubble! (they pick up SpongeBob and throw him away from the group)

Squidward: Let's get this over with so I can go home and play my clarinet!

SpongeBob: (slow-motion) Noo... (in slow-motion, Squidward pushes the pin forward towards Bubble Buddy while SpongeBob is still saying 'no', also in slow-mo. Then Bubble Buddy stops Squidward from popping him by grabbing his arm)

Bubble Buddy: Whoa! (all gasp) Hey, don't I get a say in this? (walks up to SpongeBob) I'll see you later, SpongeBob. Things are getting a little weird around here. (puts on his bubble hat and a bubble suitcase appears in his hand. Just then a bubble taxi takes him away into the sky)

SpongeBob: So long.

Bubble Buddy: (laughs) Happy Leif Erikson Day!

Squidward: He's alive.

SpongeBob: Of course! Otherwise, he couldn't tell such funny jokes! (SpongeBob laughs as everyone else talks and walks off back to the beach) Seems like only this morning that I held his bottle. (sniffles) They blow up so fast. (cries and runs off. A bunch of bubbles pop by Squidward except for one)

Squidward: Uh... hi.

(Squidward is dressed in island clothes and playing the piano. He hits one of the notes but realizes it's messed up so he keeps hitting it. The sound is coming from SpongeBob ringing a bell)

SpongeBob: Order up, Squidward! (Squidward wakes up from his dream. Bubble-wipe to Squidward driving to work. Cut to a close-up of one of his bumper stickers that reads "Don't Ask Me About My Day." Squidward walks up to the front doors and SpongeBob follows him from inside, smiling. Squidward walks inside) Hey, hey Squidward, did you see me? (Squidward keeps walking) Okay, see you later, Squidnator.

Mr. Krabs: Good morning, Mr. Squidward. (Squidward sticks his tongue out) So, are you ready?

Squidward: To go home?

Mr. Krabs: No, to exchange gifts for Employee Brotherhood Day.

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, you pay me to stand behind this register and take orders and give change. But you could never pay me enough to act brotherly towards... (points at SpongeBob) ...that guy. (SpongeBob is washing a table with a scrubber. He scrubs his face and gets it mixed around. He laughs)

Mr. Krabs: That attitude of yours is precisely why we're having this little shenanigan. Now pay attention, the lad's got a surprise for you.

SpongeBob: Squidward, in honor of employee brotherhood, I present to you a gift. (holds up a sweater) Ta-da! (cut to show it's a picture of Squidward's head as the heart)

Squidward: "I heart you..."

Mr. Krabs: Try it on, Mr. Squidward! It's got you written all over it. (laughs. Squidward has a hard time putting the sweater over his head)

SpongeBob: I wasn't sure how big to make the hole for the head, so I used a watermelon for size. (Squidward gets the sweater over his head) Do you love it?

Squidward: (starts scratching the sweater) It's a little itchy. What's this thing made of? (cut to SpongeBob with no eyelashes or eyebrows)

SpongeBob: Eyelashes! (Squidward throws the sweater at SpongeBob, causing him to whimper)

Squidward: Now may I resume to my minimum-wage duties?

Mr. Krabs: After you present your brotherhood gift.

Squidward: I'll buy the little twerp a gumball.

Mr. Krabs: Oh no, no, no, no, lad; you know the rules-- you have to make the gift.

Squidward: (walks to the doors) The only thing I'm making is for the exit. (opens up the door to see SpongeBob with a new sweater from his tears)

SpongeBob: Is this any better, Squidward? I made this one with my tears. (Squidward sighs and walks towards the kitchen)

Mr. Krabs: I knew you'd come around, boy. Make something nice.

Squidward: Why can't I just buy something for the little weirdo?

Captain: Heave-ho! (Squidward looks and sees some pirates outside carrying some pies onto the ship) If you drop one slice of me booty, I'll have... your booty!

Squidward: Hi, there. Those homemade pies sure look good.

Pirate: Oh, these aren't homemade. They were made in a factory... a bomb factory. They're bombs.

Squidward: Oh, well, that's too bad. I thought they were pies and I wanted to buy one. (holds up money)

Captain: Wait! (jumps down off the ship) We were just kidding about all that bomb stuff. That'll be 25 bucks, please.

Squidward: So, what flavor is it?

Pirates: Cherry. Apple. Raspberry.

Squidward: Well, if it'll get old man Mr. Krabs off my back. (Squidward gives the pirate the money. Bubble-wipe to Squidward placing the pie on Mr. Krabs' desk) Okay, here it is, Mr. Krabs, fresh from the oven. I'll be returning to my life now.

Mr. Krabs: Not yet. I got to make sure you did it right. (about to put a piece in his mouth) Wait a second... this would go great with some milk! (while walking to the milk, he trips over a book and the piece of pie flies into the milk, causing an explosion) So, you tried to kill me over a little new age management, eh?

Squidward: But Mr. Krabs, I had no idea. I can explain! (cut to inside Mr. Krabs' office)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, are you okay? I heard a... wow! A pie! (looks at the card attached to it) It's from Squidward. (reads it) "To SpongeBob... Well, here you go."

Squidward: And that's what happened!

Mr. Krabs: 25 dollars? A bomb?!

Squidward & Mr. Krabs: IN THE KRUSTY KRAB?! (both run back into the office but the pie is not there)

Mr. Krabs: That's where you left it.

Squidward: It's not there.

SpongeBob: Hey, guys. (licks his fingers then rubs his belly) Thanks for the pie, Squidward. (skips out)

Mr. Krabs: You had to kill him. The boy cries you a sweater of tears... and you kill him. How are you gonna live with yourself?

Squidward: Kill him? (Squidward imagines SpongeBob taking a tray to a customer)

SpongeBob: Here's your order, sir.

Customer: Thanks. (SpongeBob explodes and pieces of SpongeBob are everywhere)

Squidward: No, no! What we got... we got to call the hospital!

Mr. Krabs: Won't do any good, I've seen this before. When that pie goes up to bat, I mean, hits his lower intestine... boom!

Squidward: You've seen this before?

Mr. Krabs: Eleven times as a matter of fact. (Squidward runs over to a phone and dials the hospital)

Squidward: Yes, hello, doctor? Hospital? It won't do any good? Eleven times? (hangs up) Oh, he's a goner. How do we tell him? (both look out the window and see SpongeBob wiping off a table)

Mr. Krabs: Don't tell him. That'll only make him feel worse. By the way I see it, he's only got till sunset. Why ruin his last day on earth? The lad deserves to enjoy his final hours. (walks away)

Squidward: (tears up) You're right, Mr. Krabs! (sobs) I'm gonna make SpongeBob's final hours the best he's ever had. And this time, there's gonna be love — so much, that he's gonna drown in it. (opens the door then turns around) Drown in it! (walks out)

Mr. Krabs: (writes on a notepad) Note to self: watch out for Squidward.

Squidward: Uh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes?

Squidward: I forgot to tell you, there's a part two to your gift.

SpongeBob: Part two? (bounces up and down) Part two, part two, part two, part two... (Squidward grabs him)

Squidward: Please, don't do that.

SpongeBob: What's part two?

Squidward: Well, what's the most fun thing you can think of? (SpongeBob takes out a list)

SpongeBob: Actually, I keep a list of the fun things I like to do. I call it my friendship list.

Squidward: Great. Uh, let me see it. (looks at the list)

SpongeBob: The things that are extra fun, I've written in red.

Squidward: Everything's in red.

SpongeBob: Yeah, I know.

Squidward: We'd better start now if we want to get through this list before you die... of anticipation.

SpongeBob: Then let's roll! (both walk out) Bye, Mr. Krabs. (Mr. Krabs cries and puts a "Help Wanted" sign in the window) Heads up, Squidward— looks like they're gonna replace you.

Squidward: Uh, yeah. Let's take a look at that list.

SpongeBob: Well, the first thing I want to do is show my best friend Squidward to everybody in town. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Squidward talking to a businessman) Hi there, this is my best friend, Squidward. (cut to SpongeBob and Squidward talking to some kids) Hey kids, check it out! This is my best friend, Squidward. (one of the kids throws a rock at Squidward's head. Cut to SpongeBob and Squidward walking up to a fish sitting on a bench) Hi, I want to show you my best friend, Squidward.

Squidward: Hey, Frank. Glad that's over.

SpongeBob: Good, 'cause we're onto our next activity.

Squidward: Which is...?

SpongeBob: I'm going to show my best friend Squidward to everybody in town wearing a salmon suit.

Squidward: You're going to be wearing a salmon suit?

SpongeBob: (laughs) That's a good one, Squidward. (bubble-wipe to Squidward in a salmon suit in front of some kids. All the kids throw rocks at Squidward. Cut to SpongeBob checking off the item on his list) Next. (SpongeBob and Squidward sit by a rock) Knock-knock jokes! Hey Squid, knock-knock.

Squidward: Who's there?

SpongeBob: I am! (laughs)

Squidward: (weakly laughs) Oh, yeah... (SpongeBob checks the knock-knock jokes off his list. Cut to SpongeBob and Squidward walking backward)

SpongeBob: (beeping) Look out everyone, friends in reverse! (beeping. Checks off this item off the list. Cut to SpongeBob and Squidward making noises with their tongues out of their mouths while moving their hands back and forth in front of their face. SpongeBob checks the item off his list. Cut to Squidward walking with SpongeBob as his face) Turn left, and... stop. See, that's what it would be like if you had me for a face.

Squidward: I can't breathe. (SpongeBob checks that off his list. Cut to SpongeBob performing open-heart surgery on Squidward) Are you sure you should be poking it like that?

SpongeBob: Who's the doctor here? (heart squirts blood. SpongeBob checks his operation off the list as well as some other items while he laughs) The last thing on the list is...

Squidward: Does it involve more dismemberment?

SpongeBob: Watch the sunset with Squidward.

Squidward: Sunset? (thinks about what Mr. Krabs said earlier in a thought balloon)

Mr. Krabs: The way I see it, the lad's got until sunset until that bomb reaches his lower intestine.

SpongeBob: Hey, it's Mr. Krabs! Hi, Mr. Krabs. (Mr. Krabs cries and runs off) Okay, see you later.

Squidward: C'mon buddy, you want a sunset, then you'll get a sunset.

SpongeBob: Ah, underwater sunsets sure are beautiful eh, Squidward?

Squidward: Yeah.

SpongeBob: Yeah, this is great, just the three of us. You, me, (a brick wall is shown between the two) ...and this brick wall that you built between us.

Squidward: Yeah. (laughs nervously)

SpongeBob: Sunsets always remind me of bowls of fruit. What do they make you think of, Squidward? (Squidward imagines SpongeBob exploding)

Squidward: Explosions. I mean, erosions.

SpongeBob: You know, if I were to die right now in some sort of fiery explosion due to the carelessness of a friend, well, that would just be okay. (Squidward tears up. SpongeBob burps) Wow, it feels like something just dropped into my lower intestine. (smells the aroma) Hey, smells like cherry. Or maybe grape. Blueberry? (the sun starts to go down) Here it is, the sunset! I always love to count it down. Five... You do the rest, buddy.

Squidward: Four... three... two... one... (nothing happens)

SpongeBob: I guess we started too early. Let's start again.

Squidward: Five... four... three... (an explosion is seen from behind the wall) two... (cries) o-o-o-one... Well, at least I was able to make his last few hours meaningful. I am such a good person. (another explosion is seen behind the wall but it knocks the wall down on top of Squidward this time. SpongeBob is blowing some bomb-shaped bubbles)

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, check this out! (Squidward gets up and mutters) Squidward, we already played 'babble like an idiot'.

Squidward: Why are you still here?

SpongeBob: Well, since we finished everything the list, I thought I'd make up a new one. We should be able to finish by January. (holds up a book that says "Friend 4 Ever") I already filled up this book of ideas.

Squidward: (slaps book away) Forget the book! I spent the whole day with you, doing all kinds of ridiculous things, because you were supposed to explode!

SpongeBob: You want me to explode?

Squidward: Yes! That's what I've been waiting for.

SpongeBob: Um, okay, I'll try. (struggles) Gary! You are gonna finish your dessert and you are gonna like it! (laughs) Now it's your turn.

Squidward: THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT, YOU BARNACLEHEAD!!

SpongeBob: Oh, good one.

Squidward: No! I mean you were supposed to explode into a million pieces.

SpongeBob: Why would I do that?

Squidward: Because the pie you ate was a bomb!

SpongeBob: What pie?

Squidward: The one I left sitting on the counter this morning that I bought from pirates for twenty-five dollars and I didn't know it was a bomb and you ate it... that pie.

SpongeBob: Pie... pie... (takes out a pie) Oh, you mean this pie! I was saving it in my pocket for us to share. Let's eat! (walks forward and trips on a rock) Whoops... (pie flies into Squidward's face causing an explosion the size of an atomic bomb)

Squidward: Ouch.

French Narrator: Ah, the Krusty Krab. Home of the Krabby Patty, with its top secret formula. Known only to those who are brave enough and intelligent enough to comprehend its culinary complexity. (SpongeBob is balancing a spatula on his nose behind the register)

SpongeBob: Look Mr. Krabs. I'm doing it, I'm doing it!

Mr. Krabs: Quit fooling around SpongeBob, we got customers.

French Narrator: But wherever there's a secret recipe, there is someone who wants to steal it. (Plankton laughs evilly while standing in the head of a robot fish. The head falls down)

Plankton: Ouch! (robot's arm turns into a mirror) And now for the final touch. (puts on a mustache) Perfect! With this disguise, that formula is as good as mine. (laughs then wheels himself into the restaurant)

Fish Robot: Are you SpongeBob SquarePants? (SpongeBob looks in a mirror)

SpongeBob: Why, yes-- yes I am. (the robot/man holds up a big check)

Fish Robot: Then you've just won one million dollars! (SpongeBob gasps) You just have to answer one question. What is the Krabby Patty secret formula? (SpongeBob inhales) Yes? (SpongeBob inhales more) Yes? (SpongeBob inhales even more) Yes?!

SpongeBob: The Krabby Patty formula is the sole property of the Krusty Krab and is only to be discussed in part or in whole with its creator Mr. Krabs. Duplication of this formula is punishable by law. Restrictions apply, results may vary. (mustache falls off the robot. Plankton crashes through the teeth)

Plankton: (growls) That's it! (jumps on SpongeBob's nose and holds his eyelids) You'd better cough up that secret formula or else!

Mr. Krabs: Plankton!

Plankton: Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Plankton!

Plankton: Krabs!

SpongeBob: SpongeBob. (Mr. Krabs grabs Plankton and a straw then puts Plankton in the straw)

Plankton: You can't do this to me Krabs. (Mr. Krabs blows Plankton back to the Chum Bucket) I went to college!

Mr. Krabs: That Plankton is a clever beast. You've got to keep a sharp eye out for him, SpongeBob. The Krabby Patty law must be enforced. The future of the Krusty Krab depends on it.

SpongeBob: Don't worry Mr. Krabs, as long as these pants are square, and this sponge is Bob, (lifts his arms up) I will not let you down!

Mr. Krabs: Uh, SpongeBob? (he's holding Mr. Krabs) Could you let me down? (bubble-wipe to later, at the Krusty Krab)

Fish: Man, these patties sure are delicious. I wonder what's in that secret formula. (siren goes off. SpongeBob slides down the pole from the crow's nest)

SpongeBob: Code twelve, code twelve! (SpongeBob bounces off a trampoline and grabs the customer's head) Your disguises can't fool me this time, Plankton! (pulls the head off to reveal a smaller head on the customer)

Fish: Everyone at the head enhancement clinic said nobody would notice. (runs off crying)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! You're scaring away me money.

SpongeBob: Sorry Mr. Krabs, I was just trying to protect the secret formula.

Mr. Krabs: That's no reason to rip other people's heads off, boy! Just remember the most important rule.

SpongeBob: No free napkins?

Mr. Krabs: No, the other most important rule. Regarding the secret formula.

SpongeBob: Only discuss the formula with Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: As long as you do that, the secret is safe.

Squidward: I always thought the most important rule was "Why do today what you can put off 'till tomorrow?" (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: What is today, but yesterday's tomorrow?

Squidward: Huh? (bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs and Squidward in a storage room)

Mr. Krabs: Today, I want you to take inventory on everything in here; every last pickle and patty must be accounted for.

Squidward: Aye aye, captain. (Mr. Krabs leaves. When Squidward walks over to the stock, glowing eyes appear) Two boxes of buns. Three pounds of patties.

Robot Krabs: (mechanical voice) Mr. Squidward...

Squidward: What now, Mr. Krabs?

Robot Krabs: That's right, I am Krabs.

Plankton: Your boss, your ruler, your master! (laughs evilly)

Robot Krabs: Ha, ha, ha. (exhaust smoke spurts out)

Squidward: You're not Mr. Krabs.

Robot Krabs: Hey, why don't you take the rest of the day off?

Squidward: (chuckles and runs to the door) Well... whatever you say, "Mr. Krabs." (laughs) Whoopee! (runs out as SpongeBob walks in)

SpongeBob: Hi, Mr. Krabs.

Plankton: Oh, sweet domination. This is it!

SpongeBob: No sign of Plankton, yet. Gosh, Mr. Krabs. You don't look so good. (touches his body) Ooh, you're so cold. (knocks on his pants)

Robot Krabs: That's just my metal suit. I made it to protect the formula.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! SpongeBob!

Plankton: It's that thick-headed Krabs. He'll ruin everything.

Robot Krabs: Look, a jellyfish. (SpongeBob takes out his net and runs around)

SpongeBob: I got it, I got it! (Plankton presses the "Abort" button. When he does, Robot Krabs shrinks into a toaster) I got it, I got it! (Mr. Krabs enters)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! (SpongeBob stops and looks at the toaster then at Mr. Krabs)

SpongeBob: (knocks on Mr. Krabs' pants) Hey Mr. Krabs, what happened to your metal pants?

Mr. Krabs: Don't get all loopy on me, boy. I need your help. Where in the high seas is Squidward?

SpongeBob: You gave him the day off.

Mr. Krabs: (pupils get smaller) Day... off?! (Mr. Krabs is so mad that he makes steam come out of the chimney) I don't know the meaning of them horrible words. Now quit your laying around SpongeBob, and take out that garbage. It's starting to give me a rash. (exits)

SpongeBob: Yes sir, Mr. Krabs, sir. (puts a clothespin on his nose and is going to take the trash out but Robot Krabs stops him) Hey Mr. Krabs, just taking out that garbage.

Robot Krabs: Never mind that. I need to talk to you. (takes the trash bag and makes it disappear with his laser eyes)

SpongeBob: Whoa-ho, Mr Krabs. I didn't know you had heat vision.

Robot Krabs: Never mind. I need you to tell me...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob?

Robot Krabs: Yoinks! (runs off)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, I'm not paying you to stand around, (gives him a spatula) Get back to the kitchen.

SpongeBob: But I thought you wanted to ask me a question.

Mr. Krabs: Yes... why aren't you working harder?

SpongeBob: I don't know, Mr. Krabs... I don't know. (both walk out)

Plankton: I'll never get that formula with that pest Krabs popping in and out like that. I've got it! I've been saving this for a rainy day. (holds up a penny) It looks like an ordinary penny... because it is an ordinary penny. That fool Krabs is too greedy to ignore you, my little pretty. (laughs. The penny pops out of the nose and rolls around into Mr. Krabs' office)

Mr. Krabs: That sound, it sounds like... the pitter-patter of... (sees the penny) money! (squeals) Hey, where you going, beautiful? (SpongeBob knocks on Mr. Krabs' door)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs... (the penny slides out of the office) Wha... (Mr. Krabs busts down the door on top of SpongeBob)

Mr. Krabs: Stop! Please! (the penny slides between the crack of the doors) Wait! (Robot Krabs is hiding behind the sign pole)

Robot Krabs: Nothing stands between me and that secret formula now. (snaps off some of the Krusty Krab sign pole. As he laughs evilly, the sign falls on top of him) Ouch. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob, who is scrubbing the floor)

SpongeBob: Scrub-a-dub-dub, I love to rub. (Robot Krabs rolls by) Hey Mr. Krabs, just doing a little scrubbin'.

Robot Krabs: Hello SpongeBob, it is me, Mr. Krabs. (exhaust pipe smokes) In the flesh. (exhaust pipe smokes again) Standing right in front of you. (pipe smokes again) With no one else around.

SpongeBob: I can see that, Mr. Krabs.

Robot Krabs: I thought we might discuss the Krabby Patty secret formula. (a microphone comes out of Robot Krabs)

SpongeBob: Isn't that a microphone?

Robot Krabs: What? Oh, yes it is. (puts microphone back inside his body) I must get this shirt cleaned. Alright, now tell me the secret formula.

SpongeBob: But sir, we haven't done the secret handshake yet.

Robot Krabs: Oh yes. Here, let's shake.

SpongeBob: (chuckles) We don't shake with our hands, remember?

Robot Krabs: Uh, right, why don't you start?

SpongeBob: We stand on one foot. (they do) Balance a glass of chocolate milk on our heads and sing the Bikini Bottom National Anthem. (they do)

Music: "Bikini Bottom National Anthem"

Oh, Bikini Bottom, we pledge our hearts to you,
As faithful, as deep, as true, as blue,
Bikini Bottom, we love you!

Robot Krabs: Formula time?

SpongeBob: Almost. (time card appears)

French Narrator: Six and a half hours later... (Plankton grunts frantically as he gets Robot Krabs into a cannon and fired out, through a flame ring, and onto a chair at a table. He opens up the robot's chest and dumps some spaghetti in there)

Robot Krabs: Yum yum, this spaghetti sure is good. Belch.

Music: "The Spaghetti Song"

Meatball,
Meatball,
Spaghetti underneath.

Ravioli,
Ravioli,
Great barrier reef!

Robot Krabs: Okay, now let's hear that formula.

SpongeBob: Sorry, no can do, Mr. Krabs. (Robot Krabs' eyes set on fire)

Robot Krabs: (enraged) WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?!

Plankton: BUT WE DID EVERYTHING YOU SAID! I FOLLOWED ALL THE RULES! I EVEN ATE 105 BLACK LICORICE JELLYBEANS THROUGH A STRAW!

Robot Krabs: Now why can't you tell me the formula?

SpongeBob: It's your rule. Never speak the formula. You told me to keep it in this bottle. (holds up a bottle with a piece of paper in it)

Plankton: This is it, Plankton. Gently, now... (pushes on a lever that makes Robot Krabs' arm stretch out more. A penny rolls through the door and Mr. Krabs comes in. Everyone gasps)

Mr. Krabs: How could you do this, SpongeBob? Giving me secret formula to this impostor!

Robot Krabs: Don't listen to him, SpongeBob. Remember: ravioli, ravioli, give me the formuoli.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, no! Don't listen to him. I'm the real Mr. Krabs.

Robot Krabs: Don't listen to him. He's obviously a robot. (exhaust pipe smokes)

Mr. Krabs: Well, if I was a robot, which I'm not, at least I'm well put together. Not some rusted-out, steam-driven piece of junk.

Robot Krabs: Who are you calling steam-driven?

SpongeBob: QUIET! (SpongeBob is holding a giant hose that is attached to a giant machine of tarter sauce) Until I know who the real Mr. Krabs is, nobody moves, nobody gets hurt.

Mr. Krabs & Robot Krabs: Tartar sauce?

Mr. Krabs: Take it easy with that thing, son. (SpongeBob squirts some tartar sauce at Mr. Krabs causing him to jump into Robot Krabs' arms)

SpongeBob: I'll do the talking around here. I think I'll just ask you two a couple of questions. Questions only the real Mr. Krabs could answer.

Mr. Krabs: Okay then.

SpongeBob: First question: what time does the Krusty Krab open?

Robot Krabs: 9:30am.

SpongeBob: Right. (to Mr. Krabs) That's one strike, Mr. Fake.

Mr. Krabs: But...

SpongeBob: (interrupts) I'm running this quiz show, I'll ask the questions. If there's gonna be any 'buts', they're gonna be from me. Okay, question number two: how much does a Krabby Patty cost?

Mr. Krabs: \$2.99.

SpongeBob: On Wednesday...

Robot Krabs: 99 cents.

SpongeBob: Right again! (to Mr. Krabs) You're starting to look pretty phony right about now. I'd be nervous if I were you. Now only the really real Mr. Krabs could answer this-- if we're discussing the secret formula on the third Wednesday in January and it's not raining outside after we've gargled with vanilla pudding, what do we do?

Mr. Krabs: That's an easy one. You just...just... let's see... if it's January... with, uh, vanilla pudding you, uh... pass? (Mr. Krabs is shot out of the Krusty Krab, covered in tartar sauce, in a fry basket) No, SpongeBob! Give me another chance! Nooo!

SpongeBob: So long, Imitation Krabs. Buh-bye. (walks back inside) I knew it was you all along Mr. Krabs, here you go. (holds up the formula bottle)

Robot Krabs: Thank you, Sponge Dupe. (grabs bottle and laughs mechanically. SpongeBob sees a penny on the ground)

SpongeBob: Oop! Don't forget your lucky penny. (puts the penny inside a slot on Robot Krabs that is labeled "Self-Destruct: 1 cent") This must be your lucky day. (laughs)

Karen (Computer Voice): The self-destruct coin slot has been activated. Ten seconds till detonation.

Plankton: Coin-operated self-destruct? Not one of my better ideas. Heeeelp! (screams as he wheels back to the Chum Bucket but explodes when he gets inside) Ouch. (the formula bottle rolls back to the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: If that was Plankton... uh-oh.

Mr. Krabs: Help!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! (runs to Mr. Krabs, who is still in the fry basket)

Hans: Mmm... yum-yum.

Mr. Krabs: Back you hungry hand, back! Help! (SpongeBob wheels Mr. Krabs back to the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: Gee, Mr. Krabs. I'm sorry. I thought you were a phony.

Mr. Krabs: Phew, that's okay, me lad. Long as the secret formula's safe again. (takes the bottle) However, that penny's coming out of your paycheck. (both laugh)

SpongeBob: Really?

Narrator: Ah, Sandy Cheeks is going out of town and has asked SpongeBob and Patrick to do a little pet-sitting for her. (inside the dome are a few animals in cages and/or jars)

Patrick: Pet-sitting? Won't that hurt them? (SpongeBob and Patrick walk up to a bird cage)

Narrator: Perhaps she should have asked someone else. (Patrick whistles at the bird)

SpongeBob: Gee, Patrick, I didn't know you spoke bird.

Patrick: No, that's Italian, SpongeBob. (Sandy puts a big sack down)

Sandy: Okay boys, this here is Birdy's food. Feed him twice a day.

SpongeBob: This whole sack?

Sandy: No, just a cup's worth. (all walk over to a cricket) This here's my cricket. (the cricket makes noises) He's saying hello to you. Ain't he cute?

SpongeBob: Sorry, but I don't speak Italian.

Sandy: And this here's Snakey. (holds up the snake that has a mouse in it's belly)

SpongeBob: What's that lump in its belly?

Sandy: Well, that's his dinner. (SpongeBob pokes it) Well, I guess that's it. I gotta go. (walks off with a suitcase) See you guys in a couple of days.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Bye, Sandy! (notices the caterpillar in a jar)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Wait, Sandy, you forgot about this pet.

Sandy: Oh, that's only Wormy. He don't need much. (walks out)

SpongeBob: Look at him Patrick, isn't he great? Hey, little fella.

Patrick: Kitchie-kitchie koo, koo.

SpongeBob: Aw look, isn't he just precious? Let's take him out to play. (cut to SpongeBob playing hide-n-seek and counting) 998... 999... 1000. Ready or not, here I come! (turns around and takes the table cover off of Patrick's head)

Patrick: You found me! (both look for Wormy, who is on a leaf)

SpongeBob & Patrick: There you are! (cut to Sponge and Pat hiding behind a tree. Wormy pops up behind it) He found us! (they laugh)

Patrick: Gee, SpongeBob, I don't want today to end ever.

SpongeBob: I know Patrick, days like today only come once, maybe twice in a lifetime. Savor every moment. And it's all thanks to Wormy. I made this for Wormy. (puts a 'Best Friend' ribbon on Wormy) Our new best friend. (puts Wormy back in his jar) Until tomorrow, new best friend. Don't be sad, little buddy, we'll be back first thing in the morning for frolic and fun.

Patrick: Why must the sun set on this perfect day? Sleep well, Wormy. (Patrick cries as both walk off)

SpongeBob: Aw, don't be sad, Patrick. It's only until tomorrow. (day turns into night. Ominous music plays as Wormy makes a cocoon and turns into a butterfly. Cut to dawn of the dinosaurs when SpongeBob wakes up) Here I come Wormy! (Patrick pokes his head out of SpongeBob's alarm clock)

Patrick: Me too! (both run off to Sandy's with their water helmets already on) And then we're gonna play tag and then we're gonna color and then we're gonna build a house of cards!

SpongeBob & Patrick: We're back, Wormy! Wormy, Wormy! (holds up the jar with the butterfly)

Patrick: Wormy? Where's Wormy? What's that thing?

SpongeBob: He's gotta be in here. (opens up the jar. The butterfly flies out onto SpongeBob's jar) I think something bad happened to Wormy. (the best friend ribbon is still in the jar)

Patrick: He left his "Best Friend" ribbon behind!

Patrick: Pretty scary, huh?

SpongeBob: It's a living nightmare.

Squidward: I should have known. (walks away) Well, that's it. I'm getting off the Looney Express.

Mr. Krabs: Now just 'cause you swabs haven't seen a creature like this doesn't mean it's dangerous.

SpongeBob: We tried to warn them. I can't watch. (pushes his eyes into his head)

Squidward: Get a load of the scary monster. (laughs) Monster.

Mr. Krabs: Aw, it looks harmless.

Squidward: It's kinda cute.

Mr. Krabs: It reminds me of money.

Squidward: Monster.

Wormy: (Mr. Krabs and Squidward both laugh until they see the butterfly close-up) BUUUUUUUUUZZZZZZZZZZZZ Squidward and Krabs both scream and thier eyes and Krab's Teeth fell out and they run away

SpongeBob: Squidward?

Patrick: Mr. Krabs? (SpongeBob screams when he sees their underwear and hat only)

SpongeBob: It ate them! And there it goes! (Wormy flies out of the Krusty Krab) First Wormy, then Squidward, then Mr. Krabs! (has three finger puppets for each person) That flying monster has eaten three friends too many. We must warn the citizens! Evil has surfaced. The fate of Bikini Bottom is in our hands, Patrick. Now let's roll.

Patrick: Aye-aye, captain. (pushes a lever to make the boat sail out of the Krusty Krab. Cut to SpongeBob and Patrick on the streets)

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, now this is a very delicate situation. It must be treated with great care and sensitivity.

Patrick: Gotcha.

SpongeBob: Run everybody, run!

Patrick: Monster on the loose!

SpongeBob: Monster! (everyone runs away screaming. SpongeBob and Patrick give each other a thumbs up. Cut to SpongeBob and Patrick putting up a sign of the butterfly saying "Beware" when a crowd of citizens runs by screaming. Wormy flies by and SpongeBob and Patrick hide in the bucket of glue, getting stuck and bounce off. Cut to SpongeBob inflating a balloon but then inhales the air in the balloon so he can float in the sky)

Patrick: (using a megaphone) Attention, everybody in Bikini Bottom! There's a flying man-eating monster that's going to eat you! (everyone screams and runs away. Cut to SpongeBob waving his arms and pointing at Wormy flying by. The whole town is

on fire)

Realistic Fish Head: Attention, attention! This just in. (TV shows a real butterfly) A giant monster is attacking Bikini Bottom. (a man watching the announcement swallows his eyes and has them appear in his mouth when he screams. He runs through the wall and seen the others who attacked Wormy)

SpongeBob: We did it Patrick! We saved the city. Just think what might have happened if we didn't tell everyone about the monster.

Patrick: About the what? (just then, Wormy flies by. SpongeBob, Patrick, and everyone else runs away from Wormy but they still being chased all over town by the butterfly no matter where they go. Just then, a bus drops off Sandy)

Sandy: Shoot! Looks like a twister hit this place. Where is everybody? (Wormy flies by) Oh, hey there Wormy. (puts him in a jar) You weren't supposed to change till I got back. That oughta hold ya, little guy. (everyone runs up to Sandy) Howdy, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Sandy caught the monster! (everyone cheers and picks up SpongeBob and Sandy and bring them into town)

Sandy: I didn't know I'd be missed so much. Golly, maybe I should go out of town more often.

(we see the Krusty Krab all dusty, old, and abandoned. All the scenery implies that there has been a lack of customers for a while. Squidward, in the ordering boat, blows dust off of him and the register. SpongeBob dusts off a cobweb on one of the tables, but a spider comes and makes another one. He dusts that one off, but another one just comes and spins another web. Mr. Krabs is completely coated with dust, and sneezes it all off)

Mr. Krabs: Ugh... 36 days without a customer. (Frank is dying from hunger crawls into the Krusty Krab)

Frank: So...hungry...

SpongeBob: Ah! Mr. Krabs, a customer! (Krabs squeals in delight, revealing a spider web growing in his mouth. An spider crawls all over it)

Frank: No food... 3 days...

Mr. Krabs: Hold on, me bucko! Food's on the way! (he is about to call into the kitchen, but then has a second thought) You got money, right?

Frank: Yeah...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! Bring this man some grub before he keels over!

SpongeBob: Here you go, sir. (presents Mr. Krabs with a Krabby Patty and soda on a platter)

Frank: Oh. Krabby Patties, huh?

Mr. Krabs: Finest under the sea!

Frank: Yeah, yeah, sure. But where's the pizzazz?

Mr. Krabs: Huh?

Frank: Look at this place. I mean, what is the theme here? Underwater? It's boring! (turns and crawls away) Food! Water! Atmosphere!

Mr. Krabs: Nobody goes to a restaurant for atmosphere. They go for food! (looks out the door as Tom and Fred see each other on the street)

Fred: Hey, Tom! (captions read: "Man: Hey, Tom!")

Tom: Fred! Hey, you want to eat at the Krusty Krab? (captions read: "Man 2: Fred, hey, you want to eat at the Krusty Krab?")

Fred: Nah, let's go to the Shell Shack. They've got a talking dog!

Tom: Great! Say, what's a dog?

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) Money walking! I have to think up a gimmick like that to get people back in here! (SpongeBob peeks through Mr. Krabs' eyestalks)

SpongeBob: I have an idea! (Mr. Krabs' eyestalks pull back together, chopping SpongeBob in half)

Mr. Krabs: Wait! I've got an idea! (bubble-wipe to outside the Krusty Krab, where a marching band plays, and a crowd gathers around Mr. Krabs) ...and so, ladies and gentlemen, make sure you buy lots of Krabby Patties as I bury myself alive! (everyone cheers and confetti shoots up from the ground as Mr. Krabs wields a shovel. He digs a hole, and then hops into it) No free refills. (then, he pats the dirt in around him, leaving himself underground with no trace of him. Fred runs up to on top of where Krabs was buried)

Fred: Hey, everyone, listen! The talking dog at the Shell Shack is SINGING!!! Come on! (motions for everyone to follow, and they do, leaving Mr. Krabs alone, under the ground. Cross-fade to the inside of the Krusty Krab, which has been cleaned out)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, I have an idea!

Mr. Krabs: (ignoring him) What am I going to do? If I don't find an idea, I'll go out of business!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, I have an idea!

Mr. Krabs: (still ignoring SpongeBob) Why can't someone give me an idea?

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, I have an idea!

Mr. Krabs: Great Neptune in Heaven, I need an idea! (a divine light hits Krabs, and SpongeBob comes down, playing a harp and dressed like an angel)

Angel SpongeBob: (singing) Mr. Krabs, I have an idea! (Krabs grabs SpongeBob)

Mr. Krabs: What in the name of money are you waiting for, boy? Tell me!

SpongeBob: Okay, Mr. Krabs. Prepare yourself. Don't bother sitting down, 'cause you'll just stand up when you see this!

(shows Mr. Krabs a green Krabby Patty) Tada!

Mr. Krabs: Great Barrier Reef! That patty's spoiled! (knocks it off of the plate and onto the ground, where he burns it with a flamethrower. Once the fire is gone, SpongeBob appears in a fire-retardant suit and laughs)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! It's not tainted meat, it's painted meat! (fire once again overcomes him, and he emerges in regular clothing, with an artist's palette in hand. On the palette, Krabby Patties lie in different colors) Pretty Patties! Available in 6 designer colors. (Mr. Krabs laughs, and SpongeBob looks broken-heartedly at his own creation)

Mr. Krabs: Mr. Squidward! Come look! (Squidward walks up) Don't that look appetizing?

Squidward: Mmm, mmm! Good, sir! (the two laugh)

Mr. Krabs: Wait! Gimme an orange patty... with extra purple! (Squidward laughs) What's next? (holds up a milkshake cup with green sequins encrusted into it) Sequin Milkshakes?

Squidward: (holds up a french fry with a bow-tie on) Bow-tie French Fries? (SpongeBob is now welling up with tears)

SpongeBob: No... (Squidward and Mr. Krabs dance mockingly)

Squidward: Pretty Patties, Pretty Patties!

SpongeBob: (crying) Stop it! (when they don't, SpongeBob becomes indignant) I know this is a good idea. I'll show you. I'll... I'll... I'll open my own restaurant! (runs out of the Krusty Krab) You'll see! (Squidward and Mr. Krabs look at each other. Then, they continue laughing. Bubble-wipe to Conch Street, where SpongeBob passes his pineapple and Squidward's House to get to Patrick's rock) Hey, Patrick, are you angry, too?

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: What's the matter?

Patrick: I can't see my forehead. What's your problem?

SpongeBob: I have a good idea, and no one else thinks so!

Patrick: Me, too. (pulls a cord on his own Hawaiian shorts, causing them to inflate and lift into the air a few feet. Patrick is now upside-down) Inflatable pants! What's your idea?

SpongeBob: I'm going to open up a restaurant and sell Pretty Patties! (Patrick's shorts explode, leaving him with only a little patch covering his front)

Patrick: Forget my dumb idea, that's great! (bubble-wipe to later, where SpongeBob has constructed a purple stand that reads "Pretty Patties." Patrick is behind a second one to the left of SpongeBob that is brown and says "Pay Here")

SpongeBob: Are you ready for the big rush, Patrick? (Patrick pulls up his purple-and-green trunks and gives SpongeBob the thumbs-up) Pretty soon, those hungry customers will be lining up, 'cause we are open! (puts up an "Open" sign. Cut to him at the stand) I'm ready! (we see him as an adult with the same camera angling. He has glasses on, and brown hair) I'm ready. (we see him as an old man with a long, grey beard. His pineapple wilts and dies) I'm ready... (we see his gravestone behind the stand, that says "R.I.P. I'M READY". There is a vacant spot where his pineapple previously was. SpongeBob wakes

up at the stand and sees that that was a dream) Patrick, how long have we been sitting here?

Patrick: Aww! (looks at the sloppily-drawn crayon marks on his wrist made to look like a watch) I gotta draw a new battery for this. (scribbles on his wrist with a blue crayon)

SpongeBob: What if Mr. Krabs was right? Maybe my idea is dumb. (cries)

Patrick: SpongeBob, sometimes we have to go deep inside ourselves to solve our problems.

SpongeBob: I'm scared.

Patrick: Well then, I'm going in for you! (climbs into SpongeBob's head through one of his pores. Then, SpongeBob blows up like a puffer fish) Sorry. Stupid inflatable pants! (flies out of SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Did you find anything?

Patrick: Huh? (Harold walks up to the stand)

Harold: Hey, do you sell food here? (he is creeped out as SpongeBob and Patrick giggle)

SpongeBob: Yes, sir! We sell Pretty Patties! (holds out a green Pretty Patty)

Harold: That thing's green! (starts laughing hysterically) Green! (laughs more. Patrick joins in, but doesn't laugh hard at all. SpongeBob cries)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs was right! What am I going to do with all these? (holds out the palette of Pretty Patties)

Harold: (stops laughing) Hey, is that one purple? Purple is my favorite color! (takes a purple Pretty Patty [blue in earlier versions] and tries it) This isn't half bad! Hey, world! "Pretty Patties" is the best idea ever! (bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs in his office, eating popcorn and watching a movie, crying. A spider dangling from its web cries as well)

Rick's Wife: (on television) Oh, Rick, how could you? You and I...together we were one!

Rick: (on TV) That was before. But now, I'm splitting us up. (onscreen, we see an amoebae split into two amoebae. All of a sudden, it turns to a Bikini Bottom News emergency broadcast. A Realistic Fish Head talks at a desk. Behind him is a backdrop, and a bamboo screen showing a crowd of Bikini Bottom citizens cheering)

Realistic Fish Head: We interrupt this program for an important news announcement! This wild crowd behind me is screaming for Bikini Bottom's newest culinary sensation. Let's take a listen.

Crowd: (chanting) Pretty Patties! Pretty Patties!

Mr. Krabs: Pretty Patties? (the spider comes up and steals Krabs' popcorn)

Realistic Fish Head: It's easy to see that Pretty Patties are popular, but just what is it about them that drives Bikini Bottom feeders wild? (we see Millie, Sadie Rechid and Evelyn on screen. All three ladies hold out their purses to compare with the Pretty Patties)

Millie, Sadie and Evelyn: They match our purses!

down, for old time's sake? (takes SpongeBob by the hand and starts to walk away, but SpongeBob's arm expands and he just stays in the same place)

SpongeBob: Ooh, I can't leave, Mr. Krabs! What about the stand?

Mr. Krabs: Ooh, don't worry, lad. I'll watch the stand for ye. (SpongeBob retracts his arm)

SpongeBob: You will?

Mr. Krabs: No! I've got a better idea! I'll take this old roadside stand off your hands. For keeps. And in exchange, I'll give you the Krusty Krab. With Squidward, the grill, and all those squeaky pickles!

SpongeBob: (in a trance) What did you say, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Here's the key to the Krusty Krab. She's yours now. (hands him a key, composed of two golden "K"'s and a ring)

SpongeBob: Thank you. What should I do now, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Run to her, boy. She's waiting for you.

SpongeBob: I can't feel my legs, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Don't worry, lad! I'll fix it! Get this to the Krusty Krab on the double! Good luck, lad! (tosses SpongeBob to the crowd, who holds him above their hands and passes him down. While crowd-surfing, SpongeBob's surroundings turn into a pink sky with clouds)

SpongeBob: Dreams do come true! (the crowd throws him on the ground in front of the Krusty Krab, where he floats up and kisses the building. We see him cheer in the dining area, kiss the floor, throw buns up into the air in the kitchen, laugh over the phone in Mr. Krabs' office, and stand at the ordering boat, the whole Krusty Krab cleaned and refreshed. Bubble-wipe to the Pretty Patties stand, where Mr. Krabs holds up a patty)

Mr. Krabs: Ladies and gentlemen! "Pretty Patties" is now under new management! Who's next? (waves a patty in the air. We see a sea-level shot of Bikini Atoll. It turns from night to dawn. Cross-fade to Mr. Krabs at the stand beside SpongeBob's house. The "Free Money" stand has been disassembled) I'm ready! I'm ready! I'm ready! For my money. (a crowd gathers around him) Welcome to Pretty Patties! May I take your money?

Franco: We want a refund, Krabs! (all talking at once)

Mr. Krabs: Who-?! Huh? What?!

Bill: Your dumb Patties turned my face purple!

Scottish Fish: Look what I got under me kilt! (raises his kilt to reveal a plaid body, and white underwear)

Clayton, Jess and Frank: And look at our tongues! (we see a yellow tongue, a speckled tongue, and a pink tongue. Mr Krabs refers to Frank's)

Mr. Krabs: What's wrong with you? (Frank turns off a light to reveal his tongue is glow-in-the-dark, and is pulsing green)

Frank: We want our money back. All 46,853 of us. (turns the light back on, but Mr Krabs is nowhere to be seen)

Harold: Hey, where'd he go? (cut to a screaming Mr. Krabs running away, and the crowd chasing them, with a rainbow trailing behind them. Mr. Krabs slams into the Krusty Krab door, but it is locked, so he searches for his key)

Mr. Krabs: My key! Where's my key? (recalls he gave it to SpongeBob, and presses himself against the door to get SpongeBob's attention) SpongeBob! SpongeBob! Let me in! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! Let! Me! In! (SpongeBob is in the dining area, and cannot hear due to his pickle-squeaking. Mr. Krabs is chased left and right by the mob, still screaming) SpongeBob, let me in! SpongeBob!

(SpongeBob is standing on a hill looking at his grandma's house)

SpongeBob: There it is. Grandma's house! What wonders await me today? Fresh baked cookies? Story time? A sweater with love in every stitch? Aw, what am I waiting for? (runs down the hill) Grandma, Grandma, Grandma!

Grandma: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hi, Grandma! (hugs her as the two walk into the kitchen)

Grandma: Come in and sit for a while. (gives SpongeBob a plate of cookies) Have a cookie, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Grandma, you make the best cookies in the deep blue sea. (grabs a cookie and dips it in some milk) Oh yeah... (eats it. His eyes turn into cookies) Grandma's cookies.

Grandma: Now, who wants to lick the spoon? (SpongeBob raises his hand)

SpongeBob: Me, me, me! (cut to Grandma telling SpongeBob a story while he licks the spoon)

Grandma: ...and then we drove all the way home with all the windows down in the freezing cold.

SpongeBob: Tell me another story about when I was a baby. (clock strikes three. SpongeBob gasps) Three o'clock? I'm gonna be late for work!

Grandma: Hop in my car, I'll drop you off. (cut to Grandma driving up to the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: Thanks, Grandma! (hops out of the car)

Grandma: SpongeBob, you forgot your kissy-kissy! (SpongeBob turns around and heads back to Grandma. Squidward is watching from the window)

SpongeBob: I sure did. (Grandma gives him a kiss, leaving a print on his forehead of her lips) Bye, Grandma, thanks for the ride. (Squidward opens the door for SpongeBob) Thank you, Squidward. (walks inside to some laughing from everyone) Isn't this great? Everybody's in a good mood today.

Squidward: I love bursting your bubble, SpongeBob, they're laughing at you, not with you.

SpongeBob: Did I do something funny?

Squidward: Your forehead. (points to the kiss)

SpongeBob: My forehead is funny?

Fish: Hey, hey, Grandma's boy? Kissy-kissy-kissy! (everyone laughs)

SpongeBob: No, you're wrong! There's nothing wrong with getting kisses from your grandma.

Fish: No, especially if you're a big baby who wears diapers! (everyone laughs) And sucks his thumb, and plays with dolls, and, um... (soon, everyone stops laughing) ...wears pajamas with feet in 'em, and carries his, um... blankie around, and...

Customers: Alright already!

Squidward: Cheer up, SpongeBob. I know someone who still likes you.

SpongeBob: Really? You do, Squidward?

Squidward: Yeah, your grandma! (everyone laughs. SpongeBob tries getting the kiss off with his hand and a mop but nothing seems to work. Everyone is still laughing at him)

SpongeBob: Stop it! (everyone stops) I have been publicly humiliated for the last time. (runs out crying. Cut to SpongeBob's house)

Patrick: I'm sorry that happened to you, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Me, too.

Patrick: You're the most adult person I know.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick.

Patrick: You know how grandmas are, they love babies. You just can't act like a baby around her.

SpongeBob: You're right, Patrick.

Patrick: Have I ever not been right? (cut to a picture of SpongeBob on a rocket, a picture of Patrick holding a pumpkin while standing over SpongeBob, and a picture of SpongeBob and Patrick in speedos) You're a man now, SpongeBob, and it's time you starting acting like one.

SpongeBob: Yeah! Oh, but I'm not sure I know how.

Patrick: Allow me to demonstrate. First, puff out your chest. (SpongeBob does so) Now say "tax exemption".

SpongeBob: Tax exemption.

Patrick: Now, you must acquire a taste for free-form jazz. (jazz music plays) Okay, SpongeBob, you're ready. (cut to both walking up on the hill facing Grandma's house) This is it. What're you gonna tell Grandma?

SpongeBob: I'm a grownup.

Patrick: No ifs, ands, or buts about it.

SpongeBob: A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

Patrick: And then you get behind her and I'll push.

SpongeBob: Patrick, we didn't say that.

Patrick: Oh yeah, right.

SpongeBob: All we need now is the icing on the maturity cake. (takes out a suitcase) I've been growing these babies for years. (opens it to reveal sideburns. Both of them take a pair and put them on)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Sideburns. (SpongeBob knocks on Grandma's door)

Grandma: (opens door) Oh, hello, SpongeBob. What a nice surprise. Come here and give your Granny her kissy-kissy. (as she is about to kiss him, SpongeBob puts on a helmet to block it)

SpongeBob: Sorry, grandmother, but the kissing has to stop.

Patrick: Tell her like it is, SpongeBob, no more baby stuff.

SpongeBob: He is right, Grandmother. Kisses are for babies, which I am no longer. I have grown up. It is nature's way.

Grandma: Oh, you are absolutely right.

SpongeBob: I am? I mean, of course I am.

Grandma: You will definitely not be treated like a baby around here anymore ever again.

SpongeBob: I am glad you see it my way, mother. (puts on a hat)

Grandma: Well, I'm glad that's settled. (holds out a tray of cookies) But what am I going to do with all these fresh baked cookies?

SpongeBob: (chuckles) Sorry, grandmother, we adults don't partake in the consumption of sweets, right, Pat... (notices Patrick isn't there) ...rick? (cut to Patrick sitting at the kitchen table)

Patrick: Keep 'em coming, Granny. (scarfs down the cookies as SpongeBob watches from a window)

SpongeBob: So much for no more baby stuff.

Grandma: And don't forget the cookie-eating hat! (puts a red hat on top of Patrick's head)

SpongeBob: Hey, that's my cookie-eating hat! I mean it was when I was a baby. (knocks on the door. His Grandma opens it)

Grandma: Well, look who's here. It's my big old adult grandson.

SpongeBob: Grandmother, I need to have a mature conversation with Mr Patrick. (runs up to Patrick) Patrick, what're you

doing? Cookies? Warm milk? A bib? (points to it, which reads "I heart Grandma") Is that a kissy mark on your forehead? We are supposed to be adults! (bangs on the table)

Grandma: Oh, oh, no roughhousing with a full tummy. (tickles Patrick) Who's the baby?

Patrick: I'm the baby, I'm the baby, I'm the baby! (SpongeBob clears his throat) Being grown up is boring. I love being a baby. Besides, I don't get jazz.

SpongeBob: (chuckles) Poor Patrick. I almost feel sorry for you. (takes out a pipe and blows bubbles from it) Trapped in the awkward phase of diaper days never to know the rich rewards of being a grownup. (Grandma comes back with more cookies)

Grandma: Here's a fresh batch of cookies.

Patrick: All right! (inhales them) Rewards, huh?

SpongeBob: Well, yeah, there's, eh... well, let's see, the... (a cookie rolls over to his side) We went over the jazz... (Patrick grabs the cookie and eats it)

Patrick: Oh, Grandma, I'm full. (Grandma sets down another plate of cookies)

Grandma: More cookies! (Patrick uses his mouth like a vacuum and eats all the cookies. One cookie rolls over by SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: It appears to be my lunch hour. Grownups have to eat to. I guess this will have to do. (Grandma takes the cookie away)

Grandma: Oh, you don't want this baby food. How about a big piece of steamed coral? (gives him some)

SpongeBob: Oh yeah, uh... great. (takes a couple bites of it) Nutritious.

Grandma: Storytime! (Patrick runs to Grandma)

Patrick: Oh boy! Storytime, storytime, storytime!

SpongeBob: Storytime? (Patrick is looking over Grandma's shoulder)

Grandma: You'll enjoy this, Patrick. It's a wonderful story about a magical sea leprechaun. (SpongeBob walks in) Oh, SpongeBob, you wouldn't be interested in this baby book. (drops a giant book on the floor) Here's the technical manual on routine active maintenance.

SpongeBob: Oh, uh... great. Yeah. (opens the book) Fascinating. No pictures, just the way I like it. (while eating a cookie, Patrick bites his finger)

Patrick: Ow, my wittle finger! (sobs)

Grandma: Hold still, hold still. (kisses his finger) All better?

Patrick: Sorta. (holds up his other finger) This finger hurts a little bit too. (Grandma kisses his other finger)

Grandma: How about I give you a present?

Patrick: Oh, boy, I hope it's cookies! (opens up the box to find a sweater but puts it on his head) Alright, another hat.

Grandma: No, Patrick, it's a sweater?

SpongeBob: Huh?

Grandma: With love in every stitch.

SpongeBob: No... (imagines himself in the sweater instead of Patrick. The sweater tears in half) Don't I get a present, Grandma?

Grandma: Oh, I almost forgot. (hands him some office supplies) Here's some office supplies. I didn't wrap them. I knew you wouldn't mind. (clock strikes three again) Uh-oh, three o'clock, time for adults to go to work. Bye-bye, SpongeBob.

(Patrick gets the sweater on) I'll bet you'd fancy a nap, huh, Patrick? (Patrick yawns) You still here, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Uh, I don't need to leave yet. I can be late for work.

Grandma: (puts a blanket over Patrick as he lays on the couch) No, no, no, that wouldn't be the adult thing to do.

SpongeBob: Alright, I guess I'll be going. I've, uh, got a lot of adult-type business to take care of, so, uh, I'll see yah later.

Grandma: Okay, thanks for stopping by, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Yep, that is it. Here I go.

Grandma: Come again if you get the chance. (SpongeBob opens the door)

SpongeBob: Out into the cold, grown-up world alone without a sweater.

Grandma: Toodleloo.

SpongeBob: I don't know when I'll be back.

Grandma: I know how busy you are.

SpongeBob: So, uh... that's it. (Patrick is sleeping)

Grandma: Shh, he's asleep. (SpongeBob slowly closes the door)

SpongeBob: Soo long... (closes the door then opens it with sad eyes. His sideburns fall off) I don't wanna grow up! (holds up a giant cookie and snaps it in half) I want cookies! (holds up a giant bottle) And milky! (wears a sweater) I want a sweater with love in the stitches! (runs around in a diaper putting powder in) I wanna wear diapies! (rides in a wagon) I wanna ride in my wagon! (holds his teddy bear) I wanna cuddle-wuddle with Mr. Snuffykins! (rides his rocking horse with a sailor hat on and a lollipop) I wanna rocky-rock in my seahorse! (holds up his bruised finger) And I want kissy-kissy on my boo-boo! (cries a lot)

Grandma: Take it easy, SpongeBob. (picks up SpongeBob) SpongeBob? SpongeBob? (holds SpongeBob's lips. The house is flooded inside) You don't have to be a baby to get ol' Grandma's love.

SpongeBob: I don't?

Grandma: Of course not. (pulls the plug under the water to drain it) No matter how grown-up you get, you'll always be my little baby boo. (kisses his forehead) And remember, you can kiss your grandma and still be an adult. (hands SpongeBob his sideburns and a cookie) Here you go. (SpongeBob puts on his sideburns and eats the cookie)

SpongeBob: Thanks, Grandma. (bites the cookie) Uh, Grandma, could you not mention this to the guys down at the Krusty Krab?

Grandma: No problem. (hugs SponegBob. Outside, Squidward and friends are laughing)

(SpongeBob walks up to Patrick with a package in his hand)

SpongeBob: Patrick, look. I got my... (he notices Patrick has the same package. He unwraps his to show a reef blower. Patrick unwraps his to show a flower vase. SpongeBob laughs) I'm sorry, Patrick. It's just for a second I thought... (notices Patrick has the same reef blower as he does)

Patrick: Hey, you got the same reef blower as me! (Patrick blows at SpongeBob) Tag, you're it. (SpongeBob laughs. Both run around tagging each other. Patrick blows away a can while SpongeBob blows away a sand sculpture of himself. Patrick switches the blower to 'suck' and sucks off the lines of SpongeBob's pineapple)

SpongeBob: Patrick, you made my house sparkling clean.

Patrick: Sure did.

SpongeBob: We haven't improved Squidward's day yet. Let's do his house! (Patrick sucks up the nose on Squidward's house and laughs) My turn. (SpongeBob sucks up one of the windows. Squidward opens up the other window)

Squidward: What is going on out here?

SpongeBob: We're playing with our new reef blowers!

Squidward: Playing with a reef blower? That is the most childish thing I have ever heard of.

SpongeBob: But it's fun!

Squidward: Fun? How could playing with one of those over-sized hair dryers possibly be fun?

Patrick: Like this... (Patrick sucks the window up. Squidward pulls his nose out of the wall)

Squidward: Chafed. (Squidward opens his front door) Alright, that's... (Patrick sucks up the door)

SpongeBob: Let's do your house, Patrick.

Patrick: Yeah! (the two walk to Pat's rock, and they see Squid digging a hole up to the surface, seeing as how he couldn't exit his house any other way. He jumps out of it, fuming)

SpongeBob: Squidward, you're steaming! You're like a steamed vegetable, only smarter.

Squidward: Put my windows back!

SpongeBob: No problem, Squidward! We're on your side! (the two set their blowers to 'Blow' and aim at Squid's house) Any second now... (all the items fly out of the hoses at once and blow Squid's house to pieces. Debris falls everywhere)

Squidward: SpongeBob, this is the final straw. I am going to move so far away, that I will be able to brag about it. I would- (he is hit on the head with a rock) I would rather tear out my brain stem, carry it into the middle of the nearest four-way intersection, and skip rope with it, then go on living where I do now. (the TV falls to the ground and turns on. On the television is a squid, who looks like Squidward, but with a hair piece. He is in a suit and stands in front of a rainbow)

TV: Hi there! Is this the final straw? Do you want to move so far away, that you can brag about it. Would you rather tear out your brain stem, walk out into the middle of the nearest three-way-

Squidward: Four-way!

TV: Four-way intersection, and skip rope with it, then continue living where you do now? Then move to- (the screen goes to static, as Patrick has changed the channel with a remote)

Patrick: I hate this channel.

Squidward: No! No! (he grabs the remote and changes it back)

TV: -Tentacle Acres! Where happiness is just a suction cup away! (he puts his tentacles together and pops them. The pop echoes. Cut to a large complex, fenced off. There is a golden door, and above it is the sign "Tentacle Acres." Squidward walks to the door, with his clarinet and a few other things. He talks into the intercom on the door)

Squidward: Hello?

Guard: Yes, can I help you?

Squidward: I'm here about the happiness. I'll be moving in now.

Guard: Are you alone?

Squidward: No. I mean, yes. There's nobody with me. Yes, peace and quiet.

Guard: Are you now, or have you ever been, a sponge?

Squidward: No.

Guard: What about a-

Squidward: (cuts him off) No, no starfish. Just a regular, normal, peace-loving- (the door begins to rumble and the gates open, revealing an entire town of houses just like Squidward's. A rainbow is formed. Squid is overjoyed and walks in. He sees squid kids at an ice cream truck) Heaven at last. (he runs into a squid in a purple shirt)

Other Squid: I've seen more alert people in a retirement home.

Squidward: Oh, which way to the Living-without-a-brain seminar? Don't be late.

Other Squid: I've heard better comebacks from a turkey sandwich. (walks off) Get a life! (Squid squints angrily at him, then becomes happy)

Squidward: This place is even better than I expected! (Squid walks down the road, reading off the house numbers) 302, 303 and 304. Beautiful. (he walks in to house 304) And not a pineapple in sight. (he shuts the door. Cut to night, where Squid is in cap, nightshirt, and slipper, going to bed. His clarinet, as always, is next to him) Good night, Clary. Tomorrow, we begin life anew. (the phone rings, startling Squid. Squid answers it) 304 New Life street, Squidward speaking! (he hears SpongeBob on the other end speaking gibberish) There is no way I am moving back there, SpongeBob! I am finally among my own kind. (he hears more garbling) Now goodbye! (he hangs up. Back at Sponge's place, he and Patrick are crushed and exchange gibberish. The next day, Squid walks out of his house and breathes in the fresh air)

Ahh. I think I'll take my bike today. (he takes his bike and rides down the street) I'm my own man. (he runs into that squid from the other day, who is riding in a line of bike riders) Now these neighbors know how to live. (cut to later. Squid parks his bike in front of the "Full of Health" store and walks in and down an aisle) Intensive. Hmm... I bet they won't have- (he gasps and grabs a can) They have it! (we see the can, labeled "Best Thing Since Sliced") Canned bread! This town is great! (he walks out of the store with a bag) I would really be impressed if it had (he slaps his forehead when he sees the building across the street) an interpretive dance academy?! (he runs in, now with headband and leotard, and begins dancing happily with the others, while the other squids aren't as joyful) Yeah! It's even better in a group! (cut to later, Squid is walking down the street) This town is perfect. (he sees a gazebo with three squids playing clarinet) A clarinet trio? (he runs up next to them and begins playing his clarinet. Cut to the next day, Squid walks out again and breathes the fresh air) Ahh, another great day. (he rides his bike down the street and runs into the same bike line) Oh look!

Everybody's on their bike today. (he walks his bike to the "Full of Health" store again and picks up another can of canned bread. Cut to him dancing at the academy) It just gets better and better! (cut to him with the trio) All together! (they all play. Cut to the next day, he walks out of his house, rides his bike, picks up another can, dances, plays, rides his bike, picks up another can, dances, plays, and this continues over and over, but Squid gets less and less happy with this with each passing scene. Eventually, he's really depressed, now playing with the trio) I sorta don't feel like playing my clarinet today. (he walks off. Cut to the next day, Squid sits on a bench in the park, all glum) Yep, this is great. They might as well rename this town "Squidward's Paradise." Or perhaps too much paradise. (he hears a reef blower, Squid picks his head up expecting) SpongeBob? (he sees a squid blowing the leafs with it. The squid then leaves, leaving a sign next to the blower reading, "Back whenever." Squid is tempted, but dismisses it. But it's too much, and he goes over and touches it, setting it off for a second. He giggles. He whistles nonchalantly, and knocks off the sign) Oops. (he then picks up the nozzle and switches it to 'Suck.' His nose gets sucked up, and he switches it back to 'Blow,' freeing himself. His lengthened nose floats over it. He chuckles. A woman squid walking by clears her throat. Squid quickly goes to the lawn) Leaves. Just getting the leaves. (she walks off. Squid takes the blower back to the bench and blows the nozzle on his face, distorting it upward. He blows on his eyelids, distorting them upward. He chuckles. He puts the nozzle under his shirt and blows that up too. He laughs. He points the nozzle to the left and is blown to the other side of the bench. He laughs again. He points the nozzle to the right and is blown off the bench. He laughs all the same. Two squids playing croquet nearby start getting annoyed)

Squidette: Would you pipe down over there, iron lung? (the two start laughing, their foreheads fluctuating up and down as they do. Squid sucks up the croquet balls and the man's stick which he was leaning on. He falls to the ground. Squidward begins to laugh.)

Squidward: Looks like when it comes to having fun, you don't have a leg to stand on! (he continues laughing. The woman helps the man up)

Squidette: Hey! That's not funny!

Man #1: Yeah! (another man walks by, clarinet in hand)

Man #2: What's going on over hear? (the croquet woman points at Squid)

Woman: It's that guy! He's playing with a reef blower!

Man #2: Playing with a reef blower? That's the most childish thing I've ever heard of!

Squidward: But it's fun! (the man laughs)

Man #2: How could you possibly have fun with one of those oversized hair dryers?

Squidward: Like this! (Squid sucks up the man's clarinet, and it gets stuck in the nozzle, playing sour notes. The man screams)

Man #2: Give it back! Please! (Squid blows it back at him, lodging it in the middle of his face like a crease. (Squid laughs and runs off. He approaches a squid on a bike and sticks the nozzle to the "wheel")

Squidward: Tag! You're it! (he blows on it, inflating the squid's head. Squid laughs and runs off. Cut to a 'Le Café' stand, where two guys walk up to it) Le Café

Woman: What can I get you boys? (Squid opens a door on the stand and sucks up the two guys' eyes and noses and blows them back out, but puts two noses on one guy and four eyes on the other guy. He runs off laughing)

Squid: What are you looking at?

Squid #2: Nose. (meanwhile, SpongeBob and Patrick approach the complex)

SpongeBob: Here it is, Patrick. Now we've just got to convince Squidward to come back home. You got the apology cake? (Patrick picks up a cake that reads, 'Sorry.' He puts it back in his pants, revealing a giant cake-shaped bulge in them) We're ready!

Patrick: Ying! (SpongeBob pushes the button on the intercom)

Guard: Hello, can I help you?

Patrick: Can I get a large #1, extra size?

SpongeBob: But you just ate three orders of fried oyster skins. (Patrick opens his mouth, the fumes emerging from it. A foghorn sounds)

Patrick: I love fried oyster skins. (cut to inside the control room, where the Guard: sees SpongeBob and Patrick on one of his monitors)

Guard: We're sorry, but your kind isn't allowed here. (a security guard walks up next to him) He's not leaving, Orville. (the fumes enter the room) You got your night stick ready? (the two smell) Fried oyster skins?! (the two collapse, the

Guard: falling on a button opening the gate)

Patrick: I guess we've got to order inside. (meanwhile, a group of squids are angrily chasing after a happy-go-lucky Squid. He sucks the noses off of three houses whilst running by. SpongeBob and Patrick are walking by when they see Squid run past them)

SpongeBob: Hey! That looked like Squidward! (the mob runs past them) That looked like Squidward also, in angry mob form! (Squid has approached a dead end)

Policeman: Hold it right there, Mr. Tentacles!

Squidward: Stand back! I've got gardening tools! (the policeman hands him an envelope)

Policeman: Here! Just read this! (Squid looks at it)

Squidward: What is it?

Policeman: A well thought out and organized list of complaints! (the mob shout out in agreement. SpongeBob and Patrick walk by)

SpongeBob: Patrick, look! It's Squidward! (he runs up to the guy and hugs him, but he's a different squid with eyebrows and mustache, and a shirt like Squid's) Squidward! We finally found you! (the squid pushes SpongeBob off him)

Angry Squid: Get off me! I'm not Squidward! (pause)

Patrick: Are you Squidward now?

Squidward: Grievances! This town is a grievance! There should be a law against so many stuck-up tightwads living in one place! This city needs to be destroyed!... or at least painted a different color.

Policeman: FYI, you don't have to live here, you know! (Squid, and the crowd, smile)

Squidward: Hey, you're right! (the crowd members' smiles fade) And I'm leaving ASAP! (meanwhile, SpongeBob and Patrick are trying to find Squidward)

SpongeBob: Are you Squidward?

Squid: No. (he walks up to the croquet woman)

SpongeBob: Are you Squidward?

Squidette: No. (Patrick talks to a fire hydrant)

Patrick: Are you Squidward? (pause) That's OK, take your time. (SpongeBob walks up to him)

SpongeBob: Any one of these Squidward's can be the real Squidward, Patrick! (the town rumbles as Squid rockets the reef blower out of Tentacle Acres and laughs maniacally)

Squidward: Freedom! Woo-hoo! (SpongeBob and Patrick watch him fly over the horizon)

SpongeBob: Well, we know one thing: it sure isn't that guy!

Sandy: There we go! (Sandy rakes a pile of leaves in the shape of Texas) SpongeBob, I got all the leaves ra... (steps on piles of leaves still on the ground) SpongeBob, what are all these leaves doing here? You said you were going to rake them!

SpongeBob: (peeks his head out of a pile of leaves he is in) I am raking the leaves.

Sandy: But they're still all over the ground!

SpongeBob: I can't rake any faster. (picks up a leaf and starts scraping it with a tiny rake) These are big leaves! (leaf breaks into more pieces) And they keep breaking into more leaves!

Sandy: (Sandy pushes him away and rakes them herself) Then go scrape the salt lick or somethin'! We got to get this stuff done before it's too late!

SpongeBob: What's the big rush anyway, Sandy?

Sandy: (hanging laundry) I told ya, SpongeBob... (scrubs the birdbath with a toothbrush) I'm hibernating next week.

SpongeBob: Hibernating? What's that?

Sandy: (painting the fence) It's when I go to sleep for the whole winter.

SpongeBob: Can I do that?

Sandy: (chuckles) No, silly. It's a mammalian thing. (paints over SpongeBob's helmet)

SpongeBob: Sandy, you may not have noticed, but I is 100% ma-male.

Sandy: (cleaning her exercise wheel) Enough chitter-chatter, SpongeBob. We don't have much time left!

SpongeBob: Why, Sandy? When does your... carburation begin? (Sandy jumps down, pulling down a giant calender with a giant x on the 8th)

Sandy: In one week!

SpongeBob: But Sandy, that only gives us... (counts then gasps) 168 more hours of playtime!

Sandy: Yes. You're telling me. And there's still so much stuff to do! We gotta climb some things over nine.

SpongeBob: Climb.

Sandy: We gotta jump off of stuff.

SpongeBob: Jump.

Sandy: We gotta ride.

SpongeBob: Ride.

Sandy: I don't wanna go to sleep yet!

SpongeBob: Wait Sandy! (Sandy starts to sob)

Sandy: I can't burn carbs in my sleep!

SpongeBob: Sandy?

Sandy: What?

SpongeBob: Sandy, I'm willing to sacrifice any of my time that I haven't already sold to Mr. Krabs to you.

Sandy: Well, I'm glad, SpongeBob, 'cause for the next seven days, it's gonna be you, me, and these sweatbands! (holds them up. Bubble-wipe to Sand Mountain. Sandy is riding a giant clam shell smashing through a sign) Yee-haw! (sliding down the mountain so fast she is now on fire. She rides past a fish with a backpack on his back. When she goes past him, he drops to the ground and rolls around because he is on fire. She then rides past a man and a woman. The man turns into a child and the woman is now wearing jogging outfit when Sandy slides past them both. The woman looks at him)

Fish #1: Uh... I can explain. (Sandy flips in mid-air, still on fire)

Sandy: I'm hotter than a hickory-smoked sausage! (SpongeBob slides down the mountain with his tongue. Two children are making a snowman out of sand)

Girl: Maybe, if we sing that song, he'll come to life.

Boy: Ready?

Both: (singing) Oh, there once was a sandman... (SpongeBob rides into the sandman)

SpongeBob: Life's as extreme as you want to make it! (jumps off the mountain) Whoo-hoo!

Girl: Maybe we didn't sing it right. (SpongeBob falls toward the ground. When he hits it, two bones are sticking out)

SpongeBob: Yep. (cut to Sandy and SpongeBob standing outside Sandy's treedome) Whew, go to the diner? (pulls out his right arm and shows its damages) I'm going to be feeling this tomorrow. (his arm falls to the ground) Yeah.

Sandy: I got to say, I'm impressed with you, SpongeBob. You're making this the best pre-hibernation week ever.

SpongeBob: Well, I'd better get home before Gary chews up the sofa again. (sighs as he lifts up his left leg and moves it alternately with the other over to his house. Later, it's nighttime and he is finally crawling into bed) Good night, Gary. (falls asleep. Then Sandy pushes a button which launches SpongeBob out of his bed. SpongeBob notices he's flying above Bikini Bottom and screams as he falls into a lake. SpongeBob is now a block of ice. Sandy jumps in and becomes a block of ice)

Sandy: Nothing like a refreshing morning dip, huh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (shivering) W-what h-happened to s-sleeping? (Sandy pulls down a calendar)

Sandy: I'll be asleep all winter! We only got three days for fun. (swims away) Well, hurry now! The giant clams like to feed at this hour! (transition to SpongeBob lifting a bowling ball into a tube. Sandy blows her whistle and SpongeBob runs to the end and picks up a few jacks before the bowling ball hits him on his head. Sandy does the same thing but the bowling ball cracks her helmet) Isn't this great?

SpongeBob: Yeah! I've never played extreme jacks before! (transition to Sandy and SpongeBob with giant Q-tips)

Sandy: Okay, SpongeBob, this one's going to be fun. We just whack each other with these giant ear cleaners 'til one of us falls off. (lifts hers up) On your mark... get set...

SpongeBob: Sandy, are you sure we're supposed to be standing up here?

Sandy: Go! (hits SpongeBob off the building. SpongeBob lands on a fire hydrant. Sandy rides up on a two-seated bike) Come on, SpongeBob. We're goin' for a tandem ride through the park!

SpongeBob: Gee, that sounds safe! I mean, fun. (gets up but leaves a piece of himself on the fire hydrant. He jumps on the bike) Okay, I'm ready! (SpongeBob gasps when he sees them riding out of Bikini Bottom) I thought you said we were riding through the park, Sandy.

Sandy: I did, SpongeBob, the industrial park. (they ride into a giant factory) This is where the real action is! (they pedal up a ladder) Come on pedal! (Sandy pedals on barbed wire) This part gets pretty technical! Yee-haw! Now for the speed course. Hold on! (they ride through a conveyor belt with a giant crunching mouth at the end) I hope we make it. (bike begins to fall to the ground fast. SpongeBob screams) I'm havin' fun, too. (as they hit the ground, SpongeBob melts into a puddle. Sandy tosses a fishing rod on him) Wake up, slowpoke. (scene scrolls over to show a plane) We're going fly-fishin'. (rimshot)

SpongeBob: (thinking) This squirrel's trying to kill me. Any more of these stunts and I'll be reduced to a puddle! (sees his shoe floating) Wait a minute, I've got to talk my way out of this. Sandy, I think I need to tell you something.

Sandy: What is it?

SpongeBob: Well, it's just that I'm feeling sort of... (his mouth melts away from his eyes. Pulls it back up) I just feel like maybe I need to... (his mouth melts away again. Sandy puts her hand over his mouth)

Sandy: Hold that thought, SpongeBob! 'Cause it's time for a down-home favorite! (holds up a piece of hay) Find the hay in the needle stack! (throws it in a giant pile of needles. Cut to inside the needle pile where SpongeBob is covered in needles and still getting poked with them)

SpongeBob: OWWCH!

Sandy: Did you find it?

SpongeBob: Not yet.

Sandy: Well, I'm going to look over here.

SpongeBob: You do that. (SpongeBob digs a hole underground then emerges)

Sandy: Found it, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob runs away) Come on. Best two out of three.

SpongeBob: Got to hide. Got to hide. Home? No. Gary can't keep a secret. (looks at Patrick's rock) Under a rock! It's so original. (as he jumps for the rock, his pants get stuck)

Sandy: SpongeBob?! (SpongeBob struggles to get free and eventually does but leaves his pants stuck on the plant) SpongeBob? (SpongeBob slides under the rock and watches from underground. Sandy walks up to SpongeBob's pants) Where are you, little square dude? (gasps) SpongeBob's tie! And all his other little dressins! But... but... he always folds his clothes before running around in the nude! Something terrible must have happened to him! (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab where customers are eating. Sandy swings the doors open) Alright, listen up, y'all! I'm rounding up a search party! SpongeBob's gone missing! (Squidward smiles at Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: Man the lifeboats!

Sandy: Alpha Team, you search uptown. Gold Team searches downtown. Any questions?

Frank: Gold Team rules!

Sandy: Now get movin'! (everyone runs out. Cut to Fred putting up a lost poster. Cut to Sandy and a few other fish stills earching) Come on! He could be anywhere in these sulfur fields! (Clay looks in a spout)

Clay: Hey, SpongeBob! (a blast of sulfur hits him in the face) Well... at least I still have my personality. (cut to Sandy and two fish by a cave)

Sandy: Check in this here moist cave! (Old Man Jenkins, Scooter and Nathaniel walk in shouting for SpongeBob then run out, away from a giant fish monster)

Sandy: Status Report!

Man: He's not in the poison sea urchin cove.

Sandy: Well, look again!

Vera: He's not in the leech farm!

Sandy: Well, look again!

Squidward: He's not in my thoughts.

Sandy: Well, THINK again! (cut to Sandy talking into a megaphone) Attention Bikini Bottom, the time has come to double, no, triple our efforts.

Squidward: How about a break? We've been at it for days!

Debbie: Think about the children!

Sandy: That's a good idea! Use the children to crawl into small places you couldn't normally reach.

Frank: (whispering to Sadie) This is a load of barnacles.

Sandy: I heard that! No one's going anywhere until we find SpongeBob.

Frank: Uh... uh, wait, here he is! (picks up Francis)

Sandy: That ain't SpongeBob! SpongeBob is square! (Frank squeezes Francis into a square)

Francis: I'm ready! I'm ready!

Sandy: No, you ain't! (Clay holds a box of Kelp-0)

Clay: I found SquareBob!

Sandy: That's just a cereal box. Besides, he's yellow.

Charlie: (holds up a banana) Uh... here he is! Hey, can I go home now?

Tina: (points up) Oh, look! He's up in the sky! (Sandy looks up)

Sandy: He's not...huh? (everyone is gone) They must have gone to search some more. (Sandy continues searching for SpongeBob) SpongeBob, where are you? (lifts up a house) You under there? (lifts up another house) Nope. (lifts up another house where the fish from before is at)

Fish #1: (wearing suspenders and a propeller cap, has a lollipop and is sitting on a tricycle) Uhh, I can explain. (then to Sandy, cut to Patrick's rock where a lot of eyes are under it)

Fish #9: That squirrel's gone crazy.

Woman: But she'll never look under a rock.

SpongeBob: (laughs) You said it! Sandy'll never find us! (everyone's eyes look over to the end of the rock. SpongeBob is thrown out of the rock) Hey wait, you don't understand.

Squidward:(imitates SpongeBob) Oh look, it is I, SpongeBob, out here in the open! (Sandy turns around)

Sandy: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (screams. Bangs on the rock) C'mon, let me back in! You don't understand! (Sandy hugs SpongeBob)

Sandy: Oh, SpongeBob, I was so worried. I thought something terrible happened! (grabs his arm) Come on. There's just enough time to go atom smashing. (Sandy runs but SpongeBob is not moving)

SpongeBob: Sandy, wait!

Sandy: There's no time to wait! Hibernation! (pulls on SpongeBob's arm)

SpongeBob: Sandy, you've got to make time. This is important! (Sandy lets go of SpongeBob's arm) I am a man. (holds up a razor) OK Sandy, I... I... I... I... I can't play with you anymore! (cries) I just can't take the games. They're tearing me apart! (rips off his nose and throws it on the ground then holds onto Sandy's legs) There, I said it! Now just promise we

can still be friends! Please, Sandy! I...Sandy? (notices Sandy asleep and laughs) I never thought I'd say it, but thank Neptune for hibernation! (laughs then falls asleep like he is hibernating. Pan over to Patrick arriving with a bag of groceries and notices a bunch of eyes under his rock)

Patrick: Who are you people?!

(Open at the Krusty Krab. It's only a shot of the building. A voice comes on from the television playing inside the K.K.)

TV Announcer: And now, back to Crustacean Crime Theatre!

(Cut to shot of B/W TV show with a crustacean sleeping on the ocean floor wearing a traditional crab shell called a hermit crab. A bigger crab shows up, laughing menacingly, and steals the little crab's shell. The little crab wakes up suddenly. The bigger crab runs away.)

Little Crab: Stop! Thief!

(Some policemen show up.)

Cop #1: Which way where me times

Little Crab: Uh Oh

(The policemen run after the thief and catch him. Cut to shot of jail bars going down with the crab little crab behind it)

(Cut to shot of Mr. Krabs, SpongeBob and Patrick watching the tv)

Mr. Krabs: What a no-good eel-in-a-kelp that guy was. There ain't nothing worse than a thief. Thieves need to be locked up forever. They should all be strung up by their gills and forced to breathe air.

SpongeBob: But, Mr. Krabs, what about all the stuff you stole?

Mr. Krabs: What do you mean?

SpongeBob: (points to barrel Mr. Krabs is standing on) Like that barrel. It says property of Salty Sea Farms.

Mr. Krabs: (jumps off of barrel) Oh, that's where I rent me pickles from.

SpongeBob: Are you renting the barrel, too?

Mr. Krabs: Well, no.

SpongeBob: Then you bought it?

Mr. Krabs: No.

SpongeBob: Then, isn't that stealing?

Mr. Krabs: Well, I, uhh...

Patrick: (holds up a hot boiling towel from the "Sizzling Spring Sauna") What about this towel from the Sizzling Spring Sauna?

Mr. Krabs: Umm...

SpongeBob: (holds up phone)...And this Bikini Bell phone?

Mr. Krabs: Well, I...

Patrick: (holds up hedge clippers) ...And Sandy's hedge clippers?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, there...

SpongeBob: (holds up mini-lawn mower) ...And Plankton's lawn mower?

Mr. Krabs: Well, he...

SpongeBob: (holds up hair curlers) Even Mr.s. Puff's hair curlers?

Mr. Krabs: (grabs it) That one was a gift! Listen, all that stuff is, uhh, borrowed!

SpongeBob: Borrowed? Well, that's a relief. I thought you took it without permission.

Mr. Krabs: Ahh, permission's permission. You can borrow anything you want, anytime, as long as if you give it back before it's missed. Everyone knows that. Right?

SpongeBob & Patrick: (raises fist in air) O.k.

Mr. Krabs: All right then! (Hugs them) Hugs! (Shoves them out of the K.K.) You put in a hard day's work, boys.

Patrick: But I don't work here!

Mr. Krabs: See you later! (Takes out Mrs. Puff's hair curlers) Oh, that was a close one.

(Bubbles go up as the scene changes to Bikini Bottom Park, where people are frolicking and gamboling around. SpongeBob and Patrick walk around slouching, making them look like idiots'. They talk like one, too.)

SpongeBob: What do you want to do today?

Patrick: I don't know. What do you want to do today?

SpongeBob: I don't know. What do you want to do today?

Patrick: I don't know. What do you want to do today?

SpongeBob: I don't know. What do you want to do today?

(Patrick stops after SpongeBob)

Patrick: Wait SpongeBob. Is there store balloons (gasp) I know what I want to do today! I need some money. (Patrick looks in both his empty pockets, and then decides to look in his belly button. All that is there are some lint, a paper clip and a ticket) Oh, I don't have any money! (Pleading to SpongeBob) SpongeBob! I want a balloon really, really badly! (His eye veins start growing.) REALLY, REALLY BADLY! (Backs off)

SpongeBob: It's okay, Patrick. There's lots of money in the First National Bank of SpongeBob. (Makes a rainbow appear out of nowhere. They jump on the rainbow and travel to the other side, where a black pot can be found. SpongeBob picks it up and turns it over. Nothing.)

SpongeBob: Uh oh, I'm broke, too. Maybe we could borrow money from Squidward?

'Patrick': No, wait! Instead of borrowing the money, why don't we just borrow the balloon!?

SpongeBob: Yeah, like Mr. Krabs!

Patrick: It's just borrowing, right?

SpongeBob: Yeah, and borrowing is okay as long as we bring it back, right?

'Patrick: Right!

(SpongeBob swiftly, but smoothly grabs the balloon while the balloon salesman gives a kid a balloon. They run off to the city to play with it.)

Patrick: This is so great!

SpongeBob: We're going to have so much fun! First we can run with the balloon!

Patrick: Yeah, then we can go to the beach with the balloon!

SpongeBob: Yeah, then we can take a bike ride with the balloon, then we can go to the movies and the arcade and the zoo and the ice rink and the pizza shop!

Patrick: And the moon and the sky and under a car, behind the dumpster!

SpongeBob: And the candy shop!

Patrick: And then my backyard!

SpongeBob: And in a plane!

Patrick: And over a rock!

SpongeBob: And under a hill!

Patrick: And with a whale!

SpongeBob and Patrick: We love borrowing!

(Before SpongeBob and Patrick can do anything about it, an unseen archer pops the balloon with a bow and arrow. Both of them look flabbergasted and sullen.)

SpongeBob and Patrick: (both imitate the others facial expressions) Sing' A Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as float

Patrick: How are we going to return it now SpongeBob!?

SpongeBob: (On the ground, picking up the balloon shards) I got the pieces!

Patrick: (put his hands in the, umm, "air") I got the air!

SpongeBob and Patrick: (The two hectically try to put the two components back together, but can't.) No More, I Need It!

SpongeBob: We popped the balloon! We can't return it! We're thieves! We have to confess?!

Patrick: Confess? Are you out of your mind? Do you have any idea what they do to people like us? We're not talking about some dumb mail fraud scheme or a highjacking here, WE STOLE A BALLOON! And they're going to lock us up forever!

SpongeBob: (covering Patrick's mouth so no one can hear him) You're right, we've just got to keep our heads. Act normal.

(They start acting stupid, body jumping on the ground, wailing and pulling their selves by their tongue)

Pedestrian: Wow, street performers!

(A crowd gathers around admiring the show)

SpongeBob and Patrick: (yelling) It's not working!

Squidward (offscreen) I really thought it would work.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Ah!

(They run away, smacking into the balloon cart)

Lou: Hi there!

(They scream and run away. The salesman looks confused)

Lou: Hey! Don't you want a free balloon? It's National Free Balloon Day!

(Cut to SpongeBob and Patrick running)

Patrick: He's onto us!

SpongeBob: It's not safe for Bikini Bottom anymore. We've got to move fast and cover our tracks.

Patrick: (running while carrying a can of red paint and making a line of red paint on the sand) I'm on it, SpongeBob!

(Cut to the top of a cliff outside of Bikini Bottom. SpongeBob and Patrick are looking at the whole B.B. saddened)

SpongeBob: Take a last look Patrick. We can never go back.

Patrick: (waving) Good-bye Bikini Bottom.

SpongeBob: (picking up hobo stick) We've only got ourselves and what we can carry on our backs.

Patrick: (Picks up stick with the cloth wrapped around his rock house) Yeah.

SpongeBob: We're going to have to travel lighter.

(They walk off into the sunset. Cut to next scene. SpongeBob and Patrick are sitting next to a burning fire)

Patrick: I want to go home.

SpongeBob: We can never go home, Pat; We're wanted men. We'll spend the rest of our lives running...running, but at least it's warmer on the fire.

Patrick: Hey, if we're underwater, how could there be a...

(The fire dissolves)

Patrick: I'm scared, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: No more nice, warm beds.

Patrick: Uhh!

SpongeBob: (saddened) No more Krabby Patties. No more getting mail/nailed. No more Gary. No more movies. No more Squidward. No more Sandy or Pearl or Mr. Krabs. No more anything!

Patrick: (crying) I want ice cream!

SpongeBob: (sniffing) But it doesn't have to be all bad, right? I mean, at least we have each other.

Patrick: (losing sadness) Yeah!

SpongeBob: And all that running is good for your buns and thighs, right?

(A picture of a strong, muscular man shows up. He is wearing shirt nothing but blood-styled pant.)

Muscleman: Yeah! Buns and thighs!

(Back to fire scene)

Patrick: And the bitter cold, it's bracing, isn't it?

SpongeBob: (looking like a cubic snowman) Yeah! Maybe being a felon could be...(breaks out of snowman) ...fun! (Loosening tie) We can loosen our ties.

Patrick: Yeah! (Unloosens tie from his head. The tie was wrapped tightly on his temple. The air bubble stuck in there deflates. Patrick jumps, waving his hands) And we can fly!

SpongeBob: (jumping) Yeah!

(SpongeBob jumps too close to the edge of the cliff and falls screaming and hit's the ground with a thud)

SpongeBob: (echoing from the bottom) Okay, we can't still do that. (Coming back to Patrick) But we don't have to shave.

Patrick: I'm way ahead of you buddy (shows SpongeBob his hairy legs)

SpongeBob: And you get to talk tough! (Transforming his head into a 10-gallon hat, imitating a cowboy) This town ain't big enough for the two of us.

Patrick: Uh, let me try: Uh...hey punk! (Laughing at himself)

SpongeBob: And the best part is: now that we're felons, we don't have to return anything we borrowed!

Both: (jumping for joy) Yeah!

Patrick: (points to SpongeBob) And we owe it all to you.

SpongeBob: What are you talking about? Taking the balloon was your evil plan.

Patrick: Doh, I'm nothing but a lot of talk, you're the one with the sticky fingers.

SpongeBob: Ahh, Patrick, you're the best bad influence ever.

Patrick: You, too! (Hugs) Oh, and one more thing, I wish we had something to eat, though.

SpongeBob: (taking two chocolate bars out of his pants) Look what I've got!

Patrick: (cheering) Rectangles!

SpongeBob: Not just any rectangles... candy bars! (Patrick stares at it, amazed)

Patrick: Ohh!

SpongeBob: All we have to do is make them last for the rest of our lives! (Gives one to Patrick)

Patrick: Thanks SpongeBob! (Stupidly) I think I'll eat it now! (Takes big bite of the still-wrapped chocolate bar, finishes the rest and then sighs) I think I'll eat it now! (Takes another big bite, but realizes it's just his hand) Ow! Where'd my candy bar go? (Starts digging in sand) I must have dropped it!

SpongeBob: You just ate it Pat. It's all over your face.

Patrick: (still looking) Where'd it go?! I'm gonna to starve! (Digs a big hole) Where'd it go?!

(The sand from Patrick's digging-like-a-dog covers SpongeBob. Patrick's head pops up under SpongeBob)

Patrick: I can't find it! Where could it possibly be?! (Looks up and sees SpongeBob with his candy bar) Ah hah!

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: (jumps out of the hole, points at SpongeBob) You stole my candy bar!

SpongeBob: No, I didn't.

Patrick: Oh, so that's how it is, huh? Once a thief always a thief.

SpongeBob: You ate yours. (points to his candy bar) This is mine.

Patrick: You took my only food! (camera pans down to show Patrick's stomach blasting with cellulite) Now I'm going to starve!

SpongeBob: (nicely) Here Patrick, just take half of mine.

Patrick: Yours? You mean mine!

SpongeBob: Do you want it or what?

Patrick: I don't want it unless you admit you took it!

SpongeBob: This is my candy bar!

Patrick: Liar, liar, pants for hire!

SpongeBob: It's pants on fire Patrick.

Patrick: Well, you would know, liar.

SpongeBob: Well, if you're going to be that way, I'll eat it myself!

Patrick: You'd better not.

(SpongeBob rips open the wrapper)

Patrick: (fiercely) I'm warning you!

(SpongeBob takes the candy bar closer to his mouth swaying his tongue up and down)

Patrick: Don't!

(SpongeBob moves his tongue closer, barely touching the bar.)

Patrick: Stop it!

(SpongeBob chomps lightly on the bar)

Patrick: Don't! Ohh!

(SpongeBob puts the bar in his wide opened mouth, his two teeth go across the surface of the bar, making a string line of chocolate)

Patrick: Ahh!

(SpongeBob puts the bar in his, what would be, ear holes and moves them left to right)

Patrick: No!

(SpongeBob licks the bar all around while Patrick screams. Then SpongeBob eats the bar.)

Patrick: (angrily turns red) You're a crazy person! I should have expected this after the way you stole that balloon.

SpongeBob: Did I, Patrick, did I? Or did your criminal mind hypnotize me to steal it?

Patrick: Ohh, that's it.

(Patrick stomps his foot down on the firewood. The fire lights up again. Patrick screams.)

Patrick: First the balloon, now my candy bar. You're out of control. I... (menacingly) I'm telling on you!

SpongeBob: (gasps) Not if I tell on you first! (runs away, toward the direction of the B.B. police department)

Patrick: I'll beat you there. (runs)

(The two are in a daftly race to the police department)

SpongeBob: You're going to get in trouble.

Patrick: No, you are!

(The two finally reach the B.B.P.D. gasping. They going inside and all start to talk at once.)

Officer Durado: What can I do for you boys?

Both: (they look at each other) We stole a balloon! (they start crying)

(the policeman looks at them, confused. The second policeman comes up)

Officer Malley: What's the problem here?

Officer Durado: Well, it appears these two stole a balloon.

SpongeBob: (still crying) What are you going to do to us?

(The policemen, uh, policefish whisper to each other)

Officer Duraldo: Okay, follow me.

(The two are taking into cell 2A and the door is shut on them.) If you can't do the time, don't do the crime. (pauses for a few) Okay, time's up. (opens cell) Now, get out.

SpongeBob: But... But...(yelling) We stole a balloon.

Officer Malley: Yeah, on Free Balloon Day! (laughs with coMr.ade)

(SpongeBob and Patrick are dumbfounded. Cut to scene: Outside of the B.B.P.D.)

Officer Durado: (brings out lollipops) How about some lollipops for the roads, boys?

(They take them)

SpongeBob: Let's vow not to borrow anything without permission again.

Patrick: You said it.

(They put both their together, but Patrick's is already eaten. Patrick's mouth is covered with some lollipop residue.)

Patrick: All right! Which one of you flatfoots stole my lollipop? (Everyone starts laughing.) I mean it!

Music: "Christmas Theme Song"

Ready for Christmas, kids?

Aye-aye, Captain!

I can't hear you

Aye aye, Captain!

Oooh...

Who lives in a pineapple under the sea?

SpongeBob SquarePants

Absorbent and yellow and porous is he

SpongeBob SquarePants

If nautical nonsense be something you wish

SpongeBob SquarePants

Then drop on the deck and flop like a fish

SpongeBob SquarePants

SpongeBob SquarePants

SpongeBob SquarePants

SpongeBob SquarePants

It's the SpongeBob Christmas Special!

Fa la la la la la la la la la la....

(pan over live-action houses)

Narrator: And now, direct from Encino, America's favorite pirate and president of the SpongeBob SquarePants fan club, Patchy the Pirate. (the exterior of Patchy's house is shown. The name "Patchy" appears. Inside, Patchy is wrapping presents)

Patchy: (to the tune of "Jingle Bells") Yo ho ho, yo ho ho, yo ho ho ho ho ho. (he notices he's on air) Oh! Hi. (he waves) I'm Patchy the Pirate, president of the SpongeBob SquarePants fan club! (he notices a long piece of confetti on his hook and tries to shake it off. He pulls on it and whacks himself in the eye, giving him a black eye. He switches his patch over to the other eye) Hey, that's better! (Potty, a puppet bird on strings, flies in)

Potty: [squawk] Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Patchy: That's right, Potty! It is Christmas. (he limps over to the fireplace) And there ain't nothing better in the seven seas than a Bikini Bottom Christmas. It sure is a magical time of year. (he blows on his pipe, and bubbles emerge) Why, I'll bet old SpongeBob is gearing up for Santa Claus right now! (he picks up a picture of SpongeBob. Cut to SpongeBob, holding a remote)

SpongeBob: I sure am! (he presses a button on the remote. A large chimney rises from the ground next to his house, and a gigantic funnel pops out of it with the words "Welcome Santa" in neon letters) I'm ready! (Patchy laughs)

Patchy: Not bad for a creature with no vertebrae. (he puts down Sponge's picture) And I'm sure our pal Patrick is doing his share of the decorating. (he picks up a picture of Patrick. Cut to Patrick standing by his house with a dopey smile on his face. Zoom out to reveal a single Xmas ball hanging from the antenna on top of his rock. It snaps off and hits the ground, and Patrick does as well. Now, Patchy is mixing cookie dough) I too am also preparing for Christmas. (he lifts up the mixer) Hmm, unbaked cookie dough! (he takes a lick) Mmm...

Potty: (squawk) Potty want cookie dough! (he flies over, squawking) Cookie! (Patchy ducks)

Patchy: Potty! No! (Potty flies back and forth)

Potty: Cookie! (squawk)

Patchy: Get out of here!

Potty: Cookie!

Patchy: Potty!

Potty: (squawk) Give me a lick!

Patchy: Back off, you flying freak! (Potty flies on the counter)

Potty: (squawk) Clarify please.

Patchy: (The Cookie Dough is shaped like SpongeBob and Patrick was shown) This here cookie dough is for the children, not for pesky parrots and other animals. (cut to Hans reaching over and ringing a bell. Patchy looks out the window) What's that? Three bells! Well, we all know what three bells means!

Children: (off-screen) Free ice cream! (Patchy laughs)

Patchy: No, you silly livers! (sternly) No!

Potty: (squawk) Man overboard? (Patchy walks over to a desk)

Patchy: You, I'm ignoring. (he sits down) No, it means it's time to open fan letters! (Potty flies over with a letter in his beak)

Potty: (squawk) Here you go! (Patchy tugs at it)

Patchy: Thank you, Potty. (Potty's not letting go) Yeah. OK Potty, thank you! (Potty squawks, still not letting go) Come on, give it, you birdbrain! (Potty squawks some more) Quiet, infernal bird! (he uses his hook, now with a pair of scissors on the end, to snip Potty's rope. Potty squawks and falls to the ground. Patchy nods) Hmm. [he sits back down) This letter comes to us from...

Fish Head: (as voiceover) Name and address with elf! (Patchy tears the envelope open, pieces of it flying all over the place. (He pulls up his eye patch and replaces it with a pair of reading glasses with one eye covered up)

Patchy: And he writes, "Dear SpongeBob, I am ten years old, and I was wondering if you like Christmas as much as I do. Sincerely yours..."

Fish Head: (as voiceover) Name and address with elf! (Patchy gets up and takes off his glasses. Now his eye patch is now back on)

Patchy: A very good question. But you know, they didn't always celebrate Christmas in Bikini Bottom.

Potty: (squawk) They didn't?

Patchy: No sir, my fine feathered little neck pain. (he pulls down Potty's strings. Potty, as well as its puppeteer, falls to the ground. Patchy hangs a homemade Sponge ornament on a Xmas tree. Zoom out, showing the entire X-mas tree, which is decorated with many similar Sponge, as well as ornaments featuring Pat and Squid, and a few gift boxes) There was a time when no one had even heard of Christmas in Bikini Bottom. (he snaps his fingers) Hey! Who wants to hear the story of SpongeBob's very first Christmas? (cut to Potty, who looks very drowsy and with bloodshot eyes. Patchy turns around) Potty?! (he sees an empty bowl of cookie dough, accompanied by a foghorn noise) You ate all me cookie dough! (we see Potty is now incredibly fat. The whole lower half of his body, along with their strings, fall off, leaving only his head)

Potty: Squ-ouch! (Patchy shrugs)

Patchy: Oh well! On with the show!

(We see Sponge waiting on a hill near Sandy's treedome)

SpongeBob: (laughs) Today, I'm gonna sneak up and get that Sandy with a super sneaky karate move. (practices karate)

SpongeBob: What diabolical act is she committing now? (Sandy plugs in Christmas lights) Fire! Don't worry, Sandy, I'm coming! Stand back, Sandy, fire! (instead of throwing water on tree...throws it on Sandy) Huh? I guess there's no fire?

Sandy: What in the name of the Alamo is wrong with you, SpongeBob? Ain't you never seen a Christmas tree before?

SpongeBob: Christmas who?

Sandy: What?! Ya'll never heard of Christmas?

SpongeBob: Is she a friend from Texas?

Sandy: (laughs) No. I can't believe you have heard of... (makes an adorable face) ...Christmas.

SpongeBob: Tell me more about this... (imitates Sandy) ...Christmas.

Patchy: And so, Sandy wove the magical tale of gumdrops and pennywhistles. She told of toy-making elves and flying reindeer. But best of all, she told of the one they call, Santa Claus.

(At Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: And everyone pretends to like the fruitcake.

Squidward: Yawn.

SpongeBob: But the best part is you can write a letter to this guy, Santa Claus, and tell him what you want, and when he comes he brings it to you.

Patrick: Just like a genie.

Mr. Krabs: I dunno about you, lubbers, but any fella who's giving away free stuff, is a friend o' mine.

SpongeBob: That's the spirit, Mr. Krabs. (grabs a piece of paper) Here you go! You can get started on your letter.

Squidward: I can't believe anybody would celebrate a holiday where a jolly prowler breaks into your house and leaves gifts.

Patrick: Like a genie.

Mr. Krabs: Pipe down, Squidward. I'm trying to concentrate. This thing is as good as a blank check direct from the First National Bank of Santa Claus.

Squidward: Oh, brother.

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: Ok, who's next?

Patrick: Ooh, ooh, me, me!

Squidward: Ooh.

SpongeBob: Here you go, Patrick.

Patrick: There's no words on this paper.

SpongeBob: Not yet.

Patrick: Yippee! A writing stick.

SpongeBob: C'mon, Squidward. Write a letter.

Squidward: SpongeBob, grow up will ya? No one's going to give me a gift just because I write them a stupid letter. (Patrick's letter tears in half)

Patrick: SpongeBob, I ripped my paper. Could I have another one?

SpongeBob: Sure, buddy. Here you go. Okie dokie, Squid... (Patrick rips his again) ...ward.

Patrick: Uhh, SpongeBob... (hands him another piece) Thanks. (sits down and starts writing with the paper on top of the pencil) Dear Sant... (paper rips) Doh! Not again.

SpongeBob: Here, Patrick, watch me. Dear Santa, what do I want for Christmas, you ask? All I want is for you to visit gentle folk in Bikini Bottom. That is my wish. (puts the letter in a bottle) Patrick, I designed this mechanism specifically to shoot bottles to the surface. The hopes of everyone rests on the success of its maiden voyage. Fire in the hole! (bottle shoots up to the surface) Patrick: Santa! Haha. Where's Santa?

SpongeBob: Santa doesn't come till Christmas Eve.

Mr. Krabs: Ok, boy, my demands, I mean, uhh, my letter, is ready to go.

SpongeBob: Great, Mr. Krabs. What did you wish for?

Mr. Krabs: A pony.

SpongeBob: Really?

Mr. Krabs: With saddle bags full of money! (shoots a bottle up to the surface)

Patrick: Here you go, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: What did you wish for, Patrick?

Patrick: Another piece of paper. (bottle shoots up to the surface)

SpongeBob: And what did you wish for, little girl?

Little Girl: Front teeth.

Cowboy: I could use a new hat.

Middle-Age Lady: I need a new hairstyle.

Elderly Man: How about a glass of water for my teeth. (lots of bottles get shot up to the surface)

Squidward: Excuse me, coming through, out of the way.

SpongeBob: Great, Squidward, you finished. What's your wish?

Squidward: My wish is that the people of Bikini Bottom will stop paying any attention to the insane dribble that is constantly streaming out of this dunderhead's mouth.

SpongeBob: Gee, Squidward, maybe Santa will bring me a dictionary so I can understand what you just said. Ok, everybody, we've got a lot to do now that we've summoned Santa Claus. We must ready ourselves for his arrival.

Everyone: Hooray!

Music: "The Very First Christmas to Me"

It's shaping up to be a wonderful holiday.
Not your normal, average, everyday.
Sounds like someone felled my old coral tree!
SpongeBob, Patrick, why'd you do this to me!?
The world feels like it's in loverly!
Go away before I harm you bodily!
This Christmas feels like the very first Christmas to me!

There'll be shopping, decorating, and plenty of snow!
Hey, Patrick, who's that under the mistletoe?
What? Who, me? Would you look at the time, I should go!

People seem a little more brotherly!
Here's a little something to you from me!
Even all the trash, on Christmas it smells so sweetly!
This Christmas feels like the very first Christmas to me!

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

What do you want? Can't you see that I'm busy!?
Step outside, we've got something for you to see!
SpongeBob, Patrick, take this stuff down immediately!
Chestnuts roasting and burns in the third degree!

Tonight things are as good as they seem to be!
A star on top will complete all the scenery!
This Christmas feels like the very first Christmas to me!
This Christmas feels like the very first Christmas to me!

Patchy: Is Squidward right? Can there be a Christmas under the sea? Stay tuned! (shaking, putting his hand and hook upon his ears) (later) It's about time you got back! Now I can finish me story! So, SpongeBob was sending the last of the letters to Santa...

Citizen: I hope he can read Portuguese.

SpongeBob: Ahh, that's the last letter. Huh? Wait! Squidward hasn't written his letter yet. (runs to Squidward with a pencil and paper in hand) Squidward! Hurry! Squidward, Squidward! Hurry! (runs into Squidward's house and upstairs to have him write his letter)

Squidward: SpongeBob, what are you doing?

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Squidward. I'll help you get started. (writes letter for Squidward) Dear Santa Claus...

Squidward: SpongeBob, forget it.

SpongeBob: Right, too formal. Hi Santa...

Squidward: SpongeBob, no.

SpongeBob: Howdy, Claus?

Squidward: (pushes SpongeBob out his door) I'm not writing a letter to a figment of your imagination.

SpongeBob: But, Squidward, when Santa comes, you'll be the only one without a gift.

Squidward: SpongeBob, how many times do I have to say it? I don't believe in Santa Claus!!

SpongeBob: C'mon, Squid, all you have to do is write a letter. What have you got to lose?

Squidward: My self-respect. My sanity. My lunch. (closes door)

SpongeBob: Squidward, c'mon. (everyone tries to get Squidward outside)

Citizens: C'mon, Squidward. Don't be a party pooper. C'mon out.

Squidward: (pokes his head out his window) Santa Claus is a big phony! SpongeBob has got you all fooled.

SpongeBob: C'mon, Squidward. C'mon! (closes window and gets in bed)

Squidward: Those idiots are gonna be up all night while I get a full night's sleep. (tries to sleep but the singing outside wakes him up)

Music: Bikini Bottom "Santa's Coming Tonight"

Oh, Santa's coming tonight, tonight.
Santa's coming tonight.

Santa's coming tonight, tonight.
Santa's coming tonight.

C'mon everybody. Let's sing till Santa gets here.

Oh, Santa's coming tonight, tonight.
Santas coming tonight.

Santa's coming tonight, tonight.
Santa's coming...

(its morning and they are tired)

Santa's coming tonight, tonight.
Santa's coming tonight.

Citizen Fish: Hey! Where's Santa?

SpongeBob: Uh, he should be here any minute. Santa's coming tonight, tonight. Santa's coming tonight.

Citizens: Oh, c'mon. Enough of this. (everyone argues)

Citizen Fish: Thanks for the lies, Mr. Fairytale Creature, now disapper like magic. Let's go waste our time somewhere else.

SpongeBob: Hey, guys, where's your Christmas Spirit? He's just running late.

Patrick: He probably just stopped for a snack. Fat guys get hungry right?

SpongeBob: Yeah! (they wait and wait and then one of the jellyfish jars break on SpongeBob's head)

Patrick: Never trust a genie. (Patrick and snowman walk away)

Squidward: (alarm goes off) Ahh, morning already? Oh, boy! (speaking in a megaphone) Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas. Wait. Oh, I see a great Christmas photo op. Could you move in a little? Say Santa Claus.

SpongeBob: (very sad face) Santa Claus. (Squidward takes picture)

Squidward: Aww, our first Christmas. This Christmas feels like the very first Christmas. The first Christmas is this Christmas. (donkey appears on screen making noises) Cause it feels like the first Christmas to me. (laughing at SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: You were right, Squidward. This is a stupid holiday. (takes out a present) I still want you to have this.

Squidward: What? What's this?

SpongeBob: A present. I made it for you so you wouldn't be left out when...Santa came.

Squidward: Oh, gee, I, uh, you know I...

SpongeBob: You're welcome.

Squidward: SpongeBob? He made me a present? It's probably a jellyfish net, or an old krabby patty, or... (imitates a hillbilly) his favorite underpants. Haha. (opens present) Why, it looks like a clarinet. (smells it) It smells like one,

too. Handcrafted on driftwood. And it's even got my name on it. (finds a button that says "push") What's this? (pushes the button and 3 wooden Squidward's with clarinets come out and bob up and down) Wow. This is the greatest gift I've ever gotten. Oh, I feel like a...I feel like a...I feel like a... (donkey appears on screen and makes noises) big jerk. What have I done to poor SpongeBob? Uh, hey, SpongeBob? I...SpongeBob? (SpongeBob is on a ladder trying to get his lights down)

SpongeBob: I guess I won't be needing this. (slides down with the lights in hand) That's better. (a gray cloud comes and rains on SpongeBob)

Squidward: Poor little guy. All he wanted was to spread a little joy.

SpongeBob: I better get this stuff off of Squid's house.

Squidward: Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho!

SpongeBob: Huh? Hello? Who's there? Huh? Hello?

Squidward: Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho!

SpongeBob: Hello? Yes. Who's there? Huh? Hello? Show yourself. Yoo-hoo. Hello? Who is it? Huh?

Squidward: Up here you dunce. (looks like Santa Claus) I mean, uh, Merry Christmas little boy.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Could it be?

Squidward: Yes, it is I, Santa Claus. Ho, ho, ho... (slips off the roof and hits the ground)

SpongeBob: Hey, you're S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-San...(deep breath)S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-San...(deep breath) S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-San...

Squidward: Hey, uh, kid, take it easy.

SpongeBob: S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-San...ta... (faints)

Squidward: SpongeBob? SpongeBob? SpongeBob?!

SpongeBob: S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-San...

Squidward: Don't do that again.

SpongeBob: Oh, I knew you'd make it, Santa. Hey, Santa, where's your big, round belly.

Squidward: Well, that, um, is a result of, uh, undersea pressure on my body.

SpongeBob: Where's your reindeer? And your flying machine?

Squidward: Uhh, I loaned them to the Easter bunny.

SpongeBob: And what about that nose? (pokes his nose and laughs) I knew you were suppose to have a big one but, that things gigantic. (laughs)

Squidward: Alright! I'm Santa.

SpongeBob: (glues a jump onto Santa) Santa! This is the greatest you could've given me. Thank you for bringing Christmas to Bikini Bottom.

Squidward: I didn't bring Christmas to Bikini Bottom, SpongeBob, you did.

SpongeBob: I did? (faints and falls on Gary's shell)

Gary: Meow.

Squidward: Merry Christmas, SpongeBob. Merry Christmas! Whew! I'm glad that's over.

Kid: Do you have a present for me, Santa?

Squidward: Oh, well, uhh, see I'm not really...

SpongeBob: (laughs) Go ahead, Santa Claus. See, he is real. He made my Christmas wish come true, he won't let you down.

Squidward: Uhh, right, just a second. (searches in his house for stuff) C'mon, let's see. What do little girls like? A book of matches? Or a shaving kit? A copy of my birth certificate? There's got to be something around here. Think. Think. Think. Ha! Perfect! (hands the little girl a wrench) Ho, ho, ho!

Little Kid: Thanks, Santa. (scratches the wrench like it was a puppy)

Squidward: That almost felt good. (Squidward then notices a long line of citizens waiting for presents) I didn't...who?

Citizen Fish: Hey, Santa, where's my present?

Elderly Citizen: And mine!

Citizen Lady Fish: And what about me?

Squidward: Let's see what Santa has for all you good people. (searches for stuff in his house) Think fast, Santa. Gifts for good people. A-ha! A bowl of mashed potatoes for you.

Citizen: Thank you, Santa. This is just what I wanted. (puts bowl on her head) A new hairstyle.

Squidward: (gives the little girl two forms & gives Patrick a clock) Here you go, Patrick.

Patrick: Wow. (punches a hole through the clock) A wrist watch.

Squidward: (gets everything else in his house to the citizens) What was I thinking? I gave away all my stuff just 'cause SpongeBob wouldn't be sad. Am I insane? (SpongeBob knocks on the door) You might as well take the door. It's all that's left.

SpongeBob: Squidward! You missed him! He was here just like I said! He gave us all presents. He was jolly and he had a beard. His nose was big and he had rosy cheeks. He was friendly and kind. (turns SpongeBob towards the door and pushes him

so he walks) And Santa is...his belly was small but his nose was huge with Christmas joy. He was so nice Squidward...

Squidward: Well, at least it's over. (notices a bottle with a letter in it on the ground) Huh? What's this?

Santa: Dear Squidward, thanks for all your help! You've been a real good boy this year. Warm regards, Santa Claus. (letter disappears into thin air) Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho! (in his sleigh flying) Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Merry Christmas! Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Ho, ho, ho, ho. (does a crazy dance while saying his "ho ho ho")

Squidward: Yup, I'm insane. (plays his wooden clarinet in the ending tone of the episode)

Santa: Merry Christmas! (back at Patchy's house, a sailboat with a homemade Sponge and Pat moves in front of a picture of the island, which has a bunch of presents on it)

Patchy: Dee dee, dee dee dee dee. (in Sponge's voice) Ahoy, Patrick! It's Christmas Island! (in Pat's voice) Presents, ahoy! (in Sponge's voice) Hooray! (he starts making storm sound effects) Oh, a storm! (in Pat's voice) Yay! I mean yikes! (he makes more sound effects and begins speaking in his own voice) Oh, we're going down! (he keeps making noises. Zoom out to show the boat is on Patchy's head) Trim the sails! Hoist the yardarms! Turn on the Weather Channel! (he screams)

Man on Set: (off-screen) Patchy!

Patchy: Oh, hi kids. Boy, that SpongeBob makes me as jolly as a roger. Well, I hope you enjoyed SpongeBob's Christmas tale. And I hope your Christmas is better than sunken treasure. (he takes the boat off his head. Potty flies out, and there is a nest was under him, and in it are a few eggs wrapped in bows. Patchy picks one up) Aw... Potty left me a little Christmas present. (he laughs. Then he goes over to the mistletoe) Arr, ye old mistletoe. And you know what that means. (he sprays breath freshener in his mouth) Ah, time for somebody to kiss Patchy the Pirate! (he makes kissing noises) Come on, who's it gonna be? Come on! Kiss the captain! (he laughs. Potty flies over and squawks. Patchy screams)

Potty: Give us a kiss! (Patchy goes to avoid him)

Patchy: No! No, not you! (Potty keeps flying around squawking) No, not you Potty! Get out of here! No, Potty! I don't wanna kiss you! No, we talked about this! Potty! No!

Potty: Kissy, kissy!

Narrator: Well, it looks like Patchy's pretty busy at the moment, so I'll say it for him. Good night, and happy holidays. (the words "Happy Holidays" are spelled out on screen)

(SpongeBob and Patrick are running down the block jumping up and down, disfiguring themselves in the process. They're shouting assorted things about going to Sandy's house)

SpongeBob & Patrick: We're going to Sandy's house horray! All right, Sandy we're coming to your house, horray!

SpongeBob: Huh? (they stop in mid-run when they see Sandy's treedome is enclosed with metal walls. The two walk up to the door, which has a "Keep Out" sign on it) Sandy? (they enter) Hey Sandy, what's with the sign? (the two walk up to a TV, which shows Sandy in a nightgown eating acorns)

Patrick: Look, she's on the Eating Channel.

Sandy: (on TV; fills her cheeks with acorns and swallows, wincing in pain as the giant mass of acorns passes down her long,

thin neck and into her small torso, deforming it as it goes) Howdy! (eats more acorns) If y'all are watching this, that means I'm asleep for the winter. This sleep is called hibernation. ("HIBERNATION" appears on the bottom of the screen. Eats more acorns) During hibernation, animals don't like to be woken up. So, do not disturb. (sternly) That means you, SpongeBob. (Patrick turns the TV off and puts on SpongeBob's water helmet and his own)

Patrick: We better put these on.

SpongeBob: Never mind, Pat. Sandy said not to come in. Let's am-scray. (Patrick pushes the button, letting all the water drain out of the front foyer)

Patrick: When are you gonna learn, SpongeBob? "No" means "yes"!

SpongeBob: Patrick, listen, how many times do we have to...

Patrick: SpongeBob, look at this! (Sandy's treedome is covered in snow and it's snowing. SpongeBob gasps and walks in)

SpongeBob: What is this stuff? (pan around the treedome)

Patrick: It's a vast, swirling wonderland of sparkling white pleasure. Let it fill your senses with cascading, fluffy pillows of excitement and comfort, as you've never felt before.

SpongeBob: (teary-eyed) Wow, Patrick. That was beautiful!

Patrick: What, I was just reading this candy wrapper, see? (hands SpongeBob the wrapper. SpongeBob gasps)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Put your helmet back on! (Patrick has taken his helmet off and is eating the snowflakes) You know there's no water in Sandy's house!

Patrick: It's okay, SpongeBob. This stuff is water! Look! (lets a flake land on his tongue. It melts into water)

SpongeBob: I guess you're right. It's okay here!

Patrick: Take it off. No one's looking. (SpongeBob takes his helmet off and the two cheer and burrow themselves in the snow. They pop back up with noses made of snow. Then they hear a weird sound, like Sandy snoring)

Patrick: SpongeBob, did you hear that?

SpongeBob: I think it came from Sandy's tree.

Patrick: That is one tired tree.

SpongeBob: Let's check it out. (cut to inside Sandy's tree, where SpongeBob and Patrick come in. They both gasp) Look what's in Sandy's bed! (they walk over to the bed, where Sandy is asleep in hibernation form, looking like some weird squirrel-like monster)

Patrick: It looks like an over-inflated Sandy doll.

SpongeBob: I think this thing is Sandy!

Patrick: Hibernation must mean the opposite of beauty sleep.

Sandy: (snoring, talking in sleep) I've had enough of your dastardly deeds, Dirty Dan. I'm gonna get you and your partner, Pinhead Larry or my name ain't Sheriff Sandy. (snores)

SpongeBob: (giggles) She must be dreaming about Texas outlaws. (the two giggle) Look out Sandy, I'm Dirty Dan.

Sandy: I'm gonna catch you and throw you in jail at taxpayers' expense.

SpongeBob: Oh, you better run faster, Sandy.

Patrick: Yeah! I'm getting away! Faster! (Sandy moves her arms and legs)

SpongeBob: Hurry! We're getting in a taxi!

Patrick: Faster, faster! (the two giggle)

Sandy: I'll get you two. You're nothing but pure evil! Just like newspaper comics. (snores off to sleep. The two giggle again)

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick. We shouldn't disturb her anymore.

Patrick: That's not disturbing. This is disturbing. (struggles to create a talking face that protrudes from his back) Hi there, Sponge...Bob. My name is... PatBack!

SpongeBob: Ha! That is really disturbing! (the two laugh uncontrollably. Cut to Sandy. Her eye shoots open. A giant shadow looms over SpongeBob and Patrick. Patrick stops laughing, while SpongeBob continues to laugh)

Patrick: Umm, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (stops laughing) Huh? (Sandy is really mad now; she's steaming red and roaring. SpongeBob and Patrick run, but Sandy has them both by the britches. They run in mid-air anyway)

Patrick: Faster, SpongeBob! She's gaining on us!

SpongeBob: Sandy, no! Stop!

Sandy: I warned ya, Dirty Dan! Now you've just crossed the border into Hurtville!

SpongeBob: Sandy, it's us! Your friends, SpongeBob and Patrick!

Patrick: Please Sandy, I can't afford dry-cleaning!

Sandy: Gonna skin ya and make a pair of size six...boots. (falls asleep and drops the two. They inch away and see Sandy fall back into her bed)

Patrick: Fun's over.

SpongeBob: Whew, we sure don't want to wake her up again. Too bad we don't have any earplugs to put on her.

Patrick: Yeah, all's I got is this bellybutton lint. (takes the lint out of its designated area. It somehow forms into the shape of earmuffs)

SpongeBob: All right, Pat! (takes the earmuffs and crawls over to the bed. Patrick follows. Puts the earmuffs on Sandy)

Sandy: I'm gonna rip your arms off...flapjacks. (snores)

SpongeBob: Well, that oughta work.

Patrick: (loudly) Hey Sandy, does it work? (he and SpongeBob look at each other and raise their eyebrows repeatedly and in symmetry)

SpongeBob: Hey Sandy, if you can't hear us, don't say anything!

Patrick: Hey Sandy! Don't wake up! (the two giggle. SpongeBob takes a megaphone up to Sandy and yells into it)

SpongeBob: See ya later, Sheriff Sandy! (laughs. The two run down to the snowy plains and act like outlaws, with that drawling voice) You're under a-rest!

Patrick: You-ll na-ver catch me! (giggles. Makes a snowball and throws it at SpongeBob's face. They both laugh. Starts to make another one, but he's hit by a giant mound of snow, which SpongeBob fired from a giant snow cannon) Hey, that's not fair! Cowboys couldn't afford cannons.

SpongeBob: They couldn't afford station wagons either! (shoots one out at Patrick)

Patrick: Nice paneling.

SpongeBob: All right, Pinhead. Your time is up! (cut to Patrick, who looks like a cone-head)

Patrick: Who you calling Pinhead? (shows a face of Patrick looking like a dork) I want to be Dirty Dan!

SpongeBob: What makes you think you can be Dirty Dan?

Patrick: I'm dirty... dagle! (gets hit on the head by a giant snow shovel that SpongeBob has)

SpongeBob: I say I'm Dirty Dan. (Patrick runs off and returns with a giant bat with a nail in it, made of snow. He whacks SpongeBob with it)

Patrick: I say I'm Dirty Dan!

SpongeBob (hits Patrick with shovel again) I say I'm Dirty Dan! (the two repeatedly hit each other, arguing about who Dirty Dan is. Inside the tree, Sandy humbly sleeps... that is, until the lint earmuffs fall off. Cut back to outside, where SpongeBob screams when he sees something)

Patrick: Screaming will get you no- (Sandy's arm reaches out, grabs Patrick's forehead, and rips it off. We see Sandy is really ticked off now)

Sandy: WHICH ONE OF YOU FELLARS IS THE REAL DIRTY DAN?

Patrick: Uh... I am? (Sandy slaps Patrick all the way across the treedome)

SpongeBob: Patrick! (Patrick slams against the dome. Little drumsticks float around his head)

Patrick: Hot wings... (cut back to Sandy and SpongeBob)

Sandy: Okay, Pinhead Larry, now you get yours! (SpongeBob screams loudly and runs off. Pounds the ground where he was standing; bellowing) PINHEAAAAAAD!!! (SpongeBob whimpers and runs. Sandy is close behind. SpongeBob later doesn't seem to be going far because he's right in front of Sandy on the exercise wheel. He slips and gets flung across the wheel. He flies off and slams into the picnic table, leaving a giant crater in its place. Leans over the crater) Now you're gonna pay for those crimes, Pinhead! (SpongeBob picks up a wooden board)

SpongeBob: Sandy, stay back. I'm warning ya! (Sandy roars right in SpongeBob's face) Okay, I warned ya! (throws the wooden board. Patrick pops up for no reason)

Patrick: Did you win? (gets hit by the board and rolls down the crater to SpongeBob's feet) Hi SpongeBob. (Sandy leaps down the crater. SpongeBob and Patrick scream as a giant cloud simulating a fight appears. Cross-fade to the treedome at night, where two gravestones are in front of Sandy's: one for Dirty Dan, and one for Pinhead Larry. Patrick and SpongeBob come up from under the snow in respective tombstone order)

Patrick: Okay, SpongeBob, you can be Dirty Dan. I just want to be Patrick!

SpongeBob: Let's get out of here before Sandy wakes up again! (the two run to the door, and SpongeBob tries his best to open it. Arm loses its grip and smacks Patrick in the face) Sorry Patrick, but the door is slippery! It's frozen shut!

Patrick: Let me have a try. (goes up to the door and spits on both hands, preparing to open the door) Open sesame! (nothing happens. Patrick shrugs) Well, I've done all I can do.

SpongeBob: Then we're stuck in here, until the door thaws... in spring.

Patrick: Barnacles! (cross-fade to much later, where SpongeBob and Patrick are completely buried in snow, shivering and blue) Is it spring yet?

SpongeBob: N-n-n-no. (Patrick and SpongeBob's snow covering on their faces breaks off)

Patrick: I'm so cold that I'm shivering! (a piece of Patrick's side of his head cracks off, revealing his brain)

SpongeBob: I'm so cold that I can use my nose drippings as a pair of chopsticks! (snaps off his two nose drippings and clicks them together)

Patrick: I'm so cold that... I'm shivering!

SpongeBob: Maybe we should build a fire. I got it! We'll burn the bark from Sandy's tree! (begins to pull a strip of bark off the tree, but he's stopped by Sandy's booming voice)

Sandy: (off-screen) You're gonna be wearing an iron lung when I'm through with you, Pinhead! (quickly puts the strip back on and masking-tapes it on. Goes back to Patrick)

SpongeBob: The fire's not going to happen, Patrick. I don't get it! How does Sandy survive these intense conditions every year?

Patrick: Maybe she just ignores it.

SpongeBob: Maybe...

Patrick: Maybe...

SpongeBob: Maybe it's her fur! (cut to a shot of a real-life squirrel)

SpongeBob and Patrick: YEAH!!! (cut to inside the tree, where SpongeBob and Patrick marvel at Sandy's fur)

SpongeBob: Look at all that warm, toasty fur!

Patrick: It's like a gold mine... but with fur. (SpongeBob ever so slowly goes to pluck a hair off Sandy)

SpongeBob: Carefully... carefully... (Patrick smacks him)

Patrick: Come on, do it! I'm freezing here!

SpongeBob: All right, all right, hang on a second! (plucks one hair off, and Sandy jumps up from her sleep and roars ferociously. Then she goes back to sleep) That should be enough, right? (Patrick takes the hair)

Patrick: Sponge, I'm a big man. A big...BIG man!

SpongeBob: Well, I guess I've lived a full life! (plucks one more hair, causing the same reaction with Sandy)

Patrick: This is taking too long! I want the warm now! (takes a piece of masking tape)

SpongeBob: Pat, no! (Patrick places the masking tape on Sandy and rips it off, leaving a long hole where her fur used to be. Sandy roars and goes back to sleep) Pat, are you crazy? (we see Patrick has placed the fur on his forehead)

Patrick: No, I'm warm.

SpongeBob: Lemme see that roll of tape. (as we pan out from the tree, we hear the tape ripping out Sandy's fur and her roaring. Fade to later, where Patrick comes out of the tree with a strip of hair on his forehead and his pants full of fur. SpongeBob comes out with a weird fur hairdo and a goatee)

Patrick: Man, that fur really hits the spot! No more frozen armpits. (lifts his arm up, revealing fur under it)

SpongeBob: And this eyebrow/goatee combo works like a charm. This is the best idea we ever had.

Patrick: You said it!

SpongeBob: I'm ready for the longest, coldest winter ever!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Bring it on! (just then, all the snow stops and melts. It's springtime again. Flowers bloom)

SpongeBob: Spring?

Sandy: (yawns) Wow, spring already? (SpongeBob and Patrick run frantically to the door, but it hasn't thawed yet)

SpongeBob: Tartar Sauce! The lock is still frozen!

Sandy: (off-screen) I sure can't wait to get outside and warm my fur! (SpongeBob and Patrick frantically blow on the door handle until it melts. Sandy peeks out the window) Oh look, it's SpongeBob and Patrick! (with that, Sponge and Patrick start screaming, trying to open the door) Hi guys! (walks over. Sees all the different fur assortments the two are wearing. Looks down at herself in her bikini, sees that all her fur is gone and screams in terror)

SpongeBob: It's okay, Sandy. Squirrel pattern baldness is quite common in small mammals! (Patrick hides his furry forehead piece. Sandy is really ticked now)

Sandy: (turns red) SpongeBob... Patrick...

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Sandy, we've got you covered. (giggles nervously. Fade to Sandy's arm pouring some lemonade. She giggles)

Sandy: More lemonade, boys? (cut to see that Patrick is curled around Sandy's head and SpongeBob is curled around Sandy's body, in order to cover up her baldness. The two take a glass)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Thanks, Sandy.

Sandy: Spring sure is lovely.

(episode begins with a shot of Bikini Atoll; it's another great day in Bikini Bottom. Gary is out in a clearing and SpongeBob tiptoes over to a rock behind him giggling. He looks from behind it)

SpongeBob: Oh, I've got ya now, Gary

Gary: Meow? (SpongeBob jumps up and lands in mid-air. He touches Gary's shell with his index finger)

SpongeBob: Tag, you're it! (runs off. Jumps and he opens his mouth. Flies to his house and chomps down on the side of it, leaving him clinging; garbled) Gary will never find me here! (Gary crawls over the ground, up the house and toward SpongeBob) Uh-oh. (Gary's eye substitutes as an arm as he tags SpongeBob)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Tag! Now I'm it! (laughs uncontrollably as he slides down the wall, scraping off two slices of the covering with his teeth. Patrick is below and SpongeBob takes the shavings out of his teeth)

Patrick: Hi SpongeBob, what are you doing?

SpongeBob: Gary and I are playing tag, you wanna join us?

Patrick: Oh boy, would I!

SpongeBob: (slyly) Okay. (touches him) Tag, you're it! (walks away)

Patrick: I'm it! I'm it, I'm it, I'm it, I'm it! (Gary is still there, and he meows. Patrick tags him) Tag, you're it! I win, I win! (Gary purrs and rubs against Patrick. He crawls all around Patrick's body. SpongeBob walks over) What's with Gary? He sounds like a motorboat! (laughs)

SpongeBob: That's just a snail's way of saying he likes you!

Patrick: (laughs) It tickles! (the two laugh endlessly as Gary continues to crawl around. They continue laughing until it's dark)

SpongeBob: Well, I guess it's time for me and the Gar-Bear to get going. Come on, Gary. (pulls Gary off of Patrick and walks away) Boy, I can't wait to hit the hay. (Patrick waves) What about you, Gary? (sees that he's no longer holding Gary) Gary? Gary? (cut to Patrick's house where the rock is up and Patrick is brushing his teeth and looking in a mirror on the side of the wall. He has his nightcap on)

Patrick: (singing) Brush brush brush, brush brush brush... (SpongeBob walks over)

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick, have you seen Gary?

Patrick: (singing) Brush brush brush, (brushes under his armpit)
Brushin' everywhere... (spits and turns around)

Patrick: (we see Gary attached to his stomach) Nope. (looks down) Oh, hey, here he is! (Gary purrs and meows)

SpongeBob: Come on, Gary, we gotta let Patrick go to sleep.

Patrick: Well, I don't mind SpongeBob. In fact, why don't you Gary stay over at my house tonight?

SpongeBob: Hey, that's a great idea!

Patrick: A sleepover! Oh boy, oh boy! This is gonna be great, Gary. We can stay up till dawn and watch scary movies and eat popcorn and play board games... (SpongeBob thinks to himself and we hear Patrick in the background saying "Blah blah blah blah...")

SpongeBob: (thinking) Gee, this is great. My two best friends in the whole sea having a sleepover.

Patrick: And then we'll make a house of cards, and then we'll read some comic books...

SpongeBob: Okay, you two have a good time. I'll see you tomorrow. (they wave good-bye and SpongeBob walks home)

Patrick: Blah blah blah blah blah... (fade to Bikini Atoll at night, which soon becomes day. SpongeBob wakes up to his foghorn alarm clock)

SpongeBob: I'm awake!

Patrick: (off-screen) Hey, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob leaps up and runs to the window. Patrick and Gary are outside)

SpongeBob: Hey guys, how was the sleepover?

Patrick: Great, SpongeBob. Watch this! Wherever I go, Gary follows! (pulls Gary off his chest and runs. Gary goes after him as he runs around SpongeBob's house. Runs on top of his house and falls off and continues running, which Gary then imitates) See? (SpongeBob jumps from the window and runs off)

SpongeBob: Come on, Gary! Try and catch meeee! (laughs) Isn't this great, Gary? Me running around and you chasing me? (notices he's not being chased) You're not chasing me. (Gary is still with Patrick)

Patrick: Come on, Gary, let's play a different game. (he and Gary walk away. SpongeBob jumps in front of Gary)

SpongeBob: Who-ho-ho-ho! Look out! I'm right in front of... (Gary crawls away after Patrick) ...you... What's wrong with me? (sniffs his armpit) Do I offend? (Patrick is playing with Gary. Gary is crawling on Patrick's toes. Patrick is on his back and laughing while Gary purrs. SpongeBob runs inside the house and quickly brings out a ball covered in snail slime) Hey, Gary! Gary, look! It's your favorite ball! (Gary is sitting on Patrick's bum and Patrick shakes it, laughing. Drops the ball. Gary is now crawling up to Patrick's armpit. SpongeBob pulls a can of Snail Nip) Hey, Gary, look! Snail Nip! (eats some) Huh? Huh-huh? (Gary is too busy crawling on Patrick's head to notice. SpongeBob decides to try something else. Runs inside and hangs from the window by his head) Help, Gary, help! Help me! Oh merciful Neptune! I closed the window on my head! (Gary is on his shell rolling Patrick left and right) All right, that's it! (the window opens and SpongeBob falls. Gary is now rolling on Patrick's belly. SpongeBob walks up to them) Gary, you stop this foolishness, right now. (Gary's eyes lower) Gary the snail, answer me when I'm talking to you! Okay, that's it, mister! You are coming home with me right this instant! (struggles and pulls Gary off of Patrick) Say goodbye to Patrick, Gary. (walks off. Cut to Gary)

Gary: (sadly) Meow.

Patrick: Hold it right there, DadMom AngryPants!

SpongeBob: What's that supposed to mean?

Patrick: I don't know, but I do know Gary knows who he wants to go with. So I suggest that you put him down and let him choose. (SpongeBob does)

SpongeBob: Fine, but I would like to remind him who it was who fed him and housed him and sat on his bedside when he was sick and massaged his eyestalks when his eyes were sore! Okay, Gary, go ahead, show him. Okay, Gary, come to me! Come on, come on, Gary! Come on, come here, Gary! (Gary turns around to Patrick) Uh, wrong way Gary. (Gary is crawling toward Patrick) G-Gary, turn around! Gary, turn around! Gary, no, Gary, no, no, no! Don't do it, Gary! (fell into the ground) Don't do it, don't, Gary! (collapses as Gary crawls up to Patrick)

Patrick: Well, well, well... I guess that answers that question. So long, SpongeBob. Me and Gary got stuff to do.

SpongeBob: (angrily) Okay, fine, if that's how you want to thank me... (sadly) ...for all that I've done? (Patrick's rock falls down into place. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob's darkened room where SpongeBob is on his bed looking down at Gary's bowl. Sheds a tear into it) I guess you're not coming back, Gary. (angrily) I don't need Gary! I'll just find another pet! Yeah, it'll be better than Gary! I'm going to get a pet that won't go off with my best friend! (bubble-wipe to Patrick running around laughing with Gary on his head. SpongeBob walks by with a giant worm by the leash. The worm is bluish green and is panting heavily) Hi, guys! Say hello to my new pal "Rex!" (Rex barks. Pats him) Not only is he loyal, but he knows tricks too! Watch and learn. Sit, Rex, sit! (waits, but Rex is just sitting there) Roll over, Rex, roll over! (Rex just sits there again) Now stay, Rex, stay! Good boy, Rex! Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy? (Patrick laughs and dances with Gary on his head) I'm sure glad we went our separate ways, Gary. A worm really is the pet for me. So loyal, so trusting, always by my side! (Rex barks and the camera pans to reveal he's waiting for the bus across the street with a hitch-hiking hole with stuff in it. The bus comes and he rides off. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob entering the house with a pet

carrying case) Who needs worms anyway? (SpongeBob puts down the case and opens the door) Welcome home, newest bestest friend. Come on out, don't be shy. (a snail comes out. It's got big bushy black eyebrows and a tan shell, with the same design as Gary's) You remind me of someone I once knew. A certain someone whose name will not be spoken in this household. Come on, let me show you around, "Lary."

Lary: (in a deeper voice than Gary's) Meow. (bubble-wipe to Lary sitting at a table as SpongeBob walks over with a plate with a cover on it. SpongeBob is in chef garb)

SpongeBob: And now, Lary, I present to you... dinner time! Ta-da. (takes off the cover. It's snail food in Gary's bowl, but the Gary inscription now has an "L" written over the "G") Bon appetite, Lary. (giggles. Camera pans over to Lary. He sniffs the food and snarls. Quickly takes the bowl away, scared) OK, maybe later. (walks backward. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob with his robe on, showing Lary the newspaper bed next to his own) This is where you sleep, Lary. (Lary goes over on it and tears it up. He is now up on SpongeBob's bed) Uh, that's where I... (Lary snarls loudly and falls asleep instantly) I guess you can sleep there. (lays down on the shredded newspaper) I'll just sleep down here. (lays some shreds on him like a blanket) Well, goodnight, Lary. (Lary snarls again. Cut to a shot of Bikini Atoll at night, which fades to morning. Cut to SpongeBob's living room where Lary is watching television. SpongeBob jumps in and surprises him) Hey, Lary, want to hear a joke? Aw, Gary used to love this one! (clears throat) What do you call a snail on a ship? A snailor! (laughs. Lary snarls and crawls away) Don't you get it, Lary? A snailor. (deflates) Gosh, Lary sure is different than Gary. And Gary and Lary are real different than Jerry. (holds a real-life snail from his pocket. Looks at a photo of Gary) Oh, Gary, why did you have to go? (cries) Why, Gary? Why?! Why, why, why, why, why, why?! (we hear Gary meow) Gary? (we see Patrick and Gary are behind him. Patrick is holding a basket of laundry)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Oh, hello, Patrick.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Hello, Gary.

Patrick: Would it be all right if me and Gary and I get some laundry over here?

SpongeBob: Laundry? But... we used to do laundry...

Patrick: And uh, SpongeBob, could we borrow some soap?

SpongeBob: Soap? But... we used to use soap. (holds up two bottles) Do you want Fresh Scent or Heavy Du...

Patrick: Here it comes.

SpongeBob: Du... du... du... (cries) ...ty-y-y!!! (his tears make both of the bottles bubble up) Gary! Please come back Gary! Please come home! I'm a wreck without you! I know, if you come back, there'll be a new no-rules rule. You can do whatever you want, when you want. (runs up to the sofa and tears it up furiously) If you want to rip up the sofa, then you rip it up! (runs up to the litter box) And the litter box, forget about it! (dumps the litter on his head) The world is your litter box! (runs to the fridge and opens it) And you don't even have to wait around for me to feed you anymore! 24-hour fridge access! (takes a milk carton and drinks it) And you don't even have to use a bowl! (runs to a giant carving of Squidward) And I know how much you like my prized drift wood carving of Squidward. (scratches at it) Well, think of it as your own personal scratching post! What do you think, Gary? Won't it be fun, Gary? (we see SpongeBob has carved Squidward into a heart)

Patrick: How pathetic.

SpongeBob: Gary? (the heart breaks in half and one half hits him. The two walk to the laundry room)

Patrick: I'm sorry, SpongeBob. But Gary's with me now. (takes off his shorts and puts them in the machine) You had your chance and you failed. You have to stop living in the past. Face it, SpongeBob, you're only hurting yourself. (Gary crawls in the machine) It's what Gary wants, and what Gary wants is me! Right, Gary? (the two notice Gary is in the machine, nudging in Patrick's shorts) He only liked me for my shorts!

SpongeBob: No, Patrick! He wanted the cookie in your pocket! (Gary is indeed eating the cookie. He finishes and crawls out up to SpongeBob) G-G-Gary? (Gary burps and happily meows) Wee! (hugs Gary) Oh, Gary, I knew you'd never leave me! Aw. (giggles. Takes his leash) Let's go for a walk, pal! (the two walk out)

Patrick: Gary? I thought what we had was special...!

(It's another day at Mrs. Puff's Boating School as SpongeBob skids along his way to failing his driving test again)

French Narrator: Here we are again at the Bikini Bottom Boating School. Today is once again the day of SpongeBob's boating school exam. But more importantly, this is the last test for the year, [cut to a shot of SpongeBob and Mrs. Puff's car coming straight to the camera] and if SpongeBob does not pass this one, it means another [panicked] whole year of boating school! [Shows a static scene as SpongeBob crashes into the camera and glass breaks. Back on regular view, the Narrator who is apparently acting as a cameraman is seen to have fallen over as he groans.]

SpongeBob: What happened?

Mrs. Puff: Oh, nothing SpongeBob, you just struck another pedestrian. (writes on clipboard) Minus 20 more points...

SpongeBob: How many does that leave me with?

Mrs. Puff: Negative 224.

SpongeBob: How many more minutes left in the test?

Mrs. Puff: The test is over.

SpongeBob: That's enough time, I can make up those points! (Sponge is about to pull into reverse)

Mrs. Puff: No, SpongeBob, you didn't hear me! (the boat rams into reverse and Mrs. Puff screams. Mrs. Puff pleads Sponge to stop as Sponge knocks over a whole row of cones, knocks through a brick wall and crashes in front of the school's main building, causing confusion and delay. The dust clears)

SpongeBob: OK, Mrs. Puff, what's my final score?

Mrs. Puff: 6.

SpongeBob: Whoo! And how many do I need to pass?

Mrs. Puff: 6...

SpongeBob: (raising arms slowly) Oooooooooooooo...

Mrs. Puff: ...hundred. (SpongeBob stops)

SpongeBob: What?

Mrs. Puff: Six hundred. You need six hundred to pass. You got six.

SpongeBob: Don't worry, I'll be all right Mrs. Puff. Besides, this means that I get to be in your class for a whole 'nother year! (he slams his fist down, which causes a piece of the motor to fly upward) Well, see you next Tuesday! (Sponge walks off and the piece crashes on Mrs. Puff. She inflates like she always does when Sponge crashes. Sponge runs out to his unicycle-like bike) Yeah! (singing) I'm gonna get my driver's license and it's only gonna take one more year, one more year, one more superduper year... (goes around in circles on his bike) One more super-spectacular, extra-magical, extra-fantastical year! (Mrs. Puff looks on, still inflated)

Mrs. Puff: (thinking) Oh, Neptune. Another year with him! Barnacles! Dirty barnacles! I've got to do something to save myself. Oh, there's only one way out: a teacher's ace in the hole! (starts to talk, when she does, she deflates to her normal size) Extra crediiiiit!

SpongeBob: What was that, SpongeBob? (Mrs. Puff runs over and shakes him in joy)

Mrs. Puff: Extra credit, SpongeBob! The extra credit! (laughing wildly) I still have a chance! I mean, you still have a chance.

SpongeBob: What's extra credit?

Mrs. Puff: It's when you get credit for the things you weren't able to do before.

SpongeBob: (singing) Oh. (cut to SpongeBob at his desk)

Mrs. Puff: Now, are we ready for that extra credit?

SpongeBob: Extra credit!

Mrs. Puff: That's the spirit! So all you have to do to earn your extra credit and pass my class and never have to go anywhere near this school again, is to write a 10-word sentence on what you've learned in boating school.

SpongeBob: But I've learned so many things.

Mrs. Puff: Just pick one, I don't care which. Here, I'll help you get started. (SpongeBob writes what she says) "What I learned in boating school is..." There! That's already seven words! Only three more!

SpongeBob: (writing) L... e... a... r... (pencil snaps) Aw, barnacles.

Mrs. Puff: What's wrong?

SpongeBob: Got to sharpen my pencil. (SpongeBob whistles as he walks to the sharpener. He then sharpens it multiple times to get just the right sharpness. Mrs. Puff begins to sweat. SpongeBob is finally satisfied and walks back to his desk) N...

e... (pencil breaks again, he walks to the sharpener again, Mrs. Puff stops him, grabs the pencil and holds out a pen)

Mrs. Puff: Give me that! Here's a pen.

SpongeBob: A pen! One of the most permanent of all writing utensils. (walks back to desk singing) Gonna write an essay, that's what I say. (SpongeBob finishes) There.

Mrs. Puff: Fantastic, let me see it.

SpongeBob: No, wait! I changed my mind! (scribbles some stuff out)

Mrs. Puff: I'm sure whatever you've written is fine, just let me see. (SpongeBob jumps on top of his paper)

SpongeBob: Don't look! It's not ready.

Mrs. Puff: It's so simple, only 10 words! "What I learned in boating school is blankity, blankity, (her eyes grow bulging veins) BLANK!"

SpongeBob: I can do this! I can do this!

Mrs. Puff: "What I learned in boating school is...!" "What I learned in boating school is...!"

SpongeBob: I can do this! I can do this! (starts to pant) Is it hot in here, Mrs. Puff? Why is it so hot in here? Aah! My hand is cramping, Mrs. Puff! Make it stop! (Mrs. Puff jumps on SpongeBob and forces the pen to push on the paper)

Mrs. Puff: You only need three... more... words! (the desk finally collapses and breaks. Mrs. Puff reaches for the essay) Okay, let me see what you've written. (SpongeBob grabs on)

SpongeBob: It's not ready yet.

Mrs. Puff: It's okay, SpongeBob. Show the teacher what you've written.

SpongeBob: No!

Mrs. Puff: Give it to me! (the two pull on it)

SpongeBob: No!

Mrs. Puff: Let me see it! (the page rips in half. Mrs. Puff grabs SpongeBob's piece and attempts to read it) "What I learned in boating school is..." Uh... (on the page, it says 'What I learned in boating school is how to drive.' 'School,' 'how' and 'drive' are crossed out and below are pictures of a boat, Sponge and a jellyfish) Well, the rest doesn't matter! (throws the two pieces on the floor) You pass! (laughs) You pass!

SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, I don't feel like I really did anything.

Mrs. Puff: That's how extra credit is supposed to feel.

SpongeBob: Really?

Mrs. Puff: Besides, here's your license. (gives it to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: My license! (licks it) It tastes just like I dreamed it would. Mrs. Puff, I-

Mrs. Puff:(dragging him out the door) Thank you, SpongeBob. Congratulations, and have a nice life!

SpongeBob: Look out Bikini Bottom! There's a new driver in town and his name is....SpongeBob SquarePants. (echoes) SpongeBob SquarePants. SpongeBob SquarePants. (fades to a vision of Mrs. Puff's fears) La La La La! (he hits many pedestrians) La La La La!

(A small birthday party is going on)

Partygoers: It's Your Birthday! Happy Birthday!

Realistic Fish Head: So much destruction...this reporter asks, "Why?" Local consensus places the blame on this negligent, selfish driving instructor who – (SpongeBob runs him over) OOF!

SpongeBob: La la la la!

Realistic Fish Head: Let's – not – use that take.

Mrs. Puff: That's preposterous. He did the extra credit. There's no need to worry. He doesn't even have a boat to drive. (Later that night while walking home) Now to go home and have the rest of that pasta.

(she opens the door and turns on the light to see the SquarePants Family standing in the center of her living room with a huge round cake in the middle saying, "Thank You, Mrs. Puff! ")

The SquarePants: Surprise!!

SpongeBob: To the greatest teacher ever!

Mr. SquarePants: Thank you, Mrs Puff. I know I speak for everyone when I say that we consider you a member of the SquarePants family. (kisses her hand for a long while)

Mrs. SquarePants: I think you made your point, Dear.

Mr. SquarePants: Ahem. (blushes, and walks back to the family) Mrs. Puff, we were starting to think SpongeBob was never going to get his licence. But you never gave up on him, you never quit, you never took the easy way out!

Mrs. Puff: Well, I...Okay.

Mr. SquarePants: We wanted to make sure Mrs. Puff, the greatest driving teacher in the world, was here to see this...

Mrs. Puff: See what?

Mr. SquarePants: (takes the cover off) Ta-Daa!! (reading back licence plate) "IM-RDY"

Mrs. Puff and SpongeBob: A brand new boatmobile?!

SpongeBob: For me...? (faints and hits the cake, cutting out a perfect square)

(The family is in the car ready to drive away with SpongeBob still passed out in the backseat)

Mrs. SquarePants: Don't worry, Mrs. Puff...He'll be driving by tomorrow! Toodle-Loo!

Mrs. Puff: What have I done?! Everyone will know I let him slide through school! I'll have to move to new city, start a new boating school with a new name! No. not again. I've got to end this before it begins.

(In SpongeBob's bedroom, he's laying in bed with his parents overlooking him.)

Mr. SquarePants: You took quite a buster there, Son.

SpongeBob: What I learned in Boating School today is!!

Mr. SquarePants: We're gonna hafta hold off on the driving there for a while, son.

Mrs. SquarePants: That's right Honey. Now, just stay in bed, and no going near the boat! (turns off the lights and leaves the bedroom and the door closes)

(SpongeBob peeks out to see if it's all clear, then slides through the window and floats to his new boat)

SpongeBob: Hi, Boaty. (he runs his hand on the side of the boat and gasps) Boaty, you're cold! (he stands up and lays his socks on the side of the door) Take my socks. (he jumps on the side and hugs it) Oh Boaty, I'm always going to take care of you. You're the best boat in the deep blue sea! (he kisses the throttle lever, sighs, then falls asleep. On the horizon, a shifty dark figure runs by. It is Mrs. Puff, wearing a black ski mask. She peeks over and jumps into the boat, checking to see if the coast is clear)

Mrs. Puff: I hope I still remember how to do this. (she takes out a purple balloon and blows it up. She then forms it into a balloon animal and snickers to herself) Yeah...(she starts the boat and drives off. What she doesn't know is that she's sitting on an asleep SpongeBob).

SpongeBob: (wakes up and sees the sky moving) Hey, I'm driving! (the two notice each other and scream. Mrs. Puff skids off the road for a bit, then returns to normal. SpongeBob jumps up) Who are you and what are you doing with my boat? And why are you wearing that ski mask, because you're not skiing! (gasps) Oh my gosh, I know who you are!

Mrs. Puff: (nervous) No you don't! You don't know who I am!

SpongeBob: Yes I do! I know that you're a boat-jacker! I never thought I'd have to use this pepper spray. (takes it out. He sprays, but it's pointed the wrong way and it gets in his eyes and he screams) Somebody help me! Somebody help me! (Mrs. Puff kicks Sponge out of the boat)

Mrs. Puff: Sorry, SpongeBob, but it was for your own good.

(SpongeBob supposedly running next to the boat, but he's actually riding his bike. Mrs. Puff speeds up faster and loses him)

SpongeBob: Give me back my boat! (Sponge finally catches up to Mrs. Puff and slaps his hand on the windshield. He grabs with both hands and jumps up. Mrs. Puff skids and swerves to get him off but he's not budging) You'd better stop this boat!

(Mrs. Puff slams the brake and Sponge falls to the ground. He's still hanging on and running) I'm... not... letting... go! Nothing will stop me! Not even... (gasps. He sees a sign reading...) Giant clams?! (so, Sponge is dragged through a field of giant clams. He comes out with a bunch of pieces missing from him) I'm... not... letting... go... not even for... (gasps, when he sees another sign for...) Cheese graters?! (so he skids through the cheese graters. Now he's just three yellow sponge strands with arms) If you think I'll let go just for a little... (he then approaches the most dreaded sign of them all...) Educational television?! Oh no! (cut back to Mrs. Puff as she hears SpongeBob's screams)

Mrs. Puff: Looks like that got rid of him. Now for some tunes. (she turns on the radio, which bears a striking resemblance to SpongeBob. It is SpongeBob, in the shape of a radio: his eyes are knobs, mouth the speaker, and so on)

SpongeBob: And now back to KRUD with all of your personal "you won't get away with stealing my car!" hits.

(Mrs. Puff screams as SpongeBob squeezes out of the box and jumps on Mrs. Puff. They get into a giant brawl and the car goes out of control. Two cops look on)

Cop 1: Hey, look. (the car then flies off a cliff and straight for the squad car. The two policemen scream. While plummeting, SpongeBob and Mrs. Puff are still brawling)

SpongeBob: I'd never let you have this boat! Not even if you were... (he rips off the ski mask, revealing who the culprit is) ... Mrs. Puff? (SpongeBob babbles his lips in disbelief as the car crashes into the police car. Seconds later, the siren goes off and SpongeBob sneezes and inflates. Later, SpongeBob is calling Mrs. Puff on the phone. Every time a person talks, it cuts to them) So, how's it going, Mrs. Puff?

Mrs. Puff: Uh, SpongeBob? I'd like to... apologize. I never should have passed you. You really weren't ready.

SpongeBob: So, I guess I have to go to give my license back, huh?

Mrs. Puff: I hear Mrs. Flounder is starting a new class Monday morning.

SpongeBob: You kidding? You're the only teacher for this student. (cut to see that Mrs. Puff is talking to Sponge from jail, through that visiting window) And besides, the warden said she'll let you go early, if you do her a favor?

Mrs. Puff: What's that? (pan out from the jail exterior)

SpongeBob: (from inside) Free driving lessons! (laughing)

(SpongeBob and Patrick are at the Jellyfish Convention, where everything is about jellyfish. SpongeBob is wearing a jellyfish hat, Patrick is wearing a net on his head)

SpongeBob: Wow! I can't believe it! We're actually here at the biannual Jellyfish Convention!

Patrick: Jellyfish are awesome!

SpongeBob: Cool! State-of-the-art jellyfish nets! (Patrick touches one)

Patrick: Touch.

Guard: Don't touch. (they walk up to a giant harpoon with gobs of jelly on it)

SpongeBob: Wow! The harpoon from Jellyfish: The Movie! (Patrick touches it)

Patrick: Touch.

Guard: Don't touch. (they walk up to a crowd, watching a fish with a giant sore on his cheek pointing to a board with a mean jellyfish picture on it)

SpongeBob: Look! Dr. Manowar! They guy who got stung by Big Lenny and lived!

Dr. Manowar: And now it only hurts when you touch it. (Patrick goes up and touches the bump on his head. Screams in pain)

Patrick: Touch.

Guard: Do I have to follow you all day?

SpongeBob: (gasps) Patrick, look! Can it be?

Patrick: Ice cream?

SpongeBob: No, it's the Jellyspotters! (we see a crowd of people around a group of fish and a sea cucumber, obviously the leader. He has glasses and a crown thing coming from his head) Bikini Bottom's premier jellyfish enthusiast club! Aah! And their leader! The coolest jellyfish enthusiast ever... (close up on the cucumber) Kevin the Sea Cucumber!

Patrick: What's so great about a nerdy pickle?

SpongeBob: If I could just touch the hem of his pocket protector, then maybe some of his greatness would rub off on me.

Patrick: SpongeBob, as a friend, I must say that's really geeky. (a guy in a giant jellyfish costume walks by. Patrick gasps) Oh my gosh! Jeffrey Jellyfish! Wait, Jeffrey! I have to touch you! (runs after him, followed by the guard. Cut back to the Jellyspotters)

Kevin: Bamboo? I only use composite materials in my net handle. (the crowd furiously writes notes)

Crowd: (all muttering as they write) Composite materials?

Kevin: Next question. (the crowd furiously writes notes again)

Crowd: (all muttering again) Next question?

SpongeBob: (pops out in front of the crowd, his pupils are huge and he speaks as if in a trance) Hi Kevin.

Kevin: Hi. What is your question?

SpongeBob: Hi Kevin.

Kevin: Whatever. Next question, please. (points to the other side of the crowd. SpongeBob pops up there too)

SpongeBob: Hi Kevin.

Kevin: Hello loser. All right, you, waaaay in the back.

SpongeBob: (pops up in the back) Hi Kevin.

Kevin: Does anyone here have an actual? (we hear SpongeBob heavily breathing from the left. Kevin and the rest turn to see him)

SpongeBob: Hi Kevin. I'm your biggest fan.

Kevin: You're too kind. Security!

SpongeBob: No, wait! I would do anything for you!

Kevin: Why don't you go jump off a building? (we hear SpongeBob's screams and see him fall from the view through the window. Then SpongeBob appears back in the building)

SpongeBob: Anything?

Kevin: Punch yourself in the face. (SpongeBob does so with a boxing glove. His face is pushed in a bit) Doesn't that hurt you?

SpongeBob: (holds up a metal glove with spiked knuckles) Do you want it to hurt me, Kevin? (the Jellyspotters all laugh)

Kevin: That was the best! This guy's great! We have got to bring this guy jellyfishing with us!

Fish: No, Kevin, no. He's a geek.

Kevin: (whispering) Look, I won't let the guy join the club. I just want to see how many times he can get stung before he goes running home like a baby.

Fish: Meep-meep, Kevin's a genius. (the other fish join in repeatedly saying so)

Kevin: Hey kid, how would you like to try out for the Jellyspotters?

SpongeBob: (on a hospital bed. The doctor fish zaps him with the defibrillator and SpongeBob jumps up) I'd love it! (bubble-wipe to Kevin and the fish supposedly walking through Jellyfish Fields (we can't see their legs)

Kevin: Ah, nothing like driving through Jellyfish Fields with the top down, eh, Jellyspotters? (the fish meep in agreement. Pan down to see that SpongeBob is carrying them. He stops)

SpongeBob: Okay, here we are, Jellyfish Fields. (collapses. The Jellyspotters get off)

Kevin: I hope you didn't forget our nets.

SpongeBob: I didn't forget them, Kevin. They're in the trunk. (turns around, and the back of his pants opens like a trunk. The group takes the nets and jars out, revealing SpongeBob's buttocks. SpongeBob now has all the nets and jars in his arms) I can't believe I'm actually out here with the Jellyspotters! I mean all my life I wanted to be a Jellyspotter? (starts to vibrate and jump around) and now I'm out here with you guys with the nets and the jars and the jellyfish and I'm with Kevin and Kevin's with me and we're all with each other and we're all jellyfishing and it's fun and...

Kevin: Hold it! (SpongeBob freezes, literally) Before you become a Jellyspotter, you have to pass a rigorous test. (the fish repeat "meep, rigorous test") Quiet, shh! Your first test: catch a jellyfish. (a jellyfish flies into SpongeBob's net)

SpongeBob: Hey, I caught one! Am I a Jellyspotter now?

Fish: One jellyfish, meep, in the net, meep-meep.

Kevin: Uh, that doesn't count. (slaps the net and the jellyfish stings him; it flies away. Kevin grows a giant red sore where he got stung)

Fish: (in ominous voice) Wha-wha-wha!

Kevin: I meant two jellyfish! (two jellyfish fly in SpongeBob's net)

Fish: Two jellyfish, meep, in the net, meep.

Kevin: That's not what I meant. I meant 20 jellyfish! (a whole load of jellyfish fly into SpongeBob's net)

SpongeBob: (counting) Let's see, one, two, three? (Kevin kicks the net, causing all the jellyfish to sting him. He now has a bunch of sores)

Fish: (in ominous voice) Wha-wha-wha! (bubble-wipe to the fields, where Kevin has a jar of jelly)

Kevin: Jellyspotters allow jellyfish to eat jelly off their face. (smears some jelly on SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Who wants to lick my cheeks? (some jellyfish swim by) I see I have some takers.

Kevin: How does it feel? (SpongeBob now has jellyfish on his face, put together in the form of a mustache and beard. He laughs)

SpongeBob: It tickles my nose!

Kevin: Not for long. (he and the Jellyspotters snicker. SpongeBob sneezes and all of the jellyfish fly onto Kevin's eyes. They sting them and now he has big red swollen eyes)

Fish: (in ominous voice) Wha-wha-wha!

Kevin: (turns to the fish making that taunting noise) Will you cut that out?

SpongeBob: Am I in the Jellyspotters now?

Kevin: No! I have many more tests for you to take! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking upside-down, with a net and a jellyfish)

SpongeBob: Am I in the Jellyspotters now? (the jellyfish stings Kevin's nose, making it big and swollen)

Kevin: No. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob having caught a jellyfish blindfolded)

SpongeBob: Am I in the Jellyspotters now? (the jellyfish stings Kevin's crown and it becomes swollen)

Kevin: No. (cut to just SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Now? (we hear zapping sounds. Now Kevin's ears are big and swollen)

Kevin: No. (cut to just SpongeBob again)

SpongeBob: Now? (more zapping noises. Kevin's lips are now huge and swollen)

Kevin: No. (cut to SpongeBob once more)

SpongeBob: Now? (zapping noises are heard. Kevin's behind is now huge and swollen)

Kevin: NO!

SpongeBob: Now? (zapping noises are heard) Now? (more zapping noises are heard) Now? (more zapping noises are heard. Now, Kevin is just a big swollen sea cucumber thing)

Kevin: All right, SquarePants, it is your turn to get zapped! I mean, are you ready for your final test?

SpongeBob: I'm ready!

Kevin: You'd better be, because we're going to catch a queen jellyfish.

SpongeBob: A queen? Ooh, can I help?

Kevin: Oh, don't worry. We can't do it without you! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob being tied by arms and legs, hanging from two sticks)

SpongeBob: This is fantastic! I've never been bait before! I don't think I've ever seen a queen jellyfish either.

Kevin: Well, then you've probably never used a queen jellyfish call. Why don't you try it out? (hands him a blower thing. SpongeBob blows and it makes a weird groaning sound that sort of sounds like "Loser")

SpongeBob: Hey, I've heard this call before.

Kevin: I'll bet you have. (the Jellyspotters walk off)

SpongeBob: Hey, where are you going?

Kevin: Oh, don't worry, we'll be right behind this bush. (they kneel down behind it. Gets zapped again. Stands up covered in sores while a jellyfish flies off) Who's got my sting ointment? (kneels down again)

SpongeBob: This is great! When I pass this test, I'll be an official jellyfish spotter! (continues to blow that horn thing, which keeps saying "Loser." Soon, it becomes dark and he's tired of blowing) Hey Kevin, I don't think it's working. Nothing? (a giant shadow looms over SpongeBob. Looks up to find a giant jellyfish with a tiara. It's the mechanic Jellyfish Queen) Hey, hey Kevin! She's here! Look, she's here! She's here, Kevin! She's here? (the bush blows away, revealing nothing except Kevin's ointment. Screams and the jellyfish zaps the poles off. Runs up and down hills, dodging the jellyfish's

stingers. Comes upon a cliff and can't go any further. Begs on his hands and knees) Please don't be angry, your highness! I would have let you go! (cries. Just then, a screen on the jellyfish opens, revealing Kevin and the Jellyspotters. They laugh. SpongeBob gasps) Kevin!

Kevin: That's right! You should have seen the look on your face when we zapped you!

SpongeBob: But, what about my final test? (they all laugh)

Kevin: Did you think we'd actually let you into the Jellyspotters?

SpongeBob: But Kevin, I was your biggest fan!

Kevin: So were they. (points to the bottom of the cliff, where a bunch of people are by a fire. One looks up)

Guy: Look everybody, Kevin's back! (they all yell up at him in praise)

Kevin: You looked so dumb with your dorky jellyfish call! (imitating) Loser, loser, loser loser loser!

SpongeBob: I am not a loser!

Kevin: Loooooser! (as Kevin continues, a giant, even bigger than the queen, jellyfish comes from the cliff. It is wearing a robe and a crown. The Jellyspotters finally notice) Nideria Rex!

SpongeBob: King Jellyfish! (the king sees the queen and is instantly smitten. He grows lips and puckers up)

Kevin: Kissyface! (the queen flies off and SpongeBob runs. The king gives chase. The queen eventually crashes into a billboard for Kevin's Ointment and breaks apart. The king sees Kevin, the Jellyspotters, and SpongeBob)

King Jellyfish: (angrily) Keeeeee-viiiiin! (zaps the ground and they all run off. They find refuge in a cave. Comes back with a helmet and American Football uniform and attempts to bash in the cave. Inside, the Jellyspotters and SpongeBob are pretty scared. The bashing stops)

Kevin: I think he's gone. One of you go out and check. (the Jellyspotters push one fish out of the cave to see. The fish looks around and "meep-meep"s happily, giving the all-clear. Soon, however, he's zapped and "meep-meep"s not to come out. All the fish go around Kevin asking what to do) Don't look at me! I was only in this for the fashion! (close up on Kevin's pants, with patches, stickers and a toy jellyfish coming out of his pocket) It's hopeless! We're trapped! We're trapped! (sits down and curls to a ball) Help me mommy, help me! I want my blankie! I want my blankie!

SpongeBob: (to fishes) Now what do we do? (the fish get down and imitate Kevin. Goes out to face the king. The king growls and buzzes. Takes out some bubbles)

King Jellyfish: What the...? (SpongeBob blows out one in the shape of a giant cherry pie) Mmmmmm. Yummy! (The king, satisfied, leaves to eat his snack. The fishes come out and gather around SpongeBob. Kevin follows)

Kevin: I can't believe it! How did you know?

SpongeBob: (laughs) Everybody loves pie!

Fish: (ominous voice) Wha-wha-wha!

Kevin: Well, SquarePants, that was impressive, but you're still not in the club because you didn't catch a queen jellyfish. (the other Jellyspotters narrow their eyes and run over to Kevin, off-screen) Wait, what are you doing? (a ripping sound is heard and Kevin screams. The fish run back with Kevin's crown and place it on SpongeBob. He laughs)

SpongeBob: Wow, I didn't know this was a hat! (Kevin stands in agony, both for emotional and physical reasons)

Kevin: (teary-eyed) It wasn't... (cross-fade to back at the convention. SpongeBob talks to Patrick)

SpongeBob: Hi, Patrick!

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob! Did you get into that club?

SpongeBob: Yeah, but I turned them down. It's not about Kevin, it's about jellyfish!

Patrick: Well, SpongeBob, I'm glad you learned your lesson. (zoom out to see that Patrick has Jeffrey Jellyfish tied up in a wagon he's towing) Hero worship is unhealthy. (the two walk off) C'mon, Jeffrey.

Johnny: The New Adventures of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy! We join Bikini Bottom's noblest, boldest, oldest superheroes as they bravely prepare for vacation. (both pack their clothes into their bags while "FOLD" and "PACK" come up as they put them in). But wait! While our heroes relax at Leisure Village, who will watch the Mermalair? (Barnacle Boy opens the doors, and SpongeBob and Patrick jump in).

SpongeBob: ManSponge...

Patrick: ...and BoyPatrick!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Reporting for duty.

Barnacle Boy: Yeah, yeah, follow me.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Up, up, and away!

Mermaid Man: Evil!

Barnacle Boy: Now, we want you boys to keep an eye on the place. Water the plants, and make sure that...

SpongeBob: Oh, my gosh, Patrick. This is the greatest wall of superhero super gadgetry ever! I'm going to play with the cosmic-ray!

Patrick: I'll get the aqua-glove.

Mermaid Man: Hold on there, boys! You cannot play with this stuff.

SpongeBob: What about the Orb of Confusion? (turns the orb on and he and Patrick make confused faces).

Mermaid Man: (turns it off) No, no! Prolonged exposure from the Orb of Confusion will give you...uh...confusion!

Patrick: (opens, then closes the boat's door). What about the invisible boat mobile?

Barnacle BBoy: Especially not the invisible boat mobile. When we say don't touch anything, we mean don't touch anything. Do you understand?

SpongeBob & Patrick: Loud and clear, trusted boy companion!

Barnacle Boy: Well, great. Here are the keys. (drops key into SpongeBob's hand). We'll see you in a week.

Mermaid Man: (both run out the door) Up, up, and away.

SpongeBob: Come, boy Patrick. While our heroes are away, we will keep evil at bay. (both flip into the other room while yelling karate sounds).

Patrick: Huh? M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m...

SpongeBob: What is it, trusted sidekick?

Patrick: M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m. M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m.

SpongeBob & Patrick: M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m! M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m! Man-Ray! Ahh! (both hide).

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, how come he's not chasing us?

SpongeBob: Looks like he's frozen or something.

Patrick: Fro-fro-fro-fro-fro-fro-fro-fro.

SpongeBob: It appears to be some sort of prison chamber... (licks the chamber) ...made out of frozen tartar sauce. This is incredible. Next to the Dirty Bubble, the evil Man-Ray is the all-time greatest arch nemesis of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. I have so many questions to ask him. (Patrick pulls the lever down to UNFREEZE). Pat, what are you doing? We're not supposed to touch anything!

Patrick: But you said you had a question.

SpongeBob: We could get in trouble.

Patrick: Well that's not a question. (both argue).

SpongeBob: He said not to touch anything and that includes unfreezing a super-villain! (pulls level up back to FREEZE).

Man-Ray: I'm free! Hahaha!

SpongeBob: Uh, actually, Mr. Man-Ray, sir, only your head is free.

Man-Ray: I, the supreme authority of wickedness, I, the evil Man-Ray, command you to release me from this frozen prison at once.

SpongeBob: Well, uhh, Mr. evil Man-Ray sir, we can't do that.

Man-Ray: Why not?!!

SpongeBob: Because you're evil!

Man-Ray: You mean, if I was good then you'd let me go?

SpongeBob: Yeah, sure, why not?

Man-Ray: Then, uh, in that case...I am good.

SpongeBob: Really?

Man-Ray: Yes, really.

SpongeBob: Really, really?

Man-Ray: Yes, yes, really, really.

SpongeBob: Really, really, really?

Man-Ray: Yes, yes already. I'm good; I'm good!! Now let me out of here or you'll suffer dire consequences.

SpongeBob: Well, that's good enough for me. (unfreezes Man-Ray).

Man-Ray: You fools! Prepare to be eradicated. (tries to jump at SpongeBob and Patrick but stops in mid-air and falls to the ground, then laughs). What's wrong with me? Hahaha. What is this... Hahaha... infernal contraption?!

SpongeBob: Don't play dumb, Man-Ray! You know that's the tickle belt Mermaid Man used on you in episode #17.

Narrator: (showing a picture of the belt) As seen on episode 17!

Patrick: Oh, I love that episode.

SpongeBob: Oh, me too, me too.

Man-Ray: I'll never get out of here wearing this belt. I...I need an evil plan that will trick them to take it off me. (chuckles) Those acting lessons can pay off.

SpongeBob: Remember that part where Mermaid Man and Barnacle...

Man-Ray: Oh, sob. Oh, cry. (opens and closes his eyes) Oh, woe is me. You don't know what it's like being evil for so long. Oh, how I wish to be...good. If only some kind heroes would show me the path to decency. (SpongeBob & Patrick gasp).

SpongeBob: We could teach you how to be good and then we'll let you go.

Man-Ray: (turns around) Ahh, that would be fantastic! (chuckles) I'll fake my way through this just like I did in high school. (laughs).

SpongeBob: Okay, Man-Ray. Are you ready for your first day at goodness school? (Man-Ray puts an apple on his desk). Pat,

get your wallet out. (Patrick gets his wallet out of his pocket). Okay, goodness lesson number one. You see someone drop their wallet. Patrick, drop the wallet. (Patrick tosses it on the ground). Now, what would you do?

Man-Ray: Excuse me, sir, but I do believe you've dropped your wallet.

Patrick: Doesn't look familiar to me.

Man-Ray: What? I just saw you drop it. Here.

Patrick: Nope, it's not mine.

Man-Ray: It is yours. I am trying to be a good person and return it to you.

Patrick: Return what to who?

Man-Ray: (slaps his face, then shows Patrick his ID). Aren't you Patrick Star?

Patrick: Yup.

Man-Ray: And this is your ID.

Patrick: Yup.

Man-Ray: I found this ID in this wallet. And if that's the case, this must be your wallet.

Patrick: That makes sense to me.

Man-Ray: Then take it.

Patrick: It's not my wallet.

Man-Ray: You dim bulb! Take back your wallet, or I'll rip your arms off! (SpongeBob pushes tickle button and Man-Ray laughs).

SpongeBob: Nuh. Wrong. (SpongeBob pushes button) Good people don't rip each others' arms off. (Man-Ray chuckles) Okay, goodness lesson number two. You see someone struggle with a heavy package. What do you do?

Man-Ray: Hello, friend. I noticed you were struggling with that package. Would you like some help? (Patrick drops package on Man-Ray's foot). Ow!

Patrick: Oops, sorry. Can I start over?

Man-Ray: I noticed that... (Patrick drops package again). Ow!

Patrick: Oops. Gotta start again. (Patrick drops package again).

Man-Ray: Ow!!!!

Patrick: Oops!

Man-Ray: Eh, you butter-fingered pink thing! What's in that box anyhow?!

Patrick: My wallets.

Man-Ray: Ahh!!!!!! (grabs Patrick's head and throws him on the ground a lot).

Patrick: No! SpongeBob, tickle him! (SpongeBob pushes the tickle button as Man-Ray starts laughing, but he keeps throwing Patrick around).

Man-Ray: It tickles but it's worth it.

SpongeBob: Alright, goodness lesson number three. Uhh, let's see. (Patrick, in bandages and a wheelchair, grabs the remote glaring in anger).

Patrick: I've got one. I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 100. What is it?

Man-Ray: Umm... 62?

Patrick: Wrong! (pushes button).

Man-Ray: Haha. Stop. (Patrick presses the button rapidly in genuine anger against Man Ray)

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick, that's got nothing to do with being good. (He and Patrick play tug-of-war over it)

Patrick: (Angrily) Let go of it, SpongeBob!!

SpongeBob: Pat, we've got to use it only when he's bad.

Patrick: Let go!

SpongeBob: No, you let go!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Let go!! (remote breaks and the belt goes haywire).

Man-Ray: Frequency rising. Hahaha. Belt out of control. It's tickling my DNA. Make it stop! (tears come out as he laughs). Haha. Please!!

SpongeBob: Did you hear that, Patrick? He said the P word.

Patrick: Peanuts?

SpongeBob: No. Please.

Patrick: Well, that's good enough for me. I guess he's re-constituted.

SpongeBob: Rehabilitated.

Patrick: Same thing.

SpongeBob: It's graduation day, Man-Ray. This is the key to your future. (unlocks belt) Just look at him, Patrick. The picture of goodness. (Man-Ray grabs the aqua-glove off the wall of weapons). Umm, we're not supposed to touch that stuff. We're not supposed to touch that, either. (Man-Ray grabs a bomb and attaches it on the aqua-glove). We are really not supposed to touch those, sir. Good people have no use for weapons like... (Man-Ray zaps them into dust with the aqua glove and bomb).

Man-Ray: (laughs) The only thing I'm good at is being evil. (door opens and he runs). So long, suckers!

Patrick: What's that smell, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: That, Patrick, is the smell of defeat.

Patrick: Good, I thought it was my skin.

SpongeBob: Forget about your skin, Patrick. Man-Ray is still bad, and someone has to stop him. This is a job for Mermaid Man...

Patrick: and Barnacle Boy! (both slide down pole and get their costumes on).

SpongeBob: To the Invisible Boat Mobile. (both stop in the invisible boat).

Patrick: Ignition, on!

SpongeBob: Wait! I don't have a license.

Patrick: Well, this is an invisible boat, right? So, you need an invisible license. (shapes hand into a rectangle).

SpongeBob: You're the best sidekick ever, Barnacle Boy. (boats drives through the wall and into a street light).

Patrick: Thank goodness for invisible seatbelts.

Man-Ray: Out of my way, fools. You no longer have control of me. And now this town belongs to: Man-Ray!

SpongeBob: Not so fast, arch-villain. We still have the Orb of Confusion. (Patrick takes out the Orb of Confusion). Take this! (turns it on and they get all confused.) Doy. Duh.

Man-Ray: (The confusion orb waves miss him) Well, that was easy. (Heads to the bank where he kicks in the door). Hahaha. All right, people! Everyone stand right where you are!!

(citizens gasp)

Man-Ray: I want to, uh... (chuckles, so everyone else chuckles, too). No! No! Stop giggling or I'll have to... (chuckles again as all the citizens laugh). STOP LAUGHING YOU FOOLS!!!! (Walks up to clerk)

Bank Lady: What can I do for you, sir?

Man-Ray: What? I'll tell you what you can do. (points glove at the lady) Gimme all of your... (chuckles again) G-g-gimme all of your... (chuckles again) Give me... (chuckles too much) Ahh! The belt is gone, but I still feel its tickle. The urge

to do bad is gone. (Sighs) I guess I'll just open a checking account. (Man-Ray returns to turn the Orb of Confusion off).

SpongeBob: Duh. Doy. (gasps) Man-Ray!

Man-Ray: No need to be alarmed, SpongeBob. Your teachings have transformed me. Besides, I have checks...with little poodles on them! (Man-Ray shows a check-book with drawings of poodles. He takes his head off and gives it to SpongeBob) I won't be needing this anymore. Farewell, fellow do-gooder. (walks off).

SpongeBob: Bye, Man-Ray! Wow. We did it! Just like the real Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. We saved the day. Isn't it incredible, Patrick? Patrick?

Patrick: Uhh... (still has a confused look on his face).

SpongeBob: Patrick, you know that thing's turned off, right? Patrick? Yoo-hoo? Patrick?!

(lights are circling outside the Krusty Krab. Inside, there is a sign hanging from the ceiling that says 'Komedy Krab')

Mr. Krabs: Ok, everybody settle down. Welcome to the Komedy Krab! (puts an arrow on his eyes. Everyone laughs) Now please give a warm welcome to our first comic, the indiscernible Dougie Williams! (Dougie walks onto the stage as Mr Krabs walks out)

Dougie Williams: Good evening, folks. I'm going to skip the jokes and get right to the part where I throw pies at you. (pulls out a cart of pies. The crowd takes out their umbrellas. SpongeBob opens the curtain from behind and gets splattered with pie)

SpongeBob: (laughs) I hope I do as good as that guy!

Dougie Williams: (backstage) Man, those people will laugh at anything! Hey, don't sweat it kid, I got them all worked up for you.

Mr. Krabs: Put your fins together for SpongeBob SquarePants! (SpongeBob walks out with a bowtie on)

Sandy: Go get 'em, SpongeBob!

Patrick: (sitting at a table with Sandy) Whoo-hoo! (SpongeBob gives them a thumbs-up)

SpongeBob: Hey, hey, hey ladies and jellyfish, have you ever noticed salt shakers? I mean, you fill them up every night at closing, and I mean, where does it all go? Huh? You know what I mean? (no one laughs. Crickets are chirping) And tomatoes – what's the deal on those things? (chuckles weakly. Crowd is still silent) I mean, you chop them up into slices, but... What are they, vegetables or...fruit? And what does that make ketchup? (chuckles weakly)

Fish #1: Oh brother, this guy stinks!

Harold: Hey, hey funny guy, I've got a joke for you! What smells rotten and puts people to sleep?

SpongeBob: Umm, noxious gas?

Harold: No! Your act! (everyone laughs)

SpongeBob: Did you ever notice how, uhh... (notices a fork on a table) ...forks, uhh...

Fish #3: Forks?! Come on! (crowd is booing)

SpongeBob: (thinking) Quick, SpongeBob, make a witty observation! (looks around for material then notices Sandy's teeth) Did you ever notice how big squirrels' front teeth are? (crowd chuckles)

Fish: That's true.

Sandy: Huh?

SpongeBob: I mean, hey, you could land a plane on those things. (crowd laughs more) And what's up with all that squirrel fur? I guess fleas need a home too. (crowd laughs loud)

Patrick: (laughing) Squirrel fur!

SpongeBob: And they smell! But hey, you'd stink too if you spent three months buried in dirt. (crowd laughs) Hey, why does it take more than one squirrel to change a light bulb?

Fish #2: Why?

SpongeBob: Because, they're so darn stupid! (crowd laughs)

Patrick: That's a good one, huh, Sandy?

Sandy: Uhh, y-yeah... (SpongeBob walks behind the curtain where Mr Krabs is waiting for him)

Mr. Krabs: That was fantastic boy. You really knocked them out! I think I'll do this joke night thing again with you as the headliner!

SpongeBob: I never thought I could be a headliner! Whatever that is.

Mr. Krabs: The headliner's the one who cleans up after the show. (hands SpongeBob a mop)

SpongeBob: At least I don't have to clean up my act! (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: Stick with the squirrel jokes, boy. Now get busy. (walks off)

SpongeBob: Mops, mops, mops, what's up with those things? I mean, really. (walks up to Sandy) Oh hey, Sandy!

Sandy: Howdy, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Did you enjoy the show?

Sandy: Well, ac-actually SpongeBob... no. Those jokes are hurtful and you know it.

SpongeBob: Come on Sandy, I was just joking. I mean, everybody knows that you're the smartest one in Bikini Bottom.

Sandy: Well, I can't argue with that.

SpongeBob: We all gotta laugh at ourselves once in a while. I do it all the time! (holds up a mirror and laughs excessively into it, Sandy chuckles) Sandy: You're right, SpongeBob. I was being a little too sensitive. (both hug) No hard feelings. (scene cuts to Sandy at Barg'N-Mart) Ok, deodorant. Huh, let's see. Roll-on or stick? (a couple walks by)

Fred: I think she should buy both. (laughs)

Sandy: Huh?

Scooter: Hey look guys! (it's three kids, the one speaking is Scooter, the surfing dude) It's the stupid squirrel!

Fish #4: I know, let's try to communicate with it.

All: Duh... (all walk off laughing)

Sandy: Hmph! (throws the deodorant into the cart then walks up to a little kid) Hello, little critter! What's your name?

Mother: (grabs her child) Don't stand too close to a squirrel, Billy. You'll catch its stupid. (walks off)

Billy: Ok, mom.

Sandy: Stupidity isn't a virus... but it sure is spreading like one! (scene cuts to the Komeidy Krab where everyone is chanting for SpongeBob. SpongeBob is sitting at a desk preparing for his act)

SpongeBob: La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la. Squirrely, squirrely, squirrely, squirrel. Because they're stupid. Because they're stupid!

Sandy: Hey, uhh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Oh, hi, Sandy.

Sandy: Umm, I need to talk to you about them squirrel jokes.

SpongeBob: We already talked about that, remember? (looks in a mirror and laughs)

Sandy: SpongeBob, this is serious. Since you've been telling them jokes, people have been treating me different. (Patrick walks backstage)

Patrick: SpongeBob, five minutes. (notices Sandy then talks slowly) Hel-lo...Sandy. Me Patrick. Do you un-der-stand? (Sandy looks away) Squirrels. (walks off)

Sandy: Y-y-you see? That's what I'm talking about!

SpongeBob: Ah, that's just Patrick. He's just fooling around.

Sandy: I'm just asking you as a friend, please lay off them squirrel jokes, ok? Tell some of them other jokes you got.

SpongeBob: (nervously) Other jokes? (imagines the fork joke) Bah! I got a million of them.

Sandy: (hugs SpongeBob) Thanks SpongeBob, I knew you'd understand. (walks to her seat. The crowd is still chanting for SpongeBob)

Mr. Krabs: Put your fins together for SpongeBob SquarePants! (everyone cheers as SpongeBob walks out)

SpongeBob: Uhh, hi. (chuckles nervously) Uhh, did you hear about the goldfish who went bankrupt? Now he's a bronze fish. (crowd is confused) I guess you heard that one.

Sandy: I haven't heard it! Good one, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Thank you, you're too kind. Hey, what about this water! I mean, the stuff's everywhere.

Patrick: Tell the one about the squirrel and the light bulbs!

SpongeBob: Uhh, hey, what about this thing! (takes out a big rubber chicken) Huh? Huh?

Fish #5: Get on with the squirrel jokes! (crowd changes for squirrel jokes)

SpongeBob: (thinking) What do I do? Who do I do? SpongeBob, you've got a choice to make: (looks at Sandy) your friends... (looks at his microphone) ...or your career. (drops the microphone and everyone gasps. He walks backstage then jumps back on stage with hillbilly teeth) Howdy, y'all! (crowd cheers loudly) How come it takes more than one squirrel to screw in a light bulb?

All: Because they're so darn stupid!

SpongeBob: (laughs as he walks around tooting a bicycle horn) My people! (Sandy gets angry) But seriously folks, I want to give a special thanks to my friend, Sandy. (spotlight on Sandy as the two women around her giggle) Sandy, don't you see? The crowd loves these jokes. Am I right? (crowd cheers) Don't you see, Sandy? We're laughing with you, not at you! Do you understand now, Sandy? Huh, do you?

Sandy: I understand exactly what's going on, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Great. I knew sooner or later you'd understand. What a great sport. Let's give a big hand for Sandy! But clap slow because remember, she's a squirrel! (crowd is cheering their loudest) Thank you! You've been a wonderful audience, and uhh, good night! (walks backstage) Ah...another spectacular performance, SpongeBob. (see a note taped to his mirror) Oh, what's this, a fan letter? (reads it)

Sandy: (reading the letter) You were right SpongeBob! Those jokes are funny! Come on over to the treedome tomorrow and celebrate, Sandy.

SpongeBob: You did it SpongeBob. You get to keep your career and your friends. (scene cuts to SpongeBob walking up to the treedome with his water helmet on and flowers in his hands. He knocks on the door as the water empties from the treedome) I'm glad that Sandy can finally see the genius of my comedy. (door opens) Good morning, Sandy. (Sandy is dressed as a hillbilly with flies floating around her)

Sandy: Well, how-dee!

SpongeBob: Sandy, are you feeling alright?

Sandy: I'm just being my own au-naturally squirrely self! (licks her teeth with her tongue. SpongeBob laughs nervously) Well come on in! Y'all must be tired from telling them funny jokes all the time. Why don't you take a load off! (pushes him onto a log with glue on it)

SpongeBob: Uhh, Sandy, I think something's wrong with this seat.

Sandy: Naw, (holds up a brush and a bucket of glue) I just done put glue on it so you wouldn't fall off. (gasps and grabs the flowers that SpongeBob was holding) Are them flowers for me? You even done got me a vase! (takes SpongeBob's water helmet off his head)

SpongeBob: Uhh, Sandy, that, that's not a... (Sandy places the flowers in the water helmet)

Sandy: A'int that purdy?

SpongeBob: (in a dry, craking voice) Sandy, I need wa...

Sandy: Oh, that's right. Youse a sea critter. Now what was that thing that sea critters need? Umm, uhh...let's see, uhh... (a big lump in her throat wiggles up and down) Sea critters need, uhh...

SpongeBob: Wa...

Sandy: Oh wait, don't tell me. I know this one!

SpongeBob: (voice cracking) Wa...

Sandy: Wa...llet? Watch? Waffles?

SpongeBob: (hoarsely) Sandy! Water!

Sandy: Well, why didn't you just say so! (puts the end of a hose in SpongeBob's mouth) Here ya go! Yup, us squirrels sure is stupid. (connects the other end of the hose to a pipe then turns it on. SpongeBob enlarges as more water enters into him) Dumb, dumb, dumb, squirrels is dumb.

SpongeBob: Ok Sandy, I get it!

Sandy: What's that? You want more? (connects to the end of the hose to a bigger pipe and turns it on) Okey-dokey! More water for the sea-critter! (SpongeBob is still enlarging)

SpongeBob: Ok Sandy, Ok! I get it! (SpongeBob is filled up every inch of the treedome) No more squirrel jokes. (scene cuts to the Komeedy Krab where the crowd is chanting for SpongeBob again) Thank you, thank you very much. Well, on my way over here, I ran into a squirrel. (winks at Sandy) And I said, "Hey, why don't you go get a couple of squirrel friends and we'll go change a light bulb." (crowd laughs) But seriously folks, the only thing dumber than a squirrel is a sponge! (crowd is silent) I mean, we're so dumb, we don't even have a vertebrae! (twists himself) Look at me! I got no bones!

Fish #6: That's true. (crowd laughs)

SpongeBob: Krabs? Oh brother. They're so cheap, they can't even pay attention!

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) It's true, I am cheap!

SpongeBob: Now let me tell you about those fish! Boy are they smelly. Whoo-hoo! I mean how can a creature that spends so much time in the water smell so bad? I mean, really! (imitates a fish) Soap, soap, what is soap? (crowd laughs more. SpongeBob and Sandy give each other a thumbs-up as the scene cuts to an outside view of the Krusty Krab) And don't even get me started on starfish!

Sandy: (looking at the clouds) You know, SpongeBob, sometimes it's nice to hang up my hang-glider and just watch the clouds roll by.

SpongeBob: Yup, and just relax.

Sandy: Yeah. Relax.

SpongeBob: Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! You know what that cloud looks like?

Sandy: What?

SpongeBob: A flower.

Sandy: They all look like flowers, SpongeBob. All the time.

SpongeBob: They sure do.

Sandy: You know, normally, I'd offer to race you to the top of coral cliffs. But I don't want to miss out on a second of this beautiful beauty.

SpongeBob: Me either. Who wants to get all dirty anyway?

Sandy: Yeah. And sweaty. Besides, I think we'd know who'd get to the top first.

SpongeBob: Yeah.

SpongeBob and Sandy: (laughing) Me.

SpongeBob: That's funny, Sandy. It sounded like you said you could beat me in a climbing contest.

Sandy: 'Course I can! I'm a squirrel. See? (points to her acorn badge)

SpongeBob: I thought that meant you were nuts.

Sandy: Nope, it means I'm a natural born climber. I'm from the surface world, and nothing prepares you for climbing like growing up on good ol' dry land.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Land-shmand, it's all about finger strength, baby, and if there's anything we've got plenty of down here, it's finger strength! (his fingers do poses) What do you say to that, "Miss Mittens"?

Sandy: I'd say I'm already halfway there!

SpongeBob: Ahh! (begins to climb the mountain) No fair, Sandy! You got a head start!

Sandy: Sorry, SpongeBob, that's the way the coral crumbles! (collapses the rock SpongeBob is climbing on)

SpongeBob: Hey! (gets back on another rock) You did that on purpose!

Sandy: Yeah, but this is an accident! (unleashes more rocks at him. SpongeBob screams as he falls.) Too bad you forgot your umbrella!

SpongeBob: (holds on to an umbrella and floats up). I didn't! (laughing)

Sandy: Well. It's about time you showed up.

SpongeBob: But you were—I saw you—I—I—I want a rematch! First one to the Krusty Krab is the winner!

Sandy: Ain't no way a sea critter can run faster than a land critter.

SpongeBob: I can underwater! I'm... HYDRODYNAMICALLY DESIGNED! Think you can win a fair race in that clunky tin tube?

Sandy: Why don't you ask my behind! That is, if you can catch it! What do you say to that, HydroPants?

SpongeBob: I say I'm already halfway there!—halfway there! (zoom out to reveal a record player)—halfway there!—halfway there!.

Sandy: (gasps) Hey! (SpongeBob laughs but hits a brick wall. Jumps on SpongeBob) Thanks for the face lift! (laughs as she runs to the Krusty Krab) You see, I told you you didn't have a ch—

SpongeBob: (dressed as an old man) There you are! Ain't just like a land creature to keep a sea creature waiting! (rips off suit, laughing)

Sandy: I though y'all wanted a rematch.

SpongeBob: I did! And I took a head start like you did!

Sandy: Well, I was just funning with you that time! But I guess all y'all underwater don't have to play fair!

SpongeBob: I guess I don't, air breather!

Sandy: Water sucker!

SpongeBob: Tree climber!

Sandy: Gulf streamer!

SpongeBob: Kite flier!

Sandy: Chum chewer!

SpongeBob: (gasps) Take that back! You... (nervously) not wet person!

Sandy: Aha! You can't even come up with another name! That proves it!

SpongeBob: Proves what?

Sandy: That land critters are better than sea critters!

Patrick: (walks to the two) Better at what?

Sandy: Oh, dern near everything, I guess. Cattle roping and pie eating and wood chopping and flying!

Squidward: (walks to the three) What's she blabbering about?

Patrick: She says land creatures are best.

Sandy: Only 'cause it's true! We're best at horse riding and fur styling and rowing. Y'all got us licked in swimming, but we've got corn chucking, (Mr. Krabs walks to the four) and hay bailing, and barn raising, and fishing! (SpongeBob, Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs all gasp) And name calling, for sure!

Squidward: And drowning, don't forget drowning!

SpongeBob: (laughing) Good one, Squidward! (jumps to hi-five Squidward) Woo!

Squidward: Not on your life, sport. (SpongeBob falls)

SpongeBob: I'll admit, you've got some pretty good moves. For a squirrel. (SpongeBob and the rest except Sandy start laughing) But you're still just a land creature.

Sandy: Squirrels can do anything they want to!

Patrick: I bet you can't eat a Krabby Double Deluxe in one bite. (gulps a patty down) Ah.

Sandy: Give me that. They don't call me Cheeks for nothing. (tries to eat it, but her air helmet blocks it. Everyone else begins to laugh)

Patrick: Thank you, thank you.

Sandy: Well, that's just one thing.

Mr. Krabs: Can you do this? (his eyeballs go into his head) Everyone in my family can do that.

Sandy: Uh...uh...

Squidward: How about this? (balances six spinning plates on a stick with his tentacles) Huh?

SpongeBob: Can you reproduce by budding? (begins to do it) Can ya? Can ya? Can ya? Can ya?

Sandy: No!

SpongeBob: Most importantly...can you do this? (all except Sandy begin gasping three times without releasing any breath)

Sandy: Well, what would I wanna do any of that dumb stuff for anyway?

SpongeBob: Admit it, Sandy, you can't do anything us sea creatures can do. In fact, if wasn't for that suit, you couldn't even live down here!

Sandy: Well, you don't... (all continue laughing) I don't need to... (all laughing harder) Grr... I'll show y'all! I don't need this suit! (takes off suit, and all gasp) And I don't need this helmet neither! (throws helmet to ground)

Mr. Krabs: Neptune preserve her!

Squidward: How long can she stay like that?

SpongeBob: I don't know!

Patrick: Sandy's a girl?

SpongeBob: Wow, Sandy. You sure proved us wrong. I guess land creatures are better. At least until they need to breathe... (all but Sandy laugh. Sandy winks) Yup, won't be long now. Feelin' light-headed yet? (Sandy shakes her head) Remember this? (SpongeBob takes a deep breath in and out)

Mr. Krabs: It's free! (Krabs then takes a deep breath too)

Sandy: (starts suffocating underwater, then puts her head into a pickle jar. all others start laughing.) Stop laughing at me!

Mr. Krabs: I knew it! There was no way some "airhead" was gonna win anything against a water breather!

Patrick: Airhead... (laughs. The top of his head deflates like a balloon) Huh? (puts thumb in mouth and blows. His head becomes round at the top.)

SpongeBob, Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs: Sea creatures rule! (chanting) Water! Water! Water!

Sandy: All right, all right! You had your little laugh. But now it's my turn! Y'all think you're such hot stuff, don't ya! Swimming around with your fancy gills and such. But none of you wetheads would last a minute on my turf. Dry land!

Squidward: Do we have to wear pickle jars? (all but Sandy begin to laugh)

Sandy: Nope, nothing but the clothes on your backs.

SpongeBob: One minute? No problem, Landy! (all but Sandy begin to laugh)

Sandy: (all but her are still laughing, as she leads them all to a hill. As they see land, they stop laughing) Well? So are you going or not? (the four of them stammer)

SpongeBob: Actually, you know, (stammers)

Squidward: We-we can't, uh... because...

Mr. Krabs: We're late for our...um...

Patrick: Our fitting!

Sandy: Oh, you mean for your chicken costumes!

Patrick: (holding and eating popcorn) Hey! We are not chicken! (drops popcorn. He gasps.) My popcorn! (begins pecking on it like a chicken)

SpongeBob: Yeah, we're not chicken, we'll do it. (looks at his reflection on the surface and puts his finger above the water) There. Mission accomplished.

Sandy: Look, unless you can stay above water for one measly minute, you forfeit the contest and prove that land creatures are better than sea creatures!

SpongeBob: No, way, San-day. We can take on your challenge!

Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs: Yeah!

SpongeBob: We're not afraid of your dumb old land!

Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs: Yeah!

SpongeBob: We're sea creatures!

SpongeBob, Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs: Yeah!

SpongeBob: Okay! Well, this is it.

Mr. Krabs: Wait, boy! (gives him a glass) Make it last.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Mr. Krabs. (drinks from it) Okay! Here I go! (gasps out of water) Hey, this isn't so bad. We can do this! Hey, Patrick, come on up! The air is fine!

Patrick: I'm gonna do it quick and get it over with. Cannonball! (goes up to shore) Hey, I lost my trunks! Hi, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: All right, Pat, you made it! Come on, Mr. Krabs! Up here!

Mr. Krabs: All ashore that's going ashore, Mr. Squidward! Land ho! (goes up)

SpongeBob: Looking good, Mr. Krabs!

Patrick: Yeah! Yeah! Whoo-hoo!

SpongeBob: Come on, Squidward, you're missing all the dry. Come on, Squidward!

SpongeBob, Patrick and Mr. Krabs: (chanting) Squidward! Squidward! Squidward! Squidward!

Squidward: Well, I'll do it. But I won't like it. (goes up. Chanting stops) What?

SpongeBob: Well, here we are.

Squidward: This is pretty easy.

Patrick: I may keep a second rock up here.

Mr. Krabs: Once you get your land legs it's not so bad!

SpongeBob: We're the masters of land and sea!

SpongeBob: (approaching birds) Hey, it's a local. Hi, we're from underwater. Do you know Sandy Cheeks?

Sandy: 3, 2, 1. Well, tan my fur. They made it! Better go congratulate them. (cut to the island SpongeBob! Patrick? Hmm, where'd those critters get to? (goes up, discovers the birds attacking them. She gasps.) Holy guacamole! You can't eat my friends, you rats with wings! (attacks the birds. All of them float back underwater)

SpongeBob: Uh, thanks for saving us, Sandy.

Sandy: You know, everyone's best at something.

SpongeBob: But no one's best at everything. Sorry I made you take off your helmet, Sandy.

Sandy: Sorry I made you go up on dry land, SpongeBob.

Mr. Krabs: Three cheers for feeling sorry for ourselves! Hip hip!

SpongeBob, Sandy, Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs: Hooray!

Mr. Krabs: Hip hip!

SpongeBob, Sandy, Patrick, Squidward and Mr. Krabs: Hooray!

Mr. Krabs: Hip hip!

(scene cut to live-action where the seagulls sitting on the island)

Seagulls: Hooray.

(episode starts at the Bikini Bottom Zoo)

French Narrator: Ah... Bikini Bottom Zoo is having its annual free day. Free balloons... (Mr. Krabs, disguised in a mustache, steals a whole bunch of balloons from Jimmy) Free drinks... (Mr. Krabs comes by and fills up a huge barrel) Free light bulbs? (Mr. Krabs unscrews a light bulb from a lamp post and puts it into his pants just as the police arrive)

Mr. Krabs: A-ha! Top of the mornin', boys! (laughs nervously) Whew! Next stop: gift shop. (as he runs into the gift shop, SpongeBob and Patrick walk by a lionfish exhibit and tiger shark exhibit while wearing zoo hats)

SpongeBob: There it is... Oyster Stadium. Not only do they have the largest oyster held in captivity, it also does tricks!

(like an announcer) He spits a giant pearl 100 feet in the air! Like a cannonball! (crumples up his hat, and spits it into the air and into a little fish's ice cream)

Patrick: Why are we hanging around watching a cheap imitation? Let's get over there! (the two run into the stadium)

Both: This is the greatest day of our lives! (snoring and gurgling from Clamu)

Patrick: This is the greatest day of our lives? Boring!

SpongeBob: You're right, Patrick. We came to see... (announcer voice) ...pearls 100 feet in the air! (normal voice) Right? I'll try my oyster call. (makes a strange noise, but seeing no progress, gives up)

Patrick: Well, I'm outta here. Thanks for nothin', SpongeBob. (walks away)

SpongeBob: Come on, come on, wake up already! (pulls out his bag of sea peanuts. Checks to see if there's anyone around and then throws one at Clamu. She stirs) I think it's working! (Clamu is moaning anxiously) Hey Patrick, it's waking up!

Patrick: Oh boy, did I miss it?

SpongeBob: No, the show's about to begin! (Clamu suddenly starts screaming and crying)

Zoo Worker #1: What's wrong with Clamu?

Joe: Easy girl, it's me, Joe! Remember? (Clamu growls. She picks up Joe and throws him in the air)

Patrick: Now this is a show!

P.A. System: (outside) Attention zoo patrons! Clamu the giant oyster is on an emotional rampage! Please scream and run around in circles! (the crowd compiles) Thanks for coming. (Clamu is destroying things and bawling)

Zoo Worker #1: You boys better get out of this area, pronto! There's nothing more dangerous than an emotionally disturbed oyster! (points menacingly at SpongeBob) You didn't do anything that might have caused this horrible tragedy, did you?

SpongeBob: Uh...

Patrick: No way! Only a jerk would upset a gentle giant. Right, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Right. (hides the peanut bag. Still sobbing, Clamu chomps on a piece of metal. Cut to Patrick and SpongeBob leaving the zoo)

Patrick: Man, if I see the guy who upset Clamu, I'd have a few choice words for him, like "you"... and "are"... and... "a jerk!" (SpongeBob and Patrick have now gotten to Conch Street, where their houses are) Are you sure you didn't see anything suspicious?

SpongeBob: I already said I didn't, Patrick! Sheesh! (walks up his cobblestone path into his pineapple)

Patrick: Hey, let's investigate this crime and catch the lowlife who's responsible!

SpongeBob: Give it a rest, Patrick! There's no crime to investigate! Now go home! (inside the pineapple) Stupid Patrick, I

didn't do anything wrong. Ah, what am I getting so worked up about? I'm sure that by tomorrow, this whole ugly mess will be a funny memory! (chuckles and turns on the television)

Realistic Fish Head: Our top story tonight: giant oyster has its feelings hurt! The only clue that could be found was this lone peanut! (a Realistic Fish Head is on TV with the crying giant oyster at the stadium. SpongeBob is clearly nervous) And as you can hear, the oyster continues to emit its horrible cry. A cry so powerful, it can be heard around the world! (we see live action pictures of people running around screaming and holding their ears in Africa, Holland, and India. Then, we are shown the stadium again) A cry that not only breaks the sound barrier, it breaks the hearts of our citizens! (a guilty SpongeBob is looking in horror) What kind of cruel, careless, evil person, (sobbing) would deliberately upset one of Neptune's most gentle creatures? (Hans uses a tissue to wipe a tear off the fish head's face. The TV turns off)

Gary: Meow?

SpongeBob: (screams) No Gary, how would I know anything about the oyster?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Defensive? I'm not being defensive! Barnacles! What is this, 20 questions or something? (peers out the window at Oyster Stadium, where we hear Clamu's crying) This is getting a little out of hand. All I did was throw a peanut. I didn't mean to make the oyster cry. I just wanted to see it perform spectacular stunts! Aw, everyone's going to hate me! I, I need some advice! Now let's see now, who could never hate me no matter what I do? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob knocking on Squidward's door) Squidward? Squidward! Oh, Squidward!

Squidward: SpongeBob! Do you have to knock so loudly?!

SpongeBob: Sorry, neighbor.

Squidward: Oh... that overgrown clam is giving me a headache! I can't even take my afternoon beauty nap!

SpongeBob: (laughs nervously) Funny thing you should mention that old oyster, because I... uh... was kind of wondering, uh... Let's say I know this guy who may have something to do with the oyster.

Squidward: You mean you know the guy who did it?! (SpongeBob gulps) Oh, this is great! You and I can go turn him in! And then I'll get so much sleep, I'll be gorgeous!

SpongeBob: Uh, actually, I-I'm just talking hypothetically.

Squidward: You mean you don't know who did it?

SpongeBob: Well, uh... I... uh... no. (Squidward slams his door) Squidward? (on his way home, he encounters Patrick in a Sherlock Holmes outfit)

Patrick: Gotcha! (SpongeBob screams) Where were you on the day of today?! Don't play games with me, mister!

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick, what are you doing?

Patrick: Oh, hi, SpongeBob. I'm just continuing my investigation of the great Clamu Caper!

SpongeBob: Um, have you found out anything? (his eye twitches)

Patrick: Yes! No wait, uh... no. (holds up sand) But this grain of sand looks pretty suspicious, and so does this rock! And I've got a few questions for this little piece of grass! Don't worry, SpongeBob! Patrick's on the case! The truth will be revealed! (SpongeBob runs away)

SpongeBob: I better go see Sandy! She'll know what to do! (we see Sandy and SpongeBob in the treedome, and we can hear Clamu crying)

Sandy: Oh, I can't stand it anymore! That poor, poor critter! What kind of inconsiderate person would upset such a gentle creature?

SpongeBob: Uh, that's kind of what I wanted to talk about, Sandy.

Sandy: Why, when I find out who caused that oyster so much pain, no more jiggy-pokery! (holds up a issue of the Bikini Bottom Yellow Pages and rips it in half in front of SpongeBob) Now, what was it you wanted to talk about, SpongeBob? (SpongeBob tries to speak, but cannot, and his eyes begin to twitch) Hey SpongeBob, how come you're all twitchy like that?

SpongeBob: Twitchy? Twitchy? Who's twitchy? I'm not twitchy! Sorry Sandy, I have to, uh... uh... uhhh... go get my hair cut! (runs home)

Sandy: SpongeBob doesn't have hair... or does he? (SpongeBob runs down the block panting. He runs to the house and tries to open the door. Patrick approaches him to talk)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob is startled and he falls apart. His limbs and facial features all reattach in different places) This is it! All of the clues are coming together. I followed these footprints right to this exact spot and then, right where you're standing, I found this bag of peanuts! Ha! Oh, I'm so close to solving this crime, (cut to a close-up of Patrick's mouth next to SpongeBob's head) I can almost taste it. (Patrick licks SpongeBob's head; well, he's actually licking a yellow ice cream popsicle that has ridges and green spots) Boy, crime fighting sure makes me hungry, and this yellow popsicle hits the spot!

SpongeBob: Okay, uh, good luck with all that Patrick, and, uh, I guess I'll see you later! (shuts the door, and whimpers)

Fish: Open up! This is the police! (SpongeBob's eyes pop out of his head)

SpongeBob: Uh, I- just a second! (two policefish enter)

Policefish #1: Are you SpongeBob SquarePants?

SpongeBob: Y-y-ye-yes.

Policefish #1: Put those eyeballs back in your head, son! We've got a few questions for you.

Policefish #2: Were you at the zoo on the day of the oyster incident?

SpongeBob: (stammers) Yes! (hides in his pants)

Policefish #2: Did you, or did you not take part in various activities of zoo-time merriment?

SpongeBob: Yes... (sinks even lower into his pants)

Policefish #2: And are you familiar with this peanut? (holds up a zip-locked peanut with "Exhibit A" written on it)

SpongeBob: Yes! (his eyes peer out over the top of his pants. The bottom of his pants rip, and his body falls through)

Policefish #2: Just one more question... Is it true that you were at the oyster's lair with a Mr. Patrick Star? (SpongeBob begins to cry)

SpongeBob: Yes! Yes! It's true! It's all true! The merriment, the peanut, the Patrick!

Policefish #2: That's all we need to know, son. Let's book him! (we see stubby, pink hands being handcuffed)

Patrick: Wow, you guys are good. I'm the last person I would have suspected, but I was looking for me all the time! It's the perfect crime!

Policefish #2: Yeah, yeah, tell it to the judge, Pinky!

SpongeBob: Oh, no! Patrick's too sensitive for the big house! (follows the police boat to the zoo in the distance) Wait! Stop! I'm the one you want! I am the criminal! (crowd is booing and yelling as they stand around the stadium with Patrick handcuffed to a stand and the oyster calming down her crying)

Sandals: Hey everybody, let's throw peanuts at him and see how he likes it! (crowd yells)

Patrick: I get what I deserve! (yelling continues as he gobbles up some peanuts thrown at him) Ouch.

SpongeBob: Wait! Hold your peanuts! Patrick Star is innocent! I have come here to reveal the truth! They say that truth and honesty will be rewarded with trust and forgiveness...

Patrick: Dum, dum, dum dum, de, dum...

SpongeBob: I'm here to lay my cards on the table, to trim the branches of deception from the tree of life, to shave away the unkempt sideburns from the face of truth! I...

Sandals: Oh! Just get on with it!

SpongeBob: I am the one who threw the peanut! I know now that what I have done is wrong. And so I say, I am sorry, giant performing oyster. I am sorry, Patrick. I am sorry, citizens of Bikini Bottom.

Sandals: Hey! Let's throw peanuts at both of them! (crowd yells)

Zoo Worker #1: Wait! Here's the real criminal! (pulls out a handcuffed Mr. Krabs with his stolen zoo supplies)

Mr. Krabs: Uh, top of the mornin'...? (fake mustache falls off)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! (crowd gasps in shock)

Patrick: I knew it!

Zoo Worker #1: Mr. Krabs has stolen a very important item from the oyster. Behold! (rips off Krabs' clothes, to the crowd's

disgust) Wait a minute... Behold! The oyster's pearl! (crowd gasps) Here you go, girl. (Clamu sniffs the pearl in delight. The crowd cheers, then the pearl starts to crack. The crowd gasps)

Baby Oyster: Mama! Mama!

SpongeBob: Mother of pearl! The oyster's a mother! And that pearl's no pearl, it's an egg! (Baby Oyster jumps on top of Clamu and they happily grunt. A tiny heart appears)

All: Awww... (they smile at the scene before turning to glare at Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: But it's... free day! (crowd yells as they bury Mr. Krabs in a pile of peanuts)

(camera pans over live-action houses)

French Narrator: And now, it's time for Patchy's Pick. (the words "Patchy's Pick" appears. The exterior of Patchy's house is shown) Hosted by: SpongeBob's number one fan, Patchy the Pirate!

Patchy: (opens door) Ahoy, fellow fanatics! Welcome to Patchy's Pick! Why don't come on back on the galley? I'm cooking up a little treat for you today. (cut to him walking near a red curtain with a sign reading "Shanghaied") We're gonna see me favorite show Shanghaied! Ta-da! (cut to Potty, a puppet bird)

Potty: Boring!

Patchy: Well, if it isn't my less-than-amusing sidekick, Potty the Parrot. Potty, say hi to the nice people!

Potty: Squawk! I'm being held here against my will! Help!

Patchy: Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh... Oh, Potty come back! Potty? Potty? Where'd you go? Potty, are you in here, buddy? Potty? Potty? (cut to reveal that Patchy is in a cannon that is pointing outside the window)

Potty: (laughing and squawking) Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

Patchy: Get me out of here, you scurvy bird! (the cannon blasts Patchy out and Patchy screams; he lands in a neighboring house which sinks like a boat. Patchy returns, still smoking from the cannon blast) Well, roll the cartoon! (screen fades to black. Episode starts)

[edit] The Original/DVD Version

French Narrator: Ahoy kids! It's time for SpongeBob's You Wish Spectacular Special!

Pirates: Hooray!

French Narrator: And now, the host of You Wish. He's got puffier pantaloons than Captain Kidd, and fuzzier facial hair than Blackbeard. He's America's favorite Pirate, Patchy of Encino!

Patchy: Ahoy, fellow fanatics! Welcome to me quarters! Why don't come on back on the galley? I'm cooking up a little treat for you today. It's called in-a-vote time! You get to choose how our cartoon is today, via the phone, or the Internet if you're technologically inclined. Now this cartoon is different from most cartoons in that- (Potty walks up to Patchy)

Potty: Bawk, in what way?

Patchy: Well, if it isn't my less-than-amusing sidekick, Potty the Parrot. Potty, say hi to the nice people!

Potty: Squawk! I'm being held here against my will! Help!

Patchy: Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh... Oh, Potty come back! Potty? Potty? Were'd you go? Potty, are you in here, buddy? Potty? Potty? (camera reveals that Patchy is in a cannon that is pointing outside the window)

Potty: (laughing and squawking) Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

Patchy: Get me out of here, you scurvy bird! (the cannon blasts Patchy out and Patchy screams; he lands in a neighboring house which sinks like a boat. Patchy returns, still smoking from the cannon blast) Now, what was I saying? (Patchy walks to his desk with so many phones and sits down) Now, this cartoon ain't like most of your "land-lubbing cartoons". This cartoon has not one, not two, but three different endings! So, when I tell you to, call the number that's scrolling down there at the bottom of the screen: 1 (800) 624-4094 or go to Nick.com. ("1 (800) 624-4094" appears on the bottom of the screen [in the First 100 Episodes version, it says "Yikes matey! Original 800 number as aired has been retired to Davy Jones locker!" instead]. Phone starts ringing. Patchy picks up phone) No, not now! Don't call till I tell you to! Roll the cartoon! Now, remember to vote at the end because- (More phones start to ring) You're not gonna make this easy, are ya? Quiet! I'm not there! Belate that ringing! Stop! It's driving me mad!
[edit] The Main Story

SpongeBob: (yawns) Mmm, Kelp-O! With one of eight essential prizes inside! (checks in the cereal box but then a giant anchor comes crashing through SpongeBob's house) Holy shrimp! (runs out to Squidward) Squidward! The sky had a baby from my cereal box! Squidward! (Squidward pokes his head through his window) Squidward! The sky had a baby!

Squidward: That's not a baby! That's a giant anchor! Now go away! (Patrick comes over)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob! The sky had a baby!

SpongeBob: I know! What do you think we should name it?

Patrick: How about....

Squidward: Why don't you two go climb its anchor rope? I'm sure it goes somewhere far away! (anchor crashes into Squidward's house) Now look what you've done!

SpongeBob: We didn't do it, Squidward. Our hands are clean! (SpongeBob & Patrick show their spotless hands)

Patrick: Clean...

Squidward: (on top of his house) Well, I'm gonna get to the bottom of this thing.

SpongeBob: Wouldn't that be the top? (Squidward starts to climb a rope) Squid, wait! Wait!

Patrick: Squidward! (SpongeBob & Patrick start climbing the rope also. Time card appears)

French Narrator: A few inches later...

SpongeBob: (points up) Ship!

Patrick: SpongeBob, how long are you gonna stay in your little fantasy world?

SpongeBob: No, look, a giant ship!

Squidward: Great! Let's go! Now I can finally give this anchor-dropper a piece of my mind.

SpongeBob: I don't know, Squidward. That ship has a spooky green glow around it.

Squidward: That's probably because its good-for-nothing owner is too lazy to clean or drop its anchors in the right place.

SpongeBob: Squid, wait! (all 3 reach the top)

Squidward: All right, who owns this crate? (notices a door that says "owner" and begins to knock on it) Come on out! I wanna file a complaint! (SpongeBob looks around the ship)

SpongeBob: Doesn't this place seem familiar?

Patrick: I don't know. Why?

SpongeBob: I don't know. Doesn't it just kind of ring a bell? (Squidward rings the doorbell)

Patrick: Yes!

SpongeBob: I know who owns this boat but I just can't place the name. (SpongeBob walks by a barrel that says "property of the flying Dutchman")

Flying Dutchman: Rawr!!

SpongeBob: No, no, it's not "rawr!"

Flying Dutchman: I am the Flying Dutchman!

SpongeBob: That's it! Squidward, this ship belongs to the Red Baron!

Flying Dutchman: Who be disturbin' the Flying Dutchman in his own lair?

SpongeBob: It's Squidward. He wants to complain to you. (Flying Dutchman gives an evil look to Squidward)

Squidward: I... no, I don't.

SpongeBob: Well, what about all that stuff about him having a dirty ship and being lazy and all?

Squidward: I never said that.

Flying Dutchman: Insultin' a man's ship be worse than insultin' his mother.

SpongeBob: No, no, wait, it was his mother you said was dirty, not his ship. (Flying Dutchman shoots fire out his nose, frying up Squidward)

Squidward: (screams) Ow.

Flying Dutchman: (looks over to SpongeBob and Patrick) You're next!

SpongeBob and Patrick: (both jump off the ship) That was a close one! (they land back on the ship)

Flying Dutchman: Welcome back!

SpongeBob: (jumps off the ship with Patrick) That was a closer one! (they land back on the ship again)

Flying Dutchman: Welcome back! (SpongeBob & Patrick jump off the ship)

Squidward: Hey! How come when they act up, all they get is the welcome wagon? If you ask me, it's... (Flying Dutchman zaps Squidward while SpongeBob & Patrick land back on the ship)

Flying Dutchman: So, are you gonna try that again?

Patrick: Probably. (Flying Dutchman zaps Squidward)

Flying Dutchman: How 'bout now?

Patrick: Uhh...

Squidward: (covers Patrick's mouth with tentacle) No, no, they're not. Whew. (Flying Dutchman zaps Squidward)

Flying Dutchman: Now listen. (takes out a "Ghost Rule Book") Whosoever sets foot on the Flying Dutchman's ship, uninvited or otherwise, shall become members of his ghostly crew forever! (closes rule book) And, uhh (opens rule book), ever. (closes rule book)

Squidward: Will we be getting business cards? (Flying Dutchman zaps Squidward)

Flying Dutchman: Silence! You're part of my crew now, and our job is to sail around and frighten people. It'll be grueling, mind-numbing, and repetitive. Just like...daytime television.

Squidward: Now you listen here, mister. If you think I'm gonna spend more than five minutes on this dumpster, then you're crazy. I mean, look at this place. It's disgusting! (a green jockstrap is shown) Whoever told you that having oil lamps next to hardwood paneling was a good idea... (Flying Dutchman picks up Squidward) Oh, oh, now what? I suppose you're gonna show me... (Flying Dutchman unzips something in mid-air) Oh, gee, that's very nice. What is this, some kind of magic act? (Flying Dutchman tosses Squidward into the zipper, which is revealed to be the Fly of Despair. Squidward is sent falling through the nightmare-ish realms within the Fly of Despair, while SpongeBob and Patrick watch in horror)

Flying Dutchman: (closes Fly of Despair) Would anyone else like to enter the "Fly of Despair"?

SpongeBob: No! We know our place now, Mr. Dutchman.

Patrick: We'll do anything you say!

Flying Dutchman: Then, for starters, you can...swab the deck! (hands them a broom and a bucket)

SpongeBob: Look, Patrick! A real, live, ghost mop!

Patrick: And I got this hat!

Flying Dutchman: Listen! We're heading down to Bikini Bottom tonight for a little haunting spree, so I want this ship to look good and scary!

SpongeBob: You mean you want it to look good...and scary. Well, I think we can probably...

Patrick: No, no, I think he means he wants it to look so good that it's scary.

SpongeBob: Or maybe that by looking so scary you forget that it doesn't look good!

Patrick: I don't get it.

SpongeBob: Look, it's easy, it simply means that...

Flying Dutchman: Never mind what it means! I just want it to look scary! That's it! You know, mold growing on the ceilings and bugs in the sink.

SpongeBob: So, you don't want it to look good?

Flying Dutchman: Get moving! (SpongeBob and Patrick start mopping) What a night be this! Crew, howl with me so that we might set the Seven Seas ablaze with fear! (howls like a wolf)

SpongeBob: Ahh!

Patrick: Leedle-leedle-leedle-lee! (Flying Dutchman howls like a wolf)

SpongeBob: Ahh!

Patrick: Leedle-eedle-eedle-lee! (Flying Dutchman is about to howl again but Patrick cuts him off) Leedle-eedle-eedle-eedle-eedle! (Flying Dutchman going to howl again but Patrick cuts him off) Leedle-eedle-eedle-eedle-eedle! (Flying Dutchman is about to howl again but Patrick cuts him off again) Leedle-eedle-eedle-eedle-eedle!

Flying Dutchman: Eh, that'll do. Okay, Square One, since Pink One's working the navigation, it's up to you to find our first victim. Here, use this spyglass. Now hurry up! We're burnin' moonlight!

SpongeBob: Let's see who we can find. (spins telescope on ground) Captain, there's a guy we can scare. (telescope points to a big tough guy. The Flying Dutchman stares wide-eyed and nervously blows on the telescope, spinning it a little to land on a little kid)

Billy: I had four biscuits, and I ate one. Then I only had three.

Flying Dutchman: Ahh, it does me heart good to see children out after dark. Pink One, take us behind those rocks.

Patrick: Moving behind the rocks! (ship moves scratches and tears up through the rocky parts of the sea)

SpongeBob: Keep going. You're good. You're good. You're good...and...stop. Don't worry, Captain, we'll buff out those scratches.

Flying Dutchman: All right, never mind it. Just jump out when I give the signal. (Flying Dutchman scares Billy from behind a rock) Boo! Prepare to be burdened with the haunting memory of my ghostly ghost pirates! (points to SpongeBob and Patrick who just get confused)

SpongeBob: Was that the signal? Okay, sorry, sorry, just...just do it again.

Flying Dutchman: With the haunting memory of my ghostly ghost pirates! (SpongeBob and Patrick come out and SpongeBob does a little trick with his fingers)

Patrick: How does he do that?

Flying Dutchman: Get back on the ship.

SpongeBob and Patrick: It's still a mystery.

Billy: Those guys are dorks.

Flying Dutchman: Yes, but they're my dorks. (goes back to showing SpongeBob & Patrick steering through the rocks tearing up the ship)

SpongeBob: You're good. You're good. You're good. (Flying Dutchman goes through Bikini Bottom terrorizing citizens while SpongeBob and Patrick do stupid tricks. Later, the ship is still getting wrecked) You're good. You're good. You're good. (Flying Dutchman goes through Bikini Bottom terrorizing citizens while SpongeBob and Patrick do stupid tricks. Later the ship is still getting wrecked) You're good. You're good. You're good. (Flying Dutchman scares another citizen while SpongeBob and Patrick figure-skate in purple tights. Back on the ship) Why do you think the Dutchman asked us to wait in our bunk room?

Patrick: Maybe he's gonna give us a reward!

SpongeBob: Like movie passes?

Patrick: Or an oversized coffee mug?! (both start bouncing insanely)

Flying Dutchman: I've been thinking. Stop bouncing! (both stop) This whole crew for eternity thing isn't working out. It's not really you so much as it is me.

SpongeBob: You're setting us free?

Flying Dutchman: Well, actually, I'm just gonna eat you. See you at dinner! (SpongeBob and Patrick scream)

Patrick: Wait, I have an idea!

SpongeBob: Really?! What is it?

Patrick: Let's leave!

SpongeBob: But the door is locked and the only way out is through the....perfume department. (points to a room full of perfume and customers)

Patrick: Let's do it. (they try to run through the department but get sprayed with all sorts of perfume)

SpongeBob: I always hate going in there!

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: (hears something strange) Wait! Listen! (Flying Dutchman is in his bedroom)

Flying Dutchman: Dear Diary: I told them I'm going to eat them tomorrow. I made up some of that brown sauce my cousin showed me just for the occasion. Ahh, it's a good thing I found my dining sock again. Remember the last time I lost me dining sock, I couldn't eat for a whole week. Yes, sir, sometimes I wonder how I'd survive if anything should ever happen... (notices sock is gone and pops out in front of SpongeBob and Patrick) Give me back my sock! Everyone knows I can't eat without it!

SpongeBob: Never!

Flying Dutchman: OK, then... (tries to zap SpongeBob but SpongeBob holds up the sock as protection) Give it to me!

SpongeBob: No!

Flying Dutchman: Wait, you're stretching out the elastic!

Patrick: It would seem we have reached an impass.

Flying Dutchman: Pink one is right. Tell you what. You give me back the sock, and I'll give you....three wishes.

Patrick: Make it five.

Flying Dutchman: Four.

Patrick: Three. Take it or leave it.

Flying Dutchman: Okay...uhh, three. You get three wishes.

SpongeBob: Wow! Three wishes, Pat. Isn't that great?

Patrick: Wishes? I wish we had known that earlier! (clock goes backwards one minute)

Flying Dutchman: Okay, you got two wishes left.

SpongeBob: Well, we still have two more. How exciting! I wish Squidward were here to see this! (falls through a hole in the Fly of Despair and crashes onto his bed)

Squidward: Boy, I'm glad all that's over! (re-appears on the ship)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Squidward! You're back!

SpongeBob: Guess what? The Dutchman gave us three wishes! Patrick used the first one, and I...guess I just used the second one.

Squidward: Well, then, the last one you owe me because you got me back into this mess!

Patrick: (protesting) Wait! I think it belongs to me! (everyone starts to argue)

Flying Dutchman: That's enough! Using my mystic other-worldly powers, I shall decide who gets the last wish. (uses the eeny-meenie-minie-mo method) Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, catch a sailor by the toe, if he hollers, let him go, my mother told me to pick the very best one and... (original airing had kids choose which ending they wanted. SpongeBob won first and then they showed the other 2 endings)

[edit] Voting Segment (Original/First 100 Episodes DVD version only)

Voting Guy: All hands! All hands! Time to vote! It's voting time!

Patchy: Well, that's our cartoon so far. Now it's time for you to decide how it ends! Who will get the last wish? Will it be Sassy Squidward, Porky Patrick, or Good Ol' SpongeBob? Just dial the number below: 1 (800) 624-4094 or go to Nick.com and tell us who you be choosing. ("1 (800) 624-4094" appears on the bottom of the screen [again, in the First 100 Episodes version it has been changed to "Yikes matey! Original 800 number as aired has been retired to Davy Jones locker!"]) My trusty crew is eagerly awaiting your call. So, hoist your anchor of that couch, and make with the voting! This is your big chance, and we'll be right back to announce...the winner! (commercial break [in the original version, this happens]) That's it, kids! Keep calling! It's almost time! Get those votes in! A-Ha-Ha! WHOO! Democracy! A-Ha-Ha! WHOO! This is Patchy. Please hold. Potty's not here. Well, not yet. A-HA-HA-HA! (after commercial break) Ahoy children, I'm back! I hope all you boys and girls got your votes in, because it's time for you to walk the plank! (screen reading "PLEASE STAND BY" appears) Oh, sorry, kids. What I meant to say because it's time to announce the winner! (blows horn) But first, let's look at the endings you didn't choose. According to our high tech counter-ology, you didn't choose...Patrick. (an image of Patrick is shown, with a skull in front of him) But, let's see what Patrick would've wished for if you picked him. OK! Roll the tape! Roll the tape! Roll the tape! Roll the- oh god!

[edit] Patrick's Ending

Flying Dutchman: My mother told me to pick the very best one and... (finishing eenie-meenie-minie-mo) You are it! (stops on Patrick)

SpongeBob: That's you, Patrick. Make your wish.

Patrick: Uhh...

Squidward: Wait, Patrick, listen. I do not particularly feel like being trapped here for all eternity. Eternity is a very long time, understand?!

SpongeBob: Patrick, you've got to think harder than you've ever thought before.

Patrick: Uhh...

SpongeBob: That's not gonna do it! Think harder!

Patrick: Uhh... (Patrick's brain, which is really a toaster, is shown) Okay! I've got it.

Flying Dutchman: Thou wish is granted.

Patrick: (chewing on gum) Oh, I'm sorry. Want some gum?

Squidward: You wished for gum?

Patrick: Well, if we're gonna be here forever, we might as well have fresh breath! (each take a piece of gum. Later, we see Flying Dutchman with a big belly)

SpongeBob: Come on mister, let us out! Don't be so mean! Don't be so fatty!

Patrick: Aaaah! Let us out!

Flying Dutchman: Ahh, minty.

Patchy: Heh heh heh. That Patrick shivers me timbers right down to my peg leg! Ha! ha! ha! You were right not to pick that one kids! Seemed like a lot of nonsense to me! Malarkey! Oh well, let's take a look at the other loser! Heh heh heh! (an image of Squidward is shown, with a skull in front of him) It appears you didn't vote for Squidward! I don't blame you, I wouldn't have either. But, let's see what would happen if the Old Dutchman's Meeny-Miney-Mo finger landed on Squidward! [edit] Squidward's Ending

Flying Dutchman: (finishing eenie-meenie-minie-mo) You are it! (stops on Squidward)

SpongeBob: Squidward, you get a wish! A great big wish!

Squidward: That's right! And you know what I wish?

Patrick: No.

Squidward: (smiling confidently) I wish that I had never met you two barnacle-heads before in my entire life!

Flying Dutchman: So be it.

SpongeBob: Hi there, I don't believe we've met. My name is SpongeBob, and this is my associate Patrick.

Patrick: Hi.

Squidward: That's not what I meant!

Flying Dutchman: Well, now that introductions are out of the way, it's time for dinner! (grabs out a metal knife and fork)

SpongeBob: (inside the Flying Dutchman's belly) And what did you say your name was?

Squidward: (also inside the Flying Dutchman's belly) I'm Squidward. I'm your neighbor.

SpongeBob: Oh, nice to meet you, Squid-ward. (tries to pronounce it right) We'll have plenty of time to get to know each other, I guess. (laughs)

Patchy: And now, the moment you've all been waiting for, So get ready to blow milk out of your nose because it's time to

announce...the winner! The envelope please, Potty. Thank you, my fine feathered assistant. Well, what do you know? The winner is...SpongeBob! (a flag is shown with SpongeBob with the words "Winner" on the left side. Patchy sniffs the air) Hey, Potty, do you smell something? Oh, Potty! That fuse in your head! I told you we're not doing that stunt!

Potty: Brawk, I didn't get the memo! Brawk! (Potty blows up along with Patchy. Patchy coughs up a feather and recovers from the blast)

Patchy: And now, the most requested ending! Hooray! (Potty collapses to the floor)
[edit] SpongeBob's Ending

Flying Dutchman: (finishing eenie-meenie-minie-mo) You are it! (stops on SpongeBob)

Squidward: Now, think, SpongeBob! We're about to get eaten. What can you wish for to make it so we don't get eaten?

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Squidward. I've got it all figured out. He won't be able to eat us because....I wish that the Dutchman was a vegetarian! (Flying Dutchman turns into a vegetarian and SpongeBob, Patrick, and Squidward re-appear in front of what appears to be SpongeBob's house but you can only see their heads)

SpongeBob, Patrick, and Squidward: Hooray!

SpongeBob: We're home!

Patrick: You did it, SpongeBob! We're saved!

Squidward: But why have we been turned into fruits? (their bodies have been turned into fruits and they gasp as they realize they are in a blender)

Flying Dutchman: Hey, I get a wish too. Fruit prevents scurvy! (he whistles. SpongeBob, Patrick, and Squidward scream in fear and bounce away in the blender) Hey, get back here with that! (Flying Dutchman chases them around the ship, which is now a hippie-themed volkswagen with a main mast)
[edit] Main Ending

Patchy: Ahoy, children! I'm back! I hope you all enjoyed the show, because it's time for you to walk the plank! (screen reading "PLEASE STAND BY" appears) Oh, sorry, kids. What I meant to say because it's time for fan mail! (blows horn)

Pirates: Hooray!

Patchy: And now, the moment you've been waiting for, so get ready to blow milk out of your nose because we're gonna open a letter! The envelope please, Potty! Thank you, my fine feathered assistant.

Potty: Brawk, you're not welcome. (Patchy sniffs the air)

Patchy: Hey, Potty, do you smell something? Oh, Potty! That fuse in your head! I told you we're not doing that stunt!

Potty: Brawk, I didn't get the memo! Brawk! (Potty blows up along with Patchy. Patchy coughs up a feather and recovers from the blast)

Patchy: Well, that's it for Patchy's Pick. Hooray! (Potty collapses to the floor)
[edit] Original Ending

Patchy: (sitting at the couch crying) Hold on! Sorry about that, kids! It's just that old Patchy can't help but get all choked up at the end of a show. But the good news is, when you watch this cartoon land-lubbing style like you usually do, it'll have the ending you picked, so now you're an official big time cartoon decision maker! (cut to a bunch of monkeys at a zoo) Just don't let it go to your head! Well, say good night to the folks, Potty! Potty!

Potty: Squawk! I quit! I quit!

Patchy: (growls) Well, that's it folks. Right now, I've got a little "employee management" to take care of. Oh, Potty! Potty, get in your nice cage!

Potty: Brawk! I don't think so!

French Narrator: (while they argue) And so, we conclude SpongeBob's You Wish Spectacular Special. Thanks for voting.

Patchy: Ow!

SpongeBob: Gary! Looks like it's that time of week again: bath time. (Gary winces) Come on, let's go get the water started. (Walks off but Gary doesn't move; SpongeBob with an angry face comes back) You're going to have to get in that tub, Gary. Now, Gary, we can do this the hard way, or the easy way, or the medium way, or the semi-medium-easy-hard way, or the sorta hard with a touch of awkward-easy-difficulty-challenging way... So that's how you wanna play it, huh? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking in with a sponge-y ball) Gary! Check out this new toy. (throws the ball towards the tub) Fetch! (ball boomerangs back to SpongeBob who gasps and reads the box) *New* Boomerang Pet Ball: Really Works! Hmmm. (throws the box but it boomerangs back and hits SpongeBob in the head. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob running to Gary with a box of TNT on his chest) Gary! There's a bomb strapped to my chest! It's gonna explode in 3 seconds unless you take a bath! (pause) Please... (bomb explodes. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob trying to "hypnotize" Gary, for lack of a better term) I am now going to assault your mind with subliminal messages. (random pictures come up: a soap bar, a rubber duck, a running shower faucet, and a picture of a girl) I'm sorry you had to see that. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob on the phone) Hello, Fancy French Restaurant? I've got a naughty snail here who won't take a bath. What? Can you say that again? Slow down. It's like your speaking some other language! (hangs up. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob playing leap-frog) Hey, Gare! How 'bout some leap frog? Weehee! OK, your turn. (flips Gary into the wall and breaks his shell. Bubble-wipe to Gary with a cane) Hey Gare! How 'bout some leap frog? (Gary hits him in the head with his cane. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob with a dollar bill) I've got a crisp dollar bill for the next fella to take a bath in this house! (Mr Krabs comes in taking a bath, then takes the dollar. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob tap dancing with his shoes, and punching his nose) Ya-da-da-da... (stops tap dancing) That didn't work either, huh? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob, dressed as a pirate) Gary! Gary! Look what I found! It's an old, pirate treasure map revealing a location of buried pirate treasure in this very house. Come on, boy, let's go get that treasure. Whoo! Okay, Gary, now 40 paces to the left. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten... (cross-fade to a bathroom door upstairs) 24, 25, 26, twenty seven... (notices bathroom door is close to him) 40. The treasure must be in here! (opens bathroom door) Wow, Gary, look! A pirate treasure chest.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Why no, Gary, this isn't the bathtub. (kicks the paint can) It's treasure. Look, dabloons. (shows 2 bars of soap) Don't drop 'em... Look at this broach! (shows a rubber duck)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I don't really know what a snail would want with a broach. Now why don't you just get into the tub? (tries to throw Gary in the tub but is unsuccessful) Get in the tub! (tries to throw Gary in the tub but is unsuccessful again) Get

in the tub! (tries to throw Gary in the tub but is unsuccessful again) Get in the tub...! (tries to throw Gary in the tub but is unsuccessful again) In the tub. (tries to throw Gary in the tub but is unsuccessful again) In the tub. (tries to throw Gary in the tub but is unsuccessful again) Now, Gary, are you going to get in this tub or am I going to have to... (picks up Gary but the snail flies to the ceiling and sticks there. SpongeBob is holding onto Gary's eyestalks) Gary, could you... (one of Gary's eyestalks goes back in) Gary, no! (loses grip) Gary! (falls in the tub) Alright, Gary, you have duped and/or frustrated me for the last time. So, if I can't get you to come to the bath, I'll just have to bring the bath come to you. (absorbs all the water in the bathtub) Psst, Gary. Come on here. Bath delivery. Gary, get it. (spits water at Gary but misses) Come back, Gary. I have something to chair with you. (spits a lot of water at Gary but misses) Dishes more like it. (Gary flees out the door) Water you waiting for, Gary?

Gary: (in a tree) Meow. (repeats)

SpongeBob: Aww, stuck in a tree? (climbs up a ladder onto the tree) It's time to clean up your act, Gary. (spits out water at Gary but realizes it's a record playing Gary's meows) Oh, no! I bathed Gary too hard and removed his skin.

Gary: (takes the ladder off the tree) Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary! You bring that ladder back this instant. (the ladder falls) I am really not amused, mister. You are going to take a bath, and you are going to get clean right now.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I am so the boss of you.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: It may be a free country, but you live in my house under my rules.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Don't you use that tone of voice with me. You will do what I say when I say. (Gary slithers up to a mud puddle) What are you doing? I am talking to you, mister. (Gary stops) Do not go near that mud puddle! Gary, the snail, do you hear me? I am giving you to three seconds to get away from that mud puddle. One, (Gary slithers towards the mud puddle) two, (Gary slithers closer to the puddle) two and a half... (Gary leans slightly over the puddle) don't make me say three. (Gary leans more over the puddle) Gary, don't! Gary! Gary! Gary! (falls off the tree and into the mud puddle) I'm a dirty boy. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob in the tub)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Yeah, yeah, Gary. I'm getting behind my ears. (Gary smiles)

(The Krusty Krab at night. The lights are still on)

Mr. Krabs: Come on SpongeBob, it's quittin' time. (the lights turn off and Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob walk out) I've got a card game tonight. (he locks the doors)

SpongeBob: Who're you playing cards with, Mr. Krabs? (we see the Chum Bucket across the street, with its lights still on)

Mr. Krabs: I'm going over to the Chum Bucket to play with Plankton. (SpongeBob gasps)

SpongeBob: (Gasps) Plankton! (a thought bubble appears over SpongeBob's head with Plankton inside) But Mr. Krabs, he's your arch-enemy. (he picks up a Krabby Patty) He's been trying to steal the Krabby Patty formula for years. (the Plankton in the thought bubble sees the Krabby Patty and goes to get it, but SpongeBob swats him with a fly swatter)

Plankton: Ouch. (the thought bubble disappears)

SpongeBob: Why would you play cards with him?

Mr. Krabs: Between you and me, Plankton is the worst card player in Bikini Bottom! (cut to him and Plankton holding cards and a giant stack of money on the table) Why, I've been taking him to the cleaners every Thursday night for fifteen years! (Mr. Krabs puts his cards down on the table and rakes in his money with his claws. Back to the present, Mr. Krabs' eyes have turned to dollar signs) I never lose! (the two start laughing and walk off their separate ways.)

Mr. Krabs: (Still sobbing)

SpongeBob: Taking him to the cleaners, that a hot one! (Mr. Krabs leans against the Krusty Krab doors) How'd the card game go last night, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I lost.

SpongeBob: Barnacles, Mr. Krabs. How much money did you lose?

Mr. Krabs: I didn't lose any money. (he sheds away a tear) I lost...

SpongeBob: Don't tell me you lost the Krusty Krab!

Mr. Krabs: I lost... (SpongeBob grabs him)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, please tell me you didn't lose the Krabby Patty secret formula!

Mr. Krabs: I lost... (he points to SpongeBob) you!

SpongeBob: What?

Mr. Krabs: I bet your contract and I lost. (SpongeBob stares blankly, then laughs)

SpongeBob: Good one, Mr. Krabs. Well, I got to go make those Krabby Patties. (he begins to walk to the door, but Mr. Krabs' claw stops him. (after continually walking and getting nowhere, he falls to the floor)

Mr. Krabs: I'm afraid you don't work here anymore. (Squidward runs out the door to the two)

Squidward: Please tell me this isn't a joke.

SpongeBob: Go on, Mr. Krabs. Tell him. Tell him all about your cruel, sick joke. (Plankton walks over)

Plankton: As much as I love cruel, sick jokes, I'm afraid he's not joking. (he points at SpongeBob) You work for me now, SpongeBob! (he whips out a bucket with the initials "CB" on it) Time to put on the official Chum Bucket bucket helmet. (Plankton jumps on SpongeBob's head, kicks off the Krusty Krew hat, and puts the bucket on his head. SpongeBob screams and

runs to Mr. Krabs, knocking Plankton and the bucket off)

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs! I don't want to work for him! (he tugs at Krabs' shirt collar) I want to work for you here at the Krusty Krab! (he and Krabs start crying loudly and hug)

Mr. Krabs: I'm sorry, boy! It's all my fault!

Plankton: (sobs) What kind of cold, heartless person would break apart such a loving relationship? (he whips out a crowbar) Goodbye Wood! (he jumps up and uses the crowbar to pry SpongeBob off Krabs. SpongeBob goes flying with Mr. Krabs' arms still clung to him)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! (he slams into a cage and Krabs' arms fly off him. Plankton walks over and shuts the door)

Plankton: This is your greatest blunder, Krabs! For 15 years, I've been throwing those card games just waiting for you to slip up! I may not have the precious Krabby Patty formula but I've got the next best thing: the guy who makes 'em! (a propeller emerges from the cage) I'm gonna run you out of business, Krabs. (the propeller spins and pilots SpongeBob into the Chum Bucket)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! (he cries) Can I have my arms back? (Plankton walks over and throws the arms on Krabs' head. Cut to the cage hovering over a spotlight and dropping SpongeBob into it)

SpongeBob: What is this place? (the lights turn on and screens with wires and gizmos start starting up. Sponge gasps. A giant boiler turns on. SpongeBob yelps. A light turns on and a calendar entitled "Science!" appears and the photo of the month is some nerd in front of a blackboard. Sponge screams. Plankton bursts open the doors)

Plankton: Okay, I'm ready for my Krabby Patty! (he walks over to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Actually, uh, Mr. Plankton, sir, I haven't, uh...

Plankton: Perhaps you don't understand. You work for me now (he jumps onto SpongeBob's knee) and as your new boss, I command you to make me a patty this instant, or I'll be forced to remove your brain and implant it in my robot chef! (we see a giant robot that bares a slight resemblance to SpongeBob) So get cooking. (he twangs SpongeBob's nose. Later, SpongeBob is in front of a weird looking grill. He picks up a spatula with a spring end. He puts his fingers to one of the holes in the grill and steam bursts from it. SpongeBob screams. He looks at a digital sign reading "KITCHEN")

SpongeBob: The sign says kitchen, but my heart says Jail.

(Song)

SpongeBob: A stove is a stove, no matter where you go.

Mr. Krabs: A patty is a patty, that's what I say.

SpongeBob: A grill is a grill, this is surely so,

Mr. Krabs: And fries should be fries, either way.

SpongeBob: But this grill is not a home. This is not the stove I know.

Mr. Krabs: I would trade it all away, if you'd come back to stay.

Unison: This kitchen's not the same without you.

Mr. Krabs: It's just a grill, it's true

SpongeBob: It's just a greasy spoon.....

Unison: ...without you. (SpongeBob cries)

(End Song)

Plankton: What is he doing? All these tears... and the showtunes... Why isn't he making the patties? Forget it. I'm going with plan B, I'll put his brain in the robot chef.

Karen: You know that never works! The answer is obvious: to get the SpongeBob, you must show him compassion and understanding, then he'll give you what you want.

Plankton: Will you be quiet? I'm thinking! I've got it! To get the SpongeBob, I'll show him compassion and understanding, then he'll give me what I want.

(We see SpongeBob struggling to make a Krabby Patty with one of Plankton's cooking machines)

SpongeBob: (Sound of surprise)

Plankton: Hi!

SpongeBob: I'm sorry Plankton, I've tried my best. I'm not used to cooking this way! Please don't take my brain out!

Plankton: Hold it, SpongeBob, I'm capable of compassion and understanding.

SpongeBob: Really?! Then I would like to go back to the Krusty Krab.

Plankton: Let's not get carried away. Now what can I do to make you more comfortable here at the Chum Bucket?

SpongeBob: Well, I usually cook on a grill.

Plankton: You got it! (Plankton brings a grill into the Chum Bucket) Well it wasn't easy, but here it is! One old frying grill. How about we try it out?

SpongeBob: (gasps) Uh, it's just that I'm used to the grill facing that way.

Plankton: Say no more, I'll take care of everything. (Plankton pushes the grill) How about here?

SpongeBob: A little more to the left.

Plankton: How's this, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Move it over a little more.

Plankton: Here?

SpongeBob: Keep going.

Plankton: Here?

SpongeBob: Almost! That's it, just a little more...perfect! Right there! (Plankton started to get mad) I don't know, it still doesn't feel right. (Plankton gasps)

Plankton: (cut to a blindfolded SpongeBob) Just a few more steps, SpongeBob. Okay, go ahead, take it off! (he removes the blindfold) It's an exact replica of the Krusty Krab kitchen!

SpongeBob: It is an exact replica! Here's the sink, the greasy fryers, the squeaky floorboards, and that thing! One Krabby Patty coming up, Mr. Krabs! (his face turns sad) (wailing) Oh...Mr. Krabs!

Plankton: Don't cry, SpongeBob! I'll show you it's much better working for me! Is there anything that old skinflint Krabs wouldn't let you have?

SpongeBob: Well...there is one thing I've always wanted... (cut to SpongeBob with some fancy vibrating shoes on) Wow!

Plankton: So now do you have everything you need to make some Krabby Patties?

SpongeBob: Well... (cut to SpongeBob in a bubble bath, eating pistachio ice cream)

Plankton: You ready to make some patties?

SpongeBob: Wait till I finish my ice cream! (cut to SpongeBob riding a toy car, with Plankton pushing him)

Plankton: (while pushing him) How about those patties?

SpongeBob: Faster! Faster! (cut to Plankton reading to SpongeBob a baby book)

Plankton: And then the littlest sea-elf said...(drool drops on Plankton. SpongeBob is sleeping. He wakes up) Huh? Steady, Plankton! It's all gonna pay off soon enough. Hey there, sleepy head, what do you say?

SpongeBob: (yawns) All this preparation is making me hungry.

Plankton: Me too. You know what would really hit the spot? Why don't you whip us up a couple of Krabby Patties?

SpongeBob: Mmmm...I'm kind of in the mood for tacos.

Plankton: (laughs) Good one, SpongeBob. But really, why don't you go ahead and make us a patty?

SpongeBob: (yawns) No, I don't really feel like it.

Plankton: But I don't understand. You have the grill, and the spatula, and the comfy chair. I rubbed your putrid feet! I command you to make me a patty this instant!

SpongeBob: No!

Plankton: Don't back sass me!

SpongeBob: Do ba da ma!

Plankton: What!? That's it, mister! You just lost your brain privileges. (cut to Plankton outside of a lab) Finished! SpongeBob, come in here! Or should I say RobotBob SpongeChefPants...(to the audience) I put his brain in the robot, you know. You shouldn't have been a spoiled brat. You see, I always get what I want, and I want you to make me a Krabby Patty!

Robot SpongeBob: (Beeping)Dee dee, doodle dee di do. Response: Why don't you ask me later?

Plankton: What? What!?

Robot SpongeBob: Get welded. (Walks away)

Plankton: Wait! I command you: make me a Krabby Patty!

Robot SpongeBob: I don't wanna.
(Drinking oil)

Plankton: Ah!

Mr. Krabs: (cut to the Krusty Krab) Well, young boy, this looks like our final chapter. (holds up an "Out of Business" sign) Huh?

Plankton: (crying) I can't take anymore. You've gotta take that yellow nightmare back! It's not worth it. I'm better off stealing a Krabby Patty fair and square.

Mr. Krabs: Um...Well... (taking off the "Out of Business" sign off the doors) a deal's a deal, Plankton. He's your headache now.

Plankton: Oh, please, have mercy, Krabs! I'll do anything! I beg of you!

Mr. Krabs: How 'bout... you give me fifty bucks, I'll take him off your hands.

Plankton: It's a deal! I cheated anyway.

Mr. Krabs: Now, be gone with you, you puny pest! (Mr. Krabs throws Plankton back inside the Chum Bucket)

Plankton: Thank you! (a crashing sound is heard) Ouch.

French Narrator: The next morning, SpongeBob came back to work.

SpongeBob: My brain and I are glad to be back, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Glad to have you back, lad. Now get to those patties! The lunch rush is a-comin'!

SpongeBob: (Yawns) I don't feel like it! Why don't you ask me latter, crabby? (Mr. Krabs stares at him.) I mean...I'll work all day for free! My treat! (runs to the kitchen)

Mr. Krabs: That's what I thought you said. (episode ends)

(Scene opens as live-action shot of the man on a simple boat at sea with an easel and pencil)

French Narrator: Well, well, what is this? Ah, the artist at sea. Let us watch and see the fruits of his struggle. Ah, it seems that inspiration has struck.

Artist: Hmm...ah! (draws some strokes. he hums something. however, he drops his pencil into the sea) My pencil! What?

French Narrator: The artist has learned the first lesson of the sea: Always bring a spare pencil.

Artist: N00000000000000000000!!!!!!! (cut to the pencil dropping into the water, then cuts to SpongeBob and Patrick playing "Rock-Paper-Scissors" with bubbles)

SpongeBob: Okay. Ready, Patrick?

SpongeBob: One...

Patrick: Two...

SpongeBob and Patrick: Three! (blows the bubbles. SpongeBob's scissor shaped bubble cuts Patrick's paper shaped bubble in half)

SpongeBob: Scissors beats paper, Patrick! (laughs)

SpongeBob: One...

SpongeBob and Patrick: two...

SpongeBob: three! (They blow a tie in paper) Patrick, how come you always do paper? (suddenly, the pencil drops and bursts their balloons and pierces the ground. the two scream)

Patrick: What is that thing SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: It looks like a giant pencil.

Patrick: Go touch it.

SpongeBob: It is a giant pencil, Patrick! Let's draw some giant pictures with it.

Patrick: Whatcha drawin'?

SpongeBob: Stand back, Patrick! I can't draw with you breathing down my neck!

Patrick: Psh, artists.

SpongeBob: It's a jellyfish.

Patrick: Pretty good, SpongeBob! But it's lacking basic construction, and your perspective leaves a lot to be desired.

SpongeBob: Eh, everybody's a critic.

Patrick: SpongeBob, I think your drawing's coming to life!

SpongeBob: Now that's more like it, Mr. Critic!

Patrick: No, I mean look at it, it's swimming away!

SpongeBob: Do you know what this means, Patrick?

Patrick: Uh...your art can never hang in a museum?

SpongeBob: It means we found a magic pencil!

Patrick: Now all I need is a magic mustache and all my dreams will have come true.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Coming right up! (draws mustache on Patrick)

Patrick: Life is good! (the mustache floats away when coming to life) Easy come, easy go!

Squidward: Squidward, if you had some hair, you'd be the most gorgeous creature in the sea! You've got looks...talent...all you need is a full head of...(the moustache goes on his head and Squidward smiles) hair!

Patrick: My turn!

SpongeBob: Be careful, Patrick! Being an artist is a heavy responsibility. Each work of art is like a child and must be treated as such.

Patrick: Come on! I was just going to draw a cartoon.

SpongeBob: Okay! Why didn't you say so? (Patrick draws a jellyfish with a frown and waving fist) Hey, look! Another jellyfish!

Patrick: It's Squidward, silly! (The Squidward drawing comes to life and mumbles in anger)

SpongeBob: He looks kind of creepy looking when he moves.

Patrick: yeah you're right, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: We can't let him go into town! (Patrick erases it as the Squidward drawing screams)

Patrick: Poor Squidward.

SpongeBob: Okay! My brain just hatched an idea. (They run to Squidward's house where they draw a dollar on Squidward's green mat, attached to a string) (laughing) This is gonna be classic!

Squidward: (dressed up with the mustach still on his head) I think I fancy a stroll around the park.

SpongeBob: (doorbell rings) Oh, Squidward!

Squidward: What do you want?! Hello, what's this? Someone left me money for a perm. Come to Hairy! (SpongeBob pulls the string and the dollar flies away with the string and pulls Squidward onto the ground as Patrick and SpongeBob laugh) Ow! SpongeBob! (The mustache has fallen of Squidward's head) Oh, my hair! (The mustach floats away in the air) SPONGEBOB!!!!

SpongeBob: Wait! I've got another idea! This'll be the ultimate prank. I'll draw me, and when Squidward answers the door...it won't be me! (Draws a picture resembling himself which comes to life) Aww, look at him. Ain't he a doll!? All he needs is a tie. (draws a tie on the drawing of himself) Ready for action! (Laughing as Doodlebob goes to Squidward's door.)

Patrick: He's going to the door.

SpongeBob: He's knocking on the door.(Squidward walks out scowling as he sees Doodlebob)

SpongeBob: Squidward's answering the door and... (Doodlebob grabs Squidward and attacks him as SpongeBob watches in dismay)

Squidward: Oh ow ow ow ow ow ow ohh oww ow ow ow ow ow ow owwww!!!

Patrick: He's beating up Squidward! (laughs)

SpongeBob: DoodleBoy, stop! (he throws Squidward back in his house. DoodleBob then steals the magic pencil and runs off)

Patrick: He's got the pencil.

SpongeBob: What have I done? We've got to find him! (Later they are searching through bushes) Where could he possibly be?

Patrick: Maybe he's in that poorly drawn pineapple. (Points to a pineapple drawing resembling SpongeBob's pineapple)

SpongeBob: Come on, let's go! (Patrick hides in a bush)

Patrick: (fearfully) I'm not going in there. (SpongeBob also hides)

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick. I'm right behind you. Baby steps. (They walk towards the pineapple hiding in the bush) Almost there... (DoodleBob draws a hole in their path which comes to life. They fall into it.)

Both: AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!! (They crash)

Patrick: What just happened?

DoodleBob: (gibberishly) You want that pencil? Then you better get up here!

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick. Give me a boost up!

Patrick: Can't we just stay down here where it's safe?

SpongeBob: No way. Listen, I created this ugly little monster and listen, I got to stop him. (a wrench falls and hits Patrick in his head) See what I mean, Patrick?

Patrick: (dopily smiles in pain) Where's the leak, ma'am? (They climb to the surface of the ground to see DoodleBob draw a bowling ball and roll it. It hits Patrick right in his cheek and turns into some pink bowling pins in reaction and a "strike" sign appears. Another then appears when Patrick falls to the ground and the bowling ball falls into the hole and unseenly smashes Patrick.)

SpongeBob: You okay down there, Patrick?

Patrick: (painly) FINLAND!!!!

DoodleBob: (gibberishly) You'll never get me now! (Runs off in the distance. Later Pat and Sponge hide behind rocks when gibberish yelling is heard. They hide and watch the DoodleBob play with the pencil)

SpongeBob: There he is.

Patrick: He's hideous. He makes me sick, just looking at him. Those big bulgy eyes, that square body, those two buck teeth, and that stupid tie!

SpongeBob: Eh hem.

Patrick: Oh...but it looks good on you, SpongeBob! Heh heh.

DoodleBob: (gibberishly) Maybe I'll just sit down for a little while.

SpongeBob: He's putting down the pencil! This is our chance. On the count of three, we'll jump out and surprise him!

Patrick: Oh boy, a surprise Party!!!! Is it his birthday?"

DoodleBob: (bashes through the rock they're hiding behind and talks gibberishly) Did you say it's my birthday?! (picks SpongeBob up and attacks him)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Patrick! Do something! (DoodleBob throws SpongeBob into something hard)AAAAHHH!!!!

Patrick: Happy birthday! (hands DoodleBob a rock with two pieces of seaweed and coral on it) Here's your present. (DoodleBob smashes it on his head as Patrick dopily smiles in pain) You're welcome.

DoodleBob (Sees SpongeBob aiming the pencil's eraser at him and reacts gibberish) Uh oh...

SpongeBob: Hold it right there, DoodleBob. I brought you into this world and now I'm gonna take you out. Any last words?

DoodleBob: (defeatingly gibberishly talks) OK, I'll be outta here!

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, what was that?

DoodleBob: (frowns and speaks gibberish again) I said "OK I'll be outta..." (SpongeBob erases his face and DoodleBob runs

off blind and smashes into a rock)

SpongeBob: Hold still, Doodle. This is for your own good. (begins to erase DoodleBob to oblivion) Take that and this and this and that and this that this that... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!! I AM SPONGEBOB, DESTROYER OF EVIL!!!!!!

Patrick: Take it easy, it's just a drawing.

SpongeBob: Well, that takes care of that, eh, Patrick?

Patrick: Done and done

(DoodleBob's arm is still alive and inches like a caterpillar. Later at night SpongeBob is seen making several posh objects in his house with the pencil like a cuckoo clock, a posh bed with a canopy, and a grandfather clock)

SpongeBob: Gee, Gary, you should have been there! It sure was exciting, but you know, I kind of miss the little doodle. He was like a son to me. But I'm sure glad things are back to normal. Well, goodnight, sweet prince.

Gary: (with a crown on) Meow.

SpongeBob: Goodnight, magic pencil. (Falls asleep)

(DoodleBob's arm comes in the pineapple, uses the restroom, breaks into the room and grabs the pencil and begins to redraw himself. SpongeBob hears the commotion and wakes up)

SpongeBob: Oh hey, Magic Pencil. What are you doing up? Drawing yourself a glass of water? Hahahahahahahahaha! (DoodleBob reveals himself with the pencil redrawn) Aah, DoodleBob! Uh...(chuckles nervously) No hard feelings, right? (DoodleBob draws an angry look in his face) What do you think you're doing, doodle?

DoodleBob: You doodle! Me SpongeBob! (they chase downstairs and DoodleBob follows him and erases any obstacle in his path from SpongeBob. SpongeBob hides in his kitchen and locks the door. DoodleBob erases the door...and the back of SpongeBob's pants, revealing his butt.) Huh? (Erases his butt before threatening him with the eraser)

SpongeBob: Ah! Be careful with that thing! Who knows what will happen? (DoodleBob erases his nose) My nose. (DoodleBob erases some parts of his face and body and chuckles evilly) Very funny, doodle. Now it's my turn. (they play tug of war with the pencil and the pencil breaks in half. SpongeBob has the lead and draws the rest of his face.) Well, doodle, it looks like this is a draw. (Points the point of his pencil at DoodleBob. DoodleBob sharpens the pencil so that he now has both sides.) You've made your point, no matter, I was voted most artistic in high school. (it falls out the window when he plays with it and hits Squidward.)

Squidward: (from outside) Ow! SpongeBob, you're gonna pay for that!!!!

SpongeBob: Or maybe it was most clumsy. (DoodleBob starts renewing his threat with the eraser as SpongeBob hides on a shelf, and knocks over some papers. As DoodleBob prepares to deliver the eraser to the trapped SpongeBob he then gets his foot stuck in a piece of paper on the floor which magically attaches to his foot. DoodleBob struggles desperately to get unstuck)

DoodleBob: (gibberishly) Huh?! I'm stuck. Somebody help me!!! I am stuck!!!

SpongeBob: Huh? Paper! Page for Mr. Doodle! (DoodleBob glares at him one last time before SpongeBob smashes him with a

Patrick: Hey, hands off, PeepingBob! This my secret box! Besides, if I'd show you what's inside that won't be a secret

anymore. Duh! Oh, SpongeBob... If only you could see what's inside my secret box, it would change your life!

SpongeBob: It's okay, Patrick. I know all about secrets.

Patrick: You do?

SpongeBob: I've got a bazillion secrets!

Patrick: Like what?

SpongeBob: Well, it's not a secret that the best thing about a secret is secretly telling someone your secret. It's like secretly adding another secret to their secret collection of secrets. Secretly... You wanna hear some of my secrets?

Patrick: Oh, do I!

SpongeBob: Um... Let's see now... Did you know that... You're my best friend?

Patrick: No. Way. Oh, let's hear another one!

SpongeBob: Okay. Um... secretly I'm a little bit naive.

Patrick: WOW! I'll never look at you the same way again, SpongeBob. Gosh. Tell me some more secrets!

SpongeBob: Hmm...okay. I love my job at the Krusty Krab, I sleep with my shoes on, I like Jelly on both sides of my toast, I have an overdue library book, I think jellyfishing and bubble-blowing are... (continue) ...I have a deep overbite, I've never been late for work, I said i'm on the the fancy conversation, I like to dancing to loading zone announcements, I still don't have my driving license, I'm a little on the short side and I'm wearing three pairs of underwear right now!

Patrick: Gosh. I would never have guessed.

SpongeBob: Now will you show me what's inside your secret box?

Patrick: No way, SpongeBob! It's for me to know and for you to never find out. You may be an open book SpongeBob, but I'm a bit more complicated than that. The inner macanations of my mind are an enigma. (thinks about a carton of milk tipping over as milk pours out of it)

SpongeBob: Oh, yeah!?! Well, I have some secrets too. Erm... I've got my secret socks on, and my secret Gary's bowl! My secret TV! And my secret TV channel. (turns it on and shows color bars) What do you say now, Patrick?

Patrick: Maybe if you saw what's inside you'd know why it has to be secret. Inside this box is the most secretly secret of all of secretdom and I am its sole witness! It's a heavy burden, SpongeBob, but nobody must know the secret of my box. Nobody! Not even... Squidward's house. (scene zooms out to show Squidward's Tiki Head looking down at SpongeBob and Patrick. It then goes back to standing upward) It's a full-time job. I'm constantly alert. You'll never know when someone's gonna ... Huh!?! SpongeBob! What do you think you're doing!?! That's my secret box! Now, hand it over!

SpongeBob: But, Patrick, I must know the secret!

Patrick: For the last time, SpongeBob, no!

SpongeBob: Come on, just a peek?

Patrick: Never! (SpongeBob's arms pop off.) So, it's come to this. And to think that we joined the Best Friends Forever Club. (zooms in on Patrick's BFFC ring. He rips off one of SpongeBob's arms and points it at him) Listen up, SpongeBob SecretStealerPants! If you ever come close to my secret box again, we won't be friends anymore!

SpongeBob: But, we're suppose to be, friends forever! (We flashback to SpongeBob and Patrick as babies in a crib laughing, then we see them as kids riding on a bike, then as older men on rocking chairs, then we see a shot of two gravestones, we hear SpongeBob and Patrick laughing deadly) I feel so filthy! I've soiled our friendship garden. I just couldn't help myself! I know that it's your secret and I respect that! Please forgive me, Patrick, please.

Patrick: Well, I guess it's not all your fault. After all, it's one great secret. I mean how can you resist the greatness of secret box. The most amazing, mysterious, powerful secret in all Bikini Bottom.

SpongeBob: So what do you say, buddy? Friends?

Patrick: Friends.

SpongeBob: What can be in that box that Patrick doesn't want me to see? Maybe it's the world's only albino jellyfish! Or maybe Patrick is a master jewel thief and it's full of diamonds. Maybe Patrick's a deranged maniac who keeps his victim's severed heads in the box. Or even worse, maybe it's an embarrassing snap shot of me from the Christmas party! Ahhh!! (SpongeBob puts his head to the window) I've gotta find out what's in that secret box! That's it! How do you look in a secret box? Secretly, of course! I'll just take the box while Patrick is sleeping, look in that box and give it back before Patrick wakes up. Patrick will never notice and I'll have my own secret too. Good idea, hey, Gary?

Gary: Hmm... No.

SpongeBob: Oh what do you know, you're a snail!

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob is thinking) I gotta be more quiet. I don't wanna wake Patrick up.

Patrick: Who's there? (SpongeBob tries many ways to get the secret box, then ends up on Patrick's bed) Good ol' secret box. Let's see what's inside (Pulls out SpongeBob's tounge, then laughs) Nighty night, boxy.

SpongeBob: Gee, Patrick is sure a good heavy sleeper.

Patrick: Huh? Who said that who's there!?!

SpongeBob: Uhhh...

Patrick: It's the ClamBurglar! And he's stealing my secret box! Hand over the goods, BoxBandit, and prepare for your most unpleasant pillow fight of your life!

SpongeBob: Wait, wait, wait, Patrick, stop! It's me, SpongeBob.

Patrick: Nice try, burglar, but SpongeBob is my best friend, and he would never steal from me.

SpongeBob: No, really, Patrick, look!

SpongeBob and Patrick Friend Ship Ring: It's the Best Friends Forever, Best Friends Forever Ring!

Patrick: Our friendship ring! It is you! How could you do this!?!

SpongeBob: If it makes you feel better, I haven't looked inside.

Patrick: That's it, SpongeBob! You've crossed the line. By right now, this friendship is over!!!

SpongeBob: (Sniffs) Really?

Patrick: Nah, you can look inside it if you really want to.

SpongeBob: Ok! Oh, this is one the most exciting moments of my life! Well, here it goes! Huh?

Patrick: Well, didn't I tell ya isn't it great?

SpongeBob: It's just a string.

Patrick: A secret string!

SpongeBob: Boy, when you're right, you're right! That's some secret box you've got there! Yeah! Thanks for showing me that! Well, good night Patrick. See you tomorrow!

Patrick: Good night, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: I should've known! It was just a piece of string all along! Wait 'till I tell Gary!

Patrick: Good thing he didn't pull the string, opening my secret compartment of my secret box, revealing one embarrassing snapshot of SpongeBob at the Christmas Party! Merry Christmas, SpongeBob! hahaha!

(Squidward plays his clarinet until doorbell rings)

Doctor Gill Gilliam: Yeah, uhh, we're with the pet hospital down the street, and I understand that you have a dying animal on the premises. (Squidward slams door. shellphone rings, Squidward picks it up)

Squidward: Hello. You've reached the house of unrecognized talent. Please start after the (plays a foul clarinet note)

Squilliam: (in left side of a split screen) Sounds like you've got a dying animal to attend to, eh ol' chum?

Squidward: (on right side of split screen) Squilliam Fancyson from band class?!

Squilliam: (snooty) I hear you're playing the cash register now.

Squidward: Sometimes. Uh, how's the unibrow?

Squilliam: It's big and valuable. I'm the leader of a big fancy band now, and we're supposed to play the BUBBLE BOWL next week.

Squidward: (stammering) The ba-ba-ba...The ba-ba-ba...The ba-ba-ba...

Squilliam: That's right. I'm living YOUR dreams Squidward. The problem is, I'm busy next week and can't make it. So, I was hoping you and your band could cover for us.

Squidward: (still stammering) Ohh, uhh, I...I, uhh...

Squilliam: I knew it! You don't even have a band! Well, I'll just let you get back to the service industry now.

Squidward: HOLD IT! It just so happens that I don't sell fast food, I do have a band, and we're going to play that Bubble Bowl! How do you like that, Fancy Boy?!

Squilliam: Good luck, next Tuesday. I hope the audience brings lots of...Ibuprofen! (hangs up phone)

Squidward: I've got to drum up a marching band fast! Drum...haha...band humor.
(screen fades to Bikini Bottomites reading off of band practice flyers)

Sandy: Looking to add fulfillment to your dull, dull life?

Plankton: Then become part of the greatest musical sensation to ever hit Bikini Bottom.

Mrs. Puff: And be forever adored by thousands of people you don't know.

Mr. Krabs: Not to mention free refreshments.

Larry: Practice begins tonight. 8:30 sharp. (Squidward looks at his watch while driving a canoe car with instruments)

Squidward: Stupid music rental clerk made me late. That trilobite didn't know an oboe from an elbow. Elbow, heh, more band humor.

[ALL CHATTERING]

Squidward: People, people, settle down! Ok, now. How many of you have played musical instruments before?

Plankton: Do instruments of torture count?

Squidward: No.

Patrick: Is mayonnaise an instrument?

Squidward: No, Patrick, mayonnaise is not an instrument. (Patrick raises his hand again) Horse radish is not an instrument, either. (Patrick lowers his hand) That's fine. No one has experience. Fortunately, I have enough talent for all of you.
(laughs)

Mr. Krabs: When do we get the free food?

Squidward: Okay, try to repeat after me. (Squidward plays 6 notes) Brass section, go. (brass section repeats) Good. Now the wind. (wind section repeats) And the drums. (drum players, including SpongeBob, misunderstand what Squidward means, so they blow on their drum sticks, which blow out and stick Squidward to the wall) Too bad that didn't kill me. (Next scene) Let's just try stepping in rhythm. Now I want everyone to stand in straight rows of five.

SpongeBob: Is this the part where we start kicking?

Squidward: No, SpongeBob, that's a chorus line.

Patrick: Kicking?! I want to do some kicking! (kicks Sandy in her leg and balls)

Sandy: Ow! Why, you...! Why I oughta. (dust cloud of beatings appears with Sandy jumping at Patrick, which then goes out an open door, which then closes)

[PATRICK YELLS OUTSIDE]

Patrick: Whoever's the owner of a white sedan, you left your lights on. (Patrick walks in with his head and torso seperated by a trombone, his head in the horn, then plays a tune with a series of A and B-flats. When he sits down, he plays a loud blare as the trombone slide goes down and opens his mouth, then when the note is over, he looks down with his head straight)

French Narrator: Day two. (band walking down a street playing)

Squidward: Okay, that's perfect everybody. Bubble Bowl here we come. Flag twirlers, really spin those things. Okay, turn. Flag twirlers, let's go. I wanna see some spinning. Flag twirlers let's move!!! C'mon, move!!! (flag twirlers spin fast and fly into the air and explode when running into a blimp. Trumpet player plays "Taps", then Squidward lies down on street, curled up in a ball)

French Narrator: Day three.

Squidward: How's that harmonica solo coming, Plankton?

Plankton: It's tremendous! Ya wanna see? (runs to his harmonica and plays the first note. Runs along and plays another note. Runs down and plays three notes at the same time. He gets tired and walks slowly to another note. Has trouble playing it. Falls down and spreads saliva)

French Narrator: Day four.

Squidward: Well, this is our last night together before the show. And I know that none of you improved since we began... (Patrick chews on a trumpet) ...but I have a theory. People talk loud when they wanna act smart, right?

Plankton: (loudly) CORRECT!!

Squidward: So, if we play loud, people might think we're good. Everybody ready? (everybody gets their instruments ready) And a one, and a two, and a one, two, three, four! (Instantly a piercing loud horrible sound from the instruments breaks the windows apart and causes a small earthquake. Squidward's face is deformed like a Picasso painting and his baton breaks in half) Okay, new theory..... Maybe we should play so quietly, no one can hear us.

Harold: (Australian accent) Well, maybe we wouldn't sound so bad if some people didn't try to play with big, meaty claws!

Mr. Krabs: What did you say, punk?!

Harold: (Angrily) BIG, MEATY CLAWS!

Mr. Krabs: (Turns his eyes in anger) Well, these claws ain't just for attracting mates.

Harold: Bring it on, old man! Bring it on!

SpongeBob: No, people. Let's be smart and bring it off.

Nancy: Oh ho, so now the talking cheese is going to preach to us.

[ALL ARGUING]

Squidward: Wait, wait. I know tensions are high. (everyone gets into a fight. Pilar and Larry are yelling at each other. Medley slams a drum on him.) There's a deposit on the equipment, people! (everyone uses their instruments as weapons. Mr. Krabs and Harold charge with clarinets like a joust but they slow down as Mrs. Puff slams them with cymbals.) Settle down, please. (Sandy and Frank are fighting. Sandy destroys Frank's xylophone by chopping it with a drum stick and he runs away. Patrick furiously kicks Sandy in the balls, and Sandy glares, turns red and snarls before grabbing a trombone. Patrick screams and runs off as Sandy chases him and the clock sounds at 10 and everyone stops fighting.)

Fred: Hey, class is over! (they all walk to the door making up their fight where Squidward slams them open)

Squidward: Well, you did it. You took my one chance at happiness and crushed it. Crushed it into little tiny, bite-size pieces. I really had expected better of you people. I guess I'm a loser for that, too. Don't bother showing up tomorrow. I'll just tell them you all died in a marching accident. So, thanks, thanks for nothing.

Patrick: You're welcome.

SpongeBob: What kind of monsters are we? That poor creature came to us in his hour of need, and we failed him. Squidward's always been there for us when it was convenient for him. Evelyn, when your little Jimmy was trapped in a fire, who rescued him?

Evelyn: A firemen.

SpongeBob: And Larry, when you fall out from all those tanning pills, who revived you?

Larry: Some guy in an ambulance.

SpongeBob: Right. So, if we can all just pretend that Squidward was a fireman, or a guy in an ambulance, then I'm sure that we can all pull together and discover what it truly means: to be in a marching band.

Harold: Yeah, for the fireman!

All: Hooray!

SpongeBob: Now let's make Squidward proud. A-one, a-two, a-skiddleydiddleydoo.

(At Bubble Bowl)

Squidward: I knew this was going to happen. They're just going to have to find another band to play. I just hope that... (sees Squilliam) ...SQUILLIAM DOESN'T FIND OUT! SQUILLIAM!! AH! What are you doing here?

Squilliam: (laughs) I just wanted to watch you blow it. So, where's your band?

Squidward: Um, they couldn't come. They...died.

Squilliam: Then who's that?

Squidward: AH! THAT WOULD BE MY BAND!

SpongeBob: We're ready to perform, Squidward.

Squilliam: Well, Squiddy, this is exactly how I pictured your band with look. (SpongeBob dances while flicking his tongue back and forth)

Squidward: That's his...eager face. (Squilliam laughs. They all go into the Bubble Bowl)

Squidward: Well, I guess this will be the last time I can show my face in this town.

SpongeBob: That's the spirit, Squidward. (bowl raises above a football field)

Football Announcer: OK, football fans. Put your hands together for the Bikini Bottom SuperBand!!!! (crowd cheers)

Patrick: These are some ugly looking fish.

SpongeBob: Maybe we're in those toxic waste dumps.

Mr. Krabs: I think I'm gonna be sick.

Squidward: (Nervously) Okay, everybody. Let's get this over with. One, two, three, four...

(Several band members play trumpets for a short time) (Music: "Sweet Victory") (SpongeBob begins singing)

[SINGING] The winner takes all, it's the thrill of one more kill. The last one to fall will never sacrifice their will. Don't ever look back on the wind closing in. The only attack were their wings on the wind. Oh, the daydream begins. And it's sweet, sweet, sweet victory, yeah. And it's ours for the taking, it's ours for the fight, in the sweet, sweet, sweet victory, yeah. And the world is ours to follow. Sweet, sweet, sweet victory.

(Squilliam is shocked at the band's success and Squidward looks at Squilliam in an evil and smug way causing Squilliam to be scared. Squidward as he makes rock star moves, Squilliam passes out of a heart attack and Squidward waves good bye to him as medical doctors take him away in the distance. Squidward jumps into the air, delighted that he has a great band)

Narrator: Ah, The Krusty Krab. Bikini Bottom's premiere daytime eatery. Where it will be closing time right about ...

Squidward: (talks cheerfully as he switched the Open sign to Closed) Now! 8:00! So long, suckers! I've got a hot date with a little lady, and her name is: (pulls out his clarinet) Clarinet. (Tom shows up at the door and knocks on it) What?

Tom: Are you open?

Squidward: (points to sign) Read the sign.

Tom: I'll have a Krabby Patty Deluxe and a double chili kelp fries.

Squidward: No, you won't! I can't hang out here all night! I've got a life.

Tom: Well fine, if you don't want my money!

Mr. Krabs: (says cheerfully) MONEY?! You mean, if we stayed open later, you'd give us your money?

Tom: (pulls out cash, 3 people appear behind him) Sure! Mr. Krabs: Mr. Squidward, (tears up the Closed sign) welcome to the night shift. From now on, the Krusty Krab is open 24 hours a day.

Squidward: WHAT!? (crowd of people barge in cheering)

SpongeBob: Wow! Now we never have to stop working!

Squidward: Mr. Krabs..

Mr. Krabs: See ya in the morning, boys! I can't hang out here all night! I've got a life. (leaves)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs..

SpongeBob: Isn't this great Squidward?! Just you and me together for hours and hours and hours and then the sun'll come up and it'll be tomorrow and we'll still be working! It'll be just like a sleepover! Only we'll be sweaty and we'll be covered with grease! (jumps on cash register counter) Are you ready to rock, Squidward?!

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: Good! 'Cause we've got customers!

Squidward: (customer walks up to counter; Squidward hands him a baseball bat) Here. Please hit me as hard as you can.

SpongeBob: Psst, Squidward. I'm working in the kitchen (laughs) at night!

Squidward: (takes hat off; leans head on counter) Don't hold back.

SpongeBob: (cuts to SpongeBob in kitchen) Hey Squidward. Guess what, I'm chopping lettuce..at night. (cuts to SpongeBob in the bathroom wiping it clean with himself) Look at me, I'm swabbing the bathroom...at night. (cuts to SpongeBob at the grill picking up spatula, misses the spatula and hits the grill; screams) I BURNED MY HAND!!!!!!!!!!!!!!...at night. (cuts to SpongeBob walking on the counter) Night, night, night, night, night, night, night, night, night, night, night, night, na-na-na-na-night! NIGHT!

Squidward: WILL YOU PLEASE?! Here, (hands SpongeBob a bag of garbage) give me a moment's peace and take out the trash!

SpongeBob: Alllllllll right! (takes bag from Squidward) Taking out the trash. Taking out the trash...at night. (stops at the door) You mean outside?

Squidward: That's where the dumpster is, yes.

SpongeBob: I don't know, Squidward, (leans face against window) it's kinda dark out there.

Squidward: But I thought you liked the night shift.

SpongeBob: You're right! (lifts bag over his head) For the Krusty Krab! (runs out of the building to the dumpster, screaming the whole way; reenters the building) Piece of cake!

Squidward: So you're not afraid?

SpongeBob: Pfft, nah.

Squidward: Well I am. And especially after, (looks around, gulps) well, you know.

SpongeBob: (turns around) What? What do I know?

Squidward: You don't remember? He was all over the news.

SpongeBob: Tell me! Tell me!

Squidward: No, no, no, no, I probably shouldn't. It would ruin the night shift for you.

SpongeBob: (excitedly) What happened, what happened, what happened!?

Squidward: You mean you've never heard the story of the (thinks) "Hash-Slinging Slasher?"

SpongeBob: The Slash-Bringing Hasher?

Squidward: The Hash-Slinging Slasher!

SpongeBob: The Sash-Ringing, the Trash-Singing, Mash-Flinging, The Flash-Stringing, Ringing, The Cr-Crash-Dinging, daa!

Squidward: Yes. The Hash-Slinging Slasher. But, most people just call him The Ha (breaks into scream) because that's all they have time to say before he GETS THEM!

SpongeBob: (begging) Tell me the story!

Squidward: Years ago at this very restaurant, the Hash-Slinging Slasher used to be a fry cook – just like you – only clumsier. And then, one night, when he was cutting the pattiesit happened.

SpongeBob: He forgot the secret sauce?

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: He didn't wash his hands?

Squidward: No!

SpongeBob: Irregular portions?

Squidward: NO! He cut off his own hand by mistake.

SpongeBob: You mean like this? (pulls one of his arms out of socket, another one grows back in its place) Or like this? (pulls it again, another one grows back) Or this? (does it again) Or this? (does it again) But what about this? Or this, or this, or this.

Squidward: (interrupts) Except he wasn't a sponge!

SpongeBob: So?

Squidward: SO IT DIDN'T GROW BACK!

SpongeBob: (screams) OH, NO! (all extra arms lift their hands upwards and run away)

Squidward: And he replaced his hand with a rusty spatula. And then, he got hit by a bus! And..at his funeral, they fired him! So now, every...what day is it?

SpongeBob: Tuesday.

Squidward: Tuesday night, his ghost returns to The Krusty Krab to wreak his horrible vengeance.

SpongeBob: (gasps) But tonight's Tuesday night!

Squidward: Then he'll be coming.

SpongeBob: How will we know?

Squidward: There are three signs that signal the approach of the Hash-Slinging Slasher. First, the lights will flicker on and off. Next..

Customer: (interrupts) Dude, can I have some ketchup?

Squidward: Oh, here you go. (hands customer ketchup) Next, the phone will ring and there will be nobody there. (shows SpongeBob eating his fingernails) And finally, the Hash-Slinging Slasher arrives in the ghost of the bus that ran him over. (shows SpongeBob eating his fingernails, starts eating his arms, the arms regrows and he eats those and so on) Then he exits the bus and crosses the street without looking both ways because he's already dead! Then he taps on the window with his grizzly spatula hand..

SpongeBob: No.

Squidward: He opens the door (pushes his tentacle to SpongeBob's face, making it looking like he's a door that's being opened; while doing this he makes the sounds of a door opening) He slowly approaches the counter...and you know what he does next?

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: You really want to know?

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: Are you sure you want to know?

SpongeBob: WHAT, WHAT, WHAT DOES HE DO?!!?

Squidward: (sneaks up on SpongeBob, taps him) He gets ya! (SpongeBob now screams repeatedly for about 20 seconds while Squidward is laughing)

SpongeBob... (screams don't stop) SpongeBob I wa... (screaming continues) I was ju... (SpongeBob's pupils are now screaming too) I was (screaming continues) SPONGEBob I WAS JOKING!

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: It's not true! None of it's true!

SpongeBob: It's not?

Squidward: Of course not. Nobody has a spatula for a hand. It was all a joke.

SpongeBob: Ohhhhh. (laughs repeatedly like he did with screaming; cuts into later in the night. Shows Krusty Krab with a big sign that says 'Open Forever'; next it shows Squidward at the counter reading a book. Squidward hears spooky noises and feels water dripping on him but he doesn't know what it is) SpongeBob: (on the ceiling wearing suction cups cleaning) Isn't this great, Squidward? There's never time to wash the ceiling during the day.

Squidward: (says to himself) Open 24 hours a day. What a stupid idea! Who wants a Krabby Patty at three in the morning? (cuts to Patrick's bedroom)

Patrick: (Patrick's alarm clock goes off) Oh boy! Three A.M.! (whips out a Krabby Patty and starts to eat it; cuts back to

The Krusty Krab)

Squidward: Just look at this place. It's like a ghost town in here! (lights start to flicker on and off) Very funny, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: "And the lights will flicker on and off." Just like the story. I get it.

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, how are you doing that without moving the switch?

Squidward: I'm not doing it. It must be the stupid, faulty wiring in here. This place isn't built to run 24 hours a day! (phone rings, Squidward picks it up) What, what, hello? Hello? Hello?

SpongeBob: (walks up to the counter) Nice try, Squidward.

Squidward: Nice try, what?

SpongeBob: "The phone will ring and there will be no one there." (giggles) You crack me up.

Squidward: SpongeBob, I'm not doing this. (hangs up phone) Oh no, calm down, calm down. All right, what was it? There was the lights, (lights flicker on and off) and the phone, (phone rings) and the walls will ooze green slime! (walls start to ooze green slime) Oh, wait. They always do that. But what was that third thing? (hears a motor, turns his head; a bus pulls up to the Krusty Krab doors)

SpongeBob: (walks up to the counter) I didn't know the buses ran this late.

Squidward: They don't! (a man gets out of the bus and the bus pulls away, all Squidward and SpongeBob can see is his spooky outline)

SpongeBob: Well they're dropping someone off. (from the outside, the man lifts his spatula; shows Squidward screaming to the point where hair grows from his head)

Squidward: THE SASH-RINGING, FLASH-SINGING, THE FASH-PINGING...

SpongeBob: The Hash-Slinging Slasher! (starts to cry)

Squidward: At last you understand! We're doomed!

SpongeBob: No, that's not it. (wipes tear) I am just so touched that you would go through the trouble to dress up as a ghostly fry cook and stand on the other side of the street, just to entertain me! You must really like me! (cries again)

Squidward: SpongeBob, there are two problems with your theory. One - I hate you. And two - how can that be me when I'm standing right here!? (the man taps on the door with his spatula; shows SpongeBob screaming to the point where his eyelashes grow)

SpongeBob & Squidward: THE HASH-SLINGING SLASHER!!! (the guy walks in the door and up to the counter)

Squidward: SpongeBob, no matter what I've said, I've always sort of liked you.

SpongeBob: Squidward, I used your clarinet to unclog my toilet.

Squidward: Huh? (the guy reaches the counter)

The Guy: Can I have a job application? I brought my own spatula. (holds up spatula) I called here earlier but I hung up 'cause I was nervous.

SpongeBob: Do you have references?

Squidward: Wait, if that was you on the phone and you on the bus, then who was flickering the lights? (lights flicker on and off; SpongeBob, Squidward and the guy look over to see Count Orlock, a vampire from a 1930s movie named Nosferatu)

SpongeBob, Squidward & The Guy: Nosferatu!

Count Orlock: (smiles)

Mr. Krabs: Dadadi...stick twen per 2... dadadidu... dididida... didu... Oh? (He smells something) What's that smell? (He runs over to the boat in front of the kitchen window.) The register! (He smells it repeatedly.) 49.0... 8!?! That's a penny short!

(He starts to sob. Squidward walks by.)

Squidward: Oh, no. Not a penny. Help, somebody help us.

(SpongeBob appears in the boat besides Mr. Krabs, consoling him.)

SpongeBob: It's just a penny, sir. It doesn't matter.

Mr. Krabs: Doesn't matter? It's money that makes the world go round, boy. It's money that keeps your pants square. It's money that gives Squidward infinite soap.

(Squidward smells himself.)
Squidward: Ahhh... Lilac.
Mr. Krabs: It's money that paid for all them renovations we did. (We see the Krusty Krab in bandages.) Oh, nothing in all the seven seas could matter more! Not even that (Something catches his eye.) hmmm? scrumptious curvy cutie.
SpongeBob: I see her, Mr. Krabs. A Krabby Patty with cheese. The classic.
Mr. Krabs: Not the sandwich, boy! The curvy cutie holding the sandwich.
(We see Mrs. Puff eating the Krabby Patty just described by SpongeBob.)
SpongeBob: Hey! That's my driving teacher, Mrs. Puff.
Mr. Krabs: Mrs. Puff?! Aw, she's married.
SpongeBob: Oh, no, Mr. Krabs, she's single.
Mr. Krabs: Then what happened to Mr. Puff?
(We see live-action footage of a blowfish lamp being turned on.)
SpongeBob: She doesn't like to talk about it.
Mr. Krabs: Oh, what I wouldn't give to have a lass like that on me claw.
SpongeBob: Hey, I know. Why don't I take you over and introduce you?
Mr. Krabs: Oh, no! No! No, I'm too old, boy - too hard-shelled for love. Besides, I ain't properly dressed!
SpongeBob: Oh, come on, Mr. Krabs! you look great. (We see his clothes have grease stains, his pocket is inside-out with mud coloring it, and his fly is down.) You wait here while I go break the ice!
Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, no, wait! I'm too nervous! Ooohhh...
(At Mrs. Puff's table...)
SpongeBob: Hi, Mrs. Puff!
(Mrs. Puff screams.)
Mrs. Puff: Hit the brakes! SpongeBob! Watch that tree! Left! Left!
(SpongeBob snaps.)
SpongeBob: Wait, Mrs. Puff! We're not driving!
Mrs. Puff: Oh, I'm sorry SpongeBob, I didn't expect to see you here.
SpongeBob: I work here, Mrs. Puff! Want to meet my boss?
Mrs. Puff: Well, I'm not...
SpongeBob: Don't move!
(Mrs. Puff tries to leave, but SpongeBob and Krabs get back to the table too soon.)
SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, I'd like to introduce you to Mr...
(Mr. Krabs falls forward onto the floor. SpongeBob props him back up.)
SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, I'd like to introduce you to my boss, Mr. Krabs.
Mrs. Puff: (Nervously) Uh...hello.
SpongeBob: Psst! Mr. Krabs, say hello.
Mr. Krabs: Gla-gloo!
SpongeBob: No, no, Mr. Krabs, just say hello.
(Mr. Krabs makes a choking gasp type noise.)
Mrs. Puff: Hmm, perhaps another time would be...
Mr. Krabs: Nooo!
SpongeBob: Wait! He's trying to tell you something.
Mrs. Puff: Mr. Krabs?
Mr. Krabs: (babbling) Be-bloo! Blob-geter!
Mrs. Puff: I don't understand.
(Mr. Krabs continues to babble)
SpongeBob: Oh, uh, I think Mr. Krabs is saying that he'd like to, uh, hit you with a rake!
Mrs. Puff: (Scared) Goodness!
Mr. Krabs: No! (babbling)
SpongeBob: Try to guess your weight!

Mrs. Puff: (Offended) Well!

Mr. Krabs: (waving his arms frantically, he continues to babble)

SpongeBob: No, wait! He wants to take you...on a date!

(Krabs raises his arms in triumph, gasps, and happily falls over)

Mrs. Puff: Is that true, Mr. Krabs? Do you want to take me on a date?

Mr. Krabs: Aye! What do you say?

Mrs. Puff: What do I say? (laughs) I say, you have a way with words, Mr. Krabs.

(Walks away.)

Mr. Krabs: I still got it.

(He laughs happily. Cut to Mr. Krabs' anchor home.)

SpongeBob: Are you ready for your date, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm always ready when it comes to dating, lad.

SpongeBob: Breath spray?

Mr. Krabs: Check!

SpongeBob: Lucky hankie?

Mr. Krabs: Check!

SpongeBob: Giant rusty anchor?

Mr. Krabs: Uh, anchor? Anchor! I can't find me giant rusty anchor!

(SpongeBob laughs.)

SpongeBob: Relax, Mr. Krabs. Just a little joke. Good luck with you know who.

(Makes a circle in the air.)

Mr. Krabs: Who's that?

SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, yeah. Well, wish me luck, lad!

(Cut to "Fancy!", a restaurant which is a ship in a glass bottle. We see Krabs and Puff there.)

Mrs. Puff: Oh, Mr. Krabs, this dinner has been so wonderful. The coral was cooked to perfection. (Laughs) I don't think I could eat another bite.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, I doubt that, my little shrimp boat.

(Mrs. Puff laughs again.)

Mrs. Puff: You're spoiling me, Mr. Krabs. I mean, foot rubs between courses. (We see a squid rubbing Mrs. Puff's feet.)

Caricatures.

(Shows Krabs a picture of her on the beach with an enlarged head.)

Mrs. Puff: Imported music...

(A live-action scuba diver plays the piano on the other side of the room.)

Mr. Krabs: Nothing's too good for you, my prickly peach.

Mrs. Puff: Well, what I'm trying to tell you, Mr. Krabs, is...

Waiter: Sir, your fancy pantsy limousine is here.

Mr. Krabs: Wonderful. Pufflily-poo, your chariot awaits.

Mrs. Puff: Well... (Two men pick up a screaming Mrs. Puff and carry her to the limo)

Mr. Krabs: You'll never have to walk again, my little lobster bib!

(Sighs as the waiter approaches him again.)

Waiter: Your bill, sir.

Mr. Krabs: Huh? What! \$100!? Well, this can't possibly be correct.

Waiter: Oh, my mistake, sir. Thank you for pointing that out. (Hands him a different bill.) This is your bill.

(Krabs' scream is so loud that the glass on the glass bottle shatters. Back at Mr. Krabs' house, SpongeBob is watching Mr. Krabs sob on the floor.)

SpongeBob: I don't understand, Mr. Krabs. How can you spend \$100,000 in one night?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, SpongeBob! I couldn't help but spend every cent I had on her! I couldn't control myself.

SpongeBob: What are you going to do?

Mr. Krabs: I don't know, boy! I've got another date tomorrow! I'm caught in the middle of me two greatest loves! Sweet Mrs. Puff, and the rest of me money! (sobs loudly)

SpongeBob: I wish there was some way I could help.

Mr. Krabs: Perhaps there is, boy. (Hands him his wallet) Here. I'm putting you in charge of me money.

SpongeBob: I don't get it, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: You come with me on the date and don't let me spend any money.
(The next day. The two walk to Mrs. Puff's metallic pink house.)

Mr. Krabs: Now remember, we keep it cheap and go to the park. And no matter how much I ask you, you don't give me any of me money. Now, give me a dollar.

SpongeBob: Nope.

Mr. Krabs: Good boy! You'll do fine!
(Knocks on the door.)

Mrs. Puff: Who is it?
(Krabs immediately becomes entranced and intoxicated. His eyes turn into hearts.)

Mr. Krabs: It's me, my beautiful belle buoy.

Mrs. Puff: (giggles) Just a minute!

Mr. Krabs: (his eyes return to normal) Flowers! Flowers, boy! Go get flowers!

SpongeBob: But you said...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, you can't call on a classy lady like Mrs. Puff empty-handed. (Makes square in the air.) We ain't talking about this... (Makes a triangle) ...or this! (Makes the circle from earlier.) We're talking about this!

Mrs. Puff: (sing-song voice) Almost ready!

Mr. Krabs: Hurry boy! Get the flowers!
(Mrs. Puff comes out.)

Mr. Krabs: Mrs. Puff! You're as beautiful as ever!

Mrs. Puff: (chuckles) That's funny, I thought I heard SpongeBob's voice.

Mr. Krabs: Uh, you did. He'll be right back. He's our personal assistant for the day.

Mrs. Puff: Oh, uh, excuse me – I have to call my insurance agent.
(Walks back inside.)

Mr. Krabs: Of course, my beautiful Puff. (sighs. Hearts again appear in his eyes.)
(SpongeBob returns with the flowers.)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! (Mr. Krabs' eyes return to normal) I got the flowers you wanted me to buy!

Mr. Krabs: What's that?

SpongeBob: I got the flowers. For Mrs. Puff.

Mr. Krabs: We had an agreement, boy. You're not supposed to spend any of me money!!

SpongeBob: But you said...

Mrs. Puff: Here I come.
(She walks out, and Krabs grabs the flowers, once again hypnotized by his love for Mrs. Puff and gives the flowers to her.)

Mr. Krabs: For you, Mrs. Puff!

Mrs. Puff: Oh, flowers! Oh, how thoughtful.

Mr. Krabs: And here's a box of chocolates! (He holds out an empty claw.) SpongeBob, where's the chocolates?

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, the budget doesn't allow for...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, you can't go to Mrs. Puff's house without chocolates.

(SpongeBob runs off.)

Mr. Krabs: Hurry! Hurry!

(SpongeBob comes back with the heart-shaped box of chocolates.)

SpongeBob: I bought the biggest box they had.

Mr. Krabs: Buy, buy, buy! Spend, spend, spend! Is that all you can think about?!

Mrs. Puff: Oh, Eugene!

(hearts appear again in Krabs' eyes. Krabs presents the box to Puff.)

Mr. Krabs: Here's those chocolates I bought for ya! What are we doing today, Mrs. Puff? Dinner? Dancing? A trip to the moon?

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! We're just going for a walk in the park, remember?

Mrs. Puff: Actually, a walk in the park sounds perfect. It's a beautiful day. I'll just need to get a sun hat and...

Mr. Krabs: Mrs. Puff needs a sun hat, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Well, I think she's...

Mr. Krabs: The sun's beatin' down on poor Mrs. Puff's head!

SpongeBob: As your financial advisor, I suggest...

Mr. Krabs: There's no time for suggestions! Go buy a hat!

SpongeBob: But...

Mr. Krabs: Today! Don't worry, Mrs. Puff! I'll shade you!

(Places a barrel on Mrs. Puff's head. As SpongeBob comes back from the store.)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, hurry!

SpongeBob: One shady hat.

Mr. Krabs: Good job, lad.

(Puts it on Mrs. Puff.)

Mrs. Puff: Oh! Well, uh, thank you, but you didn't need to buy one. I have a hat in the closet.

Mr. Krabs: Didn't need to buy one?

(He turns his head around like an owl to face SpongeBob.)

Mr. Krabs: You hear that, boy – we didn't need to buy a hat. Aren't you supposed to saving me money?!

SpongeBob: I'm trying, Mr. Krabs, but you keep telling me to buy things for Mrs. Puff. It's all really confusing.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, I'm sorry. This is my fault. I'm not thinking clearly. I'm making a sailor's promise, boy. From this moment on, I won't ask you to buy anything for Mrs. Puff.

Narrator: A few moments later...

(Krabs is happy and hearts float in the background.)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! Mrs. Puff needs a new fur coat!

(After SpongeBob buys one, Krabs is mad and flaming dollars float in the background.)

Mr. Krabs: You're spending all me money! (Happily) Puffy needs a new pair of shoes.

(SpongeBob gets them.)

Mr. Krabs: (Angrily...) You're breaking me, boy! (Happily) She needs fine jewelry! (SpongeBob gets them, but...) Not that fine!

(We see SpongeBob running to and from stores, and Krabs keeps yelling his name, alternating happy and angry.)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! (SpongeBob grabs an umbrella) SpongeBob! SpongeBob! (SpongeBob rides a bicycle) SpongeBob! SpongeBob! (SpongeBob grabs a surfboard, then in rapid succession, a grandfather clock, a barbell made of anchors, a television, and too many others to count) SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! SpongeBob! (By this time, SpongeBob is too tired to move) (happy) SpongeBob, I'm glad I caught you! I want you to buy Mrs. Puff...

SpongeBob: (interrupts) WAIT! Don't tell me. You want me to run down to the store and buy Mrs. Puff something she doesn't need – (imitates running) then you want me to run back here so you can say... (stretches his eyes over his head and imitates Mr. Krabs) "Arrgh, SpongeBob! You're spending all me money!" And then, I'll say, "But Mr. Krabs, I'm only doing what you said!" Then you'll say, "We're not talking about this..." (Makes the triangle) ... "Or this" ... (Makes the square) ... "we're talking about this!" (SpongeBob makes a dotted line all over the screen, then pants in exhaustion)

Mr. Krabs: But, lad, this time's different! Mrs. Puff needs this!

(Cut to Mrs. Puff who has many unneeded, expensive items surrounding her.)

Mrs. Puff: Are we going to the park soon?

Mr. Krabs: (drops to his knees) Please lad, I'm begging you! I'm a lonely old crustacean who's found love. Don't let me lose her!

(Mr. Krabs starts to sob)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, don't. Don't cry, Mr. Krabs. Come on! OK, I'm going to get it, see! (Walks offscreen, and comes back with a washing machine.) Cheer up, Mr. Krabs. Here's that washing machine you wanted.

Mr. Krabs: Cheer up? How can I cheer up when you're spending all me hard-earned cash?!

SpongeBob: See?! You just did it again!

Mr. Krabs: Lad, I can't help it if you're loose with other people's money. (Looks at the washing machine) Do you think Mrs. Puff will need a dryer to go along with that?

SpongeBob: Well, Mr. Krabs... Do you want to know what I think? (SpongeBob starts screaming gibberish, and it implies that he's swearing. During this, Mrs. Puff looks up the words SpongeBob says in a dictionary and blushes. The following is decipherable during this:) *gibberish* Mr. Krabs' wallet!

(SpongeBob angrily storms home to his pineapple, and Mr. Krabs' mouth is agape.)

Mrs. Puff: I didn't know SpongeBob had such a colorful vocabulary. Actually, there's something I'd like to say too, Mr. Krabs. (Takes off her fur coat, shoes and hat.) I'm afraid I don't feel comfortable accepting all these gifts. I'd rather go Dutch, if you don't mind.

(She hands him some money from her purse.)

Mr. Krabs: (Takes the money) OK.

Mrs. Puff: You're a very sweet man, Mr. Krabs.

(Mrs. Puff kisses him. He gasps and his eyes bend into the shape of a heart.)

(At Mrs. Puff's Boating School, the bell rings)

Mrs. Puff: OK, class, quiet, quiet. Now, get out your pencils and paper, and write down the assignment. (students groan)

SpongeBob: Did you hear that? We get an assignment! (Nat gives an annoyed look)

Mrs. Puff: Everyone must write an essay on what not to do at a stoplight. (students groan again)

SpongeBob: Did you hear that? What not to do at a Stoplight. (Nat glares at him)

Mrs. Puff: In no less than 800 words. (squeals. Students groan again)

Nat: (acting like SpongeBob): Did you hear that? 800 words!

SpongeBob: Yeah, I know! (Nat frowns in annoyance)

Mrs. Puff: Due tomorrow. And remember, class: work hard, and no goofing off. (back at SpongeBob's house)

SpongeBob: OK, Gary, no goofing off. I am about to write the greatest essay of all time. Like most great essays, it will be written on paper. (Shows two pieces) Even more important than the paper is... (shows a pencil) ...the pencil. A pencil is sharp or as dull as I like. (To the pencil) Hmm.. funny thing, as my ideas grow, you shrink. (kisses the pencil) Well, I couldn't have asked for a more beautiful day to write an essay. (looks at window. It's colorful outside) OK, here we go. (begins writing) "What Not to Do at a Stoplight". Hey, this is easy! "By SpongeBob SquarePants". Ha, this essay is pure gold. And now, pencil, get ready to do your stuff, because here we go! (the clock is shown. Several hours pass and SpongeBob has not written anything else) Gee, this is harder than I thought. (in a deleted scene, he looks outside. There is a carnival. Squidward is suntanning. A kid is eating ice cream. Jellyfish are playing tennis. Gary is playing with a ball. Patrick is rubbing Sandy with sunscreen)

Patrick: Come on, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: It should be against the law to have to write an essay on such a super sailorific, sunshiny day. (groans) But I must press onward. Because with this pencil, and the completion of this essay, I'll be one step closer to my driver's license! (a live-action drag race is shown. A car hits a wall, tumbles, and gets back up. Cut back to SpongeBob) Oh, yeah... This'll be no problemo. Why, I've got plenty of time. It's only six o'clock! Okay, okay, here we go. Here we go. (SpongeBob struggles to write) I know! I just need to get a little blood pumpin' in the old noodle. How about some calisthenics? (does calisthenics. While doing it, he recites "Hup hoo" several times) I can feel those juices pumpin' now. (moves his chair closer to the table. Does it a lot because of the fun noise it makes. Laughs) Huh? What am I doing? I gotta write that paper. (pushes his chair in) Come on, pencil, make words.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary! Hey, hey, hey, Gary! How's my favorite mollusk? How about you and ol' SpongeBob fix you up something to eat?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: What do you mean you're not hungry?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I know I have an essay to write. Now, come on, Gary. (pours some food) I've got to make sure you get your nutrition, so I'm not leaving till you eat every single bite. (takes up a ladder and fills it to ceiling-level. Gary quickly eats it) Gary, are you sure you don't want some crème brûlée? Or some choco-flavored algae bits? (sees a pile of food on the floor) Gee, Gary sure made a mess. I can't work on my essay, knowing there's a mess in the kitchen. (cleans it up) Hmm. I might as well clean the rest of the floor while I'm at it. I should get these hard-to-reach places too! And these dishes need to be cleaned! Can't have dirty garbage. (some time later, SpongeBob is finished) Well, I think it's clean enough now. (the kitchen is now chrome) Why, that didn't take too long. It's only... (checks the clock) 10:00! Oh. No more fooling around. I gotta get back to work. Okay, Mr. Essay, I say: prepare to be written! I'm doing it! (begins writing frantically in a montage) I'm doing it!... Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!... And some of these, and some of these!... Almost there and... (drops pencil) done. (sighs in relief) Now, let's see how it looks so far. The... (he has only written the word

"The", in a fancy manner) Break time! Pacing always helps me think. (paces around the room) Let's see, only 799 words to go. Think, SpongeBob, think. (looks at the telephone, then at the paper, then back at the phone. Cut to Patrick in bed. His phone rings and he wakes up)

Patrick: Who's that? (picks up phone) Hello?

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick, what are you up to?

Patrick: Sleeping.

SpongeBob: That's really fascinating. Are you having a good sleep? Any dreams you'd like to discuss? I remember on this...

Patrick: SpongeBob, you and I both know that you're just using me as a distraction so you don't have to write your essay.

SpongeBob: (gasps) That is not true! I called to have an engaging conversation with you!

Patrick: Well, I'm listening.

SpongeBob: Uh...Marco!

Patrick: Polo. (hangs up)

SpongeBob: (listening to a dial tone) Yeah, well, I gotta get going, Patrick. Got an important essay to write. (hangs up phone) Sheesh, what a chatterbox. Can't he see that I'm busy? (notices eraser shavings on his paper) I can't write with all these eraser shavings all over my paper! (throws them away) Now they're floating around my thinking space. (blows them away) So long, pesky particles! (they come back, and he chokes on one) I swallowed one! I'm choking! Water! Water! (goes to the kitchen and drinks water, then gasps in relief) That was a close one.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: What do you mean overly dramatic, Gary? All that choking sure made me hungry.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I can't write on an empty stomach, Gary. I gotta have my brain food. (looking through his refrigerator) Now, let's see. White or rye bread...or pumpernickel? Gee, I guess it really depends on the meat inside. And the cheese. (doorbell rings) A visitor? For me? (opens the door) Hello!

Mailman: Package for Mr. SquarePants.

SpongeBob: Great! Thanks! So, you like delivering mail?

Mailman: It puts bread on the table.

SpongeBob: Rye or pumpernickel? (laughs)

Mailman: Oh, brother.

SpongeBob: So, do you deliver your own mail? Or do you have your own mailperson? But then, who delivers his mail? Is there

a never-ending chain of mailmen delivering mail to other mailmen? Well, I guess a P.O. box could, in theory, break the chain.

Mailman: Don't you have a paper to write? (walks away)

SpongeBob: (gulps) How did he know I'm supposed to be writing an essay? (glances back and forth several times, then slides backward into his house, turns and tiptoes in front of the television)

Realistic Fish Head: (speaking on the TV) In other news, local resident SpongeBob SquarePants only has a few hours left to complete his essay. And yet he continues to goof off. (his head leans through the TV screen into SpongeBob's face) When will he learn?

SpongeBob: Hi-yah! (karate chops the TV causing a zap and the glass breaks. The room has a blackout and he lights a candle)

Easy Chair: (SpongeBob turns to it) Hey! SpongeBob, over here! Come on! Take a seat! Put your feet up and relax! (SpongeBob drops the candle on the floor and the fire on the candle goes out)

SpongeBob: (gasps, as the bell rings the clock lights up as he looks at the clock) Oh, no! Midnight! (Panting, he runs in a hallway where the wall is full of paintings of clocks in the style of "Persistence of Memory") Must... get... back to desk! (runs to the table, but it has enlarged. He jumps up) Whew, that was a close call. (notices his pants are missing and he screams) My pants!

Pants: Yoo hoo! Down here!

SpongeBob: You get up here! I gotta get back to work!

Pants: Freedom!

SpongeBob: (runs out the door following the pants) Stop, pants! You get back here this instant! Pants! (The door closes. SpongeBob tries to get back in, but it is locked. He looks in the window. The candle is still lit. The clock's face pops off, revealing a mouth)

Clock: (ghostly voice) Time's up, SpongeBob. (the candle melts into a flame, Flare. SpongeBob gasps)

SpongeBob: Burning!

Flare: (takes SpongeBob's essay paper) Only 799 words to go! (burns the paper and leaps off the table) Hehehehe!

SpongeBob: No! (the inside of his house burns. Screams) What have I done? Help! Help! My house is on fire! (continues running around his burnt house, babbling incoherently, until the house comes to life)

House: SpongeBob, why? Why did you set me on fire, SpongeBob?! Why didn't you just write your essay?! Stop wasting time!

SpongeBob: (wakes up from his nightmare and takes the pencil off his face) Where's my essay! Oh, there you are! I must've dozed off. Let's see, where are we? (the paper only reads "The") Do I dare look at the clock? (looks at the clock, then gasps) It's almost 9:00! Class starts in five minutes! How am I going to write this whole paper in five minutes? How am I supposed to know what not to do at a stoplight? (realizing) Feeding your snail is something not to do at a stoplight! And... (begins writing) ...making a sandwich. And lighting candles! And drinking water! And calling your friends! And karate chopping the TV! And shooting the breeze with the mailman. And falling asleep... (cut to SpongeBob, out of breath,

running to the boating school) Mrs. Puff! Mrs. Puff! I'm finished! All 800 words! I'm finished! Here it is! Mrs. Puff? (goes inside, but nobody is there) Where is everybody?

Mrs. Puff: Oh, there you are, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Here you go, Mrs. Puff! All 800 words! All about stoplights and what not to do at 'em.

Mrs. Puff: I'm sorry, SpongeBob. I tried to call you! I have to go to a teacher's convention.

SpongeBob: But what about my essay?

Mrs. Puff: Nah, I decided to cancel the assignment. We're just going to take a field trip to a stoplight instead. See you next week! (exits. SpongeBob rips his essay. He then rips himself)

(SpongeBob, Squidward and Patrick's houses are seen. Patrick's house is shaking. SpongeBob knocks on it. Every time he does, it closes. He opens it himself. Patrick is cleaning. He featherdusts SpongeBob)

Patrick: Need...furniture! (makes a lamp post model)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what's with the home improvement? (Patrick barks and continues to clean) Hey, Patrick! (Patrick continues to clean) Well Patrick, I came over to see if you wanted to go jellyfishing, but I can see you're busy having an episode.

Patrick: (stops cleaning. His face turns mad) You know something, SpongeBob? It's just all fun and games for you. Nothing really matters. (imitates SpongeBob) Well, let's go jellyfishing! We don't have any work to do! Life is just a big bowl of fancy assorted cashews! And nobody has anything to dust, or to clean, or to wipe... OR FABRICATE!

SpongeBob: But, Patrick, the only thing I've ever seen you clean is your plate!

Patrick: (starts crying) I don't know what to do, SpongeBob! You've got to help me!

SpongeBob: (gasps) Patrick! You forgot how to eat again! Come on, we'll get the funnel.

Patrick: No, it's not that, SpongeBob. It's worse.

SpongeBob: Darn, I liked the funnel. Well, what is it, then?

Patrick: Look! (takes out a rolled-up piece of paper from his belly button)

SpongeBob: Hey, a note! (a sixteenth note is shown)

Patrick: Yeah, but turn it over! There's a letter! (the letter B is shown)

SpongeBob: You're right!

Patrick: And, I got this message from my parents!

SpongeBob: Your parents? (reads the note out loud) Dear Patrick, your mom and I are coming out tomorrow for Starfish Day. Please try to remember, but don't try too hard, or you'll hurt yourself like last time. Love, Daddy.

Patrick: SpongeBob, my parents think I'm dumber than a sack of diapers.

SpongeBob: No, they don't, Patrick. Parents just like to push your buttons. Like this! (pushes Patrick's belly button and his eyes elongate) Beep!

Patrick: (laughing) That always cheers me up. But not today.

SpongeBob: Patrick, if your parents think you're dumb, then they must not know what dumb really is.

Patrick: But don't they watch television?

SpongeBob: That's what I'm saying, Pat! If they got to meet a real dummy, they'd realize what a genius you really are!

Patrick: But don't geniuses live in a lamp? And besides, we don't know any dumb people.

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Patrick! I'll be the dummy! When your parents see how dumb I act, they'll think you're the smartest guy ever!

Patrick: Math is power!

(cut to the next day. Patrick is in front of his mirror)

Patrick: A B C D E F G...(doorbell rings) Oh! H I J K L M N O...!

Janet: Should I get the bullhorn again, Marty?

Patrick: W X Y and Z? (Marty is so bored from banging that he still knocks on Patrick's head) Hi, mom. Hi, dad.

Marty: Son! You recognized us this time!

Patrick: Why wouldn't I recognize my own parents?

Marty: You never were a bright one. (Patrick wonders. Marty laughs) Aren't you gonna show us inside?

Janet: He probably forgot where it is!

Patrick: Well I know where it...

Marty: Oh. Let me lead the way so we don't get lost. (Patrick, Marty and Janet hold hands) Ok, son, hold hands now! (inside the house) Ok, we're almost there! Let go on three. One...two...three!

Janet: Good job!

Marty and Janet: Pats for Patrick! (both laugh)

Patrick: I'll go get the beverages. (Patrick holds a tray full of drinks)

Marty: Wow, son! You put the drinks in something this time! Ah, son, you must have been working all night to put these

together for us!

Janet and Marty: We love you! (both kiss Patrick)

Patrick: (doorbell rings) Hooray, the idiot is here! I mean, I'll get it!

SpongeBob: Protective helmet, check.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I'm supposed to look stupid, Gary!

Gary: Meow? (goes back to SpongeBob's house)

SpongeBob: What could go wrong? (Patrick's rock opens)

Patrick: What a surprise!

SpongeBob: Hi.

Patrick: Mom, Dad, meet my neighbor, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hi.

Marty: Hello there!

Janet: How do you do?

SpongeBob: Hi. (walks to Patrick's parents)

Marty: Put her there. (SpongeBob puts a doll on his hand)

Doll: Mama! Mama!

Patrick: He means "shake". (SpongeBob shakes his entire body) No, SpongeBob, no! Shake hands! (SpongeBob shakes both his hands) No, SpongeBob! Grab my dad's hand. (puts both his hands and his left leg on Marty's hand) Grab it with only one hand! (puts his left leg and hand down) Good boy! Now move your arm up and down! (he moves his shoulder up and down. Patrick giggles)

Janet: So, SpongeBob. Do you live nearby?

SpongeBob: Hi.

Patrick: No, SpongeBob. Show them your house! (reveals a blouse) No, not your blouse! Your house! (SpongeBob runs over to his house)

Janet: He lives in a fruit?

Marty: That's unhealthy.

Patrick: (giggles) Hey, SpongeBob! You wanna stay for dinner? (SpongeBob blabbles like an idiot)

(Later, Patrick, Marty and Janet are watching television while eating TV dinners)

Marty: Does he always do that after he eats?

Patrick: Only on Wednesday. (pan over to SpongeBob pushing his nose to reveal his underwear. When he lets go, his pants pull up by themselves. This is repeated a few times. SpongeBob makes an alarm sound after that. Patrick giggles)

Marty: (starts giggling with Patrick) Uh, Patrick, I think your friend might be broken.

Patrick: Yeah, and it would take more than some masking tape to fix that guy. (SpongeBob balances on his nose while making a fire truck sound. Makes other various sounds)

Marty: Whoa! Is he gonna be okay?

Patrick: Oh, that's nothing. (dolphin chirping) You should see him in the morning, prancing around yelling "I'm ready! I'm ready! I'm ready!" (rooster crows) He drives all the neighbors crazy! (horn) Why, just the other day, our neighbor Squidward was...(SpongeBob crashes into the walls while an elephant trumpets in the background) There's really no help for him. I mean, look at the way he's dressed. Only somebody with holes drilled in their head would wear that stuff! And how about his shape? I mean, I've heard of barrel-chested, but never box-chested! (Janet, Marty and Patrick laugh) Hey, SpongeBob, do you have any mascara I could borrow? (makes his eyebrows sound like elastic rubber bands)

Marty: (chuckles) The boy wears make-up?

Janet: What a card!

(Janet, Marty and Patrick laugh. SpongeBob frowns)

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick! Patrick!

Patrick: Aww, he said my name.

Marty: Wow! How'd you train him to do that?

(SpongeBob is mad. He angrily bites Patrick's finger)

Patrick: Ow! He bit me!

SpongeBob: Patrick, meet me in the kitchen!

Patrick: Oh, I guess the dummy wants to have a private conversation. (Janet and Marty laugh) A dumb one! (They laugh again) (in the kitchen) So, what's on your mind? Oh, wait, I already know the answer. Nothing! (laughs) See, that's funny, 'cause you're dumb!

SpongeBob: Patrick, could you let up on the insults just a little bit?

Patrick: Oh, were those too complicated for you? I'll try dumbing them down a bit.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I get the feeling that you think I really am dumb! (Patrick is now wearing a T-shirt reading "I'm with the dummy" pointing at SpongeBob)

Patrick: (chuckles) That's just what I'd expect you to say. Dumb people are always blissfully unaware of how dumb they really are. (drools)

SpongeBob: I'm only pretending to be dumb! It was our plan, remember?

Patrick: Oh, SpongeBob, if only you could see how stupid you sound right now when you talk of imaginary plans. Tell you what. You've caught me in a good mood. I'll humor you. Go on, go out there and act "smart" for everyone.

SpongeBob: Ok, I will! (takes off his helmet and hands it to Patrick)

Patrick: (puts the helmet on his head) And don't worry, I'll keep this warm for you!

SpongeBob: (in front of Janet and Marty) I have a confession to make. I lied about being stupid. I just acted like a fool so you would appreciate Patrick a little bit more. I know how to talk and eat and do laundry. I even separate the darks from the whites. So whaddya say we start over and try again? Hi! My name is SpongeBob SquarePants. And I am not a dummy.

Marty: (laughs) Amazing! Three minutes in the kitchen and our son has taught him to talk in complete sentences. Aw, good work, son. (gives Patrick the thumbs-up)

Patrick: (gives Marty the thumbs-up) It wasn't easy, dad!

SpongeBob: (sputtering) But... but, but, but, but, but, but...

Janet: It looks like it's time for your next lesson, young man!

SpongeBob: Now, listen to me! I'm not dumb! I have a brain! See? here's a picture of it! (he shows them a picture of his brain)

Patrick: That must be actual size. (all laugh)

SpongeBob: No! It's normal size and fully functional! Watch! (writes on Patrick's chalkboard) 2 plus 2 equals 4.

Marty: Hoho, son! You taught him math too!

SpongeBob: Noooo!!

Marty: And you thought him to sing! (SpongeBob is blabbering and sputtering) Oh, now he's short-circuiting! You must have taught him a little too much!

[illegible]

Marty: You know, son, I know when it comes to brightness, well, you're about a three-watt. But that guy! He's a wet match

in a dark cave. He even makes phone operators seem smart! But more importantly, son, you've shown me how much of a quick-witted boy you've become. (hugs him) I feel like I'm really seeing you for the first time. Isn't that right, Janet?

Janet: You bet! Marty!

Patrick: (his eyes widen) Janet?! Marty?! Who are you people?!

Janet: Marty! I'm scared! (doorbell rings)

Squidward: Excuse me. Does this lovely couple belong to you? They've been standing outside my house saying "Where's Patrick?" all day! It's driving me nuts!

Patrick: Mom! Dad!

Herb: Wow, son! You actually recognized us this time.

Margie: And you remembered to get dressed today! (Patrick, Herb and Margie laugh)

Marty: Oh, that's right, honey. We don't have a son.

Janet: Oh yeah! (both walk away. Herb, Margie and Patrick are inside Patrick's house. The house closes)

Mr. Krabs: Well, it's the worst time of the day once again (cringes as he changes the sign to "Closed") Closing time!

SpongeBob: Well, see you in the AM, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Hold on there, SpongeBob! (pulls SpongeBob back) Take that pile of filth out with you. (Squidward holds up a trash bag)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Mr. Krabs, you shouldn't talk about Squidward like that!

Squidward: He means this filth, you loon.

SpongeBob: Takin' out the trash, takin' out the trash. Hmm...dumpster writing! The voice of the people! "Up with bubbles, down with air!" (laughs) "Nematodes are people too!" (laughs) Nematodes... Here's one someone didn't finish! Squidward smells. (writes the word "good" after "smells") Good. (laughs) Hmm, what's this one? Krabs is a... hmm? Krabs is a (Dolphin chirp then turns into a rabbit then back into himself).

Garbage Man: Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?!

SpongeBob: Well, sometimes, but not recently.

Patrick: Hi, garbage man. Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Hi, Patrick! Patrick, do you know what this word means?

Patrick: Krabs... Uh, isn't that the red sweaty guy you work for?

SpongeBob: No, not that word, THAT word.

Patrick: (Scratches neck) (Dolphin chirp). Uh, hey! I think I know what that means. That's one of those sentence enhancers.

SpongeBob: Sentence enhancers?

Patrick: You use them when you want to talk fancy. You just sprinkle it on anything you say, and Wham-0! You've got yourself a spicy sentence sandwich!

SpongeBob: Oh, I get it! Here, let me try.(coughs)(fancy tone) Hello, Patrick. Lovely (Dolphin chirp) day it is, isn't it?

Patrick: Why yes it is, SpongeBob. This (Dolphin chirp) day is particularly (Dolphin chirp) lovely!

SpongeBob: How (Dolphin chirp) right you are, Patrick! (Dolphin chirp x3)

SpongeBob: You're right, Patrick, my lips are tingling from the spiciness of this conversation.

Patrick: Oh, me too! (both laugh)

SpongeBob: It tickles when I laugh!

(SpongeBob walks into the Krusty Krab next day)

SpongeBob: Hello,customers, nice (Dolphin chirp) day we're having!

Fish: Did he just say?

Pirate Fish: Aye, he did.

SpongeBob: Hi, Patrick, how the (Dolphin chirp) are you?

Patrick: (walks into the Krusty Krab) Pretty (Turns into a frog then Dolphin chirp) good, SpongeBob.

Old Man Jenkins: I thought this was a restaurant, not a gutter mouth convention.

SpongeBob: (taps on the microphone) Attention, customers, today's special is a (Turns into a rabbit again Dolphin chirp) Krabby Patty served with in a greasy sauce and grilled to (Turns into a pig Dolphin chirp) perfection. And don't forget to ask us to (turns into a buffalo then Dolphin chirp) the (Turns into an orangutan then Dolphin chirp) fries. It'll be our (Turns into an ostrich then Dolphin chirp) pleasure. Hi Squidward, how the (Turns into a hamster then Dolphin chirp) are ya?

Patrick: Nice (Dolphin chirp) day we're having, isn't it Squidward?

Tom: I don't understand. The guy's talented, but he doesn't have to work blue.

Evelyn: Let's go somewhere more family oriented.

(Everyone leaves the Krusty Krab with disappointing shouts, a fish says in the background: "I'm eating at the Chum Bucket!") (Sirens wail)

Mr. Krabs: Ah!! The Krusty Krab! She's empty! All hands on deck! Batten the front doors! Brace the cash register! Break out the happy snacks! Squidward, where have all my money paying customers gone?

Squidward: Apparently the two barnacle-mouth brothers just learned a new word, and SpongeBob just said it over the intercom.

Mr. Krabs: Well, what was it? What'd he say?

Squidward:(whispers. He's saying "bad word 11 then animalizing himself")

Mr. Krabs: Huh?

Squidward:(whispers. same as last whisper.)

Mr. Krabs: Gasp!!! SpongeBob and Patrick !!!!! Front and center! Why am I making the two of you paint the Krusty Krab for using such language?

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs, we were only using our sentence enhancers.

Patrick: Yeah, it's fancy talk.

Mr. Krabs: There ain't nothing fancy about that word!

SpongeBob: You mean (Dolphin chirp) and our animalizing?

Mr. Krabs: Yes, that one. Now quit saying it! It's a bad word.

SpongeBob and Patrick: Bad word?! (Tongue Play; Scraping Their Tongue with their hands)

Mr. Krabs: Yes sirree, that's bad word number 11. In fact, there are 13 bad words you should never use.

Squidward: Don't you mean there are only 7?

Mr. Krabs: Not if you're a sailor! (laughs)

SpongeBob: Wow, 13!

Patrick: That's a lot of (Dolphin chirp) bad words!

Mr. Krabs: OK, boys. I want you to promise me you'll never use that word again.

SpongeBob and Patrick: We promise.

(back at SpongeBob's house, playing Eels and Escalators)

SpongeBob: Gee, I'm glad Mr. Krabs told us that word we were using was a bad word!

Patrick: Yeah, me too, because classy sophisticates like us shouldn't stain our lips with cursing.

SpongeBob: Yea ,verily! Now, let's play a nice, wholesome game of Eels and Escalators.

Patrick: Oh, Boy, my favorite!

SpongeBob: Come on, Gary needs a new pair of shoes! (rolls the dice)

Patrick: Oh, eels. Too bad, SpongeBob, you gotta rent an eel.

SpongeBob: Darn. (moves game piece to eel)

Patrick: My turn! (rolls dice) Hooray! escalators! (Whoops) Up,up,up!

SpongeBob: Come on, escalators, escalators! (rolls dice) Uh, eels again.

Patrick: My turn! (rolls dice)Escalators!

SpongeBob: Escalators, escalators, escalators!(throws dice) Eels?

Patrick:(rolls dice) Es-skee-lators!! (moves to escalators) Well, this is your last chance, SpongeBob, (Shows an eel head saying "You Lose!") or if you get eels again, you lose!

SpongeBob: (gets frustrated while rolling the dice) Escalators, escalators, escalators!!! (dice is thrown and lands on escalators) Ha! Escalators! (dice turns to eels)

Patrick: Eels!

SpongeBob: Ah, (Dolphin chirp)!(closes mouth)

Patrick: Oh! you said number 11!

SpongeBob: Ah! It just slipped out, you know. You understand, right, Patrick! You gotta understand!

Patrick: Don't worry, SpongeBob, I understand. Mr. Krabs! Mr. Krabs! (starts running to the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: No! Wait, Patrick! Patrick, no, please don't tell!

Patrick: But you said (Turns into a tiger then roars)!

SpongeBob: Aha! Now I'm Gonna tell Mr. Krabs on you!

Patrick: Not if I tell first (transforms SpongeBob into a cow)!

SpongeBob: I can run faster than you!(laughs)

Patrick: (riding in an ice cream truck, transforming SpongeBob into a walrus) See ya at the Krusty Krab! Ha, ha, ha! (The truck goes the wrong way, Then transforms SpongeBob into a penguin)Oh no!!

SpongeBob: Ha! Mr. Krabs, Mr. Krabs, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: What, what, what?

SpongeBob: Patrick, Patrick, Patrick!!

Mr. Krabs: Yes, yes, yes?!!

SpongeBob: He said, he said, he said!

Mr. Krabs: Out with it, boy!

SpongeBob: (Fast) Me and Patrick were playing Eels and Escalators, and Patrick was going up, up, up, and I rode the eel and then we ran and Patrick, he said some things!

Mr. Krabs: What kind of things?

SpongeBob: Well, he said.

Mr. Krabs: Yes?

SpongeBob: Well, let's just say he said a certain word that you said we shouldn't say, and this particular word happens to be number 11 in A list of 13 words you said shouldn't be said.

Mr. Krabs: Uh... right, uh, What was the part about the...? Who now?

Patrick:(eats an ice cream): Mr. Krabs, Mr. Krabs, Mr. Krabs!! (Mr. Krabs sighs)

(both protest and running around on turing into a camel, vulture, snake and whale about the word, but Mr. Krabs grabs their lips)

Mr. Krabs: Now I'm gonna let go of your lips, and when I do, I want you boys to calmly tell me what you need to tell me, understand?

Both: Mmm-hmm(Mr. Krabs lets go of their lips) HE SAID (Dolphin chirp)!!

Mr. Krabs: (GASP!) Do my ears deceive me? You two should be ashamed! Time to take out the trash. (Carries them by their pants to the front) You two need to be tarder lesson. I thought I made it clear. Never, and I mean, never use number 11 or any of the 13 bad words! Now the both of you just wait right here. I'll be back.

Patrick: (as a beaver) What's going to happen to us?

SpongeBob: (as a dinosaur) We'll probably get 40 lashes!

Patrick: (as a bear) Oh, No! (Imagines himself with 40 eyelashes)

SpongeBob: (as a chicken) I'm sorry, Patrick. Mr. Krabs was right. There's no use for words like that.

Patrick: (as a goat) I'm sorry too, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (as a hippopotamus) From now on, we shall not let a foul word stain our lips! We will be good citizens, just like

good ol' Mr. Krabs.

Patrick: (shakes hands with SpongeBob) Agreed!

Mr. Krabs: All right, you two foul mouths. As punishment for poisoning the air in my restaurant with your foul words, you're going to give the Krusty Krab a fresh coat of paint from top to... (Trips on rock) Bottom. Ow, ooh! Ow! My (Dolphin chirp)!!!!!!! Foot! What kind of.. (Dolphin chirp)!!!!!! genius put a (Dolphin chirp) rock In A (Dolphin chirp) Path? Can't You See (Octopus) I've Got A (Horn Honks) Foot Here?(Eagle) Oh (Seal)! Side Of (Dolphin chirp) And(Panther) A Heaping (Elephant) Helping Of (Foghorn) Da (Monkey) Bololo (Crab)! Awww, (Seal) (Various Noises) it grabbin' (Horn)!!!!!!!

Patrick: (as a turtle) 9?

SpongeBob: (as a snail) 5,6,7... That's all 13, Patrick! (cut to SpongeBob with 13 fingers) We're gonna tell your mom, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: No, not my mommy! Wait! Please don't tell my mother! I don't think a little old heart can't take it!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Mama Krabs, Mama Krabs!

Ms. Krabs: Well, Hello There. (Mouth becomes an O)

(SpongeBob, Patrick and Mr. Krabs transform randomly into animals and protest)

SpongeBob: I have never heard in my days!

Mama Krabs: Oh, dear! My poor old heart.

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) Oh, dear mother! What have these foul-mouthed heathens done to you? (takes a coin out of her pocket) You two should be ashamed! Making an old lady faint with your sailor talk!

Mama Krabs: You should all be ashamed! And if you're gonna talk like sailors, then you're gonna work like sailors!

(the three are painting her house, Patrick is painting the sand)

Mama Krabs: I guess you three scalwags have earned yourselves a glass of lemonade! (laughs, trips on a rock) Yeow! My (AWOOGA)!!!!!!! foot!

Mr. Krabs: Mother!

Mama Krabs: What? It's Old Man Jenkins in his jalopy.

Old Man Jenkins: Howdy, Mrs. K!

SpongeBob, Patrick, Mr. Krabs and Mama Krabs: (laughing)

(a jellyfish is flying in the sky)

French Narrator: Jellyfish Fields... ...And where there's jellyfish, there is the jellyfish hunter.

SpongeBob: La la la la, (catches it) You're my twelfth catch of the day. I'm gonna call you "Twelvey." (tickles it) Coochie coochie coo! (Twelvey sneezes out some jelly) Bye Twelvey! (Twelvey stings him. Sees a blue jellyfish) It's you! Well, it's just you and me again. I caught and named every jellyfish in the Jellyfish Fields at least once. Except you, "No Name." (tries to catch it. Runs but steps on a soda can. Runs so fast he flies) Gotcha! (he is unsuccessful at catching the jellyfish) Some day, I'm gonna catch you and I will name you! (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab) Time for my lunch break!

Mr. Krabs: You've got 5 minutes!

SpongeBob: Wow! One minute more than yesterday! SpongeBob on lunch! (takes out his jar of jelly and a Krabby Patty. Starts eating it)

Fred: Hey, buddy! What's that?

SpongeBob: Oh, this is a hole, sir. You see, I am a sponge, and...

Fred: No, not that! That! (points to his jelly patty)

SpongeBob: Oh, this is just a Krabby Patty with Jellyfish Jelly! I call it a Krabby Patty with Jellyfish Jelly.

Fred: Could I try some?

SpongeBob: Sure! (gives Fred some)

Fred: Amazing! I've got to tell someone about this.

Music: Hey All You People

Hey all you people,
Hey all you people,
Hey all you people, won't you listen to me...?

I just had a sandwich,
No ordinary sandwich,
A sandwich filled with jellyfish jelly...!

Hey, man, you've got to try this sandwich!
It's no ordinary sandwich!
It's the tastiest sandwich in the sea...!
(scatting) A-skibbi-dee-beeda-bodda-booda-bodda-dabbidy-dow,
Yeah...Thank you!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, who's playing Squidward's records again?

SpongeBob: No one, Mr. Krabs. I'm just sharing my jellyfish jelly with the customers. (we see some fish eating jelly patties) Here you go, Mr. Krabs. Send your taste buds on a journey.

Mr. Krabs: (sniffs the patty) Messing with the patty's formula? That's mutiny!

Fred: Sir, this is the best thing I've ever tasted. I'm coming here everyday for the rest of my life. (everything around

Fred and the patty fades out and a dollar bill appears. Fred is on the bill) Hey, buddy, you okay?

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, how about you get me some of those "moneyfish?"

SpongeBob: Wow. Getting paid to jellyfish. That's my life's dream!

Mr. Krabs: Well, keep dreaming. (gives him a jellyfish net) This is on your time. Now go get me some jellyfish, and make it... (SpongeBob holds up a jellyfish in a jar) ...quick. SpongeBob, I'm gonna need more than 1 jellyfish.

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs, how many jellyfish do you need? (bubble-wipe to him jellyfishing with many nets. Shows up with three jars) Here you go, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: (painting a sign saying "Home of the Jelly Patty") I'm gonna need more than that, boy! (cut to SpongeBob in Jellyfish Fields)

SpongeBob: (cuts a rope. Many jellyfish are inside it. He shows up with five jars) More jellies, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: (painting jellyfish on the walls of the Krusty Krab with the words "I Love Jellyfish" on his shirt) Oh, that'll never do. More!

SpongeBob: (cut to him with a mustache on. A sign next to a jellyfish hive reading "FOR RENT" is shown. Jellyfish come in. They are trapped in a large net) Here you go!

Mr. Krabs: (customers are lined up) More, SpongeBob! (cut to SpongeBob driving a large replica of himself. Its hand shows up at the Krusty Krab with a jar full of jellyfish) What don't you understand about..."more!" (SpongeBob catches jellyfish in different shots. Cross-fade to Mr. Krabs) More! (cross-fade to a montage of Mr. Krabs shouting "More!" and SpongeBob catching jellyfish. Eventually, we fade to later that night. A sign reading "Jellyfish Fields: Pop. 4 Million" is seen. The word "4 Million" is crossed out)

SpongeBob: Well, there's no more! Now, that's jellyfishing! (No Name, the blue jellyfish from earlier, secretly follows him) It feels like somebody...wants to sell me something!

Businessman: (hiding behind rock with another businessman) I told you he was onto us!

SpongeBob: (running away) I'm not interested in anything you're selling! (opens the door to his house and gets in) I sure felt like... (laughs) I must be working too hard. (telephone rings) I'll get it, there! Hello, SpongeBob's house, SpongeBob speaking. (cut to No Name holding a phone apparently near SpongeBob's house, heavily breathing. Laughs nervously) Wrong number. (No Name morphs one of its stingers into a pair of pliers and cuts SpongeBob's fuse. The lights go out. Laughs nervously) I guess Gary forgot to pay the electric bill! (door opens and a small, black figure comes in) Gary? Gary, is that you? (the figure goes inside the kitchen) Yeah, good idea, Gary, there's probably some left overs in the kitchen! (light shines on a Krabby Patty with blue jellyfish jelly) Hello, what's this? What are you doing here, oh delicious one? A little snack will calm my nerves! Mmm...a Krabby Patty with blue jelly. Blue jelly! (No Name shows up) Hey, old No Name? What's happening? (cut to No Name buzzing. The blue jellyfish shows a net and jar. Cut to SpongeBob in a jellyfish jar being carried by No Name) No Name, let me out! What are you gonna do with me? Eew! What smells like big business? (No Name shows a factory) Hey, I don't remember that factory! (No Name shows him the inside) Huh? (cut to inside the factory. Jellyfish are inside many tubes scattered all around the factory. They are being sucked of their jelly and dried out in various ways, including one being squeezed with a lemon squeezer. The dried out ones are put in trash cans) What is this

horrible place? (a robot grabs and starts tickling a jellyfish)

Robot: Coochie coochie coo. (jellyfish sneezes out jelly and dries out)

SpongeBob: What kind of monster is responsible for this horror?

Mr. Krabs: (on an exercising machine) That's it, boys! Keep that gelatinous gold mine flowing! (laughs)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs? No! Now I know why you brought me here. But what can we do? (Mr. Krabs is listening to a song entitled "Give It All You've Got." Breaks in riding on No Name) Mr. Krabs! Stop this madness right now!

Mr. Krabs: Uh...uh...this... This isn't what it looks like! We're having a...um...um....a little tea party!

SpongeBob: Oh, boy! A tea party! (No Name touches him) You tricked me, Mr. Krabs! I never would have collected all this jellyfish if I knew this was their fate! This isn't right! Jellyfish should be wild and safe in fresh air!

Mr. Krabs: Easy boy, what are you doing with that?

SpongeBob: (holding an alligator wrench) Now I'm gonna do something that should have been done a long time ago!

Mr. Krabs: Noooo! (SpongeBob fixes a bolt on the door of some kind of vat holding jellyfish)

SpongeBob: The squeaky bolt on this door was driving me crazy! (Mr. Krabs is relieved) And now I'm gonna set these jellyfish free! (tries to open it but is unsuccessful)

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) Well, you can't. The door's voice-activated and will only open if I say "open." (closes his mouth upon realizing he said "open." Cut to a sign on the door, with the word "CLOSED" lit up. The sign on the door lights the word "OPEN" and the jellyfish escape)

SpongeBob: Freedom! Freedom!

Mr. Krabs: You'll never catch me! (pedals but the exercising machine is bolted to the ground) Blasted exercise craze! (jellyfish sting him and he screams in pain)

SpongeBob: (jellyfish escape out the doors) Goodbye, friends! (a badly-burned Mr. Krabs emerges from the factory)

Mr. Krabs: I'm taking jelly off the menu. (walks away)

SpongeBob: He really got burned on that deal! (laughs) All as it should be. (puts his jellyfish net up) I promise never to use this jellyfish net for anything but pure sport again. Jellyfish aren't meant to be captured forever! (No Name floats in SpongeBob's net. Gasps) Oh, No Name! I guess I can name you now. I'll call you... "Friend." (reaches his arm out. The newly-minted "Friend" does as well but accidentally stings SpongeBob. Nervously smiles)

Scene begins outside of the Fast Food Coliseum.)

Fish Head: Welcome, sports fans, to the 21st annual Bikini Bottom Fry Cook Games.

(Horns are played as a blue spotted fish runs into the stadium, holding a small torch. He runs up the stairs to a huge hamburger.)

Blue Spotted Fish: I declare these Fry Cook Games... open!

(A gust of wind blows by and puts out the flame on the torch. "Please Stand By" appears on the screen. The horns blow again and the fish runs back into the stadium, this time shielding the torch with his hand and panting. He runs back up the stairs to the huge hamburger.)

Fish Head: I declare these Fry Cook Games...

(blue spotted fish lights the huge hamburger.)

Fish Head: ... open!

(Blue spotted fish starts on fire.)

Fish Head: So begin the 21st Fry Cook Games. I'm a realistic Fish Head, and it's a beautiful day here at Bikini Bottom's Fast Food Coliseum.

(A clip plays showing a woman tossing a large straw into a large plastic cup.)

Fish Head: They come from everywhere microwaves hum.

(A clip of a man throwing an uncooked patty onto a grill is shown.)

Fish Head: Patties sizzle.

(A clip of a fish bouncing on top of a large cube of gelatin and landing on a mat is shown.)

Fish Head: And heat lamps keep the fast food spirit warm... and Soggy. But the real story is the bitter rivalry between former competitors Mr. Krabs of the Krusty Krab and Plankton of the Chum Bucket.

(Pictures of both Mr. Krabs and Plankton appear. A clip of Mr. Krabs lifting up two barrels of pickles is shown.)

Fish Head: Who could forget the year Mr. Krabs won gold for this five hundred pickle clean-and-jerk?

(Mr. Krabs is shown on a podium on the number one step, while Plankton is below him on the second.)

Fish Head: Not Plankton.

(Plankton sprays Mr. Krabs with a hose. A clip of Plankton flipping around while hanging onto two onion rings is shown.)

Fish Head: Or when Plankton won the hearts of millions by performing this perfect onion ring routine... with a broken antenna?

(A cast is around Plankton's left antenna. Plankton is shown in the number one spot on the podium this time, with Mr. Krabs below him.)

Fish Head: Krabs wasn't moved.

(Mr. Krabs blows Plankton off the podium.)

Fish Head: And now, late word is that this year, the Krusty Krab will be represented by a new competitor, on what is perhaps the greatest day of his young life. (A picture of a shadowy figure of a body with a question mark over it appears. The figure turns around and is revealed to be SpongeBob, wearing a sweatband and sports uniform. SpongeBob is standing next to Mr. Krabs, who is sitting on a bench staring at a stopwatch, then shows Ernie in a picture)

SpongeBob: This is perhaps the greatest day of my young life, Mr. Krabs.

(SpongeBob starts jogging in place.)

SpongeBob: I can't believe I'm representing the Krusty Krab in the Fry Cook Games.

(A spotlight shines down on him and he puts his hand on his heart.)

SpongeBob: To bring home the gold is to bring honor and glory to the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: And all that free publicity will bring in customers! So don't lose!

(Mr. Krabs walks away.)

SpongeBob: Aye, aye, Mr. Krabs!

(SpongeBob starts doing pushups.)

SpongeBob: Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab!

(Patrick walks up.)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob.

(SpongeBob stops.)

SpongeBob: Hi, Patrick.

(SpongeBob continues doing pushups.)

Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab!

(SpongeBob starts groaning.)

Patrick: Are you trying to move the ground? You'll never move it like that. You gotta get under...(Patrick rips the piece of grass out from under SpongeBob, flipping him over.) ...neath it!

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick, I'm trying to train for the games.

Patrick: Games? Can I play?

SpongeBob: Ah, sorry, Patrick.

(SpongeBob starts jumping rope.)

SpongeBob: You have to be a fry cook.

Patrick: Be a fry cook? Is that all I gotta do? That'll be easy!

(SpongeBob tosses his jump rope behind him.)

SpongeBob: What do you mean easy?

(Patrick laughs.)

Patrick: How hard can it be?

SpongeBob: They don't let just anybody be a fry cook. We're an elite corp!

Patrick: Oh, come on. You're just flippin' patties.

SpongeBob: Hey, flipping is not as easy as it sounds!

(Patrick flips a rock over with his foot.)

Patrick: Tssss...

SpongeBob: Why don't you go home Patrick? You can compete in the Laying Under a Rock All Day Games!

(Patrick gasps.)

Patrick: Well, at least I don't polish my fingernails.

(SpongeBob gasps and points at Patrick.)

SpongeBob: You take that back!

(SpongeBob's index finger gleams. Patrick dances around.)

Patrick: Fingernails! Fingernails! Fingernails!

SpongeBob: You don't even have fingernails.

Patrick: I cannot believe what I am hearing!

SpongeBob: How can you hear it? You don't have ears either!

(Patrick stutters.)

Patrick: Holes! Holes!

SpongeBob: Cone head!

Patrick: Yellow!

SpongeBob: Pink!

(Patrick screams and holds his head.)

Patrick: I'm gonna get a job as a fry cook and it'll be easy!

(Patrick walks off. SpongeBob growls and starts doing pushups again, this time faster)

SpongeBob: Fine! Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab! Krusty Krab!

(Mr. Krabs sniffs the air.)

Mr. Krabs: What's that smell in the air? I smell Plankton!

(Camera zooms over to Plankton, who is standing in the entranceway of the stadium.)

(Plankton pulls out a human nose from behind him.)

Plankton: Oh yeah?! Well, I smell...

(Plankton sniffs himself.)

Plankton: Pew! He's right.

(Mr. Krabs runs over, his feet twinkling. Plankton does the same. Mr. Krabs makes a Broadway pose as corresponding music plays. Plankton makes a similar pose, holding a cane and a top hat. Mr. Krabs plays a piano, while Plankton blows into a tuba, messing up the rhythm.)

Plankton: I love messing things up.

(Plankton meets up with Mr. Krabs by getting on a small platform and pulling a lever which goes up to Mr. Krabs' height.)

Plankton: Are you ready to do or die, Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Always ready, Plankton. Always ready.

Plankton: Good. Because today, the Chum Bucket is going to kick...

(Plankton raises his arm and accidentally whacks the lever, causing him to lower again. He raises it back up.)

Plankton: ...your carapace!

Mr. Krabs: That's what you think, but I got me a champion. SpongeBob! Show him!

(SpongeBob does a karate routine, using two spatulas as nunchucks, then laughs innocently when he finishes.)

Mr. Krabs: Look at him. In his prime. You ain't got no chance!

Plankton: That's where you're wrong, Krabs, for I too have a champion.

(Plankton lowers a microphone.)

Plankton: Ladies and gentlemen, turn your attention to the southwest corridor!

(The crowd turns to the southeast corridor.)

Plankton: Other way! Imbeciles.

(The crowd turns to the southwest corridor.)

Plankton: And... stop! Perfect.

(In the entranceway, an extremely large shadow approaches, making loud stomps on the way.)

Plankton: Representing the Chum Bucket, a creature so fearsome, so terrible, so mind-bendingly large, that those of you with weak constitutions may want to leave the stadium. (Two parents cover up their child's eyes, and he covers theirs. Mr. Krabs' eyes sink into his shell. A muscular fish sits, trembling in the audience. He quickly gets up to leave.)

Muscular Fish: I gotta get outta here!

Plankton: Too late! Ready or not, here he comes. Quake with fear, you mortal fools. Bow down before the awesome might of...

(The wall of the stadium explodes. Fish fly everywhere. When the dust clears up, a huge, purple muscular fish is seen.)

Plankton: ...this huge guy who is carrying the real contestant...

(The huge fish turns around, revealing Patrick to be strapped to his back.)

Plankton: ...Patrick Star!

(Patrick waves happily. SpongeBob stares in shock. He walks up as Patrick gets down from the huge fish's back.)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you doing here? You're not a fry cook.

Patrick: Oh, yes I am, Mr. SpongeBob SuperiorPants.

(Patrick lifts up his shirt.)

Patrick: Check it out!

(A name tag is stuck to his chest that says, "The Chum Bucket, Patrick.")

Patrick: I've been working for the Chum Bucket for almost five minutes.

SpongeBob: Well, it doesn't matter anyway 'cause you're gonna eat my dust.

Patrick: Nuh uh. I'm eating my own dust.

SpongeBob: Not if I eat it first.

Patrick: Yellow!

SpongeBob: Pink!

(The two walk away.)

SpongeBob: I can't believe it, Mr. Krabs. I thought Patrick was my friend.

Mr. Krabs: Friend? Not in here he ain't.

SpongeBob: What do you mean?

Plankton: He's not really your friend.

Patrick: He's not?

Plankton: He's plotting your downfall right now!

SpongeBob: He is?

Mr. Krabs: He's gonna stab you in the back.

Patrick: He wouldn't!

Plankton: Of course he would. Just look at him. Square: the shape of evil!

Mr. Krabs: He's making a mockery of your profession. Are we gonna let some pretender take away what belongs to the Krusty Krab?

SpongeBob: No!

Plankton: Then get mean!

Patrick: I'm mean!

Mr. Krabs: Get angry!

SpongeBob: I'm angry!

Plankton: Now get out there!

Mr. Krabs: And win...

Plankton: That...

Mr. Krabs: Medal!

Patrick: Ahhh!

SpongeBob: Ahhh!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Ahhh!

Huge Fish: Ahhh.

(Scene cuts to the first event.)

Fish Head: Our first event, the deep fry pole vault. (A deep fryer labeled "Fry King" sits in front of two high poles. SpongeBob stands in front of Mr. Krabs, holding a long pole.)

Mr. Krabs: Win this one for the Krusty Krab.

SpongeBob: For the Krusty Krab!!! (SpongeBob flips over the poles and the deep fry and splats down on the circle drawn in the ground. The crowd gasps. SpongeBob forms a number one sign and the crowd cheers.)

Plankton: Win this one because I told you too.

Patrick: Because you told me too!!! (Patrick flips over the poles but lands on the handle of the deep fryer, flinging it at the crowd and turning them into fish sticks. A vendor walks up and turns on a heat lamp.)

Vendor: Fish sticks! Get your fish sticks here!

(Scene cuts to the second event. SpongeBob and Patrick are standing in front of a tall ladder that leads to a diving board, perched above a bowl of chocolate syrup.)

Fish Head: The next event: the chocolate high dive.

SpongeBob: Make way for the real fry cook, Patrick. (Patrick glares at SpongeBob)

(SpongeBob climbs up the ladder.)

Fish Head: For his dive, SpongeBob will be attempting a full banana fudge pop with two sticks.

(SpongeBob holds up two popsicle sticks and sticks them into the top of his head))

Fish Head: And now, absolute silence.

(The crowd stops chattering.)

(SpongeBob jumps off the diving board.)

SpongeBob: I scream for ice cream! (SpongeBob flips around a couple times, then leaps toward the bowl. He lands in the chocolate syrup getting coated in it, then hops out of it and into a sandbox full of toasted almonds.)

Fish Head: Perfect entry! And toasted almonds? That's unexpected.

(SpongeBob lands in the circle.)

Fish Head: He stuck it!

(SpongeBob turns around toward the camera and grins.)

Fish Head: And just look at that even coating.

(SpongeBob walks upside-down past Patrick, using the popsicle sticks for legs.)

SpongeBob: Top that, Pinky.

(Plankton walks up.)

Plankton: Almonds? Curse him, that's good. But perhaps a bit too highbrow for this crowd. He thinks he's better than them!

(Patrick groans.)

Plankton: Better than you!

(Patrick groans louder.)

Plankton: Now get up there and show him how the common man prepares his frozen dairy treats!

(Patrick screams, then hops up onto the diving board with the lower half of his body inside an ice cream cone.)

Fish Head: Patrick will be resurrecting an old favorite. The single scoop strawberry cone with a chocolate dip.

(Patrick slowly leans off the edge until he falls off the diving board.)

Fish Head: Just look at that concentration.

(Patrick splashes into the bowl, with chocolate syrup flying everywhere.)

Fish Head: Ooh, a little shaky on that entrance.

(A live action strawberry cone with a chocolate dip is shown.)

Fish Head: But just look at that form!

(Patrick hops up to SpongeBob grinning while SB is very angry about losing.)

Patrick: Take that, yellow boy!

SpongeBob: Laugh while you can, Pinky. It's not over yet.

Patrick: That's what you think, but it's not over yet.

(A clip of highlights from the games is shown, beginning with SpongeBob tossing a patty. Patrick skates on a large grill with butter on his feet. Patrick tosses a large bottle of ketchup up in the air. SpongeBob and Patrick race on a track carrying trays full of food; the two fly up in the air on two large spatulas. They both do a dance wearing colorful outfits and fruit hats. The clip ends. A large arena on top of a hamburger is on screen. The realistic Fish Head is still reporting.)

Fish Head: It's not over yet! With the score tied, we go to our final event! Bun wrestling. Who will take home the gold? Mr. Krabs of the Krusty Krab?

(Rubbing SpongeBob's shoulders.)

Mr. Krabs: Don't forget, he called ye yellow.

(SpongeBob picks up a metal chain, bites off and chews up the middle of it. He bares his teeth, revealing the metal chain to now be attached to them like braces.)

Fish Head: Or Plankton of the Chum Bucket?

Plankton: Don't forget, he called you pink!

(Plankton hops away. Patrick growls as he picks up a lemon, rips it in half, and puts both halves into each of his eyes.)

Patrick: (In pain) Ahhhhh!

(Heavy metal music plays)

(The bell rings. SpongeBob tears off his blue robe, showing off his extremely large, muscular body. Patrick rips off his own green robe, underneath which he is wearing a business suit. He tears off the business suit, also revealing an extremely large, muscular body. The two dive at each other, screaming, until they collide. They wrestle and continue to wind up in twisted positions. They spin around and wind up wrestling with themselves. They realize this, and dive back at each other. Patrick sits on top of SpongeBob, holding his foot.)

Patrick: Forget the Chum Bucket. This is personal.

(Patrick takes off SpongeBob's shoe and licks his foot slowly. SpongeBob screams in agony. The two wrestle again. SpongeBob sits on Patrick's chest and lifts up a pencil with the eraser side pointing toward Patrick. He slowly brings it down to his name tag and erases the "Pat" in "Patrick" and leaving "rick")

Patrick: Ahhhhh! My name's... not... RICK!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (Patrick tackles SpongeBob and the two wrestle once more.)

SpongeBob: I don't like you!

Patrick: I don't like you more!

SpongeBob: I never liked you!

Patrick: I a thousand times never liked you!

SpongeBob: Pink!

Patrick: Yellow!

(They struggle to push each other until both of their pants rip and fall down. Patrick's underwear is yellow. SpongeBob's underwear is pink.)

SpongeBob: Yellow?

Patrick: Pink?

(Their eyes start to water.)

SpongeBob and Patrick: You do care!

(They both start crying and hug each other.)

SpongeBob: Let's promise never to fight again, buddy.

Patrick: Yeah, pal. Let's go home.

(The two friends walk off whistling and holding hands. The crowd boos.)

(Mr. Krabs runs up.)

Mr. Krabs: Hey! Where ya going?!

(Plankton runs up next to Mr. Krabs.)

Plankton: Get back here and kill each other!

Patrick: You're my best friend ever.

SpongeBob: You too, Patrick.

Patrick: You know, these were white when I bought 'em.

(SpongeBob and Patrick exit the stadium as the crowd continues to boo)

(The episode launches at The Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs is at his office with an adding machine, singing.)

Mr. Krabs (Sings): Counting me money, Money sweeter than honey, Money, money, this, Money, money, that, Profits will make me wallet fat!

(His eyes out bug at the ticker tape and he gasps.)

Mr. Krabs: What!?! Profits down three dollars from last month! I got to start running a tighter ship around here!

(Meanwhile, Squidward is helping a customer in his ordering boat at the dining area of the Krusty Krab.)

Squidward: Thank you for choosing the Krusty Krab. Here's your change.

(Gives the customer a dollar, and she walks off. Mr. Krabs approaches him.)
Mr. Krabs: Mr. Squidward!
Squidward: What?
Mr. Krabs: What's with all this "change" nonsense?
(SpongeBob walks over, knotting his tie.)
SpongeBob: Over and under, grab the end, put it through here, up and around, round the horn, bring it back home.
Mr. Krabs: Hmm? SpongeBob! I ain't paying you to play dress up! (Squidward becomes exasperated, and takes a deep breath.)
Mr. Krabs: Breathe on your own time. I don't pay you to breathe. Squidward: You hardly pay us at all!
Mr. Krabs: Oh, that reminds me. I got something for you.
(He hands his employees envelopes.)
Squidward: Ah, yes! Our meager restitution. (He takes the envelope and smells it.) Ah, the sweet smell of payday. (He opens it and encloses is a pair of underwear.) Huh?
Mr. Krabs: Oh, sorry, that's me dry cleaning. (Trades envelopes with him.) Here's your check.
(He gives SpongeBob an envelope as well.)
Mr. Krabs: And here's yours, SpongeBob.
SpongeBob: I can't accept your money, Mr. Krabs. Grilling is my passion!
(Mr. Krabs greedily snatches it back.)
Squidward: What is this!?! (He sees that there's a bill instead of a check. It charges Squid for breathing, talking, standing, existing, lollygaging, and chewing.) You're making me pay you to stand at the cash register? What is the meaning of this? Have you gone off the deep end?
Mr. Krabs: There's going to be a few changes around here. Every time I catch you two goofing off, I'm going to charge you for it.
(SpongeBob walks up to Mr. Krabs, preparing money for him.)
SpongeBob: 18... 19... And... 20. Here you go, Mr. K. I think this should cover all my nonsense. Oh, and here's an extra fifty cents for when I was tying my shoe. (Mr. Krabs is drooling over Bob's cash, and Squidward pulls SpongeBob towards him.)
Squidward: Uh, SpongeBob? What do you think you're doing?
SpongeBob: I'm just giving Mr. Krabs the money I owe him.
Squidward: Well, I am not paying that cheapskate Krabs one cent, and I suggest you do the same.
SpongeBob: Why?
Squidward: We've got to unite as workers and demand the respect we deserve from the boss. In fact, you and I should go on strike.
SpongeBob: Wow! You and me go on strike?
Squidward: Sure! After all, you like your job, right?
SpongeBob: Right!
Squidward: And you want to keep working here, right?
SpongeBob: Right!
Squidward: And while you work here, you expect to be treated fairly, right?
SpongeBob: Right!
Squidward: Then let's go on strike!
SpongeBob: Yay! A strike!
(He starts to sing excitedly.)

SpongeBob (Sings): Goin' on a strike! Goin' on a strike!
SpongeBob: I still don't know what strike means, BUT!
SpongeBob (Sings): We're goin' on a strike!

(He inadvertantly kicks Mr. Krabs in the butt as Krabs sweeps the floor.)
SpongeBob: Hey, guess what, Mr. Krabs? Me and Squidward are going to go on strike!

Mr. Krabs: A strike?
SpongeBob: Yeah.
Mr. Krabs: You mean you're going to make picket signs?
SpongeBob: Yeah.
Mr. Krabs: And you're going to make protest speeches?
SpongeBob: Yeah, yeah!
Mr. Krabs: And you're going to demand me respect?
SpongeBob: YEAH!!! (Cut to SpongeBob sobbing outside of the Krusty Krab.) Noo...
(We Squidward is with him.)
SpongeBob: No! Squidward! You didn't tell me I was going to get fired! Without the Krusty Krab, I-I-I... (He cries more.) Oh, Squidward, could you hold me? I think I'm going to be sick.
Squidward: SpongeBob!
(He grabs SpongeBob and pulls him off the door, but his arms and legs stick.)
Squidward: News flash, SpongeBob! I got fired, too! (SpongeBob is suctioned to the door. Squidward pulls him off again, and this time his face remains pressed against the door.) This is exactly why we need to go on strike. (SpongeBob flies back to the door. Squidward pulls him off once more, and this time SpongeBob's front sticks to the door, and we can see his skeleton and internal organs on his other side.) He can't treat us like this anymore!
(SpongeBob goes back to the door and Squidward's eyes become bloodshot.)
Squidward: He owes us for all the precious, irretrievable moments we've wasted in this trash heap.
(SpongeBob and Squidward look through the door to see Mr. Krabs blowing dust off his old "Help Wanted" sign.)
Squidward: Soon, he'll realize he needs us more than we need him. We are workers united!
(SpongeBob holds Squidward's hand.)
Squidward: Ahem.
(SpongeBob withdraws his hand.)
SpongeBob: Sorry.
Squidward: Just do exactly as I say, SpongeBob, and in no time you'll have your job back and more.
SpongeBob: And more?
(He imagines himself in his Krusty Krew uniform hat, except his hat is slightly bigger.)
Squidward: Alright SpongeBob, now listen up. I'm going to have to teach you how to strike. First, we must get rid of our uniforms. (He takes off his hat.) They are a symbol of our oppression. I want you to throw your hat on the ground like so. (Squidward throws it into the ground and stomps on it.) Now, stomp it into the dust! Your turn, SpongeBob.
(SpongeBob hesitantly takes his hat off.)
Squidward: That's the idea. Now, throw it on the ground.
(SpongeBob attempts to do so, but the hat sticks to his hand despite the fact he no longer has any grip on it.)
SpongeBob: I can't do it, Squidward. This hat is my friend! It never oppressed me.
Squidward: SpongeBob, you're pathetic. Look, I threw my hat to the ground.
(A policefish walks up to Squidward with a ticket in a scene similar to the one in "Bossy Boots".)
PoliceFish: Aha! A confession! Next time, think before you litter.
(He sticks the ticket to Squidward's forehead and leaves. Later, Squidward and SpongeBob are painting signs.)
Squidward: OK, pay attention, SpongeBob. Now we're going to make picket signs. This is a very important part of striking.
(SpongeBob holds up a picket fence on a stick.)
SpongeBob: Like this, Squidward?
Squidward: Not a picket fence, you ding-dong. Picket sign!
(SpongeBob holds up a sign that has a finger picking a nose.)
SpongeBob: How's this?
Squidward: ...No. This is a picket sign. (Picks up his) Squidward: Krusty Krab Unfair. Short, sweet, and to the point.
(SpongeBob holds up his similar one that reads "Krusty Krab Funfair".)
SpongeBob: How's this, Squidward?
Squidward: SpongeBob, it's "unfair," not "funfair"!

(A fish walks by.)
Fish #1: A funfair? Where? I could go for some fun.
SpongeBob: At the Krusty Krab.
Fish #1: Hey everybody! Let's go to the fun fair! (A crowd of fish trample Squidward to get the restaurant. Later, SpongeBob is holding a sign that says "No Fair!" on it.)
SpongeBob: Krusty Krab is unfair! Mr. Krabs is in there! Standing at the concession! Plotting his oppression!
(A teenager fish with a cap and braces walks up.)
Fish #2: What the heck does that mean?
SpongeBob: I don't know. Squidward told me to yell it at people.
Fish #2: Then you must be SpongeBob SquarePants!!!
SpongeBob: Yep!
Fish #2: Dude, you are like a fry cook legend. Will you sign my spatula?
(He pulls out a pen.)
SpongeBob: Anything for an aspiring fry cook. (Sponge signs the spatula.) So, did you come down to help out the cause?
Fish #2: No, I came to take your job.
(SpongeBob is shocked. The fish grabs his spatula and pen and runs into the Krusty Krab to apply for a job.)
Fish #2: Hey, thanks, dude!
(Squidward walks up and bellows at SpongeBob through the megaphone so loudly that his facial features fall off, and he flies away.)
Squidward: Attention, SpongeBob! You are a terrible striker!!!
(SpongeBob inserts his eyes into their sockets.)
Squidward: You just let your replacement cross our picket line without so much as a single threat.
SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Squidward. (He holds up a sign reading, "I Heart the Krusty Krab") How about I try the signs again?
Squidward: FORGET THE SIGNS! I've got something for you to do. Go stand over there.
(SpongeBob stands next to a telephone pole.)
SpongeBob: Like this, Squidward?
Squidward: Almost. A little more to the right. And... perfect! (We see that SpongeBob is now hidden behind the telephone pole. As Squidward begins to speak, a crowd gathers.) Attention, people of Bikini Bottom! You have been cheated and lied to!
Old Woman: I knew it!
(She slaps her husband.)
Squidward: The gentle laborer shall no longer suffer from the noxious greed of Mr. Krabs!
(The crowd cheers.)
Fish #3: Hey, what's that guy talking about?
Fish #4: I don't know, but he's got a megaphone.
Squidward: We will dismantle oppression board by board! We'll saw the foundation of big business in half! Even if it takes half eternity!
(The crowd cheers.)
SpongeBob: (From behind pole) Gee, I don't know what Squidward's talking about, but he sure sounds convincing.
Squidward: With your support, we will send the hammer of the people's will crashing through the windows of Mr. Krabs' house of servitude!
(He speaks into a fish's face, and his eyes shoot into the back of his head. Then, they return to their sockets. Everyone cheers.)
Fish #5: Wow, all this supporting is making me hungry.
Fish #1: Hey, everybody! Let's go get a Krabby Patty.
(Everyone cheers and run into the Krusty Krab, once again trampling Squidward.)
Squidward: Nobody gives a care about the fate of labor as long as they can get their instant gratification.
(SpongeBob walks up to him.)
SpongeBob: That was a great speech, Squidward. You practically had them eating out of your hands.

Mr. Krabs: But they didn't, did they, Mr. Squidward? 'Cause they were too busy eating out of mine. I wish you two had gone on strike earlier. Thanks for attracting all these paying customers with all your signage and your sloganeering!

SpongeBob: Alright, Mr. Krabs. You've gone too far this time. You can pick on me, but Squidward is a great leader. We are workers united! We're tired of your smelly greed! And we're gonna saw all your tables, and we're gonna smash stuff with the people's hammer. And we're gonna... We're gonna... Squidward, what was that other part?

Squidward: Dismantle your oppressive establishment?

SpongeBob: Yeah, that too!

(Mr. Krabs pretends to yawn and leaves.)

SpongeBob: And me and Squidward are gonna stay on strike until we get what we deserve! Even if it takes forever!!!

(Squidward's eyes become bloodshot. SpongeBob's voice echos "forever" in Squidward's mind as he opens the door to his house, takes a bath, looks in the mirror, and sits in bed, wide-eyed. He seems to have a case of insomnia as the word haunts him.)

Squidward: On strike with SpongeBob... forever? (He imagines himself as an old man with a white beard holding a sign reading, "Krusty Still Unfair." Cobwebs branch from him to the ground. An old SpongeBob approaches him, supported by a cane.)

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward. I bet old man Krabs is going to break any day. Eh, Squidward? Eh, Squidward? Eh, Squidward? Eh, Squidward? Eh, Squidward? Eh, Squidward?

(Squidward sits up in bed and screams.)

Squidward: I gotta beg Mr. Krabs for my job back and put an end to this nightmare!

(He runs to the door and opens it, and Krabs is there in his nightclothes, about to knock on it.)

Mr. Krabs: Oh! Uh, evening, Mr. Squidward. Uh... I was just in the neighborhood and I, uh... thought I'd drop by to... Beg you to come back to work!!! The Krusty Krab is a wreck! I'm ruined without you and the little yellow guy.

(He grovels at Squidward's feet.)

Mr. Krabs: The teenagers I hired is ruining the place! And the worst part is, they won't leave me alone!

Teenagers: Alright, Mr. Krabs!

(They give him the thumbs up.)

Mr. Krabs: See what I mean? Squidward, please, you got to come back.

Squidward: You'll give us anything we want?

Mr. Krabs: Yes, anything. So what do you say, Mr. Squidward?

Squidward: Your story breaks my heart, Mr. Krabs. Why don't we take a little walk and, uh... discuss my terms. Mr. Krabs: I got a bad feeling in the pit of me wallet. (Meanwhile, at SpongeBob's pineapple house, where he sits on his bed listening to a country record.)

Hey, Mean Mr. Bossman,
I'm a-quittin' this here job
You've been outside gettin' tan
And I've been gettin' robbed

My life is worth so much more
Than a dollar 'n' ten an hour
Wakin' up by the quareter to four
And I'm startin' ta turn sour

So, Hey, Mean Mr. Bossman,
I'm a-quittin' this here job
I'm sick of eatin' old bran
And living like a slob.
You've got me living like a slob!

SpongeBob: Gee, being on strike with Squidward sure is a kick. Squidward's words are still buzzing around in my head like an angry jellyfish. Squidward was right! I can't just sit here, it's time for action! (He kicks open his front door, hammer and saw in hand. He runs to the Krusty Krab and into the dining room.) I will restore the working man to his rightful glory. I will dismantle this oppressive establishment board by board! (He pulls up a loose floorboard. He then saws a table in half.) I will saw the tables of tyranny in half. I'll gnaw at the ankles of big business! (He takes a bite out of a wooden column. Mouth full) Squidward will be so proud!

(Cut to Squidward and Krabs, now fully dressed, walking to the Krab at dawn.)

Mr. Krabs: Well, Squidward, those were intense negotiations.

Squidward: I'm glad you saw it our way, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Now I can fire them teenagers and get me two golden boys back. Well, see you at work!

(Squidward sees a disassembled Krusty Krab and screams. Krabs seems not to notice and hums as he puts his key where the door used to be, unlocking nothing. SpongeBob peeks out from the mangled sign pole. He runs out, trying to hold in his laughter.)

Squidward: S-Sp-SpongeBob! W-W-What have you done?

SpongeBob: I did exactly as you said, Squidward. I dismantled the establishment! Now we'll get our jobs back for sure.

(Krabs walks through the rubble of the Krusty Krab unnoticed and sits in his chair. Only then does he see the derbis. Only the floor and base of the walls remain, so when he looks straight ahead from his chair, he can see Squidward and SpongeBob at the dilapidated doorframe. Krabs' arms pop off followed by his eyes. His head slides off his torso and onto the floor where his nose falls out of it. Then his pelvis and legs fall out of his chair.)

Mr. Krabs: Squidward!!! SpongeBob!!!

(SpongeBob is excited, but Squidward is nervous.)

Both: Yes, Mr. Krabs?

SpongeBob: Here it comes!

Mr. Krabs: In order to pay off these damages, you two are going to work for me FOREVER!!!

SpongeBob: Ya-hoo! The strike worked, Squidward! We got our jobs back! Forever!

("Forever" once again echos inside Squidward's mind.)

Narrator: One eternity later...

(We see the Krusty Krab full of dust, but not customers. Cobwebs are everywhere. A skeleton Squidward brushes off the floor, and a skeleton SpongeBob waits in the ordering boat.)

French Narrator: Ahh, another peaceful evening in Bikini Bottom. Listen to the tropical tranquility. (we see the town of Bikini Bottom; something underground is tunneling and consumes the Bikini Bottom sign) Uh-oh. (the tunneling thing moves on to the rest of Bikini Bottom; a cop is writing a ticket for a car parked near a fire hydrant; the thing, still invisible, makes eating noises; we then see that the car has disappeared, so the cop picks up the fire hydrant, moves it to the adjacent car, and places the ticket on that car, whistling as he walks away; the thing moves on to SpongeBob's house; Gary wakes up, sees the thing, and meows in terror; SpongeBob is still fast asleep)

SpongeBob: (mumbling, half-asleep) Trick-or-treat. Thank you. (the thing takes SpongeBob's blanket) You keep the change. (the thing takes SpongeBob's pillow) What? (wakes up fully and stares fixedly at the thing in terror; cut to show half of the pineapple house's walls missing. New scene shows SpongeBob talking to a crowd at the Krusty Krab) I saw it! It was big! It was all wiggly! And it ate everything!

Patrick: That's horrible. (gobbles down a whole tray of food, containers and all)

SpongeBob: It was an Alaskan....Bull....Worm! (each of the three words appears on screen; crowd murmurs worriedly)

Fred: He ate my wheelbarrow! (he has his wheelbarrow with a bite taken out of it)

Nancy: He ate my children's homework! (her two kids wink simultaneously and give a big thumbs-up)

Southwestern Fish: (has a huge bite taken out of his butt) Do I need to say it?

Fish 4: (crowd murmurs some more) How can we protect ourselves?

Mr. Krabs: I've got it! Let's all buy a Krabby Patty! (crowd boos and throws ketchup and mustard bottles at him)

Fish 5: We should lock our doors!

Fish 6: We should call my nephew!

Fish 7: We should dig a moat!

Patrick: We should take Bikini Bottom and push it somewhere else! (crowd immediately quiets down)

Squidward: That idea may just be crazy enough... to get us all killed!! (crowd resumes fretting)

Fred: Let's get someone to go after it!

Mr. Krabs: There ain't no one fool enough to take on an Alaskan Bull Worm! (a horrible screeching noise is heard; the crowd cringes. We see a scary-looking old guy in a raincoat with a hook for a hand, scraping it on the window of the Krusty Krab; he stops. This is a homage to the 1975 film Jaws)

Raincoat Fish: You got a bathroom in this place?

Mr. Krabs: (looks slightly peeved) In the back.

Raincoat Fish: (legs wobble) Thanks. (runs for it)

Sandy: (under a wide-brimmed cowboy hat) I'll catch your worm for ya, that is, if'n you're willing to pay! (tips brim up)

Mr. Krabs: No! You'll never get a cent out of me! (runs to block the cash register with his body) Never! I'd rather that worm come in here right now and eat you all alive! (begins foaming at the mouth; the crowd looks at him strangely; he calms down) Sorry.

Sandy: (laughs good-naturedly) Aw shucks. I don't want your money. I was just playing up the drama of the moment, is all. (Mr. Krabs chuckles, which gradually turns into crying; Sandy continues) Nope. I'm gonna take that spineless critter down for nothing, 'cause this is personal. Look. My tail's gone! (she shows them; crowd gasps) Varmint must've got it while I had my back turned, the coward! (crowd sympathizes) I am gonna get back what's mine! (crowd cheers)

SpongeBob: (looks alarmed) What? But Sandy, you don't know what you're up against. We're talking about an ALASKAN... BULL... WORM!!! (the three words appear on screen)

Sandy: Well, I don't know nothing about Alaska, but looky here. (pulls out a wallet with pictures) Back in Texas, I wrangled bulls, and I wrangled worms. (we see pictures of a real-life squirrel with a lasso around a bull, then a lasso around a worm) Far as I'm concerned, doing 'em both together just saves rope. Now I'm gonna go kick me some worm tail! Yee-haw! (runs to the doors of the Krusty Krab; the crowd goes wild)

SpongeBob: But Sandy, you don't know!

Sandy: Don't worry, SpongeBob. I won't be long. (leaves)

SpongeBob: (chases after her) Sandy! Sandy!

Mr. Krabs: (amidst the still-cheering crowd) Go get 'em, Sandy! We have the utmost confidence in you! (crowd stops; Mr. Krabs turns to Patrick) Now, what was that idea of yours?

Patrick: (new scene shows all the citizens trying to push the buildings of Bikini Bottom; screams) PUSH! (cuts back to SpongeBob chasing after Sandy)

SpongeBob: Wait! Sandy!

Sandy: Hey, SpongeBob, you coming to watch?

SpongeBob: Sandy, don't go!

Sandy: Why not?

SpongeBob: Sandy, I saw it! It's big... scary... and pink! (each word appears on the screen)

Sandy: So's Patrick's belly button, but I ain't afraid of that neither!

SpongeBob: You'll get massacred! (collapses into sponge-cubes)

Sandy: SpongeBob, I'm from Texas. What you think is big and what I think is big are two totally different "big"s. Besides, he's got my tail. I can't take that sitting down.

SpongeBob: Okay, but what if the worm didn't take your tail?

Sandy: If that worm ain't got my tail, who does?

SpongeBob: (unconvincingly) Um, I do?

Sandy: You do? Where?

SpongeBob: Um... in my pocket.

Sandy: Well, why didn't you just say so? Give it here! Come on! (SpongeBob looks nervous, pulls something from his pocket, and opens his hand) SpongeBob, that's a paper clip and a piece of string.

SpongeBob: (shakes head) No, it's not. This is your tail.

Sandy: (annoyed) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (defensively; tearing up) How would you know?! It's always behind you! Oh, don't go, don't go, don't go! (jumps onto the front of Sandy's air helmet and hugs it)

Sandy: (pulls him off) SpongeBob, what is the matter with you? Now, I'm gonna go give that legless rascal what-for, and

there ain't nothing you can say to stop me! (resumes walking)

SpongeBob: Oh yeah? What if I said.... 'blargen fedibble no-hip'?

Sandy: (stops) Well, I gotta admit, that slowed me down, but I'm still going for him! (continues)

SpongeBob: (appears next to Sandy as she strides along) You know, tails are so overrated. Let's just forget about it and go home. (Sandy keeps walking; SpongeBob reappears) I've got ice cream! With nuts... (Sandy continues; SpongeBob appears once more, this time with a goofy squirrel mask on his face) Sandy, this is your pappy speaking, and I forbid you to go after this worm! Y'all come back here, young lady!

Sandy: You ain't my pa!

SpongeBob: (stands in front of her with boxing gloves) Sandy, if you want to get to that worm, you're gonna have to go through me! (Sandy pushes through his body as if walking through a pair of swinging doors; he grabs her ankles, crying) Sandy, no! I can't let you! I'm not gonna let you get killed. If you find him, you'll get eaten for sure!

Sandy: Ain't no way some dumb old sea worm's gonna make a meal of me. I'm too Texas tough!

SpongeBob: (still crying and holding onto her ankles) No, not tough enough. Not tough enough!

Sandy: SpongeBob, quit your worrying. I can take care of myself. After all, who's the strongest critter in Bikini Bottom? (she grabs an anchor and pulls a boat down from the surface)

SpongeBob: You are.

Sandy: And who put the hi-yah, hi, ho, "K" in karate? (makes a K shape)

SpongeBob: (makes a U shape) You did.

Sandy: And who saves your yellow backside from certain destruction on a regular basis?

SpongeBob: (his butt has "Property of Sandy Cheeks" printed on it) You do.

Sandy: Right. And I can handle your little bull worm too, 'cause I am the best there is! There ain't nothin' too big or too ornery for me to catch.

SpongeBob: Okay.

Sandy: Say it.

SpongeBob: There isn't anything...

Sandy: Ain't nothin'!

SpongeBob: (in a high-pitched voice like Sandy) Ain't nothin' (normal voice) too big or too ornery for you to catch. But... (Sandy cuts him off) But... (cuts him off again) And... (cuts him off again) We... (cuts him off again) I... (cuts him off again) Yeah but...

Sandy: No!

SpongeBob: You see...

Sandy: No!

SpongeBob: I... (Sandy cuts him off one last time with a frustrated groan)

Sandy: (picks up some sand from the ground as if tracking an animal and sniffs it) Worm sign. (holds a small sign in her palm that has "WORM" painted on it; looks up) He's in that cave.

SpongeBob: Sandy, are you sure you...?

Sandy: Course I am! I'm going in, and I ain't coming out 'til I got me a big heaping plate of wormy stew. (she walks into the cave; SpongeBob hides behind a rock and shudders; we hear Sandy inside the cave) Aha! There you are, you tail-nabbin' varmint! Hi-yah! (we hear karate noises; Sandy peeks out of the cave) I'm winnin', SpongeBob! (resumes fighting)

SpongeBob: Sandy, that's not...! (more fighting noises; Sandy peeks out again)

Sandy: This shouldn't take long. (resumes fighting)

SpongeBob: Sandy, that's not...!

Sandy: Almost done!

SpongeBob: Sandy!

Sandy: Yee-haw! (comes out riding a pink segmented thing) I got him, SpongeBob! (makes a giant knot and stands on it proudly)

SpongeBob: (still uneasy) Sandy...?

Sandy: Boy, howdy. This critter put up some sort of fight. But I'm from Texas, and as you can see, no wormy is a match for me. I even found my tail! (we see that she has tied the fur to the small remainder of her tail)

SpongeBob: That's not the worm.

Sandy: Pardon?

SpongeBob: That's not the worm. That's his tongue. (camera zooms out to show that SpongeBob is right; the opening of the cave is actually the worm's open mouth; his eyes make a squishy blinking noise)

Sandy: Ohhhh. This is the tongue, and... (trailing off) the whole thing... is the... worm. (freaks out) RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!! (they sprint away; the worm growls angrily, chomps down, and chases after them)

SpongeBob: So what's the plan, Sandy? (they look back and see that the worm is approaching faster)

Sandy: Run faster!!

SpongeBob: I could've thought of that. Hey, wait a minute! I was right, wasn't I?!

Sandy: Later!

SpongeBob: Ah, he is too big for you, isn't he?

Sandy: Not now, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: I wanna hear you say it!

Sandy: Can we talk about this another time?

SpongeBob: Say it!

Sandy: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Say it, or I'll trip you! (he continues running on one foot, the other poised to trip Sandy)

Sandy: No!

SpongeBob: Say it!

Sandy: Not now!

SpongeBob: Say it!

Sandy: Okay! You were right, and I was wrong. I was wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong! Are you happy now?

SpongeBob: (devilishly) I knew it. (the worm emits another huge growl, prompting the two to run even faster; they run up and down a sand mound, which the worm plows right through. They run past Fish 3, who is leaning over under his car's hood; his butt is bandaged up. The worm passes by and takes another bite out of him)

Southwestern Fish: Not again!

SpongeBob: Uh, Sandy?

Sandy: Yeah?

SpongeBob: What do we do now?

Sandy: (panting and sweating; the worm growls again. Sees the seemingly endless coral trees in front of them) I've got it! SpongeBob, you still got that paper clip and that string?

SpongeBob: I'm way ahead of you, Sandy. (fashions a necklace out of them) Look, it's a necklace! S for "SpongeBob" or S for "Sandy"! That way they can identify our bodies.

Sandy: No, silly! How about S for "save our skins"? (takes the string and uses the hook of the paper clip to wrap the string around one of the coral trees; she grabs SpongeBob and swings them up and over the branch onto the worm back) Yee-haw! Now this is what I call a rodeo! We'll be nice and safe up here. (the worm starts to plow off a cliff like a runaway

train; Sandy and SpongeBob realize this, scream, and begin running toward the end of the worm to the safety of the plateau. They jump off safely as the worm falls off the cliff) We did it!

SpongeBob: Yay! He'll never get out of there!

Sandy: We saved the town!

SpongeBob: Yay! Let's go tell everybody! (new scene shows all the citizens still trying to push Bikini Bottom to safety; the city is now in the valley at the bottom of the cliff)

Patrick: PUSH! (screams) PUSH!

Citizens: Hooray!! (the worm, which is still falling, lands on the city and smashes it to bits)

Worm: Ouch.....

(Scene begins at the Krusty Krab with Old Man Jenkins walking into a poll.)

Old Man Jenkins: Pardon me, young lady.

(Takes glasses off to get a better look.)

Old Man Jenkins: Oh, what a fox!

(Walks over to condiment island, and put ketchup on his tray. Plankton is in the ketchup bottle.)

Plankton: Ha ha haaa! Ooh hoo! You're all mine you sweet Krabby Patty. Ooh hoo ooh ha ha ha ha ha!

(Alarm goes off inside the ketchup bottle, and Plankton buckles himself.)

Plankton: Initiating launch sequence. Krabby Patty, here I come!

Old Man Jenkins: Eh, eh... I hope I don't miss again.

Plankton: Reunited, and it's gonna feel so good!

(Old Man Jenkins missed again, as Plankton goes flying across the restaurant)

Plankton: Aaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

(Plankton darts around the walls in Mr. Krabs' office.)

Mr. Krabs: Ooh, ooh, sweet wampum. Huh! Whazzat? Another one of those drive-by things!

(Mr. Krabs hides next to his desk for protection.)

Mr. Krabs: Squidward, where are you? Shield me with your forehead!

(Plankton finally lands right next to the desk, and Mr. Krabs picks him up.)

Mr. Krabs: So, it was a just another failed Krabby Patty theft attempt by my arch competitor, Plankton! For a second there, I misstook you for a threat. But you're just a dirty little man. (Mr. Krabs flicks Plankton away.)

Mr. Krabs: So long, shrimp!

(An actual shrimp who was exiting the Krusty Krab, turns around. Plankton is in mid-air.)

Plankton: Curse you, Mr. Krabs! Ouch.

(Plankton finally lands in the Chum Bucket. He walks in sighing.)

Karen: So, typical day of failure, I see, huh darling?

Plankton: Oh, can it, computer wife. Can't you see I'm exhausted? Why don't you go make yourself useful and synthesize me up some grub?

Karen: Yes, your majesty.

(Holographic meatloaf appears on the table that Plankton's sitting at.)

Plankton: What do we got here? Oh, goody. Holographic meatloaf again! When am I gonna get some real food? Mr. Krabs gets to eat real food. Just look at his daughter, she's as big as a whale. I wish I could be successful like Mr. Krabs. I wish I could somehow just switch lives with him. Just to know what it's like.

Karen: Then why don't you just use that "Switch-Lives-Just-To-Know-What-It's-Like-0-Mogrifier" thing you built last Tuesday?

Plankton: What a brilliant idea! Your parents must have been like, part computer or something.

(Plankton sits down in front of the Switch-Lives-Just-To-Know-What-It's-Like-0-Mogrifier.)

Plankton: Now, let's see.

(A picture of a dolphin shows up on the Switch-Lives-Just-To-Know-What-It's-Like-0-Mogrifier.)

Plankton: No... no...

(Finally, a picture of a krab shows up.)

Plankton: Ahah!

(Plankton buckles up.)

Plankton: Well, I hate to leave you Karen, but you know what they say... a rolling ston gathers no algae!

(Plankton goes through a hole of space and time.)

Plankton: Ahhhhhhhhh!

(Plankton stops to get a drink of soda, then starts screaming again. Later, Plankton wakes up at Mr. Krabs' desk.)

Plankton: Ugh... dear Neptune above, what happened last night? Huh, what's this?

(Plankton picks up a name plate reading Mr. Plankton.)

Plankton: Mister Plankton?

(Plankton picks up a picture of Pearl.)

Plankton: Who the Davey?

(Plankton looks out the office windows and sees people eating Krabby Patties.)

Plankton: I'm in the Krusty Krab... which mean the life switcher was a success! The Krusty Krab is mine!

SpongeBob: Order up! Two deluxe Krabby Patties.

(Plankton's eye turns into a Krabby Patty.)

Plankton: At last!

(SpongeBob delivers food to customer.)

SpongeBob: There you are sir. Two deluxe...

(Plankton appears at the table.)

SpongeBob: Ahoy there, Mr. Plankton.

Plankton: Er, um, hey there, uh SpongeBob. Uh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes sir!

Plankton: I'm gonna need to take one of these patties back to my office for um, bun inspection.

SpongeBob: I'm afraid you can't do that Mr. Plankton!

Plankton: Wh- why not?

SpongeBob: Because that patty is for the customer, sir!

Plankton: The customer? I'll boil the customer in hot oil, and rip out his...

(SpongeBob's eyes point to the customer, to stop Plankton.)

Plankton: I mean uh, yes, of course, for the lovely... customer.

(SpongeBob gives Plankton two Krabby Patties.)

SpongeBob: But you can take these patties, sir. I made them in the off chance that you'd decide to instigate some bun inspection today, Mr. Plankton, sir!

Plankton: Uhh... yes, uh, very nice. Um, thanks.

(Plankton runs back to his office.)

Plankton: All mine, it's finally all mine! The patties, the wealth, the notoriety!

(Plankton sees SpongeBob in his office.)

Plankton: SpongeBob, what do you want?

SpongeBob: Well, it's just that it's Tuesday again, sir, and I was wondering if I could have my, ummm... weekly performance review!

Plankton: Review?

SpongeBob: Oh yes, please sir!

Plankton: Eh, you're doing fine. Now leave me to my work.

SpongeBob: But sir!

Plankton: I thought I sent you away, Cretin.

SpongeBob: But sir, there must be something I need to improve on. Anything!

Plankton: All right, the sauce. I dunno, you're using too much sauce, okay? Review's over.

(SpongeBob's face changes.)

SpongeBob: Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh...

Plankton: What's the matter with you? All I said was "A little too much sauce." It's no big deal, really.

SpongeBob: Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh...

Plankton: What do you want from me, a promotion?

(SpongeBob's face changes back to normal.)

SpongeBob: A pro- a promo- a promotion?!

Plankton: Uh, sure kid, you're uh... you're on register now.

SpongeBob: Register!

(SpongeBob leaves. Plankton gets back to the Krabby Patties.)

Plankton: Glad that's over.

(Squidward's standing at the cash register reading a book, when he realizes that SpongeBob is standing right next to him.)

Squidward: SpongeBob, remember that little talk we had about 'personal space'?

SpongeBob: It's okay, Squidward. I'm official, look!

(SpongeBob points out his badge that says Co-Cashier.)

Squidward: Co-Cashier?

(Plankton is sitting at a table with the two Krabby Patties.)

(Squidward storm in to Mr. Plankton's office.)

Squidward: You can't do this to me! If you think I'm going to stand out there all day listening to "Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah..." then you must have coral wedged in your frontal lobe!

Plankton: So what do you want me to do about it?

Squidward: I'd like my view to be a little less yellow, if you know what I mean.

(Squidward's now the fry cook, standing in front of the grill.)

Plankton: Hope you like gray.

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, I can see you through this little window!

(Squidward groans. Plankton heads back to his office.)

Plankton: Now, no more intrusions! I'd like the begin writing the memoirs of my success story, so everyone just stat the...

(Pearl runs inside the Krusty Krab.)

Pearl: Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!

(Plankton is being bounced up and down.)

Plankton: Oof! Just tell Daddy what you want! Oof! He's very busy!

Pearl: Could I please have a um... an advance on my allowance?

Plankton: If it'll get you out of my antennae. Go crzy.

(Plankton gives Pearl one dollar.)

Pearl: One dollar? You hate me!

(Pearl begins to cry. Plankton has to dodge all of the tears. A tear ends up landing in his mouth, making him a circle. A fish walks out and angrily flattens him, getting all of the water out.)

Nat: You!

Plankton: Me?

Nat: You think this is funny?

Plankton: In a cosmic sort of way, yes.

Nat: Well, Mr. Funny Man, is this how you get your sick kicks?

Plankton: What? Its just an ordinary Krabby...(scene zooms in to show the patty made with gross-out items) oh my goodness! Squidward!

(Now SpongeBob appears at the table, next to Plankton.)

SpongeBob: I tried Mr. Plankton, I really did.

Plankton: What now?

SpongeBob: A customer ordered a medium drink, and I gave him a large! I gave him a large! I've soiled the good Krusty Krab name! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it!

Plankton: I command you to stop that. Stop that and return to your post!

(Plankton pushes his hand is SpongeBob's chest, in hopes that he'll stop.)

Plankton: Where's the off button on this thing?

(Pearl walks up to Plankton.)

Pearl: Okay Daddy, I've decided I'm gonna run away! Run away and find a new daddy!

SpongeBob: Soiled it! Soiled it! Soiled it!

Plankton: Make it stop!

(An alarm blares.)

Plankton: What, did I say the secret word?

SpongeBob: No sir, he's back.

Plankton: Who's back? What?

(Something red flashed by.)

Plankton: What was that?

SpongeBob: Man your stations! Red alert! Red alert! Take cover!

(All the customers scream, and run to take cover.)

Plankton: Take cover from what?!

(SpongeBob's up in the crowd searching for him.)

SpongeBob: He's around here somewhere.

(SpongeBob sees the red flash by once again.)

SpongeBob: There he goes!

Plankton: What? Who? Where? Somebody tell me.

Other Fish: Some say he crawled out from the lowest trench in the ocean.

Pearl: And he's the saltiest of all the sea dogs.

SpongeBob: He's the most hated creature in Bikini Bottom.

(It was Mr. Krabs but without his clothes)

Mr. Krabs: And he's finally got a Krabby Patty! Ar, ar, ar, ar!

Plankton: Krabs? What the barnacle is going on here?

SpongeBob: It's your arch competitor, Krabs. His goal in life is to steal a Krabby Patty and ruin our restaurant.

Plankton: That's terrible!

SpongeBob: Yeah, but the worst part is...

Plankton: (Krabs lands behind him) Good grief, he's naked!

Mr. Krabs: And he's finally got a Krabby Patty! Ar, ar, ar, ar, ar! Clothe me if you can, silly landlubbers!

SpongeBob: I'm gonna make you eat those words, Krabs!

(The cash register spins upside down, and turns into a place where a cannon is located.)

SpongeBob: No shoes, no shirt, no service!

(SpongeBob shoots all the clothes out of the cannon at Mr. Krabs. All of them miss.)

Mr. Krabs: Ar, ar, ar, ar, ar!

(Mr. Krabs stops laughing, as he realizes a bra is on him.)

Mr. Krabs: Aw, ya got me! Well, at least it's underwire. Here's your stinkin' patty!

(Mr. Krabs throws the Krabby Patty back to SpongeBob.)

SpongeBob: Knick-knack, the patty's back! You did it, Mr. Plankton. Victory screech!

(SpongeBob and all the customers start screaming.)

Plankton: I don't understand. Is there a gas leak in here?

Mr. Krabs: Enjoy your victory screech, Plankton, because someday the Krabby Patty formula will be mine!

SpongeBob: You'll never get this formula, you twisted fiend!

Mr. Krabs: Oh, but I will. Even if I have to come back tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day, and the next day, and the next day...

(Mr. Krabs leaves the Krusty Krab. Plankton starts sweating.)

Mr. Krabs: And the next day, and the next day, and the next day, and the next day...

(SpongeBob hand Plankton a phone.)

SpongeBob: Phone call, Mr. Plankton.

Mr. Krabs: (In phone) And the next day, and the next day, and the next day, and the next day...

Plankton: Ahhhhhhhhhh!

(Plankton rips off his clothes.)

Plankton: It's not worth it, it's just not worth it! Goodbye everyone, I'll remember you all in therapy.

(Plankton presses the button for the Switch-Lives-Just-To-Know-What-It's-Like-0-Mogrifier. He ends up back in the Chum Bucket. Holographic meatloaf is on the table.)

Plankton: Holographic meatloaf? My favorite!

(Plankton starts eating it, and is happy again.)

Narrator: Ah, Goo Lagoon. Where the sun is hot and the sunbathers are oh so cool. (SpongeBob is laying on his back on a towel)

SpongeBob: What a beautiful day.

Patrick: You said it, pal.

SpongeBob: Can you believe that sun? (Patrick's eyes are small)

Patrick: I could look at it all day. (SpongeBob sits up then takes his sunglasses off)

SpongeBob: Uhh, Patrick? (Patrick's eyes go back to normal after he takes a drink)

Patrick: What?

SpongeBob: Nothing.

Patrick: So, how's that tan coming?

SpongeBob: I don't know. Let me check. (lifts his pants and looks at his tan) Looking good. How's yours?

Patrick: Just a minute. (lifts his shorts and his rear-end is showing) I could have sworn I was laying on my back. (both laugh as a swarm of people run by them. Larry is lifting six people on a surfboard. Everyone cheers)

SpongeBob: Hey, it's Larry, the lifeguard. (three girls walk up to Larry)

Nancy: Mr Lifeguard, can I feel your muscle?

Larry: Sure. Don't scratch the paint. (Nancy and friends run off after feeling Larry's muscles. Scooter and friends come up next)

Scooter: Lifeguard, how's the tubage?

Larry: Gnarly, dudes!

Scooter: All right, yeah! Woohoo! (Scooter and friends run off as an elderly couple come up)

Elderly Man: Lifeguard, can you point out the snack bar?

Larry: Right over there. But you guys are way too old and unsightly for my beach. And I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Elderly Woman: (both walk off) So polite.

Elderly Man: Just like we raised him.

SpongeBob: What a guy. Is it any wonder he's so popular? Just imagine if I were a lifeguard. (a 'real' SpongeBob is shown) That would be so cool.

Patrick: Oh, what do you want to be a lifeguard for? Nobody really likes those guys. (Larry is carried by a bunch of fish) Being a lifeguard is so dumb. All they do is blow, blow, blow on their stupid whistles, rub, rub, rub that white stuff on their noses and show off their gross misshapen bodies! (a fish walks up seeing Patrick's expanded belly)

Fish #1: Dude, put that thing away. There are, like, children here. (Patrick's expanded belly is now in his feet)

Patrick: I'm going to the snack bar. (walks off)

SpongeBob: Who needs to be a lifeguard? I'm cool. (zoom into a geek-like looking SpongeBob) I'm every bit as cool as Larry. And if I'm not, let me be struck by... (thunder roars) ...a flying ice cream truck. (ice cream truck comes falling down) And live! (ice cream truck slows down and lands on top of SpongeBob)

Larry: (speaking into a megaphone) Please do not land flying ice cream trucks on the bathers. (As SpongeBob gets up, an ice cream cone falls off his nose) SpongeBob, you ok? (Larry notices the some white stuff on SpongeBob's nose) Hey! I didn't know you were a lifeguard.

SpongeBob: Lifeguard?

Larry: The nose.

SpongeBob: (swipes his finger on his nose to see some white stuff) White stuff. You think I'm a lifeguard?

Larry: Sure, there's no hiding the lifeguard look, SpongeBob, and you've got it.

SpongeBob: You really think so?

Larry: You bet I do. Say, we're a little shorthanded around here. How would you like to work the beach?

SpongeBob: I'd love it! (hugs Larry)

Larry: Alright. (puts SpongeBob down) Leave that on the bench, Kahuna. Hey, Annette, come here. (fish walks over) I want you to meet my buddy, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Hi. (Annette kicks sand in his face)

Larry: Hey, guy's a lifeguard. (Annette whistles as three more fish run over and pick up SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: It works. (Larry and SpongeBob walk up and down the beach blowing their whistles. Later, SpongeBob has a suit like Larry's. Larry is now putting lotion on a female and gives SpongeBob a thumbs-up. SpongeBob is putting lotion on an elderly male fish. Larry and SpongeBob make sand castles. Larry lifts some weights as SpongeBob lifts his usual weak weights. Both hula dance playing some ukuleles) Woohoo! That was the greatest, Larry.

Larry: Yeah. Say, how'd you like to take the second shift?

SpongeBob: By myself?

Larry: Only if you think you're ready. (SpongeBob holds up a jar of zinc-oxide)

SpongeBob: I'm not just ready. (puts some of the jar stuff on his nose) I'm ready, Freddie.

Larry: It's Larry. Well, I guess I'll just...

Fish #2: Help, help! (a fish is drowning) Help, help, help!

Larry: We've got a sinker! SpongeBob, let me take this. I haven't seen any action all day. (Larry jumps off)

SpongeBob: Action? (Larry swims out. Fish begins to sink underwater and Larry dives after him and brings him to shore)

Larry: Breathe, darn you! (starts to punch the fish in the stomach. The fish spits out a magazine and some water)

Fish #3: That's the last time I read and swim. You saved my life.

Larry: Don't mention it. It's all part of the job. (Larry walks up to SpongeBob, who is stunned) You know, SpongeBob, the babes and the big chair are great, but the best part is knowing you're the only thing that stands between these good people... (notice a sign that reads 'Annual Hot Dog Chug' and everyone is rooting for Scooter, who is eating a bunch of weinies) ...and a watery grave. And (that's) what it's all about. (a car drives up) Their lives are in your hands now, 'cause I got a date with the tanning booth. (Larry jumps in the car) See ya. (drives off)

SpongeBob: But I... (an inner tube inflates around him) ...can't swim. Oh, if I'd known being a lifeguard meant guarding their lives, I would never have said yes. (throws the inner tube off) Maybe nothing will go wrong. Then when Larry comes back, I'll tell him I'm not interested. Besides, what's the worst that could happen? (imagines everyone in the lake turns into tombstones. He screams and yells and runs up to the lifeguard tower and rings the bell then speaks into a megaphone) Emergency! Everybody out of the water! Hurry! Emergency! Out of the water! (everyone runs out) Emergency! (everyone wonders what is going on) Uhh... there are sharks in there! (a family of sharks is shown)

Shark: Hey, that's my family you're talking about.

SpongeBob: A sea monster! (a giant sea monster comes over)

Sea Monster: You know, we sea monsters have made great strides in the fields of science and literature. (walks off as he smacks SpongeBob with his tail)

SpongeBob: Uhh, somebody went? (crowd of people are angry and go back to playing in the water) No, don't go! (SpongeBob gasps at all the things he sees that are 'dangerous' in the water that people are doing. He screams and then brings out an ice cream cart) Free ice cream! (everyone crowds around the cart) Plenty for everybody. One for you, one for you.. ok everybody got one? A-ha, now I got ya! Now, you all have to wait one hour before you go swimming. (shows a clock) But just so you're not tempted... (ties everyone up with 'do not cross' tape like the police use) Ladies and gentlemen, the lagoon is closed.

Scooter: We like Larry better.

SpongeBob: Does Larry ever give you (speaks into megaphone) free ice cream? (Patrick slams the door open from the port-o-potty)

Patrick: Ice cream! (starts running around looking for the ice cream) Did somebody say ice cream? (runs up to the tape) Where is it? Is it here? (the tape that says 'do no cross' changes to 'ice cream') Huh? Ice cream, yay! (breaks through the tape and runs into the middle of the lagoon. After he stops, he gets an ache in his rear-end) Cramp! (begins to drown)

Fish #4: Holy cow, somebody's drowning!

SpongeBob: Oh, no, that's not possible. The lagoon is closed. (tied up group of fish walk over to the tower)

Scooter: Dude, get your butt in the water.

SpongeBob: If there was anyone in there, we'd hear them.

Patrick: Help, help! (SpongeBob stands up and takes off his shades) I can't swim!

SpongeBob: Somebody would be screaming that they're drowning...

Patrick: I'm drowning! I'm drowning!

SpongeBob: They would have to have crossed the line.

Patrick: I'm drowning 'cause I crossed the line! (SpongeBob takes out a pair of binoculars)

SpongeBob: Ok, I'll take a look, but just to prove to you that... (SpongeBob's eyes get huge and break the glass in the binoculars) ...Patrick isn't drowning!

Patrick: Can't swim! Butt hurts! Ice cream! (SpongeBob jumps off stand)

SpongeBob: Hold on, Patrick! (runs to the shore) I'm coming!

Patrick: Help, help!

SpongeBob: Don't move! (gets a life preserver) Catch this! (throws it out to Patrick but only goes about a foot out into the water)

Fish #5: Quit fooling around, man. Get in the water.

Patrick: Help, help!

SpongeBob: Oh, what am I going to do? Got to think. (starts running in circles) Gotta think. Gotta run around and think. Gotta run around and think at the same time. Gotta think, gotta have a plan. Gotta think, think, think. (turns into a lightbulb) I've got it! (takes out a straw) Patrick can't drown if there isn't any water. (sets straw in water and starts to suck out all the water) Well, you're safe now, Patrick.

Patrick: (inside SpongeBob) Help, I'm drowning! I've got butt cramps! I want ice cream and now it's dark! (SpongeBob is gigantic now. He spits all the water out. Patrick is now back at the beginning of his drowning problem again) Help, help! Help me, I'm drowning! Help! (SpongeBob runs off to retrieve something)

Fish #6: To us. (SpongeBob takes the boat from the couple and runs off then comes running back)

SpongeBob: Here's your hotdog. (hands them their hotdog then runs off again) Ok, Patrick, here I come. (Patrick is still flailing and screaming) Come, come 'round, Pat. Here I am. (Patrick grabs the boatmobile and starts tearing it apart in a desperate frenzy. SpongeBob ushers him to stop, but soon the boat is in pieces and SpongeBob is in the water too)

Patrick: Oh, sorry. (Patrick pushes SpongeBob underwater trying to stay afloat. Then he starts hitting SpongeBob with an anchor)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Help! Help us! We're drowning! (everyone who is tied up walks off whistling)

SpongeBob: Goodbye, Patrick.

Patrick: Goodbye, ice cream. (the two continue to scream, and then Larry walks over and picks the two up. Obviously, the water is very shallow)

Larry: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Larry?

Larry: You're not a lifeguard, are you?

SpongeBob: No, Larry.

Larry: (carrying SpongeBob and Patrick in his hands) Let's go, guys. (later, SpongeBob & Patrick are paddling in a kiddie pool) Very good. You fellas are learning fast.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Ow, butt cramps!

Patrick: And I still don't have my ice cream.

(episode starts with Squidward coming out of his house with a bicycle and putting on his work hat before heading to work. He passes a beanstalk-like vine which has a treehouse in it and in it is SpongeBob and Patrick, who are giggling)

SpongeBob: Wey wook.. it's Widward!!

Squidward: What? (SpongeBob and Patrick laugh)

SpongeBob: Widward's woing to work. (he and Patrick laugh)

Patrick: Where...does he work? Wat the Wusty Wab? (he and SpongeBob laugh)

Squidward: What's that supposed to mean? Some kind of stupid secret code?

SpongeBob: We can't tell you because your not a member of the club.

Squidward: Oh yeah? What does it take to be a member? Besides being a moron... Hahaha...moron...as a requirement... hahaha...

SpongeBob: Sorry, Squidward. But you couldn't even get in even if you tried!

Squidward: Well, I'll have you know.. that I am a member of over 20 exclusive clubs all over the sea bottom.

Patrick: What'd he say?

SpongeBob: I dunno, something about his nose?

Patrick: Squidward, you and your nose will definitely NOT fit in!

Squidward: Oh what do two you zeros know about fitting in? (climbs vine) Why...you should be begging me to join!!

SpongeBob and Patrick: No no no!! Stop! You can't join! You can't get in!! (Squidward gets stuck in the tree house)

Squidward: Well this is stupid... there's no room up here!

Patrick: That's what we've been trying to tell you!

SpongeBob: We've been stuck up here for three days.

Patrick: We told you you wouldn't fit in. (Squidward sneers)

SpongeBob: Well, since you're here Squidward, we'll give you the new member initiation. Are you ready Patrick?

Patrick: Ready! (they clap hands and sing)

Music: Welcome to Our Club! (Song)

Welcome to our club,
Welcome to our club.

Welcome Squidward!
Welcome Squidward!
Welcome Squidward!
Welcome Squidward!
Welcome Squidward!
Wel--

Squidward: (covers their mouths) Shut your half-wit pieholes! I do not now, nor will I ever, want to be a member of your stupid club!! (climbs down the vine, pulling down the beanstalk in the process. The vine holding the beanstalk snaps and it flicks backwards and Squidward and the tree house are sent flying. Screams while a couple mistake it for a shooting star)

Nancy: Whoa!

Frank: Make a wish, honey. (tree house falls into a kelp forest)

SpongeBob and Patrick: (both run out) Whoo!! Whoo!! Whoo!! Again!! Again!! (beating chests and flicking their tongues around) WHOL00L00L00L00...

Squidward: Oh, no. That didn't just happen. Please tell me that didn't happen!

Patrick: What happened? (Squidward moves away and frantically runs around)

Squidward: Where are we? We're lost. There's no way out! Stuck... in the middle of nowhere... with SpongeBob and Patrick! (SpongeBob and Patrick wave at Squidward, who starts crying) Why must every 11 minutes of my life be filled with misery? WHHHYY?!

SpongeBob: Oh, cheer up, Squid. It could be worse.

Patrick: Yeah. You could be bald and have a big nose. (Squidward's nose and head deflate)

Squidward: Well.. this is the end.

SpongeBob: No it's not Squidward!

Patrick: (building coffins) It's not?

SpongeBob: Come on guys, we'll be fine! (patting Squidward's head) As long as we stick together, remember, we're a club!! WHOOOL0000L0000L0000L0000!! (flicks tongue around) And besides...we have THIS!! (pulls out the Magic Conch Shell)

Squidward: What's that?

Patrick: 00000H! The Magic Conch Shell! Ask it something! Ask it something!

SpongeBob: Magic Conch Shell...will I ever get married?

Magic Conch: Maybe someday.

SpongeBob and Patrick: Oooohhhh...

Squidward: You've got to be kidding! That is just a STUPID toy! How can that possibly help us?

SpongeBob: (gasps) Squidward, you must never question the wisdom of the Magic Conch. The club always takes it's advice before we do anything.

Patrick: The shell knows all!

SpongeBob: Oh, Magic Conch...what do we have to do to get out of the Kelp Forest?

Magic Conch: Nothing.

Patrick: THE SHELL HAS SPOKEN!

Squidward: Nothing?! We can't just sit here and do NOTHING!! (SpongeBob and Patrick sit down, literally doing nothing. Gets mad) I can't believe you two are gonna take advice.. from a TOY!! (SpongeBob and Patrick still do nothing) Alright. Alright. Alright! I don't need your help. I'm gonna find my way back to sanity. But don't you two sad clowns come crying to me when your circus tent comes crashing down!! (walks away in Kelp Forest) Sad clowns.. Haha. Haha. Sad. Haha. Haha. Clowns. Haha. Haha. (cut to further in the Kelp Forest. It is now dark and Squidward is running around, scared out of his wits, startled by frogs and an owl and a leopard shark) What was that? I was already here!! Which way do I go? Ohh I'm lost!! Ohh...I'm HOPELESSLY LOST!! I'll never get out of here!! (sees light) Huh? Huh? (laughs hysterically. Lands back in the light) I'm FREE!! Take that, SpongeBob and Patrick!! Ahahaha!! Ahahaha!! (fist punches in air. Sees SpongeBob and Patrick) Ohh...there's no way out of here. (bubble-wipe to later. A stick is thrown at Patrick's head. Squidward has surrounded himself with sticks and a fire and is wearing a Chinese hat) How's it going over their at Club Shell-For-Brains? Mmm mmm mmm. I am hungry. I wonder what's on the menu for Club SQUIDWARD tonight? (steps on bug) Aahhhhhh... (throws bug onto pan then walks over to SpongeBob) Oooohh. Doesn't that smell good, SpongeBob? You haven't eaten in days. (walks over to Patrick) How about you, Patrick? A big boy's gotta eat. Well, you can't have any. (walks away) And do you know why, SpongeBob? Because your club president is a shell! (shakes butt at SpongeBob) If you had listened to me, you'd have food, shelter, and a roaring fire. But instead, you listen to a talking clam, (Moves back to Club Squidward) that tells you NOTHING! As if the answers to all your problems will fall right out of the sky! Hahaha!! Fall right out of the sky! (airplane starts falling out of the sky)

Purple Pilot: Dude, we're falling right out the sky! We gotta drop the load! (other pilot presses "Drop the Load" button. Airplane drops picnic supplies (including food) to where SpongeBob and Patrick are)

SpongeBob and Patrick: (both smile) Praise the Magic Conch!! (flicking tongues around) WH000L0000L0000L0000! (Squidward stares at them. The bug gets up and hits him with the stick. SpongeBob and Patrick eat while laughing)

Squidward: Hey uhh, SpongeBob, (he now looks like a scraggy savage) that sure is a lot of food you got there.

SpongeBob: It's a gift from the Magic Conch.

Squidward: Everything sure looks delicious. Oohh! Smoked Sausages! My favorite! (reaches for them but Patrick sucks them in and eats them, accidentally sucks Squidward's nose. Frees nose) Hey, uhh, SpongeBob, you know I was just kidding before earlier and I mean I'm still part of the club and I mean the club has to stick together, and uhh, uhh...

SpongeBob: Squidward...

Squidward: Yes, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Once a member, always a member!

SpongeBob and Patrick: (both clink glasses) To the club! (flicking tongues around) WH00L000L000L00L0000L000!!

Squidward: Yeah.. Whooloolooloo.. Now if you'll excuse me... (runs to table with all the food) What should I eat first? The spaghetti, the turkey, the soup, the canned meat?

SpongeBob: Why don't you ask... the Magic Conch, Squidward?

Squidward: Oh, yeah, like that'll happen. Right after I consult the Magic Toenail. (SpongeBob and Patrick pull table away)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Squidward, are you questioning the authority of the Magic Conch? The conch is the one who gave us this banquet.. This copyrighted conch is the cornerstone of our organization!

Patrick: (whispers) Maybe he's not a brother. (SpongeBob looks at Patrick wide-eyed)

Squidward: Heheheh...you guys have it all wrong!! I love this little piece of plastic. (picks up Magic Conch) Hello there. Uhh, Magic Conch, I was wondering...should I have the spaghetti or the turkey?

Magic Conch: Neither.

Squidward: Oh. Well what about the soup?

Magic Conch: I don't think so.

Squidward: Can I have anything to eat?

Magic Conch: No.

Squidward: No?! What do you mean no? I'm starving here!

Patrick: (takes Magic Conch) Here, lemme try. Magic Conch...can Squidward have some of this yummy-delicious-super-terrific sandwich?

Magic Conch: No.

Patrick: Hmm.. Can I have some of this yummy-delicious-super-terrific sandwich?

Magic Conch: Yes.

Patrick: Alright! (vacuums in sandwich. Belches) Sorry Squidward.

Squidward: Give me that! (takes Magic Conch) Can I have something to eat?

Magic Conch: No.

Squidward: Can I have something to eat?

Magic Conch: No.

Squidward: Can I have something to eat?

Magic Conch: No.

Squidward: Can't you say anything else but no?<

Magic Conch: Try asking again.

Squidward: Can I have something to eat?

Magic Conch: No. (Squidward fumes. His eyes become bloodshot and veins appear in his face. He shakes his head in fury)

SpongeBob: Squidward, are you alright? (Squidward is still getting mad)

Patrick: Maybe we should ask the shell if he's OK.

Rescuer: Hello? Anyone there? Hello? HELLO? Do you folks need some help? (cuts through kelp, seeing SpongeBob, Patrick, and Squidward, close up shows them as scruffy castaways)

Squidward: I'm SAVED! (runs over to Rescuer) You don't know how happy I am to see you. I've been stranded out here for weeks.. with these two barnacle heads, and their Magic Conch Shell!

Rescuer: Magic...Conch...Shell? (pulls out Magic Conch) YOU MEAN LIKE THIS? (he now has two big teeth)

SpongeBob and Patrick: The Magic Conch! A club member!

SpongeBob, Patrick, and Rescuer: (flicking tongues around) WH00L000L000L000L0000!

Squidward: (close up shows him looking at the Rescuer in shock, mumbling in disbelief) A brother?

Rescuer: The Magic Conch told me to come and save you guys!

SpongeBob, Patrick, and Rescuer: Hooray for the Magic Conch!

Rescuer: Alright Magic Conch. What do we do now?

Magic Conch: Nothing.

SpongeBob, Patrick, and Rescuer: All hail the Magic Conch! (they sit down doing nothing. Squidward moves behind them)

Squidward: (weakly) All hail the Magic Conch. (sits down with SpongeBob, Patrick, and the Rescuer)

French Narrator: Ah, springtime in Bikini Bottom. All sea creatures have an innate sense of the seasonal changes... (Patrick jumps out of his rock with a purple sweater on) ...like the starfish. A quick survey of his environment... (Patrick scratches his back) ...and he knows that...

Patrick: It's spring!

French Narrator: The starfish then sheds his winter coat... (takes his sweater off) ...and stores it away safe for winter. (buries the sweater in the sand)

SpongeBob: (walks outside and smells the air) I'd better call the doctor, 'cause I've got spring fever! Good morning, little flowers. (sniffs them into his nose so hard, they go straight into three of his porous holes, smiles and sighs in delight) Hello Squidward, isn't it a lovely day?

Squidward: Huh?

SpongeBob: Have you said hello to the flowers yet?

Squidward: (sighs) Good morning, flowers. (flowers hiss at him like snakes. Runs inside)

SpongeBob: Gosh, I didn't know Squidward had hay fever. I'll do him the kindness and plant him some hypoallergenic flowers. (digs a hole and puts the flower in it) You're on your way. I bet you're thirsty. (turns around and grabs his container. When he turns back around, the flower is half eaten. Plants a new flower. Turns around and grabs the container of water, he sees the flower is eaten again) Huh? (plants a new one) I'm not taking my eyes off you. (eyes stretch out staring at the flower. Time card appears)

French Narrator: Three days later... (SpongeBob is still staring but his eyes have shriveled up so he uses the water to make his eyes normal)

Patrick: (running by) Hey, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (turns around) Hi Patrick! (when SpongeBob turns around, the flower is eaten again) How does this keep happening? (notices a seahorse eating the flower next to him) Hi. (horse whinnies then gallops onto a rock) She's beautiful! (imagines himself riding the seahorse with a head full of auburn wavy hair) What a magnificent seahorse. I shall tame her. Who knows what we can accomplish? (scene cuts to seahorse eating some flowers and SpongeBob looking at her from a distance writing in a book) Because of her mysterious behavior, I have decided to name her Mystery. Hmmm, now that I think of it, she is very graceful and majestic. Perhaps I should name her Grace, or Majesty. Or Debbie. (seahorse nickers) She must have spotted my floral bookmark! (using a flower bookmark in his book. The seahorse gallops over slowly) She's coming this way. That's it girl. Don't be afraid. I'm just a talking sponge, is all. (sniffs the bookmark then eats it. Scene cuts to SpongeBob riding with Mystery, blowing a bubble heart, posting for Mystery, making stamp books, and walking out of a store laughing. Scene cuts to nighttime in SpongeBob's bed where SpongeBob is sleeping on the floor and Mystery is in

SpongeBob's bed) Gosh, Mystery, that was the greatest day of my life. Do you think we'll be friends forever? (Mystery is asleep) I'll take that as a yes!

Squidward: (it's now morning as Squidward rides his bike. SpongeBob and Mystery gallop by him) What the...?

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward! Still riding a machine to work, I see!

Squidward: Don't say anything Squidward, remember your karma. (bike trips on something and he falls off a cliff then explodes. Groans. SpongeBob arrives at the Krusty Krab and ties Mystery to a bike rack)

SpongeBob: Whoa, girl. Now you wait out here until I'm done with work. See you at the end of my shift. (walks in as Scooter and a friend walk by)

Scooter: Hey look, Mr Krabs put in a kiddie ride!

Lloyd: Why don't you try it out? (Scooter gets out a quarter)

Scooter: I can't find the coin slot. Here it is! (finds the "coin slot;" it's actually Mystery's behind. Mystery kicks Scooter into the background and he explodes)

Lloyd: (runs off) Help! Kiddie ride on the loose!

Mr. Krabs: (walks out) What's with all the ruckus? (gasps) A monster scaring away me customers!

SpongeBob: That's not a monster Mr. Krabs, it's a horse. She's my friend. Her name is Mystery.

Mr. Krabs: You're a mystery, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob laughs) Get rid of it.

SpongeBob: Huh? Please, Mr. Krabs, let her stay! She won't hurt nobody nohow!

Mr. Krabs: It's either you or Mystery.

SpongeBob: I knew I should've named her Debbie. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob, sad, grilling up some patties)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, thanks for finally getting rid of that horse!

SpongeBob: (in a sad voice) You're welcome, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Now, if we could only get rid of Squidward. (laughs then walks out)

SpongeBob: Good one, sir. (takes his pair of sad eyes off) Ha, it worked, girl! (opens the cabinet with Mystery inside it) We'll just keep you here until Patrick finishes that stable I asked him to build. (cut to Patrick with a board on his forehead) Only eight more hours. (closes cupboard. Time card appears)

French Narrator: Twelve seconds later... (Mystery peeks out of the cupboard)

SpongeBob: No, Mystery, you can't come out yet. If old man Krabs sees you, I'll lose my job. (SpongeBob gives her a tray with a patty on it) I bet you're hungry. How about some lunch? (Mystery eats the patty and whinnies) Shhh! Girl, you got to be quiet or...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! (SpongeBob closes the cabinet quickly as Mr. Krabs comes bursting in) What was that? Is that horse in here?!

SpongeBob: No, Mr. Krabs. I was just practicing my imitation of Mystery. (weakly nickers)

Mr. Krabs: Well, keep working on it! That was terrible! (walks out)

SpongeBob: That was close. (gets a tray with three patties) From now on, no more hijinks. Order up! (puts the tray on the window. Mystery eats it. Squidward walks up to the window)

Squidward: SpongeBob, where's my order?

SpongeBob: Did you look under the tray?

Squidward: No I didn't, sorry. (looks under the tray then sighs) SpongeBob, could you just get my order?

SpongeBob: They vanished. Squidward, do you think the Krusty Krab is haunted? What if they come for me next? I gotta get out of here! (runs to the door)

Squidward: SpongeBob, there's no ghosts!

SpongeBob: Oh.

Squidward: In case you've forgotten, here's how things work. I order the food, you cook the food, the customer gets the food. (SpongeBob's eyes move to the side of his face and he notices Mystery eating a customer's food. Squidward is still talking) We do that for forty years and then we die. Sounds like a pretty good deal to me, what do you say?

SpongeBob: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I hear you Squidward. I'll be right back. (grabs Mystery and shoves her under a cupboard)

Squidward: What's that?

SpongeBob: Don't tell Mr. Krabs! I got it all under control! (closes the cupboard) Now then, you were saying?

Squidward: Just get my order. (walks out)

SpongeBob: You got it, Squidward! (chuckles) Ghosts. (Mystery eats SpongeBob's hat) Mystery, you ate my hat! (Mystery burps out a spatula) Mystery, you ate my spatula! You ate all the Krabby Patties! You ate the stove! You ate Old Man Jenkins!

Old Man Jenkins: (from inside Mystery's belly) I don't want to be a burden.

Squidward: (customers are angry) Folks, we have a minor situation going on in the kitchen.

Customer #1: Where's our food?

Fred: I'm so hungry!

Customer #2: This is my only lunch hour!

Tom: Where's Old Man Jenkins?

Squidward: Take it easy, the food's no good here, anyway.

Mr. Krabs: Squidward, what's going on in here?

Squidward: Why don't you ask CowBob RanchPants and his faithful companion Sir Eats-A-Lot?

Mr. Krabs: (runs into the kitchen) SpongeBob, what's the meaning of all these nicknames? (seeing him) Davey H. Jones! (SpongeBob is by Mystery's side, who has eaten too much)

SpongeBob: Mystery got a belly-ache from eating Krabby Patties, so I made her a bi-carbonated soda. (Mystery spits out Old Man Jenkins)

Old Man Jenkins: What did I miss? (Mr. Krabs rubs his eyes)

Mr. Krabs: So, my eyes are correct! You still gave that horse even when I ordered you to get rid of it! Well, now I'm going to get rid of it once and for all!

SpongeBob: No, Mr. Krabs! Don't make me give up Mystery, I swear to Neptune, I will kill you! I know you think she's just a horse, but she's more than that, I tell you. She listens to me. She understands everything I say and I understand her! She's my best friend! (Squidward cries but because of a bowl of onions near him)

Squidward: Hey, who left this bowl of onions here?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, your story has touched me. Believe it or not, I know what it's like to give up a best friend.

SpongeBob: You do?

Mr. Krabs: I was five years old and me father gave me a dollar. I loved that dollar. Loved it like a brother. Me and that dollar went everywhere together.

SpongeBob: What happened to the dollar, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: And one day at the beach, it was so hot and I was so thirsty! I spent it on a soda! (cries) My best friend! (Squidward cries, but the tears are coming from from the bowl of onions again)

Squidward: What? Would you get out of here!?

Mr. Krabs: The point is, sometimes you have to set things free even though it's hard. (points to Mystery) Look at her. She misses the great outdoors, the wide-open spaces, the rolling green pastures. The kitchen is no place for a live horse. (two customers spit out their patties)

SpongeBob: Alright, Mr. Krabs, I understand.

Customer: (crying from the bowl of onions Squidward is holding under his nose) Hey!

SpongeBob: OK, girl, you're free to go. (takes Mystery outside and takes Mystery's leash off) I can't keep you anymore. (cries) I know it's hard for you to understand, but Mr. Krabs is right. You belong in the wild. (Mystery gallops away)

Well, what are you waiting for? Can't you see I don't want you anymore? (Patrick walks up with the board on his head) Just get out of here, you stupid, dumb animal! (Patrick walks away as Mr. Krabs walks up to SpongeBob) Well, she's gone and I'll never see her again.

Mr. Krabs: It's OK, son. You did the proper thing. She's free now and we have no right to separate that wild animal from her natural habitat.

Squidward: Hey, Mr. Krabs, looks like old Mystery had an after-dinner salad! (vault of money opens to show dollar bills have been eaten and a bunch of money is missing)

Mr. Krabs: GET THAT HORSE! (they start calling out Mystery's name, and SpongeBob also does his imitation of a seahorse as the episode fades to black. Fade back in to Patrick trying to enter a hat store, but the board on his head keeps knocking into the entrance)

(episode begins at the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: (hands a customer his tray of food) Here you go, sir. A King Size Ultra Krabby Supreme with the works, double batter fried on a stick. (puts a stick into the food)

Harold: Thanks! (walks off)

Squidward: Barnacle head. (Harold comes back)

Harold: Pardon me?

Squidward: (holds up a mayonnaise bottle) You forgot your mayonnaise. (sets it on Harold's tray)

Harold: Thanks. (walks off and sits at his table)

Squidward: Look at them eating that garbage. (Harold bites into his food and squirts mayonnaise into his mouth) It's disgusting. They're sickening. I hate Krabby Patties.

SpongeBob: (laughing from the kitchen window) Good one, Squidward.

Squidward: Good what?

SpongeBob: Like you don't know. (hits Squidward on the back of the head) Saying, (imitates Squidward) I hate Krabby Patties. (normal voice) That's hilarious! Everyone loves Krabby Patties.

Squidward: Yeah, well, not me.

SpongeBob: (silence) You're good at that. (jumps on top of the window) Hey everyone! Squid says he doesn't like Krabby Patties. Ha! (everyone laughs)

Squidward: Don't encourage them! They'll never leave.

SpongeBob: (starts to grill more patties) Sorry, Squidward, it's just so funny. You know what we say: (all the customers appear in the kitchen)

All: The only people who don't like a Krabby Patty have never tasted one! (they all disappear)

Squidward: That's me. Never had one, never will. (SpongeBob flips a Krabby Patty through the ceiling of the Krusty Krab after hearing this)

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: What?

SpongeBob: (cleans out his ears) What? What did you say?

Squidward: I've never had a Krabby Patty and never will.

SpongeBob: I'm sorry... I don't...

Squidward: I've never had a Krabby Patty. (SpongeBob puts his glasses on and takes out a dictionary)

SpongeBob: Those words. Is it possible to use them in a sentence together like that?

Squidward: I've never had a Krabby Patty! I've never had a Krabby Patty! I've never had a Krabby Patty!

SpongeBob: (takes off his glasses and throws away the dictionary) Never had a Krabby Patty? Well, you've got to have one right now! (runs out of the kitchen holding a Wormy) No wonder you're always so miserable! Here, try this.

Squidward: (slaps the wormy out of SpongeBob's hand) Get that toy outta my face! (SpongeBob runs off and brings it back)

SpongeBob: If you try it, you'll love it!

Squidward: Try one of those radioactive sludge balls you call food? Next I suppose you'll want me to go square-dancing with Patrick?! (cut to Patrick dressed as a cowboy, standing next to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: (to Patrick) Sorry, Patrick. (Patrick sighs and walks off. SpongeBob tries to give Squidward the patty again) Come on, you're gonna--

Squidward: (pushes the patty away) No.

SpongeBob: Open up the tunnel, here comes the train. Choo-choo-- (Squidward slaps it away)

Squidward: No!

SpongeBob: (reaches behind Squidward's ear) Whoop! What's that in your ear? (pulls out a patty)

Squidward: Quit it.

SpongeBob: Come on, open wide!

Squidward: SpongeBob, if I were trapped at the bottom of a well for three years with nothing to eat but that Krabby Patty, I'd eat my own legs first! (walks out from behind the counter) And not just the extra ones. (walks off as SpongeBob

follows)

SpongeBob: But it's good for you!

Squidward: (turns around) Good for me? That thing is a heart attack on a bun!

SpongeBob: No, Squidward, I meant... good for your soul. (background turns to a heavenly sky with the sound of flying doves and a heavenly choir heard and SpongeBob wearing wings and a halo)

Squidward: Oh, puh-lease! I have no soul. (background turns to fire and flying bats and evil laughter are heard. Squidward walks off)

SpongeBob: Okay, just half.

Squidward: No!

SpongeBob: A quarter?

Squidward: No!

SpongeBob: One bite?

Squidward: No! (enters the bathroom. When he opens a stall door, SpongeBob shows him the patty)

SpongeBob: Just smell it.

Squidward: If I didn't want it out there, what makes you think I'd find it more appealing in here? (slams the door. Bubble-wipe to Squidward washing dishes. SpongeBob rises up, made with pink bubble in the sink, holding a Krabby Patty in his hand)

SpongeBob: Come on, Squidward.

Squidward: No! (all the bubbles pop, also the patty. Cut to Squidward putting money in the register. SpongeBob pops out of the register with coins on his head and eyes)

SpongeBob: One bite.

Squidward: No! (cash drawer shuts. Cut to Squidward taking out the trash. SpongeBob pops up from inside the trashcan, made with fruit and trash)

SpongeBob: You won't be sorry.

Squidward: (throws the garbage bag in the trash can) No! (turns around and sees SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: It's delicious...

Squidward: Listen, SpongeBob, how long are you prepared to keep this up? (SpongeBob handcuffs himself to Squidward.

Squidward takes the patty) Give me that! When I die, you stay away from my funeral. (looks at the patty) Oh... do I really?

SpongeBob: Ah... (Squidward stretches his mouth) Ooh... (Squidward takes a tiny bite of the Krabby Patty and smiles. SpongeBob's eyes turn into hearts)

Squidward: Why... this Krabby Patty may be the most... (suddenly angry) Horrible! Putrid! Poorly prepared! Vile! (SpongeBob's eyes turn into atomic explosions) Unappetizing! Disgusting excuse for a sandwich it has ever been my displeasure to have slithered down my throat!

SpongeBob: But--

Squidward: (throws the patty on the ground) And I curse this Krabby Patty and all who enjoy them to an early and well-deserved grave! (puts a tombstone on top of the patty with 'R.I.P.' and a picture of a patty on it) Get it?

SpongeBob: But it doesn't make any sense. The Krabby Patty is an absolute good. Nobody is immune to its tasty charms.

Squidward: Nobody but me.

SpongeBob: Are you sure?

Squidward: Does this look unsure to you? (close-up of Squidward's wrinkly face)

SpongeBob: No.

Squidward: Good. Now go spread the word. (SpongeBob walks back into the Krusty Krab. When he shuts the door, Squidward gasps and digs for the Krabby Patty) Come on! Come on! Come on! (holds up the Krabby Patty covered in sand) Ah... still alive! (shoves the whole thing in his mouth) Oh, so delicious! (cries) Oh! All the wasted years! (licks the ground) I gotta have more! I gotta have more! (runs to the back of the Krusty Krab and is about to open the door but doesn't) But wait! (stands by the window. His eyes float over to the side of his face looking at SpongeBob grilling) After that performance, he'd never let me live it down! I gotta sneak one. Just one, then I'm off the stuff for good!

SpongeBob: I didn't think it was possible, but I guess some people just don't like Krabby Patties. (flips one in the air. Squidward peeks through the window)

Squidward: Uhh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Squidward?

Squidward: I need a Triple Krabby Supreme on a kelp bun, (gets more excited) with extra sea pickle and, and burn it to a crisp, okay?

SpongeBob: Coming right up! (flips the patties again) Listen, Squidward. I want to apologize for before. I was only trying to make you happy. (Squidward moans and groans. His pupils turn into the patties and flip as they do) ...but not I've learned there's room for all kinds of people... (Squidward licks his lips) ...and they all don't have to like the same things. (the steam from the patties forms a figure and it kisses Squidward's nose then disappears)

Squidward: Don't go.

SpongeBob: While I strongly disagree with your decision, I accept it. (holds up the Krabby Patty. Squidward tries to take a bite but SpongeBob takes it away and Squidward's face goes into the grill) You know, it's not often I get to make one like

this. I want to see the look on their face when they take that first bite. (walks off. Squidward looks up with a burnt face. SpongeBob walks out of the kitchen) Triple Krabby Supreme! Triple Krabby Supreme! Did someone order a Triple Krabby Supreme? Huh? They must have left.

Squidward: Well, uh, why don't you just, uh, leave it out here in case they come back.

SpongeBob: Nope, a patty this special should be eaten fresh, and... well, I haven't had one of these babies in over twenty minutes so... (eats the whole patty in one bite. Squidward gasps) Well, whoever they were, they had great taste! (Squidward groans and chatters then starts to cry) Ah, they don't know what they're missing. Well, back to work. (walks back into the kitchen)

Squidward: What do I have to do? Eat one out of the garbage? (Frank with a big belly walks up to the trash can with a partially eaten Krabby Patty)

Frank: I wish I could eat this, but I'm so darn full. Oh well. (drops the patty in the garbage)

Squidward: I had to say garbage, but okay! (runs to the trash can. Inhales deeply and eats everything in the trash can. When he lifts up his head, the Krabby Patty is the only thing left in the garbage. He spits out what's in his mouth and grabs the Krabby Patty. SpongeBob runs over and grabs it out of his hand)

SpongeBob: Oh no, what's this doing here? This patty should be cremated! (runs to the furnace and throws it in and cries. Squidward walks up) I know you didn't like him, but it means so much that you came. (runs off as Squidward starts crying. Bubble-wipe to nighttime where Squidward is sitting in his chair, still crying, when there is a knock on the door. Squidward answers it and it's a giant Krabby Patty. Squidward kisses it and sighs. Cross-fade to Squidward having dinner with the patty, marrying the patty, having a kid with the patty, and growing old with it. Dream sequence ends)

Squidward: Honey? (wakes up) What? Oh... I have got to get my hands on a Krabby Patty! And no one's gonna stop me! (runs out of his house, panting, but tip-toes past SpongeBob's house, then pants some more to the Krusty Krab) There it is. (he is looking at the Patty Vault in the back of the restaurant. Walks up to it and opens it) Holy shrimp! (inside are piles of Krabby Patties are inside the vault) I don't know where to start. (picks up a patty) All that matters is that it's just you... and me... and nobody--

SpongeBob: Squidward? (Squidward's face drops) Is that you?

Squidward: (turns around) SpongeBob? Uh, uh, uh... what are you doing here? (points at SpongeBob. While pointing at him, he notices he's showing the patty in his hand and puts it behind his back again)

SpongeBob: I always come to work at 3 a.m. This is when I count the sesame seeds. (takes off his green hat, reveals his Krusty Krab hat) What are you doing here?

Squidward: Uhh, I forgot my--

SpongeBob: And why is the patty vault open?

Squidward: Oh, I thought that--

SpongeBob: And why are you holding a patty behind your back?

Squidward: I... I... I... no, I didn't do...

SpongeBob: And why are you acting so nervous? And why are you sweating so much? And why do you look so hungry? And-- (grins)

Squidward: No, wait... it's not what you think. Th-this is a big misunderstanding. You've got to believe me, I... Listen, I am telling you... (jumps up and down) You better listen to me, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: You like Krabby Patties, don't you, Squidward? (Squidward begins to sweat then slams the door on SpongeBob)

Squidward: Yes! Yes! I admit it, SpongeBob! I love Krabby Patties! (eats two patties)

SpongeBob: I knew it all along, Squidward. No one can resist a Krabby Patty. (Squidward eats a bunch of Krabby Patties in all sorts of ways, even a dozen at a time) Squidward! How many are you eating? Squidward! (Squidward continues eating all the Krabby Patties in the vault) Squidward, you can't eat all those patties at one time! Squidward!

Squidward: What's gonna happen? Am I gonna blow up?

SpongeBob: No, worse, it'll go right to your thighs!

Squidward: My thighs? (camera pans down showing Squidward's huge thighs)

SpongeBob: ...and then you'll blow up. (the Krusty Krab explodes. Squidward's head is sitting on the ambulance's bench while his legs are in a bucket)

Paramedic: (laughs) Yeah, I remember my first Krabby Patty.

(at Mrs. Puff's Boating School, SpongeBob is arranging his pencils on his desk)

SpongeBob: Excuse me, miss?

Nancy: I don't want to have to report you again.

SpongeBob: (laughs) I was just wondering... (points to the 'Homework' pencil while the other two pencils say 'Quiz' and 'Essay') ...is it the Homework Pencil on the left side of the paper next to the quiz pencil, or over on the right side all by itself? Or...

Nancy: I think it goes stuck inside your--

SpongeBob: Wait, I got it! The Quiz Pencil goes right over here next to the Essay Pencil (moves the pencil) and the essay pencil gets turned sideways toward the notepad, (turns it sideways) just in case I have to write an essay.

Mrs. Puff: (walks in) Good morning class. Sorry I'm late. I got caught in traffic on the way in here when that whole 'I'm-going-to-be-doing-this-for-the-rest-of-my-life' thing reared its ugly head and I... Anyway, we have a new student starting today, so let's all put on a happy face for Flat the flounder. (opens the door to show a skinny flounder from the front but when he turns sideways, he's large. The entire class, except SpongeBob, has masks, painted with faces, on) Tell the class something about yourself, Flats.

Flats: Well, I like to kick people's butts. (Mrs. Puff laughs)

Mrs. Puff: What a card! Now Flats, it's time to pick your seat. Just go ahead and sit anywhere you'd like. (the class move their desks away from the middle of the room, except SpongeBob. Flats sits in the empty seat next to him) Okay class, as you remember last week...

SpongeBob: (to Flats) Hi, I'm SpongeBob!

Flats: Hi, SpongeBob. I'm going to kick your butt. (Stunned, SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: That joke was almost funnier the second time.

Flats: (leans over SpongeBob) No. I mean it.

SpongeBob: (giggles) That time it almost seemed like-- (Close-up, Flats rips off his shirt and chest hair to show 'I Mean It') -you did mean it. (eyes have shrunk. raises hand) Mrs. Puff?

Mrs. Puff: Yes, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Can I be excused for the rest of my life? (Mrs. Puff chuckles)

Mrs. Puff: Why no, SpongeBob. I'm in the middle of a coffee-fueled sermon right now. You can't afford to miss this information.

SpongeBob: Yes, Mrs. Puff. (puts his hand down) Sorry, Mrs. Puff (Flats smiles).

Mrs. Puff: Now, can I please have a volunteer to come up to the board? How about you, Flats? (Flats approaches the board) Please draw for us a diagram of a basic four-way intersection, Flats. (draws an image on the board) Please turn and show the class what you drew, honey. (Flats turns, has drawn pictures of SpongeBob being beat up, SpongeBob screams) My, how very creative! We have an artist in the class. (everyone applauds, except SpongeBob. Cut to SpongeBob running in the halls and into the bathroom. He hides in one of the toilets)

SpongeBob: I just don't understand. Why would Flats want to kick my butt? I haven't said 2 words to the guy! (cut back to SpongeBob saying "Hi, I'm SpongeBob!" SpongeBob counts on his fingers and gasps) Oh no, that's 3! What am I going to do? (hears the door open) What was that? Someone's coming. They're getting closer. I've just got to act natural. (fish opens the lid and sees a real sponge)

Fish: Oh that's real nice. (walks out)

SpongeBob: Phew, I thought for sure that was gonna be... (Flats opens the stall) Flats!! Uh, hello, sir. Kick any good butts lately? Yeah, I remember last week, I was kicking this guy's butt real good. And he leans over and says, 'Hey, you know, life's like a bucket of wood shavings. Except for when the shavings are in a pail, then it's like a pail of wood shavings!' (giggles)

Flats: Hey, that story really speaks to me.

SpongeBob: Really? What's it say?

Flats: It says now, I'm going to kick your butt twice as hard. (Flats leaves. SpongeBob flushes the toilet, making water spray out of his holes. Cut to later where SpongeBob is walking down the hall writing on a clipboard)

SpongeBob: ...and I leave Gary's water bowl to Gary, and my curtains to... oh Neptune, I just can't do this. (the school phone rings and SpongeBob picks it up) Death row, next in line speaking.

Patrick: (on phone) Hi, I'd like to place an order for delivery.

SpongeBob: Patrick? Is that you? (cut back to Patrick's rock)

Patrick: Yeah, hey Mario. Let me get a large double olive, double- (cut back to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Patrick, listen! It's me, SpongeBob! I need your help!

Patrick: (on phone) You're working at Pizza Castle now?

SpongeBob: What? No, listen! I'm in big trouble. There's a new guy at school here and he wants to kick my butt! Listen, you're big and strong, do you think you could come down here and maybe rough him a bit? Just to get him off my back? Please, Patrick, I'm so scared, it feels like I'm gonna throw up.

Patrick: (on phone) No, they're not closed. I know, you want olives.

SpongeBob: Patrick, you there?

Patrick: (on phone) Oh, I'm sorry, SpongeBob. I was just talking to my old community college buddy, Flats. (SpongeBob gets shocked) (Cut to Patrick's rock where Flats is sitting on the couch enjoying a beverage) I bumped into him at the soda store, isn't that funny? (cut back to SpongeBob shrinking in the background) It must have been years since we've seen each other. Well, let me get going. He's got to go back to school soon. He says he's going to kick somebody's butt. (SpongeBob drops the phone and runs away shrieking)

Patrick: (on phone) Hello? Is this Pizza Castle? (cut to Mrs. Puff's room where SpongeBob smacks into the door)

Mrs. Puff: Come in, SpongeBob.
(door opens, and SpongeBob falls off onto his back).

SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, can I be in a different class?

Mrs. Puff: But why?

SpongeBob: I can't tell you.

Mrs. Puff: Why ever not?

SpongeBob: I just can't, Mrs. Puff. My physical being is at stake, let's just leave it at that.

Mrs. Puff: SpongeBob, you can tell me anything. You've got to believe that.

SpongeBob: Well, okay. But only if you promise to keep it between us.

Mrs. Puff: Of course.

SpongeBob: Flats says he's going to kick my butt!

Mrs. Puff: What? There shall be no butt-kicking in any class of mine! This is an adult program. SpongeBob, just leave it to me.

SpongeBob: Aw, thanks Mrs. Puff. I knew I could count on you. (cut to SpongeBob eating a sandwich outside. The bell rings and everyone goes back in the classroom)

Mrs. Puff: Have a nice lunch, SpongeBob? (walks in the classroom)

SpongeBob: Yes, Mrs. Puff.

Mrs. Puff: (whispers) Psst. SpongeBob, I talked to Flats for you. I used your name. It was all a big misunderstanding.

SpongeBob: You what?!?

Mrs. Puff: He was never going to kick your butt at all! You see SpongeBob, Flats is from a town where kicking someone's butt means that he wants to be your friend. (Behind Mrs. Puff's back Flats grins evilly and threatens SpongeBob by making a sand sculpture of him and kicking it) And maybe play some sports with you on weekends.

SpongeBob: (shudders in shock) I've got diarrhea! (runs off and sees an older flounder with a mustache in a boat) Huh? Are you Flats' dad?

Flats' Dad: Why, yes I am.

SpongeBob: Okay, see, I didn't know where else to turn! Patrick couldn't help me, and Mrs. Puff only made it worse. I sit next to your son Flats in school, and he is a fine boy in all, and I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but he wants to kick my butt. (Flats is on the boat)

Flats: Dad, what're you doing?

Flats' Dad: Uhh, nothing, son.

Flats: What did I tell you about talking to strangers?

Flats' Dad: (to SpongeBob) Now he's going to kick my butt! (SpongeBob shrieks and runs away, Runs past crowd. Crowd watches him surprised.)

SpongeBob: Out of my way! Out of my way! (points) Can't you see he's gonna kick my butt?! (a bunch of fish look over to an older fish at a bus stop)

Old Man: Hi there young people, nice day today.

Harold: So, you like kicking butts, do ya? Well we'll show you, old man! (the fish start beating up on the old fish while SpongeBob hides in a garbage can)

SpongeBob: Okay, okay, I got to skip town, start a new life, live under a pseudonym! "BobPants SpongeSquare". Yeah, that's good. Grow a beard, and then shave it off, and live happily ever after. (Flats is behind him driving a dump truck)

Flats: Yeah, except you forgot the part where I kick your butt. (SpongeBob gasps three times and runs off while still in

the garbage can. Flats chases after him in the truck and chuckles evilly. As SpongeBob is running down the road, trash falls out of the garbage can, including a banana peel. Flats screams when he sees the banana peel on the ground. When the dump truck runs over the peel, it flips upside down and crashes. Cut to later where Flats is in a hospital where Flats opens his eyes to see SpongeBob holding some flowers)

SpongeBob: Hey Flats, you feeling better?

Flats: What? Where am I?

Doctor: (walks in) Why, you're in the hospital. This young boy saved your life. He performed CPR for five hours straight.

SpongeBob: Yeah. They said you'd be okay after the first few minutes, but I just wanted to be sure.

Flats: Wow, I'm touched. I'll have to remember that when I'm kicking your butt. (SpongeBob acts shocked, sound of glass shattering is heard) Those flowers for me? (SpongeBob runs out of the hospital screaming)

SpongeBob: He's still gonna kick my butt! (the fish look at the old fish again)

Harold: How many times do we have to teach you this lesson, old man?

Old Man: I love the young people. (The fish walk up to the old fish. Cut to SpongeBob running back to his house)

SpongeBob: Oh Gary, I'm too young to have my butt kicked! There are so many things in life I haven't gotten to do! (cut to SpongeBob in an office building at a desk, on the phone) Hang on, I'll transfer your call. (cut back to a knock on the door) Who is it? (door falls down. SpongeBob sees Flats and screams) Flats!

Flats: It's butt-kicking time.

SpongeBob: Gary, there's something I want you to know, but I'm too scared to remember what it is. (Flats cracks his knuckles, then cracks them with a walnut smasher. SpongeBob breaths harder and harder. Flats brushes his teeth and gargles before spitting it out. SpongeBob starts hyperventilating)

Flats: Let's do it!

SpongeBob: Go away, Gary. I don't want you to see this. It'll be too ugly. (Gary gets out a camera from his shell)

Flats: Are you ready?

SpongeBob: Hold on. (puts a blindfold over his eyes) Okay, I'm ready. (Flats punches SpongeBob but it doesn't hurt him) I said I'm ready. (Flats tries again but the same result happens) Didn't you hear me? I said I'm ready. (Flats punches him again and this time SpongeBob giggles) That tickled. (Flats keeps punching him but nothing seems to hurt SpongeBob, SpongeBob repeatedly laughs every time he is punched) Gary, I'm absorbing his blows like I was made of some kind of spongy material! Do you know what that means? I get to go to work tomorrow! (cut to next day where SpongeBob is in the Krusty Krab kitchen, grilling, and Flats is still punching SpongeBob, then scene cuts to him playing cards with Gary, chasing jellyfish, walking out of the bathroom, sleeping, and eating breakfast with Flats still punching him. Cut to boating school as SpongeBob is sitting at his desk and Flats is punching, but not as hard. Flats pants. He passes out from exhaustion) Flats, are you okay? (everyone cheers) Do not cheer me, my fellow adult classmates. Flats was the real victim here. A victim of a society that's riding down a violent road to nowhere; a road I call... (clenches fist) ...'Violence Road'. (Mrs Puff walks in)

Mrs. Puff: Sorry I'm late, class, I-- (gasps as she sees SpongeBob's fist and Flats on the ground in a close-up) SpongeBob! I can't believe you beat up a new student! (zoom out of school) I'm going to kick your butt! (maybe she is going to be a bully again)

Narrator: (It's dark & rainy above water) Oh, a dark and stormy night... (thunderclap) It's nights like these that remind me of the time Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob thought they killed the health inspector. (laughs evilly and a thunderclap. Stormy night becomes calm day) It was a bright and sunny morning... (scene cuts to the Krusty Krab where a fish drives up and stops in front of the restaurant. The scene zooms into his badge that reads 'Health Inspector')

Mr. Krabs: (taking a bath in money) Ah... (sniffs) That smells like (gasps) the health inspector! (Mr. Krabs runs up to SpongeBob in a yellow towel) Wash your hands, clean the floors, change your underwear! The health inspector's here! (both are peeking out the kitchen window at the health inspector, who is writing on a clipboard) If he finds one health violation, he'll close us down for good. We've got to do everything in our power to make sure he passes the Krusty Krab.

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs, there's no reason to worry. (eyes widen) The Krusty Krab is the most perfect place in the universe.

Mr. Krabs: You really haven't got any brains at all, have you, son? (pushes SpongeBob out the door) Just go out there and give him what he wants. Pour on the charm. Sweet talk him. (SpongeBob walks up to the health inspector, who is still writing on his clipboard at the table)

SpongeBob: What can I get for you...handsome?

Mr. Krabs: (slaps forehead) We're doomed.

Health Inspector: I'm going to want you to bring me one of everything on the menu.

SpongeBob: (walking backwards back into the kitchen) Excellent choice, my darling. Coming right up! (SpongeBob enters the kitchen, where Krabs waits) He wants one of everything.

Mr. Krabs: Then we'll give him a smorgasbord! (holds up a tray of a patty, a drink, some fries, and coral bits) The future of the Krusty Krab is at stake. (SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs run up to the health inspector)

SpongeBob: Try the Krusty Kelp Dog, sir. (stuffs it in the inspectors mouth)

Mr. Krabs: The Buttered Barnacles are a touch of heaven. (stuffs it in the inspectors mouth)

SpongeBob: The Powdered Driftwood is exquisite. (stuffs it in the inspectors mouth)

Mr. Krabs: Fresh Sludge Pudding? (stuffs it in the inspectors mouth)

SpongeBob: More Diet Red Tide? (stuffs it in the inspectors mouth)

Mr. Krabs: Some Fried Flotsam... (stuffs it in the inspectors mouth)

Health Inspector: (pushes both of them away) Please, gentlemen! (swallows all the food in his mouth) Leave me to finish my work in peace. (clicks his pen, which is actually a fork that comes out. Later, the health inspector has eaten everything on the table)

SpongeBob: And did the voluptuous inspector enjoy his meal?

Health Inspector: (writes on his clipboard) So far, so good. I just want to try a plain Krabby Patty and my inspection will be finished.

SpongeBob: (open kitchen door) He says if he gets one more Krabby Patty, he'll pass us for the inspection!

Mr. Krabs: (picks up SpongeBob) Do you know what this means, dear boy? We're in the clear! (both dance off then leapfrog over each other, across the screen then do the can-can in dresses until a news report comes on TV)

A. Realistic Fish Head: We interrupt this can-can for a special news bulletin. Be on the lookout for a man who's been passing himself off as a health inspector in order to obtain free food. That's all for now. (Mr Krabs gets angry)

Mr. Krabs: FREE FOOD!?!?

SpongeBob: Maybe we oughta tell our guy about the phony imposter.

Mr. Krabs: You loony loofah! He is the imposter! We've been duped!

SpongeBob: Duped!

Mr. Krabs: Bamboozled!

SpongeBob: We've been smeckledorfed!

Mr. Krabs: That's not even a word, and I agree with ya! (both look through the kitchen window at the health inspector, who is wiping his mouth off, finishing his drink, and cleaning his teeth with a toothpick) Look at him. I bet he never changes his underpants.

SpongeBob: I bet he bites whale bubbles.

Mr. Krabs: I bet his mom bought him that hat. (holds up a krabby patty) If that imposter wants a Krabby Patty, then by Neptune, we'll give him one. (flicks the top bun off and puts a some volcano sauce on the patty) You're dancin' with the crab man now! Join me, boy, or you're fired.

SpongeBob: It doesn't seem right... (holds up a bottle of seahorse radish) ...but it feels so good! (dumps a spoonful on the patty) Seahorse radish, (Horse Whinnies) the gnarliest stuff in the ocean!

Mr. Krabs: Ohh, hold on! I've got a jar of toenail clippings in my office. (runs off as SpongeBob drops the patty in the toilet)

SpongeBob: Oops, I dropped it in the toilet! (Mr. Krabs runs in with a smelly sock)

Mr. Krabs: Well, fish it out, and I'll dry it with me gym socks! (scene cuts to showing a disgusting krabby patty) Why that's the most diabolical Krabby Patty ever spawned. (both are wearing clothespins on their noses)

SpongeBob: I call it... the Nasty Patty. (both laugh)

Health Inspector: Hey! Hurry up with that patty. (SpongeBob runs in with the patty)

SpongeBob: Here you are, sir. Enjoy. (runs back into the kitchen)

Health Inspector: Ah, hello, delicious. Come to papa. (Opens his mouth to eat the patty, only for a fly to get into his throat. He starts to choke)

Mr. Krabs: (listening from the kitchen) Listen! He ate it! (both look out from the kitchen window) Oh, look at him choke! (both laugh) Look at him suffer! (both keep laughing. Health inspector slips on some packets of condiments and bangs his head on the table) Did you see that boy? Aw, man, the look on his face! (continue laughing. Another TV bulletin comes on)

A. Realistic Fish Head: We interrupt your laughter at other people's expense to bring you this news flash! The fake inspector has been captured. Here is his picture. (picture is shown on the TV) If a health inspector comes to your restaurant and he's not this guy...he's real.

SpongeBob: Phew! That's a relief, eh, Mr. Krabs? I'm sure our guy will understand if we just explain the situation. Then we can all have a good laugh about it.

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) I don't think he'll be laughin', boy.

SpongeBob: Why, sir?

Mr. Krabs: Because that patty killed him! (both scream, check the inspector again, then scream some more)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, what are we gonna do?

Mr. Krabs: What's this "we" stuff? You fed him the tainted patty. Looks like it's the stony lonesome for you!

SpongeBob: But you told me to give it to him.

Mr. Krabs: Well, you could've talked me out of it!

SpongeBob: You're right, Mr. Krabs...I'm guilty. I'll never survive in prison, they'll mop up the floor with me! (Mr. Krabs grabs him)

Mr. Krabs: Get a hold of yourself, boy. We've got to get rid of this body before anyone sees it. We've got to take it out and bury it. (scene cuts to SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs walking up a muddy hill)

SpongeBob: (dragging the body) Ew, gross, germs, it's all icky and corpsey! (sprays himself with disinfectant and stammers. He then grabs a tissue and drags the body with it)

Mr. Krabs: (at the top of the hill) This should be far enough. Now get diggin'! (hands SpongeBob a shovel)

SpongeBob: Yes, sir. (while digging a big hole, his shovel hits something)

Mr. Krabs: What's the holdup down there?

SpongeBob: There's a big rock in the way!

Mr. Krabs: Well toss it out and get back to diggin'!

SpongeBob: (salutes) Aye, aye, sir! (tosses the huge rock behind him)

Health Inspector: Uhh, where am I? (rock hits him in the head knocking him out again)

Mr. Krabs: Somethin' ain't quite right.

SpongeBob: What do you mean, Mr. Krabs? (health inspectors head is out of the ground)

Mr. Krabs: His head's stickin' out! (SpongeBob covers his head with more sand)

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs. I thought he might need some air.

Mr. Krabs: They don't need air where he's going.

SpongeBob: Shouldn't we say a few words on his behalf?

Mr. Krabs: Uhh...he was a credit to health inspectors everywhere. And, uhh...

SpongeBob: (Wails loudly) What a brave man, going in the line of duty like that! Why?! Why?! Why-ah-y-ah-y-ah-y?! (Mr. Krabs grabs SpongeBob)

Mr. Krabs: Listen here, ya little barnacle. No one, and I mean no one, can ever know about this. It'll be the end of you, it'll be the end of me, and worst of all, it'll be the end of me.

Officer Malley: (shines a flashlight on them) Stop right where you are! I'm afraid we're going to have to arrest the two of you. (SpongeBob hangs on Mr. Krabs)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! I'm too young to go to jail! (Mr. Krabs covers his mouth)

Mr. Krabs: And what would be the charges?

Officer Malley: (puts away flashlight) For not being at the Krusty Krab to whip us up a couple of dee-licious Krabby Patties. (both police officers laugh. Mr. Krabs laughs nervously)

Mr. Krabs: Laugh, boy. (SpongeBob laughs hysterically while it starts raining again. The rain exposes the health inspector's body and he slides down the hill towards SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs)

Officer Nancy: Put that muddy shovel in the trunk and we'll give you a ride back. (SpongeBob is still laughing until Mr. Krabs hits him. Mr. Krabs walks over to the trunk and opens it. SpongeBob puts the shovel in it)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, listen carefully. We're just getting a lift back to the Krusty Krab. I need you to stay calm and don't lose your cool. Understand? (SpongeBob looks down)

SpongeBob: Can I lose my cool now?

Mr. Krabs: Why? (SpongeBob points to the health inspector, who is now down the hill. Both scream and Mr. Krabs grabs the body and gives it to SpongeBob) Put it in the trunk, boy! I'll keep them cops busy.

Officer Malley: What's the holdup back there?

Mr. Krabs: Uhh, the boy's havin' a little trouble... (continues taking)

SpongeBob: Oh, Neptune, get away! (throws the inspector in the trunk then sprays himself with disinfectant. Slams the trunk on the health inspector, who was waking up then knocked out for the third time) Ahem. Ok! All set back here... Nothing unusual about a muddy shovel in the trunk. (laughs nervously)

Mr. Krabs: All set. (SpongeBob slides in)

Officer Nancy: You ok there, little fella?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, he gets carsick real easy.

Officer Malley: Well buckle up and we'll drive real smooth-like. (drives off)

Mr. Krabs: Now listen, SpongeBob, when we get to the Krusty Krab...I want you to take that (winks) shovel and bring it around to the back entrance and stuff...err...I mean, stow it in the freezer. Understand...?

SpongeBob: I understand, Mr. Krabs. But what do you want me to do with the bo...

Mr. Krabs: (grabs SpongeBob's lips) ...ttles of soda! Bottles of soda...same thing, put 'em in the freezer. (Nancy stares at them funny. Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob laugh. Scene cuts to the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is bringing the body to the back)

SpongeBob: Oh, man. This is so gross. (tries the handle on the door but there is a lock) The back door is locked! What am I gonna do? (scene cuts to inside the Krusty Krab, where the cops were laughing with Mr. Krabs. SpongeBob enters with a big hat where the health inspector is in it)

Mr. Krabs: Ahoy there, SpongeBob, I thought you were out back taking care of that SHOVEL. (twitches & winks his eyes)

SpongeBob: Well, the back door was locked, so I came around here. (his hat sags over, and SpongeBob puts it back in position) So if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go put my hat in the freezer now. (walks to the kitchen very carefully)

Mr. Krabs: Okey dokey, SpongeBob!

Officer Malley: Is that kid ok?

Officer Nancy: He's acting a little funny.

Mr. Krabs: Funny? Oh, yeah! (laughs) He's a real cutup, that one. He knows how to keep the growing stages! Good one, boy! Always on, that one, there's no "off" on his funny switch. (laughs) Oh, your killing me! (continues laughing until SpongeBob is trying to get through a door but his hat is too big, so it fell on the floor, Mr. Krabs quickly hits the cash register.) Oh, look, I almost forgot, it's 'Open Cash Register' night! First two customers get all the money in the cash register! (hands out the money. SpongeBob gets his hat inside the kitchen)

Policeman: (listens to his walkie-talkie) Eighty-six those patties, Krabs. We just got a call about two ghouls burying a stiff over by Shallow Grave Road.

Officer Nancy: I want a soda. (Mr. Krabs gives her one)

Mr. Krabs: Here's your soda. Always a pleasure to serve the folks in blue. Well, goodbye now.

Officer Nancy: Hey, there's no ice.

Mr. Krabs: (nervous) Ice? Ice? You want ice? Is...that...what...you...want? You want ice? Is that what you want? (SpongeBob slides on screen)

SpongeBob: The dark deed you requested is done, sir.

Officer Nancy: (walks to the kitchen) I'll get it myself. Ice is in the freezer, right? (Mr. Krabs runs to block the freezer door)

Mr. Krabs: There is no ice! There's never been any ice. Ice is just a myth!

Officer Nancy: Step aside. You people act like you've committed a murder.

Mr. Krabs: Ok! I confess! SpongeBob killed him!

SpongeBob: What? You can't pin this whole rap on me!

Mr. Krabs: He was insane! Out of control! He would've killed me too if you hadn't come along!

SpongeBob: It was all Mr. Krabs' idea!

Mr. Krabs: Put him down now! He's a mad dog!

SpongeBob: He wears curlers to bed!!

Mr. Krabs: Wait! It's not what you think!

Officer Nancy: What are you two talking about?(SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs hang onto Officer Nancy from the bottom)

Mr. Krabs: We killed the health inspector, buried him and then stuffed his body in the freezer!

Officer Nancy: You mean in here? (opens the freezer but it's empty)

Mr. Krabs: It's empty?

Officer Nancy: Is this some kind of a joke?

Mr. Krabs: Yeah...a joke! (SpongeBob giggles)

Officer Nancy: Say, maybe he turned into a zombie and walked out. (everyone laughs. Just then a creature walks up moaning)

SpongeBob: AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!! It's the zombie! (the inspector turns the lights on)

Health Inspector: You guys should...

Officer Malley: (hits the inspector with an anchor) Take that, you zombie! (inspector now has a huge bump on his head)

Officer Nancy: I'll take it from here. (hits the inspector with a barrel) Die, zombie!

Officer Malley: Good police work, Officer Nancy. Hey, this guy's not a zombie. He's just an ordinary health inspector!

Health Inspector: Yes, and at the risk of being hit again, I'd like to present you with this. (gives Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob a note with the word 'pass' on it checked)

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs, look. We passed the inspection.

Everyone: Hooray! (everyone walks out of the kitchen)

Mr. Krabs: Come on, everyone. Krabby Patties at half price! Well, not really.

Health Inspector: (inspector tries to crawl out) Oh boy, I'd like a Krabby Patty. (door slams in his face. Scene cuts to above water where its stormy again)

Narrator: Well, that's the story. Yes, they are all idiots, aren't they?

SpongeBob: See anything yet, Patrick?

Patrick: I need my glasses. (puts 2 glasses of water on his eyes, become real human eyes) Hmmm, it's the mail truck!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Our package! (both start dancing & hopping)

Squidward: I didn't realize it was Happy Hopping Moron Day.

Mailfish: SpongeBob SquarePants?

SpongeBob: That's me! (throws a very big box next to SpongeBob and Patrick)

Squidward: That's a big box.

SpongeBob: Thank you. (still dancing and hopping)

Patrick: Hey SpongeBob, when do we stop hopping?

SpongeBob: 30 more seconds, Patrick.

Squidward: Probably ordered a lifetime supply of bubble soap. (He chuckles. SpongeBob & Patrick pull out a big screen TV) Huh? A brand-new television?

SpongeBob: Easy...easy... (they throw the TV onto a trash-can)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Yeah! (go into box and start giggling)

Squidward: Just when I thought they couldn't get any stupider. Let me get this straight, you two ordered a giant screen television just so you could play in the box?

SpongeBob: Pretty smart, huh?

Patrick: I thought it wouldn't work.

Squidward: Yeah, that's quite a plan there. Oh, but wait, there's something else I wanted to ask you two. Now, what was it? Oh, yeah, yeah. (shouts) DON'T YOU TWO HAVE ANY BRAINS?!????!!

SpongeBob: Squidward, we don't need television. Not as long as we have our-- (makes a rainbow with his hands) ...imagination.

Squidward: Wow, I never thought of it that way. That's really something. Can I have your TV?

SpongeBob: With... (makes a rainbow with his hands) ...imagination, I can be anything I want! A pirate! Argh! A football player! Hutt!

Patrick: A starfish!

Squidward: Patrick, you're already a starfish.

Patrick: See, Squidward? It works! You try!

Squidward: Ok, let's see. I'm imagining myself watching TV... (points to the one on the trash-can) ...and there it is! Can I have it, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Sure, Squidward.

Squidward: Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! (Squidward pushes TV in his tiki)

SpongeBob: Okay, Squidward, but if you change your mind, we'll be in this box!

Patrick: Let's play Mountain Climbing Adventure!

SpongeBob: Let's go for it! (goes into box with Patrick) Gloves!

Patrick: Check.

SpongeBob: Hats!

Patrick: Check.

SpongeBob: Underwear!

Patrick: Uh...check!

SpongeBob: Ok, Patrick. Climb up there and secure this rope.

Patrick: You got it! (there are noises coming from the box)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Patrick! Patrick, you're going too high!

Squidward: I hope they put some air holes in that box.

SpongeBob: Take it easy, Patrick, you've got to acclimate!

Patrick: I'll take it easy when I'm dead! (laughs) I'm shaking hands with Neptune! Woo! Excelsior!

Squidward: Now where's that remote?

Patrick: I am the lizard king! Woo!

SpongeBob: Patrick? Patrick? Patrick! I think we should keep our voices down! We might start an avalanche!

Patrick: What?

SpongeBob: I said, I think we should keep our voices DOWN in case of avalanches!

Patrick: What should we keep down?

Squidward: Morons.

SpongeBob: OUR VOICES!!

Squidward: Will you two shut up?! (Squidward kicks the box, and an avalanche starts making SpongeBob & Patrick scream, fall, & cry) SpongeBob? (touches the box, and a second avalanche starts. SpongeBob and Patrick scream again, then cry.)

Patrick: Hold me.

SpongeBob: Hang in there buddy, the chopper is on the way!

Patrick: SpongeBob! My legs are frozen solid! You'll have to cut them off with a saw!

SpongeBob: No Patrick, I can't do that!

Patrick: Why not?

SpongeBob: Because I already cut off my own arms!

Patrick: NO!!

Squidward: (opens box) What the? How were you two making that noise?

SpongeBob: (laughs) What noise, Squidward?

Patrick: I could only hear the sound of our laughter.

Squidward: Yes! But those sound effects: the avalanche, the, the, the...

Patrick: Don't forget the second avalanche.

Squidward: Forget it. I don't know why I'm wasting my time out here when I could be watching my brand new television. (helicopter sounds) Huh? What the-?! (stammers and gasps)

Man Inside Box: Attention climbers, please hold on! The saws are on the way!

SpongeBob and Patrick: YAY! Whoo!

Squidward: Grr...aha!!! (opens the box) How are you doing that?

SpongeBob: First we establish a base camp at 15,000 feet...

Squidward: The noises! How are you two making those noises?

Patrick: Well, that's easy. All you need is a box.

SpongeBob: And...(makes a rainbow with his hands)...imagination.

Squidward: Are you trying to say I have no imagination? I have more imagination...(tries to make a rainbow with his hands but is unsuccessful)...in one tentacle than you two have in your whole bodies.

Patrick: That's good. Now all you need is a box. (closes the box as Squidward walks back to his house)

Squidward: I'll show them! (looks for another box) There's got to be one in here! (finds a small, round green box) Ah! This hat box should do nicely. (Squidward pulls out a sombrero) Why haven't I worn this yet? (Squidward gets in the box but he is too big for it and just sits there staring at his watch. He kicks the box after he gets mad, a police car siren hears him)

PoliceMan: Attention! We have you surrounded! Come out with your hands up!

Squidward: What do they want with me? What did I do? (gasps) Obviously, I violated some new box kicking law! (walks out of house with the green box) Look officers, everything's OK. I won't do it again!

SpongeBob: (as Johnny) You'll never take me alive, coppers!

Man: No, Johnny! Don't do it! (Squidward kicks the green box so SpongeBob & Patrick take it into theirs)

Patrick: Whoopee! Another box! (Police cars chase Johnny's car as he speed)

Squidward: I got to try to relax. Perhaps I can drown out their childish games with a little TV. (turns on TV to see a box conveyer belt channel)

Host: It is here that the boxes reach their final stage of assembly. (changes channel to see a professor talk about a box equation)

Physicist: The equation is illustrated here by this box. (changes channel to a soap opera)

Man: I couldn't afford a present this year, so I got you this box. (he picks up a box)

Woman: That's what I got you! (she also picks up another box)

Squidward: Isn't there anything on that isn't about boxes?! (changes channel)

Host: And welcome back to Championship Boxing.

Squidward: Heh-heh, I guess this is ok. I mean, it's not really about boxes. (two cardboard boxes are going at each other) I give up.

Man: 3... 2... 1... Blast-off!

Squidward: (fascinated) How are they doing that? That was the most realistic space launch I've ever heard! There must be an explanation. Think, Squidward, think! (imagines of a tape recorder they have and them giggling and playing real sound effects)

SpongeBob: Shhh! Squidward's such a jerk. (both laugh)

Squidward: Laugh at me, will they? (opens box) All right, where is it?

Patrick: (comes out of Squidward's green box) Here I am!

SpongeBob: Where's what, Squidward?

Squidward: Don't "Where's what, Squidward?" me! Where's the tape recorder?

SpongeBob: We don't have a tape recorder, Squidward!

Squidward: Don't "We don't have a tape recorder, Squidward!" me!

SpongeBob: But we don't!

Patrick: We have a tape recorder box.

Squidward: All right, make way, you two, I'm coming in. (gets into box)

SpongeBob: Welcome aboard, Squidward! You've just set sail on the S.S...(makes the rainbow with his hands) ...Imagination. Where our only destination is fantastic adventure! Where do you want to go first?

Squidward: No, no, don't mind me, I'm just here to observe.

SpongeBob: But, Squidward, don't you see? Waiting and watching? That's not what the box is about! It's about...(makes a rainbow with his hands)...imagination.

Squidward: All right, fine! Take me to Robot Pirate Island! I want to arm wrestle with cowboys on the moon! Just do it so I can get back and watch TV!

SpongeBob: Ok, Squidward! Robot Pirate Island it is! (SpongeBob and Patrick close their eyes and make pirate and robot

noises)

Patrick: Beep beep beep.

SpongeBob: Arr.

Patrick: Bee boop beep boop.

SpongeBob: Ahoy matey!

Patrick: Beep beep.

SpongeBob: For that, you'll walk the plank! (Patrick chuckles goofily as SpongeBob giggles softly)

Squidward: (growls) Why won't this thing turn on?! (pounds box) All right, fine. If you don't want to show me, I don't care! I've got better things to do than pace the floor wondering how you two work this thing. (pacing around his upstairs) How do those two work that thing? There's got to be a secret button or a switch or something! I mean, listen to that! (hears beeping and sword noises and cheering from box) Now, that sounds like Robot Pirate Island! Grr...think, Squidward, think! I got it! When those two go to bed, I'll sneak in there and find that button. I'll wait all night if I have to! (Scene cuts to night. Squidward has a surprised expression on his face. Box is making fireworks and cheering noises)

Patrick: (both come out of box. Patrick yawns) I need sleep to refuel my imagination tanks!

SpongeBob: I still can't believe those pirates beat all those robots.

Patrick: See you in the morning.

SpongeBob: Good night, Patrick. (Patrick and SpongeBob go home. Squidward sneaks out to get into the box)

Squidward: (laughs and sees a piece of paper on the wall) Hmm? Hello, what's this? (reads note) "This plaque is to commemorate the brave pirates who gave their lives to keep this box safe from the Robot Menace. Lest we forget..." (tears paper) Oh! I've got to find that button quick! (looks around box) It's got to be around here somewhere. I don't see anything! It's just an empty box! Maybe it really was their imagination. D'oh, get it together, Squidward! What are you saying? I mean, do I really believe that if I sit here and pretend to drive a race car that I'm suddenly going to start hearing noises? (steps on an imaginary gas pedal like he's in and invisible car and hears actual car noises) What the...? (Squidward puts in and imaginary key) It actually works! I can't believe it! Ho ho ho! Oh boy! This beats TV by a long shot! (laughs) Whoo! Ha ha ha! This is the most fun I've ever had!

SpongeBob: Listen to that, Gary. Squidward finally made the box work after all. That is so great.

Squidward: (laughs) Whoo! Vroom! Vroom! Only two more laps 'til the finish line! (garbage truck dumps out the trash) I'm in the lead! Out of my way! I'm almost there! (laughs) Victory is mine! (The box slides down a trash pile until it hits a metal pipe sending Squidward into a cherry pie.) Agghh... (the box lands on top of him. Scene cuts to morning.)

SpongeBob: Hey, our box is gone!

Patrick: Oh well.

SpongeBob: I know! Let's go see Squidward!

Patrick: I hope he's not too down in the dumps today. (timpani roll sounds as the screen fades out)

(episode begins at the Krusty Krab)

French Narrator: Ah, the Krusty Krab. Through these doors pass all the many kinds of undersea life.

Mermaid Man: Through the double-doors... away! (charges in, knocking away two fish who were going to exit)

French Narrator: And also these guys. (Barnacle Boy walks in)

Barnacle Boy: I told you I'm not hungry, Mermaid Man!

Mermaid Man: N-nonsense, Barnacle Boy, we've got to keep up our strength for the fight against eeeeevil!

Barnacle Boy: What a dive.

Mermaid Man: To the register... away! (they approach the register)

Squidward: (exasperated) Can I help you? (a 'ding' goes off)

Mermaid Man: A double Krabby Patty and Coral Bits for me, and a silly meal for the lad.

Barnacle Boy: (hurried) It's not for the toy, I just-- (stammers) I've gotta fit in the tights, y'know?

Squidward: Whatever. 5 dollars, please.

Mermaid Man: You got it, bucky. (pulls off one of his bra-shells, opens it, and pulls out a metal nut) Will this cover it?

Squidward: No.

Barnacle Boy: Listen, Big Nose, this guy has been saving your butt since you were born. Don't you got a living legend discount or something?

Squidward: This is a restaurant, not a lending library. And who are you calling Big Nose, Big Nose? (they press their noses together, 'hmm'ing and flaring their nostrils. Barnacle Boy takes off his hat, pulls out a \$5 bill and tosses it over to the register)

Barnacle Boy: Well, next time danger threatens, don't expect any help from us! (walks off)

Squidward: I'm shakin'. Hmm, Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. (the wall next to the ordering window presses in with SpongeBob's imprint, and then SpongeBob bursts through)

SpongeBob: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy?! Must... get... autograph! (one of his hands reaches out and tears a pen out of Tom's shirt pocket. The other grabs a piece of paper outside the restaurant)

Mermaid Man: If you wanna grow up strong like me... you gotta leave room for seconds. (pulls up his shirt a bit, revealing a gigantic gut) Here comes our waiter! (SpongeBob is psychotically running toward them)

SpongeBob: Aaaaauuutoooooograaaph!

Barnacle Boy: Holy sea cow, it's that Sponge-kid!

Mermaid Man: Quick lad, to the invisible- (his pants and belt fall down) -boatmobile! Away! (grabs his pants and holds them up, leaving his belt behind. The two run out of the restaurant)

Barnacle Boy: Where'd we park?

Mermaid Man: Uhh...

SpongeBob: Can I have your autograph?! Can I have your autograph?! Can I-- they're gone! (notices Mermaid Man's belt and gasps] Mermaid Man's belt!

Mermaid Man: Wait! We'll find it with the invisible boat alarm! (pulls it out, and makes as to press a button. A car flickers in and out of visibility twice, making beeps as well) There she is! (they run over and jump in the car. Barnacle Boy hits the seat divider)

Barnacle Boy: Yeeow! I told you we shoulda got the automatic! (SpongeBob runs after them)

SpongeBob: Hey guys! Wait up! (slow-motion) I've got something for you-- (pulls out the belt)

Barnacle Boy: Floor it! (the Invisible Boatmobile drives away)

SpongeBob: You forgot your belt! You forgot-- (looks at belt in awe) Mermaid Man's secret utility belt! The emblem of submersible justice! For sixty-five years, this belt has helped prevent the fall of nations... and pants. I can't believe I'm actually holding it in my hands! Well, I guess I should return it. (starts to take a step, then dashes back to the kitchen. He now has the belt on) Or not! (giggles) I could just hang onto it 'till after work... All alone with Mermaid Man's belt. I wonder what this button does! (presses something on the belt. A green light flashes out and zaps a barrel of pickles, which becomes tiny. Picks up the barrel on one finger) Whoa! The small ray! Hee... (Squidward is at the register, talking to a muscular fish)

Squidward: Here's your shake, sir. (starts to hand him the shake, but he is startled by a loud noise from the kitchen and SpongeBob's giggle. The shake lands on the guy's head; the guy punches him and leaves. There are more flashes, noises, and giggles from the kitchen) Grr... (in the kitchen, SpongeBob places a tiny Krabby Patty on a cockroach's back)

SpongeBob: There you go. (the cockroach walks off) Come again, sir. (Squidward barges in)

Squidward: SpongeBob, what's going on in here? Huh? (notices everything is tiny: SpongeBob's hat, his spatula, then he sees the cockroach eating a tiny patty at a tiny table) Why's everything all... tiny? (SpongeBob shifts the "M" on the belt away)

SpongeBob: I don't know.

Squidward: What do you got there?

SpongeBob: Nothing.

Squidward: No, really? (SpongeBob backs against the wall)

SpongeBob: Nothing.

Squidward: You've got something alright, let's see it! (grabs the belt)

SpongeBob: No! NO! (Squidward sees the "M" and gasps)

Squidward: Is that Mermaid Man's belt?

SpongeBob: Yes.

Squidward: Wow! I can't believe he'd lend it to you!

SpongeBob: Me, uh... either. (laughs nervously. Squidward gasps in mock astonishment)

Squidward: He didn't lend it to you, did he?

SpongeBob: Please don't tell!

Squidward: (angry) You stole it!

SpongeBob: Please don't tell!

Squidward: (raises his hand) Oh, I'm telling.

SpongeBob: Squidward, if Mermaid Man finds out, he'll kick me out of his fan club for sure! Please don't tell!

Squidward: Uh-oh! There's the phone! (points at it)

SpongeBob: Don't!

Squidward: I'm walking towards the phone! (walks towards it)

SpongeBob: No!

Squidward: I'm getting closer to the phone! (moves his tentacle towards it)

SpongeBob: (sobs) Do-o-o-on't! (Squidward picks up the phone)

Squidward: And now, for the moment we've all been waiting for... (SpongeBob starts tearing himself in half)

SpongeBob: (wailing) I'm begging you!

Squidward: Hello. I'd like to speak to Mermai-- (a green ray of light zaps Squidward and he is shrunken. Lands on a little table) What did- what?- (the phone hits Squidward on the head) Ow!

Mermaid Man: (on phone) Hello? Hello?

Squidward: What did you do to me?

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Squidward, but you made me do it!

Squidward: SpongeBob, if you don't return me to normal size right now, you are gonna be in really big trouble!

SpongeBob: Uh... uh... okay, uh...

Squidward: I said now!

SpongeBob: Uh... (close-up of the belt, with dozens of switches, buttons, dials, and gauges) Uh...

Squidward: Do you understand me?! (a ray of light zaps Squidward. He now has about many, many eyes) Holy fish paste! Get it off me! Get it off me! (flings all the extra eyes off like a wig) Dah! (pants) Don't you know how to work that thing?

SpongeBob: Uh, I can do it! (keeps zapping Squidward, but Squidward keeps getting malformed and tortured. Eventually, Squidward, who is now charred, has had enough)

Squidward: Stop! I've got an idea. Let's call Mermaid Man and--

SpongeBob: No! I can't let you do that! But there must be someone else who can help! Someone smart and wise, with years of life experience... (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob running up to Patrick's rock) Patrick! Patrick! Patrick, Patrick! (Patrick is sleeping with his face on his rock. He wakes up and stammers)

Patrick: Oh, hi, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob waves his arms)

SpongeBob: Patrick, I was at work and Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy came, and I got this belt, and look! (pulls Squidward out of his pocket. Patrick gasps in excitement)

Patrick: A Squidward action figure! Let me play with it!

SpongeBob: No, Patrick!

Patrick: Fighter pilot! (makes lots of fighter pilot noises) Dive bomb! (makes Squidward do a dive bomb)

SpongeBob: Patrick! (Patrick holds up his fist)

Patrick: And here comes a giant fist!

SpongeBob: Patrick, NO! (Patrick stops) That's not an action figure! That's the real Squidward! I shrunk him by accident.

Patrick: Oh. (pauses, then holds up his fist again) And here comes a giant fist! (Squidward screams)

SpongeBob: Pat, you don't understand! This is serious! I don't really know how to unshrink him! He could be stuck like this for the rest of his life.

Patrick: Oh, don't worry about it. He'll find love one day... (romantic music plays)

SpongeBob: You think so?

Patrick: Well, sure. But it'll be with someone his own size. (the music stops and Patrick pulls out a pickle) Like this pickle! See? They like each other!

Squidward: N-n-n-n-n-no! (Patrick pushes Squidward and the pickle together and makes kissing sounds) Ick.

SpongeBob: Oh, if only I knew how to work this thing! (Patrick leans forward)

Patrick: Lemmie take a look at it... hmm... (points at it using Squidward) You know what the problem is?

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: You got it set to "M" for mini, (turns the "M" upside down, making it a "W") when it should be set to "W" for wumbo.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I don't think wumbo is a real word.

Patrick: Come on. You know: I wumbo, you wumbo, he she we wumbo, wumbo, wumboing... (rambles on)

Squidward: (to himself) I wonder if a fall from this height could be enough to kill me.

Patrick: ...wumbology, the study of wumbo? It's first grade, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Patrick, I'm sorry I doubted you.

Patrick: Well alright then. Let 'er rip! (SpongeBob presses a button on the belt. Green light shoots out and zaps Patrick. He is shrunk down next to Squidward on the ground in front of his rock) It worked!

SpongeBob: Oh, no!

Patrick: Look, SpongeBob's giant! Can I be giant next?

SpongeBob: Patrick, I'm not giant, you shrunk too!

Patrick: You're kidding! (pulls out his pickle, which shrunk along with him) Good thing I still got this pickle! (kisses it three times)

Squidward: Hey! Now will you take us to Mermaid Man?

SpongeBob: NO! He can never find out! But I'll think of something. I promise. Until then, you'll be safe in this jar. (pulls out a jar and puts Patrick and Squidward in)

Patrick: You know what's funny? My pickle started out in a jar, and now it's in one again! Heh, it's like a pun or something. Heh-heh.

SpongeBob: (to himself, sweating) It's only two people... no big deal, nobody else saw it... (Sandy walks up)

Sandy: Howdy, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Aah! Sandy! (shrinks her)

Sandy: What did... for cryin' o'... What did y'all do to me?

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Sandy! (puts Sandy in the jar) Mermaid Man came in and- (Larry walks up)

Larry: Hey, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob screams, shrinks him, and catches him in the jar. Some guy walks up)

Nat: Hey, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob screams, shrinks him, and catches him in the jar. Nancy walks up)

Nancy: Hi, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob screams, shrinks her, and catches her in the jar, then runs off)

Mrs. Puff: Hello, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob screams, shrinks her, and catches her in the jar. Scooter and his friends run by)

Scooter: Sponge-dude! (SpongeBob screams, shrinks them, and catches them and their surf-gear in the jar. Exterior shot of the town, where we hear people greeting SpongeBob and him shrinking them. Later, SpongeBob is in the road of the now barren town trying to squeeze the lid of the now extremely full jar down)

SpongeBob: Woo! I'm gonna have to get a bigger jar.

Squidward: SpongeBob, will you just face facts? You've shrunk everyone in Bikini Bottom! You've got to go to Mermaid Man!

SpongeBob: Oh, Squidward. He'll be so disappointed.

Sandy: Well, you can't leave us small forever! (SpongeBob starts crying)

SpongeBob: You don't understand!

Mrs. SquarePants: (in the jar) SpongeBob, you need to admit your mistakes. (SpongeBob stops crying)

SpongeBob: Mom?

Mermaid Man: (in the jar) Your mother's right, son. Mermaid Man will understand.

Barnacle Boy: (in the jar) You're Mermaid Man, you old coot.

Mermaid Man: Oh, yeah.

SpongeBob: Mermaid Man? I'm so sorry, it's just that I'm such a big fan, and your belt, and...

Mermaid Man: Oh, don't worry, son. I understand. Why, I remember back [SpongeBob smiles as tears are still in his eyes] when I first used the belt, the year was nineteen o- eleventeen twelve, why I believe the president--

Shrunk People: Just tell him how to unshrink us!

Mermaid Man: Oh, yes. The unshrink ray... let's see, uh.. uh... did you set it to wumbo?

Shrunk People: WHAT?!?! (the jar shakes and its lid pops off, and all of the people shoot out. They land on the ground and form a statement) GET SPONGEBOB!! (they make battle cries, sort of, and climb up SpongeBob and crawl into his porous holes)

Squidward: Now I have to drive five miles to go to the bathroom.... in my own home! (kicks SpongeBob's stomach. SpongeBob jerks, holding his gut)

Sandy: And I need an elevator to climb one stair! HI-YA! (kicks SpongeBob's brain, we see an imprint of it in the top of his head)

Mermaid Man: We've been shrinking for years!

Barnacle Boy: But this is ridiculous! (they both kick SpongeBob's eyes, which pop out of SpongeBob's head then return into their normal sockets. People keep on attacking SpongeBob's organs and bones, disfiguring him)

Shrunken People: EVERYTHING'S TOO BIG!!!

SpongeBob: I've got it! (cut to Squidward and a fish harassing more of SpongeBob's internal systems. They then see a big flash of green light through one of SpongeBob's porous holes) Ta-da! (everybody pops their heads out of SpongeBob's porous holes) Ta-da! Since I couldn't make you big, I made the city small! (the town is now shrunken. Everybody runs out of SpongeBob) And now, only one more thing to shrink. (pulls the "M" off the belt and faces it towards himself as if it was some sort of camera) Cheese!

Squidward: I guess this is okay.

Larry: Yeah, what's the difference?

Nancy: Good idea, SpongeBob. (everyone cheers. Exterior of the town. A bus drives by and Plankton gets off with two suitcases. He is now as big as the entire town, although the town is actually as small as him)

Plankton: Well, it's great to be back! (notices the town) Huh?

(SpongeBob is in his driving test again and destroying stuff, as usual)

Mrs. Puff: The driving test is over, SpongeBob. Stop the boat!

SpongeBob: Wait, I can do this, Mrs. Puff, I can do this!

Mrs. Puff: The road, SpongeBob, get back on the road!

SpongeBob: Gotta pass the test! Gotta pass! (Mrs. Puff is screaming as the boat goes through a cart of watermelons)

Vendor: Hey! What've you got against the melons?!

Mrs. Puff: Look out!

SpongeBob: (has a watermelon on his face) This must be the night driving part of the test. (scene cuts to two police officers using their nightsticks on a parking meter)

Officer Nancy: We're gonna straighten you out!

Officer Malley: This'll fix ya! (They keep grunting as they hit the meter until it's straight) Now let's get that one.

(points his nightstick at another crooked parking meter. SpongeBob & Mrs. Puff drive by through a building.)

Officer Nancy: Barnacles! Did you see that?!

Officer Malley: Yeah! That guy had no front license plate! Let's get him! (SpongeBob looks back at the numerous police cars chasing behind him)

SpongeBob: Hey, look at all those police! I wonder if the president's in town.

Mrs. Puff: Look out! (The mayor is cutting a ribbon at the end of a bridge that is not finished)

Mayor: It is with great pride that I officially open this unfinished bridge. (SpongeBob drives through the ribbon before he cuts it. The crowd of people that are gathering around the mayor take pictures. SpongeBob and Mrs. Puff do not make it on the other side of the bridge so they fall to the bottom)

Mrs. Puff: Where did I go wrong? (flashback to Mrs. Puff's first day of boating school) With the opening of my new boating school, I pledge that as long as a student is willing to learn, I shall never give up. (SpongeBob walks up to her)

SpongeBob: Hi, I'm SpongeBob SquarePants. (scene cuts back to Mrs. Puff, who is still screaming. Scene then shows a retirement home where a fish in a white coat is yelling at a truck)

Shady Shoals Fish: Hurry up with the truckload of fruit punch! The seniors are getting cranky! (fish looks up and notices SpongeBob and Mrs. Puff crashing into the truck)

Mrs. Puff: Alive! I'm alive! Oh, thank Neptune, I'm still-- (a squad car smashes down on the boat mobile. The other squad cars fall on and around the truck. The truck falls over on its side as all the fruit punch comes pouring out)

Feminine Tom: (inside the retirement home) Alright, seniors, let's open these windows so the world can see your nice white clothes. (when the window is opened, the fruit punch pours in. Scene cuts to Fred, who is mopping the hallway and listening to Surfin' U.S.A. by the Beach Boys on his headphones. The fruit punch pours in then drains where Fred is still mopping. Scene cut to an elderly fish guy, who is writing on some paper)

Elderly Fish: Oh, it's finally finished! A memoir of my life written in red ink. (red punch comes flowing in, making his memoir papers in red) Oh, barnacles! (scene cuts back to outside where all the mess is)

Mrs. Puff: Ow. SpongeBob, are you okay?

SpongeBob: (flattened) That depends; did I pass?

Officer Nancy: Freeze, you're under arrest!

Mrs. Puff: Hold it, you can't arrest him! He's just a student driver!

Officer Nancy: We're not talking about him! (scene cuts to Mrs. Puff wearing a prison uniform, being locked up in jail)

Mrs. Puff: But I don't belong here! It's all a big mistake! (this triggers some other woman prisoners to complain about their not belonging here too. Puff walks over and sits down on the bed) Ok, you can do this, Puff. You can get through this without losing your sanity. Oh, that's a road we don't want to go down again. Positives. Think of the positives. Let's see...I've got no more papers to grade. Yeah! (laughs then jumps to the floor) In fact, no more work. No more boating

school classes. No more driving, no more SpongeBob...no more phone solicitors, no more SpongeBob, no more company perplex, no more SpongeBob... (gets into bed) ...no more road rage, no more SpongeBob, no more insurance payments, no more SpongeBob, no more SpongeBob, no more SpongeBob, no more SpongeBob! (sighs) I think I'm gonna like this place. (scene cuts to her boating school)

SpongeBob: Class just isn't the same without Mrs. Puff. Just the thought of her alone and afraid in jail makes me think about her being alone and afraid in jail. I don't know how she's going to survive. (scene cuts to Mrs Puff doing a bunch of chores. Scene goes back to SpongeBob) Oh, that poor woman. And it's all my fault. Maybe if I go talk to Patrick, he can ease my guilt. (scene cuts to outside Patrick's rock)

Patrick: Well, it sounds like it's all your fault.

SpongeBob: Oh, you're right! Mrs. Puff's in jail and it's all because of me! I'm such a barnacle head! (Patrick takes one of his dots and puts it in place of his nose) Poor Mrs. Puff. I know, I gotta get her out! But to get her out of jail, first we gotta get in jail.

Patrick: How are we gonna do that? (scene cuts to the First Nautical Bank)

SpongeBob: Alright, put the money in the bag! (SpongeBob is in the bank, wearing a sock over his head, with a bag facing the wrong way) Put it in!

Bank Teller: Umm, you're facing the wrong way, sir.

SpongeBob: (laughs then turns around) Alright, give me the money!

Bank Teller: Will that be from your savings or your checking account, sir?

SpongeBob: Uhh, savings.

Bank Teller: May I please see some identification?

SpongeBob: Sure. (takes out a card and gives it to the bank teller) Here ya go.

Bank Teller: Thank you. (SpongeBob's Jellyfishers Club Membership card is shown. SpongeBob lifts up the sock on his head and gives Patrick a thumbs up) Sir, we are seeing a balance of \$0.00 for both of your accounts.

SpongeBob: Oh.

Bank Teller: Next! (SpongeBob and Patrick walk out of the bank)

SpongeBob: Well, that went better than expected.

Patrick: Yeah! I didn't think we'd get Mrs. Puff out of jail this fast! (SpongeBob's eyes rip through the sock. Scene cuts to SpongeBob and Patrick disguised as yellow and pink rocks)

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Patrick, we'll get into jail this time. (a truck full of rocks drives up)

Fish: Hey, there's a couple. (gets out and throws the two rocks in the truck)

Guard: Put your back in it, girls! (women prisoners are crushing rocks outside. The truck arrives and unloads more rocks)

SpongeBob: Look, Patrick, there she is! (both jump over to Mrs. Puff where she is about to hit them) Mrs. Puff, wait, it's us, SpongeBob and Patrick!

Mrs. Puff: That's funny. For a second, I thought that yellow rock talked to me. And its voice sounded a lot like...

SpongeBob: SpongeBob. It's me, SpongeBob. (Mrs. Puff screams as she throws the pickaxe behind her) We're gonna bust you out of here. C'mon, Mrs. Puff! (Mrs. Puff starts shaking)

Mrs. Puff: It's you. What are you doing here? Why did you follow me in here? Why?! (one of the guards walks up, with Mrs. Puff's pickaxe in his head)

Guard #1: Alright, Mrs. Puff, it seems like this heat's gone to your head. If you're gonna talk to rocks, I guess it's time for you to go on kitchen duty.

Mrs. Puff: Yes, it must be the heat. Yes. (walks off)

SpongeBob: Darn it! Ok, Patrick, let's get out of here. (a woman prisoner walks over) No, wait! (she smashes the two rocks into pieces) There goes our deposit on these costumes. (scene cuts to lunchtime where Mrs. Puff is serving chili to the prisoners. A woman, with a deep voice, walks up to Mrs. Puff)

Woman: Hey there, Puff mama. What's today's grub?

Mrs. Puff: Hi, Donna. It's chili, same as always. Let me get you some. (scoops up SpongeBob's nose)

SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, it's me, SpongeBob!

Mrs. Puff: When are these horrific hallucinations going to end? (SpongeBob gets out of the chili)

SpongeBob: No, it's really me! (pulls Patrick up out of the chili) I brought Patrick along too.

Patrick: Hi.

Mrs. Puff: Why?

SpongeBob: 'Cause we're gonna set you free!

Mrs. Puff: No, I mean, why'd you bring him? (Patrick eats some chili)

SpongeBob: He likes chili. Now quick, get in before someone sees. (makes a rectangle-shaped entrance in the chili)

Mrs. Puff: SpongeBob, I am not going with you.

SpongeBob: (laughs) That's a good one, Mrs. Puff. Now hop in. Come on!

Patrick: SpongeBob, I think she means it.

SpongeBob: Oh, that's crazy, Patrick.

Mrs. Puff: He's right, SpongeBob. I'm staying.

SpongeBob: But why?

Mrs. Puff: I like it here. These are my people! (cut to a shot of some angry, gruff looking woman prisoners) And besides, if I'm in here, that means I won't have to deal with yooou... (we see SpongeBob sad) ...uranium in the water supply. (she whips out a glass of water) See? Crystal clear! (she drinks it)

SpongeBob: Excuse us just one second, Mrs. Puff. (to Patrick) Patrick, she has lost it! She's completely institutionalized. She's forgotten what it's like to live in the outside world. To not be in prison. (scene cuts to a man in traffic then at his desk at work then staring out his bedroom window)

Woman: Coming to bed, honey?

Man: Yes, dear. (scene cuts back to SpongeBob and Patrick)

SpongeBob: We've got to remind her that there is a life other than this. Mrs. Puff, if you come with us, I'll stay after school and decorate the whole classroom.

Mrs. Puff: For the last time, no! (SpongeBob and Patrick disappear inside the chili as a guard walks up) I'm not going with you and that's final! (notices the guard) Oh. (laughs nervously)

Guard #1: Talking to inanimate objects again, huh, Puff? Get back to your cell. No more kitchen time for you. (Mrs. Puff walks off. SpongeBob and Patrick watch her. Scene cuts to Mrs. Puff burning coal into wire hangers until SpongeBob and Patrick come down the conveyor belt)

SpongeBob: Quick, Mrs. Puff, hop on!

Mrs. Puff: Guards! Guards, come quick. (The guards run over to her.) There's a crazed ex-student of mine and his overweight friend here to break me out!

Guard #1: That's just raw material used to make coat hangers. You need some rest. (Grunts as he pushes the level down, filling the room with steam. Scene cuts to Mrs. Puff brushing her teeth. SpongeBob and Patrick come up from the toilet)

SpongeBob: Psst! (Mrs. Puff screams) Hop in, Mrs. Puff.

Mrs. Puff: Guards! Guards, come look! (guard runs over and sees SpongeBob and Patrick in the toilet then flushes it)

Guard #1: Whoa. They don't pay me enough to do this job. (scene cuts to Mrs. Puff in her bed. SpongeBob and Patrick peek from the top bunk)

SpongeBob: Mrs. Puff, up here.

Mrs. Puff: Guards, guards! They're back! (two guards walk up)

Guard #1: What's all the hubbub, Puff?

Mrs. Puff: They're back! (guards remove their heads showing them as SpongeBob and Patrick)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Mrs. Puff, it's us! (both wink and give her a thumbs up and cover their masks)

Mrs. Puff: No! (wails as the real two guards run up)

Guard #1: What the barnacle is going on?

Mrs. Puff: Get away from me! Get away!

Guard #1: What are you talking about, Puff?

Mrs. Puff: You can't fool me! You're SpongeBob and that guy who likes the chili! (rips off the guards' faces instead of their disguises, leaving their skulls shown)

Guard #1: Let's face it, Puff, you've gone off the deep end. (scene cuts to the guards throwing Mrs. Puff, who is in a straight jacket, in a small square room)

Guard #2: Get in there, you! You need a nice long stay in solitary confinement! (slams the door, which makes a squeaking sound)

Mrs. Puff: Oh well. Let's look at the positives again. I'm finally away from those two. Yes. All alone in my nice, soft room.

SpongeBob: Made of sponge. (laughs. The room is made of yellow sponge as SpongeBob's face appears on all sides of the wall. Mrs. Puff screams as the scene goes back to SpongeBob driving in mid-air with the police behind them from before. The boat crashes into the truck full of punch, knocking it over, and spilling again)

Officer Malley: Freeze! Your joyride's over, punk! (police officers walk over)

Mrs. Puff: No! What? (policemen grab SpongeBob instead of her)

SpongeBob: No! What are you doing? Help! Help! No, no, please! I have a snail to feed! I can't go to jail now! This is not a good time! No, please, please! I'm not a criminal! (They throw him into the back of the police car then drive off)

Mrs. Puff: I can't believe it. It was all a dream. I'm not going to jail!

Officer Malley: Why would you go to jail? You already did your time. (zoom out to reveal Mrs. Puff wearing prison striped clothes with a ball chained to her ankle. She screams as the scene goes back to her screaming while the boat is in mid-air)

Mrs. Puff: Oh, it's just my imagination again. (zooms over to show Donna driving the boat)

Donna: So what's for dinner tonight, Puff Mama? Chili? (Mrs. Puff screams again as the scene goes back to SpongeBob driving in mid-air from before again)

Mrs. Puff: Huh? What? Huh? Ah, forget it.

Narrator: Ah, observe the majesty of the mighty iceberg. (scene cuts to a block of ice falling into the water) This frozen giant, normally found floating in polar regions, can sometimes stray into warmer waters causing dramatic changes in climate for tropical undersea life. (a giant block of ice floats over Bikini Bottom and it starts to snow underwater)

Realistic Fish Head: Yes, it seems Old Man Winter paid us a visit late last night, and he brought with him not a pillow or a sheet, but a blanket.... a blanket of snow! (view of Jellyfish Fields) Yes, from Jellyfish Fields... (view of Mr. Krabs' house) to residential abodes... (view of a traffic light changing from 'go' to 'stop' then back to 'go') to bustling downtown... (view of SpongeBob's house) it's nothing but the white stuff. (SpongeBob opens the front door)

SpongeBob: Whoopee!

Realistic Fish Head: And local residents are taking notice! (SpongeBob and Gary put on their Santa hats. Scene scrolls over to kids making ice sculptures, even Mr. Krabs making a sculpture of a dollar. Mrs. Puff walks over to her boat, covered in snow. She takes a deep breath and blows it all away then drives off, driving pass a guy covered in the snow she blew off)

Fred: Hey!

Plankton: (walks outside the Chum Bucket) What's this? Drops of rain frozen into ice crystals? I shall harness their energy and rule the world! (laughs evilly but a bunch of snow falls on top of him) Ahh...oh, stop! I wish to rule you...! (he's now buried in snow. Scene cuts to Patrick)

Patrick: Snow angel! (laughs while on the ground flapping his hands and arms. He stands up but he only made a circle) Oh... (a snowball hits him in the side of the head) Hey! (SpongeBob whistles) Thanks a lot, SpongeBob! While you were just standing there, whistling, someone threw a snowball at me!

SpongeBob: Oh really, Patrick? (giggles) Did the snowball look like this? (Throws another snowball. This one hitting Patrick's eyes)

Patrick: Yeah. (SpongeBob laughs. Patrick runs over to SpongeBob) This is serious SpongeBob. Someone's after me. I think I'd better leave town.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I threw it. We're having a snowball fight. Don't you get it?

Patrick: Snowball fight? I want to play! I want to play!

SpongeBob: Well first, you have to make a snowball.

Patrick: Oh yeah, snowball. (bends down and starts making a snowball) Oh, this is gonna be great! (shows his snowball but it's a cube) Huh? (tries making another snowball but it's a triangle) Wha...? (tries making another snowball but it's a double-helix) Aw...! SpongeBob, could you help me make a snowball?

SpongeBob: Sure, pal. (makes a snowball and hands it to Patrick)

Patrick: Thanks, buddy. (throws it at SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Patrick! How could you?

Patrick: It's a snowball fight, remember?

SpongeBob: Oh yeah. (two stare at each other then run back to their forts they made out of snow. They start to throw lots of snowballs at each other. Scene pans then cuts to inside Squidward's house where Squidward is sitting by the fire with his slippers on each tentacle)

Squidward: Ah, yes... Warm fire, cozy slippers, and a piping hot cup of tea with a lemon wedge. (squirts lemon juice in his eye) Why do I even bother? (Banging is heard outside. He looks outside to see SpongeBob and Patrick building snow forts) Would you two please keep it down?!

SpongeBob: Squidward! You're just in time to enlist in my army! Join me, and together we'll defeat the Pink Menace!

Patrick: That's me!

SpongeBob: I can start you off as a buck private, but with hard work, perhaps you'll rise through the ranks and become a regular private!

Squidward: Thanks, but no thanks, Major Stupidity. You and General Nonsense over there will have to fight without me. (snickers) Got 'em both. (notices a snowball flying at him, so he ducks. The snowball puts out his fire.) Grrrrrrrr!! (Squidward closes his window)

SpongeBob: Patrick, you fool! This was over before it started! I will now consider your unconditional surren... (a snowball hits him in the face, sending him into the snow) ...der. (Patrick guffawls) So that's how he wants it to go down. (takes off his Santa hat, revealing a funnel under it. Scoops up snow in the funnel and puts it on his head. He jumps up on his fort and starts shooting snowballs at Patrick very fast)

Patrick: (stands up, revealing a bunch of snowballs lined up on his forehead) Ha! You missed me! (SpongeBob shoots more snow into Patrick's mouth. Slow motion occurs then resumes to normal speed after Patrick swallows the snowballs. SpongeBob fires more snowballs and this time the snowballs get stuck)

SpongeBob: Score one for the boys back home! (Patrick walks up to Squidward's house and knocks on his door)

Squidward: Yes? Oh, Patrick. (Patrick is still choking) What an unpleasant surprise. Oh boy, nothing like a game of charades. (Patrick swallows the snowballs)

Patrick: I was trying to tell you that I was choking on snow, but the snow melted and turned into water, and I drank all the water and now I'm better.

Squidward: Fascinating. (closes door) Now where was I? (another knock on the door) What?

Patrick: Can I use your bathroom?

Squidward: Patrick, go use your own bathroom.

Patrick: I don't think I can make it! Please?

Squidward: No.

Patrick: Please?

Squidward: No.

Patrick: Please?

Squidward: No.

Patrick: Please?

Squidward: Ok, make it quick.

Patrick: That's ok.

SpongeBob: Aha! Aiding the enemy! Caught you red-handed, Squidward!

Squidward: Look, SpongeBob, I was just... (SpongeBob throws a snowball at Squidward but it lands in his fire again, putting

it out) SpongeBob! Oh... (picks up a snowball. SpongeBob shrieks)

Patrick: Yay, Squidward's on my side!

Squidward: I most certainly am not!

SpongeBob: Then that means he's on my side!

Squidward: No SpongeBob, I'm not on your side either. I'm on nobody's side. Snowball fights are for immature children and I will not stoop to your level. (drops the snowball) If you two want to knock each others brains out with snowballs, kindly leave me out of it. (walks back inside)

Patrick: Come on SpongeBob, let's go knock each other brains out! SpongeBob: I'm ready!

Squidward: Hmm... (imagines Patrick throwing a snowball at SpongeBob, knocking his brain out) SpongeBob: Ok, Patrick, it's out.

Squidward: (chuckles) Now there's something I'd actually like to see! (takes a chair up to one of his windows) Nothing wrong with getting a front-row seat I suppose. (snickers) Ah. What's this? (SpongeBob and Patrick are shaking hands) Wha...I...no! (walks back outside) What are you doing? You're supposed to be knocking each other's brains out!

SpongeBob: We signed a peace treaty, Squidward. (Patrick shows treaty) You were right, playing is for children.

Squidward: No, no, no, I misled you, it's for adults too! Give me that peace treaty! (rips the treaty into pieces) There! Let the war continue!

SpongeBob: Squidward, that wasn't the peace treaty. That was a copy of the peace treaty.

Squidward: Look, you two are giving up too easily. Now Patrick, pretend I'm SpongeBob.

Patrick: Then who am I?

Squidward: You're Patrick.

SpongeBob: Can I be Mr. Krabs?

Squidward: No! Wait, why?

SpongeBob: He's a good leader.

Squidward: Would you butt out?

Patrick: Hey, you can't talk to Mr. Krabs like that, Squidward!

Squidward: I'm SpongeBob, you're Patrick! (Squidward throws a snowball at Patrick) Now, what are you going to do? (Patrick throws it back at Squidward) Patrick, why didn't you hit SpongeBob?

Patrick: You said you were SpongeBob, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (imitating Mr. Krabs) Arrgh it's true, Mr. Squidward! Now get back to work! (laughs)

Squidward: Oh boy. Alright, I can see where this is going. Let's just say for all intents and purposes that I, Squidward, am now part in this war. Now...

SpongeBob: If you're in this war then where's your fort?

Squidward: I don't have one, ok? Now...

Patrick: You gotta have a fort, Squidward.

SpongeBob: Forts win wars, Squidward.

Squidward: (growls) Ok, fine? You want a fort? (makes a small snow fort) There, there's your fort. Now...

Patrick: That fort's too small, Squidward.

Squidward: It's ok, Patrick. It's just a demonstration. Now...

SpongeBob: He's right, Squidward. That thing would never protect you, it's downright puny.

Squidward: Trust me, it's fine. (Patrick throws a snowball at Squidward)

SpongeBob: See, it is too small.

Squidward: Not if I crouch down. I mean, you didn't even give me a chance to crouch down. (crouches down) See? Down here, I am perfectly... (Patrick throws a snowball at Squidward)

SpongeBob: Exposed.

Squidward: Would you two please... (Patrick throws a snowball at Squidward) ...stop throwing... (Patrick throws another snowball at Squidward) ...snowballs?! (Patrick throws another snowball at Squidward. Squidward growls and retaliates with a snowball of his own but it puts out his fireplace again)

SpongeBob: Squidward returned fire!

Patrick: Then it's war!

Squidward: No, no...no, wait, wait, wait! (crouches down behind his snow fort) I was just giving a demonstration! (SpongeBob and Patrick throw lots of snowballs at Squidward. Squidward ends up looking like a snowman from all the snowballs that hit him) Alright, that's it! You guys asked for it! (throws a snowball at SpongeBob) I got him! Ha! I got him! (laughs) In your face, SpongeBob! (laughs) This is actually kind of...exciting! Why I've never felt so alive!

Patrick: (laughs) He got you good, SpongeBob! (Squidward throws lots of snowballs at SpongeBob and Patrick) Take cover! (Squidward continues to throw snowballs)

Squidward: Oh yeah...

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Patrick?

Patrick: I think Squidward's taking this really seriously. (Squidward's clarinet is wedged in Patrick's forehead) That last one had his clarinet in it.

SpongeBob: It's time for Plan B. (both tiptoe away while Squidward stops throwing snowballs)

Squidward: What's going on? The snowballs have stopped falling. I'd better take advantage of this momentary cease-fire. (notices his fort is a little lopsided and gasps) What? My left flank is exposed? That bloated starfish is gonna run right through me! (pats it down with more snow) I'll just fix that right now. (laughs) Wait, that makes my north wall a weak spot! (pats some more snow on the north side) But if they attack from the rear, I'm a goner! (gasps) But what about the possibility of an aerial attack! (starts digging more snow on his fort. The scene cuts to a few seconds later where Squidward has a gigantic fort, near the top of the tree) Fort Squidward is now all but impenetrable! (laughs more) Now, where are those fools? (snow falls on Squidward's head) The first shot has been fired! (throws a snowball while more snow falls on his head) Take this, Patrick! (throws another snowball as more snow falls on Squidward) Taste my frozen fury! (throws two snowballs. Zoom out to show the snow from the tree is falling on Squidward's head) Victory is mine! (laughs wildly) Well, I got you now! (Squidward keeps throwing snowballs while SpongeBob and Patrick are watching TV and sipping some cocoa)

SpongeBob: Did you hear something, Patrick?

Patrick: Nope.

TV: Let out the snowshoes and the shovels.

(a sign that says "Fine Antiques For Sale" is put in Mr Krabs' front yard)

Narrator: Ah, a yard sale. You know the old saying: "One man's trash is another man's treasure."

Mr Krabs: (digs in the trash and pulls out a broken razor) Disposable? Phooey. (grabs the trash can and puts all the items in it on his rug for his yard sale)

Narrator: For Mr Krabs, all trash is treasure. (Mr Krabs gets another trash can and dumps it on the rug. He sniffs the odor then uses fresh scent odor spray and sprays it on the pile of trash)

Mr Krabs: Open for business. (fish walks up) See anything you like?

Fish: Yeah, I'll give you a buck-50 for this umbrella. (umbrella has holes in it)

Mr Krabs: A buck-50 for that? But it's an antique! It belonged to a queen. Ten bucks.

Fish: Ten bucks? (opens up the umbrella) It's full of holes!

Mr Krabs: It was the queen of Switzertland.

Fish: A queen you say? That's... Wait a second... they don't have a queen.

Mr Krabs: Ok, Mr Bargain Hunter, five bucks.

Fish: (hands money to Mr Krabs) Deal! (walks off)

Mr Krabs: (smells the money) Ah, the sweet smell of an all-day sucker. (slurping in background)

SpongeBob: They taste even better. (SpongeBob and Patrick are licking lollipops) Hi, Mr Krabs.

Patrick: What are you doing?

Mr Krabs: I'm having an antique sale. Have a look around.

SpongeBob: (grabs a plunger) Hey, Patrick, look at this thing. Pretty cool, huh?

Patrick: That looks like the toilet plunger I threw out yesterday.

Mr Krabs: (grabs the plunger from SpongeBob) That ain't no toilet plunger. This here's an antique! It's, um... uh... (turns the rubber part of the plunger upside-down) ...a 17th-century soup ladle, see?

Patrick: Man, was I using mine wrong. How much?

Mr Krabs: Five bucks.

Patrick: (gets out his money) I only have seven.

Mr Krabs: (grabs the money) Deal.

Patrick: Patrick Star, you are one smart shopper. (grabs his lollipop, now stuck on a pair of underwear, and licks it)

SpongeBob: Wow! Look at this neat-o soda-drinking hat. Oh! It must've belonged to someone who was number one. There's only been a handful of number ones in the history of forever.

Mr Krabs: That's right, SpongeBob, and you're one of 'em.

SpongeBob: Really?

Mr Krabs: This hat says, "Hey, I'm number one, and I let gravity do my drinking." This hat was made for you, boy. (puts it on SpongeBob) You were born to wear this hat.

SpongeBob: Eeh.... ooh...!

Mr Krabs: A perfect fit, eh son?

SpongeBob: Oh, thank you, Mr Krabs. Thank you for bringing us together! (sighs) How can I ever repay you?

Mr Krabs: With ten dollars.

SpongeBob: (reaches into his pocket and takes out some money) All I have is five.

Mr Krabs: Well, I guess it's no deal.

SpongeBob: I'll be right back. (zips home to get change out of the couch, in his shoe, and in his piggy bank then runs back to Mr Krabs) Mr Krabs, I found 68 cents. But maybe you can take the other \$4.32 out of my paycheck! What do you say?

Mr Krabs: Well... I don't know... but, okay! But only because you look so dashing in that hat.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Mr Krabs. (him and Patrick walk off)

Mr Krabs: Don't mention it, boys. (chuckles) What a couple of rubes.

Fish #2: Excuse me, sir, but are you the purveyor of this curio stand?

Mr Krabs: Yes, I am.

Fish #2: I understand you're selling this rare novelty drink hat. (holds up a picture of the hat that SpongeBob just bought)

Mr Krabs: Fresh out.

Fish #2: Let me explain. (takes out some money) I'm prepared to give you \$500 for that drink hat.

Mr Krabs: (drools) Fi-fi-fi-fi-fi-...

Fish #3: Not so fast. (elbows the other fish out of the way) I'll give you \$1000 for such a hat. (Mr Krabs is stammering and drooling)

Fish #4: I'll give you \$100000, in cash, for said hat. (Mr Krabs is drooling up a river)

Fish #5: (in a row boat) Sir? I'll give you one million dollars for tha that! (row boat drifts off)

Mr Krabs: (runs off to find the hat) SpongeBob! (cut to SpongeBob blowing bubbles with his new hat, in front of his house. Mr Krabs is hiding behind a rock) There he is with me million dollar hat. I gotta get it back before he finds out how much it's worth.

SpongeBob: Ah! My bubble production has increased two-fold, thanks to you, Hatty.

Mr Krabs: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr K. How's the antique biz treating you?

Mr Krabs: Oh, nevermind that. Listen, I didn't want to say this in front of Patrick, but that hat makes you look like a girl.

SpongeBob: Am I a pretty girl?

Mr Krabs: Oh, well, um... you're... you're beautiful. (mail fish looks at Mr Krabs weird) Uh... heh-heh. (SpongeBob laughs) All right, now give me the hat back.

SpongeBob: But Mr Krabs, you said it yourself... I was born to wear this hat. I don't want to give it back. I can't get rid

of this hat now. Not after all that we've been through. (thought bubble of earlier. SpongeBob gets the hat and sits down a few feet away from the curio stand) And that's when you showed up.

Mr Krabs: Aw, forget it! And you're not beautiful, either.

SpongeBob: I'm not? (cut to later where SpongeBob is still blowing bubbles when Mr Krabs shows up with a bag of hats)

Mr Krabs: SpongeBob! Just the man I wanted to see. Still playing with that dumb old hat, eh?

SpongeBob: Yep.

Mr Krabs: Not sick of that boring old hat, yet?

SpongeBob: Nope.

Mr Krabs: Not even a little tired of that piece of junk?

SpongeBob: Uh-uh.

Mr Krabs: Not even a teensy-tiny bit?

SpongeBob: Nope.

Mr Krabs: Well, then I guess you don't want to see what's in my bag.

SpongeBob: What is it?

Mr Krabs: Novelty hats. (takes out a hat with a fan on top of it) How about this air-condition one? (turns it on and blows air really hard in SpongeBob's face)

SpongeBob: Seems a little dangerous. (Mr Krabs takes out a hat with a mixer on it)

Mr Krabs: The juicer. (puts in a carrot and the juicer spits out carrot juice)

SpongeBob: Ooh... (Mr Krabs takes out a hat with the words 'FOXY GRANDPA' on it)

Mr Krabs: Foxy Grandpa? (SpongeBob laughs) So, what do you say? Your silly hat for all these hats?

SpongeBob: No deal, Mr Krabs. I'm sticking with Hatty. Thanks for the offer, though.

Mr Krabs: I thought the Foxy Grandpa would get him for sure. I didn't want to have to do this but he leaves me no other option. I'm gonna have to scare it off of him. (cut to nighttime. SpongeBob is snoring and Mr Krabs is outside his window, drawing a ghost then hanging it off a fishing pole) This'll scare him. (puts it inside SpongeBob's window and adds scary moaning for sound effects)

SpongeBob: Oh, my gosh! A floating shopping list! (piece of paper is on the wrong side. SpongeBob screams)

Mr Krabs: I'm not a shopping list... (turns paper around to show ghost) I'm a ghost.

SpongeBob: Noooo!

Mr Krabs: Now, listen, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: How do you know my name? Who are you?!

Mr Krabs: I am the ghost of soda drink hats. (hangs down another piece of paper with the soda-drinking hat that SpongeBob has) I'm here to tell you that that soda-drinking hat you possess is cursed.

SpongeBob: Cursed?

Mr Krabs: Yes. It belonged to some guy who's dead now.

SpongeBob: What guy?

Mr Krabs: Uh... Smitty something.

SpongeBob: Smitty what?

Mr Krabs: Uh... Smitty Werben... Jaegerman... Jensen.

SpongeBob: He must've been number one.

Mr Krabs: Number one in Bogeyland! Now, listen, a curse will descend on you unless you return that hat to its owner immediately.

SpongeBob: Immediately?

Mr Krabs: Immediately...

SpongeBob: To it's owner?

Mr Krabs: Yes...

SpongeBob: Right now?

Mr Krabs: Yes, yes! It must be returned to its owner, right now.

SpongeBob: (walks up behind Mr Krabs covered in dirt and holding a shovel) Howdy, Mr Krabs.

Mr Krabs: Ahh! SpongeBob! What are you doing here?

SpongeBob: I was just returning the cursed soda-drink hat to its original owner: Smitty Werben Jaegerman Jensen.

Mr Krabs: (grabs SpongeBob) What?! There is no Smitty Werben Jaegerman Jensen!

SpongeBob: Sure there is. He's buried out in Floater's Cemetery.

Mr Krabs: How did? I just... You did... I did... Gimme that shovel. (walks off to the cemetery)

SpongeBob: It was hit hat, Mr Krabs. He was number one! (cut to Floater's Cemetery where eerie moaning and hooting are happening)

Mr. Krabs: Huh? (gasps as a bunch of clams are flying over him. Then a black snail growls at him) Ahh! Hold yourself together, Krabs. It's just a boneyard... filled with bones. (gate squeaks open) Ah! (hides behind a tombstone on a hill) What's that? It's Squidward. What's he doing here? (sees Squidward crying as he walks up to a tombstone, puts flowers on it, then leaves. Mr Krabs walks up to the tombstone Squidward was looking at and reads it) "Here lies Squidward's hopes and dreams." What a baby. Where was I? Oh yeah. Gotta find Smitty Whatsajipster. (looks at the names on the different tombstones) Nope. Nope. No. No. No. Uh-uh... No. Not there. (cut to later) I've checked every headstone in this cemetery and there's no Smitty Wabbablabba in here. Think, Krabs. Maybe something SpongeBob said will give you some type of clue. (thought bubble of SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Remember, licking doorknobs is illegal on other planets.

Mr Krabs: No, not that!

SpongeBob: You'll never guess what I found in my sock last night! Go ahead, guess!

Mr Krabs: No, no, no!

SpongeBob: It was hit hat, Mr Krabs. He was number one!

Mr Krabs: (punches thought bubble away) Ah!! Barnacles! I'll never find... (sees the tombstone) The grave! Am I really going to defile this grave for money? Of course I am! (digs and hits something) Jackpot! (opens up the coffin) Ooh. It's beautiful. Come to papa. (takes head off with the hat on) Hey, come on, Smitty, let go! (takes his head off) Rest in pieces, Smitty. (jumps out of the hole) I got the million dollar hat. (lightning and thunder booms. Smitty stands up from his grave with his head in one hand)

Smitty: Hey, man, that's my hat. Give it back.

Mr Krabs: What? No way. Just crawl back into your hole, bone boy. Go ahead, play dead.

Smitty: I guess I'm gonna have to take it from you.

Mr Krabs: Yeah, right. You and what army?

Smitty: (eerie moaning) Only the army of the living dead. (all the other dead bodies are walking towards Mr Krabs)

Mr Krabs: Oh, no. I've seen this on the late show. you ghoulish fiends hold me down and take turns nibbling on my innards. Then you eat my brain and leave my body for the buzzards.

Smitty: That's disgusting. We just want the hat back.

Mr Krabs: No flipping way! (takes the head of a swordfish and uses it as a sword) Get back! Get back, I say.

Smitty: Attack.

Mr Krabs: Tallyho! (sword fights a few zombies) Look at me, I'm Errol Fin! (chops up more bodies) You're falling apart, marrow brain. You must be kidding. (sword fights them) Back to oblivion. (jumps over a group of zombies) Oh, ho. How's your

sister? All right, boneheads, playtime's over. (twirls around and destroys all the zombies and runs out of the cemetery) Wa-ha! A million dollars. I've got a million dollars! (runs back to his curio stand where the fish are talking altogether at once) Oh, there you are. Well, I got it. The rare novelty soda-drinking hat. Let's start the bidding at one million dollars. (fish laugh)

Fish #5: Yeah, you want that all at once?

Fish #3: One million dollars. You gotta be kidding!

Fish #4: Hey! The poor sap's not kidding. Didn't you hear? They found a whole warehouse full of them. They're worthless. (bunch of soda-drinking hats are in the dumpster. SpongeBob walks by with a hat with clapping hands on the top of it) Let's give Mr Krabs a big hand. (laughs)

Fish #4: Now that's worth a million dollars. Hey, kid, wait up!

Fish #2: I saw him first!

Fish #3: I'll give you one Googol dollars!

Mr Krabs: Well, that's a spirit breaker. (throws the soda-drinking hat away and cries)

Squidward: (walks by with flowers in hand) What a baby.

(episode begins with a shot of Bikini Atoll)

Mr. Krabs: (Mr. Doodles is sniffing some coral) C'mon, Mr. Doodles. We haven't got all day. We've got to get down to me favorite restaurant. Mine. Where we're shooting our first ever Krusty Krab commercial. After this commercial airs, we'll be swarming with customers. I can already feel myself sweatin' money. (Mr. Doodles barks) No, I got Squidward organizing the whole thing. He's...ya know...artsy. What the...? (several fish are working on the commercial) This looks expensive. Out of my way. Coming through. Move it or lose it. Squidward!

Squidward: (on a lowering camera crane) What?

Mr. Krabs: What in Neptune's name is going on?

Squidward: We're making the commercial, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: What you're doing is throwing away me money! I told you to rent only what is absolutely necessary.

Squidward: This is all necessary.

Mr. Krabs: Then what's all this useless junk?

Squidward: That's the useless junk for scene, uhh, 28.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, well, then how do you explain that? (pointing to 2 Krusty Krabs) A second Krusty Krab?

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, everyone needs an understudy. (showing 2 Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: Well, you got me there. But why do we need him? (pointing to a clown)

Squidward: This job gets very stressful, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: All right, get lost, all of ya. You're fired. Go on. Scram. Get out of here, you moochers. That's right, keep moving. (everyone walks away. The clown stops when Mr. Krabs points to him) Except you, you stay. (clown makes noise)

Squidward: Well, this is just great. Now we've got no crew to make the commercial.

Mr. Krabs: What are you talking about, Squidward? We got the cheapest crew in the world. You, me, and SpongeBob. Speaking of which, where is the little barnacle.

SpongeBob: (underground) I'm down here, sir.

Mr. Krabs: What are you doing, lad?

SpongeBob: Squidward said I could help by burying myself!

Mr. Krabs: Quit fooling and come on out. I need you to be in the commercial.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Me? In the Krusty Krab commercial? Me!

Squidward: But, but, but, but, but, but, but...

Mr. Krabs: Don't throw your butts at me, Mr. Squidward. We got a time table to keep. This thing airs tonight.

Squidward: Tonight?!

SpongeBob: Tonight?!

Mr. Krabs: Yup, I got a sweet deal on prime-time slot. (time card appears)

French Narrator: 3:28 AM.

SpongeBob: It's almost on, Gary. (Gary yawns) Yeah, I got butterflies, too. This is the most exciting thing to happen in the history of history. (television shows a black-and-white "western" show. Then it shows the Krusty Krab commercial) Look, Gary! It's on! (cut to the TV playing the commercial. Pearl, playing "Amy," and Squidward, playing "Jen," are standing in front of a purple curtain. An extended version of the music from the episode's title card plays throughout the commercial)

Amy: Oh, Jen. I've got a real problem.

Jen: What's your problem, Amy?

Amy: (pulls up a wad of cash and shakes it, with some of the money falling offscreen, then puts it down) I've got all this money and I don't know what to do with it and I'm hungry. (Mr. Krabs is laughing off-set. Amy and Jen look around) Who's there?

Jen: Where's that coming from? (purple smoke appears. It clears out to reveal Krabs)

Amy and Jen: (both gasp) Yippee, it's Mr. Krabs! (cut to Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: That's right, Amy. I heard all about your little problem and I'm here to help. (gives the "Come on!" gesture) Follow...me! (screen splits into two sections while a whooshing sound is heard. The sections slide offscreen to opposite directions, and we see Krabs, Amy and Jen at the Krusty Krab)

Amy and Jen: Where are we?

Mr. Krabs: Why, we're at none other than the Krusty Krab. (a shot of the Krusty Krab is shown when Mr. Krabs says "the Krusty Krab." We then see Amy with a boom microphone onscreen)

Amy: Did you say Krusty Krab? (we see the same shot of the Krusty Krab when "Krusty Krab" is said. Mr. Krabs appears, again with the boom mic onscreen)

Mr. Krabs: That's right, (the same shot of the Krusty Krab appears again) Krusty Krab. (cut back to Krabs) Home of the world famous: (the same shot of the Krusty Krab appears once more. Cut back to Krabs) Krabby Patty! (we see Jen)

Jen: What's a Krabby Patty? (cut to Mr. Krabs jaw-dropping on a yellow-ish background, with the camera zooming in and out 3 times. A "twang" sound is heard over this. Cut back to Krabs, Amy and Jen)

Mr. Krabs: Why it's only the most mouth-watering appetizing food in the seven seas.

SpongeBob: (points at the TV) There I am Gary! There I am!

Mr. Krabs: (part of SpongeBob's body is shown at the grill, with a patty grilling on it) We start with a fresh patty, grilled and juicy. (lettuce, tomatoes and cheese appear on the patty) Add some crisp undersea veggies and cheese. ("secret sauce" appears on the patty, with the buns appearing a few seconds later) Topped off with secret sauce and some buns. (cut back to Mr. Krabs, who holds up a Krabby Patty) Voila! A Krabby Patty. (cut to Amy and Jen. The boom microphone is once again onscreen)

Amy: I want a Krabby Patty. (boom mic moves over to Jen)

Jen: Me, too. (scene is wiped out to reveal Mr. Krabs wathing Amy and Jen eating Krabby Patties)

Mr. Krabs: How do you like them Krabby Patties, girls? (laughs. Amy and Jen both give a thumbs-up. Cut to Mr. Krabs, still laughing. SpongeBob's head can be seen in the order window)

SpongeBob: (points at the TV again) Look, Gary, there I am again. Look!

Mr. Krabs: Two more satisfied customers. (points to the camera) So why don't you come on in, and have yourself a Krabby Patty today. (cut to the Krusty Krab)

All: The Krusty Krab: Come Spend Your Money Here! (the slogan "Come Spend Your Money Here!" appears word-by-word as it is said. Commercial ends)

SpongeBob: That was the best 60 seconds of my life! Well, time for bed. (cut to Bikini Atoll at night, which becomes morning) Time to go do my favorite thing at my favorite place. (humming)

Elderly Man: Hey, you!

SpongeBob: Top of the morning.

Elderly Man: Hey! I saw you on TV last night. (flashback shows that the elderly man was actually watching a Bran Flakes commercial and saw the yellow box)

Announcer: New Bran Flakes. (fish pours bran flakes into a bowl) Bold, new taste. (bran flakes box is shown) Bran Flakes.

SpongeBob: You did?

Elderly Man: Yeah. You were on a commercial.

SpongeBob: You're right! Wow, he recognized me.

Elderly Man: Yup. See ya later, Bran Flakes. What a nice cereal box.

SpongeBob: (talking to self) "Weren't you that guy on TV?" Yes! I am that guy. (laughs) How kind of you to notice. Weren't you that guy on the television last night? Yes, that was me. I... (runs into citizen) Oh, please excuse me, sir.

Citizen: Oh, that's quite all right, uhh, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Wow. I'm getting recognized all over. Why next thing you'll know, people are going to start doing things like holding doors open for... (gasps) Why, sir, I'm flattered.

Citizen: Oh, really? I don't smell anything.

SpongeBob: (laughs) You're on your way.

Customer: Excuse me, sir, can I get a napkin?

SpongeBob: Why of course, good sir. And next time, feel free to approach me. It must be so degrading to ask across the room. And who am I making this bad boy out to?

Customer: To my tail fin. I'll get it myself.

SpongeBob: F-I-N. There we are, darling. Hmph. Looks like shyness got the best of him.

Squidward: There you are, SpongeBob. I need you to...

SpongeBob: No problem, Squidward. I got one already made out. Enjoy.

Squidward: To my tailfin? (checks to see if he has one)

SpongeBob: Yes I am that guy on TV.

Child: Hey, look!

SpongeBob: Please good people, no photos at work.

Child: Here's the ketchup.

SpongeBob: Well, maybe just one. (poses) Another one? OK. Limbo. And now, the, uh, oh, I got it.

Mr. Krabs: There you are, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Yes, pilot.

Mr. Krabs: I need you to- (gets hit with mop) OW! (finger breaks) Alright, boy. Get in there and scrub the head and stop acting so predictable.

SpongeBob: I'm so misunderstood. Alas, good people, even the brightest of stars grow weary and I am no exception. But I will shine again after a quick break in my quarters. You've been beautiful.

Customer #2: Hey, were you able to catch Glenn the Pinkfish on Flounderman last night?

Customer #3: No. How was he?

Customer #2: Well, I knew that this guy's acting was good, but his singing was phenomenal. I'm telling you, Fendor, if that guy was to cut a solo record, he'd be a hit.

SpongeBob: Solo record! (bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs office)

Mr. Krabs: So, if I fire him and make a successor do twice the work, and... (knock on door) ...eh, come in. (in walks SpongeBob and he poses like a model) Oh, it's just you, SpongeBob. Those heads better be beautiful.

SpongeBob: They are, Mr. Krabs, and so is mine. And now I gotta lay something on ya, Krabs Baby.

Mr. Krabs: The only thing you better lay is some patties on the grill, Fry Boy.

SpongeBob: Nah, I can't take that gig, Krabber. That phase of my career is over. I'm an entertainer now.

Mr. Krabs: What in blazes are you talking about?

SpongeBob: Come on, Krabs. Let's think outside the box for a second. Commercials are old-half. The people want music. If I could change fate I would, Krabsy. But I'm an entertainer deep down. A people's person. We're on the same page here, aren't we?

Mr. Krabs: Gee, those krabby fumes must've gotten to your head. Borrow Squidward's gas mask and get right back to work.

SpongeBob: (snaps fingers twice) I knew you'd understand. Well, thanks for the start. I'm out of here. (SpongeBob snaps his fingers outside his office)

Mr. Krabs: Ooooooh...I've never felt such a strange combination of pity...and indigestion.

Customer #4: There he is! Hey! We've been waiting for you.

Customer #5: Where have you been?

Customer #6: How long are you going to keep us standing here?

Squidward: Well, SpongeBob? Are you just going to stand there like a half-wit, mouth ungaped? Or are you going to fill these peoples orders?

SpongeBob: Pipe-down Squidward. This crowd looks angry. They're not going to wait any longer. I think I better give them what they need, and fast.

Squidward: I think so, too, or Krabs will fire both of us. On second thought, keep 'em waiting.

SpongeBob: No can do, Squidward. These people demand entertainment.

Squidward: Enter-what? (SpongeBob grabs microphone)

SpongeBob: How you doing, folks?

Customers: Hungry!

SpongeBob: That's no problem, ladies and germs. 'Cause SpongeBob is here to satisfy. (lights are turned down)

Squidward: Hey!

Customer #4: (to another customer) Eating here was your idea!

SpongeBob: I'd like to call this little number "Striped Sweater"

The best time to wear a striped sweater is all the time

One with a collar, turtleneck, that's the kind

'Cause when you're wearing... (lights turn back on. Everyone complains) ...that one...special...sweater...

SpongeBob: Squidward, this crowd is insatiable.

Squidward: Then why don't you back in the kitchen and grab some patties and give them what they came here for!

SpongeBob: Juggling! Thanks, Squiddy. (all the customers boo)

Customer #5: Is this some kind of joke?

SpongeBob: They want juggling and jokes at the same time? Tough crowd.

Customer #4: Oh, now what's he doing?

SpongeBob: Uhh, what do you call a vampire whose car breaks down 3 miles from a blood bank? A cab!

Customer #4: We're losing our appetites!

SpongeBob: Uh, okay. There's a nun, an astronaut, and a hairdryer.

Customers: We want patties!

SpongeBob: Well, the most I can juggle is three, but the show must go on. (SpongeBob slips and patties flip in the air)
No...! (thinking) My career is over. All those years clawing my way up. All the people I've stepped on. Wasted. (patties land on the grill)

Customer #4: Hey, finally!

Customer #5: That's what we've been waiting for. (dotted lines form from SpongeBob's eyes to point to patty)

SpongeBob: They seem to like it when I put this patty on the grill. I may be able to save this act, yet. Roll with it,
SpongeBob. Roll with it. There's more where that came from, folks. (puts a whole ton of patties on the grill)

Customers: Yay!

SpongeBob: You like that?

Customer #4: It's what we wanted all along.

SpongeBob: (thinking) It's working. But how do I follow it up? Think SpongeBob, that's what got you this far. Buns! It's a stretch, but we've all got to push the envelope, sometime. OK, folks. How do you like this? (flips patties inside buns)

Customers: Yeah!

SpongeBob: I'm breaking new ground. Time to get edgy.

Customers: We want onions! Cheese! Yeah!

SpongeBob: Ready for the grand finale? (customers put up trays so they can catch patties. Patties land on trays)

Customers: Whoopee! Krabby Patties!

Mr. Krabs: Well, SpongeBob, looks like you've finally found your calling.

SpongeBob: I'll say. I'm so glad I gave up fry cooking for this

French Narrator: Closing time at the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: 51, 52, 53...

Squidward: 29, 30, 31...

SpongeBob: 1, 2, 3. 1, 2, 3...

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, can we please go now?

Mr. Krabs: Perhaps, one of our more loyal workers can enlighten you on company policy.

SpongeBob: The Krusty Krab Employee Manual; 2nd revised edition; page 35; section 19; clause 3a states: All staff must remain on the premises until the days receipts are fully accounted for.

Squidward: But that's not fair!

SpongeBob: Clause 3b: The provider reserves the right to be unfair.

Squidward: Teacher's pet.

Mr. Krabs: Let's see... (counts money in register) ...five, ten, twenty-five, blue, applesauce. Everything looks to be in order...except... (gasps) where is it? (takes apart the register and searches for a dime) Where is it?!

Squidward: What?

Mr. Krabs: My dime! Me special dime! The first dime I ever made! I always keep it in the back of the register for luck!

Squidward: Well, I've never seen it.

Mr. Krabs: (suspects Squidward of stealing it) Hmmm, are you prepared to say that with your hand on top of a stack of interpretive Dance Quarterlies? (holds up a stack of Dance Quarterly magazines)

Squidward: Of course I'm... What are you saying?

Mr. Krabs: Me? I ain't saying nothing that would matter to anyone who would be able to take a lie detector test! (takes out a robotic lie detector)

Squidward: You're saying something!

Mr. Krabs: Heavens to Betsy, no. It's just that me lucky dime's gone missin', and you've been working the register all day!

Squidward: Are you accusing me of something?

Mr. Krabs: Well, the way I see it there are three possibilities. 1, you stole it. 2, you stole it. Or 3, you stole it!

Squidward: I didn't take your precious dime!

Mr. Krabs: Show me your tentacles!

Squidward: WHAT?!

Mr. Krabs: I wanna see every suction cup.

Squidward: (squeezes Mr. Krabs eyes with his tentacles until they become very unstable) Here! Here! Here! See 'em?!

Mr. Krabs: You, you can't do that to me! I'm your boss!

Squidward: (walking toward the double doors) Not anymore, Mr. Krabs! I quit! (walks out and throws his hat down. The hat falls in slow motion)

SpongeBob: (gasps) No! (saves the hat on a pillow. Cut to Squidward walking outside)

Squidward: I'm out of here!

SpongeBob: Squidward, you're making a big mistake!

Squidward: Mistake? Ha! The only mistake I ever made was wasting my life at the Krusty Krab!

SpongeBob: But a visit to the Krusty Krab makes everyone happy. And what could be better than serving up smiles? (smiles really big)

Squidward: Being dead, or anything else!

SpongeBob: I never knew you felt so strongly about it.

Squidward: Where have you been?

SpongeBob: Well, I guess I can't stop you, but Squidward, it's a cold, cold world out there. No one's going to serve you happiness on a silver platter. (lady with cookies on a silver platter appears and gives SpongeBob a cookie)

Lady: Free sample?

SpongeBob: Cookies!

Squidward: Can I have one?

SpongeBob: Anyways, I just want you to know, if you ever get in trouble, come find me. I'll take care of you. 'Cause you and me... (grabs Squidward and pulls him toward himself) ...we're like brothers, only closer. (lifts Squidward's shirt and their hearts are joined together beating)

Squidward: (screams and pulls his shirt down) SpongeBob, I don't need your help. I am ready to unlock my potential. I could be anything I set my mind to. (imagines himself as a football player, then as a king, then finally as an astronaut) I could be a football player, or a king, or a spaceman.

SpongeBob: Or a football playing king in space...with a mustache.

Squidward: Yeah...uh-huh. Ya know, that reminds me, there's been something I've been wanting to say to you since the day we met. Goodbye. Next time you see me, this town will be eating out of the palm of my hand! (cut to a homeless Squidward in a box trying to get spare change in a cup) Spare change? Spare change, ma'am?

SpongeBob: Squidward? Squidward, is that you?

Squidward: Uh, I, uh...(closes his box)

SpongeBob: It's me, SpongeBob. (opens his box up) We used to work together.

Squidward: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: There ya go. So, where you living these days?

Fish: Squidward Tentacles?

Squidward: Yes?

Fish: Sign here please. (takes out a clipboard. Squidward signs it and the fish takes his box)

Squidward: Uh... nowhere.

SpongeBob: That's great. And have you been doing with yourself? No wait, let me guess...hmmm, I see you've been working on that mustache, the tattered clothes, the awful smell... You're a football player?

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: A spaceman?

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: A football playing king in spa--

Squidward: Don't you get it? I'm a loser! I lost my job, my home, everything!

SpongeBob: (gasps) Even your paintings?

Squidward: Nobody would take them, so I had to eat them! (his stomach is shown to have a rectangular shape from eating a painting. Starts to cry out a fountain of tears into SpongeBob. SpongeBob soaks it up and becomes bigger but squishes himself to let the water out)

SpongeBob: There, there. You can come live with me. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob's house) Here you go, Squidward. You can sleep in my bed. (Squidward is laying in SpongeBob's bed)

Squidward: OK, but just until I get a job. One day... 2 days tops.

SpongeBob: (baby talk) Nonsense. You stay as long as you need to. (kisses Squidward on his forehead) Goodnight, my little angel. (bubble-wipe to the next morning. Rings a bell to wake Squidward) Breakfast is ready! You're gonna need to build up your strength again so I laid out a big buffet for you.

Squidward: And in bed, too? Aw, thanks SpongeBob. SpongeBob, I...

SpongeBob: Ahh! Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh. Here comes the plane. (makes plane noises while attempting to put some food in Squidward's mouth with a spoon)

Squidward: It's really nice of you to help me in my time of need. I'll try not to be a burden.

SpongeBob: It's no trouble. Is there anything else I can do for you, winner?

Squidward: No, no, no. You've already...well... (montage shows SpongeBob putting lotion on his hand and then massaging Squidward's scalp, feeding him grapes, spraying his scalp with hairspray and shining it, massaging his back then his nose, giving him a bottle, giving him an acupuncture, and shining his head and seeing his reflection. Bubble-wipe to later on)

SpongeBob: Oh, wow. Nurturing a broken spirit sure is a lot of work. I'm bushed. Still, it feels nice to do good. (yawns)

Goodnight, Gary. (cut to outside SpongeBob's house)

Squidward: (offscreen) SpongeBob, can I get a glass of water? (bottom floor light turns on and we hear SpongeBob march up the stairs. He turns on the light and gives Squidward a glass of water) Thank you.

SpongeBob: (offscreen) Good night. (marches back down stairs and turns off the light)

Squidward: (offscreen) SpongeBob, could I get some more blankets? (SpongeBob marches upstairs again, turning on the lights on the way up there)

SpongeBob: (offscreen) Here you go.

Squidward: (offscreen) Thank you. (SpongeBob goes downstairs again, accidentally leaving Squidward's light on) SpongeBob, you forgot to turn out the light! (SpongeBob marches upstairs yet again)

SpongeBob: (offscreen) Good night. (turns off the light. He walks downstairs again, but this time he trips and makes lots of noises. Cut to the living room, where SpongeBob lands near Gary)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Gary! Squidward is not a freeloader and he would never take advantage of me. (time card appears)

French Narrator: Three weeks later...

SpongeBob: (crawls to Gary) He's just having a hard time getting his confidence back. (falls down. Another time card appears)

French Narrator: Many months later...

SpongeBob: (crawls again but this time, he has eye bags. Even Gary is tired) I'm sure he's close to a breakthrough. (yet another time card appears)

British Narrator: So much later that the old narrator got tired of waiting and they had to hire a new one.

Gary: Meow, meow, meow.

SpongeBob: I know he still isn't looking for work! Don't rub it in!

Squidward: (offscreen) SpongeBob, where's my lemonade?

SpongeBob: Coming, Squidward.

Squidward: (SpongeBob is running down the hallway) SpongeBob?! SpongeBob?! (SpongeBob enters his bedroom with a glass cup filled with lemonade and ice. There is a lemon on the cup, and a straw is in the cup as well) And why aren't you in uniform? (SpongeBob exits the room and re-enters in a maid outfit) It's about time you got here!

SpongeBob: Here you go, your majesty.

Squidward: I can't drink that.

SpongeBob: Why not?

Squidward: Are you blind? Just look at it.

SpongeBob: What about it?

Squidward: That lemon has 3 seeds in it. That's an odd number! I can't eat anything odd numbered!

SpongeBob: Fine, I'll just take it out! (takes out the lemon and Squidward gets mad)

Squidward: No, no! It's already been contaminated by a bad lemon. It won't work.

SpongeBob: Hmmm, that's two things in this house that won't work.

Squidward: Then go fix them.

SpongeBob: (breaks the cup of lemonade with his hands) Two things that won't work.

Squidward: I've changed my mind. I want soup instead.

SpongeBob: Okay. Don't move. (walks out the bedroom door and comes back in wearing normal clothes with a bowl of steaming soup) Here you go. It's alphabet soup. I made it special. (we see the soup. It has the phrase "GET A JOB" in alphabet letters. Squidward angrily slaps it out of SpongeBob's hands)

Squidward: Condensed soup from a can? Disgusting! Now you've ruined my appetite! Go fetch me something to read.

SpongeBob: Oh, okay. How about this? (pulls out a newspaper with the "job listings" page on the front)

Squidward: (gasps) Get that away from me! You know I'm allergic to newsprint.

SpongeBob: (chuckles) Ya know, when you swatted that newspaper out of my hands, it reminded me of something a friend of mine did... at his... job! (his alarm clock goes off and blows him away)

Squidward: 4 o'clock. Time for my stories. Hurry up, they won't hold the show while you laze around! (SpongeBob rolls in a television and turns it on. Two puppets, one blue-green and the other yellow and wearing a blue shirt and a red tie, walk in)

Puppet #1: (puppet #2 is whistling) Hey, where are you going?

Puppet #2: To my job. (cut to puppet #1)

Puppet #1: You have a job? (cut to puppet #2)

Puppet #2: Why wouldn't I? I'm not some kind of lazy inconsiderate jerk who lays in bed all day. (cut to both puppets)

Puppet #1: Say, where can I get one of these...jobs?

Puppet #2: Oh, they're everywhere. Especially if you're green and have six tentacles. (cut to Squidward)

Puppet #1: Thanks. (camera pans out, revealing that SpongeBob is controlling and providing the voice of the puppets. The TV is shown to have no back. As SpongeBob speaks, we cut to a close-up of him, then to Squidward) I'm gonna go look for one so that I can stop mooching off my friends and they can get back to their lives.

Squidward: (tries to use the remote to turn off the TV, but it does nothing) This isn't my show! SpongeBob, the remote control is broken! Get over here and fix it! (SpongeBob throws the TV away)

SpongeBob: I've got a better idea. Why don't I call someone whose job is to fix it? You know why? Because when I want a job done I get someone with a job to do that job!

Squidward: What are you saying? (cut to outside SpongeBob's house. SpongeBob screams and smashes a hole out the side of the house. He drags the bed to the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Donate to the children's fund? Why? What have children ever done for me? (SpongeBob grabs the phone and throws it away)

SpongeBob: You want your dime back?! (takes one out) Take it! Now Squidward can come back right? (Mr. Krabs checks the dime through a telescope)

Mr. Krabs: Wrong, that ain't my first dime.

SpongeBob: Then have some more dimes! (throws out more dimes) I've got plenty of them!

Mr. Krabs: You can't put a price on me first dime. And I can't forgive that thieving bilge rat Squidward for stealing it!

SpongeBob: (grabs Mr. Krabs and chokes him) Listen you crustaceous cheap-skate! Squidward's been living at my house driving me crazy! (shakes Mr. Krabs) AND YOU'RE NOT GONNA HIRE HIM BACK ALL BECAUSE OF A STUPID DIME?! (a pre-historic dime falls out of Mr. Krabs' back pocket) What's that?

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) Me first dime. Oh, dimey, I'll never lose you again.

SpongeBob: This is a dime?

Mr. Krabs: I've been in business a long time, boy.

SpongeBob: So, if Squidward never stole the dime, he can come back to work, right?

Mr. Krabs: Aye lad, just let the dime and me have our privacy.

SpongeBob: Yeee-hoo-hoo! (bubble-wipe to later)

Mr. Krabs: Well, Mr. Squidward, it's good to have you back.

Squidward: Well, it's kind of good to be back, sir.

Mr. Krabs: It's all water under the bridge now.

Squidward: I agree, sir.

Mr. Krabs: After all I'm sure you didn't mean to misplace me dime.

Squidward: What the...? What are you saying?

Mr. Krabs: Well, it's obvious that you put the dime in me pants. Dimes just don't fly into peoples' pants.

Squidward: Are you accusing me of something?

Mr. Krabs: (SpongeBob annoyingly puts the maid costume on over his clothes while Mr. Krabs and Squidward continue to argue) Well, the way I see it there are three possibilities. 1, you put the dime in me pants. 2, you put the dime in me pants. (as the argument continues, we fade to the Krusty Krab as the camera zooms out) Or 3, YOU PUT THE DIME IN ME PANTS!!!

French Narrator: Ah, Goo Lagoon, a luxurious oasis of sand and sea. (cut to SpongeBob and Sandy next to a tall tent)

Sandy: Shee-oot, SpongeBob. How are we gonna go swimmin' when you're in a shirt and tie?

SpongeBob: Ah, yes. How foolish of me. (cackles) Allow me to remedy said situation right now. I will just use this changing tent here to change into my bathing suit. (goes into the tent then pokes his head out) And I won't do anything else. (goes back in)

Sandy: SpongeBob's actin' jumpier than a rattlesnake in a pickle barrel. Wait...what?

SpongeBob: (laughs) Oh, I'll be changing alright, but not into a bathing suit. Wait until Sandy sees that I brought my karate gear! Hi-yah! (puts on his head gear that was in the bag) Hi-yah! (puts on his karate gloves that was in the bag) Sandy won't beat me this time, because I've got the elements on my side. The elements of surprise. Hi-yah! (kicks the bag)

Sandy: SpongeBob, are you ready?

SpongeBob: Yes, Sandy, I most certainly am ready! (softly) Ready to get it on. (jumps out of the tent towards Sandy) Hi...

Sandy: Hi-yah! (kicks SpongeBob in his mouth) Look, SpongeBob, we both brought our karate gear.

SpongeBob: (muffled laughter) Great minds think alike, I suppose.

Sandy: Hi-yah! (karate chops him into the air. SpongeBob crashes into the ground, followed by his pants, socks, and shoes. He stands up with the clothing on his head and feet in some food)

SpongeBob: I may be down, but I'm not out! (looks down at his feet, which are in some potato salad at a family picnic)

Tom: Way to go, buddy. It took us three days to make that potato salad-- (SpongeBob jumps away) three days!

SpongeBob: (jumps into an empty area) Hi-yah! Sandy?

Sandy: Oh, I'm Sandy alright. (her arms come out of the ground and squish SpongeBob's face) I'm very sandy. (kicks SpongeBob into the air) Hi-yah!

SpongeBob: Oh, I get it. She's "Sandy." That's her name; she's also covered in...yes!

Sandy: Back in Texas, we call ice cream 'frozen cow juice.' Excuse me for a sec. Hi-yah! (slaps SpongeBob in the face with her karate glove) Thank you.

Ice Cream Vendor: No, no, thank you.

Sandy: Hi-yah!! (slaps SpongeBob again, sending him into the air and flying into a strong thug that is waiting in line)

Thug #1: (growls) Who threw that piece of paper at me? (SpongeBob stammers and whistles)

Sandy: Hey, what's everybody waitin' in line for?

Thug #1: Ahoy, fair lass, it be the line to get into the Salty Spitoon -- (points over to an old building) the roughest, toughest sailor club ever to be built under the seven seas. Only the baddest of the bad can get in. You need to have muscles. (flexes his arm) You need to have muscles on your muscles. (flexes even more, created more muscles on his previous ones) You need to have muscles on your eyeballs. (flexes his eyes, creating muscles)

SpongeBob: Ew. (a creature is screaming, while flying out of the Salty Spitoon)

Sandy: Looks like a rip-snortin' good time, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Yeah, let's go in.

Reg: (lets a fish walk in) Go ahead. (line moves up) Welcome to the Salty Spittoon. How tough are ya?

Thug #1: How tough am I? How tough am I?! I had a bowl of nails for breakfast this morning!

Reg: Yeah, so?

Thug #1: Without any milk.

Reg: Uhh, right this way, sorry to keep you waiting. (thug #1 walks in. Sandy walks up to Reg) Welcome to the Salty Spittoon. How tough are ya?

Sandy: How tough am I? (rips off one of his tattoos that says 'mom' and puts it upside down back where it was)

SpongeBob: Wow.

Sandy: Got any more tattoos?

Reg: Uhh, that won't be necessary. Go ahead.

Sandy: Thanks. See ya inside, SpongeBob! (walks in)

Reg: How tough are ya?

SpongeBob: How tough am I? You got a new bottle of ketchup?

Reg: Sure. (hands the bottle of ketchup to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: It's on! (strains to open it but he can't) If I could just run this under some hot water.

Reg: Get outta here. This place is too tough for you, little man.

SpongeBob: Too tough for me? That's downright ridiculous. I'll have you know I stubbed my toe last week while watering my spice garden and I only cried for twenty minutes.

Reg: Listen, kid. I think you'd be more comfortable over at that place. (points to the building across the street)

SpongeBob: Weenie Hut Jr's?! Are you saying I belong at Weenie Hut Jr's?

Reg: Oh no, sorry, I was actually pointing at the place next to it. (points to another building)

SpongeBob: Super Weenie Hut Jr's?!

Reg: Yeah. Unless you think you're tough enough to fight me. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob sitting in a seat at Weenie Hut Jr's)

Nerd #2: How's your collection coming along?

Nerd #3: Well, I don't mean to brag, but it's pretty sweet. I'm in the process of acquiring issue 347 which will give me my fourth complete set.

Nerd #2: No...

SpongeBob: (snorts) What weenies. Oh, brother.

Robot: (robotic voice) Would you care for another diet cola with a lemon twist, weenie?

SpongeBob: What? But I'm not a weenie! (the robot scans SpongeBob with one of its scanners)

Robot: I'm sorry, sir, but my sensors indicate that you are indeed a weenie. (computer beeps and shows a picture of a weenie)

SpongeBob: That's impossible! (runs out)

Robot: You can't hide what's inside.

SpongeBob: (runs over to Reg) I demand entrance into your club on the grounds that I am not a weenie! (a strong, orange fish walks up)

Tough Fish #4: Hey, Reg, how's it going? (SpongeBob jumps into Reg's arms and shouts)

Reg: You were sayin'? (to orange fish) Go ahead, buddy.

Tough Fish #4: Thanks, Reg. (walks in)

SpongeBob: So, your name's Reg?

Reg: Would you get outta here?

SpongeBob: Mark my words, Reg. I will get into the Salty Spittoon! I will! (runs off. BUBBLE-wipe to Weenie Hut Jr's)

Nerd #2: Couldn't get in, huh? What you need is a tough hairdo. No one gets into the Double S without a tough hairdo.

Nerd #3: I disagree, I saw a guy going in there and he was bald.

Nerd #2: I saw that guy. He wasn't bald. He had a shaved head. Shaved -- that's a hairdo. Case closed. (both fish notice SpongeBob is gone) Hey, where'd he go?

Robot: I believe he said something about going to the wig store.

Fish #2: Ha-ha! Check and mate. (SpongeBob walks over to Reg with a cool, black wig on)

The Drifter: What's shakin', my man?

Reg: Not much. Say, haven't I seen you before?

The Drifter: Doubt it -- I'm a drifter -- just blew into town. Heard your club was pretty tough, thought I'd check it out.

Reg: Nice try, kid. I know it's you.

The Drifter: What're you talking about? (Reg pulls the Drifter's hair but it is still attached to his head; it's real hair)

Reg: Aha! (the hair does not come off. The real SpongeBob walks up with a clown wig on)

SpongeBob: Hey, everybody, what's goin' on? (Reg tries to redo the Drifter's hair but can't do it)

Reg: Ah, you can go in. Sorry about that. (Drifter walks in) What do you want?

SpongeBob: I'd like to gain entrance to your social club, please. I believe my hairdo is in order. (Reg takes the wig off SpongeBob's head. Laughs nervously) So, uhh, where do you stand on the whole bald vs. shaved debate? (a big, green fish walks up with a tattoo of a seahorse on his right arm)

Tough Fish #5: Hey-ya, Reg.

Reg: Alright, now it's a party! Oh yeah, check out the new ink.

Tough Fish #5: Thanks. Hey, look what I can make it do. (moves his arm, which makes the seahorse tattoo wiggle)

Reg: (chuckles) Yeah. Hey, what about that one? (big, green fish looks at his left arm that has a SpongeBob tattoo on it)

Tough Fish #5: Huh, you know, I don't remember getting this one.

Reg: Can you make it dance?

Tough Fish #5: Well, here, let me try. (moves his arm. SpongeBob dances with his shoes)

Reg: Hmmm, wait a minute. (rips SpongeBob off his arm) Go ahead in. (the tattoo fish walks in, rubbing his left arm)

Tough Fish #5: Yeah, sure, Reg. Thanks.

Reg: Nice try, little man. (throws SpongeBob to the back of the line behind two strong fish)

Tough Fish #6: Hey, I was in front of you!

Tough Fish #7: No, you weren't!

Tough Fish #6: You callin' me a liar?

Tough Fish #7: I ain't callin' you for dinner! the two start fighting. SpongeBob tries to run away but the fight goes down hill, with him in it. Reg walks over)

Reg: Hold it, you two -- that's enough, you're both plenty tough, go ahead in.

Tough Fish #6: Alright!

Tough Fish #7: Thanks, Reg. (both run off as SpongeBob comes out from under the sand)

SpongeBob: Hey, what about me? I was in that scrap.

Reg: (chortles) I saw you runnin'. When you get in a real fight, then we'll talk.

SpongeBob: Well then, I guess it's time to kick it up a notch. (stretches his body then cracks his fingers but they are snapped in half. Starts to bawl and runs off. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob with his fingers in a bowl of ice cream)

Robot: Care for another sundae, weenie?

SpongeBob: I am not a weenie!

Nerd #2: Relax, you're among friends. (raises his drink)

SpongeBob: My friends don't hang out at Weenie Hut Jr's. (camera pans over to Patrick in the seat next to him)

Patrick: You tell 'em, SpongeBob! (sips his drink)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what're you doing here?

Patrick: I'm always here on Double Weenie Wednesdays.

Nerd #2: Actually they moved Double Weenie Wednesday to Friday.

Nerd #3: And besides, today's Monday.

Patrick: Oh, so it's Mega Weenie Monday?

Nerd #2: Uhh, that's now on Sunday.

Patrick: Barnacles!

Nerd #3: Super Weenie Hut Jr's has a Mega Weenie Monday.

Nerd #2: Uhh, no, you're thinking of Monster Weenie Monday.

SpongeBob: I don't have time for this! I've got to go pick a fight with a muscular stranger! It's the only one of getting into the Salty Spittoon. (begins to walk out)

Patrick: No, SpongeBob, you can't. It's too dangerous.

SpongeBob: I've got no choice.

Robot: I have a suggestion. Why not fake a fight?

Patrick: Hey, that's not a bad idea! You can call me a couple of bad names, we rumble, next thing you know, you're in the Salty Spittoon.

SpongeBob: Well, I guess I've got nothing to lose. Let's do it!

Patrick: Yeah! (both run out)

Nerd #2: Hey, how come you never help us out with our problems?

Robot: I am a robot, not a miracle worker. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking up to Reg)

SpongeBob: Afternoon, Reg.

Reg: Whoa, whoa, little man. You still can't go in.

SpongeBob: Well, that makes me pretty mad.

Reg: Oh yeah?

SpongeBob: Yeah. I might have to beat someone up just to get rid of all this blind fury.

Reg: (sarcastically) Wow.

SpongeBob: Yeah, I feel pretty sorry for the next guy who looks at me funny.

Reg: Hmmm...what about that guy? (points to a strong fish behind him)

SpongeBob: (gasps and stammers) I, uhh... (laughs) don't be silly. He's not botherin' anybody. I mean, not like...that guy! (points to Patrick)

Patrick: Who, me? (SpongeBob walks up to Patrick)

SpongeBob: Yeah, you. Standing there all smiling and what not. Somebody ought to teach you some manners!

Patrick: Okay, but I must warn you. I happen to be a world championship...uhh... (looks at his hand, which has writing on it) ...kick boxer. (winks and gives a thumbs-up to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: I don't care if you're the demon seed of Davy Jones! You're goin' down, Tubby! (Patrick starts to tear)

Patrick: Tubby? (gets outraged, turns red and loses control) NOBODY CALLS ME TUBBY!!! (angrily punches SpongeBob in the eye, leaving a black mark)

SpongeBob: Wait, Patrick, you're supposed to let me win, remember?

Patrick: Oh yeah. (invisible punches hit him) No, please wait! (grunts as more invisible punches hit him hard. Patrick is being thrown into the air and on the ground then given a wedgie) No, please have mercy! (is kicked into the background screaming)

Reg: Wow! You destroyed that guy without even touchin' him. (Patrick is still fighting in the background)

SpongeBob: I did?

Reg: I never thought I'd say this, but go ahead in.

SpongeBob: Really? I can go in? Oh, my gosh, I never thought this moment would come! I, SpongeBob SquarePants, am tough enough to get into the Doctor Gym This is the happiest day of my life! (walks in. Cut to an ambulance driving down the street with SpongeBob in bandages and Sandy by his side) Sandy? (groans) What happened?

Sandy: You ran inside and slipped on an ice cube. (ambulance arrives at the hospital. Bubble-wipe to Sandy wheeling SpongeBob in front of the doctor)

Dr. Gill Gilliam: What happened?

SpongeBob: I slipped on an ice cube and got covered in boo-boos!

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Boo-boos, eh? Hmmm... I think you guys want that hospital. (points across the street to another hospital)

SpongeBob: Weenie Hut General?!

(episode begins at the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: (looking at his watch while SpongeBob is mopping the floor) 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. I'm done with my shift, Mr. Krabs! And let me just say, there will come a day when I will make something of my life and I will never have to set foot in this grease trap again! (a crowd of people stand up and cheer behind him)

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, we'll see you after your lunch break, Squidward.

Squidward: Okay. (walks out)

Squilliam Fancyson: (talking to a group of people) So, I just took my private yacht across my private lake to my private heliport. It's the only way off my private island.

Squidward: (gasps) Oh, shrimp! It's my arch rival from high school, Squilliam Fancyson! I can't let him see me in my Krusty Krab uniform. (takes off his hat and is about to put it in the trashcan)

Squilliam: On your lunch break, eh, Squiddy?

Squidward: (worried and sweating) Yes...I mean no...I mean...uhh, uhh, hey, whatcha been up to?

Squilliam: Oh, just succeeding in everything you've failed in.

Squidward: You are no great shakes, Squilliam Fancyson. Anyone can be a big shot in a hick town like Bikini Bottom.

Squilliam: Oh, is that so? Let's hear what you've accomplished since high school, Squiddy.

Squidward: (in his head) Don't be intimidated, Squidward. Try to imagine him in his underwear. (imagines Squilliam as a hot underwater model) Oh no, he's hot! (to Squilliam) I'm, uhh, in food service.

Squilliam: Hold it, don't tell me. You're a cashier! (laughs)

Squidward: (in his head) Don't lie. Lying always makes it worse. (to Squilliam) I own a five-star restaurant!

Squilliam: Squidward, I had no idea you were such a success.

Squidward: That's right.

Squilliam: And I would be honored if you would allow me to come to your restaurant... tonight. (the sound of glass shattering is heard. Squidward's nose shrinks)

Squidward: T-t-t-t-t-tonight?

Squilliam: In fact, we'll all come. My treat! (group cheers. Bubble-wipe to Squidward in Mr. Krabs' office)

Squidward: Please, Mr. Krabs, you got to help me! When they get here tonight, they're going to see I'm just a big phony and a loser!

Mr. Krabs: Oh, boo-hoo! (holds up a tiny violin) Let me play a sad song for you on the world's smallest violin. (moves his fingers and violin music plays)

Squidward: This is serious.

Mr. Krabs: I know, this really is the world's smallest violin. (violin is shown) See?

Squidward: Mr. Krabs! Please let me run the restaurant for just one night! I really need to impress Squilliam.

Mr. Krabs: Sq-Sq-Sq-Squilliam? (Squilliam's unibrow appears above Mr. Krabs' head) That guy who made millions doing what you wish you could do?

Squidward: Don't rub it in.

Mr. Krabs: Why didn't you tell me? We'll take him to the cleaners. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs standing

straight in a line. Squidward is walking back and forth in a white tuxedo)

Squidward: Alright, listen up. Men, Squilliam Fancyson will be here in twenty minutes. Therefore, we need to turn the Krusty Krab into a fancy restaurant as soon as possible. (Patrick appears next to SpongeBob with an army hat on his head) Patrick, what are you doing here?

Patrick: I thought the Corps would help me straighten out my life, sir!

Squidward: The Corps? What the...Pat, this isn't the-- (sighs) Beggars can't be choosers. Can you take hats in a dignified and sophisticated manner?

Patrick: You mean like a weenie? OK. (talks like a weenie) May I take your hat, sir? May I take your hat, sir? May I--

Squidward: (shuts Patrick up) Alright, I've heard enough. You've got the job. (walks off) Mr. Krabs, didn't you once serve on the S.S. Gourmet?

Mr. Krabs: Aye-aye!

Squidward: Then you'll be our chef. (Mr. Krabs walks off)

SpongeBob: What can I do?

Squidward: I can't believe I'm saying this, but SpongeBob, you're going to have to be the waiter.

SpongeBob: What's that?

Squidward: It's the guy who goes to tables and takes orders.

SpongeBob: Do other restaurants do that?

Squidward: Yes, they do that! Now listen, Squilliam is on his way and you have less than twenty minutes to become a fancy waiter, so read this. (hands SpongeBob a book)

SpongeBob: "How To Become A Fancy Waiter in Less Than 20 Minutes." Don't worry Squidward, I'll memorize every page, right down to the punctuation marks.

Squidward: Alright, I've got all the positions filled. I just might pull this off!

Patrick: Give me that hat! (shaking a coat rack with a hat on it) I said give it to me! Are you going to hand it over or not? Don't you back-sass me! (starts punching it)

Squidward: He's just the hat-check guy, nothing essential! (an explosion in the kitchen is heard. A bunch of green goop flies out with smoke and fire) What happened? What is it?

Mr. Krabs: Peas! (a can of peas, still in the can, is on the stove) Made 'em the old-fashioned way.

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, you gotta take them out of the-- (gasps) HOLY FISH PASTE, WHAT IS THAT?! (notices a giant goop of food on the grill, with flies, feathers, mold and other things sticking out of it)

Mr. Krabs: That's the Appetizer!

Squidward: (frustrated) But I thought you said you were the head chef on the S.S. Gourmet!

Mr. Krabs: (smiles) Did I say that?! NO!! I cleaned the bathrooms on the Gourmet... (pridefully) but I WAS the head chef on the S.S. Diarrhea! (Squidward walks out of the kitchen)

'Squidward: There you are! SpongeBob, you gotta help me! (walks over to SpongeBob) Patrick and Mr. Krabs aren't working out and Squilliam's almost here, and, and... SpongeBob? (turns SpongeBob around. His eyes are red and clothes look untidy, SpongeBob looks tired from reading all the pages)

SpongeBob: I can't do it. I can't do it, Squidward.

Squidward: What?

SpongeBob: Every sentence, every paragraph -- (slams the book on his face) Spoons! Bread! Salad! Pepper! Don't you understand? (brain starts to swell) My brain is full to bursting! If I have to memorize a single order, I think I'm going to explode! (he explodes)

Squidward: SpongeBob, hold on! Let's just take a second here to relax. (SpongeBob lowers his arms) Little more. (SpongeBob lowers his arms more) Little more. (SpongeBob's face falls to the floor) Good. Now, I want you to empty your mind.

SpongeBob: Empty my mind?

Squidward: Empty your mind.

SpongeBob: Empty my mind.

Squidward: Empty your mind of everything that doesn't have to do with fine dining. Fine dining and breathing. (inside SpongeBob's head, we see a bunch of other SpongeBobs running around in an office)

SpongeBob Clone #1: Just got an order from the boss: Dump everything that isn't about fine dining!

All Other SpongeBob Clones: Everything?

SpongeBob Clone #1: Everything! (everyone starts to panic and throw everything away) Come on, let's get moving! (walks up to another SpongeBob) Hurry up! What do you think I'm paying you for?

SpongeBob Clone #2: You don't pay me. We don't even exist. We're just a clever visual metaphor used to personify the abstract concept of thought.

SpongeBob Clone #1: One more crack like that and you're out of here!

SpongeBob Clone #2: No, please! I have three kids! (more dumping persists. Cross-fade back to SpongeBob, with a blank look on his face)

Squidward: How do you feel? SpongeBob? (snaps his tentacles as SpongeBob drools) This isn't working! I gotta go tell Squilliam I need more time! (runs out the door) I'll just go to Squilliam's house and tell him-- (stops because he sees Squilliam and the group) Squilliam, you're here!

Squilliam: Hello, Squiddy! We're all ready to be dazzled by your five-star restaurant.

Squidward: Wait, Squilliam, I've got to explain!

Squilliam: Explain what? That you, Squidward Tentacles, voted most likely to suck eggs in high school, (walks in) are trying to pass off a lousy burger stand as a five-star... (gulps) ...restaurant? (inside of the restaurant looks very professional with nice wallpaper, an orchestra, a chandelier, and other things. Starts chanting) Hommina, hommina, hommina, hommina... (Squidward and the group start to stammer as well. SpongeBob comes in with a tuxedo on)

SpongeBob: Table for Hommina? I can seat you immediately! (picks up the group of customers)

Squidward: (whispering) How did you do all this?

SpongeBob: It was easy, once I cleared my mind.

Squidward: But what about Krabs and Patrick?

SpongeBob: Taken care of. (Mr. Krabs and Patrick are tied up in the back, muffled) Right this way, please. (seats everyone quickly then runs back to Squilliam) Good evening, sir. (gives Squilliam a menu) From our menu tonight, might I recommend the Krabby Newburg? (gives Squilliam a shoulder massage as he takes away his menu) We take the finest cuts of aged, imported kelp, stuff them with herbs from our garden, wrap them in parchment with our award-winning shallot tapenade, slow-roast them for six hours in our wood-fired, clay-filled oven, or kiva and serve them with a garnish of wilted coral on a mahogany plank. (while telling him all of this, he makes Squilliam's experience the best he can so he treats him like royalty doing all sorts of things)

Squilliam: Mmm...this is fantastic!

SpongeBob: (salutes with all the hands that helped) Thank you, sir.

Squidward: Pinch me, I must be dreaming. (SpongeBob pinches him)

SpongeBob: If you need anything else, just call.

Squidward: SpongeBob, I can't thank you enough for all you're doing!

SpongeBob: Fine dining and breathing are all I know how to do. (runs off)

Squidward: It worked. I can't believe it! Squilliam thinks I own a five-star restaurant. Time to rub it in his face. (SpongeBob is combing Squilliam's unibrow) Well Squilliam, I'm waiting.

Squilliam: Alright, I admit it. Everything is fabulous. The food, the atmosphere -- everything's flawless!

Squidward: In that case, I need you to read this. (hands Squilliam a card)

Squilliam: "Squidward Tentacles--"

Squidward: (puts a foam finger on his left hand) And I need you to wear this.

Squilliam: Oh, eh, "Squidward Tentacles has the fanciest--"

Squidward': (puts a microphone in front of Squilliam) I'm sorry, one more time. (Squilliam's voice is over the loudspeaker)

Squilliam: "Squidward Tentacles has the fanciest restaurant in Bikini Bottom...and he does not suck eggs." (everyone cheer) Squidward, I must tell you... (SpongeBob pours more water in Squilliam's glass. Drinks it) Thank you. What really won me over was your brilliant waiter. It's as if all he knows is fine dining and breathing. I must know your name. (record scratches)

SpongeBob: My name?

Squilliam: Yes, your name, son.

SpongeBob: Uhh, Beef Wellington?

Squilliam: (chuckles) No, your name.

SpongeBob: Uhh...err...the fork on the left?

Squidward: Stop joking. Tell him your name.

SpongeBob: My name? (camera zooms inside of SpongeBob's brain again where all the SpongeBobs are searching for a name)

SpongeBob Clone #3: What's his name? What's his name? I've got nothing on a name.

SpongeBob Clone #4: (searching on the computer) C'mon, baby, what's the name? (panicked shouting is heard as all the SpongeBobs are running around and paper is flying)

SpongeBob Clone #2: We threw out his name! (SpongeBob's brain breaks in half causing SpongeBob to spill water on Squilliam and bark)

Squidward: I am so very sorry! I don't know what has gotten into that... (screams as he notices SpongeBob with a bowl of green goo-like soup by one of the customers)

SpongeBob: More soup for your armpits? (holds up the customers arm and pours the soup on his armpits. The customer shrieks as SpongeBob runs over to another customer and grabs her head) Please enjoy the food! (slams her face into her food then runs up to another customer) Would you like some cheese on that, sir? (picks up the customer and uses him on the cheese grater. Everyone screams and panics)

Squidward: No, no! (Patrick, still tied up, runs out of the kitchen. Mr. Krabs, himself still tied up, runs out, also)

Mr. Krabs: Run for your lives, everyone! It's the appetizer! (the appetizer, on the grill, is alive and is crawling around while everyone screams and panics. Squidward's tuxedo rips off and his Krusty Krab hat floats into his head. His name tag appears on his shirt)

Squilliam: Well Squiddy, I'm waiting.

Squidward: OK, I admit it, I'm a fraud! This was all a futile, pathetic attempt to impress you. This isn't really my restaurant. I'm just a cashier!

Squilliam: Squidward, I understand. I have a confession to make myself. I made everything up about my life. I have no yachts, jets, or anything. I was only trying to impress you. The horrible, sad truth is, I'm a cashier too! (starts to cry. Mr. Krabs plays the violin)

Squidward: Is that true?

Squilliam: Of course not! I'm filthy stinking rich! Come on, everyone. Let's all take a ride in my balloon/casino! (everyone cheers and follows Squilliam. The wallpaper in the Krusty Krab rips off. Squidward sits down and sighs)

SpongeBob: (walks over with a bag of ice on his head) I got such a headache. What's going on with you?

Squidward: Oh, the usual. (Mr. Krabs walks over and plays the violin with a sad face) WOULD YOU GET OUT OF HERE?!

(episode begins at SpongeBob's house)

TV: We now return to tonight's Creepy Time Theater presentation of Night of the Robot. (television shows a guy running from a robot. SpongeBob is watching the movie while eating popcorn)

SpongeBob: Hurry, Gary, the scary robot movie's on.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: What do you mean I shouldn't watch this? Scary movies don't always freak me out. (cut to SpongeBob lying in his bed, whimpering and shivering) What if Mom is a robot? What if Uncle Sherm is a robot? What if Gary is a robot? Gary? (Gary is sleeping) Psst, Gary? Gare-Bear? (pokes Gary's eye, causing him to wake up)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary, if you were a robot, you'd tell me, right?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Oh, I've got nothing to worry about. And now to get a good night's sleep. (goes to sleep. Dreams about running and screaming from the giant robot from the movie earlier. Cut to Bikini Atoll at night. Night soon becomes morning. At the Krusty Krab, SpongeBob is in the kitchen, panting) Robot! Oh my gosh! ("robot" turns out to be a sack of potatoes, a dust pan and broom, and a bucket) Huh? (chuckles nervously)

Mr. Krabs: How about a little music to count me money to? (turns on the radio that is next to him)

Radio DJ: And now for the #1 song in Bikini Bottom: "Electric Zoo." (techno beat is heard)

Mr. Krabs: Hey, that's pretty catchy. Bee-bee-boo-bop, bee-bee-boo-beep. Yeah, that's not bad. I love this young people's music. (scene cuts to kitchen)

SpongeBob: (a buzzer goes off) I surrender! Oh.

Squidward: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (screams. His hat flies onto Squidward's nose) Squidward, why are you wearing my hat on your nose?

Squidward: (takes off the hat and puts it back on SpongeBob's head) I'm not wearing your hat on my nose, I'm waiting for #17's order!

SpongeBob: #17 -- (holds up a tray with food) Krabby Patty and a medium beverage. Course. Sorry, Squidward, I'm not really feeling myself today. I guess I'm a little bit jumpy. I keep thinking robots are taking over the world, probably on account of this movie I watched last night where robots take over the world. I even asked Gary if he was a robot! Pretty funny, huh?

Squidward: (sarcastically) Hilarious. Just deliver the food.

SpongeBob: (delivers the food to the customer) There you go! Enjoy your... Say, you're not a robot, are you?

Customer: No, I'm not.

SpongeBob: Well, keep your eyes peeled. They're everywhere. Back to work! (walks by Mr. Krabs' office)

Mr. Krabs: I feel completely recharged!

SpongeBob: That sounds like Mr. Krabs. (peeks in the window)

Mr. Krabs: Come on, little buddy, play it again. (shakes his radio) Please? One more time, for me.

SpongeBob: That was strange. Mr. Krabs was talking to his radio, and he said he feels "recharged". (laughs) If I didn't know better, I'd say he was... (camera zooms in on SpongeBob) ...a robot. Nah.

Mr. Krabs: (calls the radio station) Yes, hello. I was wondering if you could play that song again.

Radio DJ: Hmmm, which one, man?

Mr. Krabs: The one that goes "bee-boo-boo-bop, boo-boo-beep."

Radio DJ: No, man. You're thinking of "bee-boo-boo-bop, boo-boo-bop."

Mr. Krabs: Bee-boo-boo, boo-boo-bop? Bee-boo-boo-bop? Boo-boo-bee-bop? Not "bee-boo-boo-beep"? Bop? Beep? Boo-boo-bop! (SpongeBob screams)

SpongeBob: Oh my gosh. Why was Mr. Krabs making all those beeping sounds? Could it be that he's... (camera zooms in on him) ...a robot? Nah. (peeks into the window again and sees Mr. Krabs dancing on his desk. Jumps onto Squidward's arms) Oh, Squidward, it's terrible! Mr. Krabs...talking to radio...beeping sounds...strange dancing... robot!

Squidward: (picks up SpongeBob off his arms) That's great, SpongeBob. Why don't you work on this problem back in the kitchen? (throws him in the kitchen but SpongeBob reappears beside him. Squidward is confused and looks around for how he did it)

SpongeBob: I'm serious, Squidward! Mr. Krabs is a robot. And I can prove it, too.

Squidward: How did you...?

SpongeBob: Let's see, in the movie the robot's didn't have a sense of humor! They couldn't laugh. Hey, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: (runs up to the counter) What is it, boy?

SpongeBob: Squidward just told me a hilarious joke and I thought you might like to hear it.

Mr. Krabs: Is it true, Squidward? Is it hilarious?

Squidward: Umm...yeah, sure.

Mr. Krabs: Well, let's hear it, lad.

SpongeBob: Okay, here it goes! Uhh, how'd it go Squidward?

Squidward: (chuckles nervously) Uhh, it went, umm, uhh, let's see, uhh...why couldn't the 11 year old get into the pirate movie?

Mr. Krabs: Why?

Squidward: It was rated "Arr!" (laughs but no one else is) Arr! Because it's...about...pirates.

Mr. Krabs: I'm not paying you to do stand up, Mr. Squidward! Now get back to work!

SpongeBob: (gasps) Not even a chuckle! See, Squidward? He didn't laugh because he couldn't laugh because he's... (camera zooms in on him) ...a robot!

Squidward: There's a logical explanation why he didn't laugh, SpongeBob. He's obviously heard it before. The only reason you think Krabs is a robot is because you watched that stupid movie. Now why don't you...

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: (runs up to the counter again) What? What is it, boy?

SpongeBob: Squidward's father never hugged him. Isn't that sad? (cries)

Mr. Krabs: Yes, I suppose that is rather sad, but Squidward can hug himself during his break! Now get back to work!

SpongeBob: Just like the robot in the movie. He couldn't cry either.

Squidward: SpongeBob, this is getting ridiculous. I'll have you know my father loved me very much!

SpongeBob: That's the final test, Squidward; the love test. Robots can't love.

Squidward: No, wait, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: (runs up to the counter again) What is it, SpongeBob?!

SpongeBob: I just wanted to tell you that Squidward loves you! (long pause, Mr. Krabs makes a blank expression on his face)

Mr. Krabs: Get back to work, Mr. Squidward.

SpongeBob: (gulps) Squidward? (Mr. Krabs is at his desk writing something when the radio stops working)

Mr. Krabs: Aw, me radio died! (takes out the batteries and looks at them) Hmmm, these batteries still have a little juice in 'em. I know! I'll give 'em to Pearl for Christmas. (puts the batteries in his back pocket. A bell rings sending Mr. Krabs to a pot of boiling water) Me hard-boiled egg is ready! (picks up a pair of tongs) I can already taste it. Come to Papa. (takes the egg out of the water with his tongs) Gotcha! And what good is a hard-boiled egg without a little salt? (sprinkles a little salt on it)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: (accidentally breaks the egg and spills salt in his eyes) Ah! Oh, my eyes!! (starts screaming)

SpongeBob: Mr... (Squidward puts his hand over SpongeBob's mouth)

Squidward: Will you be quiet? Now listen, what did these robots in the movie look like?

SpongeBob: Well, they had piercing red eyes, metal pinchers for hands, and they ran on batteries.

Squidward: Okay, so tell me, does Mr. Krabs look anything like that?! (Mr. Krabs barges out screaming. His eyes are piercing red, his pair of the tongs snip, and the batteries are still in his pocket. Squidward and SpongeBob both scream. Continues screaming while running to the restroom) I'll evacuate the customers, you call the Navy!

SpongeBob: (runs over to the phone) Hello, Operator? Get me the Navy!

Operator: Hello, you've reached the Navy's automated phone service.

SpongeBob: Squidward, the robots are running the Navy!

Squidward: Not the Navy! (over loudspeaker) Attention, everyone, run for your lives! Robots have taken over the world! (everyone is silent) Our world! (all the customers run out screaming) What do we do now?

SpongeBob: I don't know. Hey, a nickel!

Squidward: SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Sorry.

Mr. Krabs: (walks out of the restroom, calmly) Ah, that's better. (walks back to his office) Bee-boo-boo-boo-bee-bop, boo-boo-bop.

Squidward: We need to find out what that robot did with the real Mr. Krabs, but how?

SpongeBob: Well, in the movie the hero teams up with a buddy, and they get the poop on the robot.

Squidward: They poop on the robot?

SpongeBob: Yeah, you know, they get the straight poop, ask questions, get information.

Squidward: I never thought I'd say this, but SpongeBob, let's get that poop! (grabs the book "How To Torture" and reads it with SpongeBob. SpongeBob grabs some rope while Squidward grabs a hammer and saw. SpongeBob also grabs some old comedy records. Cut to Mr. Krabs' office, where SpongeBob and Squidward enter)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, hello boys. (SpongeBob and Squidward have angry looks on their faces) What can I do for you? (SpongeBob and Squidward angrily lock the door) Heh heh, why did you lock the door? Why do you have that rope? Who's watching the cash register?! (shot of outside the Krusty Krab where loud crashing and everyone screaming can be heard) SpongeBob! Squidward! What's the meaning of this?! Untie me this instant!

Squidward: Shut up! (angrily slaps Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: Sweet Davy Jones, what the heck is going on?!

Squidward: I said shut up, you bucket of bolts! (angrily slaps him again)

SpongeBob: I can't take it! (runs off, crying)

Squidward: SpongeBob, are you okay?

SpongeBob: Oh, Squidward, seeing you slap Mr. Krabs like that is just too horrible to watch!

Squidward: No, that's not Mr. Krabs. That's Robot Krabs. (Mr. Krabs is trying to get out of his chair)

SpongeBob: Oh, yeah.

Squidward: And the only way to deal with these robot types is to find out what they know.

SpongeBob: Right. (angrily slaps Mr. Krabs)

Squidward: SpongeBob, you gotta ask him a question first.

SpongeBob: Oh yeah. What color is my underwear? (angrily slaps him again)

Squidward: SpongeBob, let me handle this. (turns a light on Mr. Krabs) Where's Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: What are you talking about? I'm Mr. Krabs. (Squidward angrily slaps him again)

Squidward: We can do this all night if you want. Where's Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm Mr. Krabs.

SpongeBob: Where's Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm Mr. Krabs.

Squidward: Where's Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I am Mr. Krabs! I am! I am! I am! I am! I am! I am! I am!

SpongeBob: This is one stubborn robot.

Mr. Krabs: (angrily yells) WHAT?! (his yelling knocks over the light and SpongeBob) You think i'm a ROBOT?!

Squidward: We don't think; we know.

Mr. Krabs: That's the silliest thing I ever heard! I am Mr. Krabs!

Squidward: (walks over to SpongeBob) He's not cracking. We'll never get it out of him this way.

SpongeBob: I got an idea. (pokes Squidward's nose) Keep an eye on him, Squidward. Don't fall for any of his robo-tricks. (runs out and returns later) If Robot Krabs won't tell us where Mr. Krabs is, maybe one of his little robot friends will. (holds up a blender)

Squidward: SpongeBob, uhh, that's a blender.

SpongeBob: Yeah, but I saw Mr. Krabs talking with his radio before. He called it his "little buddy."

Squidward: Oh, really? Put it on the table, SpongeBob.

Mr. Krabs: You're gonna interrogate my blender? You're crazy.

Squidward: We're just gonna see what your "little buddy" knows. (SpongeBob sets the blender on Mr. Krabs' desk. Holds up a baseball bat)

Mr. Krabs: No, wait! What are you gonna do with me blender?! That cost me money!

Squidward: Where's Mr. Krabs? (shot of the blender) Not talking, eh? (breaks the blender with the bat)

Mr. Krabs: No! That cost me \$24.95!

SpongeBob: I guess it didn't know anything.

Squidward: Go get the toaster. (SpongeBob gets the toaster then puts it on Mr. Krabs' desk)

Mr. Krabs: No, not me toaster! That cost me \$32.50! (Squidward breaks the toaster. Then SpongeBob sets a food processor on the desk) \$62.67! (Squidward breaks it. SpongeBob picks up a coffee maker) Four...well, actually that one was a gift. (Squidward breaks it) N000000000000000000000000000000! (SpongeBob puts the cash register on the desk)

SpongeBob: This is the last robot, Squidward.

Mr. Krabs: No, not my cash register! I raised it myself. I got it when it was just a little calculator. No-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-hoo! (cries)

Squidward: I thought you said robots can't cry.

SpongeBob: I also said they couldn't love.

Mr. Krabs: (crying) I loved it like it was me own.

SpongeBob: Uh, at least he's not laughing.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, I remember the laughs we used to share! (sobs)

Squidward: SpongeBob, uhh, how did that movie of yours end?

SpongeBob: The movie? Oh, yeah! The ending was great! Turns out there weren't any robots after all. It was just their...imagination. (chuckles nervously then checks his watch) Hey, it's time to feed Gary. (runs out while Squidward smiles nervously at Mr. Krabs and sweeps)

Mr. Krabs: (growls) Squiiiiiiiiiiiiidwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard! (the screen shakes)

(episode begins at SpongeBob's house. A newspaper is thrown onto the pathway)

SpongeBob: (runs outside to retrieve the newspaper) Gary, the paper's here! (Gary comes out on a skateboard. Gives him the paper) You can have this, buddy. 'Cause all I need is the entertainment section! (hums while he stretches the rubber band around him) I am a happy sponge! (runs around, laughing, while Gary is reading the paper)

Gary: Meow. (SpongeBob runs into Patrick, who has a rubber band stretched around him)

Patrick: I see you got the paper. (rubber band snaps)

SpongeBob: Oh, hey, Patrick. (rubber band snaps. Patrick clears his throat) Well, I'd better get going!

Patrick: Yep, see you later. (both walk off, but then hear a clam noise. They both run back)

SpongeBob and Patrick: What did you say?

Patrick: Well, I didn't say anything.

SpongeBob: I didn't say anything, either.

SpongeBob and Patrick: See you later, then. (both walk off again, and the clam noise is heard again. They both run back again)

SpongeBob: Alright, quit messing with me, I know you said something.

Patrick: Ah, but it is you... (points) ...that is messing with me. (both look down to see the squeaking noise is coming from a shaking branch) That's what's messing with us.

SpongeBob: It's a baby scallop!

Patrick: I'll take care of this! (lifts up his foot)

SpongeBob: No, Patrick! It's totally helpless. (takes the baby scallop in his hands) It looks like he can't even fly yet.

Patrick: Well, what's the matter? Is it stupid?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, he's just a baby. He's all alone with no one to take care of him.

Patrick: Well, we can't just leave him out here.

SpongeBob: You're right. Come on, let's take him into the pineapple. (both walk to SpongeBob's house. Bubble-wipe to inside. They run in and set Junior on the ground) Hmmm, let's see, we need a box for him to sleep in. (removes his pants and sets it in front of Junior) There you go. It's the best seat in the house. (cut to Gary, who does a rimshot)

Patrick: Let me see! (sticks his whole head inside SpongeBob's pants) Hey, he's kinda cute. Uh-oh! (takes his head out, which is now eaten on the side) I think somebody's hungry!

SpongeBob: (takes out Junior and speaks like a baby to it) Is it true? Are you hungry?

Junior: (chirping happily) Cheep-cheep-cheep-cheep!

SpongeBob: I've got just the read. (puts Junior on a barrel and takes out a Krabby Patty) How would you like a Krabby Patty? (Junior squawks in surprise)

Patrick: SpongeBob SquarePants, are you crazy?! That's not the right food for a little fella like him!

SpongeBob: Of course not. I don't know what I was thinking. What he needs is a tiny Krabby Patty.

Junior: (sniffs the patty) Blech!

SpongeBob: Huh? No one's ever turned down one of these before. (gobbles it and gulps it down)

Patrick: (holds up a donut) Let's try a doughnut. (Junior hisses)

SpongeBob: French fries?

Junior: (shaking his head) Unh-unh.

Patrick: (eating half of the donut from earlier) A donut? (Junior sticks out his tongue)

SpongeBob: (holds up an apple) All we have left is this apple! (a worm pokes its head out of the apple)

Worm: Hello, sea creatures! I bring you greetings from Apple World! (Junior jumps in the air, chirping with excitement)

SpongeBob: Of course! Scallops love worms! (picks up the worm)

Worm: Huh, wait! We will bury you! (SpongeBob drops it in Junior's mouth)

SpongeBob: Well, you should be good for the rest of the... (Junior starts crying)

Patrick: What now?

SpongeBob: I don't know! Aww, don't cry!

Patrick: Do something, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Uhh...uhh...uhh... Blah-blah-blah, look at the funny face! Doo, doo-doo, doo-doo, look at the funny face! (camera zooms out to reveal that SpongeBob has a puppet that looks like him on his hand) Look at the funny face!

Patrick: Wait! I think I might know the problem. (picks up Junior and looks at him) Yep, that's it alright. (turns around) Hold on just one second. There he is, good as new. (Junior has a diaper on)

SpongeBob: How did you know?

Patrick: How do you think? (drops his pants showing that he is wearing a diaper) And I've been doing it all by myself for almost a year.

SpongeBob: Wow, I'm sure glad you're here.

Patrick: I know. Good thing there's two of us.

SpongeBob: You know Patrick, since this scallop doesn't have parents, we should raise it ourselves.

Patrick: Yeah! At least until it's old enough to be on its own! Oh, I wanna be the mom!

SpongeBob: I don't think you can be the mom, Patrick, because you never wear a shirt.

Patrick: You're right. If I was a mom, (camera zooms out to show he has hair on his stomach) this would be kind of shocking. Just call me daddy! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob, in a red, polka-dotted dress, and Patrick, wearing a bow tie, leaving the pineapple with Junior in a stroller. They walk by a couple, who stop and think how they could make a baby scallop between SpongeBob and Patrick. Cut to them running with Junior, then sliding down a slide with him, and playing in a birdbath. Cut to them getting ice cream. The Ice Cream Man scoops up an ice cream cone for the parents, then scoops up ice cream, with worms in it, for Junior. Cut to them riding a bicycle, but then SpongeBob and Patrick chase after it, with Junior on the seat. Bubble-wipe to nighttime at SpongeBob's house) It sure is cute when it's asleep.

SpongeBob: (from house) Yeah. (he and Patrick watch Junior in his bed sleeping) Shh! (both tiptoe out of the room)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Patrick?

Patrick: I never thought being a parent could be this much fun.

SpongeBob: Me neither. (Patrick is sleeping on the bottom mattress and SpongeBob is sleeping on the top)

Patrick: Good night, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Good night, Patrick. (his mattress slams shut on top of Patrick. Bubble-wipe to morning) Patrick, breakfast is ready! (he is cooking something over at the grill as Patrick walks in, noticing the bunch of food that is on the table)

'Patrick: Alright! All this parenting stuff makes me hungry. (lifts the table up as all the food slides down into his mouth. Belches, then pats Junior) Hey Junior, how are you doing today? (smells an odor from Junior) SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Patrick?

Patrick: Kid's got a stinky.

SpongeBob: (doing many chores at the same time) Can you take care of him? My hands are kind of full. (Patrick guzzles down the coffee as Junior begins to cry)

Patrick: Wish I could, but I gotta get going.

SpongeBob: Going? Where are you going?

Patrick: (puts on a suit and takes his briefcase) Going to work. I'm the dad, remember?

SpongeBob: You mean I have to do all this baby stuff myself?

Patrick: I'll give you a break tonight when I get home. Don't you two stop being adorable. (chuckles as he closes the door)

SpongeBob: OK. (chuckles weakly. Cut to Bikini Atoll. Morning turns into sunset. Patrick walks in and takes his jacket and hat off)

Patrick: Phew, what a day.

SpongeBob: Oh great, you're home! Now you can help me with the worm.

Patrick: Aw, gee, SpongeBob, I'd love to, but I'm totally beat from work.

SpongeBob: Huh? (Patrick sits down and watches television)

Patrick: (laughs) That guy got hit by a coconut!

SpongeBob: (walks in still doing the chores) Patrick, what about my break?

Patrick: Oh yeah, your break. Uh, tomorrow, I promise.

SpongeBob: Uhh, okay, tomorrow. (time card appears)

French Narrator: Tomorrow... (cut to Patrick walking in at night and taking his stuff off)

Patrick: Phew, another tough day! (walks by SpongeBob, who is still doing the same chores from yesterday)

SpongeBob: Oh, Patrick, I'm so glad you're home after working all day. I can't wait for my break!

Patrick: Work was a killer! I need my chair. (sits down and watches TV again)

SpongeBob: (walks in still doing chores) Patrick, I really need my...

Patrick: Tomorrow for sure. (another time card appears)

French Narrator: Tomorrow for sure... (cut to SpongeBob doing the same chores as Patrick walks by)

SpongeBob: Patrick?

Patrick: I'll get to it eventually... (yet another time card appears)

French Narrator: Eventually... (cut to SpongeBob still doing the chores, but even more tired)

SpongeBob: Uhhh?

Patrick: Uhhh. (yet another time card appears)

French Narrator: Uhhh... (cut to Patrick watching TV as SpongeBob furiously walks in and turns on the lights)

SpongeBob: Patrick Star, we need to talk.

Patrick: Uh, just one more minute, I gotta...

SpongeBob: Don't 'one more minute' me, Mr. Man! (angrily turns off the TV)

Patrick: Hey, I'm missing the coconut!

SpongeBob: You haven't been helping at all with Junior! We made a commitment and you're not doing your share! You never do anything.

Patrick: I changed his diaper!

SpongeBob: Yeah, once.

Patrick: He's only this big. How many diapers could he possibly use?

SpongeBob: (angrily opens up a garbage can full of diapers) Hmmm?

Patrick: Oh, that's not so much.

SpongeBob: (angrily points his finger over to the corner of the room, where there are two bags and a trash can full of diapers) Hmmm?

Patrick: So?

SpongeBob: (angrily opens up the refrigerator, full of diapers) Hmmm? (angrily pulls the cover off the couch, revealing it to be diapers) Hmmm? (angrily tears the wallpaper off the wall, revealing a bunch of diapers behind it) Hmmm?! (angrily points his finger outside to a garbage truck loading a bunch of diapers into the dumpster. Patrick is shocked at the sight of it)

Patrick: I had no idea! What kind of a father am I?! I'll make it up to you, buddy. I promise! (bubble-wipe to the next day)

SpongeBob: So, what's the plan for the day?

Patrick: No more fooling around. From now on, I'm Super Dad. I'll work straight through lunch so I can get home on time. So make sure you save a big ol' stinky diaper for me to change, and you can take the night off, pal!

SpongeBob: (gives Patrick his briefcase) Great, so I'll see you at six o'clock.

Patrick: Six o'clock.

SpongeBob: (waving) Six o'clock.

Patrick: Six o'clock.

SpongeBob: Six o'clock.

Patrick: Six o'clock.

SpongeBob: Six o'clock.

Patrick: Six o'clock. (time card appears)

French Narrator: 12.00 Midnight... (Patrick walks in with a lamp on his head, giggling. He turns on the light)

Patrick: Oh boy, that was some party! (SpongeBob is standing there, tapping his foot) Oh, hey, SpongeBob. Hey, Junior. What? What?

SpongeBob: Oh, nothing.

Patrick: Oh, what a relief. (takes the lamp off his head and puts it on an angry SpongeBob) For a second, I thought you were mad at me.

SpongeBob: (takes the lamp off his head) Do you remember what you said to me this morning?

Patrick: Something about root beer, right?

SpongeBob: (sighs) No.

Patrick: Oh wait, wait, let me guess. (pause) I give up.

SpongeBob: Does... (furiously imitates Patrick) "you can take the night off, pal" ring a bell?!

Patrick: (raspberry) I don't need this. (walks off)

SpongeBob: What?! Where do you think you're going?!

Patrick: (opens his rock) I'm going back to work! (gets in and closes his rock)

SpongeBob: (angrily) WORK?! (rips off his mother-like clothing and angrily opens Patrick's rock. Patrick is sitting on a

armchair made of sand, watching TV)

Patrick: (laughing) He got hit in the head with two coconuts!

SpongeBob: (angrily) So, THIS is work?

Patrick: You know, it's not as easy as it looks. Sometimes I gotta move the antenna, sometimes I lose the remote, and sometimes my butt itches real bad.

SpongeBob: Oh, you poor, poor thing. By the way, you forgot your briefcase! (angrily opens up the briefcase over Patrick's head. Ice cream and donuts fall out)

Patrick: Oh, so this is the thanks I get for working overtime. (SpongeBob, who is now extremely furious, angrily balls his fist. Soon, he loses his temper and becomes enraged)

SpongeBob: (furiously, with a Asian face) OVERTIME?! (both start arguing and fighting furiously. Junior is heard chirping)

Patrick: There's that stupid noise again!

SpongeBob: Oh, that's not a stupid noise, that's just Junior about to jump out of that two story window.

Patrick: Oh. (after seeing Junior at the window, both their eyes get huge)

SpongeBob and Patrick: JUNIOR! (Junior jumps from the window. SpongeBob and Patrick try to save him, but they miss)

SpongeBob: Did you catch him?

Patrick: No.

SpongeBob and Patrick: We're bad parents! (they break down sobbing. Junior is chirping and flying above them)

SpongeBob: Junior? Hey, he's flying!

Patrick: I guess he's all grown up! (Junior kisses SpongeBob, then flies off) Hey, what about Daddy? (Junior drops a coconut on Patrick's head, then kisses him) That's my boy.

SpongeBob: Goodbye.

Patrick: Goodbye, Junior.

SpongeBob: Well Patrick, he doesn't need us anymore.

Patrick: This is the hardest part of every parent's life, I assume.

SpongeBob: Despite all we've been through, it was worth it.

Patrick: Yeah. Let's have another. (moves his arms. SpongeBob looks surprised)

French Narrator: A slow day at The Krusty Krab.

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward, check this out. (holds up a raw patty in each hand) Two ordinary Krabby Patties, but when expertly tossed with the skill of a champ, they become... (throws them on the floor and SpongeBob slides the patties across the room, Patrick jumps out of nowhere with his feet landing on the patties)

Patrick: A one-way ticket to PAIN! (slams into the wall)

(Cut to Mr. Krabs in his office. Window falls on ground from Patrick's crash and glass breaks)

Mr. Krabs: Huh?

(Cut back to outside the office. SpongeBob is in Patrick's mouth with a mop in hand while Patrick slides offscreen to the left)

SpongeBob: Heave-ho! (crashes)

(Office door slams open, Mr. Krabs storms out)

Mr. Krabs: What the devil fish is going on out here? Time is money! And if you boys is wasting time, then you're wasting money! And that's just sick.

SpongeBob: But we were performing a ritual to attract customers. And the only way the ritual can work is for us to get hurt. Real bad.

Mr. Krabs: What stupid barnacle told you that?

(Cut to Squidward at the register with a magazine in his hands)

Squidward: (with a suspicious grin) Uhhhhh...

(Cut back to SpongeBob, Patrick and Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: Listen, instead of killing yourselves, I've got something real important for you to do for me.

(scene cuts to outside Mr. Krabs' home, Mr. Krabs talking to SpongeBob and Patrick)

Mr. Krabs: Now, are you men ready for your super...

SpongeBob & Patrick: (eyes get wide) Super.

Mr. Krabs: Special?

SpongeBob & Patrick: (eyes get bigger and lips tremble) Special.

Mr. Krabs: (whispering) Secret?

SpongeBob & Patrick: (faces are small as they whisper) Secret.

Mr. Krabs: Assignment?

SpongeBob & Patrick: (eyes get gear-like and sobbing while shouting incoherently)

Mr. Krabs: The two of you are to paint the inside of me house! (opens Mr. Krabs' front door, showing inside)

SpongeBob & Patrick: (Jumping into the air) Yay!

Mr. Krabs: (Charges them from the right, in a stern tone) But, let me give you two a warning. (Holds up two buckets of paint) This here paint is absolutely permanent. (shoves paint buckets into SpongeBob and Patrick's hands) It will never come off. (Angrily) So if I see even one drop on anything but wall, (Screams) I'LL HAVE YOUR REAR ENDS CUT OFF... (holds up two empty plaques, each with their names on it) ...AND MOUNTED OVER ME FIREPLACE!!! (SpongeBob and Patrick backstep behind the open door, Mr. Krabs' tone becomes casual) So, have fun with the job. (slams the door with the two inside the house)

(Cut to inside the house, SpongeBob and Patrick turn around and look inside)

SpongeBob: Patrick?

Patrick: Yeah, SpongeBob?

(Cut to a view of the inside of the room, with many objects clattered around the room)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs sure has a lot of expensive treasures to drip paint on. (Puts his paint bucket down) Do you think we should take this stuff off the walls?

Patrick: (Points at SpongeBob) No way, SpongeBob. We're not getting paid to move stuff.

SpongeBob: Patrick, we're not getting paid at all.

Patrick: Well, that's what I said! We're not getting paid and that's final.

SpongeBob: Okay, we'll just paint around all this stuff.

Patrick: Good, just don't pay me.

SpongeBob: First we need to set out the tarp. [pulls out a tarp]

Patrick: [grabs the other end of the tarp] Tarp ahoy! [SpongeBob and Patrick spread the tarp on the floor. The camera zooms out, showing that it is a tiny piece.]

SpongeBob: We're gonna need more coverage, Patrick. [scene cuts to more tarp on the floor, with the paint buckets where the first piece of tarp was] Now that's what I'm talking about! [nervous tone] Well, I guess we should open these cans of permanent paint now.

Patrick: That will never, ever come off.

SpongeBob: And if we get it on anything, Mr. Krabs will cut our butts off.

Patrick: [scared] And mount them on the wall! [SpongeBob takes a screwdriver and tries to open the lid by moving the screwdriver back and forth] Careful, SpongeBob. Careful, SpongeBob. SpongeBob, careful. Careful, SpongeBob. Careful, SpongeBob! Careful, SpongeBob! [Yelling with a dramatic camera zoom and background on his face] CAREFUL, SPONGEBOB!!!

SpongeBob: Patrick, the lid's already off.

Patrick: Oh. [happily] Now it's my turn. [takes out a giant battleaxe and hits the paint can with it. SpongeBob hurriedly grabs the can.]

SpongeBob: [nervously] I'm thinking I should do this one too, Patrick.

[He carefully opens the lid with same screwdriver as before. The lid opens, and a blob of paint jumps out. SpongeBob and Patrick scream. The blob bounces off a piece of tarp. SpongeBob and Patrick scream louder. The blob bounces off eight pieces of tarp, then lands back into the can.]

Patrick: Well, that was a rip-off.

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick. [holds up a large brush] Let's get our brushes ready. [SpongeBob looks at the brush he's holding and starts sweating.] Uh, maybe we should start with a smaller brush. [throws the brush offscreen. He gets a smaller paintbrush and pulls a hair out of his nose. Patrick does the same, and pulls it out with a huge mass of nosehair. SpongeBob dips tip of his paintbrush into his paint can and walks to a wall] [Scared and nervous] Alright, Patrick, gotta get started, [the camera zooms out to a huge, decorated wall] painting this wall. [the camera zooms in to SpongeBob's face in front of the paintbrush.] with the permanent paint that we aren't allowed to get on anything [the camera zooms back out to the decorated wall] but the wall. [starts sweating] Well, here we go.

[Cut to a timecard that says "One Hour Later".]

Narrator: One hour later.

SpongeBob: [looking exactly the same as the previous scene] Just a few more seconds of mental preparation and I'll be painting this wall.

[Cut to a timecard that says "Two Hours Later".]

Narrator: Two hours later.

SpongeBob: [still standing in the same spot, but with a puddle of sweat under his feet] I'm getting to the painting.

[Cut to a timecard that says "Three Hours Later".]

Narrator: Three hours later.

[The camera zooms out to reveal Patrick holding the timecard. Patrick is also sweating.]

Patrick: [to SpongeBob] Can you move it along? I'm all out of time cards.

SpongeBob: [still the same, but the puddle of sweat is bigger now] No problem. Here I go. [Zooms in to a space in the wall. SpongeBob makes a vertical line of paint. He pulls the brush back and smiles gleefully. The paint then starts going down the wall.] Huh? [blows it one direction then another then another until he gets a blowdryer and the paint glides off the wall in a bubble] Yeah. [notices the big paint bubble.] Barnacles! What could be worse than a giant paint bubble?

Patrick: Oh, I know... [takes a bubble wand, dips it in the paint then blows a big bubble] TWO giant paint bubbles!

SpongeBob: No!! [the two bubbles merge] Patrick?

Patrick: Yeah, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: I don't think this bubble can get much bigger.

Patrick: [with a bicycle pump into the bubble] [yells stupidly] Nonsense! (blows up the bubble even bigger)

SpongeBob: Pat, no!! (the bubble explodes. Paint splatters all over the wall, covering up all the old brown spots. SpongeBob moves out of the way for the last bit of paint to splash on the wall in the form of how he was standing) We did it! We painted the whole house and without getting a drop of paint on anything but the... (shrieks) FLAPPIN' FLOTSAM! WHAT'S THAT?! [dramatic zoom and music to a dollar on the wall which has a dot of paint on it. SpongeBob's eyes shatter like eggs and the insides drip on the floor. SpongeBob then falls to the floor] We're dead, Patrick! Do you know what that is?

Patrick: Hmmm...it's a dollar. I win!

SpongeBob: That's not just a dollar. It's Mr. Krabs' first dollar! His most prized possession! AND WE GOT PAINT ON IT!

Patrick: I think you are overreacting SpongeBob, I don't see any paint.

SpongeBob: [takes the dollar off the wall] Okay, this isn't a problem. Maybe I can just wipe it off. [tries to wipe the paint off with his tie but makes the paint even more noticeable] There! I think I got it. [wipes it more but it gets worse, the paint covering just about the whole dollar. SpongeBob shrieks.]

Patrick: [stupidly pointing to the dollar with both hands] Oh, now I see it.

SpongeBob: This is not good, Patrick! This is not good! Mr. Krabs is gonna be home soon, and when he sees what we did to his first dollar... [scene cuts to a fantasy of SpongeBob and Patrick's butts on the wall above the fireplace while Mr. Krabs is enjoying some tea by the fire.]

SpongeBob & Patrick: [while holding their butts] AAAAAHHHHHH!!

Patrick: Wait, SpongeBob, all we got to do is wash the paint off and Krabs will never know!

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs said...

Patrick: [plugs SpongeBob's mouth] Forget what Mr. Krabs said! Every paint comes off with something! (scene cuts to SpongeBob standing by a washing machine)

SpongeBob: Did it work? (Patrick comes out from the washing machine with the dollar, still with paint on it, and bra on his head, in his hands)

Patrick: No. [scene cuts to SpongeBob sanding the dollar in Patrick's hand]

SpongeBob: Did it work? [Patrick's hands are gone]

Patrick: Nope. (scene cuts to SpongeBob using a fire hose in a fire hydrant, Patrick screaming off-screen)

SpongeBob: Did it work? (Patrick holds up the dollar that left a hole in his body from the force of the water, but place where dollar and hands were had no hole)

Patrick: Nope. [scene cuts to SpongeBob banging the dollar Patrick is holding with a bat, while Patrick is wearing a neck brace, in a room with an assortment of violent tools]

SpongeBob: Nothing's working!

Patrick: Wait, SpongeBob, we're not cavemen! [walks over to a computer] We have technology! [picks up the computer and bangs it on the dollar six times. The camera zooms in on the dollar, all wrinkled.]

SpongeBob: It didn't work.

Patrick: This is all Mr. Krabs' fault! If he hadn't have hung that stupid dollar in the first place...I mean, it's not like it looks any different than a regular dollar. Why hang it? You could just stick any old dollar bill up on the wall, no one would even know the difference! You might as well just reach into my wallet, pull out a dollar, and put it on the wall! And it would-

SpongeBob: Hurry, Patrick, take out your wallet.

Patrick: (scoffs and looks for a dollar) I don't see where you're going with this. (notices dollar) Hey, a dollar!

SpongeBob: Our butts are saved, Patrick! Now all we have to...Patrick, no! (Patrick puts his dollar in a vending machine) Patrick! No...why did you put it... (the dollar comes out) AAH! Grab it, Pat, grab it! Hurry, hurry! (Patrick pushes it back in) Aww, Pat, no, no! (dollar comes out again) Get it, Pat, get it, get it! (SpongeBob starts stammering, Patrick slams it back in again using both hands flat up against the machine) No-o-o-o-oh! (Patrick walks up with the chocolate bar he got to SpongeBob)

Patrick: Wanna bite?

SpongeBob: [anxiously] Okay, okay, we still got time! [looks in a mirror] Don't panic, SpongeBob. Panic is the enemy. You are strong. Through your strength, you shall overcome. [Mr. Krabs is heard humming a sea shanty outside the house]

Mirror SpongeBob: You're on your own, pal. [walks away]

SpongeBob: [screams] Hurry Patrick, put Mr. Krabs' dollar back on the wall! I've got an idea! [Mr. Krabs enters his house. All the lights are off.]

Mr. Krabs: What the--?

SpongeBob: [nervous] We're all done, sir. Everything looks great.

Patrick: [also nervous] Yeah, you don't have to look around. We already did that for you. [Mr. Krabs turns the lights on. SpongeBob and Patrick are grinning nervously.]

Mr. Krabs: You both look like you got a dirty little secret. (SpongeBob and Patrick stare) Ha! I'm kidding. Let's see how you did. Oh, not bad, boys, not bad. A nice even coat, high gloss, no bubbles...

SpongeBob: Yeah, looks great, Mr. Krabs. We'll just be going...

Mr. Krabs: Flippin' fish fossils! Look what you did!

SpongeBob: Oh, Mr. Krabs, we're so sorry! Please! Don't de butt me! Don't de butt me!

Patrick: Mr. Krabs, we're sorry! have mercy, have mercy!

Mr. Krabs: Sorry? You dusted all my knickknacks! That was really nice. Great Barrier Reef!! What's this?

SpongeBob: it's not our fault, Mr. Krabs!

Patrick: We didn't do it on purpose!

SpongeBob: Accident accident accident!

Patrick: I don't wanna be butt-less!

Mr. Krabs: Oh, and I suppose the floor molding just painted itself on its own. (wall is decorated with tiny ships) That's what I call craftsmanship. Criminy jim-jam!!!!!! You messed up my dollar... (runs over to a bunch of dolls lined up perfectly, with one of them tilted slightly to the left) ...rama! All the dolls in this doll-a-rama were perfectly aligned! (straightens one of the dolls to an upright position)

Doll: Mama.

Mr. Krabs: And you boys thought I wouldn't notice. Oh well, I guess no harm done. All right boys, you're free to go. [runs into a long pile of paintings on the wall] Ow! That's funny, I don't remember a stack of paintings jutting from the wall where me first dollar used to be. In fact, I don't remember this painting at all. [takes a painting of a clown crying off the wall, showing one of a car race] Or this one. [takes it off, showing a painting of abstract art. SpongeBob and Patrick are trembling.] Or this one. Or this one. Or this one. Or this one. [takes a painting of a banana off, showing a painting of the pirate from the opening sequence] Or this one. [takes it off. SpongeBob is behind the painting he just took off. He is hanging by a rope on a nail.

SpongeBob: [nervously] Hi, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what are you doing?

SpongeBob: Oh, you know, just hanging around.

Patrick: [gives a thumbs down] Boo.

Mr. Krabs: Get down onto the floor, boy. [SpongeBob stretches his body to the floor] Alright, now you're just being silly. [takes SpongeBob off the wall]

SpongeBob: [shouts] No, no, no, no, Mr. Krabs! No! Don't look, it's a trick!

Mr. Krabs: Did you two get paint all over me first dollar?

SpongeBob: We're sorry, Mr. Krabs!

Patrick: We're so sorry!

Mr. Krabs: And then did you draw on it with crayon?! [two dollar signs and a smiley face are drawn on the dollar with crayon. SpongeBob turns to Patrick, who is grinning nervously.]

Patrick: [holding a green crayon] I thought, you know, maybe he'd buy it?

Mr. Krabs: All right boys! you know what I've got to do now?

SpongeBob: You mean our butts?

Patrick: Can I use mine one last time? (Mr. Krabs takes the dollar and licks it. The paint comes off then Mr. Krabs puts the dollar back up on the wall)

Mr. Krabs: There we go, good as new.

SpongeBob & Patrick: But, but, but, but, but, but, but, but...

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, I lied. This paint actually comes off with saliva. Ha-ha.

SpongeBob: Oh, I get it, Mr. Krabs. You told us the paint was permanent so me and Patrick would be more careful and not get paint on anything.

Mr. Krabs: Nah, I just like to mess with ya! (laughs. SpongeBob & Patrick angrily leave his house. Mr. Krabs spits all over the place while he is laughing) The old man's still got it! (the paint comes off the wall from the spit) Aww, crud. I really got to learn to say it, not spray it.

Narrator: (clears throat) Welcome aboard. If you're watching this video, then let me be the first to say 'congratulations'! (a rainbow with the word 'congratulations' appears) You've recently been hired by the Krusty Krab restaurant. (a hat, a spatula, and a bucket appear in SpongeBob's hands) And this is your first official day of training.

SpongeBob: Can I make a Krabby Patty now?

Narrator: No, no, you've got a lot to learn before you're ready to make a Krabby Patty. (SpongeBob gets mad) As you can see by this graph... (scene cuts to a giraffe. Narrator clears his throat) Graph. (a graph is shown. A Krusty Krab is moving up) You are now employed by one of the most successful restaurants in Bikini Bottom. But it didn't get that way overnight... (it's nighttime) because the store closes at 6:00. (scene cuts to picture of Mr. Krabs smiling with the Krusty Krab behind him) No, the story of the Krusty Krab is the story of one man's hard work, perseverance, vision, determination, and sweat. (scene cuts to one of Mr. Krabs' armpits) But mostly, his sweat. (scene cuts to a Krabby Patty sliding across the screen) From humble beginnings. (scene cuts to black and white picture of Mr. Krabs as a child, walking up to a soda machine) You may think Mr. Eugene H. Krabs, owner and founder of Krusty Krab Inc., has always been the financial wizard he is today. (Mr. Krabs puts in one of his quarters, then takes it out, as it's attached to a piece of rope with a hole in the quarter) And you're right! (Mr. Krabs laughs while drinking his soda. Scene cuts to an older Mr. Krabs, in a room with bars at the window) After the war, Krabs stayed secluded in a deep depression that seemed endless. (scene cuts to the Krusty Krab, then a retirement home called the Rusty Krab, with elderly fish outside playing shuffleboard) But then his luck changed when he acquired a bankrupt retirement home, and with a few minor alterations, the Krusty Krab was born. (Mr. Krabs paints a giant K, in red paint, on a sign outside. Scene cuts to a Krabby Patty with a light shining on it. We can hear a baby crying in the background)

Narrator: Sounds like a lot of...

Child: Hoopla!

Narrator: Sounds like a lot of...

Child: Hoopla!

Narrator: Sounds like a... (scroll over to a little kid shouting)

Child: Hoopla! HOOPLA!!! (gets hit in the head with a brick, thus knocking him out)

Narrator: Sounds like a lot of hoopla to make over a little Krabby Patty, right? (chuckles) WRONG! (scene cuts to a Krabby Patty sliding across the screen again) The Krusty Krab today. (scene cuts to a series of close-ups in the restaurant. Then cuts to a view of the inside of the Krusty Krab, where customers are eating) To keep up with today's demanding customers, no expense has been spared to acquire all the latest achievements in fast-food technology.

Mr. Krabs: (holds up a spatula in his left hand) This here is an advanced patty-control mechanism. (now standing at the register) Here, you can see our automated money-handling system. Don't touch! (now holding ice cubes) These are your high-quality beverage temperature devices. Imported. (holds up a straw) This here's a prototype liquid transfer machine. (puts the straw in an orange drink and drinks it) And most importantly, (holds up some ketchup packets) you get your state-of-the-art condiment-dispersal units. Now, are you gonna buy something or just stand there, 'cause there's a standing fee.

Narrator: (SpongeBob is standing there when a packet of ketchup, ice cubes, a cash register, a spatula, and a straw appear around him) All of this modernization seems a little overwhelming, doesn't it? (the items spin around him and he tries to track them with his eyes, getting dizzy) Well, luckily for you, Mr. Krabs' fear of robot overlords keeps the balance of technology in check. (items disappear and SpongeBob floats to the right. The scene changes to SpongeBob standing next to Squidward near the cash register) But if modernization is the heart of the Krusty Krab, then employees are the liver and gall bladder. (close-up of SpongeBob) Let's see if you've got what it takes. Hmmm, poised, confident, and a smile that says, "Hello world! May I take your order?" You've got the makings of a good employee, Mr. SquarePants! But for every good employee, there's one who is not so good. (close-up of Squidward reading his magazine) Let's see, inattentive, impatient, a glazed look in the eyes. (close-up of the button Squidward is wearing on his shirt) Look carefully at the "I Really Wish I Weren't Here Right Now!" button. There's a name for employees like this, but we'll call him Squidward. (As the Narrator has a strong voice, he pronounces it: Squid-woord.)

Squidward: I'm getting paid overtime for this, right, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: (offscreen in his office) Sorry, I can't hear you! (scene cuts to a Krabby Patty sliding across the screen again)

Narrator: Training.

SpongeBob: Does this mean I get to make a Krabby Patty now?

Narrator: No, you can't make a Krabby Patty without understanding the phrase 'POOP'.

SpongeBob: POOP?

Narrator: Once you understand 'POOP', you'll understand your place at the Krusty Krab. But what does POOP mean? (SpongeBob shrugs his shoulders) It's actually a carefully organized code. Watch closely. People Order Our Patties.

SpongeBob: Ah, POOP! (smiles with confidence)

Narrator: Looks like Mr. SquarePants understands 'POOP'. (scene cuts to a customer walking up to Squidward) Here's a typical customer. I wonder what he wants? Well, if we just remember POOP, we can figure it out.

Customer: I'd like to order-

Narrator: Do you think he's going to order: A: A sofa, B: An expensive haircut, or C: A patty?

Customer: -One patty please.

Narrator: Ah, POOP, you never let us down! (scene cuts to a giant Krabby Patty) Now that you understand POOP, I bet you think you're ready to make a Krabby Patty.

SpongeBob: Krabby Patty! (runs towards the Krabby Patty. Just as he is about to get to it, he gets splatted with a flyswatter)

Narrator: Ha-ha! Not so fast, Eager McBeaver. We haven't even talked about: (scene cuts to a toilet) Personal Hygiene. (toilet flushes. Scene cuts to SpongeBob in front of a sink) Every employee at the Krusty Krab must comply with a strict set of personal hygiene guidelines. (SpongeBob turns the faucet on) Okay, Mr. SquarePants, are you ready to prepare for your shift? (SpongeBob lathers his hands with soap) A good employee always scrubs his hand thoroughly. Be sure to get under those fingernails. (SpongeBob nods and scrubs a bit harder) And don't forget about the knuckles. (SpongeBob scrubs a bit harder) And make sure those palms are squeaky clean. (SpongeBob scrubs the hardest he can) All right, let's see those hands. (holds up his hands, but they are invisible from scrubbing so much) Now that's thorough! (chuckles. Scene cuts to SpongeBob's shiny black shoes) After making sure your feet are polished... (sprays and wipes his shoes) your face is clear of any blemishes or boils... (SpongeBob cuts his boil off with a pair of scissors) and your hair is neat and tidy... (SpongeBob lifts up his hat, sprays a little hairspray on it to make it straight, then puts his hat back on) you are ready to start the day. Now let's see how Squidward prepares for his shift. (one of the bathroom stall doors opens to show Squidward sleeping on the toilet, with his magazine on his lap) Remember, no employee wants to be a Squidward! (a giant Krabby Patty appears on the screen again) Now that you're clean and hygienic, I'll bet you think you're ready to make that Krabby Patty.

SpongeBob: (yells in excitement) I'm ready! (splits into two SpongeBobs) I'm ready!! (splits into more SpongeBobs) I'm ready!! (splits into more SpongeBobs) I'm ready!!! (many flyswatters come onto screen and swat all SpongeBobs)

Narrator: Whoa there! We still have a few more topics to cover first. (scene cuts to some vegetables, a spatula, and some ingredients on a table) Your Work Station. (scene cuts to SpongeBob vacuuming on top of the grill) It's important to keep your area tidy and free of droppings. But a clean workstation is only part of the job. (scene cuts to SpongeBob thinking of a Krabby Patty in a thought bubble of his) To make the vision in your head a reality, you'll need supplies. And a good employee always keeps his supplies well organized. (SpongeBob opens up a cabinet, then opens the bottom drawer to reveal a bunch of folders with names of ingredients and vegetables on there. He picks up a tomato from a folder labeled "T") Very nice, Mr. SquarePants, not a pickle out of place. (SpongeBob peeks out the kitchen door) Now let's see how Squidward keeps his work station. (Squidward is sleeping with a magazine on his face. He wakes up)

Squidward: Huh? (shouts) Oh! (falls on the floor. The cash register drawer opens up and hits Squidward on the head)

Narrator: Don't worry Squidward, Mr. SquarePants can cover for you. (scene cuts to SpongeBob standing next to the grill) Now that your workstation is up and running, perhaps you think you're ready to make the world-famous Krabby Patty. (SpongeBob barks, then runs around the room) (laughs) Calm down. (a bone is thrown at him. He plays with it) There's plenty of time left. We have to make sure you're ready for the psychological aspect of the job: Interfacing with Your Boss. (scene cuts to SpongeBob walking up to Mr. Krabs in his office)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, can I have a raise?

Mr. Krabs: No.

Narrator: Good job, Mr. SquarePants!

SpongeBob: (runs up to the camera) Can I make a Krabby Patty now? (scene cuts to Patrick walking into the Krusty Krab)

Narrator: And now we move from "behind the scenes" to the front lines, where we'll examine the most important aspect of the industry: the customer. Or as we like to say, the 'Krustomer'.

Patrick: (stops) Who said that? Are you a ghost?

Narrator: Like precious, precious blood in an animal, customers are what keeps the Krusty Krab strong and alive.

Patrick: Squidward, your ceiling is talking to me!

Squidward: Are you going to order something or just make friends with the paneling?

Patrick: Uhh...I'll have an, uhh...uhh...uhh...ah...uh... (falls asleep and drools. Squidward snaps his fingers, causing him to wake up) What's that?

Squidward: Patrick, go be stupid somewhere else.

Narrator: Ah-ah-ah, Squidward, remember what Mr. Krabs says.

Mr. Krabs: The money is always right!

Patrick: The ceiling is right, Squidward. You're not a very good employee.

Squidward: Fine. May I please take your order?

Patrick: I'll have uhh...ah... (drools again. Squidward gets angry)

Narrator: We'll check in with these two later. (scene cuts to a siren) Right now, it's important that we discuss an emergency situation! (scene cuts to SpongeBob standing by a Krabby Patty, looking around for something) Like the lost gold of Atlantis, many consider the Krabby Patty to be a treasure. And as with every treasure, there's a thief ready steal it. So it's up to you to be the watchful eyes of... (the Krabby Patty moves as metal legs come out of it. It walks off) What's this? (Plankton is on the patty) It's Mr. Krabs' business rival, Plankton!

Plankton: Eat my microscopic dust, Krabs! Your secret formula is finally mine! (scene cuts to SpongeBob with a face of shock)

Narrator: He's stealing the formula! What are you going to do, Mr. SquarePants? (SpongeBob screams and runs around the restaurant, knocking over tables and chairs. Mr. Krabs walks up to Plankton as he and the patty are going really slow)

Plankton: You'll never catch me, Krabs, not when I shift into maximum overdrive! (whips the Krabby Patty into going faster, but it's still very slow) Hi-ya! (mechanical legs whirring. Mr. Krabs grabs the patty) I knew I should have gotten the turbo. (SpongeBob is still screaming and knocking over tables and chairs) Hear me Krabs! You'll take this Krabby Patty from me when you pry it from my cold, dead... (Mr. Krabs picks up Plankton, who is now squeaking. He flicks him back to the Chum Bucket)

Narrator: And so, another emergency is avoided, thanks to Mr. SquarePants. (scene cuts to Squidward and Patrick) Let's check in on Squidward again. Psst, Squidward.

Squidward: Huh?

Narrator: Just remember: POOP.

Squidward: Patrick, if I could make a suggestion, why don't you just order a Krabby Patty?

Patrick: Great idea, Squidward! One Krabby Patty, please.

Squidward: (sighs) Will that be for here or to go? (Patrick becomes confused again. After a pause, Squidward begins to bang his head on the register several times)

Narrator: Hang in there, Squidward, it's all part of the job. (scene cuts to a shot of the Krusty Krab training manual) Now that we've covered all the basics of your training, it's time for the moment you've been waiting for! (a blue screen appears with the Krabby Patty slowly coming closer to the screen. The narrator is making noises resembling dramatic music) Preparing the Krabby Patty! (scene cuts to SpongeBob bowing down to a poster of a Krabby Patty) At the center of every great dynasty is the crown jewel which keeps it alive and thriving. (SpongeBob crawls to the poster) For the Krusty Krab, this is the Krabby Patty. (SpongeBob licks the patty that is on the poster) And now you, the humble employee off the street, the all-too-necessary human resource that keeps this business afloat, will learn the sacred and dark secrets of how to prepare, with your very own hands... (SpongeBob gasps) the sumptuous, lip-moistening, spine-tingling, heart-stopping pleasure center that is a Krabby Patty! Are you ready? (SpongeBob nods) Are you sure? (SpongeBob nods his head harder and his head tears in half) Okay! The secret formula is krabby patty(cuts to credits and music before the narrator is able to say what it is)

Narrator: Ah, the Barg'n Mart. A consumer's paradise of brand-like items, stocked as far as the eye can see. (SpongeBob is running down the aisles trying to get to the check-out counter as soon as possible)

SpongeBob: Boom! 19 seconds! That's a new record, Lou!

Lou: Uhh, that's great, SpongeBob. \$1.42.

SpongeBob: But it's not an official record until we record it in the Book of Records. (writes the record down in a book) 19 seconds.

Lou: Ok, it's a \$1.42.

SpongeBob: Sign here please. (signs) Initial here, here, and here. (SpongeBob notices a picture of Lou from a while back) Oh look, it's a picture I took of you the first time I ever came here! (picture shows a happy Lou) Look at you, so young and happy! (puts the picture down and we see a sad Lou) Where do the years go? Hey, what's that? 'Plan Your Own Party Kit'? Hey Lou, how much?

Lou: For the Plan Your Own Party kit? Oh, we're having a special on those. Uhh, they're free, but you have to leave, right now. (scene cuts to SpongeBob's house)

SpongeBob: Let's see Gary, according to the 'Plan Your Own Party Kit', invitations are the first order of business. (reads

first thing on list) A guest list consisting only your closest acquaintances will set an intimate tone for the evening and provide soiree success. Well, you heard the man, Gary, only our closest friends.

Husband: (reads invitation) Who the barnacle is SpongeBob Squarepants? (wife peeks from around the corner)

Wife: I believe you went to kindergarten with him, dear. (shows a picture of SpongeBob and his Kindergarten class)

Husband: Kindergarten, huh? Oh yeah, Squarepants. Well, it's time to move again.

SpongeBob: Boy, Gary, this 'Plan Your Own Party Kit' is a real life-saver. (mixing ingredients and reading a cook book) How else would I have known to make freshly-whipped clotted cream. (takes a little taste) Gary, you better call an astronomer, because this clotted cream is outta this world! (timer goes off) My piñata! (takes out the piñata from the oven and tosses it around because it's hot then puts it on the table) The 'Plan Your Own Party Kit' suggests creativity when stuffing your piñata, so I'm using deviled eggs. (puts eggs in the piñata)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Good question Gary, but not to worry. The 'Plan Your Own Party Kit' warns that unsupervised parties can lead to disaster. That's why I've taken the liberty of devising a schedule! (takes out list) 8:00–8:05: Guests arrive. 8:05–8:15: Opening remarks and general discussion. 8:15–8:27: Craft corner, followed by name tag distribution. (list rolls across the table) At 8:27, we begin the qualifying rounds for our cracker-eating slash tongue-twister contest. 9:07: running charades. (list rolls along the wall) 9:38: charity apple-bob. (list is still rolling around) 9:57: Electric jitterbug dance marathon, ladies' choice. (winks at Gary. The list stops on SpongeBob's head) At 10:09, things start cooking as I dig into my world-famous knock-knock joke vault!

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: And as long as we stick to this schedule, our party is a guaranteed success! This is gonna be the coolest party eva! (puts a party hat on Gary's shell)

(Episode stops to show a Patchy segment)

Narrator: While Patchy pulls himself together, let's see how SpongeBob's party is working out. (shows SpongeBobs house decorated)

SpongeBob: Ok, Gary, get ready. It's almost 8:00! And here they come! (looks at his watch) Don't worry too much Gary, it's only ten seconds past 8:00. (gasps) Now it's twenty seconds past 8:00! Maybe no one got their invitations! 30 seconds past 8:00! Oh, I'm doomed! (cries) No one's coming! I'm the worst host ever! (doorbell rings) Oh, the first guest! And only 40 seconds late. (opens door to see Patrick)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Welcome Patrick! May I compliment you on being fashionably late? Can I get you a glass of punch?

Patrick: Sure? (SpongeBob runs over and pours a glass)

SpongeBob: Did you have any trouble finding the place? (gives Patrick the glass) Here you are!

Patrick: Thanks. (drinks some punch)

SpongeBob: So, the punch ok?

Patrick: Not bad, not bad.

SpongeBob: Hmmm, nice weather we're having.

Patrick: It's been very mild, yes.

SpongeBob: Yep, it's mild season. (nervously laughs) Ahem. So, you read any... (doorbell rings) Oh, more party guests! (Mr Krabs has walked in with a purple coat on) Welcome Mr Krabs!

Mr Krabs: Ahoy, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Please let Gary take your coat, then allow me to offer you some hors d'oeuvres and a glass of punch.

Mr Krabs: Don't mind if I do! (drops his coat on Gary. Gary sticks his eyes out of the sleeves)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (looks over his party list) Two down, one hundred and seventy-five to go. Oh, I almost forgot... (hands Patrick and Mr Krabs nametags) These nametags eliminate the need for awkward introductions. (doorbell rings) Oh, more guests! (Patrick tries to read his nametag upside down)

Patrick: Kcirtap si eman ym o77eh. I don't get it.

Mr Krabs: No, you dumb bunny, it says, 'Hello, my name is Patrick'!

Patrick: (shakes Mr Krabs hand) Nice to meet you Patrick.

Mr Krabs: (laughs) Good one, Patrick! (both laugh)

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: What's going on here? The laughter isn't scheduled until 9:03! You want to throw a party, do it at your house, Patrick. (doorbell rings)

Patrick: Was he talking to me or you? (SpongeBob opens door to Squidward)

SpongeBob: Squidward, you made it!

Squidward: My cable's out. (SpongeBob hides some wire cutters behind his back)

SpongeBob: Oh, uhh, sorry to hear about that.

Mr Krabs: So, uhh, how's it going Squidward?

Squidward: Not bad.

SpongeBob: I have you making mild conversation with Mr Krabs from 10:41 to 10:47. But if you've got a case of the jabberjaws, I can hook you up with Scooter. Here are some topic cards to break the ice. (hands them some cards. The doorbell rings) Oh, someone's at the door!

Scooter: Mine says, 'What came first?: the oyster or the pearl?' You take the side of the pearl! (Squidward throws away his card and walks away)

Squidward: This is lame.

Lady Fish: My card says, 'Discuss the philosophical nature of irony.' What does yours say?

Patrick: 'Nod politely'. (shown Mr Krabs and Plankton with cards)

Mr Krabs: What does yours say, Plankton?

Plankton: Oh, uhh, it says, (really shows 'Where are You From?') 'Discuss the secret ingredient of the Krabby Patty formula.' (clears throat) How interesting.

Mr Krabs: Nice try, Plankton. (everyone is chattering amongst themselves. The doorbell rings)

SpongeBob: Well, it's about time. Ok, everyone, the last guest is about to arrive...22 minutes late! (opens up the door to a fish)

Tom: Hey, hey! (SpongeBob folds his arms in a sort of anger. The fish laughs nervously as SpongeBob walks into the party)

SpongeBob: Attention everyone. Attention please! Now that we're all here, I officially declare the party switch to be in the 'on' position! (silence) (everyone claps silently) As soon as I get back from the coat room, we'll have a rundown of tonight's schedule. Try not to have too much fun without me! (laughs as he walks into a room with a sign that reads 'Coat Check'.) Seriously. (closes door)

Narrator: That includes you folks. SpongeBob's House Party will return after these messages. (commercial)

Narrator: Ahoy there! Welcome back to SpongeBob's House Party! (scene cuts back to SpongeBob and Gary in the coat room)

SpongeBob: Hey Gar, got another coat for you. (throws the coat on Gary) The party's going great, by the way. They're gonna be talking about this one for a long, long time. Well, back to work. (laughs and walks back out with his clipboard) Ok, everyone. Let's...huh? What's going on here? (guests are talking and dancing to the music. SpongeBob starts to hyperventilate) This is all wrong! What's happening to my party? (scene cuts to Sandy and Larry dancing) No, no, no, no, no! Didn't you read the schedule? 10:00pm: Dance your pants off! 10:00pm! (scene cuts to some a fish eating cake. SpongeBob takes a vacuum and sucks out all the food from his mouth) Let's try to stick to the schedule, shall we? Cake will be eaten at 8:52, everyone! 8:52! (switches into 'blower'. Slice of cake is blown perfectly back into the rest of the cake. A plate with bacon and eggs is blown onto the table) Hey, what's this?

Fish: That's my breakfast.

SpongeBob: Could I have everyone's attention please? (Patrick is dancing by the record player) Patrick! (stops the music) If everyone could take a seat on the couch please, while I sort this out. Thank you, thanks. (the guests walk over to the couch) Hey everybody, thanks for your patience. I know we've gotten off to a rocky start here, so I'm going to get us back on track. It is now 8:37, and we all know what that means! (gets out a newspaper) Time to read aloud from the newspaper comics! Ok, I think I'll start out with 'The Wisenheimers'. Ok, panel one: we see Roxy Wisenheimer with some sort of rake. Wait, I can't read from this! (guests cheer) This is yesterday's paper. (they stop cheering as SpongeBob walks outside) I'll just go grab today's paper. (everyone starts to party when he leaves) (talking to himself) SpongeBob, you sure know how to throw a party. What would they do without you? (tries to open the door) Locked out? (knocks on the door. Scene cuts

to Patrick and Sandy are dancing) Sandy: This song's got a great beat.

Patrick: Yeah. Knock, knock.

SpongeBob: Gee, I wonder why they don't hear me? (looks through the window and his eyes bug out as he wails. He sees the party, with all the guests dancing and having fun and the music blasting) Oh no! (cut to the topic cards on the floor and two fish just talking) They're not using the topic cards! They're ad-libbing! (cut to Patrick eating all the deviled eggs in the piñata in one gulp and everyone else cheering him on) Now they're mad at Patrick! He's hogging the deviled eggs! (scene cuts to two guests laughing) Look at those poor souls, they're so bored, they've gone mad! Oh, no. The party's falling into chaos without my hosting talents to guide it! (scene cuts to Patrick and Mrs Puff talking)

Patrick: So, do you come here often?

Mrs Puff: No. (phone rings. Patrick answers)

Patrick: Hello, Squarepants residence. What? I'm sorry, what? (scene cuts to SpongeBob using a pay phone outside, across the street)

SpongeBob: Patrick, it's me, SpongeBob!

Patrick: You wanna talk to SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes...no, Patrick! I'm SpongeBob! I'm outside!

Patrick: Ok, hold on. (opens door) SpongeBob, you out here? Phone's for you! (SpongeBob runs toward the door. Patrick closes it in front of him) Sorry, he's not here.

Scooter: Hey, dude, if you're looking for SpongeBob, he's over by the punch bowl.

Patrick: Thanks. (Patrick hands the phone to an ice sculpture of SpongeBob's head) Here you go, SpongeBob. (drops the phone in the punch)

SpongeBob: Phone in punch bowl? That's not even on the schedule! (looks up noticing the bathroom window is open. Scene cuts to Larry looking in the window)

Larry: Larry, my man, you are looking good enough to eat! (the mirror shows a real lobster on a plate) Could use a little teeth whitener, though. I'm sure SpongeBob won't mind. (looks through the medicine cabinet. He finds a comb with three angles and teeth coming out from them) Hey, check out his crazy comb!

SpongeBob: Oh no, sounds like someone's rummaging through my medicine cabinet! (climbs up the side of his house) I hope they don't touch my special comb.

Larry: Well, I think I've aired it up enough. (Larry closes the window on SpongeBob's fingers. SpongeBob falls down screaming. Larry hears the screams) Hey, this party's finally starting to pick up. (SpongeBob lands flat on the ground then gets up and looks at his fingers) I hope this doesn't interfere with finger puppet theater at 9:20! If I don't get back inside soon and restore order, there might not be enough time for the scheduled events! (scene cuts to inside where Pearl and Mrs Puff talking to each other)

Pearl: Gee, SpongeBob really knows how to throw a great party! Mrs Puff: Oh yes, everything is quite lovely. (sees SpongeBob spying through the window) Eww, although I don't care for his taste of paintings. (turns the window around)

SpongeBob: I don't even know how that happened. Well, I have no choice. I'm gonna have to tunnel back in! (takes a shovel and digs. Digs up into the middle of the party) Ok, everybody, don't panic, the host has returned. (guests are hopping around the room. They hop on SpongeBob and send him through the hole he dug) I can take losing the topic cards and the phone in the punch bowl... (now wearing a bunny suit) ...but I was supposed to lead the bunny hop! This is a bunch of barnacles! (takes a pick-axe to cut the door but a bright light shines at him)

Officer Nancy: Well, well, well. What do we have here? A burglar bunny. Why do they do it, O'Malley?

Officer Malley: I don't know. It's probably how he gets his kicks.

Officer Nancy: You criminals make me sick.

SpongeBob: I'm no criminal! I live here! I'm...I'm throwing a party. I got locked out, I swear!

Officer Nancy: (smiles) Well why didn't you say so? What a terrible misunderstanding!

Officer Malley: You have a nice party now, sir. (both walk off)

SpongeBob: Boy, for a second there, I thought I was going to be arrested for breaking into my own house. What an ironic twist that would have been.

Officer Nancy: Hey, wait a second, if you're throwing a party. Why weren't we invited?

SpongeBob: But, I didn't know. Plan Your Own Party Kit didn't mention the police.

Officer Malley: Whoa, whoa, ok, motor-mouth, tell it to the judge. (handcuffs SpongeBob but the handcuffs are not working)
Oh no, these cuffs are broken.
Officer Nancy: Huh, can't bring him in in broken cuffs. I got an old pair in the car we can use.
SpongeBob: Is it too late to offer you some punch?
Officer Malley: Sir, you have the right to remain silent. (scene cuts to next day)
SpongeBob: All night in the stony lonesome in a bunny outfit! (tries to open the door) Oh, yeah, the door's locked. (lifts up the welcome mat) Good thing I keep a spare key under the mat. (walks in) Oh, look at this place! This party was a complete disaster. (Patrick walks up)
Patrick: That was the greatest party any of us have ever been to!
SpongeBob: It was?
Patrick: Oh, without a doubt, you are the best party-thrower ever!
SpongeBob: I am?
Patrick: Yeah! Whatever you did, you should write it down and do it again next weekend. Thanks again, SpongeBob. See ya! (walks out)
SpongeBob: Squarepants, you've done it again. I guess I know how to throw a party after all. (Gary's got a lampshade on his head) Gary! Well it looks like you had a good time.
Gary: Meow.
SpongeBob: Good night, Gary.

(SpongeBob is sitting in a mailbox as the mailman comes up and opens the mailbox)

SpongeBob: Hi mailman! (mailman screams and runs as he drops the mail by the mailbox) OK, see you tomorrow!

Patrick: Hey, the mail's here. What did you get?

SpongeBob: Let's see...Gary, Gary, Gary, Gary, Gary, Gary... (throws the mail behind him that isn't his) Hey, a magazine. (doesn't throw magazine away, even though it isn't his) That's funny. I don't remember subscribing to Fancy Living Digest. (both look inside the magazine)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Whoa!

SpongeBob: Look at these glossy depictions of a higher standard of living. This guy's so rich, he has a swimming pool in his swimming pool.

Patrick: (points to a rich man with glasses) This guy's got shoes! (Squidward comes up and grabs the magazine)

Squidward: Give me that! Stealing my mail, eh? You're lucky I don't report you to the authorities.

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, how did people in that magazine get all that money?

Squidward: They're entrepreneurs, they sell things to people!

SpongeBob: Well, what kind of things?

Squidward: How should I know? Things people want to buy. Now keep your paws off my mail. (walks off to his house)

SpongeBob: That's it, Patrick! We got to become entrepreneurs!

Patrick: Is that gonna hurt?

SpongeBob: Quick Patrick, without thinking, if you could have anything in the world right now, what would it be?

Patrick: Uhh... more time for thinking.

SpongeBob: No, something real, like an item, something you would pay for.

Patrick: A chocolate bar?

SpongeBob: That's a great idea, Patrick! We'll be traveling chocolate bar salesmen. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick walking out of Barg-N Mart with a bunch of chocolate bars)

SpongeBob: Fancy Livin', here we come!

Patrick: Make way for a couple of entrepreneurs (pronounces it "auntre-penooers")!

SpongeBob: OK, Patrick, this is it. The first step on our road to living fancy. Just follow my lead. (they walk up to a house and knocks on the door. Tom opens the door) Good afternoon, sir. Could we interest you in some chocolate?

Tom: Chocolate? Did you say... chocolate?

Patrick: Yes sir! With or without nuts? (holds up two different chocolate bars)

Tom: Chocolate? (turns red angrily) Chocolate! (SpongeBob and Patrick back up after seeing the ticked off Tom) CHOCOLATE! CHOCOLATE! CHOCOLATE! (SpongeBob and Patrick run away as Tom chases after them. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick walking up to another house)

SpongeBob: OK, that first guy didn't count. This is our real first step. (door opens) Good morning sir, would you like to buy some chocolate?

Salesman: Chocolate bars, eh?

SpongeBob: Yes sir, we are chocolate bar salesmen.

Salesman: (chuckles) A couple of mediocre salesmen if you ask me. That's no way to carry your merchandise. (we see Patrick with a bunch of chocolate bars stuffed in his pants) No, no, no, wrong. You boys want to be good salesmen, right?

SpongeBob and Patrick: Oh, most certainly, sir!

Salesman: Well, no self-respecting candy bar salesman would be caught dead without one of these! (holds up an orange bag)

SpongeBob: Wow...what is it?

Salesman: It's a candy bar bag, you knucklehead. It's specially designed to cradle each candy bar in velvet-lined comfort. But, I'm wasting my time. You boys don't need these bags.

SpongeBob and Patrick: We need them, we need them! (the man grins. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob giving some money to the man. SpongeBob and Patrick walk off with their arms full of the orange bags)

Salesman: So long boys! Happy hunting! (chuckles) Suckers. (cut to SpongeBob and Patrick walking with the bags. In the background, we can see the house move offscreen)

Music: Fancy Livin'

SpongeBob and Patrick: Fancy livin',
Here we come!
La la la la laaa!

SpongeBob: Let's try next door! (uses his foot to ring the doorbell. The man from before answers)

Salesman: Yes?

SpongeBob: Huh? Say, weren't you the same guy who sold us these candy bar bags?

Salesman: I don't recall. But it looks to me you fellas have got a lot of bags there. You two lady-killers are too smart to be without my patented candy bar bag carrying bags. (holds up two larger red bags)

Patrick: We'll take 20. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick with two big red bags at another house. SpongeBob knocks)

Woman: Oh, what can I do for you two nice young men?

SpongeBob: We're selling chocolate bars. Would you like to buy one?

Woman: That sounds heavenly. I'll take one. (SpongeBob unzips his red bag)

SpongeBob: One chocolate bar coming up! (unzips the bag but one of the orange bags comes out. Laughs nervously as he keeps trying to find the chocolate bar but only finds more orange bags. Patrick unzips his pants up and down) I know they're in here somewhere...

Woman: I don't have time for this. (closes the door)

SpongeBob: I got it! One chocolate bar for the nice...

Tom: Chocolate!!

SpongeBob: ...lady

Tom: Chocolate!! Chocolate!! Chocolate!! (SpongeBob and Patrick run off. Tom chases after them. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick sitting in a diner)

SpongeBob: We're not doing so well, Patrick. We need a new approach, a new tactic.

Patrick: Umm, I got it. Let's get naked!

SpongeBob: No, let's save that for when we're selling real estate. There must be something. What was the reason we bought those bags?

Patrick: He said we were mediocre.

SpongeBob: That's it! He made us feel special!

Patrick: Yeah, he did. I'm going back to buy more bags! (runs off)

SpongeBob: No, wait Patrick! (Patrick freezes where he is) Why don't we try being nice?

Patrick: Oh, okay. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick walking up to a house)

SpongeBob: Remember, Patrick, flatter the customer. Make him feel good. (Patrick knocks on the door and it opens)

Fish: Hello?

Patrick: (with a weird look on his face) I love you. (fish slams the door)

SpongeBob: I think you laid it on a teensy bit thick there, old pal. Let me try. (rings the doorbell. Door opens)

Fish: No, please, go away!

SpongeBob: Uhh...ahem. H-How ya doin'?

Fish: How am I doing?

SpongeBob: Wanna buy some chocolate?

Patrick: We got him now!

Fish: Sorry, chocolate has sugar and sugar turns to bubbling fat. Isn't that right, lover boy? (Patrick's stomach is bubbling)

Patrick: Hehe, it tickles.

Fish: As you can see, me and chocolate no longer hang. (shows a picture of a fat version of himself when he was 13) You can keep that for five bucks. (Patrick holds up some money)

Patrick: I'll take 10! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking down the street again)

SpongeBob: We haven't sold one chocolate bar. I have a feeling we're too easily distracted. (Patrick is looking at the photo of the fish)

Patrick: Huh?

SpongeBob: Let's make a pact right now that we will stay focused on selling at the next house.

Patrick: What?

SpongeBob: Let's shake on it.

Patrick: Did you say something?

SpongeBob: Remember Patrick, focus. (knocks on the door)

Fish #2: Yes?

SpongeBob: Good afternoon, sir, we're selling chocolate bars. (hypnotic music plays Patrick stretches his eyes back and forth on the fish like Kaa the snake)

Fish #2: Why is Chubby here staring at me?

Patrick: Focusing.

Fish #2: Back up, Jack! (slams the door on Patrick's eyes. Patrick looks around his house)

Patrick: Nice place you got here! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick walking down the street)

SpongeBob: I can't understand what we're doing wrong.

Patrick: I can't understand anything.

SpongeBob: There must be something to this selling game that we're just not getting. Other people do it, I mean look at that! (points to a giant billboard)

Patrick: (reads the sign) "Eat Barnacle Chips: They're Delicious"

SpongeBob: They are most certainly not delicious.

Patrick: Not the way I use them!

SpongeBob: Yet they sell millions of bags a day.

Patrick: Well, maybe if they didn't stretch the truth, they wouldn't sell as many.

SpongeBob: That's it, Patrick. We've got to stretch the truth.

Tom: CH000000000000COLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATE!!! (SpongeBob and Patrick run off. Bubble-wipe to them at another house)

SpongeBob: We'll work as a team. Let me get this customer warmed up, then you come in for the kill.

Patrick: The kill. (SpongeBob rings the doorbell as an elderly lady answers it)

Mary: Yes?

SpongeBob: Hello, young lady. (chuckles) We're selling chocolate. Is your mother home?

Mary: Mom! (her mom, who is a worm-like shaped person, comes up in a wheelchair)

Mary's Mom: What? What! What's all that yelling? You just can't wait for me to die, can you?

Mary: They're selling chocolate.

Mary's Mom: Chocolate?

Mary: Yeah!

Mary's Mom: What? What are they selling?

Mary: Chocolate!

Mary's Mom: What?

Mary: Chocolate!

Mary's Mom: I can't hear you!

Mary: (yells) They're selling chocolate!

Mary's Mom: They're selling chocolate?

Mary: (yells) Yeah!

Mary's Mom: Chocolate? I remember when they first invented chocolate. Sweet, sweet chocolate. I always hated it!

SpongeBob: Oh, but this chocolate's not for eating! It's for--

Patrick: You rub it on your skin and it makes you live forever.

Mary: No, no, no...

Mary's Mom: Live forever, you say? I'll take one. (daughter smacks her forehead. She gives SpongeBob some money as he gives her a chocolate bar) Come on, you lazy Mary! Start rubbing me with that chocolate!

Mary: (to SpongeBob) I hate you! (closes door)

SpongeBob: If we keep exaggerating the truth, we'll be fancy living in no time!

Patrick: Hooray for lying! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick at another house)

SpongeBob: It'll make your hair grow.

Fred: Great, my wife's trying to grow a beard. (cut to another house)

SpongeBob: It'll make you sound smart!

Hillbilly: I'll take 20! (cut to another house)

Patrick: It'll keep your face from getting any uglier! (we see a starfish that looks like Patrick but is wearing a shirt)

Starfish: Just in time.

SpongeBob: Plus, they help make you fly.

Patrick: You'll fall in love.

SpongeBob: They'll bring world peace.

Patrick: You'll walk through walls.

SpongeBob: (dresses as a king) You'll rule the WORLD! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick all bandaged up. Patrick uses two of his rumors to ring the door bell)

Patrick: (chuckles) This'll be the best lie yet!

SpongeBob: Yeah, this guy will feel so sorry for us, he'll have to buy all of our chocolate. (door opens)

Salesman: What can I do for you boys?

SpongeBob: Hello, would you like to buy a chocolate bar? We need an operation.

Salesman: Really? Small world. (guy walks out in a body cast) What's wrong with you guys?

SpongeBob: Uhh...we've got some head trauma and eternal bleeding.

Salesman: (sighs) Some guys have all the luck. (sad violin music plays) I was born with glass bones and paper skin. Every morning I break my legs, and every afternoon I break my arms. (SpongeBob and Patrick look sad. A tear rolls down his cheek) At night, I lie awake in agony until my heart attacks put me to sleep. (the wheel under his leg breaks off) Oh no! (falls down the stairs and groans)

SpongeBob: Quick, Patrick, let's help him. (SpongeBob and Patrick carry him inside) Careful. Put him down gently. (Patrick drops him. Shattering glass is heard offscreen)

Salesman': Ow!

SpongeBob: You poor, poor man. If there's anything, anything we can do to help you...

Salesman: Well, there is one thing. As you can well imagine, my medical bills are extremely high. But luckily, I'm able to keep myself alive by selling chocolate bars. (camera pans over to a box of chocolate bars. Bubble-wipe to the crippled man looking out the window at SpongeBob and Patrick, who are walking off with some boxes of chocolate bars in their hands) Such nice boys. It does my heart good... (unzips his cast showing that he is the salesman from before) ...to con a couple of class-A suckeroones like those two! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

SpongeBob: Don't get me wrong, Patrick. It's great that we helped that guy out but there's no one else in town to sell chocolate bars to. (falls backward and the box he was carrying falls on his face) Let's face it Patrick, we're failures. (Patrick puts his box on top of SpongeBob's, then sits on it)

Patrick: I can live with that.

Line of Customers: Hooray!

Mermaid Man: 1 Krabby Patty for me and a Pipsqueak Patty for the boy.

Barnacle Boy: Now, wait just a darn minute.

Line of Customers: Awww...

Barnacle Boy: I don't want a Pipsqueak Patty. I want an adult size Krabby Patty.

Mermaid Man: The Krabby Patty is too big for you. You'll never finish it.

Barnacle Boy: Don't you see what you're doing? You're treating me like a child.

Mr. Krabs: The boys eyes are bigger than his stomach. (Everybody laughs)

Barnacle Boy: And that's another thing. I'm not a boy. I'm so old I got hairs growing out of the wrinkles in my liver spots. (shows a hair popping out)

Squidward: One Pipsqueak Patty (Shows a small Patty with a smile with pickles and Ketchup) and your bib and high chair. (Everybody laughs again)

Barnacle Boy: I'm 68 years old and I want a Krabby Patty!

Mermaid Man: Your Pipsqueak is getting cold. Shall I feed you?

Barnacle Boy: (Glaring) Feed this, old man! (slaps the Krabby Patty out of Mermaid Man's hand as everybody gasps) I'm tired of playing second banana to a man who wears a bra! From now on, I want to be called Barnacle Man! And, I'm through protecting citizens that don't respect me.

SpongeBob: I respect you, Barnacle Man!

Barnacle Man: That's Barnacle Boy, I mean, man! Oh, forget it, people. I say if you're not going to give me the respect I want as a hero, then maybe you'll give me respect as a villain. A villain who is...evil.

SpongeBob: Evil??

Mr. Krabs, Squidward, Patrick, & Sandy: Evil?? (Mermaid Man is daydreaming blankly. Mr. Krabs slaps MM)

Mermaid Man: EVIL!!!

Barnacle Man: I'm crossing over to the dark side! (points to dark side of Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Why should I waste money lighting the whole store? (villain car comes in)

Dirty Bubble: Did someone say evil?

SpongeBob: Holy oil spill! It's Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy's arch enemies: Man-Ray and The Dirty Bubble! (Barnacle Man gets in villain car)

Barnacle Man: Nighty night, you old goat! (The villain car drives off)

Mermaid Man: Nighty-night. (to Squidward) Will you tuck me in? (Squidward glares)

Johnny: We interrupt your bleak and meaningless lives for this special news break. Man-Ray (Manray on TV shoots down a building with his powers originally both a plane and the building), The Dirty Bubble (He absorbs a bank into himself), and now, playing for the dark side, Barnacle Boy...

Barnacle Man: Barnacle Man!

Johnny: ...have been committing a series of crimes in Bikini Bottom. (shows Man-Ray, The Dirty Bubble, and Barnacle Man ding-dong-ditching)

Barnacle Man: Shh!

Citizen: (opens door) I'll get you crazy kids.

Realistic Fish Head: These three have named their new alliance: Every Villain Is Lemons, otherwise known as E.V.I.L.! What can we do? When will this crime wave end? How will we defeat the evil? Why am I asking you all these questions? Mermaid Man, where are you? (Mermaid Man is daydreaming blankly again. Mr. Krabs slaps MM again)

Mermaid Man: Huh? I'm right here! Don't worry, good citizens! Nothing will stop me from defeating the E.V.I.L.! Nothing! (ice cream truck sounds) Ice cream? I love ice cream! A double scoop of prune with bran sprinkles. Mmm. (MM takes a bite but explodes then E.V.I.L. is shown as ice cream men) Goes right through me every time.

Barnacle Man: You might as well give up, Mermaid Man, because there are three of us and only one of you. You don't stand a chance. (Drives off)

SpongeBob: Are you okay, Mermaid Man? Oh, how are you going to beat all three of those guys all by yourself?

Mermaid Man: You're right. (sits down) I give up.

SpongeBob: You can't give up. What if we help you?

Mermaid Man: No, no, that's a terrible idea. But what if you help me?

SpongeBob: Okay.

Mermaid Man: Who wants to save the world?

SpongeBob: I do!

Sandy: I do!

Patrick: I do!

Squidward: I don't.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, yes, you do. No world means no money. Now go save the world, or you're fired!

Mermaid Man: Then it's settled. To the Mermalair!

SpongeBob: Wow! The Mermalair!

Mermaid Man: These costumes belonged to the original International Justice League of Super Acquaintances!

SpongeBob: Wow! The I.J.L.S.A. were the most heroic heroes ever! (Holds up a lunchbox of MM and the superheroes as Barnacle Boy is taped off as an enemy) And you had the best lunch box, too.

Mermaid Man: Once you put on these costumes, their fantastic powers will become yours.

Sandy: Wow. I didn't think super powers worked that way.

Mermaid Man: Sure, power's all in the costume. Why else would we run around in colored undies?

Squidward: I can think of three good reasons.

Narrator: The Quickster... with the ability to run really... quick!

SpongeBob: Wanna see me run to that mountain and back? (doesn't move) Wanna see me do it again?

Narrator: Captain Magma... get him angry and he's bound to erupt!

Squidward: Krakatoa! (lava shoots out)

Narrator: The Elastic Waistband... able to stretch his body into fantastic shapes and forms!

Patrick: I can finally touch my toes! (stretches his toes over the back of his body and to his hands)

Narrator: And Miss Appear... now you see her... (disappears) ... now you don't.

Sandy: Does this outfit make me look fat?

Narrator: The International Justice League of Super Acquaintances! A subsidiary of Viacom. (Indonesian Version: A masterpiece of the nation.]

Mermaid Man: So, it's agreed. We'll get one cheese pizza, one with pepperoni and mushrooms, and one with olives.

Chief: Super Acquaintances, we need your help.

SpongeBob: Holy halibut! It's the chief!

Chief: Thank you for the introduction, Quickster, but we all know who I am. More importantly, we've found information on the whereabouts of E.V.I.L.

Patrick: The whoseabouts of what?

Sandy: You just tell us where they are, Chief, and we'll hog-tie 'em faster than you can say "Salsa Verde".

Chief: Our sources last found E.V.I.L. harassing teenagers up at "Make Out Reef". You know, Make-Out Reef? (makes out with himself) Whoo hoo hoo!

SpongeBob: Flopping flounder, Mermaid Man, Make-Out Reef!

Mermaid Man: Those fiends! Attacking hormonally stressed-out children!

Squidward: Ah, Make-Out Reef. Good times, good times.

Mermaid Man: To Make-Out Reef, away!

Patrick: Does this mean we're not getting pizza?

(Cut to a reef on the summit of a mountain)

John & Nancy: Stop, please!

E.V.I.L.: John and Nancy, sittin' in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G!

Dirty Bubble: Oh! Shine the flashlight in that car, Man-Ray!

Man-Ray: Haha, with pleasure! (shines on a guy making out with a pillow)

Fish': Hey, man, that's not cool.

Mermaid Man: Leave those young lovers alone!

Man-Ray: Well if it isn't Milkmaid Man! Well you've saved us the trouble of tracking you down.

Mermaid Man: You fiends can't win! You're outnumbered!

Man-Ray: You senile bag of fish paste! There are three of us and only one of you! (SpongeBob runs to Mermaid Man's side)

SpongeBob: Make that two!

Man-Ray: The Quickster!

Squidward: (He volcanoes like a rocket next to Mermaid Man) Three!

Barnacle Man: Captain Magma!

Patrick: (Patrick stretches himself in loops and circles next to Mermaid Man) Four!

Dirty Bubble: The Elastic Waistband!

Sandy: (Appears out of nowhere) Five.

E.V.I.L.: M-M-Miss Appear!

Mermaid Man: And me makes ten...uhh, I think.

Man-Ray: Uh-oh.

Dirty Bubble: I don't have a good feeling about this.

Barnacle Man: Oh, there goes our toy deal.

Mermaid Man: Super Acquaintances, attack!

Barnacle Man: Oh no, please, mercy!

Squidward: Krakatoa! (lava shoots out onto The Quickster)

SpongeBob: Ah! Ah! Ah! Get it off!

Patrick: I'll save you, Quickster, ahh! (stretches his arms to try and save The Quickster but ends up getting pulled in circles with the Quickster. Patrick rockets out of the grip of the Quickster and lands on the ground as his stretched arms unravel back at him to tie him stuck to the ground)

Mermaid Man: I'll cool you off, Quickster, with one of my water balls! (He creates a water ball and sees the Quickster in concentration, but targets Captain Magma instead) Aha!

Squidward: (Mermaid Man is facing Captain Magma) Huh? No, no, I'm not the quickster. I'm Captain Mag... (gets hit and burns up) ma. (disintegrates into dust)

Sandy: Well, I guess it's up to me! (Vanishes) I'll sneak over... unseen... and catch them by surprise. (a car hits Sandy sending her smashing through the sign of the site and off the cliff, screaming) br>

SpongeBob: Get it off! Get it off! (eventually stops but only shown as blue shoes) Whew. I'm glad that's over. (E.V.I.L looks around to see the defeated super heroes and Mermaid Man falls on his back to surrender.)

Barnacle Man: We did it. We won! This day belongs to E.V.I.L.! (Barnacle Man approaches the fallen Mermaid Man and laughs maniacally) You've lost, Mermaid Man, and the superhero/super-villain rules say you have to give in to my demands.

Mermaid Man: Okay, what do you want?

Man-Ray: World domination! Tell him we want world domination!

Dirty Bubble: Oh, and make him eat dirt! Ha! (ManRay glares at him) In addition to the domination thing.

Barnacle Man: Number one, I want to be treated like a superhero, not a sidekick. Number two, I want to be called Barnacle Man. And number three...

Man-Ray: Come on, domination!

Barnacle Man:I want an adult-sized Krabby Patty.

Dirty Bubble: Did you hear him say anything about eating dirt?

Barnacle Man: Need a hand, superpal? (both start to get tears in their eyes)

Mermaid Man: Good to have you back on the side of justice, Kyle. Let's go get you that Krabby Patty!

Man-Ray: Was that it? Oh, that's sickening.

Dirty Bubble: Oh, this reminds me of the time I went to Cancun with the killer shrimp. (laughs) Oh, they had these papaya drinks that were to die for and...

Man-Ray: (Obviously angered) Oh, Neptune, shut up.

(Back at The Krusty Krab)

Mermaid Man: How is that adult-sized Krabby Patty treating you, Barnacle Man?

Barnacle Man: Actually, it's pretty big. I'm not sure if I can finish the whole thing. (everyone laughs, starting with the heroes, SpongeBob, and his friends, who were all wrapped up or cased. Then we see a fish and his pillow he kissed laughing, and then it was the Dirty Bubble and Man-Ray, who in jail, and finally, the chief, who is still making out.)

SpongeBob: (turns off the alarm) Time for boating school! Let it rip, Gary! (Gary pushes a button that sends SpongeBob jumping out of his bed, into the air. SpongeBob bounces off a chair, while sipping his cup of tea) Ahh... (toast pop out into the air, where SpongeBob eats them. Gary spits SpongeBobs pants into the air where SpongeBob lands on a target that Gary has painted) Ta-da! Not bad, partner in crime! The toast could have been a little darker, though. (heads to the door) See you later! (opens the door where Patrick is standing there with a net in his hand)

Patrick: Hey SpongeBob, want to go jellyfishing?

SpongeBob: Sorry Patrick, I can't. I have school today!

Patrick: Well, what am I supposed to do all day while you're at school?

SpongeBob: I don't know. What do you normally do while I'm gone?

Patrick: (starts to cry) Wait for you to get back!

SpongeBob: Wait a second, Patrick. Why don't you come to school with me?

Patrick: Yeah, that's a great idea!

SpongeBob: You and me in school together as classmates! Think about it! (Patrick imagines a class photo of him and SpongeBob smiling goofy)

Patrick: Wow. (scene cuts to them at school)

SpongeBob: Brace yourself, Patrick. I'm about to introduce you to the greatest academic thrill ride of your lifetime.

Patrick: (laughs) And no line!

SpongeBob: Behold Patrick, the hallway of learning! (runs up to the water fountain) And this is the fountain of learning! (runs to the lockers) And these are the lockers of learning!

Patrick: (runs up to some stairs) And these are the stairs of learning, right?

SpongeBob: No, they're just the stairs. (walks over to another set of stairs) These are the stairs of learning.

Patrick: Where is everyone?

SpongeBob: Home, probably. Class doesn't start till nine.

Patrick: (looks at his watch) 6:20? But I thought you said you were late.

SpongeBob: Late for being early.

Patrick: Hey! When did I start wearing a watch?

SpongeBob: (both walk into the classroom) And now, for the room with the most class: the classroom.

Patrick: Oh!

SpongeBob: And this is the chalkboard. It's the ladle that helps us drink from the fountain of knowledge.

Patrick: Oh!!

SpongeBob: (walks up to the good noodle board) And those drinks are recorded here on the Good Noodle board! (looks at Patrick)

Patrick: Huh? Uh, sorry. Oh!!!

SpongeBob: (points to each star) Attendance. Penmanship. Basic Desk Sanitation. Advanced Desk Sanitation. I'll add your name so you can start collecting good noodle stars too! (adds Patrick's name) There you are.

Patrick: But look at all the stars you have! I'll never be that good.

SpongeBob: Oh now, Patrick. I'm just like everyone else, no matter how many stars I have. Ahem! (high pitched) 74.

Patrick: Who said that? (runs over to an egg in a box) Was it him?

SpongeBob: I doubt it. That's Roger, our class science project.

Patrick: What does he teach us?

SpongeBob: The greatest lesson of all: the precious value of life. You see Patrick, Roger's shell represents the fragile line between life and death when behind the wheel of a boat. (points the light bulb) This light bulb represents knowledge. And without its energy and warmth, within minutes, Roger would die.

Patrick: (turns light on and off) Life, death! Life, death! Life, death! Life, death! Life, death! Life, death!

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: (turns light on) Sorry. (SpongeBob moves his desk to the front of the teachers desk)

SpongeBob: The best part about being early is you get to sit close to the teacher? Think you can handle the second chair?

Patrick: (jumps into the chair) I'm learning!

SpongeBob: This is gonna be great! (both giggle. Scene cuts to class)

Mrs Puff: Hello class, my name is Mrs Puff. And the only reason I say that I see we have a new student. Young man, why don't you stand up and introduce yourself?

Patrick: Who's the fat kid talking to?

SpongeBob: You, Patrick, she's the teacher!

Patrick: Oh.

Mrs Puff: Come on now, tell the class your name. Don't be nervous. (Patrick gets nervous) We just want to know your name. (Patrick gets more nervous)

Patrick: 24? (class laughs hysterically)

Mrs Puff: (sarcastically) Oh great, another genius.

Patrick: (sits back down) Why are they laughing?

SpongeBob: I guess it's just in the timing.

Patrick: Oh. (Patrick laughs after a brief pause)

Mrs Puff: (writes on the chalkboard) Today's first lesson will be on turning.

Patrick: 24. (both start to giggle)

SpongeBob: Hey Patrick.

Patrick: What?

SpongeBob: I thought of something funnier than 24.

Patrick: Let me hear it.

SpongeBob: (stifled laugh) 25. (both laugh loud enough for Mrs Puff to hear)

Mrs Puff: That's enough! Young man, this is your first day, so I'll let you off with a warning. As for you, SpongeBob, I expect more from a good noodle. Pay attention.

SpongeBob: Yes, Mrs Puff.

Mrs Puff: Now then, "Turning"; what every driver should know. When you are turning, it is important to signal at least...

SpongeBob: (gasps as he looks at the drawing Patrick gave him of Mrs Puff) Big Fat Meanie? Patrick, you can't do that! She's the teacher!

Mrs Puff: What about the teacher? (SpongeBob screams as Mrs Puff sees the drawing of her) As if I really look like this! (puts it a drawer with a bunch of other drawings of her) SpongeBob, I believe you know the punishment for two classroom disruptions. (takes out a scraper)

SpongeBob: No...

Mrs Puff: I'm sorry SpongeBob, but if one wishes to be a good noodle, one must behave like a good noodle. (walks over to the Good Noodle board)

SpongeBob: I'm a good noodle! I'm a good noodle!

Mrs Puff: You'll get this star back when you earn it.

SpongeBob: No! (Mrs Puff slowly takes off the star from the board) No, no, no, no, no, no! (SpongeBob goes crazy as she takes off the star. When she finally does, SpongeBob faints)

Patrick: Mrs Puff, is it naptime?

Mrs Puff: SpongeBob, I've had enough of your nonsense. Now collect your things and move to the available desk in the back of the room.

SpongeBob: What, me? But why?

Mrs Puff: Because the big fat meanie said so. Now go!

SpongeBob: Thanks a lot, Patrick!

Patrick: Sure thing, buddy. (SpongeBob walks to the back)

SpongeBob: Well, I guess I can be a good noodle from back here. (Mrs Puff's voice is receding as SpongeBob tries to listen from the back) It's so hard to hear. What kind of student sits back here anyway? (reads the writing on the desk) 'Skool is 4 Chumps'? Where am I?

Patrick: Psst, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Just ignore him, SpongeBob.

Patrick: SpongeBob, over here!

SpongeBob: Whatever you do, don't look at him.

Patrick: Psst, SpongeBob. (grunts as he throws a piece of waded up paper at SpongeBob) Psst, SpongeBob! (throws a book at

SpongeBob) SpongeBob? (spits a bunch of spitballs on SpongeBob's face) SpongeBob? Psst, over here. I'm trying to tell you something. Something important.

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: Hi.

SpongeBob: (yells) Hi!! (all the spitballs are blown away onto Mrs Puff)

Mrs Puff: Perhaps this would be a good time for recess. (scene cuts to SpongeBob at his locker. Patrick walks up to him)

Patrick: Hey buddy! Funny stuff in there, funny stuff!

SpongeBob: There is nothing funny about what you did in there, Patrick! You got me in trouble! You got me moved to the back of the room! You cost me one of my good noodle stars!

Patrick: Who cares about a stupid star?

SpongeBob: Gee Patrick, it seems that you would care a lot about stupid stars, considering that you are one!

Patrick: I'll deal with you after class!

SpongeBob: It is after class! (a group of students crowd around SpongeBob & Patrick chanting 'fight')

Patrick: I don't see anyone fighting, do you?

SpongeBob: They're talking about us, we're fighting!

Patrick: Don't mind if I do! (both start to punch. The group of students start to quiet down as they notice SpongeBob & Patrick are punching but missing at the same time)

Student: This is embarrassing. (everyone leaves as Mrs Puff walks up)

Mrs Puff: What's going on here? Well?

Patrick: SpongeBob and I were fighting.

Mrs Puff: (gasps) Fighting? Well, I can't believe I'm saying this, but SpongeBob Squarepants, I hereby sentence you and your friend (lights dim on Mrs Puff) to detention!

SpongeBob: Detention?

Mrs Puff: May Neptune have mercy on your souls! (Mrs Puff turns off the flashlight she was holding. Scene cuts to detention room where SpongeBob is sitting at the front and Patrick is sitting at the back)

SpongeBob: In one day, I've gone from good noodle to bad egg. It's all stupid Patrick's fault. I hate you Patrick.

Patrick: I hate you more.

SpongeBob: I'd hate you no matter what.

Patrick: Yeah, well, I'd hate you even if I didn't hate you.

SpongeBob: I'd hate you even if that made sense.

Patrick: I'd hate you even if you were me. That's how much I hate you.

SpongeBob: I'd hate you, uhh, I'd hate you even if the light bulb keeping Roger alive went out! (the light bulb burns out. SpongeBob & Patrick panic when they see the egg shaking) I'm sorry I called you a stupid star!

Patrick: I'm sorry I got you in trouble and got you moved to the back of the class and got your good noodle star removed and shot spitballs...

SpongeBob: I'm sorry your apology is so long.

Patrick: Me too, now let's save Roger!

SpongeBob: (takes Roger) I'll keep him warm and you get a light bulb from the supply closet.

Patrick: (opens the door to the supply closet) Light bulb!
(there is a pile of light bulbs but Patrick is looking at

the one that is already plugged in at the top) But why does it have to be so far away? (begins to climb the pile of bulbs. SpongeBob tries warming up the egg by sitting on it, huffing and puffing on it, etc. while Patrick is still climbing the pile of light bulbs. Patrick finally reaches the top, blows a horn, then runs down the pile with the light bulb) I'm coming, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Oh, where's Patrick? Forget it, I've got to get Roger warmth! (runs into Patrick and both of their items are in the air) The light bulb! Without its warmth, Roger will die!

Patrick: Roger! Without him, the light bulb will have nothing to warm! (both jump for the item that is closest to them and crash into the floor with them in their hands. They put the light bulb and egg back where they were)

SpongeBob: We did it, Patrick, we saved Roger's life!

Mrs Puff: Good job, boys! (Mrs Puff turns on a light from behind the chalkboard) I saw the whole thing from my one-way chalkboard and I couldn't be happier with your team work! I've decided to give you each one gold star. Although I'm not sure what saving an egg has to do with boating school.

Patrick: Boating school? I thought this was spanish class. See ya, SpongeBob. See ya, big fat meany.

Roger: (egg hatches) Hey, what'd I miss?

(episode begins at the Krusty Krab)

Sandals: Uhh, what do you like better? The coral bits or the nacho oyster skins?

Squidward: I like neither. Can I take your order?

Sandals: What about the barnacle rings, are they any good?

Squidward: No. What will you have?

Sandals: Well, uhh, what's your vote on the kelp...

Squidward: Sir, let's just get this out of the way. I hate everything on the menu! Now what do you want?

SpongeBob: (pokes his head out from behind the kitchen window) Psst, try the coral bits.

Sandals: Uhh, I'll try the coral bits.

Squidward: That will be one dollar. (rings up one dollar then a siren goes off)

Sandals: What's going on?

Squidward: Something stupid, I'm sure. (alarm stops as a curtain opens up to show a real band in the background playing music. Mr. Krabs comes out from his office)

Mr. Krabs: Yippee! (kisses the customer and Squidward. Takes the dollar and rubs it all over himself) Whoo-ha! Whoo-ha!

Squidward: See? I told you.

SpongeBob: What's wrong with Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: (runs over to the counter) Nothing, lad! Do you know what this is?

Squidward: A very dirty dollar?

Mr. Krabs: No, this is my one millionth dollar earned! Every crab's goal in life is to make a million dollars, and now I got mine. Congratulations, sir, you have just given me my one millionth dollar!

Sandals: Ha, great. Uhh, what do I win?

Mr. Krabs: Nothing! Now get out!

Sandals: Uhh, what?

Mr. Krabs: GET OUT! Everybody get out, you're spoiling me moment! (pushes everyone out the door) Me millionth dollar.

SpongeBob: Congratulations, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Congratulate yourselves, lad! A captain's nothing without his loyal crew. I mean, a crew like you comes around maybe once in a lifetime. And to reward you for making me millionth dollar, I'm taking you on a trip.

SpongeBob: Wow, a trip!

Squidward: I can't believe it, Mr. Krabs. Where we going, Fancy Springs? (cut to the three of them in a pool)

Mr. Krabs: No.

Squidward: Pamper Island? (cut to the three of them laying on towels at a beach)

Mr. Krabs: Try again.

Squidward: Ooh, ooh, ooh, Bikini Bottom Folk Village? (cut to the three of them in 18th century clothing)

Mr. Krabs: Better than that! (cut to them wearing raincoats on a boat as Squidward's smile turns to a glare)

Squidward: Clam fishing? This is the reward we get for all our hard work? Fishing for... (clams are jumping) ...stinky clams on a smelly old boat on a filthy lagoon? You call this fun?

Mr. Krabs: Aww, come on now, Squidward. Three fellas at sea with nothing to do but throw their lines in the water, catch a few clams then throw them back. Don't you think that's fun?

Squidward: No. (takes off his raincoat and sits on his chair) And to think I could be wearing a powdered wig right now.

SpongeBob: Hey Squidward, you want me to cast out over here so you can watch me?

Squidward: How about you cast out over there so I can ignore you?

SpongeBob: Okay! (SpongeBob casts his line behind him which catches on Squidward's magazine. SpongeBob brings his line forward and casts it in the lagoon. SpongeBob casts Squidward's chair)

Squidward: Hey, watch where you're swinging that... (SpongeBob casts Squidward's shirt out in the lagoon) SpongeBob, be careful with-- (SpongeBob casts Squidward's nose into the lagoon. Squidward screams then walks up to Mr. Krabs) Okay, I've had enough.

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) Oh Squidward, you got to lighten up. (SpongeBob is still casting out items while Mr. Krabs talks to Squidward) Sure the lad's a bit over eager, but you've got to learn to roll with the punches, go with the flow. And don't bring anything on a boat that you ain't prepared to lose! (laughs. SpongeBob casts Mr. Krabs' millionth dollar into the lagoon) Me millionth dollar! SpongeBob, wait! SpongeBob, you hooked me millionth dollar on the back swing! Reel it in before I keelhaul ya. (music plays) Oh no. SpongeBob, quick, reel it in! Can't you hear the music? That's a 4/4 string ostinato in D minor! Every sailor knows that means death! Reel it in before it's too late! Hurry, SpongeBob, the music's getting faster! (SpongeBob reels it in as fast as he can. Mr. Krabs opens the doors to the orchestra) There you are ya stinkin' bilge rats. Stop playing that music! Stop it, please! I'm begging ya! Come on, honey, you can make it. Swim faster! Come to me, baby! Come on back! Hurry, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Here she comes. (Mr. Krabs begs, SpongeBob reels the dollar in) She made it!

Mr. Krabs: (holds up the dollar and cheers) For a second or two, I thought she was a goner! (ominous orchestra music plays again. A giant clam jumps up and takes Mr. Krabs' dollar, swimming away. Mr. Krabs starts crying)

Squidward: So, some trip, eh, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, Squidward, you're never gonna believe it! A giant blue-lipped clam ate me millionth dollar! (bawling) I lost me dollar and I'll never get it back. Never, never, never, never, never!

SpongeBob: I've never seen Mr. Krabs so broken up. (Mr. Krabs is literally in pieces, crying)

Squidward: Oh, please, he's such a drama queen. C'mon, Mr. Krabs, drop the act. (Mr. Krabs is blubbing) Mr. Krabs, it's just a stupid dollar. (continues blubbing. Mr. Krabs pours tears into his mouth) For Pete's sake, Mr. Krabs, suck it up! (Mr. Krabs' eyes fill up the tears) Mr. Krabs... (Mr. Krabs cries like a fountain) Mr. Krabs... (Mr. Krabs leaks out tears like water faucets, wailing and crying) Okay, okay, Mr. Krabs, we'll help you get your dollar back! (Mr. Krabs throws his thumb, which he was sucking on, away)

Mr. Krabs: You will? Great! Wait right here. (runs off to get some items. Comes back with a bunch of fishing gear on) Here's where clam fishing gets serious. (bubble-wipe to later in the day where Mr. Krabs is on top of the boat and SpongeBob and Squidward are on the lower deck) Okay, you boys man the fishing poles and I'll keep me eyes peeled for Old Blue Lip.

SpongeBob: (salutes) Aye aye, captain!

Mr. Krabs: And remember, we don't leave until we catch that clam and rescue me dollar. (Mr. Krabs scouts the area. Cross-fade to later where Mr. Krabs has a beard on from scouting for too long. Squidward and SpongeBob looks the same as Mr. Krabs)

Squidward: That's it, I'm finished! We've been here for three days and haven't gotten a nibble. This is hopeless!

SpongeBob: Yeah, and I've got to get home to feed Gary. (cut to Gary chewing the couch at home)

Squidward: We're gonna die out here just because a clam ate Mr. Krabs' stupid dollar. (takes a dollar out of his wallet) Well, if he wants his dollar back, I say we give it to him. Know what I mean? Huh? Huh? Huh?

SpongeBob: Oh, I get ya. (jabbers. Bubble-wipe to later in the day where Mr. Krabs is still scouting the area)

SpongeBob & Squidward: Mr. Krabs! Mr. Krabs! (Mr. Krabs steers his eyes toward the other two to see them waving a dollar) Look what we've got!

Mr. Krabs: (jumps down and gasps) Could it be? (takes the dollar) Me millionth dollar? (starts cheering again as well as SpongeBob and Squidward) Whoo-hoo! (stops dancing) Wait a minute... (rubs the dollar back and forth) This isn't me millionth dollar. (SpongeBob and Squidward look at each other) This is an ordinary dollar that's been crumpled up, torn slightly, soaked in the lagoon, and kissed with Coral Blue #2 Semi-Gloss Lipstick. (shows dollar bill just like described)

SpongeBob: (holding a blue make-up kit) Actually, it's Coral Blue number th-- (Squidward hits him with the fishing pole) --ree!

Mr. Krabs: I trusted you, and you gave me this? I can't believe me own crew would betray me like this. (cries)

Squidward: No. Uh-uh. No, we will not be swayed by tears anymore.

Mr. Krabs: I see. Then I guess I have no choice but to offer a reward.

Squidward: You're kidding?

SpongeBob: Woo! Is it another fishing trip?

Mr. Krabs: No, (holds up a sandwich) it's this sandwich. (nails the sandwich to a pole)

Squidward: A sandwich? You expect me to break my back over a sandwich?

Mr. Krabs: Not A sandwich. (holds up a plate with many sandwiches, and pours them into the water) THE sandwich.

Squidward: Whatever. We've got plenty more to... (Mr. Krabs drops a refrigerator into the water) ...eat.

Mr. Krabs: Now, I think we understand each other. Nobody eats until I get my millionth dollar back.

Squidward: Uhh, SpongeBob, can I have a word with you? Have you noticed that Mr. Krabs has gone COMPLETELY INSANE?!

SpongeBob: What do you mean?

Squidward: Just look at him. (pointing to Mr. Krabs, who is dressed like he is at a funeral crying at a tombstone with the words "R.I.P. Me Millionth Dollar" on it. Then he hugs it)

SpongeBob: Squidward, he's lost something near and dear to him. Haven't you--

Squidward: Look again. (Mr. Krabs uses his eyes as a jump rope while giggling)

SpongeBob: You're right. How do we get out of here?

Squidward: If we're real quiet, we can sneak over to the lifeboat.

SpongeBob: Okay. (both scream over to the boat. They jump into it but then come back onto the boat tied up)

Mr. Krabs: So, you thought you'd skip out on old Krabs, did ya? Even after you promised to help me. I know what you're thinking. "It's just a dumb old dollar. Let's just leave the old man. He won't notice." (sobs) Well, it's not going down like that. There's only one use for a backstabbing crew like you: (bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs hanging his line over the boat. SpongeBob and Squidward are attached to the line) Live bait.

Squidward: You're crazy! If that clam didn't come before, what makes you think he'll come now?

Mr. Krabs: (dressed up as a conductor) Oh, he'll come. (opens up the doors to the orchestra and begins to play the ominous music)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, listen, I work with SpongeBob all day long, so I know what I'm talking about when I say...YOU ARE COMPLETELY OUT OF YOUR MIND! (Mr. Krabs giggles like a lunatic. The giant clam emerges above water coming closer to the two on the line) GET US OUTTA HERE!!

Mr. Krabs: Come on, fresh meat! (SpongeBob and Squidward scream as they try to wiggle back and forth to avoid the giant clam) Keep thrashing! He likes it! (both continue to scream and bounce up and down really fast) Come on, boy! Closer. Closer. Almost there. (giant clam shows the dollar on its tongue) That's it! (closes the doors to cause the music to stop. The giant clam stops in mid-air of eating SpongeBob and Squidward and Mr. Krabs jumps inside it to take the dollar) Aha! Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Look, boys, I finally got it! (rubs his dollar on himself) I finally got me millionth dollar! (cabin doors open to play the ominous music again. The giant clam closes its mouth, with Mr. Krabs inside, and goes underwater. Cabin doors close as the conductor takes a bow)

SpongeBob: Oh, poor Mr. Krabs. Gone forever out of our lives. Why couldn't it have been me?!

Squidward: Yes, why couldn't it have been you?! (both cry)

SpongeBob: Why did he have to go like this, why?!

Squidward: Why did he have to go like this and leave me tied to this idiot?! (both cry loudly)

Mr. Krabs: Hello, boys!

SpongeBob & Squidward: Mr. Krabs? (Mr. Krabs' head is above the water)

Mr. Krabs: Have you boys met... (holds his millionth dollar up) ...me millionth dollar? (chuckles)

SpongeBob: Wow, how did you get it back?

Mr. Krabs: It wasn't easy. Old Blue Lips is quite the fighter, so, eventually, we settled on a trade.

SpongeBob: What did you give him? (Mr. Krabs jumps up on the boat, revealing himself as only having a head and an arm)

Mr. Krabs: Nothing important. (laughs)

(we pan across live-action houses)

Narrator: It's time for another SpongeBob SquarePants special! But it's not an ordinary special, (we cut to outside Patchy's house) because today we go to Encino, California, as it was... (lightning flashes and the houses are replaced by caves. It's smoggy, there are loads of plants and trees, and a volcano in the distance) ...one hundred million years ago! So prepare yourself for... (cut to a screen reading "SpongeBob B.C.") SpongeBob SquarePants B.C.! (stone text drops reading...) (Before Comedy). (cut to a still frame of Patchy and Potty) With your host, Patchy the pirate! (audience cheers and applauds. Zoom inside the stone house. Inside are all the creature comforts of a normal home, but de-modernized. Patchy, in leopard garb, comes in riding a paper-mache dinosaur)

Patchy: Yee-ha! Hey kids! Now you're probably wondering, "Hmm, what's Patchy doing in a cave?" and good question, you little... (grumbles to self. The dinosaur walks over to a wall where there are cave drawings of Sponge and jellyfish) Well, it's because today's SpongeBob takes place in prehistoric times (cut to the drawing of Sponge with a stick and jellyfish) ... back when man struggled for survival (pan over to show a dinosaur eating Pat and Sponge running away) and dinosaurs ruled the Earth. (the dinosaur walks back into the middle of the room) Isn't that right, Bronty? But I'm riding YOU now! (pan out to reveal Patchy is wearing the dinosaur like an inner tube, and he struggles to get out of it, but falls over on his side. He screams for aide and two stagehands run over to him. Cut to a "Please Stand By" screen. Soon, Patchy is up) Like I was saying, prehistoric times were the greatest. (cut to black-and-white footage of cavemen) It was a simpler time (cut to a picture of a caveman with a finger up his nose) with simpler pleasures! (cut to Patchy, holding up two robes, identical to each other and the one Patchy is wearing) Your clothes always match! (cut to Patchy with a paintbrush) You can draw on the walls! And nobody yell at ya! (he picks up a giant club) It was much easier to hit a baseball! (he sits down on the couch) Oh yeah, prehistoric times were the best. (he gasps) Hey kids! Are those pterodactyl wings I hear 'a flappin'? I think I know who that is! Please welcome the Potty-dactyl! (Potty flies in, but has a head visor and jetpack on)

Potty: (squawk) Sorry I'm late.

Patchy: Potty! Why aren't you wearing your costume? (he picks up the pterodactyl costume) I stayed up all night making it!

Potty: (squawk) You're wasting your time, old man. Prehistoric stuff is lame. Everybody knows the future's where it's at.

Patchy: What?! (laughs nervously) That's not true! Don't mind him, folks. Why even SpongeBob SquarePants knows that prehistoric stuff is, what the kids say, (air quotes) cool.

Potty: (squawk) No he doesn't.

Patchy: Yes he does.

Potty: Nope.

Patchy: He most certainly does.

Potty: No he doesn't.

Patchy: Yes he does!

Potty: No.

Patchy: (angry) I know for a fact that he does!

Potty: ...not. (Patchy fumes. Cut to a screen reading...)

Narrator: Meanwhile. (cut to SpongeBob at the grill, all nervous. Krabs busts in)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! What's wrong?

SpongeBob: I don't know, Mr. Krabs, but I've got this strangest feeling that somewhere out there, a pirate and parrot are arguing about me. (close-up on Sponge) And the parrot is winning. (cut to Patchy and Potty)

Patchy: Does.

Potty: Doesn't.

Patchy: Does.

Potty: Doesn't.

Patchy: Does.

Potty: Doesn't.

Patchy: Does! Uh, look, while we're arguing, why don't you folks go ahead and watch some prehistoric SpongeBob! Roll the cartoon! ...does.

Potty: Doesn't. (Patchy fumes)
(the opening title screens, which before were blue and luscious with plants and shells, are now gray with fossils)

Ugh

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Storyboard Artists: Carson Kugler, Caleb Meurer, and William Reiss

Writers: Paul Tibbitt and Kent Osborne

Animation Director: Andrew Overtoom

Creative Director: Derek Drymon

(We see the Bikini Atoll Island as we often do at the beginnings of episodes. But this time, it is a prehistoric island with murky water and foggy skies. A pterodactyl flies over the island.)

Narrator: Ah, dawn breaks over the primordial sea. (We submerge into the prehistoric Pacific ocean to see a muddy swamp.) It's here that millions of years ago, life began taking its first clumsy steps out of the darkness, opening its newly-formed eyeballs to stare into the blinding light of intelligence, in order to- Umm... never mind. This happened a long time ago.

(We pan over to prehistoric Conch street, where three houses similar to SpongeBob's pineapple, Patrick's rock, and Squidward's Easter Island Head, except SpongeBob's house has a fern growing out of the top, Squidward's is more like a monkey-shaped head, and Patrick's has no bamboo weathervane. These are prehistoric homes to the three's cavemen ancestors. In caveman SpongeBob's house, it is one large, empty room with cave drawings of him jellyfishing on the walls and rocks and bones on a shelf above his blanket, which he sleeps under. Back outside, a giant purple dinosaur fish wakes up under a beam of sunlight to gurgle out a call similar to SpongeBob's foghorn alarm clock. The sound waves cause the rock to rattle off a shelf and it falls on the prehistoric sponge's head. Alarmed, Sponge shrieks, but calms down when he notices the rock. He laughs and shoves the rock back on the shelf. He then takes his hide blanket from on the floor and puts it on as a pair of caveman pants. He puts on arm through a sleeve and walks outside of his pineapple, dragging a vine behind him.)

SpongeGar: Banooga ready! Tabonga, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeGar: Gary! Tabonga!

(SpongeGar walks into the clearing with the vine, and we that it's a leash and he's walking a dinosnail Gary.)

Gary: Meow.

(Leaves behind a long trail of slime. SpongeGar and Gary walk past the primitive tiki lair that holds prehistoric Squidward, who looks out the window to see a path of blue slime on his path.)

Squog: Huh? Grrr...

(He is about to walk outside, but stops.)

Squog: Wait a minute...

(He imagines himself babbling in anger at Gary, and Gary smashing him into a splattered squid with an eyestalk.)

Squog: Hmm...

(He runs over and picks up two clubs. He debates with himself over which one to use. He takes the bigger one and walks out

chuckeling. The club left behind cries. Squog approaches SpongeGar and Gary, who are out in the clearing.)

Squog: SpongeGar! SpongeGar! Manaka! No tabonga Gary poop! (Dino Gary rolls his eyes and slithers away as Squogg displays a small pile of snail slime and points to his front walkway, covered in the snail goop.) Tabonga as a go kielo saila! Tabonga doo. Tabonga doo!

SpongeGar: Tabonga doo? Hmm... Tabonga doo...

(Squog fumes and stamps off, but slips on the snail slime, sliding as if on a "Slip 'n' Slide", screaming for SpongeGar's help. But SpongeGar is too busy pondering the meaning of Squog's demand. Squog slams into caveman Patrick's rock, which opens, revealing Patrick's ancestor sticking to the underside of it as Patrick often does.)

Patar: Patar!

(He walks over to Squog, who is covered in snail slime, but not sliding any longer.)

Patar: Hmm... Yuk! (He sniffs his slime coating.) Blecch! (He tastes some of the slime cautiously.) Blecch! (He then takes out a salt shaker and adds some salt to the slime and tastes it again. This time it appears to be somewhat palatable, and he is satisfied, giving two thumbs up.) Mowonga!

(Squog, gets angry and shakes the slime off himself.)

Squog: Patar! Grrr...

Patar: Squog! (He laughs and hugs him.) Pattar unga Squog!

(He squeezes him so tightly, that the veins in his arms pop out, and Squog is slightly strangled.)

Patar: Squog. Squog!

(SpongeGar notices Patar.)

SpongeGar: Patar!

(Patar sees him and lets go of Squog, and Squog passes out onto the ground. The two run up to each other.)

Patar: SpongeGar! (SpongeGar smiles and hits himself on the head. Patar smiles and punches himself in the face a couple times. SpongeGar pulls out his nose and lets it go, slamming it back into his face. He screams, then stops suddenly and smiles. Patar pulls his lower lip over his head, and it tears off. He screams, then smiles.) SpongeGar!

SpongeGar: Patar.

Squog: Pffffffttt!

(Patar and SpongeGar hug.)

Squog: SpongeGar and Patar no got malonka palinka. Heh, heh. Palinka... (He is about to walk home again, when he slips on the slime trail again, and slides for a moment longer before sliding into his clay monkey head house and crashing into the back wall, where cave paintings of huters with arrows point at his exposed rear.) Ohh... (Back in the sand field across

from the row of homes, SpongeGar reaches into his pants and pulls out half of a coconut shell with juice inside. He howls in glee. Patar sniffs it. SpongeGar gets a log and pours the liquid into it and blows into a hollow branch sticking out of the top of it, producing a bubble in a hole on the other side of the log. Patar tries to take cover from the bubble, but then sees it pop and realizes it's harmless and that there is no need to protect himself from it. So he claps and howls in delight. Then, clouds appear and it begins to rain. Patar then claps again and the rain stops, and the clouds relocate themselves. Patar smiles. SpongeGar tries his hand at it, but the rain stall. A few moments later, the clouds re-appear and it rains. Both cheer. Patar claps, and the rain ceases once more. The two get excited, and clap excessively. The rain begins, but won't stop. Next, thunder sounds, and the two stop their howling. Patar claps again, but nothing happens. Squog watches them from the second story window in his house.) Patar an SpongeGar bawannagog. No pooka Squog. Squog paint tayla foo.

(Squog starts to paint when thunder sounds, and lightning strike. Squog looks out his window and gasps to see that the bubble-blowing log has been ignited in flames, and Patar and SpongeGar have been injured by the lightning.)

Squog: Patar! SpongeGar!

(Both get up and run behind a rock, startled. They peek out from behind it to see the fire. SpongeGar, Squog, and Patar slowly approach it, quaking. Squog sniffs it and sticks his hand into it. His hand burns and he takes it out and screams in pain. SpongeGar and Patar put their hands in.)

Both: Huh? Hmmm... Uh-huh, Uh-huh... Ahhh...

(Suddenly, both scream, and all three suck their hands. Then, Patrick sniffs his, and turns away from it. Then, he adds salt and gnaws on his hand, and crawls away, thinking that SpongeGar and Squog will eat it. They don't want it, but they do get hungry. SpongeGar sees two plants.)

SpongeGar: Fongar!

(As he runs over to get them, Squog calls him a protozoa.)

Squog: Monga.

(SpongeGar is walking back when he trips and the plants fly into the fire.)

Squog: SpongeGar!

(He angrily speaks gibberish. When he's done, he turns to see that Patar is salting his burnt hand. When Patar goes to bite Squog's hand, Squog smashes his head in with a stick.)

Squog: Patar! Chonga!

(Patar crawls away disappointedly. SpongeGar stares at Squog's stick, the two plants in the fire, then the stick again, then the plants, back and forth. We hear mystical music as he looks at the two faster and faster. Then, we see the four live-action singers in barber-shop garb with grey mustaches. Suddenly, SpongeGar gets an idea.)

SpongeGar: Aha! Squog! Squog! (Motions towards the stick.) Tooka SpongeGar? Hmm? (Squog nods happily and hits SpongeGar on the head with the stick.) Nah! Nah! Nah!

(He slowly impales one of the plants with the stick. He sniffs it and then eats it. He then begins jumping up and down in

delight, hooting. Apparently, it tasted good. Squog watches him. Then, SpongeGar offers the other plant to Squog, who hesitantly takes it and eats it. But he ends up liking it, and hoots and jumps up and down as SpongeGar watches. He and SpongeGar then shake hands.)

Squog: Taila foo, SpongeGar! Taila foo, SpongeGar! not dumbo!

(A speech balloon appears from Squog's mouth with Albert Einstein in it. Later, SpongeGar, Patar, and Squog have a cookout. SpongeGar sticks a marshmallow-like plant through the stick, and roasts it in the fire and eats it. Squog does the same with a piece of coral. Patar toasts a stick and eats it, puncturing his lips.)

SpongeGar: Patar! Uh-uh. Wath SpongeGar!

(Mr. Krabs' ancestor scuttles by.)

Money Krabs: Money! Money! Ooga booga! Money! Money! Money! Money! Money! Ooga boo... (SpongeGar steps on him, takes Patar's stick, and impales him. Patar takes the stick, puts it in the fire, and then eats it. The three jump up and down hooting and hollering. The scene freezes)

Narrator: Hooray! It looks like our prehistoric pals have just discovered fire, but they will soon learn that when you play with fire, you may get burned. Stay tuned. (cut back to Patchy, who is laughing hysterically)

Patchy: I told you prehistoric times were fun! Hey! How's about I teach you kids how a caveman makes a fire with (holds up two sticks) two sticks? (he rubs them together) Yeah... Doesn't get any cooler than that, huh? Chalk one up for Patchy! (a 'I' is chalked up on the wall below a sign reading 'Prehistory') Rubbing... (he pants. Nothing is happening, and he eventually gives up) I guess this is a type of wood that doesn't burn. (a laser shoots through and lights the two sticks on fire, startling Patchy) Potty! (we see Potty with a laser cannon on his back)

Potty: (squawk) Laser technology. Score one for the future. (cut to the digital screen next to the prehistory chalk labeled 'The Future.' The score goes from '00' to '01')

Patchy: Well, I have something that you'll never find in your little (air quotes) future: a real live caveman. Hmm... (the caveman walks in from behind) Hey, there he is! Come on in, little troglodyte fella. Come on... (the caveman is very slowly approaching) You see kids, I found him frozen in a block of ice and then I spent three days thawing him out with my mom's hair dryer. I call him Cavey. (the caveman approaches the camera, and recoils in horror. Patchy chuckles) Idn't he something? It's OK, Cavey. (another 'I' is chalked up for 'Prehistory')

Potty: That's nothing, old timer. Make way for the future. (a door swings up and a robot enters the room]

Robot: Greetings. I am the X-29488. How may I serve you? ('The Future' score goes from '01' to '02')

Patchy: Where do you keep getting all this stuff?

Potty: Never you mind, pops. Let's go see what Cavey thinks. (squawks. Cavey slowly approaches the robot, and touches it. The robot's eyes start flashing red. A siren goes off)

Robot: Attack!!!!!! Attack!!!!!! (Cavey starts to run off and the robot gives slow chase, shooting lasers at him. For every shot, 'The Future' score keeps going up)

Patchy: Potty!! You're ruining me caveman show!

Robot: Attack!!!! Attack!!!!!!! (the robot continues to shoot lasers. Cut to the exterior, which is rumbling)

Narrator: Will Patchy ever get control of the special? (cut to SpongeGar, mesmerized by the fire) What will SpongeBob do with fire? (cut to the SpongeBob B.C. screen) Stay tuned to SpongeBob SquarePants B.C. and find out! (fade to black. Cut

back to Patchy's cave house, the house still rumbling) Welcome back to SpongeBob SquarePants B.C. Sounds like things have gone from bad to worse for Patchy. Let's watch. (inside, the robot is still firing lasers, and Cavey throws a giant rock at him. Patchy is huddled behind the couch. Potty watches with a soda and popcorn)

Potty: (squawk) This is great.

Patchy: Ahoy, glad you're back. (ducks a laser) Let's watch the rest of SpongeBob B.C. while I get things straightened out around here. Whoa! (he ducks as a giant rock falls on him. He comes up dazed) Or... maybe not. (he collapses. Cut back to the freeze frame of Sponge, Pat, and Squog)

Narrator: When we last saw our hungry troglodytes, they just discovered fire. How long will it take for them to mess it up? Let's see. (scene continues as SpongeGar, Patar, and Squog continue to jump up and down hooting. They all run off. Sponge impales some long grass, toasts them, and eats them. Squog impales some primitive flowers and leaves, toasts them, and takes a bit out of them. Patar impales his loincloth, toasts that, and eats it. He burps up a charred piece and wipes his mouth with it, and then eats it. The three continue to find things to eat. SpongeGar twirls up some vines on the stick, toasts it, and slurps it up. Squog puts some rocks in a pan, toasts it, and it becomes popcorn. He eats some. Patar lifts up a rock, and a bunch of 1 Money Krabs, like Mr. Krabs, crawl out. SpongeGar draws a circle in the sand, impales it, and lifts it, revealing a sand Krabby Patty. He toasts it. Cut to the three chewing vigorously. They all continue to eat, and they burp. The three continue to run off, get something, toast it, and eat it. Over and over and over and over...

Eventually, they are on the ground, now much fatter, satisfied. They yawn and get up)

Squog: Ganoga, Patar. Ganoga, SpongeGar.

Patar: Ganoga, Squog. Ganoga, SpongeGar.

SpongeGar: Ganoga, Patar. Ganoga, Squog.

(The three walk back to their houses, but then halt. The three turn and look at the fire. Squog runs over and picks up the fire.)

SpongeGar: No Squog fwee fwee! SpongeGar fwee fwee!

Squog: SpongeGar fagonda!

(SpongeGar shoves Squog. Squog is shocked and sets the log down and shoves him back for revenge. SpongeGar shoves Squog, and Squog whacks him with his club. SpongeGar hits Squog with his own club. The two continue to whack each other with clubs, while Patar retrieves the fire. He hoots excitedly as he runs back to his rock. Patar looks behind him to see if Squog and SpongeGar have caught up, and turns to see SpongeGar and Squog in front of him.)
Both: Patar!

(Patar screams, throwing the log into the air, where it stays. Squog is about to catch it when SpongeGar jumps on Squog's head and takes it instead.)

Squog: Grrr... (SpongeGar runs off with it, but Patar takes it, then Squog. Then, SpongeGar takes Squog's mistake and chuckles nervously. Patar takes the log, then Squog again. It is then taken by SpongeGar. He falls into the trap Patar made and Patar grabs it instead. He then is scared off by a picture held up by Squog.) Dumb! Patar. Fwee fwee Squog! (He picks up the log, runs back to his house and searches for the key in his pocket. He gets it, but then realizes that the log is gone.) Grrr...

(He sees SpongeGar running away with it but he falls victim of another Patar trap and drops the log. Patar grabs it and runs off happily.)

SpongeGar: Patar! Bawana, Patar! Bawana.

Patar: Patar fwee fwee!

(He is tripped by Squog, and the log flies off. Squog chuckles and runs after the log as it rolls away. Patar joins Squog, all chasing the log again.)

Squog: Fwee fwee Squog! Fwee fwee Squog!

Patar: Patar fwee fwee!

SpongeGar: SpongeGar fwee fwee!

(The three chase it up a cliff, but it rolls back down and they chase them.)

All: Fwee fwee go bonga!

(The chase is again reversed as the three follow the log. When it stops rolling, they all tug on it.)

SpongeGar: SpongeGar fwee fwee!

Squog: Squog fwee fwee!

Patar: Patar fwee fwee!

(The fire is suddenly extinguished by more rain)

SpongeGar: Oh, Patar...

Patar: Oh, SpongeGar...

(SpongeGar and Patar cry.)

SpongeGar: Oh, Patar...

Patar: Oh, SpongeGar...

Squog: Sutaka jakasa!!!!!! (He pulls out his club, but is struck by lightning. He falls to the ground, charred.) ...Tabonga do.

(SpongeGar and Patar roast marshmallows over Squog.)

Narrator: Perhaps certain events in history are better left untold (cut back to Patchy, depressed sitting on his front step)

Patchy: Now I know how Squidward feels... (Potty comes in)

Potty: (squawk) Why the long face?

Patchy: I think you know perfectly well, you little winged vermin. All I wanted was to show the nice people how great the cavemen were, but all they got was technology-induced chaos!

Potty: Come back inside. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Patchy: You got rid of the robot android cyborg?!

Potty: Nope, even better. (the two walk inside)

Patchy: (to Potty) Potty, I guess I really misjudged you... (he looks) What the-?! (Cavey is at a drum set, and the robot is DJ-ing, as strobe lights go off)

Song: "When Worlds Collide"

When worlds collide

Pretty sweet, eh?

When worlds collide

You can run

But no can hide

When worlds collide

You'll laugh so hard

You'll swear you've died

When worlds collide

Hold my hand

I'll be your guide

When worlds collide

Buckle...buckle...buckle up for the sweetest ride

And prepare to have your mind blown wide

When worlds collide

When worlds collide, it's a curious thing

Bet you never heard a robot and a caveman sing

In his metal chest are some working parts

How is that different from my beating heart?

I'm from the future, and I'm from the past
But that don't mean this friendship wasn't built to last
He was made in a lab, and I was born in a cave
So let me hear you holler for this inter-era rave

You, you, you, you can run
But no can hide
When worlds collide

(Patchy shuts his mouth with his hook. The lighting returns to normal)

Patchy: Well Potty, I guess you were right. The future is cool.

Potty: Just to show you there's no hard feelings, I got you a present from the prehistoric times.

Patchy: Ooh! What is it? A new loincloth?

Potty: No.

Patchy: An enlarged forehead?

Potty: No. (Potty flies off)

Patchy: Aww, what is it? (Potty opens the door, revealing a t-rex, which growls at Patchy. Patchy screams, his eyes bugging out, he runs out, the t-rex giving chase) Potty!!! (he continues screaming as he runs off. Potty watches from the window, with popcorn and a soda)

Potty: [squawk] This is great. (the dinosaur has grabbed Patchy, who screams. Patchy is on his side, his feet inside the t-rex's jaws)

Patchy: Well, thanks for watching SpongeBob B.C., kids. (waves) Bye! (he continues screaming, then laughing) Now he's tickling! (he laughs) Cut it out, you rascal! (he continues laughing)

SpongeBob: Good morning, pineapple! (plays the bugle to wake Gary up) Good morning, Gary! (pats Gary's shell)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (opens his front door) Good morning, world! I'm ready! World? (scene pans over to Squidward's front door, where a delivery man with a pet cage walks over and knocks on his door)

Squidward: Talk to me.

Delivery Man: (waves hat) Package, sir.

Squidward: A-ha! (Squidward signs a clipboard) I can't believe it's finally here! (delivery man hands him the cage)

Delivery Man: Here ya go!

Squidward: Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you. (hands him the clipboard)

Delivery Man: Thank you, Mr...mmm... Tennis Balls.

Squidward: (Squidward winces, then scowls) That's Tentacles! (takes pet cage and slams the door shut)

SpongeBob: Squidward's last name is Tentacles?

Patrick: Poor guy. (Squidward walks out with a new snail with a bow on her shell) Hey, check out Squidward's new snail.

SpongeBob: (whistles as Squidward frowns) Fancy. So that's what came in the mail. Looks like Gary has a new little playmate.

Squidward: Pfft, dream on, SpongeBob. (holding his snail smugly) I wouldn't let Snellie here play with that mongrel mutt. She's a purebred.

Patrick: Wow, a snail made out of bread.

Squidward: No! Purebred means she's of the highest pedigree. See? (holds up a certificate) She even has her own papers. So if you'll excuse us, Snellie has to start her training.

SpongeBob: Training?

Squidward: For Bikini Bottom's snail race. Snellie will be winning this Sunday.

Patrick: Sunday?

SpongeBob: Well, I guess I can't enter Gary in that. Sunday's laundry day!

Squidward: No, SpongeBob. You can't enter Gary because Gary's a mutt. (Gary is shown looking like a hillbilly with a chimney in his shell)

SpongeBob: Boy, you got that right. Gary's no...(scowls) hey! What makes you so sure Gary couldn't win that race? (Squidward shows the certificate again)

Squidward: Papers. (Patrick walks up and reads it)

Patrick: Hmmm, 'Property of Squidward Tentpoles'.

Squidward: That's Tennisballs...de-derr, Tentacles! Come on, Snellie. (walks off)

SpongeBob: You know what? I'm starting to get the idea that Squidward thinks his snail is better than mine.

Patrick: No!

SpongeBob: Patrick, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Patrick: Yeah, I should get a snail and enter it in that race and beat Squidward! (Patrick runs off)

SpongeBob: Are you thinking what I'm thinking? (Gary imagines himself watching TV) No, no, no! I'm thinking about entering

you in that race and beating Squidward's snail! (SpongeBob runs off. He then returns, wearing a coach's outfit) Looks like we're going to start our training now, ladies! (laughs) I call you a lady to humiliate and demean you. It's a motivational tool we coaches use. (scene cuts to Sandy walking down the street)

Sandy: Hmm... I don't know why, but I think I'll kick SpongeBob's butt tomorrow. (scene cuts to SpongeBob opening a can)

SpongeBob: Kelp powder for muscle mass. (drops the food in a blender as Gary looks on with disgust) Raw eggs, 'cause they're cliché. (drops the eggs in the blender) And nails for toughness. (drops the nails in the blender. Turns on the blender)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Of course, I expect you to eat this. (SpongeBob pours some of the blended food into a glass) It's scientifically designed to help you win tomorrow. Gary? (Gary is already out of the room through his snail door. SpongeBob stops his stopwatch) Wow, pretty good time.

Patrick: (holding a rock) Hey SpongeBob, check out my new snail.

SpongeBob: Patrick, your snail is a rock.

Patrick: Yeah, thanks, I know. He's got nerves of steel. See you at the big race. (walks off)

SpongeBob: Boy, the competition's getting tough. (walks over to Gary watching TV) That's it, Gary. (takes out a leash) We are going to start some serious training right now.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (puts the leash on Gary. Gary tries to stretch his eyes to watching the TV as long as he can before he's pulled out of the room) Alright Gary, let's start with some sprints. (holds up a stopwatch) On your mark. Get set. Go! Go Gary, go! Come on, go, Gary! It's all yours, Gary! (SpongeBob notices Gary is not there) Gary? (SpongeBob walks up to Gary, who is watching more TV) Come on Gary, the big race is tomorrow. You got to start training if you want to win.

Squidward: (pops his head in SpongeBob's lower window) Don't waste your breath, SpongeBob. That mongrel of yours doesn't have a chance against Snellie.

Patrick: (pops his head in SpongeBob's upper window) Excuse me, but you two seem to be forgetting who the real winner will be...my snail. (shows his rock)

Squidward: Patrick, that's a rock.

Patrick: Yeah, thanks. I know. He's got nerves of steel.

Squidward: Hey, what are you standing on, anyway? (scene shows Patrick standing on Squidward's shoulders) Like I said, don't even bother showing up tomorrow. (Squidward walks off as Patrick pops his head back in one of the windows)

Patrick: My snail's really got Squidward scared, huh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Sorry Patrick, Gary and I have got some serious work to do. (picks up Gary and walks off)

Patrick: You can run, but you can't hide, SquarePants! (scene cuts to SpongeBob and Gary outside)

SpongeBob: Alright Gary, no more fooling around. Time to get serious. (scene cuts to SpongeBob blowing on a whistle) Come on, Gary, move it! (scene cuts to Gary crawling up and down a wall) Up, up, up, up! Down, down, down, down! (scene cuts to Gary punching a punching bag with his eyes) Faster, faster, faster! Go, go, go! (scene cuts to SpongeBob following Gary on his bike) Come on, push it, Gary, push it! (scene cuts to Gary on the toilet) Move that shell! (scene cuts to Gary in the bathtub with SpongeBob looking through the curtains) Come on, Gary, move it! (scene cuts to Gary eating) Let's go, let's go, let's go! Faster! (scene cuts to nighttime. Gary is on an exercise wheel while SpongeBob is sleeping but giving orders at the same time) Let's go, let's go! Speed it up, speed it up, speed it up! Move it, Gary! Move it, move it, move it, move it... (scene cuts to morning, where Gary is tired, out of breath, and on a leash) Stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke. (Gary is pulling SpongeBob in a wagon) Come on, Gary, we're gonna be late for the big race! (scene cuts to an announcer)

Nat: Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to our live coverage of this year's annual spring classic, the 102nd Running of the Snail. And what a beautiful day for this sport of kings, of which I am a huge fan. Seriously, I'm just a fan. I was on my way to my seat, the door was open—

Announcer: Hey, what are you doing? (Nat runs away as the announcer comes and sits down) Heh, sorry about that, folks. Let's go down to the field to join the mayor for the pre-game ceremony. (scene cuts to a large fish standing by a microphone)

Mayor: And now, for the lighting of the Torch of Good Sportsmanship, please join me in welcoming snail racing's first-ever champion, Lightning Larry Luciano! (crowd cheers as the band plays. Larry comes crawling out every so slowly with a flame attached on his back)

Announcer: Would you look at that, folks? Lightning Larry Luciano, a living legend, slowly making his way center stage. And what a proud moment for this sport. The crowd is going absolutely nuts... (crowd is cheering) ...for Larry. (Larry is still crawling to the torch) He's almost there. Uhh, yes, any minute now.

Narrator: Two hours later. (band is not playing as loud)

Announcer: He's almost a quarter of the way there. (Larry is still crawling up to the torch. The mayor checks his watch, then runs over, grabs Larry and lights the torch)

Mayor: The torch is lit! Let the race begin! (the crowd cheers. Cut to the playing field, where SpongeBob and Squidward are standing at the starting line. The snails have markers: Snellie is #6, and a very worn out Gary is #7)

Squidward: Well SpongeBob, I must admit, I didn't think that mongrel mutt of yours would even find the starting line. Congratulations. (laughs)

SpongeBob: Save it for the loser's circle, Squidward. Gary happens to be in the best shape of his life. (Gary is coughing)

Squidward: I'll alert the paramedics.

Patrick: (laughs) Good one, Squidward.

Official: (walks up to the contestants) You guys ready?

Patrick: Aaaaah! A burglar!

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, that's the official.

Official: We're ready to start here, folks.

Squidward: Okay, Snellie, let's show these common, garden-variety snails what superior breeding is all about.

Snellie: Meow.

SpongeBob: Alright Gary, listen up, the competition is going to be fierce. You're the undersnail. Everybody's already counting you out. Now get out there and win, so we can rub Squidward's big fat nose in it.

Gary: Meow.

Patrick: This is what you've been training for, Rocky. This is why we're here. (official raises the flag)

Official: On your mark. Get set. (lowers the flag) Slither! (Snellie runs out first)

Announcer: And they're off! Number six, Snellie, rockets out of the starting blocks, leaving the other two competitors in the dust!

SpongeBob: What! (runs over to Gary)

Squidward: Go, Snellie, you got it, baby!

SpongeBob: What are you doing, Gary? The race has started! You let Snellie take the lead! Let's go, Gary. Start moving! You're blowing everything we trained for! Blowing it!

Patrick: It's okay, Rocky. You go when you feel like it.

SpongeBob: Gary, are you listening to me?! Get the anchors out of your pants right now! (Gary is trying to move fast) Don't give me that look! I said now, mister! Get going, Gary! (SpongeBob jumps up and down while Gary is moving slowly) Go, go, go, go, go!

Announcer: And there goes number 7 out of the starting gate. Oh, hang on, folks. He doesn't look so good.

SpongeBob: Not good enough, Gary, not good enough! Faster! (Gary tries to go faster)

Announcer: I do not like the look of this.

SpongeBob: Come on, Gary, it's a race! A race! Have you heard of 'em? (Gary eyes are now really small)

Announcer: That couch is pushing that snail too hard.

SpongeBob: Faster, Gary, faster, faster, faster, faster! (Gary's left eye explodes) Huh? (crowd gasps)

Announcer: Oh, looks like number 7 has a blowout! (Gary's other eye explodes) Oops, make that 2, folks.

SpongeBob: Uhh, Gary? (Gary's shell breaks, showing a machine inside)

Announcer: Plus, a blown head gasket! Oh, and the poor creature's still going for it.

SpongeBob: (getting worried) Umm, Gary, you can stop now. (Gary is leaving skid marks on the track)

Announcer: And he's losing control! (Gary is running into walls and making a bunch of sparks)

SpongeBob: You can take a breath now if you want to, Gary. (Gary is spinning on the track)

Announcer: He's spinning out of control! (crowd gasps) He's heading straight for the wall! (Gary runs into a wall of tires and explodes. The crowd gasps again, then they cheer)

SpongeBob: N0000000000000000000!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! (two firemen come up and extinguish the smoke. Squidward laughs) Hold on, Gary, I'm coming! (runs onto the track)

Announcer: Whoa. One of the coaches seems to have raced onto the track. That is an automatic disqualification. Looks like number six has this race all wrapped up, ladies and gentlemen. (Snellie is coming up on the finish line)

Squidward: Come on, Snellie, it's all you, baby!

SpongeBob: (runs up to Gary, crying) Oh, Gary, I'm sorry! Why didn't you just say I was pushing it too hard?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: You did? (cries more) Oh, Gary, why didn't you tell me I wasn't listening?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: You did? (cries some more) Oh, Gary! Oh, Gary! (Snellie turns around and heads straight to Gary to help him)

Squidward: What? (Gary notices Snellie racing towards him and he is back to normal now)

SpongeBob: Gary? (Gary and Snellie start purring at each other) Oh!

Crowd: Aww!

Announcer: (laughs) My, oh, my. Folks, I have never seen anything quite like this. It seems Snellie, the leader, just went back to comfort Gary. (Squidward walks up to where the snails are at)

SpongeBob: Looks like you and I are in-laws, eh, Squidward?

Squidward: But that's impossible. If Snellie didn't win, then... (Rocky is at the finish line)

Announcer: And the winner is Rocky! (crowd cheers. Gary and Snellie crawl away)

Squidward: I can't believe it. My purebred, which cost me \$1700, lost to a rock. (Patrick walks over with the trophy he won)

Patrick: Don't worry, Squidward, I know how much you wanted to win, so I had the trophy engraved to you.

Squidward: Gosh, Patrick, thanks. (reads the engraving) 'The 1st Place Snail Racing Cup Presented to Squidward...Tortellini'?! Will I ever win? (everyone laughs. Sandy comes on-screen and kicks SpongeBob in the air)

Sandy: That's for yesterday, SquarePants!

(Mr. Krabs wakes up in his hammock in his bedroom. The radio clicks on)

Radio DJ: You've got it tuned to K-O-L-D, K-Old, your all-oldies station. Here's a little something you may remember from the good old days. (song plays)

Music: "You're Old"

You're old (you're old...)
Groaning like a geezer

(Mr. Krabs opens his eyes, which are crusty)

Hear yourself a-crackin' like an old has-been

(Mr. Krabs gets out of bed with all his joints cracking when he moves)

Look at yourself, old man, you've got multiple chins

(Mr. Krabs is looking in his bathroom mirror. He pulls down his shirt to show a bunch of chins)

'Cause you're old...

(bubble-wipe to the kitchen. Mr. Krabs sits down at the table as Pearl comes in)

Pearl: Good morning, Daddy! (gives him a kiss) I made you breakfast.

Mr. Krabs: Thank you, sweet pea. I see you got creative with the bran today. (looks down at the plate to see his bran shaped as bacon, eggs, juice, and others)

Pearl: Open up, it's time for the pill! (Pearl takes out a giant pill)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, barnacles! I hate the pill. (Pearl shoves the giant pill in his mouth and he swallows it) Pearl, do you think I'm...old?

Pearl: Well, of course I do! But that's OK. Daddies are supposed to be old.

Mr. Krabs: But I'm still cool, right? Your old man is cool?

Pearl: See, no one says cool anymore. That's such an old-person thing. Now we say 'coral', as in, 'That nose job is so coral.'

Mr. Krabs: Coral, eh?

Pearl: Eww, when you say it, it sounds so uncoral.

Mr. Krabs: Well, what if I said it with a different inflection? Co-ral.

Pearl: Don't you have to go to work or something, Dad?

Mr. Krabs: Whoop, you're right! (eats his breakfast) Have a coral day, honey!

Pearl: (picks up her phone and dials) Jenny? It's Pearl. "Coral" is definitely out. (bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs walking outside)

Mr. Krabs: Ha! Old? What was I thinkin'? I ain't old. Huh? (turns around to see a boy helping him walk across)

Boy Scout: Don't worry, Pops, we're almost across the street.

Mr. Krabs: Hey, get away from me. I don't need no snot-nosed little... (as he walks away, his arm comes off. Walks back to get it) Sorry you had to see that. (keeps walking to work where a fish is walking behind him)

Fish: Come on, move it! Could you be any slower? And you've had your blinker on for the last five blocks. (Mr. Krabs turns around and notices he has two signals on his bottom. What are you, a car? He continues to walk until a ball rolls next to him)

Kid: Hey, mister, could you throw the ball back over here?

Mr. Krabs: (picks up the ball) Hey, how's about I join you kids?

Kid: Uhh, that's okay. You can keep it. Why do old people always have to ruin the fun? (Mr. Krabs drops the ball. He walks up to a line of elderly fish)

Elderly Fish #1: Hey, no cuttin'! You gotta wait your turn like everybody else! (Mr. Krabs notices a long line in front of the Bikini Bottom Cemetery)

Mr. Krabs: No! No! I ain't old like you! I ain't old! I ain't old! (runs away)

Elderly Fish #2: What's his problem? (the line is for ice cream)

Lou: Next? (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab where Mr. Krabs is sitting a table depressed)

Billy: Mommy, my Krabby Patty tastes funny.

Mother: Well, no wonder. It's all old and dried out. Like that man right there. (points to Mr. Krabs) Now put that thing where it belongs... in the garbage. (Billy walks up to the trashcan but Mr. Krabs grabs his patty before he can get there)

Mr. Krabs: Well, little patty, we're two of a kind. We've both lost our luster. (takes a bite out of the patty) Hmmm, so that's what I taste like.

Patrick: Good morning, Krusty Krew! (SpongeBob pokes his head out of the kitchen window)

SpongeBob: (shouts) Hey Patrick! You all ready for the big night out tonight?

Patrick: (shouts) Yeah, it's gonna rock!

SpongeBob: Are you ready to go crazy?

Patrick: I'm already hearing voices!

SpongeBob: Are you ready to--

Squidward: SPONGEBOB! PATRICK! DO YOU MIND?!

SpongeBob: Let's continue this conversation in private, Patrick. I think some people are eavesdropping!

Patrick: Well, how rude of some people!

Mr. Krabs: Hmmm, those youngsters are going out for a big night on the town. (stretches his eyes into the kitchen where SpongeBob and Patrick are talking)

SpongeBob: Whoo, I've been looking forward to this night all week!

Patrick: Party!

SpongeBob: What do you think we should do first?

Patrick: What shouldn't we do first? We're young, (Mr. Krabs' eyes move a little closer) we've got wheels, (Mr. Krabs' eyes move closer) the world is our oyster! SpongeBob, you got something on your shoulder. (SpongeBob notices Mr. Krabs' eyes are on his shoulders)

Mr. Krabs: Hey, boys, hangin' out?

Patrick: (looks at his belly) Yes.

Mr. Krabs: I couldn't help overhearing your big plans. And I was wondering if you had room for one more craaaaaazy dude tonight, huh?

SpongeBob: Of course. Did you wanna come with us, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, hadn't even crossed me mind. But, sure, I'll go!

Patrick: I don't know, SpongeBob. He might cramp our style.

SpongeBob and Patrick: (appears in a picture with a goofy look on them) Style!

Patrick: Let's see if he knows the secret cool-guy handshake. (holds out his hand)

Mr. Krabs: Uhh, yeah, course I know it! (begins to sweat) Uhh... uhh...

Patrick: I'm waiting... old man.

Mr. Krabs: (shakes Patrick's hand) Uhh... how do you do?

Patrick: Fine, and you? All right, you're in. But I'm not happy about it.

SpongeBob: You passed the test, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Great! Why don't you boys show up at my house at eight o'clock?

SpongeBob: I just want to warn you, Mr. Krabs. We're always fashionably late. (time card appears)

French Narrator: 8:01 PM. (cut to Mr. Krabs' house. The doorbell rings)

SpongeBob: Hey there, Mr. Krabs! Are you ready to party?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, I'm ready to party! Are you ready to party?

Patrick: I'm ready to party! Are you ready to party, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm ready to party! Are you ready to party, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm ready to par-tay! Are you ready to par-tay, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: I'm ready to par-tay! Are you ready to par-tay, Patrick?

Patrick: I'm ready to party! Are you ready to party, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm ready to party! Are you ready to par- (Pearl runs by them)

Pearl: Stop it, just stop it! You're embarrassing me, Dad!

Mr. Krabs: So, what kind of hot rod will we be cruising in tonight?

SpongeBob: Only the most powerful chick magnet in town. The Underwater Heartbreaker. (we see a bike with two streamers on each handle)

Mr. Krabs: It's more like a chick repellent. And there's only two seats!

SpongeBob: Calm your waters, Mr. Krabs. I modified this little baby myself. (scene cuts to SpongeBob & Patrick riding at the front of the bike while Mr. Krabs is in a wagon behind them)

Mr. Krabs: Are you sure this is what the kids are driving these days?

SpongeBob: Only the cool kids. (a hot rod, driven by a young teen, pulls up beside them)

Driver: Hey, you guys must be lost. Doofus Drive is around the corner!

SpongeBob: We're not lost, I've got my compass. (shows him the compass)

Driver: So long, dorks! (speeds away)

SpongeBob: Goodbye, pals!

Mr. Krabs: We used to beat people up for saying things like that! Everything's all topsy-turvy now! (they pull up to 'The Wash')

SpongeBob: Here we are: The Wash.

Mr. Krabs: They sure are giving these clubs some crazy names! I have to tell you boys... I'm a little nervous. I haven't been, you know, on the scene for quite a while now.

SpongeBob: Just follow our lead, Mr. Krabs. And, above all, keep it cool.

Mr. Krabs: Cool. Gotcha. (SpongeBob and Patrick walk away jumping up and down in a goofy way. Mr. Krabs does the same)

SpongeBob: (opens door) Hello, gang! SpongeBob's back!

Patrick: Let's party!

Mr. Krabs: Any port in a sto---! Wait a minute. This is a laundromat. (cut to reveal that the entire room is a place to do your laundry)

SpongeBob and Patrick: (all three are looking at their reflections in the washer) Oh yeah, whoo! That's what I'm talking about. Oh, yeah! Yeah, the colors! whoo! (washer stops)

SpongeBob: You guys want another rinse cycle? I'm buying.

Mr. Krabs: You know, I love staring at delicates as much as the next guy, but it's just that I thought we'd see more of the nightlife. Something that'll give you that wild and crazy hot-blooded feeling, if you know what I mean.

SpongeBob: Oh, I know what you mean, Mr. Krabs. This is only stop numero uno on our night of debauchery!

Patrick: Debauchery!

Mr. Krabs: Debauchery! (cut to the road where all three are picking up trash) Debauchery? I never thought of picking up trash under the highway as hot-blooded, but if it's what the kids are into...

SpongeBob: So, are you feeling that wild and crazy feeling, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Not yet.

SpongeBob: Don't worry, you will. (bubble-wipe to all three in a kiddie swimming pool) Are you feeling it now, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm feeling a warm spot.

Patrick: Sorry. (cut to them riding kiddie rides outside Barg'n Mart)

SpongeBob: Are you feeling it now, Mr. Krabs? Are you feeling it?

Patrick: I'm feeling it, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Patrick, that's not a ride! (Patrick is riding on a fish's back)

Fish: Get off of me! (cut to them getting their teeth pulled)

SpongeBob: Are you feeling it now, Mr. Krabs? (cut to them redoing a roof) Are you feeling it now, Mr. Krabs? (cut to them dressed in fantasy costumes) Art thou feeling it now, Mr. Krabs? (cut to the library) Can you feel it now, Mr. Krabs?

Librarian: Shh! (cut to Bunny Buns)

SpongeBob: How about now? Can you feel it, Mr. Krabs? (kids in the room around running around Mr. Krabs, hanging on his hat streamers. Mr. Krabs has clown make-up on his face)

Kids: Can you feel it, Mr. Krabs? Can you feel it, Mr. Krabs? Can you feel it, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: So, you wanna know if I can feel it?

SpongeBob and Patrick: Yeah!

Mr. Krabs: Do you really wanna know if I can feel it?

SpongeBob and Patrick: Yeah, yeah!

Mr. Krabs: Because I can feel it. You wanna know what I'm feelin'?

SpongeBob and Patrick: Yes!

Mr. Krabs: (angry) I'm feelin' like a total barnacle head! (swings the screaming kids around and around then off his hat) You think this is cool?! (jumps on a bunny and punches its head off) How about this?! (jumps on top of the bunny) And this?! Am I with it now?! (runs up to SpongeBob and Patrick) You guys wouldn't know a good time if it bit you in the end! I'm going home! You guys ain't cool! You're lame!

SpongeBob: (depressed) Lame?

Mr. Krabs: Lame! You're nerds! Geeks! Creeps! And babies!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Not babies! (both suck their thumbs)

Mr. Krabs: I may be old, but even an old bag of shells like me knows that you haven't suggested one cool thing all night! So good night to you!

Patrick: I guess you're gonna miss the panty raid.

Mr. Krabs: The what?

Patrick: I said, I guess you're gonna miss the panty raid.

Mr. Krabs: Panty raid? You're talking about girls, right? Girl girls?

Patrick: Yeah.

Mr. Krabs: And you're talking about raiding their dressers for their underpants, right?

Patrick: Oh, yeah.

Mr. Krabs: Well, count me in! If this works, I'll take back what I said about you two being lame!

SpongeBob and Patrick: (happy) Not lame! (bubble-wipe to the three of them carrying a ladder)

Mr. Krabs: Now this is more like it! (leans the ladder against a house)

Patrick: Give us some credit, old man. We're panty professionals! (climbs the ladder)

SpongeBob: We score here all the time. (all three tiptoe into a bedroom. Mr. Krabs opens a drawer and takes out a pair of panties)

Mr. Krabs: Frilly things! We hit the jackpot! (everyone jumps up and down)

SpongeBob: Oh, yeah, Mr. Krabs! (Patrick laughs excitedly)

Mr. Krabs: (holds up the pair of underwear he got) Woohoo! You finally came through for me, boys! I feel young again! (the light turns on)

Betsy Krabs: Eugene?

Mr. Krabs: Mother?

Betsy Krabs: What are you doing with my bloomers?!

Mr. Krabs: Well, I, uhh, uhh, heh, hehe... (turns around to SpongeBob and Patrick) Why didn't you tell me this was my mother's house?!

SpongeBob: Why didn't you ask? (both run away. Mr. Krabs turns around to his mother smiling with her angry and disappointed)

Mr. Krabs: But it was all SpongeBob and Patrick's idea!

Betsy Krabs: Go to your room, mister! You're grounded for the rest of the night!

Mr. Krabs: (walks away) Yes, Mommy. (The boy scout from earlier is walking with Mr. Krabs)

Boy Scout: Don't worry, Pops. We're almost to your room. (Mr. Krabs groans. Bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs' his childhood bedroom. SpongeBob peeks through the window)

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: (sighs) That's all right, lad. I certainly feel younger. (camera zooms out revealing Mr. Krabs is sitting in his childhood racecar-shaped bed)

SpongeBob: Good night, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Good night, SpongeBob. (SpongeBob starts going home)

Mama Krabs: Eugene, lights out!

Mr. Krabs: Yes, Mommy. (light turns off)

Squidward: (switches the 'Open' sign to 'Closed') Closing time. The happiest time of the day.

(scene cuts to SpongeBob in the kitchen crying)

SpongeBob: Closing time. The saddest time of the day. (falls on the ground still crying) Huh? (notices an old and black patty under the grill) It's a Krabby Patty. (SpongeBob tries to pick it up but it's stuck to some gum) Eww...it's cold and hard. (takes the patty out from under the grill) This could have rolled under there years ago. (pats it on the head) There, there, little one, your journey is almost over.

(SpongeBob throws the patty in the trash. A siren goes off as a fishing line retrieves the patty)

Mr. Krabs: (runs in) What happened? (gasps then runs up to the trash can) Somebody tried to throw away a patty! (takes it off the hook)

Pinch-o-matic: Pinch-o-matic has saved you 5.2 cents.

SpongeBob: But, Mr. Krabs, I found that under the grill.

Mr. Krabs: And tomorrow a customer will find it under his bun. (hands it to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: But, it's old and cold and so very full of mold.

Mr. Krabs: You're not to make another patty until that one is sold. Understand?

Narrator: The next day.

SpongeBob: Order up, Squidward. (puts the tray with the black patty in the burger on the window)

Squidward: Hooray. (smells the patty then flips the top bun off) Uhh, SpongeBob, can I get one with less -fog?

SpongeBob: Sorry, Squidward, Mr. Krabs' orders.

Squidward: Whatever. (hands the tray to the customer) Here you are, sir, one Krabby Patty. (customer sniffs it and does a lot of back-flips out the restaurant screaming.)

(Scene cuts to the Krusty Krew standing by the door)

Mr. Krabs: I don't understand. We haven't had a customer in weeks. I wonder if it's the new place mats.

Squidward: What? Place mats? Have you lost your mind? It's that old patty you keep trying to sell to everybody! It's gone

bad.

Mr. Krabs: Gone bad? That's nonsense. Bring it right here, SpongeBob. (picks up the cage with the patty inside it) Uhh, why is it in a cage?

SpongeBob: Because it growled at me. (patty starts to growl and bark. Squidward hides behind Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: You two would have never have lasted in the navy. Let's see how bad you are. (takes the patty out of its cage but it still barks and growls) No. No. Stay. (throws a 'treat' into its mouth) Atta girl! There, there. See? Good enough to eat. (about to eat it when an ambulance goes by) Oh, look, an ambulance. Now, then. (takes a bite. Scene cuts to him, now green color, being rolled on a hospital bed) SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Make sure you wrap up that patty. I'm not finished with it yet! (scene cuts to Mr. Krabs in a hospital bed)

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Well, Mr. Krabs, you gave us quite a scare.

Mr. Krabs: So I'm gonna be okay, doc?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Well, if you don't want to take my word for it, let's just check your chart. (looks at the chart) Let's see here. Hmmm... oh, no! (starts to shake) Oh, no, this is terrible! (drops the clipboard)

Mr. Krabs: Everything okay, doc?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Don't touch me! (runs out screaming)

Mr. Krabs: That's not a good sign. (thunder roars as the room turns into fire. The Flying Dutchman appears. Mr. Krabs pulls his covers over his head) Oh, no, it's The Flying Dutchman!

The Flying Dutchman: Eugene Krabs, your time has come.

Mr. Krabs: I'm not Eugene Krabs, I'm, uhh, Harold. Harold, uhh... (looks at the flower vase next to him) Flower!

The Flying Dutchman: Oh, sorry. I must have the wrong room. (flies out) Excuse me, nurse?

Nurse: Yes?

The Flying Dutchman: I'm looking for Eugene Krabs.

Nurse: Oh, he's in that room right there.

The Flying Dutchman: No, that's Harold Flower's room.

Nurse: Harold Flower? (The Flying Dutchman goes back to Mr. Krabs in anger)

The Flying Dutchman: So, Krabs, you thought you could fool The Flying Dutchman?

Mr. Krabs: What do you want from me?

The Flying Dutchman: I'm here to escort you to the resting place of all bad undersea folk: Davy Jones' Locker!

Mr. Krabs: Davy Jones' Locker? Why do I have to go there? I am not a bad crab!

The Flying Dutchman: Ah, but you were cheap, and being cheap is a terrible thing. Next stop, Davy Jones' locker! (scene cuts to Davy Jones' locker where Flying Dutchman and Mr. Krabs reappear) Here we are.

Mr. Krabs: (smells something nasty) Blech! Why does it smell so foul?

The Flying Dutchman: Davy Jones works out a lot. (opens the locker where a bunch of smelly socks are) These are his socks. Get in!

Mr. Krabs: (gets on his knees, crying) Oh, please, Mr. Dutchman, I don't want to go in there! I'll do anything! Please, give me one more chance!

The Flying Dutchman: Come on, Krabs, show a little dignity.

(Mr. Krabs begins to cry)

Mr. Krabs: Mommy!

The Flying Dutchman: Alright, alright, stop your crying. I'll give you one more chance, but you must always be generous. Never cheap.

Mr. Krabs: You have my word as a sailor.

(scene cuts to the Krusty Krab where a sign hangs over it that says 'Out of Business')

Squidward: (looking through Mr. Krabs desk drawers) Mr. Krabs' nose hair clippers. I could use these. (SpongeBob is wearing his hat and spatula, crying)

SpongeBob: Squidward, you shouldn't be going through Mr. Krabs' belongings. (sniffs) He won't like it.

Squidward: SpongeBob, I already told you what the doctor said. Mr. Krabs isn't coming back. (tries to open the safe) Now, keep quiet so I can hear the tumblers in his safe. (Mr. Krabs walks in)

Mr. Krabs: Hey boys! (SpongeBob screams with joy)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! I knew it, you're alive! (clings to Mr. Krabs) Squidward, look, it's Mr. Krabs! Isn't this too good to be true?

Squidward: Well, it was.

Mr. Krabs: You know, boys, being sick made me do a lot of thinking. My whole life has been about money. Saving money, collecting money, touching money... Well, you get the picture. But no more. You're looking at the new, improved, non-cheap Mr. Krabs. (scene cuts to outside the Krusty Krab where a giant 'Grand Re-Opening' sign is hanging. 'Buy' and 'Free' sign are in the window) Welcome all, welcome! (a little kid walks up to Krabs) Hello, little one. What you got there?

Kid: A Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) Of course, you do! You know what that means, right?

Kid: I don't go hungry?

Mr. Krabs: No, silly! It means free toy! (gives the kid a little toy)

Kid: Gee, thanks, Mr. Krabs. I thought you were a cheap, old tightwad.

Mr. Krabs: I was, son, I was. Free toys for everyone! And free refills! (everyone cheers. Mr. Krabs runs up to SpongeBob) Hello boy! Say, where's Squidward?

SpongeBob: Oh, he's taking one of those break things in your office, I mean, the 'employee lounge'. (scene cuts to Squidward sleeping in Mr. Krabs office)

Mr. Krabs: Great!

Customer #1: Excuse me, but I dropped my Krabby Patty. Could I get another one?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes sir. (takes the patty and lifts the top bun where a disclaimer, written in ketchup, is shown) Krusty Krab policy clearly states that once the burger has reached the customer, it is his/her responsibility--

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! (puts down the bun) That's the old policy. Now run back and bring out a fresh one.

SpongeBob: Aye, aye, sir. (goes into the kitchen)

Mr. Krabs: Sorry about the confusion. (pulls out a toy) Free toy? (woman takes it)

Squidward: Eugene, my man.

Mr. Krabs: Squidward! How's the break coming?

Squidward: Should be over in a couple of hours. Have SpongeBob send back a patty and an iced tea, will you? (walks off)

Mr. Krabs: Sure thing, Mr Squidward. Take it easy. (walks up to a customer watching a movie)

Are you enjoying your in-meal movie?

Customer #2: This movie hasn't even been in the theaters yet!

Mr. Krabs: No expense spared for my valued customers. (scene cuts to Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob standing in front of the restaurant) Look at all those happy faces. It sure does feel good to be generous.

Squidward: (walks in with some envelope) Here's your mail, Eugene.

Mr. Krabs: Thanks, Squidward. You look rested.

Squidward: Yeah, these naps at work are doing wonders for me.

Mr. Krabs: Credit card bills. Well, I knew this was coming. (opens the envelope) Only ten thousand dollars. That's not so bad. (runs up to the cash register) I'll just subtract it from today's profit. (opens the register but there is no money in it) And...there's no money in here. (laughs) How delightful.

SpongeBob: Squidward, I'm worried about Mr. Krabs.

Squidward: Me too, how are we going to get paid? (both walk up to Mr. Krabs) Gee, Mr. Krabs, you sure are taking total bankruptcy well.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, it's just a bad dream. I'll wake up soon. (SpongeBob and Squidward look at each other)

Squidward: Uhh...dream?

Mr. Krabs: Sure. I'm still in the hospital sleeping like a baby!

SpongeBob: Umm, you checked out of the hospital this morning.

Squidward: Here's the bill. (gives Mr. Krabs the bill)

Mr. Krabs: You mean...I'm awake? (screams as his head cracks through the middle over and over. Each time he cracks his head open, a new one appears. He runs up to a customer drinking a soda and grabs it from him) No more refills! (takes it to the soda machine and the drink gets sucked back into it. Then he runs up to two kids playing with toys) Give me back them toys, you freeloaders! (takes the toys then runs over to a guy watching the movie) Show's over, cheapskate! (turns the TV off then presses a button that erases his memory of the movie)

Customer #3: Hey, it's my lucky day, a penny! (reaches for the penny)

Mr. Krabs: Your luck just ran out. (grabs a hold of the customer's arm)

Customer #3: Hey man, ease back, you're crushing my arm.

Mr. Krabs: Unhand that penny, or the arm comes off. (The Flying Dutchman reappears. The customer runs away)

The Flying Dutchman: A-ha! That little display of parsimonious penny pinching just earned you a nice little spot in Davy Jones' locker...For All Eternity!

Mr. Krabs: I am not cheap! I'm generous!

Squidward: You almost tore a man's arm off for a penny.

Mr. Krabs: (sarcastically) Thanks, Squidward, I knew I could count on you. (Flying Dutchman picks up Mr. Krabs) Well, a deal's a deal. Let's go.

SpongeBob: Wait just a burger-flipping second. (Flying Dutchman turns around)

Flying Dutchman: Who dares back-sass the Flying Dutchman?

SpongeBob: That would be me: SpongeBob BacksassPants. I say you got the wrong crab. This Mr. Krabs is the most generous, big-hearted, non-skinflinted crab in the whole sea.

Flying Dutchman: (getting in SpongeBob's face) He'd sell your soul for a couple of bucks.

SpongeBob: I'd bet my soul he wouldn't.

Flying Dutchman: You got yourself a bet. Ok, Krabs, I'll let you stay, but first, help me settle a bet. If you had to choose between SpongeBob and all the money I have in my pocket, which would you take?

Mr. Krabs: That depends, how much money we talking about?

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs!

Flying Dutchman: (shows money) 62¢

Mr. Krabs: I'll take the money.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs!

Flying Dutchman: Here you go, Krabs. 62 cents. (hands him the change and picks up SpongeBob) Next stop, Davy Jones' locker! (laughs evilly as SpongeBob screams, as they both disappear. Squidward looks up in shock)

Mr. Krabs: Look, Squidward, money!

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, I can't believe I'm telling you this, but how could you trade SpongeBob for 62¢?

Mr. Krabs: You think I could've gotten more?

Squidward: He stuck up for you and you sold him out. You should be ashamed of yourself!

Mr. Krabs: Oh, what have I done? (sobs) I want another chance! I didn't learn anything! I lost me best fry cook! I don't want this foul money. (he throws the change on the ground) I want SpongeBob back! (sobs some more. The Flying Dutchman reappears and drops SpongeBob on the floor)

Flying Dutchman: Here, take him back.

Mr. Krabs: You heard what I said about the money?

Flying Dutchman: Heard what you said? I couldn't hear myself thinking with this one around. I only had him for 30 seconds. (scene cuts to SpongeBob and Flying Dutchman at Davy Jones' locker with SpongeBob talking a lot) And it's jellyfishing this and Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy that. Why, not giving him back is a fate worse than death! He's your problem now. (he disappears)

Mr. Krabs: Heh, about trading you for pocket change...

SpongeBob: (cuts Mr. Krabs off) Ah! Say no more, Mr. Krabs. You did it for the Krusty Krab. I would have done the same thing.

Mr. Krabs: You would have?

SpongeBob: No. (all laugh. Scene back at live-action island. The scene cut to black. Scene cuts to the Flying Dutchman sitting on a chair, reading a book until the phone rings)

Flying Dutchman: Dutchman's residence. (SpongeBob is on the other end speaking gibberish. Flying Dutchman groans)

Video Game Patrick: (screaming, bashes body on mountain)

Patrick: (playing a video game with his character while sliding at Sand Mountain). Aw, I got dead again. This game stinks. (screams and bashes body on mountain)

Sandy: See, that's why you must always pay attention to the mountain.

SpongeBob: I'm listening to you, mountain! Don't eat the yellow sand, Patrick!

Patrick: Oh yeah, I forgot. (eats yellow sand on a plate)

SpongeBob: Hey, Sandy, watch me do the "Grouchy Squidward"!

Squidward: Stop naming moves after me.

SpongeBob: (imitating Squidward) Everybody's an idiot except for me.

Squidward: Well, it's true.

SpongeBob: (laughs like Squidward)

Sandy and Patrick: (laughing)

Sandy: (stops laughing and sees a tree. She gasps.) SpongeBob! Look out for that tree!

SpongeBob: (stops laughing) Huh? (skips tree) Don't worry guys. Everything's under control. Cause I'm an (goes off mountain) EXPERT!!!

SpongeBob: That's funny. Someone turned the mountain upside down. (camera reveals that SpongeBob is upside down and not the mountain. He starts to fall.) AAAAAAHHHH!!!!

Sandy: SpongeBob! Land on your bottom! It'll cushion the impact of the fall!

SpongeBob: (turns around to feet first then takes off his pants) Like this?

Patrick: No, your other bottom!

Sandy: Don't you have to be stupid somewhere else?

Patrick: Not until four.

SpongeBob: My butt is not safe out here! (goes inside his house and looks out the window) No part of me is safe! (closes curtain)

(cut to outside the front of SpongeBob's house, where Sandy and Patrick are still sand boarding)

Patrick: Whoo-hoo!

Sandy Yeah! Ride em' cowboy! (Patrick starts laughing)

(they go inside SpongeBob's house and get off the board)

Sandy: (laughs) Hey, SpongeBob!

Patrick: (is still laughing, and Sandy looks angrily at him. Stops laughing and clears throat.) That was fun.

Sandy: Hey, SpongeBob, you ready to go sand boardin' again? SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Hello, friends. Enjoying the outside world?

Sandy: What'cha all doing sittin' in the middle of the floor like that?

SpongeBob: Oh, living out the remainder of my life... in safety. If you guys were smart, you would join me. That accident made me realize that it's dangerous out there. I was one of the lucky ones. I'm a survivor. And so I've simply decided I am never leaving my house again.

Sandy: That's crazy talk!

Patrick: That's not crazy talk. This is crazy talk! (talks very weird acting stupid, and Sandy punches his head into his torso.) Sorry.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick's right, Sandy. You saw what happened to me. And next time it won't just be my butt. It'll be my armpit or my forehead.

Patrick: Or your other armpit!

SpongeBob: I was wrong to go against nature. I'm a sponge! What was I thinking? Walking. My people are sedentary.

Sandy: Just sittin' in your house? Ain't you going to get lonesome?

SpongeBob: I won't be lonesome. I've got all the friends I want right here. This is Penny... and Chip... and say hello to Used Napkin.

Sandy: Well, how are you going to keep your job at the Krusty Krab?

SpongeBob: No problem! A really long spatula.

Sandy: What about eatin'?

SpongeBob: I'm a sponge! I'll just filter feed. (breathes in a different way)

Sandy: SpongeBob, sooner or later you're going to have to go outside!

SpongeBob: Listen, I already told you that I am not leaving my house again.

Patrick: Never ever?

SpongeBob: Never ever ever!

Patrick: Never never ever ever for never ever?!

SpongeBob: Never ever never never ever ever never!!

Patrick: Never ever ever ever ever ever ever ever?! (SpongeBob sighs)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Never ever never never ever never ever never.....

SpongeBob: D'alright Patrick, that is enough!!! Chip, will you escort these two to the door? (throws Chip to the door)

Patrick: Thank you, Chip. (outside) I guess I'll have to find a new best friend. Hey, Squidward!

Squidward: No!

Patrick: Okay.

Sandy: Don't worry, Patrick. We'll get SpongeBob to come outside, and then he'll see there's nothing to be afraid of.

Patrick: And that's when I punch him, right? (Sandy gives a serious look)

Sandy: Look at all the jellyfish out here! Too bad SpongeBob's missing out on all the fun!

Patrick: I caught one! I caught one! (puts head in net) huh?

SpongeBob: (Patrick screaming in background) Look at those fools. Risking their lives, jellyfishing. My new hobby is much more safer, isn't it Chip. Dust collecting! (brings out a tiny net and waves it in the air) I think I caught one!

Sandy: We gotta try somethin' else.

(cut to Sandy and Patrick in SpongeBob's front yard with a birthday cake with candles lit on it)

Sandy and Patrick: Three cheers on your birthday, SpongeBob! Three cheers for you!

Sandy: Now you have to blow out the candles and make a wish.

SpongeBob: I don't want a wish, Penny. All I ever wanted is right here. In fact, let's sing our own song about the magic of being indoors.

Music: "Indoors"

I know of a place
Where you never get harmed
A magical place
With magical charms
Indoors
Indoors
Indoors...

SpongeBob: Take it away, Penny!

Patrick: That penny has the most beautiful voice.

Sandy: That is it, SpongeBob SquarePants! We're going to find something that's so dang fun that you'll have to come outside!

(cut to outside SpongeBob's house)

Sandy: Trampoline!

Patrick: Ice cream!

Sandy: Underwater surfing!

Patrick: Two ice creams!

Sandy: Ferris wheel!

Patrick: (The two ice creams are melting) Still two ice creams!

Sandy: Clam wrestling!

Patrick: Washing an old person!

Sandy: Patrick, that's not fun!

Old man: It is for me!

SpongeBob: (breathing differently as before)

Sandy: Nothing's working, Patrick!

Patrick: What do we do?

Old man: I say we take a bath!

Sandy: What the? Will you get outta here?

Sandy: Now, remember. Don't jump out 'until I give the signal.

for them. If I don't come back, Chip, take care of Gary.

Gary: (eats Chip, killing him) Meow.

SpongeBob: Well, here I go. from the safety of my home? to the outside world. ahh. (scene zooms to spongebob's face, a close up of spongebob's shaking legs. along with his socks & shoes. he opens the door while he's shaking) I'm Taking my first step. So far so good. I think I can do this! (a paper flies onto his face) Aah! Oh, Neptune, forgive me! Save me, Chip! Save me! (removes the paper off his face) I'm still alive! I, SpongeBob SquarePants, have survived the outdoors. Nothing can stop me now! Nothing!

(Gorilla grabs SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Is it too late to go back inside yet?

(Gorilla rips SpongeBob in half)

SpongeBob: Yep, it's too late. Sandy, Patrick?

Sandy and Patrick: (still bagged) Yes, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: I'm not afraid to go outside anymore. But I'm terrified of gorillas now.

Sandy: It's okay, SpongeBob. Us too.

First half of SpongeBob: You know what I don't understand, though?

Second half of SpongeBob: What?

First half of SpongeBob: What's a gorilla doing underwater anyway?

Gorilla: Uh, well it's funny you should... I mean you could see that uh... George, they're onto us!

(Gorilla runs away to George, an appaloosa horse.)

George: Let's get out of here!

Sandy, Patrick and SpongeBob: (watch the gorilla ride the horse into the sunset)

(TV zooms out to reveal a family watching this, the father gives a disgusted look and smartly turns off the TV with a remote.)

SpongeBob: (reads the newspaper while sipping some coffee) Ah, I don't know how you do it, Gere Bear, but that's the best cup of French toast I've ever had.

Gary: (sits at the counter) Meow.

SpongeBob: Well, time to punch that clock. (puts his hat on and walks into the living room) But not before checking my motivational Quote-a-Day calendar. (calendar reads 'June 21') You are a winner. (hugs himself then looks back at the calendar and gasps) And today's the first day of summer! (cut to the Krusty Krab where Squidward is at the register, bored.

SpongeBob walks through the doors with a pink flower around his head. He tosses flower buds into the air) Happy first day of summer,

Squidward! (walks over to Squidward) Care to join me for solstice caroling? (sings in a high voice) Walking in the grass, it's so fine, don't need shoes in the summertime! (tosses flower buds at Squidward)

Squidward: I'm not much of a summer person, SpongeBob.

Mr. Krabs: Davy Jones on the jib! Do my ears deceive me? Is it really the first day of summer? Is it?

SpongeBob: (chuckles) Yeah.

Mr. Krabs: (does a few back flips in the air) Whee-hoo! (runs over to the window)

SpongeBob: (walks up to him) Gee Mr. K., you sure have a scorching case of summer fever! (turns around) What is it about summertime that makes us so happy? The firefly-lit nights, the intoxicating aroma of a charcoal briquette, the hypnotic sound of a lawnmower running over a flip-flop?

Mr. Krabs: The money!

SpongeBob: The money?

Mr. Krabs: Er, uh... I mean, uh... the children!

SpongeBob: Oh.

Mr. Krabs: You see, boy, during the summer, the children are excused from their classes, a recess commonly referred to as summer break. (sits down on a barrel and SpongeBob sits on his lap)

SpongeBob: Tell me more about summer break. (a school bell rings and all the kids run out of the school)

Mr. Krabs: Well, during this summer break, the children wander Bikini Bottom unsupervised, their pockets lined with allowance. (a child runs by with a full pocket of coins) Free to spend their money without any parental guidance whatsoever. (pulls down a menu) I guess that's what I like best. (puts a sticker labeled '4.99' next to the Kiddie Meal) Sure, I suppose some would try and take advantage of this situation by selling them toys or candy, but I sleep well at night with the knowledge that I'm providing them with something they need: a nutritious meal. (goes over to the front window) Come here, you little piggies!

SpongeBob: I've been taught the true meaning of summer.

Narrator: Later... (Mr. Krabs is still standing at the window with the same expression on his face)

SpongeBob: (walks up) Almost closing time, Mr. K.

Mr. Krabs: What? But that's impossible. (sobs) What about the money? I mean uh... uh... what about the children? (SpongeBob shrugs as Mr. Krabs sighs) I guess summer isn't coming this year.

SpongeBob: Hey, maybe they're all at that new playground over there. (points at a playground where kids are playing)

Mr. Krabs: Playground? Luring away me young customers. Warm up the boat, SpongeBob. (cut to the playground. SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs pull up in their boat. They peek out using a pair of binoculars)

SpongeBob: See anything, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, they're here, all right. Just look at them, SpongeBob. (two kids are swinging) So weak and malnourished. (one of the kids is eating a lollipop) With nobody trying to sell 'em nothing. (a kid slides down a slide) Breaks me heart. (cries) No! I've got nothing to live for, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: The way you drove the boat while lying on the ground was kind of cool.

Mr. Krabs: True. But that's not gonna get these munchkins away from this playground. Unless... hmmm... see you tomorrow, boy. Got a lot of work to do. (drives off)

SpongeBob: You got it, Mr. Krabs... hey! (cut to SpongeBob walking to the Krusty Krab) Another day, another dollar. Gee, I wonder what Mr. Krabs has been up to since I saw him last and then went home to do nothing of particular interest 'til this very moment. (stares at something in the distance) Huh? (a group of kids are lined up at the Krusty Krab where a sign reads "Krabby Land" is hanging. A giant sheet is covering some sort of area. SpongeBob walks up to Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! (sticks the hammer in his belt) You're just in time for the grand unveiling of Krabby Land.

SpongeBob: Krabby Land, sir?

Mr. Krabs: Yes, Krabby Land. (holds up a sign) Where a kid can have fun for the right price. (laughs) Welcome to the Krusty Krab, young man. What's your name?

Kid: Monroe.

Mr. Krabs: Nice to meet you, Monroe. (picks him up and laughs)

Monroe: Whee!

Mr. Krabs: (shakes Monroe and hears change in his pocket) Mmm... a-ha! (gets dollar signs in his eyes) Okay, money. I mean, err... children. It's time for the grand unveiling of... money. I mean, Krabby Land! (the kids cheer) Okay, kids, now promise Uncle Krabs that if you get hungry while you're playing, you'll come inside for some delicious, nutritious Krabby Patties.

Kids: We promise.

Mr. Krabs: All right, here we go! I give you... Krabby Land! (pulls off the sheet that covered the play area)

Kids: Yeah! (kids' cheers soon turn into speechless disappointed frowns; Krabby Land is a cheap, junky, trashy makeshift playground with several equipment such as: a junky shelter reading "Fort Adventure", a pipe connected to a cheap crane like equipment called "Rocket-ship Fantasia" (which breaks apart by weight issues), two toasters connected to springs for kiddy rides called "Toaster Rodeo", "Hose World" which contains rusty filthy hoses instead of real water fountains, among other dangerous stuff)

Kid: (Climbs up a slide which breaks apart upon being used; he screams, falls onto the ground extremely injured) Whoa! Ooh, where am I?

Mr. Krabs: Eh... that reminds me. I forgot to give you these coloring books/liability wavers! (holds up paper) Everyone who

hands theirs back gets to meet the one and only Krabby the Clown!

Kids: Yay!

Mr. Krabs: Have fun and don't forget to eat plenty of vitamin-enriched Krabby Patties. (holds up a Krabby Patty) Krabby the Clown's favorite meal.

Kids: We want Krabby! We want Krabby!

SpongeBob: Where is Krabby, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: He'll be here after I count their money. Just stall 'em.

SpongeBob: Stall 'em? How do I do that?

Mr. Krabs: I don't know. Be entertaining. (leaves)

SpongeBob: (turns around and laughs at the kids) Hey, kids! (waves but the kids are angry)

Monroe: You're not Krabby the Clown.

SpongeBob: No, I'm not. I'm, uh... (puts on a mask) I'm Krabby's beloved sidekick, the Krabby

Patty..Umm... Burglar!

Kid: Lame.

SpongeBob: Krabby will be here soon. He, uh, had to take the bus. But in the meantime, let's have some fun! You kids like bubbles? (picks up a bubble wand)

Monroe: No.

SpongeBob: Well, you've never seen my bubbles. (blows a jellyfish bubble) Voila! A bubble shaped like a jellyfish. How 'bout that?

Kid: Still lame. (bubble pops)

SpongeBob: (dips wand again) Okay, prepare to be blown back on your tailfins. (blows a unicorn bubble) Ta-da! (kid pops the bubble) Uh... huh.

Kids: You stink, bring on the clown!

SpongeBob: Okay, uh... and now for a finale! (starts blowing a bubble)

Kids: Boo! Boo! Boo! Boo!

SpongeBob: (the bubble pops in his eye making it red. He screams) Aaaaaaaaah! My eyes! Aaaaah! (trips over a barrel) Whoa! (crashes into The Pit of Doom which is actually a dumpster then swings over a tire. Lands in a pool of bowling balls then the tire lands on him. Kids start to laugh) They seem to respond to me being in pain. They enjoy other people's misery. Hey

kids, check this out. (picks up his bubble wand and dips it in the bubble soap then throws the wand away. Pours all the bubble soap in his eyes) AAAAAAAAH!!!

Kids: Woo-hoo!

SpongeBob: I got 'em right where I want 'em. (SpongeBob puts a piece of tape on his face and rips it off, revealing a portion of his face is missing)

SpongeBob: Aaaaahhh!

Kids: Woo-hoo! Yeah!

SpongeBob: (lies on the ground with his tongue sticking out. A truck runs over his tongue over and over) Aaaaah! Aaaaah!! Aaaaaah!!!

Kids: Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha! (SpongeBob walks up to a muscular guy and hands him some money. The muscular guy hits him with a big hammer. SpongeBob gives the thumbs up) Yeah, hoo! (muscular guy smashes SpongeBob with a wrecking ball) Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha!

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob gives a thumbs-up. Later, SpongeBob is tied to two poles with a muscular guy holding a can of lima beans) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! (muscular guy shoves a spoonful of lima beans in SpongeBob's mouth. All the kids cheer)

Kids: Ha-ha, ha-ha!

SpongeBob: (being used as a ball in the two muscular guys' ping pong game) Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

Kids: Yay! (SpongeBob's arms are getting stretched by two muscular guys) Yeah! (SpongeBob is in two pieces but gives two thumbs up. Cut to Mr. Krabs' office where he is counting the money he has received from the kids. SpongeBob enters his office in pieces)

SpongeBob: Ugh, Mr. Krabs? I can't take any more of this stalling stuff.

Mr. Krabs: (Glares) Always thinking about yourself. Get out there and stall! What happened to your arms and legs, boy?

SpongeBob: The kids are using them as... boomerangs. (one of SpongeBob's legs flies in and out)

Mr. Krabs: Boomerangs? Oh no! They might break my windows!

SpongeBob: What are we gonna do?

Mr. Krabs: Well, now that all their money's counted, tell them Krabby has just arrived!

SpongeBob: (hops on top of the table) Really? He's here? (bounces up and down) Oh, boy! Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy!

Mr. Krabs: Get out there and tell 'em!

SpongeBob: (walks outside) Listen everybody. Krabby the Clown is in the building!

Kids: Yay!

SpongeBob: Who do you want?

Kids: Krabby!

SpongeBob: When do you want him?

Kids: Now! Krabby, krabby, krabby! (all running up to Mr. Krabs) Krabby! Hooray!

Mr. Krabs: Hey kids! Are you ready to meet Krabby the Clown?

Kids and SpongeBob: Yay!

Mr. Krabs: All right, here you go! (turns around with a blue nose and tie on) Hey kids! Uh... thank you all for coming! Thank you. Eat plenty of Krabby Patties! (laughs and walks back toward his office leaving back a shocked, disappointed, unhappy crowd of children) Ah, Krabs, you've done it again!

SpongeBob: I'll say you have.

Mr. Krabs: (turns around) SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (frowning) How could you, Mr. Krabs? You promised these children Krabby the Clown, but all I saw out there was... Cheapy the Cheapskate!

Mr. Krabs: Hey, I ain't cheap! (takes off his fake nose and rubs the blue paint off it) Now take this tomato back to the kitchen before it spoils.

SpongeBob: But what about the true meaning of summer? What about the children?

Mr. Krabs: (walks to the window) The children? Oh I don't care about the children. (starts to climb out the window) I just care about their parents' money. Ah, the fact that their feeble minds are easily manipulated by cheap playgrounds and talentless clowns is no skin off my nose. (climbs out) Survival of the fittest, SpongeBob! Survival of the fittest. (laughs)

Kid: Ahem.

Mr. Krabs: Huh? (children are standing behind him glaring at him; having overheard Krabs' confession) Oh, hey kids. (smiles) Uh... Uncle Krabs has to go to the bank now. Heh.

Monroe: Get him! (all the kids run after him)

SpongeBob: (inside, sounds of Mr. Krabs getting beat up by the kids is heard) Aw, I suppose I'll never know the true meaning of summer. I thought I knew it once, but that was a long, long time ago.

Squidward: You mean this morning?

SpongeBob: Yeah. (a noise is heard outside)

Monroe: Come on outside, Mr. SquarePants. It's a summer miracle!

Kids: (money is falling from the sky) Yay! Hooray!

SpongeBob: Wow, thousands of dollars fluttering in the breeze. I guess that's the true meaning of summer.

Kids: Hooray! (a kid on top of the Krusty Krab is throwing money down)

SpongeBob: Where's Mr. Krabs? He's missing out on all the summer fun.

Mr. Krabs: (is tied to poles like SpongeBob was earlier) Let me go! I gotta get some of that green stuff! (a muscular guy places a spoon of lima beans in front of him) No, not that green stuff! (a lima bean truck backs up) No!, Oh N000000!!!!

(episode begins at Squidward's house)

Squidward: Ah, finally, the weekend is here. And this isn't just any old weekend. This is the weekend that SpongeBob and Patrick go camping. (gestures at "Dance Quarterly" calendar at a picture of SpongeBob and Patrick on the calendar) Wouldn't it be great if they got lost in the woods and never came back? (thought bubble appears with SpongeBob and Patrick in a forest)

SpongeBob: (in Squidward's thought bubble) Patrick, I'm scared!

Squidward: Ho-ho, that would be great! (gets in bed) You've waited a long time for this. A soft bed, warm tea, a good book, and two whole days with no... (imitates SpongeBob's laugh. When he stops, he can hear SpongeBob's laughter) What the...?! (goes outside and sees SpongeBob and Patrick in a tent in his backyard) SpongeBob, aren't you two supposed to be camping?

SpongeBob: We are camping.

Squidward: SpongeBob, it's not camping if you're ten feet from your house.

SpongeBob: Aww, it doesn't matter where you are as long as you're outdoors. While all those soft city folk are safe in their beds reading books, we're out here, pitting ourselves against the formidable forces of nature. You wanna join us?

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: Okay. Have fun inside. (Squidward leaves then comes back)

Squidward: What do you mean, "have fun inside"?

SpongeBob: Just...have fun inside. See you tomorrow.

Squidward: Oh. Bye. (leaves then comes back again) You little sneak! I see what you're doing!

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: Don't think I can't see what you're doing!

SpongeBob: What?

Squidward: You're saying I can't take it!

SpongeBob: But all I...

Squidward: AH! You're saying I'm soft! You think your little "have fun inside" challenge is gonna make me come camping with you, but that is NEVER GONNA HAPPEN! There's no way I'm gonna sit out here all night with you two losers! So, get used to it! (leaves)

SpongeBob: Okay. Have fun inside. (Squidward comes back and yells at them)

Squidward: That's it! I'm in! I'll show you camping! (runs inside his house)

SpongeBob: (to Patrick) Squidward's gonna come camping with us! (both giggle while Squidward comes back with a big backpack on)

Squidward: Now you'll see how a real... (falls forward into the sand from the heavy backpack) ...outdoorsman does it! (crawls out from under the backpack and gets out a cylinder looking bag) Here we are-- my remote-controlled, self-assembling tent. Watch and learn. (SpongeBob takes out binoculars while Patrick gets out a notepad and a pair glasses. Squidward throws the bag in the air then gets out a remote and pushes the button. The bag explodes and the tent, sticks, and rope fall on the ground)

SpongeBob: That was great, Squidward! But how do you get inside?

Patrick: Yeah, it's all crushy-looking.

Squidward: It isn't put up yet, you idiots. (starts to mess with his tent but tears it) Huh?

SpongeBob: Customization.

Patrick: Genius!

Squidward: (beating the tent with a wooden stake) Bah! bah! bah!

SpongeBob: He's tenderizing the ground!

Patrick: Of course! (Squidward gets tangled in the rope)

SpongeBob: Write that down! Write that down! (Patrick is playing Tic-Tac-Toe instead of writing notes. Squidward kicks the pile of things and it magically becomes a tent)

Squidward: Huh? Voila. (the tent collapses so Squidward rolls it up out of the way and brings back a sleeping bag) But what could compare to just lying out under the stars? (SpongeBob and Patrick applaud) Well, I've worked up an appetite as big as all outdoors. Time for a little grub. I suppose you two are gonna stew up some twigs and rocks, right?

SpongeBob: Nope, we've got something even better--Marshmallows. (takes out a bag of Marsh King marshmallows and eats one) Mmm-mm. Just like the astronauts eat. (Patrick has a fishbowl over his head and he imitates static, like an astronaut)

Patrick: Patrick to SpongeBob. Patrick to SpongeBob. Do you read me? Over. (SpongeBob has a fishbowl over his head and imitates static as well)

SpongeBob: SpongeBob to Patrick. I read you. Over.

Patrick: (imitates static) Patrick to SpongeBob. I like going... (imitates static) Over.

SpongeBob: (imitates static) SpongeBob to Patrick. (imitates static) Me too. (both imitate static back and forth for a bit while Squidward stares vacantly at them. Imitates static) SpongeBob to Patrick, help yourself. Over.

Patrick: (grabs a marshmallow) Yummy! (takes the marshmallow and jams it in his mouth, through the fishbowl, breaking it) Patrick to SpongeBob! The deliciousness has landed!

Squidward: Well, you two astronauts can eat marshmallows. I gonna have a can of Swedish Barnacle Balls... (holds up the can in his hand) ...just as soon as I can get my can opener.

SpongeBob: But Squidward, didn't you take a can opener when you hiked out here?

Squidward: Why would I bother? We're ten feet from my house.

SpongeBob: But this is the wilderness. It just doesn't seem to fit the camping spirit.

Patrick: Pretty weenie.

Squidward: All right. All right. Gimme a marshmallow. (Squidward begins roasting his marshmallow until Patrick's marshmallow catches on fire and he blows it on Squidward's face. Squidward begins roasting his marshmallow until Patrick's marshmallow catches on fire and he blows it on Squidward's face again. The third shot Squidward avoids and laughs. The marshmallow flies back into Squidward's head) OK. Besides spitting molten food stuffs at me, what else do you do for fun?

SpongeBob: Well, after a long day of camping, it's nice to unwind with a nice, relaxing campfire song.

Music: "The Campfire Song Song"

I call this one "The Campfire Song Song".

Let's gather 'round the campfire
And sing our campfire song
Our C-A-M-P-F-I-R-E S-O-N-G song
And if you don't think that we can sing it faster, then you're wrong
But it'll help if you just sing along.....
Patrick: Bum! bum! bum!

C-A-M-P-F-I-R-E S-O-N-G song!
C-A-M-P-F-I-R-E S-O-N-G song!
And if you don't think that we can sing it faster, then you're wrong
But it'll help if you just sing along.... Sing another song....

C-A-M-P-F-I-R-E S-O-N-G song
Patrick!
Patrick: SONG! C-A-M-P-F-I-R-E-
Squidward! (silence) Good!

It'll help...it'll help...
If you just sing along!
OH YEAH!!!

SpongeBob: Ahh, now, wasn't that relaxing?

Squidward: No! This is relaxing. (holds up his clarinet and plays "Kumbaya")

SpongeBob: Oh no! I'll save you, Squidward! (picks up a marshmallow and uses a slingshot to shoot in the clarinet and into Squidward's throat) Squidward, are you all right? That's it, chew, chew, and swallow. There, better?

Squidward: Better?! I was fine until you lodged that ballistic junk food into my windpipe!

SpongeBob: But I had to! It's too dangerous to play the clarinet badly out here in the wilderness! It might attract...
(whispers) ...a sea bear.

Squidward: A sea bear? You mean like the ones that DON'T EXIST?!

SpongeBob: What are you saying?

Squidward: There's no such thing! They're just a myth!

SpongeBob: Oh no, Squidward, sea bears are all too real! It says so in the Bikini Bottom Inquirer! (holds up the magazine)

Squidward: (reads cover) "I Married a Sea Bear?"

Patrick: Yeah, and Fake Science Monthly! (holds up the magazine)

Squidward: (reads cover) "Sea Bears and Fairy Tales Are Real?" That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard!

Patrick: Well, maybe it is stupid, but it's also dumb!

SpongeBob: Patrick's right, Squidward. Sea bears are no laughing matter. Why, once I met this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy who knew this guy's cousin...

Squidward: You're right! I should be more careful. In fact, why don't you tell me all of the things I shouldn't do if I want to keep the sea bears away?

SpongeBob: Okay, that's easy. First off, don't play the clarinet.

Squidward: Okay. Then what?

SpongeBob: Never wave your flashlight back and forth really fast.

Patrick: Flashlights are their natural prey.

Squidward: You're kidding.

SpongeBob: Don't stomp around. They take that as a challenge.

Patrick: Yeah.

Squidward: Go on.

SpongeBob: Don't ever eat cheese.

Squidward: Sliced or cubed? (SpongeBob and Patrick converse quietly to each other)

SpongeBob: Cubed; sliced is fine.

Squidward: Yeah, yeah, and?

SpongeBob: Never wear a sombrero—

Patrick: In a goofy fashion!

SpongeBob: Or clown shoes.

Patrick: Or a hoop skirt.

SpongeBob: And never...

Patrick: Ever...

SpongeBob: Ever...

Patrick: Duh!

SpongeBob and Patrick: SCREECH LIKE A CHIMPANZEE!!!

Squidward: Wow! That's amazing how many things can set a sea bear off. (SpongeBob and Patrick are holding each other in terror)

SpongeBob and Patrick: They're horrible!

Squidward: And... and suddenly I have the sense we're all in danger!

SpongeBob and Patrick: Why?

Squidward: I don't know... (runs off and comes back wearing all the items mentioned from before) Just a feeling!

SpongeBob: No.

Squidward: Yes.

SpongeBob: No!

Squidward: (begins making monkey & chimp noises) U! Uh! Uh! U!

SpongeBob and Patrick: SQUIDWARD, PLEASE DON'T!!!

Squidward: (continues to do whatever it takes to get a sea bear's attention) Uh! Uh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Uh! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Patrick: SpongeBob, what are we gonna do? A sea bear is sure to come over and eat us! (cries)

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Patrick. I'll draw us an anti-sea-bear circle in the dirt. (grabs a stick and draws a circle around both of them)

Squidward: (continues to do screeching like a chimpanzee) Uh! Uh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Uh!

Patrick: Good thinking! (holds up another issue of Fake Science Monthly) All the experts say it's the only defense against a sea bear attack.

Squidward: (ends the screeching) Uh! Uh! Uh! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! (laughs) You guys are so gullible! See? I did everything that attracts a sea bear and nothing happened! If sea bears really exist, why didn't one show up?

SpongeBob: Maybe it's because you're not wearing your sombrero in a goofy fashion.

Squidward: Oh, pfft, sorry! How silly of me! You mean like this? (tilts his sombrero to the right then laughs. As he is laughing, a clawed fin turns the sombrero upside-down. Cut to reveal the fin was that of a sea bear's)

SpongeBob: No. Like that. (the sea bear growls. Squidward screams and runs off. The sea bear attacks Squidward) Squidward, are you okay?

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: (bringing the anti-sea bear circle with him and Patrick) Quick! Jump inside our anti-sea-bear circle before he comes back.

Patrick: Yeah. Sea bears often attack more than once.

Squidward: Are you crazy? A dirt circle won't stop that monster. I'm running for my life!

SpongeBob and Patrick: No...! (the sea bear comes back and attacks Squidward again)

SpongeBob: Don't run! Sea bears hate that!

Squidward: Thanks for the tip. I guess I'll just limp home, then.

SpongeBob and Patrick: NO...! (the sea bear comes back and attacks Squidward again)

SpongeBob: They hate limping more than running!

Squidward: Well, I guess I'll just have... (the sea bear comes back and attacks Squidward again)

SpongeBob: I should have warned you about crawling. (the sea bear comes back and attacks Squidward again)

Squidward: What'd I do that time?

SpongeBob: I don't know! I guess he just doesn't like you.

Patrick: Pretend to be somebody else!

SpongeBob: Here, draw a circle. (throws Squidward a stick)

Squidward: OK. (the sea bear comes back and attacks Squidward again)

SpongeBob: That was an oval! It has to be a circle!

Squidward: Move over! (runs and sits on top of SpongeBob, inside the circle. The seabear sees the circle, points menacingly at Squidward, then leaves) Hey, it worked! You guys saved my life.

All: Hooray, hooray, hooray!

SpongeBob: Yeah, I'm glad it was just a sea bear. This circle would never hold back a sea rhinoceros.

Squidward: What attracts them?

Patrick: The sound of a sea bear attack. (a large fish with a rhinoceros' head and armor is snorting beside them)

SpongeBob: Heh, good thing we're all wearing our anti-sea rhinoceros undergarments, right, Squidward?

Squidward: (in fear) Uh-huh.

(at a diner)

Fish: Oh, no, I lost my pen.

Waitress: (takes one out of her hair) You can borrow mine. (hands her pen to the fish)

Fish: Thanks.

SpongeBob: I lost something once. I lost something I couldn't live without-- my identity.

Fish: So, anyway, thanks for the pen.

Waitress: No problem, hon.

SpongeBob: (walking on the counter) It all started last week-- Monday morning to be exact-- the day I lost my identity.
(fish looks at his watch)

Fish: I've gotta go. (flashback to Monday morning where SpongeBob is sleeping until his alarm goes off)

SpongeBob: (jumps up and throws his blanket in the air) Good morning, world, and all who inhabit it. (his blanket lands on his head and he struggles to get it off) Awk! Gary, help! I can't see. Gary! (SpongeBob puts his foot on the floor to feel around for Gary) Gary, are you there? (falls on his face. His alarm falls on his head) Ow! (stands up) Gary? Gary, buddy? I need you to be my eyes, okay? Am I near the bathroom? (shrieks as he falls down the staircase. When he falls into the living room, his alarm clock spits him out) Gary? Gary? (hits one of his windows) Gar? (slides off the window)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary. Now that my horrific incident of terror is over, how about some breakfast? (grabs a can of snail food then sings and dances) The most important meal of the day, serving it up Gary's way— pop! (pours the can into Gary's bowl) Enjoy, buddy. Hmm, you know, I've been feeding this to Gary for years, and I don't even know what it tastes like. (sticks out his tongue and tastes the snail food but finds it disgusting, sound echoes from his pineapple house) Bleah! (sound echoes through the streets) Bleah! (sound echoes to the Snail Po headquarters) Bleah!

Sadie: What is it, Peterson?

Peterson: I'm not sure. I feel...a disturbance. (cut back to SpongeBob's house where he is carrying his pants on a hanger)

SpongeBob: That was the worst thing I've ever tasted. Oh well, at least I'll never have to do it again. (looks at his watch) Barnacles! All these shenanigans made me late for work. (puts his pants on the wrong way) Uh oh. (puts his pants on the right way) All right! (walks out the door and past Patrick)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Hi Patrick! La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la! La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la! (flashback to present at the Diner)

Waitress: Wait a minute. When exactly did you lose your identity?

Fish: Yeah, and who's Patrick?

Cook: And why did you eat Snail-Po?

SpongeBob: Ah, ah, ah, patience, good people. A great story can't be rushed. However, I will skip ahead to the Krusty Krab. (cut to the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob opens the door with a food tray in hand) Order up! (walks to the customer) One Krabby Patty grilled with the fiery warmth of my beating heart. Enjoy.

Customer: Thanks, uh... (looks closely at his shirt) Oh.

SpongeBob: Is there a problem?

Customer: Well, you really should be wearing a name tag so I can thank you properly.

SpongeBob: (laughs) While it is against my philosophy to disagree with the customer, I must point out that I am in fact wearing a name tag, right here. (points to an empty spot on his shirt where his name tag should be) Huh? (gasps and fidgets over and over after he finds out he's not wearing a name tag. Squidward walks up to him)

Squidward: Uh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Oh, Squidward, it's terrible! It's the most terrible thing that's ever happened to me. I lost my name tag. POURQUOI????!!!!!!

Squidward: SpongeBob, take it easy! I'm sure you can get a new one.

SpongeBob: But I don't want a new one, Squidward. My name tag is out there somewhere. Lost... Hungry... Who will help it? What if someone's using it? (SpongeBob imagines a quiet bank and a bank robber bursting in wearing a mask over his head and SpongeBob's name tag)

Bank Robber: ALL RIGHT! NOBODY MOVE! THIS IS A BANK ROBBERY! ATTICA! (cuts back to SpongeBob who shrieks in fear)

SpongeBob: I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YA! (faints then awakens and walks over to Squidward) Squidward, what happened?

Squidward: Hmm? Oh, you fainted because you lost your name tag or something.

SpongeBob: Huh? (shrieks and gasps, fidgeting in terror)

Squidward: SpongeBob, will you get a hold of yourself? Since when is losing your name tag the end of the world? (Mr. Krabs comes out of his office)

Mr. Krabs: Attention, all employees! Just a quick heads-up, boys. There's going to be a surprise uniform inspection in one hour. Anyone who doesn't pass gets the boot! (SpongeBob and Squidward stare at Mr. Krabs, who pulls out a big, black boot) This boot, to be exact. It's very stinky, and you'll have to wear it all day. See you in an hour. (SpongeBob starts gasping and fidgeting again)

Squidward: SpongeBob, if you really want to find your name tag, just retrace your steps.

SpongeBob: Retrace my steps? Squidward, you're a genius.

Squidward: (flattered) Huh. Huh. A genius? Well, I don't know about that, but...

SpongeBob: (walks off) Cover me till I get back, okay?

Squidward: Oh, sure, sure. (chuckles) A genius? Well, how about... Hey! (cut to SpongeBob walking down the road)

SpongeBob: Let's see, if I'm going to retrace my steps, I got to remember everything I did this morning. (walks by Patrick)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Oh, hi Patrick. (runs back to Patrick) You said hi to me this morning, right?

Patrick: As I do every morning.

SpongeBob: Well, I need you to do it again.

Patrick: That wasn't part of the deal, SquarePants!

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you talking about?

Patrick: My hellos aren't just some tape recording that you can rewind and play over and over. They're special!

SpongeBob: Patrick, this is an emergency! I lost my name tag this morning, and I need to retrace my steps.

Patrick: You lost your name tag? (gasps and fidgeting like SpongeBob does. Scene cuts to SpongeBob poking his head out his window and Patrick standing outside his house)

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, you know the plan, right?

Patrick: I got it, I got it. You're gonna retrace your steps and when you walk by me I say "hi", just like this morning.

SpongeBob: Perfect. Hmm, I guess I should start with when I woke up. (climbs in bed) I sure hope this works. (pretends to go to sleep then jumps up) Good morning, world, and all who inhabit it! (blanket falls on his head which causes him to fall and his alarm to fall on him again) So far, so good. (falls down the staircase and lands in his living room. The alarm clock shoots him out) I don't see my name tag up here. (smacks into his window then slides off of it to Gary) Now that my horrific moment of terror is over, how about some breakfast? (grabs a can of Snail-Po and sings) The most important meal of the day, serving it up Gary's way. (pours the food into Gary's bowl then tastes it) Bleah! Ok, next I just have to walk outside and say hi to Patrick. (walks by Patrick, outside, but he doesn't say anything) Patrick!

Patrick: What?

SpongeBob: You were supposed to say hi to me.

Patrick: Hi.

SpongeBob: Oh. All right, let's take it from the top. (walks off)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Don't forget your line this time!

Patrick: I won't.

SpongeBob: Good morning, world, and all who inhabit it. (falls down the staircase) The most important meal of the day. La-la-la... Gary's way. Bleah. (walks by Patrick who, again, says nothing) Patrick, why didn't you say hi to me?

Patrick: What's my motivation?

SpongeBob: Forget the motivation. Just say hi. (walks off. Cut to SpongeBob doing his routine again. Then walks by Patrick)

Patrick: Hi, Patrick. Oh wait, I'm Patrick! I'm sorry. Sorry. (laughs) I'm sorry. Let's try it again. (cut to SpongeBob doing his routine again. Then walks outside past Patrick) Hi, SpongeBoob. Ha! SpongeBoob! I sai...I sai... Ha-ha! (laughs) Who's SpongeBoob? I said SpongeBoob! Again, again. Sorry people. (cut to SpongeBob doing his routine again. Then walks outside by Patrick, who is trying not to laugh) I've got the giggles.

SpongeBob: Oh, what's the use? I'll never find my name tag in time for inspection.

Patrick: Well, what did you do after I said hi to you this morning?

SpongeBob: Hmm, let's see. (imagines what he did today in his thought bubble) I skipped merrily to the Krusty Krab, said hello to Old Man Jenkins, placed an apple on Mr. Krabs' desk... and that's about it. Oh, and these two guys threw me in the dumpster. (cut to SpongeBob being thrown into a dumpster by the Krusty Krab. He laughs) Good one, guys! (tries getting up but slips into the garbage again)

Patrick: That's it! Your name tag is in the apple on Mr. Krabs' desk!

SpongeBob: Patrick, you're a genius. Oh wait, he's probably thrown it away by now.

Patrick: Well, then we'll look in the dumpster! (cut to the dumpster outside the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: Eh, what is that stench?

Patrick: That is the stench of discovery. Come on, buddy. I'll give you a boost. (gets on all fours) Hop on, pal.

SpongeBob: (jumps in the dumpster) Hey, it's not so bad once you get used to it.

Patrick: I wish I had a nose.

SpongeBob: Come on in, buddy. The garbage is fine.

Patrick: Cannonball! (does a cannonball)

SpongeBob: You look over there and I'll look over here.

Patrick: Ok. (digs through the trash while throwing some on SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: Patrick?

Patrick: I'm looking. I'm looking.

SpongeBob: Patrick? Patrick?

Patrick: I'm looking as fast as I can.

SpongeBob: Patrick! (Patrick stops and turns around to see SpongeBob covered in garbage) Thank you. (Patrick pulls trash off of SpongeBob)

Patrick: Here, let me get that. Hey, look! A Stingray 5000 single. Hey, these guys rock. Why would anybody throw this away?

SpongeBob: Have you forgotten what we're looking for knee-deep in yesterday's Top 40 songs?

Patrick: Yes.

SpongeBob: I'll give you a hint. Two words. First word: my. Second word: name tag.

Patrick: Could I have another hint?

SpongeBob: Patrick, I would love to sit here and play Twenty Questions with you, but I've only got (looks at his watch) one

minute till inspection. (screams) One minute?! (digs quicker) Hurry, Patrick, we don't have much time.

Patrick: (notices a name tag on the back of SpongeBob's shirt) Hey, SpongeBob...

SpongeBob: Not now, Patrick.

Patrick: I know where your name tag is. (SpongeBob turns around)

SpongeBob: Where?! Where?!

Patrick: Uh... I can't remember.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I don't have time for this! (turns back around)

Patrick: There it is!

SpongeBob: Where?!

Patrick: Uh... I forgot again.

SpongeBob: Patrick, are you with me or against me?

Patrick: Could you give me a hint? (SpongeBob turns back around) There! I see it!
>

SpongeBob: Yeah, yeah, yeah... the boy who cried name tag. If you're not going to help me, then just go crawl back under your rock.

Patrick: (annoyed) Well, at least I don't wear my shirt backwards.

SpongeBob: My shirt backward... What the...? (bends his head back to his back) My shirt's on backwards! I had my identity all along. (spins his shirt around the looks at his watch) Oh, and just in time. Thanks, Patrick. (shakes hands with Patrick)

Patrick: Don't mention it, buddy. (cut to the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Fall in for inspection! All right, you two... (inspects Squidward) Hat and uniform seem to be in order. (notices a few hairs in Squidward's nose) Hmm, promise me you'll shave tonight and you pass.

Squidward: Hoorah.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, your turn.

SpongeBob: (salutes) I think you'll find everything shipshape.

Mr. Krabs: (sniffs SpongeBob) Jumpin' jellyfish! What's that stench?

SpongeBob: Uh... discovery? (Mr. Krabs picks up SpongeBob and sets him outside. Cut back to the diner) And that's how I got my identity back. Well, that's my story. (the fish yawns while the waitress checks her watch)

Waitress: Well, you managed to kill eleven minutes.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Thanks, uh... (looks at her name tag) Betty.

Waitress: What? (looks down at her name tag) Oh, sweetie, I'm not Betty. I just borrowed her uniform while mine's at the cleaners.

SpongeBob: Hmm?.

(scene opens up on a shot of the Krusty Krab)

Narrator: Ah, the Krusty Krab. Home of the delicious Krabby Patty and its super-secret recipe. (Mr. Krabs appears)

Mr. Krabs: Attention, Krusty Krab crew! All hands report immediately! (background whistling sound is heard)

SpongeBob: (runs up) Fry cook SpongeBob reporting, sir!

Squidward: (wakes from behind the cash register; yawns) What's all the yelling about?

Mr. Krabs: Today is the 25th anniversary of the first time me arch-enemy Plankton ever tried to steal me Krabby Patty Secret Formula. (scene flashes back to Mr. Krabs and Plankton)

Plankton: Can I have the secret formula?

Mr. Krabs: No.

Plankton: Okay. (walks away)

Mr. Krabs: (voiceover) But he was persistent!

Plankton: (comes back) Pretty please?

Mr. Krabs: Uh-uh.

(scene cuts to Plankton holding a costume behind his back)

Mr. Krabs: He used disguises! (Plankton laughs and pulls a cockroach costume over himself. Mr. Krabs' leg squishes him) Super science! (Plankton drips a droplet of chemical into a test tube and drinks it. He is surrounded in a pink cloud and appears as a cockroach. Mr. Krabs' leg squishes him) Civil disobedience! (Plankton is marching, holding a picket sign that states "I AM NOT A ROACH". Mr. Krabs' leg squishes him. Scene cuts back to the Krusty Krab with Squidward, SpongeBob, and Mr. Krabs) And I always came out on top!

Squidward: (sarcastically) Fascinating.

Mr. Krabs: But thousands of failures have made him crafty, so keep your eyes open! (Mr. Krabs' eyes bulge out, and he moves them right to left) You'll never know what trick he'll use to steal me secret Krabby Patty formula.

Robot: (walks into the Krusty Krab, speaks in robotic voice) What a quaint restaurant. I think I will sample their wares.

SpongeBob: Ooh, how weird! A machine made to look like a customer.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob. Why don't you go hose out the men's room?

SpongeBob: With pleasure, sir!

Mr. Krabs: (moves Squidward out of the way) I'll take this one. (to the robot) Welcome to the Krusty Krab, sir. May I help you?

Robot: Yes please. I'd like an order of chili coral bits.

Mr. Krabs: (loses fake grin he had on) You sure you don't want a Krabby Patty?

Robot: No thank you. (holds up dollar bill) Will this cover it?

Mr. Krabs: Uh, sure. (grabs dollar and hands the robot a paper bag) Here you go.

Robot: (takes the bag and walks toward the door. Using green laser beams, it melts the doorway and walks through) Good day.

Mr. Krabs: Hm. I was sure it was one of Plankton's tricks. Well, at least his money's good. (laughs. The dollar bill center pops open and Plankton jumps out)

Plankton: AH-HAH!

Mr. Krabs: Plankton! You knew I would never distrust a dollar!

Plankton: That's right, Krabs. Now hand over the secret Krabby Patty formula!

Mr. Krabs: Or what?

Plankton: -I don't know. I never thought I'd get this far.

Mr. Krabs: Well then, allow me to suggest your next move. (scene cuts to a toilet being flushed. Plankton screams as he swirls around in the water)

Plankton: Curse you, Kra-a-abs!!! (he disappears in the pipes)

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) And now for the chaser! (scene cuts to manhole outside of the Chum Bucket. Plankton pops up out of the manhole that says "City of Bikini Bottom", gasping for breath. He jumps out)

Plankton: You just wait, Krabs! Next time I'll.... ah, who am I kidding? At least I can go home to a wife who understands. (scene cuts to inside the Chum Bucket)

Karen: So? Tell me what happened.

Plankton: I don't want to talk about it.

Karen: Talking will make you feel better.

Plankton: Leave me alone.

Karen: That's your problem. You never let anyone in. Plankton the rock, Plankton the loner....

Plankton: And she's off, ladies and gentlemen.

Karen:and that's why everything you try ends up like this.... (Karen's screen shows Plankton laughing, about to pull a lever. Mr. Krabs' leg squashes him) and like this.... (Karen's screen shows Plankton laughing, holding a rubber duck over his head. Mr. Krabs' leg squashes him) and more recently, like this. (Karen's screen shows a toilet with a flushing noise)

Plankton: (whimpering, starts bawling) I'm a failure!

Karen: It's not that bad! You just require a little help. Maybe some henchmen.

Plankton: Henchmen?

Karen: Yes, what you need to do is surround yourself with muscular tough guys who'll do whatever you say.

Plankton: I like the sound of that. I'll canvas all the seediest lowbrow dives in town to find my minions. And I know just how to speak their language! (scene cuts to a dim club with muscular tough guys from No Weenies Allowed playing pool. Plankton stands at the door) Felicitations, malefactors! I am endeavoring to misappropriate the formulary for the preparation of affordable comestibles! Who will join me!?! (scene cuts to Plankton sitting in a wheelchair in the Chum Bucket with a cast and bandages) I don't get it. No matter what I do, I always end up being squashed by someone bigger than me.

Karen: Oh, come on. I think you're overreacting. (as Karen talks, a robotic hand comes out of a panel and pats Plankton, then squashes him) Sorry.

Plankton: That's okay. I'm no different than the millions of other Plankton in the sea. (while Plankton talks, he "assembles" himself together, sticking his eye on, putting his arm in the socket, and matching his legs which are labeled "left leg" and "right leg" in their appropriate sockets) The Plankton family has always been pushed around and stepped on. Wait! That's it! Acting alone, we're powerless, but united, the Plankton family could be a real pain in the fanny! (he appears with a phone book and slams it on the ground) Krabs may think one Plankton is no problem, but let's see him take on two, or ten, or a hundred, or a thousand!!! (scene cuts to Plankton "dialing" a number, which is him jumping on the buttons. Cut to Plankton running from the receiver of the phone to the speaker. Cut to Plankton writing a letter to a family member. Cut to Plankton running, with his tongue moistening the adhesive on an envelope. Cut to Plankton in a red airplane, skywriting "CALLING ALL PLANKTON", but a fish sitting on a bench sneezes and blows away the skywriting. Cut to a montage of differently dressed Plankton) But why stop there? I'll gather every family member from every corner of the ocean. The entire Plankton family under one roof! Krabs won't stand a chance against the staggering intellect of a million super-smart criminal masterminds! (doorbell rings) THEY'RE HERE!!! Welcome, brethren! (Plankton runs to the door and opens it with a big grin, which quickly fades into a look of disgust and disbelief. He sees a huge group of hick, hillbilly family members playing music. One of them begins to speak)

Clem: (hick drawl) Hey, look everybody! It's cousin Plankton!

All: YEE-HAW!

Plankton: I've been away from home longer than I thought.

(Clem runs up and shakes Plankton's hand)

Clem: (hick drawl) Well, howdy, cousin! (Plankton stares at his hand, which is dripping after his cousin shook it)

Plankton: Uh....

Clem: It's me, Clem. 'A course you remember Zeke, Rufus, Jeke, Billy Bob, Billy Jim, Billy Billy Bo Willy Banana Fana Fo Filly, Doug, Enis-- (Clem continues introducing the rest of the family. Plankton is crawling on the ground)

Plankton: ALL RIGHT! I GET IT! I mean, uh, come inside. Make yourself at home. (scene cuts to the family inside the Chum Bucket, standing in front of Karen) I'd like you to meet my computer wife, Karen.

Clem: (whistles from the back of the group) Golly, she sure is purdy, Sheldon.

Karen: Sheldon?

Plankton: (annoyed) Yes, that's my first name. (Karen cracks up. Plankton keeps an angry face)

Karen: Sheldon?! (laughing)

Plankton: (still has an annoyed face) Will you please-!?!

Karen: (still laughing) Sorry!

Plankton: All right, as I was saying.... (Karen starts laughing) Okay, we all know Sheldon's a funny name.

Karen: (laughing) Okay, okay. I'm done. No more.

Plankton: Good. Ahem, to continue. (turns away from Karen. He doesn't see the screen that she brings down behind him. The word "SHELDON" appears on the screen) Only you can bring honor.... (the family laughs. Plankton turns around to look at the screen; it is blank)and dignity.... (the word "SHELDON", with a finger pointing at Plankton, appears. The group laughs, and Plankton turns to look at the screen, which is now blank)back to the Plankton name. (as soon as Plankton speaks, another "SHELDON" sign appears, with an arrow pointing at Plankton. He turns around to look at the screen and is trembling with fury. As he starts to speak, another "SHELDON" sign appears) For years, it has been my goal to acquire the secret formula for.... (Plankton turns around and points at the sign as he caught Karen in the act, angrily) AHA! (he runs to the outlet and unplugs it) OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH!!! (Karen says "Sheldon" one last time before losing power. Plankton runs in front of Karen's screen) Bottom line: we invade the Krusty Krab so I can steal the secret formula. What do you think?

Family Member 1: But what's in it for us? (the family roars in agreement)

Plankton: Well, what do you want?

Family Member 2: Gawrsh. Can I get a new string for my banjo? (holds up a banjo with one string)

Family Member 3: And another boot to match this'n? (holds up foot with a boot on it)

Family Member 4: (holds up laptop) And some more memory for my laptop!

Clem: And what about root beer?

All: ROOT BEER?!!!!

Plankton: Help me get the secret formula and you can have as much root beer as you can drink! (the group cheers) Victory, thy name is Plankton! (Plankton turns to face the cheering crowd. On his back is a note taped on with the word "SHELDON" . Scene cuts to the Krusty Krab. Squidward and Mr. Krabs are at the register)

Mr. Krabs: Well, Mr. Squidward, it's almost closing time, and we haven't seen eye or antennae of ol' Plankton for hours. Yes, sir, I think this time, he's finally given up for....

Plankton: (over megaphone) Attention, Krusty Krab management! This is your better speaking.

Mr. Krabs: What?! (Plankton is standing outside the Krusty Krab with a megaphone)

Plankton: (over megaphone) I have the restaurant surrounded. Give me the secret formula or I'll destroy the Krusty Krab!

(Mr. Krabs and Squidward run outside to Plankton)

Mr. Krabs: Ah, you and what army, bug?

Plankton: What army? What army?! Look around you, Krabs! (scene pans out to show the Krusty Krab surrounded by something green)

Mr. Krabs: You planted grass?

Plankton: GRASS?! Ahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha! (starts laughing maniacally, joined by his family)

Mr. Krabs: Uh-oh. (Mr. Krabs and Squidward run into the Krusty Krab, screaming and the Plankton family are chasing them as they all shout in warfare angrily. Within the Krusty Krab are shaking and thudding noises, as if in a fight. Scene cuts to Mr. Krabs' face) You'll never get away with it, Plankton. (Mr. Krabs is in the toilet, with only his head exposed, surrounded by Plankton)

Plankton: You're right. The pipes are much too narrow. Besides, what I really want is the Krabby Patty formula.

Mr. Krabs: Well, you might as well forget it. The formula is locked away in me safe, and I'll never give ya the combination. (laughs)

Plankton: Silence! (Plankton jumps on the flushing lever and sends Mr. Krabs spinning around) I think you'll find we're more than capable of figuring it out for ourselves. Oh, boys? (Plankton snaps his finger and his family assembles into a giant human hand and ear. They twist the lock, figuring out the combination) That's it, a little to the left....

Mr. Krabs: Curse you Plankton, and your ability to join together to form a working human ear!

(the family opens the safe. Inside is the secret formula in a bottle)

Plankton: Hot dog! (Plankton hops up the stairs to the formula) Yes. It's mine! The formula's mine. After all these years, it's finally mine! (Plankton pulls the cork from the bottle and smells it as if it were champagne. He pulls the formula out of the bottle) Let it be known that on this day, I, Sheldon J. Plankton, single-handedly overthrew the Krusty Krab!

SpongeBob: Hey, guys. Did I miss anything? (Squidward picks up the formula)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, is this really the secret ingredient for the Krabby Patty?

Mr. Krabs: Of course not! And Plankton will probably figure that out and be back again to find out what the real formula is. But don't worry, boys, the formula's safe from harm. I got it hidden in me most secret hiding place, a place no one, not even Plankton, would ever figure out. (Mr. Krabs starts laughing and hopping up and down)

Squidward: Lemme guess. It's at home, under your mattress.

Mr. Krabs: (gasps and runs to his house, angrily yelling) Curse you, Squidwaaaaard!!! (cut to black)

(first scene opens up in front of Nickelodeon Studios, where a security guard is standing by the gate)

French Narrator: Last week, a never-before-seen episode of SpongeBob SquarePants was discovered under a desk at Nickelodeon Studios. (a large crowd of excited people is shown) Now all the world is waiting in fevered anticipation to watch... (the title appears on screen) ...the SpongeBob SquarePants Lost Episode! (an shot of the town of Encino appears) Now, to present the Lost Episode, from Encino, California, the president of the SpongeBob SquarePants fan club, Patchy the Pirate! (inside his house, Patchy is inside the shower, humming. Potty flies up)

Potty: Patchy! Patchy! The kids are here. (flushes the toilet)

Patchy: WAH!!! (opens the curtain in panic) Hot! Hot! Hot! Potty, don't you know this is Patchy private time? (looks at the camera) Oh, hello! Dahh! (covers himself with the curtain) What are you all doing here?

Potty: They're here to see the lost episode. Brawk!

Patchy: But I haven't got the lost episode because I... well, I lost it! (starts to cry)

Children: (off-screen) No, Patchy! Please! Don't say that, Patchy! Please!

Patchy: But it is! It's lost and I have no idea where it is, so it's best if you forget all about old SpongeBob. (shuts the curtain and cries loudly. Fade to a screen reading "Remembering SpongeBob")

French Narrator: Remembering SpongeBob. (curtain in the background opens. SpongeBob walks into the kitchen of the Krusty Krab, from "As Seen on TV", brings it around town, from "Bubblestand", puts a ketchup pawprint on a Krabby Patty then puts it down on a bun, from "The Chaperone", struggles with his long legs, also from "The Chaperone", separates into two pieces then joins back together, from "Pizza Delivery", stands motionless in awe, also from "As Seen on TV", struggles lifting up a bar with two teddy bears attached, from "Help Wanted", skips outside tossing hearts in the air, from "Valentine's Day", goes for a blue jellyfish but winds up catching himself in his net, from "Tea at the Treedome", surfs backwards with his pants ripped then wipes out, from "Ripped Pants", dodges a karate chop from Sandy, from "Karate Choppers", smokes a bubble pipe, from "Grandma's Kisses", sheds a layer of his skin, from "F.U.N.", floats around a boat completely inflated, also from "Pizza Delivery", sends a message in a bubble, from "Naughty Nautical Neighbors", a muscular version of him chases a jellyfish, from "MuscleBob BuffPants", he lies in bed next to Squidward, from "Home Sweet Pineapple", scrubs the inside of his head, also from "The Chaperone", clenches onto Mrs. Puff, from "Boating School", rocks out, from "Band Geeks", plucks his eyebrows, yet again from "The Chaperone", sucks on a table, from "Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy", shrinks on the Krusty Krab grill, from "Nature Pants", does a karate dance, also from "Karate Choppers", blows the sand of Squidward, from "Reef Blower", wiggles around, also from "F.U.N.", and lastly, gets shut out by Squidward, from "The Paper". An audience applauds. Cut to Patchy, who is sitting on the couch)

Patchy: I don't believe I lost the Lost Episode. (screws in his peg leg) I never lose anything.

Potty: What about your leg?

Patchy: Well, yeah, but...

Potty: And your eye.

Patchy: Well, the eye, I...

Potty: And your hand.

Patchy: And the h... oh, get out of here you blasted bird! (shoos Potty away) Hmm... if only I had a map to tell me where the Lost Episode is. (a screeching car sounds and a brick flies through the window and hits him. Mutters gibberish and then falls over)

Potty: What is it? Brawk!

Patchy: Hey... it's a map! It's a map to the Lost Episode of SpongeBob I lost!

Potty: It's a dream come true!

Patchy: (giggles) We gotta go find it, Potty! (shouts excitedly and runs over to the door; snaps) Oh, first I'll need me treasure hunting leg. (grabs a black boot out of a bin of umbrellas and screws it on his wooden leg while limping out the door; it now functions like a normal leg) Come on, Potty! Ah! Times a-wastin'! (runs down the steps, along with Potty)

Potty: Brawk!

Patchy: (an elderly woman sits on her porch, knitting) Ten paces past Mrs. Johnson's house. (walks past the woman's house)

Mrs. Johnson: Would you boys like some cookies?

Patchy: Put 'em in a doggie bag, Mrs. Johnson. Can't right now, we're on a treasure hunt. (continues walking)

Mrs. Johnson: Okay, don't catch a cold.

Patchy: Walk five fathoms past Don's Import Store and Delicatessen. (looks up at a store by that name; walks next to a tree) Half a league to the forked tree. (looks up at a tree with plastic forks growing on it) Oh! (stands somewhere else, looking at the map) Now all that's left is... Huh?! The seven trials of monkey lagoon?! (lowers the map and sees a playground full of children) Merciful Neptune. Only for SpongeBob. Only for SpongeBob!!! (runs into the playground; rides back and forth on a small green horse) AHHHHH!!! Whoa!!! (goes up and down on a see-saw) Whoa!!! Whoa! (slides down a slide with his hands up) YAHHHHH!!! (hits the ground) Ow! (gets spun around on a merry-go-round) AHHHHH!!! AHHHHHHHHH!!! AHHHH!!! (slowly climbs on the monkey bars while a little kid punches him in the back) Ahh... Ahh... Ah! (inside a giant climbing thing while a group of kids laugh at him) AHHHHH!!! AHHHH!!! (gets pushed on the swing by a little girl) AHHHHH!!! DAHHH!!! (the swing he was on returns with only a hook attached to it; the little girl stares at it, confused; cuts to Patchy digging in the sand) We made it! We survived the trials! Oh, I'm really gonna dig this lost episode! (laughs) Dig it, get it? (laughs some more)

Potty: (covered in sand) You stink!

Patchy: And I just got out of the shower. (laughs again. Sticks his shovel in the ground and hits something) Hey Potty, I think I hit something. (camera zooms out. A large treasure chest sits in the sand) Clever... bury your treasure above the surface.

Potty: Brawk!

Patchy: (opens the chest. A golden glow shines from it) This is it! (a man in a construction hat sits in the chest, holding a tape. Patchy takes it. The man cups his hands) I don't know what it means either. (slams the top of the chest on the man) But I got what I came for! Come on Potty, time's a-wastin'. (runs off, jumping around and shouting excitedly again. Runs into his house, still excited, and holds the tape up) Yeah!!! Popcorn. (slams a bag of popcorn down on the table) Soda. (puts a cup of soda on the table) Pickled garlic! (puts a jar of pickled garlic down on the table, next to the other things. Runs and sits down) Potty, hit the remote!

Potty: (drops an egg that hits the remote) Brawk! (the VCR turns on)

Patchy: (grabs the popcorn) This is gonna be great! (a countdown, starting at ten, appears on the screen) I can't believe it. More SpongeBob! (starts eating the popcorn. The countdown makes its way down to five) This so exciting! (laughs, shaking the popcorn, which flies everywhere. The countdown ends) Here it comes!

Potty: Brawk! Pipe down! ("Walk Cycles" begins on the TV screen. SpongeBob is walking down the road while techno music plays in the background. His body squishes up, then returns to normal. Then, his body extends and his arms flail around. He returns to normal, then squishes up three times, shrinking smaller and smaller, in synchronization with the music. He extends his body again. Then, once again, he squishes up smaller and smaller in synchronization with the music. He extends his body again. He starts running frantically while sweating and looking left to right. He extends his body, this time with his tongue sticking out and flailing around. Then, he begins frantically running again. His limbs and body separate and his eyes pop out of his head. He begins walking normally again. "Walk Cycles" ends. A test card is shown while a 1050 Hz tone comes from the TV. Patchy stares blankly for a moment)

Patchy: That's it? That's the Lost Episode? That was just a bunch of cheap walk cycles!

Potty: What a rip!

Patchy: Grrrrr... (his face turns red and smoke steams out of his ears) SpongeBob betrayed us?! (runs over to a wall of framed SpongeBob pictures. Begins tearing them off the wall) I'm sorry I ever started this stupid fan club in the first place! (enters his SpongeBob-merchandise-filled bedroom and starts throwing things everywhere) I'm gonna get rid of all my SpongeBob stuff! All of it! All of it! (rips his SpongeBob boxers out of his pants) All of it! (runs to the door) I'm gonna run away, that's what I'll do! Run away! (runs out the door crying)

Potty: Sheesh, what a hothead!

Announcer: (on TV, another countdown has started at twenty-three seconds with the words "SpongeBob SquarePants Episode 118 The Real Lost Episode") And now, the real Lost Episode!

Potty: Brawk! Patchy, come back! There's more!

Patchy: (opens the door) Really? (shuts the door, then reenters again, quickly reversing what he did earlier. Sits back down) Hooray! Let's watch!

(title card and opening credits play. The episode proper begins in the Jellying Fields)

French Narrator: Here we see the proud jellyfish hunter. (SpongeBob stands completely still at the top of a hill, holding his net) He stands motionless to lure the jellyfish into a false sense of security. (a jellyfish swims right by him) And when his prey ventures to close, he springs into action.

SpongeBob: (puts on his safety glasses, turns into a spring and bounces after the jellyfish. Stops in midair and looks down) Huh? (stretches out and starts falling downward, now in normal form) AHHHHHHHHH!!!! (hits the ground) Ooh! (separates into seven smaller SpongeBobs, who all run away and then join back together, except for one, which SpongeBob catches and places in an open space on his backside. Wipes the sweat off his forehead) Phew! I salute you, oh majestic jellyfish. (salutes a jellyfish that buzzes over his head) Your command of the sky is unmatched. Floating just out of the reach of my net, but near enough that I can see your untamed beauty. (a jellyfish floats up and down above SpongeBob's palm. Music begins to play as a microphone lowers in front of him. Clears his throat)

Music: "I Wish, I Could Fly"

If only I could join you there in the air
Floating free without a care
I wish I could fly
And see things with a different eye

(SpongeBob's two eyes combine into one big eye. The camera zooms into it and his pupil becomes him flying through the sky)

I would fly so very high and touch the sky

(he flies through a crowd)

And never have to ask why it is that I can't fly

(the blue sky backdrop turns back into Jellyfish Fields, and SpongeBob falls to the ground. He gets up)

SpongeBob: Wait a minute, I'm forgetting the words of Grandpa SquarePants. (a thought cloud appears above SpongeBob's head. SpongeBob's grandfather is inside of it)

Grandpa SquarePants: (in SpongeBob's thought cloud) If we were meant to fly, we'd have propellers on our heads or jet engines on our backs. (the cloud disappears)

SpongeBob: (snaps) I'm gonna follow his advice, by gum. I'll invent a flying machine! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob working on building a plane outside of a barn. Patrick walks up to him)

Patrick: What's that contraption, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: That, Patrick, is a flying machine. (Patrick laughs) What's so funny?

Patrick: Well, it's like my grandpa used to say. (a thought cloud appears over his head. Grandpa SquarePants is inside it again)

Grandpa SquarePants: If we were meant to fly, uh... hey, I'm not your grandfather! (pokes Patrick in the head with his

cane. The thought cloud disappears)

SpongeBob: Well, here I go, Patrick! (runs to the front) I'm off to fly with the jellyfish! Ignition, check! (spins the propeller around) Landing gear... (kicks the tire) check! Complimentary peanuts... (holds up a bag of peanuts) check-a-roo. (hops into the cockpit, now with a hat and glasses on) Ready for takeoff! (pushes a handle forward. The plane starts up, then comes to pieces. The propeller spins through the air and slices through a grain silo next to the farm. Sand pours out of it and covers him and Patrick)

Patrick: You cut a hole in Farmer Jenkins' grain silo!

SpongeBob: Don't remind me.

Farmer Jenkins: (runs up) I knew no good would come from city folk and their flying machines! Now git! (Patrick and SpongeBob run away)

Patrick: We better do what he says. He knows how to grow food! (bubble-wipe to Patrick standing in front of his rock, looking dumb. SpongeBob runs up with blueprints in his hand)

SpongeBob: Well, it took me all night, but here they are. The new blueprints! I wasn't even close with that last one. Propellers, rudders... (blows raspberries. Bubble-wipe to him standing on the top of a cliff in a rubbery bat costume) This one's gonna fly! (stretches out the wings. The camera focuses on SpongeBob's butt, which is sticking out more than ever) I can feel it. Ready, Patrick?

Patrick: (at the bottom of the cliff) Ready!

SpongeBob: (jumps and starts flapping his wings. Starts gasping) It's working, Patrick! I'm flying! I'm... (ceases to fly) ...falling!!! (hits the ground) Ooh! (Patrick runs over and sprays him with a fire extinguisher. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob, holding a clipboard, and Patrick, walking)

SpongeBob: This is it, Patrick. The physics are all here. This time, I'm gonna fly!, Be hold (walks up to a lawn chair with two balloons attached to it and a brick sitting on it)

Patrick: Oh boy, a birthday party!

SpongeBob: (laughs) No, Patrick. This is the SquarePants Flyer Mark Three. (goes over and picks up the brick) All you do is remove the brick, or ballast, and... (turns around and realizes that his invention is no longer there) Huh? (looks up and sees it flying away) Well, back to the drawing board.

Patrick: Can we have the cake now? (singing) Happy, happy birthday to you! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob, attached to a red kite, which is attached to a bicycle that Patrick is on)

SpongeBob: Patrick, get ready to say "Eureka!"

Patrick: Okay!

SpongeBob: Go!!! (Patrick starts pedaling. Lifts up off the bucket he is standing on and flies through the air) It's working! I'm flying! (flies past three fish on the side of the road)

Cap Fish: Hey! Look at that guy tied to a kite!

Fred: Why's he doing that?

Nancy: Oh my goodness...

Fred: Why's he doing that?

Cap Fish: He'll fall and break his...

Nancy: Can you see from up there?

SpongeBob: Do not be afraid, earthbound people. I am not a flying monster, I am just one of you. (suddenly, the kite snaps on him and falls out of the sky) D'oh! (Patrick keeps pedaling as SpongeBob repeatedly hits the ground behind him) Ow! Patrick! Ow! Patrick! Ow! Patrick! Ow! Patrick! (the three fish crack up. Bubble-wipe to the Barg'n Mart. SpongeBob is standing at the cash register in front of Vendor. Puts the shredded kite on the counter) Excuse me, sir, but I would like to return this kite.

Vendor: Hey... I know you. Yeah, from today's paper! (holds up a newspaper with a picture of SpongeBob on the front page and the headline "Local Nutcase Tries to Fly")

SpongeBob: "Local nutcase tries to fly"?! I'm a nutcase because I follow my dreams? Well, they laughed at the guy who invented light bulbs too!

Vendor: No they didn't.

SpongeBob: (raises his fist) You'll see. (walks outside, and past Monroe and his mother)

Monroe: Look mom, it's the Bird Man of Bikini Bottom.

Mother: Wow! I wonder why he's still using his legs.

Monroe: Come on, Bird Man. Flap your wings and fly! (makes flapping motions. He and his mother laugh cruelly. SpongeBob walks away, only to encounter many other fish)

Cap Fish: Hey, Bird Man, going to check on your eggs?

Nancy: Maybe he's looking for a statue to poop on.

Fred: (steps in front of SpongeBob and starts flapping his arms and making chicken noises; a crowd of fish around him laughs)

SpongeBob: Go on and laugh, but it is a sad day in Bikini Bottom when a guy is ridiculed for having dreams! (two fish holding babies stand to the side of him)

Mother #2: You think you're the only one with unfulfilled dreams?

Stubble Fish: I was supposed to be a concert pianist... until I realized I didn't have any fingers. (looks at his hands)

Fish: We all had dreams.

Nancy: What makes you so special? (the crowd of fish turns into an angry mob, along with pitchfork and torches)

Mob: Let's get him!

SpongeBob: (the mob chases him. Starts panting, then stops) Huh? (camera zooms out to reveal SpongeBob just stepped off the edge of a cliff. Falls down) AHHHHH!!!

Fish: Good riddance, dreamer!

SpongeBob: AHHHHH!!! (lands in a Mud Removal truck) Ooh! (the truck makes a sharp turn and SpongeBob falls out, covered in mud; while falling) Well, it can't get any worse. Doh! (lands in a Feather Delivery truck. Sticks his head, which is now covered with feathers, up) I guess I spoke too soon. (the scene freezes)

French Narrator: Will SpongeBob learn to fly? Stay tuned. (fade to black. Fade back in on SpongeBob, with a towel wrapped around his body and the top of his head, looking out the window at the jellyfish flying by)

SpongeBob: There they go again, Gary. (sighs) I suppose I'll never join them in the sky. I'll be stuck on the ground, sentenced to a flightless life. (takes off his towel, under which is his underwear, and tosses it away) Oh well. I guess all dreams aren't meant to come true. (grabs his pants and puts them on) Back to reality. (walks over to the sink. Gary the Snail follows)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: No, Gary, my dreams are silly. (takes the towel off of his head. Grabs a comb and blow-dryer and starts brushing and drying his spongy hair. The phone rings. Sticks the blow-dryer partially in his pants and answers the phone) Hello? No, this isn't the Bird Man of Bikini Bottom. What? (the blow-dryer starts to inflate his pants) No, I certainly do not live in a birdcage. Who is this? Joe Momma? Well, listen up, Joe. (Gary retreats inside his shell) I hate to break it to you, but flying is impossible. (floats upward and hits the ceiling) I have to go now. My head just hit the ceiling. Huh? Hey! Look, Gary! (pulls the blow-dryer out of his pants) I... I think I'm flying! Jellyfish Fields, here I come! (the top half of his pineapple opens up and he flies out of it)

Monroe: (points) Mom, look! It's the flying guy!

Mother: Wow, I guess he wasn't a lunatic after all. (SpongeBob is flying over the town)

Music: "He's Flying"

SpongeBob: I'm flying! I'm flying!

(Cap Fish pops up)

Cap Fish: He's flying!

(a guy pops out the window)

Fish: He's flying!

(the old woman fish pops up)

Citizens: He's really, really flying!

(Nancy opens her door. Tom pops out of the sewer, moving his fingers in rhythm)

SpongeBob: They laughed, they scoffed, before I had liftoff.

(the Old Woman Fish stands next to a blue fish with balloons. An aqua fish stands next to another older fish. A business fish and the vendor pass by)

Citizens: But now he's flying.

(SpongeBob passes over them)

He's flying high in the sky.

(Johnson drives by in a boat; another fish drives behind them; a couple other fish enter the scene)

SpongeBob: I'd love to hang around to say I told you so.

(takes off)

But it's off to Jellyfish Fields I go!

(passes by a sign pointing in the direction of the Fields, making it bobble)

Roads and streets are not for me.

(passes over an intersection with a stoplight)

Mrs. Puff: Help! Please help! My snail is up a tree. I've had her since I was a little girl. (takes a deep breath) But now it looks like the end of her world. (the tree branch holding the snail snaps off) NO!!!!!!

SpongeBob: (catches the snail) Gotcha! (laughs. Hands the snail to Mrs. Puff) Next time, try the elevator. (flies off)

Mrs. Puff: Thank you, Bird Man! (SpongeBob flies upward in a circle, leaving a swirling rainbow path behind him. He flies up to a plane, in which Fred is sitting, among others)

SpongeBob: I have never felt so free!

(Fred looks out the window at SpongeBob in bewilderment)

High in the sky is the place for me.

(flies away. Fred pulls down an oxygen mask and starts breathing heavily)

Helping friends from up above.

(SpongeBob flies onward some more, still leaving a rainbow path behind him. Sprinkles drop down over a group of children.

Mr. Krabs: (runs up) SpongeBob! Son! I need you and your magical pants!

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs, I invented these pants so I could fly with the jellyfish! If I keep doing favors for people I'll never make my dreams a reality. (starts to walk away)

Mr. Krabs: But SpongeBob, it's an emergency!

SpongeBob: (stops and inflates his pants) Let's roll! (flying through the sky with Mr. Krabs in his arms) Where to, Mr. K?

Mr. Krabs: Uh... my garage.

SpongeBob: You've got it! (lands next to Mr. Krabs' garage) What's the emergency, Mr. Krabs

Mr. Krabs: Are you sure you're up for it, boy?

SpongeBob: I think my pants can handle it.

Mr. Krabs: I need you...

SpongeBob: (anxiously) Yes?

Mr. Krabs: To clean...

SpongeBob: Clean up crime?

Mr. Krabs: My garage.

SpongeBob: (his pants deflate) That's your emergency?

Mr. Krabs: But SpongeBob, everyone knows it's easier to clean a garage when you can fly!

SpongeBob: (crosses his arms) All right, Mr. Krabs. I'll clean your garage. But after this, no more favors! (inflates his pants again. Bubble-wipe to later. Flies out of the garage, finished with the job) All done, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: (sunbathing) And the recyclables?

SpongeBob: Aw, shrimp. (turns around and reenters the garage. Bubble-wipe to even later. Flies away) Finally! Jellyfish Fields, here I come!

Patrick: (off-screen) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Patrick's in trouble.

Patrick: (lying on his back in the street) SpongeBob! SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (flies down to him) What is it, buddy?

Patrick: Will you scratch my tummy? (SpongeBob gets annoyed but does it anyway) Ah... (a montage begins)

Larry: Help me pick out a tie? (holds out three different colored ties. SpongeBob picks one)

Squidward: Clean my bathtub? (SpongeBob unwillingly obeys)

Mrs. Puff: Balance my checkbook? (SpongeBob scribbles in her checkbook)

Plankton: Help spread the word of evil? (SpongeBob hands out newspapers with the headline "EVIL" on them)

Hat Fish: Untangle my phone chords?

Cap Fish: Do my geometry?

Nancy: Talk to my plants!

Gray Fish: Rub my scalp? (SpongeBob rubs the man's scalp) Mmm... oh yeah!

SpongeBob: (stops and starts flailing his arms) Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I'm supposed to be at Jellyfish Fields right now. But instead, I'm rubbing your scalp. And I don't even know who you are.

Gray Fish: But, we went to elementary school together.

SpongeBob: Dennis? (starts rubbing his scalp again)

Dennis: Mmm... oh yeah! (bubble-wipe to a crowd of fish searching for SpongeBob)

Cap Fish: SpongeBob!

Monroe: Hey SpongeBob!

Fred: SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (hiding behind a rock) If I don't give these feverish favor-seekers the slip, I'll never get to fly with the jellyfish. (quietly flies away)

Monroe: Hey! There he is! (SpongeBob flies faster) He's getting away!

Light Purple Fish: No! He owes us favors!

Monroe: Get him!!! (the angry crowd, including Mrs. Puff, Squidward and Larry, chases after him into Downtown Bikini Bottom. While SpongeBob flies past the buildings in a straight line, the crowd runs up and down each building. They stop at a cliff, before Jellyfish Fields. SpongeBob keeps flying)

SpongeBob: I'm almost at Jellyfish Fields. I'm gonna make it!

Johnson: He's headed for Jellyfish Fields! We'll never catch him now!

Cannonball Jenkins: (off-screen) I'll take care of this!

Crowd: It's Cannonball Jenkins!!!

Cannonball Jenkins: (inside a lit cannon, wearing a red helmet and suit. Launches out of the cannon and toward SpongeBob. Collides with him, and SpongeBob's inflatable pants explode. The two hurtle toward the ground. SpongeBob falls even further as Cannonball Jenkins opens up a red parachute) I told you nothing good would come from city folk and their flying machines! (the crowd watches as SpongeBob crashes to the ground. They walk over)

Fred: What have we done? (starts to cry) Come on, everybody! I think a proper burial is in order. (picks up the pants) A pair of pants like these come around... once in a lifetime. (the crowd leaves. SpongeBob, now in his underwear, regains consciousness)

SpongeBob: Well, it was fun while it lasted. (walks up to Jellyfish Fields, then walks away) I guess I'm not meant to fly after all. (sighs. Starts to raise up in the air. A group of jellyfish are below him, carrying him up) Huh? Hey! My jellyfish friends are helping me fly! Without pants! I guess it just goes to show... (the jellyfish carry him back to Bikini Bottom; singing)

Music: "All You Need is Friends to Fly"

You don't need a plane to fly,

(Johnson looks out the window at him)

Plastic wings may make you cry,

(a flock of scallops fly by)

Kites are made for windy days,

Lawn chair with balloons... fly away...

(the crowd of fish bury SpongeBob's pants as they mourn over them)

Inflatable pants... you may as well skiiiiip...

(arrives at his home; the jellyfish put him back on the ground)

If you want to fly, all you need... is friendship.
Yeah.

(the jellyfish buzz away. SpongeBob waves)

SpongeBob: Goodbye, jellies! You taught me a valuable lesson. Although I'm not quite sure what it was.

Patrick: (walks up) Hey! Let's fly down to the pizza house for a slice.

SpongeBob: No more flying for me, Patrick. I'll leave that to the jellyfish. (opens his door)

Patrick: Suit yourself. (lifts up his arm and flies away)

SpongeBob: (turns back around) Did Patrick just...? (laughs) Nah! (enters his house again, but opens the door one last time, just to make sure. Fade back to Patchy's house)

Patchy: Wow! Wasn't that great, kids?

Potty: Let's watch it again.

Patchy: (chuckles) That's a great idea, Potty. (looks on the table) Where's the remote? (continues searching) Where's the remote? (stands up) Oh, I lost the remote! They should make those things... (a brick flies through the window and hits Patchy on the head) Eh... (falls to the floor)

Potty: Brawk!

Patchy: (stands back up and drops the brick on his foot. He is now holding his remote) My remote! (goes to the window) Thanks, stranger!

Mrs. Johnson: (outside, in a wheelchair) Don't mention it, Patchy! (flames shoot of the back of her wheelchair and she peels off, leaving a skid mark behind)

Patchy: Now, which one of these cockamamie buttons is rewind? (presses a button; a juggling clown appears on TV) No, that's not it. (presses another button; a weatherman appears on TV) Doh! Wrong again. (keeps flipping through the channels and grunting; a black and white horse movie comes on, then a blob movie, then a football game, then the giraffe from Krusty Krab Training Video, then the anemone from Your Shoe's Untied then a Tyrannosaurus Rex battling a Triceratops; Potty flies over)

Potty: Brawk! Let me do it!

Patchy: No, get away! (the lights go out) That's the light switch! Gimme that. Gah! (the light turns back on; Patchy and Potty fight over the remote, until a Spanish mariachi band pops up from behind the couch)

Potty: Brawk! That's the mariachi band button!

Patchy: Grrrrr... I hate technology!!! (a member of the mariachi band plays a trumper. Another member plays a guitar and a third member plays a bass guitar. Patchy continues pressing buttons on the remote) Rewind... darn you! (suddenly, the VCR starts spitting out tape)

Potty: Brawk! Failure ahoy!

Patchy: No! (tries to stop the tape from spewing out) Stop! STOP!!! Oh, blasted infernal machine! (gets tangled up and falls over, still struggling) Oh no! I've ruined the lost episode! Now it's lost forever!

Potty: Brawk! Lost forever!

French Narrator: Oh boy, what a loser. Well, I guess the lost episode will remain lost. But, tape or no tape, as long as there are stars in the sky, SpongeBob will live on in our hearts and in our minds. (a SpongeBob constellation appears over Patchy's house) Now get lost. I mean, bye. No, really, get lost.

(first scene at the Krusty Krab. SpongeBob is waiting to punch his card in)

SpongeBob: Wait for it... (the clock hand almost ticks to 8:00, but stops, then goes again. When it strikes 8:00, SpongeBob punches in then jumps in the air. The scene pauses him in mid-air)

Voice: On Time Percentage: 100%. (the scene starts again. Squidward walks up to the time clock)

Squidward: Another day, another migraine. Heh, heh, mi-- (scene pauses again)

Voice: On Time Percentage: 12%. (the screen un-pauses)

Squidward: --graine. Heh, heh, heh.

SpongeBob: Ahh, isn't it great working at the Krusty Krab, Squidward? Huh? Isn't it? Working here?

Squidward: Yeah, great.

SpongeBob: Yeah.

Squidward: Yeah.

SpongeBob: Aww, yeah.

Squidward: (getting annoyed) Yes...

SpongeBob: Hold that thought, Squidward. I'm doing the parking lot for early morning litter patrol. May Neptune shine brightly on my harvest. (laughs. SpongeBob walks out with a bunch of trash stuff with him) Litter. (picks up trash) Looks like someone missed the trash basket, huh, Mr. Candy wrapper? (laughs) Kids these days. (another piece of trash falls to the ground) I've never seen such an epidemic! Well, at least it's all over now. (more trash falls to the ground and SpongeBob picks them up in a hurry. After he finishes, one more parachutes to the ground, infuriating him) WHERE IS ALL THIS LITTER COMING FROM!?! (SpongeBob notices someone tossing trash out of a car) Not on my watch. (walks up to the car) Sir, I will have you know it's against the law to litter.

TattleTale Strangler: Heh, what're you gonna do, call the police? (police arrive)

SpongeBob: Yes. (police begin to handcuff the Strangler. They walk past him in single-file and continue cuffing him)

Squidward: How's it going, Lieutenant?

SpongeBob: Well, let's just say I hope our litterbug there saved room for his just desserts. (laughs) Yeah, just desserts.

Squidward: Whatever. Huh? (notices the Strangler in the police car) SpongeBob, don't you know who that is?

SpongeBob: Who?

Squidward: That's the Tattletale Strangler.

SpongeBob: Who?

Squidward: The Tattletale Strangler! (shows SpongeBob a 'WANTED' poster of the Strangler) He's promised to strangle anyone who turns him in.

(STRANGLER ROARING)

SpongeBob: He seems kind of angry with us, eh, Squidward? (SpongeBob notices Squidward is gone) Squidward? Squidward?

Officer Malley: You're gonna do time, Strangler. Hard time. (SpongeBob walks up to the police)

SpongeBob: Hi, officers. So, he's going to jail, right?

Officer Nancy: Who, Strangler?

SpongeBob: Yeah, Strangler.

Officer Nancy: Oh, yeah, he's going to jail for a long time. (Strangler draws SpongeBob on the backseat)

SpongeBob: Hey, that looks like me! (Strangler begins hitting on the headrest then laughs. SpongeBob screams)

Officer Nancy: Don't worry, SpongeBob. He won't be able to strangle you.

Officer Malley: Yeah. We got him chained up real good. He'll never get away.

Officer Nancy: Oops, not again! (Strangler is missing)

Officer Malley: Yep, he got away. (SpongeBob shrieks then walks up to the police)

SpongeBob: You nice officers will protect me, right?

Officer Nancy: We ain't bodyguards, kid.

Officer Malley: Yeah, give us a call if you see him again...tattletale. (they drive off)

SpongeBob: Those officers are right. I need a bodyguard! (runs into the Krusty Krab) Mr. Krabs! There's a maniac after me! I need a bodyguard.

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) I wasn't five-time Golden Claws in the navy for nothin'! When he sees me moves, he'll be running scared. So, where is this little bully? Down at the park? The sodey shop? What does he look like, eh, boy?

SpongeBob: This would be him, Mr. Krabs. (takes out a wanted poster)

Mr. Krabs: AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! The Tattletale Strangler? (his eyes go into his body) Go away, SpongeBob! Take your death cloud with you! (scene cuts to SpongeBob showing the wanted poster to people. Shows it to Larry, who turns into a real lobster on a plate. Then a construction worker, who hops away on his jackhammer, and some guys at the Tough Tavern, who run out panicking)

SpongeBob: (at the bus stop) Ugh, that's it. I gotta get out of town 'til I can find a bodyguard. (Strangler is on the bench reading a newspaper)

Strangler: Bodyguard, huh? I might be able to help you out. (SpongeBob walks over)

SpongeBob: You don't understand, mister. I need protection from the scariest guy in town. Here's his picture. (holds up the wanted poster. The Strangler reveals himself wearing a Fake Mustache)

Strangler: Heh heh, he doesn't look so tough.

SpongeBob: I tattled on him, and now he wants to strangle me with his diabolical hands! I hope they're not dirty. (Strangler holds up his filthy hands and laughs. Before the Strangler starts to strangle SpongeBob, a bus of people drive up to the bus stop then leave)

Strangler: Huh? Uh-oh. Uhh, there's too many witnesses around here. (walks up to SpongeBob) Listen, kid. I could be your bodyguard. Here's my card.

SpongeBob: Hmm, looks good to me. You're hired! I feel safer already. What's next? (a five cent sticker is hanging from the Strangler's fake mustache)

Strangler: Well, the maniac could be anywhere, wearing a disguise. He could be that old man. (he points to an old guy with a walker) Or that baby. (points to a baby in a stroller)

SpongeBob: Or that pebble. Or that stick. Or that receipt for the Phony Baloney Mustache Emporium!

Strangler: Huh? Uhh, that's mine. (picks it up and puts it in his pocket)

SpongeBob: Oh, bodyguard, my body is in your guarding hands. What do we do first?

Strangler: Well, I suggest we go to a nice, quiet, secluded location, uh, like behind an old dumpster or a dark alley...

SpongeBob: We could go to my house and turn off all the lights!

Strangler: Perfect. That way no one can hear you being strangled...err, I mean, uhh, protected. (laughs as the lights grow dim) Perfect. (SpongeBob laughs diabolically until he turns the lights on again)

SpongeBob: Ah, but first I gotta do a few errands.

Strangler: Uhh, okay, but let's make it quick.

SpongeBob: Quick is my middle name! (scene cuts to the grocery store) Let's see...paper towels. This one says 'best paper towel around' this one says 'best paper towel in town'. Hmm...in town...around...in town...around...what do you think, bodyguard?

Strangler: Whatever gets us to your house quicker.

SpongeBob: I'll take both! (scene cuts to 'Dry Cleaning While-U-Wait')

Dry Cleaner: Here you go, Mr. SquarePants. (he hands him his clothes)

SpongeBob: Hmmm.

Dry Cleaner: Is there something wrong?

SpongeBob: I'm not sure if these are my pants. (scene cuts to the perfume store where SpongeBob sprays some perfume on his wrist and holds it up to the Strangler) How about this one, bodyguard? Too overbearing?

Strangler: Can we just go to your house?! (scene cuts to SpongeBob's house)

SpongeBob: Here we are, SquarePants Manor! Bodyguard, let me just take this opportunity to say you're the best bodyguard a fella could hope to have.

Strangler: All right, enough of the sappy talk! Open the door so I can strangle you... I mean, uhh, choke you... I mean, uhh, crush your windpipe...gah, I mean...

SpongeBob: Protect me?

Strangler: Thanks.

SpongeBob: Don't mention it, Strangler. (gasps) I mean, bodyguard. Now where'd I put my key?

French Narrator: Twenty minutes later... (SpongeBob is still searching for his key)

SpongeBob: Well, I can't find 'em. You wanna take a look?

Strangler: Forget the key, let's climb through this window. (struggles reaching for the window) I can't reach it. Do you think you could hop up on my shoulders, kid?

(SpongeBob is wearing cleats)

SpongeBob: Sure! With these spiky cleats, anything is possible! (jumps onto the Strangler) Ya!

Strangler: Cleats? (SpongeBob's feet land in the Strangler's eyes. The Strangler screams) Get your feet out of my eye sockets! (SpongeBob starts tugging at his legs)

SpongeBob: I'm trying, but my cleats are stuck in your corneas! (Strangler runs around in pain)

Narrator: Six hours later... (Strangler is still running around until he pulls SpongeBob's feet out of his eyes. Scene cuts to the Strangler with bandages on his eyes)

SpongeBob: Don't be mad, bodyguard. Let me just grab the key I keep under the mat and we can get inside. (Strangler has an explosion come out of his head because he is so mad) There you are, you little rascal. Now, to put the key in the lock, which should activate the tumblers, thus opening the door. (Strangler sneaks up behind SpongeBob ready to strangle him. SpongeBob opens the door and walks in) Step inside...

Strangler: Close the door...

SpongeBob: (closes door) Well, here we are!

Strangler: I've finally got you all alone! (laugh evilly)

SpongeBob: I know, Isn't it great? (laughs. Strangler picks up SpongeBob) Ooh.

Strangler: Now you're gonna get yours...tattletale! (lights turn on)

All: Surprise! (all of SpongeBob's friends are in his house cheering. They drop a sign that says 'Congratulations, SpongeBob! 100% On Time!')

SpongeBob: A surprise party to celebrate my perfect on-time percentage at work? Oh, how'd you guys know?

Patrick: It's on the invitations you sent us. (holds an invitation up) Let's boogie! (everyone parties. The Strangler sits down in SpongeBob's chair. Scene cuts to the end of the party)

SpongeBob: Bye, everybody, thanks for coming! Bye Mr. Krabs, bye Plankton, bye Sandy, bye Larry, bye Pearl, bye Mrs. Puff, bye Squidward, bye all the rest (everyone else leaves walks back into the house and laughs) Ahh, alone at last. (the Strangler wakes up)

Strangler: What? Huh? Huh? What? Huh? (SpongeBob closes the door) So, we're all alone now?

SpongeBob: Just you, me, and the floorboards. (Strangler and SpongeBob begin laughing again) Yeah. (there's a knock on the door. SpongeBob opens it)

All: Happy birthday, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: How did you guys know today is my birthday?

Patrick: We just do what the invitations say. Let's boogie some more! (everyone parties again. Scene cuts to end of party)

SpongeBob: Thanks for coming! (closes the door) Whoo! (laughs) Alone again.

Strangler: Is it true? Everybody's gone?

SpongeBob: Uh-huh.

Strangler: No more parties today? You got everything you need now? Everybody's left? We're completely alone?

SpongeBob: Oh yeah.

Strangler: In that case... (laughs diabolically until Patrick appears out of nowhere)

Patrick: Great parties, huh?

Strangler: Oh...sorry, Tubby, you've gotta go.

SpongeBob: Wait! We can trust Patrick. He's my best friend.

Strangler: Well, I can't take any chances. For all we know, he could be the Strangler.

Patrick: I'm the Strangler? Oh, I should've known! I gotta turn myself in! (runs through the wall)

SpongeBob: So, Patrick's the Strangler. Gee, you think you know a guy.

Strangler: HE'S NOT THE STRANGLER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

SpongeBob: He's not?

Strangler: (rips his mustache off) I AM!!!!!!!!!!

SpongeBob: Hey, how'd you do that without shaving cream?

Strangler: Oh, it's a fake, you idiot! I bought it at the party store! (everyone comes back)

Squidward: Did someone say 'party'? (Strangler screams and runs out through the wall)

Strangler: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Strangler: I can't take it!

SpongeBob: (runs after him) Wait, bodyguard, I need protection! (Strangler gets into a taxi)

Strangler: Step on it! I'm being chased by a maniac! (SpongeBob chases after the taxi)

SpongeBob: I'm not safe! Come back! (taxi goes to the Airport and drives onto a plane)

Strangler: Finally, away from that guy.

SpongeBob: Good idea, bodyguard. He'll never find us up here. (Strangler screams then jumps out of the plane. He pulls his parachute cord then notices it is actually SpongeBob) Good thinking, bodyguard. The Strangler could have been on that plane. (Strangler takes out a pair of scissors and cuts the strings off the parachute and plummets right into the Police Station. SpongeBob comes running up to him) Bodyguard, bodyguard!

Strangler: Look, kid. I'm not your bodyguard. (cries) I'm the Strangler. See? (points to the 'WANTED' poster on the wall)

SpongeBob: (gasps) The Strangler! (police officers walk up)

Officer Nancy: Good work, SpongeBob. You put the Strangler behind bars.

Strangler: At least I'm safe from that yellow idiot. (Patrick is in the same cell as the Strangler)

Patrick: Hey, Mac, what're you in for?

(at Palace Pranks)

SpongeBob: Well, Patrick, here it is. The Palace of Pranks. The greatest novelty shop in Bikini Bottom. All the greatest pranksters shop here. This is where I got my gag Seanut Brittle can! (shows a can of Seanut Brittle)

Patrick: Oh boy, Seanut Brittle! Gimmie! (tries to open the can)

SpongeBob: Patrick, wait, it's a booby trap, remember?

Patrick: Nice try, Squarepants, but it's not gonna work this time. I'm gonna have some of your delicious Seanut Brittle! (he opens the can, and fake purple snakes pop out) Where's the Seanut Brittle?

SpongeBob: (laughs) That gets funnier every time you say it, Patrick. Come on, let's go inside. (Patrick begins to cry)

Patrick: Seanut Brittle? (SpongeBob enters and smells the air)

SpongeBob: Ah...nothing compares to the smell of cheap plastic novelty items. Pranks, gags, and gross-out toys as far as the eye can see! (he walks down an aisle) Isn't it everything I said it would be, Patrick?

Patrick: Hey, Seanut Brittle! (a bunch of fake snakes pop out) Oh, darn it, not again! (SpongeBob laughs)

Frank: Good to see you, SpongeBob. How's my number-one customer doing?

SpongeBob: Oh great, Frank. This is my friend Patrick. He wants to be come a prankster too.

Frank: Well, pleasure to meet you, Patrick. (shakes Patrick hand but he has a buzzer so it shocks Patrick) That's your first lesson son, the granddaddy of all pranks. The joy buzzer.

Patrick: I don't get it.

Frank: You don't have to get it! The prank is for the enjoyment of the prankster.

SpongeBob: You see, Patrick, Frank here is the master. I learned all I know about pranks from him. Ok, Frank, let's see what you've got.

Frank: Well, this came in just this morning. (shows package of gum) Have some gum. (Patrick chews the gum but then his head explodes) Exploding Chewing Gum! Only \$9.95.

Patrick: I don't get it.

SpongeBob: What can we get for one dollar? (shows a real dollar)

Frank: Well, one dollar will get you this fake gag dollar. (shows a fake dollar) Fool your friends into thinking you've got a real dollar.

SpongeBob: What else have you got?

Frank: A whoopie cushion?

SpongeBob: Nah.

Frank: Fake vomit!

SpongeBob: No.

Frank: Real vomit?

SpongeBob: Ew! Don't you have anything good?

Frank: Well, there is one prank that I've been saving for a real top of the line prankster. (shows spray can) Invisible

Spray!

SpongeBob: Wow! Invisible Spray!

Patrick: But I can see it.

SpongeBob: Gee, Patrick, just think of the pranks we could pull with this! (gives Frank some money)

Frank: Good choice. Now be careful with that stuff, boys. It stains clothes.

SpongeBob: Thanks, Frank! (SpongeBob & Patrick are now outside) Here it is, Patrick. The ultimate prank. Invisible Spray!

Patrick: What are we gonna do with it?

SpongeBob: I know! We'll go spray the park bench and then sit on it, and when people walk by, we'll be floating in mid-air! (both think about sitting on a bench surrounded by people while invisible)

Patrick: That's the ultimate prank! Good idea, SpongeBob! (gives a thumbs up)

SpongeBob: Well, let's get started. (Patrick takes off his shorts)

Patrick: OK, I'm ready.

SpongeBob: Any particular reason you took your pants off?

Patrick: Well, that stuff stains clothes, right?

SpongeBob: That it does, Patrick, that it does! Good thinking. Here, hold this a second. (Patrick takes the can of spray while SpongeBob takes off his pants) Ok, Patrick, give me the can.

Patrick: I think since spraying the park bench was my idea, I should get to spray it.

SpongeBob: Patrick, spraying the park bench was my idea.

Patrick: Yeah, but I said it was a good idea.

SpongeBob: (takes the can) Give me that thing! (try to get the can to work but they spray their clothes on accident and those disappear)

Patrick: Hey, the invisible spray works! (bus comes along)

Bus Driver: And on your right, if you look, you'll see two naked guys fighting over a can of paint. (a group of bus people laugh)

SpongeBob: Oh my gosh, Patrick, help me find our clothes!
(Patrick sprays SpongeBob's hand and it disappears)

Patrick: I gotta hand it to you, SpongeBob. You look kinda funny. (Patrick laughs)

SpongeBob: Righty! Where are you? No one messes with righty! (takes the spray can) We'll see how you like it! (sprays Patrick making a hole in the middle of his body) Kind of gives you an empty feeling, huh? (Patrick takes the can)

Patrick: Yeah. (sprays one of SpongeBob's eyes) I see what you mean! (SpongeBob takes a turn at the spray can)

SpongeBob: No guts, no glory! (laughs)

Narrator: Several bad puns later... (SpongeBob & Patrick are invisible)

Patrick: Hey, I think this thing is empty!

SpongeBob: Oh no, it can't be! How are we going to pull off the ultimate prank? Thanks a lot, Patrick, you used the last of it!

Patrick: Hey, I think I found our pants. (rip) Oops! Here, these are yours.

SpongeBob: Oh, forget the pants, Patrick. Let's get home and wash this paint off. (both start to walk-off somewhere together)

Patrick: Hey SpongeBob, do you know what time it is?

SpongeBob: Oh sure, it's...half past invisible!

Patrick: Gee, it's getting late. (they walk up to a stranger)

SpongeBob: Let's ask this guy. Excuse me sir, but do you have the time?

Citizen: Sure. (looks at his watch) It's, uhh, ten to three.

SpongeBob: Thank you.

Citizen: Don't mention it. (turns around to notice no one is there)

Patrick: Don't mention what?

Citizen: Uhh, who said that?

Patrick: Me. (the citizen screams)

Citizen: Ghosts! (citizen drives off)

Patrick: Hey, I'm no ghost! Well, the nerve of that guy and his driving eyeballs.

SpongeBob: Wait a second, Patrick. My brain just hatched an idea!

Patrick: Lay it on me.

SpongeBob: OK, we're invisible, right?

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: If that guy thought we were ghosts, we could haunt everybody in Bikini Bottom! Oh, it's the ultimate prank!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Whoo! High five! (both give a high five)

SpongeBob: Let's go scare us some suckers.

(At Sandy's House where she is reading a book until she hears a noise. She checks to see what it is but nothing is there)

Sandy: Well, that's funny. I thought I heard voices. Huh? I thought I left that glass of peanut juice on the table. And didn't I toss that old lamp out yesterday? And since when did I acquire all these portraits of Patrick?! (SpongeBob & Patrick are covered in some sort of sheets)

SpongeBob & Patrick: Ooh! We're ghosts! Ooh! (Sandy laughs)

Sandy: I knew it was you guys! Alright, joke's over. Take off the sheets. (pulls off the sheets and notices there is nothing there. Then she screams) It is ghosts! (Sandy goes into an acorn ship and presses a button that sends her back to Texas)

SpongeBob: Boy, we really scared her! (leave Sandy's house)

Patrick: Who's gonna be our next victim?

SpongeBob: A better question would be, who isn't?

(At Mrs Puff's House)

Mrs Puff: Double Dark Deep-Sea Light Diet Cake! (laughs) You will soon be mine. (cake is eaten out of nowhere. Patrick's face is covered in cake so he wipes it off) Oh! (gets filled up with air and then lets it out flying all around) Ghosts!!

(At Squidward's house where he is painting)

Squidward: Huh? (the paintbrush he was using is floating in the air and is painting where Squidward was a mustache under Squid's nose)

SpongeBob & Patrick:: Ooh! (Squids run through a wall)

Squidward: Ghosts!! (shown citizen surfing as an invisible surboard is surfind next to him)

SpongeBob & Patrick:: Cow-a-bunga!

Scooter: Ghosts! (screams while falling off the board. SpongeBob & Patrick are reading a newspaper)

SpongeBob: It's official! We're the greatest pranksters ever. The whole town thinks we're ghosts. (Patrick is holding his newspaper upside down)

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: There's only one guy left to scare, and we'll have pranked everybody in Bikini Bottom. (title of an article says 'Krabs Last To Be Haunted! Says, 'I ain't afraid of no ghosts') Mr. Krabs... (Patrick's newspaper is upside down)

Patrick: It says he isn't scared of ghosts.

SpongeBob: We'll see about that!

(At Krusty Krab where Mr Krabs is spying through some blinds)

Mr Krabs: Ghosts? Ha! I ain't afraid of no ghosts! Every sailor knows a ghost won't come near a fella as long as he's wearing his spotted neckerchief. ()grabs a hankerchief) And his dried up Sea Leprechaun. (shows ashes of Leprechaun) And a bit of gold never hurt. (shows gold necklace around Mr Krabs neck that says 'Foxy') But to be on the safe side, I'm also wearing me pants in a Maldon knot. (rope is attached) Got me shivering timber brace. And, the hairs on the back of me neck are taped down. And I'm all wrapped up in a suit of anti-ghost armor. And if none of this stuff works, I've got me secret weapon, the Specter Deflector! (shows a paddle with a ball on a string) So just try and get me, you ghosts! Bring it on. (lights black-out)

SpongeBob & Patrick:: Ooh! Krabs!

Mr Krabs: Wha...? (a couple things begin to float)

SpongeBob: Krabs, we've come to haunt you! (hits a ball)

Mr Krabs: Stay back! I'm well armed.

SpongeBob & Patrick:: Ooh!

Mr Krabs: I'm warning you!

SpongeBob & Patrick:: Ooh! (a pair of scissors cuts the ball off the paddle Mr Krabs was using)

Mr Krabs: Ooh...

SpongeBob & Patrick:: Boo. (Mr Krabs runs away)

Mr Krabs: I gotta get out of here! (runs into a door)

SpongeBob: You can't escape, Krabs. We've glued the door shut.

Mr Krabs: You'll never get me! (tries to run to the window but gets thrown back into a table)

Patrick: Nice try, Krabs, but we replaced all the glass with rubber. (Mr Krabs dives into the toilet but gets stuck)

SpongeBob: Too late, Krabs. We've already clogged all the toilets. (shown all the stalls are stuffed with toilet paper. Mr Krabs cowers in a corner)

Mr Krabs: Please, spirits, leave me be!

Patrick: (laughs) We got him good, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Wait, Patrick, I've got one more idea. (to Mr Krabs) You're going to pay, Krabs!

Mr Krabs: No, spirits, please! (dollar is floating)

SpongeBob: Pay! Pay! (a lighted match almost lights up the dollar)

Mr Krabs: No! Don't burn me dollar! (takes a bucket of water and throws it at the dollar. The water drips on SpongeBob & Patrick making them appear slowly) Well well well, if it isn't SpongeBob and Patrick!

SpongeBob: I know not these names which you speak!

Patrick: Uhh, SpongeBob? SpongeBob, we're visible again.

Mr Krabs: So you two are the Bikini Bottom ghosts.

SpongeBob: We're really sorry, Mr. Krabs. Please don't chop us into little pieces and eat them!

Mr Krabs: Hey, come on boys, I'm hip! I pulled my share of pranks when I was your age. Had me some laughs. That's what we did tonight, right? We had a good laugh. Come on, laugh with me! (all laugh) Uhh, any particular reason you boys are naked?

SpongeBob: Yeah, the invisible paint stains clothes. (Mr Krabs laughs)

Mr Krabs: Course it does! Well, you two better hurry home, before someone sees you nude.

SpongeBob: Yeah, I think I'd die of embarrassment if that happened.

Patrick: Me too.

Mr Krabs: Woo, now we wouldn't want that, would we? It's getting late now. You two pranksters better get going.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, thanks for being such a good sport.

Mr Krabs: Don't mention it.

SpongeBob: That Mr. Krabs, always looking out for me. What a guy.

Patrick: Yeah. (a white, round light shines on SpongeBob & Patrick)

Mr Krabs: The Krusty Krab presents.... live nude pranksters! Starring the Bikini Bottom ghosts. (everyone laughs and cheers as SpongeBob & Patrick try to cover up their body)

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: Yeah?

SpongeBob: We should have bought the whoopie cushion!

(Open on the Krusty Krab. Fish are eating food, Mr. Krabs is painting a picture and Squidward is manning the cash

register.)

Mr. Krabs: Finished! At last. (Shows the picture to Squidward and SpongeBob, who is now at the chef's window.) What do you boys think of my masterpiece?

SpongeBob: (reading the sign) New business hours: 6 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Squidward: (yelling) What? That is totally unfair!

SpongeBob: Squidward's right. That's totally unfair. Couldn't we get to work earlier than six a.m.? Like 5:30 a.m.? Or 5:00 a.m.? Or 4:00 a.m.?

Squidward: (zips up the chef's window) Zip it!

(Mr. Krabs places the sign on the store window. He stares out of the window and notices something surprising from across the street)

Mr. Krabs: What the...? (The Chum Bucket now displays a sign in front saying that it is "now open 23 hours")

Mr. Krabs: ...The Chum Bucket open 23 hours? So that little piece of flotsam Plankton thinks he can stay open longer than me, does he?

(A customer walks up to him, tray in hand.)

Fish: Sure. I don't know. Why not?

Mr. Krabs: Well, he's wrong!

Fish: Oh, o.k. Sure.

Mr. Krabs: As of now, the Krusty Krab is open 24 hours.

(SpongeBob's head bursts through the wall, in the place where the chef's window used to be.)

SpongeBob: Did you hear that, Squidward? We get to keep working and working and working without ever having to go home. I've got to pinch myself, because I must be dreaming. (SpongeBob exits the punctured hole in the wall and stands flat on the floor. He starts pinching himself twice, then yells in pain. He pinches himself again and yells again, then does it four more times. After a brief pause, he pinches himself yet again.) Well, I'm not dreaming.

(Switch to a telescope view of the front window of the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs walks up to the sign and amends it to read, Open 24 hours!)

Plankton: (behind the scope) Open 24 hours, eh? I knew he couldn't resist staying open later than me. (He starts walking into the Chum Bucket) My evil plan is working perfectly. He'll run his employees into the ground, and when SpongeBob's mind finally cracks from exhaustion, I'll get him to tell me the secret Krabby Patty formula. (Laughs evilly. He notices after a while that his computer wife, Karen is not laughing with him.) Why aren't you laughing?

Karen: I've heard this joke before.

(Scene switches to the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs is standing near the cash register with a bell and beater in hand.)

Mr. Krabs: All right, everybody. The Krusty Krab is entering day three of non-stop service! Let's give it up for day three! (The camera shows the customers of the Krusty Krab eating their food and not being swayed by Mr. Krab's excitement.) Yee haw, day three!

SpongeBob: (inside the kitchen, holding a Krabby patty.) Krabby Patty, I don't care if we have to stay open until the day after the end of time. As long as I am with you, I am complete. (Bubbles fill the screen as the episode transitions to the outside of the Krusty Krab. It then cuts to the inside, where Mr. Krabs still is holding a bell)

Mr. Krabs: Day ten of non-stop service!

Squidward: (exhausted) Mr. Krabs, can I go home yet?

Mr. Krabs: No one goes home!

Squidward: (points to the bags under his eyes) Look at these bags under my eyes; even my bags have bags!

(The camera shows a closely detailed picture of Squidward's drowsy eyes, and a lady screams.)

Mr. Krabs: Quit your bellyaching, Squidward; you don't hear SpongeBob complaining, do you?

SpongeBob: (grilling hamburgers in the kitchen) K-R-A-B-B-Y P-A-T-T-Y, says I.

Mr. Krabs: You could learn a few things from that boy.

Squidward: (through his teeth) Mr. Krabs, he is not normal.

(SpongeBob starts kissing a Krabby Patty.)

Mr. Krabs: All right, you can sit down for five minutes. Then it's back to work.

(Squidward drops over and starts snoring. Plankton, wearing a tight black suit descends from a rope on the wall and monitors at SpongeBob.)

Plankton: Drats! He's not collapsing from exhaustion, but with a little more pressure, the Sponge will crack like an egg (clenches fist), and I'll be there to feast on the goo of his shattered psyche. (Slurps and then does an evil laugh. Mr. Krabs notices Plankton, but since he is tiny, black and suspending from a coil, he believes Plankton is a small insect.)

Mr. Krabs: Eww! A spider bug. (Squishes Plankton and the scene changes to the Chum Bucket a while later. Plankton is on the phone, ordering an item from the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs picks up on the other line.)

Mr. Krabs: Krusty Krab! The restaurant that never closes. Would you like to place an order? (We hear a muffled sound from Mr. Krab's phone.) 10,000 Krabby Patties! We'll start your order right away, Mr....uh, uh...What was that name again? (Muffles coming from the phone. Mr. Krabs writes his information on a piece of paper) Uh huh...Peter Lankton. Wait a minute. This isn't some kind of prank, is it?

Plankton: Eh...no.

Mr. Krabs: Good! We'll call you when it's ready, Mr. Lankton.

(Mr. Krabs bursts through the kitchen door, and starts yelling orders at SpongeBob.)

Mr. Krabs: Kick it into high gear! We've got a big order! (Clutches SpongeBob, who is staring into space) I'm counting on you, boy. I need you to raise that spatula. (SpongeBob does so, enthusiastically) Yeah! And I need you to say, "Team Krusty Krab!"

SpongeBob: Team Krusty Krab!

Mr. Krabs: That's me boy! Now, make me 10,000 Krabby Patties. (SpongeBob's eyes swell up as Mr. Krabs walks away) And no breaks!

SpongeBob: (Ecstatic) Did you hear that spatula? You, me and 10,000 Krabby Patties. And the best part? No breaks! (Pinches self) Wow!

(Cut to a view of the ocean with a small island with some palm trees in the background. Mr. Krabs floats by as he hits his bell)

Mr. Krabs: Day 15! Give it up for day 15! (SpongeBob floats by as the setting transforms into the nighttime)

SpongeBob: K-R-A-B-B-Y...(drones off) (Plankton floats by as the setting transforms into the daytime. Plankton laughs menacingly. SpongeBob floats by a lot faster.)

SpongeBob: 1,322...

(Mr. Krabs floats by as the setting transforms into the nighttime. Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob continue floating by as the setting changes from day to night and vice versa)

Mr. Krabs: Day 23! Give it up for day 23!

SpongeBob: 6,654...

Mr. Krabs: Day 30!

SpongeBob: 7,121...

(Plankton floats by now. He laughs menacingly. Burger items float by. SpongeBob floats by)

SpongeBob: 8,659...

(Old Man Jenkins floats by, confused)

Old Man Jenkins: Wait, what's going on? Whoa, whoa!

(The scene switches back to the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs appears extremely tired)

Mr. Krabs: Day... (record scratch) anyone know how many days it's been? I've lost track.

Squidward: (Breathing heavily next to a pile of Krabby Patties.) Forty-three. (Gasps, as the top of his head expands and shrinks. SpongeBob places a tray of food items on the chef's window and then shoves them off. He does the same again for a smelly boot.)

Mr. Krabs: What the flimflam? (Enters the kitchen and notices SpongeBob looking like a wreck.) What are you doing in here, boy? You're wasting all me food. (SpongeBob does not answer him) Boy?

(SpongeBob starts fighting the air with his spatula. Mr. Krabs hits him on the back of his head.)

SpongeBob: (Drowsily) Oh, hey, Mr. Krabs. When did you get here?

Mr. Krabs: Boy, I'm worried that...(Mr. Krabs turns into a giant talking Krabby Patty.) Got it?

SpongeBob: (wiping his eyes) I'm sorry Mr. Krabs. Could you run that by me again?

Mr. Krabs: Sure, I said I'm worried that...(He turns into a Krabby Patty again. He turns back into himself after he stops talking.)

SpongeBob: That's what I thought you said. Now, let me offer this as a rebuttal: (he starts screaming and throwing his hands in the air. He hides in the corner, waving his spatula at Mr. Krabs) Stay back! I'm warning you!

Mr. Krabs: (Starts walking towards SpongeBob) All right. Now you're just acting silly. I want you to...(Mr. Krabs turns into a Krabby Patty again)

SpongeBob: No, don't eat me; I'm too chewy. (Screams and runs outside the kitchen, where his eyes bulge as he notices the customers are now Krabby Patties) Holy shrimp! They're everywhere! (Runs screaming and knocks into a Krabby Patty, falling.)

Krabby Patty: (looking at him) What?

SpongeBob: (Running and screaming. He starts screaming at two Krabby Patties sitting at a table, then one going to the bathroom and then screaming and pointing at a normal looking fish wearing a light purple shirt)

Female Companion: I told you that shirt was hideous.

(SpongeBob screams again as Mr. Krabs grabs him and pulls him into the kitchen, while SpongeBob is digging his nails into the floor.)

SpongeBob: No, no! I want to live! (He enters the kitchen, but bursts the door open) I want to live! (He's dragged back inside, and the camera shows Squidward, exhausted.)

SpongeBob: (inside the kitchen) Mr. Krabs, what's going on? Everywhere I look, I see killer Krabby Patties.

Mr. Krabs: (patting SpongeBob's head) There, there. I'm sure it's nothing that getting back to work won't solve. Here's your Spatular. (Hands SpongeBob his spatula)

SpongeBob: (repeating) Spatular.

Mr. Krabs: (showing SpongeBob his grill) And here's the grill.

SpongeBob: (repeating) Grill.

Mr. Krabs: (Showing SpongeBob some patties in his hands) and here are some fresh Krabby... (SpongeBob starts screaming again. When Mr. Krabs pulls the patties away, SpongeBob's scream lessens. He pulls the patties out in front of him and continues pushing and pulling them forward. Then, he throws the patties away.)

Mr. Krabs: Hmm, there may be a problem after all.

SpongeBob: What does this mean?

Mr Krabs: It means there's something wrong with your head. Look, I think maybe you should see a professional.

SpongeBob: Wrestler?

Mr. Krabs: No, a psychiatrist.

SpongeBob: Oh, but where am I going to find a psychiatrist? (A paper airplane hits him in the head) Ow! (Plankton is heading at the chef's window and then drops down. SpongeBob starts reading the paper) Hey, look at this! "Dr. Peter Lankton: Psychiatrist. Specializing in Krabby Patty phobias". Gosh, I don't know about this, Krabs; wouldn't I have to miss work if I went to see...(Mr. Krabs holds up a patty in front of SpongeBob's face. SpongeBob points and screams at it, then runs off.)

(The scene switches to SpongeBob, paper in hand, finding out where the psychiatric center is.) SpongeBob: (looking up) Well, this looks like the place. (It is the Chum Bucket with the sign "Dr. P. Lankton Psychiatrist" on it. SpongeBob enters, looking for the psychiatrist) Hello? Doctor?

Plankton: Come in, Mr. SquarePants. Please have a seat on the couch. (SpongeBob sits on the couch. He turns his chair around so that we can see Plankton wearing a costume and beard.) Now...(chuckles) Let's unload all that harmful information in your little yellow head.

SpongeBob: You're a bit smaller than I imagined, doctor, but I guess that's why they call you shrink (laughs). Do you think there's hope for me, doctor?

Plankton: Hope, hope? When I get my hands on that formula, there won't be any hope for any of you. (Laughs, but then clears his throat) Yeah, I mean: you'll be cured in no time.

SpongeBob: Oh, good.

Plankton: Let's start with a simple exercise.

SpongeBob: Jumping jacks?

Plankton: I want you to close your eyes. (SpongeBob lightly closes his eyes) Tighter. (he closes his eyes tighter) Tighter. (Tightens them even more, and they rip off.) Too tight! Now, tell me what you see?

SpongeBob: I see giant Krabby Patties.

Plankton: Good, and what are they made of? (He starts recording on a voice recorder)

SpongeBob: Hatred!

Plankton: No, I mean ingredients. What are the stinking ingredients?

SpongeBob: They're coming for me. No! No! No! Stay back! (Grabs a piano and holds it threateningly in the air)

Plankton: Wait, where'd you get that piano? (SpongeBob smashes Plankton with the piano. He groans. Later, he continues his psychology.) We're trying something else. I'm going to say a word and I want you to say the first word that pops into your head. Ready?

SpongeBob: I'm ready!

Plankton: Work.

SpongeBob: Work.

Plankton: Spatula.

SpongeBob: Spatula.

Plankton: Bun.

SpongeBob: Bun.

Plankton: See, the key is to say something different than what I say.

SpongeBob: Oh, o.k. I've got it.

Plankton: Potato.

SpongeBob: Poh-tah-to.

Plankton: Tomato.

SpongeBob: Toh-mah-to.

(Scene switches to SpongeBob kneeling on the floor looking at various cards.)

Plankton: I've laid out some words on cards here. These words are common kitchen ingredients. I want you to arrange them in any order you choose. It could be a poem or a secret formula. I don't know... Oh, yes! A secret formula. Good, let's do that.

SpongeBob: Um, you're making me nervous.

Plankton: Oh, o.k. (Walks to and sits on his chair) I'll be over here, then.

SpongeBob: I'm finished! (Plankton gets up and walks to SpongeBob.) I've arranged them into a piano. (The piano falls on Plankton.)

Plankton: Since your mind has been resistant to every mental technique so far, I'm forced to resort to my most powerful method of curing you.

SpongeBob: Fiber?

Plankton: No, hypnosis.

SpongeBob: Hypnosis?!

Plankton: (holds a ticking watch in front of him) Now, keep your eyes on this watch. When I count to three, you will fall into a deep sleep. One...uh, two...uh, three. (SpongeBob falls asleep) I can't believe it worked. Now, when I snap my fingers, you will awake and tell me the formula. (Snaps fingers, but he does not wake up. He snaps a couple more times.) Hey, wake up! (He clashes cymbals, blows a trumpet and beats on drums.) Hmm, what else is loud and obnoxious? (He holds a ringing cell phone up to his ear, but that does not work) Why won't you wake up?! (We peer into SpongeBob's dream. In it he is chasing jellyfish, but then gets caught in a fishnet by a huge Krabby Patty, who then eats him. Inside the Krabby Patty, SpongeBob looks around in the dark.)

SpongeBob: Where am I?

(Lights turn on and he is lying in his bed in his home. The door to his room opens and a huge Krabby Patty walks in.)

Krabby Patty: Hey, SpongeBob. I heard your brain was sick, so I brought you this cookie pizza.

(Hands SpongeBob a cookie pizza)

SpongeBob: Gee, thanks!

Krabby Patty: And here's some chocolate milk. (Hands SpongeBob a glass of chocolate milk)

SpongeBob: The king of flavored dairy drinks! (He drinks it) Oh, Krabby Patty, I'm so glad we're friends again.

Krabby Patty: Just remember, SpongeBob, I'll always be with you right here (points to a part of SpongeBob's stomach).

SpongeBob: In my heart?

Krabby Patty: Actually, in your arteries. Now, do me a favor and wake up. Wake up.

Plankton: (In real life, shouting into a loudspeaker) Wake up!

SpongeBob: (wakes up, yawning) It worked! I'm cured!

Plankton: But what about the formula?

SpongeBob: Oh, you're right! I'd better get back to work! (SpongeBob runs away, towards the Krusty Krab) Thanks for everything, doc!

Plankton: (yelling) No! It's a lie! Therapy doesn't really work. You're still sick! Very, very sick!

(Scene cuts to the Krusty Krab. SpongeBob is flipping burgers normally)

Mr. Krabs: Good to see you're brain's all fixed, boy.

SpongeBob: Yeah, I just needed some sleep, is all.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I can safely say, "No more twenty-four hour shifts", because twenty-three hours will be plenty (Laughs. SpongeBob then starts laughing). No, seriously. Get back to work!

(episode begins at the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: (putting the meat on a Krabby Patty) Easy... (takes all the condiments and throws them in the air. They all land nicely stacked on top of the patty) Perfection!

Squidward: Is number 5's order ready yet, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Just a second, Squidward. Well, Krabby Patty, it's time for you to go now. (starts to tear) You grew up so fast, I...I promised myself I wouldn't do this. (gives the patty to Squidward) Just take it Squidward, take it away! (cries)

Squidward: Oh, brother. (into microphone) Number 5. Number 5.

SpongeBob: (shows a slip with the number 5 on it) That's me! (takes Krabby Patty and eats it) Mmm. My compliments to the chef! (laughs himself into the kitchen. Notices something) Hello, what's this? (gets close to the window of the door where his eyes and Mr. Krabs' eyes meet)

Mr. Krabs: Come out here, boy.

SpongeBob: (walks outside) Mr. Krabs? Whoa!

Mr. Krabs: (grabs SpongeBob and drags him under the dumpster) Hush, boy, or you'll give away your location of me hidey-hole.

SpongeBob: (whispering) What's a hidey-hole?

Mr. Krabs: It's where I hide me treasure. (pushes the dumpster aside and throws SpongeBob out of the hole) Whoa! Catch! (throws a treasure chest at SpongeBob) Let's get that chest to me office, boy, pronto!

SpongeBob: What's in this thing? Treasure?

Mr. Krabs: A treasure trove of sorts. It's me memory chest from my years in the navy.

SpongeBob: Why'd you dig up your navy chest, sir?

Mr. Krabs: Well, me navy buddies and I are having a reunion. I wanted to wear me old uniform. (opens chest)

SpongeBob: Wow, look at all your cool navy stuff! What's that?<

Mr. Krabs: Arrgh! (takes out a tattoo) It's me first tattoo.

SpongeBob: Neat.

Mr. Krabs: And this is me Manly Toughness Trophy. (holds up a trophy with an arm at the top)

SpongeBob: How'd you win that?

Mr. Krabs: By being the toughest of the tough!

SpongeBob: Wow! Ooh-ooh. Who are those guys? (pointing to a picture with five sailors in it)

Mr. Krabs: Me shipmates. The toughest bunch to ever sail the grimy deep. There's "'01 Iron Eye", (shows guy with iron for an eye), and "Mutton Chop", (shows guy holding a wrench), me, (shows Mr. Krabs in a navy suit), "Torpedo Belly", (shows big guy with torpedo in his belly), and "Lockjaw Jones". (shows guy with a big jaw leaning on an anchor)

SpongeBob: Did you have a cool nickname, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Of course! I was called "Armor Abs Krabs".

SpongeBob: You were?

Mr. Krabs: What do you mean?

SpongeBob: Well, I guess you were thinner back then.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, really? (takes his navy suit) This is me navy cadet uniform. Prepare to eat your words 'cause I haven't put on more than a couple of pounds. (rips navy suit while trying to put it on) OK, maybe I'm a bit bigger. But I'm still the toughest of the tough. Go ahead, lad, give 'em a punch.

SpongeBob: You want me to punch you in the stomach?

Mr. Krabs: Not in the stomach, lad! In me armor abs!

SpongeBob: (punches Mr Krabs in the abs but his arm breaks into little pieces) Wow, my entire arm disintegrated.

Mr. Krabs: I still got it. Be a good lad, go get your station in ship shape. And leave an old sea-dog to revel in his memories.

SpongeBob: Aye, aye, sir! (opens kitchen door) Alright, let's get this place ship shape. You men, stop laying around! (point to potatoes) To battle stations. (pouring fries into the grease fryer) All hands on deck! (puts 10 Krabby Patties on the grill) That calls for full flavor. (turns knob on stove to the right) Ketchup and mustard off the port bow. (stepping on ketchup and mustard containers) One Krabby Patty ready to set sail. (holding Krabby Patty up)

Mr. Krabs: (offscreen) No!! (SpongeBob drops his Krabby Patty)

SpongeBob: Oh, Mr. Krabs. (knocks once on Mr. Krabs door and it opens) Huh? Mr. Krabs? Hello? (Mr. Krabs is shown head down on his desk) Mr. Krabs? You alright? Are you sleepy? (pokes Mr. Krabs body knocking it to the floor revealing a headless Mr. Krabs) Mr. Krabs!! (sniffs his arm) I don't smell his pulse. (a figure in the background rushes past SpongeBob) What's that? (the figure is behind a barrel) Is somebody there?

Mr. Krabs: Don't look at me!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Leave me be.

SpongeBob: (throws barrel away) You're alive! And...naked...

Mr. Krabs: (crying) It's true. I've molted.

SpongeBob: What's molted?

Mr. Krabs: It's when a crab gets too fat--uh, well--outgrows his shell. It falls off.

SpongeBob: Wow.

Mr. Krabs: 'Armor Abs Krabs' can't show up at the reunion like this. All pink and soft and unmanly. I'm all flab and no ab!

SpongeBob: Barnacles!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Sorry about the foul language, Mr Krabs, but you're acting like there never was a man in that shell. The Krabs of his navy days was fearless. He wouldn't let something as insignificant as a missing shell slow him down.

Mr. Krabs: Yeah.

SpongeBob: Who cares how silly, pink & fleshy you look. How non-threatening, limp & soggy you are. How... (Mr Krabs cries) ...oops.

Mr. Krabs: I can't go anywhere ever again. Stupid, no good... (kicks shell into the wall which ricochets back at SpongeBob making him scream. SpongeBob turns over and slides into Mr. Krabs shell)

SpongeBob: Wow, it sure is dark in here. (pokes head through the shell) Look Mr. Krabs, I'm you!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, you're a genius.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm glad you got my point. It's not what's about on the outside. It's what's on the inside.

Mr. Krabs: No, you barnacle brain. Not your silly metaphor. You, in me shell. It gives me an idea. You can go to the reunion and pretend to be me.

SpongeBob: I get to be a navy buddy?

Mr. Krabs: Of course, you'll need some time to proximate me personality.

SpongeBob: Oh, that'll be a snap. Squidward and I have been doing it behind your back for years. (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: Alright, show me what you got.

SpongeBob: (pulls nose out to look like Mr. Krabs' then imitates his voice) Look at me, I'm Mr. Krabs. I love money.

Mr. Krabs: Heh heh. Say, that ain't half-bad.

SpongeBob: I once won a marathon because someone dropped a penny at the finish line.

Mr. Krabs: That's me. (laughs)

SpongeBob: Every night, I tuck me wallet in and tell it a bedtime story. (pulls covers over the wallet) Goodnight, wallety. (kisses the wallet)

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, okay. I get the point.

SpongeBob: Oh, what's that you say? Me daughter Pearl needs an operation? I'll do it me self and save a nickel. (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: That'll do, SpongeBob. (bubble-wipe to the reunion)

SpongeBob: Well, here goes...wow. I've never seen so many manly naval men. So tough, so brave, so...clever. And I'm one of them! (at the reunion there is a tough man lifting Nancy on a treasure chest)

Mr. Krabs: (hiding in a coral plant) No, you're not. Don't blow this for me, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: I won't let you down.

Mutton Chop: Armor Abs Krabs. Come join your navy buddies in a toast.

SpongeBob: (high-pitched voice) Coming! (runs over to the table)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, what have I done?

SpongeBob: Okay boys, let the S.S Party drop anchor right here.

Mr. Krabs: I've created a monster.

Lockjaw Jones: Here's some grog. You still like pineapple, right?

SpongeBob: Like pineapple? I live in one. (everyone laughs)

Torpedo Belly: That ol' Krabs is as manly as ever.

'Mr. Krabs: I don't believe it. SpongeBob is pulling it off.

Mutton Chop: Hey Armor Abs, Ol' Iron Eye here has been itching to punch your legendary gut.

SpongeBob: Well, if you think you're man enough.

Mr. Krabs: Uh-oh, this could be bad.

SpongeBob: Fire the torpedo. (Iron Eye punches SpongeBob. Bounces around in the shell then comes up dizzy)

Mutton Chop: What do you say, Krabs? Just like old times. (SpongeBob spits out a tooth)

Lockjaw Jones: A tooth? (spits out two more teeth)

Torpedo Belly: Teeth. Now that's manly. (SpongeBob spits out his skeleton and everyone cheers)

Mr. Krabs: He did it.

Captain: Alright me swabbys, it's time to award the trophy of manly toughness to a man who's toughness has stewed the test of time. That man is: Eugene 'Armor Abs' Krabs. Hey, come up here Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: This is the best night of my life. Me naval buddies still think I'm manly. And I didn't have to shame myself.

Naval Buddies: (chanting) Armor Abs! Armor Abs! Armor Abs!

SpongeBob: Thanks for the trophy everybody. (laughs)

Naval Buddies: (chanting) Speech! Speech! Speech! Speech!

SpongeBob: I...

Mr. Krabs: Say something.

SpongeBob: Let me spin you a manly yarn.

Mr. Krabs: 'Atta boy.

SpongeBob: So there I was, in Jellyfish Fields.

Mr. Krabs: I'm doomed.

SpongeBob: Me supply of bubble soap was dangerously low. And as I blew my last bubble...

Mutton Chop: Did he say Jellyfish Fields?

Iron Eye: Blowing bubbles?

Mutton Chop: Uhh, what were you doing in Jellyfish Fields?

SpongeBob: Why jellyfishing, of course.

Naval Buddies: Huh?

Mr. Krabs: Uh...uh, phone call for Mr. Krabs. (SpongeBob is confused) Get off the stage.

SpongeBob: Oh, uh, well I gotta go. Thanks. (runs off the stage)

Torpedo Belly: Where do you think you're going? Everybody knows there's 2 things ol' Armor Abs Krabs would never do.

Mr. Krabs: Oh no.

Lockjaw Jones: Number 1, is spend a penny.

Torpedo Belly: And the other one is leave without giving Ol' Torpedo Belly one of your world famous steely belly butts. Haha.

SpongeBob: Oh, I thought you'd seen through my ruse. I mean, arrgh, you don't think I was just gonna collect this here trophy of manly toughness without reminding you silly livers why you give it to me in the first place. Let's have at it. No holding back. Give it your all.

Mr. Krabs: I can't watch. (SpongeBob and Torpedo Belly butt each other in the stomach and Torpedo Belly sends SpongeBob flying)

Torpedo Belly: Armor Abs? (SpongeBob flies into a sign and then back into Torpedo Belly breaking the shell) Ow! (SpongeBob is revealed)

SpongeBob: (everyone is angry) Well, uhh, I-I-I-I-I-I...I guess I'll take my manly toughness trophy and head home now. Uh...see you around manville boys...men.

Mr. Krabs: No! He's not Eugene Krabs. I am. (everyone gasps) Alright lads, take a good look. This is who I am. I've molted me shell and I'm vulnerable. (cries) But I'm certainly no bubble-blowing jellyfisher. No offense, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: None taken, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Come on lad, let's go home.

Mutton Chop: Wait a minute! You've forgotten something. (hands trophy to Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: I don't understand.

Mutton Chop: Admitting you lost your shell was the toughest thing I've ever seen. And, uhh, I have a confession. (rips off sideburns) These are fake!

SpongeBob: What?!

Mr. Krabs: (at the same time) Wha...?!

Torpedo Belly: Over here.

Mr. Krabs: You too, Torpedo Belly?

Torpedo Belly: Actually, I had my torpedo removed long ago.

Lockjaw Jones: And these aren't the same choppers that I had in the navy.

Iron Eye: My iron eye is actually made of Formica. (everyone laughs)

SpongeBob: Look at that, Mr. Krabs. Your navy buddies all had something to hide.

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, poor suckers. At least my shell will grow back. (both laugh)

(Squidward's watch strikes 9 o'clock)

Squidward: Wow, I'm really late again. Maybe he'll finally fire me. (laughs as he walks into the closed front doors of the Krusty Krab) What? Locked?

SpongeBob: This isn't happening. This isn't happening.

Squidward: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: The horror. It's unspeakable. Don't you see, Squidward? It's closed! The Krusty Krab is closed!

Squidward: You mean I got out of bed for nothing?

SpongeBob: The doors are locked. The doors are locked and we are on the outside. Outsiders. What are we gonna do, Squidward? There are Krabby Patties inside. All alone.

Mr. Krabs: Just stand aside, lad, and let me unlock the door.

SpongeBob: (face comes out his backside) Mr. Krabs, you're here! (jumping around) Gosh, Mr. Krabs, we were worried something might have happened to you when the world would've been deprived of the greatest food known to man.

Mr. Krabs: (drops his keys) Oh, you made me drop me keys. Give me some space, lad. Can't a crab get a little space?

SpongeBob: (cries) I'm sorry, Mr. Krabs.

Squidward: Harsh. (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: (painfully breaks his back) Arrgh, me back!

SpongeBob: Are you hurt, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: (sarcastically) No. I'm just doubled over in pain, fightin' back tears in me eyes because it's a new dance craze!

SpongeBob: Oh, good, I thought you were hurt.

Mr. Krabs: (glares in annoyance) I am hurt, ya idiot! (SpongeBob cries) I'm sorry I snapped at ya, laddie. It's just me back is killing me. It's me old, lumpy mattress. It's like trying to sleep on broken coral. I'm going out of me mind. (back breaks again) Ouch! Oh, me back.

SpongeBob: Poor Mr. Krabs. What are we going to do, Squidward?

Squidward: Why do anything? I like the new Mr. Krabs. He yells at you more. (laughs)

SpongeBob: I'm serious, Squidward.

Squidward: So am I.

SpongeBob: We should get Mr. Krabs a new mattress and surprise him with it as a gift. Then we'll never have to be late to work again.

Squidward: What? You want me to spend my hard earned money on my richer than me skin Flynn boss? No, thank you. (enters Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: That's OK, Squidward, you'll warm up to the idea. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob going somewhere with Patrick) Thanks for coming with me, Patrick.

Patrick: No problem, buddy. I always wanted to go to a mattress store. (both enter a mattress store)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Wow!

SpongeBob: I've never seen so many mattresses.

Patrick: Yeah.

SpongeBob: How many do you think there are?

Patrick: (looks around and thinks) 10.

SpongeBob: Cool.

Employee: There's plenty more than that. Try 'em out. Find one you like. (bubble-wipe to a montage; SpongeBob jumps on a mattress but Patrick shakes his head. Patrick lays down on a mattress but sinks into it as SpongeBob shakes his head. SpongeBob falls on his back on a rock-hard mattress. Patrick sits in a racecar bed then a crashing sound is heard. SpongeBob sits on a bunch of needles and the employee holds up a first-aid kit. Finally, Patrick lays on a mattress that rotates by rolling from side to side. The clerk gestures the remote to SpongeBob and closes it while SpongeBob laughs. Bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob and Patrick are laughing)

Squidward: What are you morons doing?

SpongeBob: Making a card for Mr. Krabs. To go with his new mattress.

Squidward: Oh, I see. You're just kissing up to the boss to make me look bad. Well, I won't stand for it. Gimme that card. (foolishly signs card) Trying to outsmart me, will ya? (laughs evilly and licks envelope) There, I signed it for all of us.

Patrick: Hey, you didn't even help pay.

SpongeBob: Oh, that's okay, as long as Mr. Krabs is happy. (later at Mr. Krabs house)

Mr. Krabs: Oh, me back. Well, here goes another useless attempt to sleep on me mountainous, lumpy mattress. (painfully lays on his mattress) Argh, uhh... oh, that's queer. Me mattress seems strangely cozy and butter-like. (falls asleep)

SpongeBob, Patrick and Squidward: ' Surprise!

Mr. Krabs: (wakes up) Armageddon! What? Oh, you? What in the blue-eyed scallop are you doing in me bedroom?

SpongeBob: We noticed how miserable you were on your lumpy, old mattress.

Squidward: (grins) So I suggested we get you a new one.

Patrick: (talking to SpongeBob) I thought it was your idea.

Mr. Krabs: (attempts to hold down fury; enraged) So, where's me old mattress then?

Squidward: Don't worry, Mr. Krabs. I took care of that personally, too. I had it hauled away to the dump.

Mr. Krabs: (angrily jumps on Squidward) All...my...money...was in that mattress!

Squidward: What?! Haven't you ever heard of a bank?!

Mr. Krabs: No!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: No! (faints)

Patrick: And we got you a card.

Mr. Krabs: Is there money in it?

Patrick: (shakes the envelope) Nope. (Mr. Krabs faints again. Bubble-wipe to the hospital)

SpongeBob: Is it serious, doctor? Will Mr. Krabs be alright?

Replacement Doctor: Mr. Krabs is in a "cash coma." Only the return of his money can save his life.

Squidward: It was SpongeBob's fault! Getting Mr. Krabs a new mattress was his idea!

Patrick: I knew it!

Police Officer: Not so fast! (holds up get well card) This card says "This was all my idea. Love, Squidward." (Squidward gasps in worry) If Mr. Krabs doesn't pull through, you're going to jail!

Squidward: (furiously growls, turns red and gets mad at SpongeBob) You did this, SquarePants! If you don't get Mr. Krabs' mattress back from the dump, I am going to murd... (officer clears throat) uhh...ha. Help you do it myself.

Patrick: Wow, he really does care. (bubble-wipe to the dump) What a dump.

SpongeBob: We gotta get in there, Squidward. Mr. Krabs is counting on us.

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, isn't that the mattress over there?

SpongeBob: Terrific, Patrick, you found it!

Squidward: What? Where, where? Lemme see. Where? What, what?

SpongeBob: Over there, Squidward, underneath that really big guard worm.

Squidward: Oh, that figures. (bubble-wipe to the hospital)

Replacement Doctor: Oh no, this is horrible.

Nurse: What is it, doctor?

Replacement Doctor: This man has no insurance.

Nurse: He'll never be able to afford this room!

Replacement Doctor: You're right, nurse. Extract the patient to the hallway. Stat! (Mr. Krabs is pushed into a snack machine)

Mr. Krabs: Oh...

SpongeBob: ' Well, that's Mr. Krabs' mattress, alright. Let's go get it.

Squidward: Okay, here's the plan: you two quietly go in there, remove the mattress out from the guard worm without... waking... the worm.

Patrick: Why not?

SpongeBob: Because that would be rude, Patrick.

Squidward: And nothing's meaner than a junkyard worm. He'll eat you alive!

Patrick: Well, hey, wait a minute, what are you gonna do?

Squidward: Oh, I've got the most important job. I'm going to keep watch to make sure it's safe.

Patrick: Gee, thanks buddy.

Squidward: My pleasure. Now let's get a move on.

SpongeBob: (Patrick climbs the fence) Ah, isn't it beautiful, Patrick? You can see everything from up here.

Patrick: Wow. (both sigh)

Squidward: (angrily growls) What are you morons doing?

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick, I think I can see our houses from here.

Patrick: Where? I can't see 'em. (fence shakes and suddenly flips around with Squidward holding onto it. Squidward is now

inside while SpongeBob and Patrick are outside)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Wow. (both laugh)

Squidward: What did you idiots do?

Patrick: Squidward, what are you going in there? You were supposed to keep watch.

SpongeBob: Yeah, and you woke up the guard worm, too.

Squidward: I didn't do it! You blockheads woke... the... worm. (the worm angrily comes up from behind Squidward. Screams as the worm viciously attacks him. Bubble-wipe to the hospital)

Doctor #2: Doctor?

Replacement Doctor: Yes, doctor?

Doctor #2: Regarding your patient, doctor. I have come to this conclusion.

Replacement Doctor: Yes, go on.

Doctor #2: We have to surgically remove him out from in front of the candy machine so we can get to the nutty nut bar.

Replacement Doctor: Of course. Nurse?

Nurse: I'm on it. (wheels Mr. Krabs outside the hospital)

Mr. Krabs: Oh... (cut back to the dump)

SpongeBob: (climbing down a rope with Patrick to get inside the gate) Worm bait to the retriever. Worm bait to the retriever. We're in. Out.

Squidward: Retriever to worm bait, stay in. Don't go out.

SpongeBob: Understood. Out.

Squidward: No. In. Out.

SpongeBob: Understood. Out.

Squidward: Ach, look, you're at the far side of the dump, right?

SpongeBob: Affirmative.

Squidward: Good. Then make lots of noise to draw the guard worm away from the mattress so I can retrieve it.

SpongeBob: Affirmative. Out. Oh, that's why he calls himself "The Retriever."

Patrick: Why are we called "Worm bait?"

SpongeBob: I dunno. (ululating with Patrick. Both use pots and pans to make loud noises that draws the guard worm away)

Squidward: And my perfect plan falls into place. (laughs)

Patrick: Uhh, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Yes, Patrick?

Patrick: I think I know why our code name is "Worm bait." (guard worm rushes up and growls at them both until it notices the wooden spoon in SpongeBob's hand)

SpongeBob: Nice worm. Good, kind, gentle worm. (worms eyes turn into an image of the wooden spoon)

Patrick: Ooh, SpongeBob, he likes your wooden spoon.

SpongeBob: (raises the spoon then lowers the spoon as the worms eyes follow where the spoon is) Wow, I think you're right, Patrick.

Patrick: See if he plays catch.

SpongeBob: Okay, see the stick boy? (throws spoon) Go get it, boy! (worm chases after spoon)

Squidward: Coast is clear. Squiddy, you are a genius. (wooden spoon hits Squidward in the head) Ouch! What the? Hey, I needed a wooden spoon. I'll just keep it safe from harm in my back pocket. (places spoon in back pocket) And now for the mattress. (worm bites Squidward in the behind) I should've guessed. (worm attacks Squidward and he screams. Cut back to the hospital)

Administrator Flotsam: Excuse me, doctor.

Replacement Doctor: Administrator Flotsam, what can I do for you?

Administrator Flotsam: It has come to my attention that your patient, Mr. Krabs, is out on the front sidewalk.

Replacement Doctor: Yes, yes he is.

Administrator Flotsam: Well, what were you thinking, man? We're trying to run a business here. We can't leave patients on the sidewalk.

Replacement Doctor: Not to worry. Nurse!

Nurse: I'm on it. (pushes Mr. Krabs away from the hospital. Cut back to the dump)

Squidward: Alright, you two, what's the holdup?

SpongeBob: We feel silly.

Squidward: Come on, do it for old man Krabs.

SpongeBob: Okay. (SpongeBob & Patrick jump out of the portable potty in steak costumes) Can you explain the plan again, Squidward?

Squidward: Sure, but first, put on this cologne.

SpongeBob: (reads label) Steak sauce? (shrugs shoulders and puts the sauces on his body)

Squidward: OK, so you two are dressed as "Choice-Cuts." You go in there and yell "Trick or Treat!". The worm will realize he forgot to stock up on Halloween candy, he'll leave to buy some then we take the mattress.

Patrick: Give me that cologne.

Squidward: Now get in there!

SpongeBob: Happy Halloween, Squidward!

Squidward: I am not going to get hurt this time. (hears some rattling in the distance. Its Mr. Krabs on his hospital bed rolling down the street into the dump) What the? Isn't that Mr. Krabs? (screams as Mr. Krabs runs over Squidward, crashes through the gate, runs into a rock causing the bed to flip him over in front of his mattress. Guard worm growls)

Patrick: That guard worm doesn't look very happy.

SpongeBob: Run, Mr. Krabs! Run like you're not in a coma!

Mr. Krabs: (sniffs around) It's...me money! (guard worm snarls as Mr. Krabs sends the worm into the air and off the mattress) Oh, money. I promise I'll never leave you alone again.

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs. (Mr. Krabs jumps on his mattress and barks) No, Mr. Krabs, it's us!

Patrick: Trick or treat.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, hey, SpongeBob. I didn't recognize you. Say, why are you two dressed as meat?

SpongeBob: Hey, it's not so bad! Go bad! I'll get them!

Squidward: Huh? (guard worm lands in Squidward's arm snarling at him. Runs off screaming as the worm angrily chases him)

(episode begins at the Chum Bucket. A clam crows like a rooster. Cut to a close-up of Plankton's face. He has his eyes closed, and then slowly opens them to show their veins)

Plankton: (drearily) And so passes another sleepless night, haunted by my inability to steal even a single Krabby Patty. (gets up and walks to his computer wife, Karen)

Karen: Maybe today will be the day?

Plankton: Thank you for your patronizing words, computer wife. (walks towards the doors of the Chum Bucket)

Karen: Do you even have a plan?

Plankton: Plan, shman. I'm gonna wing it. What's the worst thing that could happen? (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab. Plankton walks through the door) I'm in. That was easy. Maybe today is the day I'm gonna steal the Krabby Patty formula...ow, oof! (slips and falls into a puddle of water)

SpongeBob: Careful, Plankton, I just mopped there.

Mr. Krabs: (walks towards them) Look at you, Plankton. Once again you've fallen flat on your back in another pathetic attempt to steal me formula. (holds a Krabby Patty in front of his face) Though you've tried and tried, you haven't had the smallest nibble of my delicious formula. (Plankton tries to bite it, but Mr. Krabs takes it away) And you never will! (laughs) How do you sleep at night, knowing you're a complete failure? (walks away laughing)

Male Customer: (talking to the person next to him, commenting on the wet floor SpongeBob was mopping) There really should be a "Wet Floor" sign.

Male Customer #2: Yeah, if that were me who slipped, I'd sue old man Krabs for all he's got.

Plankton: Does that include the Krabby Patty formula?

Male Customer: Of course.

Plankton: (ponders the thought and then fakes an injury and starts screaming) Oh, the pain! I can't feel my arms and legs! I think they're broken. I'll have to sue for my pain and suffering.

Mr. Krabs: (bursting through his office's door) Sue?!

Female Customer: Oh, that looks bad.

Male Customer #3: Uh-oh.

Female Customer #2: Poor little man. (SpongeBob and Mr. Krabs enter the frame and look at each other. Bubble-wipe to ambulance workers carrying Plankton in a gurney)

Mr. Krabs: What?! Hold up a second! Plankton, we don't need to drag this little incident into court, do we?

Plankton: Well...if you transfer the Krabby Patty formula to me, I'll forget your gross negligence.

Mr. Krabs: Scoundrel! You'll have me formula when you pry it from me lifeless claws!

Plankton: (laughs menacingly, then points at Mr. Krabs) See you in court, Krabs! Uh, I mean... (stops pointing) oh, the pain! The deep-frying pain! (the ambulance workers carry the gurney off. Bubble-wipe to the inside of the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs is pacing back and forth, with Squidward and SpongeBob near him)

Mr. Krabs: I'm in a blue ruin. I'm doomed!

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Mr. Krabs. I will do whatever it takes to keep the Krusty Krab formula from getting into Plankton's evil hands.

Mr. Krabs: What I really need is a good lawyer. (a lawyer with a gray suit, hair parted to one side and wearing glasses zooms quickly from offscreen)

Lawyer: Hello, did somebody say "lawyer"? (holds out his business card) Richard A. Bottomfeeder, Attorney at Law. I couldn't help but notice that despicable display.

Mr. Krabs: So, uhh, how much is this gonna cost me?

Richard: Actually, I won't charge you a dime unless we win. (Mr. Krabs' eyes turn into American dollar signs) In fact, I think we should counter sue for everything Plankton owes. (Mr. Krabs' eyes turn into gold bars. The weight on them makes him fall over. Points at Mr. Krabs) Does that happen a lot?

SpongeBob: No, they're usually silver. (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob strolling into Mr. Krabs' office) Oh, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: What is it, lad?

SpongeBob: I thought you might want to hear my testimony for when you call me as a character witness. I've been rehearsing it.

Mr. Krabs: Actually, SpongeBob, we won't be needing any testimony from you. Why, you'll be more of a... (Richard whispers into his ear) ...of a liability than an asset.

SpongeBob: But I...

Mr. Krabs: Now, run along. Make things ship-shape for my victory celebration. I've got to get to the courthouse early. There's only a few free parking places. (Richard grabs his briefcase and walks outside the door with it)

Richard: Oh, this is gonna be a slam-dunk... (slips and falls on the floor)

SpongeBob: Oh no! Mr. Krabs' lawyer! Speak to me!

Richard: (weakly) Wrathed...with pain... can't move.

SpongeBob: But what about Mr. Krabs' case?

Richard: Looks like you're going to have to handle this one, son.

SpongeBob: But, I'm a...a liability.

Richard: Everything you need to win... (a part of his body snaps) ...is in this here case. (shows SpongeBob his briefcase)

SpongeBob: (swipes the case from him) Really? Everything?

Richard: Uh huh. Everything but a suit.

SpongeBob: A suit? Wonder where I could get a suit. (bubble-wipe to the Bikini Bottom Court House. Cut to the courtroom. As the theme of The People's Court plays in the background, Plankton in a wheelchair enters the courtroom and precedes to Mr. Krabs)

Plankton: I'll give you one last chance. I'll drop the charges and you give me the formula.

Mr. Krabs: (yelling) Never, you little runt! (the court audience gasps)

Plankton: (lying) Oww, oww! My wittle arm! (audience gasps)

Mr. Krabs: What? No. I didn't lay a claw on him.

Plankton: (lying again) Oww! My other arm! Oww! (audience gasps)

Mr. Krabs: He's lying! Bah! (judge's gavel knocks and the two proceed to their desks)

Bailiff: Court will come to order. The Honorable Judge Stickleback presiding.

Judge: Mr. Krabs, where is your attorney?

Mr. Krabs: (hesitantly) I don't know where he could be. (the courtroom door bursts open, with SpongeBob standing there in a gray suit, similar to Richard's)

SpongeBob: Here I am!

Judge: Thank you for joining us, Mr...

SpongeBob: (placing his briefcase on the desk) SpongeBob LawyerPants, your honor.

Mr. Krabs: (through his teeth) What are you doing here, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Your lawyer, uh, fell down on the job, but don't worry Mr. Krabs, I have everything under control. It's uhh, all in here. (rubs his briefcase)

Mr. Krabs: Really?

SpongeBob: Yep, right in here. (tries to unlock the briefcase, but can't)

Mr. Krabs: Is there a problem?

SpongeBob: Uhh...your lawyer didn't give me the combination.

Judge: Is the plaintiff ready to proceed?

Plankton: Yes, your honor. I'll try. (moves his wheelchair to the jury box. He "owws" in pain on the way there) I wasn't always the tortured shell of protozoa that writhes in pain before you today. (starts crying) I was a vibrant, carefree, happy-go-lucky, single cell. (SpongeBob tries to cut the briefcase in half, but splits himself. Mr. Krabs leans over)

Mr. Krabs: Pull yourself together, boy.

Plankton: Then came the fateful day that I paid an innocent visit to the deathtrap known as the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: How's it coming lad?

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Mr. Krabs. I'm on the case. (takes a kitchen knife and tries to pry open the briefcase)

Plankton: Upon entering said establishment, I found myself without any warning, slipping and finally falling onto a hard, unforgiving floor... (SpongeBob continues with the knife) ...that had been intentionally... (the knife shoots him to the light on the roof) ...covered with a viscous fluid. (SpongeBob puts a bomb head on his head)

SpongeBob: Bombs away! (drops onto the briefcase like a bomb, but nothing happens. Drops off the desk and onto the floor)

Plankton: Ahem! Are you quite finished? Well, where was I? Oh yeah. But the words part in, my dreams of completing of marathon like I promise my old Grammy, it be debt. I'm...I'm sorry, Gram-Gram...sorry. (crying) Thank you, for your kind attention. (turns away, stopping) Suckers.

Judge: Does your defense...have an opening statement?

SpongeBob: Yes, your honor. Poor Gram-Gram! (Mr. Krabs frowns. Bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs on the stand)

Plankton: (presents a "wet floor" sign to Mr. Krabs) Mr. Krabs, can you identify this item?

Mr. Krabs: It's a "wet floor" sign.

Plankton: Do you own one?

Mr. Krabs: Uhh...well...umm... no, I don't. (everyone gasps) No, no. You don't understand. I had to make some tough business decisions and the sign seemed so superfluous.

Jury: Guilty. Guilty, guilty, guilty.

Plankton: No more questions. (SpongeBob tries using a screwdriver to open the case)

Judge: Your witness, Mr. LawyerPants.

SpongeBob: Huh?

Judge: Sometime today, Mr. Pants.

SpongeBob: May it please the court, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. My client has been called cheap, (Mr. Krabs starts sweating) miserly and chronically tight-fisted.

Mr. Krabs: Uhh...hmmm...

SpongeBob: But if he were as cheap as the prosecution claims he is, would he be able to sit there quietly while I took out a dollar... (does so) ...and dropped it in the blender? (drops the dollar in a blender. Mr. Krabs gasps. Presses the "obliterate" button on the blender)

Mr. Krabs: No! No-ho-ho! No! (runs and grabs the blender. Starts grabbing the pieces of shredded dollar from the air) Daddy's got ya. Daddy's got ya. Daddy's here. (the jury talks amongst themselves) A little glue, a little tape. It'll be right as rain. (walks off, but then walks back to pick up a stranded piece of dollar) Daddy didn't forget ya.

SpongeBob: Ahh...

Judge: Does the defense have any witness to call?

SpongeBob: Yes, your honor. Defense calls Squidward to the stand.

Mr. Krabs: (rests in his chair) Ahh, Squidward, a loyal employee. (cut to Squidward at the witness stand)

SpongeBob: Mr...uhh... Squidward, is it? My client has been called cheap. Would you agree with the ludicrous statement?

Squidward: Yes.

Mr. Krabs: What?!

SpongeBob: Allow me to rephrase the question. Can you tell the court of some instance of Mr. Krabs' generosity in any way?

Squidward: Nope. (to Judge StickleBack) Can I go now? One day off in three years and I have to spend it testifying? (the jury talks amongst themselves)

Mr. Krabs: (looking scared, with the frowning audience, he starts taking a nail and hammer and tries to open the briefcase) Must...open...case. (SpongeBob is questioning something else)

SpongeBob: So it was you who made the floor slippery, wasn't it? (the questioned is a mop and does not answer him) Answer the question! Need I remind you that you, sir are under oath?

Mr. Krabs: I'm doomed. (SpongeBob is still trying to open the briefcase) You may as well give up on that case, me boy. My goose is cooked.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Mr. Krabs, I'm surprised at you. We can't give up just because things look bleak. This trial will be won by what's in your heart, not what's in this dumb old case. (hits the case. The case then opens up) It's open! (they lift the case)

Mr. Krabs: It's... (it is shown that the thing inside the briefcase is a Krabby Patty) It's just his lunch. Or is it? (a light bulb moves out of SpongeBob's head and starts glowing)

SpongeBob: Defense calls Plankton to the stand. (bubble-wipe to Plankton. He is now on the stand) Why did you go into the Krusty Krab that day?

Plankton: To, you know, say hello to my once good friend, Mr. Krabs. What?

SpongeBob: Are you sure it wasn't to make off with one of these? (shows Plankton the Krabby Patty. Plankton starts licking his lips) Gotcha. Weren't you there to steal the formula of the most delicious, sweet smelling sandwich known to Bikini Bottom? Krabby Patty.

Plankton: (continuously sweating) Uhh...uhh...uhh... uh, uh...uhh... (tries to bite the Krabby Patty, but SpongeBob takes it away. Takes off his fake casts) Ah, I can't take it! Gimme! Gimme, gimme, gimme! (jumps for the Krabby Patty and grabs it. Starts running off, yelping) Yippee! Ah, finally, it's mine!

Mr. Krabs: (grabbing the Krabby Patty from Plankton) I'll take that!

Plankton: Huh? No, no, no!

Mr. Krabs: Once again, Plankton, the sweetest of life's joys has eluded your grasp. (eats the Krabby Patty)

Plankton: No, no, no, no!

Judge: (bangs gavel) Has the jury reached a verdict?

Head Jury Member: We have, your honor. We find the defendant not guilty... but he is cheap.

Mr. Krabs: Thank you, SpongeBob. I was foolish not to accept your help from the beginning.

SpongeBob: That's OK, Mr. Krabs. I made you a present.

Mr. Krabs: A present? For me?

SpongeBob: Close your eyes and hold out your hand. (Mr. Krabs does so. Gives Mr. Krabs a "wet floor" sign with many nails in it. Mr. Krabs grabs it and starts yelping in pain) It's a "wet floor" sign. I made it myself.

Mr. Krabs: Well, it'll do. After all, it's free!

(SpongeBob is carrying a big sack of snail food)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hey, Patrick.

Patrick: What are you doing?

SpongeBob: Carrying this heavy bag of snail food for Gary.

Patrick: How is Gary?

SpongeBob: He's fine. Uh, Pat, can we talk about this some other time? This snail food is really heavy.

Patrick: Oh, sure, but there was something I wanted to tell you...something important. Oh, I remember. Uh... (SpongeBob is gone) Who was I talking to?

SpongeBob: (puts the bag of snail food down and notices the paper on the door) Ahoy, Captain, what have we here? It's a tiny form letter. "Dear Sir of Ma'am: We are sorry we missed you. We will attempt to re-deliver your package at our earliest convenience." (doorbell rings) Hello?(gasps) My package. Whoopee! (takes it inside while leaving the bag of snail food outside) Oh, let's see what we got here. (cuts it open) My official Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy paddleball set. Whoo! Yeah! (grunts) What's this? "Take the Dirty Bubble Challenge! Hit the paddleball 29,998,559,671,349 times in a row." Dirty Bubble, wherever you float, I hereby accept your challenge. (takes the ball and hits it on the paddle but it comes back and hits him in the eye. Does this a couple more times. While he is doing this, Gary goes into the kitchen and sees that his bowl is empty. He checks the time and it is snack time)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (paddleball hits him in the eye again) Darn it.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: What was that?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Oh, Gary, that distracting sound came from you. I'm sorry I can't play with you right now. Mermaid Man needs me. (when he tries the paddleball again, Gary interrupts)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary, please! I'm trying to defeat the Dirty Bubble. (when he lifts his paddleball up, Gary is attached to it)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: So, let's get this straight, Gary. You don't want me to defeat the Dirty Bubble. You know, Dirty Bubble -- terror of the seven seas, arch nemesis of my favorite TV superheroes, Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy, and apparently renowned paddleball champion. (Dirty Bubble on the box laughs) Well, I for one, recognize the importance of this undertaking. But whether or not you do remains to be seen. Now, if you don't mind, I would like to get back to it. (Gary slithers off) Pets -- sometimes I wonder if they understand a word you're saying. (Gary jumps on SpongeBob's face, making him run around and scream) Gary, I hate it when you do that. Now get! (throws him away) And leave your master to his important affairs. (Gary rolls into his bowl and sees a crumb of food left. A bunch of spiders crawl out of it. Gary packs his things) Hey, I got one! Dirty Bubble, say your prayers.

Gary: Meow. (Gary slithers off away, down a river, and takes a bus out of town. Cut to next day)

Patrick: (drinks his coffee then eats the cup) I haven't seen SpongeBob in a couple days. I'm sure he'll be glad to know I remembered what I wanted to tell him. (knocks on the door then notices the bag of snail food on the ground) That's strange. Usually, I knock on the with this hand. (walks in) Hey, SpongeBob, you around? SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (muffled) Darn it.

Patrick: SpongeBob, is that you?

SpongeBob: (muffled) Oh, darn it. Darn it.

Patrick: SpongeBob? (opens the door to the galley to SpongeBob lying on the ground)

SpongeBob: Darn it. Darn it.

Patrick: SpongeBob, what happened? (runs over to a picture of a krabby patty on the wall) This picture is crooked. SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: (looks at the paddle) Darn it.

Patrick: Snap out of it.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I...

Patrick: What is it, buddy? You can tell me.

SpongeBob: I took the Dirty Bubble challenge.

Patrick: You what? (cries)

SpongeBob: Why are you crying, Patrick?

Patrick: Because... many years ago, I took that challenge.

SpongeBob: Really?

Patrick: Uh-huh.

SpongeBob: What happened?

Patrick: I won. But then I lost the trophy they sent me.

SpongeBob: You lost the...? That's terrible! Come on, Pat. Let's have some kelp cookies and some sea horse milk -- that always cheers me up when I've lost something. There you are, Pat-- fresh sea horse milk.

Patrick: Thanks, buddy.

SpongeBob: Hey, Pat, you ever feel like you're forgetting something? Something important? (trips over Gary's bowl) Hmmm. I think it has something to do with this bowl. Gary's food bowl. That's it -- I gotta feed Gary. (gets the bag of snail food outside) That's a lot of dust for a couple of hours. (brings it in and pours it in Gary's bowl) Gary! Dinner! (takes out a triangle) Come on, Gary, soup's on. Gary? Hey, Pat?

Patrick: Yeah?

SpongeBob: How long was I taking the Dirty Bubble challenge?

Patrick: About a week.

SpongeBob: A week? Are you sure?

Patrick: Hmmm... well... (pours the glass of milk upside down. It's solid milk) Yeah, it's about a week, maybe ten days.

SpongeBob: Ten days? Gary! (searches all over the house for Gary) Gary? Gary! Gary? Gary! Gary! Gary! Gary! Patrick!

Patrick: Huh?

SpongeBob: I can't find Gary. (cut to Gary slithering across the sand. Echoing howls are heard. Gary looks at his stomach and it's howling at him. Gary sneezes)

Gary: Meow. (cut to SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: This never fails-- Gary's favorite treats. Gary can't resist these babies. They're filled with eight types of

organic sediment that bottom feeders like Gary can't get enough of.

Patrick: Eight?

SpongeBob: Yeah, something like that. All you really have to do is shake the can. Gary comes running every time. Pat, try it. (Patrick shakes it but no noise) Let me see that. (SpongeBob tries it but no noise) Hmm, I don't understand; this is a brand-new... (Patrick belches. SpongeBob shakes his belly and Patrick laughs)

Patrick: I only tasted six types of sediment. (cut to nighttime where SpongeBob and Patrick are searching for Gary. Patrick is shaking his belly)

SpongeBob: Gary? Gary! Gary, where are you? Are you under here? (lifts a flower up) Gary! Keep shaking, Patrick.

Patrick: Oh. (jiggles his belly)

SpongeBob: Gary!

Squidward: What are those Neanderthals up to? Don't they know I'm busy spoiling myself? (SpongeBob and Patrick open Squidward's door while he is in the bathtub. Squidward screams then pants)

SpongeBob: You check over there. I'll check in here. (checks in the bathtub Squidward is in) Find him yet, Pat?

Patrick: (pulls the sink out from the wall, making water shoot out everywhere) No, but I'll keep looking.

SpongeBob: But there's nowhere left to look.

Patrick: There's one place we haven't checked. (cut to SpongeBob and Patrick standing in front of a mailbox full of letters)

SpongeBob: I doubt Gary could fit in there.

Patrick: Can't hurt to look.

SpongeBob: Here goes nothing. (opens the mailbox and a bunch of letters shoot out and a rolled up paper falls on the ground) Look, Pat!

Patrick: What is it?

SpongeBob: Let's see. "Dear SpongeBob: These last few years have been some of the best of my life, but I must move on. Don't bother to come looking for me. By now, I have probably found a new owner who actually remembers to fill up my food bowl every now and again. Sincerely, Gary. At least until my new owner renames me." Dear Neptune, what I have done?

Patrick: What do you mean? You drove him away. It's right there in black and white. See? Right there and there.

SpongeBob: Gary. (cut to Gary slithering into another town. A couple walks by him laughing)

Fred: Are my pants too tight, dear? (takes a bite out of his burger then notices Gary outside and closes the blinds on the window in the diner. Gary slithers along more until he stops and sees some nachos in an alleyway. When he is about to take a bite of it, three snails frighten him)

Snail #1: Look who came to dinner. (Gary runs away)

Snail #3: Guess he didn't like nachos. (Gary slithers away until he runs into a dark figure)

Gramma: There you are. (grabs Gary) There you are, Miss Tuffsy. Oh, gramma finally found you. She was starting to get worried. Now let's get to your home, Miss Tuffsy, and get you something to eat. Hmmm. (shakes Gary) You feel much lighter than Gramma remembers. (cut to Gramma's house where she is feeding Gary cookies and putting an electric blanket over him) There you go, Miss Tuffsy. Gramma knows you like your Mr. Heaty set to extra cozy when you're home relaxing.

Gary: Mmm.

Gramma: Goodness, you're almost out of cookies. Here, I'll go and get some more. Now, don't you go running off again. (Gary looks around the house at the beautiful things she has) There you go. After this, I'll go make up some of those deviled eggs I promised. (drops tray of cookies) Oh, how about a little music? Gramma's got a killer stereo system. (music warbling faster as Gramma cranks. Gary continues to eat cookies as jazz music begins to play) Oh, this song reminds Gramma of her days as a riveter. (dances) You make Gramma feel so young. Come on, Miss Tuffsy, let's do the boogie-woogie. (while doing the dance, she breaks her back) Oh. (set Gary back on the chair) Okay, oh, that's enough boogie-woogie for now.

SpongeBob: Gary! Gary? Gary! (looks into a hat store. On the reflection of the window, a truck with a picture of a snail drives by and stops. SpongeBob turns around) Gary! (truck's logo says "Hungry Snails Loves Snail-Po". Tires squeal as the dust gets into SpongeBob's face and makes him cough) Gary...! Oh... Gary! (fade out to Gramma and Gary sitting on the couch

watching TV) Gramma knows how much you love these late-night crime drama programs. Don't you, Miss Tuffsys? Oh, heavens, look at the time. It's time for bed, Miss Tuffsys. (when Gary jumps off the couch, a picture of SpongeBob comes out of his bag)

Gary: (sadly) Meow.

SpongeBob: Quiet, Gary! Can't you see I'm busy? (Gary gives a raspberry. Gary goes into a bright and decorated room with Gramma)

Gramma: Here's your room, Miss Tuffsy.

Gary: (questioningly) Meow?

Gramma: Here you are, darling. Let Gramma tuck you in. There you go. Oh, I almost forgot your good-night kiss. Sweet dreams, Miss Tuffsy. (walks out of the room and claps twice to make the lights go out. Cut to next day at the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is walking into the Krusty Krab on his knees)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! You're 15 minutes late.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs, I was out all night looking for Gary. You see, he ran away and, well, now I...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, are you okay? You look kinda...different.

SpongeBob: Well, I'm not exactly what you'd call ok, Mr. Krabs. You see, my...

Mr. Krabs: (snaps fingers) Aha! You just forgot to put your hat on. (puts his hat on his head) Knew I'd figure it out. (SpongeBob's tears drop on the patty) Gary.

Customer: Yeah, I'd like a refun for this Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: Refund?! What's wrong with it?

Customer: Oh, nothing really, except it's covered in tears! (reveals that there are six tears on the patty)

Mr. Krabs: What the...?

SpongeBob: Gary...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! There's customers out there, boy, waiting to be fed!

SpongeBob: This wouldn't be the first time I disappointed someone who was hungry.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, why don't you tell Mr. Krabs what's wrong.

SpongeBob: Well, you see...

Mr. Krabs: (grabs SpongeBob's mouth) That's enough, boy. See it's not always what you say that matters. Sometimes it's what you don't say. Understand?

SpongeBob: Yes, Mr. Krabs. I should've told Gary how important he was to me.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I don't know what that has to do with making Krabby Patties, but I do know this: any problem you have can be solved with a little hard work.

SpongeBob: You're right, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: That's me boy!

SpongeBob: If I'm going to find Gary, I'm going to need to work harder at it. (cut to Patrick sleeping on the ground. A bunch of things fall on Patrick and wake him up)

Patrick: It's the apocalypse! Office products falling from the sky.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick. We're going to use this stuff to go find Gary.

Patrick: But I thought you drove him away with your neglect and indifference.

SpongeBob: Patrick, now is now the time for talking. We've got work to do. (cut to Gramma)

Gramma: (squeezing orange juice from the orange) There you go, Miss Tuffsy-- fresh squeezed. It takes longer to make it that way, but it was a labor of love.

Gary: Meow.

Gramma: How about a little more syrup on those pancakes? (pours syrup on the pancakes. Then takes the spoon and scoops up a bite for Gary) Here comes the train. Hoo-hoo! (cut to Gramma and Gary in the car) Set phasers on fun, Miss Tuffsy. (engine revving, tires squeal as Gramma drives fast over to Martha's Craft Zone) Oh, here we are. (both walk inside. As soon as the

door closes, SpongeBob and Patrick arrive in front with posters and tape)

SpongeBob: Here's a good spot. (puts a poster on the door) "Gary! I am sorry! Please come home! Love, SpongeBob". Quick, hand me the tape.

Patrick: Hey, their having a sale on scented pine cones.

SpongeBob: Patrick, this is no time for that. (Patrick goes in. SpongeBob sighs)

Patrick: Pine cones, pine cones, pine cones.

Gramma: These pipe cleaners are simply delightful.

Patrick: Old lady, quick. I'm looking for the scented pine cones. It's an emergency!

Gramma: Well, I hope you weren't looking to buy them, sonny, because Gramma already picked up all they had.

Patrick: Once again, you and I are kept apart, oh sweet scented pine cones. Hey, Gary. (walks out. When he does, the posters on the door are torn in half) Um...uhh...

SpongeBob: Come on, Pat, just take these flyers and hand them out. (walk off)

Gramma: (walks out) Come on, Miss Tuffsy, there's plenty more fun to be had.

Music: "Gary come Home!"

Gary, now I know I was wrong
I messed up, and now you're gone
Gary, I'm sorry I neglected you
Oh, I never expected you to run away and leave me
Feeling this empty
Your meow right now would sound like music to me
Please come home, 'cause I miss you, Gary

(Gary, come home...)

Gary, come home

(Gary, come home...)

Gary, can't you see I was blind
I'll do anything to change your mind

More than a pet, you're my best friend
Too cool to forget, come back
'Cause we are family
And forgive me for making you wanna roam
And now my heart is beating like the saddest metronome
Somewhere I hope you're reading my latest three-word poem:
Gary come home

(Gary, come home...)

Gary, come home

(Gary, come home...)
Gary, come home
(Gary, come home...)
Gary, come home
(Gary, come home...)
Ahh...
Gary, come home
Gary, come home
Gary, won't you come home?

Patrick: I want peanuts. (presses button in the airplane)

SpongeBob: Pat, no! (airplane loses control. Both scream as the airplane rides through the message in the sky "GARY COME HOME" and changes it to "LISA, WILL YOU MARRY ME?")

Lady Fish: Who is this 'Lisa' person?

Male Fish: What? (female slaps him. Cut to Gramma walking into her house)

Gramma: Gramma will get a lovely meat loaf in the oven for you.

Gary: Meow.

Gramma: Don't worry, it's no trouble at all. Easy to do. (Gary smells his newspaper pile)

Gary: Meow.

Gramma: Oh, Miss Tuffsy, do you have to go potty? Here, why don't you use this stack of fliers given to me today by a little chubby boy. (Gary reads all the fliers that SpongeBob and Patrick made. Gary imagines SpongeBob in a thought bubble)

SpongeBob: Gary, please come back to me! Go, boy, go! (Gramma whistles)

Gramma: You stay right there. The meatloaf is almost done. (Gary groans then slithers over and opens a closet door to find a bunch of empty snail shells) Oh, dear. The meatloaf is not quite ready yet but Gramma knows how hungry you are, Miss Tuffsy, so she whipped up a quick batch of cookies. (belt on Gary's belly snaps. A bunch of fat breaks through his shell. The snails in the painting on the wall talk)

Snails: Run! (Gary strains to get out of the shell pile but does and rolls toward Gramma's cookie plate and out the pet door. She tries to throw cookies at him but they get stuck in the door)

Gramma: You don't want cookies? Don't fret, I made a batch of deviled eggs, too. (Gary looks behind him and Gramma is slowly walking behind him) Come back, Miss Tuffsy. You don't want these to go to waste, do you? They were a labor of love. (Gary hides behind some trashcans in the alleyway) Oh, don't worry, Miss Tuffsy, Gramma will find you.
Snail #3: Hey! You're that guy who doesn't like nachos.

Gramma: Miss Tuffsy, I know you're back there. I can hear your stomach growling. (Gary pushes the snail in Gramma's view)

Snail #3: Hey!

Gramma: Oh, there you are, Miss Tuffsy.
Snail #3: Who?

Gramma: You must be starving. (Gary sighs deeply. Cut to SpongeBob crying on his couch)

Patrick: Just let it out, buddy. That's right.

SpongeBob: I can't cry anymore, Patrick. When Gary left, he took all my tears with him.

Patrick: Did you just say Gary? SpongeBob, I just remembered earlier today at the craft store, I saw... these huge chunks of balsa wood! They were awesome!

SpongeBob: (sobs) Gary loves balsa wood! (runs out) I got to try to forget Gary. For some reason, I can't get him out of my mind. (look at the giant sign of Gary) I blew it-- I really blew it. I took you for granted, Gary. I'm sorry! Don't just start at me, say something! I'm talking to a billboard.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Now I'm hearing things. If only I could see you one more time so I could tell you how much I love you. If only I could hear you meow one last time.

Gary: (climbs on SpongeBob's head) Meow.

SpongeBob: Yeah, like that. (Gary purrs) Gary, your purring is making it hard to forget you. Gary! Oh, Gary! So, did you hear any of that, or do I have to repeat myself?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Okay, good. I promise, Gary, things are going to be different between you and I. You'll see, pal. Now let's go home and get you something to eat. You must be starving.

Gary: (groans) Meow.

(episode begins outside the Krusty Krab. A man is knocking on the doors)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, some guy in a suit wants to come in before we open.

Mr. Krabs: What? Guy in a suit? No, it's a tax collector! (jumps inside SpongeBob) Hide us, SpongeBob! (takes the register in with him) We'll just walk nonchalantly to the rear exit. (man knocks on the door again but holding up a business card up)

Squidward: He's got a card. (reading business card) R.A. Penny Pincher: Vending Supplies.

Mr. Krabs: (opening SpongeBob's mouth) What? My machine has arrived?! (opens SpongeBob by his mouth painfully and getting out) Oh, let 'em in, let 'em in, let 'em in.

R.A. Penny Pincher: Bring it in, boys. (the workers bring in a big machine covered with a cloak)

Mr. Krabs: That's it, set her down easy. (putting it down)

R.A. Penny Pincher: Here are the keys, Mr. Krabs. Happy vending! (walks off)

Squidward: What is it?

Mr. Krabs: Only the greatest money maker since the Krabby Patty. Gentlemen, meet skill crane. (pulls off the cloak revealing a grab machine with toys in it)

SpongeBob: Ooh, skill crane.

Mr. Krabs: At a quarter a pop, this thing will pay for itself in no time. Which reminds me, step up boys. First one's free. (takes out two golden coins)

SpongeBob: Thanks, Mr. Krabs. (takes coin)

Squidward: No thanks, I'll pass.

Mr. Krabs: Come on Squidward, you know you want to.

Squidward: (sighs) OK, if you insist. (takes coin, puts it in his pocket and walks away) Thanks.

Mr. Krabs: Squidward! In the machine.

Squidward: (walks to the machine) Alright, alright. (puts coin in machine and moves crane) Oh boy, what fun. (crane almost pulls out a dinosaur)

Skill Crane: (a two-note "wah-wah" tune is played along with the sound of laughter over a speaking voice while "YOU LOSE!" is shown) You lose.

Squidward: Did you see that, SpongeBob? I almost got that on my first try!

Mr. Krabs: My work here is done. (leaves)

Squidward: They don't call me "Squidward 'Manual Dexterity' Tentacles" for nothing. (moves his tentacles up and down and SpongeBob imitates him)

SpongeBob: Well, why don't I give it a try.

Squidward: Haha, good luck. You'll...

Skill Crane: (a "ta-da" tune is played along with the sound of sirens while "WINNER!" is shown) Winner!

SpongeBob: It's a bear! I'm gonna call you 'Beary'.

Squidward: Heh, beginner's luck. Now it's the masters turn. (puts another coin in and grabs a toy cat. He presses the button and the crane pulls it up but drops it)

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the "YOU LOSE!" sound again over the voice) Loser.

SpongeBob: Wow, Squidward, you flipped him over. That takes an awful amount of skill.

Squidward: Well thank you for saying so.

SpongeBob: Beary says he's getting lonely. Don't worry Beary I'll get you a friend. (enters a coin in the skill crane)

Squidward: Ha! If you think you're winning that thing again...

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the "WINNER!" sound again) Winner!

SpongeBob: There ya go, Beary. (gives the toy cat to him)

Squidward: Oh, I loosened that one up for you. You would've never won that without my skill.

SpongeBob: Wow, thanks for your help, Squidward. (walks off)

Squidward: Hmph. I bet I could win at this thing the very next time I try. Now all I have to do is... (thought bubble with Mr. Krabs in it appears above Squidward as he frowns in recalling)

Mr. Krabs: At a quarter a pop, this thing pays for itself in no time.

Squidward: Ha! I'm not falling for that malarkey. (points at the skill crane and smugly walks off. Bubble-wipe to later in the day. Squidward is behind the register)

SpongeBob: (we hear the sirens from the skill crane's "WINNER!" sound from offscreen. SpongeBob walks by with a toy blue sea horse from the skill crane) Hey, Squidward. (skill crane makes the sound of a winner again. SpongeBob walks by with a rabbit from the skill crane) Hey, Squidward. (same sound as before is heard. SpongeBob walks by with a two-headed pink sea serpent from the skill crane) Hey, Squidward. (laughing from the kitchen) Okay, Mrs. Wiggles, order up. Beary cooked this one all by himself. Oh, he makes me so proud.

Skill Crane: (distinct scratchy voice) Squid-ward. (crane swings back and forth to say "hi") Squid-ward.

Squidward: (sighs) Oh, what the...? Alright. Let's get this over with. (reaches in his pockets to get some coins and grabs a dollar)

Mr. Krabs: Need some change? (takes Squidward's dollar and gives him four coins in exchange) There ya are.

Squidward: Gee, thanks.

Mr. Krabs: No, no Mr. Squidward. Thank you. (Squidward inserts coin in machine)

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the sound of a loser offscreen) You lose.

Mr. Krabs: Need some more change? (gives Squidward more coins but Squidward keeps on losing over and over, dollar after dollar)

Skill Crane: (skill crane once again makes the sound of a loser offscreen) You lose.

Mr. Krabs: Need some change?

Squidward: No.

Mr. Krabs: What? Why?

Squidward: Because...I'm...all...out...of... (yells in Mr. Krabs' face) MONEY!!

Mr. Krabs: All out of...? Hmmm. (bubble-wipe to sometime later. Krabs comes out of his office) Boys, it's payday.

SpongeBob: (gasps) But Mr. Krabs, today is Monday.

Mr. Krabs: What the...no, it's payday me boy. (gives him money) Here's your check, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (leaves) Money, money, money, money, money, money.

Mr. Krabs: I took the liberty of turning your paycheck into quarters. Just in case you wanna, oh I dunno, do laundry, buy a soda or something. (grins)

Squidward: Very funny, Mr. Krabs. If I can't win one of those stupid things with this quarter, (holds up a quarter) I'm walking away. (time card appears)

French Narrator: Six hours later... (Squidward is sitting on ground with empty bag over his head. SpongeBob walks in)

SpongeBob: Pardon me, Squidward. SpongeBear Junior here wants me to win him a little brother. (Squidward scoots to the side while SpongeBob inserts a coin into the machine)

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the sound of a winner) You are a winner! (a toy clown fish and duckling come out)

Squidward: Huh?

SpongeBob: Two in one quarter? That's not fair. (puts in the clown fish) What's that, 'frown clown'? You'd rather sit next to the 'lovely lion'? (takes the crane and moves a toy octopus and puts the toy clown fish in the middle of a toy lion and pig) There you are, nice and cozy. See ya later, Squidward.

Squidward: (scoots out. Bubble-wipe to Squidward scooting his way into his house. Sits on his couch) A little mind-numbing television ought to help me forget about that stupid machine. (tries to pick up the remote but every time he tries, he is unsuccessful and it makes a "loser" sound like the skill crane. Uses his eye instead) Ye-ahh! (sinks to the floor. Bubble-wipe to Squidward now in bed) You had a rough day, Squiddy. But that doesn't mean tomorrow won't be better. (tries to pull his covers but he can't and they make sounds of the loud alarm like the skill crane) Ooh, phooey! (shivers and tries to pick up the glass of water by his bed but drops it and breaks it as it makes another alarm sound) I gotta win that crane! (runs through his closet door and gets the piggy bank who sniffs a tear. Bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab sometime later. SpongeBob enters the Krusty Krab and freaks out at what he sees when he enters. Squidward is on the floor with his arms on the crane like bowing and begging) Just once! Please, oh please, let me win one time!

SpongeBob: Squid, I think you have a problem.

Mr. Krabs: No, he doesn't. You don't listen to him, Squidward. You keep playing until you win! (takes out hundreds of quarters that were put in the machine and pours them into a bucket. A piece of rolled paper drops into the bucket) What's

this?

Squidward: The deed to my house.

Mr. Krabs: Okey-dokey, then. Carry on.

Squidward: Oh! (sobs) If I can just win once, I'd never play again! (continues sobbing)

SpongeBob: Hey, you want me to tell you the secret of how to win on this machine?

Squidward: (gasps) SpongeBob, there's a secret?

SpongeBob: Mm-hmm.

Squidward: Tell me the secret.

SpongeBob: Are you ready to be a winner?

Squidward: Yes.

SpongeBob: Yeah?

Squidward: Yeah.

SpongeBob: Yes?

Squidward: Yes.<

SpongeBob: Yes?

Squidward: SpongeBob! The secret?!

SpongeBob: OK, Squidward, OK. I face the crane. Deposit my quarter. Then I close my eyes.

Squidward: Close your eyes?

SpongeBob: Quiet, Squidward. I'm being the crane.

Squidward: Oh, that's ludi--

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the sound of a winner) Winner!

SpongeBob: See? Now you try.

Squidward: This is ridiculous. If I close my eyes, how will I know where the...

SpongeBob: Squidward, do you wanna win or not?

Squidward: (presses face against machine) Yes, yes, I do!

SpongeBob: OK, Squidward, put your quarter in.

Squidward: But this is my last quarter.

SpongeBob: In the machine, Squidward.

Squidward: Okay-okay.

SpongeBob: Close your eyes. (Squidward does) Now be the crane. (while SpongeBob is telling him this, Squidward is playing the game and getting a brown bear) Be the crane. Be the crane. Be the crane.

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the sound of a winner) Winner!

Squidward: Whoo-hoo! Yeah! I knew I could do it. I'm a winner!

SpongeBob: You're a winner!

Squidward: I am a winner, aren't I? Winner, winner, winner! (twirls) Wi-i-i-i-i-inner. (over loudspeaker) I'm a winner everybody! you hear that?! (cricket chirps due to the empty restaurant. Squidward goes into Mr. Krabs' office) I'm...a winner.

Mr. Krabs: (frowns) That's funny. Last I checked, you were a cashier.

Squidward: Yuk it up all you want, Mr. Krabs. But just remember, you're yukking in the presence of a winner! Ha! (runs out and slams door)

Mr. Krabs: I'll try to remember that. 3,498 of Squidward's quarters...3,499 of Squidward's quarters...

SpongeBob: Triple decker, on deck.

Squidward: (slams door in SpongeBob's face) Make way for the winner! (door opens to SpongeBob having the triple decker hanging out of his mouth like an accordion. Cut to a child at the skill crane)

Skill Crane: (skill crane makes the sound of a loser) You lose. (kid sighs)

Squidward: You didn't win the prize?

Billy: No.

Squidward: You know what that means?

Billy: No, what?

Squidward: It means you have no skills and you're a loser! (laughs) I'm the winner, see my prize! You're a loser who sits and cries! (laughs. Billy kicks Squidward in the leg) Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! (continues "ow"ing. Bubble-wipe to Squidward and SpongeBob walking out the Krusty Krab) Did you see how I handled that crane?

SpongeBob: I sure did.

Squidward: I just closed my eyes and became the crane. (SpongeBob is becoming irritated)

SpongeBob: Uh-huh.

Squidward: I think I had the magic touch.

SpongeBob: (boringly) Oh, yeah, you're the man.

Squidward: SpongeBob, look. (a real crane is just a few yards away. Squidward runs to it)

SpongeBob: Uhh, Squidward I don't think the same principles apply.

Squidward: Be the crane.

SpongeBob: Wait, Squidward!

Squidward: Be the crane. (picks up an I-beam)

SpongeBob: He did it. Yay, Squidward!

Squidward: Be the crane. Be the crane. Be the...

Construction Worker: You know this guy?

SpongeBob: Yeah, that's Squidward. He's got the magic touch. (pokes the construction worker) Ding. (Squidward knocks a bunch of buildings in the "Your New Mall" over with the I-beam) Tada! (notices the mess as the workers look in furious frustration) Ah! Squidward, open your eyes!

Squidward: (opens eyes) Oh, uhh, be the crane. Be the crane. (cannot control crane and he ends up waving the I-beam and smashes away the construction workers by the beam. The crane charges uncontrollable towards SpongeBob) Look out, SpongeBob. I can't stop! (crane chases after SpongeBob and the workers as SpongeBob runs with his eyes after gasping) Be the crane. Be the crane. Be the crane. Okay, don't be the crane! Don't be the crane! (crane spins around fast holding the beam like a helicopter. Screams as he is spun around in the crane. The workers and SpongeBob scream as they rush to safety. The crane flies off a hill and heads towards the Krusty Krab as the workers duck inside the restaurant. The crane crashes into the Krusty Krab destroying it)

Mr. Krabs: What the?!

Squidward: (walks out when trying to flee) Oh my. Oh my. Time to go, Teddy. (bumps into large construction worker as the other workers surround him)

Construction Worker: Just where do you think you're going, crane master?

Construction Worker #2: You ain't going anywhere. (they prepare to beat up Squidward but notice the crane claw fly down. SpongeBob is in the crane closing his eyes.

SpongeBob: (whistles) Hang on, buddy. I got ya. (uses crane to get Squidward but instead gets his bear) I guess I can only pick up toys. (the construction workers growl as they prepare to beat Squidward up)

SpongeBob: To inaugurate you as president.

Squidward: Me? President of Bikini Bottom? I knew the people would come to their senses.

Patrick: No, silly. Not the president of Bikini Bottom. Even better.

Squidward: Better?

SpongeBob: You're the president of 'The Secret Royal Order of the Good Neighbor Lodge'.

Squidward: The what? Is this some stupid club you two made up? (SpongeBob & Patrick laugh)

Patrick: Maybe. (both laugh)

SpongeBob: It's a secret. (both laugh)

Squidward: Fine! As my first presidential decree, uhh, why don't you, uhh, go out and paint all the leaves on the trees to make the neighborhood look nicer? (pushing SpongeBob & Patrick out the door) Now out, out, out, out, out, out. That'll keep 'em busy for a few Sundays.(when he closes the door, SpongeBob & Patrick appear from inside)

SpongeBob: What colors should we paint the laves, your presidentialocity?

Squidward: Aah, polka dots! Now don't bother me anymore.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Wow! Polka dots!

Patrick: Our new president is a genius!

SpongeBob: Yeah. (both laugh) See ya later, Squidward! (now outside, a red paint can drops on the ground) Whenever your ready, Patrick.

Patrick: (Patrick unscrews SpongeBob's hat which turns out to be a screw) Hold still, buddy. (pours the red paint inside SpongeBob's hole. When he is done, he throws the can away and ends up hitting an elderly citizen riding a bike. Patrick screws the hat back in)

SpongeBob: Ok, Pat, gimme a quick shake.

Patrick: Okie dokie. (Patrick shakes SpongeBob)

SpongeBob: OKAY! I'm ready! (Patrick grabs SpongeBob's arm and uses it like a slot machine. Drops of red paint come shooting out SpongeBob's holes and onto trees) Hey, that worked perfectly! C'mon, good neighbor Patrick, let's paint the town polka dot!

Squidward: (clock on wall is ringing noon) Oh, no! It's already noon! I will be darned if I let those morons eat up anymore of my valuable Sunday!

SpongeBob & Patrick: (outside one of Squidward's windows singing) Good neighbors are we! La-la-la-la-la-la!

Squidward: What's going on out there?

SpongeBob: Hi, president Squidward! Almost done painting- (Patrick pulls on SpongeBob's arm which makes the paint shoot out his holes and all over Squidward's face and in his eyes)

Squidward: AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! MY EYES!! (runs around bumping into stuff. Runs outside and in front of a car)

Lady: Look out! (car slams on brakes and stops in front of Squidward)

Man: Oh, you poor man!

Lady: You must be very sick! Let us take you to the hospital.

Squidward: No really, I'm fine. Please, no, I'm fine... (car drives off)

SpongeBob & Patrick: See ya later, neighbor!

Patrick: It is a lovely day for a ride in the country.

SpongeBob: Yeah, our president sure knows how to live. (later) I'd like to call this meeting of the good neighbor lodge to order. Let's begin with role call: Patrick. (Patrick is snoring) OK...Squidward? (Squidward's chair is empty) Squidward? Squidward, you home?

Patrick: Did you find him, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Nope. I guess he's still on his Sunday drive.

Patrick: Or maybe he's on a secret mission!

SpongeBob: I hope he's not in danger!

Patrick: Danger?!

SpongeBob: As members of the good neighbor lodge, we are sworn to protect our presidente from danger.

Masseur: Excuse me? Somebody ordered a relaxing pedicure and foot massage? The Sunday special?

SpongeBob: Brother star, we better check this guy out. Make sure he's safe for Squidward.

Squidward: At least I still have my Sunday pedicure to look forward to. (SpongeBob & Patrick are laughing inside Squidward's house. Squidward opens his front door) What are you two doing in my house?

SpongeBob: We're checking to make sure this guy really is a certified foot masseur and not some kind of assassin.

Patrick: Well, I say he checks out a-ok!

SpongeBob: Squidward, have you ever seen more lovely French tips? (shows foot with long toenails)

Squidward: French tips, huh? (shoves SpongeBob to the side) Alright, pal, make with a relaxing foot massage, pronto.

Masseur: Uh-oh. Uh, sorry. Your hour's up.

Squidward: (makes way toward the front door) Alright, you two! OUT! And don't even think about dragging your empty skulls around here for the rest of the day. Or tomorrow or next week.

SpongeBob: Squidward, does that include...

Squidward: YES, IT DOES! (closes door)

SpongeBob: Gee, Patrick, do you think Squidward was trying to tell us something?

Squidward: (busts head through the door) YES I WAS! YOU CALL YOURSELVES GOOD NEIGHBORS?! YOU'RE THE WORST NEIGHBORS EVER! (deep breath) YOU DON'T DESERVE TO WEAR THOSE FEZZES! (takes SpongeBob & Patrick's hats and stomps them into the ground)

SpongeBob: Gee, Pat, maybe president Squidward's right.

Patrick: Yeah, I guess we aren't good neighbors after all.

Squidward: NO YOU AREN'T! YOU'RE HORRIBLE NEIGHBORS! (deep breath) AND STOP CALLING ME PRESIDENT!

SpongeBob: (to Patrick) C'mon, let's go.

Squidward: There are only 3 hours of my Sunday left. They took it all away. I didn't even get to read the Sunday paper. (notices pile of paper on ground with a note on it)

SpongeBob: ('Here's Your Sunday Paper Squidward. Enjoy. Love, SpongeBob.') (Squidward kicks the paper into the air then growls like a dog. Then he takes the paper off his head)

Squidward: Good neighbors my right! (reads paper) Hello? "Keep Out Intruders For Good! New Security System 5000. Free Installation" (evil laugh. Later, has the security system built in and turned on)

Security System: System Activated.

Squidward: Well, that ought to do it! Let's see those imbeciles get in here now!

SpongeBob: (walks up to Squidward) President Squidward?

Squidward: (screams) What the...?!

SpongeBob: We hereby present you with this delicious cake.

Squidward: (reads writing on cake) "Sorry for bugging you so much"? What the...? Security system, help! Intruder alert! Intruder alert! What's the matter with you?!

Security System: No threat detected.

Squidward: (banging on security system) Oh, you infernal contraption! I'm gonna ship you off to the scrap heap you came from!

Security System: Threat detected. (system shoots a laser at Squidward which makes SpongeBob & Patrick's cake fly into the air and land on the system and makes it go haywire)

Squidward: What's going on?

Security System: Threat detected. Code red! Code red!

SpongeBob: (laughing as fireworks are shooting out all over Squidward's house) It's like a carnival ride.

Squidward: (running around) Run for your lives! (Squidward's house suddenly grows legs and arms and stands up. Then grabs Squidward from inside) What the...? What are you doing?! (Squidward's house kicks him into the air and walks off) I only have half an hour of me time left, and the idiots took my house. Which means those boobs aren't around to bug me. Ooh, just what I've been waiting for. (laughs hysterically) I'm going to relax, if it kills me. (Meanwhile, Squidward's house is on a rampage)

Army: Fire! (tank fires a missile at the house but the house catches the missile and flicks it away. Then the house grabs the tank, squishes it, and throws it)

Patrick: Whoa! Squidward's house is destroying the neighborhood!

SpongeBob: We gotta turn this thing off! (turns on a light switch) Nope, not it.

Patrick: (flushes the toilet) Nope.

SpongeBob: (turns on the fan) Nope.

Patrick: (pushes the toasted button down) That's not it, either.

Squidward: (still resting) This Sunday relaxation really hits the spot. (house stands right above Squidward. Squidward is surprised.)

SpongeBob: Hmmm, where to look. (notices an "off button" on the wall) Hmmm, this off button seems suspicious. (pushes button and house sits on top of Squidward and goes back to normal) We did it, Patrick! (Squidward busts through from beneath the floor) President Squidward?

Squidward: No-no, don't say anything more. This was all my fault. I was the one who wanted to relax on Sunday. Now if you'll be so kind as to leave so I can get ready for work tomorrow.

SpongeBob: Mr President...

Squidward: Sorry.

SpongeBob: But we just wanted to...

Squidward: GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!! Huh?

Scooter: There he is! (a whole crowd is standing outside Squidward's house)

Citizen: Are you the owner of this house?

Squidward: Yes. Yes I am.

Citizen: Well then on behalf of the citizens of Bikini Bottom, I hereby present you with this summons to pay for the destruction of our town. You'll be doing community service every Sunday for the rest of your life.

Squidward: Huh?

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward, you got one of those, too? (SpongeBob & Patrick walk up with a summons in their hand) This'll be great! The three of us cleaning up Bikini Bottom. Well, see ya next Sunday, president Squidward!

[Squidward shakes with rage]

(episode begins outside the Krusty Krab. Inside, Mr. Krabs is counting money at the register until he feels a rumble coming from outside)

Mr. Krabs: Here they come, lads.

SpongeBob: Hooray!

Squidward: Fantastic. (crowd comes rushing in, running over Squidward)

Mr. Krabs: Thank you very much, madam. (pushes the key to open the cash box over and over) I feel so alive!

Music: "Cha-Ching"

Cha-ching. Cha-ching. Cha-chingaree.
Money, oh money, how I love thee.
Cha-ching. Cha-chong. Cha-changaroo.
From pennies to dollars. Any amount will do

Cha-ching. Cha-ching. It's no contest.
There's only one thing that I love the best.
From every sight I ever seen. To the sweetest sound I've heard,
I'd gladly give up everything for all the money that I've earned!

Cha-ching. Cha-ching. Cha-chingaree.
There's nothing on earth like the feeling of greed.
There's nothing on earth like the feeling of greed!

(Mr. Krabs throws a cane he was spinning, then laughs and falls backwards. SpongeBob and Squidward catch him)

Squidward: Please don't do that again.

Howard Blandy: (walks in the Krusty Krab) I think the stain glass barstool can go over here. And the psuedo hand carved wooden sports flag display case can go over there.

Mr. Krabs: Ahoy there, matey. Can I help you gentlemen with something?

Howard: Are you the owner?

Mr. Krabs: Who wants to know?

Howard: Allow me to introduce myself. Howard Blandy: President, Blandy Franchising Company.

Mr. Krabs: Howard Blandy? You mean the Howard Blandy? The Howard Blandy that masterminded the ruthless takeover of every small family owned business in Bikini Bottom? That Howard Blandy? (gets on hands and knees) I worship you. (cries)

Howard: Get it together, little man.

Mr. Krabs: Sorry, it's just that...you're rich. (laughs) I'm Mr. Krabs. To what do I owe the honor of having you here, Howard? (slaps Howard's hand)

Howard: What would it take to buy the Krusty Krab?

Mr. Krabs: Buy the Krusty Krab? It's not for sale! You know, I may not make as much as your fancy-schmancy-mega restaurant chain, but it's the blood, sweat, and tears of a hard days work. It's not about the mon-- (suitcase full of money is shown to Mr. Krabs) Holy sweet mother of pearl! I like the way you think, Blandy. But it'll take a lot more than a suitcase of cash to buy the Krusty Krab from me.

Howard: Oh, there's a lot more than that. The rest is over there. (points to a boat full of suitcases with money)

Mr. Krabs: Jumpin' King Neptune! Sold. Give me my money.

Howard: First, sign this contract. (takes out a pen) You relinquish the Krusty Krab and all ownership thereof. Along with its employees, merchandise, logos, and cash registers.

Mr. Krabs: I still get the money?

Howard: Yes.

Mr. Krabs: That'll be fine then. (signs contract) Here you go. Now gimme gimme. (holds suitcase up in the air) Whoo-ha! See ya 'round. (walks out of the Krusty Krab. Contractors and painters come in remodeling)

SpongeBob: What's happening? Mr. Krabs! Mr. Krabs, they're putting up pennants in the Krusty Krab. What's going on?

Mr. Krabs: I'm retiring.

SpongeBob: Retiring?

Mr. Krabs: I'm free to do whatever I want. I can learn to ride that bicycle I got 30 years ago. Or go to the new hook museum downtown. Or even paint bowls of fruit. Aren't you happy for me?

SpongeBob: I sure am!

Mr. Krabs: So long, boys.

SpongeBob: Have fun, Mr. Krabs. (cries)

Squidward: Heaven knows I won't.

Carl: Hi, gentlemen, I'm Carl. Your new manager.

SpongeBob: New manager?

Carl: I think you'll find working at the Krabby 0' Mondays to be both a learning experience and an enjoyable one.

SpongeBob: Krabby 0' Mondays?

Carl: (takes away their Krusty Krew hats) You won't need these anymore. (hands them new clothes) Now here are your new uniforms, and here are the-- (hands them heavy books) --employee manuals. See ya first thing tomorrow. (SpongeBob and Squidward struggle with the heavy books. Bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs)

Mr. Krabs: (driving boat and smelling the air) Ah... The sweet smell of a brand-new day. First stop: the new hook museum. Then maybe I'll-- (sees new Krabby 0' Mondays) Hey, the Krabby 0' Mondays? Not the name I would've chosen. But that's all behind me now. (Bubble-wipe to later. Mr. Krabs is at the Hook Museum listening to the story narrator about a 3 prong hook)

Recorded voice: The three-pronged J-hook was first sighted in local water more than 100 years ago. (Mr. Krabs yawns. Next, he is at his home painting a bowl of fruit, but he actually paints a bowl of Krabby Patties. Then he is playing golf but stops)

Mr. Krabs: Wait a minute, I hate golf! (now laying in his bed at home) Well, I've done everything I wanted to do. And it's not even noon. (we see that according to the clocks, it's not yet 12 o'clock)

Pearl: (on phone) Did you see the shoes she has on? So last year. (laughs. Notices her father in the doorway) Hold on, Gina. Yeah, dad?

Mr. Krabs: How's it going?

Pearl: Fine.

Mr. Krabs: Whatcha up to?

Pearl: I'm talking on the phone!

Mr. Krabs: Oh, really?

Pearl: Really.

Mr. Krabs: Oh.

Pearl: Dad, isn't there something you need to do?

Mr. Krabs: Well, actually, I was hoping you and I could do something together.

Pearl: Get out! That's it, dad. Get a job, get a hobby, or get some friends. Because I can't take it anymore! (slams the door. Bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs on a unknown beach)

Mr. Krabs: (using a metal detector on the beach) Get some friends she says. Find a hobby she says. Get a job she says... Oh! (runs into a window with a "Help Wanted" sign) Help wanted? Hmm. (walks into the Krabby 0' Mondays)

Squidward: Ahoy there, mateys. Welcome to Krabby 0' Mondays.

Kid: It's my birthday.

Squidward: Can I start you off with--?

Mother: Will you sing the Krabby 0' Mondays birthday song to my special little man?

Squidward: Happy, happy birthday. (sighs) Happy, happy--

Carl: Uhh, Squidward, can I talk to you for a second? What's our motto here at Krabby 0' Mondays?

Squidward: Sincere service with a smile.

Carl: (chuckles) Well, yes, but with the Krabby 0' Mondays spirit. Now, Squidward, you wouldn't want to have to talk to human resources... (big strong guy steps out) ...would you? So, what's our motto again?

Squidward: Uh, uh, sincere service... (slaps himself) with a smile! (human resources guy disappears)

Carl: Now you're gettin' it.

Mr. Krabs: (in the kitchen cleaning dishes) Morning, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, what are you doing here?

Mr. Krabs: Retirement ain't all it's cracked up to be. So, I'm the new bus boy. (whistles as he sees SpongeBob with a big smile) Uhh, OK son, you're starting to creep me out.

SpongeBob: (clings to Mr. Krabs) I knew you'd come back, Mr. Krabs, I just knew you would.

Mr. Krabs: Okay, boy, back to work.

SpongeBob: Aye aye, sir.

Mr. Krabs: I'm not your boss anymore. Just call me Eugene.

SpongeBob: Aye aye...Eugene. (giggles)

Mr. Krabs: Ahoy, Squidward.

Squidward: Ahoy, Eugene! Would you mind clearing this table for me?

Mr. Krabs: Sure, Squidward. Ya know, I've never seen you so happy.

Squidward: They're watching us.

Mr. Krabs: That guy's a real pain in the hind-quarters, hey Squiddy?

Squidward: Uhh, Eugene, I think you need to look at page 20 of our employee handbook again.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, I don't need Carl's silly rules.

Squidward: I really think you should look. (pointing to a message)

Mr. Krabs: What's this? (reads the note) Help me.

Carl: Hey, fellas, what's going on over here?

Squidward: Oh, hey Carl, uhh, I was just reminding Eugene of article 24, section 3 of the employee handbook.

Carl: Cut the chatter and pick up a platter. Good job, Squidward.

Mr. Krabs: What have you done with the real Squidward?

Carl: The less you know, Eugene...the better.

Mr. Krabs: What's going on around here? Where's SpongeBob? (in the kitchen, Krabby Patties are being made in a different way; they are blobs of grey goo-like garbage squeezed by a machine onto an conveyor belt, sent through an oven and spray painted to look like real Krabby Patties)

SpongeBob: (takes a "Krabby Patty" from the basket) Where's the love?

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what happened to the Krabby Patties?

SpongeBob: I tried to tell them but they wouldn't listen to me.

Mr. Krabs: This is obscene. (walks out of the kitchen) Carl, I need to have a word... (notices a automated, wall-mounted cash register)

Cash Register: Your change is \$1.75. (displays "1.75" on the screen)

Mr. Krabs: Automated cash register? NOOOOO! (eyes roll back in his head) Hey, Carl, what have you done to me restaurant? Processed Krabby Patties? Computerized registers?

Carl: Look around you. Our customers are quite content with the contrive, and the mediocre. (customer falls asleep)

Mr. Krabs: That's because they don't know what they're eating. (grabs a pile of garbage from the Krabby Patty making machine, then walks up to a customer) Excuse me, ma'am. Do you know what's in that Krabby Patty you're eating?

Customer: No. (Mr. Krabs shows her the pile of garbage. Screams and runs out)

Mr. Krabs: See that? Without all your smoke and mirrors, no one would stomach this garbage.

Customer #2: What'd he say? Garbage? (customers notice what's in the "Krabby Patties" and everyone runs out. Mr. Krabs

laughs)

Carl: Eugene, you're in violation of your contract.

Mr. Krabs: Rules. Here's a rule for ya. People can't eat stain glass barstools. (throws barstool into the restaurant's big screen television) I'll show you automated. (takes the cash register and shoves it into the Synthetic Krabby Patty making machine)

Carl: Mr. Blandy? Code red. Free thinker.

Howard: Mr. Krabs, is there a problem here?

Mr. Krabs: You better believe it. I used to kiss the ground you walked on, Blandy. But after seeing this, I wouldn't even spit in your direction. Krabby Patties are supposed to be made by hand. One at a time. Not on a conveyor belt. (an alarm beeps. The Synthetic Krabby Patty machine blows and spews out garbage)

Carl: Oh, my. (garbage becomes a wave and washes them off the Krabby O Mondays, which explodes; floating away in the garbage) Does this mean I won't get that raise, sir?

Howard: It's ruined!

Friend: We'll have to sell it. We'll be lucky if we get a fraction of what we paid for it. (Mr. Krabs drives up with boat full of suitcases)

Mr. Krabs: I'll buy it for full price.

Friend: Sold. We won't need your contract anymore. (rips up contract) Nice doing business with you.

Mr. Krabs: Pleasure's all mine. Now get out of me restaurant. (laughs. Howard and his men walk away) Well, we did it, boys. The Krusty Krab is ours again. Ya know, in that fit of maniacal rage, I may have destroyed the restaurant, scared away all our customers, and forced us into bankruptcy because I returned nearly every penny I sold this stink heap for, but I got back the love of me dear friends.

Squidward: Really, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: No, not really! Get back to work! (gives SpongeBob and Squidward brooms to clean up the mess. Pushes the key to open the register and the episode ends with dollars wiping the screen to black)

(Squidward is sleeping until SpongeBob knocks on the door causing him to wake up)

SpongeBob: Oh, Squidward!

Squidward: (opens his window) What do you want, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Time for work, Squidward. Another day, another dollar. (laughs)

Squidward: More like another nickel.

SpongeBob: (laughs loudly) Good one, Squidward! (scene cuts to Squidward and SpongeBob walking down the street and

SpongeBob is laughing) Another day, another nickel. (laughs)

Squidward: It's not that funny.

SpongeBob: That's funny because it's true! (laughs. Scene cuts to SpongeBob clinging on to Squidward's legs as they walk into the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: Carpool's over. (flicks SpongeBob off his legs and into the kitchen)

SpongeBob: (peaks through the kitchen window) Nickel. (laughs loudly)

Squidward: (brings food tray over to a customer) Here's your food. (SpongeBob is laughing behind him) It's not that funny! (slams tray down) Please make it stop! (SpongeBob is running into the kitchen then out of Mr. Krabs office still laughing. Scene zooms into Squidward with a bunch of SpongeBob's laughing around his head. Scene cuts to Squidward flipping the 'OPEN' sign to 'CLOSE' then walking out of the Krusty Krab with SpongeBob still laughing. Squidward enters his house then shuts the door in SpongeBob's face)

SpongeBob: Okay, Squidward, see ya tomorrow. (laughs even more. Scene cuts to morning at the Krusty Krab)

Customer #1: And always check for spare change.

SpongeBob: Another day, another...nickel! (brings food to customer) 2 Krabby Patties.

Customer #2: Thanks, kid.

SpongeBob: Another day, another nickel. (laughs loudly)

Customer #2: Oh. (3 of them laugh)

Squidward: Cease your laughing, tormentor. (SpongeBob continues to laugh but every few seconds, he gets an ache in his side and Squidward takes notice of this) This could be my chance. (enters kitchen) SpongeBob, you don't look well!

SpongeBob: I don't?

Squidward: No. You should sit down.

SpongeBob: But...

Squidward: (sticks a cooking thermometer in SpongeBob's mouth) Shh. (feels his forehead) You're burning up, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: I am?

Squidward: Tell me, SpongeBob, have your sides been hurting?

SpongeBob: Yeah, a little.

Squidward: And your temperature is 175 degrees!

SpongeBob: Is that bad?

Squidward: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. Unless you've been doing a lot of laughing.

SpongeBob: I have been laughing a lot, lately.

Squidward: (gasps) SpongeBob, you've got to be careful! You're gonna burn out your laugh box.

SpongeBob: My laugh box?

Squidward: Yes, it's the part of your body that enables laughter. If you use it too long without giving it a break, it burns out and you can never laugh again.

SpongeBob: Is that what happened to you, Squidward?

Squidward: Yes. What? No! Listen, SpongeBob, this is serious. If you burn your laugh box you live your whole life without ever laughing again. (scene cuts to Sandy walking up to Patrick)

Sandy: Hey, Patrick, you wanna hear a joke?

Patrick: Sure, Sandy.

SpongeBob: (in a lung capacity machine) Sure, I'd love a good laugh.

Sandy: What has four wheels and flies? A garbage truck! (Sandy and Patrick laugh normally while SpongeBob's laugh is robot sounding. Sandy and Patrick walk away with a sigh of disgust)

SpongeBob: I don't wanna burn out my laugh box, Squidward.

Squidward: Well, the most important thing is to stop laughing. Any laugh at all could be dangerous.

SpongeBob: How long do I have to avoid laughing?

Squidward: Gosh, SpongeBob, I'd say at least for the rest of the day. But you better go 24 hours just to be safe.

SpongeBob: Thank you so much, Squidward! I don't know what I'd do without you! (later SpongeBob is walking out of the Krusty Krab) A day without laughter is a small price to pay to save my laugh box from utter destruction. I must remain vigilant. (looks over to his right) Nothing funny over there. (looks over to his left) Nothing funny over here.

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, how's it going?

SpongeBob: (notices banana peel in front of Patrick on the ground) Patrick, banana peel, don't!

Patrick: What'd you say? (slips on banana peel)

SpongeBob: Oh, no. (tries to keep himself from laughing)

Patrick: Hey, what the... (slips on banana peel again)

SpongeBob: Wait a minute, Patrick! (Patrick slips on the banana peel again) Please stop!

Patrick: Right foot first...

SpongeBob: Wait, Patrick, I can't laugh.

Patrick: You can't? Oh, I know what to do! (Patrick makes a sound with his lips and SpongeBob runs away trying not to laugh) That usually knocks him out. (slips on the banana peel again)

SpongeBob: (runs behind a building) Get a grip on yourself, SpongeBob. You're in control. (steps on a whoopee cushion) Just back away from the whoopee cushion, SpongeBob. (steps on another whoopee cushion. Gasps) They're everywhere! Everywhere!

Delivery Fish: Look out for that pie truck! (pie truck crashes into the whoopee cushion truck. SpongeBob laughs a little as the big pie on top of the truck falls on the driver)

SpongeBob: I gotta get outta here. (runs out of the Bikini Bottom city limits) There's nothing funny up here. But just to be safe... (digs himself a hole to bury himself in overnight. It's now daytime) Ah, I made it 24 hours without laughing. (tries to laugh but produces a weird deflating sound instead) That's odd. (produces the deflating sound again) I've lost my laugh. Ahh! (runs back into Bikini Bottom) I've lost my laugh! Ahh! (knocks on Patrick's rock)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: It's terrible, Patrick. I can't laugh anymore!

Patrick: What happened?

SpongeBob: I went a whole day without laughing and now my laugh is gone.

Patrick: Let me take a look. (inserts his head into SpongeBob's mouth) Hmmm, it's dark in here. I better light a match. (smoke fills SpongeBob and Patrick can't get him off his head so he runs around screaming. Later, at the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Come in.

SpongeBob: (crying) Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: What's wrong, boy?

SpongeBob: I lost my laugh.

Mr. Krabs: You've come to the right place, son. Ya know, there's one thing that always makes me laugh. (both look at money but only Mr. Krabs laughs) Don't it just tickle you, boy?

SpongeBob: Not really.

Mr. Krabs: This calls for drastic measures. I don't usually do this but you seem desperate. (leans in to SpongeBob's ear) Touch it.

SpongeBob: (touches money) Nothing.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, this is worse than I thought. After all, money is the ultimate source of joy.

SpongeBob: Maybe I should ask Sandy. She's a scientist. (later at Sandy's tree dome)

Sandy: Oh, it's easy if you approach it scientifically, SpongeBob. Now, what is laughter?

SpongeBob: The thing that used to give my life meaning and purpose but now mocks me with its cruel indifference.

Sandy: (pulls down a chart of the body) But scientifically speaking, it's caused by your epiglottis constricting your larynx causing irregular air intake and respiratory upset.

SpongeBob: Sounds painful.

Sandy: Science makes everything sound painful, SpongeBob. (hands SpongeBob a bunch of books) Now, here's a humor theory textbooks, laugh mechanics, and the quantum giggle theory.

SpongeBob: Thank you, Sandy.

Squidward: Sure is peaceful around here since SquarePants became a sad sack.

SpongeBob: I read all the books and still nothing. I guess I'll never laugh again. (moans and groans into his pineapple)

Squidward: I really hate to see the little guy so sad but not as much as I hate to see him happy. (laughs. Time card appears)

French Narrator: Later that same evening time...

Squidward: (hears SpongeBob wailing) I think I found the one thing I hate more than his laugh. I'm sure he'll cry himself out soon. (night turns into day as Squidward's tiki plugs up its ears) What have I done? (SpongeBob wails a river into Squidward's house causing it to flood him outside) Oh, that's it! This charade has to end. (knocks on SpongeBob's door)

SpongeBob: Hi, Squidward.

Squidward: SpongeBob, this infernal crying has to stop.

SpongeBob: But Squidward, I...I broke my laugh box. (sprays a fountain of tears into Squidward face)

Squidward: SpongeBob, there is no such thing as a laugh box! I made the whole thing up to get some peace from your insipid laughter.

SpongeBob: You mean...my laugh box isn't broken? And it was a cruel lie that sent me into spiralling depression?

Squidward: Uhh, yeah, well, it sounds pretty harsh when you put it that way, but yes.

SpongeBob: I could laugh the whole time?

Squidward: Yep. (SpongeBob starts laughing, then Squidward) You really fell for it.

SpongeBob: I guess I did.

Squidward: You even fell for the old thermometer in the boiling oil routine. (laughs)

SpongeBob: (stops laughing) It's really not that funny, Squidward.

Squidward: It's hilarious!

SpongeBob: See ya later, Squidward. (goes into his house)

Squidward: (still laughing) Break your laugh box! What a scheme! Whoo-hoo-hoo! (has a laughter breakdown. Two paramedics come take him to the hospital)

Patrick: Look, he's waking up.

Squidward: Oh...where am I?

Sandy: You're in the hospital, silly. You broke your laugh box.

Mr. Krabs: The doctor said it was the most tiny, dried-out, underused laugh box he'd ever laid eyes on.

Patrick: So they cut it out.

Squidward: Cut it out?

Patrick: Yeah, wanna see it? (holds up jar with Squidward's laugh box in it) It's fun to shake it up and watch it bounce around.

Squidward: Ach! Gimme. (takes the jar from Patrick) Ohh! I can never laugh again?

Replacement Doctor: Nonsense. Your laugh should be stronger than ever.

Squidward: But, you cut out my laugh box.

Replacement Doctor: Yes, but one of your friends generously allowed us to transplant part of theirs to you.

Patrick: Nope.

Mr. Krabs: They wouldn't pay me.

Sandy: You're getting warmer.

Squidward: (SpongeBob shows his scar) SpongeBob? (laughs)

SpongeBob: Hey, you say just like me. (both laugh. Squidward laughs too much so he runs through the wall) Oh, there he goes, off to share his laughter with the world. (laughs)

(SpongeBob & Patrick are running through the fields)

SpongeBob: (laughing) Hurry, Patrick, it's almost time for the joust.

Patrick: Right behind ya, SpongeBob. (giggles then both stop. A castle with a sign that says "Medieval Moments" is in front of them)

Speaker: Welcome to Medieval Moments. You're just 20 wizard spaces from swords, sorcery and bad hygiene. (SpongeBob & Patrick run in)

Henchman: Right this way, please.

SpongeBob: Excuse my good man, I believe thou meant to say "Righteth this wayeth". (both giggle)

Henchman: (tempted to kill himself but doesn't) Some day but not today.

(Inside castle)

SpongeBob: How's that mutton, Patrick?

Patrick: Me thinks it's mutton-tastic. (trumpet sounds)

Medieval Queen: Maury, you're suppose to announce the jousting tournament!

Medieval King: Good evening, fair patrons of medieval moments. By royal decree, we ask that two audience members come forth and participate in the, uhh, royal joust. (SpongeBob & Patrick raise their hands) Oh, alright. It appears that the pink starfish and the yellow sponge are our lucky contestants tonight. Hoorah.

SpongeBob: Isn't this exciting, Patrick? To think, we'll be watching the joust this close up.

Royal Henchman: You won't be watching the joust, you're in the joust.

SpongeBob: Pat, do you know how to ride a seahorse.

Patrick: Nuh-uh. (seahorses gallop on opposite sides of the stadium)

SpongeBob: Mr seahorse, sir, you're gentle on beginners, aren't you? (seahorse rides towards Patrick)

Patrick: SpongeBob, help!

Crowd: Take his head off!

SpongeBob: I don't suppose now would be a good time to ask for a bathroom break? (both screaming as SpongeBob hits Patrick clear out of the stadium) Patrick! (SpongeBob's seahorse throws him out of the stadium)

Patrick: (lands outside) Glad that's over. (SpongeBob lands on top of him)

SpongeBob: (calvary riding towards SpongeBob & Patrick) Look, some employees from the restaurant came to help us.

Horseman: Arrest these traitors for committing the act of witchcraft from falling from the sky.

SpongeBob: (touches the spears point) Whoa, they really go that extra mile for authenticity. Salutations my fellow knights.

Everything in the valley
Hospitals, schools, retirement homes,
And even ye olde bowling alley

Citizen: Not the bowling alley! (dragon zaps bowling alley into dust. Citizen cries)

SpongeBob: Knights, jesters, dragons, medieval bowling alleys, 12th century? Don't you see, Patrick? We really are in medieval times.

Patrick: Oh no, I think I left the water running at home!

Dungeon Master: The king wants a word with you two.

Patrick: Yay!

SpongeBob: Wait, we don't leave without Squidly.

Dungeon Master: Why should I take him?

SpongeBob: Because, umm, Squidly has thought of some brilliant songs for the king and he just has to hear them. Isn't that right, Squidly?

Squidly: (nods) Absolutely. (plays clarinet)

SpongeBob: (stops Squidly) Squidly, uhh, maybe you should wait for the king to hear that.

Squidly: Suit thineselves. Thou does not knowest what thou art missing. (at King Krabs's castle)

King: Woe is me. Woe is me. Woe is me. What to do? What to do?

Pearl: Father, what are thou going on about now?

King: Oh, just the same ol' thing dear daughter. It's that evil Planktonamor. His insidious dragon's destroyed half the kingdom. Soon, there'll be no citizens to tax. Not one of me best knights have been able to defeat him. (has a stroke)

Pearl: Father, remember your blood pressure. You wouldn't want another leech treatment, would you?

Medieval Gary: Meow.

Henchman: Your highness, the dungeon master has brought the prisoners you asked for.

King: Well don't just stand there, send 'em in.

Henchman: Sure thing, your highness. (King Krabs & Pearl look at each other blankly)

SpongeBob: Hey, Mr. Krabs.

King: How dare you bark in that tone, nave? I am the feared ruler of this kingdom and will be addressed as such.

SpongeBob: Sorry.

King: And why have you brought this fool back into me throne room.

Squidly: If your majesty may be so kind, I think I have a song that will answer all your questions.

King: Ohh, alright, alright. But this is your last chance, fool.

Squidly: Oh, thank you sir. Thank you. You won't be disappointed.

Music: "Third Squidly's Song"

Oh hear me king
For I must sing,
How you are the greatest
At everything.
Like letting a dragon
Burn down our city,
A horrible sight
That wasn't pretty.
Twas all your fault
And tis a pity,
You are bad
You are to blame.
Now hang your kingly head in shame
La la la la la la la la la la!
The king is bad
The king's to blame,
He hangs his kingly head in shame.
La la la la la la la la la la!

King: Guards, send these slanderers to the guillotine. (shown a guillotine that cuts a pineapple in half)

SpongeBob: Wait, you don't understand. We're not from here.

King: That's because you're witches who were sent by Planktonamor to destroy me.

SpongeBob: No, we're time travelers. (King gets angry) Help me out here, Patrick.

Patrick: I'm not sure that there's anything I can add at this point.

King: Ok, I'm through playing around. Guards! (gives the signal for their beheading)

Pearl: Father, you must spare me. Has thou forgotten about the prophecy?

King: What prophecy?

Pearl: The one above your head.

King: How long has that been there?

Pearl: The story tells of two brave knights who fall from the sky. And are sent by the king to rid the lamenting town of the evil dragon controlled by the one-eyed wizard. Father, don't you get it? It's them. These strangers have come to rescue us, like in the prophecy. (Bat Clams and a Dragon Jellyfish break through the wall)

King: How dare you defile my house, demon! (dragon zaps King Krabs and grabs Princess Pearl) Princess Pearl! I'm coming Pearl. Prepare to meet thy maker, foul beast. (dragon flicks King Krabs away)

SpongeBob: (at the guillotine) Well, I guess this is it, Patrick.

Patrick: I guess so. I'm gonna miss you, SpongeBob. (cries)

SpongeBob: I'll miss you too, buddy. (both cry as King Krabs crashes into the guillotine, breaking it. Dragon takes Pearl away)

Pearl: Daddy, help!!

King: Pearl!! (cries) Can no one stop this madness? (sun shines on SpongeBob & Patrick) You two, my apologies. (kisses their feet) Most noble and valiant warriors.

Patrick: I guess this is what you call the royal treatment.

King: May Neptune grant you safety on your perilous journey to the evil wizard's castle to which no one has escaped alive.

SpongeBob: We're going on a perilous journey?

King: Well, of course, you're the chosen ones. Huh, what's this? A lost piece of the prophecy? Hmmm...

SpongeBob: Lemme guess, more praise for our heroic stature?

King: Actually, it says I'm suppose to kick you out of here!!

SpongeBob: Say no more, your majesty. Us manly knights are so manly, we kick ourselves out of places. Come on, Patrick! (flies himself out)

Patrick: Look out trouble! (flies himself out)

Squidly: Well, so much for their company. (plays clarinet)

King: On second thought, you better go with 'em. They could use the entertainment.

Squidly: Have it your way.

King: Good luck strange ones!

(commercial break)

SpongeBob: (SpongeBob, Patrick, & Squidly are now walking down the road) I know we're a prophecy and all, but I don't think we can stop the dragon with our bare hands.

Patrick: Yeah, we need some gloves.

Squidly: Perhaps yonder blacksmith can provide some arms for your battle.

SpongeBob: At last, an honest man of the soil. Observe, as I effortlessly commingle with this brutish native. (enters blacksmith shop) Greetings, iron man. I am Sir SpongeBob of Bikini... (blacksmith grabs SpongeBob with his tongs) ... bottom.

Blacksmith: I told you people before, I'd have the rent when I have it.

SpongeBob: We just wanted to buy some armor.

Blacksmith: Well, why didn't you just say that? (lets SpongeBob go) Hmmm, I've got just the thing for you.

Patrick: (holding a helmet) This is awesome. (puts helmet over his already worn helmet) Hey, SpongeBob, get out here! (SpongeBob walks out standing on metal legs and wearing a big protective helmet) Whoa, SpongeBob you look incredible.

Blacksmith: And now for the piece de resistance. (welds a sword for SpongeBob) Your sword, brave knight. Hand-forged from anodized dragon's skin. It is truly a weapon worthy of a knight of your stature.

SpongeBob: (struggles) A little heavy, isn't it? (drops the sword piercing through the blacksmiths chest)

Blacksmith: (laughs) That's gonna need some stitches. Let me see what I else I got. (searches through a chest of weapons) Unfortunately, all I have in the way of light weaponry is this jellyfish net.

SpongeBob: That's perfect! (later SpongeBob, Patrick & Squidly are walking towards the castle of Lord Planktonamor)

Squidly: We doth have a long journey ahead of us.

SpongeBob: It's a good thing I packed us a lunch of delicious krabby patties.

Patrick: Ooh!

Lord Planktonamor: (looking through a crystal ball) This be the legendary prophecy? (laughs) Oh, that be-eth a wretch. T'would almost insult me would it not be so funny.

Karen: (as crystal ball) Planktonamor, thou art cocky and overly confident with thyself.

Lord Planktonamor: Trusteth in me, Karen. I doth knowest what I am doing. Come hither, boy. (dragon appears) Deliver my demands onto his majesty, King Krabs. (laughs then coughs)

Dark Knight: Halt, who goes there?

Squidly: Doth my eyes betray me? Tis the nefarious dark knight.

Music: "Fourth Squidly's Song"

Oh dark knight
Spare us please,
Don't cut off our heads
Or boil our knees.
Pray take these two and let me go free
And will give to thee some...cheese!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Dark knight?!

Dark Knight: I asketh once more. Before I rip thee limb from limb, reveal thyself.

SpongeBob: I am SpongeBob and this is Patrick. (laughs nervously) We've been sent to rescue Princess Pearl from Planktonamor.

Dark Knight: If thou wishes to get across, thou willst have... (reveals self as medieval Sandy) to get through me.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Medieval Sandy! I know how to handle this. With a little karate. (both attack each other but SpongeBob swallows Sandy then spits her out into a rock)

Dark Knight: By the hammer of Odem, this be a new fighting style my eyes have not yet seen.

SpongeBob: I am bad, oh yeah! Whoo!

Dark Knight: Doth thou tryeth to insult me. Thou willst drink from the fountain of shame.

SpongeBob: Pssh, did you hear that Patrick? I told you she sings like a Squirrel. (Dark Knight destroys the armor and throws SpongeBob into a rock. SpongeBob ends up having his legs and arms switched) Good one, Medieval Sandy. But can you handle my feet of fury? (attacks Dark Knight but the D.K. jumps out of the way as SpongeBob bounces off the rock and into D.K. sending her into the other rock. SpongeBob attacks her again but the D.K. pins SpongeBob against the rock)

Dark Knight: Willst thou like a little rub down? (as she is rubbing SpongeBob turns into dust causing the D.K. to cough. SpongeBob appears normal again and karate chops D.K.) You have fested me, yellow knight. Strike quick and true, noble sponge.

SpongeBob: I don't understand a word you just said! (laughs. Dark Knight turns into a real squirrel but with the crosses for eyes) Uhh, Medieval Sandy, you don't look so good. Sandy? Sandy... (screen turns black then water is thrown onto the Dark Knight) Patrick, it's working. Do it again. (Patrick gathers spit and spits it upon her)

Dark Knight: Thou hath spare me kind & noble sponge. And unto thee, I owe a debt of gratitude for I will follow you on your quest to defeat Planktonamor and learn a trifle of that karate.

SpongeBob: Yeah, karate! (karate chops Squidly in half)

Squidly: Oweth. (meanwhile back at King Krabs' castle, the dragon flies away)

Henchman: Your majesty! Your majesty! A scroll hath arrive for thee.

King: Thou must hand over thy village and thy throne or thy daughter shall be dipped into a giant cauldron of hot lava?!

Pearl!!! NO!!! (Pearl screams)

Squidly: That be the shriek of the fair Princess.

Music: "Fifth Squidly's Song"

Hark the Princess
She screams from the tower,
By the sound of her shrieks
This is her final hour.

Dark Knight: Then time be of the essence. Doth we all remember thy plan.

Patrick: No, uhh, I mean yes. Yes! That's what I said, heh. Yes.

Dark Knight: Then let us forge on. Make way, heathens. Dark Knight coming through.

Guard: State thy business, Dark Knight.

Dark Knight: These village idiots are conspirators against Master Planktonamor and I needeth to know which form of torture thy master wishes upon these wretched fools. Do I have their limbs tied to horses and swiftly yanked apart. Rip! Or pluck each individual eyelash one by one taking away their every single last eyelash wish.

SpongeBob: No!! (screams and crying)

Guard: Very well, Dark Knight. Entrance be granted. (SpongeBob still screaming and crying) Halt! Make a wish. (plucks one of SpongeBob's eyelashes)

Dark Knight: Wow, goodsome thinking, Sir SpongeBob. Posing as a frat and wee baby in ye olde diapers did make it most believable.

SpongeBob: Yeah, you think we fooled them? (Pearl screams) Princess Pearl. I must fulfill the prophecy while you untie Patrick and the royal doophus.

Squidly: That be royal fool.

SpongeBob: (running up the stairs followed by the rest of the group) Hang on, Pearl, we're coming to rescue you! (panting) We're a-comin. Almost there. Oh, dear Neptune.

Lord Planktonamor: Soon the King's village will be mine, mine, mine!! (Pearl screams)

SpongeBob: (panting out of breath) Unhand her, you fiend!!

Pearl: The prophecy is nie!

SpongeBob: We're here to rescue you, Pearl. Whew! Can I get a glass of water?

Lord Planktonamor: Sparkling or regular? Sike it!

SpongeBob: (gasps) You truly are the nastiest wizard in all of Bikini Bottom Shire. Prepare to be vanquished.

Lord Planktonamor: Bring it oneth, nave.

SpongeBob: (as he runs to attack Lord Planktonamor, he steps on him without knowing) What the...? Where...? Oh... (laughs) I didn't see you. You're so tiny. (Plankton gets up and uses his magic on SpongeBob. But SpongeBob laughs) That tickles! Tiny powers! Tiny powers! (as Lord Planktonamor is zapping SpongeBob, the rest of the group frees Pearl but she crashes through the top)

Pearl: I be-eth ok.

Lord Planktonamor: (SpongeBob gets zaps by dragon) Wow...huh? (notices dragon) Yes! Yes! Sicketh them boy! (dragon chases them)

Squidly: Perhaps a soothing lyric will calm thee.

Music: "Sixth Squidly's Song"

There once was a dragon
So handsome and smart,
He let me go free
For he had a big heart.

Squidly: (dragon zaps him) Everyone be-eth a critic.

Dark Knight: Hi-ya!! (attacks dragon but dragon zaps her)

Patrick: No! No! No! (gets zapped)

Lord Planktonamor: Dead end for you, simpleton. (laughs)

SpongeBob: Wait a minute. (gets out the jellyfish net and captures the dragon) Wow, the boys back home will never believe this.

Patrick: I'm right here and I don't believe it. (dragon zaps his way out of the net)

SpongeBob & Patrick: No! No! No! No!

SpongeBob: Well, I guess this is it, Pat.

Patrick: Yeah. Hey, can we eat those krabby patties now?

SpongeBob: Sure, buddy.

Patrick: Yay! (dragon takes the krabby patty and eats it) Hey!

SpongeBob: Patrick look! He's eating the krabby patties.

Patrick: Huh? No! No! No-o-o! The horror. The horror.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, it's a good thing.

Patrick: It is?

SpongeBob: Sure it is. Just listen to him purr. He loves that krabby patty.

Lord Planktonamor: For sooth. What be-eth going on here? Destroy them! Do it now or so help me.

SpongeBob: Umm, I'd be more than happy to make you some more of those delicious krabby patties. (dragons zaps Planktonamor)

Lord Planktonamor: Curses! You win.

Squidly: (everyone is at a celebration) Make way. Thy king's heroes cometh through.

Music: "Seventh and Final Squidly's Song"

Hark! Ring the bell
Tis all ended well
The dragon is vanquished
The princess returned
And only a few of us got badly burned!

King: Order up! (flips burger so dragon catches it and eats it) Hmmm, I doth wonder if I could sell these, uhh, krabby patties. (laughs. Squidly plays his clarinet)

Citizen: Not that horrible noise.

Citizen #2: Make it stop! (citizen #1 throws a rock through the clarinet which causes the seahorses to launch SpongeBob & Patrick into the air and back down where it is now the present)

Medieval Queen: Hey kid, are you ok? That was some fall you had.

SpongeBob: Oh, I guess I shouldn't have agitated that seahorse. That was some dream, huh, Patrick? Patrick?

Patrick: Try telling that to Squidly. (Patrick squished Squidly into an accordion)

(Everyone screams and points at the Plankton robot as it grabs a handful of people in each hand and drops them inside the Chum Bucket).

Plankton: (everyone running around inside) Oh, good, the lunch rush. Now that my ChumBot has dropped you into my clutches, you'll be forced to eat at the Chum Bucket. (everyone stops in their tracks)

Nat Peterson : What?! You mean you kidnapped us just to sell us your fast food?

Plankton: C'mon, it's a standard marketing technique.

Nat Peterson: You little twerp.

Plankton: Hey!

Karen: He's right, ya know.

Plankton: Karen?! You think I'm a twerp?

Karen: Well, yes, but I was referring to the kidnapping.

Plankton: Everything I do is always wrong in your eyes.

Karen: Maybe it's because you are always wrong.

Plankton: Fine, I'm wrong and you're right.

Karen: You said it, not me.

Plankton: (walking away) Why did I ever install that nagging software?

Karen: Nagging software? I heard that! Come back and dust my screen!

Mr Krabs: Oh, money. You're always there for me. (kissing noisily)

Mama Krabs: Hello, Eugene.

Mr. Krabs: Mother! What brings you by today?

Mama Krabs: I just wanted to see my favorite son.

Mr. Krabs: How much of my money do you want?

Mama Krabs: Well, I did see the prettiest hat in town today.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, look at the time! So sorry to have to rush off. Bye, bye! (pushes Mama Krabs out his office and closes his door) Whew, that was a close one.

Plankton: Why did I ever buy that computer wife? I need a real woman—not a girl in a cold hard shell. (Plankton hears Mama Krabs humming outside so he brings down his periscope and through it we can see a real crab in the ocean) Such beauty. She's an angel; and no wires. I've never felt like this before. I don't even know her name and yet she's stolen my heart.

Karen: Plankton?! You've fallen in love with another woman? I'm your wife!

Plankton: You're a W.I.F.E.: Wired Integratred Female Elecrtoencephalograph.

Karen: Oh, you always pull that one out! "You're not a real wife, you're just a computer!"

Plankton: Aah! Why don't you have an 'off' switch. (sees an off switch)

Karen: Plankton, don't you dare... (turns off)

Plankton: And now to woo that beloved creature. (cut to Mama Krabs taking a nap while Robot Plankton is looking through her window. Then the robot grabs her)

Robot Plankton: Roses are red. Violets are blue. World domination has nothing on you.

Mama Krabs: AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Plankton: Hmm, I guess she's not a poetry fan. (everyone is running around screaming while the robot is using its eye laser to spell out "I (heart) You" on the ground, but while destroying some of the town when doing this. Mama Krabs reads it and screams a few times) Poetry, love notes--nothing's working. Maybe something personal. (Mama Krabs is shrieking. The robot walks over to a rock and karate chops a memorial-like statue of Mama Krabs' head)

Mama Krabs: Am I really that pretty?

Plankton: Oh, yeah...I am smooth. (cut to later in his restaurant by a phone) Just dial the number and ask her to dinner. C'mon, you can do this. (dial tones beeping; Plankton grunting).

Mama Krabs: Hello? (Plankton grunting in the phone) I'm hanging up.

Plankton: Wait! It's your secret admirer.

Mama Krabs: Oh, you're that giant robot?

Plankton: (laughing) No. I program the robot. Did you enjoy the gift I sent you?

Mama Krabs: How did you know I wanted a hat? Have you been spying on me? (6 TV screens are set-up to in different parts of Mama Krabs house)

Plankton: It was...just a lucky guess. I've admired you from afar for far too long, my angel. We must meet face-to-face.

Mama Krabs: Well, how about the Krusty Krab tonight at 8?

Plankton: Sounds wonderful. I'll be the tall fellow wearing a red carnation. Until tonight, my dear. (cut to Mama Krabs walking into the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Ah! Quick, SpongeBob, swallow me wallet!

SpongeBob: Ok. (Mr. Krabs shoves his wallet in SpongeBob's mouth and SpongeBob swallows it).

Mr. Krabs: Oh, sorry, mommy. I can't lend you any money. SpongeBob accidentally swallowed me wallet. (sniffs his mother's hat) Mommy, you got yourself a hat without my financial assistance.

Mama Krabs: Isn't it nice, Eugene? It's just the one I wanted.

Mr. Krabs: But, mommy, you shouldn't be spending my inheritance...I mean, since you told me you wanted a hat, I dug one up. (takes out a hat with holes in it)

Mama Krabs: Where did you get this old thing? (at a funeral where two fish are paying their respects to the person in the coffin)

Fish #1: She looks so peaceful.

Squidward: Yeah, No Was't admirer get this old oh hat mommy.

Fish #2: Yeah, but wasn't she wearing a hat? (Mr. Krabs is seen running out with the hat)

Mama Krabs: You can take this one back to the trash heap.

Mr. Krabs: Yes, mommy. (tosses hat and shovel to Squidward) Squidward, make a return for me.

Mama Krabs: Thank ye for your concern for my finances, but me new boyfriend bought me this hat.

Mr. Krabs: Boyfriend? Someone to spend money...time with you? That's wonderful! Who is he? What's his name?

Mama Krabs: I don't know. I'm meeting him here, tonight.

Mr. Krabs: Wonderful! I'll stay open late so ye can have a nice, romantic dinner. Run along, make yourself pretty. SpongeBob, you're working late tonight. No overtime! (SpongeBob lunges himself into the door.)

SpongeBob: Ah! (Cut to a rose walking into the Krusty Krab where SpongeBob is in a waiter uniform)

Plankton: (clears throat) I've reservations for two, tonight.

SpongeBob: Right this way, sir. (SpongeBob pulls back the chair for Plankton as he jumps up on it)

Plankton: (shouts) Excuse me, I can't reach my silverware!

SpongeBob: Terribly sorry, sir. (reaches into his pocket and takes out a miniature table & chair. Places it on top of the big table then grabs Plankton and places him in the chair) Will there be anything else?

Plankton: Is my tie on straight?

SpongeBob: You look FABULOUS! (Mama Krabs walks in) Your gentlemen caller awaits. (Mama Krabs walks up to the table)

Plankton: (pulls rose away from his body) Hello, my dear. I must say you look ravishing tonight. (Mama Krabs notices tiny Plankton)

Mama Krabs: Oh, my, you're a tiny thing, but awfully cute. Tell me about yourself. (sits down in a chair that SpongeBob has brought to her)

Plankton: Well, I'm in the food service business. I'm a bit of a restaurateur. I'm the founder and owner of the Chum Bucket.

Mama Krabs: Never heard of it.

Plankton: It's across the street.

Mama Krabs: Doesn't ring a bell.

Plankton: It's on the back of the phone book. C'mon, I paid a lot of money for that ad! Never mind. Never mind. I'd like to hear about you.

Mama Krabs: Well...

Mr. Krabs: Plankton!

Plankton: Krabs!

Mama Krabs: Eugene!

Mr. Krabs: Mommy?

Plankton: "Mommy?"

SpongeBob: (jumps in the air) SpongeBob!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob...

Plankton: This delectable creature is your mother?

Mr. Krabs: This no-good conniving chiseler is your date?

SpongeBob: And this handsome sponge is your waiter.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! I don't know what sort of skullduggery you're up to, Plankton, and I'm not waiting to find out. (picks up Plankton by his antenna)

Mama Krabs: Eugene, you put me boyfriend down, this instant!

Plankton: Boyfriend?

Mr. Krabs: But, mommy...

Plankton: You heard the lady. Let me go. (Mr. Krabs drops him into Mama Krabs hand)

Plankton: That's more like it.

Mama Krabs: Come, Plankton. I'm sorry me son had to spoil our romantic evening.

Mr. Krabs: Mommy? (cut to Plankton cleaning a picture of Mama Krabs then in walks Mr. Krabs) You!

Plankton: Eugene.

Mr. Krabs: I came to warn you, Plankton. Stay away from me mother. I know what you're really up to.

Plankton: I'm serious, Eugene. I've changed my ways. And all it took was the love of a beautiful woman.

Mr. Krabs: All you love is thieving and conniving. Now, stop trying to get the formuler out of me mother.

Plankton: What are you talking about?

Mr. Krabs: I'm talking about the Krabby Patty formula!

Plankton: Your mother knows the Krabby Patty formula?

Mr. Krabs: Don't play stupid with me. Of course she does. It's an old Krabs family recipe. And you're not family! (Plankton frowns) I'm telling you for the last time: stay away from me mother. (walks out)

Plankton: Not family, eh? Well, I can fix that. (cut to Mama Krabs walking into the Krusty Krab)

Mama Krabs: Eugene.

Mr. Krabs: Mommy.

Mama Krabs: What did I tell ye about interfering in me life?

Mr. Krabs: Mommy, can't you see? He's trying to seduce the Krabby Patty formula from you.

Mama Krabs: For your information, Eugene, he hasn't asked me once about the formula. I doubt that he even knows that I know it.

Mr. Krabs: (chuckles) Uh, yeah...funny thing about that.

Mama Krabs: I forbid ye to interfere in me private business. Go to your office, now!

Mr. Krabs: Yes, mommy. (walks into his office).

Plankton: Somebody call heaven, I think an angel's gone missing.

Mama Krabs: Oh, Sheldon.

Plankton: Oh, Mrs. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Oh, brother.

Plankton: Attention, everyone. I'd like to make an announcement. Mrs Krabs, in full view of this restaurant, I ask you for your hand in holy matrimony.

Crowd: Aww!

Plankton: Would you marry me? (big diamond ring shown up close)

Mr. Krabs: Aah, that's it! No more hiding in my room like a scared little kid. It's time to act like a man! (pretends to jump at Plankton)

Plankton: Gasp!

Mr. Krabs: (jumps in his mother's lap) Please don't marry him, mommy! Don't marry this bad, bad man! I don't want you to!

Plankton: Too late Krabsy. We're going to be married. And you're going to be my new son! (laughs maniacally. Mama Krabs hands the ring back to Plankton) Huh? What's this, honey bunch?

Mama Krabs: I am flattered by your offer, really I am, but I'm just not ready for that kind of commitment.

Mr. Krabs: Hah!

Plankton: What is this? There's somebody else, isn't there? (Robot Plankton stomping thunderously)

Robot Plankton: I...this is very uncomfortable. I'll just wait in the car.

Plankton: I don't believe this! You led me on!

Mama Krabs: Now, now, Plankton, it's not what ye think.

Plankton: I don't want to hear your lies! You owe me for leading me on like this! Give me the Krabby Patty formula and we'll call it even.

Mama Krabs: The formula? Is that what this whole thing was about?

Plankton: No, no, not really. I mean, not at first. I mean uh...honey bunch? Uh-oh. (Mama Krabs shows her muscles, which show as ships cannons. She punches Plankton back to the Chum Bucket) Oh, well, 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all! (Plankton ends up flying into the ON switch of Karen)

Karen: Working.

Plankton: So, you've decided to come crawling back to me, huh?

Karen: (A laser machine comes down) What did you say?

Plankton: (chuckles nervously) Nothing, dear.

Karen: (zaps him and Plankton screams) Yeah, that's what I thought you said, honey bunch. (Plankton groans).

(a green car comes driving up then stops. Kelp-Thing gets out)

Kelp-Thing: Huh? Eh?

Narrator: It's Mermaid Man! Savior of the deep! (Barnacle Boy appears) And his young fit servant, Barnacle Boy.

Mermaid Man: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy...unite! (both put rings together then jump down onto Kelp-Thing's car) Kelp-Thing, this is a posted, "No-Parking" zone.

Kelp-Thing: (cut to the sign. Camera zooms out to reveal Kelp-Thing) But I must do what I do. (jumps up in the air, snickering, until he notices his car is being towed) Huh? (Kelp-Thing jumps down. The word "TOWED" comes on screen. Kelp-Thing then walks away)

Mermaid Man: Evil can't park here between the hours of 6:00am and 12:00pm! (both raise their rings and the word "FIN" appears on-screen. The Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy Fan Club is watching a video about the heroes. They now cheer)

Club Leader: Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy Fan Club members unite! (puts fists together in air)

All: Unite! (all put their fists together in air)

Club Leader: And now the second order of business, Drippy Brothers Studios is currently in production of the Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy movie!

All: (in amazement) Ooh!

SpongeBob: Oh, boy, Patrick. I can hardly wait to see our favorite heroes, on the big screen! (Patrick laughs)

Club Leader: Third order of business, the special surprise guest. (all gasp) The stars of the Mermaid Man movie are here tonight! (everyone cheers) Directly from the set, here they are! (the curtain opens and reveals the fake actors who portray Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy)

Fake Mermaid Man: Hello, little heroes.

Patrick: Huh?

SpongeBob: You're not Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy. You're fakes.

Fake Mermaid Man: Well, of course, we are--we're actors.

SpongeBob: Actors? How can you make a Mermaid Man movie without the real Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy?

Fake Mermaid Man: Listen, kid, (pokes SpongeBob with his finger) this is an action movie. You're has-been heroes are too old for action.

SpongeBob: Mermaid Man is timeless!

Patrick: Yeah!

SpongeBob: I think I speak for everyone here when I say we won't stand for these two phony-baloney ruining the good name of our heroes. (the fake Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy actors are shocked) No right-minded Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy society member would ever pay to see this...this celluloid hoax. I say we boycott this movie! Now who's with me? (SpongeBob and Patrick are thrown out of the building) Traitors! Wait till we tell Mermaid Man about this. (bubble-wipe to Shady Shoals)

Announcer: B-47. (Mermaid Man scans through his "BINGO" card with his finger)

Mermaid Man: BONK0!

Barnacle Boy: (puts hand on Mermaid Man) It's "Bingo".

Mermaid Man: (slaps Barnacle Boy's hand away) Get your hands off me, woman!

Announcer: A-29.

SpongeBob: (walks in angrily) "Too old for an action movie"...huh. (walks up to Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy)

Barnacle Boy: What is this time, kid?

SpongeBob: Are you aware that Drippy Brothers Studios are making the Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy movie?

Barnacle Boy: They can't be making a movie about us!

SpongeBob: But they are! And they're using... (cut to a close-up of his mouth) actors. (Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy gasp) They have shunned our heroes.

Patrick: And they weren't nice to them either.

Mermaid Man: (crying) Now our dreams of being big screen heroes will never come true.

SpongeBob: Well, that makes it even worse.

Barnacle Boy: (puts hands on Mermaid Man's back) You bet it does, kid.

Mermaid Man: (in sorrow) And the worst part is: I can't remember why I started crying.

Patrick: Why don't we just make our own movie?

SpongeBob: (puts his hands on Patrick) Patrick, once again, you have exposed your brilliance. We'll make a real Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy movie. Right here at Shady Shoals.

Mermaid Man: (stops crying) You will?

SpongeBob: Yes! And in doing so, we will right the wrong done to you by the evil Drippy Brother Studios and... (cut to a close-up of his mouth again) their actors.

Mermaid Man: (jumps on top of the table) Vindication is ours! Vindi... (notices that he got up to the table) ...how did I get up here? (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab, with SpongeBob, Patrick, and a typewriter at a table)

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, what do we need to start a movie?

Patrick: Popcorn?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, to start making a movie.

Patrick: Oh, oh, oh...

SpongeBob: Let's start with... the title.

Patrick: Yeah, yeah. (they both think for a title until Patrick comes up with one) Ooh! I got one! "Adventures in the Underground City".

SpongeBob: Great, Pat, what happens?

Patrick: Well, there's a city...

SpongeBob: (types it in) City...

Patrick: And it's underground...

SpongeBob: (typing) Underground...

Patrick: And they have an adventure...

SpongeBob: (typing) Adventure...

Patrick: The end.

SpongeBob: (types in the last thing) End. (finishes typing) That's great, Pat. (checks paper) Hmm, seems kinda short.

Patrick: I have an idea. Let's make it longer!

SpongeBob: Longer, yes! Ok, let's have Mermaid Man get his face shrunk by Kelp-Thing's face minimizer.

Patrick: Yeah, and then he...umm...he drinks...cheese coffee!

SpongeBob: (laughs) Good one, Pat! (both laugh)

Mr. Krabs: (walks to table) What are ye lads doing?

SpongeBob: We're making a movie.

Mr. Krabs: Great! I got cinema's newest star, right here. (camera pan to Pearl, who is holding a Krabby Patty. SpongeBob looks through his fingers, which make a square shape staring at Pearl. She giggles)

Mr. Krabs: So, what do you say, lad?

SpongeBob: Sure, Mr. Krabs, Pearl can be in our movie.

Mr. Krabs: I wasn't talking about Pearl. I was talking about the Krabby Patty. (cut to a close-up of the Krabby Patty held by Pearl. Cut back to Pearl, who bursts into tears)

SpongeBob: You can be in it, too, Pearl.

Pearl: (immediately stops crying and becomes happy; singsong) I'm gonna be a movie star! (bubble-wipe to outside Shady Shoals)

SpongeBob: Let's meet the highly skilled professionals who will help us fulfill your dream of being on the big screen. (cut to Sandy) Sandy will handle the stunts and explosives. (Sandy holds up a bomb)

Sandy: Howdy.

SpongeBob: (camera pans to Pearl) Pearl is the leading lady. (camera pans to Mr. Krabs) Mr. Krabs will cater the affair. (Mr. Krabs holds up a Krabby Patty. Camera pans to Patrick, with a film camera next to him) Patrick will run the camera.

Patrick: Hey... (leans on the camera, only to knock over the camera and get tangled up in film roll)

SpongeBob: This is Squidward. He's in charge of the makeup department.

Squidward: Uh, no thanks. Who wants to be the "makeup department"? (walks away)

SpongeBob: Not makeup department. You're the makeup artist.

Squidward: (looks back) Artist?

SpongeBob: Makeup artist.

Squidward: (in enthusiasm) In that case, let's make those old crabapples sizzle. (looks at the heroes) Hmm... (close-ups of Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy's old, wrinkly faces) Time for the art-est to go to work. (takes out a blowtorch and gets to work. Banging and screaming are heard. Squidward scrubs, stretches, and staples their faces together. More screaming are heard) Voila!

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) OK, places everybody. Squidward, are our heroes ready?

Squidward: As they'll ever be.

SpongeBob: (gasps in amazement. Camera cuts to Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy, who appear to have their skins stretched and tied) They're beautiful! They look just like they did 30 years ago. (Mermaid Man slurps) Ok...action! (Sandy pushes a handle down, and a special-effects explosion occurs)

Sandy: I love my new job!

SpongeBob : (on megaphone) Good job, Sandy.

Plankton: Psst... (Plankton, who is wearing a miniature ManRay helmet, walks in) I, ManRay, have returned from the murky depths to seek my revenge and banish your souls to the nether regions. Their defenses are strong but they are no match for my ManRay ray. (takes out a flashlight and turns it on)

SpongeBob: What are you doing?

Plankton: (takes off helmet) SpongeBob, this role was made for me!

SpongeBob: That villain isn't even in this movie. But let me see if we have something that fits your qualifications. (looks around) Oh, here's something. (takes boom microphone stand) You can be the boom operator.

Plankton: I thought Sandy was the boom operator.

Sandy: Did somebody say "Boom"? (activates explosion)

Plankton: All right, SpongeBob, but you're squandering my talents!

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, start the movie! (Patrick starts filming while SpongeBob sits in a director's chair)

Assistant: (holding a clapboard) Take 1. (claps the clapboard and pulls it offscreen)

Mermaid Man: We have to get back to those swollen Krabby Patties.

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) Cut! No, Mermaid Man, it's "STOLEN Krabby Patties."

Assistant: Take 2. (claps the clapboard again)

Mermaid Man: We have to get back to those stolen maggie daddies.

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) Cut! No, Mermaid Man, it's "stolen Krabby Patties."

Assistant: Take 5,003. (claps the clapboard for a third time)

Mermaid Man: We have to get back to those stolen Krabby Patties! (Plankton tries to hold up the boom microphone) And if we don't stop that diabolical scoundrel- (the microphone gets shoved into Mermaid Man's mouth. Mumbles)

Plankton: (tries to pull back the boom microphone) Give it back!

Barnacle Boy: I knew this was a bad idea.

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) Cut! (walks up to Plankton) Plankton, next time could you keep the boom out of the shot? Other than that, you're doing a super job.

Plankton: (drops the boom microphone) This is humiliating. I'm not good at this boom thing.

Sandy: Did somebody say "Boom"? (activates explosion)

Pearl: (cries) Oh, daddy, you said I was going to be a star!

Mr. Krabs: You are, Pearl. Mermaid Man wouldn't be anywhere without you. (Pearl becomes happy) Go out there and break a leg!

Pearl: Yeah! (runs off)

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) Okay, action!

Mermaid Man: (cut to Kelp-Thing's hideout. Camera pans down to the heroes) To the boat mobile! (both jump on the boat mobile, which is portrayed by Pearl on her back with wheels)

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) Cue sound effects. (Pearl uses her tongue for boat engine sound effect)

Mermaid Man: Listen to that engine purr. (assistant is straining as he tries to pull Mermaid Man, Barnacle Boy, and Pearl up a steep cliff with a rope)

SpongeBob: (on megaphone) Almost there! (assistant grabs the edge of the cliff, but it breaks off, causing them to slide down and into the air. Then they come crashing down onto the set. Pearl gets off of SpongeBob)

Patrick: Good morning, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (looks around to see that the set is destroyed) Everything's ruined! Well, at least we got the footage.

Patrick: Yeah, I got the footage.

SpongeBob: Patrick, what is that? (points to camera)

Patrick: Oh, it's a camera.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, this. (takes off lens cap)

Patrick: Oh, that's a lens cap.

SpongeBob: Did you just put that on?!

Patrick: Nope, I didn't want to lose it, so I put it there right before we started filming.

SpongeBob: (screams and goes insane, crab-walks, crawls, and shoves his rear against the ground. Lifts up a piece of the ground, and eats worms on the bottom. Everyone gasps. SpongeBob then cries) The movie's ruined! We can't make a movie!

Mermaid Man: Hey, little hero, this reminds me of the Episode 912. We were surrounded. The Kelp-Thing was to our right and there was broccoli on the side. But if there was one thing I remember, it's how to forget.

SpongeBob: Patrick, this is good. Roll the film. (Patrick films Mermaid Man)

Mermaid Man: The rain in Spain stays mainly on the...space! The final countdown. Stick to the...stick to the...Loo, my darling! Lou! (falls on ground) Now get out there and finish this movie, kid. (bubble-wipe to Krusty Krab at night, where Mr. Krabs is crying at the cash register)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, why are you weeping?

Mr. Krabs: (crying) I closed early for your movie. Where are the paying customers? (angrily) You promised a full house!

SpongeBob: And here comes the filling! (points to the front door. The fan club comes rushing into the Krusty Krab) The Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy Fan Club. I knew you'd come to see the real Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy movie!

Club Leader: Actually, the real movie was sold out. I'll take 200 tickets, please. (hands Mr. Krabs stack of money)

Mr. Krabs: Now, this is what I call a happy ending. (cut to the movie starting on a screen, with benches for seating near the screen. Everyone is sitting down to watch the film)

Barnacle Boy: Well, our big moment, us, up on the big screen. (notices Mermaid Man is sleeping)

SpongeBob: (in the movie, a cardboard box for a building, glue bottle, and a toy boatmobile being controlled by SpongeBob are shown) Fort Lox: Home to over five billion Krabby Patties. (SpongeBob and Patrick each grab a canister popcorn while watching the movie) What evil mastermind would dare infiltrate this fortified fort and make off with its treasure? (a piece of kelp on strings comes down with springy eye stalks) It is I, Kelp-Thing! Do what I do!

Mermaid Man: (on-screen) Stop! You can't do that- (movie cuts for a bit) -forbidden.

SpongeBob: (on-screen as Kelp-Thing) Watch me!

Mermaid Man: Prepare to feel my wrath, you foul villain. (Sandy comes in as Mermaid Man's stunt double and fights Kelp Thing. Then Mermaid Man shows up on screen again) You may have won the Krabby Patties, but the battle rages on. (real-life crabs are fighting) Mermaid-Man- (movie cuts again) -Barnacle Boy, unite! (both put rings together. Then 'FIN' comes on-screen with a fish fin in the background. The movie ends. Almost everyone is disappointed, confused, and/or asleep. SpongeBob and Patrick, however, are cheering)

Mermaid Man: Well, kid, you showed the world that even though our steps may have been slowed, we still have a little action left in these heroic old bones. (bends his arm. His bone breaks)

Barnacle Boy: Well, at least some of them. (all four laugh)

(SpongeBob and Patrick are running through Jellyfish Fields laughing trying to capture jellyfish)

Patrick: (pokes SpongeBob) You're it. (both laugh)

SpongeBob: (pokes Patrick) You're it. (both laugh. Patrick runs off) Wait, Pat, you're it! (notices a sign a few yards away) The sign!

Patrick: Huh? (tries to read it as he is running) Danger... (falls off the cliff) cliff!

SpongeBob: Patrick! (runs down the cliff to Patrick) Let me help you out of there, buddy! (grabs a starfish shaped head out of the ground. When he notices it's just a head, he screams) Is the rest of you down there?

Patrick: (walks up to SpongeBob with no head attached to his body) The rest of me is up here.

SpongeBob: Ooh, you had me worried there, buddy. (laughs) Here's your head. (attaches the head onto Patrick and laughs. Picture of inside Patrick's head shows a plug--plugging into an outlet. Gears & Cranks start up. Patrick gets a spark or two from his head)

Patrick: I find all this laughter to be highly illogical.

SpongeBob: Well, let's stop laughing and start fishing! (takes out two jellyfish nets. Hands a net to Patrick) Go ahead, you get first crack.

Patrick: (jellyfish floats by) Look at them. These graceful stoic creatures of the deep.

SpongeBob: Huh? Those are some big words, Pat. I've never heard you use them before.

Patrick: Nonsense, my vocabulary is infinitely expanding.

SpongeBob: Well, let's expand our jellyfish nets. C'mon, Patrick. (captures a jellyfish) Look buddy, I captured one!

Patrick: Yes...I captured one as well without disturbing its delicate ecosystem. It is wrong to harness nature in such a barbaric manner.

SpongeBob: OK...what do you wanna do?

Patrick: Let us go off and admire the beauty and fragility of nature.

SpongeBob: Pretty.

Patrick: Yes, quite.

SpongeBob: Fragile.

Patrick: Indeed.

SpongeBob: (jumps at Patrick 3 times) C'mon Patrick, let's do something fun.

Patrick: Oh, you want to run some statistics or observe phenomenon and render hypothesis of said phenomenon?

SpongeBob: I was thinking more like jumping rope or 1-legged races, or playing duck-duck-hermit crab. (jumps into a hermit-crab shell)

Patrick: Doesn't feel like fun.

SpongeBob: How about some jokes? (Patrick sighs) Patrick, what's the difference between a guitar and a jellyfish?

Patrick: You can't strum a jellyfish.

SpongeBob: Yes! (laughs. Patrick grabs a jellyfish and strums its tentacles)

Patrick: Oh my, look at the time. I really must be going. (walks off)

SpongeBob: What's wrong with Patrick? I sure hope he gets better soon. (bubble-wipe to Patrick's house where Patrick is doing some scientific work) Are you better, Pat? Uhh, whatcha doing?

Patrick: Just studying this amazing subspecies.

Plankton: (through a telescope) I'll show you subspecies.

SpongeBob: Wanna visit Squidward?

Patrick: Since I am finished with my work I'll humor you in your trivial pursuits. (bubble-wipe to Squidward's house where Squidward is playing his clarinet) I'd recognize that piece anywhere! Cornelius Pofferfish's Opus 67 symphony in blue.

Squidward: Patrick?

Patrick: It's a beautiful piece. Execution needs some work. (walks over to the piano) May I suggest on the 7th bar of the adagio andante that you add a little fortissimo on the arpeggiated b-flat scale.

Squidward: Wow, I never thought to do it like that.

Patrick: Well, that is because you rarely think.

SpongeBob: How do you know all that?

Patrick: A creative outlet provides a spiritual release and helps facilitate a healthy mental balance. (inhales) Ah.

SpongeBob: Does that include... (burps) belch-talk-ing?

Patrick: Mr. SquarePants, I find your humor vulgar.

Squidward: I had no idea you were so knowledgeable, Patrick. Do you think you can be my musical mentor?

SpongeBob: Uhh, guys?

Patrick: Let's take it from the top. (Squidward plays... badly) Not so excellent, Squidward. Let me demonstrate the proper technique. (looks at clarinet with spit covered all over the mouth piece) On second thought, practice makes perfect. Let's begin. (SpongeBob comes up playing his musical nose as a flute) Uh, thank you, my good chap. Unfortunately, this is a solo piece for clarinet only. And 1, 2, 3, 4... (Squidward plays more. SpongeBob frowns and walks out) Stop! Enough! (walks out) Find yourself a new mentor!

SpongeBob: Now that you have some free-time, let's get some grub.

Patrick: No, SpongeBob, I'm afraid not.

SpongeBob: Well, I have a brand new bottle of super-bubbly bubble soap. (blows a bubble that pops on Patrick's face)

Patrick: No, thanks again.

SpongeBob: Maybe later we can play pirates.

Patrick: Robert, my dear, it's no use. We've just grown apart.

SpongeBob: What? What do you mean?

Patrick: I know we've had fun in the past but we're just not compatible anymore. It's time we went our separate ways...such is life.

SpongeBob: But, Patrick, you're my best friend.

Patrick: I know it's hard but brace up chap.

SpongeBob: Yeah.

Patrick: Maybe our paths will cross again someday. Think fondly of me, Mr. SquarePants.

SpongeBob: Goodbye, Mr.... Best friend! (bubble-wipe to Sandy's treedome. SpongeBob rings her doorbell) Sandy, you there? I need some professional help. (Sandy and Patrick are heard laughing inside) Patrick?

Sandy: Well, Pat, the new you gets an A+.

Patrick: Why, thank you, Sandra. I find your intellect rather stimulating as well.

Sandy: Oh, really? Well, thanks. (at a chalkboard with an equation on it) Well, Patrick, what do you think about this problem?

Patrick: (changes formula) You simply change the literal term to a coefficient and the minuend will achieve the desired quotient. Even the simplest of mammals can figure it out with a little thought.

Sandy: What do you mean by that, Patrick?

Patrick: I'm merely suggesting you lack the ability to solve remedial equations.

Sandy: Are you suggesting I'm dumb?

Patrick: I'd use a more sophisticated word like 'impaired'.

Sandy: I think you'd better leave.

Patrick: I was only trying to help. (walks off)

Sandy: I don't need your kind of help, Mr. know-it-all. I liked you better when you were a barnacle head!

SpongeBob: (sitting on his chair at home crying) I never thought I'd lose my best friend. How can I compete with geniuses?

Patrick: (sitting on his chair at home) Surrounded by knowledge and no one to share it with. No one I can call friend. Who's that old chap I used to run with? (notices a book on the table next to him called 'MY FRIEND SPONGEBOB') SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (looks at his 'MY FRIEND PATRICK' book) At least Patrick's my friend in my memories.

Patrick: Ah, the glory days, why have we grown apart? I must apply all that I know to solve this problem! (looks at x-rays of him and SpongeBob's head, meditates on top of his rock, studies Squidward, reads book) What could it be? (applies a chemical on his head and grows hair) What's different? (screams; tears out his hair) What?! I'd do anything to have my old buddy back by my side again!

SpongeBob: (doorbell rings) Coming. (opens door and gets kidnapped in a jellyfish net by Patrick) Patrick, you're kidnapping me?

Patrick: Yes, I am.

SpongeBob: Yay! (jumps out of the net and writes "yippie" in the air with bubble soap) What should we do?

Patrick: We are going to have fun. Whatever the cost may be.

SpongeBob: Let's do this.

Patrick: Yes, let's have some fun.

SpongeBob: (jumping around) Oh, yeah!

Patrick: (jumping around) Oh, absolutely! (now riding on a shell down a mountain) Are you quite sure I found this activity to be fun?

SpongeBob: Yeah. (screams with enjoyment. Shell lunges them into the sand) That was fun, huh Patrick?

Patrick: (swallows a mouth-full of sand) When did the fun go away, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: It went away when you jumped off that cliff and knocked your head clean off.

Patrick: That's it! (runs off)

SpongeBob: That's what? What are you doing?

Patrick: I'm going to duplicate my actions from that day to ascertain the origin of my cha...an...ge! (falls off cliff)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Hold on, buddy! (takes Patrick out of the ground) There ya go. (notices he has no head and screams) Don't worry, Patrick. I found your head last time, I'll find it again! (searches around some coral) Not back there. (checks under a rock) Not under here. What if I can't find it? Oh, poor headless Patrick?! (turns around and runs into Patrick making his head pop out) Patrick, your head is back! But, uhh, do you feel different?

Patrick: Quite unchanged, actually.

SpongeBob: I guess we'll never have fun together again.

Patrick: You said you found my dislodged cranial cap last time.

SpongeBob: Yes.

Patrick: Where exactly did you find it?

SpongeBob: Um, it was right here.

Patrick: Hmm, impossible! If I landed here the trajectory of my dismembered skull would cause it to come to rest, not there, but here, exactly 5 meters due north.

SpongeBob: But if that's your head, then what did I pick up over... (sign says 'Brain Coral Field') ...brain coral! No wonder you got so smart, buddy. (blows off the poison sea urchins off Patrick's head) Here you go, Patrick, your old head. Are you sure you want to give up being smart and phosisticated to be my friend again?

Patrick: Knowledge can never replace friendship. I prefer to be an idiot!

SpongeBob: Not just an idiot, Patrick. You're also my pal. (takes off Patrick's head and puts his old one back on) Patrick? Say something, Patrick.

Patrick: (burps) Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Patrick, you're back!

Patrick: Patrick, you're back. (both laugh, then pull out their jellyfish nets, make oo-loo-loo sounds, and run off into the sunset)

(Squidward has blonde hair and is playing the clarinet while the crowd is cheering for him)

Audience Member: Squidward, we love you!

Audience Member #2: I love you, Squidward. You're my favorite! (Squidward laughs as he does a crowd surf. Just then his alarm goes off and wakes him up)

Squidward: Alright, alright. Time for another hideous day at work. Ahh, just hang in there, gorgeous. (plays a few notes on his clarinet) Your star will shine at the clartinet recital tomorrow. (laughs)

SpongeBob: Time for another glorious day at work. (winks at his tie, tie winks back) Good morning, Squidward! (walks down the street with Squidward) And isn't it a lovely morning? Why are you playing the clarinet on your way to work?

Squidward: I'm practicing for my clarinet recital. Soon, all of Bikini Bottom will recognize the talent that is Squidward Tentacles. Goodbye, SpongeBoob.

SpongeBob: See ya at the Krusty Krab, Squidward. Hey, Sandy, what's this?

Sandy: Well, this here is my new matter transporter. It can move things from one place to another in the blink of an eye.

SpongeBob: Ooh, that sounds fancy.

Sandy: Let me show you how it works. (puts an apple in the transporter)

SpongeBob: Whoa! (apple disappears) Where'd it go?

Sandy: Just where you think it would be. (apple appears on Mrs. Puff's desk)

SpongeBob: Uh-oh, I'm late for work. Do you think your machine can zap me over to the Krusty Krab?

Sandy: I always did want to try a critter. Sure, why not? Get in there, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Whoo-hoo! (goes into transporter)

Sandy: Hold on tight.

SpongeBob: (transporter starts) Gee, Sandy, this sure feels...

Squidward: (walking up to the Krusty Krab) Well, here we go again. (as he reaches for the door, SpongeBob appears and Squidward's arm is attached through SpongeBob's body)

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward! (laughs. Sandy's remote is going haywire)

Sandy: What's going on with this thing? (SpongeBob & Squidward get transported back to Sandy's machine) What in tarnation?

(gasps. SpongeBob & Squidward are mutated into one body)

SpongeBob: Hi, Sandy.

Squidward: I'm not sure what it is but I something seems different about me.

SpongeBob: Yeah, me too.

Squidward: Hey, what are you doing with my hand? What am I doing with your hand? Ahh! What is this? We're all mixed up together. (tries to de-attach himself) This is horrible. I have my clarinet recital tomorrow.

SpongeBob: Oh, it's not so bad, Squidward. Now we can be best buddies and do everything together, forever.

Squidward: (screams) Sandy, was this your doing? You've got to get us separated.

Sandy: Well, I wish I knew how.

Squidward: Well, you have to do something. I can't stay stuck to him.

Sandy: Hmmm, I wonder what would happen if I tried zapping you back in the transporter.

Squidward: Uhh, yeah, good idea.

Sandy: Well, here goes nothing. (transports to Bikini Bottom Elementary)

Teacher: All right, children. Today's Timmy's birthday. You know what that means. Ready Timmy? (opens present. SpongeBob & Squidward rise up from the box mutated together. Everyone screams as SpongeBob & Squidward get transported again)

Doctor: congratulations Mrs Smith. You gave birth to a healthy baby boy.

Mrs. Smith: May I see my baby?

Doctor: Of course. (baby appears as SpongeBob & Squidward mutated into one body again. Everyone screams as they are transported again)

One-Eyed Monster: I've been in love with you ever since I laid my eye on you. (both monsters kiss. SpongeBob & Squidward appear between them) Hey baby, what's your name? (SpongeBob & Squidward get transported again. The lady monster slaps the one-eyed monster and leaves)

Squidward: It's no use, Sandy. We're still the same.

Sandy: Well, that's a darn shame. You know what, I was working on the blueprints for a new invention. But it's still in the embryonic stage.

Squidward: Try anything! I cannot go to my clarinet recital like this.

Sandy: I'll continue working on it. In the meantime, you boys keep your head up.

SpongeBob: Together forever.

Squidward: Misery. (later, SpongeBob & Squidward are riding a bike to work) SpongeBob, hasn't anyone taught you how to ride

a bike?

SpongeBob: Don't worry, I'll drive.

Squidward: (Squidward's head bumps against the wheel of the bike) Ow, ow, ow. SpongeBob! Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow. (both enter the Krusty Krab riding the bike. The bike crashes into the boat and they fly through the kitchen window)

Customer #1: I gotta lay off the hot sauce.

Mr. Krabs: (enters kitchen) What in blazes is going on in here?

SpongeBob: Oh, hi, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: What are you two doing laying around? Get to work.

Squidward: If you say so. (as they stand up, Mr. Krabs freaks out)

Mr. Krabs: Egad. What happened to ya? Uhh, I don't want to know. Just go do your jobs.

SpongeBob: Aye aye, cap'n.

Squidward: Do you have to be such an accomidating bafoon?

SpongeBob: Squidward, everybody knows I'm a sponge. I look nothing like a balloon.

Squidward: I don't have time for this. I've got to man the cash register. (stretches his head through the kitchen window) Whew. Can I help you?

Customer #2: Can I get two Krabby Patties, please?

Squidward: SpongeBob, I need two krabby patties.

SpongeBob: Two krabby patties coming right up. (notices the buns are out of reach) Can't...reach the buns.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what's the hold up?!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr Krabs. I'm on it.

Mr. Krabs: Time is money, boy.

SpongeBob: Time is money. Right. (reaches bun) Hello bun. At last we meet. (Squidward can't hold the cash register. His head flies through the kitchen window, onto the grill and crashes into SpongeBob)

Mr. Krabs: Alright, that's it. I can't afford you jeopardizing me business. You're more trouble than you're worth. (pushes them out the restaurant) And don't come back until you get this problem sorted out.

SpongeBob: Look on the bright side, Squidward. At least we still have each other.

Squidward: That's how we got into this predicament in the first place, you imbecile. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like a moment of peace. (plays clarinet as they walk past a surfer)

Surfer: Whoa, rock on, freaky bro!

Squidward: Sandy! Sandy! Please tell me you've figured out a way to separate us.

Sandy: Say hello to the 'molecular separator ray'.

Squidward: Hello molecular separator ray. Well, let's get on with it. My clarinet recital is tomorrow night.

Sandy: Uhh, well, I'm not quite done with it yet.

Squidward: What'd you say?

Sandy: I'm still putting it together. At best I'll have it ready, uhh, the day after tomorrow?

Squidward: What? Day after tomorrow?! No, no, no, no, no, no, no. I have a performance tomorrow! I can't be stuck to that yellow freak. (SpongeBob smiles) Sandy, please, you've got to do it before the show.

Sandy: Well, uhh, I suppose...I'll have it ready before you go on. (Squidward & SpongeBob stretch through their front door but can't walk much further so their houses collide together)

Squidward: Of course. (at clarinet recital) Oh, my. (not an empty seat in the house) Where are you, Sandy? Sandy? I can't do it. I can't go out there.

SpongeBob: Squidward, this is your moment. The story you will tell when you look back as a...superstar.

Squidward: Superstar?

SpongeBob: Now go out there and give them the best darn show they've ever seen.

Squidward: You're right. The show must go on.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlefish, Bikini Bottom's Community Rec Center is proud to present: Squidward Tentacles. (curtain rises to Squidward wearing a big cape like clothing. Squidward starts playing and everyone begins to hate it)

Fish: Honey, I'm scared. (Squidward still playing, the cape comes off as a nail tears it. Crowd gasps)

SpongeBob: Uhh, hi.

Fish #2: Whoa. Rock on, freaky bro! Yeah. Whoo! (crowd cheers)

SpongeBob: Wow, they really liked it.

Mr. Krabs: (laughing) There you go, Squiddy.

Squidward: They...they...they're cheering. Superstardom. This must be what it feels like. This is what it looks like. What it sounds like. And... (smells the air) ...what it smells like. Oh, simply intoxicating.

Sandy: Whoo-wee, there you boys are. Looks like I'm just in time.

SpongeBob & Squidward: Sandy?

Sandy: One blast of this molecular separator ray and you'll be separated for good. (blasts the ray at Squidward & SpongeBob and it separates them. Crowd gasps)

Squidward: Hmph. (plays clarinet & crowd hates it)

Elderly Fish: I think I'm going to be sick. (Squidward blows his clarinet at an audience member which blows his skin off and shows his skeleton)

Fish #3: Ah, I'm out of here.

Squidward: Huh, no wait. Wait! (everyone leaves) Oh, my one moment of fame...gone. (grabs the separator ray) There's got to be some ray to reverse this. (pushes buttons)

Sandy: No, Squidward! That's a very sensitive device. (laser blasts)

Therapist: So, what seems to be the problem, Mr. Tentacles?

Squidward: It all started when I was born. (camera zooms out to show all the main characters joined together)

(SpongeBob & Squidward are walking down the road towards the Krusty Krab)

SpongeBob: So, I was all ready to drain the fries--but I cooked the fries slightly too long. So..

Squidward: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: So, here's where the bizarre twist comes in.

Squidward: SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: They weren't overcooked at all!

Squidward: SpongeBob, look! (picks him up and turns him around where we are shown a tall building)

SpongeBob: Wow, what happened to the Krusty Krab?

Mr. Krabs: Good morning! The Krusty Towers is now opened for business.

SpongeBob: Why did you build a hotel, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: I'm glad you asked, son. Remember when I went to that fast food convention and stayed in that fancy hotel? I had a beautiful room. The employees were so friendly. They catered to my every whim, no matter how demeaning it was. Because they lived by a code. And that code was engraved in fine gold above the grand fireplace: "We shall never deny a guest even the most ridiculous request". Everything was perfect until I got the bill. They charged me for everything: 25 dollars for a hamburger! (takes out a whole burger from inside his body) If they can charge that much for a lousy burger, imagine how much I could charge for a lousy krabby patty. And thus, the Krusty Towers was born.

Squidward: Why would anyone stay at a hotel in Bikini Bottom? It's in the middle of scenic nowhere. There's nothing to do but get stung by jellyfish. (grunts as jellyfish stings Squidward on the head) See? (SpongeBob pushes the bump in and it goes to the other side of Squidward's head)

SpongeBob (surprised): Eww!

Mr. Krabs: Come inside. (now inside Krusty Towers) Isn't it beautiful?

Squidward: Where are all the new hotel employees? (Mr. Krabs throws uniforms onto Squidward & SpongeBob. A hotel guest enters)

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) Me first hotel guest. Watch me reel him in. (walks behind desk) Welcome to the Krusty Towers where our motto is "We shall never deny a guest even the most ridiculous request".

Guest: Oh, that's great. I'd like a double krabby patty with no onions and extra pickles.

Mr. Krabs: If you want a krabby patty, you'll have to rent a room and order room service.

Guest: Ooh, I've only got an hour for lunch. (sighs and leaves)

Squidward: (Smugly) Boy, you reeled that one in like a pro.

Mr. Krabs: Ok, Squidward, you run the front desk.

Patrick: I'd like a krabby patty, please.

Squidward: This is a hotel now. If you want a Krabby Patty, you'll have to get a room and order room service.

Patrick: Ok, one krabby patty and one room with cheese. Oh, and can I get cheese on the Krabby Patty, too?

Squidward: Patrick, you only live 400 yards away. Why do you want to check into a hotel?

Patrick: Sometimes I just need to get away from it all. (rings bell) Wow, this hotel has everything!

Squidward: (takes bell) Gimme that! Now sign the register.

Patrick: I didn't know there'd be a test. I didn't study! (cries)

Squidward: Patrick, all you have to do is write your name.

Patrick: Oh, ok. (takes pen) Do you mind?! (Squidward turns around so Patrick starts writing. Squidward peeks) Don't look! (Squidward turns around) Um...done! (Squidward sees a picture of a monstrous Patrick destroying a town, with airplanes around him)

Squidward: Close enough. Here's your room key.

Patrick: I'll need some help with my bags. (Two suitcases appear out of nowhere)

Squidward: How can you have bags?! You just found out this is a hotel.

Patrick: This is a hotel?

Squidward: Oh...SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Yes, Squidward?

Squidward: Take Patrick and his bags to his room.

Patrick: What about my Krabby Patty?

Squidward: And bring him a Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: (Appears out of nowhere) Squidward, you can take Patrick's bags up to his room. SpongeBob, you go make the Krabby Patty.

Squidward: Oh, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: What's the matter? Afraid of a little manual labor? (imitates Squidward) I'm Squidward and I have to work for a living. Boo hoo hoo.

Squidward: Fine. Let's go, Patrick. (has struggle with Patrick's bags as he is walking up to the elevator)

Mr. Krabs: (comes out of the elevator) This elevator is for guests only. Take the employee elevator. (Squidward walks to the other elevator that is actually a long flight of stairs, Squidward grumbles because of this. Squidward walks up the stairs as Patrick gets off the guest elevator)

Squidward: What's in these bags, rocks? (bag opens spilling out rocks) Hey, these are rocks! Why is your suitcase full of rocks?

Patrick: I don't tell you how to live your life!

Squidward: Well, here's your room.

Patrick: Wow.

Squidward: Enjoy your stay.

Patrick: Squidward, wait! (takes out a rock from his pocket and gives it to Squidward as a tip) Keep up the good work and there will be more where that came from.

SpongeBob: Your Krabby Patty, sir. (Squidward tries to toss the rock in Patrick's head but SpongeBob smiles at him) Hey, Squidward, cool rock.

Patrick: Hold on a second, SpongeBob. (hands SpongeBob a dollar) Here you are, my good man.

SpongeBob: Well, thank you, Patrick.

Patrick: There's plenty more where that came from, my good friend. (Squidward gets angry and is about to throw rock)
Squidward!

Squidward: What now?

Patrick: I don't like crusts on my sandwich.

Squidward: It's a bun; It's all crust! How am I suppose to cut the crust off a bun?

Patrick: Peel it.

Squidward: (peels skin off the bun angrily) Happy?

Patrick: Yay! (eats the patty)

SpongeBob: Room service. Here's the 50 Krabby Patties you ordered.

Patrick: Could you do one more thing for me?

Squidward: Why don't you ask SpongeBob?

Patrick: Good idea, Squidward!

SpongeBob: How may I serve you, sir?

Patrick: I need you to eat these Krabby Patties with me.

SpongeBob: Oh, yes, sir. (both eat Krabby Patties. As Squidward heads down the employee elevator, Mr. Krabs is on the phone)

Mr. Krabs: Uh-huh. Hold on. Squidward, Patrick needs your help.

Squidward: What? Why didn't he ask me before I walked all the way downstairs?

Mr. Krabs: He said he didn't want to bother you. But he got over it. (Squidward is unclogging the toilet when he unclogs SpongeBob)

Patrick: Hooray!

SpongeBob: Thanks, Squidward! (Squidward puts him back in the toilet. Patrick flushes)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, this is ridiculous. Patrick's being completely unreasonable.

Mr. Krabs: He can be as unreasonable as he wants. The plaque, Squidward, the plaque!

Squidward: But Mr. Krabs...

Mr. Krabs: Deny no guest! (phone rings) Why, hello Patrick. You need Squidward to come up right away? He'll be right there.

Squidward: A bubble bath?! Why would I give you a bubble bath?!

Patrick: Well, because Mr. Krabs said you would. Well be sure to make my back extra shiny clean.

Squidward: That's it!! I've had enough!

Patrick: Squidward, wait! The toilet's backed up again!

Mr. Krabs: (Squidward comes down the guest elevator) Hey, hey, you can't take that elevator. You're an employee.

Squidward: Not anymore. I quit.

Mr. Krabs: Quit? You can't quit. (Squidward walks out naked and comes back in with Hawaiian-styled clothes. Squidward rings bell) Welcome to the Krusty Towers...Squidward?!

Squidward: One room, please. On the top floor.

Mr. Krabs: What do you think you're doing?

Squidward: I need a vacation. I'm overworked. And what better place to relax than Krusty Towers? Where "we shall never deny a guest even the most ridiculous request".

Mr. Krabs: (growls) I don't have to rent you a room.

Squidward: (takes out money) I've got cash.

Mr. Krabs: Oh... (takes money) ...here's your room key.

Squidward: SpongeBob, carry my things to my room.

SpongeBob: Aye aye, guest sir! (turns legs into rockets and blasts off through the ceiling)

Squidward: (talking to Mr. Krabs) And you can carry me to my room.

Mr. Krabs: And why in tarnation would I do that? You got four legs that aren't broken.

Squidward: The plaque. Too bad we couldn't take the elevator but it is for guests only and you are an employee.

SpongeBob: Your room, sir.

Squidward: And I'd like to order room service. I'd like a Krabby Patty with cheese, toenail clippings and nose hairs.

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) You've got to be kidding me!

Squidward: And I want it here in 5 seconds.

SpongeBob: Yes, sir! (runs off and comes back with a Krabby Patty in less than 2 seconds) Here you are, sir.

Mr. Krabs: Well, you got your stinky sandwich. Now eat it.

Squidward: Oh, I'm not going to eat this. You are.

Mr. Krabs: What?! You're out of your mind if you think I'm going to eat that.

SpongeBob: Psst, that's not really a Krabby Patty with cheese, toenails and nose hair.

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) Now I get ya, boy. (still laughing) Alright, Squidward. (chortles. He eats the Krabby Patty then spits it out, and sees toenails and nosehair on his tongue. Squidward laughs) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs! We were all out of cheese.

Patrick: (everything in Patrick's room is covered in cheese) Hooray!

Mr. Krabs: (phone rings) What is it, Squidward?

Squidward: Send up a dozen cookies just like mother used to make.

Mr. Krabs: (at Squidward's room) Here's your homemade cookies.

Squidward: (tries one and spits it out) These don't taste anything like mom used to make.

Mr. Krabs: Well, how did your mother make 'em?

Squidward: How should I know?! Ask my mother! (slams door)

Mrs. Tentacles (doorbell rings) Hello? (Mr. Krabs & SpongeBob are in ski masks. She gasps.)

Mr. Krabs: (trying to get a big sack in the trunk but the door won't close) SpongeBob! (SpongeBob hits the sack with a shovel but the trunk still won't close)

SpongeBob: No good, Mr. Krabs.

Mrs. Tentacles: Allow me, boy. (closes trunk door)

Mr. Krabs: Great! Now that me laundry's in the trunk...

SpongeBob: There's room for you to sit up front.

Mrs. Tentacles: Let's go bake some cookies, boys.

SpongeBob & Mr. Krabs: Hooray!

Mr. Krabs: (in Squidward's room where Squidward is sampling the cookies) Well?

Squidward: I'm impressed. These are just like mother used to make. I just wish mom was a better cook.

Mr. Krabs: So you're all taken care of?

Squidward: Mmm, just one teensy tiny problem. This room is hideous. Redesign it. Neptune the 14th would be nice.

Mr. Krabs: What? (growls)

Squidward: "We shall never deny a guest even the most ridiculous request". (Mr. Krabs & SpongeBob change the room to a blue theme, a modern theme, a country theme, a torture theme, and then back to the original) Perfect!

Mr. Krabs: This room is exactly the same as when we started!

Squidward: Nothing like getting back to the basics.

Mr. Krabs: Let's get out of here, SpongeBob.

Squidward: Oh, before you leave, I wanna go swimming.

Mr. Krabs: The pool is out back.

Squidward: Ha ha! Are you crazy? I'm not going outside to swim. (big swimming pool is now inside the room) Come on in! The water's fine. (SpongeBob laughs and jumps in. Squidward laughs)

Mr. Krabs: Anything else stupid and unreasonable that you want?

Squidward: Nope, that's it.

Mr. Krabs: You don't need me to chew your food for ya? Or make you a back scratcher out of me own spine? Or maybe extinguish the sun so the light don't get in your eyes?!

Squidward: No, I'm good.

SpongeBob: Me, too.

Patrick: Wow, an indoor pool?! This place is fancy! (gets on diving board) Cannonball! (dives in. SpongeBob, Patrick, and Squidward laugh but the hotel collapses back into the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: (at hospital with the gang) Oh, that hotel was a bad idea from the start.

Patrick: That was a hotel?

Nurse: Your bill, sir.

Mr. Krabs: \$15,000?!

Squidward: You're not gonna have a heart attack are you?

Mr. Krabs: Not at these prices! Forget hotels. This hospital rack is where the money is.

Patrick: This is a hospital?

Mr. Krabs: Pack your bags, boys! You're going to medical school!

SpongeBob & Patrick: Hooray!

Squidward: Oh, boy.

(At Mrs. Puff's Boating School)

Mr. Fitz: Good morning, Mrs. Puff. I'm Mr. Fitz. I represent the 'Voting Teachers Accreditation Bureau'. As you know, your teaching certificate is up for renewal. However, we've noticed there have been an unusually large number of failings from this classroom.

Mrs. Puff: That's impossible. In all my years of teaching, only one student has failed my class.

Mr. Fitz: Yes, but he's failed 1,258,056 times. (shows folder with a bunch of files, making a laughing SpongeBob)

Mrs. Puff: You don't understand. SpongeBob is...unteachable.

Mr. Fitz: We cannot blame the students for the incompetence of the teacher.

SpongeBob: Honk-honk! Beep-beep! I'm ready to drive. Are you ready for my driving test today, Mrs. Puff?

Mr. Fitz: Ok, Mrs. Puff, if SpongeBob fails this test, you will be replaced.

Mrs. Puff: (in the boat with SpongeBob and Mr. Fitz) Ok, SpongeBob, let's demonstrate for Mr. Fitz everything I've taught you in boating school. Now, what's the first thing we do before we start boating?

SpongeBob: (snaps fingers) Oh! Seatbelt-a-rooni. One second. (gets tangled in seat-belt then squeezes self through. As SpongeBob is doing this, Mr. Fitz is writing on his notepad)

Mrs. Puff: Then what do you do?

SpongeBob: Start the engine?

Mrs. Puff: Yes.

SpongeBob: (starts the boat) Now what do I do?

Mrs. Puff: Drive the boat. (SpongeBob drives into a boat)

SpongeBob: Did I pass this time, Mrs. Puff?

Mrs. Puff: No, SpongeBob, you failed.

SpongeBob: I failed?

Mr. Fitz: It's not you that failed, SpongeBob. It's Mrs. Puff that's failed you. You are relieved of your teaching duties.

Mrs. Puff: I won't be teaching SpongeBob anymore? (laughs excitedly) No more...SpongeBob? I thought this day would never come. Whoo-hoo! Good-bye, SpongeBob! Have a nice life. (exhales her puffiness) Free at last. Free at last.

(Scene cuts to Mrs. Puff's Boating School, her name crossed out with paint. In the classroom, SpongeBob and his classmates are at their seats, but Mrs. Puff's desk is now vacant)

SpongeBob: I got Mrs. Puff fired.

(Sergeant Roderick breaks down the door)

Roderick: Hello, worthless students. I'm your new instructor. (breaks Mrs. Puff's name tag in pieces) No one's ever failed my class...that's LIVED THROUGH it. I can assure you these next 4 weeks will be the worst years of your miserable lives. Your spines will break, your teeth will ache, your eyes will be bloodshot. (students are freaking out) You will drive out of this school in style, or you will be carted out in your granny's handbasket. Everyone will follow the rules of the class. First rule: No talking.

Nat: Does that mean-- (gets thrown through the door)

Roderick: Second rule: No eating in my class. (takes out a box of bon-bons) Would anyone care for a bon-bon?

Monroe: Uhh... I'll eat one. (Students gasp. Student #2 walks up to the instructor)

Roderick: Pick your favorite. (Monroe takes one and eats it) How's it taste?

Monroe: It's a delightful taste sensation.

Roderick: NO EATING IN MY CLASSROOM! (throws Monroe through another door) Now, if anyone else is man enough to stay in this class... (everyone but SpongeBob run off) Looks like you're the man... sponge.

SpongeBob: I am?

(The scene changes to SpongeBob and Sergeant Roderick outside)

Roderick: Do you wanna learn how to drive or what?

SpongeBob: Yes, sir! I'm ready to drive! (jumps in the boat)

Roderick: What do you think you're doing?

SpongeBob: Ready for my test, sir.

Roderick: (takes SpongeBob out of the boat) You're not ready to drive yet until you learn that first. (shows roads with all sorts of obstacles) This is the most grueling driving course ever devised. You will learn every turn, bump, and crack on it. You'll start out crawling it.

SpongeBob: Crawl?

Roderick: Hup two. Hup two. Hup two. Hup two. (SpongeBob crawls forward)

SpongeBob: Left turn. (turns left) Crack. Bump. Nickel. Hey a nickel!

Roderick: Keep your eyes on the road, cadet.

SpongeBob: PEBBLE!! Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa! (crawls faster and more out of control. Gets the pebble stuck in his hand) Ow!! Wow!! (rolls down the obstacle course into the air, out of the water, then back down where the instructor catches him) Ow!! Wow!! Wow!! Wow!! Aah! (stops screaming) Whew!

Roderick: I'm ashamed of you, cadet. Tripped up by a wee pebble. What are you supposed to be learning in my class?

SpongeBob: How to drive, sir?

Roderick: Affirmative. But before you learn to drive, you must learn to crawl. And then you learn to walk and then you learn to run. But before you learn to walk, you must learn to crawl. I want you to crawl!

SpongeBob: Sir, yes, sir!!

Roderick: Now get out there! (SpongeBob crawls around a hole. SpongeBob carries the instructor on his back) Hut! Hut! (then he stops at a stop sign, and runs in and out of some radioactive waste) Every good boater needs to know his vehicle inside and out. (hands SpongeBob a wrench) Here, go take that boat apart. (SpongeBob takes the boat apart) I'm impressed, son. Put it back together again!

SpongeBob: (laughs) Oh, that'll be easy.

Roderick: Are you sure?

SpongeBob: Um, yeah. You just put the jig-a-mahoos on the poo-hicky and uhh... (laughs) I might need a couple minutes. (later, the instructor is sleeping) It's ready, sarge!

Roderick: Jumpin' jellyfish! (SpongeBob put back together a rocket as it blasts off. Later, the instructor is looking through some binoculars at SpongeBob, who is wearing a hat with mirrors on it. SpongeBob runs up to a red light and stops until it turns green)

SpongeBob: Watch for pedestrians. Check mirrors. Observe that speed limit. Watch for pedestri...ans!! (he can't avoid the signs, crashes through a lot of pedestrians shattering them) Whoa! Aah!!! Whoa!! Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Wow! Oh!!!! Oh!!!!!! (slides into the instructor who glares at him) So, umm, how'd I do?

Roderick: How'd you do? Why don't you ask the shattered remains of this (holds up a piece of a pedestrian) pedestrian-- HOW YOU DID?!!!!?

(Much later SpongeBob and the Instructor are seen standing near each other)

SpongeBob: Now I know this road course forwards, backwards, and sideways. Am I ready to get behind the wheel?

Roderick: Not quite. (puts blindfold on SpongeBob) Now do it blindfolded. (SpongeBob gets run over by a boat)

Narrator: Several days later.

SpongeBob: 1003, 1004, 1005. (running with his black shoes.) (stops) Ooh, pebble #143. (steps over pebble) Ha! You will not trip me up pebble #143. 1006, 1007, 1008. (old lady pedestrian pops up) Old lady with a ham sandwich. 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1 th...

Roderick: Congratulations. You're ready to get behind the wheel.

SpongeBob: Really? I'm ready! I'm ready. I'm... (runs into a pole)

Roderick: (now in boat) Let's see what I taught you, laddy.

SpongeBob: Yes, sir! (drives boat) Left turn at pebble #143. (makes left turn) (pedestrian kid pops up. SpongeBob stops) Kid with a ball. (SpongeBob continues) Nice boy.

Roderick: Nice driving. Now parallel park up ahead. (SpongeBob parallel parks) Very good. (now at real exam) Now, boy, the time has come to show Mr. Fitz what you've learned.

SpongeBob: Yes, sir! Step 1: seat belts. (puts on seat belt with no problem)

Roderick: Excellent work, cadet. What's next?

SpongeBob: Step 2 would be...ignite engine.

Roderick: Step 3?

SpongeBob: Step 3 would be... (takes out blindfold) ...engage blindfold.

Roderick: What? You can't drive a boat with a blindfold on. That's illegal!

SpongeBob: But I can't do it without a blindfold.

Roderick: Drive, boy! DRIVE! (SpongeBob drives into a gas can, blowing them out of the boating school) Mayday! Mayday! You're off course. (boat drives into 2 buildings then underground. Spurts out from a fire hydrant. Then crashes through a bakery and into a field where Mrs. Puff is painting the scenery)

Mrs. Puff: Oh, I feel so serene now that I'm away from that homicidal maniac, SpongeBob. (Mrs. Puff notices the boat and attempts to paint something really quick. When the boat runs into her, the painting shows SpongeBob, the instructor, and Mr. Fitz fearing their lives)

Roderick: The brake, son!

SpongeBob: Aye aye, sir. (takes brake apart) There you go, sir. All I had to do was unscrew two little bolts.

Roderick: I'm gonna stop this thing. Tell my wife I love her. (jumps in front of the boat in an attempt to stop it) Come get some! (boat runs over him)

SpongeBob: Man down! Man down! (SpongeBob drives into the city and into each building) Uh, sorry, excuse me. Sorry.

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Sorry, Patrick, I can't stop the boat right now. (with Patrick's pants blocking his eyes) I CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T SEE!!!!

Patrick: (completely nude, running after SpongeBob) My pants!!!

SpongeBob: Hey! I can't see! (dodges traffic and pedestrians. Parallel parks) Did I pass?

Mr. Fitz: Well, if there was a 'destroy the city' part of the test, you would have.

Patrick: (takes his pants off SpongeBob's head) The nerve of some people.

Mr. Fitz: Sorry, SpongeBob, you failed again. Even our finest instructor could not teach you. Mrs. Puff, you're hired again.

SpongeBob: (at boating school) Hey, Mrs. Puff, sorry that I'm unteachable.

Mrs. Puff: It's okay. Mr. Fitz gave me my teaching certificate back. And your OCA was destroyed in the explosion, so it's as if you never failed.

SpongeBob: I got you a welcome back gift, Mrs. Puff. (shows name tag) I found all the pieces and glued them back together. I promise it won't take me a million tries this time. (Mrs. Puff cries and the name tag comes apart)

(SpongeBob and Patrick are standing in front of the pineapple as the mailman comes walking by and puts a package into SpongeBob's mailbox)

SpongeBob & Patrick: It's here! (takes out the package and opens it)

SpongeBob: Behold, Patrick! The official Goofy Goober Back Scratcher! And it only cost me 52 box-tops.

Patrick: Whoa.

SpongeBob: (scratches his back with the item) Ooh. Mm-hmm. Oh... Oh! Whoo! Oh, yeah, that's it!

Patrick: Let me try! (uses the item to scratch his back) Ahh...

SpongeBob: Uh, Patrick, that's not the back scratcher. That's my arm.

Patrick: Oh, sorry. (reattaches his arm)

SpongeBob: You know, we shouldn't keep this all to ourselves. We should let Squidward try it out.

Patrick: Yeah!

SpongeBob: Onward... to Squidward's house.

Squidward: (off-screen) Go away!

SpongeBob: To Sandy's house. (cut to Sandy's treedome) Hey, Sandy, you gotta see this. (bunch of inventions are torn up inside the treedome) Sandy? What's going on here? Sandy, are you ok? (Sandy shudders) What's wrong, Sandy?

Sandy: They're coming. They're coming. The chimps are coming.

SpongeBob: Who?

Sandy: My bosses. They're coming for an inspection. I've worked day and night for a week, but none of my inventions are any good. If I don't have a real impressive invention by this afternoon, they'll cut my funding, and I'll have to leave Bikini Bottom.

SpongeBob: Oh, come on, Sandy. I'll bet you invented lots of useful things. This helmet looks impressive. (puts on the helmet with a peanut label on the forehead) What's it do?

Sandy: It lets you talk to nuts. What use is that?

SpongeBob: (takes out a nut) SpongeBob to Peanut. Come in, Peanut. (shortwave radio beeping)

Patrick: What's it saying?

SpongeBob: It says... "It's dark in here." Got anything else, Sandy?

Sandy: There's my nuttachino machine. It makes a nice hot, frothy cup of any nut you choose. (puts the nut into the machine. The nuts screams which makes SpongeBob sad) And lastly, my fully automated nutcracker. (turns it on. The nutcracker tries to crack open a nut but it can't and gives up) Oh! I can't even make a simple nutcracker.

SpongeBob: So, it's got a few bugs. Patrick and I'll help you fix it. Right Patrick? Patrick? (Patrick is using the backscratcher) Everything'll be fine.

Sandy: Oh, it's no use, SpongeBob. I just have to face facts. I'm leaving Bikini Bottom because... I'm a failure.

SpongeBob: We can't let Sandy leave, Patrick.

Patrick: What'll we do?

SpongeBob: They're looking for an invention, right?

Patrick: Right.

SpongeBob: So, let's start inventing!

Patrick: Yeah! (cut to later where SpongeBob and Patrick are carrying a table. Patrick falls over the table)

SpongeBob: It's time to get serious, Patrick.

Patrick: Right! (crashes) I made an invention. It's a stick you can draw or write stuff with.

SpongeBob: That's a pencil, Patrick. It's already been invented. (more crashing)

Patrick: Ooh, ooh, this is a good one. It's a glass ball that lights up so you can see in the dark.

SpongeBob: Light bulb, already invented. (grunting and crashing are heard)

Patrick: SpongeBob, I know this one will work. I've invented a parallel universe.

SpongeBob: That's a mirror, Patrick. It's already been invented.

Patrick: Somebody keeps stealing my ideas.

SpongeBob's Image: (strange accent) Well, I thought it was a pretty good idea.

SpongeBob: (his invention crashes, nothing but a spring) Ohh... I give up. I'll never invent anything. (acoustic guitar plays. It's Sandy)

Music: "So Long Bikini Bottom"

So long, Bikini Bottom
I can't leave without a good-bye
But please don't think bad of me
If'n I start to cry

So long, Bikini Bottom
There's so many things I'll miss
From your smoggy, crowded city
To your stingin' jellyfish

This town is filled with many things
That I've come to love
From the birds that fly upon the ground
To the flowers up above

Farewell, Bikini Bottom
Now I really hate to go
'Cause the things I'll miss the most of all
Are the friends I've come to know

SpongeBob: (both cry) I'm ashamed of myself, Patrick. I gave up too quickly. We'll build Sandy's bosses an invention so amazing, they'll give Sandy funding forever. (later, SpongeBob and Patrick are experimenting and building an invention) We've done it, Patrick! We've created the greatest invention the world has ever seen! Patrick, they're here.

Patrick: Who?

SpongeBob: Sandy's bosses. (Patrick is clueless) The reason we spent all afternoon inventing.

Patrick: I have no idea what you're talking about. (both exit the treedome to greet her bosses)

Chimp #1: Good day, gentlemen. Allow me to introduce ourselves. I am Professor Percy. This is Dr. Marmalade.

Dr. Marmalade: At your service.

Professor Percy: And this is Lord Reginald.

Lord Reginald: Charmed.

Patrick: You guys talk funny. Say more words!

Professor Percy: We are the board of directors of Tree Dome Enterprises Limited, and we are here to ascertain if Miss Cheeks' inventions are up to snuff.

SpongeBob: Why everyone in town has benefited from Sandy's scientific knowledge. Before Sandy showed up, I used to be a scrawny weakling.

Patrick: And I used to be dumb. (goofy laughter)

Professor Percy: Quite. And whom do I have the pleasure of addressing.

SpongeBob: My name is SpongeBob.

Patrick: And I am Professor Patrick.

SpongeBob: Professor?

Patrick: Doctor Professor Patrick. Don't mind him. You know how interns are.

Professor Percy: Where is Miss Cheeks?

SpongeBob: She should be back any moment.

Patrick: I thought she ran away because she couldn't invent anything.

SpongeBob: Patrick.

Patrick: That's Mr. Doctor Professor Patrick to you!

SpongeBob: Don't you think it's time to show them Sandy's invention, Mr. Doctor Professor Patrick?

Patrick: Good idea.

SpongeBob: Well?

Patrick: Hey, you're the unpaid intern. You do the work. (cut to later where everyone is standing in front of the invention)

SpongeBob: Gentlemen, I can say without exaggeration that this is the most important invention in the history of the Universe! I give you... (reveals the invention) The Automatic Back Scratcher, Hair Comber, Nose Picker, and Ukulele Tuner 9000! (everything is put together with gum and band aids)

Professor Percy: This is where our research money went?

SpongeBob: Uh-huh. Isn't it great?

Lord Reginald: An automatic back scratcher, hair comber, nose picker, ukulele tuner. Yes, well, I've heard that claim

before.

Professor Percy: Yes, how do we know this contraption works?

Dr. Marmalade: Let's see a demonstration.

Patrick: Step right up. (points to Lord Reginald) You look like you've been neglecting your personal hygiene.

Lord Reginald: Me? (Patrick straps him in the contraption) Are you sure this is safe?

Patrick: As sure as I'm a doctor professor.

SpongeBob: Patrick, don't you think we should test it?

Patrick: Ok. (turns invention on. The contraption comes down over Lord Reginald)

SpongeBob: That's not exactly what I had in mind.

Professor Percy: Lord Reginald, are you all right? (inside the invention, Lord Reginald is getting his hair trimmed)

Lord Reginald: Oh, I say, this is splendid. (not getting back scratched) Oh, absolutely splendid. What's this? (nose is getting picked) Oh, marvelous. This machine has evacuated my nostrils of unwanted residue in a manner most pleasant.

SpongeBob: Good work, Mr. Doctor Professor Patrick.

Patrick: Thank you, lowly assistant.

Lord Reginald: Oh, I say, now it's feeding me delicious pudding.

SpongeBob: Pudding? I don't remember that part of the invention.

Lord Reginald: And now it's tuning my ukulele. (one sour note of the ukelele and the invention gets out-of-control. Lord Reginald is hit on the head with the ukulele) Ouch! Ooh! I say, was that necessary? (is slapped in the back of his head) You, sir, are impertinent. (a pair of scissors, fire, a saw, and more gadgets surround him) Oh, dear. (screams)

Dr. Marmalade: Lord Reginald, are you all right? (shrieks and explosions are heard) I'm sorry, was that a yes?

Professor Percy: Mr. Doctor Professor Patrick, what is the meaning of this?

Patrick: It's ok. The horrible screaming means that it's working.

SpongeBob: Oh, I really wish Sandy were here. (back to Sandy where a bus has just pulled up)

Bus Driver: All aboard.

Sandy: Will this bus take you somewhere when you've got nowhere else to go?

Bus Driver: It sure does. We make stops in Quittersville, Failuretown, and Loserburg. (Sandy heres the screaming)

Sandy: What in tarnation? (enters her treedome) What's with all the monkey business? (gasps)

SpongeBob: Sandy!

Sandy: SpongeBob! What the heck is going on here? (invention spits Lord Reginald out)

Lord Reginald: Ouch.

Patrick: It works! It works!

Professor Percy: Lord Reginald, are you all right?

Lord Reginald: I seem to have ruptured my pomposity.

Professor Percy: We shall commence closure of this establishment immediately.

Dr. Marmalade: Frankly, I'm beginning to question the economic benefits of underwater treedomes. Doesn't make much sense once you get right down to it.

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Sandy. We were trying to keep you in Bikini Bottom, but all we did was ruin your chances to stay.

Sandy: I was about to be fired anyway. Thanks for trying to help SpongeBob. You, too, Patrick.

Patrick: That's Mr. Doctor Professor Patrick.

Sandy: Don't push it.

Patrick: Sorry.

Professor Percy: We are departing, Dr. Marmalade.

Dr. Marmalade: My word, all of this excitement has drastically reduced my potassium levels. (takes out a banana. The nutcracker turns back on and peels the banana) Good gracious. Can it be?

Professor Percy: Try it again. (Lord Reginald gets a banana out and the nutcracker peels it)

Lord Reginald: Oh! It is! It is! It's the banana peeler we have been searching 117 years for. (excited chattering from the chimps)

SpongeBob: Wow, Sandy, they're going bananas for your nutcracker.

Sandy: Yeah. (cut to later when the chimps are about to leave)

Professor Percy: Well, Miss Cheeks, I must say you have exceeded expectations.

Lord Reginald: It may be the extreme head trauma I've suffered, but I am going to offer you a 20-year contract with a substantial pay raise.

Sandy: I accept

.

SpongeBob & Patrick: Hooray!

Professor Percy: I expect great things out of you, Miss Cheeks. Great things.

Lord Reginald: Perhaps you could put your talents toward that automatic poop-throwing machine that's eluded us for so long.

Dr. Marmalade: Now, now, one miracle at a time.

All: Goodbye.

Sandy: Well, the only thing left is to figure out what to do with this infernal contraption.

Patrick: My turn. (sits on his invention) Whoo-hoo! (machine turns on and he screams) All right!

Flying Dutchman: Curse this cursed, ghostly fog. I can barely see past me own nose. (gas is sprayed in his eyes then the ship is split in half after it runs into a cliff. The Flying Dutchman falls down the cliff and through a basketball hoop before hitting the ground. The ship falls onto of him into pieces then he crawls out) Me ship. (his ship turns into dust then gets out his cell phone) Hello, Roadside Assistance? I've got a bit of a flat! My location where I'll be staying? Business or residence? (sees SpongeBob go into his house) Residence. (SpongeBob is walking through his house as The Flying Dutchman comes up and scares him through the floor) Argh!

SpongeBob: The Flying Dutchman! (melts into a puddle inside his pants) What are you doing in my house?

Flying Dutchman: I'm stuck here while my ship is being repaired. Until then, I'm here to haunt ya! (laughs maniacally. SpongeBob screams and runs to Squidward's house)

SpongeBob: Squidward! Squidward! (knocks on the door) Squidward! Help! (Squidward opens the door and SpongeBob continues to knock but on Squidward's face)

Squidward: Ow. Ow. Ow. Ooh! Ee! Ow. Ee! Ooh!

SpongeBob: Squidward, you have to help me! There's a gh-gh-gh, a ghost in my house!

Squidward: SpongeBob, how many times do I have to tell you, I don't believe in ghosts, and I never liked you. (closes door)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Patrick! Patrick! (Patrick opens up his rock) You gotta help me! The Flying Dutch... (Patrick closes his rock) man. (Gary cries) Gary! (opens his door and gasps) Don't you dare hurt my little Gary!

Flying Dutchman: Aw, I just wanted to pet the little guy. There, there. Dutchie's not gonna hurt ya. I love me a good snail. (eats Gary. SpongeBob screams and rips off the sides of his head)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Gary!

Flying Dutchman: Nothing better than giving a good scare! Argh! (laughs)

SpongeBob: It's okay, Gary. (fire surrounds the Flying Dutchman and SpongeBob)

Flying Dutchman: Don't get too comfortable! (cut to SpongeBob walking up to his house, which is set on fire. SpongeBob does not get scared. Cut to bedtime)

SpongeBob: Goodnight, Gary. (his nose starts to itch so a tentacle scratches it. SpongeBob pulls off his covers to reveal him as an octopus. He screams while the Flying Dutchman laughs. Cut to SpongeBob opening up the refrigerator to a monster popping out and scaring him. Both laugh. Cut to SpongeBob looking in the mirror when in the reflection only, a monster eats him. He sighs and walks off. Cut to him eating cereal, which are eyeballs. He sighs and walks off again)

Flying Dutchman: Hmm? (SpongeBob walks up and opens a drawer then sighs and takes out the skeleton in it. As he's walking out, a monster pops out from underneath the floor and tries to scare SpongeBob but it doesn't. The monster turns into other monsters, and even Sherlock Holmes, but still nothing is working) Hmm?

SpongeBob: Umm, Dutchie, is this gonna be much longer?

Flying Dutchman: Why aren't you freakin' out, lad?

SpongeBob: Well, you've been here a while, and, uhh, I've seen all your tricks.

Flying Dutchman: What are you trying to say?

SpongeBob: Eh.

Flying Dutchman: I know when I'm washed up. I've been doing the same material for years. Scaring is a young man's game. It's time to give up the ghost. No pun intended.

SpongeBob: Oh, no, no. I meant that I'm just used to it, that's all.

Flying Dutchman: Don't lie to me.

SpongeBob: You just gotta scare someone other than me.

Flying Dutchman: Hmm... (scene cuts to Mattress Discount)

Fish: Mind if I test it out? (hops onto the mattress) Yeah, this does feel comfortable. (doorbell rings)

Mattress Salesman: Would you excuse me for a moment? (fish on the mattress falls asleep as the Flying Dutchman tries to scare him. Nothing is working)

Flying Dutchman: Ah, forget it. (Mattress Salesman comes back)

Mattress Salesman: So, what do you think? (fish screams. Scene cuts to The Flying Dutchman trying to scare a little girl jumping rope. The jump rope hits him back)

Flying Dutchman: It's official. I'm not scary anymore.

SpongeBob: Just what kinda talk is that? You're just off your game, that's all.

Flying Dutchman: Maybe I just need a break. Take some time off, you know?

SpongeBob: Sure, relax a little.

Flying Dutchman: Maybe stay with a friend for a while. On a comfy couch in a pineapple. Just for a little while longer? 'Til I get back on my feet?

Narrator: 6 Months Later...

SpongeBob: (walks into his house) Hey, champ! How's it... (screams)

Monster: Turn it up...

Monster #2: Turn the knob up.

Monster #3: Whoo!

Flying Dutchman: Who'd guess we have so much in common? You like teddy bears; I like teddy bears. You like ponies; I like ponies!

Nancy: Is that a wedding ring?

Flying Dutchman: Oh, this? Oh, it's nothing. (takes it off and throws it away, landing on SpongeBob's nose)

SpongeBob: What is going on around here?

Flying Dutchman: Come on, SpongeBob, don't be a stick in the mud!

Ghost: Look out below! (riding on a motorcycle down the stairs and crashing into SpongeBob's wall) How was that?

Flying Dutchman: Even better the third time.

SpongeBob: Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no! Everyone, get out!

Flying Dutchman: Alrighty, boys, party's over. (to Nancy) Time to scoot honey. (everyone leaves)

SpongeBob: Dutchie! Do you gonna spend eternity on this couch?

Flying Dutchman: Well, it is comfy.

SpongeBob: Look in the mirror. You're a ghost of your former self!

Flying Dutchman: Ah, you're right, SpongeBob. I'm pathetic.

SpongeBob: Yes, you are. But we're going to raise you up from your squalled conditions through the use of visual aids. Watch now. (SpongeBob puts a tape into the VCR)

Flying Dutchman: What in barnacles is it?

SpongeBob: A journey into self-awareness. (on the tape is a fish that uses a square hammer on a gong. An eagle flies through some mountains and screams. Then some fish, wearing robes and roller skating, skate in a straight line)

Fish: The power within. The power within. (last fish holds a medallion up)

Fish #2: (whispering) The power within. The power within. The power within. The power within. (the man multiples into a blue, red, and green being of himself) The power within. The power within. (picks up some dirt) The power within! Yeah.

Flying Dutchman: That was beautiful!

SpongeBob: Now get off of that couch and into your clothes, Dutchman! It's time to get serious. (cut to later that night where an elderly fish lady is walking by some seaweed, where SpongeBob and The Flying Dutchman are hiding behind) Let's start you off easy. You think you can take that old lady down there?

Flying Dutchman: What are you kidding me? Scaring her is too easy.

SpongeBob: Now that's The Flying Dutchman I know. Let's see you put those words into action.

Flying Dutchman: No problemo, compadre. (thunder claps while the Dutchman screams at the old lady) Yargh!

Old Lady: Lonnie is that you?

Flying Dutchman: What? No! 'Tis I, the ominous Flying Dutchman! (screams)

Old Lady: Lonnie, there's this great new product called toothpaste. I think you should try it. (cut to SpongeBob flying on the Flying Dutchman's back. They spot a gym)

Flying Dutchman: Let's hit it. (The Flying Dutchman, goes through the wall but SpongeBob does not, smashing into the wall. Inside, Larry the Lobster is lifting weights. Then he looks into the mirror)

Larry: Dude, look at your pecks! You're phenomenal! Truly a hard body. Look at those guns. (Flying Dutchman attempts to scare him. Larry gasps)

SpongeBob: (chuckles) Now he's got him.

Larry: My altissimo dorsi has gone flabby! I gotta get to a rolling machine. (leaves)

Flying Dutchman: Ah. It's no use, SpongeBob. I can't seem to scare anyone. Maybe people just don't believe in ghosts anymore.

SpongeBob: Wait a minute! I think you gave me the answer to all your problems! (whispers into The Flying Dutchman's ears) ...goblins...guilt trip... (scene cuts to Squidward's house where Squidward slips into his bunny slippers and walks to the mirror. When he picks up his powder, it floats by itself and applies itself onto Squidward. Green fog begins to appear and a voice is heard in the fog)

Mrs. Tentacles: Squidward! Squidward!

Squidward: What's going on?

Mrs. Tentacles: Why haven't you called me?

Squidward: Mother?

Mrs. Tentacles: Why haven't you called your mother?

Squidward: (screams) Uh, Squiddums loves his mama.

Mrs. Tentacles: Why don't you call me then? Why don't you call me? Why don't you call me? (her face melts turning into a clarinet that plays music. The clarinet goes into one of Squidward's ears and out the other, literally)

Flying Dutchman: (through the clarinet) I heard you don't believe in ghosts!

Squidward: Ghosts?

Flying Dutchman: As in the Flying Dutchman! (tosses Squidward against the wall)

Squidward: There's no such thing as ghosts. No such thing.

Flying Dutchman: No such thing as ghosts? No such thing as ghosts?! You don't believe in ghosts?! (floor turns into liquid. Another ghost pops up and eats Squidward sending him into a light that spits him back into his house. A giant SpongeBob is sitting there breathing in and out really hard)

Squidward: SpongeBob? (SpongeBob's eyes twist around his head and spiders crawl out and reveal the Flying Dutchman. F.D. does a trick to think that he is pulling his finger off)

Flying Dutchman: Ooh, scary!

Squidward: No! No! That's impossible! (runs out of his house) Ghosts! Ghosts!

SpongeBob: (runs out of the closet) Dutchie, it worked! You got your scare back!

Flying Dutchman: And me confidence, too. Now I feel like I can scare the living criminy out of anybody! All thanks to you, my boy.

SpongeBob: And, maybe your ship will be repaired soon.

Flying Dutchman: Actually, I have a confession, SpongeBob. My ship's been done for three months now. Well, it was nice rooming with ya. (flies back up to his ship) Oh yeah, I almost forgot! I left you a little something something for all your trouble. Now, it's time for me to ruin more souls. (ships sails off. SpongeBob opens the package. A hand grabs him and pulls him in. SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: Good Ol' Dutchie!

(opens up with Pearl sleeping until the radio wakes her up)

Radio: Good morning, Bikini Bottom! It's a very special day today because we have got the new single from Boys Who Cry: 'It's All About You'.

Song: Boys Who Cry "It's all about you" It's All About You

It's all about you girl, On your sixteenth birthday! Pay attention to you girl, Everyone has to do just what you say. You get your very own spotlight tonight, Cuz it's all about you! Yeah, it's all about Pearl! You're the birthday girl!

Pearl

Yeah! It's all about me
On my 16th birthday
I want music, clothes, and shiny things
So give it up right away
Everybody in the whole wide world
They have to pay attention to me
It's all about me, me...and guess who? Me!

Mr. Krabs: (Pearl crashes through the ceiling and into the kitchen on the ground floor) Neptune's treasures!

Pearl: Morning, daddy!

Mr. Krabs: Are you sure you wouldn't prefer a room on the ground floor?

Pearl: Oh, daddy. I'm just excited because tomorrow's a very special day.

Mr. Krabs: (gulps) It is? (Pearl stares at him) Oh, I mean it is! Very special. Very very special, indeed.

Pearl: You have no idea what day tomorrow is, do you?

Mr. Krabs: None at all.

Pearl: It's my 16th birthday!

Mr. Krabs: I knew that. How could you think I wouldn't know that? What are you gonna be, 12?

Pearl: I'm going to be 16! It's only the most important birthday in my entire life. If I don't have a completely awesome party, my whole high school reputation will collapse. I'll have to drop out, I won't go off to college, I'll never leave home. You'll have to support me for the rest of my life.

Mr. Krabs: (nervously chuckles) Well, we don't want that to happen.

Pearl: Then promise me you'll give me a real party this year. And don't be cheap! (squeakily nods)

(later at the high school)

Pearl: Hi, girls.

Friend #1: Hi, Pearl.

Pearl: Are you guys coming to my totally coral birthday party tomorrow?

Friend #1: I don't know, Pearl. Is this going to be as totally coral as last year, when your dad passed out paper clips as party favors? (3 girls laugh)

Judy: Remember the time we all had to share one balloon? (balloon floats up) Please.

Friend #2: Remember the pony ride? (wooden horse with a paint can as a head and a broom stick as a tail)

Friend #1: I can't wait to see how he ruins this year. (3 girls laugh as Pearl runs out of school crying. Shes heads towards the Krusty Krab)

Pearl: Daddy!

Mr. Krabs: Everybody brace for impact!

Pearl: Tell me you've got something totally coral planned for my birthday party.

Mr. Krabs: Now, now, don't snap your mizzenmast. Pearl: Everything is all set. Why, I've already got the party favors! Bubble Wrap! This year's gonna be a blast.

Pearl: Daddy, you ruined all my birthday parties. But you better not ruin this one. Now promise me you won't be cheap.

Mr. Krabs: (gulps) I promise.

Pearl: Good, because I made a list. (list rolls out of the Krusty Krab and down the road. Mr Krabs rolls it up) Now I want everything on this list at my party. (kisses her dad) Bye. I'll be at the mall with my friends.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob?!

SpongeBob: Yes Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: While I plan the party, I want you to but Pearl's present. (takes out his credit card) Here you go, boy.

SpongeBob: What this, Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: It's me credit card. You use it instead of money.

SpongeBob: I can buy stuff with just this piece of plastic? I don't need money?

Mr. Krabs: Exactly.

SpongeBob: Wow.

(later at the Bikini Bottom Mall)

Pearl: So, that's when Marcie told me that Julie said that Angela did like Brad.

Friend #1: Oh.

SpongeBob: (peeking through a plant as he writes something down on a notepad) Angela likes Brad.

Pearl: (holding up a purple, plastic comb) Oh my gosh, this is the greatest thing I have seen in the whole world.

SpongeBob: (runs up to the cashier) I'd like to buy that piece of plastic with this piece of plastic. (giggles)

Cashier: (looking at the credit card) Mr. Krabs, huh? Quick--how do you spell "Krabs"?

SpongeBob: Umm...I'm pretty sure it has a 'B' in it.

Cashier: Close enough. (swipes the credit card through the machine) There you go, kid.

SpongeBob: That's it? Hmmm, I'll never understand the workings of high finance.

Pearl: (holding up lip gloss) Wow, this is the greatest thing I've ever seen in the whole world. Glitter gloss!

SpongeBob: Oh, no, I bought the wrong present.

Judy: Pearl, you have got to see this.

Pearl: Coming, Judy.

Elderly Fish: Oh...hmmm... (mirror flips around revealing SpongeBob. He takes the glitter gloss away from the elderly fish and the mirror flips back around)

SpongeBob: Now this is obviously the greatest present ever.

Pearl: (squeals) This is the greatest thing in the whole world! (SpongeBob sighs)

(back at the Krusty Krab where Squidward is nailing down a banner)

Squidward: The banner's up, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: I've had that since the day she was born. I got it on sale.

Squidward: I'm sure she'll love it, Mr. Krabs.

(back at the mall)

Pearl: This sea pony is the cutest thing ever. Do you want to come home and be my pony? (pony imagines Pearl being on its back) Whee! (pony shakes its head)

Judy: Pearl, come here. This is so coral. (SpongeBob is disguised as a Dog Fish next to the pony)

Pearl: Oh my gosh, it's Billy Fishkin.

All: Hi, Billy!

Billy: Meep. (all sighing. SpongeBob, dressed up as a girl, sighs after they do)

SpongeBob: (girly voice) Isn't he dreamy? (SpongeBob takes Billy and hands him to the cashier) Price check on four.

Billy: Meep.

(back at the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: I finished Pearl's portrait, Mr. Krabs. It's a true masterpiece. (reveals a ice sculpture of Pearl)

Mr. Krabs: Hey...maybe I should have hired that ice sculptor.

Squidward: Ice sculptor? Any fool can sculpt in ice. It takes true genius to transform 400 pounds of raw krabby patties into a work of such majesty.

Mr. Krabs: Yeah. Well, we've got the decor covered. Now how about entertainment? Pearl wants some boy band called 'Boys Who Cry'.

Squidward: Boys Who Cry? They're my favorite band. They charge a million dollars just to show up. And if you want them to lip-sync, it'll run into real money.

Mr. Krabs: You're a real fan, huh?

Squidward: Oh yeah, I know all their songs.

Mr. Krabs: All their songs?

(back at the mall where Pearl and friends are gazing at a bunch of things and SpongeBob buys them all, including: a dress, sunglasses, a pair of platform shoes, and other gifts)

Pearl: Wouldn't it be cool if my dad got me this for my birthday?

Friend #1: It sure would be. If he was cool, which he's not. (laughs)

Pearl: Yeah, he probably got me another box of staples. (SpongeBob appears in the car)

(back at the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: It's almost time for the party to start!

SpongeBob: I'm back, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what took you so long? And where's Pearl's presents?

SpongeBob: The delivery truck will be here momentarily.

Squidward: Here she comes, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Everybody get into position. (Pearl and friends enter)

All: Happy birthday! (everyone is standing in front of the banner that reads 'IT'S A BOY GIRL')

Judy: "It's a boy"?! (3 friends laugh)

Pearl: Daddy! (friends walk over to the popcorn machine and try a bite. All gag and cough up the popcorn)

Friend #1: Stale popcorn. (friends walk over to the punchbowl and take a sip) It tastes like dishwater.

Squidward: It is dishwater. (friends cough out the punch)

Pearl: (notices the sculpture) Is that supposed to be me? (head falls off) It's made out of Krabby Patties! Gross!

Mr. Krabs: Who wants cake?

Pearl: Well, the cake does look good. (all take a bite) It's made out of cardboard!

Mr. Krabs: And frosting.

Friend #1: Well, Pearl, 16 lame parties in a row. Must be a new record. Let's get out of here.

Pearl: Wait, don't leave. My dad got Boys Who Cry to play. You did get Boys Who Cry, right?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, even better sweetie. Hit it. (curtain unfolds as R & B Music begins to play with Squidward standing on the stage)

Squidward: Hello, ladies.

' :When my tearducts get issue, I can't use just any tissue... I need four-ply, Four-Ply, Four-Ply, When I cry... Huh!

Friend #2: Hey, that is not Boys Who Cry.

Judy: Yeah!

Friend #2: Boo!

Friend #1: What a rip-off.

Judy: This stinks!

Pearl: Daddy, how could you? I gave you a list! (runs out crying...)

Mr. Krabs: Pearl, come back! (crowd throws objects at Squidward)

Pearl: You ruined everything! You stopped being cheap, even for me. (cries)

Mr. Krabs: I'll make it up to you somehow, Pearl.

SpongeBob: That's it. Back it up. Right there. Let 'er go! (dump truck full of presents unloads them all)

Pearl: You bought me a boat?

Mr. Krabs: I did? I mean...I did?

Friends: Wow.

Pearl: Oh, daddy, I don't know how it could get better than this.

SpongeBob: Just watch. (signals on his walkie-talkie) Hit it boys! (Big present at the top opens up)

Endsong: Boys Who Cry "It's All About You"

It's all about you girl, On your sixteenth birthday! Pay attention to you girl, Everyone has to do just what you say. You get your very own spotlight tonight, Cuz it's all about you! Yeah, it's all about Pearl! You're the birthday girl!

Mr. Krabs: Boy, how much is all this costing me?

SpongeBob: Here's the receipt.

Mr. Krabs: (freaks out) I ought to...

Pearl: Oh, daddy, you got me everything I wanted. (kisses her dad)

Mr. Krabs: Ah, nothing's too good for me daughter. Heh.

SpongeBob: You're a good dad, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Don't push your luck, boy.

There, that's better

(episode begins at SpongeBob's house)

SpongeBob: (squeezes some shell wax onto Gary's shell) Alright, Gary, ready for your yearly shell waxing?

Gary: Meow. (SpongeBob grabs his nose and uses his back to wax Gary's shell)

SpongeBob: Just look at that shine! Now let's check under the hood. (opens Gary's shell and jumps in) Geez, Gary, this place is a real snail-sty.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Still? From New Year's Eve? (Gary blows his horn because SpongeBob said, "New Year's Eve." Sees something on the ground) What?! I've been looking everywhere for this, Gary. (laughs) My favorite novelty T-shirt. (holds up a shirt that reads "I <3 Krabby Patties". Doorbell rings) Oh, someone's here. (jumps out of Gary's shell)

Mailman: Special delivery for SpongeBob SquarePants.

SpongeBob: Special delivery? Just for me? You think I'm...special? (hugs the mailman)

Mailman: Alright, do we have to go through this every time I give you your mail? Sheesh. (leaves)

SpongeBob: What could it be today, Gary?

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: (opens package) A videotape? (reads it) "You're a winner — SpongeBob SquarePants". I'm SpongeBob SquarePants! (inserts videotape into VCR. Videotape plays)

Announcer: Karate Island: A serene and exotic location where nature and beauty abound, and hundreds of fighting styles collide in a wave of non-stop, pulsating, no-hold barred action! For centuries, the world's top karate artists have journeyed to this land to be crowned King of Karate.

SpongeBob: King of Karate?

Announcer: Now it's your turn...

Announcer 2: ...SpongeBob SquarePants.

Announcer: You've won an all-expense paid trip to Karate Island! Hi-yah! Where you'll be crowned this year's King of Karate!

SpongeBob: Ooh... Did you hear that, Gary? I'm going to be crowned... (shouts karate yells) King of Karate! (jumps to the door, leaving his arm in the ground) Whoo-hoo! (shouts karate yells)

Sandy: Howdy, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Hello, Sandy. Have you heard the news? I was invited to Karate Island to be crowned the King of Karate.

Sandy: Karate Island? I've never heard of Karate Island.

SpongeBob: Oh, sure, Sandy, all the big karate experts go there.

Sandy: But my karate is better than your karate by a country mile and I've never been invited.

SpongeBob: Maybe your karate was the best, but now they've recognized a new number one.

Sandy: There's something rotten in the Alamo. I'd better tag along and see if it's on the up-and-up.

SpongeBob: All right, Sandy, you can come with me to witness my crowning moment. (laughs. Bubble-wipe to both in a boat heading towards Karate Island) Are we there yet?

Sandy: Yup. That's it over there.

SpongeBob: What make you think that's Karate Island? (big sign that says "Welcome to Karate Island" is pointing at the island)

Sandy: I don't know — lucky guess? (three fish are waiting on top of some rocks for SpongeBob. SpongeBob and Sandy arrive

on the island)

SpongeBob: Hello there, the King of Karate has arrived.

Fish: Welcome to my island, SpongeBob-san. (bows)

SpongeBob: Oh, thank you. (bows)

Master Udon: I am Master Udon.

Sandy: Howdy, Master Udon, I'm Sandy Cheeks. I do a little karate, myself.

SpongeBob: Sandy, Sandy, Sandy. Mr. Udon isn't interested in a karate novice like you. They only have time for royalty.

Sandy: Oh, brother.

Master Udon: Please, show me some of your moves, Master SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: You hear that, Sandy? He called me "master". Bring on your best fighters! I'll try to go easy on 'em. (three fighters appear)

Sandy: SpongeBob, your karate's not good enough to handle those sidewinders.

SpongeBob: Pa-shaw! Watch and learn, sister. (shouts karate yells at the first fighter. He falls to the ground) Yup. That's how the King of Karate does it. Who's next?

Sandy: Something smells like rancid rodeo around here. (all the fighters are knocked out)

Master Udon: Excellent. Truly you are King of Karate.

SpongeBob: The one and only.

Master Udon: We must make ready for your coronation.

SpongeBob: I'm ready to be King of Karate! (gong sounds)

Master Udon: King of Karate-san, it is time for you to take your rightful place on your throne.

SpongeBob: My throne. (floats over to the throne)

Sandy: All right, Udon, I'm on to you. This is as crooked as a dizzy sidewinder.

SpongeBob: (sitting on his throne) Come, Sandy, take your place next to the king and share in my crowning achievement. (claps twice) Bring a seat for my air-breathing friend. (chair is brought)

Sandy: SpongeBob, ya'll are getting a bit wily.

SpongeBob: Oh, do I detect a note of jealousy, Sandy?

Sandy: Heck, I could karate you in a country fiddle with one paw tied behind my back.

SpongeBob: (laughs) But who's being crowned King of Karate -- not you.

Sandy: I'm getting off this crazy train! (mumbles in angrily)

Master Udon: Master, don't worry about her. She is missing out on the opportunity of a lifetime. (laughs) Let the coronation begin!

SpongeBob: Sandy's going to miss out, big time. (is chained down to the throne. Master Udon reaches into his robe and takes out a pen)

Sandy: That dang SpongeBob. Who does he think he is? I taught that yellow beaver maniac everything he knows about fighting -- and that ain't much.

SpongeBob: NO...!

Sandy: SpongeBob's in trouble! (SpongeBob screams) SpongeBob is the "King of Karate". He doesn't need me. Eh, he can handle this himself.

SpongeBob: (in the distance) Sandy, I need you! I can't handle this myself.

Sandy: Hold on, buddy! (enters a building where Master Udon is watching from above)

SpongeBob: No, Sandy!

Master Udon: She will never reach you. She must first pass through the "Four Floors of Fear."

Sandy: (enters first room) SpongeBob?

The Tickler: Ha. Ha-ha-ha. You cannot pass unless you defeat me, The Tickler, and my iron-finger style. (both get ready then attack) Ha-ha. Look!

Sandy: Huh? (laughs as she is being tickled)

The Tickler: Prepare for the tickling of your life!

Sandy: Taste these! (has a plate full of jelly-filled donuts)

The Tickler: Oh no! Jelly-filled donuts? How did you know they were my weakness?

Sandy: No one can resist jelly-filled. (throws the donuts into The Tickler's mouth) Sticky around, I'll be back with the glazed.

The Tickler: I could use a wet nap.

Sandy: (enters floor two) All right, who's next?

Lip Service: Halt! No one passes me, Lip Service, and my power-flexi dynamo-lip thruster style. (attacks Sandy by trying to

kiss her) Dance, squirrel, dance. (kisses Sandy's helmet. Sandy is sent backwards)

Sandy: Advanced hair-dryer style!

Lip Service: (laughs) What do you expect to do with that? (Sandy uses the hair-dryer to blow air on L.P.'s lips, making them chapped) Oh, no! Not chapped lips! (takes out some Lip Balm. Applies some but it breaks her lips)

Sandy: That's enough lip out of you. (enters third floor but slips on her way in because it's covered in mud. She slides into a big green jabba-the-hut look-alike)

Filthy Phil: No one has ever made it to the lair of Filthy Phil. No one passes except me. Now feel the steam of my horrible body odor. (strains to get body odor out. The body odor tries to get into Sandy's helmet but can't)

Sandy: Ha-ha, Phil! Your foul stench can't permeate my fresh-air dome.

Filthy Phil: Fresh-air dome? (inhales his own body odor) Man, I really do stink. (passes out. Sandy breaks through some boards to enter floor four where Master Udon is)

Master Udon: You are one impressive squirrel. You even made a costume change.

Sandy: Release SpongeBob.

Master Udon: Never. (as Sandy is going to attack, she is trapped in a bird cage. She strains to break through but can't) He is forbidden to leave until...he signs this contract.

Sandy: What are you talking about?!

Master Udon: Real estate.

Sandy: You mean this whole thing was a scam to get us to buy real estate?

Master Udon: (nods) Yes. If there was a real Karate Island, I'd be a millionaire.

SpongeBob: You mean I'm not King of Karate?

Master Udon: No. But you could be King of Condos. Here, let me explain. It's really quite simple. (pulls down chart) See, if you invest in a time share here on Condo Island, you can see your equity increase ten-fold. Perhaps you and your yellow friend would like to set up a timeshare plan?

SpongeBob: Don't do it, Sandy! (Sandy chants something)

Sandy: (aims her arms and magically breaks the bird cage shocking Udon) I won't give in to your timeshare vacation scam!

Master Udon: Then give in to my fists. (rips clothes off and begins to flex to begin muscle growth) HRGHHHH HNNGHH!

Sandy: (rips off clothes and flexes her body to grow muscles and grunts heavily) Rrrr Aughhhh MMMMGH! (both flex their bodies and rise and roar with their muscular bodies) RAHHHH!

Master Udon: (roars like a lion) ROAAAR! (Sandy jumps on top of Master Udon's head then slaps him with her feet. Master

Udon then grabs Sandy and throws her into the wall. They karate chop some more before Sandy grabs him and throws him on the ground over and over. She then throws him in the air and kicks him in the face, sending him outside into the ocean)

Sandy: You're in the soup now, Udon! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Sandy walking toward their boat)

SpongeBob: Sandy, I'm sorry I acted like a jerk back there. Thanks for saving me from... (swallows hard) ...buying a condo.

Sandy: Aw, shucks, SpongeBob, that's what friends are for.

SpongeBob: I still have one question, though. Does this mean I'm not King of Karate?

Sandy: You are in my book, SpongeBob. You are in my book. Now let me tell you about real estate. It's all about location... (boat drives off as another boat, carrying Squidward, arrives)

Squidward: I'm here! The King of Clarinets has arrived. (Master Udon is waiting on top of the rocks again. After the end of the episode, a picture of Pat Morita is shown with "In Memory of Pat Morita-- 1932-2005" [without "in memory of" in some countries] below)

(at the Krusty Krab)

Customer: One Monster Krabby Patty, please.

Squidward: Hmph, no one's ordered the monster patty in ages. SpongeBob, one Monster Krabby Patty.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Did you say a Monster Krabby Patty?!

Squidward: Uhh, one Monster Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: Monster Krabby Patty?

Customers: Monster Krabby Patty?

Customer: (in bathroom) Monster Krabby Patty?!

(Hans' hands puts lots of krabby patty meat on the grill)

SpongeBob: Oh dear Neptune.

Squidward: Oh, boy.

SpongeBob: (puts his spatula under the meat) We can do this! At the count of three, we flip! Ready? One, two, three! (Spat breaks in half) Spat? (SpongeBob screams and cries in front of everyone while showing his spatula that is broken. First in Mr. Krabs, then Squidward, then customer, police, mother with baby, and himself. Scene cuts to SpongeBob at a therapist)

Therapist: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm. Go on. (SpongeBob cries more. Bob and Larry crying, Scene cuts to an ambulance taking the spatula away)

Mr. Krabs: Well, we better get back to work.

SpongeBob: Work? How can I go back to work without...without Spat?!

Mr. Krabs: Use another spatula.

SpongeBob: (close-up of his face, his eyes were hypnotized) What? There is only I spatula for me and this is Spat! Spat, wait up! Spat! (runs off to the hospital) I'm coming Spat! (scene cuts to hospital where SpongeBob is by a spatula's bed) Oh, Spat, we've been through so much together. (SpongeBob flashes back to all the good times he had with his spatula: made spat's head as friend sign, flipping patties, laying in the sun with spatula, scratching his back with gnspatula, playing ping pong with his spatula, reaching under the chair for the remote with spatula, and defeat pirates with spatula)

Replacement Doctor: There's no easy way to say this. SpongeBob, if I were you, I would give serious consideration to start thinking about... a replacement spatula. (SpongeBob turns around and starts to cry then turns back around) Go home. Get some rest. We'll try to do everything we can.

SpongeBob: Thank you, doctor.

Replacement Doctor: Oh, I'm not a doctor. I'm an actor whose searching for a role. Yes! Whoo-hoo! I am so totally gonna get this part! (gives a sigh of relief)

SpongeBob: Muach... (gives a kiss to the spatula and walks out of the hospital) Replacement spatula? How can anything ever replace...hey! Look at that! (notices a sign that says "LE Spatula INSIDE" and a picture of a high-tech spatula is on it) Ooh. Looks fancy. So shiny. All those lines so sleek. What am I talking about? I don't need this. (walks off then reappears inside the shop in front of the spatula) Maybe I do need this. (his eyes are shaped as a spatula)

Replacement Doctor: (in SpongeBob's thought bubble) I would give serious consideration to... a replacement spatula. (SpongeBob reaches for the spatula but his hand is slapped away by one of the employees)

Employee: Uh-uh. No touchy touchy the le spatula. It's very very expensive.

SpongeBob: I'm sorry.

Employee: Of course, if you purchase this fine item, you may hold it.

SpongeBob: I've got some loose change in my pocket, will this cover it? (takes out a bunch of money)

Employee: Umm... (takes out a calculator and punches a bunch of numbers) ..no.

SpongeBob: (breaks a piggy bank with a hammer) How about now?

Employee: No.

SpongeBob: (breaks another piggy bank) Now?

Employee: No.

SpongeBob: (breaks another piggy bank) Now?

Employee: No.

SpongeBob: (breaks another piggy bank) Now?

Employee: No.

SpongeBob: (breaks another piggy bank) Now?

Employee: No.

SpongeBob: (lifts up Gary's shell where there is a big diamond under it) Now?

Employee: No.

SpongeBob: (sells his house) That's everything I have. Now can I buy Le Spatula?

Employee: Everything, huh? (looks at his clothes) Nice outfit. (scene cuts to SpongeBob walking down the street where everyone is looking at him in shock) Evening, sir. Hey, Granny, what's shakin'? (walks into the Krusty Krab) Ooh, breezy today.

Squidward: Nice outfit, SpongeBob! (laughs)

SpongeBob: Thanks, Squidward. It was worth every penny.

Mr. Krabs: What's all the lollygagging about?

Squidward: (still laughing) Mr. Krabs, get a load of SpongeBob.

Mr. Krabs: This better be good. (walks into the kitchen)

SpongeBob: soon everyone will know of your beauty.

Mr. Krabs: Alright, what's going on in...ooh...don't you have any shame, boy?

SpongeBob: All my shame went into here, Mr. Krabs. Le Spatula! (shows Le Spatula)

Mr. Krabs: Le Spatula. What in blazes is that?

SpongeBob: Oh, just the answer to our little production dilemma. (Le Spatula glows)

Mr. Krabs: Well, what can it do?

Squidward: Can it make me famous?

SpongeBob: Anything you want and more. (pushes a button and the spatula spins)

Mr. Krabs: Ooh, that sounds excitin'. Let me have a go at it.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Krabs, no can do.

Mr. Krabs: What? Are you going against your commanding officer?

SpongeBob: No, it's not that. It's just that this is a highly developed piece of engineering that takes quality time to master.

Mr. Krabs: With that fancy machinery, I expect you to make Krabby Patties twice as fast.

SpongeBob: Oh, I don't think that'll be a problem, Mr. Krabs. In fact... (pushes a button and a bunch of spatulas appear)

Le Spatula: Le Spatula 3000 at your service.

Mr. Krabs: Huh, impressive. Well, let's see that thing impress me even more by bringing in more customers and more money in me pocket. (laughs and walks away with Squidward)

SpongeBob: Oh, you won't believe what Le Spatula is capable of. Ready to show 'em buddy? (all the spatulas go into hiding) Oh, it's okay. No need to be shy. It's always tough the first day on the job. (scene cuts to outside the kitchen)

Customer #3: Uhh, can I get one Krabby Patty, please?

Squidward: SpongeBob, I need one Krabby Patty.

SpongeBob: One Krabby Patty, coming up lickity split. (tries to use Le Spatula but every time he tries to flip the patty, the spatula goes another direction) Spat, is there something wrong, pal?

Le Spatula: I would not dare touch such slop as how do you say Krabby Patty. I am designed for the up most interesting cuisine. No less!

SpongeBob: But, but, I thought we were friends.

Le Spatula: Friends with you? Ha! We are not even in the same social class. (jumps out of SpongeBob's arms and extends it legs to land on the floor) Have a nice life of mediocrity, fry cook. (runs out laughing)

SpongeBob: Le Spatula, wait. I gave up everything for you. We had something. (runs into the fist of Le Spatula)

Le Spatula: What's this for something? Au revoir, peasants! Have fun laboring in your greasy spoon! Bweee! (gives raspberry and runs out)

Mr. Krabs: What happened?

SpongeBob: Le Spatula is gone, Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: Well, how are you gonna make Krabby Patties WITHOUT A SPATULA?!

SpongeBob: I had a spatula once. A real spatula. One that stood by me through thick and thin, through grease and gristle, and I betrayed his loyalty, like a fool.

Mr. Krabs: I always did like your old spatular. It got the job done every time.

SpongeBob: You're right, Mr. Krabs. The true measure of a good spatula is by his actions. Not by some fancy chrome and buttons. I gotta find my old spatula.

Mr. Krabs: Go to him. Go now, boy. Go before I lose all my customers. (starts to whine. scene cuts to the spatula's hospital bed)

SpongeBob: Spatula? It can't be true. It's too late! (cries)

Replacement Doctor: SpongeBob, I-I hate to tell you this.

SpongeBob: I know. He's moved on to the bigger kitchen drawer in the sky. He's gone.

Replacement Doctor: Actually, it's not that. I didn't get the acting part.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'm so sorry. (whines more)

Replacement Doctor: Oh, by the way, that's not your spatula. Your buddy's all patched up in the infirmary. (scene pans over to the Infirmary where Spatula is in a wheelchair)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Spatula!! (runs into the infirmary) Oh, buddy! Oh, I'm so glad you're better! (Spatula turns around and ignores SpongeBob) Spatula, what's wrong? (spatula shakes its head) But I didn't mean to betray you. Mr. Krabs needed a replacement. Krabby Patties don't flip themselves, you know. It was a moment of weakness! (whines again) I'm sorry-y-y-y! Oh, what have I done?! What have I done?! (whines and rolls. As he is doing this, another SpongeBob comes up into the scene)

SpongeBob #2: All that glitters is not gold. (as SpongeBob is still throwing a fit and whining from hospital to Krusty Krab, spatula wheels itself away)

(SpongeBob whines all the way to the Krusty Krab kitchen) I'll never find another spatula like him, again. (notices a spatula flipping burgers by itself) Spatula? You're back! (SpongeBob jumps for spatula in slow motion) Oh, spatula, now that we're together again, nothing will ever separate us.

Squidward: One Monster Krabby Patty. (a real set of hands puts a bunch of meat on the grill)

SpongeBob: Ok, buddy, we can do this! Ready? One, two, three! (SpongeBob arms come off) Doh! (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: (walks up to a pay phone to check if there is any money in it but there is none) Nothing. Oh well. (hears something in the distance) That sounds like a quarter crying for help. (a quarter rolls in front of Mr. Krabs) Come to papa!

Mom Fish: Hold it right there, buddy. My son just dropped that quarter.

Mr. Krabs: Yeah? Well your boy looks pretty shifty to me. How do I know he didn't steal it? (woman hits him in the face with her purse) Hey! That little brat is throwing perfectly good money away! Oh, so if I can't have it, no one... (gets hit in the face with the purse again) I hope he throws all your retirement money down a hole. (walks over to the well) Poor little quarter. What the...? This well is full of money! Don't worry little fellas, I'll save ya! (tries to climb in the well but is too big) Oh, it's no use. My poop deck's too big.

Lady Fish: Make a wish, dear.

Harold: All my wishes have already come true.

Lady Fish: Oh you. (tosses the coin at the well)

Mr. Krabs: Noo!! (jumps at the coin) I'll save ya, money! (grabs the coin) Gotcha. What do you heartless brutes think you're doing?

Harold: Umm, using the wishing well.

Lady Fish: You toss in a coin and make a wish.

Mr. Krabs: And then what?

Harold: And...that's it. Nothing else happens.

Lady Fish: It's fun!

Mr. Krabs: You mean suckers throw in money down a hole for fun? That's the greatest scam ever.

Harold: Can we have our quarter back now? (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: SpongeBob, why aren't those patties ready?

SpongeBob: You can't rush perfection.

Squidward: I'm not rushing perfection. I'm rushing you.

SpongeBob: (laughs) Always the kidder, Squidward.

Squidward: Oh, this job stinks! But at least I'm not digging ditches.

Mr. Krabs: (enters Krusty Krab) Squidward, SpongeBob, I got a new job for ya. (bubble-wipe to outside the Krusty Krab where there is a red X on the ground) X marks the spot of the Eugene Krabs Memorial Wishing Well.

SpongeBob: A wishing well, here? Wow!

Squidward: Don't you have to be dead to have a memorial or anything?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, Squidward, don't you believe in magic?

SpongeBob: Yeah, Squidward, don't you believe in magic? (walks off)

Squidward: No, I don't, and neither does Mr Krabs.

SpongeBob: Well, I do. This well's gonna make a lot of dreams come true. (starts digging) What's the first thing you're gonna wish for?

Squidward: To be far away from you as possible. C'mon, SpongeBob, this hole's not gonna dig itself. I'm certainly not gonna do it.

SpongeBob: Squidward, aren't you excited? This is really gonna help people.

Music: "Down The Well"

Take a penny and some magic

Even though your life is tragic,

Squidward: (spoken) HEY!

SpongeBob: You can throw all your dreams down the well.

Although every day the pain grows

You ride unicorns on rainbows,

If you throw all your dreams down the well.

When your life's come apart at the seams,

And you've given up all your dreams,

Here is just the means to make those dreams,

Come true.

No more suffering,

No more sighin'

No more pain 'n no more cryin',

Squidward: (gets whacked with a shovel; spoken) Ow! I'm not crying! (gets whacked again) Ow, ow!

SpongeBob: When you throw all your dreams down the well.

(song ends)

SpongeBob: (puts an "open" sign in front of the well) Well, Squidward, what do you think?

Squidward: That was the worst song I ever heard. But at least this stupid well's finished.

Mr. Krabs: It's beautiful. (takes a whiff of the air) You smell that boys? That's the smell of money.

SpongeBob: You mean magic, don't ya?

Squidward: All I can smell is that dumpster. (camera pans over to a dumpster behind Squidward)

Mr. Krabs: All right, Squidward, you can go back to the register.

Squidward: As long as there's no singing.

SpongeBob: And I've got a date with a Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: Hold on there, SpongeBob. Let me show you your new station. It's kind of a promotion. Sorta.

SpongeBob: Promotion? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob being lowered in the well in a bucket) Why do I have to go down in the well?

Mr. Krabs: To collect the money!

SpongeBob: How long do I have to stay down here?

Mr. Krabs: See ya in 8 hours.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the promotion. It sure is dark and scary down here. (a coin hits SpongeBob in the head)

Sandy: I sure wish I had a fancy telescope. One that works underwater. That'd make me happier than a junebug at a porch light sale.

SpongeBob: Our very first wish! I can't wait till it comes... (another coin hits SpongeBob in the head)

Plankton: I have presented you with a monetary offering as custom dictates. My wish, nay my command, is to be taller. Just a little? Just big enough to crush my enemies, like the vermin they are!

SpongeBob: Gosh... (another coin hits SpongeBob in the head) Ow!

Mrs. Puff: I wish I had a snazzy new boat. I wanna be a hot ridin' momma. (SpongeBob gasps. Patrick walks up to the well drinking a soda and throws it down the well when he is finished)

SpongeBob: Hey!

Patrick: Oh my gosh. Who said that?

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: How do you know my name?

SpongeBob: Patrick, this is a wishing well. Just throw in a coin and make a wish.

Patrick: OK, magical talking trashcan. (takes out a coin from his pocket) I wish SpongeBob were here to see this. (throws himself and the coin into, and down, the well)

SpongeBob: Patrick.

Patrick: (lands on top of SpongeBob) Hi, SpongeBob! I got my wish.

SpongeBob: Patrick, you're suppose to let go of the coin when you throw it.

Patrick: But I got my wish.

SpongeBob: Well, we've got 6½ hours till the end of my shift. What do you want to do now?

Patrick: (pokes SpongeBob) Tag, you're it.

SpongeBob: (pokes Patrick) Tag, you're it.

Patrick: (pokes SpongeBob) Tag, you're it.

SpongeBob: (pokes Patrick) Tag, you're it. (day turns to night)

Patrick: (pokes SpongeBob) Tag, you're it.

SpongeBob: (pokes Patrick) Tag, you're it.

Patrick: (pokes SpongeBob) Tag, you're it.

SpongeBob: (pokes Patrick) Tag, you're it.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, what kind of haul did you get?

SpongeBob: I did great, Mr Krabs. I got a nickel from Sandy, 2 pennies from Mrs. Puff, a penny from Plankton... (Patrick smiles big) ...and this slightly used pair of dentures.

Patrick: And they fell on my head.

Mr. Krabs: Well, I could probably get a couple of bucks for Patrick. Nah. You better just hand up the money. (sends the bucket down)

SpongeBob: This wishing well was a wonderful idea, Mr. Krabs. Has anyone's wish come true, yet?

Mr. Krabs: Uhh, not yet. But I'm sure if you believe strong enough, and dug deep enough, everyone's wishes will come true.

SpongeBob: Really?

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, sure, whatever.

SpongeBob: Can we come out now?

Mr. Krabs: Goodness, no. You gotta stay down there just in case any late-night wishers come by. I'll be back for ya at dawn. (leaves)

SpongeBob: Aww, no one's wishes are coming true. What did we do wrong? I know I believe hard enough. Maybe I just didn't dig deep enough. What do you say, Patrick? Are you ready to dig for some magic?

Patrick: Yeah.

Music: "Magic Is Missing"

SpongeBob: Oh, the magic has gone missing,
And everyone's still wishin'.
But their dreams have fallen flat upon the ground.

You'll find magic under rubble,
So Patrick, grab a shovel!
And here's where the magic can be found.

We're at the bottom of a well,
But man won't it be swell,

When we make everyone's wishes all come true?

(song ends)

SpongeBob: (digs a hole and something yellow glows from the hole) Holy mackerel, look Patrick! We've struck magic.

Patrick: Is that good?

SpongeBob: Next to being a fry cook, it's the most important thing I've ever done.

Patrick: It's the only thing I've ever done.

Squidward: Having fun down there, SpongeBob? (laughs)

Patrick: Hi, Squidward.

Squidward: Patrick's down there, too? It just gets better and better.

SpongeBob: Do you wanna make a wish?

Squidward: (laughs) I got my wish. You two are stuck in a dark hole and away from me.

SpongeBob: Guess what, Squidward? We found the magic.

Squidward: (laughs) There's no magic, SpongeBob. Wishing wells are just a scam to fool saps like you.

SpongeBob: No, it's true! We did find the magic. Oh, I wish you could see it. (Squidward leans too close and falls into the well, landing on SpongeBob and Patrick) Squidward! You decided to join the party.

Patrick: Party!

Squidward: Let me out of here.

SpongeBob: We were just gonna play some party games.

Patrick: (pokes Squidward) Tag, you're it.

SpongeBob: (pokes Squidward) Tag, you're it.

Patrick: (pokes Squidward) Tag, you're it.

Squidward: I gotta get out of here. (tries to climb out of the well)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Go, Squidward! Go, Squidward! (Squidward falls)

Squidward: There's no way to climb out of here.

SpongeBob: Maybe if you had more upper arm strength.

Patrick: Yeah, you should work out more.

Squidward: Well, why don't I just start right now? After all, I got a couple of dumbbells right here. (laughs)

Patrick: I don't get it.

Squidward: Could you not stand so close? You're making me claustrophobic.

Patrick: What does claustrophobic mean?

SpongeBob: It means he's afraid of Santa Clause.

Squidward: No, it doesn't.

Patrick: (trying to scare Squidward) Ho, ho, ho! (giggles)

SpongeBob: Stop it, Patrick, you're scaring him!

Patrick: Ho, ho, ho!

Squidward: It's not working, Patrick.

Patrick: Darn.

SpongeBob: Umm, Squidward, you're standing on my foot.

Squidward: Oh, sorry, SpongeBob.

Patrick: (holding a plate of ribs) And you got your elbow in my ribs.

Squidward: Eww... Patrick!

Patrick: (shoves Squidward) And stop stepping in my potato salad.

SpongeBob: Hey, hey, hey, guys.

Squidward: (shoves Patrick) Stop pushing me, Patrick.

Patrick: Oh, you mean like this? (shoves Squidward)

Squidward: No, like this! (shoves Patrick)

SpongeBob: (both Patrick and Squidward are fighting) You shouldn't fight in here. This is a magical place. (cut to outside the well, then back inside)

Squidward: Patrick, get off of me. (camera zooms out to reveal that Patrick is sitting on Squidward) I told you I am claustrophobic.

Patrick: Nice try, Squidward, but there's no Santa Clause here.

Squidward: Patrick! (bubble-wipe to daytime where Mr. Krabs returns to the well)

Mr. Krabs: Good morning, SpongeBob! Let's see what ya got. (raises the bucket) Boy, it's heavy. Must be a lot of money. (Squidward comes out of the well)

Squidward: Free. I'm free!

Mr. Krabs: Squidward? What were you doing down there? I didn't approve of the overtime. Or where you sneaking here in the dead of night for free wishes?

Squidward: The only thing I wish for is to be far away from here. (gets hit by a bus that is traveling to 'very very far away') Ow.

SpongeBob: Bye, Squidward. Enjoy your trip!

Patrick: Lucky. (walks off)

Mr. Krabs: ' So how much money did you make last night?

SpongeBob: We didn't get any money. But we found something better. We found the magic.

Mr. Krabs: The what?

SpongeBob: We dug down deeper in the well and found the magic. Now all the wishes will come true!

Mr. Krabs: Listen closely, SpongeBob. You don't get what you want in life just by wishing for it. (a big telescope with an eye looking out of it appears. Mr. Krabs and SpongeBob scream) What in the deep blue is that?

Sandy: There's a full moon out tonight. Do you like my new telescope I wished for?

SpongeBob: That's great, Sandy!

Sandy: That wishing well sure does work.

Mr. Krabs: Just a coincidence. (Mrs. Puff drives up in a new boat)

Mrs. Puff: What do you think of my new hot rod?

SpongeBob: It's beautiful, Mrs. Puff. How's about letting me take it for a spin? (both laugh)

Mrs. Puff: (calm, but annoyed) No. (drives off)

SpongeBob: See, Mr. Krabs? She wished for that boat.

Mr. Krabs: You mean she stole that boat.

Plankton: (walks up gigantically tall) Morning, SpongeBob, Krabs. Beautiful day. (laughs and runs over to the buildings and knocks them over)

SpongeBob: Is that proof enough for ya?

Mr. Krabs: You'll never get me to believe in magic, never! Just to prove it to ya, (walks over to the well) I'll demonstrate: I wish...I was steamed and served with a side of melted butter. (lets go of the penny and laughs)

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs! No!!

Mr. Krabs: Well, where's your magic now? (vanishes in thin air and appears as a real crab on a plate) Oh, where am I? What's going on here? (person sits down and puts on an eating bib that says "THE END" on it) Uh-oh. I do believe in magic. I do believe in magic. I do believe in magic. Oh no!

(scene starts out at the Krusty Krab where Mr. Krabs is looking at Plankton through a telescope)

Plankton: (waving a white flag) I surrender!

Mr. Krabs: Eh? I wonder what form of trickery is up that miniature Cyclops's sleeve this time. (walks up to Plankton) Alright, Plankton, I don't know what you're trying to pull on me, but I'll tell ya right now, it ain't going to work.

Plankton: There's no pulling, Krabs. Can't you see my peace offering?

Mr. Krabs: What is this? (takes the flag and looks at it) Ha-ha! Very funny, Plankton! But you're gonna have to do a lot better than taking a stab at my illiteracy to offend me.

Plankton: Don't you get it, Krabs? I give up. I'm through competing with you!

Mr. Krabs: But what about all those fevered attempts at trying to steal my Krabby Patty recipe?

Plankton: Exactly! They've all been just attempts. And every single one a miserable failure. I can feel my arteries clogging up with anxiety just thinking about it. (sighs) Let me show you something. (scene cuts to them walking into the Chum Bucket, which is full of spider webs) Look at this place!

Mr. Krabs: (runs into a spider web) Aah! Crimony, Plankton, you ever heard of spring cleaning?

Plankton: What's the point? Do you know when the last time I had a customer was?

Mr. Krabs: Actually, I don't recall you ever having a customer.

Plankton: Well, there he is. (points to skeleton animal on the table) That's why I've decided to quit the restaurant business, altogether, and turn the Chum Bucket into...this!

Mr. Krabs: You want to turn your restaurant into a pile of junk?

Plankton: No! These are knickknacks for the new gift shop I'm opening up.

Mr. Krabs: (laughs) Come on, this has got to be a joke, right?

Plankton: I'm serious, Krabs. Soon the Chum Bucket will be a nice little store for bric-a-brac and bubblegum.

Mr. Krabs: All right, Plankton. But be aware, I'm not letting my guard down.

Plankton: Guard away, my ex-enemy. I'll just be here starting my new competition-free career. (hums as Mr. Krabs walks away)

SpongeBob: What's going on Mr. Krabs?

Mr. Krabs: Plankton's concocting another hair-brained scheme to steal me recipe. So keep your eyes peeled.

SpongeBob: Whatever you say, cap'n. (peels eyes)

Mr. Krabs: Now that's an employee who follows orders. (loud jack hammering is heard) What in blazes is that noise? (Plankton reveals the new name of his business: "Chumporium")

Plankton: Ah, would you look at that? I have a feeling I'm going to like this new life of novelty items.

Mr. Krabs: Uh-huh. Clever, Plankton! Two can play at this game.

SpongeBob: (holding a snow globe) Mr. Krabs, look at this cool knickknack I got at the Chumporium.

Mr. Krabs: (takes the snow globe) Hmm, I know there's a microphone or camera in here somewhere. (tries to open it)

SpongeBob: Uhh, Mr Krabs, I really don't think there's anything weird in there.

Mr. Krabs: Eh, we'll see about that. (walks to a door) I'll just put this in here for safekeeping. You here that, Plankton? Join your other friends from the past. (throws snow globe into a room full of Plankton's past schemes then locks the door) Now nobody's getting to see anything. Don't you understand this is all part of his ruse. It's just cosmetic. He thinks he can take us out. But we'll show him. We're gonna out-fake the faker. Well, it looks like old Plankton is really going through with it. I guess we don't have to worry about him anymore. Yup, we sure whipped him this time. Okay, boys, the coast is clear. Plankton's turned over a new leaf.

SpongeBob: That's some good news, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: It sure is, you little half-wit. And you know what else is good news? We can finally use that DJ system. Hit it, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Right away, sir.

Mr. Krabs: Let's party! (music plays) Ow! I won! It's time to boogie. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!

Squidward: This is idiotic.

Mr. Krabs: Dance or you're fired.

Squidward: You got it, Mr. Krabs. (dances)

Mr. Krabs: (opens front door) How do you like them apples, you little... (record scratching)

Plankton: (carrying a toy seal behind him) Come on, buddy, let's get some shut eye. We have a big day ahead of us at the

Plankton: You forgot something. (throws the formula back at Mr. Krabs) Can't you understand I've wasted so much time chasing after you? And now I have something that's mine. And it makes me happy. (walks off)

Mr. Krabs: I never thought I'd see the day. What happened to the invertebrate I used to know? What've I done? (cries loudly. Scene cuts to night. Phone rings in the Chumporium as Plankton is taking a shower)

Plankton: Coming, coming. (answers) Yo.

Mr. Krabs: Uh, Plankton?

Plankton: Eugene?

Mr. Krabs: Uh, hey.

Plankton: Hey.

Mr. Krabs: Listen, uh, I just wanted to...you know...apologize for my behavior today. Wasn't right what I done. And I realized I hurt the feelings of, uh, someone I care about. You still there?

Plankton: Yes. I'm still here.

Mr. Krabs: Heh, good. Uh...I want to make it up to you. What do you say we grab a soda?

Plankton: Sure. (scene cuts to the next day at the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs and Plankton are sitting at a table with sodas)

Mr. Krabs: Glad you could make it, buddy.

Plankton: So, what's this about, Krabs? (sips his soda)

Mr. Krabs: I figured since we're no longer archenemies, maybe, maybe we can start over.

Plankton: Yes. Yes, I would like that very much. (scene cuts to Mr. Krabs and Plankton walking along the pier then playing pool) I guess I won. (both laugh. Scene cuts to both in a hot air balloon, on a slide, eating cotton candy, then at a trust booth)

Mr. Krabs: Uh, I don't know about this, Plankton.

Plankton: Oh, come on. Just fall back. Trust me, I'll catch you. (chuckles. Mr. Krabs falls back and Plankton strains to keep him up. Scene cuts to both sitting on the edge of the pier)

Mr. Krabs: That was truly amazing, Plank, old buddy. I guess I really can trust you 100%.

Plankton: Thanks, Eugene. That means a lot to me.

Mr. Krabs: And just to prove it to you, I want you to have something.

Plankton: Oh, no, no, come on now. No gifts.

Mr. Krabs: No, no. I want you to have this. It's the secret formula.

Plankton: I can't believe you would even think...

Mr. Krabs: Things are different now. Honestly. It would mean a lot to me.

Plankton: You...you're serious, Eugene. If I take this formula from you now, there will always be a hint of doubt.

Mr. Krabs: Come on, take it.

Plankton: You sure? (Mr. Krabs nods) Life is good, Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Sure is buddy. Sure is. (screen fades to black. Plankton appears)

Plankton: Yeah, baby! This is it. Yeah! Whoo! (laughs. Runs into his Chumporium) I got it! I got it! My diabolical, extremely convoluted plan worked! I should've been a politician. (laughs. Opens up the formula to read "GOTCHA! Love, Krabs". Lights turn on)

Mr. Krabs: I never gave you the formula. I fooled you with an even more convoluted charade. (laughs and walks out. Plankton screams)

(scene opens to clams flying by as Squidward opens his door with his bathing suit on)

Squidward: What a sun-tastic day! (slips into some water) Snail trail. <(notices Gary crawling into SpongeBob's house) That SpongeBob needs to keep his pet out of my yard. (Gary looks through one of the windows at Squidward, who mops up Gary's trail) I am sick of cleaning up after him.

Gary: Meow. (crawls off some rocks with eyes)

Squidward: Not my pet rock collection. (stammers) That's it! (talking to Gary) This isn't the first time you've soiled my yard with your revolting excretions. But mark this down in your little notebook: it will be the last time! (scene cuts to Squidward putting sharp, giant sticks into the ground around his house. He gets a splinter) This cheap, splintering wood will keep even Gary out. (scene cuts to Squidward surrounded by barbed-wire and the giant wood) Now, I feel safe. (Gary's trail drops on Squidward's head as we see Gary climb up on a giant stick of wood jumping to another giant stick of wood) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Hi, Squidward.

Squidward: (calmly) Hey, SpongeBob. (yelling) Keep your shell vermin off of my property! The next time, my annoyingly yellow neighbor, your wet pet oozes on my lawn, you leave me no choice but to call Snail Control. That little monster... (Gary bites Squidward's bottom) He bit me!

SpongeBob: Gary! (picks up Gary) No, dirty boy. This isn't like you.

Squidward: Oh, but it's just like you, SpongeBob, to raise such a misbehaved mutt.

SpongeBob: (sets Gary on the ground) Gary's not misbehaved. (growls and foams at the mouth) But there does appear to be something wrong with him.

Squidward: I'll say. I hope he had his shots.

SpongeBob: Oh, of course.

Squidward: All of his shots?

SpongeBob: Affirmatory.

Squidward: For rabies?

SpongeBob: Yup.

Squidward: Snail pox and soft shell dance?

SpongeBob: Yupie.

Squidward: Bagitis, lumpy-bump trump, teen angst?

SpongeBob: Yup, yup, yup.

Patrick: Well, let's not forget the worst of them all: Mad Snail Disease.

SpongeBob: Uhh...

Patrick: You mean your pet hasn't been vaccinated for mad snail disease? (to Squidward) Looks like the rash has already started.

Squidward: Rash?

Patrick: Tell me, do you have any soreness of throat?

Squidward: (gulp) Well, now that you mention it, my throat is a little dry.

Patrick: This disease will ravage your body with bloodshot eyes, loss of balance, messy pants, ticklish rib cage, severely untrimmed toenails, and finally, the bite from that infected snail will turn you into...a zombie. (Squidward screams) You need to get that snail of yours to a doctor before he bites someone important. (both notice Gary is gone and gasp) There's a mad snail on the loose! (runs away screaming)

SpongeBob: Gary? Gary? Gary? Gary?!

Patrick: (runs up to a couple) That mad snail is coming! If he bites you, you'll turn into a zombie.

Fish: Jeepers, what's with all the lunatics? (Gary crawls up)

Fish's Wife: Oh look, honey, isn't he the cutest? (Gary is panting)

Fish: Come here, little buddy. (pet's Gary) He's just adorable. (Gary bites the fish) Mad snail disease is real! I'm a zombie. I've been bitten by a mad snail. I've got mad snail disease!

Fish #2: Then I've got it! A snail just bit me, too! (both scream. Fish #1 runs by a group of fish. The group of fish look

at their hands and scream)

A. Realistic Fish: We interrupt this program to bring you a news blast. Terror in a shell. This just in...fear and disease is spreading like wildfire as a killer snail has been biting the denizens of Bikini Bottom infecting them with...mad snail disease. Ask any old fish on the street and they'll tell you that germs enter through the bite radius, traveling upstream until the entire host body is full of...mad snail disease. We now take you to Action News Reporter Perch Perkins live on the scene.

Perch Perkins: Perch Perkins here with the first victim of this epidemic. (to Squidward) Tell me Mr. Tentacles, when did you first begin to suspect that you were a zombie?

Squidward: Well, after I was bitten by a mad snail, I began to get a rash; followed by loss of balance, ticklish rib cage, and a few other symptoms.

Fish #3: Hey, I was bitten by a snail. I kinda feel off balance. (falls over) Whoa.

Perch Perkins: Hey, I have ticklish rib cage, too. And I haven't even been bitten.

Fish #3: Oh no, it's spreading through the air! (all scream)

Perch Perkins: Well, you heard it here first. We're all doomed to a horrible demise. Thanks to a diseased snail. (screams. Scene zooms out to show SpongeBob and group of fish watching a TV then screaming)

SpongeBob: (after watching a TV in a store, everyone is running around) Gary? (traffic jam sends a bunch of fish out of their boats and running on foot) I can't believe that sweet and slimy snail would cause all this destruction.

Squidward: (moaning) I'm a zombie, here to dine on your squishy yellow flesh. (many fish are moaning and walking like zombies. SpongeBob screams and gets into a bus. The bus drives around then stops and lets him out on the opposite side he was on. He screams more and runs to the Krusty Krab) It's locked! (zombies are coming closer) Somebody let me in! (bangs on the doors)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, come in, boy. And bring your friends in, too. They look hungry. (puts key into lock)

Frank (Cameo Character): Stop! You can't let anyone in!

Mr. Krabs: But they just want to dine on some Krabby Patties.

Frank (Cameo Character): They're zombies. They only want to dine on our flesh.

Mr. Krabs: Arrgh, alright, but it's coming out of your paycheck.

Frank (Cameo character): I don't work here.

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs, it's me, SpongeBob.

Mr. Krabs: But how do we know you haven't become one of those voracious flesh-eaters?

SpongeBob: Could a voracious flesh-eater do this? (slips through the crack of the door)

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, it's you.

SpongeBob: That's right. So let me in before I'm eaten!

Mr. Krabs: Yeah, that's SpongeBob all right.

Patrick: Or is it?

SpongeBob: Huh?

Patrick: I don't believe that's the real SpongeBob. He looks pretty zombie-fied. Just look at how yellow he is.

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick, would a zombie have a picture of his best buddy in his wallet? (shows picture)

Patrick: Perhaps not but I have my eye on you.

Elderly Fish: If you could pull out your eye and put it on him, wouldn't that make you a zombie, too?

Patrick: You're right. (alarmed) I'm a zombie!

Elderly Fish: Who's to say we're not all zombies? (all run around screaming)

Gary: Meow. (slithers out of the kitchen)

All: The snail!

SpongeBob: Gary! Are you ok, buddy? Come here, boy.

Fish #3: No, don't get near it. Oh, the pity of it all.

Lady Fish: I can't watch.

SpongeBob: All those people think you're a monster. But I know you're just a snail. (rubs his shell. Gary bites SpongeBob)
Gary... (sniffing) how could you?

Fish #3: SpongeBob's been infected by his own pet snail. Oh, the irony! Quick, we must quarantine that infected snail before he bites every last Bikini Bottomite. Let's get the snail!

All: (angry shouting. Citizens grab their torches and nets) Yeah!

SpongeBob: No, don't hurt him.

Fish #3: Hand over the snail.

Mr. Krabs: It's for his own good, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: No, I won't let you touch Gary.

Fish #3: (grabs SpongeBob) Stop the madness, man. The Mad Snail Disease ends now. Seize the snail!

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Halt! Did someone say 'Mad Snail Disease'? Is that what all this is about?

Patrick: Yeah. What do you know about it?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Funny you should ask. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Dr. Gill Gilliam. S.D.E. and S.E.

SpongeBob: S.D.E. and S.E.?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Snail disease expert and snail expert. I'm sorry to break this to you all, but that 'mad snail disease' you're talking about, it doesn't exist.

All: Huh?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: That's right. No such thing. It's an old urban legend. A myth.

Patrick: Well, does that mean we're not zombies?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Of course not. No one is. It's just mass hysteria.

Blue Fish: But what about my severely untrimmed...

Dr. Gill Gilliam: Those are only moderately untrimmed. All the supposed symptoms are just common ailments.

SpongeBob: (holding Gary back) Easy boy. But what about Gary then? If he doesn't have a disease, why'd he bite all those people, including me?

Dr. Gill Gilliam: (examines Gary) Hmm...mm-hmm. The problem's right here. (a splinter is stuck in Gary) He's got a little splinter in his foot. (removes the splinter. Gary is relieved. Zoom back to show the splinter is a giant stick) I'm sure this was the cause of his distemper making for Serious Grouchy Snailitis.

SpongeBob: Oh, Gary, I knew you weren't disease-ridden. You still love me?

Gary: Meow. (SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: Good ol' Gary's back. (Squidward enters Krusty Krab as a zombie) Say, Squidward? You're not zombie, remember?

Squidward: Oh, yes I am. (customer walks up to order) Welcome to the Krusty Krab. Can I take your order?

Mr. Krabs: All's well that ends well. (Gary bites Mr. Krabs)

(episode starts at the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Squidward! SpongeBob! Just put me out of me misery.

SpongeBob: Why, Mr. Krabs? What can be wrong on such a fine day?

Mr. Krabs: Fine?! (grabs SpongeBob's mouth and ties it up) Today's not the day for that word, boy. Not after I received this letter from the Fry Cooks Union. It says here fry cook SpongeBob SquarePants has accumulated too much vacation time.

And if you don't take some time off, I'll have to pay a fine. (cries)

SpongeBob: Time off?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, I guess there's no other way to say this-- SpongeBob, take a vacation.

SpongeBob: Aye aye, Mr. Krabs. (runs out)

Mr. Krabs: Well, that went better than I expected.

SpongeBob: (running down the street) I'm ready, vacation. I'm ready, vacation. Vacation. Vacation. (enters his house) Hey, Gary.

Gary: Meow?

SpongeBob: That's right, Gary, I am home early. I'm on vacation. Well, good night, Gary. Ah, vacation. (walks into his bed and closes his eyes for no more than two seconds before his alarm goes off. Cut to him lifting his weights, eating cereal, flossing and showering) La-la, la-la, la-la-la-la... (puts on some spray to make him shine. Grabs his hat then walks into the Krusty Krab) Good morning, Krusty Krew! And hello, Squidward.

Squidward: I thought you were on vacation.

Mr. Krabs: (stops SpongeBob) He was and is. I thought I told you to take a vacation, boy.

SpongeBob: What's a vacation?

Mr. Krabs: Well, a vacation is when you don't come into work.

SpongeBob: (gasps) No work?! But what'll I do all day?

Mr. Krabs: Oh, I really don't know. Just go have fun or whatever. I really don't care. You just can't be here.

SpongeBob: But who will fry the patties and clean the grill while I'm gone? Squidward can't do it all alone.

Squidward: Nor will I.

Mr. Krabs: That's why I've hired an unpaid intern as your temporary replacement.

Patrick: (walks in) Good morning, boss. I'm ready for my first day.

Mr. Krabs: Speaking of starfish, here's your replacement right here.

SpongeBob: Replacement?

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob.

Mr. Krabs: That's quite enough banter on my dime.

Patrick: OK, boss.

Mr. Krabs: Wait a second, Patrick. You'll need the right tools for the job. (takes SpongeBob's hat and spatula and gives it to Patrick)

Patrick: Wow. (notices his reflection in the spatula) Huh! They put a tiny me in this belly scratcher. (scratches his belly and his back) Ahh... Ahh... Wow! It scratches backs, too!

Mr. Krabs: I'll take it from here, SpongeBob. (shoves SpongeBob out the double-doors) Just go on home. Enjoy your vacation.

SpongeBob: I really should show Patrick the proper patty-flipping technique. (Mr. Krabs shuts the doors in SpongeBob's face. Bubble-wipe to inside SpongeBob's house. His face has turned pale)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: I'm on vacation, Gary. I am not supposed to go to work. (stomach growls then shrinks. Gasps) My stomach has receded! Mr. Krabs said I couldn't work at the Krusty Krab. He never said I couldn't eat there. This is my ticket back inside! (bubble-wipe to Krusty Krab)

Squidward: Go away, SpongeBob. You're ruining my vacation...from you.

SpongeBob: I am not here to see you, Squidward.

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, do we have to go through that again?

SpongeBob: I'm here as a customer only, not an employee. I'm just going to grab a Krabby Patty with Patrick for lunch. (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: Alright, but lunch only. If you so much as touch a spatuler, you'll be vacationing in Davy Jones' Locker.

SpongeBob: You have my word, sir. No working. (enters kitchen) Hey Pat, it's time for your lunch-- (screams as he sees Patrick putting patties wrongly, attached to his body, on the grill) Whoa! Patrick, you can't do that!

Patrick: Huh?

SpongeBob: You need to turn up the grill to exactly 298 degrees Fahrenheit. (turns the knob to the right from 297 to 298. Takes the spatula) Patrick, this is no way to treat a Krabby Patty.

Mr. Krabs: (storms into the kitchen) SpongeBob! What did I tell you before about working?

SpongeBob: Wait, it's not what you think.

Mr. Krabs: (wheels SpongeBob on a dolly) Out you go, boy.

SpongeBob: But my knowledge could help Patrick maintain the high standards of the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: We've got it all under control here. I don't ever want to see hide or tail of you again 'til your vacation is over. You got that?

SpongeBob: Yes, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Well, boy... (launches SpongeBob off) ...off you go! And don't come back 'til it's over. (SpongeBob floats away. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob entering his house)

SpongeBob: Oh, what to do, what to do? I know just the thing to get the spirits up. (cut to a toy Krusty Krab with figures of the Krusty Krew and, for unknown reasons, Patrick. Walks to it) The official Krusty Krab Playset. (sits down in front of the toy Krusty Krab. Opens it up)

Squidward toy: (SpongeBob talks for the toys) SpongeBob, I want 20 Krabby Patties on the double, please.

SpongeBob toy: Sure thing, Mr. Squidward, sir. 20 Krabby Patties coming right up. ("walks" toward the kitchen. A toy Mr. Krabs opens the door)

Mr. Krabs toy: SpongeBob, what do you think you're doing here? (cut to SpongeBob, still sitting in front of the playset) You're going to cost me some loot if you don't get your square keister home. (cut to the Mr. Krabs toy forcing the SpongeBob toy out of the toy Krusty Krab, for lack of a better term) Out, out, out until your vacation is over. (takes SpongeBob's Krusty Krab hat off as Krabs himself did before and walks back in; the doors then close. Cut to SpongeBob, who looks sad. The SpongeBob toy, controlled by the real SB, "walks" to a toy pineapple house almost exactly like SpongeBob's, also looking sad)

SpongeBob toy: (walking inside his pineapple) Oh, what to do on this boring vacation? Hey, I know just the thing to get the ol' spirits up. (plays with a smaller Krusty Krab Playset. Cut to the playset, with the real SB seen talking for the toys)

Squidward toy: I want 20 Krabby Patties, please.

SpongeBob: Sure thing, old buddy, ol' Squid. (cut to SpongeBob, now standing in front of the toy pineapple house, the roof of which is open. Gary is nearby) 20 Krabby Patties coming...

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: You're right, Gary. It is unhealthy to think of the Krusty Krab while I'm on vacation. I need to get out of the house. (bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab where Squidward is washing windows until he sees SpongeBob)

Squidward: Uh, Mr. Krabs, he's out there again.

Mr. Krabs: I'll deal with this. Boy, you're on Krusty Krab property. Back it up. (SpongeBob steps backwards) Further. (SpongeBob steps backwards more) Further. (SpongeBob steps backwards more) Further. (SpongeBob steps backwards more) Further. (continues yelling "Further" until SpongeBob is in front of his house) That'll do.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs is right. In order to enjoy my vacation, I need to stay away from work. Physically and mentally. (looks at his net) Hey, that reminds me of...yeah. (his net turns into a spatula. Pretends to grill but stops) Hold it right there, Mr. WorkaholicPants. You're on vacation. You just need to sit down and relax. (floats onto the ground) That's more like it. Just sit back and watch the clouds. (watches a cloud go by, resembling a jellyfish) That one's a jellyfish! (another cloud goes by, resembling a pirate ship) That's a pirate ship. (another cloud goes by. It is the words "Low Salt Ketchup") And that's a low-salt ketchup-- whoa! Low-salt ketchup? (cut to the Krusty Krab where a delivery truck backs up. SpongeBob, in a disguise, walks up to the kitchen door) I Got your steaming, hot bun delivery here. (another delivery truck backs up. A delivery fish gets out with the same buns on a plate)

Delivery Fish: Eh? What's the big idea here? (SpongeBob laughs nervously then gets booted out. Cut to the phone ringing)

inside the Krusty Krab. Patrick answers)

Patrick: Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello? (SpongeBob slips through phone cord and through Patrick's head but shoots himself out of the Krusty Krab, through the doors. Cut to the Krusty Krab restroom where Patrick is cleaning out his ear) Hmm, I didn't even know I had an ear. (notices water splashing out from the toilet behind him) Hey, I just cleaned that one.

SpongeBob: Patrick, shhh.

Patrick: It talks! Ahh! (runs out)

SpongeBob: Somebody help me, I'm stuck. (Mr. Krabs walks up) Mr. Krabs! Thank Neptune it's you. I'm in a bit of a fix here. (Mr. Krabs grabs a cord above the toilet) Mr. Krabs? (Mr. Krabs flushes the toilet) No-o-o-o! (gets flushed down the toilet. Cut to SpongeBob jumping out of a customer's shirt and into the grease fryer in the kitchen) Uh-oh.

Mr. Krabs: Now what? (picks up the fryer) Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk. (puts SpongeBob in his boat out back) Had enough for one day, son. (drives off)

SpongeBob: Thanks for the ride home, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Not a problem at all, me boy.

SpongeBob: Just take the next right. (Mr. Krabs drives past SpongeBob's house) Mr. Krabs, we just passed the turn off.

Mr. Krabs: Uh-huh.

SpongeBob: My house is back that way, Mr. K.

Mr. Krabs: Far out, little man. Far out. (drives into a forest and stops)

SpongeBob: Where'd you say you were taking me?

Mr. Krabs: Look boy, (takes out a spatula) I brought your spatuler. (SpongeBob glares at the spatula and acts like a dog) C'mon, boy, c'mon. Now, get it, boy. Get it. Get the spatuler. Go get it! (throws the spatula into the forest. SpongeBob chases after it while Mr. Krabs turns around and drives off) Enjoy your vacation, boy!

SpongeBob: It's not fair. Why would Mr. Krabs try so hard to get rid of me. I'm only on vacation. Unless, it's a... (gasps) ...permanent vacation. That's it! Mr. Krabs wants to replace me. Oh, I should've known. Patrick's had his eye on my job all along. He's been scheming. They think I'm outdated. They think I'm all washed up. Well, I'll show them. (cut to Patrick running down the street to his rock)

Patrick: (singing) Working at the Krusty Krab. Making Krabby Patties all day Flipping Krusty Krab working. Patties Krab...that's a hard song to remember. (opens his rock and jumps in) Huh?

SpongeBob: (sitting in the corner of Patrick's rock) Who do they think they are? I gave the best years of my life to this place and they think they can just fire me like that? Like trash? I don't think so.

Patrick: SpongeBob? Is that you?

SpongeBob: (turns around with an crazy look on his face) I've been waiting for you, Patrick! (walks towards Patrick and growls like a monster. Patrick backs away in fright)

Patrick: SpongeBob, you're scaring me. (screams. SpongeBob laughs maniacally and closes in around Patrick. Cut to the Krusty Krab)

Squidward: What'll it be?

Customer: One Krabby Patty, please.

Squidward: One shell on a shingle. (many orders come out)

Mr. Krabs: Well, I'll be...Patrick! Your cooking's improved one-thousand fold. Congratulations, boy, you've finally got the hang of it. Whoa...! (Patrick turns around; it's SpongeBob is disguised in a Patrick costume) SpongeBob? No wonder. Patrick could never flip that many patties in an hour. What happened to that feller, anyway?

SpongeBob: Oh, I specifically told him to stay home and watch television. (Patrick is sitting at home laughing and watching a broken TV)

Mr. Krabs: Why'd you do it, laddy?

SpongeBob: (starts to cry) Oh, Mr. Krabs, I love the putrid grease of the Krusty Krab so much, I just couldn't stay away.

Mr. Krabs: You don't have to. (takes out a calendar) Your accumulated vacation time is all used up. (tears up calendar) The union can't fine me, anymore.

SpongeBob: You must've saved a fortune.

Mr. Krabs: Bumping barnacles, yes. (laughs and holds up a dime) And there she is.

SpongeBob: Wow! That's more than I make in a year.

Mr. Krabs: Don't be askin' me for a raise. Just get back to work.

SpongeBob: (jumps out of the Patrick costume) Yippee! I happily acquiesce.

(a bus is driving down the road with 3 band members sitting inside)

Band Member #1: Man, this is gonna be our most rocking tour, ever.

Band Member #2: (singing) Yeah.

Ned: Hey dudes, check out the debut of my new look. (band members laugh)

Band Member #1: Whoa, what's that on your head?

Band Member #3: Yeah, is that a wig or a pile of toilet paper?

Ned: C'mon guys, give it a chance.

Band Member #2: Let me try it on. (grabs the wig)

Ned: Hey, you've revealed my shiny dome!

Band Member #2: Hot potato. Catch! (band members throw it back and forth between each other)

Ned: Give it back, man!

Band Member #2: If you want it, you gotta catch it, dude. (throws it to band member but it goes through the window)

Band Member #1: Oops.

Ned: Ah! Oh, man, my beautiful wig. (the wig flies through the air, in and out of the dump then through the cemetery)

SpongeBob: (opens his front door) I'm ready! I'm ready-- (the wig crashes into him. Sits up and the wig's on his head) Ah, what is this? Curly tresses, goofy texture, (scratches inside wig) itchy scalp... (gasps) ...it's a wig! (walks over to Patrick's rock) Hi, Patrick. How do you like my new look?

Patrick: (screams then jumps on SpongeBob, pinning him to the ground) I'll save you. (jumps on SpongeBob's face)

SpongeBob: Pa...trick...what are...you doing?

Patrick: (starts punching the wig) I'm saving you from that brain-eating alien that's attacking your... (slams SpongeBob's head onto a rock) ...head!

SpongeBob: Patrick, the only thing attacking me is you.

Patrick: (stops) Oh, sorry.

SpongeBob: It's OK. (Pat takes a bite out of the wig) Why did you do that?

Patrick: (swallows and burps) Well, I thought it was a new type of cotton candy you wear on your head.

SpongeBob: Well, it's not, but that is an excellent idea.

Patrick: Then what is it?

SpongeBob: It's my new look. I'm wearing a wig.

Patrick: A wig? (laughs uncontrollably) Oh! Oh, I... Oh... Don't you think that's a little silly? (in his pocket, an alarm starts to ring so he takes it out) Oh, man, it's time for my weekly condiment soak. (climbs into a tub and pours a giant jar of mustard on himself. Looks at SpongeBob) Do you mind? (scene cuts to SpongeBob walking down the street with his wig on)

Fish #1: Nice wig. (chuckles)

SpongeBob: Thanks. I am very fashionable today.

Tina: Hey SquareFashion, nice cotour.

SpongeBob: Why, thank you.

Pilar: So then... (notices SpongeBob) Huh...?

Peterson: Nice 'do, SpongeBob. (tries to contain his laughter)

Pilar: Yeah, where can I get one? (Peterson and Pilar laugh)

Sally: Whoa-ho-ho. That wig really suits you.

SpongeBob: (walks up to Squidward, who is sleeping on the job) Hi, Squidward!

Squidward: Ahh! Who? What? Where? What? How?

SpongeBob: Notice anything different about me today, Squidward? Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh? ...Huh, huh, huh?

Squidward: Nope.

SpongeBob: I'm wearing a wig.

Squidward: Oh yeah, how could I have missed it?

SpongeBob: Can you believe I found it lying around in the street?

Squidward: Umm...amazing.

SpongeBob: If you want to, after work, we can go look for a wig for you.

Squidward: I can't wait.

SpongeBob: Wig away! Woo-hoo! (floats into the kitchen. While grilling some patties, he scratches his wig with the spatula and many hairs float down onto the patties. He puts one of the hairy patties on the bun) Order up, Squidward. (Squidward notices the hair on the Krabby Patty)

Squidward: Mr. Krabs! (Mr. Krabs walks up to Squidward) I've served a lot of junk here, but a hair patty?

Mr. Krabs: (walks into the kitchen) SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Yes, Mr. Krabs? (a lot of hairs come off the wig and into Mr. Krabs' eyes)

Mr. Krabs: What in Davey Jones' locker is on your head, son?

SpongeBob: Oh, that's my new wig, Mr Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Well, take it off. The hair's getting into the patties.

SpongeBob: Take it off? But I can't, Mr. Krabs. My wig makes everyone so happy.

Mr. Krabs: Happy?

SpongeBob: Ever since I've began wearing it, everyone I see gets a big grin on their face.

Mr. Krabs: I can imagine.

SpongeBob: Oh, please let me keep it, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Well, if it means that much to ya, you can keep it. But you gotta wear a hairnet. (takes one out) And if I see one more hairy patty, your wig goes in the dumpster.

SpongeBob: (puts the hairnet over his wig then walks out with an order)

Sandy: There you are, SpongeBob. Are you ready for karate prac...tice? (notices SpongeBob's wig)

SpongeBob: I see you've noticed my new wig. Pretty impressive, huh?

Sandy: It's uh, great, SpongeBob. (laughs uncontrollably)

SpongeBob: Glad you like it. (chuckles) I'll see you later, Sandy. (walks up to a table and sets the tray on it) Two Krabby Patties and a side order of looking good.

Frank: Nice wig.

Abigail Marge: Like to keep in style, huh?

SpongeBob: You know it.

Francis: Off to meet the queen, Sir Nerdlaroy?
(subtitle version Off to meet the queen, Sir Nerd Leroy?)

SpongeBob: Uh, my name is SpongeBob and no, I am not meeting royalty. You must be referring to my regal appearance. (gets off balance with the wig and stumbles into the corner. Everyone crowds around him and laughs) Thank you all for your kind words. I wish I could give you such nice wigs.

Jimmy: How 'bout a little off the top?

Tom: Yeah, your wig's big enough to go around.

SpongeBob: This isn't good. Everyone's getting jealous. (walks backwards towards the kitchen) Squidward, I'll be hiding in the kitchen if you need me.

Squidward: Hide your shame, SpongeBob. Hide your shame. (bubble-wipe to the headquarters of Bigshot Records)

Record Producer: Well, well, well, Ned and the Needlefish. You're fired.

Band: Fired?!

Band Member #2: But why?

Record Producer: Ask Baldy McBaldyson over here.

Band: Ned!

Band Member #2: Good going, dude.

Ned: I can't help it not having hair.

Band Member #3: We formed this band, it was for one reason and one reason only: to make a lot of money. And you not having hair is getting in the way of that.

Record Producer: We are selling records not denture cream. (talking to Ned) You come back with hair or don't come back at all. (bubble-wipe to Krusty Krab at closing time)

Mr. Krabs: (flips "OPEN" sign to "CLOSED") Time to go home, boys.

SpongeBob: (mopping with his wig) Almost finished. (puts the wet wig on his head. Shakes it dry and it goes back to its original shape) See, Squidward, it's functional, too.

Squidward: It's about as functional as your brain.

SpongeBob: (giggles) Thank you, Squidward.

Squidward: That wasn't a compliment. This entire town is laughing at you!

SpongeBob: I don't understand.

Squidward: (holds a mirror up to SpongeBob) Just look at yourself.

SpongeBob: Hello, handsome. (licks finger and puts it on the mirror) Tssss...

Squidward: SpongeBob, your head is twice as large as before.

SpongeBob: Hmmm, I've never been tall before.

Squidward: That wig is infested with parasites. (spiders crawl out of the wig and SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: That tickles.

Squidward: Can't you see how ridiculous you look?

SpongeBob: I think that it looks cool.

Mr. Krabs': (laughs) You wouldn't know cool if I locked you in the freezer. (laughs)

SpongeBob: For your information, Mr. Krabs, Squidward has locked me in the freezer, so I think I know what cool is.

Mr. Krabs: Well, stop wearing that nasty thing to work.

SpongeBob: But Mr. Krabs...

Mr. Krabs: No "buts".

SpongeBob: So I can't have a wig or a but?

Mr. Krabs: No, SpongeBob, it means until you get rid of that wig, get your butt out of here! (bubble-wipe to Sandy walking up to SpongeBob's house)

Sandy: I never got a chance to talk to SpongeBob yesterday. I was laughing too hard. (knocks on door) SpongeBob? (notices door is a little bigger) Huh?

SpongeBob: Hi, Sandy. What do you think? (looks up at his wig, which has spiders crawling out it, then looks down to SpongeBob, who is making a kiddie face)

Sandy: We need to talk. (bubble-wipe to The Reef)

SpongeBob: Why would I want to get rid of my wig? Look at how happy it makes everybody. (everyone is laughing)

Sandy: Well, it does attract a lot of attention.

SpongeBob: I know. People just can't keep their eyes off of me.

Sandy: Neither can I, SpongeBob. (they walk in to the theater. Scooter closes the door and laughs. Scene cuts to inside theater, where the movie is playing)

Martha: It's true, John, this isn't my real hair. I stole it. (takes her wig off. SpongeBob walks into the row with his wig blocking the screen. Thaddeus, Nazz and Peterson are mad)

SpongeBob: Pardon me. 'Scuse me. Pardon me. Pardon me. (Peterson sticks out his leg and SpongeBob trips over it. Gets his wig stuck in some cheese on the floor. Gets unstuck but a soda is still in the wig) Hey, the wig broke my fall. (some popcorn falls from the top of his wig) Mmm, popcorn. (eats some then takes the soda in his wig and takes a sip of it) Ah, you always come through for me.

Dale: Hey buddy, do you mind?

SpongeBob: Shhh. It's very rude to talk during a movie.

Sandy: Umm, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: You, too, Sandy. People are trying to watch the movie.

Sandy: Well, they can't look. Your stupid wig is blocking the whole screen.

Fish in Audience: Take it off, jerk!

Another Fish in Audience: Yeah, take it off!

Yet Another Fish in Audience: Hey, down in front!

SpongeBob: People, return your attention to the movie. I know my wig is glamorous and exciting, but there is no need to start a riot.

Scooter: That's a great idea! Let's start a riot. (everyone gets a pitchfork and some torches ready)

SpongeBob: Ahh! (everyone in the audience chases him)

Two Fish: Get 'em!

Frank: I told you that movie was terrible. (bubble-wipe to a cliff)

Sandy: Now do you see what I'm saying, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: I guess you're right, Sandy. I got so much enjoyment out of the wig, myself, I assumed everyone else did, too.

Sandy: It's time to be strong.

SpongeBob: I know. (walks over to the edge of the cliff and takes his wig off) I just want you to know that even though I didn't know you existed a few days ago, I can't imagine life without you!

Sandy: Hurry up, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: No matter what they say, you'll always be cool to me. (wig flies off) I'll never accessorize again.

Sandy: You did the right thing, SpongeBob. (cut to Ned walking down the street)

Ned: Where am I gonna get some hair? My career is ruined. Ruined! (cries until the wig from before knocks him down on the ground and sticks to his head. He gasps) Can it be? It is! My wig. Yes! Victory is mine!! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking down the street then notices everyone wearing wigs like the one he had)

SpongeBob: Wigs. Wigs, wigs, they're everywhere!

Debbie: Oh, he's got your hair.

Shubie: Thank you.

Patrick: (without a wig on his head) SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Patrick! At least he's not wearing a wig.

Patrick: Look at my new wig. (raises his arm and the wig is attached to his armpit)

SpongeBob: Everyone's wearing wigs! Everyone! I'm starting to feel a little betrayed. Hey, you made fun of me yesterday. I thought powdered wigs were uncool.

Fish #1: Yeah, they were. But look... (points to a billboard with Ned and the Needlefish wearing the same wigs)

SpongeBob: Wow. Ned and the Needlefish, wearing my wig. So, I was cool before anyone else?

Fish #1: Yes, you were. But not anymore. See ya! (walks off)

SpongeBob: I wish I had a wig. (Patrick walks up to him)

Patrick: Don't be sad, SpongeBob. You can borrow one of mine. (rips his wig off his armpit and pits it on SpongeBob's head) Just wash it before you return it.

Narrator: Ah... today we study the gentle rhythm of the sea. (music blasting from SpongeBob's house, so the narrator gets angry) Gentle rhythm! (in his normal voice) Oh, never mind.

Gary: Meow. (hides in shell)

SpongeBob: (moon walking) Uh-huh! Uh-huh! (makes armpit noises with Patrick) Ocean wave. (wiggles arms) Tropical breeze. (wiggles more)

Patrick: Whirlpool. (spins around on his behind)

SpongeBob: Reverse whirlpool. (does a reverse spin. Him and Patrick spin into each other causing them to bounce all over the house. The vibrations are so great that one of Squidward's pictures falls onto the ground)

Squidward: Huh? (turns around) Grr! SpongeBob! Turn that noise off! This will get his attention. (plays his clarinet. SpongeBob comes out of the top of his pineapple, spinning his legs, and flies into Squidward causing the clarinet to get stuck in his throat)

Squidward: Sponge... (note plays. Chokes)

SpongeBob: (gasps) Oh, Squidward, you swallowed your clarinet again! I'll get it.

Squidward: (tries to get away from SpongeBob) No! No! Don't... (note plays) touch... (note plays) me! (note plays)

SpongeBob: (grabs Squidward's mouth and opens it) I'll get a better look. Hmm... It's too dark! This calls for extreme measures. (tries to put Squidward's mouth over his body but he's too big. Outside, a mother and child are walking by as they hear strange noises. The mother puts her hands over her kid's ears and walks away with an angry look on her face, pulls out the clarinet) Got it! Hey, the pointy thing on the end is missing!

Squidward: It's called a reed...eee!

SpongeBob: What's a reed...eee?

Squidward: Great! (high note) My reed... (note) is still... (note) stuck in my... (note) throat! (note) And it's all your fault! (notes)

SpongeBob: There's only one thing to do. We gotta see Sandy. (scene cuts to an x-ray of Squidward's throat)

Sandy: Hmm. Just as I thought. You've got that pointy bit from the end of your clarinet stuck in your throat. That was clumsy of you.

Squidward: I didn't. It was SpongeBob that... (note)

Sandy: Well, there's nothing to do for it but surgery. (runs off with Squidward)

SpongeBob: Ooh... (follows them to a submarine-like machine)

Sandy: Now's my chance to try out my new invention -- the solution to your problem.

Squidward: A submarine? (note)

Sandy: That's right, Squidward. Let me show you. (walks into a lab where Squidward's body is on screen) This whole lab is called the Chamber of Shrinkage. I'll shrink the sub and myself down to microscopic size... (simulation does so) ...then navigate through your brain, down into your throat and extract the reed from inside. Simple!

Squidward: Why don't you just shrink the reed?

Sandy: (laughs) Oh, Squidward, always wanting to do it the hard way! (bubble-wipe to Squidward sitting in a chair with a white gown on) We're all set, Squidward! Are you ready for the sedative?

Squidward: Are you sure this is safe?

Sandy: Completely! As long as someone competent is behind the wheel. Hey, what's that? (Squidward looks then Sandy knocks him out with a karate chop) Sweet dreams, partner! Oops! I forgot to pack food for the trip. I've got to get some supplies from my treedome, and I need you to guard the submarine while I'm gone. (SpongeBob smiles) Do you think you can handle it, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Can do, Sandy! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking back and forth, guarding the submarine) Hut-hut-hut, hut-hut-hut! Hut-hut-hut, huppity-hup-hut!

Patrick: (walks up to SpongeBob) Hi, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Hello, citizen.

Patrick: What are you doing?

SpongeBob: Guarding Sandy's submarine.

Patrick: Wow! I've never been in a submarine. Let's look inside.

SpongeBob: Can't. I'm guarding it.

Patrick: Oh, man! Can't you guard it from the inside?

SpongeBob: (stops) You're right! (bows to Patrick) Patrick, you're a genius! (presses the 'OPEN' button to open the submarine)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Ooh! (both salute)

SpongeBob: SpongeBob and Patrick reporting for guard duty. (both he and Patrick laugh and go inside. They push buttons and pretend to actually be using the submarine)

Patrick: Hmmm..."Shrink". I do have a lot of issues. (presses button and an alarm blares. SpongeBob and Patrick look at the flashing light)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Pretty. (submarine shrinks a little)

Sandy: I'm back, SpongeBob. (drops box of nuts) Uh-oh. (SpongeBob shrinks)

Patrick: (laughs) You're so tiny. (shrinks) Aah, a giant SpongeBob! (submarine shrinks completely. A robot hand grabs the submarine)

Sandy: Patrick! SpongeBob!

Patrick: Ahh, Sandy's grown to gigantic size!

SpongeBob: I don't think Sandy grew, Patrick! I think we shrunk.

Patrick: Pfft, that's silly! Don't you think it's more likely that the entire world grew? (robot hand takes the submarine and sticks it in Squidward's nose)

Sandy: Hi, Squidward. Well, the submarine is safely inside you.

Squidward: Wonderful! Wait! If you're out here, then who's in here? (holds head)

Sandy: Well, why don't you take a look for yourself? (pulls down a monitor showing SpongeBob and Patrick in the submarine inside of Squidward)

Squidward: (screams) SpongeBob and Patrick are piloting a miniature submarine inside my head. SpongeBob and Patrick... SpongeBob and... (chuckles nervously then screams)

Sandy: You better calm down, Squidward. With them little critters inside you, I wouldn't be moving around too much. You could knock them into something important. (cut to inside Squidward's nose)

SpongeBob: Where are we, Patrick?

Patrick: I don't know. But it's a real dump.

Sandy: (over speaker) SpongeBob, Patrick, can you hear me?

SpongeBob: It's Sandy.

Patrick: She's in there? (pulls out an axe) I'll save you, Sandy! (chops away at the control panel)

Sandy: Stop it, you itty-bitty idiot! (engine sputters and dies)

SpongeBob: Sandy, where are you? Where are we?

Sandy: You're trespassing, SpongeBob -- in my lab, in my submarine -- and you're trespassing inside of Squidward!

Patrick: I thought this place was in bad shape.

Squidward: (over speaker) I heard that!

Sandy: Let's get you out of there, SpongeBob. All you need to do is locate the auto-pilot. It'll safely take you through your mission, and then out the extraction point. (points to Squidward's rear-end on the computer screen. The submarine controls explode)

SpongeBob: Um...we broke it! (Patrick chops at it again with the axe)

Sandy: Stop it! What are you trying to do?! Kill him?!

Squidward: (starts sweating nervously)

Sandy: This is approximately 17 times harder to drive than a boat mobile, which you're never successfully done. (laughs nervously) So, just take it nice and easy.

SpongeBob: No problemo. Nice and...EASY!!! (pushes the gas pedal to the floor making the submarine go as fast as it can. Both Patrick and SpongeBob are screaming at the top their lungs as they head towards the brain)

Squidward: So, how's it going? (tires screech, metal crashes, and Squidward makes a hissing sound as SpongeBob and Patrick drive into the brain. They get unstuck but crash a lot into the brain making Squidward go insane) I can't control my eyeballs!

Sandy: Don't worry, it's temporary. Now, just sign this! (holds out a waiver)

Squidward: (signs) OK, now what is this?

Sandy: Oh, just your autograph, uh, for when you're, uhh, famous.

Squidward: Oh, of course. I've got head shots, you know. (shows pictures of himself then drops them and hits himself) What the...?

Sandy: Squidward! (Squidward chokes himself then punches Sandy)

Squidward: What's happening?! (SpongeBob and Patrick are fighting over the controls which causes them to keep crashing into Squidward's nervous system)

SpongeBob & Patrick: {talking among themselves} Give me that! Give it back! No! Give it! Give it back!

Sandy: They're hitting your central nervous system. (Squidward punches himself)

Sandy: You're not in control of your actions! (Squidward kicks Sandy in the rear) Hey...

Squidward: Oh, I'm sorry. I'm not in control of my actions.

Sandy: (gets mad because she knew it was on purpose)

SpongeBob and Patrick: (bounce off Squidward's nervous system)

Sandy: They've gone off course! (Squidward is spinning in his chair then is tossed into the back where he is doing more crazy twitches)

Sandy: Oh my gosh! They're out of control! (SpongeBob and Patrick land in some green goo)

SpongeBob: Ew! Where the hell are we? (Squidward's stomach rumbles. The submarine is getting dissolved in the green acid)

SpongeBob: Mayday! Mayday! We're sinking! And Patrick won't stop screaming!

Sandy: Those stomach acid levels are way too high!

SpongeBob: The reserve tanks are almost empty. (Patrick grunts) Patrick! (Patrick is using the axe to chop at the tanks)

Patrick: Finished.

Sandy: SpongeBob, you gotta get out of there! It's a straight shot up the stomach to the esophagus where the reed is! (note plays) You can complete your mission if we can just access an alternative fuel. Like natural gas.

SpongeBob: Natural gas?

Patrick: Like this! (drinks a soda and burps loudly)

Squidward: Stop burping inside me! That's disgusting!

Sandy: Wait a minute, Squidward. They might be on to something.

Squidward: What?

Sandy: If you can make a big enough burp...

Patrick: We can filter the CO2 through our ballast tanks, refire the engines, and ride the shockwave out of here.

SpongeBob: Wow.

Sandy: He's right.

Squidward: What?

Sandy: We're going through with your plan, Patrick!

SpongeBob: Yay!

Patrick: What plan? (Squidward drinks a bunch of soda)

Sandy: Now burp, Squidward! Lives are on the line! (Squidward tries to burp)

SpongeBob: I never thought it would end this way. (Squidward burps loudly sending the submarine up and out of the stomach)
It's working! (natural gas readings are full)

SpongeBob and Patrick: Whee!

Sandy: They're heading for the esophagus. (smells Squidward's burp) Phew, what have you been eating?

Squidward: Morons. (the submarine crashes into Squidward's throat where the reed is at)

SpongeBob: SpongeBob to Sandy. We've reached the foreign obstruction. (swims out with a bathing suit on)

Sandy: OK, you're going to have to go out and dislodge it somehow.

SpongeBob: I'm already on it. (takes out a hammer and hits the reed with it)

Narrator: Two hours later...

SpongeBob: This stupid d*mn hammer won't break anything. (throws it at the reed. The hammer bounces back and cuts SpongeBob's water arm floatation, making him bounce everywhere)

Patrick: (peers out of the sub) SpongeBob, do what you were born to do! Dance!

SpongeBob: You're right Patrick. Whirlpool Spin! (cuts the reed in half with the spin causing Squidward to spit it out)

Sandy: Good work, guys! Mission accomplished. Now all you have to do is...

Squidward: (pushes Sandy out of the way) Get the heck out of my body! GO!

Patrick: Grow? (presses the 'GROW' button which sounds an alarm)

SpongeBob, Squidward and Sandy: N000000000000000000000000000000000000!!!!

(Cut to the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: Almost ready to open. (cleans his 'NO REFUNDS' sign) There.

Squidward: (walks in) Good morning, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Hello, Squidward. Neptune's trousers! What's gotten into you? (zoom out to show Squidward with a submarine-shaped body)

SpongeBob: (inside Squidward) Reporting for duty, Mr. Krabs. (toilet flushes)

Patrick: Squidward, the toilet's backed up again. (Squidward growls in anger)

(episode begins with Patrick running in the street)

Fish #1: (off-screen) Hey! (Patrick looks around) Hey, you there!

Patrick: M-me?

Fish #1: Yes, you. (screams in Patrick's face) Get outta town! (Patrick runs and screams. Fish shrugs his shoulders as another fish walks up) Get outta town! And take a vacation to beautiful Sunny Seashores Resort. (another fish walks up) Here ya go, sir. (hands him a flyer. Fish reads it. Bubble-wipe to Patrick running up to SpongeBob's house and opening the door)

Patrick: I gotta get out of town! (SpongeBob hands Patrick a glass of lemonade) Oh, thanks SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Sure, Patrick, ya...

Patrick: (screams) I gotta get going! He told me to.

SpongeBob: Who did?

Patrick: Uhh, well, uhh...hmmm, I'm not sure. But he had a briefcase.

SpongeBob: Ahh, a briefcase?! He might be a paid assassin! (both start to cry) But, Patrick, you can't go. Not like this. Who will go with me to the next jellyfisherman's expo? (shows a picture of the two at one of the expos)

Patrick: It'll have to be one of your other chums 'cause my mind is set. (both cry more)

SpongeBob: Unset it, please unset it! (Patrick walks over to SpongeBob's kitchen counter and sets a briefcase on it to fill up with clothes)

Patrick: I guess I'll pack up my stuff and get ready to go. My clothes. (packs SpongeBob's clothes)

SpongeBob: Umm, Patrick, those are my clothes.

Patrick: (packs up a bunch of peanut butter) My peanut butter!

SpongeBob: That's my peanut butter.

Patrick: And my pickles! (stuffs a bunch of pickles into the bag and closes it)

SpongeBob: I can't believe you're leaving, Patrick. (cries) With all my pickles!

Patrick: It's the end of me being here.

SpongeBob: Wait! Stop! What about all our plans? 8:00am – Wake up Patrick, 9:00am – Eat Kelpo with Patrick, 10:00am – Brush teeth with Patrick, 1:00pm – Stare at Patrick. Who's gonna do all that with me?

Patrick: I'm sorry, there's no stopping the unstoppable. Patrick Star will live no more, forever...in Bikini Bottom.

SpongeBob: But...what if you weren't Patrick Star?

Patrick: Oh, no. I'm not Patrick Star?

SpongeBob: You are Patrick Star. But you won't be for long.

Patrick: Huh? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob putting a visor over Patrick's eyes) There ya go, Patrick. No one will know it's you. (Patrick looks in a mirror, screams, and runs out of the pineapple through the wall, leaving a star-shaped hole) Whoa! Patrick, you okay?

Larry: Hey guys! Yo, Patrick, cool shades.

SpongeBob: Well, Pat, that disguise didn't work. We're gonna have to try harder.

Patrick: Yeah, well, thanks ol' SpongeBob for your help. It was a noble effort, but alas, all in vain. It's no use. I must leave. (holds out his arms and runs past SpongeBob to pet a rock) Good-bye rock. Good-bye coral. (hugs the coral but it sticks to him) Ow! Good-bye seaweed. (walks off)

SpongeBob: Too bad we couldn't come up with a better costume. (looks at the seaweed) Hmmm...

Patrick: Good-bye sky. (SpongeBob walks up to Patrick and puts some seaweed on his head)

SpongeBob: That's it! With that seaweed on your head, you could be a...

Patrick: Oh, I know, I know! I could be Mr. Seaweed Monsterman! And live happily forever after in Bikini Bottom.

SpongeBob: Patrick, there already is a Mr. Seaweed Monsterman. (scroll over to a monster with seaweed all over its body)

Seaweed Monsterman: Hey!

Patrick: D'oh!

SpongeBob: It's okay, Patrick. So you can't be a monster. But that vegetation on your head gives me an idea of what you can be. (Bubble-wipe to inside a store) You're all set. Come on out, Patrick. (Patrick steps forward, looking like a girl. He is wearing a blond wig and green top and bottom. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob and Patrick walking down the street)

Fish #2: Hi, SpongeBob. And hello, lady. (tips his hat to Patrick)

SpongeBob: The disguise is working, Patrick. I mean, Patricia. (both giggle)

Larry: SpongeBob, you never told me you had a girlfriend.

Patrick: Oh, I'm not his girlfriend. I'm Pat.

SpongeBob: -ricia. Pat-ricia-Patricia. (laughs nervously)

Larry: Bro, your girlfriend is not ugly.

SpongeBob: Actually, Larry, she's not my girlfriend, she's just a...

Larry: It's cool, buddy. You don't have to explain your girlfriend to me.

SpongeBob: But she's not my girlfriend.

Larry: I don't know why you're standing here talking to me when you could be talking to your girlfriend.

SpongeBob: C'mon, Patricia. (grabs his hand and walks off)

Patrick: Bye.

Larry: Congratulations on the new girlfriend, dude.

Mr. Krabs: (runs up) SpongeBob! This is not the time for Sunday Stroll. It's time for work.

SpongeBob: But, Mr. Krabs, the Krusty Krab doesn't open for another 2 hours.

Mr. Krabs: (hands SpongeBob a spatula) There be no such thing as opening too early, me boy. Excuse us, miss. Huh? (notices Patrick as his eyes explode from seeing the beauty) SpongeBob, who's your friend?

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, this is Patricia.

Mr. Krabs: (eyes inflate back to normal) Patricia. The most beautiful sound I've ever seen. SpongeBob, do we need any more help down at the Krusty Krab?

SpongeBob: No.

Mr. Krabs: We do? Great, she can start right away. (Bubble-wipe to the Krusty Krab where Squidward is reading the newspaper until Patrick walks in. He stops and stares at him)

Squidward: And who are you, my Rubenesque beauty?

Mr. Krabs: That's Patricia, our newest Krusty Krab employee.

Squidward: Well, she sure is stunning. (Patrick is picking his nose)

Mr. Krabs: Just keep your eyes on the customers, Mr. Squidward. (walks off. Patricia is cleaning tables until Squidward walks up to her)

Squidward: Hi, Patricia. I drew this for you. (hands him a piece of paper) Likeness is uncanny, if I do say so myself. (drawing on the piece of paper is Squidward. A scream is heard off-screen in horror of the picture)

Patrick: Uhh, thank you, Squidward. (Mr. Krabs comes out of the kitchen with two trays of food, one in each hand)

Mr. Krabs: Order up, Miss Patricia.

Patrick: Excuse me, Squidward. (eats the drawing, burps then walks off)

Mr. Krabs: (hands Patrick both trays) This order goes to table 7 and remember your manners. (Patrick walks up to a table with the number seven on it)

Patrick: Forty...thirty...

Mr. Krabs: That's a 7, Patricia. (pull back to reveal Mr. Krabs sitting at table 7)

Patrick: Mr. Krabs, you ordered two Krusty meals?

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) Did I order two meals? Oh, silly me. I can't possibly eat two Krusty meals myself. (spreads a table cloth, with a radio, on the table) I guess you'll just have to help me finish all this food.

Patrick: OK. (sits down. Mr. Krabs pushes a button and some music plays)

Mr. Krabs: Patricia, we may have only known each other for a short time now, but I feel like a special connection has been made. (Patrick inhales the table cloth, candle, Krusty Meals, and radio. Then he burps loudly)

SpongeBob: (walks in) Quite an appetite... but she's all woman. (scene cuts to Patrick walking in the kitchen with two orders. Squidward walks into the kitchen playing a soothing song on his clarinet)

Squidward: Eh? Ya know, Patricia, they don't call me the Sizzle Lips Squid for nothing. (Patrick tries to walk away, but Squidward blocks him) So, are you free this Saturday night?

Patrick: No, that's the night SpongeBob and I are having a staring contest.

Squidward: SpongeBob?!

Mr. Krabs: (using a megaphone) Get back to work, you gold-bricking freeloader. Hut two, hut two, yah, yah! And don't come back 'til all those patties are Krabby. (throws megaphone away) Well, now that we're alone, how would you like to be my date Friday night to a...

Patrick: Well, I can't. SpongeBob and I will be flying submarines that night. I have to get back to Krusting the Krab. (walks off) Man, why are those two so nice to me? They were never this nice to Patrick. It's weird. (opens the cabinet in front of him and notices Squidward on the top shelf)

Squidward: Are you sure about Saturday night? (Patrick closes the cabinet)

Patrick: Persistent bunch. (turns on the faucet but Mr. Krabs peeks his head out of the faucet head)

Mr. Krabs: How about Sunday brunch?

Patrick: No thanks, again! (turns up the water, then walks over to the toaster where Squidward's head pops up)

Squidward: But I made reservations for two at...

Patrick: I said no. (The scene cuts to Patrick lifting up the fryer, where Mr. Krabs' head is) No. (scene cuts to Patrick using the water hose on the floor when Squidward's head pops out from a hole on the ground) No way. (scene cuts to Mr. Krabs in a water job) No. (scene cuts to Squidward in the toilet) No. (scene cuts to Patrick in the middle of the Krusty Krab) No! (Patrick walks into the kitchen) What is it about me that makes those two so friendly? It must have something to do with this disguise. I can't wear this any longer.

SpongeBob: But if you reveal your secret identity, you'll have to leave Bikini Bottom.

Patrick: I'm sorry, SpongeBob. I just can't live like this anymore. I'm tired of pretending to be someone I'm not. (opens the door to the dining room of the Krusty Krab. All the customers say hi to him)

Fish #3: The lovely Patricia... (blows a kiss) ...has returned to us.

Patrick: I have an announcement to make. The entire day that I've worked here I've wanted to say... (notices the fish from the beginning, giving out flyers, has entered the Krusty Krab. He starts to stutter) I've wanted to say that, uhh... that I will eat any leftovers you leave on your plate. (smiles and walks away)

Customers: Huh?

Fish #1: Ahoy, waitress, aren't you gonna take my order?

Patrick: I'll be right there, sir.

SpongeBob: What's the matter, Patrick?

Patrick: That's the guy with the briefcase. The guy who's trying to run me out of town.

SpongeBob: (gasps) The assassin!

Patrick: (walks up to the customer) What can I get you, sir?

Fish #1: Say, don't I know you from somewhere?

Patrick: No.

Fish #1: Hmmm... that's it. Get outta town!

Patrick: He's on to us.

SpongeBob: I won't let you do it. You'll have to do something horrible to me before I let you throw Patrick out of town.

Squidward & Mr. Krabs: Patrick?!

Fish #1: You forgot your flyer. (hands them one of his flyers)

SpongeBob: (reading flyer) Get Outta Town! To beautiful Sunny Shore Resorts. Look, this guy wasn't trying to run you out of town, he just wanted to sell you a luxury vacation at a modest price.

Patrick: Well, I guess I don't need this disguise anymore. (rips off his disguise, leaving him naked. Everyone gasps while Squidward's eyes shrink in horror)

Squidward: Umm, I think I need to take a shower. (exits)

Mr. Krabs: So, let me get this straight, you're not a woman?

Patrick: No.

Mr. Krabs: Well then, you're fired. Uhh, if anybody needs me, I'll be in my office for, I dunno, the next 20 years or so.

SpongeBob: Hey, buddy, what do you say we go home and get started on this list? (both run out with excitement)

(episode begins at the Conch Street neighborhood where SpongeBob, Squidward, and Patrick live in. Squidward peeks out from his door to make sure SpongeBob is not around)

Squidward: It's too quiet. Something isn't right around here. (crawls around to SpongeBob's downstairs window. Peeks in but sees SpongeBob is not there) Could it be? SpongeBob is gone for the evening. (bubble-wipe to Squidward in his house in a robe) Here's to a delightful evening alone with you, public television. (slurps his drink while watching a squid (Kelpy G) on television about to play his clarinet. When he does, SpongeBob's laughter is heard instead of a clarinet sound. SpongeBob and Patrick are outside playing)

Patrick: Do it again. Do it again.

SpongeBob: OK. (puts two handfuls of sand in his mouth then squirts it out of his head like play dough hair)

Squidward: Will you two be quiet?! I'm trying to watch public television. (closes window)

Patrick: Do it again, do it again.

Squidward: If those two want to ruin my quiet evening at home, they're going to have to do better than that. (watches more of Kelpy G. Pounding on the door causes the music to stop. Squidward gets up and answers the door) What?

SpongeBob: Squidward! (Squidward slams door in their faces. Patrick sighs)

Squidward: You're still there, aren't you? (opens door)

SpongeBob: Good evening, Squidward.

Squidward: Not so fast. You two little monsters aren't about to ruin my evening.

SpongeBob: Oh, we're not here to ruin it. We're here to enhance it.

Squidward: Isn't that right, Pat?

Patrick: Yeah. We're here... (Squidward slams door)

Squidward: Can't a hard working Squid get a little TV time alone? (sits on his couch then notices SpongeBob and Patrick) SpongeBob? Patrick? Oh, what's the point? (SpongeBob and Patrick slurp their drink while watching Kelpy G on TV)

Patrick: Could you turn it up?

SpongeBob: Uh, Squidward, could you turn it down a little?

Patrick: Squidward, what's this about?

SpongeBob: Squidward, how come he's so emotional?

Patrick: Is he the bad guy?

SpongeBob: Squidward?

Patrick: Squidward?

SpongeBob: Squidward?

Patrick: Squidward?

SpongeBob: Squidward?

Patrick: Squidward?

Squidward: (screams) That's it! All I wanted to do was watch some smooth jazz on public television. But apparently, that's not going to happen. Once again I'm going to have to leave my own home just to get some peace and quiet. Enjoy my TV. (scoffs)

Patrick: (comedic music plays) Oh wait, I think I've seen this before. This part's funny.

Squidward: I'm going to go somewhere far away. Somewhere far away from those two watching public television on my TV. Pfah! They wouldn't know real culture even if it hit them like a truck full of cement. (rides into a cement truck full of cement) Oh. (cement unloads on top of Squidward. Tries to get unstuck and is launched through coral field, a sewer pipe, and into a colorful group of jellyfish, who sting him. Falls over and screams out a bubble. Bubble-wipe to later; narrating) Day five, I think. I've been waddling these fields. I'm hungry, tired, and lost. The only good thing about this is no SpongeBob. (reads sign) Jellyfish Fields. (sighs)

SpongeBob: What is that thing, Patrick?

Patrick: I dunno. Let's get a closer look. (both run up to the thing as it's trying to escape)

SpongeBob: Hi, stranger. I am SpongeBob. (sniffs in the odor coming from Squidward then flushes the tears away. Squidward growls muffling causing SpongeBob and Patrick to scream) Wait a minute. Maybe he's not a monster. Maybe he's an endangered species. We should help him.

Patrick: Yeah, help him. Go away! Can't you tell nobody wants you? You're endangered.

SpongeBob: Not like that. With lots of love and affection. We can take care of him. (muffled shouting coming from Squidward is heard. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob's house) Well, "Smelly," here you are. Your new home. Oh, Smelly, this is going to be great. We'll be one big happy family. Let me show you around. Here's your bed, Smelly. (muffled whimpering from Squidward, now dubbed Smelly) Here's your food bowl.

Patrick: And some kibble. (pours in some food)

SpongeBob: You can live here forever and ever. (Smelly cries) Oh, look, Pat. He's crying tears of joy. Well, Smelly, there's one more family member you haven't met. (retrieves Gary) Smelly, meet Gary. (Gary sticks to Smelly) Aww, look at that Smelly, Gary likes you. (Gary attacks Smelly) Gary, no! (gets Gary off of Smelly) Gary.

Patrick: I don't think Gary likes Smelly.

SpongeBob: Yeah, Gary's never attacked anyone like that except Squidward. I guess Smelly can't live here.

Patrick: Ah! He can come home with me.

SpongeBob: That's a great idea, Patrick. You always wanted a pet. (Smelly tries to escape through the door but keeps falling down) Isn't that cute? Look how excited he is to get to your house. (opens door) Bye, Smelly, have fun at Patrick's. (Smelly tries to get into Squidward's house)

Patrick: No, no, Smelly. Squidward doesn't like pets. (bubble-wipe to under Patrick's rock) Hey, Smelly, wanna play catch? (throws ball at Smelly) Don't worry, you'll get the hang of it. (throws ball at Smelly again) Almost. (throws ball at Smelly again) Again. (throws ball at Smelly again) So close. (throws ball at Smelly again but it gets stuck in his eye) Yeah, now you're... (Smelly throws the ball at Patrick, knocking him down) Smelly! What's gotten into you?! (screams and jumps behind a chair and calls someone) Hello, Animal Control? There's a wild animal loose in my house. (person over phone is speaking gibberish) Sure, I'll hold. (Smelly escapes Patrick's rock) Smelly! Come back. Smelly!

Police: Freeze! (more police cars arrive)

SpongeBob: (reading in his library) Hmmm, what's all the commotion? (looks outside the window)

Police: You're surrounded. There is no way out.

SpongeBob: Smelly! (tries walking through a crowd of policeman) Excuse me. Pardon me. If I can just scootch through there. Excuse me. Pardon me. Excuse me. You leave Smelly alone. He's just a poor, dumb wild animal.

Police: Wild animals don't belong here, son. They belong in the zoo. Get 'em, boys. (Smelly is taken away in a truck marked "ZOO" with a vicious, giant clam)

SpongeBob: Smelly... (bubble-wipe to the zoo where people are around the habitat of Smelly. Smelly is locked behind a cage marked 'Species Unknown')

Little Girl: Mommy, what is that thing?

Mom: I don't know but it's hideous, isn't it? (everyone laughs. Smelly goes back inside his cage)

SpongeBob: This isn't good.

Patrick: You're absolutely right. (takes out a hot dog) It needs Mustard.

SpongeBob: No one should be treated like that. Not even someone as ugly as Smelly. Something needs to be done about this. And I know exactly what that thing is. (whispers to Patrick. Bubble-wipe to night where Patrick and SpongeBob are wearing black ski masks) OK, Patrick, remember the plan?

Patrick: Oh, yeah. (takes out a hot dog) This one, right?

SpongeBob: (grabs hot dog) No, not that. I'm talking about the plan to break Smelly out of this animal prison.

Patrick: (takes a bite out of the hot dog) Mmm, good plan.

SpongeBob: (ties a rope to the habitat's railing) All right, I'll go down first. Keep a lookout and follow me. (climbs down the rope)

Patrick: You're my hero. (gets tangled in the rope) SpongeBob! Help! Ah! (screams and makes lots of noise)

SpongeBob: Shh, we'll get caught.

Patrick: What! I can't hear you! I'm screaming too loud! (SpongeBob pulls the rope which causes Patrick to fall straight to the ground which, in turn, wakes up Smelly)

SpongeBob: (tip-toes over to Smelly's cage) Fear no longer, dear Smelly, we are here to rescue you. Understand? We are taking you home. (draws a home with his fingers. Smelly moans) Look how excited he is. Flip the switch, Patrick. (Patrick does so. Cage door opens and they carry him out) Smelly, you're free! (lights are shining on them. They jump out a little with a seal barking sound)

Police: You're surrounded. There's no use trying to run.

SpongeBob: Run, Patrick, run! (as they do, the police climb down into the habitat and chase them) Faster, Patrick. (notices a manhole cover and opens it)

Patrick: I'll let Smelly go first. (throws Smelly down the sewer. Smelly bounces around before hitting the ground)

SpongeBob: Don't worry, Smelly, you're safe with us. (Patrick closes the manhole cover as police run by it)

Patrick: I think we lost them.

SpongeBob: Well, we're all one big happy family again. Let's see where this dark sewer tunnel leads.

SpongeBob and Patrick: La-la, la-la, la-la, la-la. (Smelly moans and whimpers)

SpongeBob: Oh, it's all right, Smelly. Soon, we'll be home and you can sleep in that cozy little pet carrier you love so much. (muffled screaming and wailing from Smelly)

Patrick: Hey, I see light.

SpongeBob: You're right, Patrick. That must be the way out. Whoa... where are we? (a group of creatures are gathered around in the distance) Let's go ask those guys. Um, excuse us. (creatures turn around to reveal they look like Smelly) Hey, they look just like you. Go, be with your real family. Go ahead, Smelly. I know you've come to think of us as a family, but it's better this way. (push Smelly on the ground as the group of creatures take him away)

Patrick: (sniffs) I'm going to miss him, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Me, too, buddy. Me, too, but he's with his kind now, where he belongs, and on that note, let us go back to where we belong. (group of gray creatures put Smelly down to where Kelpy G is playing jazz)

Kelpy G: Ah... salutation, my children. Are you ready for your daily dose of smooth jazz? (excited murmuring from the creatures. Plays music. As he is playing, Smelly's exterior breaks and reveals Squidward underneath)

Squidward: (chuckles nervously) Um... hi.

SpongeBob: (holding a pan over the stove) Come on, stovie, pop that corn! (popcorn bag grows enormously huge) Get ready,

Gary. (trips over Gary landing in the chair) Incoming! (popcorn bag explodes everywhere)

Gary: Meow. (popcorn ricochets everywhere and piles up to SpongeBob's waist)

SpongeBob: Popcorn is served! (eats a piece of popcorn while music plays on TV)

Car Washer: That, bro, is trouble at any car wash.

TV Announcer: We will return to "Bikini Bottom Car Wash" after these messages.

Commercial Announcer: Are you boring?

Charlie: Yes, yes I am.

Commercial Announcer: When friends describe you, do they use words like... (words appear as they are being said) "dull!" or "drab!"?

Charlie: (laughs) Don't forget "platitudinous". (word appears over his head. Mystical head floats beside Charlie)

Commercial Announcer: Yes, that too, Charlie. But what if I told you that you can change all that with the magic of...magic! (turns Charlie into a magician)

Charlie: (laughs) I look like some kind of magician. Now people won't ignore me.

Commercial Announcer: Let's hope not, Charlie. With my "Mister Magic Magical Magic Kit", even you can impress and amaze your friends.

SpongeBob: (holds on to the TV) I want to impress and amaze my friends.

Commercial Announcer: Just send \$19.95 to me, Mister Magic. (SpongeBob puts an envelope into the mail slot then takes the post office mail can and stuffs it in 'Outgoing Mail')

Narrator: 4 to 6 weeks later.

Mailman: One magic kit and another one of these yellow things. (stuffs both into SpongeBob's mailbox then drives off)

SpongeBob: (gets out of his mailbox and rips the packaging off the box that came in the mail) Here it is: Mister Magic's Magical Magic Kit. (opens the box and gasps) Look at all this! A book of spells, my very own wand of whimsy, the beard of Rasputin, and, of course, the all-important license to practice magic. (notices Squidward to the side slurping a drink) Squidward! He'll appreciate my newly delivered skill.

Squidward: Brine soda, low-fast seaweed crisps, cool jazz. (eats a seaweed crisp) Mm, mm, Squidward you have done it. You have officially spoiled yourself rotten.

SpongeBob: Well, let the rotting continue, friend, while I impress and amaze you with...magic!

Squidward: Magic? Can you make yourself disappear, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: (laughs) Silly Squidward. I won't learn vanishing spells until I become a level 10 wizard. (Squidward's eye

twitches) No, I better start with something simpler. (gets out a deck of cards) Say card conjuring. (Squidward is now depressed more than ever) Here, hold this simple, playing card while I transform it into a magic playing card before your very eyes. Let's see... (reads his book of spells) step 1...

Squidward: (sighs) This can't possibly end soon.

SpongeBob: Which brings us to... step three. Juggle something. Well, if you insist Mister Magic. (juggles the three balls in and out of his holes on his body)

Squidward: (steps onto the bus that just pulled up) I don't care where I'm going, just take me away from here. (bus drives off)

SpongeBob: Then take one card and shove it in your ear. (does so. A car drives by with the dad in the drivers seat and his son in the passenger seat crying)

Kid: But I don't like pistachio!

Tom: Then why did you ask for it? (drives into a bump which causes the ice cream to fly out the car and into Squidward's lawn chair. Kid continues to cry)

SpongeBob: And finally, say the words "Hobris-Pobris". (gasps) Squidward! My simple card-trick has turned you into an ice-cream cone. Which means...I am a level ten wizard! I suppose I should change you back to squid form. (looks at his book of spells) Presto! (nothing happens) Uh, let's see. Alakazam! (gasps) Abracadabra. (gasps) Okilee-dokilee. Hobra-cobra. Oh! Open sesame. Change-o back-o to Squidward-o, please-o? Oh, I am so sorry, Squidward. (sniffs) I've transformed you into a delicious dairy dessert and I can't change you back! There, there, Squidward. There is no need to cry. I promise you will continue your normal life despite the fact that you are now edible. (cut to "The Reef" where SpongeBob and Squidward, as an ice-cream cone, are watching a movie. Ice-cream cone tilts over into SpongeBob's arm and makes him smile. Cut to SpongeBob reading Squidward a story. Cut to the beach where SpongeBob and Squidward are lying on a towel trying to get a tan. SpongeBob looks over and notices melting ice cream cone) Whoa oh! (a beach goer, trying to catch a frisbee, slips in the ice-cream cone. SpongeBob screams then runs over to Squidward) Speak to me. Speak! (breathes heavily as he runs to his house and puts the cone in the freezer) Hey, Squid, are you okay? (closes freezer door then reopens it) Hey, Squid, are you still okay? (winks then closes door and reopens it again screaming then laughing) Hey Squidward, I got something for you! Someone to keep you company in that drab ol' freezer. (set a pink ice-cream cone next to Squidward) Oh, aren't they cute? I promise to stand by as an eternal guard over my buddy.

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob, whatcha doing?

SpongeBob: I have turned poor Squidward into a frozen dessert.

Patrick: That's awful. How tragic. Poor Squidward.

SpongeBob: It's all my fault.

Patrick: Did you say frozen dessert? (takes the green ice-cream cone out of the freezer)

SpongeBob: Yeah. I turned him into a tasty soft-serve with a waffle cone. (cries)

Patrick: Oh...soft serve. (licks ice cream cone)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Stop eating Squidward!

Patrick: Oh, sorry. (licks it a few more times)

SpongeBob: Patrick! (Patrick licks it again) Pat...!!

Patrick: But he's so tasty! (licks it many more times before SpongeBob takes it)

SpongeBob: Look, Patrick, don't you understand?! This isn't just your ordinary ice-cream cone.

Patrick: It's pistachio.

SpongeBob: No!!! It's Squidward!! (ice cream begins to melt) And no matter what happens, I promised him that I would watch over him to ensure his soft, frozen life is unchanged. (Patrick is licking the melted ice cream off the floor) Patrick! Squidward has melted! Quick, call the police. What am I going to do?! Oh, Neptune, it's all my fault! What have I done?! What have I done?! Aah! (hits self with the magic kit) What have I done?! Aah! (hits self with the magic kit) What have I done?! Aah! (hits self with the magic kit) It's all your fault! (throws the magic kit on the ground and stomps on it) Curse you, Mister Magic's Magical Magic Kit!! Curse you!!! Hey, that's it! That's the answer to our problems!

Patrick: Warning: From ages 9 to 99.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, the one mystic being that can help us: Mister Magic! (cut to SpongeBob and Patrick walking down a road) Just follow the brown-tiled road to the most mysterious mystic of them all. No one's ever seen him in person.

Voice: Enter! (SpongeBob and Patrick walk up to a floating hat) Who dares to see Mister Magic? (SpongeBob and Patrick are screaming) Speak up!

SpongeBob: It is I, SpongeBob of the SquarePants, Magician Level One. And I have turned my friend into ice-cream.

Mister Magic: Good job.

SpongeBob: Well, thank you, but well, I can't change him back.

Mister Magic: Hmmm, um, well, have you ever thought of a different hobby?

SpongeBob: I need your help to change him back.

Mister Magic: My help? Uh, no thank you.

SpongeBob: But if you don't my friend will be a cone forever.

Mister Magic: Sorry, I... umm... I'm out to lunch, that's it.

SpongeBob: I'll wait.

Mister Magic: I'm on a two-year lunch.

SpongeBob: No, please.

Mister Magic: Silence! (Patrick notices something and walks to it)

SpongeBob: But, sir, no one else has your power of sorcery. (Patrick opens the curtain to reveal someone behind it making Mister Magic noises)

Mister Magic: Thank...you.

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, there's a guy over here talking into a tubey thing.

Mister Magic: Uhh, ignore your friend. The fish you see is only an illusion.

Patrick: Why's he saying the same thing Mister Magic's saying?

SpongeBob: I don't know, Patrick. Who are you, good sir?

Fish #1: Well, I... uh... I'm Horace B. Magic.

SpongeBob: Are you Mister Magic?

Fish #1: (chuckles) Technically, yes. But the only magic around here is the magic of business.

SpongeBob: Does that mean you can't change my friend back?

Fish #1: (chuckles) I'm, I'm afraid not. So sorry about that, laddie. Your refund check is in the mail.

SpongeBob: I don't need a refund, I want my friend back! This isn't about money. You're nothing but a fake. Just a lying, corporate businessman, tainting the purity of magic with your corrupt commercial ways. You have ruined my faith in the magical arts. (screaming cry...)

Fish #1: Security. (SpongeBob and Patrick are booted out. Cut to both of them by Squidward's lawn chair with SpongeBob still crying)

SpongeBob: What are we going to do about Squidward?

Patrick: We could always eat him. I'm kind of hungry. (stomach growls)

SpongeBob: Mister Magic was a fake and all his magic stuff is fake! All those magic words, they were fake. Yacky, shmacky, bappy, dappy, doppy, goffy, boffy... (speaks gibberish as a bus drives up and Squidward steps off)

Squidward: Eww. (throws the jar with the cone in it away) What are you doing, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Squidward! You're back. The magic words worked. (puts on his magician hat) I really am magical after all. Can I turn you into something else, now? (motorcycle approaches)

Squidward: Hey, stop! (motorcycle stops and Squidward jumps on it) Get me out of here!

Patrick: (stomach growls) Hey, SpongeBob? I'm still hungry. Can you turn me into a jar of mayonnaise so I can eat myself?

SpongeBob: Sure, buddy. Patrick—a mayonnaise-icka. (Patrick is now a jar of mayonnaise)

(episode begins at Bikini Atoll as the camera dives into Bikini Bottom)

French Narrator: It is a very special day in Bikini Bottom.

SpongeBob: I'm ready! (walking up to Mrs. Puff's Boating School with Patrick) I'm ready! I'm ready! Patrick, did you bring my flashcards?

Patrick: Right here, buddy. (takes them out of his pocket) Everything you need to pass the test is on these cards. (eats the cards) Mmm.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick!

Patrick: Hey, learning tastes good.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I needed those.

Patrick: Oh, fiddlesticks. You've taken that driving test more times than anyone.

SpongeBob: 57 times.

Patrick: Well, then 58 is your lucky number. You're gonna pass that driving test, SpongeBob, because you're a winner.

SpongeBob: I'm a winner?

Patrick: Who's a winner?

SpongeBob: (sadly) I'm a winner.

Patrick: Who's a winner?

SpongeBob: (cheered up a little) I'm a winner.

Patrick: Who's a winner?!

SpongeBob: I'm a winner! I'm a winner! I'm a winner! (runs into the classroom. Time card appears)

French Narrator: One minute thirty seven seconds later... (SpongeBob walks up sobbing)

Patrick: How'd you do, winner? (crying continues) Let's see that license.

SpongeBob: I didn't get a license, Patrick.

Patrick: Are they gonna mail it to you?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick, I failed the boating test. I guess 58 wasn't my lucky number after all.

Patrick: No way! 58 is like the luckiest number ever! The test must be rigged.

SpongeBob: Let's just go home, Patrick.

Patrick: We're not going anywhere until I get to the bottom of this. I'm taking that test, myself.

SpongeBob: (hanging onto Patrick's pants) No, Patrick! I've been training for years. They'll eat you alive. (Patrick's pants rip off)

Patrick: Please, SpongeBob. I think I know what I'm doing.

SpongeBob: No, Patrick. No!

Mrs. Puff: (Patrick walks up to the boat she is sitting in and gets in it, in his underwear) Good morning.

Patrick: You're not the judge of me!

Mrs. Puff: Actually, I am. Let the testing begin! (clicks pen. Cut to SpongeBob, outside the boating school)

SpongeBob: I shouldn't have let him do it. What kind of friend am I?

Patrick: SpongeBob! SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: I'm here for you, buddy.

Patrick: I passed my test!

SpongeBob: You got a perfect score?

Patrick: Yeah, I thought you said it was hard.

SpongeBob: Perfect score. (eye twitches)

Patrick: Come on, I'm gonna get my picture taken for my new license. (bubble-wipe to the license registration building. Patrick is standing in front of the camera with a big smile on his face, while SpongeBob is angrily standing nearby with his arms folded)

Lady: Stand behind the line, sir.

Patrick: (holding his smile) How do I look?

SpongeBob: (sarcastically) Like a winner.

Lady: Ready?

Patrick: Ready. (banner comes down which says "CONGRATULATIONS" on it. Balloons and confetti fall)

SpongeBob: Huh? (fish holding a microphone walks in)

Fish: Congratulations, Mr. Star. You're the one millionth person to pass the test

Patrick: Does that mean I get a free key chain?

Fish: Uhh, no.

Patrick: Oh...

Fish: You get a brand-new boat mobile!! The new Bass Blaster 3000, the ultimate boating machine.

Patrick: Yeah! All right!

Fish: Women will want you. (all sigh) Men will want to be you. (all sigh) You'll be the envy of your friends. (SpongeBob growls in fury)

Patrick: Isn't this great? I got my license and a new boat.

SpongeBob: I'm...so...happy...for...you. ("La Cucaracha" horn blows in his face) Whoa!

Patrick: The horn works. (bubble-wipe to Patrick driving his new boat down the road) Whoo! This is the greatest day ever. Right, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Right, Patrick. I can't think of one thing that would make this day better. Except maybe getting my license.

Patrick: Maybe if you apply yourself you could be the two millionth person to get his license.

SpongeBob: Two millionth?

Patrick: Then you can get a free boat just like me.

SpongeBob: Yeah, just like you.

Patrick: I try to serve as an inspiration to others.

SpongeBob: Can we go home now? (cut to reveal Patrick is driving around his rock over and over) We've been driving around your house for hours.

Patrick: I know. It's a lot faster than walking, isn't it?

SpongeBob: Thanks for the ride, Patrick.

Patrick: No problem, buddy. You can't help being a...pedestrian. (shudders then drives off. SpongeBob grumbles and waves his hands. Bubble-wipe to SpongeBob in bed asleep. His clock turns to 3:00 AM when an engine revving is heard which sends SpongeBob into his diving board then back into his bed)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you doing?

Patrick: I'm trying to work on my boat mobile! Now could you keep it down? It's 3 in the morning, people are trying to sleep. (SpongeBob groans and shuts his window then goes back to bed. Cut to 4:00 AM)

SpongeBob: 4 o'clock? (yawns. Doorbell rings) Who could be at the door at this hou-- (falls down the stairs. Opens the

door) Now what is it, Patrick?

Patrick: You will never guess what happen to me today.

SpongeBob: You got your license.

Patrick: Yeah! (shows his license) But that's not all.

SpongeBob: You got a new boat.

Patrick: Yeah. (suspiciously) Have you been following me? You know, you need to get your own life. (walks off)

SpongeBob: (gets back into bed) Oh...I just need a few minutes sleep. (foghorn alarm blows)

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Yes, Gary, I saw his new boat. (bubble-wipe to morning where SpongeBob is leaving home to go to work) I'm so tired. (horn honks)

Patrick: Hey, buddy. Need a ride to work?

SpongeBob: Thanks, Patrick, but I'd rather walk to work. (tries to take a step but falls down in the process. Bubble-wipe to Patrick driving SpongeBob to the Krusty Krab)

Patrick: Boy, I never realized how empty life is without a license.

SpongeBob: Thanks for the ride.

Patrick: No problem, buddy. You can give me rides once you get your license...err...I mean, if you get your license.

SpongeBob: That's it. I am through driving around with Patrick. If I have to see one more boat mobile...

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob, you're manning the drive-thru.

SpongeBob: When did we get a drive-thru?

Mr. Krabs: I realized there's a lot of young people on the go these days. They don't have time to sit down and eat. They're too busy out on the open road living their dreams.

SpongeBob: I used to have a dream.

Mr. Krabs: Yeah? I used to have a kidney stone. Everything passes eventually. Now stop dreaming and work for a living.

SpongeBob: (through headphones) Welcome to the Krusty Krab, may I -- ("La Cucaracha" horn honks. Patrick pulls up to the window)

Patrick: The horn still works! (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob switching the "OPEN" sign to "CLOSED" then walking out of work. Patrick drives up in a racing uniform) Hey, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: What's with the helmet, Patrick?

Patrick: Well, since I'm now an expert driver, I have to keep up my image. (clicks tongue)

SpongeBob: Uh-huh. (bubble-wipe to Patrick driving)

Patrick: (smugly) Boy, driving is so easy.

SpongeBob: Oh?

Patrick: Do you want me to give you lessons?

SpongeBob: (sarcastic) Oh, that would be great.

Patrick: Oh! (drives over to SpongeBob's parents)

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: Hi, mommy. Hi, daddy.

Harold SquarePants: Patrick, how many times do we have to tell you we're SpongeBob's mom and dad, not yours?

Patrick: What? I'm an orphan? Oh, but guess what? I passed my driver's test.

Margaret SquarePants: That's great, Patrick.

Patrick: SpongeBob failed his test, so don't mention it.

Mrs. SquarePants: Oh, we know how to stay clear of that minefield.

SpongeBob: Mom!

Patrick: Well, I've got to take Mr. Walks-a-lot back home. He's always asking for rides.

SpongeBob: (offended) Hey! (Patrick drives off)

Mr. SquarePants: Even Patrick has a license. (both parents sigh. Cut to Patrick driving on the road)

Patrick: Let's see what this baby can do. (steps on the gas. Ride pass a sign that reads 'SPEED LIMIT 40 MPH')

SpongeBob: Patrick, the speed limit is 40 miles per hour.

Patrick: Yeah, yeah.

SpongeBob: (reads the speedometer) 40 and a half miles per hour? That's almost 41 miles per hour. He's speeding. Patrick! Stop this car! (car stops next to a policeman)

Patrick: What? Where? Who?

SpongeBob: Officer, it is my civilian duty to report that the the driver of this vehicle is speeding! Why don't you clock him with your radar gun?

Officer: Umm...OK. (uses radar gun. It reads "0 MPH") Actually, he's going 40 miles under the limit. So, move along before I run you in, tattletale. (drives off)

SpongeBob: Are you sure you don't want to run him in? (Patrick grins triumphantly. Cut to Patrick driving. Green light turns red) It's a red light, Patrick! (Patrick runs three red lights in a row, resulting in 3 accidents behind them) Patrick, you just ran 3 red lights!

Patrick: (smugly) So?

SpongeBob: You're suppose to stop!

Patrick: I think the driving genius... (holds up his license) knows what he's doing!

SpongeBob: (enraged) Driving genius?! Would a genius make an illegal U-turn... through an orphanage?!

Patrick: (confused) They ran for it in time. What are you so mad about?

SpongeBob: I should've gotten that license, and this should be my boat mobile!

Patrick: How can you say that?! If you were my friend, you'd be happy for me getting my license!

SpongeBob: If you were my friend, you wouldn't rub your license in my face!

Patrick: I'm not rubbing my license in your face! This is rubbing my license in your face! (takes out license and rubs it in SpongeBob's face, which makes muffled noises)

SpongeBob: OHHHH, GIVE ME THAT!!!! (snatches Patrick's license away) I worked my whole life for this! You don't deserve this! (tears up Patrick's license then laughs cruelly. Patrick is horrified. The pieces of the license fly into the officers hands)

Officer: Huh, litterbugs. This is why I joined the force. (drives off after SpongeBob and Patrick)

SpongeBob and Patrick: It's the police!

Officer: (over speaker) Pull it over, litterbug!

Patrick: Litterbug?! No! (drives faster)

Officer: Ooh, I got me a runner. (a bunch of police cars are following him)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what do you think you're doing?

Patrick: I don't know! I don't have a license anymore. (drives around cars, through a sign then off a cliff into the front lot of the Bikini Bottom Jail. Bubble-wipe to courtroom)

Judge: 90 days. I hope you learned a valuable lesson about littering.

Patrick: So long, buddy. Don't forget to feed Gary. Sometimes you forget to feed him.

SpongeBob: What have I done? Patrick can't survive in prison. He's too soft. Wait! (runs up to the judge) Patrick's innocent. I tore up Patrick's license and threw it out the window. I'm the litterbug. Take me instead.

Judge: Well, considering there's no legal precedent...oh, what the heck. 90 days! (SpongeBob is put in jail)

French Narrator: One debt to society later... (door buzzes. SpongeBob is released from jail where Patrick is waiting for him)

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: SpongeBob! (both hug)

SpongeBob: I'm glad you passed the test. I'm glad you have a license. And to prove it, I made you this: Pals 4 Ever. (shows him a license plate that reads "PALS 4 EVER") Let's put it on your boat mobile, buddy.

Patrick: Oh, I don't have a boat mobile anymore.

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: It stopped working so I threw it away. The needle was on E and I figured that must mean end.

SpongeBob: Oh, then what do we do with this? (Patrick takes it and puts it on his behind)

Patrick: How's that?

SpongeBob: Yeah!

Patrick: Ready, buddy?

SpongeBob: Ready, pal. (hops on Patrick's shoulders and makes car noises) Whoo! Whoo!

(a pink starfish in a suit walks up and knocks on Patrick's rock)

Patrick: (opens rock) Yeah?

Starfish: Good day, sir. I am...

Patrick: (gasps) I know exactly who you are! (closes rock. Cut to SpongeBob at his house, watching television with Gary)

SpongeBob: Ah, there's nothing like spending quality time with my Gar-Gar.

Lady on TV: Jason, I have to be honest. There's someone else. (grabs an elderly fish)

Man on TV: Grandpa?!

Patrick: (busts his head out of the TV screen) SpongeBob, help! He's onto me! I don't have much time! (makes a fire in

SpongeBob's living room and burns some of his books)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what are you doing?

Patrick: I have to get rid of these books! (holds up a book named "How To Read" and burns it)

SpongeBob: Why?

Patrick: I'll show you why. (shoves SpongeBob's face into his window looking at the pink starfish in the suit. The starfish then takes out a pocket watch) See him? He's from the library. He knows about my overdue books. (the starfish looks towards the window. SpongeBob gasps) Uh-huh. Which means I'm gonna get thrown into the big house. And you know what that means...

SpongeBob: Small portion meals?

Patrick: Exactly! (cries)

SpongeBob: Patrick, don't you worry. I got your back, man. (Bubble-wipe to later. SpongeBob approaches to the starfish outside) Hi there.

Starfish: Salutations, young one. Say, you wouldn't happen to know that starfish that lives under this rock, would you?

SpongeBob: Huh? No, I don't know any starfish. Even if I did know this "alleged" starfish, Patrick wouldn't owe any overdue library books. (covers his mouth in fright)

Starfish: (chuckles) Well, it's too bad you don't know Patrick Star, because I am from the Royal Ministry, and have a gift for him. (takes out a crown)

Patrick: (busts through SpongeBob's wall and runs to the starfish) Ooh, what is it? (takes it and tries to bite and lick it) This is the worst-tasting gift ever!

Starfish: That's because you're suppose to wear it, not eat it. (takes the crown and puts it on Patrick's head) Allow me to show you something. (clattering) Let's see here. A-ha! (takes out a scroll) What I hold in my hands is a family tree that goes back centuries. (opens the scroll) It starts with the marriage of King Amoebe and Queen Mildew. Then, through a few inbred generations, ends at you, Sir Patrick, which makes you a descendant of royalty. You are a king. And now it's time I adjourn to the Royal Ministry, where I should be at your service. (takes off his hat) Your Highness. (bows and walks away, backwards)

SpongeBob: Wow, Patrick, that's great!

Patrick: What is?

SpongeBob: That you're king!

Patrick: What's a king?

SpongeBob: When you're a king, you can get anything you want.

Patrick: Anything I want? (stomach grumbles) SpongeBob, do you think we can get something to eat?

SpongeBob: (bows) Your wish is my command, your majesty. (laughs and both walk. Bubble-wipe to Krusty Krab where SpongeBob enters with medieval clothes on and throws flower petals) Good townspeople, let us rejoice in welcoming our new king.

Patrick: King needs food badly.

Mr. Krabs: (slams open the door) What's this all ab... (gasps. The camera zooms into Patrick's crown and dollar signs appear in Mr. Krabs' eyes, he walks up to the two) Well, well, well. What can I do for you, Patrick?

SpongeBob: The king would like...

Mr. Krabs: (shoves SpongeBob out of the way) Zip it, SquarePants! I'm talking to the rich guy.

Patrick: I'll have ten Krabby Patties, a Krabby milkshake, large fries...

Mr. Krabs: (puts his arm around him) I've got a better idear. (bubble-wipe to a plateful of food on the table and Patrick chewing loudly) A buffet fit for a king!

Patrick: (slurps his soda) Tasty. (belches)

Mr. Krabs: Listen, Patrick, there comes a time in every man's life when he's got to settle down. You know, get a wife, kids, a father-in-law you give all your money to.

Patrick: Uh-huh, that sounds great. Hey, can I get a little more ketchup?

Mr. Krabs: (shows him a bill) Hows about you pay the check, instead?

Patrick: Oh sorry, Mr. Krabs, no can do. As king of Bikini Bottom, I am allowed to have anything I want. Isn't that right, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: That is correct. Anything you want, and it's all free!

Mr. Krabs: ALL FREE?! (kicks them out) Nobody eats in me restaurant for free, king or no king! (customer runs out with drink and patty)

Patrick: (stops the customer with his hand and points to the patty) Are you gonna eat that?

Fish: I was planning to, why?

Patrick: I want it. (takes the patty and the drink)

Fish: Hey! What gives you the right to take my food?!

Patrick: (drinks and eats) Tell him, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Uhh, Pat, I'm not sure this is what being king is all about.

Patrick: I thought you said I could have anything I want. Was my bestest friend lying to me?

SpongeBob: (chuckles) Don't be ridiculous, Patrick. I'd never lie to you.

Patrick: Good! Now tell him. (points to the customer)

'SpongeBob: Hi. (takes out a scroll) By proclamation of the Royal Ministry, the king is entitled to have anything he wants, whatever he wants. (chuckles weakly)

Fish: This isn't fair! (walks off)

Patrick: Life isn't fair, pal. Get used to it. (they hear another fish)

Fish #2: (holding a box of comic books) I finally did it! At long last, I've acquired issue #2 of "Wonder Space Fish", and in mint condition. (stores his newly obtained comic book in the box) Now my 40 year-old life and my comic book collection are complete. Mom's gonna be so proud of me! (bumps into Patrick)

Patrick: No, she won't be, because these comic books are mine! (takes the entire box)

Fish #2: But, I've spent my entire life collecting those...

Patrick: Yeah, well, now you can spend the rest of your life crying about it. I'm the king!

Fish #2: I will cry about it. (cries) Cry right to my mom! (cries loudly and runs off)

Patrick: (laughs triumphantly) I love being king! (bubble-wipe to the jewelry store where Patrick gets a diamond and puts it in his belly button, SpongeBob taking the lollipops from the kids and Patrick licking all of them, Patrick taking a mother's baby's pacifier, taking a plunger, a toaster, and dentures. There's now a line of people leading to Patrick's house to give him what he wants)

SpongeBob: Okay, thank you, sir. I'm sure King Patrick could use this walker. (takes it)

Elderly Fish: I hope so. Neptune knows I did. (falls over) Oof!

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob! (SpongeBob goes to Patrick's new throne room in his rock)

SpongeBob: (bows) Yes, sire?

Patrick: (slurping a drink and reading a magazine) I need your opinion on something. Do you think... (two repo men are holding a giant flat-screen TV) the giant flat-screen TV should go... (camera pans to a fancy egg display) over the fancy egg display... (camera pans to a starfish-shaped swimming pool) ...or the indoor swimming pool? (bubble-wipe to Squidward sleeping. He wakes up to birds chirping and the sun shining)

Squidward: Hello, sunshine. (chuckles then yawns as he walks over to his window) What a beautiful morning. Just perfect. (suddenly falls over from side to side in his house; Patrick is using a crane to move Squidward's house out of the way)

Patrick: Back. Back. Back. Okay. Yeah, that's good. (crane drops the house) Perfect. (Squidward climbs out of his upstairs window)

Squidward: (stuttering) My-my-my house! What's happened to my...huh? SpongeBob, Patrick. What the barnacles is going on here?! Look at what you've done! Look at my poor front yard!

Patrick: Your front yard?

SpongeBob: Umm, his royal highness is building a royal Ferris Wheel!

Squidward: (enraged) Ferris Wheel?!

SpongeBob: (clapping his hands excitedly and happily) I know! Isn't it great?!

Squidward: No, it's not great! It's horrible! Oh, that's it! Stop! People of Bikini Bottom, stop! Stop! Patrick's no king. Look at him. How can this pink blob be king?

Patrick: (he has a stupid-looking face) Uh...

Squidward: (holds onto a worker) You. Do you honestly believe that that mindless starfish can possibly be the king of anything?! (Patrick puts his hand in his mouth) King of Morons, maybe!

Worker: He might be on to something.

Squidward: Yeah, yeah, yeah. See, see? Uh-huh. See? (everyone is mad at Patrick)

Worker: Why are we giving this guy all our stuff? (everyone walks off)

Squidward: (being a jerk) See? See? You're not a king. And now, they all think so, T00!

Patrick: Seize him! Attack! (boxing bell dings) Attack! (panting) SpongeBob, get him! So I decree. Attack!

SpongeBob: Uh, right away, your majesty. Umm, Squidward?

Squidward: (teeth clenched; angrily) What?

SpongeBob: Umm, could I get you to sign this treaty promising your eternal loyalty to King Patrick?

Squidward: (takes the treaty) Give me that. A treaty, huh? (rolls it up) Well, here's what I think of your treaty! (shoves it in SpongeBob's forehead. Bubble-wipe to inside Patrick's castle where SpongeBob has the treaty stuck in his forehead)

Patrick: My royal subjects have deserted me. And it's all 'cause of that horrible Squidward. This is all his fault! His! His! Not mine, HIS! (crackling is heard from his head and a spring jumps out as well)

SpongeBob: Patrick, what's happened to you?

Patrick: I don't know what you mean.

SpongeBob: Uh... (laughs nervously) You know, Mr Krabs is probably wondering where I am...and...

Patrick: And what?

SpongeBob: Um, well...it's just that, um, you're kinda being a jerk.

Patrick: Huh? (laughs) I thought you were going to say I was abusing my power.

SpongeBob: Uh...well, I...

Patrick: WHO'S SAYING I'M ABUSING MY POWER?! (SpongeBob shrinks) I'll put the whole TOWN in prison! (tears his cape off) Questioning my authority is treason! (SpongeBob jumps out of his pants and runs off) All these kingly speeches are making me thirsty. SpongeBob, I request a drink. SpongeBob? (claps twice. Snorts) SpongeBob?! Gee, everybody's gone. I'm all alone. Fine, I'll get it myself. (walks by the mirror, and a monster is seen in Patrick's reflection)

Voice from the mirror: Knock knock.

Patrick: (gasps in delight) A "Knock-Knock" joke! (faces the mirror, only to show a hideous, monstrosity version of Patrick) Who's there?

Patrick's Reflection: You.

Patrick and His Reflection: I don't get it.

Patrick's Reflection: I am you, and you are me.

Patrick: (wires connect in his brain. Becomes frightened) What have I become?! (runs out) A monster! Monster! (runs into the starfish from earlier) Huh? Oh, it's, it's you! (hands him the crown) Here, here, take it! I don't want it anymore! It's turned me into a monster!

Starfish: Oh, I think I know what's going on here. Patrick, with great power comes great responsibility. (puts away the crown) You haven't a clue what I just told you, do you?

Patrick: (chattering his teeth) No. Uh-uh.

Starfish: Oh, just as well. I've come to take the crown back, as it seems that you aren't royalty after all. (takes out the family tree scroll)

Patrick: Huh?

Starfish: (opens the scroll) I've discovered this coffee stain, which upon removal, (removes the coffee stain to reveal Gary on the scroll) reveals that Sir Gary is the true heir to the king's crown. (bubble-wipe to Gary having the crown put on his shell)

SpongeBob: Well, would you look at that? Gary, you're royalty!

Gary: (in delight) Maow?

(opens up to bikers riding by coral, setting them on fire after they ride by)

SpongeBob: (at Jellyfish Fields) La la la la la. (attempts at catching the jellyfish) Missed ya. Uh-oh. (notices road) You shouldn't play in the street, little guy. You could get run over. (motorcycles approaching. As they do, SpongeBob hangs onto ones jacket) The "Ild Ones"! That's a strange name. (jacket tears) Scallop!! (rolls in the cement) Bye "Ild Ones". I like your silly name. Hmm..."W". Oh, oh, they're not the "Ild Ones". They must be the "Wild Ones".

Fish: (dressed in farmer outfit with a pick-axe in his hand) The Wild Ones?! Tar nation! Don't you know who the Wild Ones

are, son?!

SpongeBob: No; I don't know who you are, either.

Fish: Why, they're the most ferocious, bloodthirsty biker gang under the sea. They've destroyed entire cities in an afternoon! (laughs maniacally then jumps back into the hole he was digging)

SpongeBob: Bloodthirsty bikers? And they're headed straight for Bikini Bottom. I've got to warn everybody. I better take the shortcut. (SpongeBob uses the bubble transition that usually appears between scenes to get to the Krusty Krab faster)
Mr. Krabs!

Mr. Krabs: SpongeBob! Where in the blue barnacles did you come from?

SpongeBob: There's no time for that, Mr. Krabs. Grab something heavy! Bar the door! Board up the windows. We've got to protect the Krusty Krab. The Krabby Patties must survive!

Mr. Krabs: Settle down, son. What are you all riled up about?

SpongeBob: Bikers... coming... nasty... ferocious... take... over... town. Destroy... must hide!

Mr. Krabs: What are you going on about? Bikers?

SpongeBob: The Wild Ones are coming, Mr. Krabs. They're the most vicious, ravenous herd of hooligans in the sea.

Mr. Krabs: Ravenous did you say? That's another word for hungry, isn't it? (cut to later where a sign hangs that reads 'WELCOME WILD ONES!') Welcome Wild Ones! They'll be drawn here like a sailor at a tattoo parlor. With the special biker parking and authentic biker decor, with real bloodstains. And to top it off, a custom chopper patty. And best of all, I'll raise me prices 150%. I'll make a fortune.

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, this is serious! (crying...)

Mr. Krabs: That kid needs a vacation -- unpaid of course. (cut to The Wild Ones 25 miles from Bikini Bottom. Cut to SpongeBob in front of Squidward's house)

SpongeBob: Squidward! (knocks on door)

Squidward: Yes, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: A horrible biker gang called the "Wild Ones" are coming. We've got to run, hide! (crying)

Squidward: Oh, my. This sounds serious. Luckily, I know just what you should do. Listen closely.

SpongeBob: Uh-huh.

Squidward: Get a good grip on your pants. (SpongeBob does so) Turn around. (SpongeBob does so)

SpongeBob: Like this, Squidward?

Squidward: That's it. (kicks SpongeBob into the air. Cut to SpongeBob landing next to Patrick, who is sniffing under his arm)

SpongeBob: Patrick!

Patrick: Hello, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Patrick An evil bunch of bikers are coming to ravage Bikini Bottom.

Patrick: Huh.

SpongeBob: Patrick, didn't you hear what I said?

Patrick: Oh, I heard you. What I didn't hear was a hello.

SpongeBob: Hello, Patrick.

Patrick: Hello, SpongeBob. Bloodthirsty bikers! We got to hide! (both run and scream then run into each other. Both run and scream again and keep hitting each other till they run through Jellyfish Fields. Patrick and SpongeBob hide in a giant clam until it spits them out. The giant clam uses mouthwash)

Giant Clam #2: Hey, what happened to you?

Giant Clam #1: (groaning): I... I don't want to talk about it, man. (SpongeBob and Patrick fly through some kelp grass. As they hide in it, a mower comes by and mows them over then uses a leaf blower to blow them into a pile. Both reform into their shapes and scream more)

Patrick: (jumps behind SpongeBob) Hide me!

SpongeBob: (jumps behind Patrick) No, hide me!

Patrick: (jumps behind SpongeBob) Hide me!

SpongeBob: (jumps behind Patrick) Me!

Patrick: (jumps behind SpongeBob) No, me!

SpongeBob: (jumps behind Patrick) Me!

Patrick: (jumps behind SpongeBob) Me!

SpongeBob: (jumps behind Patrick) Me!

Patrick: No! No more running.

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: Those bikers think they're so tough. With their leather hats (holds his pants) and their leather pants (points to head)

SpongeBob: (holds up a black sock) And their leather socks.

Patrick: If we dressed up like that then we'd be the big, scary bikers and they'd be little baby doody-heads.

SpongeBob: Say that again, Patrick.

Patrick: Little baby doody-heads?

SpongeBob: No, no, not that part. The part about dressing up like big, scary bikers. What do you think, Patrick? Do I look tough?

Patrick: I wouldn't mess with ya.

SpongeBob: Nor I with you, my friend. Let's ride. (cut to later where Patrick and SpongeBob are revving their engines. Zoom out to show they are riding bicycles) Fear not. There is no need to panic. The Bikini Bottom bad boys are here.

Fish #2: Ooh, I feel protected now.

Scooter: Those are some mean looking rides, dudes. (chuckles)

SpongeBob: Patrick, it's working. They think we're...vicious bikers. (cut to Krusty Krab) Bikini Bottom, you're salvation is here.

Patrick: (drools) See?

SpongeBob: Patrick, that's your salivation.

Patrick: Oh.

SpongeBob: So, Squidward, are you ready to do your part?

Squidward: Does that part include laughing at you? Cause you two look even more idiotic than usual.

SpongeBob: Don't we look vicious and bloodthirsty?

Patrick: I'm bloodthirsty. See? (shows a cup with the word 'BLOOD' on it. He takes a sip) Want some?

SpongeBob: Oh, no thank you, Patrick. I'm drinking diet blood. (both take sips of their drinks) See Squidward? We walk the walk but can we talk the talk? Do you want to join our biker gang?

Squidward: No, I don't.

Patrick: What about our biker club?

Squidward: No.

SpongeBob: How about our biker organization?

Squidward: No! I don't want to join your biker alliance, outfits, or your fellowships.

SpongeBob: What about our coalition?

Patrick: Ooh, I don't know. That one's pretty exclusive.

SpongeBob: (takes out clipboard) We'll just put you down as undecided. (Squidward groans and walks away) Hi, Mr Krabs. We're the Bikini Bottom bad boys and we're bad to the bone.

Mr. Krabs: This'll be great. Those bikers can work up an appetite beating you up in the parking lot. Then they can fill up on delicious Krabby Patties then they can beat you up again.

SpongeBob: Please, Mr. Krabs. We're going to run off those bikers and save the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: You're not running off any of me paying customers. You can stay and get beat up in the parking lot if you wish.

SpongeBob: Then can we save the town?

Squidward: Has it ever crossed your mind that you might be getting all worked up over nothing?

SpongeBob: Squidward, when have I ever been known to over-react? (flashback) Squidward! We're out of napkins! (screams) Out of napkins! (another flashback to SpongeBob banging on Squidward's door) Squidward! I accidentally removed the "Do Not Remove Under Penalty of Law" tag on my mattress! Hide me. Hide me. (another flashback) Squidward! Squidward! I've gone blind. (Squidward turns on lights) Oh. Thanks, Squidward. (back to present)

Squidward: SpongeBob, you always over-react to everything. One of your many annoying traits.

SpongeBob: (gasps) Me? Annoying? (annoying laughter. Squidward growls) You're right.

Squidward: You are so wrong about everything, SpongeBob, that the only thing that I am completely sure about is that there is no motorcycle gang headed this way. (motorcycles approaching) What was that?

Mr. Krabs: Ahoy there, mateys. Motorcycle vehicles headed over the horizon.

Squidward: What? (grabs binoculars) Gimme that. (sees them coming. His eyes pop through the binoculars as he screams) Don't just stand there, save us.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I know this looks like the end, but you and I can get through anything. As long as do it together. (Patrick is already running away) Patrick? Patrick! (Patrick is headed into Jellyfish Fields and to the bus stop where a bus picks him up and takes him to a plane. Patrick jumps out of the plane and onto a rocket ship) Well, it's just you and me, Squidward. But I want you to know that we can get through this. As long as we...

Squidward: Panic! Run for your lives! (customers gasp) The Wild Ones are coming! (everyone screams and runs)

Fish #3: The Wild Ones? (jumps into a sardine box) Mabel, get the kids. (his family jumps into the sardine box and then closes it)

Fish #4: Honey, I got the napkins. Oh, what I have missed this time?

Squidward: (running out of the Krusty Krab) Please don't kill me. I want to join you. It's been my life-long dream to be to be a member of a motorcycle gang. I even knitted my own Wild Ones jacket. (shows a shirt with a skull on it) I want to ride

to live and live to ride. (screams as the bikers ride in a circle around him) I'll do whatever you want. I'll betray my friends and neighbors. Just let me live.

Biker #1: What's that, missy?

Biker #2: What?

Biker #1: Howdy, we're the "Mild Ones".

SpongeBob: Mild Ones? (turns the W upside down) Oh!

Biker #1: Gimme back my M. Let's go, boys.

Mr. Krabs: Don't you want to spend any money?

Biker #1: Don't you want to kiss the seat of my pants? Let's ride. (bikers ride off)

SpongeBob: Good-bye. They seem really nice. Hey, where's Squidward?

Squidward: Woo-hoo-hoo! (riding with the biker gang) Ride to live and live to ride.

(episode begins at the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: (gasps) No, it's impossible. I must've counted me money a dozen times, and it still comes up short. Profits are down. Oh, I feel sorry for meself. (walks out of his office)

Squidward: Would you like a drink with that order?

Customer: Oh, no thanks. I got me one of those new "Kelp Shakes" before I came in here.

Squidward: That comes out to two dollars even.

Customer: Wow, what a steal.

Mr. Krabs: What the...why didn't that guy order a deliciously over-priced fountain beverage with his Krabby Patty?

Squidward: Mr. Krabs, we haven't sold a single soda in days.

Mr. Krabs: What? Why not? (SpongeBob is slurping his Kelp Shake loudly) All right, boy, it's done! You're gonna suck the whole cup down your gullet if you're not careful.

SpongeBob: Sorry, Mr. Krabs. It's just that this Kelp Shake tastes so good.

Mr. Krabs: Kelp Shake?

SpongeBob: Look around ya. Everyone's enjoying a delicious Kelp Shake. (everyone is slurping their Kelp Shakes) Mm-mm. I'll be right back, Mr. Krabs. I'm gonna get a refill.

Mr. Krabs: Refill? That's it. Listen up, everybody! New rule: no outside drinks. No exceptions! (everyone leaves with their

Kelp Shakes)

Squidward: That's telling them.

Mr. Krabs: Grr. I better get to the bottom of this. (Squidward secretly sips his own Kelp Shake. Mr. Krabs walks outside) Ah! A new store! (store is shaped like a Kelp Shake) On my block! Taking my customers. (gasps) Pearl. (Pearl is drinking a Kelp Shake) Me own flesh and blood. How could you do this to your papa?

Pearl: What are you talking about, Dad?

Mr. Krabs: I'm talking about this. (points to Kelp Shake)

Pearl: Once you taste the secret goodness of a Kelp Shake... (slurping) ...You can't have just one.

Mr. Krabs: (growls) Gimme that! (tries taking the Kelp Shake from Pearl but she pulls it back)

Pearl: Buy your own.

Mr. Krabs: Why, I wouldn't give them a cent.

Pearl: I feel sorry for you.

Mr. Krabs: Then you do understand me. (starts to cry)

Pearl: Dad, you're embarrassing me. (drags her dad a few more feet before prying him off) Oh, get away. (Mr. Krabs is still crying)

Mr. Krabs: Oh no! Confound you, new KelpShake store. What's your secret? (gasps) Of course. Plankton, I bet he's behind this. A-ha! (sees Plankton sunbathing behind the restaurant as if he owns it) I knew you were behind this!

Plankton: Pardon me, I've done nothing wrong.

Mr. Krabs: Then how do you explain this? (gestures to the KelpShake store)

Plankton: Holy Moly, how'd that happen?

Mr. Krabs: Don't try that with me, Plankton. This new store is ruining me business.

Plankton: Really?! Wait a minute! That's my job! (groans) Blast it! It's bad enough I have to compete with this joker. Now there's this?! Kelp Shakes?!

Mr. Krabs: Wow. I guess you're really not behind this after all. Plankton, they have... a secret formula.

Plankton: No, not another secret. And if there's a secret, I want to know about it! (rumbling)

Mr. Krabs: Oh!

Plankton: (gasps as one KelpShake store multiplies itself to have two KelpShake stores) They're multiplying. Why, they're on every corner.

Mr. Krabs: Block after block.

Plankton: They're everywhere.

Mr. Krabs: (KelpShake store falls on both of them) We've got to do something about this. (bubble-wipe to later where Mr. Krabs and Plankton walk into a KelpShake store) You sure this is going to work?

Plankton: Just stick to the plan.

Mr. Krabs: (whistles) Oh, let's see, let's see. Ah, there you are. (spots an 'employees only' sign. Whispers to Plankton) Plankton, I think I found the kitchen.

Plankton: Let's do this thing.

Mr. Krabs: Here goes. Wa-choo! (sneezes on a mom and daughter as they glare at out) I'm sorry, I got a little bit of a-- ah-ah-ah-ah-ah...choo! (continues sneezing on everything as the customers react. Sneezes Plankton onto the door window)

Employee: Eww. (sprays a cleaner at Plankton)

Plankton: (screams) My eye, my eye, my eye! (Mr. Krabs and Plankton run out and behind the Krusty Krab)

Mr. Krabs: I think we lost them. Well, you got any more bright ideas?

Plankton: Of course I do. (bubble-wipe to nighttime where Mr. Krabs and Plankton are wearing black ski clothes)

Mr. Krabs: All set, Plankton?

Plankton: You better believe it. This high-powered mechanical bio-arm I invented should pry those restaurant doors open nice and easy. (presses a button that makes an mechanical bio-arm move. The bio-arm short-circuits) What the barnacles? Come on, you piece of garbage. (presses the button many times. The mechanical bio-arm slaps Plankton a bunch of times) Yipe! Ouch! Uncle! Uncle!

Mr. Krabs: Ugh, if you want anything done right, you've got to do it yourself. (takes out a crowbar and tries to open the doors when his back pops) Oh, me back. (moaning)

Plankton: (whispering) Krabs, pipe down. You're gonna soil our plans if you wake the watchdog. (guardworm is sleeping)

Mr. Krabs: Never mind that. What about SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Hi, Mr. Krabs. Hi... Plankton? Uh, Mr. Krabs, I'm a little confused. Don't you and Plankton hate each other?

Mr. Krabs: Of course we do.

SpongeBob: Then why is he in your fist?

Mr. Krabs: Uh...we've gone into business together. You see, SpongeBob, we were hired to, uh... fix this door.

Plankton: Now we have to fix the roof.

Mr. Krabs: That's right. That's right. We got to fix the roof. It's, it's, it's, it's leaking. (crickets chirping)

SpongeBob: Well, good luck with that. See ya. (bubble-wipe to later where Mr. Krabs is using jackhammer to get into the roof)

Plankton: Keep her going, Krabs. At this rate, we'll have the Kelp Shake's recipe faster than you can say... (speaker comes up from under the roof)

Speaker: You have three seconds until spontaneous combustion.

Plankton: Let's beat it!

Mr. Krabs: No kidding. (runs)

Plankton: Wait, you forgot m... (gets zapped and disintegrates. Bubble-wipe to the next day where a line of people are ordering Kelp Shakes. Plankton is under one of the tiles on the floor. He laughs maniacally until the customers step on him, making him scream. Bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs lowering Plankton by a rope through the vent. Plankton is about to take a sip of a Kelp Shake when the customer takes a sip first, swallowing Plankton. Plankton opens the customers mouth and is raised up through the vent. Bubble-wipe to Mr. Krabs blowing Plankton through a hose and out of a sink pipe. When Plankton gets out, he is covered with Kelp Shake juice and sent down the disposal. Bubble-wipe to later) I'm throwing in the towel, Krabs! All these convoluted plans are getting us nowhere. And to top it all off, I'm the only one who's taking the heat!

Mr. Krabs: What's that supposed to mean?

Plankton: I don't see you on the front lines. Sure, let me do all the work, while you just sit back like the fat gorilla you are!

Mr. Krabs: (grabs Plankton) Who are you calling a gorilla, you one-celled, one-eyed bottom feeder?!

SpongeBob: Mr. Krabs, if you want a Kelp Shake, why don't you just buy one? (slurps Kelp Shake)

Mr. Krabs: Buy one? (bubble-wipe to later where Mr. Krabs and Plankton are in line at the KelpShake store)

Customer: I'll have one Kelp Shake, please.

Mr. Krabs: I don't know about this, Plankton.

Plankton: It's easy. Just smile and hand the cashier the money.

Cashier: Can I help you?

Plankton: Good luck.

Mr. Krabs: Hi there. Uh, could I get one Kelp Shake?

Cashier: Sure, that'll be one dollar.

Mr. Krabs: Uh, OK. (gets out a dollar and slowly hands it to the cashier)

Cashier: (cash register dings) Thank you. (Mr. Krabs is not letting go of the dollar) Sir, please let go of the bill.

Plankton: Release your grip, man. Do it! (Mr. Krabs does so. The cashier puts the dollar in the register and hands the Kelp Shake to Mr. Krabs)

Cashier: Enjoy.

Mr. Krabs: Thanks. (runs out laughing) I can't believe we did it.

Plankton: Oh, believe it, Krabs. Now let's get to the lab and find out what this stuff is made of. (bubble-wipe to the Kelp Shake on a plate and Karen being sent a sample of it) What's the secret ingredient, Karen?

Karen: Well, it appears that the main ingredient is kelp juice.

Plankton and Mr. Krabs: Just kelp juice?

Mr. Krabs: And to think this whole time I could've been selling these meself!

Plankton: You? What about me? If anyone, I deserve to make a buck selling this stuff.

Mr. Krabs: (takes kelp juice) No way, pipsqueak. This gold mine is mine.

Plankton: Not if I can help it. (jumps at Mr. Krabs but goes between his eyes and splatters into the wall) Ow.

Mr. Krabs: (cackling) Nice try. (about to take a sip)

Karen: I wouldn't do that if I were you. There's another ingredient.

Mr. Krabs: Hey, I paid good money for this thing. Of course I'm gonna drink it. (takes a sip then spits it out) What the...? I don't get what the big deal is. This tastes like a wet gym sock.

Plankton: Really? Let me try that. (sips) Actually, there is a bit of a pungent aftertaste.

Mr. Krabs: Hmmm. (sips, smacks lips) Hey, you're right. This ain't half bad. (takes another sip. Laughs) This is amazing.

Plankton: Well, don't be selfish. (sips and laughs) Oh yeah.

Karen: Oh, no.

Plankton: (drinks the rest of the juice) Krabs, we're all out of juice.

Mr. Krabs: Well, we gotta get more.

Karen: You're making a big mistake.

Mr. Krabs: Ah, phooey. You don't know what you're talking about. (walks out with Plankton, singing) Kelp Shake, Kelp Shake. Oh how I love a Kelp Shake.

SpongeBob: (runs up crying covered in yellowish-green fur) What's happening to me? (Mr. Krabs and Plankton gasp) They've shut down the KelpShake restaurants! (screams as he runs off)

Plankton and Mr. Krabs: Huh? (walk up to one of the closed down KelpShake restaurants)

Worker #1: It'll take decades to clean this hazardous material up.

Worker #2: I sure feel sorry for whoever drank this. (Mr. Krabs and Plankton scream. Mr. Krabs grows yellowish-green fur. Plankton laughs, but he grows fur very quickly. He screams)

Plankton: Look at us!

Mr. Krabs: Now what are we going to do?

Plankton: I don't know about you but I'm going back to what I do best. Stealing your recipe. (laughs)

Mr. Krabs: Hey, wait a minute! Plankton!

Plankton: (laughs) Come to papa. (Mr. Krabs opens the door)

Mr. Krabs: Hold it right there. You're not going anywhere...without a ten second head start. (opens vault)

Plankton: It's good to be home.

Mr. Krabs: You said it.

Plankton: (runs off as Mr. Krabs chases him) I love being hated.

Mr. Krabs: Hey, get back here you little booger! (laughs)

SpongeBob: You know, Patrick, the Jellyfish migration is my favorite time of year! For three whole days, jellyfish from around the globe gather on one spot to trade jelly secrets. (gasps as he sees a blue jellyfish) Patrick, look! A blue-crested blaster! I've never seen one before! They're really rare. And a speckled squirter, a two-fisted jumper, and a gold-throated stinger!

Gold Jellyfish: La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

SpongeBob: Oh, this year's migration is gonna be a big one! (SpongeBob and Patrick are over-shadowed)

Patrick: Uhh, SpongeBob? (looks up and sees a bunch of colorful jellyfish above them)

SpongeBob: Wow. This looks like a job for Ol' Reliable! (opens his case to a high-tech net. He catches many jellyfish while Patrick struggles to catch one. Scene cuts to the bus stop) Ah, that was the most beautiful day of jellyfishing ever.

Patrick: Well, I didn't catch a thing with my dumb old net. (shows an old worn-out net, which breaks)

SpongeBob: Lucky for me, I have Ol' Reliable! Carbon fiber handle, titanium alloy netting and form-fitting silicone grips. Yes, sir, Ol' Reliable is the best net in the world.

Patrick: Wow! I would kill for a net like that! You know, something small like a carrot. But not spiders, they're icky. (shudders. Scene cuts to the bus dropping off Patrick and SpongeBob on their street)

SpongeBob: Good night, Patrick.

Patrick: Good night, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: (in his bed) Ah, I love jellyfishing. (night breaks into day quickly and the foghorn alarm goes off) Whoo! Time to get ready for day two of the jellyfish migration. And I'll start with my trusty jellyfishing net, Ol' Reliable. (realizes he doesn't have it) Ol' Reliable? (gasps) It's gone! (runs out the door in his underwear)

Gary: Meow?

SpongeBob: Oh, right. Pants.

Narrator: One pair of pants later...

SpongeBob: Patrick, Ol' Reliable has been stolen! (both scream. Scene cuts to them stapling posters saying "STOLEN! OL' RELIABLE")

SpongeBob: Put one over there, Patrick.

Patrick: I'm all done.

SpongeBob: Maybe we should spread out a little. (newspaper ad of the "Bikini Bottom Gazette" reads "STOLEN OL' RELIABLE" on the front page)

A. Realistic Fish Head: Flash: The jellyfish migration enters its second day of fantastic jellyfishing. We now go live to our reporter on the scene.

Perch Perkins: (in Jellyfish Fields) This year's migration is the largest in a century! I feel truly sorry for the poor saps who will miss even one minute of this remarkable event. (SpongeBob takes Perch's microphone)

SpongeBob: Attention, Bikini Bottom! My jellyfishing net has been stolen. I am prepared to offer a large reward for its safe return. (Mr. Krabs sees this on TV at home and runs to Jellyfish Fields then appears on TV instantly)

Mr. Krabs: Reward? How much we talkin' about?

SpongeBob: 12 dollars and (counting the coins) 2, 10, 20...38 cents.

Mr. Krabs: I'm on the case. (takes SpongeBob's money and runs off screen while Perch takes back his microphone)

Perch Perkins: Guys, I know it's a slow news day, but come on. (scene cuts to SpongeBob sitting in his chair by the phone when it rings. He picks it up)

SpongeBob: Oh! Hello? Hello?

Patrick: SpongeBob, did you get your net back?

SpongeBob: Oh, get off the line, Patrick. Someone might be trying to call about Ol' Reliable!

Patrick: Oh, sorry. (hangs up. The phone rings again) Did you get your net yet?

SpongeBob: No, Patrick. Don't call unless you found my net. (hangs up. The phone rings again) (Shouting) Hello!!!!???

Patrick: SpongeBob, I found your net!

SpongeBob: What?!? Really, Patrick?

Patrick: Uhh, oh, not really. I just got lonely.

SpongeBob: Oh, I'll never get my net back. I'll just have to accept that Ol' Reliable is gone forever. (looks out his window and notices Patrick running around with a jellyfish net) (sighs) Patrick's lucky. He gets to practice in the middle of the night with his jellyfish net. (gets in bed) Funny thing is, Patrick's net disintegrated yesterday. (his eyes widen. Scene cuts to morning. Patrick walks up to SpongeBob's pineapple)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, did you get Ol' Reliable back yet?

SpongeBob: (sighs) No, not yet. Hey, Patrick, wouldn't it be the funniest thing if you had taken my jellyfish net? (Patrick laughs then stops)

Patrick: No. (SpongeBob laughs)

SpongeBob: Yeah, that would be silly. Oh, that reminds me. I got you a present.

Patrick: A present? What is it?

SpongeBob: (pulls out a bear with a microphone in its hand) It's a Confess-A-Bear. He's a special friend you tell all your secrets to.

Patrick: Wow, thanks, SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: I'll just leave you two alone to get acquainted. (quickly dashes off to speak for the bear)

Confess-A-Bear: My name is Confess-A-Bear! Tell me all your secrets.

Patrick: Uh, I did something recently I'm not very proud of. I didn't mean to do it. It just sort of happened.

Confess-A-Bear: Oh, maybe you should talk about it.

Patrick: Well, it involves my best friend SpongeBob. I don't think he knows what happened, but it would really upset him if he found out.

Confess-A-Bear: Tell Confess-A-Bear!

Patrick: I've said too much already.

Confess-A-Bear: Tell Confess-A-Bear now! NOW!!

Patrick: Ahh!! I accidentally knocked SpongeBob's toothbrush into the toilet and then I put it back on the counter without washing it! Confess-A-Bear? (SpongeBob runs around in the background wiping his tongue off and screaming) You're mad at me, aren't you, Confess-A-Bear? (bubble-wipe to SpongeBob walking up to Patrick's rock)

SpongeBob: Patrick, we need to talk.

Patrick: Uh, don't come in! Uh, I'm not decent! The house is a mess! There's a radiation leak!

SpongeBob: Hmmm... (walks down some stairs into Patrick's rock) Patrick, where are you? Why are the lights off?

Patrick: I'm in here. Be out in a second. (Patrick's shadow reveals himself holding a jellyfishing net)

SpongeBob: Ol' Reliable! Ah...huh.

Patrick: (Standing with his hands behind his back) Hello.

SpongeBob: What's in your hand, Patrick?

Patrick: (shows his left hand) Nothing.

SpongeBob: What's in your other hand?

Patrick: (grows another arm through his chest) Nothing in my other hand.

SpongeBob: Well, I gotta go.

Patrick: Okay, bye.

SpongeBob: Patrick wouldn't steal Ol' Reliable. Would he? (imagines Patrick from earlier)

Patrick: I would kill for a net like that! (takes out a carrot, breaks it in half, and laughs maniacally)

SpongeBob: (screams) Have I been best friends with a master thief? I must know for sure. (scene cuts to the next day) Good morning, Patrick.

Patrick: Morning, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: What are you going to do today, buddy?

Patrick: Eh, nothing.

SpongeBob: (puts on his Krusty Krab hat) Well, I'm off to work. See ya later.

Patrick: Bye. (SpongeBob walks off then sneaks into a bush in the background)

SpongeBob: Now, we'll just see what sort of nothing you're really up to, Sneaky McSneakyPants. (looks through binoculars)

Narrator: 8 hours later...

SpongeBob: (still looking through binoculars) Oh, he is good. You never really know a guy until you've stared at him for eight hours through high-powered binoculars. Hey, where'd he go? (Patrick is behind him)

Patrick: Hi, SpongeBob. What are you doing?

SpongeBob: Uh, you...what the...? What are you doing?

Patrick: Nothing. I just finished. (takes out his to-do list and crosses out 'Nothing') Oh, hey, look. You can see where I was just standing from here. Boy, if you'd wanted to, you could have spied on me all day from right here. (shudder) Creepy, huh? Anyway, what are you doing with those binoculars?

SpongeBob: (yells and throws away the binoculars) I don't have any binoculars, see?

Patrick: You're acting weird.

SpongeBob: I'm not acting weird! (runs off panting) You're acting weird! You're... acting... weird!

Patrick: Okay, bye! (later, SpongeBob knocks on Patrick's rock) Hello! Who are you?

SpongeBob: (wearing a mustache. With a Scottish accent) Greetings, young fellow! I am willing to pay top dollar for jellyfishing items with sentimental value, if you know what I mean.

Patrick: Oh. No.

SpongeBob: Word on the street is that you know where to get quality jellyfishing supplies, hmm?

Patrick: What street said that? Was it this one? (points at the street) Mind your own business!

SpongeBob: Mr. Star, I know that you are in possession of a rare jellyfishing net. I will pay one billion dollars for that net. (shows a fake \$1,000,000,000 bill that is colored on with crayon)

Patrick: I don't know who you are, but I'm not giving you this jellyfishing net. (holds the jellyfishing case out) I wouldn't sell it for a million dollars, not for a hundred dollars, I wouldn't even sell it for a dollar.

SpongeBob: Oh really?

Patrick: You can't have it for any price.

SpongeBob: And why not?

Patrick: This means more to me than money. It's my friend SpongeBob's!

SpongeBob: (points angrily at a surprised Patrick, and rips off the mustache) Ah-ha!

Patrick: SpongeBob! Oh, thank goodness you're here. There was this scary guy with a mustache asking a lot of weird questions.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I'm the scary mustache guy!

Patrick: (screams) Why, SpongeBob, why? Why did you wear such a scary mustache?

SpongeBob: Why did you steal my jellyfishing net?

Patrick: What? I'm your best friend!

SpongeBob: You were my best friend, you no-good jellyfish net thief!

Patrick: How could you think that?

SpongeBob: Because you said it. You said that it was your friend SpongeBob's.

Patrick: Gift.

SpongeBob: What?

Patrick: It's my friend SpongeBob's gift. (opens the case up to reveal a new jellyfishing net) I made you a new net.

SpongeBob: (reads inscription) For SpongeBob. You made me a new jellyfishing net? That is so thoughtful of you. Patrick? (a bunch of stuff is on the ground) What you doing, best friend?

Patrick: (sets the TV in the pile of junk) I'm not your best friend. I'm a no-good jelly netting thief fish.

SpongeBob: Where're you going?

Patrick: I'm leaving Bikini Bottom while I still have my dignity.

SpongeBob: Patrick, no! (bus stops in front of them) So, this is it?

Patrick: Barring the unforeseen hand of fate, I'm afraid it is.

SpongeBob: (hands onto Patrick's left foot) Patrick, don't go. I'm sorry I accused you. It's bad enough I lost my net. I don't want to lose my friend, too. Please forgive me.

Bus Driver: What's the holdup? Oh, it's you two. (shows SpongeBob his net) Look, you left your net on the bus again.

SpongeBob: Ol' Reliable? I left you on the bus?

Bus Driver: You do it every week. Now can we get going?

SpongeBob: Patrick, I want you to take this to remember me by.

Patrick: You're giving me Ol' Reliable? (cries loudly) I accept your apology!

SpongeBob: Oh, come here, you big lug. (both hug and cry)

Passengers: Aww...

Bus Driver: They do this all the time. I'm serious. I--ugh, nevermind.

Patrick: I'm staying in Bikini Bottom!

Passengers: Hooray! (bus drives off)

Patrick: You want to go jellyfishing? I just got a new net. (holds up Ol' Reliable)

SpongeBob: So did I. (holds up the one Patrick made for him) My best friend made it for me.

Both: Whee! (both laugh and run into Jellyfish Fields, where the exotic jellyfish are still there)

Squidward: (sighs happily) I love waking up to my own circadian rhythm without the aid of an alarm clock. (notices SpongeBob standing next to his bed)

SpongeBob: Morning, Squidward. I waited for you to stop sleeping like you asked. So, you got any plans for the day, Squidward? (SpongeBob is spit out of the island head, into the air) Okay, Squidward, I'll catch ya later. (cut to Squidward planting. Right before he puts in a plant, he sees SpongeBob's face in the hole) Hi, Squidward, wanna play?

Squidward: No, and leave me alone! (puts the plant in the whole, covering SpongeBob's face. Then a flower springs from the ground with SpongeBob's face on it)

SpongeBob: Okay, Squidward, see ya later. (cut to Squidward in front of a canvas)

Squidward: Ah, the blank canvas. Infinite possibilities. All of the colors of the known and unknown universe hiding on my palate. The artist approaches, ready to create. (right before he begins to paint, SpongeBob's face appears on the canvas)

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward, want to play? (Squidward paints a giant red 'NO' on the canvas) Okay, Squidward, see ya later. (cut to Squidward in his library)

Squidward: (sighs) Perhaps I can find solitude in the printed word. (Opens book and SpongeBob jumps out)

SpongeBob: Hey, Squidward, want to play? (Squidward shuts book, with SpongeBob in it, and puts it back on the shelf) (muffled) Okay, Squidward, see ya later. (cut to Squidward in his bathtub while playing with his nose and scatting. He notices SpongeBob watching him from his window and screams) Hi, Squidward, want to play hide-and-seek?

Squidward: Okay, SpongeBob, you hide first. (closes the curtain) Oh, no, where'd he go? I guess he wins. (laughs) Defeat has never tasted so sweet. (phone rings) Yello?

SpongeBob: (mouth pops out of phone into Squidward's ear) How 'bout a game of Hangman?

Squidward: How 'bout a game of hang up? (hangs up phone) Well, I guess this brings an end to my luxuriating. (as he walks out of the bathtub, he is sprayed in the face with mud. SpongeBob is drilling into his bathroom)

SpongeBob: How about Duck, Duck, Hermit Krab? Hopscotch? Squidward Says? Steal The Bacon? Sleeping Sea Lions? Sharks & Minnows? Mancala? Sink The Submarine? Darts? Kings & Queens? Mohjongg? (Squidward is beginning to fume so he picks up SpongeBob and shakes him and games fall from him) Whoa, I've never played this game before. What's it called?

Squidward: It's called, "I will never play with you... ever!" (throws SpongeBob in a hole and moves the refrigerator over

it)

SpongeBob: Something tells me Squidward doesn't want to play today. That's it. If I can't play with the real Squidward... (jumps out of hole) I'll just make one of my own! (fridge falls on top of Squidward, squishing him. He squirms out from under it and sees SpongeBob running back to his house)

Squidward: I think that moron finally gets it! I don't want to see or hear him for the... (pneumatic tools whirring and grinding are heard from SpongeBob's house. Squidward walks over to his house) SpongeBob! Will you make that racket stop?! SpongeBob, you open this door right this... (door opens and knocks Squidward down)

Mini Squid: Hello, Squidward. (Squidward screams and hides behind a bush) Squidward! It's me, Mini Squid!

Squidward: What are you doing, SpongeBob?

Mini Squid: Hello, Squidward.

Squidward: What manner of annoying scheme is this?

SpongeBob: Just say hello to him, Squidward. You know how sensitive he is.

Squidward: Hi. Now, SpongeBob, what the...?

SpongeBob: Uhh, Squidward, he prefers to be addressed by his full name.

Squidward: (sighs) Hello, Squidward.

Mini Squid: Wondrous weather we're having, eh, Squidward, old pal?

Squidward: SpongeBob, what is the meaning of this?

Mini Squid: SpongeBob made a replacement you: me. So when you you don't want to play, SpongeBob will play with me-you.

Squidward: So, you'll be filling in for me when SpongeBob wants to play one of his stupid games?

Mini Squid: Yeah.

Squidward: Oh, Thank you, thank you, thank you! (kisses Mini Squid then runs off laughing hysterically) Woo-hoo-hoo! (pole vaults through his house window. SpongeBob and Mini Squid look at each other. Scene cuts to SpongeBob and Mini Squid sitting next to SpongeBob's Pineapple playing charades)

Mini Squid: Three words. Movie title. (gasps) "12 Angry Jellyfish".

SpongeBob: How does he do it? Right again, Squiddy. You little charades master, you.

Patrick: (to Mini Squid) Squidward, you look a little different. Wow. Have you been working out?

SpongeBob: Actually, Patrick, this is...

Patrick: Hold it, SpongeBob. Ooh, I know. You shaved your beard. (SpongeBob and Mini Squid look at each other. Scene cuts

to Squidward working at the Krusty Krab serving Krabby Patties to a couple)

Squidward: Alright now, who has the Krabby Patty and who has the Krabby Patty? (The customers are silent and look irritated.)

Squidward: See... 'cause... they're both... Krabby. (SpongeBob and Mini Squid walk in)

SpongeBob: Good one, Mini Squid! You are always such a ray of sunshine. Are you ready for another fabulous day of work at the Krusty Krab?

Mini Squid: Of course, I am. I love to work!

Male Fish #1: Who is that little fellow with SpongeBob?

Female Fish: I don't know, but isn't he handsome?

Male Fish #1: Yeah, he is handsome. (Squidward starts mumbling) Ahem.

Squidward: Oh, sorry, sir. Can I take your order?

Male Fish #1: No. I don't like your attitude, bub. Is this what the Krusty Krab calls friendly service? (Mini Squid pops up from under the cash register)

Mini Squid: Sorry, sir. Can I take your order?

Male Fish #1: Now that's more like it. Finally, a server with a good attitude.

Mini Squid: Well, thank you very much.

Male Fish #1: I'll take eight dozen of your finest patties, please. But don't let old chowder pants over there touch them. He might taint the patties.

Squidward: Fine then. Do my work for me. (puts his hat on Mini Squid's head and walks away)

Squidward: I'm starting to like this Mini Squid doing my work, keeping SpongeBob off my back. I could get used to this.

SpongeBob: Order up, Mini Squid!

Mini Squid: Okay, SpongeBob. Always happy to help. (laughs)

SpongeBob: Okay, pal! (flips six patties on Mini Squid's plate) Go get em', tiger! (Mini Squid walks over to the customers)

Mini Squid: Okay, who ordered the Krabby Patty, and who ordered the Krabby Patty? (both fish laugh)

Squidward: What the...? That's my joke!

Male Fish #1: Wow, honey, this new Mini Squid is such a card!

Female Fish: And a great waiter, dear.

Male Fish #1: Yeah. You're right. So much better than that old, lousy, larger-scale Squidward. (Squidward mumbles angrily)

Female Fish: Yeah! Bring that little fella over here and let me give him a \$300 dollar tip! (shows \$300)

Squidward: What? All right, all right! That's enough! My break is finished. (walks behind cash register)

Squidward: Oh boy! Back to work!

Mr. Krabs: Hold on a second, there.

Squidward: Oh, Mr. Krabs.

Mr. Krabs: Uh... Squidward, me cephalopod, I'm sorry to tell you this -- well not that sorry -- the customers prefer the new smaller Squidward to you. And so do I! 'Cause he's making me some bucks. So I'm changing your job to busboy, effective immediately. (hands Squidward dirty dishes) Now pipe down and watch how it's done.

Mini Squid: Hey, everybody! I'm Squidward and I love to dance.

Male Fish #2: I, for one, love to watch people dance while I eat. Who's with me? Who wants Mini Squidward to dance for our amusement? (everyone cheers)

Mini Squid: Well, gosh, okay. (SpongeBob changes Mini Squid into a purple aerobics outfit. Mini Squid starts dancing when the music starts. Some customers dance the same thing Mini Squid and SpongeBob are dancing)

Squidward: What's the big deal? Those are all my moves! (dances the same moves but no one is impressed)

Fred: (gasps) Talk about no talent.

Male Fish #3: Maybe Squidward should get sized-reduction surgery so he'll dance better! (everyone laughs)

Squidward: That Mini Squid. (Mini Squid continues to dance and plays the clarinet to everyone's amazement)

Mini Squid: Everybody dance! (everyone dances. Music stops and Mini Squid takes a bow)

Squidward: That was awful! (all cheer for Mini Squid and Squidward begins to fume)

Squidward: He stole my jokes. He stole my job. He stole my standing ovation! You little wooden fiend. Stop stealing my life! (does bodily harm to Mini Squid before an agent shows up)

Talent Agent: Stop, stop! Don't gnaw on the head of my new client, please? You don't know what you're doing. Are you mad? Have mercy!

Squidward: Wait a minute. I've seen you before. You're that music agent that represents my favorite clarinet player.

Talent Agent: Salutations! I'm the manager for "Curly Bubbles Records".

Squidward: You mean you're here to sign me up for a record deal?

Talent Agent: The answer to that question is a big N-O. (points to Mini Squid) However, this guy here is woo-hoo woo-hoo

good! We're offering him a million dollar contract with a sequin suit.

Squidward: (gasps) A sequin suit?! That's what you're supposed to offer me! Why take a cheep knock off when you can have the original. (plays a lively tune on his clarinet and dances)

Squidward: Now, where do I sign? (Milo laughs)

Talent Agent: Yeah, right, kid! (takes Mini Squid)

SpongeBob: Well, Mini Squid, I guess this is it. We've had some good times playing charades and dancing around like two giddy butterflies! (laughs) Remember?

Mini Squid: Yep, those were the days.

SpongeBob: I guess it's time for you to move on, huh? Onto greener pastures. Arrivederci, mon frere.

Talent Agent: Alright, kid, let's go become a sensation. Oh, and I'll see you at the Clammy Awards. Oh no, I guess I won't. (laughs)

SpongeBob: Bye-bye! What's the matter, actual-size Squidward?

Squidward: My dreams are crushed. But, hey, at least I won't see that Mini Squid ever again!

SpongeBob: Yeah, I have something even better! (takes out a mini SpongeBob) Another me! (Mini Sponge and SpongeBob laugh back and forth while Squidward's eye twitches)

Music: "The Best Day Ever"

Mr. Sun came up, and he smiled at me
Said, "It's gonna be a good one just wait and see."
Jumped out of bed
And I ran outside
Feeling so extra ecstasified
It's the best day ever! (Best day ever)

SpongeBob: Hey, Gary.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Why is this the best day ever you ask? Because, Gary, I get to start this wonderful day bringing life to a whole new generation of delicious Krabby Patties, followed by a vigorous mid-day session of karate with Sandy, and an afternoon jellyfishing with Patrick, where I'll unveil my newest, most prized possession: the Deluxe Jelly Slayer Composite Pro! And for the grand finale, every one of my closest friends joining together for Squidward's clarinet recital. I am so excited I think I'm gonna explode! (explodes into pieces then walks out of his house)

It's the best day ever (Best day ever)
It's the best day ever (Best day ever)
It's the best day ever (Best day ever)
It's the best day ever (Best day ever)

(laughs then tries opening the door to the Krusty Krab but can't because it's locked)

Mr. Krabs: Get out of the way, boy! (SpongeBob flies off the door and bounces into Mr. Krabs) Me building's been condemned, boy. We got ourselves a nematode infestation. (Nematodes come and eat the Krusty Krab. Mr. Krabs gasps and then faints)

SpongeBob: But... the best day ever starts at the Krusty Krab. Guys, I'm sorry, but I'm gonna have to ask you to leave. (nematodes eat his pants) Ow! Guys, you're ruining the (off-key) best day... (clears throat) Wait, no. (off-key) Best day... (plays his nose as a flute. The nematodes line up. When SpongeBob stops, the nematodes walk up) Huh? (plays the 'best day ever' tune. The nematodes chatter excitedly. They follow SpongeBob)

Mr. Krabs: (sighs) Keep playing, lad! Take them devil sons of the sea away from me restaurant. (later, SpongeBob stops playing and falls over due to being tired. The nematodes fall asleep, also. SpongeBob's watch beeps)

SpongeBob: Whoa! I gotta get to Sandy's! (scene cuts to Sandy's treedome. SpongeBob opens up her door then jumps behind a bush) Wait till Sandy gets a load of these adhesive karate gloves. Hyah! (karate chops the box the gloves were in. Then he chuckles and jumps onto the top of the treedome and sticks due to his gloves. He moves above her tree and falls through it and lands on a tree branch then jumps at her) Hyah! (Sandy ducks and SpongeBob hits her buckets of water)

Sandy: (standing on a ladder, using a bucket to catch water in) SpongeBob, what on earth are you doing?!

SpongeBob: Oh, just a little something I like to call karate.

Sandy: I can't right now, SpongeBob. I got a leak in my roof the size of a full-grown quarter horse!

SpongeBob: Mm-hmm. I see. Ok, then I'll come back later. (walks off but then reappears by Sandy and tries to karate chop her)

Sandy: Knock...it...off. (punches SpongeBob up high. The leak stops) It stopped? SpongeBob!

SpongeBob: Yeah?

Sandy: Hang on. I'm going to get some sealant and patch and trowel. (runs into her treedome)

SpongeBob: (groans) Oh. (slips out of his glove and falls. Scene cuts to SpongeBob walking to Jellyfish Fields) Oh. No Krabby Patties, no karate. At least I have jellyfishing with... Hey, there he is now! (sees Patrick chasing a jellyfish) Wait for me, Patrick. I've got a brand-new... (Patrick is crying) What's wrong, Patrick?

Patrick: I broke my net! (cries)

SpongeBob: Well, lucky for you, I brought my old net. (Patrick grabs it)

Patrick: For me? (giggles)

SpongeBob: Yeah, I won't be needing it now that I got my brand-new... (Patrick's jellyfish net breaks. He cries)

Patrick: SpongeBob, I broke... could I use this one? (points to SpongeBob's new net)

SpongeBob: Well, actually, Patrick, that's my brand-new net.

Patrick: Yeah? (cut to later where SpongeBob is waiting for his net while Patrick uses it)

SpongeBob: Okay, Patrick, it's my turn, now. (Patrick ignores him) Hey, Patrick? Pat, old buddy. P-Patrick? It's my turn now. (sighs) I guess I'll see you at the concert. (cut to SpongeBob walking at night to the concert) (sadly) It's the best day ever. It's the best day ever. Oh, this best day ever isn't going so good. No work, no karate, no jellyfishing. Hey, I still have Squidward's concert! I won't let this one slip through my fingers. (cut to Squidward crying outside the Bikini Bottom Recreation Center, in his uniform) Hey, Squidward. Squidward, what's wrong buddy?

Squidward: The concert is ruined. My reed is shot. (shows it) See? I'm finished.

SpongeBob: (slaps Squidward) Pull yourself together, man! I came for a concert, and darn it, I am gonna get one!

Squidward: (crying) But my reed. (SpongeBob pulls one of his front teeth out and uses it as a reed)

SpongeBob: Now play.

Squidward: But... (SpongeBob slaps him)

SpongeBob: I said play! (Squidward plays)

Squidward: Not bad. (SpongeBob slaps him again)

SpongeBob: Now get in there and give me a concert to remember. (outside usher grabs him)

Usher: Where do you think you're going, kid?

SpongeBob: I'm gonna see Squidward play his clarinet. Today is my best day ever.

Usher: Where's your ticket?

SpongeBob: One ticket, coming right up, Captain. (searches his pocket) Must be here somewhere. (takes off his pants and dumps out what is in it) I don't have a ticket.

Usher: No ticket, no entry.

SpongeBob: But...

Usher: No ticket, no entry! (cut to a SpongeBob puppet on strings coming down)

SpongeBob Puppet: Oh, dear. I don't have a ticket. But I want to go to this show. Hmmm...what should I do? Oh, I know. I'll just sneak in through the back door. (leaves)

Usher: Oh, no you don't! (runs after him as SpongeBob climbs down the wall, laughing)

SpongeBob: SpongeBob, you are so... (walks backwards into an usher puppet)

Usher Puppet: Ticket, please. (later, SpongeBob, wearing a ski mask, is climbing up the side of the building and through the vent on the roof. He uses a flamethrower to cut his way through a door, which is actually the entry doors. The usher

kicks him away from the building. Cut to later, where Mrs. Puff drives up in her boat and gets out, walking up to the usher)

Usher: Ticket, ma'am.

Mrs. Puff: Certainly. (reaches into her purse. She hears some giggling and takes out what it is) SpongeBob?

Usher: You? This time I'm gonna... Wait a minute. Did you say SpongeBob? SpongeBob SquarePants? You're on the VIP list. (the usher carries SpongeBob on a pillow to his seat)

SpongeBob: (gasps) A reserved seat? Next to my friends? I made it! All I have to do is sit down... (everyone applauds as the curtains close) No...! No! It is not over!

Fish: Huh?

SpongeBob: This was supposed to be my perfect day. But then everything... (a fish gets up and starts to leave) Sit down! (the fish does) Then everything turned to doo-doo. (Mr. Krabs, Patrick and Sandy go upstage with him)

Mr. Krabs: It's okay, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: No, it's not okay! This was gonna be my best day ever, starting with doing the best job in the world: working at the Krusty Krab.

Mr. Krabs: Boy, you saved me barnacle the way you put the run on them nematodes.

SpongeBob: (sniffles) Yeah, I guess so. But then I was gonna do karate with Sandy.

Sandy: I know, but you saved the treedome! Pretty cool, if you ask me.

SpongeBob: Well, I suppose. But then I was gonna go jellyfishing with Patrick.

Patrick: But then you... Uh, what'd you do again?

Squidward: And, I hate to admit it, but I suppose if you hadn't fixed my reed, the concert would have been a bust.

Mr. Krabs: You see, SpongeBob, it's not about you or your perfect day or any of those things.

SpongeBob: It's not?

Mr. Krabs: No. (giggles) It's about us.

SpongeBob: It is?

Mr. Krabs: Yep. And since you did such a good job, we wanna make it up to you.

SpongeBob: You do?

Mr. Krabs: So, just tell us anything your little heart desires, and it's yours. (SpongeBob smiles and scene cuts to Mr. Krabs coming on stage with the light shining on him) Ladies and gentlemen, tonight, the Bikini Bottom Players proudly

present a very expensive production of "The Best Day Ever." And it better be good for all it's costing me.

Music: "The Best Day Ever (Concert Version)"

My perfect job starts my perfect day
Then it's time to kick back, relax and play
Sing along
Hear that happy sound
Don't let those sour notes bring you down (Hey!)
That's where it's at!
I'm not paying for that!

It's the best day ever (Best day ever)
It's the best day ever (Best day ever)
It's the best day ever (Best day ever)
It's the best day ever (Best day ever)

Squidward: How long do we have to keep this up?

Mr. Krabs: Just till his little heart gives out, Squidward. Just till his little heart gives out. (Usher swept the floor with the broom)

(Patrick's rock opens up and a giant ball of pink gum rises up from the ground and Patrick is holding it)

Patrick: Best Friends Day. Best Friends Day. Best Friends Day. Best Friends Day. (giggling)

SpongeBob: Patrick! Happy Best Friend...whoa.

Patrick: This chewing gum is my most beloved possession, and I'm giving it to my bestest friend, on Best Friends Day.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I am truly honored and... (cries)

Patrick: What's wrong, buddy?

SpongeBob: You got me such an amazing gift, and all I got you was...that. (a robot comes out)

Robo 2.1: Greetings. I am Robo 2.1, your personal robot servant. I am proficient in providing over 250,000 creature comforts. Would you care for a pastry? (shoots a pastry into Patrick's mouth)

Patrick: Yum. Sweet, hot, and juicy. SpongeBob, this is a great gift.

SpongeBob: Well, thanks for your appreciation, Patrick, but it's no giant, old, used ball of gum.

Patrick: Aww, don't be so hard on yourself, SpongeBob. I love my gift. In fact, I'll go play with it right now. Come on, Robo.

Robo 2.1: Coming, Master Patrick.

Patrick: Oh, SpongeBob, you don't mind if I say good-bye to Gummy, do you?

SpongeBob: No, not at all.

Patrick: Thanks. Good-bye, Gummy. You be good to SpongeBob, you hear? (pokes his finger in the ball of gum and it squirts out water on Patrick) I love you, too, Gummy. (hugs it) Well, he's all yours.

SpongeBob: Oh, majestic and much masticated Gummy, although I am not worthy to be in your presence, may my humble abode please you. (struggles to push the giant ball of gum in his house. Breaks his arms in half in the process) Oh, you sure are a big boy, aren't you. Ooh. Hey, I know how to handle this. With a little karate. Hyah! (rolls the giant ball of gum into his pineapple. Crawls out using his legs) Ooh. Oh, Gummy, what a beautiful centerpiece you make. With your dirty sock and used toothbrush, flies, and moldy pizza. (has a zero coming out of his nose and almost barfs) Get ahold of yourself, SpongeBob. It's not so bad. After all, it is a gift from Patrick. (a pair of underwear come out of the gum and crawls onto SpongeBob)

Underwear: You're not Patrick. (SpongeBob screams and runs into another room)

SpongeBob: I'm sorry, Patrick, but your gift has got to go. (cut to SpongeBob taking the ball of gum out of the garage and holds it up) Good-bye, stinkball. See ya never. (throws it on top of his garbage can)

Patrick: Hey, SpongeBob, whatcha doing? (Robo is carrying Patrick on a mattress)

Robo 2.1: It appears that he is throwing Gummy away.

Patrick: What? Is that true?

SpongeBob: No way, Patrick.

Patrick: Well, how do you explain this? (points to Gummy on the garbage can)

SpongeBob: Well, you see, I liked Gummy and I decided to dress him up. (puts the garbage can top on Gummy) Isn't this a cute look?

Patrick: Hmmm. Bold yet understated. Brilliant idea, SpongeBob. Keep up the good work. Come on, Robo, let's find more belly button lint. (cut to SpongeBob digging a giant hole)

SpongeBob: (looks around) Okay, no sign of Patrick. Better make this fast. (drives a bulldozer) Get ready for your dirt nap, Gummy. (laughs then stops when he sees Patrick on the bulldozer)

Patrick: SpongeBob, what are you doing? I'm waiting.

SpongeBob: Uh... I was digging a hole so I could get a better view of Gummy because he is so attractive and... Allow me to demonstrate. (gets in hole) See, Patrick, the view is beautiful down here.

Patrick: Yeah, he does look rather dashing from this angle. Be that as it may, Gummy must be displayed properly and proudly. And I know just the place. (puts Gummy above SpongeBob's door) Isn't he breathtaking? All right, SpongeBob, we got to go. I'm gonna learn how to use a fork. Right, Robo?

Robo 2.1: It will be my pleasure, master.

Patrick: By the way, your house looks a million times better. (the old sock falls from the giant ball of gum and onto SpongeBob's nose)

SpongeBob: Thanks. (cut to later) Oh, what am I going to do, Gary? It's hideous.

Gary: Meow.

SpongeBob: Wishful thinking, Gary. What burglar would want to steal that thing? (Looks at him and then Gary and cycles until he goes into his closet and stuff comes out. He comes out dressed as a burglar.) Shhh. (Gary zips his mouth and his eyes. Cut to night where SpongeBob sneaks around his house, looking back and forth at Patrick's rock to make sure he is not awake. He struggles to get into the ball of gum but does. A fish digs his way to where he is)

Fish: Who are you? Where did you come from?

SpongeBob: Uh, up there.

Fish: Oh, thank Neptune. Hey, guys, I found a way out. Come on! (manages to get out of the ball of gum) I'm free! I'm free! I'm sugar-free! (jumps off the gum as everyone else does the same) At last! (They all run off, soon to be reunited with their homes and families. SpongeBob gets out of the gum and tries pulling it off his house but gets launched back at the gum. Cut to the next day where Sandy is walking up to SpongeBob's house)

Sandy: (steps in some gum) What in tarnation? (notices SpongeBob's house covered in gum) Oh my gosh. SpongeBob? SpongeBob? (knocks on his door) SpongeBob, open up.

SpongeBob: Sandy.

Sandy: SpongeBob? (gasps)

SpongeBob: Hi, Sandy. Looks like I got myself into a sticky situation. (chuckles nervously then sighs)

Sandy: Oh my gosh. How long you've been stuck there, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: All day.

Sandy: Well, your old pal, Sandy knows how to cut you down.

SpongeBob: No, wait, Sandy. The more you touch it, the angrier it gets.

Sandy: Oh, that's just crazy talk. Ho-yah! (karate chops it but gets stuck to it)

SpongeBob: Told ya. Save yourself, Sandy. Runaway before you end up like me!

Sandy: Oh, come on now, there's got to be a way. (sees a truck driving down the street) I've got an idea. (takes the gum and lassos it onto a truck. The truck slows down but the driver puts the pedal to the metal but it's still not going anywhere) Hang on tight, SpongeBob.

SpongeBob: Yeah, all righty.

Truck Driver: Come on, Old Blue. Don't you talk back to me. Do as your told. Do it! Do it! Do it! Come on now, do it. Come

on! (A worried Sandy looks left and right nervously while she chatters her teeth on her fingers. The truck then splits in half. The front half flies away, the back half hits Sandy and sends her back into the pile of gum, making it explode everywhere)

Squidward: What the...? Just let it go, Squidward. Let it go. Don't get involved, Squidward. (Squidward's house attaches itself to SpongeBob's and Squidward is sent out his window and onto the sticky gum) Of course.

Sandy: I'm okay.

Patrick: What's this? SpongeBob, what have you done?

SpongeBob: Now, Patrick, I can explain.

Patrick: It's-it's...it's amazing. It's like a gummy wonderland. Whee! Wow, I wish I were having this much fun. I knew you'd love it.

SpongeBob: Patrick, I have something to tell you.

Robo 2.1: Would you care for a massage, Master?

Patrick: Enough already. Sheesh. So, you were saying something, SpongeBob?

SpongeBob: Uh, well, how can I put this?

Patrick: Aw, just come right out and... (Robo blows a fan at Patrick) Will you stop? Just stop. (Robo stops)

Squidward: Get on with it, SpongeBob.

Sandy: Wrap it up.

Patrick: Squidward? Sandy? Gee, everyone is having fun with my Gummy but me. I-I-I mean, your Gummy.

SpongeBob: Patrick, do you miss your Gummy?

Patrick: Uh-huh.

SpongeBob: Well, it's still Best Friends Day. How would you like your Gummy back?

Patrick: Yes!

SpongeBob: It's yours, buddy. But first, you got to get us out of this.

Patrick: Oh, that's easy. (chews all the gum up, with lawnmower sounds) I told you it was easy. (tummy rumbles. He hiccups a giant ball of gum and it pops over the entire town and it explodes. Gum covers the four characters as their shapely figure) Wow! This is best Best Friends Day ever!