

CALLBACK SIDES

Mr. Krabs & Pearl

Mr. Krabs: Just soak it in, me darlin' daughter – one day this'll all be yours.

Pearl: *(on cell)* Hey girl. Call you back. *(hangs up)*

Mr. Krabs: Soon as you graduate high school, I'll start you as manager.

Pearl: But Daaaaad! I have my own dreams.

Mr. Krabs: Like what? Listenin' to that boy band fourteen hours a day?

Pearl: *(teenage pout)* They're called the Electric Skates!

Mr. Krabs: For the last time, get it through your blowhole! You are not meeting those sting ray degenerates. *(He exits)*

Pearl: *(to herself)* I just want to find someone who looks at me the way Daddy looks at money. I *am* going to meet the Electric Skates, and there's nothing he can do about it!

Plankton & Karen

Plankton: Mass evacuation is no simple feat. I know. *(has idea)* But a giant escape pod can take us far away to build a new home. We'll call it... Chumville! The tables will soon turn!

Karen: I'm not sure what's gotten into you, Sheldon, but this is a very good scheme. Once they're all trapped in the escape pod, they'll be easy to hypnotize. By the time we reach Chumville, everyone will love chum.

Plankton: Thus the name.

Karen: I got that.

Plankton: Soon... fast food domination will be mine! Mwahahahahahaha!!!

Karen: You know, I'd forgotten how much I like hearing you gloat.

Plankton: Oh Karen, it's been years since I've felt this close. Gazing into your screen right now, I feel the very earth move under my feet.

Karen: It *is* moving.

SpongeBob, Patrick & Sandy

SpongeBob: What was that all about?

Patrick: Who knows, but it's nice to get some respect for a change. Finally, someone understands – the inner machinations of my mind are an enigma.

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick. We have to go find Sandy.

Patrick: (*sees her*) There she is! Hey, Sandy!

SpongeBob: We've been looking for you everywhere.

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

Patrick: Awww, who's afraid of a little ol' mob?

Sandy: Did you not see the pitchforks?

SpongeBob: It's terrible what they're doing. But that doesn't change the fact that we have a volcano to beat – and we need you on the team. Brains (*indicates Sandy*), Brawn (*indicates Patrick*), and... though I may not have a special skill to bring to the table, I'm coming too!

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

Patrick: Sandy, you can't leave! This is your home!

Sandy: It's not. Let's face it. I've never fit in here. Then again, I never really fit in in Texas either. I was always the odd rodent out. No one knew what to make of a girl squirrel who was into science and martial arts. I've never felt at home anywhere, really. And now it's time to dig up my acorns and push on.

SpongeBob & Patrick

SpongeBob: Patrick, you can't leave! We have a mountain to climb!

Patrick: That was before I was a savior.

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

Patrick: ...unless I became a savior. Pretty sure I said that.

SpongeBob: What about our team?

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

SpongeBob: Okay, then. Go.. I don't need you.

Patrick: *(hurt)* You don't?

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

Patrick: *(offended)* You said you liked it! *(lashing back)* Well, I don't like **you!**

SpongeBob: **I** don't like **you** anymore.

Patrick: At least I don't live in a fruit!

SpongeBob: At least I don't have a conehead!

Patrick: At least I'm not SQUARE! *(pointing)* SQUARE! SQUARE! SQUARE!!!

SpongeBob: *(pointing)* PINK! PINK!

Patrick: YELLOW!

SpongeBob: FINE.

Patrick: FINE.

SpongeBob: FINE.

Patrick: FINE.

SpongeBob: FINE.

Patrick: FINE

(they storm out in opposite directions)