

MR. KRABS

Does anyone have a plan that can actually work?

PATRICK

Ooh ooh I do! Call on me! Me me me me!

MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM

Yes, enthusiastic sea star?

PATRICK

If we all close our eyes, maybe nothing will happen.

*Beat. The Sardines nod slowly, solemnly
accepting this as wisdom.*

SARDINES

So. Deep.

SQUIDWARD

No it's not. It's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

PATRICK

Hooray! *(realizing what he said)* Wait...

SANDY

I've got it. We can find a way to halt the exponential increase of pyroclastic flow in the subterranean magma chamber.

SPONGEBOB

Yeah, what she said. *(beat)* What did she say?

SANDY

Science, y'all. That's the answer!

*The crowd seems excited by this possibility.
Then everyone freezes... and we ZOOM IN on
Plankton and Karen.*

PLANKTON

I have a new scheme, Karen, my best one yet. But for it to work, I need them to stay scared.

KAREN

What're you talking about? The end is coming, this is no time for one of your schemes.

PLANKTON

Oh yes it is. What you said was true: it would take too long to hypnotize each of them into loving my chum burgers. But when fish are scared, they school together. If I get them all in one place, trapped where there's nowhere to run, I can hypnotize them in bulk! First, though, I need to shut down this squirrel.

Now we snap out of our "close up." Plankton shouts to the crowd—

PLANKTON (CONT'D)

Ahem! Excuse me!

MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM

Yes? Speak up, tiny citizen.

Plankton glares. He hates being called "little." Then...

PLANKTON

Do any of you actually believe that *science* can save us?

Various Townsfish mumble "yes", "sure" and "sounds pretty good to me."

PLANKTON (CONT'D)

(biting sarcasm) Oh come on. Next she'll tell us tidal warming is real!

Now some Townsfish start grumbling. They're starting to lose faith in Sandy. She bristles and defends herself.

SANDY

I'm been studyin' Bikini Bottom for years now. With a little time to dig through my research...

PLANKTON

We only have until sundown tomorrow.

Various sounds of agreement from the crowd. He has a point. The crowd is starting to turn against Sandy.

SANDY

If you'd just trust me...

PLANKTON

Why should we trust you? You're not even from here.

OLD MAN JENKINS

Yeah. You're a land mammal.

SANDY

Since when does that matter?

OLD MAN JENKINS

Things are different now. Our town is under attack.

Sandy recoils. Hit hard by that.

PLANKTON

(to the crowd) You know what they say, folks: when the going gets tough...

BUSTER BLUETANG

(sounding pumped) The tough get going!

PLANKTON

No, the tough get lost.

Confused sounds from the assembled crowd: "Huh?" "What?" Among them we hear...

LARRY THE LOBSTER

Dude, that is *not* the saying.

Plankton is worried. He doesn't want to lose them. Everyone freezes and Plankton turns to Karen.

PLANKTON

I need to sell them on my plan, Karen, but it won't be easy. I'm going to need to do it in song. Give me some music. *(when she hesitates)* Please.

Karen sighs and reluctantly obliges, providing him with some country-fried music.