

*Mr. Krabs runs across the stage, holding a stack of cash.*

MR. KRABS

Armaggedon? More like I'm-a-Gettin' Rich!

*Mrs. Puff runs across stage with a bottle.*

MRS. PUFF

Clear off the road! I have a bender to go on!

*Now Patrick enters, followed by his Sardine Devotees.*

SARDINE DEVOTEES

Praise pink! Praise pink! Praise pink! Praise pink!

*The Angry Mob runs on, led by Old Man Jenkins. Pitchforks in hand.*

OLD MAN JENKINS & ANGRY MOB

Blame the squirrel! Blame the squirrel! Blame the squirrel! Blame the squirrel!

*SpongeBob watches it all happen.*

*As soon as the mob has left, Sandy pops out from inside a toppled-over trash can where she's been hiding from the mob.*

SANDY

Are they gone?

SPONGEBOB

Yep.

SANDY

Then let's get moving while the coast is clear.

SPONGEBOB

Do you have the ingenious bubble device to stop the volcano?

SANDY

*(nodding)* Took me all night, but it's ready.

*She holds up a simple cardboard box. Then opens it to reveal a magical, glowing light within.*

SPONGEBOB

Will you look at that. The ingenious bubble device to stop the volcano.

SANDY

Oh, I came up with a name too: "The Erupter Interrupter."

SPONGEBOB

Very catchy.

SANDY

Yeah?

SPONGEBOB

Yeah.

SANDY

Cause I wasn't sure.

SPONGEBOB

I think the rhyme is great.

SANDY

Oh, good.

SPONGEBOB

Rolls off the tongue.

SANDY

Who doesn't like a good rhyme?

SPONGEBOB

I know I do.

*Sandy realizes how far off task they've gotten with their oddly casual back-and-forth. She snaps them out of it.*

SANDY

Okay, enough yammerin'! Duty calls.

*They gather up the climbing supplies.*