

SIDE A

MAYOR OF BIKINI BOTTOM. Ladies and gentlefish, if this mountain erupts, orange rivers of steaming lava will obliterate all we know and love. *(Abrupt beat shift, a placid smile.)* But don't worry, your government has everything under control. In the meantime, all citizens must return home and remain indoors.

SPONGEBOB. I don't get why everyone's so worried. Sure, that volcano might destroy everything. But on the other hand, it might not.

SQUIDWARD. When are you going to learn, SpongeBob? The world is a horrible place filled with shattered dreams, broken promises and abject misery.

SPONGEBOB. *(With a giant grin.)* But it's our horrible place... with the best abject misery there is! *(To PERCH PERKINS.)* They'll see: everything's under control. Right?

SANDY. That volcano is gonna erupt, as sure as a rhinestone cowboy at a disco rodeo. And it's gonna happen at sundown - tomorrow!!

SPONGEBOB. Okay Sandy, but -

SANDY. I'm serious as a guacamole shortage at a taco party! The science is clear. At sundown tomorrow, a cataclysmic eruption will completely destroy Bikini Bottom. The end is nigh.

SPONGEBOB. The "end" end?

PERCH PERKINS. This just in, the "end" end is nigh!

(PERCH PERKINS gestures to a Doomsday Clock. It has a giant clock hand that's ticking slowly toward the words "THE END.")

ALL. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

(They look at the clock, which continues... tick... tick... EVERYONE runs off screaming, leaving SPONGEBOB alone.)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

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