

SPONGEBOB. Patrick!

*(PATRICK doesn't hear him; he's screaming too loudly.
SPONGEBOB screams even louder.)*

PATRICK!!

(PATRICK stops screaming and running.)

PATRICK. But you don't understand. I'm stuck inside and I can't watch any of my shows. Because all that's on TV is THIS!

(PATRICK pulls out his TV remote and turns it on.)

PERCH PERKINS. The end is coming! The end is coming!

(SPONGEBOB clicks off the TV.)

SPONGEBOB. Hey buddy, I get it. I get stressed out too sometimes. Like when Mr. Krabs says I'm not manager material.

PATRICK. Manager material? You mean like polyester?

SPONGEBOB. He said I'd never be more than a fry cook.

PATRICK. What? You are the most dependable, most responsible, most absorbent sponge I've ever met!

SPONGEBOB. Thanks, Patrick.

PATRICK. You just want some respect. I get that. I mean, I have a lot of great ideas, but no one ever pays attention to -

SPONGEBOB. *(Interrupts.)* - We're getting off topic, Patrick. The point is, we're gonna get through this emergency together. And we don't need television, as long as we have... Imaginaaaaaaation!

PATRICK. ...ICE CREAM! *(Correcting himself.)* ...Imagination.

SPONGEBOB. Right! Because we're B-F-F.

PATRICK. B-F-F? *(Trying to sound it out.)* Bfffff?

SPONGEBOB. Best Friends Forever.