

THE SPONGEBOB MUSICAL

Scene Nine: The Chum Bucket

[MUSIC NO. 16B "BIG GUY"]

(PLANKTON's head rises slowly from the orchestra pit, or he rolls on in a lounge chair, or... something sly and surprising. He holds and sips from a green martini. KAREN is working hard on the Avalanche Maker 3000.)

PLANKTON

How's it coming, Karen?

KAREN

Almost done. *(Computer sounds - "beep boop bop.")* Target program complete. I'll be able to aim the Avalanche Maker with lethal precision.

PLANKTON

Feels good, working together again. *(A bit shy.)* You know...there's something I've been meaning to ask you for a while, but I was too nervous. Now that we're getting along so much better, I thought maybe...

KAREN

Yes, Sheldon?

PLANKTON

It's just... *(Genuinely vulnerable.)* Sheldon is such a small-sounding name. Maybe you could call me something else now and then? Something like...I dunno..."Big Guy"?

(KAREN is surprised. And a little amused.)

KAREN

Big Guy?

PLANKTON

(He profoundly loves it.)

Yes! Say it again.

(KAREN smiles. And does.)

KAREN

Big Guy.

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I could get used to that.

KAREN

Big Guy.

PLANKTON

Uhh!

KAREN

Big guy! Big guy!

*(Hubba hubba! As **PLANKTON** grabs and kisses her, Valentine hearts explode in the air. Lights shift to:)*

*(**PERCH PERKINS** runs onstage.)*

PERCH PERKINS

With just one hour left on the Doomsday Clock, I'm coming to you live from the Bandshell. The benefit concert is about to begin. Our phone lines are now open.

(On a video screen or somehow, we see an image of a phone bank manned by fish.)

It's up to you, our viewers across the ocean. We need your donations to pay for the escape pod...so we can get out before the volcano blows us all to oblivion!

(He looks offstage.)

And there...

[MUSIC NO. 16C "HISTORIC EXODUS (BIKINI-TEVKA)"]

...You can see them now...

*(On the screen, we see shots of the **CITIZENS OF BIKINI BOTTOM** loaded up with suitcases, looking very much like refugees. The **MAYOR** is leading them all. **LARRY THE LOBSTER** [with his jellyfish-on-a-stick] is herding them.)*

...The citizens of Bikini Bottom, led by the Mayor through the streets of our beleaguered town, on their way to the Bandshell. It is a truly historic exodus.

*(The **CITIZENS OF BIKINI BOTTOM** begin to file on with their luggage.)*