

## GENERAL AUDITION SIDES

*\*may be read at call backs as well*

*\*\*If you are only interested in ensemble, you do not need to prepare a side.*

*\*\*\*Please chose 1 side to read at General Auditions, but familiarize yourself with them all in the event that production staff needs to hear you read a different character.*

### **Patchy the Pirate**

Aaaaarrr, it's me! I don't have much time – they'll be comin' for me soon. After they threw me out, I spent Act 1 wandering the streets of Frankfort until I happened upon a Pirate dive barrr over on LaGrange Road. Talkin' with me fellow buccaneers gave me the courage to come back here with a message, on behalf of all victims of pirate prejudice! I wrote a protest song. Y'see, people fear what they don't understand, and too few understand us pirates!

### **French Narrator**

Ahh... Bonjour, salut and welcome to this quiet corner of the ocean floor, teeming with all the many kinds of undersea life. It is here we find the sub-marine habitat known as Bikini Bottom. Let us observe now as the sun rises on a new nautical day. Here, we see an ordinary cluster of kelp. And here, a common clumping of coral. And here... a pineapple??? This fruit is home to one of the most fascinating sea creatures of all. *Aplysina fistualis*. The yellow sponge.

### **SpongeBob**

At a time like this, we should be coming together. Instead, everyone's looking for someone to blame, or to follow, or to exploit, or to control. It doesn't have to be like this. We might only have seven minutes left, but we could make them the best seven minutes ever! Look at the sun... it's still shining! Look at the kelp... it's still... kelp-y! Look at us... we still have each other!

**Patrick**

Huh? What, SpongeBob? Sorry, I found this great bellybutton scratcher while I was packing, and we've been having a really nice time together. Don't worry, I'm right here with you, SpongeBob! We have a town to save! But our team needs a name... PatBob... SpongeRick... *(thinks of the perfect name)* PatBobSpongeRick!

**Sandy**

I determined the timeline through analysis of seismic activity, gas emissions, geomagnetic and gravimetric changes. Over the next 36 hours, tremors will increase and boulders will fall; eventually leading to a cataclysmic eruption which will completely destroy Bikini Bottom. The end is nigh.

**Squidward**

Alright, gotta get this concert organized. The drumkit will go here... confetti canons there and there... and posters, of course: *(reading poster)* The Electric Skates... *(dramatic pause)* with very special guest SQUIDWARD Q. TENTACLES! *(remembering his trauma)* I still remember that night, my third-grade talent show, the other fish calling me Loser! Loser! To this day, when I hear that word, something in me just SNAPS! But you got me through it, Mama. You told me someday I'd play the Bikini Bottom Bandshell. Before time runs out, I will prove you right. I'm a pretty squid, Mama, and I'm going to show them what I've got!

**Plankton**

If they reach to top of the volcano and save the town, my whole hypnosis-in-the-escape-pod scheme will be ruined! And I still don't have a plan to stop them. My evil genius is exhausted! Wait! The Avalanche Maker 3000!!! It's evil! It's diabolical! Its....*(sniffs it)* lemon-scented!

**Mr. Krabs**

Now ya see, Pearl, our fellow fish are feelin' frightened and vulnerable. Which means there's just one thing to do: exploit them to make even more money! I'm launching a new ad campaign. "One More Krabby Patty Before the End!" Get yer Krabby Patties now before it's too late!!!

**Mayor**

*(panicked)* Ladies and gentlefish, if this mountain erupts, orange rivers of streaming lava will obliterate all we know and love. *(suddenly calm)* Don't worry, your government has everything under control. I'm starting an initiative to assemble a committee to identify a strategy to evaluate the situation.

**Perch Perkins**

The end is coming! The end is coming! Apocalypse now! Wait. I misread that. Apocalypse tomorrow! I'm here in the heart of Bikini Bottom, where the Doomsday Clock is... ticking down. Just 29 hours left before the end. How will you spend them?

**Larry the Lobster**

Freeze! *(aims jellyfish weapon at them)* State your name! The mayor's declared a state of emergency. You're either with us or against us. Just follow procedure, dude. Don't make me zap you, bro.

**Old Man Jenkins**

I'm going to find someone to blame for all this! What about the squirrel? That whole "science" thing is pretty suspicious. Not only that...*(whispers)* she has LUNGS. We don't want her kind here. Let's blame the squirrel!

## CALLBACK SIDES

### Mr. Krabs & Pearl

Mr. Krabs: Just soak it in, me darlin' daughter – one day this'll all be yours.

Pearl: *(on cell)* Hey girl. Call you back. *(hangs up)*

Mr. Krabs: Soon as you graduate high school, I'll start you as manager.

Pearl: But Daaaaad! I have my own dreams.

Mr. Krabs: Like what? Listenin' to that boy band fourteen hours a day?

Pearl: *(teenage pout)* They're called the Electric Skates!

Mr. Krabs: For the last time, get it through your blowhole! You are not meeting those sting ray degenerates. *(He exits)*

Pearl: *(to herself)* I just want to find someone who looks at me the way Daddy looks at money. I *am* going to meet the Electric Skates, and there's nothing he can do about it!

### Plankton & Karen

Plankton: Mass evacuation is no simple feat. I know. *(has idea)* But a giant escape pod can take us far away to build a new home. We'll call it... Chumville! The tables will soon turn!

Karen: I'm not sure what's gotten into you, Sheldon, but this is a very good scheme. Once they're all trapped in the escape pod, they'll be easy to hypnotize. By the time we reach Chumville, everyone will love chum.

Plankton: Thus the name.

Karen: I got that.

Plankton: Soon... fast food domination will be mine! Mwahahahahahaha!!!

Karen: You know, I'd forgotten how much I like hearing you gloat.

Plankton: Oh Karen, it's been years since I've felt this close. Gazing into your screen right now, I feel the very earth move under my feet.

Karen: It *is* moving.

## SpongeBob, Patrick & Sandy

SpongeBob: What was that all about?

Patrick: Who knows, but it's nice to get some respect for a change. Finally, someone understands – the inner machinations of my mind are an enigma.

SpongeBob: Come on, Patrick. We have to go find Sandy.

Patrick: (*sees her*) There she is! Hey, Sandy!

SpongeBob: We've been looking for you everywhere.

Sandy: I've been hiding. That mob's turned me into a scapesquirrel!

Patrick: Awww, who's afraid of a little ol' mob?

Sandy: Did you not see the pitchforks?

SpongeBob: It's terrible what they're doing. But that doesn't change the fact that we have a volcano to beat – and we need you on the team. Brains (*indicates Sandy*), Brawn (*indicates Patrick*), and... though I may not have a special skill to bring to the table, I'm coming too!

Sandy: They don't want my help. They want me gone. And I can take a hint.

Patrick: Sandy, you can't leave! This is your home!

Sandy: It's not. Let's face it. I've never fit in here. Then again, I never really fit in in Texas either. I was always the odd rodent out. No one knew what to make of a girl squirrel who was into science and martial arts. I've never felt at home anywhere, really. And now it's time to dig up my acorns and push on.

## SpongeBob & Patrick

SpongeBob: Patrick, you can't leave! We have a mountain to climb!

Patrick: That was before I was a savior.

SpongeBob: You said you'd be with me no matter what.

Patrick: ...unless I became a savior. Pretty sure I said that.

SpongeBob: What about our team?

Patrick: This is my moment, SpongeBob. Don't ruin it.

SpongeBob: Okay, then. Go.. I don't need you.

Patrick: *(hurt)* You don't?

SpongeBob: Nope. Forget about our team. It has a stupid name anyway.

Patrick: *(offended)* You said you liked it! *(lashing back)* Well, I don't like **you!**

SpongeBob: **I** don't like **you** anymore.

Patrick: At least I don't live in a fruit!

SpongeBob: At least I don't have a conehead!

Patrick: At least I'm not SQUARE! *(pointing)* SQUARE! SQUARE!  
SQUARE!!!

SpongeBob: *(pointing)* PINK! PINK!

Patrick: YELLOW!

SpongeBob: FINE.

Patrick: FINE.

SpongeBob: FINE.

Patrick: FINE.

SpongeBob: FINE.

Patrick: FINE

*(they storm out in opposite directions)*