

SPONGE BOB SQUARE PANTS
"MUSICAL ZOMBIES"

Written by

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Sponge Bob Square Pants
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FADE IN:

INT. SPONGE BOB'S HOUSE - MORNING

BOB lays on his bed lost in peaceful sleep. GARY is curled up on the floor purring in blissful happiness.

A sudden BOOM shakes the room, launching Bob off his bed, Gary off the floor, and many objects into the air. Gary snaps back to the floor by strands of slime under his shell that stick him to the ground. Bob lands on his mattress, as his blanket slowly drifts down to cover him.

SPONGE BOB
(mumbles unintelligibly)

After a brief silence, another BOOM shakes the house. Unable to sleep through this, Sponge Bob leaps from bed in a panic and looks out the window.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
What! What was that!!

EXT. SPONGE BOB'S HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A construction crew has a large digger with a vertically mounted pole that slides up into the air, and comes crashing into the ground. Sending the nearby houses into the air from the impact.

Sponge Bob opens his window and looks at the gangly FOREMAN.

SPONGE BOB
Hey! What's going on!

FOREMAN
We've got a hole to dig!

SPONGE BOB
But it's only...

Bob looks at his watch.

INSERT - BOB'S WATCH

It says 5:00 AM.

EXT. SPONGE BOB'S HOUSE

Bob turns back to the Foreman with a look of shock.

SPONGE BOB
But it's so early?!

The Foreman gives a double take.

FOREMAN
But we have to dig that hole! You
don't want to stop progress do you?

Sponge Bob shrinks back.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
DO YOU?!

SPONGE BOB
No.

Sponge Bob meekly backs away from the window and closes it.

INT. SPONGE BOB'S HOUSE

Sponge Bob gets back into bed reluctantly. Every five seconds comes another crash that shakes the house. Everything on his night table leaps into the air, along with Gary, and himself.

SPONGE BOB
Don't be alarmed Gary! It's
progress!

Bob pulls his blanket over his head and turns to face the wall. The CRASH comes again. Sponge Bob tosses and turns, trying to find a position that will allow him to sleep, but the noise and the shaking continues.

The room grows noticeably brighter. Suddenly Bob's alarm goes off.

By now Bob is buried under a wrinkled mound of blanket. From inside, Bob's head emerges. His eyelids droop, and there are huge bags underneath.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
What's that, Gary?

Gary MEOWS.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
It's time to go to work? Okay...

Bob gets out of bed very slowly, not looking at anything in particular, and walks straight into a wall. Another CRASH shakes the house.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
 Sorry wall, I didn't see you.

Sponge Bob backs up, and puts his foot into the wastepaper basket. He straightens himself, looking more confident, but as soon as he starts walking again, he deflates until he is hunched over and walking with the basket on his foot.

Bob enters the kitchen and grabs a bowl and spoon. He reaches into the cupboard for the cereal, but grabs a box of uncooked pasta. He pours the crunchy stuff into his bowl. He opens the fridge and instead of taking out the milk, he grabs the bottle of "PRUNES ARE AWESOME" juice, and pours it over the bowl of pasta.

Bob sits at the table hunched over and begins eating. Each chew is uncomfortably long, like biting down on a handful of rock candy.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
 Wow, this cereal really does stay
 crunchy!

Another CRASH shakes the house, sending the bowl into the air, and onto Bob's head, spilling it's contents down his face. Sponge Bob doesn't react.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
 I could be wrong, but I think I
 need more sleep.

EXT. SPONGE BOB'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sponge Bob emerges from his house looking like a zombie. PATRICK runs up to him excitedly.

PATRICK
 Hey Sponge Bob! Looks what's going
 on! They've got a poudy thing!!
 Isn't that awesome?!

SPONGE BOB
 Yes, Patrick it's great.

It takes a moment for Patrick to realize Bob was being sarcastic.

PATRICK
 Hey! You don't look excited.

SPONGE BOB
 I haven't slept!

PATRICK
No? Why not!

Patrick leans in closely as if to share a secret.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Are you afraid of the closet
Monster?

SPONGE BOB
There is no such thing as the
closet monster.

PATRICK
Exactly!!! So why are you afraid?

SPONGE BOB
I couldn't sleep with all this
racket!!!

PATRICK
What racket?

SQUIDWARD comes out of his house and meets the three of them looking nearly as tired as Bob does.

SQUIDWARD
Come on Sponge Bob, you'll be late.

SPONGE BOB
Okay. It's time for work!

Bob antics, trying to build up the strength to face the day. Out of nowhere he pulls on a bowler hat, a pair of comedy glasses with a fake nose and mustache attached, a briefcase, and he marches off.

Squidward rolls his eyes and follows. Patrick sticks around to watch the big Poundy Machine thing.

INT. CHUM BUCKET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Through a telescope, someone watches Sponge Bob march off to work. Very quickly Bob begins to deflate and lumber forward like a zombie.

PLANKTON

watches with eagerness through his telescope that is pointed out of his window.

PLANKTON
 (Laughs maniacally)
 Yes! YES! Sponge Bob. Go to
 work! In your sleep deprived state
 you will be unable to resist my
 Sonic Hypno Ray!

Plankton turns to face a huge machine with what looks like a cross between a ray gun and a speaker being mounted on top of a van by the Foreman.

Plankton looks at the Foreman with deadly seriousness.

PLANKTON (CONT'D)
 You done yet?

The Foreman looks grumpy, but never looks away from his work.

FOREMAN
 Yeah, yeah, yeah... I got the hole
 dug, didn't I?

PLANKTON
 You want to get paid don't you!

FOREMAN
 I'm almost done.

Plankton turns back to the telescope.

PLANKTON
 Good, because with Sponge Bob under
 my control, he will be helpless to
 stop me from getting my hands on
 the Crabby Patty recipe!

Seen through the telescope, Sponge Bob arrives at the doors to the Crabby Patty restaurant looking very haggard, and minus the briefcase and glasses.

Plankton LAUGHS.

INT. CRABBY PATTY - DAY

MR CRABS eagerly polishes off a table, and greets a CUSTOMER with a big smile. Squidward stands behind the checkout counter and takes the customer's order.

Sponge Bob walks in and Mr. Crabs looks at him with a scowl.

MR. CRABS
 You're late my boy!

Bob puffs himself up, trying to look normal, and happy.

SPONGE BOB

I'm sorry Mr. Crabs! I didn't get much sleep last night.

MR. CRABS

Well, don't waste any more time, get in the kitchen! Those burgers can't flip on their own!

SPONGE BOB

I know, isn't it sad?!?

Sponge Bob deflates, back to his sleepy state.

MR. CRABS

Yeah...

Sponge Bob walks back into the kitchen. Mr. Crabs stands and admires his clean restaurant, ready for another day of profit.

INT. CRABBY PATTY KITCHEN - DAY

Sponge Bob stands at the grill hunched over, waving a spatula over a few cooking patties. His eyelids droop, threatening to close, and his mouth hangs open.

SQUIDWARD (O.S.)

Where's that Super Crabby Patty?

Sponge Bob jerks upright.

SPONGE BOB

Right away Squidward!

Sponge Bob reaches for a bun, but he only grabs air. He lift's the patty off the grill and places it on the counter, ready to put the condiments on it, but realizes something is missing.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)

Wait a minute! Where'd the bun go?

Still very sleepy, Sponge Bob goes through the process again, but misses grabbing a bun for the second time, and places the second patty on top of the first one.

Sponge Bob picks up the ketchup bottle and realizes that again, something is missing. He straightens in shock.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
What's going on here!?

Sponge Bob looks about suspiciously.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
It looks like we have a bun thief
on the loose!

With a shrug, Sponge Bob tries again, and for the third time is unable to grab a bun. He places the third patty on top of the other two, and reaches for the ketchup.

Looking at the patties, the three sit one on top of the other. The top and bottom patty suddenly look like buns.

SQUIDWARD (O.S.)
Sponge Bob!!

Sponge Bob lifts the top patty and squirts some ketchup on the burger. He wraps the Super Patty and hands it off to Squidward.

SPONGE BOB
Careful. The buns are greasy.

Sponge Bob steps closer to monitor the grill, and closes his eyes. With each inhale he snorts, and each exhale, he makes a WOO, WOO, WOO sound.

INT. CRABBY PATTY - DAY

Squidward hands a tray carrying a greasy, paper wrapped burger, fries and drink. The customer gives the food a suspicious look but walks off screen.

SQUIDWARD
Enjoy your food sir.

Patrick walks up to the cash register wearing a starfish on his head like a crown. He has never looked happier.

Squidward looks back at him, leaning on his elbow as if he can't wait to go home.

PATRICK
Hi Squidward!!! How are YOU
doing!!

Patrick parades in front of him, showing off his crown, believing that he is being subtle.

Squidward is not impressed.

SQUIDWARD

So what are you supposed to be?

Patrick straitens, hold his hands together, overjoyed.

PATRICK

I'm playing a game!

SQUIDWARD

What game.

PATRICK

Princess!!!

SQUIDWARD

But you're a boy.

Patrick leans closer, deadly serious.

PATRICK

Hey! Don't tell ME what I can't do.

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

HEY!!!

The customer sits angrily, one hand waves over the burger Sponge Bob made.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

What kind of burger is this! You can't have a Crabby Patty without a bun!

INT. CRABBY PATTY KITCHEN - DAY

Squidward and Patrick walk into the kitchen. Patrick is still proudly showing off his crown. Squidward looks around for Sponge Bob, but does not find him. The burgers on the grill sit smoking and charred.

SQUIDWARD

Sponge Bob!!! Where are you!?

Squidward's head darts around the room, and spots Sponge Bob, curled up in the bun tray sleeping like a baby.

SQUIDWARD (CONT'D)

Sponge Bob!! Get out of there.

Sponge Bob wakes up, panics, and leaps out of the bin.

SPONGE BOB
What!? What is it?

SQUIDWARD
You burned the patties!

Sponge Bob looks at the charred remains on the grill.

SPONGE BOB
Oh No!!! The poor little guys!

Sponge Bob falls to his knees in shame.

SPONGE BOB (CONT'D)
Someone call a doctor!

SQUIDWARD
Get to work Bob, you aren't the
only one who didn't get enough
sleep last night!

Sponge Bob leaps to his feet, invigorated.

SPONGE BOB
You're right! It's my solemn duty
to care for those precious Crabby
Patties, and I won't let them down.

Mr. Crabs walks in.

MR. CRABS
What's going on in here?

SQUIDWARD
Sponge Bob fell asleep in the bun
tray. Now we're going to have to
throw them all out.

MR. CRABS
What!? Do you know how much buns
cost? No, just give them a quick
wash and they'll be good. Sponge
Bob? No sleeping in the bun tray!
And stop acting like a zombie!

Sponge Bob snaps to attention, and gives a salute.

SPONGE BOB
Yes Sir!

Mr. Crabs and Squidward walk out of the kitchen leaving
Patrick to stand shocked at what he just heard.

MR. CRABS (O.S.)

I remember a time when I was a wee lad, and I used to nap in the Bun tray. There's no softer bed than those light fluffy buns.

PATRICK

A zombie!?

Patrick watches Sponge Bob stand watch over the grill with valiant pride, but quickly crumbles down, eyes drooping, mouth hangs open, and a thin stream of drool hangs off his lower lip.

SPONGE BOB

Waaaaaaa.....

Patrick takes a step back in fear.

PATRICK

Sponge Bob is a zombie!!

EXT. BIKINI BOTTOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Plankton's van pulls up near the Crabby Patty. He leaps from the driver's seat and onto the back, where sits a massive speaker/sonic gun. He gives the machine a friendly pat.

PLANKTON

(Laughs)

You ready Sponge Bob! Your time is up!

Plankton lifts a switch and the machine gives off a loud HUM.

PLANKTON (CONT'D)

Today, you will do my bidding
Sponge Bob! Today you will give me
the recipe to the Crabby Patty!
Pretty soon I'll be owning this
town!!

(Maniacal laughter)

Waves of sonic energy begin to beam from the conical ray gun/speaker. The air fills with a slow musical beat.

INT. CRABBY PATTY KITCHEN

Sponge Bob stands, sleeping at the grill. Suddenly waves of sound pour into the kitchen, and with it a musical beat, that despite being slow, has a catchy rhythmic pulse.

Sponge Bob turns away from the grill as if the music is talking to him.

SPONGE BOB

Yes Master. I will get the recipe.

Sponge Bob lumbers away from the grill and toward Patrick, unaware of his presence. Patrick backs away terrified as Sponge Bob slowly walks towards him like a zombie.

PATRICK

No, Sponge Bob! You're not a zombie! Don't listen to the zombie music!

Sponge Bob doesn't stop. Patrick SCREAMS and runs out of the kitchen.

INT. CRABBY PATTY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick rushes to Squidward who sits reading, and very sleepy.

PATRICK

Squidward! We have to do something! Sponge Bob's a zombie!

SQUIDWARD

Yeah, yeah, yeah...

PATRICK

No I mean it! He's a zombie!

Getting more drowsy from reading, Squidward's head slides down the hand he's propped his head on.

SQUIDWARD

Who isn't a zombie after last night and all... that... racket...

Squidward's head falls to the counter, asleep. The sonic waves envelop him, and he rises. Patrick steps closer to see if he's okay. Squidward's eyes are glassy and he stands hunched over.

SQUIDWARD (CONT'D)

Must get the recipe...

Patrick leaps back.

PATRICK

NO!

Patrick runs around the Crabby Patty in terror, waving his arms in the air.

INT. MR. CRAB'S OFFICE

Sponge Bob shambles towards the safe at the back of the office. The front of the safe bears a sign that says "Crabby Patty Recipe. Do not open, EVER!"

Reaching for the knob, Sponge Bob tries to open the safe, but it is locked. In his sleep deprived state, he stands there repeatedly trying to open the thing like a door.

INT. OFFICE

A man sits bored behind his desk. He types quickly, but his head is slowly drooping down as his eyes close. Suddenly waves of Hypno Sound beam through the window.

By now the constant music is a slow but very catchy and rousing march. The man is entranced by the music and stands, leaves his desk and marches off screen.

EXT. OFFICE

Scores of people slowly walk outside. The music calls them, and they, like a hoard of ZOMBIES, follow the music to it's source.

INT. CRABBY PATTY

Patrick frantically boards up the windows with hammer and nail as a line of *zombies* walk past the front door.

PATRICK

Why did I have to be Princess of
Bikini Bottom today?! WHY!? The
responsibility is too much!!

Patrick stops for a moment to look through a crack in the boards. He sees a WOMAN with a page from a note-pad stuck to her forehead on her sleepy face.

WOMAN

Where is the recipe...

At the sound of a CREAK, Patrick turns.

He sees Sponge Bob, Mr. Crabs and Squidward walk into the dining area carrying the safe from Mr. Crab's office high overhead. They shuffle slowly like zombies.

SPONGE BOB/MR. CRABS/SQUIDWARD
Must deliver the recipe.

PATRICK
(Screams)

SPONGE BOB (ZOMBIE-LIKE)
It's okay Patrick. We just need to
deliver the recipe.

SQUIDWARD/ MR. CRABS
Recipe...

Patrick jolts to attention, with newfound authority.

PATRICK
By the power invested in me, as
Princess of Bikini Bottom! I
command you not to be Zombies any
more!

The three continue walking past Patrick, ignoring him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I mean it! You stop it now! I'm
putting my foot down!

Patrick extends his legs and sets his foot onto the ground.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
See? My foot is down!

Sponge Bob, Squidward and Mr. Crabs walk out the front door carrying the safe. Patrick looks INTO CAMERA.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Well, you know what they say, If
you can't beat them, join them.

Patrick raises his arms straight out, and does a comical zombie walk around in circles.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Uuuhhh...

EXT. BIKINI BOTTOM - DAY

Plankton stands triumphantly at the controls of the Hypno Ray.

Overhead the speaker/gun beams waves of music into the air. The look on Plankton's face changes as he sees what's coming.

A large crowd of zombies march to the beat of the Hypno Ray, being led by Sponge Bob, Squidward and Mr. Crabs. High above their heads they hold the massive safe.

PLANKTON

What the... Sponge Bob, you were supposed to bring me the recipe, not bring every idiot in Bikini Bottom with you!

ZOMBIE CROWD

(Chanting)

Recipe...

Sponge Bob looks as tired as ever.

SPONGE BOB

Must, give, recipe...

The giant, heavy metal safe looms closer to Plankton as he suddenly realizes what is coming.

PLANKTON

Hey, wait a minute! No, stop that!

Plankton rushes to the controls of the Hypno Ray, trying to turn the machine off. The shadow of the safe blankets him.

SPONGE BOB

Recipe...

PLANKTON

NO! You're ruining everything!!

The safe is lifted high by Sponge Bob, Squidward and Mr. Crabs.

MR. CRABS

You want recipe. You take recipe.

The safe comes crashing down on top of the Hypno ray, crushing the machine and trapping Plankton inside the vehicle. The beam stops, and suddenly everyone awakens from the zombie spell.

ZOMBIE CROWD

What? What's going on?

Sponge Bob, Mr. Crabs and Squidward realize they are outside next to a crushed van.

MR. CRABS
What am I doing out here?

SPONGE BOB
I don't know Mr. Crabs, but I feel funny.

SQUIDWARD
Whatever it is, I bet it's Sponge Bob's fault.

MR. CRABS
And why is my safe on that van!?

SQUIDWARD
How should I know?

MR. CRABS
Well you two numbskulls get that thing back into my office right now!

SPONGE BOB
Yes, Mr. Crabs.

SQUIDWARD
Yes, Mr. Crabs.

The crowd disperses looking angry and confused. Sponge Bob and Squidward shrug and step closer to the safe.

PLANKTON (O.S.)
Help!

INT. CRABBY PATTY - DAY

Patrick is still walking around in circles like a comedy zombie, and MOANING.

The door opens and Mr. Crabs marches back in, leading Sponge Bob and Squidward, carrying the safe back in.

MR. CRABS
Out of the way mee boy!

SPONGE BOB
Boy, Patrick! You look just how I feel!

They exit out of shot, leaving Patrick to zombie walk around the room.

PATRICK
(Ghoulis Moans)

FADE TO BLACK.