

Sandy:

Well I've got news, hot off the griddle. I did some calculations...and that volcano is gonna erupt, as sure as a rhinestone cowboy at a disco rodeo. I figured out when, too. It's gonna happen at sundown - tomorrow. I'm serious as a guacamole shortage at a taco party. I determined the timeline through analysis of seismic activity, gas emissions, geomagnetic and gravimetric changes. Over the next thirty-six hours, tremors will increase and boulders will fall, eventually leading to a cataclysmic eruption which will completely destroy Bikini Bottom. The end is nigh.

SpongeBob:

No, Mr. Krabs! I'll find a way to stop that volcano! We'll use science, like Sandy said. We can use her jetpack to get to the top! Wait, pretty sure it's only built for one. I guess everyone was right. This will be the end....unless I can stop it. Gotta get my team together. I am not a Simple Sponge. We'll have to climb it, then. Patrick can help with that. He's super strong. Sandy's brains plus Patrick's brawn plus my ... I'm not sure what my thing is. But that won't stop me. When the going gets tough, this sponge gets going. We won't have to leave Bikini Bottom after all. I'm putting together a team to save our town!

Squidward:

I for one, have my sights set beyond this place. I've been developing a one-man show starring an as = yet undiscovered young, handsome and very leggy...talent. I call it: Tentacle Spectacle, the Musical. I still remember that night, my third-great 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 some day 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:

Oh yes, it is! What you said was true: it would take too long to hypnotise each of them into loving my chum burgers. But when fish are scared, they school together. If I get them all in one place, trapped where there's nowhere to run, I can hypnotise them in bulk! First, though, I need to shut down this squirrel. I have a new scheme, Karen, my best one yet. But for it to work, I need them to stay scared. ....Do any of you actually believe that science can save us? Oh come on – Next she'll tell us tidal warming is real. We only have until sundown tomorrow! I am going to need to tell them my plan Karen. I am going to need to do it in a song. Give me some music. I need something with mass appeal. Give me a beat, Karen, a HIP HOP Beat!

Patrick:

Huh? Sorry. I found this great belly button scratcher while I was packing, and we've been having a reaaaaaaaly nice time together. Cause um ... sometimes my belly button itches. And then it doesn't. 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! The inner machinations of my mind are an enigma ... I don't know what METAPHORICALLY MEANS! OUR team needs a name: PatBob. PatBobSpongeRick? Finally someone understands the inner machinations of my mind!

Pearl:

I can't decide what to wear for the Electric Skates. You don't understand me. Maybe it's because we're not the same species. Which is pretty weird now that I think about it. I just wanna find me someone who looks at me the way my Daddy looks at money! And I am going to meet the Electric Skates! And there is nothing he can do about it.

Karen:

Don't worry. I've got just the thing. I found it in the hall closet, tucked back with the cleaning supplies. The Avalanche Maker 3000. It was under your Tsunami maker 200, across from your Tornado maker 5000 ...next to the mop. We can use it to start a landslide that they will never survive. Then Chumville, here we come!