

SIDE 5

Nothin' more to do now but count our money.

SPIKER

How many contracts do you think we signed?

SPONGE

Hundreds my dear. Maybe thousands. And them contracts pay us big time money in advance. All we've gotta do is deliver that peach.

SPIKER

Do you think we could move to the seashore? Or maybe take a trip?
(*SPONGE and SPIKER look incredulously at JAMES.*)

JAMES

We ain't doin' nothin'.

SPONGE

But, it was me that made the peach grow.

JAMES

Liar.

SPONGE

But, I did make the peach grow.

JAMES

You couldn't make my toenails grow. But

SPONGE

JAMES

(*smiling broadly*)

James, my dear, dear foolish boy. Raise your right hand and repeat after me: I, James whatever Trotter, am a worthless, lying little boy. And nobody will ever be interested in anything I have to say. Not today, not tomorrow, not ever, ever, ever.

SPIKER

So keep your comments and your clever little lies to yourself.

SPONGE

Hey Sponge, what do you think of my new scarf?

(*SPIKER holds the scarf that was James' mother's high in the air.*)

SPIKER

It's not nearly as lovely as my new glasses!

(*SPONGE holds James' father's glasses high in the air.*)

SPONGE

Oh, dear. Look what I've done.

SPIKER holds up the scarf and then tears it in half.

SPIKER

Stop, please don't.

(*SPONGE snaps the glasses in half.*)

JAMES

Now, you listen to me, James. Lying little helper monkeys must be punished. So from now on, you will sleep outside.

SPONGE

And should you think of running away, just remember: you can run, you can hide, but we're the only family you've got.

SPIKER