

SIDE 3

That bloody peach nearly killed me!

SPIKER

Thankfully I'm a tad bit over my ideal weight, and the peach was ripe. The thing ran right over us

SPONGE

And then it rolled away. Far, far away.

SPIKER

Spikers! The boy?! What's become of him?

SPONGE

We've got bigger problems than the boy. Did you read any of them contracts we signed?

SPIKER

Only the parts about the money comin' in advance.

SPONGE

Do you know what an **advance** is?

SPIKER

Yeah, it's oodles of money we get for signing them contracts.

SPONGE

It's money paid in **advance**... In

SPIKER

advance of what?

SPONGE

Delivering on all them promises we made! TV appearances, magazines, movies! Can't do any of em without a bloomin' giant peach.

SPIKER

So, this is bad?

SPONGE

It's worse than bad, you twit! We could go to jail.

SPIKER

I can't go to jail, the food is wholly unacceptable to a sophisticated palate such as mine.

(SPONGE removes a spray can of whipped cream from her purse. SPONGE sprays the whipped cream directly into her mouth.)

SPONGE

Are you quite finished?

SPIKER

(SPONGE squirts one more squirt into her mouth.)

SPONGE

(speaking with her mouth full)

I am now.

SPIKER

Spongers, we've gotta get out of here before anyone misses that peach!

(An ANGRY CROWD enters the stage.)

SPONGE

Too late, Spikes! There's a crowd headin' up the hill.

SPIKER

Are those police cars?

SPONGE

And helicopters!