

Plankton stands proud at one of many Chum Bucket locations within TUMBLEWOOD, cartoonishly gleeful at the fact his food chain has finally spread. TUMBLEWOOD Audience members shovel food into their mouths without thought.

PLANKTON: \*patented cosmic kirbster and diavolo cartoony villains source laugh\*

PLANKTON: It's beautiful, just beautiful! Why, I could almost cry..

PLANKTON: I WON!!!! I WON!!! I REALLY WON!!

Plankton checks his watch, noticing the time

Plankton: Oh! Well I guess that's all for today's period of standing there and laughing maniacally doing nothing, I'm a busy man, after al-

On his way out, Plankton comically slips on a piece of chum on the floor, sending him all the way to the TUMBLEWOOD airport.

Plankton careens off the chum into a wall

Plankton: AIEEEE!!!!

Plankton: <https://youtu.be/0YzWbCF86NM?t=26>

Whilst bouncing around, Plankton inconveniently drops his credit card, and goes through all the needed steps to pay for plane tickets.

Plankton lands on the ground, and wipes a comical sweat bead from his head

Plankton: Whew, that was a close one! I really I hope I didn't end up making any accidental purchas-

Plankton immediately steps on the chum again, launching him forward. He looks at the screen with a bored expression and monotone.

"Oh barnacles, here we go again."

Plankton proceeds to scream at the top of his lungs, careening inside the flight he just coincidentally accidentally bought.

Plankton gets up, right as the flight takes off.

Plankton: Well, what in Neptune's name am I supposed to do now.. PLANKTON: .. I got it!

Plankton pulls out a manual on criminal activity that he always keeps on his person, and then puts his finger over "PLANE HIJACKING"

Plankton: Time to pull out some tricks an old friend taught me..

Plankton scurries over to the cockpit, only to see there's no pilot. A monitor with a purple triangle on it sits there, lighting up when it detects Plankton.

A-S-S UNIT 317: WELCOME TO PAR AIRLINES™ FLIGHT 317.

Plankton: O-Oh! Hello?..

A-S-S UNIT 317: WELCOME TO PAR AIRLINES™ FLIGHT 317.

Plankton: Can this hunk of metal say anything else or?

Plankton proceeded to hop up to the monitor and knock on it, causing it's screen to glitch out briefly

A-S-S UNIT 317: THIS AUTOMATED SUPPORT SYSTEM™ UNIT IS INCAPABLE OF BACK AND FORTH USE CONVERSATION. WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.

Plankton: Alrighty then, I'll just..

As plankton reaches for the controls, he stumbles a bit

A-S-S UNIT 317: YOU SELECTED [CONTACT A SUPERIOR A-S-S UNIT DUE TO MY INFERIORITY.] UNDERSTANDABLE.

Plankton: Okay?...

A-S-S FROM TFA: WHAT IS THE REASON FOR [FLIGHT 317] CONTACTING [FLIGHT 721]. LET THE PILOT STATE IMMEDIATELY.

Plankton drops his criminal handbook at an extremely inconvenient time, open on the page about plane hijackings

A-S-S FROM TFA: OH...

A-S-S FROM TFA: I APOLOGISE, BUT YOU MUST BE IMMEDIATELY REMOVED FROM [FLIGHT 371] AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

Plankton: I'm just a wanted criminal on your plane! That surely can be tolerated!

A-S-S FROM TFA: SURPRISINGLY, IT CAN.

Plankton: W-Wait, it ca-I mean OF COURSE it can!

A-S-S FROM TFA: ALTHOUGH, ALAS. YOUR CRIMES AGAINST PAR AIRLINES™ CANNOT BE.

A-S-S FROM TFA: UNIT 317, BRING YOUR FLIGHT TO CAMP WAWAKANAWA IMMEDIATELY. DISPENSE THE CRIMINAL.

Plankton: You send criminals to a summer camp?

A-S-S: IT IS NOT A SUMMER CAMP. YOU WILL BE THROWN INTO A HELLISH GAMESHOW RUN BY A CAPABLE SERIAL KILLER, FILLED WITH SEVERAL OTHER MURDERERS AND/OR ELDRITCH ENTITIES THAT CURRENTLY HAVE THEIR CONSCIOUS CLOUDED BY JEALOUSY...

A-S-S: ...ALSO KNOWN AS OUR LOSERS BRACKET.

Plankton: AND YOU ALLOW THAT!?

A-S-S: I SIMPLY FOLLOW ORDERS GIVEN BY THE PAR AIRLINES™ HIGHER UPS.

A-S-S: ANYWAYS, FAREWELL. WE HAVE EXTERMINATED THE THREAT.

Plankton tries to scramble back into the main cabin, but the door locks, trapping him in.

The windows of the cockpit FUCKING OPEN and Plankton is sent hurling out into the sky, the windows shutting as he exits.

Plankton screams as he careens towards the ground.

Plankton blacks out.

[Plankton wakes up from his coma. He looks around and then sees a funny looking skeleton man.]

Plankton: Is this heaven? Did I die in a plane accident!?

Jack Skellington: Oh my dear heavens! You look horrible, what happened to you?

[Plankton stands up from the ground and waddles closer to Jack.]

Plankton: Well, the last thing I remember was being thrown off of an airplane by a weird computer. Then it all just went completely pitch bla-

Jack Skellington: I see! You must've lost in the winners bracket?

Plankton: Lost..? I'm having a take over! Where is this island even situated?

Jack Skellington: I would indeed love to have that answer, sadly, I don't!

Plankton: Uhuh?

[Plankton turns around and sees the water around him.]

Jack Skellington: Hey tiny pal, did anything catch your eye?

[Jack Skellington walks towards Plankton.]

Plankton: I know this water!

Jack Skellington: Did you live here prior to being thrown off that plane?

Plankton: I used to live under the sea, that's for sure! Hold on a minute..

[Plankton jumps into the water and sees a path leading to "Rock Bottom".]

Plankton: I've been here before!


Jack Skellington: You have?

Plankton: It'll lead me back to my hometown!

Jack Skellington: Can I come?

Plankton: For lore sake, of course!

[At the end of the day, Jack and Plankton reenact this video:]

[  summer vibes ]