

ACT ONE

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

A bright, bustling city populated by ANTHROPOMORPHIC ANIMALS. It's Zootopia meets Metropolis. Skyscrapers gleam. Flying vehicles (but not too futuristic) zip by.

We PUSH IN on a modest apartment window.

INT. ARNOLD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Messy, but organized. Think "evidence board" but for job-hunting. Posters of famous superheroes (parodies of Iron Man, Captain Marvel) are on the wall, but they're wearing corporate logos.

ARNOLD SCHNOTZ (an orange-and-white mouse, 20s) stands in front of a mirror. He's wearing a-too-large, optimistic tie. He strikes a pose.

ARNOLD

(to reflection)

"Why should the Galaxy Guard hire me?  
Excellent question. Let's analyze the  
situation."

Arnold SQUINTS. His pupils DILATE with a soft, digital CHIRP.

ARNOLD'S POV - "SCAN-O-VISION"

A wireframe grid overlays his reflection. Text scrolls rapidly.

ANALYZING: ARNOLD SCHNOTZ

SPECIES: MOUSE, MURINE

THREAT LEVEL: NEGLIGIBLE (PHYSICAL)

ASSET: HYPER-ANALYTICAL CORTEX

CURRENT STATUS: 98.4%

REMAINING DEFICIENCY: 1.6%

Arnold's eyes snap open. He pats his shoulders.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

(to reflection)

Ah, lint. The silent killer of first  
(MORE)

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
impressions.

He plucks the lint. He strikes another pose.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
"I bring unparalleled analytical and  
scanning capabilities. I can deduce a  
villain's entire plan from a single,  
overlooked crumb. I am... Arnold  
Schnotz. And I'm ready to be a hero."

His phone BUZZES. He snags it.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yes! Hello! This is Arnold Schnotz!...  
Yes, regarding my application...

He paces, his tail twitching.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
The Galactic Defense... Oh. 'Global  
hero... Services'?

INT. GLOBAL HERO SERVICES - LOBBY - DAY

A drab, gray office. The "Global Hero Services" logo is  
peeling. This is a temp agency. A bored-looking SLOTH  
(female) sits at the reception desk.

Arnold's hopeful expression has deflated.

ARNOLD  
(to Sloth)  
So, my resume... for the 'Action  
Division'... it...

The Sloth SLOWLY stamps a piece of paper.

SLOTH  
(incredibly slowly)  
Yooooour... resume... was...  
(lifts stamp)  
...re-...  
(stamps again)  
...di-...  
(licks finger)  
...rec-...  
(turns page)  
(MORE)

SLOTH (CONT'D)

...-ted.

ARNOLD

Redirected? To where? The Galaxy  
Guard? The Secret Spy Syndicate?

SLOTH

(consulting screen)

To... the... 'Non-... Action... Pool.'

ARNOLD

(panicked)

Non-Action?! Like... data entry?

SLOTH

(smiling slowly)

Or... re... tail.

Arnold's face drops. This is a nightmare.

ARNOLD

No, no, that must be a mistake! I have  
analytical scanning! I... I deduce  
things!

SLOTH

(shrugs slowly)

I... de-... duce...

(presses intercom)

...that... you... are... next.

A door buzzes open, markes "NON-ACTION INTERVIEWS." Arnold  
slumps, his optimism critically hit.

ARNOLD

(muttering to self)

Non-action... me... a hero... in  
*retail*...

EXT. METROPOLIS STREET - LATER

Arnold sits on the bus bench, utterly defeated, holding a  
"REJECTED" pamphlet from the temp agency.

Suddenly, a GREEN-AND-WHITE BLUR zips past him, kicking up a  
mini-vortex of wind that plasters Arnold's tie to his face.

The blue zips BACK, stopping instantly. It's TRAVIS RICHARDS  
(green-and-white hedgehog, 20s), vibrating with energy,  
wearing a bright green polo shirt.

TRAVIS

(a mile a minute)

Arnold! Buddy! Pal! There you are! I tried calling, you didn't pick up, I checked your apartment, you weren't there, I checked the comic store, no new 'Captain Amazing,' terrible distribution this week--

ARNOLD

(peeling tie off face)

Travis. Hi.

TRAVIS

You look terrible! What's wrong? Did the Galaxy Guard interview go bad? Did they critique your scanning? They can't, it's flawless, I've seen you analyze a pizza menu for six hours.

ARNOLD

Worse. My resume got mixed up. I'm in the... "non-action" pool.

Travis GASPS, horried.

TRAVIS

No! Not non-action! That's... that's...

(whispers)

...grocery stores.

ARNOLD

(shuddering)

And garbage disposal factories.

TRAVIS

(suddenly brightens)

Wait. Wait! This is perfect!

ARNOLD

How is *any* of this perfect, Travis? My dream is dead. I'm destined to be a... a... *bagger*.

TRAVIS

(grabbing Arnold's shoulders)

No, you're not! Arnold, I've been meaning to ask you for weeks! I finally got the promotion! I'm Lead Supervisor! And I'm officially

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
recruiting you!

ARNOLD  
(perking up)  
Recruiting me? For what? Your uncle's  
secret agency?

TRAVIS  
(winks)  
Better. I'm bringing you to the  
*Headquarters*.

ARNOLD  
(gasping)  
The... *Headquarters*?

TRAVIS  
The best in the galaxy. Bar none. Come  
on!

Travis grabs Arnold's arm.

ARNOLD  
Wait! What about my tie?!

TRAVIS  
No time!

WHOOSH! Travis yanks Arnold and they blast off in a green-and-white blur, Arnold screaming as he's dragged at Mach 1.

EXT. RICHARDS' GROCERIES - DAY

A massive, sprawling supermarket. It's the size of an aircraft carrier. The sign is huge: "RICHARDS' GROCERIES: We're Super! (No, really!)"

The parking lot is packed. Families are everywhere.

Travis and Arnold skid to a stop right in front of the automatic doors. Arnold is disheveled, his fur standing on end.

Arnold stares at the building. He stares at the sign. He stares at a LADY HIPPO pushing a cart full of melons.

ARNOLD  
This... this is it? The  
'Headquarters'?

TRAVIS  
(beaming with pride)  
Behold! The flagship location! Isn't  
she beautiful?

ARNOLD  
It's... it's a...

TRAVIS  
The galaxy's largest supermarket! And  
you...  
(slaps a name tag on him)  
...are its newest recruit!

The name tag just says "ARNOLD."

Arnold looks at the name tag. He looks at the sliding doors.  
He looks at Travis, who is just radiating pure, unadulterated  
joy.

ARNOLD  
(hyperventilating)  
A... a... a...

TRAVIS  
A-mazing? I know!

ARNOLD  
(exploding)  
A GROCERY STORE?! TRAVIS! I'M A  
SUPERHERO! I have hyper-perception!  
I'm supposed to be defusing quantum  
bombs, not... not... price-checking  
cantaloupes!

TRAVIS  
Hey, watch the cantaloupe-talk, that's  
aisle seven, very sensitive.

ARNOLD  
I'M TOO SUPERIOR TO BE WORKING IN A  
MERE GROCERY STORE!

Travis's smiles finally fades. He looks confused.

TRAVIS  
Superior? Arnie, what are you talking  
about?

ARNOLD  
My powers! My destiny! I'm not meant  
(MORE)

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
for... for... *fluorescent lighting!*

TRAVIS  
(sighs)  
Oh, man. You really didn't check your  
email, did you?

Travis pulls out a tablet. He taps it a few times and hands  
it to Arnold.

It's an official-looking email from "NON-ACTION RECRUITMENT."

EMAIL (V.O.)  
"Dear Mr. Schnotz, congratulations.  
Your analytical skills have been  
flagged as 'Optimal' for a  
custodial/logistics position at...  
Richards' Groceries, Sector 7."

Arnold stares. He scrolls down. There's a big flashing  
"ACCEPTED" stamp. His resume *did* land here.

Arnold's shoulders slump. He's not just disappointed. He's  
*disheartened*.

ARNOLD  
Custodial...

TRAVIS  
(gently)  
Look, Arnie... I know it's not the  
Galaxy Guard. But... it's a job.  
And...  
(puts an arm around him)  
...we'd get to work together. Every  
day. C'mon. Just... let me give you  
the tour. For me?

Arnold looks at his best friend's hopeful, speedy face. He  
sighs, defeated.

ARNOLD  
(muttering)  
A custodian. Fine. Show me the...  
"headquarters."

TRAVIS  
(instantly beaming)  
Yes! You're gonna love it! First stop:  
Front-End! It's where the real action  
(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

is!

Travis zips them through the sliding doors.



ACT TWO

INT. RICHARDS' GROCERIES - FRONT END - DAY

The place is a zoo. Dozens of checkout lanes are open.

TRAVIS

(walking at a normal pace, for  
Arnold)

This is the nerve center, Arnie! The  
Front-End. It's all about speed,  
efficiency, and customer relations!

He points to Checkout Lane 4.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

And that's our head cashier, Stacy.

STACY RACKETT (a purple-and-black raccoon, 20s) is listlessly  
scanning items. She looks sarcastic even when she's bored.

A large male RED PIG CUSTOMER is unloading his cart. It is  
entirely full of different brands of potato chips. Bags,  
cans, tubes. A chip avalanche.

The Pig smiles weakly at Stacy.

PIG CUSTOMER

(to Stacy)

Just... stocking up for the weekend.

Stacy gives a flat smile.

STACY

(deadpan)

Of course you are.

We PUSH IN on Stacy. Her eyes glow faintly purple.

PIG CUSTOMER (V.O.)

(His inner thoughts)

*Oh man, I hope she doesn't judge me. I  
deserve this. It's been a hard week.  
I'm a good person. I just love...  
savory snacks.*

STACY (V.O.)

(Her inner thoughts, dripping with  
sarcasm)

*You're not a 'good person,' you're a  
walking sodium warning. You're going  
(MORE)*

STACY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*to eat half of these in the car,*  
*Aren't you, piggy? Oh, yep. You are.*  
*Gross.*

Stacy's eyes return to normal.

STACY  
(to Pig Customer, still deadpan)  
That'll be \$154.80.

ARNOLD  
(to Travis, whispering)  
She seems... unpleasant.

TRAVIS  
(cheerful)  
She's got mind-reading powers! Isn't  
that cool? Really helps with customer  
service.

ARNOLD  
(unconvinced)  
...Riiiiight.

INT. AISLE 9 - CANNED GOODS - CONTINUOUS

Travis leads Arnold down an aisle.

TRAVIS  
And this is our department/specialized  
area! We got the best stockers in the  
biz.

High up on a 20-foot tall shelf, a single can of "clam  
chowder" is out of place.

Down below, BARRY BUCK (a lanky, male blue beaver, 20s) is  
humming, holding a price-tag gun.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
Yo, Barry! Can you...

Barry looks up, sees the can.

BARRY  
Oh, crumbs! Got it, boss!

Barry's arms *stretch* like rubber bands, elongating 20 feet  
up. He grabs the can.

ARNOLD  
(eyes wide)  
Super-stretch powers... impressive.

TRAVIS  
He's one of our best!

As Barry retracts his *left* arm, his *right* arm (holding the price tag gun) stretches out uncontrollably. It snakes around the aisle, comically.

CLICK! It tags a passing old lady (a turtle) on the back.  
"\$99.99." CLICK! It tags a stack of paper towels. "\$99.99."  
CLICK! It tags Arnold right on the forehead. "\$99.99."

BARRY  
(retracting his arms, clumsy)  
Oh, beaver dams! Sorry, folks! My bad,  
my bad!

Barry peels the sticker off Arnold's face, taking a little fur with it.

ARNOLD  
(wincing)  
"Best in the biz," huh?

TRAVIS  
(laughing nervously)  
He's... working on his coordination.  
C'mon, let's meet management!

INT. RICHARDS' GROCERIES - DEPARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS

A quick MONTAGE as Travis zips Arnold around.

A) THE FLORAL DEPARTMENT

CAMMY RICHARDS (a light blue hedgehog, 18, attractive) touches a pot of wilted daisies. They spring to life, blooming in vibrant, impossible colors.

TRAVIS (V.O.)  
That's my little sister, Cammy! She's  
our floral specialist.

B) THE BAKERY

HEATHER RICHARDS (a pink hedgehog, 20s, overweight and bubbly) stands before a vat of cookie dough the size of a smart car.

HEATHER  
(cheerfully)  
Needs more mixin'!

She *punches* the dough. KA-THWOMP! The entire vat shudders.  
She pulls out her arm, coated in dough, and gives a thumb up.

TRAVIS (V.O.)  
My cousin, Heather! Super-strength.  
Makes the best scones in the sector.

C) MANAGER'S OFFICE

A small, glass-walled office. DICK RICHARDS (a blue hedgehog with a gray mustache) is watering the plant. The plant is ugly, brown, and clearly dead.

Dick just holds his finger over the pot, and a perfect stream of water trickles out.

TRAVIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And that's my dad, Dick. Store owner.  
He's got hydro-kinesis.

ARNOLD  
(peeking in)  
He's... watering a dead plant.

TRAVIS  
(whispering)  
Yeah, it's been dead for ten years. We  
think it's a... coping mechanism.  
Anyway! That's the family!

INT. CUSTODIAL CLOSET - LATER

Travis hands Arnold a bright yellow custodian smock. It's several sizes too big.

TRAVIS  
...And this... is your station! The  
Janitorial Command Center!

It's a small closet smelling of bleach.

ARNOLD  
It's... cozy.

TRAVIS  
Right? So, your first task. We've got  
a...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
 (checks tablet)  
 ...'Code-P' in aisle three. That's  
 'pickle juice.' Big one. You got this!

ARNOLD  
 (sighs)  
 A Code-P. Finally. Real action.

Travis pats him on the back.

TRAVIS  
 Atta-boy! I gotta go supervise  
 produce! Holler if you need me!

Travis zips off. Arnold is left alone. He looks at the mop.  
 He looks at the bucket.

ARNOLD  
 (to himself)  
 Okay, Schnotz. A spill. Analyze the  
 problem.

INT. AISLE 3 - PICKLE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

A huge puddle of pickle juice and broken glass is on the  
 floor.

Arnold approaches. He SQUINTS.

ARNOLD'S POV - "SCAN-O-VISION"

ANALYZING: 'CODE-P'

LIQUID: CUCUMBER BRINE (HIGHLY ACIDIC)

SOLID: GLASS (SHARP)

VISCOSITY: LOW

AFFECTED AREA: 4.5 SQUARE METERS

POTENTIAL HAZARD: CUSTOMER SLIPPAGE (99.8%)

Arnold's eyes snap open.

ARNOLD  
 99.8%! Unacceptable!

Arnold grabs the "WET FLOOR" signs. Not one. Not two. He  
 grabs twenty of them.

He begins setting them up in a complex, geometrically perfect perimeter around the spill.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Standard protocol is insufficient.  
Must create a reinforced, multi-point  
warning barrier.

The GRAY RAT CUSTOMER walks down the aisle, texting on his phone, not looking.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
(holding up a hand)  
Sir! Halt! You are approaching a  
Class-4 liquid hazard!

RAT CUSTOMER  
(not looking up)  
Huh?

He tries to walk around Arnold's elaborate sign-fortress... and steps right on a tiny, stray puddle outside the perimeter.

FWOOSH! His feet go out from under him.

RAT CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
W-w-whooooaaaa!

CRASH! He lands flat on his back.

ARNOLD  
(wincing)  
...Miscalculated the splash radius.

INT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - LATER

Arnold is... "helping" in other ways. He's now operating a large, industrial floor buffer.

ARNOLD  
(to himself)  
The custodial manual is inefficient.  
It suggests a 10% wax-to-solvent  
ratio. But my analysis shows a 14.7%  
ratio will achieve optimal friction  
coefficient...

He buffs the main aisle. He buffs it *perfectly*. It gleams like a mirror. It's beautiful.

And it's slick as an ice rink.

An old lady (the turtle) pushing a cart *slides* gracefully past him, her face frozen in mirror.

TURTLE LADY  
(in slow motion)  
Heeeeeeeelp...

She slides into a pyramid of "Sugar-Blam" cereal boxes.  
CRASH!

ARNOLD  
Oh, dear.

Another customer slips. Then another. It's a chain reaction.

Suddenly, a GREEN BLUR.

Travis zips into frame, moving at super-speed. He catches the Turtle Lady. ZIPS. He catches a falling capybara. ZIPS. He stabilizes a wobbling shopping cart, grabs a falling capybara toddler, and spins a slipping sheep-customer back onto his feet, all in 0.5 seconds.

Travis skids to a stop in front of Arnold, holding three customers and a box of cereal. He is NOT happy.

TRAVIS  
(out of breath)  
Arnold! What... are... you... *doing*?!

ARNOLD  
(gesturing proudly)  
Optimizing the floor's surface! My analysis was flawless!

TRAVIS  
(dumping customers)  
It's a *floor*, not a physics equation!  
You're supposed to *clean* it, not turn it into a death trap!

ARNOLD  
(offended)  
I am applying superior methodology!

TRAVIS  
You're making a superior *mess*! Just...  
(pinches his nose)  
...just go take your break. Go. Before  
(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
you analyze the structural integrity  
of the ceiling beams.

Arnold, thoroughly scolded, dejectedly pushes his buffer away.

INT. CUSTODIAL CLOSET - LATER

Arnold sits on an overturned bucket, fuming. He pulls out his phone and dials.

ARNOLD  
(into phone)  
Yes, hello? 'Action' division,  
please... Yes, I know I was rejected!  
But I have new information! I am  
currently working deep undercover in a  
high-risk... retail... environment.

He paces the tiny closet.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
(into phone, whispering)  
The place is a disaster! The staff is  
untrained, the protocols are a joke...  
I mean, my 'supervisor' is just a...  
a... *hedgehog*. He thinks super-speed  
is a substitute for *thinking*!

INT. BREAKROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Travis is walking into the employee breakroom. He's holding a large, celebratory "PEPPERONI GALAXY" pizza.

He's also holding a small, hand-made "WELCOME ARNOLD!" banner. He looks happy again, ready to apologize for yelling.

He's about to push the door open when he hears Arnold's voice coming from the adjacent custodial closet.

ARNOLD (O.S.)  
(from closet)  
...No, I'm serious! I have to bail on  
this popsicle stand. I'm wasted here.  
I just need an extraction. Get me an  
interview, and I will ditch my best  
friend and his... weirdly damp dad...  
in a heartbeat.

Travis stops dead.



The pizza box in his hand trembles. His face falls. The hurt is immediate and profound. He's crushed.

He quietly sets the pizza and the banner on a chair.

INT. CUSTODIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

ARNOLD  
(into phone)  
...Tomorrow? 10 AM? Yes! The Galaxy  
Guard! I'll be there! Thank you!

Arnold hangs up. He does a silent, victorious fist bump.

The closet door swings open.

Travis is standing there. His expression is cold.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
(Startled)  
Travis! Hey! I was just... cleaning  
the... phone.

TRAVIS  
(quiet, flat)  
I heard.

ARNOLD  
(nervous)  
Heard what? That I... that I...

TRAVIS  
That you're "wasted here." That you'd  
"ditch your best friend in a  
heartbeat."

Arnold's face goes pale.

ARNOLD  
Travis, I... I didn't mean... It's  
just... It's not the right *fit*...

TRAVIS  
(bitter)  
No. You're right. It's not.

Travis takes a deep breath.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
You were so worried about being  
'superior.' You didn't even stop to  
(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)  
think that maybe... maybe I just  
wanted to hang out with my best  
friend.

ARNOLD  
I...

TRAVIS  
You're right, Arnold. You are wasted  
here.  
(beat)  
You're fired.

ARNOLD  
(shocked)  
What? You can't fire me!

TRAVIS  
I'm Lead Supervisor. I can.  
(turns to leave)  
Don't worry about the messes you made.  
I'll clean them up. I always do.

Travis walks away, leaving Arnold alone in the closet. The  
weight of what he just did hits Arnold like a ton of bricks.

ACT THREE

EXT. RICHARDS' GROCERIES - BUS BENCH - NIGHT

The store is closing. Employees are trickling out.

Arnold sits on the same bus bench from Act One. He's holding his "ARNOLD" name tag. His phone BUZZES.

It's a calendar reminder: "INTERVIEW: GALAXY GUARD! (10:00 AM)."

He looks at the reminder. This is his dream.

He looks up at the store. He sees Travis inside, mopping the floor. Travis isn't using his super-speed. He's just... mopping. Slowly. Sadly. Alone.

Arnold looks back at his phone. The bright, shiny "Galaxy Guard" logo seems less appealing now.

He makes a decision.

He stands up and walks, not toward the bus, but back toward the supermarket's sliding doors.

INT. AISLE 9 - CANNED GOODS - CONTINUOUS

Barry Buck is trying to build a display of canned corn. It's wobbly.

ARNOLD (O.S.)

You're... you're overcompensating for  
the base-layer instability.

Barry turns. Arnold is standing there, holding his name tag.

BARRY

Huh? Oh. Hey, Arnold. Heard you got...  
uh...

ARNOLD

Fired. Yeah.  
(walks up)  
Look... I'm sorry. I was a jerk  
earlier.

BARRY

(shrugs)  
Eh, it's okay. This stupid display  
is...

ARNOLD

Let me.

Arnold SQUINTS.

ARNOLD'S POV - "SCAN-O-VISION"

ANALYZING: CAN PYRAMID

FAILURE POINT: LEFT REAR CAN (DENTED)

OPTIMAL STACKING: INTERLOCKING HEXAGONAL

Arnold's eyes open.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Hand me that one. No, the dented one.

Arnold starts stacking. He moves with purpose. He builds a new base, a perfect, interlocking marvel of canned-good engineering.

BARRY

(amazed)

Whoa... it's... it's beautiful.

ARNOLD

It's stable.

(pats Barry's shoulder)

Sorry about the price-gun thing.

INT. FRONT END - CONTINUOUS

Stacy is counting her register. Arnold approaches.

ARNOLD

Stacy.

STACY

(not looking up)

Fired-mouse. What do you want?

ARNOLD

I wanted to apologize. For... being a sappy, arrogant dummy who was so obsessed with his own ego that he hurt his best friend.

Stacy stops counting. She looks at him. Her eyes glow faintly purple.

We hear Arnold's thoughts

ARNOLD (V.O.)  
 (His inner thoughts)  
*Man, I really messed up. Travis must hate me. I hope he forgives me. I'm a terrible friend. I hope Stacy doesn't think I'm a total...*

Stacy's eyes go normal. She looks... almost impressed.

STACY  
 (deadpan)  
 Wow. You really are that mushy.  
 (beat)  
 Gross.  
 (she smirks)  
 ...Fine. We're good. But you tell Travis he still owes me overtime.

ARNOLD  
 (smiling)  
 Will do.

INT. BAKERY - CONTINUOUS

Arnold finds Heather and Cammy cleaning the bakery.

ARNOLD  
 Hey.

HEATHER  
 (cheerfully)  
 Hi, Arnold! Sorry you got fired! Want a consolation muffin?

ARNOLD  
 No, thanks. I just... I made a huge mess. And I'm really sorry. I was... a bad co-worker.

CAMMY  
 (touching a wilted muffin)  
 It's okay. People make mistakes.  
 (the muffin blooms a tiny flower)  
 But you really hurt Travis's feelings.

ARNOLD  
 I know.  
 (grabs a broom)  
 Where is he?

HEATHER  
(pointing)  
He was going to clean the breakroom.  
He looked super bummed.

Arnold nods, determined.

ARNOLD  
Thanks.

INT. BREAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lights are off. Travis is alone, sadly wiping down the table.

He spots the "Welcome Arnold!" banner and the cold pizza box he left on the chair. He sighs, and picks up the banner to throw it in the trash.

Suddenly, the lights FLICK ON.

ALL  
SURPRISE!

Travis jumps, startled.

The entire team is crammed into the breakroom. Arnold, Stacy, Barry, Heather, Cammy, and even Dick (Travis's dad).

They are all wearing party hats. Dick is holding the pizza, which he's clearly reheated (steam wafts from his water-finger).

TRAVIS  
(stunned)  
What... what is this?

Arnold steps forward. He's holding the "Welcome Arnold!" banner.

ARNOLD  
This is... a 'Welcome Arnold' party.  
That I'm crashing.  
(deep breath)  
Travis... I'm sorry. I was a jerk. I was so focused on being a 'super' hero, I completely forgot to be a 'super' friend.

He looks around at the smiling faces.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)  
 I was wrong. This is the best  
 headquarters in the galaxy.  
 (looks at Travis)  
 It's not the Galaxy Guard... but it's  
 got you. And that's... that's better.  
 I'm so sorry, man.

Travis looks at Arnold. He looks at his family and co-workers. A slow smile spreads across his face.

TRAVIS  
 (a little teary)  
 'Better than the Galaxy Guard'? Wow.  
 High praise.

ARNOLD  
 (holding up his name tag)  
 If... you'll still have me. Custodian  
 Schnotz. Ready for duty.

Travis laughs. He walks over and takes the name tag.

TRAVIS  
 Well...  
 (slaps it back on Arnold's chest)  
 ...that floor wax isn't going to un-  
 slick itself.

ARNOLD  
 (saluting)  
 Sir, yes, sir!

Travis grabs Arnold in a high-speed hug.

TRAVIS  
 (whispering)  
 I'm glad you're here, buddy.

ARNOLD  
 Me too.

HEATHER  
 (tearing up)  
 Aww! Now, who wants pizza?!

The team CHEERS.

INT. MAIN THOROUGHFARE - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

Arnold is mopping. But he's *good* at it now. He's humming. He

uses his Scan-O-Vision to spot a small spill, and he cleans it efficiently, with one "Wet Floor" sign.

Suddenly, a customer (a spiky-looking burnt-orange HYENA in a dark hoodie) sprints down the aisle.

Arnold TENSES. His hero-instincts kick in.

ARNOLD  
(to self)  
Suspect, moving at high velocity...  
possible theft...

The Hyena skids to a stop... grabs the last box of "Sugar-Blam" cereal... and jogs triumphantly toward the checkout.

The Pig Customer from yesterday runs up, skidding to a halt.

PIG CUSTOMER  
(devastated)  
No! The last 'Sugar-Blam'!

Arnold watches. He sighs. He... smiles. He goes back to mopping.

Stacy walks by, sipping a coffee.

STACY  
(without looking at him)  
I heard that.

ARNOLD  
Heard what?

STACY  
(eyes glow purple, her voice,  
mimicking his)  
*"A crisis averted. This city is safe,  
thanks to... Custodian Schnotz."*  
(eyes normal)  
Don't even think about it, hero. Just  
get the mop.

Arnold chuckles. He keeps mopping as the mundane, chaotic, super-powered life of the grocery store bustles around him.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE



