

SQUIRREL GIRL: INCONVENIENCE STORE

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Yea, but which one? The redheaded girl, about nineteen, stares wide eyed at the giant shelf of various types of canned nuts that tower before her.

We meet DOREEN GREEN for the first time.

Generic easy listening music plays over the loudspeakers as Doreen quickly grabs several cans and carefully weighs them in her hands, looking back and forth for the best options. Then back again.

DOREEN:

Oh man. Which one. WHICH ONE?!

Down the aisle the clerk, an Indian girl who is about twenty, is being pushed forward by a man in a motorcycle helmet, leather jacket, and a shotgun.

MOTORHEAD 1:

Hey! Move it! Now!

Another gangly looking man wearing a dome helmet that is painted to look like an eyeball and a leather jacket makes his way over to the registers. This man is apparently the ringleader and is holding a shotgun, waving it back and forth at the clerk sloppily.

We meet THE ORB for the first time.

THE ORB:

Come on! Empty the money into the gym bag! And keep your hands where I can see them!

The CLERK nods in agreement, completely terrified at the prospect of dying today. She is keeping her hands in plain view as a result.

CLERK:

Yea, okay. No problem. Please don't shoot me...

A final, third thug, wearing another motorcycle helmet/leather jacket combo makes her way down the aisles in an attempt to find anyone

who might still be in the store. She peers into each aisle individually and swinging her gun around liberally.

In the aisle next to that, DOREEN looks oblivious to the MOTORHEAD 2's search and all of the other stuff that's happening.

MOTORHEAD 2 steps to the aisle DOREEN is in and points her gun down the aisle...

But the aisle is now empty. MOTORHEAD 2 cautiously makes her way down the aisle...

DOREEN: (OFFSCREEN)

Hey, is this a robbery?

MOTORHEAD 2:

Huh?

The thug spins around, looking for the source of the noise. Nothing. MOTORHEAD 2 points her gun to the top of the shelves and sees DOREEN sitting on top of a freezer at the end of the aisle.

She is eating some nuts from an open container and swinging her feet casually.

DOREEN:

I'm right, right? This is a robbery. Right?

MOTORHEAD 2:

Isn't that... I mean, isn't it obvious?

DOREEN:

Oh man! This is exciting! I've never been in a robbery before!

DOREEN jumps down from the freezer, but still clutches the can of nuts in her hand. A squirrel tail can now clearly be seen swinging around.

MOTORHEAD 2:

What's with the tail lady? Are you one of them furrries or something?

DOREEN:

Naaaaahhhh. I'm just a superhero! I am Squirrel Girl! You know, I've been here for four weeks and I haven't seen a single robbery. Isn't that weird? You'd think like, 'Aahhh! The big city! Better watch your back! You're going to get robbed like every day!' Psh. Yea right.

MOTORHEAD 2:

Hey... Shut up!

MOTORHEAD 2 thrusts her gun into DOREEN's face.

DOREEN:

Sorry, it's just this is so exciting! You know? Oh! Can I get a selfie with you?

DOREEN searches her pockets for her cell phone.

DOREEN (CONT'D):

I mean, I don't have anyone to send it to. Well, not yet anyway. Hey, can you hold my nuts?

Doreen holds out the can to the thief and MOTORHEAD 2 slaps the can of nuts out of DOREEN's hand. It clatters to the floor dramatically.

DOREEN's eyes widen in horror.

MOTORHEAD 2:

Come on, come on! You're coming up front with me, you...

You psycho.

DOREENS eyes narrow at MOTORHEAD 2. Hate fills her eyes.

Suddenly there is a loud noise from the shelf behind MOTORHEAD 2, who spins around and points her gun at the shelf.

Nothing.

MOTORHEAD 2 starts to turn around, but one of the boxes on the shelf behind her hits the floor, causing MOTORHEAD 2 to spin back around and fire her gun into the shelf twice.

Silence.

DOREEN:

Don't you think-

MOTORHEAD 2 raises her hand to point at DOREEN.

MOTORHEAD 2:

Don't move or you're dead.

DOREEN:

Yep.

MOTORHEAD 2 steps forward, carefully looking into the shelves with her gun, attempting to find out what it was.

Suddenly a squirrel bursts from the shelf and latches onto the thugs face.

MOTORHEAD 2 screams in horror.

MORTORHEAD 2:

Ahhh! Jesus Christ!

Back at the counter, the other two robbers look up and ORB motions for the other thug to go see what is happening.

MOTORHEAD 1 pulls out an automatic rifle from his back and makes his way down the aisle.

He catches a glimpse of MOTORHEAD 2's boots at the end of the aisle being dragged out of sight by an unknown horror, screaming her head off. MOTORHEAD 1 rushes down the aisle and doesn't see anyone at its end.

DOREEN is behind him, her fluffy tail swinging playfully as she taps him on the shoulder.

DOREEN:

Hey, there isn't any way we could talk you to call off this whole robbery thing? I've got a date at eight.

The thug spins around. Doreen shoves a carrot into the barrel of his gun and kicks it into the air. It goes off and chunks of the ceiling fall down onto them as she expertly disarms him. Doreen flips the

shotgun around and snaps it in half on her leg. The remaining shells clatter to the ground.

MOTORHEAD 1:

Holy...

MOTORHEAD 1 pulls out a knife and begins swinging it at DOREEN, who dodges the knife and then quickly does a roundhouse kick to his face.

DOREEN:

Boom!

MOTORHEAD 1 is sent flying back into the shelf of nuts, causing hundreds of them to come clattering to the ground while the thug is dropped unconscious.

DOREEN:

Dude... That had to hurt.

The squirrel jumps up onto her shoulder and she head butts it gently.

DOREEN (Cont'd):

That... Was totally wicked! Yea!

TIPPY TOES:

[squirrel chatter]

DOREEN:

I know, right? Ka-CHA!

Across the store, ORB has stopped making the Clerk empty registers and is preoccupied with the noise in the store.

ORB

Hey! What are you guys doing? [beat] Guys?

ORB realizes what's happening and quickly cocks his shotgun and grabs the clerk, who yelps in fear and is shaking all over as a sawed off shotgun is pressed against her head.

The ORB quickly looks around the store in an attempt to find the hero responsible for all of this.

ORB:

Hey! Hero! You better back off! I'm going to blow her head off! I-I'll do it!

DOREEN appears on the left side of the counters as ORB is trying to make his way over to the exit on the right side.

ORB (CONT'D):

I'm serious; this helmet makes me see like, a million times faster than you can even move. Screw Stark. I'm going to be the richest man in this city!

DOREEN:

Ooohhh. Boss level crazy!

A title card pops up over ORB, listing all of his important stats.

Doreen cracks her knuckles, her tail swinging back and forth as she blocks his exit.

ORB:

You're going to attack me head on? This is a stalemate! You can't beat me!

DOREEN:

No. I can't. But they can.

ORB:

What?

Suddenly a mass of squirrels burst from the shelves all around, swarming the ORB. He screams in disbelief and horror as the gun fires into the air and then is dropped.

Meanwhile, DOREEN uses the moment to pull the clerk into another isle and pulls out her cellphone.

DOREEN:

Say cheese!

CLERK:

Huh?

Doreen takes a picture with a goofy smile and grins at the Clerk.

DOREEN:

You're my first damsel, miss uh... Ad... Ad-high-ka.

CLERK:

Adhika.

DOREEN:

Doreen! I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere.

ORB is fighting off the last of the squirrels, his suit is completely shredded and his helmet is now cracked. Doreen runs up to him and quickly punches him in the face, knocking him to the ground, his helmet cracks further and you see quite a bit of his face. He looks like a burn victim.

ORB:

No! No! Don't look at me!

DOREEN:

Why not? Oh. OHHHHH.

ORB:

I'm a monster...

DOREEN:

Nooo don't be like that. You're... [urp] You're beautiful...

ORB:

Don't lie to me. I know I'm hideous.

DOREEN:

Yea, your face does kind of look like a prune...

The ORB shouts in sadness. DOREEN sighs and sits down onto the ground, crossing her legs.

DOREEN:

Listen man, why are you even doing this? Robbing a convenience store is kind of cliché isn't it?

ORB:

This... This face has ruined my life. I wanted to fix it. I just need the money to fix it.

ORB sits up, obviously feeling insecure.

DOREEN:

And you think that this convenience store has enough money to pay for plastic surgery?

ORB:

Well, I mean. I was going to rob a bunch of them...

DOREEN:

Why didn't you just do crowdfunding or something? Or sell that badass helmet. Dang. That's got to be worth something.

ORB:

There was a guy that gave me the helmet; he worked for this big technology company. He said that he could fix my face, but I needed to steal eighty thousand dollars first. I really didn't know what else to do. I just... I wanted my face back. I'm a freak!

ORB tries to fight back tears. Doreen hands him a tissue from the counter.

DOREEN:

No. You're not a freak. Listen, just because you look different on the outside, doesn't mean you're a freak. It's how you treat people, it's how you are on the inside that decides if you're a freak or not. Like a good freak. Not a bad freak. No need to go all Phantom of the Opera on us.

ORB:

Who's the Phantom of the Opera?

DOREEN:

His name is Erik and he's all mad because his face is- You know what? Listen, I'll make you a deal. If you leave all of this money here and go turn yourself into the police and promise to not rob any place again, I'll set up a fundraiser for you to help to fix your face.

ORB:

[still tearful]

Haha. Seriously?

DOREEN:

Yea. You don't seem like you're that bad of a guy. Here. Here's five dollars to get you started.

DOREEN pulls a five out of her pocket and hands it to him.

ORB:

Wow. Uh. Thank you, I don't know what to say... Thank you, uh...

DOREEN:

Squirrel Girl! At your service!

ORB:

Yea. That seems obvious in hindsight. Thank you, Squirrel Girl.

DOREEN:

You're welcome.

The ORB gets up and brushes himself off. Outside you hear the sounds of sirens and see the red and blue lights flashing into the store.

DOREEN:

Good luck, buddy!

The ORB sighs and nods, raises his hands, and makes his way outside and is immediately taken into custody by the police.

Meanwhile, Squirrel Girl and the Clerk make their way out of the store as well.

ADHIKA:

That was amazing, How you handled that guy. Iron Man or Hulk would have just punched the crap out of them.

DOREEN:

Oh that? T'was not a thing. Just an average day in the life of a superhero.

DOREEN attempts to brush a loose hair that has fallen onto her face with little success. Grr.

ADHIKA:

I don't really know how to thank you, um.

DOREEN:

It's Squirrel Girl! And don't worry about it!

ADHIKA:

Right. I thought you said your name was Doreen?

DOREEN is already distracted, looking into her wallet again.

DOREEN:

Awww! I gave all of my food money to that guy! Now I'm broke again!

ADHIKA:

You only have five dollars?

DOREEN:

Yeaaaa. I spent a bunch of it on nuts for my squirrel friends from the park. So. Kinda broke now. Ptth.

ADHIKA:

Please tell me you don't live in the park.

DOREEN:

No! No way! I mean, I've been sleeping in this cool box a couple of blocks away. It's got a sun roof that only leaks a little bit when it rains!

ADHIKA:

[sighs]

You can stay with me at my apartment until you get back onto your feet. Or... Maybe just tonight?

DOREEN:

[way too excited]

Really?!

ADHIKA:

Yea. It's the least I can do for the person who saved my life. Just don't make me regret it!

DOREEN:

Yea! [singing]

Doreen and Adhika! Going on adventures together! Doreen and Adhika! Having a sleepover, together! Doreen and Adhika! We're best friends, Forever!

ADHIKA:

Whatever you say, dude.

THE END