

ACT ONE

EXT. BROOK CITY UNIVERSITY - DAY (D1)

A bright, optimistic day. Pomp and circumstance plays.

Hundreds of graduating students, all anthropomorphic animals, fill a grassy quad. Banners for "BROOK CITY UNIVERSITY" flap in the breeze.

Parents and friends cheer. We find MELODY MARDEAUX (22, a purple pine marten), resplendent in her cap and gown. She looks overwhelmed, a small, nervous smile on her face.

Beside her, CHAD MARTINEZ (22, a blue squirrel), beams, practically vibrating with excitement.

CHAD

We did it, Mel! We actually did it! No more all-nighters. No more instant ramen... okay, maybe still some instant ramen.

MELODY

(Laughs weakly)
Yeah... we did it.

CHAD

(Nudges her)
Hey! You just graduated Summa Caul Laude from law school. You're allowed to be more excited than "yeah, we did it."

MELODY

I am! I am. It's just... a lot.
(Looks at her diploma)
Now the hand part starts, right?

DEAN (O.S.)

Melody Mardeaux!

Melody jumps. Chad shoves her forward.

CHAD

Go! Go get it!

Melody walks across the stage, a brief, bright moment of pride as she shakes the DEAN'S (A wise old brown owl) hand and accepts her diploma.

EXT. GRADUATION RECEPTION - LATER

Students and mingle under a large tent.

Melody, Chad, and her girlfriend MISTY ALLEN (23, a red porcupine) are joined by their friends, RICK BOOKER (22, a boisterous chocolate labrador) and ALLISON POOLE (22, a sophisticated poodle).

RICK

(Pulls Melody into a hug)
Counselor! Look at you! I'd hire you to defend me any day. Not that I'm planning on needing it.

(Winks)

Mostly.

ALLISON

(Hugs Melody gently)
He's right, you look incredible, Mel. Congratulations.

(Sips her punch)

If you're starting the job hunt, my sister's firm - Poole, Poole & Finch - is looking for junior associates. I could always put in a good word.

MELODY

(Flustered)

Oh, wow, Allison, that's... that's really generous. I haven't even sent out a resume...

CHAD

See? You've got options! The world is your oyster!

Melody's smile wavers as she spots BIANCA GRASS (22, a sleek green goat with polished horns) approaching. Bianca's laugh is loud and brittle.

BIANCA

An oyster? Oh, Chad, don't be silly.
(Looks at Melody, dismissive)
A marten? In a courtroom? Oh, Melody, that's just adorable.

Melody stiffens. Rick and Allison frowns.

MELODY

Hi, Bianca. Congratulations.

BIANCA

(Fluffs her gown)

Thanks. Daddy's already got my corner office set up. But I had to come over. I just... I can't picture it.

(Leans in)

You know, law isn't about hiding in a book, sweetie. It's about locking horns. It's about headbutting the opposition until they give in. It's a goat's game.

She taps one of her small, polished horns.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

You're... well, let's be honest.

You're just *prey*.

(Her voice drops, but is still

loud enough for everyone to hear)

You'll be eaten alive in a week. Don't come crying to me when you're back at your mom's little bake shop, frosting cupcakes.

Bianca laughs, a sharp "Baaa-ha-ha!" and saunters off to join a group of other "predator" species.

The air goes out of Melody. The circle of friends is silent.

CHAD

(Voice tight)

I cannot stand her.

ALLISON

That was uncalled for.

MELODY

(Forcing a smile)

It's... it's fine. Don't. She's not worth it.

But her face tells a different story. The seed of doubt is planted, and it's taking root fast.

INT. BETH'S BAKERY - DAY (D2)

The bakery is bustling and efficient. BETH (49, a purple pine marten) coordinates from the counter.

Rick is in the back, hauling a 50lb sack of flour with ease.

RICK

Comin' through! Fresh dough, hot rack!

Allison is at the decorating station, her movements precise. She's piping intricate lace patterns on a wedding cake. Her work is flawless.

Melody, in an apron, stands at a small, messy table, listlessly piping frosting onto a tray of cupcakes. They look... disastrous. Globes of pink and blue.

She sighs, looking from Allison's perfect cake to her own mangled cupcakes.

Beth notices Melody's pause.

BETH

You're thinking so loud I can barely hear the bell, honey.

MELODY

(Puts the piping bag down)
Sorry, Mom. My head's just... somewhere else.

BETH

(Wipes her hands, steps over, lowering her voice)
Still thinking about what that Bianca girl said?

MELODY

(Surprised)
How did you-

BETH

You've got your "existential dread" frosting technique down. Only happens when you're spinning out.

(Gently)

She's just one person, Mel. A mean one, at that.

MELODY

(Glances at Allison's cake)
But what if she's right? The law... it's all these big, confident... goats and lions and... cheetahs.

(Gestures to herself)

And I'm... this. What if I get in that courtroom and just... freeze? What if

(MORE)

MELODY (CONT'D)

I'm not cut out for it? I'm just...
prey.

BETH

(Firmly)

Melody. You are the smartest, most
compassionate person I know. You
didn't get that diploma by being
"prey". You got it by working ten
times harder than anyone else. *That's*
what makes you a lawyer.

Melody tries to smile, unconvinced.

MELODY

(Holds a mangled cupcake)

Right. A lawyer who can't even frost a
cupcake.

BETH

(Takes it, eats it in one bite)

Mmm. Delicious self-doubt. Now, go.
Take a break.

(Raises her voice)

Rick, Allison, you two got this for a
bit?

ALLISON

(Without looking up)

Of course, Beth.

RICK

We're a well-oiled baking machine!

BETH

(To Melody)

Go. Go see Misty. You're dripping
gloom in my buttercream.

Melody kisses her mom's cheek and heads out.

INT. MISTY'S APARTMENT - DAY (D2)

Misty's apartment is a creative mess of vintage furniture,
band posters, and musical instruments.

Misty sits on a floor cushion, strumming her acoustic guitar.
She's working on a new song - a soft, complex melody.

Melody lies on a shag rug, staring at the ceiling.

MISTY

(Stops playing)

Okay, you've been silent for ten minutes. And it's not the "I'm listening" silent, it's the "I'm cataloging my failures" silent. Talk.

MELODY

It's just... everything. Bianca. The future. Allison offering me a job I'm not ready for.

(Sits up)

...what if she's right about me? About... my species? That we just don't... belong in places like that?

MISTY

(Frowns)

Whoa. That's... that's not you talking, that's her. You're Melody Mardeaux. You're the one who organized that protest at the dean's office. You're the one who's interned at Legal Aid and actually helped people. You're a courageous person.

MELODY

I don't feel like a courageous person.

(Looks at the guitar)

I don't even know how to help you with your music. I can't even... connect. I'm just... here.

Misty looks hurt. She picks up her guitar.

MISTY

(Quietly)

I don't need you to "help," Mel. I just need you to be here. With me.

(Strums a dissonant chord)

But you're not, are you?

Melody looks away, ashamed.

MELODY

I... I need some air. I'm sorry.

She gets up and leaves, Misty's hurt expression following her out the door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (D2)

Melody wanders aimlessly through the Dewey Park district. The sun has set, and the streets are getting quiet.

She turns down a dark, narrow alleyway as a shortcut.

Halfway down, she spots a glint from a pile of trash bags and discarded electronics.

Curious, she nudges a broken monitor aside.

There, in a cracked, open box, is a NECKLACE. It's futuristic, metallic, with a glowing, star-like cyan gem at its center.

It's... beautiful.

MELODY
(To herself)
Who throws this away?

She reaches for it. The gem pulses with a soft light, as if in recognition.

Just as her fingers brush the metal...

VOICE (O.S.)
Well, well. Look what we got here.

Melody freezes. Two figures step out from the shadows, blocking the alley. One is a tall, BLUE IGUANA (THUG 1). The other is a wiry, RED MONGOOSE (THUG 2).

THUG 1 (LIZARD)
Lost, little girl?

THUG 2 (MONGOOSE)
(Eyes the necklace)
Ooh. Pretty. Hand that over. And your wallet.

Melody's heart hammers. This is it. Bianca was right. She's small. She's prey. She freezes.

MELODY
(Stammering)
I... I don't want any trouble.

THUG 1 (LIZARD)
(Chuckles, steps closer)
Then you should've stayed home.

He shoves her. Melody stumbles back, clutching the necklace.

THUG 2 (MONGOOSE)
(Pulls out a small pipe)
The necklace. Now.

Melody squeezes her eyes shut. She's terrified. She wishes, more than anything, that she could just... stop this. That she could be strong.

She clutches the necklace, a silent plea.

help me.

The necklace FLARES.

A voice, clear and electronic, echoes in her head.

SPARKS (V.O.)
*host compatible. Threat detected.
commencing defensive transformation.*

MELODY
(Eyes fly open)
...What?

Cyan, ionic energy erupts from the gem. It engulfs Melody in a blinding column of light.

The Thugs shield their eyes, yelling in shock.

The light solidifies, forming a sleek, futuristic suit of armor around her. It's a deep PURPLE, crisscrossed with FLUORESCENT CYAN LIGHT LINES.

A smooth, PURPLE FEATURELESS MASK slides down, obscuring her face. A single CYAN STAR SYMBOL glows to life on its surface.

The transformation completes. The light fades.

Where Melody stood, there is now... STARBRIGHT.

STARBRIGHT
(Looking at her new, gloved hands)
...Whoa.

THUG 1 (LIZARD)
 (Stares, baffled)
 ...What in the world?

THUG 2 (MONGOOSE)
 It's just a costume! Get her!

Thug 2 lunges with the pipe.

SPARKS (V.O.)
left palm up. Now.

Starbright instinctively obeys. An ION BLADE, pure cyan energy, springs from her gauntlet.

With a SHIING, it slices the pipe in half.

Thug 2 stares at his empty hands.

THUG 2 (MONGOOSE)
 ...Huh.

Starbright, shocked at her own reflex, looks at the blade.

STARBRIGHT
 ...Huh.

SPARKS (V.O.)
Stop "Huh"-ing and fight! Duck!

She ducks. Thug 1's fist swings over her head.

SPARKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Right elbow, back.

She does. CRACK. She connects with Thug 1's ribs. He screams in pain.

SPARKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Spin kick!

She spins, a move she didn't know she had, and kicks Thug 2 flat on his back.

In ten seconds, it's over. The two thugs are groaning on the ground.

Starbright pants, adrenaline singing.

STARBRIGHT
 I... I did that.

SPARKS (V.O.)
*WE did that. And I might say, your
 technique is sloppy. We have work to
 do.*

STARBRIGHT
 ...Who are you?

SPARKS (V.O.)
*I am SPARKS. Your friendly, sentient,
 ion-based symbiotic... well, necklace.
 Now, I suggest we vacate. Authority is
 approaching.*

Starbright hears distant SIRENS. She looks at the thugs.

SPARKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Right wrist. Aim at the dumpster.

She aims. A high-tensile ION-ROPE shoots out and wraps around the thugs, tying them to a lamppost.

SPARKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thoughtful. Now, look up. And... jump.

STARBRIGHT
 Jump?!

SPARKS (V.O.)
trust me.

Starbright looks up at the roof of the four-story building. She hesitates, then crouches and LEAPS.

JET BOOSTS ignite from her boots, propelling her into the air with a WHOOSH.

She lands clumsily on the rooftop, skidding to a halt.

Down in the alley, a squad car pulls up. DETECTIVE FREDDIE CASTER (50s, a world-weary orange cat) gets out,

He stares at the two thugs, tied up with a glowing cyan rope.

CASTER
 (To his partner)
 ...You're gonna want to call this in.
 And maybe bring a camera.

ACT TWO

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (N2)

Starbright stands on the edge of the roof, looking out over the sparkling lights of Brook City. The wind whips her hair (now visible as her mask retracts).

STARBRIGHT

(To the necklace)

Okay. I'm either having a lucid breakdown, or you're real. Please be real.

SPARKS (V.O.)

I am 100% real, host. Though given your recent moping, a breakdown was a statistical probability.

STARBRIGHT

Hey! I was not moping. I was... contemplating.

(Beat)

What are you? Where did you come from?

SPARKS (V.O.)

I am a Strategic, Protective, and Rapid-deployment Kinesis... S-system. SPARKS. I was created to... assist. And I was... discarded. You found me. Your... emotional resonance...

(Hesitates)

...and baseline good-heartedness... made you a compatible host.

STARBRIGHT

So... what? I'm a superhero now?

SPARKS (V.O.)

You are a person in a suit with advanced ion capabilities. "Hero" is a title you have to earn. Shall we see what the suit can do? Or would you prefer to "contemplate" some more?

A small smile touches Melody's lips. For the first time all day, the doubt is gone. replaced by... excitement.

STARBRIGHT

...Show me what we can do.

EXT. BROOK CITY ROOFTOPS - NIGHT (N2)

MONTAGE - "TESTING THE SUIT"

-Starbright runs to the edge of the roof.

SPARKS (V.O.)

Don't think. Just go.

-She leaps. She falls to a heart-stopping second, then the jet boosts kick in, sending her SOARING over the street. She laughs, a sound of pure joy.

-She practices with the ion-rope, swinging between buildings. She misses a flagpole, slams into a billboard (for Brook City Bank), but gets the hang of it.

-She lands in a junkyard.

SPARKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Focus your energy. Right hand. Like you're throwing something.

-She "throws" a small, concentrated ION BLAST. It punches a clean hole through a stack of crushed cars.

STARBRIGHT

Whoa.

-She practices combat, her mask down. The Suit's AI guides her movements, turning her clumsy dodges into graceful, acrobatic flips.

SPARKS (V.O.)

(Over the montage)

Your core strength is adequate, but your form is... rustic. The suit can compensate, but you will need to train. My capabilities include enhanced strength, agility, ion-projection, and a limited flight system. And, of course, me.

The Montage ends with Starbright perched on a gargoyle, high above the city. She feels... powerful.

STARBRIGHT

This is... insane.

SPARKS (V.O.)

agreed. Your city's infrastructure is
(MORE)

SPARKS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
bafflingly inefficient.
 (Pause)
Incoming alert. Proximity sensor.
Bank.

STARBRIGHT
 (Looks at the billboard she hit)
 The Brook City Bank?

SPARKS (V.O.)
Affirmative. Multiple armed
individuals. Elevated heart rates.
Coarse language. This appears to be
what you call a... "bank heist."

Starbright's blood runs cold.

STARBRIGHT
 A real one? SPARKS, I just beat up two
 guys in an alley. I can't...

SPARKS (V.O.)
You can. We can. This is the choice,
host. Contemplate, or act?

Starbright looks at her gauntleted hand. She clenches it into
 a fist.

STARBRIGHT
 ...Act.

INT. BROOK CITY BANK - NIGHT (N2)

Total chaos. The CLOCKWORK HANDS mob is in action.

The leader. GERRY "CLOCKWISE" CAPIELLO (50s, a yellow goat
 with gold-capped horns), directs traffic.

ROXIE RUCKER (30s, a teal raccoon) works on the vault with a
 complex stethoscope.

BETTY "BEARCLAW" BARCATTI (40s, a massive orange bear) rips a
 security gate off its hinges.

And BOBBY "BIG SHOT" BRANCH (40s. a gray greyhound) fusses
 over a massive, brass. clockwork battering ram. He's the
 weapons specialist.

GERRY
 Hurry it up, Roxie! I'm not getting
 (MORE)

GERRY (CONT'D)
any younger!

ROXIE
(Twisting a dial)
This vault is new-gen, boss! The
tumblers are magnetic. I need time!

GERRY
We don't have time! Bobby! Get the
"Big Hand" ready!

BOBBY
(Polishing a gear)
She's not ready! The calibration is
delicate! You rush art, Gerry!

GERRY
Just point it at the wall!

CRASH! The skylight shatters. Starbright lands in a three-
point stance in the middle of the lobby.

Silence. Everyone stares.

STARBRIGHT
(Mask up, trying to sound brave)
Uh... fun's over. Tick-tock.

Gerry "Clockwise" Capiello narrows his eyes.

GERRY
...Who in the world are you? Some kind
of new security?

STARBRIGHT
(Mask slides down)
Something like that.

GERRY
(Scoffs)
Betty. Roxie. Get her.

Betty roars and charges. Roxie pulls out two crowbars and
follows.

STARBRIGHT
SPARKS, now!

SPARKS (V.O.)
With pleasure. Bear first. She's slow.

Starbright jet-boosts over Betty's charge. Roxie throws a crowbar. Starbright snags it mid-air with her ion-rope and flings it back, pinning Roxie's coat to a wall.

Betty turns and swings. Starbright ducks, the massive paw swiping over her head.

BOBBY
 (Outraged)
 Hey! Watch the "Hand"! You'll scratch
 the brass!

Gerry face-palms. Bobby ignores the fight and wheels the "Big Hand" battering ram towards the vault.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Fine! I'll do it myself!

K-CHUNK-VRRRR-BOOM!

The massive brass fist shoots across the lobby and smashes into the vault door, denting it.

STARBRIGHT
 (Dodging Betty)
 We have to stop that thing!

SPARKS (V.O.)
*Agreed. The internal mechanism appears
 to be... clockwork. Primitive. An ion-
 charged pulse should... over-wind it.*

STARBRIGHT
 "Over-wind" it?

SPARKS (V.O.)
Just shoot the ram!

Starbright uses her jet-boosts to kick off Betty, sending the bear stumbling back into Roxie.

Starbright lands near the ram as Bobby rewinds it.

BOBBY
 Beautiful, isn't it? Took me six
 months. The spring-tension alone...

Starbright places her palm on the brass casing.

STARBRIGHT
 Sorry... but your art is...

STARBRIGHT (CONT'D)
 (Pumps a heavy surge of ION ENERGY
 into it)
 ...over-wound!

The clockwork mechanism WHIRS, faster and faster, a high-pitched SCREAM.

BOBBY
 No... no, no, NO! My masterpiece!
 You... you vandal!

KA-BOOM!

The "Big Hand" explodes in a shower of springs, gears, and brass shrapnel. Bobby is blown back, unconscious.

The bank is silent again. Roxie and Betty are stunned.

Gerry Capiello cracks his knuckles.

GERRY
 Cute tricks. But I've been in this
 game since before you were born, kid.

He charges, lowering his gold-capped horns.

SPARKS (V.O.)
*He's top-heavy! The horns are for
 show! Go for his legs!*

Starbright smirks. She ducks under the charge, slides, and slams an ion-charged fist into Gerry's knee.

He HOWLS and buckles.

She ties him up instantly with her ion-rope, then quickly ropes up the dazed Roxie and Betty.

SIRENS wail, getting closer.

Gerry glares at her from the floor.

GERRY
 Who... who are you?

Starbright's mask retracts. She looks at him, then at the terrified (but safe) bank tellers. She looks at her own reflection in a polished marble pillar.

She's not just Melody Mardeaux anymore.

STARBRIGHT

Just... someone trying to do some good.

(Beat)

Call me... Starbright.

She gives a two-fingered salute and jet-boosts back up through the broken skylight, disappearing into the night.

Detective Caster is the first one in. He sees the whole Clockwork Hands gang, all tied up in the same glowing cyan rope.

CASTER

(Pulls out a notepad)

...Well, well. Gerry "Clockwise" Capiello. And Betty, Roxie... and Bobby Branch. The whole crew.

(Sighs)

This is... new. And it's gonna be so much paperwork.

ACT THREE

INT. MELODY'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT (N2)

Melody's small apartment (above the bakery) is crowded. Beth, Misty, and Chad are all there, looking sick with worry.

Beth is pacing. Misty is shredding a napkin. Chad is staring at his phone, which just rings and rings.

BETH

Where is she? It's two in the morning!
She doesn't just... disappear!

CHAD

Still no answer. I'm calling the
hospitals again.

MISTY

(Quiet, intense)
She was upset. When she left my place.
She was... not herself.
(Looks at Beth)
What if...

The apartment door clicks open.

Melody enters. She's in her civilian clothes, but they're rumpled, and she has a smudge of soot on her cheek. She's exhausted, but she's *buzzing*.

She sees them. Her high spirits crash.

MELODY

Oh... hey, guys. What's... what's
everyone doing here?

In an instant, they are on her.

BETH

(Hugging her, frantic)
Melody! Oh, thank goodness! Where were
you? We've been calling for hours! Are
you hurt?

CHAD

We were about to file a missing
person's report! My heart is doing...
nurse things! Bad ones!

MISTY
 (Hangs back, angry and relieved)
 Where were you, Mel?

Melody looks at their faces. Beth's terror. Chad's panic.
 Misty's hurt-fueled anger.

The weight of the secret slams into her.

MELODY
 I...
 (She can't tell them)
 I'm so sorry. I... my phone died. And
 I... I just started walking. To clear
 my head.
 (The lie tastes like ash)
 I... I lost track of time. I ended
 up... all the way downtown. I walked
 back. I'm so, so sorry.

Beth hugs her again.

BETH
 Don't you ever do that to us again. Do
 you hear me?

MELODY
 (Hugging her back, tight)
 I hear you. I'm sorry, mom.
 (Looks at Chad, then Misty)
 I'm sorry, guys. I was just... in a
 spiral. I didn't mean to worry
 everyone.

Chad nods, his breathing slowing. "Okay. Okay, you're okay."

Misty just stares at her. She knows Melody is lying. Or at
 least, not telling the whole truth. She folds her arms and
 says nothing.

INT. MELODY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Melody is in her pajamas. She sets SPARKS down on her
 nightstand. The gem's glow is soft, pulsing.

MELODY
 (Whispering)
 That was... awful.

SPARKS (V.O.)

(From the nightstand)

Your deception skills require significant improvement. Your heart rate spiked 40% when you initiated the "dead phone" fabrication.

MELODY

I hate lying to them. They're my family.

SPARKS (V.O.)

They are. Which is why you must lie. Dr. Hyder-

MELODY

Who?

SPARKS (V.O.)

My creator. She is... unstable. If she, or anyone like her, knew who you were... knew what I am... your family will become leverage.

Melody sinks onto her bed. This is heavier than she thought.

MELODY

So... this is my life now? Beating up mobsters and lying to everyone I love?

SPARKS (V.O.)

For now... yes. Secrecy is paramount.

(Pause)

Your actions tonight saved thirteen lives. You stopped one of the city's most notorious criminal gangs.

(Beat)

You did good. Melody

Melody looks at the necklace.

MELODY

We did good.

SPARKS (V.O.)

...Affirmative. We did. Now, rest. Your dopamine levels are crashing. We begin training at 0500.

MELODY

Five... AM?

MELODY (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

I'm a lawyer *and* a superhero. I'm never going to sleep again, am I?

SPARKS (V.O.)

Sleep is an inefficient biological process. But... yes. You should probably sleep.

Melody smiles. She clicks off the light. She's terrified. She's exhausted.

But as she lies in the dark, she's not thinking about Bianca. She's not thinking about prey.

She's thinking about that feeling. Soaring.

INT. HYDER'S LAB - SAME NIGHT

A dark, chaotic laboratory. Schematics are pinned everywhere. Half-finished tech litters every surface.

DR. SHANA HYDER (40, an indigo hyena with frazzled fur and wild, intense eyes) stares at a wall of monitors.

They all show the breaking news: "CLOCKWORK HANDS FOILED!"... "MYSTERY VIGILANTE IN BROOK CITY."

A fuzzy cell phone video plays. It shows Starbright punching Bobby's "Big Hand" ram.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...footage shows the new hero destroying a high-tech weapon, reportedly built by mob specialist Bobby "Big Shot" Branch...

Hyder mutters, not really listening.

HYDER

(Obsessive)

Impossible... ion-containment... the stabilization matrix...

The news cuts to a high-res photo. A zoom-in on Starbright's chest.

It's a clear shot of the SPARKS necklace.

Hyder freezes. Her eye twitches.

HYDER (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 ...No.

She slams her fist on the console.

HYDER (CONT'D)
 NO!

She sweeps a pile of tools off her desk in a rage.

HYDER (CONT'D)
 That... that *useless... piece... of*
JUNK!
 (Pacing, manic)
 I threw it away! The containment field
 was unstable! It was a failure!

She stops, staring at the screen. At the image of Starbright,
 powerful and in control.

HYDER (CONT'D)
 ...and *she...*
 (Seethes)
 ...a... a *marten...* makes it work?
 (Her voice drops to a cold,
 dangerous level)
 She stole it. She must have. She
 STOLE... my creation. My success. My
 SPARKS.

She turns to a workbench. She slams her fist onto a large,
 illuminated red button.

A section of the wall slides away, revealing a massive,
 black, menacing suit of armor. It looks powerful, heavy, and
 unfinished.

HYDER (CONT'D)
 (A terrifying smile)
 They think *that's* power? They haven't
 seen anything. I'll show them. I'll
 show them all.

She picks up a welding mask and ignites a torch, the flame
 reflecting in her furious eyes.

HYDER (CONT'D)
 I'm coming for my property.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE