

ACT ONE

EXT. BROOK CITY - DAY

A clean, futuristic city of gleaming towers and sky-bridges. HOVER-CARS hum through the air. The inhabitants are all ANTHROPOMORPHIC ANIMALS.

INT. BROOK CITY SCIENCE INSTITUTE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

PACKED. Hundreds of scientists, journalists, and investors.

On stage, DR. LANA CHANSON (27, 5'7" white Labrador, lab coat) nervously clicks through a presentation. Her clicker FAILS. She fumbles with it.

LANA

(Tapping the clicker, nervous)
...and so, "Project: Phoenix" isn't just theory. My nanite-based delivery system can target and regenerate terminally-ill cells. It could be a cure...

DR. ARNIS THORNE (60, 5'11", imposing Gray Wolf, expensive suit) holds a hand up. His voice is a low, bored growl.

DR. THORNE

Risk. Unfunded. Denied.

Lana flinches. The word echoes.

LANA

But the data! The fail-safes are *triple-redundant!* If you'd just...

DR. THORNE

(Cutting her off, colder)
Denied. Next.

Lana, humiliated, gathers her things and walks off stage.

In the front row, DEIDRE VANCE (27, supportive Black Panther, sleek) and her mother, DR. ELARA VANCE (57, wise Black Panther, elegant, board member), watch with sympathy.

The next presenter, CELIA EDWARDS (26, light brown Chipmunk, stylish, energetic), steps up. Her presentation: "Atmospheric Aqua-Harvester."

CELIA
 My device harmlessly filters ambient humidity, purifying it at a molecular level to create portable water for arid regions. Zero emissions. 100% efficient!

DR. THORNE
 (Beaming)
 Brilliant! Practical! Scalable!
 Approved, with full funding!

The crowd APPLAUDS, Celia beams.

DEIDRE
 (To Elara, whispering)
 Okay, that's... actually a really good idea.

DR. ELARA VANCE
 (Whispering back)
 It is. But it's *safe*. Thorne loves *safe*.

Lana slips out the back.

INT. INSTITUTE - LOBBY - LATER

Deidre and Elara find Lana staring out a window, defeated.

DEIDRE
 He's wrong, Lana. Your research is groundbreaking.

DR. ELARA VANCE
 Thorne is... cautious. To a fault.

Celia approaches, holding a small trophy. She's genuine, not gloating.

CELIA
 Dr. Chanson? I just wanted to say... I saw your data online. The way you mapped the nanite cascade... it was genius. Mine just... pulls water from the air. Yours could save lives.

Lana manages a real, if weak, smile.

LANA
 Thanks, Celia. And congratulations.
 (MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)

You earned it.

Celia is about to respond, but she's suddenly by three imposing figures in expensive suits: ROGER RIPLEY (Gray Rhino), ROY BALLARD (Dark Blue Bull), and RYAN CRAIG (Orange Crocodile).

ROGER RIPLEY (INVESTOR)

(Fawning)

Ms. Edwards! Brilliant work! Simply brilliant! We must discuss manufacturing. The profit potential... er, the *global* potential... is staggering!

They whisk her away. Lana watches them go, then sees Dr. Thorne heading to his office.

Lana's gratitude sours into anger. She's not angry at Celia, but at the whole system.

LANA

(To herself, angry)

I'm not letting this go.

INT. DR. THORNE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dark, wood-paneled, opulent. Lana storms in without knocking.

LANA

Why? This is the fifth time! "Too risky," "too volatile." Celia's project is great, but it's *safe*! Is that all we do here? Safe science?

DR. THORNE

(Doesn't look up from his desk)

Science, Dr. Chanson, is about *control*. You cannot control your project. This is final.

LANA

It's not about control. It's about *hope*! Something you clearly know nothing about!

Lana SLAMS the door on her way out.

Thorne is left alone. He lets out a deep, heavy SIGH, full of regret. He picks up a framed holo-photo on his desk: a small

sickly-looking wolf pup in a hospital bed.

DR. THORNE
 (To the photo)
 If only you knew, Lana. Some risks...
 are *never* worth taking.

INT. INSTITUTE - RESTRICTED LAB - NIGHT

A fierce THUNDERSTORM rages outside.

Lana is working late, dejected. She walks down a dark hallway, ready to leave.

She passes a lab door: RESTRICTED - LEVEL 5 CLEARANCE. It's... ajar.

From within, a faint, hypnotic BLUE LIGHT pulses.

Lana, mesmerized, peeks inside.

The lab is filled with strange equipment. In the center, a large beaker of chemical. It isn't just blue. It's *alive*. It swirls with an internal, galaxy-like light.

WARNING: UNSTABLE KINETIC-MUTAGEN.

LANA
 (Whispering)
 Kinetic-Mutagen... what... is this?

INT. INSTITUTE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An INDIGO BADGER JANITOR pushes a humming floor-buffer.

BADGER JANITOR
 (Grumbling)
 Stupid academics. Think they own the place. Leave a level 5 bio-lab open... probably to go get a soy latte...

He SLAMS the heavy steel door shut. The electronic lock BEEPS and flashes RED.

LOCKED.

INT. INSTITUTE - RESTRICTED LAB - CONTINUOUS

The SLAM vibrates the entire room.

The beaker of blue mutagen SHAKES... T-T-T-IPS... ...and

FALLS

It SHATTERS on the floor at Lana's feet.

The mutagen doesn't just spill. It *flashes*. It atomizes, a cloud of blue light that... *snakes* through the air, *into* her.

She inhales, gasping. It feels like... *ice and electricity*.

She collapses, the blue glow sinking into her skin.

ACT TWO

INT. BROOK CITY REGAL HOSPITAL - DAY

The sound of a heart monitor. BEEP... BEEP... BEEP.

Lana's eyes flutter open. A purple cat in nurse scrubs, NURSE JENNA PRICE, is checking a monitor beside her.

NURSE JENNA

Well, look who's back. Your vitals are... *weirdly* perfect. You gave your friends over there quite a scare.

Lana looks. ELARA and Deidre are asleep in chairs nearby.

LANA

(Hoarse)

Ugh... what happened?

ELARA and Deidre jolt awake.

ELARA

Lana! Oh, thank goodness.

DEIDRE

You've been out for a whole day! They found you unconscious in the restricted lab!

LANA

I... I remember Thorne's office. The blue light. Then... nothing.

ELARA

A chemical spill. They're still analyzing it. But... Lana, your vitals aren't just perfect, they're... *better* than perfect. Your cellular degradation is zero.

Lana sits up, pulling IVs from her arm. She feels... amazing. A strange energy thrums under her skin. It scares her.

LANA

(Rubbing her arms)

I feel... too good, Elara. It's... it feels *wrong*. I'm scared.

DEIDRE
 (Taking her hand)
 Hey, we're right here. We'll figure it
 out. Let's just get you home.

Lana nods, grateful. She leans on Deidre as they leave, past
 a concerned Nurse Price.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

ELARA watches Lana get into Deidre's car.

ELARA
 (To herself)
 "Kinetic-Mutagen"... Thorne, what have
 you done...

EXT. SAPPHIRE SPRINGS - STREET - LATER

The sky opens up. A VICIOUS, aggressive rain.

Deidre drives Lana in her car.

DEIDRE
 So, "better than perfect"? I'd take
 that. Beats my last checkup.

LANA
 (Staring at her hands)
 It's not funny, Deidre. I feel... like
 I'm buzzing. There's this... *anger*...
 just simmering.

DEIDRE
 It's the shock. It'll pass.

The car's dashboard BEEPS frantically. B.E.T.T.I. (On-board
 AI): Battery critical. Zero. Point. Zero. Percent. Have a
 nice day.

The car SPUTTERS. Dies.

LANA
 (A sudden, sharp rage)
 NO! NOT TODAY! NOT... EVERYTHING!

DEIDRE
 (Startled)
 Lana! Whoa! It's just the battery. We
 can walk from here.

Lana blinks, the aggression fading, replaced by shame.

LANA
 (Quietly)
 see? I'm sorry... I'm so sorry. I
 don't know what that was.

DEIDRE
 It's okay. Come on.

EXT. MUDDY HILL - CONTINUOUS

They get out. Lana's cramped apartment building is visible just over a steep, muddy hill.

They try to climb. The rain turned the hill into a river of mud.

Deidre, with her simple, non-functional prosthetic, slips. She can't get a grip. Lana tries to help her, but she's weak, shaky.

Lana slips, tumbling back down, landing HARD in a deep mud puddle.

She is covered, defeated, humiliated. This is the last straw.

Lana just lies there, letting the rain hit her. She gives up. She sobs. Tears of pure despair and frustration.

LANA
 (Quietly, to the mud)
 He was right... I'm a failure.
Impractical. Volatile...

She slams her fist into the puddle.

Her TEAR hits the water. A single BLUE SPARK.

Her eyes SNAP open. Glowing. A piercing, electric BLUE. The world seems to slow down. She feels a SURGE of... something. She lets out a ROAR, a sound that is *not her own*.

DEIDRE
 (Terrified)
 Lana?!

Lana plants her hands in the mud and PUSHES.

She doesn't just stand up. She LEAPS.

A mid-air metamorphosis. The SOUND of tearing fabric and splitting muscle.

Her shoulders R-R-RIP, lab coat shredding. White fur darkens, shifting to electric BLUE.

She lands on the hilltop. K-THOOM. The impact shakes the ground.

She RISES, still growing. 5'7"... 6'0"... 7'0".

Muscles SWELL, a titan's physique. Her hair lengthens, a cascade of blue. Her clothes stretch, barely holding.

The transformation completes. She stands, a 7'0" blue amazon, PANTING in the rain. Her voice, now a deep, rich baritone.

TYPHOON

(Confused, deep)

What... what just...?

She looks at her hands. They're HUGE. Blue. Tipped with sharp claws.

She stumbles to a large pond nearby. She looks at her reflection. It's not Lana. It's this... *thing*. She's shocked. Horrified.

TYPHOON (CONT'D)

No... this... this *isn't* me... What did they do to me?

She sinks to her knees, crying. Her blue tears hit the pond's surface. And the POND... reacts.

The water where her tears hit... RISES. It twists, forming a snake of water that wraps gently around her arm.

She YELPS, startled. She flicks her wrist. The water-snake shoots out, a high-pressure blast that SLICES a rotted log in half.

She stares.

TYPHOON (CONT'D)

(Awestruck)

Okay... so... that happened.

She looks at another log debris. She aims her hand. FWOOSH! A powerful jet of WATER erupts, blasting the log into a million pieces.

She spots a GIANT BOULDER. She tries to lift it. Strains. Her muscles... EXPAND. Growing even BIGGER. With a ROAR, she HEAVES the boulder over her head.

TYPHOON (CONT'D)
 (A slow, excited grin)
 "Volatile."

The blue glow in her eyes fades. The power recedes. She SHRINKS, reverting to Lana, her torn clothes hanging loosely. The exertion hits her. She faints.

Deidre runs up, holding a blanket from a car. She saw the whole thing.

DEIDRE
 (Covering her)
 Okay. New rule. No more fainting on hills.

INT. LANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a small, cramped studio. Research notes and blueprints cover every surface.

Lana, in a bathrobe, sips tea, shaking. Deidre paces. Deidre's left-arm is a simple, non-functional prosthetic.

LANA
 (Quiet, ashamed)
 I'm a *monster*. A thing. I was seven feet tall and blue and...
 (Tears well up)
 ...and Deidre, I was *strong*. I could... I could control the water. What am I?

DEIDRE
 You're a seven-foot, blue, water-bending *amazing* figure! And you're *still* Lana.
 (She sits next to her)
 My best friend, who is the biggest nerd I know. We'll figure this out. I've got your back. Always.

Lana looks at Deidre, then at her simple prosthetic. A spark of the *old* Lana returns. She wipes her eyes.

LANA
 You've always had mine. But your
 (MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)
 arm... that's just plastic. It's...
 it's not good *enough*. Not for you.

Lana gets up, pulls a case from under her bed. She opens it. Inside, nestled in foam, is a sleek, silver-and graphite ROBOTIC ARM. It's beautiful, powerful.

DEIDRE
 (Gasping)
 Lana... is that...

LANA
 My nanite-interface. The one Thorne rejected. I... I've been building it for you. In secret. I just needed to calibrate the neural link...
 (She tears up again)
 It's the least I can do. You deserve the best.

Deidre is speechless. She's crying now, too. She throws her good arm around Lana, pulling her into a fierce hug.

DEIDRE
 You built for this... for *me*?
 (She pulls back)
 Okay, that's it. You're not a monster. You're my *hero*. And we are in this together. No more secrets.

LANA
 (Hugging her back, tight)
 No more secrets.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

They freeze, pulling apart, wiping their eyes. Lana opens the door. It's Celia, holding a pie. She looks nervous.

CELIA
 Hi, neighbor! Sorry, I... well... I'm in 4B. My apartment balcony faces that hill.
 (She leans in, whispering)
 I brought pie... and... I saw the *giant*, blue, super-strong... you. Just FYI? Your roar? My apartment vibrated. My teeth vibrated.

Lana and Deidre stare, busted.

LANA

(Sighs)

I... I'm your neighbor?

CELIA

(Whispering again)

Don't worry! I... I get it. Lab accidents, right? We've gotta stick together. I won't say anything.

DR. ELARA VANCE steps into the open doorway behind Celia. She looks grim.

DR. ELARA VANCE

I'm afraid it's not that simple, Ms. Edwards. May I come in?

ACT THREE

INT. LANA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Elara stands in the cramped room. Celia, Lana, and Deidre are gathered, tense.

DR. ELARA VANCE

That "lab accident" wasn't an *accident*. The level 5 lab, the unsecured mutagen... it was a trap.

LANA

A trap? For who?

DR. ELARA VANCE

For a desperate, brilliant scientist who had just been publicly humiliated. For you, Lana.

ELARA taps a tablet. A file appears. PROFESSOR MORTON VAN HOFTEN. A Purple Lion with a Black Mane.

DR. ELARA VANCE (CONT'D)

Van Hoften. He was a pioneer in bio-kinetics. He was... *unstable*. The Institute shut him down years ago. That mutagen was his life's work. I've suspected Thorne was... *collaborating* with him. This proves it.

LANA

(Horrorified)

So... they... they did this to me? On *purpose*? I was a... a test subject?

DR. ELARA VANCE

A field test. And they'll want to see the results.

An ALARM blares from Elara's tablet. ALERT: PUBLIC PARK. A live feed shows ROGER RIPLEY, ROY BALLARD, and RYAN CRAIG. They're no longer in suits, but in high-tech, armored gear. Each suit is emblazoned with a large "R" logo.

Ripley is attaching a device to the park's central fountain.

CELIA

(Gasps)

That's... that's MY harvester! And...

(She squints, horrified)

(MORE)

CELIA (CONT'D)

...wait. Those are my investors! The ones from the Institute! They're reversing it!

DEIDRE

They played you!

CELIA

(Furious, clenching her fists)
They're poisoning the park. With *my* tech! Oh, they are going to *pay*. I have to stop them!

Celia grabs her coat and runs out the door before anyone can stop her.

DR. ELARA VANCE

(Sighs)

She's going to get herself killed.

Lana looks at Deidre. At the case with the robotic arm. The fear on her face hardens into resolve.

LANA

No, she's not.

INT. LANA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

FRANTIC. Deidre sits on the couch, her simple prosthetic off. Lana is attaching the new, high-tech ROBOTIC ARM.

DEIDRE

Are you sure? The neural-link isn't even calibrated!

LANA

(Connecting the last wire)
It's calibrated *enough*.

The arm WHIRS, lights flickering. Deidre flexes her new metal fingers. It works.

DEIDRE

Whoa...

Lana stands up. She's still in her bathrobe. She looks at Deidre, her eyes filled with a new, terrifying determination.

LANA

They wanted a test subject. They
(MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)
wanted to see results.

Lana closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. She doesn't scream. She doesn't lose control. She... *CHOOSES*.

Her body begins to shift. R-R-RIP. The sound of growing muscle. The blue fur. The bathrobe tears at the seams.

TYPHOON rises to her 7'0" height, an imposing figure in a tattered robe. She looks at Deidre.

TYPHOON
(Deep baritone)
Let's go show them.

Deidre grins, flexing her metal fist.

EXT. BROOK CITY PARK - DAY

Celia races to the fountain, shouting.

CELIA
Stop! That's *my* tech! You can't...

Roger Ripley turns, annoyed.

ROGER RIPLEY
The little chipmunk. How...
inconvenient.

He motions. Ryan Craig (Orange R) and Roy Ballard (Blue R) charge. Celia, cornered, clicks her cufflinks. Two small, high-tech ENERGY BLADES FZZT to life.

ROGER RIPLEY (CONT'D)
(Surprised)
well, well.

Celia holds her own for a moment, dodging and weaving, but she's outnumbered. Craig swings his armored fist, sending her flying. She lands hard. The three goons advance.

TYPHOON (O.S.)
Class is over!

K-THOOM-SPLASH! TYPHOON lands between Celia and the goons, 7'0" and furious. The three goons stare.

ROGER RIPLEY
Subject is hostile! The mutagen is
(MORE)

ROGER RIPLEY (CONT'D)
 more *potent* than projected. Secure the
 asset and the harvester!

TYPHOON
 (To Celia)
 You okay?

CELIA
 (Awestruck)
 ...I am *now*.

Ryan Craig (Orange R) charges, jaws wide. CLANG! Deidre slides in, blocking the bite with her new ROBOTIC ARM, which just unfolded into a DEFENSIVE SHIELD. A panel on the shield opens.

DEIDRE
 Neural-interface is...
 (An ENERGY BLAST shoots out,
 blasting Craig backwards)
 ...AWESOME!

Roy Ballard (Blue R) charges Typhoon, head down. Typhoon grins. She gathers water from the now-blackening fountain around her fist.

TYPHOON
 Let's try... a SPLASH PUNCH!

She an-nih-il-ates Ballard with a high-pressure, water-infused punch. KERSPLOOSH! Ballard flies backward.

Celia zips in, using her parkour skills to dodge Ripley's sonic cannon. She runs up Ballard's recovering body, does a full backflip off his shoulders, and FZZT! Slices one of his horns clean off.

CELIA
 You broke *my* patent, you big ox!

Typhoon faces Ripley (Red R). He fires his sonic cannon again. Typhoon STOMPS. A huge WALL OF WATER erupts from the fountain, blocking the blast.

TYPHOON
My turn.

She forms two WATER WHIPS in her hands. She lashes out, disarming Ripley, then grabs all three goons with watery tentacles.

TYPHOON (CONT'D)

(Lifting them)

You... hurt... *my*... friends!

(She slams them down)

And... you... stole... *her*... tech!

She throws them in a pile. The cronies scramble.

ROGER RIPLEY

(Dazed)

Forget the test! Grab the tech!

They retrieve the damaged harvester and retreat into a sewer opening, bruised and beaten.

CELIA

(Running to the fountain)

It's okay! He didn't get the main purification core. The water will clear. We... we *saved* it!

The three women stand tall. Deidre, arm smoking. Celia, blades humming. And the towering Typhoon, dripping with water.

TYPHOON

...Someone call a plumber?

They burst out laughing. A HIGH-FIVE.

Civilians peek out. A small CROWD gathers, amazed. A few start APPLAUDING.

CIVILIAN #1

Who... *are* you?

Typhoon shrinks a bit under the attention.

SIRENS wail in the distance.

A black, unassuming van slides to a stop. The door opens. It's DR. ELARA VANCE.

DR. ELARA VANCE

Get in. All of you. You're not safe at that apartment anymore. None of you are.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The van pulls up to a beautiful, large suburban house.

CELIA

Whoa. This is a... serious upgrade
from the 4B apartment.

DEIDRE

(Admiring her new arm)

Okay. Best. Mom. Ever.

DR. ELARA VANCE

I've had my suspicions about Van
HofTen for months. I secured this
place as a precaution. It's off-grid,
self-sustaining.

INT. NEW HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ELARA taps a hidden panel on the wall.

DR. ELARA VANCE

This... is the living room. The *real*
lab... is in the basement.

A section of the floor slides open, revealing a staircase
descending into a massive, high-tech laboratory.

LANA

(Still in her tattered robe, in
awe)

Whoa...

Lana, Deidre, and Celia stand at the top of the stairs,
looking down into their new future.

DR. ELARA VANCE

Welcome to "Celestial Research." This
is where we figure out what they did
to you... and where we learn to fight
back.

INT. VAN HOFTEN'S LAIR - NIGHT

A dark, industrial office. MAX BEAKERTON (a frantic, Burnt-
Orange Muskrat) wrings his hands as Ripley and his team
report in.

MAX BEAKERTON

Professor Van HofTen, sir! Ripley and
his team failed! The blue chemical is
gone! And this... *thing*... this...
"Typhoon"... showed up!

In a large chair, PROFESSOR MORTON VAN HOFTEN (a Purple Lion with a Black Mane) chuckles. He sips a tea.

PROFESSOR VAN HOFTEN
Failed, Mr. Beakerton? No.

He taps a screen. Grainy, zoomed-in security footage from the park. It's TYPHOON, holding the goons in her water tentacles.

PROFESSOR VAN HOFTEN (CONT'D)
The chemical wasn't stolen. It was...
field-*tested*. On a live, unwilling
subject. And the results...
(He smirks)
...are *glorious*. Phase two can begin.
Prepare the growth-catalysts.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE