

TEASER

EXT. PLANET SORLIA - CITY SQUARE - DAY

The world is GREY. Not black and white, but drained. The sky is a bruised slate color. The grass is ash-colored. The buildings, once majestic, looks tired.

A YOUNG INDIGO SQUIRREL KID (6) sits on a curb, holding a bounce ball. He drops it. It hits the ground with a dull THUD. It doesn't bounce.

The wind HOWLS. It sounds lonely.

MILO (V.O.)

They say Sorlia used to shine so
bright you could see it from the other
side of the galaxy. A beacon of life.

INT. MILO'S HUT - DAY

The interior is a rounded, organic design - once a pristine, utopian dwelling, but now cast in heavy shadows. The sleek white walls look dim and cold without the sunlight to warm them.

MILO (20s, Blue/White Cat, Anthropomorphic) stands in front of a mirror. He is adjusting his blue collar. He looks sharp, heroic, but his eyes are sad as he looks out the curved window at the grey sky.

MILO (V.O.)

But the light didn't just go out. It
was stolen. And now... we're all just
fading away.

Milo zips up his jacket. BLUR.

In a split second, he is gone.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A BLUE BLUR tears through the grey streets.

Milo stops instantly (Super-Speed) next to an ELDERLY BLACK/WHITE BADGER struggling to carry a heavy basket of grey fruit.

MILO

Let me get that for you, Mr. Gravolo.

Milo takes the basket. He offers a warm smile. It's the brightest thing on the street.

MR. GRAVOLO

You're a good boy, Milo. Always running. But where is there left to run to?

Milo looks up at the thick grey clouds.

MILO

Somewhere sunny, Mr. Gravolo. I promise.

ACT ONE

EXT. SECTOR 4 CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

A half-finished shelter. The workers (foxes and dogs) are exhausted, slumping against the walls. The machinery is dead.

A massive steel beam starts to slip from a crane.

WORKER

Look out!

BRYMON (Brown Dog, 6'1") steps in. He doesn't flinch. He catches a falling beam - tons of steel - with one hand. He grunts, his muscles straining, and gently sets it back in place.

BRYMON

Easy now. I got it.

FOREMAN

Thanks, Brymon. But it doesn't matter. Without power, we can't weld it. We can't finish the shelter before the freeze tonight.

Brymon looks defeated. Strength can't fix the cold.

Suddenly, a floating apple appears in the air next to the Foreman. Then a loaf of bread.

ORVIN (O.S.)

Delivery!

ORVIN (Green Chameleon) ripples into visibility, sitting on a pile of bricks. He tosses the food to the workers.

BRYMON

Orvin? Where did you get this?

ORVIN

The Royal pantry has plenty. These guys need it more. Don't look at me like that, big guy. I'm a "Wildcard," remember? Rules are suggestions.

Brymon smiles, shaking his head.

BRYMON

We need to do more than just survive, Orvin. We need to fix this.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SCRAPYARD - DAY

Mountains of rusted metal.

GRACE (Pink/White Cat) is digging through a pile of junk. She pulls out a rusted coil.

GRACE

Yes! A thermal coupler! If I reverse the polarity, I can turn this trash compactor into a heater for the orphanage!

MINA (Red Sugar Glider) hangs upside down from a crane hook above her. She swings effortlessly, her acrobatic agility honed by a lifetime of navigating dizzying heights.

MINA

You know, most people come here to *throw things away*, Grace.

GRACE

(Wiping grease on her face)
Most people don't see the potential, Mina. Everything can be fixed. Even this broken world.

CARYN (Green/Blue Bird) lands next to them. She folds her green-and-blue wings against her sides. Her sharp black beak gives her a stern, intellectual look. She uses the dexterous finger digits at the end of her wings to hold her datapad, tapping her fingers against the screen impatiently.

CARYN

The probability of fixing the world with a rusted thermal coupler is approximately zero. However... the Palace has summoned us.

MINA

The Palace? Us?

CARYN

All of us. Top priority.

Grace looks at the rusted coil, then at the castle in the distance.

GRACE

Maybe we're finally getting the right parts.

INT. ROYAL CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

The room is vast, filled with ancient tapestries that have lost their color.

KING SILAS (Brown Squirrel) is pacing. Back and forth. His tail twitches nervously.

KING SILAS

The energy readings are down another four percent, Elaine. Four! The heating grids in Sector 7 is failing. If we don't launch today, we might not have the power to launch at all.

QUEEN ELAINE (Light Brown Squirrel) sits calmly on her throne. She is reviewing a holographic datapad.

QUEEN ELAINE

Panic drains energy, Silas. We must trust the process.

GENERAL MAGNUS (Gray Lion, Black Mane) steps out of the shadows. He is massive, imposing, dressed in pristine military regalia.

GENERAL MAGNUS

The Atlas Crew is assembled in the hangar, my Queen. The ship is fueled. Though... I still have reservations about the roster.

QUEEN ELAINE

Because they are young?

GENERAL MAGNUS

Because they are dreamers. The galaxy is not the Academy. There are no teachers out there to protect them.

KING SILAS

(Stopping his pacing)
Dreamers are all we have left!
Activate the Oracle.

A pedestal in the center of the room HUMS. A hologram appears - ancient geometric shapes shifting lights.

THE ORACLE (AI)

System Online. Detecting Rainbow Orb Signatures... Target Lock Confirmed.

A STAR MAP projects into the air. Six pulsing lights appear in distant corners of the galaxy. Red. Orange. Yellow. Green. Blue. Purple.

QUEEN ELAINE

(Softly)

Bring them home.

ACT TWO

INT. DARK BRIGADES SHIP (THE OBSIDIAN CLAW) - COCKPIT

A dark, jagged ship hovering cloaked in the clouds above the Academy. The interior is lit by harsh red emergency lights.

CAPTAIN LANCE (Black/Red Cat) watches a monitor. It shows the heat signature of *THE Cosmic Hope* in the hangar below.

LANCE

Look at it. Pristine white. So...
arrogant.

KAMELA (Green/White Cat) steps up behind him. She runs a claw along the console, leaving a scratch.

KAMELA

Milo always did like to play hero. He
thinks he can just fly away and save
everyone.

In the corner, MORLANA (5'10", Orange Squirrel) is nervously counting a stack of stolen gold chips. She twitches, looking up.

MORLANA

We aren't destroying the ship, right?
The salvage value is high. It would be
wasteful to incinerate it.

LANCE

He's not saving anyone. And we are not
looting, Morlana. We are conquering.
He's leading us right to the power
source.

MALIA (5'11", Magenta Wolf) adjusts the scope of her long-range laser rifle.

MALIA

Do I take the shot now, Captain?

LANCE

No. We let them open the hangar doors
for us. Then... we break them.

INT. GUARDIAN ACADEMY HANGAR - DAY

A massive underground bay. In the center sits *THE COSMIC HOPE*. It is a sleek, white and silver starship. It looks like

a piece of art compared to the industrial grey of the hangar.

Grace is under the ship's landing strut, welding a panel. She is covered in grease smudges.

GRACE
(To herself)
Coupling locked. Hydraulics stable.
Come on, baby, don't fail us now.

BRYMON (O.S.)
Talking to the ship again, Grace?

Grace bumps her head on the strut. *CLANG*. She slides out on her mechanic's creeper.

Brymon towers over her, grinning. He is holding a massive crate.

GRACE
(Flustered)
She has a personality, Brymon! She's nervous.

BRYMON
She's made of titanium. I think she's fine.

Mina swoops down from the rafters, landing perfectly on Brymon's crate.

MINA
You know who else is nervous? Grace.
Because *someone* just walked in.

Grace scrambles up, wiping grease off her face.

Milo walks into the hangar. He walks with an easy confidence.

MILO
Report, team. Are we space-worthy?

Grace freezes. She tries to hide behind her wrench.

GRACE
Y-Yes! I mean, affirmative! Captain! I mean... Milo. The... uh... the impulse drive is operating at 98% efficiency!

Milo smiles at her.

MILO

Great work, Grace. I knew I could count on you.

Grace turns bright pink. Mina snickers.

Caryn steps forward, deftly tapping a datapad using her wing-hands.

CARYN

(Monotone)

Taking into account the atmospheric drag of the grey cloud layer, our exit trajectory needs to be steep. 85 degrees.

Orvin ripples into view to Caryn. He was invisible a second ago.

ORVIN

Or we could just... sneak out? The clouds won't see us if we're quiet.

CARYN

That is not how physics work, Orvin.

MILO

Everybody, bring it in.

The Atlas Crew gathers in a circle.

MILO (CONT'D)

Look, I know we're all thinking about what we're leaving behind. But we're not just saving Sorlia. We're saving the memory of what this place used to be. We bring back the orbs, we bring back the joy.

Brymon touches his ear. He frowns.

BRYMON

Uh, Milo? I'm getting something on the long-range frequency. It's... staticy.

IGNIS (V.O.)

(Through radio, distorted)

...Brymon... trap... don't come... Black and Red... they are already here...

The transmission cuts to static.

MILO
Black and Red?

ACT THREE

INT. HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

General Magnus and ELDER KOBU (Blue Turtle) enter the hangar. Queen Elaine follows.

ELDER KOBU

The darkness moves faster than we anticipated.

MILO

Elder Kobu. Brymon just got a warning. Someone is already on Pyrotia.

GENERAL MAGNUS

The Dark Brigades. Mercenaries. Traitors.

General Magnus opens a heavy metal case. Inside are the ATLAS CHARMS. Glowing amulets.

GENERAL MAGNUS (CONT'D)

You cannot fight them with hope alone. Take these. They will allow you to breathe in any atmosphere and understand any language.

The crew takes the charms. They clip them onto their uniforms.

Queen Elaine steps toward Grace and Mina. She holds out a golden brooch with the Royal Crest.

QUEEN ELAINE

Grace, you have the heart of an engineer, but you must also have the heart of a diplomat. This crest proves you speak for the Crown.

GRACE

Thank you, my Queen. I won't let you down.

QUEEN ELAINE

I know.

MILO

(To the Crew)

Load up! We launch in T-minus five minutes!

INT. THE COSMIC HOPE - BRIDGE

The bridge is pristine white with colorful accent lights.

Milo sits in the Captain's Chair. Brymon takes the Weapons Console. Caryn and Orvin are at Science/Comms. Mina is at Navigation. Grace is at the Engineering Station.

MILO
Computer? Online.

A Holographic Blue Sphere appears.

C.O.S.M.O.
Greetings, Captain Milo. I am
C.O.S.M.O. Central Operating System
and Mission Observer. I have
calculated the odds of a successful
launch through the storm layer.

MILO
And?

C.O.S.M.O.
They are... dreadfully low.
Approximately 12%. I suggest we stay
indoors and have tea.

GRACE
(Flipping switches manually)
Ignored. Priming main thrusters!

C.O.S.M.O.
Oh dear. You are one of *those*
engineers.

Suddenly, the ship SHUDDERS. A massive BOOM echoes from outside.

BRYMON
Hull breach! In the hangar!

EXT. HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

The blast doors are blown inward. Smoke fills the bay.

Through the smoke steps Captain Lance. His dark armor absorbs the light.

Behind him are the heavy hitters: GRONK (6'3", Purple Bear, Cyborg Arm), TRAX (5'10", Cyan Monkey, Demolition Expert).

Flanking them are the members we saw earlier: Malia holding her sniper rifle, Morlana, and... Kamela.

LANCE
 (Amplified voice)
 Leaving so soon, Milo? The party was
 just getting started.

INT. THE COSMIC HOPE - BRIDGE

Milo stares at the viewscreen. He locks eyes with Lance.

MILO
 Lance.

GRACE
 (Whispering, terrified)
 ...Kamela.

C.O.S.M.O.
 Intruder alert. Scans indicate high
 levels of hostility. And very poor
 fashion sense.

MILO
 Grace, get those engines running!
 Brymon, on me! We have to buy the ship
 some time!

Milo ZIPS out of the chair.

INT. HANGAR - BATTLE

Milo and Brymon run down the ship's ramp to the hangar floor.

Gronk ROARS and charges. He is huge. He swings his metal cyborg arm at the ship's landing gear.

BRYMON
 Oh no you don't!

Brymon (Super-Strength) catches the cyborg arm. The ground cracks beneath them. Machine vs. Muscle.

GRONK
 Move, dog. Or get crushed.

BRYMON
 I don't do "move."

While the heavy hitters clash, Morlana darts toward the

ship's ramp, a blur of orange fur. Her eyes are locked on the open airlock.

MORLANA

Easy pickings!

She sprints up the ramp - but barely makes it three steps before Mina swoops down from the airlock.

MINA

Ticket, please!

Mina spins, delivering a swift kick that sends Morlana tumbling back down the ramp.

MINA (CONT'D)

And no stowaways!

Trax leaps over them, a bandolier of explosives against his chest, he heads straight for the ship's fuel lines, cackling as he pulls out a remote detonator.

TRAX

Kaboom time!

INT. SHIP - ENGINEERING

Grace is frantically typing.

GRACE

Cosmo! Reroute power to the shields!
Trax is going for the fuel!

C.O.S.M.O.

I cannot! The external sensors are
jammed!

Grace groans. She abandons the console and grabs her wrench.

GRACE

Fine! I'll do it myself!

Grace sprints to the open airlock. She sees Trax below. She leaps - SUPER AGILITY - flipping off the ramp, landing on the fuel pipe, and kicking the detonator out of Trax's hand.

Trax yells in outrage.

TRAX

Stupid cat! I fixed that for you!

Then... a shadow falls over Grace.

She turns. Kamela is standing there. Smiling.

KAMELA

Hello, Runt.

Grace freezes. The wrench shakes in her head. Flashbacks of the Academy flood her mind.

GRACE

K-Kamela... please.

KAMELA

Did you think you could just fly away?
After what you did?

Kamela unsheathes her claws. They are glowing with energy attachments. She swipes.

Grace is too scared to move.

WHOOSH.

Milo appears.

Just like in the old days, Milo catches Kamela's wrist.

MILO

I told you once. We don't do that.

KAMELA

(Snarling)

And I told you... I'm not a student
anymore!

Kamela spins, kicking Milo back with incredible force. She's stronger than she used to be.

EXT. HANGER - UPPER LEVEL

Malia lines up a shot, a barrel of her laser rifle humming with energy. She narrows her eyes, tracking the movement.

MALIA

Target acquired. The blue one.

She fires. A crimson beam erupts from the barrel.

ZZZT!

Orvin appears out of nowhere, shoving the barrel of the laser rifle upward. The beam scorches a black mark across the ceiling.

ORVIN

Missed me!

ACT FOUR

INT. HANGAR - CHAOS

General Magnus and the Royal Guards are firing at Lance's troops, but they are pinned down.

ON THE UPPER LEVEL:

Orvin fades into invisibility, trying to flank Malia. But the Wolf sniper is prepared. She pulls a canister from her belt and throws it at his last known position.

POOF!

A cloud of neon-orange tracking powder explodes outward.

Orvin scrambles backward, twisting his body mid-air to avoid the dust that would reveal his outline.

MALIA

You can't hide from me!

She fires rapid laser bursts through the dust cloud, trying to tag him. Orvin barely dodges, the red beams singing the air inches from his invisible tail as he dives behind a ventilation unit.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR:

Lance strides through the laser fire, his armor deflecting the shots. He spots Milo near the ramp and charges.

LANCE

(Swiping with metal claws)

Look at this place, Milo! It's dead!

Milo moves in a BLUR, dodging left, then right. He counters with a rapid-fire barrage of kicks - THUD-THUD-THUD - against Lance's chest plate. But the armor is too thick.

MILO

It's still standing, Lance! And so am I!

Lance ignores the hits. He catches Milo's leg mid-kick and slams him hard into the stack of supply crates.

LANCE

Join us. With the Orbs, we can rule the new galaxy.

Lance raises a heavy armored boot to crush him. Milo rolls away just as the boot shatters the crate into splinters.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Sorlia is just a graveyard.

Milo skids to a halt, wiping dust from a scuff on his lip. He glares at his old rival, breathing hard.

MILO
It's my home.

Milo taps his comms.

MILO (CONT'D)
Grace! Get us out of here! Mina, seal the ramp!

INT. THE COSMIC HOPE - BRIDGE

Grace slides into the pilot's seat, her hands flying across the console.

GRACE
Overriding safety protocols! Hanging on!

She guns the engine. The ship HOVERS, spinning around. The thrusters blast a wave of heat that knocks Gronk and Lance backward.

INT. HANGAR - RAMP/AIRLOCK

The ship lurches upward, but the ramp is still lowering! The hydraulics are jammed.

Brymon pulls Milo and Orvin inside.

BRYMON
The door! It won't close!

Mina hangs upside down from the airlock frame, looking down at the hangar floor dropping away.

Gronk ROARS and leaps, his metal claw catching the edge of the ramp. He starts to pull the ship down.

MINA
Get off my ship!

Mina dives. She uses her Super-Flight to rocket downwards,

slamming both feet into Gronk's metal shoulder.

CLANG!

Gronk loses his grip and falls back to the hangar floor.

Mina loops back up in a tight aerial arc, grabbing the manual override lever on the wall. She yanks it down with all her weight.

MINA (CONT'D)

Buttoning up!

The ramp hisses and slams shut just as laser fire peppers the bottom of the hull.

INT. THE COSMIC HOPE - BRIDGE

MILO

Punch it, Grace!

C.O.S.M.O.

Warning: Hangar doors are not fully open. Collision imminent.

GRACE

Then we make our own door!

Grace slams the throttle forward. The ship surges. It smashes through the half-open doors, scraping sparks, and shoots into the grey sky.

EXT. SORLIA SKY

The ship rockets upward. Through the rain. Through the thick, depressing clouds. The turbulence is violent.

INT. BRIDGE

GRACE

Shield integrity holding... barely!

C.O.S.M.O.

We are passing the cloud layer in 3...
2... 1...

EXT. SPACE

The ship breaks through the gloom.

Suddenly... SILENCE.

The stars are everywhere. Millions of them. A breathtaking view of the cosmos.

INT. BRIDGE

The shaking stops. The crew looks out the viewport. The light from the stars reflects in their eyes. It's the first time they've seen the bright light in years.

The bridge door *whooshes* open.

Mina strolls in, dusting off her hands. She looks completely unbothered.

MINA

Ramp secured. No stowaways. Did I miss anything?

BRYMON

Just the view. We made it.

CARYN

We escaped. But so did they.

On the sensor screen, a jagged BLACK SHIP follows them out of the atmosphere. The Dark Brigades' ship.

MILO

Let them come.

Milo sits in the captain's chair. He looks like a leader now.

MILO (CONT'D)

C.O.S.M.O., set a course for Pyrotia.
We have a fire to put out.

C.O.S.M.O.

Course laid in. Estimated time of arrival... well, assuming we don't explode... two days.

MILO

Engage.

The Cosmic Hope streaks into hyperspace, leaving a rainbow trail behind it.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE