

Lady Destiny: Defender's Legacy

"A Hero is Born"

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OVER BLACK.

EMILY (V.O.)

Since the day I was brought here to live with my father. Everything in my life started to become different beginning at the age of 8.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY(AGE 8)

EMILY(V.O.)

This was the first day I discovered one of my abilities.

Scene opens with young Emily West playing on the swings. A group of bullies approaches, pushing a smaller child. Emily notices and clenches her fists, her eyes narrowing.

BULLY 1

Hey, little girl, this isn't your business! Go away.

Emily steps forward, her hands trembling slightly. Suddenly, her eyes glow faintly.

EMILY

"Leave him alone!"

The bullies laugh mockingly. Emily's hands glow brighter, and a sudden burst of energy erupts from her palms, knocking the bullies backwards. They stumble and fall, startled. The smaller child runs to Emily, hugging her gratefully.

CHILD

Wow! Emily, you did it! You're so brave!"

Emily looks at her hands, surprised at the power she just unleashed.

EMILY

I... I did? I didn't mean to. It just... came out."

Her father Thomas West, late thirties, runs over, alarmed.

THOMAS

Emily! Are you okay? What happened?

EMILY

I'm sorry daddy, I didn't mean to do it.

Her Father kneels, hugging her tightly.

THOMAS

It's alright sweetheart, there are things about you that make you different from other kids.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOFTOP - NIGHT(AGE 13)

Emily stands on the edge of the school rooftop, wind tousling her hair. She looks nervous but determined.

ABIGAIL

Emily! Come down, it's not safe!

EMILY

I need to know if I

Can fly again.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and begins to lift off. Her arms spread wide as she rises above the rooftop, floating effortlessly.

Emily hovers in the air, looking down at her best friend Abigail below, a mixture of awe and exhilaration on her face. She raises her arms, feeling the wind.

EMILY (CONT'D)

"This is it. I'm flying.

Suddenly, a gust of wind threatens to knock her over. She steadies herself, focusing.

EMILY (CONT'D)

"I can do this. I just need to stay calm."

Her friend yells up.

ABIGAIL

Emily! You're amazing! Keep going.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY(AGE 16)

Emily is seated at a table, eyes closed, focusing. Across from her, a classmate is nervously reading a book.

ABIGAIL

Hey, Emily, what are you doing?

Emily's eyes open, and her gaze shifts to her classmate.

EMILY

Just listening. Don't worry.

Suddenly, her mind connects with classmate's thoughts. Inside her mind, she hears the classmate's inner dialogue.

Classmate's thoughts: "I'm so nervous about the test tomorrow. I wish I could just forget everything."

Emily subtly projects a calming thought. She looks at the classmate on her left. Abigail is on the right.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Relax. You know this material.
You're ready."

The classmate's expression softens, and she smiles slightly.

CLASSMATE

Thanks, Emily. I needed that.

Emily leans back, a knowing smile on her face.

EMILY:

Sometimes, all you need is a little
peace of mind.

FADE TO BLACK.

EMILY (V.O.)

After this point in my life, it was
clear who I am meant to be.

SUPER: 4 YEARS LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY BRIDGE - DAY

The sun blazes overhead, casting shimmering reflections on the steel and concrete of the busy urban bridge.

Vehicles stream across, honking, engines roaring, tires squealing on slick asphalt.

A school bus, yellow and bright, trundles along the center lane, its red flashing lights flickering as children inside sing joyfully.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MOMENTS LATER

The camera shifts inside to reveal children singing along with a cheerful tune:

KIDS (O.S.)
♪♪ Wheels on the bus go round and
round! ♪♪

Suddenly, a loud CRACK echoes across the bridge, startling everyone. The ground trembles. The bus jolts as the bridge shudders beneath it. Debris begins to fall, dust billowing into the air.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A section of the bridge's concrete begins to crack ominously. A fueled truck nearby shudders, spilling gasoline onto the roadway, creating a slick, dangerous sheen. Smoke rises from a nearby vent, the threat palpable.

The bus continues forward, its tires skidding on the slick surface. The driver, MR. HENRY, a seasoned man in his fifties, grips the steering wheel tightly, eyes wide with concern.

MR. HENRY
Hang on, kids! I've got this!

The bridge's steel girders creak loudly, tension mounting. A large chunk of concrete starts to break loose, hanging precariously. The children inside scream.

KID #1
What's happening, Mr. Henry?!

KID #2
Are we gonna fall?!

The bus approaches the collapsing section. The front tires begin to skid as the asphalt gives way beneath them. The bus tilts slightly, threatening to topple. Inside, the kids clutch their seats, eyes wide with fear.

EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A streak of motion appears—Lady Destiny soars into view, her cape billowing behind her like a banner of hope. She cuts through the air swiftly, heading straight for the chaos unfolding below.

LADY DESTINY
Everyone stay calm! I'm here to help!

She descends rapidly, her boots landing on the roof of the bus with a resonant THUD. The children gasp, eyes wide with awe.

LADY DESTINY (CONT'D)
Kids, I need you to stay seated and stay calm. I'll handle this.

She glances at the collapsing section, her eyes narrowing.

EXT. BRIDGE - DANGER ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The massive section of concrete teeters, about to fall. Lady Destiny steps forward, her expression focused and determined.

LADY DESTINY
Not on my watch.

She raises her hand, summoning her energy. A radiant glow emanates from her palm as she concentrates.

CLOSE UP on her face—her brow furrowed in concentration, beads of sweat visible. Her cape flutters violently in the wind.

LADY DESTINY (CONT'D)
Hold on!

With a surge of power, she extends her arm toward the falling debris. A shimmering force field erupts around the section of concrete, halting its descent just inches above the bus.

EXT. BUS ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Lady Destiny turns to the children inside, offering a reassuring smile.

LADY DESTINY
Stay seated. I'll keep this steady.

She steps forward, placing both hands on the concrete. Her muscles strain as she holds the massive chunk mid-air, sparks of energy crackling around her fingertips.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

6.
Inside, kids watch with awe and trembling fear.

KID #3
Is she... strong enough?

KID #4
She's a hero, right?

MR. HENRY
She's got to be.

EXT. BRIDGE - DANGER ZONE - DAY

Lady Destiny's face tightens with effort. The concrete begins to crack along its edges as she pushes her energy to the limit.

LADY DESTINY
Hold everything!

Suddenly, the force field flickers, threatening to break. The concrete shudders, dust falling from its edges.

LADY DESTINY (CONT'D)
Almost... there...

A loud CRACK echoes—more support beams strain under the weight. Lady Destiny's arms tremble as she holds the debris.

VOICE FROM BELOW (DISTANT, FRANTIC)
We're losing it! It's going to fall!

She glances downward, eyes blazing with resolve.

LADY DESTINY
Not on my watch.

She pushes harder, summoning every ounce of strength. The debris begins to stabilize, floating steadily in her energy field.

EXT. BRIDGE - SAFE ZONE

The debris halts, suspended inches above the bus roof. Lady Destiny exhales deeply, sweat dripping from her brow.

LADY DESTINY
That should hold for now.

She turns to face the collapsing section, now partially stabilized but still dangerous.

LADY DESTINY (CONT'D)
Everyone, stay low and stay seated!
I'll secure this!

She leaps down from the roof of the bus, energy crackling around her as she begins to manipulate the debris, trying to guide it away from the bus and the remaining structure

INT. SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the bus starts to fall off the bridge, Lady Destiny flies away out of sight, as the bus falls. The KIDS START SCREAMING. But for a second they stop, as the bus stops falling. It's just sitting there in midair.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

We See Lady Destiny holding the bus in midair stopping it in its tracks from falling. The kids look out the window and see Lady Destiny doing everything she can. With a burst of energy she pushes the bus back up on the bridge.

All the kids inside are cheering as the bus is put back safely on the bridge. Lady Destiny Smiles and flies away, as the kids wave.

LADY DESTINY
Time to head to class. Once again
going to be late.

Emily (Lady Destiny) sprints down the alley, her superhero uniform shimmering slightly in the sunlight. Her breathing is heavy, and beads of sweat trail down her forehead. She glances over her shoulder, ensuring she's not being followed.

EMILY
Just a few more seconds..."

She spots a narrow gap behind a stack of crates. Without hesitation, she ducks inside.

INT. BEHIND THE BUILDING - STORAGE AREA - DAY

The space is cluttered with old boxes, maintenance supplies, and discarded furniture. Emily quickly pulls her mask down, unzips her blue and white uniform and begins to shed it with practiced efficiency.

EMILY

Come on, come on

She swiftly removes her superhero suit, revealing her casual clothes underneath—a simple T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. She pulls on her hoodie, zipping it up to conceal her identity.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Got to make it to class before the professor starts fussing.

She checks her reflection in a dusty mirror attached to a nearby metal cabinet, adjusts her hoodie, and then darts out of the storage area.

EXT. LA UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS - DAY

Emily emerges from behind the building, blending into the bustling crowd of students. She weaves through groups of students, her pace quickening.

INT. LA UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY - DAY

She rushes down the corridor, checking her watch. The hall is noisy—students chatting, professors moving between classrooms.

She spots her classroom door ahead, just as the bell rings. She pushes it open and slips inside.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The room quiets as Emily enters, hurriedly making her way to her seat. The PROFESSOR mid-50's stern, notices her late arrival.

PROFESSOR HAYES

Ms. West, so glad you could join us. Do take a seat. We've just begun the lecture...

Emily quickly sits down, trying to catch her breath. The class continues, but the professor's gaze lingers on her with a mixture of suspicion and annoyance.

PROFESSOR HAYES (CONT'D)
Now, as I was saying

Suddenly, the classroom door opens again. The professor's eyes narrow as Emily fidgets, trying to appear nonchalant.

INT. CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The lecture continues, but the professor keeps eyeing Emily.

PROFESSOR
Ms. Carter, is there something
you'd like to share with the
class?"

Emily blushes slightly, unsure how to respond.

EMILY
Uh, no, sir. Sorry I'm late.

PROFESSOR HAYES
Late is one thing, Ms. Carter.
Disrespecting the schedule is
another. Remember, punctuality is
part of professionalism.

Emily nods, avoiding eye contact. She pulls out her notebook, trying to focus.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

The lecture ends. Students gather their belongings and head out. Emily packs up hurriedly, eager to leave.

The professor approaches her desk, arms crossed.

PROFESSOR HAYES
Ms. West a word, please.

Emily hesitates but follows him to the front of the room.

PROFESSOR HAYES (CONT'D)
Late again today. Is everything
alright? You seem... distracted.

EMILY
Yeah, I'm fine. Just... a lot on my
mind.

PROFESSOR HAYES

Remember, Emily, this university expects its students to be responsible. If you're dealing with personal issues, I suggest you handle them outside of class.

EMILY

Yes Professor, I understand

The professor points at the door. Emily leaves the classroom.

INT. COZY CAFE - DAY.

The warm hum of conversation and clinking of cups fill the air. EMILY sits at the table, ABIGAIL approaches with a bright smile, carrying two coffees.

ABIGAIL

I guess Professor Hayes kicked you out of her class again.

EMILY

Yea, the fourth time in the last two weeks. Saving lives and going to college is more difficult, than I thought it would be.

Abigail slides into the seat opposite Emily, placing her coffee down.

ABIGAIL

I remember the first time you got your powers. So much excitement, but now you seem more stressed and overwhelmed.

Emily hesitates, fidgeting with her cup.

EMILY

Honestly? You're right, It's a lot. Sometimes I feel like I'm juggling a thousand things. College, friends, hero duties... It's overwhelming.

ABIGAIL

My best advice, find a balance or too will never work. Maybe one is your calling and the other doesn't exist going forward.

Emily takes a deep breath, leaning forward.

EMILY

College has always been the plan,
but maybe the truth is, these
powers were a gift and there is
something bigger like a Destiny
that awaits me.

Abigail reaches across the table, giving Emily a reassuring look.

ABIGAIL

You're handling more than most
people could. Do you ever get
scared? Like, what if something
happens and...?

Before Abigail finishes, Emily's eyes flick to the window. Outside, a faint distant rumble echoes.

EMILY

Yeah. Sometimes I do. But I have to
learn to trust my instincts. 3.8
lives depend on me every day to
protect them.

Suddenly, a distant explosion erupts in the city skyline. The ground trembles slightly.

ABIGAIL

Whoa. Did you see that? That's... not
good.

Emily stands abruptly, grabbing her bag.

EMILY

That's my cue. Looks like the city
needs me again.

ABIGAIL

Be safe, superhero girl. But hey—
don't forget to come back in one
piece.

Emily flashes a quick smile.

EMILY

Promise. Thanks, Abigail.

INT. BRONSON TECHNOLOGIES BOARDROOM - DAY.

The expansive, tastefully decorated boardroom hums with subdued tension.

Floor-to-ceiling windows showcase the skyline, casting natural light over the gathered EXECUTIVE BOARD. The atmosphere is thick with concern, ambition, and unspoken pressure.

At the head of the table, JACOB BRONSON, late 40's, commands attention. His sharp suit and piercing gaze reveal a man used to control, now visibly frustrated. He leans slightly forward, hands clenched on the polished wood.

JACOB BRONSON

I demand to know the meaning of why
we are called here today.

The room falls into a tense silence, each member exchanging uneasy glances. Jacob's eyes scan the group, his jaw tight. Tom, a board member, stands up and speaks.

TOM(CONT'D)

You all saw the quarterly report.
We are losing money—substantially!

Jacob stands abruptly, pacing towards the large window behind him, fists clenched, eyes fixing on the city skyline.

JACOB BRONSON

Company's lose money all the time,
that's the risk of business. I
guarantee revenue will be at
greater heights by next quarter.

A murmur ripples through the room. It's the kind of discomfort that signals acknowledgment of the problem.

ROBERT, the CFO, a composed man in a tailored suit, clears his throat, trying to maintain calm.

ROBERT

There may not be a company by then,
if we don't act now. I am more
concern with the R&D projects that
have been label top secret and have
spent nearly 80 million dollars on.

Jacob slams his fist on the table.

JACOB BRONSON

Those projects are separate from
our prime objective. Stay in your
lane Robert.

He paces faster, fists clenching and unclenching as he speaks.

ROBERT

This is my lane and area Jacob. For the sake of you and this company, those projects better be on the up and up.

He stops, glaring at the board members. His voice drops but remains fiery.

LISA

I agree with Robert, we can't afford to have a scandal at this current state or this company stock will sink like the titanic.

The tension thickens.

LISA (CONT'D)

Jacob, perhaps we should assess our R&D investment. Maybe refocus efforts and cut back on some of the less profitable projects.

Jacob turns sharply, brow furrowing, seemingly insulted.

JACOB BRONSON

Cutting back is not the answer! That's a step backward. We need to inject more creativity and passion into our product lines—not abandon them!

MR. HAWTHORNE, an older, grizzled veteran, reclines in his chair, rubbing his temples, voice gruff.

MR. HAWTHORNE

You have three months to back up profits and stock of this company or find yourself a new job.

Jacob's face flushes. His jaw tightens. Without warning, he slams a hand onto the table with a loud bang, causing chairs to creak and members to flinch.

JACOB BRONSON

Nobody is taking my company. If you dare to oust me, then you will have the fight of your lives. Meeting adjourned.

INT. BRONSON TECHNOLOGIES - FRONT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Emily and Abigail stand in the Lobby.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Abigail. Your father is waiting on you.

They follow into a high-tech corridor. EMILY scans the surroundings.

INT. BRONSON TECHNOLOGIES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY.

Jacob is seated at the conference table. His face shows frustrated, when Abigail and Emily walk in.

ABIGAIL

Hey dad, What's up?

Jacob looks up sharply, forcing a smile as he sees Abigail. He quickly composes himself.

JACOB

What's up is that you never seem to have time to visit your dear old father.

ABIGAIL

You're not that old! Plus I brought Emily.

JACOB

Long time Emily, have seen you in a while, since you two were 10 years old.

Jacob gestures to the seats. Emily notices the tension in his posture.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

The girls sit as Jacob begins to speak, voice strained but controlled.

EMILY

Yea, it's been awhile. How's business going those days?

JACOB

You know up and down. That's business. I heard you're having trouble getting to class.

Emily looks at Abigail with piss of a grin.

EMILY

Just the stress of college. I will figure it out eventually.

JACOB

Remember, hard work pays off in the long run. Always keep an eye on your goals and you will achieve a lot.

Jacob leans back, running his hand through his hair.

EMILY

Thanks, that great advice.

JACOB

More than you know. The pressure is mounting. I've been up all night reviewing data, trying to keep everything on track.

JACOB (CONT'D)

This was a great chat, but I have another meeting to attend to.

Jacob leads Emily and Abigail out of the conference room.

INT. PARAGON FACILITY - LENA BLACK OFFICE - DAY

Director Lena Black and Agent John Zero are sitting in Lena's office. She pours John a glass of water and slides it to him.

DIRECTOR BLACK

How is it going with the one we've been watching?

AGENT ZERO

So far, she saved a bus full of kids.

DIRECTOR BLACK

Good, everything that happens to her, will tell us if she is ready.

AGENT ZERO

Understood Director!

Suddenly alarms go off in the facility. Lena and Agent Zero run quickly out of the office.

INT. PARAGON FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM.

Lena and John follow quickly, alarms blaring.

LENA BLACK
Seal the exits! He's escaping!

JOHN ZERO
All units, Shylock is on the move.
Lock down the facility. Do not let
him reach the surface!

On the screen, Shylock's a With a striking appearance,
possesses shimmering, iridescent skin that shifts colors
depending on the angle of light.

His tall, slender frame is complemented by luminous, almond-
shaped eyes that radiate intelligence and curiosity.

16.
Shylock's features are both alien
and majestic, with intricate
patterns etched subtly across his
skin, silhouette races through the
halls, smashing panels and
destroying security drones.

INT. PARAGON FACILITY - MAIN CORRIDOR.

Shylock encounters a security drone. He swats it aside, then
kicks open an emergency hatch.

SHYLOCK
Your cages are useless!

He descends into the maintenance tunnels, disappearing from
sight.

INT. PARAGON FACILITY - LAUNCH BAY.

Shylock emerges into the bay, rushing toward an escape
shuttle. The area is engulfed in chaos—flares, explosions,
and panicked personnel.

LENA BLACK
He's heading for the shuttle! Lock
it down!

Security teams open fire, bullets pinging off Shylock's
armor. Shylock dodges, claws ripping equipment apart.

John and Lena coordinate from the control room, trying to override the shuttle's launch system.

JOHN ZERO

We need to cut the power! Shut down the launch sequence!

LENA BLACK

I'm overriding the controls, but he's already initiated the launch. We're running out of time.

Shylock bursts onto the platform, smashing consoles.

SHYLOCK

I will now continue my mission that I came here to this planet to complete.

He swings his claws, destroying the control panel as alarms blare.

EXT. PARAGON FACILITY - NIGHT.

Shylock's shuttle ignites, blasting off into the sky. Explosions ripple through the base as containment fails. Emergency evacuation is in full swing.

LENA BLACK

(sighing heavily)
He's gone. For now.

JOHN ZERO

(grim)
But not forever. Shylock's chaos has only begun.

INT. WEST HOUSE - EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily's dimly lit bedroom. The glow of her desk lamp illuminates textbooks and notebooks scattered across her desk. She sits cross-legged on her bed, headphones around her neck, typing away on her laptop.

EMILY:

Just a few more problems... I can do this.

Her phone buzzes on the nightstand. She picks it up, sees Abigail's name, and answers.

EMILY: (CONT'D)
Hey, Abigail! What's up?

ABIGAIL
Hey Em! Just checking in. How's the homework going?

EMILY:
Ugh, you know me—slow but steady.
I'm just trying to finish this algebra. You?

ABIGAIL:
Same here. But I think I'm finally getting the hang of these physics problems.

EMILY:
Good! We'll be done in no time.
Hey, I gotta try to get some sleep.

ABIGAIL:
Alright, talk soon! Stay safe.

EXT. LA SKIES - NIGHT

The city's skyline shimmered under the glow of the moon, casting long shadows over the empty streets. Emily, clad in her form-fitting jumpsuit primarily in light blue and white.

The design is accented with dynamic ocean blue stripes that run along the sides and across the chest, adding a sense of movement and energy.

The suit incorporates streamlined elements for agility, with subtle white detailing. Her eyes scanned the city below, alert for any signs of trouble.

Suddenly, a flicker of movement caught her attention near the downtown bank. Two masked robbers hurried out, clutching bulging Duffel bags. Behind them, a scuffle erupted as police sirens wailed in the distance.

With a powerful thrust of her energy, Lady Destiny descends swiftly, landing gracefully in front of the bank's entrance just as the robbers burst onto the street.

ROBBER 1
Run! Get to the getaway car.

ROBBER 2
Wait! Who's that?

Emily steps forward, her voice calm but commanding.

LADY DESTINY

Not so fast. Drop the bags and put
your hands where I can see them.

The robbers freeze, exchanging nervous glances. One reaches
for a gun tucked into his waistband.

ROBBER 1

Looks like we got a real hero. Move
out of the way pretty. Don't want
you to get hurt.

Emily's eyes blaze with resolve. She raises her hands, and a
soft, glowing energy begins to emanate from her palms.

LADY DESTINY

I won't be the one who gets hurt.

Suddenly, she unleashes a wave of shimmering energy, aimed to
disarm the robbers.

The blast hits Robber 1's hand, causing him to drop his
weapon with a clatter.

The second robber raises his fists, trying to charge her, but
Emily swiftly side steps, delivering a precise kick that
sends him stumbling back.

ROBBER 2

Ugh! You're tougher than you look.

Meanwhile, police cars screech to a halt nearby, officers
jumping out with guns drawn. An officer yells at her.

Emily nods, focusing her energy. She leaps into the air,
circling above the scene. From her vantage point, she spots
the getaway vehicle—a sleek black sedan—speeding down the
street, a driver frantic behind the wheel.

LADY DESTINY

Time to curb this getaway.

She descends rapidly, her boots touching the pavement with
authority. She positions herself in front of the fleeing car,
arms crossed.

LADY DESTINY (CONT'D)

Not so fast.

The driver slams on the brakes, but Emily reaches out with her hands, creating a shimmering barrier that halts the vehicle in its tracks. The robbers inside look out anxiously, realizing they're trapped.

ROBBER 1

You're going to regret getting in our way.

LADY DESTINY

Everyone stay calm. This is over.

She opens the driver's door, carefully but firmly. The driver, a young man with wide eyes, raises his hands in surrender.

DRIVER

I didn't want to do this! They forced me!"

Emily's gaze softens but remains firm.

LADY DESTINY

Let's get you and your friends some help.

As police officers move in to secure the scene, Emily turns back to the crowd gathering nearby, officers, bystanders, and media flashing cameras.

Suddenly, she hears a muffled cry from behind the bank. She quickly scans the area—there, hidden behind a corner, is a terrified bank employee peeking out.

EMILY

Are you okay? Come out.

The employee, trembling, steps into view.

BANK EMPLOYEE

They— they threatened to kill us if we didn't give them the money. I-I was hiding under the counter.

LADY DESTINY

You're safe now. Help is here.

INT. COLLEGE ETHICS CLASSROOM - DAY.

The classroom hums with quiet chatter. EMILY, a thoughtful young woman with a distant look, sits near the window, staring out but not really seeing.

Professor Hayes writes on the board.

PROFESSOR HARRIS
Emily, could you please contribute?
We're discussing ethical
responsibilities toward distant
civilizations. Your thoughts?

Emily blinks rapidly, snapping back to the present. She hesitates, her heart pounding.

EMILY
Sorry, sir. I... I was just thinking
about something else.

PROFESSOR HARRIS
It's okay. But it's important to
stay engaged. Would you like to
share what's on your mind?

Emily takes a deep breath, trying to gather herself.

EMILY
It's... about the ethics of
intervention. If a civilization is
suffering—like my home planet—do we
have a responsibility to help? Even
if it's not directly affecting us?

The class murmurs softly, some students exchanging glances.

MR. HARRIS
A profound question. Ethical
dilemmas often involve balancing
our duties with practical
limitations. Would anyone like to
expand on that?

As the discussion continues, Emily's eyes drift again. Her mind flashes back: the planet's surface ablaze, fires raging across vast continents, people fleeing, the sky darkened with smoke.

CLOSE-UP ON EMILY'S FACE:

Her expression is a mix of pain, guilt, and longing. She clenches her fists subtly, fighting back tears.

BACK TO CLASSROOM
Professor Hayes calls on another
student, but Emily is barely
listening.

PROFESSOR HAYES

Emily, are you okay? I know we
don't have to have the same
conversation again.

EMILY

I'm good.

Suddenly, everyone's phones buzz simultaneously. A flurry of messages and videos flood the screens. EMILY picks up her phone and scrolls through, eyes widening.

ON SCREEN: A chaotic battle unfolds—Shylock, a towering, menacing alien with glowing eyes, battling military tanks and soldiers in the city square. Explosions light up the background as Shylock unleashes a powerful energy blast.

EMILY's face tightens with concern. She quickly glances at the professor, who is oblivious. Without hesitation, she gathers her things.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(whispering to herself)

I need to stop him before more
people get hurt.

She darts out of the classroom, pushing past students and rushing into the corridor. Her backpack swings as she moves swiftly toward the campus exit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

She leaps into the air, soaring toward the chaos, ready to confront Shylock and protect her city.

The skyline of downtown Los Angeles is a chaotic swirl of smoke, debris, and sirens as the alien Shylock wreaks havoc.

Military tanks line the streets, firing volleys of laser-guided missiles that bounce harmlessly off Shylock's shimmering, armored hide.

The sky is darkened by plumes of smoke, and civilians scatter in all directions.

Suddenly, a streak of golden light slices through the chaos—Lady Destiny arrives. Her luminous figure descends rapidly, her eyes blazing with determination. Lady Destiny lands forcefully between Shylock and the advancing troops.

LADY DESTINY

Once chance, surrender now or die!

SHYLOCK

The only one that is dying today is
you.

As Shylock stares down Lady Destiny, he notices the necklace
around her neck.

LADY DESTINY

Is there something you like about
me that has you staring.

Shylock points to the necklace around her neck.

SHYLOCK

Where did you get that necklace?

LADY DESTINY

It was from my mother.

SHYLOCK

I can't believe you're alive.
Everyone thought you died.

Lady Destiny Seemed confused.

LADY DESTINY

Enough talk. Let's fight.

Shylock turns, snarling, his tentacle-like appendages
twitching with anticipation, swinging his tail, Shylock roars
and charges, unleashing a burst of energy and attacking with
his claws.

Lady Destiny dodged his attacks, retaliating with a powerful
punch to Shylock's midsection, causing him to stagger.

Shylock retaliates with a destructive energy blast. Lady
Destiny raises her palms, she fires her own energy blast. The
two forces collide, creating a shock wave that shatters
nearby windows.

The battle intensifies as Lady Destiny unleashes a flurry of
punches, each powered by her energy, pushing Shylock back.
Shylock responds with a swipe of his tentacles, aimed to
entangle her.

She dodges, spinning into a kick that lands on Shylock's jaw,
sending him stumbling.

Shylock roars in fury, unleashing a concentrated beam of
energy from his eyes. Lady Destiny counters with her own
energy shield, absorbing the blast but feeling her strength
draining.

With a surge of her own power, she pushes forward, launching a massive energy blast that hits Shylock squarely, knocking him into a nearby building.

The structure explodes in a cloud of dust and concrete. Shylock, shaken but furious, charges again. Lady Destiny meets him head-on, their fists colliding with a deafening impact. Sparks fly as their powers clash in a brutal melee.

Shylock's tentacles lash out, trying to ensnare her, but she leaps over them, landing behind him. She delivers a rapid series of energy-infused punches, each blow causing Shylock to bleed.

Shylock roars in pain and fury, unleashing a devastating shock wave. Lady Destiny braces, her energy wings flaring brightly. She taps into her deepest reserves, channeling a colossal burst of energy that envelops her entire body.

She unleashes a devastating punch, striking Shylock's chest with enough force to send him flying backward into the remnants of a skyscraper.

The alien screams, staggering but still standing. He charges back at Lady Destiny and knocks her into a building.

The military closes with their tanks. Shylock looks at Lady Destiny. After she recovers from the hit.

SHYLOCK

This ain't over between us. I will
be back.

Shylock files away.

Getting up from the building, Lady Destiny files in the other direction.

INT. WEST FAMILY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The West Family house. The room is dimly lit, with a warm glow from a nearby lamp. Emily lies on a couch, her face pale and bruised, breathing shallowly. Abigail kneels beside her, gently tending to Emily's injuries.

ABIGAIL:

It's alright Emily. We're here for
you.

Emily's eyes flutter open briefly, her voice weak.

EMILY:

Abigail... I... I couldn't... stop him.

Father Thomas enters, carrying a bowl of warm water and some clothes.

FATHER THOMAS

Let's clean her wounds carefully.
She's lucky to be alive after that
battle.

Abigail takes the clothes from him, dipping one into the water and softly dabbing Emily's forehead.

ABIGAIL:

Who were you fighting?

Emily's eyelids flutter again, tears welling up.

EMILY

I have no idea. But he know of me
and the necklace around my neck.

THOMAS

Let's not concern ourselves with
that, right now. Emily needs rest.

Emily clutches her side, grimacing.

Close-up of Emily's face, showing bruises and a cut on her cheek. Abigail continues tending her injuries. Emily falls asleep from being exhausted.

ABIGAIL:

Sleep tight. You're going to need
it, this is far from over.

Father Thomas sits down, placing a comforting hand on Emily's shoulder.

THOMAS

Heroes are only as strong as those
who support them. Remember that.
Your friends, your city – they
believe in you.

ABIGAIL

That alien, something tells me he
is not do with Emily just yet

Abigail shakes her head.

THOMAS

I agree. If knows of the necklace,
then he knows where she is truly
from and on this planet that's bad.

ABIGAIL
it's late! Time for me to head
home, I will be back in the
morning.

Abigail walks out the front door. Thomas stays beside Emily's side.

EXT. WEST HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Emily is loading large Duffel bags into the back of her father's truck. The sun is shining brightly, casting sharp shadows. Suddenly, Abigail rides up on her skateboard, a wide grin on her face.

ABIGAIL
Hey, Em! Need a hand? Or are you
planning to single-handedly move
the entire arsenal?

EMILY
Haha, very funny. Just finishing up
here. Could use some backup,
though.

Abigail hops off her skateboard, casually walking over.

ABIGAIL
You should be resting...

They both grab a large bag, lifting it together. As they do, a sudden loud noise—an engine revving—distracts them.

EMILY
Rest for the weak, I will face
Shylock again and will need to be
ready.

They look toward the street. A sleek, armored vehicle screeches into view, coming to a halt near the driveway.

ABIGAIL
Just be careful, a lot of people
are counting on you.

The sound of a phone goes off. It's Abigail's. She pulls out and sees there a text from her father.

DAD (TEXT)
I need you at my office Now!

ABIGAIL (TEXT)
On my way.

Abigail hops back on the skateboard.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I need to go. My father needs to
see me.

EMILY
Alright catch you later.

Abigail rides off on her skateboard.

INT. JACOB BRONSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is warm and filled with books, family photos, and a vintage desk. JACOB BRONSON, sits behind the desk, reading a newspaper. ADAM, his son(25), lounges in a chair nearby, scrolling through his phone. The door opens softly.

Abigail comes in

ABIGAIL
Well, well. Look at this. My big
brother comes home and can't even
hit up his little sister.

ADAM
Abby! You know I have to make you
come to me.

Abigail walks over and kisses Adam on the cheek.

ABIGAIL
Yea, that's why I'm the favorite.
Because I'm not a douche bag, like
you.

JACOB
Now you both know I don't have
favorites.

ABIGAIL
How long are you in town for?

Next, JACOB's assistant walks in, bringing snacks and coffee.

ADAM
Back for good. Working here with
dad at the company.

ABIGAIL
That's great, you plan on seeing
Emily again.

ADAM
We'll see, how things go for me?

ABIGAIL
Alright, don't wait too long. Have
to go now.

Abigail and Adam exchange hugs. As well as Jacob and Abigail,
who exchange hugs and kisses on the cheeks.

Abigail walks out of the office.

JACOB
Your sister or anyone, can't ever
know the real reason your back. I
suggest you work hard, keeping it
that way.

ADAM
Of course father

EXT. DOWNTOWN LA - BUILDING FIRE - DAY

a catastrophic fire at the historic Grand view Tower. Inside
the building, flames lick the stairwells and hallways. People
scream and scramble, some trying to find exits. A
firefighter, JOHNSON, leads a team towards the flames.

FIREFIGHTER JOHNSON
Stay close! We're going in to find
survivors!

A newswoman, MARIA, holds a microphone, reporting live.
Behind her, the fire rages.

MARIA
This is a developing story as
firefighters work tirelessly to
contain the blaze. Reports indicate
multiple people are trapped inside.
Suddenly, a shadowy figure appears
at the edge of the crowd, cloaked
in a flowing cape, eyes glowing
faintly. It's LADY DESTINY,
arriving silently.

INT. BURNING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Lady Destiny leaps into the burning building, Flames swirl
around her as she vanishes into the inferno. Inside, flames
blaze fiercely. Lady Destiny appears amidst the smoke, her
eyes focused and determined.

LADY DESTINY
Time is running out. I need to find
the survivors quickly.

Lady Destiny navigates through the smoky corridors, her vision enhanced by her powers. She hears muffled cries.

SOMEONE CRYING
Help! Over here!

She locates a group of civilians cornered behind a collapsing wall. Flames crackle dangerously close.

LADY DESTINY
Follow me! I'll get you out.

She conjures a shimmering barrier, shielding the group from the flames as she leads them toward the exit. Suddenly, a section of the ceiling collapses behind her, debris falling. Flames roar louder.

EXT. BURNING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

LADY DESTINY
Stay back! I'll handle this!

Lady Destiny raises her hands, summoning a wave of wind that pushes the flames back, creating a safe path.

LADY DESTINY (CONT'D)
Go now! I'll cover the rear!

The civilians dash out, coughing and coughing. Lady Destiny turns back toward the blaze, determination etched on her face. In another corridor, she finds a firefighter trapped beneath fallen debris. His leg is pinned.

FIREFIGHTER
Help... I can't move.

LADY DESTINY
Hold on! I'll get you out.

BACK TO:

INT. BURNING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She uses her energy, lifting the debris effortlessly. The firefighter groans with relief. As she helps the firefighter up, a loud explosion erupts upstairs, shaking the building.

Fire alarm blares. Smoke thickens.

LADY DESTINY

This fire's fueled by something
more than just flames. I need to
find the source.

She ascends a staircase, flames licking at her heels. On the
top floor.

EXT. BURNING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Firefighters and police arrive to secure the scene. Lady
Destiny steps outside the building, smoke swirling behind
her. She looks back at the burning tower as firefighters
douse the flames. Civilians cheer and applaud her.

Maria, the newswoman, approaches her with a microphone.

MARIA NEWSWOMAN

I think everyone here is interested
to know, who are you under the
mask?

LADY DESTINY

Who I am under the mask does not
matter. What's important is that
I'm here to protect my city and
keep it safe. Along with the people
and kids.

INT. SHADOWY ROOM - NIGHT.

The room is dimly lit, shadows stretch across the walls. A
flickering TV screen shows "Lady Destiny" in a press
conference with a news reporter.

A mysterious woman, mid-40's, stands near the window,
watching intently. She wears dark clothes, her face partly
obscured.

Suddenly, the door opens quietly. A figure, JAMES, late 30's,
enters cautiously, eyes scanning the room.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

What took you so long?

JAMES

(stepping inside)

I told you I'd come. You said it
was urgent.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
Urgent doesn't even begin to cover
it. Sit down.

JAMES hesitates, then moves to a chair, sitting cautiously.

JAMES
Mysterious Woman

It seems like we have a problem on our hands, that requires
your attention.

31.
JAMES

Whatever it is, I will take care of it.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
You see that woman on TV? She has
certain abilities. That could
either work in our favor or against
us.

JAMES leans forward, tense.

JAMES
What do you need me to do?

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
Keep an eye on her. She already has
proven to get in my way. When the
time comes, she will not know what
hit her.

JAMES
Of course Madam. The age of Red
Dawn is here.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN
Now leave me. You have worked to
do.

James leaves the dark room, the woman has an evil grin on her
face, as she watches Lady Destiny on the TV.

FADE TO BLACK.