We open to a hot summer's day on a distant planet. Several children with reptilian scales and tails explore a stream that cuts through a meadow of reeds. Some greedily drink the water while others reprimand them for it. Some scoop water in buckets, checking their weight with diligent hands. Other children wear buckets on their heads—the metal shimmering against the afternoon gold. Their high-pitched laughter rings through the blistering air.

A sister and brother, Joan and Liam, stay close together. Joan collects water as well, careful not to spill. Meanwhile, Liam hops onto a rock, slips and falls. He cries while Joan comforts him. Then, as a joke, Liam pushes her into the water.

Joan's bucket flies from her grasp. She dives after it without a second thought. Liam laughs until Joan splashes him in the face. He also loses his bucket, but Joan returns it to him. Liam's mouth widens to a toothless grin.

Then, a large shadow passes by in a gradual stride. The children stop laughing, and a sharp silence follows. One by one, they all look up.

Above, the sky darkens as a colossal, spherical object made of obsidian eclipses the sun. The children mumble to each other, pointing and shifting their balance. Liam asks Joan what the object is, but Joan shakes her head. She grips Liam's hand and squeezes it.

The strange object rumbles and twists unnaturally. Its surface splits open, revealing a bright blue eye. It peers at the stream. The pupil dilates, almost eager—then shifts to the children, and snaps smaller.

Joan's breath hitches and squeezes Liam's hand once more. Some children approach with awe, while others are too stunned to move. One child with a dented bucket jumps up, shrieks with joy and—

A beam of light bursts from the eye and shrouds him in gold. He vanishes. His bucket clatters loudly into the water.

Joan's mouth drops in horror. The children scatter, screaming and slipping on stone as beams rain in quick flashes. They duck into the reeds, shoving past one another in panic. One by one, children vanish, leaving behind buckets that strike rock or splash into the water. Joan refuses to look back as she drags Liam along. She stumbles, but presses on.

Then—a sharp *thud* shatters her momentum. Joan turns.

Liam is gone.

His bucket rocks gently among the reeds.

CUT TO BLACK.