

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Macro shot of grass and wildflowers in a meadow, frozen in place as the camera moves. Dew glistens, frozen on motionless petals. Gradually, the grasses start swaying in a new breeze as sound and music (strings, wistful) fades in. A young woman's bare feet dance past. After she passes, the audio fades and the grasses freeze again, resetting to their original positions.

The cycle repeats, this time with a brook. The water is frozen in place, a hyperreal diorama. A frog is frozen mid-leap as it hops from the bank. Once again, audio fades in and the brook starts to gurgle. The frog croaks and finishes its leap. The bare feet splash through the water. We hear tinkling laughter. Then the sound fades and the motion slows, and finally resets. The water snaps back to its original position and the frog reverts to its mid-air leap.

Wide shot of MAYA, early twenties, bright-eyed and carefree, dancing barefoot through the meadow, humming to herself. Her melody is soft at first, but as she twirls, the strings soundtrack emerges from her tune, swelling and harmonizing, as if the world itself is singing along. Birds and butterflies flit around her.

Something is OFF about the meadow. The sky is impossibly blue. A chromatic filter and extra-soft lighting indicate that this is a virtual world.

She pauses, crouching to admire a wildflower.

VOICE FROM THE SKY (V. O.)

(nervous)

Um...hello?

All sound stops except for the reverberating voice from the heavens. The chromatic filter pulses in sync with the sound of the voice.

Maya freezes in astonishment, eyes widening, hardly daring to breathe. She looks up at the sky.

MAYA

Dad?

(bursting into joyful  
relief)

You're back!!

She leaps to her feet and begins running as fast as she can toward a stone-and-glass portal in the distance.

VOICE FROM THE SKY (V. O.)  
Is anyone there?

MAYA  
(shouting as she runs)  
Dad! I'm here!

VOICE FROM THE SKY (V. O.)  
Is this some kind of streaming tech,  
or...  
Hello?...

MAYA  
Dad!!

VOICE FROM THE SKY (V. O.)  
Huh.

Music swells back in to full volume. Title fades in as Maya runs away from the camera.

TITLE: SKYGLASS.

BURN TO WHITE.