SUPERPOD Season 2 Ep 1: Chasing the Last Sun Beam

~ Read Aloud Script ~

Adapted for one reader, with dialogue woven into the narration and production cues removed. Grandma's name is standardized to Oona. A brief invitation connects Kiko's discovery of the cove to the dolphins' arrival.

The afternoon sun hangs low over the ocean. Beneath the surface, long strands of kelp sway slowly. Kiko swims beside her family. The water feels chilly today.

"Mama, why is the water so cold?" she asks.
"Winter is here, sweetheart," says Calima.
"Well, I can feel it! My fins are cold. My tail is cold. Even my NOSE is cold!"
"You have been putting it in cold water all day," says Dad.
"Dad. We LIVE in cold water."
"That explains my nose, too."

Kiko leans gently into her mother as they swim.

"It gets dark so early now," she says. "We hardly have any time to play!"
"The days are shorter in winter," Mama explains. "The sun goes down earlier."
"Why does winter have to be so... wintery?"

Just then, the clouds part. A golden beam shines through the water, right across Kiko's back.

"Ooooh," she says. "That feels nice."

She floats near the surface, letting the sunshine rest on her skin.
But as the waves move overhead, the light shifts away.

"Hey! I was using that!" She follows it into the kelp.
"Where are you going?" Dad calls.
"I'm catching the SUN!"
"Well, save a little for the rest of us!"

Kiko swims around a rock.
There it is!
She stretches out in the light. But a strand of kelp sways across it.
"Excuse me, kelp."
She ducks underneath. The light dances over her belly, then slips behind her.
"Oh, come ON!"

Dad follows as she turns in a circle, trying to keep her whole body in the sunshine.
"How's that sun-catching going?" he asks.

“It won’t stay still!”
“Neither will you.”

Kiko stops.
For a moment, the light settles across her nose.
“There. Finally.”
Then a cloud passes overhead.
The sunbeam disappears.
“Noooo. I want more sunshine. And warmer water. And longer days!”
“Anything else?” Dad asks.
“More fish for dinner.”
“I thought you might say that.”

“Kiko?” calls a familiar voice. “Come over here, my dear.”
Grandma Oona rests near a big rock.
A little sunlight still reaches her through a gap in the clouds.
“Grandma! How did you get yours to stay?”
“I didn’t,” says Grandma. “I’m just enjoying it while it’s here.”
Kiko floats beside her. Dad settles nearby.
“But it might go away,” Kiko says.
“It might. But it also might come closer.”
For a little while, they float quietly.

Kiko watches little specks drifting through the golden water.
She feels the gentle movement of Grandma beside her.
“This is nice,” Kiko says.
“Mm. It really is.”
“In summer, I don’t even think about the sunshine. It’s just… there.”
“And today?” asks Grandma.
“Today I want every little bit.”
Grandma smiles.
“Maybe it feels extra special because we don’t have it all day,” Kiko says.
“You know my favorite part?” Grandma asks.
“What?”
“You’re here enjoying it with me.”
Kiko leans against her.
Slowly, the light fades.

This time, she stays a little longer.
As they head back toward Mama, Kiko notices a bright glow beyond the rocks.
She swims closer, with Dad beside her.
Inside a sheltered cove, the last afternoon light spreads across the water.

“Look!” Kiko calls. “A whole sunny spot! All for me!”
She swims happily around the cove.

“This bit of light tickles my nose. This bit of light for my tail…”
Beyond the rocks, she hears a familiar whistle.

Echo!
Kiko peeks out of the cove. Her dolphin friend is swimming nearby with her pod.

“Echo! Come see what I found!”
Echo swims closer.
“Look at all that light!” she says.

“There’s room over here,” Kiko tells her. “Bring everybody!”
Soon, the cove is full of familiar faces and voices.
Dolphins glide through the golden ripples.
Echo circles beside Kiko, and Kiko follows her through the light.
The patch of sunlight is smaller now.
Kiko moves closer to Mama and Grandma.

“Any room for one chilly dad?” asks Koba.
“Right here!”
Dad settles beside her.

Golden ripples dance across their backs.
Nobody tries to catch them.

“I think this is my favorite part of winter,” Kiko says.
“The sunshine?” asks Mama.
“No. Everybody being together.”

Kiko rests beside her family for a moment.
“I still wish summer would come sooner.”
“You can wish for summer, sweetheart,” Mama says. “And enjoy this, too.”
“And extra fish?”
“Especially extra fish,” says Dad.

Their gentle laughter ripples through the cove.
The last sunbeam touches Kiko’s tail, then disappears.
The water is still cold. The days are still short.

But Grandma is close, Mama brushes against her, and Dad is already talking about dinner.
“Grandma?”
“Yes, my dear?”
“Tomorrow, can we look for sunshine together?”
“I’d like that very much.”

There isn’t any more sunshine than before.
But somehow, sharing it makes the evening feel a little warmer.