(An empty stage. One by one, people begin filtering in – the residents of Crystal Beach, a seaside town near the San Francisco Bay in California. They are frozen in time, clothed in the fashions of no particular era. An ethereal mist swirls around their feet, as they stand as a chorus to weave their tale. ADELINE, unseen, begins to speak as the music begins.)

ADELINE: If I tell you this story begins on a beach, you’ll think of sand. But instead, think of sea glass. Shimmering in the sun where it meets the water.
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Mysterious $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{M}} = 63$

The sky is clear,
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The world is waiting, with its breath between its teeth. The air is

still now, __ But something's hiding under-neath.

The world is waiting, with its breath between its teeth. The air is

still now, __ But something's hiding under-neath.

The world is waiting, with its breath between its teeth. The air is

still now, __ But something's hiding under-neath.

The world is waiting, with its breath between its teeth. The air is

still now, __ But something's hiding under-neath.
ADELINE: Glass beaches are beautiful — and strange. There's nothing like a strange place to give birth to legends. This legend begins with a lightning storm without rain — a kind of storm that this town knew well.
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ADELINE: When one of these bolts from the blue strikes sea glass, they say it brings that sea glass to life.

CUE: Thunder Crash

Pno.
Sea glass bones, electric spark. The sea glass lives within, beneath their very skin.

Sea glass bones, electric spark. The sea glass lives within, beneath their very skin.

Sea glass bones, electric spark. The sea glass lives within, beneath their very skin.

Sea glass bones, electric spark. The sea glass lives within, beneath their very skin.

ADELINE: A person who looks just like you or me.

lightning flash has left its mark.

lightning flash has left its mark.

lightning flash has left its mark.
It's nearly human, flesh and blood and beating heart.

The glass before it sifts a

It rises up,

The glass before it sifts a

It rises up,
ADELINE: But not everyone embraces the things they don’t know.

If they look human, but they’re sea glass inside, how could we know when they appear?

If they look human, but they’re sea glass inside, how could we know when they appear?
If they're not human, but in that skin they hide, what do they want?

If they're not human, but in that skin they hide, what do they want?

If they're like humans, but with glass instead of bone,

Why are they here?
They're far too fragile to survive.

If they're not human, Ah! But

They're far too fragile to survive.

If they're not human, Ah! But

we'd never know when they arrive...

that is never known, we'd never know when they arrive...

that is never known, we'd never know when they arrive...

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JIMMY: It could be you!

FRANK: Oh, knock it off!

JEANINE: I can't believe you would take the "Lightning Folk" stories seriously. Don't be childish.

DORA: I'm not childish! I'm only saying, what if?

ADELINE: Everyone tells stories. Everyone enjoys them. Nobody thinks they're anything more than stories. No one ever expected one of these Lightning Folk to be found.

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S: But thunder rumbles, lightning cracks and fills the air.
A: But thunder rumbles, lightning cracks and fills the air, and fills the air.
T: But thunder rumbles, lightning cracks and fills the air.
B: But thunder rumbles, lightning cracks and fills the air, and fills the air.

And fills the air.

The Glass Girl
ADELINE: No one expected it until I was found.