SCENE ONE:

(An empty stage. In the background is a lighthouse – plain, but tall. One by one, people begin filtering in – the residents of Crystal Bay. 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.

ALL
THE SKY IS CLEAR.
THE WORLD IS WAITING, WITH ITS BREATH BETWEEN ITS TEETH.
THE AIR IS STILL NOW,
BUT SOMETHING'S HIDING UNDERNEATH.

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.

ALL
AND THUNDER ROLLS.
IT SHAKES THE SEA GLASS DOWN BELOW UPON THE BEACH.
ELECTRIC SHIVERS –
A LIGHTNING HAND EXTENDS ITS REACH.

ADELINE
When one of these bolts from the blue strikes sea glass, they say, it brings that sea glass to life.

ALL
AND A LIGHTNING ONE IS BORN.
SEA GLASS BONES, ELECTRIC SPARK.
THE SEA GLASS LIVES WITHIN,
BENEATH ITS VERY SKIN,
THE LIGHTNING FLASH HAS LEFT ITS MARK.

ADELINE
A person – who looks just like you or me.
THE LIGHTNING WAKES
IT'S NEARLY HUMAN, FLESH AND BLOOD AND BEATING HEART.
IT RISES UP –
THE GLASS BEFORE IT SIFTS APART.

ADELINE
But not everyone embraces the things they don't know.

HALF
IF THEY LOOK HUMAN, BUT THEY'RE SEA GLASS INSIDE,
HOW COULD WE KNOW WHEN THEY APPEAR?

OTHER HALF
IF THEY'RE NOT HUMAN, BUT IN THAT SKIN THEY HIDE,
WHAT COULD THEY WANT – WHY ARE THEY HERE?

HALF
IF THEY'RE LIKE HUMANS, WITH GLASS INSTEAD OF BONE,
THEY'RE FAR TOO FRAGILE TO SURVIVE.

OTHER HALF
IF THEY'RE NOT HUMAN, BUT THAT IS NEVER KNOWN,

ALL
WE'D NEVER KNOW WHEN THEY ARRIVE...

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.

SHIRA
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 these Lightning Folk to be real.
ALL

THE SKY IS CLEAR.
BUT THUNDER RUMBLES, LIGHTNING CRACKS AND FILLS THE AIR
AND THEN IT'S OVER.
WITH ONLY LEGENDS HANGING THERE.

ADELINE

No one expected it until I was found.
(END).