



7. Twimfina in San Francisco

(Late afternoon; receptionist is doing paperwork at the registration desk of a youth hostel in San Francisco; off to the side a dozen or more college-age travelers are sitting on sofas and doing some vocal harmonizing in a cozy corner; a police officer enters with Twimfina)

POLICE OFFICER

Hi Peggy.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi Burt. Got another releasee?

POLICE OFFICER

No, just giving this young woman a safe place to unwind after a high-speed chase on 101. She was hitch-hiking and got picked-up by some guy we've been looking for. When we tried to stop him, he started driving like he was at the Indianapolis Speedway.

RECEPTIONIST

(to Twimfina)

Wow! Sounds like you had some excitement today!

TWIMFINA

(chuckles)

Just like in that Steve McQueen movie!

POLICE OFFICER

Take care of her, Peggy – she’s had a rough welcome to San Francisco. I’ve got to get back to the station. Good luck to you, Miss. I hope the rest of your stay is safe and peaceful.

TWIMFINA

(calling out to Police Officer as he exits)

Thanks again for your help – and for bringing me to this enlightened place.

RECEPTIONIST

(chuckling)

I don’t know about the “enlightened” part, but you’re free to stick around as long as you need to. If you decide to spend the night, let me know and I’ll find you an empty bed upstairs in the dorm. It sounds like there’s a choral group practicing over there.

(Twimfina thanks her and walks over to the choir)

CHOIR

(still harmonizing)

TWIMFINA

(after listening to them for a while)

Hi! My name’s Twimfina. Do you mind if I join you?

CHOIR

(various welcoming responses)

TWIMFINA

I just love the sounds of your voices! Where do you all come from?

CHOIR

(one by one, as individuals)

India (*man*)/ Thailand (*man*) / Kenya (*man*) / Korea (*woman*)/ Iran (*woman*) / Benin (*man*)/ Japan (*man*)/ Russia (*man*)/ Egypt (*woman*) / China (*woman*)

TWIMFINA

Languages are so beautiful!

ANY CHOIR MEMBER

If she likes different languages, we should sing her the “*Peace Machine*”.

(others happily agree)

CHOIR

(singing)

ONE WORLD, ONE SONG

AND WE HAVE COME TO SING ALONG

ONE JOY, ONE PAIN

SO, NO MATTER HOW LONG, AND NO MATTER WHAT GOES WRONG

WE WILL STAY AND SING (AND SING) THIS SONG

1. SHANTI, SANTIPOP, AMANI

2. PYONG-HWA, PYONG-HWA, PYONG-HWA, SU-LA

3. FI-FA, FI-FA, FI-FA, HAY-WA

4A. WAY HUH-PING ER NOO LEE, ER NOO LEE

4B. WE'VE GOTTA WORK-WORK-WORK, WORK FOR PEACE

5. MIR, MIR, MIR

6. SA-LAAM

ONE WORLD, ONE SONG

AND WE HAVE COME TO SING ALONG

ONE JOY, ONE PAIN

SO, NO MATTER HOW LONG, AND NO MATTER WHAT GOES WRONG

WE WILL STAY AND SING (AND SING) THIS SONG

TWIMFINA

Thank you! I loved that song!

(raising an imaginary glass)

Here's to the bilinguals - the heroes of the world!

CHOIR

(all laugh, raise imaginary glasses and cheer for themselves good-naturedly)

ANY CHOIR MEMBER

Are you bilingual too, Twimfina?

TWIMFINA

I'm pretty good at Enemian - I learned it when I was really young.

ANY CHOIR MEMBER

(with a chuckle)

Enemian? Wow – I guess you won't be having much of a chance to use *that* language!

TWIMFINA

(mysteriously)

Oh, won't I?

CHOIR

(stunned)

You're going to Enemia?!

TWIMFINA

(holding finger to her lips, then whispering)

Shh!... Going to Enemia is supposed to be “illegal” *(uses air quotes)* - whatever that means. So please don't ask too many questions. But I'll need your help getting down to the Port tonight. I'm supposed to meet somebody down there around midnight.



(Lights fade to black; stage is black except for spotlight on TWIMFINA as she stands alone in darkness on the water's edge in the Port of San Francisco; sounds of waves and ship horns)

TWIMFINA

(singing)

STRANGER IN THE OCEAN VERY FAR AWAY FROM SHORE
STRANGER IN THE OCEAN VERY EASY TO IGNORE
STANDING SAFE ON SOLID LAND, DO I DARE TO LEND MY HAND?
STRANGER IN THE OCEAN YOU ARE TESTING WHO I AM.

WHO AM I? AND WHY ARE THESE WAVES... SO HIGH?
SOMEONE CRIES. BEYOND THESE WAVES... HE CRIES
BEYOND MY HOME IS SOMEONE UNKNOWN WHO CRIES
SHOULD I CARE? SHOULD I TRY? WHO AM I?

STRANGER IN THE OCEAN VERY FAR AWAY FROM SHORE
STRANGER IN THE OCEAN I CAN FEEL YOU MORE AND MORE
IS IT REASON OR EMOTION THAT I STEP INTO THE OCEAN?
STRANGER IN THE OCEAN YOU ARE TESTING WHO I AM.

WITH ONE TOE, I TOUCH THE WAVES... AND I KNOW
WITH ONE TOE, THE CRASHING WAVES... LAY LOW
MY FOOT, MY LEG, MY BODY SLIPS WARMLY BELOW
PAST THE WAVES, PAST MY FEAR, WITH ONE TOE

STRANGER IN THE OCEAN VERY FAR AWAY FROM SHORE
STRANGER IN THE OCEAN I AM SWIMMING THROUGH THE DOOR
THROUGH THIS DEEP, DEEP, DEEP UNKNOWN,
I WILL SOMEDAY FIND MY HOME
STRANGER IN THE OCEAN I WILL SHOW YOU WHO I AM!

END OF SEGMENT 7