

## #1

One day in the late mid eighties... I was in my early late twenties. I had just been dismissed from university after delivering a brilliant lecture on the aggressive influence of German philosophy on rock and roll entitled: "You, Kant, Always Get What You Want". At 26, my academic career was over, I had never kissed a boy and I was still sleeping with mom. The search for my other half on this side of the Wall had proved futile. Might he be found on the other?

*(projection of drawn figures separated by wall)*

But how to get over? People died trying. Such were the thoughts flooding my tiny head on the day that I was sunning myself in an old bomb crater I had discovered near the Wall. I am naked, face down, on a piece of broken church, inhaling a fragrant westerly breeze. The new McDonalds has just opened on the other side. My God, I deserve a break today. All I ever get is the unhappy meal. The sun is hot, but I feel a sudden chill. I look over my shoulder. A head-shaped shadow is resting on the pillow of my ass.

(LUTHER:) "Girl, I sure don't mean to annoy you. My name is Corporal Luther Robinson." I turn my body to face him.

(HEDWIG:) "My name is Hansel."

Luther is silent for a moment as he stares at my little bishop in a turtleneck.

(LUTHER:) "Hansel. Well. You must like candy."

(HEDWIG:) "I like Gummi Baerchen."

Out of his pocket comes a strange packet that says "Gummy Bears" on it. Gummy Bears? *(projection of bear)* I select a single clear bear. It is the biggest one I've ever seen. The taste is completely different from a Gummi Bear yet it is somehow familiar. It is much sweeter than a Gummi Bear and softer, too. Its little gummy body stretches on the rack of my molars. Wow, I feel so optimistic. What is that flavor? He pours me a handful, his eyes heavy with an unfamiliar desire. Could it be a desire to please? Me? I suddenly recognize the flavor in my mouth. It's the taste of power. Not bad.

**#2**

One day, I am curled up in the trailer with my usual late-afternoon constitutional of grain alcohol and Brita. I like to be good to myself. Suddenly, Tommy is at the door in tears.

(HEDWIG:) "Honey, what is it?"

(TOMMY:) "My dad ... and my mom ... and my parents."

I hold him as I never had been held. But as usual he squirms, slides behind me and clutches my spine to his chest. I am suddenly very much aware that we haven't kissed in all the months we've been together. In fact, he has maintained a near-perfect ignorance of the front of me. Perhaps because of his preference for over-the-shoulder love.

(HEDWIG:) "Honey, why don't you work on that new song while I finish shaving your eyebrows?"

*(guitar)*

(TOMMY *sings*:) "Look what you done ... *(The chord is wrong.)* Shit." Another song blows in from the trailer next door.

This song has been playing on a loop for three days.

Tommy looks up at me through new lenses, one blue and one pink.

(TOMMY:) "What do you think? Does love last forever?"

(HEDWIG:) "No, but this song does."

(TOMMY:) "Do not knock a multiplatinum single. I wish I could hit those notes."

(HEDWIG:) "Just move your lips and I'll sing them for you, honey. From a shadowy corner of the stage. Like Mick Jagger's back-up singer."

We laugh at the professional reference. I return to his brows.

(HEDWIG:) "Seriously, Tom, yes. I believe love is immortal."

*(guitar chords)*

(TOMMY *sings*:) "Look what you done ... *(bad chord)* goddammit! How is it immortal?"

(HEDWIG:) "Well, perhaps because love creates something that was not there before." (TOMMY:) "What, like procreation?"

(HEDWIG:) "Yes, but not only."

(TOMMY:) "What, like recreation?"

He grabs my ass and he laughs. I don't.

(HEDWIG:) "Sometimes just creation. Don't move."

I paint a bold silver cross on his forehead.

*(guitar chords)*

(HEDWIG:) "Honey, have you thought of a B flat after that B?"

*(chords)*

(TOMMY *sings*:) "Look what you done—"

*(The B flat works gloriously, TOMMY looks up at her in awe.)*

Tommy slowly rises and draws the curtains that are attached at the top and the bottom. He reaches out his hand. I take it. I notice how well his "Harlem Spice" nail color complements my own "Dusty Menses". He spins me into his arms and rubs his pelvis ... into the small of my back.

He laughs and I am filled with an ancient clarity. He's the one.

No blood in my eyes, no blood on his face. He's the one. The one who was taken. The one who left. The twin born by fission. He'll die in fusion, our fusion, cold fusion, unlimited power, unlimited knowledge, the secrets he must hold, the memories that we shared but are now forgotten, the words to complete the sentence that I began, "I am ...!" My eyes fill with muddy Maybelline tears.

(TOMMY:) "Oh, Hedwig. Oh, God. When Eve was still inside Adam, they were in Paradise. When she was separated from him, that's when Paradise was lost. So when she enters him again, Paradise will be regained!"

(HEDWIG:) "That's right, however you want it, honey, just kiss me while we do it." I wrench my body around to face him and thrust his hand between my legs—

(TOMMY:) "What is that?"

(HEDWIG:) "That's what I have to work with."

(TOMMY:) "My mom is probably wondering where I—"

(HEDWIG:) "Sissy. Nancy, girly, lispyboy. What are you afraid of?"

(TOMMY:) "I love you."

(HEDWIG:) "Then love the front of me."

He runs out the back door.