



HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH
By John Cameron Mitchell and Stephen Trask
Directed by Quinn Xavier Hernandez

Audition Sides

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1. HEDWIG

HEDWIG

After mother finished, she began to snore. But I had to go somewhere I could think. I crept into the kitchen and put my head in the oven.

It is clear that I must find my other half. But is it a he or a she? Is it Daddy? He went away. Or Mother? I was suddenly afraid to go back to bed. What does this person look like? Identical to me? Or somehow complimentary? Does my other half have what I don't? Did he get the looks, the luck, the love? Were we really separated forcibly or did he just run off with the good stuff? Or did I? Will this person embarrass me? And what about sex? Is that how we put ourselves back together again? And if we're driving on the Autobahn when it happens, can we still use the diamond lane?

Practical questions of wholeness. Completion. Think of it. I thought of it. I thought of the power. The gods were terrified!

2. HEDWIG

HEDWIG

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 twenty-six, 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? 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 McDonald's had just opened up on the other side. My God, I deserved 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.

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

(AS HANSEL:) "My name is Hansel." Luther is silent for a moment as he stares at my little bishop in a turtleneck.

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

(AS HANSEL:) "I like Gummi Baerchen."

3. HEDWIG AND YITZHAK

YITZHAK

November 9th, 1988. A tiny registrar's office with a breathtaking view over the Wall. Herr Hansel Schmidt becomes Mrs. Hedwig Robinson.

HEDWIG

(AS HANSEL) Tomorrow I am leaving on a jet plane and by the time I get to Phoenix, love will keep us together. (Singing from Helen Reddy's "I Am Woman") " 'cause I am just an embryo, with a long, long way to go, but I know too much to look back and pretend."

YITZHAK

November 9th, 1989. Junction City, Kansas.

HEDWIG

I sit in my mobile home ... and on bootleg cable, watch the Wall come down ... divorced, penniless, a woman. I cry, because I'll laugh if I don't. Suddenly, I miss Mother. I consider calling Berlin, but then remember with envy her recent escape to sunny Yugoslavia. Perhaps Luther will be home. No, he was never the one. Never the missing half. I catch myself in a mirror and for the first time see clearly the horror hunkering on my head. The same carpet remnant that Luther presented to me a year ago to disguise my receding ... receding ... I'm receding! I tear the wig from my scalp and hurl it across the room at a pile of unopened anniversary presents. There it lies, feigning shock. My personal hair system. My personal hell. My Hedwig.

4. HEDWIG AND YITZHAK

HEDWIG

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.

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

(AS 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.

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

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

YITZHAK

(*Sings "I Will Always Love You" a la Whitney Houston.*) ... and llllllllllllllllllll....

HEDWIG

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

YITZHAK

(*Singing*) ... will always love you. I will always love you ...

HEDWIG

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

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

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

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

(AS HEDWIG) "Just move your lips and I'll sing them for you, honey. From a shadowy corner of the stage. Like Mick Jagger's backup singer." We laugh at the professional reference. I return to his brow.

YITZHAK

(*Singing*) ... But most of all I wish you love

HEDWIG

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

(AS TOMMY) (*Singing*) "Look what you done... (*Another bad chord change.*) Goddammit! How is it immortal?"

(AS HEDWIG) “Well, perhaps because love creates something that was not there before.

(AS TOMMY) “Like procreation?”

(AS HEDWIG) “Yes, but not only.”

(AS TOMMY) “What, like recreation?” He grabs my ass and laughs. I don’t.

(AS HEDWIG) “Sometimes just creation. Don’t move.” I paint a bold silver cross on his forehead. *(Tommy strums a chord.)*

(AS HEDWIG) “Honey, have you thought of a B flat after that B?”

(AS TOMMY) “*Look what you done ---*” *(The B flat works gloriously. Tommy looks up in awe.)*

YITZHAK

(Modulating to a higher key.) And IIIIIIIII.... (Yitzhak continues to sing through the following.)

HEDWIG

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.

(AS TOMMY) *(Singing) “Look what you done. You made me whole. Before I met you, I was the song. But now I’m the video.”*

(AS HEDWIG) *(Singing) “Look what I’ve done. I made you whole. You know that you were just a ham. Then came me, the Dole Pineapple rings ...”* He laughs and I am filled with an ancient clarity. He’s the one.