

HEDWIG

...even though, at this very moment, by some freak coincidence, (pushes set piece aside) with no prior knowledge on my part, or my people's parts... (pushes another set piece aside)... tonight he's launching his "Tour of Atonement"... (pulls down curtain)... just a block away in Times Square...

*(Hedwig kicks open the door. We hear thousands cheering...)*

TOMMY (OFF)

... Listen... listen... there's someone else I want to thank for the way they've handled this tragedy... with incredible loyalty in the face of a lot of lies. I'm talking about...

*(HEDWIG is excited about the imminent mention of her...)*

...you! My fans!

*(Cheers. Her face falls.)*

And together, no one's gonna tear us down!

*(Sings)*

ENEMIES and ADVERSARIES--

*(She slams the door.)*

HEDWIG

I wrote every song on that album! And by the way, TMZ got it right. He was driving, he was on blow, he was getting blown by yours truly, and he did hit the school bus full of deaf children, one survived--now blind. I taught him everything he knows and has apparently forgotten about rock and roll and he barely mentions my name on that giant sucking sound Anderson Cooper calls a show, **which I'm sure you all saw because if you hadn't, I'd be singing to the coat check girl, and, if I was lucky, Harry Styles down the back in a Prada pinnie.**

*(She's furious.)*

**Oh Harry. All the privileges of homosexuality, and none of the responsibilities.** Forgive me, I'm wide open tonight. You're lookin' at a locker full of hurt.

You see, ladies and gentleman, the road is my home. My home, the road. And when I think of all the people I have come upon in my travels, I have to think about the people who have come upon me.

The geography of human contact, the triangulation of a pair of eyes on my face, the latitude and longitude of a hand on my body. These are the only clues I have to my place in the world. To who I am. Who is Mystery Woman!? (Laughs) I laugh, because I will cry if I don't.

I recently found my first diary, age 2 through 6 -- fully illustrated -- and I realized that so many people have touched me on my way to this stage tonight. How can I say who touched me the most? My father? The American GI who left when I was barely old enough to speak my first words: "Daddy, when I grow up, I'll kill you"?

accident.

Except one day, we were watching Jesus Christ Superstar on American Forces Television. I turned to Mother:

(AS CHILD:) "Jesus said the darndest things."

She slapped me.

(AS MOM:) "Don't you ever mention that name to me again!"

(AS CHILD:) "But He died for our sins."

(AS MOM:) "So did Hitler."

(AS CHILD:) What?

(AS MOM:) "Absolute power corrupts."

(AS CHILD:) "Absolutely!"

(AS MOM) "Better to be powerless, my son."

When the Wall went up, her wish came true. We happened to be living on the East side and mother was given a job teaching sculpture to limbless children. Socialism, God rest its soul...

Most of my time was spent listening to American Forces Radio. Our apartment was so small that mother made me play it in the oven.

Late at night, I would rest my head on the top rack...

*(She puts her head under the car hood and her voice is reverbed as if it were in an oven.)*

...and listen to the American Masters...Toni Tennille...Debby Boone...Ann Murray -- who was actually a Canadian working in the American idiom. Then there were the crypto-homo rockers: Lou Reed...Iggy Pop...David Bowie -- who was actually an idiom working in America and Canada. These artists left as deep an impression on me as that oven rack did on my face. "To be a young American in muskrat love, soft as an easy chair, not even the chair -- I am, I said! Have I never been mellow?"

*(Singing)*

HAVE I NEVER TRIED?

And the colored girls say...

*(YITZHAK sings backup vocals from Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side.")*