

SIX INCHES FORWARD AND FIVE INCHES BACK YITZHAK
 STAY UNDERCOVER TIL THE NIGHT TURNS TO BLACK OOOH
 I GOT AN INCH AND I'M SET TO ATTACK
 I GOT AN
 ANGRY INCH ANGRY INCH

YITZHAK

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

HEDWIG

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'M JUST AN EMBRYO,
 WITH A LONG, LONG WAY TO GO,
 BUT I KNOW TOO MUCH TO GO BACK AND PRETEND!

YITZHAK

November 9, 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 will 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 pick up. **No, it's only been a month since he ran off with that bag boy he met on Christianmingle.com. Or whatever we called it back then. (pause) Church.**

What am I doing? 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 me with 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.

(Piano intro...)

There it lies, feigning shock. My personal hair system. My personal hell. My Hedwig.

SONG: WIG IN A BOX

HEDWIG

ON NIGHTS LIKE THIS
 WHEN THE WORLD'S A BIT AMISS
 AND THE LIGHTS GO DOWN
 ACROSS THE TRAILER PARK
 I GET DOWN
 I FEEL HAD
 I FEEL ON THE VERGE OF GOING MAD
 AND THEN IT'S TIME TO PUNCH THE CLOCK
 I PUT ON SOME MAKE-UP