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Hedwig and the Angry Inch

By John Cameron Mitchell

f
Don't you know me,
Kansas City?
I'm the new
Berlin Wall.
Try and tear me down!
I was born
on the other side
Of a town
ripped in two
I made it over
the Great Divide
Now I'm coming
for you
Enemies
and adversaries
They try
and tear me down
You want me, baby,
I dare you
Try and tear me down
I rose from off
of the doctor's slab
Like Lazarus
from the pit
Now everyone wants
to take a stab
And decorate me
Blood, graffiti,
and spit
Enemies
and adversaries
They try
and tear me down
You want me, baby,
I dare you
Try and tear me down.
On August 13,
1961,
a wall
was erected
down the middle
of the city of Berlin.
The world was divided

by a cold war,
and the Berlin Wall was the most
hated symbol of that divide.
Reviled, graffiti'd,
spit upon.
We thought the wall
would stand forever.
And now
that it's gone, we don't know
who we are anymore.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Hedwig is like that wall,
standing before you in a divide
between East
and West.
Slavery
and freedom.
Man and woman.
Top and bottom.
And you can try
and tear her down,
but before you do...
you must remember
one thing!
d
Ain't much
of a difference
Between a bridge
and a wall
Without me right
in the middle, babe
You would be
nothing at all
Enemies
and adversaries
They try
and tear me down
You want me, baby,
I dare you
Try and tear
me down
Enemies
and adversaries
They try

and tear me down
You me want me, baby,
I dare you
Try and
tear me down.

From East Berlin
to Junction City.

Hello, New York;
Hello, Missouri.

What? You wanna try
and tear me down?
Come on and tear-rrr--
Me down!

x

Hello...?

Where is everybody?

Out.

"Out"? Why are you
in such a mood?
I have been having
the most wonderful time with--
do you remember
that 45-year-old divorcee
with the hair
and the mean look?
She came up to me
after the show, and I thought,
"This lady wants
a piece of me."
So I didn't know
what to do.

I was alone,
I had nothing in my hand,
I was gonna go
for the eyes.
She came at me
from both sides, somehow,
and she just gave me
a fucking hug.
She gave me
a fucking hug.
Can you figure?
Can you fucking beat that?
She gave me--

I also got a few drinks
out of it as well,
which was not
a bad...
I was born
on the other side
Of a town
ripped in two
Made it over
the Great Divide
Now I'm coming
for you
Enemies
and adversaries...
What the fuck
is wrong with you?
Why can't we...
why don't you write
a new song?
You want me, baby,
I dare you
Try and tear me down...
Thank you,
my name is Hedwig.
Please welcome those ambassadors of Eastern bloc rock,
The Angry Inch.
Here they are.
And my man Friday,
through Thursday,
Yitzhak, ladies and gentlemen.
There's no need, there's none.
Also very talented and so lucky
to be here, right, boys? - Yeah.
- Yes, Miss Hedwig.
Look out, guys,
Immigration!
I've got their passports
right here.
f
Ladies and gentlemen,
do you like the pelt?
I want you to be honest,
because some bitch
stopped me on the way in--

"What poor, unfortunate creature had to die for you to wear that?"

"My Aunt Trudy,"
I replied.

Just walked away. Just walked away ladies and--

- Hedwig, can we eat dessert?

- What is it? Yes, you can.

I am thrilled,

you can join me for
the fabulous first night
of the St. Louis leg
of my world tour.

And when it comes
to huge openings,
a lot of people
think of me.

Many more of you,
though,

have only recently
become aware of me.

It took a character
assassination piece like this
to make you finally
pay attention.

But now you're
interested, huh?

Intrigued, even?

How did some...

slip of a girly-boy
from Communist East Berlin
become the internationally
ignored song stylist
barely standing
before you?

That's what I want to talk about
tonight, ladies and gentlemen.

I don't wanna talk
about sudden, undeserved
commercial success.

I don't wanna talk
about betrayal,

I don't wanna talk
about my lawsuit

against a certain
rock and roll "icon,"
Tommy Gnosis,
who, by some freak
coincidence, is performing
right next door
at Busch Stadium.
And to whom I taught
everything he knows,
and has apparently
forgotten,
about rock & roll!
Yes, this is
Phyllis Stein,
manager of Hedwig
and the Angry Inch.
I've been ho--
"Inch"! Not "Itch."
Let me speak
to Brad, please.
You know I've been holding
for 24 minutes?
Yes, hi, Brad,
this is Phyllis.
So what's going on
with Bilgewater's?
I heard the entire
chain's going under.
Hold on,
hold on a second.
- Hedwig! - We can have a gig
in any Bilgewater's nationwide
with a 24-hour notice?
And they know what kind
of music we play?
Okay, ciao.
People, people,
people.
Tomorrow is
a travel day.
It's a travel day
for Tommy,
so it's a travel day
for us.

Friday, Chicago.
Tommy's
at Soldier Field,
and we're
at Bilgewater's in the mall
down the street.
And the next day,
looks like he's...
basically, he's back
on the bus.
Phyllis--
"basically"?
He's doing a record signing.
Why do you feel
the need to lie to me?
Hedwig, please.
Come.
I don't think it's going
to help our lawsuit
if you continue to--
if you present
the appearance of stalking.
You know I don't
like that word.
Please listen to me.
How about you don't talk to him,
and I get someone to steal a photo
- of you two together?
- A photo--
You know some rag
will run it.
It'll really help
the lawsuit.
Proves you two
know each other.
Please,
Iet me do my job.
Please?
Okay.
I'm gonna make
some phone calls.
I'm gonna make
some phone calls!
All right.

Okay, everybody.

Bedski!

r

Ladies and gentlemen,

I recently found

my first diary.

Age 2-6.

It was fully illustrated.

As I unrolled the pages,

I realised 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?

Could it have been

my East German mother?

...pervert!

Get out! Get out!

Go on... Go on!

d

When the earth

was still flat

And clouds

made of fire

And mountains

stretched up to the sky

Sometimes higher

Folks roamed the earth

Like big rolling kegs

They had

two sets of arms

They had

two sets of legs

They had two faces peering

out of one giant head

So they could watch

all around them

As they talked

while they read

And they never

Knew nothing of love

It was before
The origin of love
The origin of love
The origin of love
The origin of love
Now there was
three sexes then
One that looked like two men
glued up back-to-back
They called
the children of the sun
And similar
in shape and girth
Was the children
of the Earth
They looked like two girls
rolled up in one
And the children
of the moon
Looked like a fork
shoved on a spoon
They was part sun,
part earth
Part daughter, part son
The origin of love
Now the gods
grew quite scared
Of our strength
and defiance
And Thor said
"I'm gonna kill 'em all
with my hammer
Like I killed
the giants"
But Zeus said
"No, you better
let me
Use my lightning
like scissors
Like I cut the legs
off the whales
Dinosaurs into lizards"
And then he grabbed up
some bolts

He let out a laugh
Said, "I'll split them
right down the middle
Gonna cut them
right up in half"
And the storm clouds
gathered above
Into great balls
of fire
And then fire
Shot down from the sky
in bolts
Like shining blades
of a knife
And they ripped
right through the flesh
Of the children of the sun
And the moon
and the earth
And some Indian god
Sewed the wound up
into a hole
Pulled it round
to our bellies
To remind us
the price we pay
And Osiris,
and the gods of the Nile
Gathered up a big storm
to blow a hurricane
To scatter us away
In a flood
of wind and rain
A sea of tidal waves
To wash us all away
And if we don't behave
They'll cut us down again
And we'll be hopping around
on one foot
Looking through
one eye
d
d
The last time

I saw you
We'd just split
in two
You was looking
at me
I was looking
at you
You had a way
so familiar
I could not recognise
'Cause you had blood
on your face
I had blood
in my eyes
But I could swear
by your expression
That the pain
down in your soul
Was the same
as the one down in mine
That's the pain
That cuts a straight line
down through the heart
We call it love
We wrapped our arms
around each other
Tried to shove ourselves
back together
We was making love
Making love
It was a cold, dark evening
such a long time ago
When, by the mighty hand
of Jove
It was a sad story
how we became
Lonely two-legged
creatures
The story
of the origin of love
That's
the origin of love
The origin of love
The origin of love

The origin of love.
It is clear that
I must find my other half,
but is it a he,
or a she?
What does this person
look like?
Identical to me?
Or somehow complementary?
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?
What about sex?
Is that how we put ourselves
back together again?
Or can two people...
actually become one...
again?
I remember once
when I was six years old
I was watching
my favourite cartoon
on American Forces
Network--
"Jesus Was Good."
Jesus said the darndest thing.
Don't you ever mention
that name to me again.
But he died for our sins.
So did Hitler.
Absolute power corrupts.
Absolutely.
Better to be powerless, my son.
In the year I was born,
The Wall went up.

And many people decided
to move west to freedom.
Mother threw me
into a wheelbarrow
and headed east.
The Communists
gave her a job
teaching sculpture
to limbless children.
Most of my time
was spent listening
to American Forces Radio.
Our apartment
was so small,
that mother made me play in the oven.
Late at night,
I would listen to the voices
of the American masters:
Toni Tenille,
Debby Boone,
Anne Murray--
who was actually a Canadian,
working in the American idiom.
And 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,
they 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?"
And the coloured girls sing...
But never
with the melody.

How could I do it better
than Toni or Lou?
"Hey, boy...
take a walk
on the wild side!"
By my side
You will be the one
Lying by my side
Lying by my side
Lying by my side.
Okay.
Okay.
One day,
in the late mid-80s...
I was in my
early late 20s,
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 my 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,
my God, I deserved
a break today.
Girl,
I sure don't mean
to annoy you.
My name is
Sergeant Luther Robinson.
My name is Hansel.
Luther is silent for a moment
as he stares at my...
"Little bishop
in a turtleneck."
Hansel?
Well, you must
like candy.
I like Gummi Baerchen.
The taste is completely
different from a Gummi Bear,
yet somehow familiar.
It's much sweeter
than a Gummi Bear.
And softer, too.
I feel
so optimistic.
I suddenly recognised
the flavour in my mouth--
it's the taste
of power.
Damn, Hansel.
I can't believe
you're not a girl.
You're so fine.
Why don't you take
the whole bag?
He searches my face
for news of his fate.
His expression is echoed

in scores of tiny faces,
pressing against
clear plastic,
panting faces of every
imaginable colour,
creed,
and non-Aryan origin,
fogging up the bag
Like the windows
of a Polish bathhouse.
through the ruins,
back towards blander,
less complicated confections,
leaving in my wake,
a trail of rainbow carnage.
Next day, Hansel follows
the trail back,
and on his way
finds a Milky Way,
a roll of Necco Wafers,
some Pop Rocks,
and a giant-sized Sugar Daddy
named Luther.
I've got
a sweet tooth
For licorice drops
and jelly rolls
Hey, sugar daddy
Hansel needs some sugar
in his bowl
I'll lay out fine china on the linen
And polish up
the chrome
If you've got
some sugar for me
Sugar daddy,
bring it home
Oh, the thrill
of control
Like the rush
of rock and roll
It's the sweetest taste
I've known
If you've got some sugar,

bring it home.
Looks like we've got
some sugar daddies
in the house.
Honey bees
go shopping
It's something
to be seen.
You could give me
a cavity, honey.
They swarm
to wildflowers
Get nectar
for the queen.
I bet you could fill
that cavity, sweetie.
And everything
you bring me Got me dripping
like a honeycomb
If you got
some sugar for me
Sugar daddy,
bring it home.
It's a car wash,
ladies and gentlemen.
Whoa, the thrill
of control
Like a blitzkrieg
on the roll
It's the sweetest taste
I've known
If you've got some sugar,
bring it home
Come on, sugar daddy,
bring it home.
He loves me, Mother.
He wants to marry me...
and get me the hell
out of here.
Get my passport
and my camera, Hansel.
It's a simple
cut-and-paste job.
We change

the photo,
and you can use my name--
Hedwig Schmidt.
Not so simple,
ladies.
Baby...
you know
I love you.
I'm always
thinking of you.
But I gotta
marry you here,
in East Berlin.
And that means a full
physical examination.
They'd see right away
that I have a--
No, baby.
To walk away...
you gotta...
Leave something
behind.
Am I right,
Mrs Schmidt?
I've always thought so,
Luther.
To be free,
one must give up
a little part of oneself.
And I know just
the doctor to take it.
My sex change operation
got botched
My guardian angel
fell asleep on the watch
Now all I've got
is a Barbie doll crotch
I've got an angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
I got a--
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward
and five inches back

I got a--
I got an angry inch
I'm from the land where you
still hear the cries
I had to get out,
had to sever all ties
I changed my name
and assumed a disguise
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
I got a--
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
I got a--
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
The train is coming
and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up,
I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch,
angry inch
My mother made my tits
out of clay
My boyfriend told me
that he'd take me away
He dragged me
to the doctor one day
I've got an angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
I got a motherfucking
angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
I got a--
I got an angry inch
Long story short.
Yeah, long story short--
when I woke up
from the operation,

I was bleeding
down there.
I was bleeding from the gash
between my legs.
It's my first day
as a woman,
already it's that time
of the month.
But two days later,
the hole closed up.
The wound healed
and I was left...
With a one-inch
mound of flesh
Where my penis used to be,
where my vagina never was
It was a one-inch
mound of flesh
With a scar running down it
like a sideways grimace
On an eyeless face
df
- It was just a little bulge.
- Faggot!
It was an angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
The train is coming
and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up,
I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch,
angry--
Six inches forward,
five inches back
Stay undercover till
the night turns to black
I got my inch,
I'm set to attack
I got an angry inch,
angry inch
Six inches forward,
five inches back
Stay undercover till

the night turns to black
I got my inch,
I'm set to attack
I got an angry inch,
angry inch
Six inches forward
and five inches back
The train is coming
and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up,
I can't get no slack
I got an angry inch,
angry inch

e
s
f

...champagne
flowing freely...
...all border crossings
are reported to be wide open, and thousands are flooding
into the western half
of the city
to celebrate
their newfound freedom.
The Berlin Wall
has fallen,
and the world
will never be the same.
The Germans
are a patient people,
and good things come
to those who wait.

s

On nights
Like this
When the world's
a bit amiss

d

And the lights go down
across the trailer park

c

I get down
I feel had
Feel on the verge

of going mad
d
Then it's time
to punch the clock
d
I put on some makeup
Turn on the tape deck
And put the wig
back on my head
Suddenly I'm Miss Midwest
Midnight checkout queen
d
Until I head home
And I put myself
to bed
I look back
on where I'm from
d
Look at the woman
I've become
And the strangest things
seem suddenly routine
I look up from my vermouth
on the rocks
A gift-wrapped wig
still in the box
Of towering Velveteen
I put on some makeup
Some Lavern Baker
I'm pulling the wig
down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm
Miss Beehive 1963
d
Until I wake up
and I turn back to myself
d
Some girls
they got natural ease
They wear it
any way they please
With their
French flip curls
And perfumed

magazines
Wear it up
Let it down
This is the best way
that I've found
To be the best
you've ever seen
I put on
some makeup
Turn on
the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig
down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm
Miss Farrah Fawcett from TV
e
Until I wake up
And I turn back
to myself
Shag, bi-level, bob,
Dorothy Hamill do
Sausage curls,
chicken wings
It's all because
of you
With your blow-dried
feather back
Toni Home Wave, too
Flip, 'fro, frizz, flop
It's all because
of you
It's all because
of you
It's all because
of you
Okay, everybody!
d
z
g
Suddenly I'm
this punk rock star
Of stage and screen
And I ain't never
I'm never turning back

When the Earth
was still flat
And clouds
made of fire
The mountains
stretched
Up to the sky,
sometimes higher...
I am so sorry.
I was waiting
for the phone company.
God, is that
his new single?
Don't do it, sweetie!
Please don't say
anything to him today.
If you do,
he's got the power,
know what I mean?
He's got the power!
All we need is a snapshot,
then they'll know that you were responsible
for some of the biggest hits of the millennium,
and you will be
so fucking rich!
Damn it, looks like
the photographer's already inside.
Everybody,
stay right here.
Hedwig, Hedwig,
Hedwig...
f
please don't
say anything.
Let me handle it.
- Phyllis Stein party.
- Who are you with?
We're A&R from A&M.
Actually, this is
a private event.
I'm sorry.
- Private event?
- Mm-hmm.
As in, "You're not

on the list."

As in,

"Find it."

I'm looking,

and you know what?

It's not here.

- Justin!

- Get out of my fucking way!

Settle down.

- I could have your job!

- I don't think you could.

- Bitches!

- Where's my fucking brooch?

We're going to continue

to shadow Tommy's tour.

We're going to squeeze

the local press.

I do not want to blow our wad

on my E! channel contact

until we get to New York.

It's all about

New York.

Honey, I've thought

about it,

I think it's a bad idea,

this photo-op.

It was your idea.

I'm second-guessing

myself now. I think...

I don't think

you should have

any personal contact

with Tommy.

- I guess we disagree.

- Honey, we do disagree,

- but please listen.

- Did you--

excuse me, did you put

a bra in a dryer?

What?

Did you put a bra

in a dryer?!

Yes.

How many times

do I have to tell you?

You don't put a bra
in a dryer!

It warps!

Hedwig, please,

it's a bra.

You can have
one of mine. Please!

s

f

You know,

ladies and gentlemen,
the road is my home.

- My home, the road.

- Hear, hear.

And when I think

about all the people I have come upon
in my travels,

I have to think

about the people

who have come

upon me.

Tommy, can you

hear me?

From this milkless tit,

you sucked

the very business

we call show!

Okay.

You wanna know

about Tommy Gnosis?

Yeah!

Okay, I'll tell you

about Tommy Gnosis.

After my divorce,

I scraped by

with babysitting gigs

and odd jobs--

mostly the jobs

we call "blow."

I had lost my job

at the base PX,

and I had lost

my gag reflex.

You do the math.
I sat for the baby
of General Speck.
He was the commander
of the nearby army fort,
and his other son was...
the artist formerly known
as my buttboy.
We're talking about
Tommy Speck at this time.
Tommy Speck
was a 17-year-old
classic rock-loving,
"Dungeons and Dragons"
obsessed,
Jesus freak
with a fish on his truck.
f
I found him
incredibly...
hot.
I had recently
returned
to my first love
of music.
I had tried singing once,
back in Berlin.
They threw tomatoes
after the show...
I had a nice salad.
But newly motivated,
I got myself
a cheap electric piano
and I found a couple
of Korean sergeants' wives who churned out
a mean rhythm section.
Denial!
Thank you,
ladies and gentlemen,
thank you...
both of you.
That song was
by Mr Kurt Cobain,
now that kid's

got a future, huh?
How about Kwahng Yi on guitar,
ladies and gentlemen!
Give it up!
Kwahng Yi!
Give it up, Kwahng.
You know, I'd like
to take it down a little.
What do you say,
girls?
This is actually the first song
I've ever written.
And, it's written
for a guy to sing.
I know a lot of you guys
out there tonight,
a lot better
than some of you
would care to admit.
And I know
that a few of you
kick some
karaoke ass.
So...
if you're looking
for your big, breakout single,
you might wanna put a bid
on this one tonight,
Ladies and gentlemen,
because we are talking to Phil Collins'
people, right?
But then again,
aren't we all?
You know the sun
is in your eyes
And hurricanes
and rain
And black
and cloudy skies
You're running
up and down that hill
You turn it on
and off at will
There's nothing here

To thrill or bring you down
And if you've got
no other choice
You know you can
follow my voice
Through the dark turns
and noise
Of this wicked
little town
The fates
are vicious
And they're cruel
You learned too late,
you've used
Two wishes
like a fool
f
And then you're someone
you are not
And Junction City
ain't the spot
Remember Mrs Lot
when she turned around
s
And if you've got
no other choice
You know you can
follow my voice
Through the dark turns
and noise
Of this wicked
little town.
Your show...
that song...
My dad gave me
this guitar to apologise
for being such a pathetic little dictator.
- He sang me songs--
- Classics.
f
The bands
were new to me--
Boston, Kansas,
America, Europe, Asia.

Travel
exhausts me.
Where are you from,
Hedwig?
I told him my story.
I'm from
East Berlin.
d
Have you...
have you accepted
Jesus Christ
as your personal lord
and savior?
No, but I...
I love his work.
No. What he was
saving us from
was his fucking father.
What kind of god
creates Adam in his image
and then pulls Eve out of him
to keep him company?
And then tells them
not to eat
from the Tree
of Knowledge?
He was
so micromanaging.
So was Adam.
But Eve...
Eve just wanted
to know shit.
She took a bite
of the apple,
and she found out
what was good
and what was evil.
Then she gave it
to Adam,
so he would know,
because they were
in love.
And that was good,
they now knew.

Hedwig...
would you give me
the apple?
The words falling
from those lips.
And his eyes...
his irises
were clear cylinders
of surprising depth...
and emptiness.
Only a few puddles
of bluish pain
sloshed around inside.
Same blue
as my eyes.
At the time,
Tommy's performance options
were limited to the occasional guitar mass.
I initiated a six-month
curriculum of rock history...
Lyrics...
grooming...
and vocal training.
For his graduation present,
I gave him his name:
Tommy Gnosis,
the Greek word
for knowledge.
We collaborated.
Songs exploded
out of us.
Teenage girls
started showing up.
In three months,
we were outgrossing
monster trucks
in Wichita.
With that kind of money
coming in,
I was able to devote myself
entirely to our career.
We were very happy.
Honey,
what is wrong?

My dad.
Fucking parents!
You're gonna blow
my house down.
Just let it go,
sweetie.
Let it go.
It's gone.
I feel it,
it's gone.
I'm very much aware
that we haven't kissed
in all the months
we've been together.
In fact, he's maintained
a near perfect ignorance
of the front of me.
Honey, sweetie,
you're choking me.
Sweetie, let go.
Take it easy.
You wanna work
on that new song?
Hmm? The hit?
While I finish trimming
your eyebrows?
Are you drunk?
I'm not drunk.
I'm enjoying
a little...
a little rainwater
and Everclear.
Look what
you've done...
Shit!
And I...
Will always
love you...
What do you think?
You think love
lasts forever?
No, but
this song does.
Don't knock

a multi-platinum single.
When you are suddenly
Mr Commercial?
I wish I could hit
those notes.
She's been singing this song
on a loop for three days.
Seriously,
Tom, yeah.
I believe love
is immortal.
Look what
you've done...
Fuck!
I can't hear
myself.
How is it
immortal?
I don't know,
perhaps because...
Love creates
something that...
was not there
before.
What?
Like procreation?
Yeah,
but not only.
What?
Like recreation.
What is that?
Stop, you come in here crying
and you wanna
recreate with me.
Maybe just...
creation.
Don't move.
Look what
you've done.
And I...
Will always
love you
I will always
love you

d
I will always
love you
cd
I will always
love you
f
I will always
love you
d
I will always...
Breathe through
my mouth.
Love you.
Oh, God.
Oh, Hedwig...
When Eve was still
inside Adam,
- they were in paradise.
- That's right, honey.
When she was
separated from him,
that's when paradise
was lost.
So when she enters
him again,
paradise will be
regained.
However you want it, honey.
Just kiss me while we do it.
What is that?
It's what I have
to work with.
M-my mum's probably
wondering where I am--
You're such
a fucking sissy.
You are such
a sissy!
What are you
afraid of, huh?
What are you
afraid of?
What!?

I love you,
I love you!
Then love
the front of me, honey!
Love the--
We are dry,
we're spent--
we're flat broke.
- Who ordered the pizza?
- Oh, pizza. Hallelujah.
Schlatko, what are you
talking about?
We can't afford a pizza--
this is Manhattan! We can barely--
come on in-- we can barely
afford this hole.
We had to cancel
the gig tonight
because we can't
fix the amps.
No, I don't have any more money.
Schlatko, please!
I got it.
Yes you did,
and it's stunning--Fuck off,
Phyllis.
I got the part.
I'm playing
the role of "Angel" in Broadway Cruise's
Polynesian tour of "Rent,"
so fuck you too,
Miss Hedwig!
I'm going to be a star.
Big star.
There's nothing
you can do about it!
Yeah, okay...
I don't care.
I don't care
if you have my passport.
Fuck you,
I'm going to Guam!
And I want
a divorce.

I want a divorce
from you.
Mental cruelty,
irreconcilable difference!
I'm exhausted.
Are you tired?
You look tired.
I think maybe
we are just...
both very tired.
Hedwig...!
I don't think
you need my help anymore.
d
Fire shot down
from the sky in bolts
d
Like shining blades
of a knife
And it ripped
right through the flesh
Of the children
Of the sun and the moon
and the earth
And some Indian god
Sewed the wound up
into a hole
Pulled it round
to our bellies
To remind us
of the price we pay
And Osiris...
Wait, did you sing
"the Cyrus"?
No, no--
You just sang "the Cyrus"
on that recording.
The Cyrus, Cyrus.
Cyrus the god.
There's no god
called "Cyrus."
It's "Osiris,"
it's an Egyptian god.
- We read that book--

- We had two versions of that song.

- We had one version--

- No, we had two versions--

--and you

fucked it up!

I know.

Maybe... maybe

we could jam sometime?

Maybe we could.

That's the pain

Cuts a straight line

down through the heart

We called it love

So we wrapped our arms

around each other

d

Tommy, what's

your relationship

to Hedwig Robinson?

I never knew that woman

before that night,

and I never knew

she wasn't a woman.

d

d

Thank you so much.

Hedwig and

the Angry Inch!

d

I was born

On the other side

Of a town

ripped in two

s

And no matter

how hard I try

d

I end up

black and blue

r

I rose from off

of the doctor's slab

I lost a piece

of my heart

d

Now everyone
gets to take a stab
They cut me up
into parts

d

I gave a piece
to my mother
I gave a piece
to my man
I gave a piece
to the rock star
He took
the good stuff...

And ran

I've got it
all sewn up A hardened razor cut,
scar map across my body
And you can
trace the lines Through misery's designs
that map across my body

A collage

I'm all sewn up

A montage

I'm all sewn up

A random pattern

with a needle and thread

The overlapping way

diseases are spread

To a tornado body

with a hand grenade head

And the legs

are two lovers entwined

Inside I'm hollowed out

outside's a paper shroud

And all the rest's

illusion

That there's

a will and soul

That we can wrest control

from chaos and confusion

A collage

I'm all sewn up

A montage

I'm all sewn up.
Just a boy...
No cosmic lover...
This wicked town...
r
Something beautiful
and new...
Forgive me
for I did not know
'Cause I was
just a boy
You were
so much more
Than any god
could ever plan
More than a woman
or a man
Now I understand
How much I took
from you
That when everything
starts breaking down
You take the pieces
off the ground
Show this wicked town
Something beautiful
and new
You think that luck
has left you there
But maybe
there's nothing
Up in the sky
but air
d
And there's
no mystical design
d
No cosmic lover
preassigned
There's nothing
you can find
That cannot
be found
'Cause with all the changes

you've been through
It seems the stranger's
always you
Alone again in some new
wicked little town
e
And when you've got
no other choice
You know you can
follow my voice
Through the dark turns
and noise
Of this wicked
little town
It's a wicked
Little town
Goodbye, wicked...
Little town.
Rain falls hard
d
d
Burns dry
d
A dream
or a song
d
That hits you
so hard
Filling you up
Suddenly gone
Breathe
Feel
Love
Give
Free
Know in your soul
Like your blood
knows the way
From your heart
to your brain
Knows that
you're whole
And you're shining
like the brightest star

A transmission
on the midnight radio
f
And you're spinning
Like a 45
Ballerina
Dancing to
your rock and roll...
d
Here's to Patti
And Tina
And Yoko
Aretha
And Nona
And Nico
And me
And all the strange
rock and rollers
You know you're doing
alright
So hold on
to each other
You gotta
hold on tonight
And you're shining
like the brightest star
A transmission
on the midnight radio
d
And you're spinning
Your new 45s
All the misfits
and the losers
f
Well, you know
you're rock and rollers
sd
Spinning to
Your rock and roll
Lift up your hands
Lift up your hands
Lift up your hands
Lift up your hands
Lift up your hands

Lift up your hands
Now! Now!
Lift up your hands
Lift up your hands.
When the earth
was still flat
And clouds made
of fire
And mountains stretched up
to the sky
Sometimes higher
Folks roamed the earth
Like big rolling kegs
They had
two sets of arms
They had
two sets of legs
They had two faces peering
out of one giant head
So they could
watch all around them
As they talked
while they read
And they never
knew nothing of love
It was before
The origin of love
The origin of love
Now there was
three sexes then
One that looked like two men
glued up back-to-back
They called
the children of the sun
And similar
in shape and girth
Was the children
of the Earth
They looked like
two girls rolled up in one
And the children
of the moon
Was like a fork
shoved on a spoon

They was part sun, part earth
part daughter, part son
Ah-hh...
the origin of love.
Some girls,
they got natural ease
They wear it
any way they please
With their French
flip curls
And perfumed
magazines
Wear it up
Let it down
This is the best way
that I've found
To be the best
you've ever seen
I put on
some makeup
Turn on the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig
down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm
Miss Farrah Fawcett from TV
r
Until I wake up
And I turn back
to myself
Shag, bi-level, bob,
Dorothy Hamill do
Sausage curls
chicken wings
It's all because
of you
With your blow-dried
feather back
Toni Home Wave, too
Flip, 'fro,
frizz, flop
It's all because
of you
It's all because
of you

It's all because
of you.
Okay, everybody.
I put on some makeup
Turn on the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig
down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm
this punk rock star
Of stage and screen
And I ain't never
I'm never turning back
r