

As the lights come up

Song: "E-mail Female"

(sung by C. C. WAINWRIGHT)

**I found an e-mail female
Surfing the internet
Who keeps on sending me mail
I'm more than glad to get
However, I must confess
I only know the online address
Of this email female
I haven't met as yet**

**Yes, there's an e-mail female
Somewhere in cyberspace
I know in graphic detail
Her figure and her face
From photographs I download
But not the zip, nor the area code
Of this email female
Who is playing hard to trace**

**The email I receive
Has led me to believe
She has a sexy personality
However, I'm depressed
By sex that gets expressed
In only virtual reality**

**Chasing this email female
May be a hopeless task
Though I stay hot on the trail
And ask and ask and ask
There is no toll I can pay
The Information Superhighway
To see my e-mail female
Take off her virtual mask**

This search is conducted by an affluent surfer on the World Wide Web who appears in person in his comfortable studio (stage right) and in virtual reality on a video wall that is in the display window of "Webers", an upscale electronics store next door (center stage). At the conclusion of his song, lights dim on C. C. and the video wall dissolves into a montage of various of homeless individuals one of whom is BEAH ACKER, who then appears in reality onstage burdened by two large paper shopping bags.

WEBERS

Somebody's coming. Somebody. Somebody. Somebody's somebody.....

Beah's image is fixed on the screen as she searches through garbage for food, and through the electronics store's trash for computer parts.

Song: "Somebody's Somebody"

(sung by THE WEBERS)

**Somebody's somebody's
Sleeping around in the streets
Somebody's somebody's
Rummaging refuse for eats
Somebody nobody backs
Somebody weather attacks
Somebody garbage attracts
Scrounging for snacks**

**Somebody's Somebody's
Parent, or offspring, or spouse
Somebody's somebody
Who once brought joy to some house
Somebody arms used to hold
Somebody strayed from the fold
Left with a tale to be told
Out in the cold**

**Somebody's somebody
Nobody much wants to see
Somebody's somebody
Searching for someplace to be
Windows and doors have been barred
Those who are "Haves" are on guard
Against "Have nots" livin' hard
In their backyard**

**Somebody's somebody
In whom somebody held hope
Somebody's somebody
Somehow unable to cope**

**Somebody, no matter who
Given a bad break or two
But for God's grace it is true
Could have been you**

**Somebody copping a plea
Somebody who, he or she
But for God's grace I can see
Could have been me**

Hungrily munching a piece of discarded pizza found in the garbage, BEAH has now settled in a corner of the basement below the store (stage left). She takes several items from her bags including DOT, a battery operated lap top computer that is the bag lady's alter ego. In the computer is stored BEAH'S collection of poetry, and miscellaneous memorabilia. As BEAH now turns DOT on, the computer speaks:

DOT

Hi, Beah? Welcome home.

BEAH

Good evening, Dot. It's been a rough day.

DOT

**Aren't they all when we live in the street? So let's change the scene. Go on line?
Your new boyfriend is probably looking for you.**

BEAH

Not yet.

DOT

How about writing him another erotic poem. He can't seem to get enough of those.

BEAH

'Druther be alone for a while. Make it Solitaire.

DOT

Solitaire it is.

WEBERS

(as the game appears on the video wall)

BEAH

Song: "Solitaire"

(sung by BEAH ACKER)

**I often play a game
I might as well play fair
A game they rightly name
Solitaire**

**It does no good to cheat
When I am well aware
It's myself I defeat
Solitaire**

**And even when I've won
With just myself to dare
It isn't that much fun
Solitaire**

**I realize that I'm
Caught in a context where
I simply waste my time
Solitaire**

**They're either red or black
The cards at which I stare
The king, the queen, the jack
Solitaire**

**I follow all the suits
The numbers that they bear
An ace accepts a deuce
Solitaire**

**Here all depends on luck
That often goes nowhere
I play until I'm stuck
Solitaire**

**How often I have felt
I didn't have a prayer
With the cards I was dealt**

Solitaire

Since points are only made
By players who are there
My life is being played
Solitaire

The best games I have known
Held joys that I could share
This game I play alone
Solitaire

I make a clever move
But little do I care
I find nothing to prove
Solitaire

The winner may be me
Yet all I can declare
Is hollow victory
Solitaire

WEBERS

She's Beah Acker. Slightly deranged. Completely estranged. From her own life.
A computer programmer. Burnt out by crunched numbers. And processed data.
And vitally important trivial pursuits. Totally stressed. The dispossessed. And
now, suddenly, homeless. Alone. Afraid. Of almost everything. Almost
everybody. Paranoid. Paranoid. Paranoid

BEAH

(suddenly angry at losing a game) I'm sick of this game. I'm sick of being by myself,
Dot!

DOT

Want to go back out? Storm stopped.
I think

BEAH

No. I'm even sicker of other people. You know how they are. How they
talk about me.

Song: "They Say Awful Things Behind My Back"
(sung by Beah Acker)

They say awful things behind my back
Criticizing me for what I lack

In talent and taste
In manners and money
I'm being disgraced
And made to feel like I look funny

They say awful things behind my back
My character is under sharp attack
From their ridicule
I feel my ears blistering
I'm nobody's fool
I hear what they're whispering
I sense my sanity being destroyed
By people who say I am paranoid!

WEBERS

Dot understands. Dot is the name Beah has given her computer. Doi understands. Dot has a good memory.

Song "Because They Call You Paranoid"
(sung by DOT)

There's danger you cannot avoid
Some terror you have to let through
Because they call you paranoid
Don't think they're not out to get you

Extreme caution must be employed
There's no safe way not to use it
Because they call you paranoid
Don't think you're not persecuted

Unless you want your life destroyed
There's fear you'd better relate to
Because they call you paranoid
Don't think some people don't hate you

Though paranoia's a mental disease
Paranoid people have real enemies

Quite likely you will be annoyed
Long as you live in this hard town
Because they call you paranoid

Don't think you can let your guard down

Security must be employed
Alarm you have to awaken
Because they call you paranoid
Don't think your life can't be taken

With due respect to Dr. Freud
Can't let your instincts grow lazy
Because they call you paranoid
You may not be all that crazy

Though paranoia's a mental disease
Paranoid people have real enemies

WAINWRIGHT

(returns, still searching)

Song: "E-mail Female (2)
(sung by C. C. WAINWRIGHT)

There is an e-mail female
I have quite often seen
In cyber fantasy sail
Onto my PC screen
With sexy stuff to suggest
Which is why I am extremely stressed
By this email female
Whose lines I read between

I want this email female
However, I don't think
Equipment sold at retail
Comes with the kind of ink
To print out graphics or text
That would allow me to download next
To this email female
And have a real live link

Downloading what comes from
Her @ \ . com
Takes software hard drive and some megabyte
But that can't kiss or hug
This fine computer bug
I want to hacker clean out of website

It's difficult to be male

Out on the world wide web
Because from out here we fail
To take the needed step
To put us in closer touch
A hard drive can only do so much
To an email female
Whose distance is well kep'

(as his song concludes)

BEAH

Looking for me?

WAINWRIGHT

I just read the last poem you e-mailed.

BEAH

Which one was that? I'm forgetful.

WAINWRIGHT

The one you call "Free Expression"

BEAH

Read it back to me

Poem: "Free Expression"

(recited by C. C. WAINWRIGHT)

The dearest form of free expression
Is ours when we make full confession
Of each sensuous sentiment
And offer with abandonment
Feelings uninhibited
And shamelessly exhibited
Not in darkened hiding place
But in the light and face to face
Secluded from the outside world
But to each other all unfurled
Rejoicing in sweet liberty
The two of us an entity

WEBERS

C.C. has no idea who, or where Beah is. And would he be even more freaked out if he did? Really! Despite the radical search for his "e mail female", C.C. is a conservative. And Beah is a bag lady. However in cyberspace, such details aren't necessarily apparent. So in cyberfantasy, C. C Wainwright has allowed himself to fall in love. And Beah Acker has responded.