# BEEPERS

A Cautionary Cabaret

Brady Kynans
(Dennis Bathory-Kitsz)

Westleaf Edition W865

# *Beepers*

## A Cautionary Cabaret

by “Brady Kynans”
(Dennis Bathory-Kitsz)

## *Beepers, A Cautionary Cabaret*

Copyright ©1986, 1999, 2023 by Dennis Bathory-Kitsz (ASCAP).
All rights reserved. Westleaf Edition W869.

For performance rights contact the composer, bathory@bathory.org

"Brady Kynans" is a pseudonym of composer Dennis Bathory-Kitsz used in the first performance. Program and publicity should credit the composer or include both names.

# *Beepers*

## The Cast

The written cast of *Beepers* is gender neutral, a relatively minor change from the 1986 book. In performance, the abbreviated names may be used or gendered names may be assigned to the available players.

**E** is Erika/Everett. **E** is a jaded social critic, somewhat of an outcast, and always on edge about our roles in modern technology. *Alto or baritone.*
**R** is Reba/Rafi. **R** is a sad, yearning young person, searching for both meaning and love in life, and certain it won't be coming soon. *Alto or baritone.*
**L** is Ladislaw/Lydia. **L** is a shy, reticent programmer with little life experience and a hesitant manner, on the edge of sadness. *Alto or baritone.*

**Choruses** (Nerds, Color VDT Blues, and Infomaniac) are sung by **E, R,** and/or **L,** or other performers in any combination.

Drumkit is optional, as is string bass. Chords are not provided.

*Beepers* was first performed in January 1987 at The Garage in Montpelier, Vermont. Andrée Frazier was Erika, Gayle Hanson was Reba, and Stuart Duke was Ladislaw, with Deborah Chaffee at the piano and David Gunn on drum kit.

Though *Beepers* is a tech tale that hasn't grown old, since its creation some minor changes have been made to the lyrics, updating some obsolete tech:

Techie Roulette, *touch-toned up* to *texted to* (avoid obsolete tech)
Software Surprise, *sportsman's* to *athlete's* (neutral)
I Wasn't Born a Beeper, *man of adventurous* to *soul of adventurous* (neutral)
Silicon Death, *Chernobyl* to *Chornobyl* (the present-day Ukrainian spelling)
Silicon Death, *VCRs* to *USBs* and *CDs* to *streaming* (avoid obsolete tech)
Infomaniac, *she's* to *they're*, *she* to *they*, *her* to *them* (changed verb forms) (neutral)
VDT Blues, *she's* to *they're*, *her* to *their*, *she* to *they*, *her* to *them* (changed verb forms) (neutral)
VDT Blues, *instead of pictures* to *instead of pixels* (avoid obsolete tech)

**4**

# *Beepers*

## The Story

At the dawn of the small computer age in the early 1980s, we find three office workers at their jobs. It is a time of reluctant and unreliable technology. Communication is by telephone and fax machine; the Internet reaches few places—mostly universities and some businesses—but the World Wide Web is still a decade in the future. Mobile phones are the stuff of science fiction, with the first commercial cell phone not available until 1983. The PC is new, the Mac still on the drawing board. It's two decades before Google, iPhone, Facebook, or Tesla.

In this world we find three computer workers—nerds of the day—on the job creating software for no purpose apparent to the outside world. **R** is struggling with the tech itself, recalling that the field was supposed to be glamorous and profitable ("there's money to be made, and glamour in the trade") but finds it a nightmare of "techie roulette" instead.

Just as **E** is assuring **R** that all is fine, a group of children outside the window taunts them as "just nerds", repeating every insulting cliché known to tech workers. **R** is psychologically deflated, seeing a person wasting away as a "biodegradable interface".

As with many offices, though, the atmosphere is lightened in the presence of food—as everyone sings and marches along to a patter song of endless puns about "edible bytes", followed by a short meditative stretch as everyone gets back to work.

Regret soon returns as **R** and **L** sing a duet about their life as beepers and how they really aren't those people...or wish they weren't. The upside, according the **L**, is their clean, high-tech field. With political conscience aroused, **E** lists the places where clean high-tech is dirty and dangerous—winding up to give a lecture in song, the accusatory words of a "silicon death", foreshadowing the environmental concerns that are with us 40 years later.

Everyone is feeling discouraged, and the ensemble sings the blues—with the need of warm glows, hugs, daydreams, loving, and laughter. Simple dreams are dashed, though, by being called "infomaniacs" by those kids outside (as sung by the three of them themselves), another patter song of puns about technology. It causes **L** to crack, singing about being a "high-tech wreck" over unfulfilled human longing blocked by immersion in science and logic. **R** seems to hear what **L** is saying, and responds that there's a "power failure in my heart".

There is nothing more to redeem them as the three workers sing, separately and together, the themes of power failure, being born a beeper, and silicon death. **E** has the final word.

*Beepers*

## The Numbers

No. 1 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Overture
No. 2 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Techie Roulette (**R**)
No. 3 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Nerds (**All**)
No. 4 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Biodegradable Interface (**R**)
No. 5 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Software Surprise (**L**)
No. 6 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Edible Bytes (**All**)
No. 7 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Circuit Glow
No. 8 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … I Wasn't Born a Beeper (**R,L**)
No. 9 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Silicon Death (**E**)
No. 10 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Screen Phosphor Lullaby
No. 11 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Color VDT Blues (**All**)
No. 12 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … (They're An) Infomaniac (**All**)
No. 13 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … High-Tech Wreck (**L**)
No. 14 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … (There's a) Power Failure in My Heart (**R**)
No. 15 … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … … Finale (**All**)

Approximate time of the music, 40 minutes. Dialog will increase the time depending on the stage direction.

## *Beepers*

The scene: The office of some high-pressure digital technology company at the dawn of the personal computer age, about 1980-81. The company is Comp-U-Comp and the office décor is nothing—unappealing and dreary. There are gray office desks but only outlines of the workers' cubicles, the "cubies", are shown. The monitors are old tube-style, large, and beige. There may be a potted plant on a stand and fluorescent lights above.

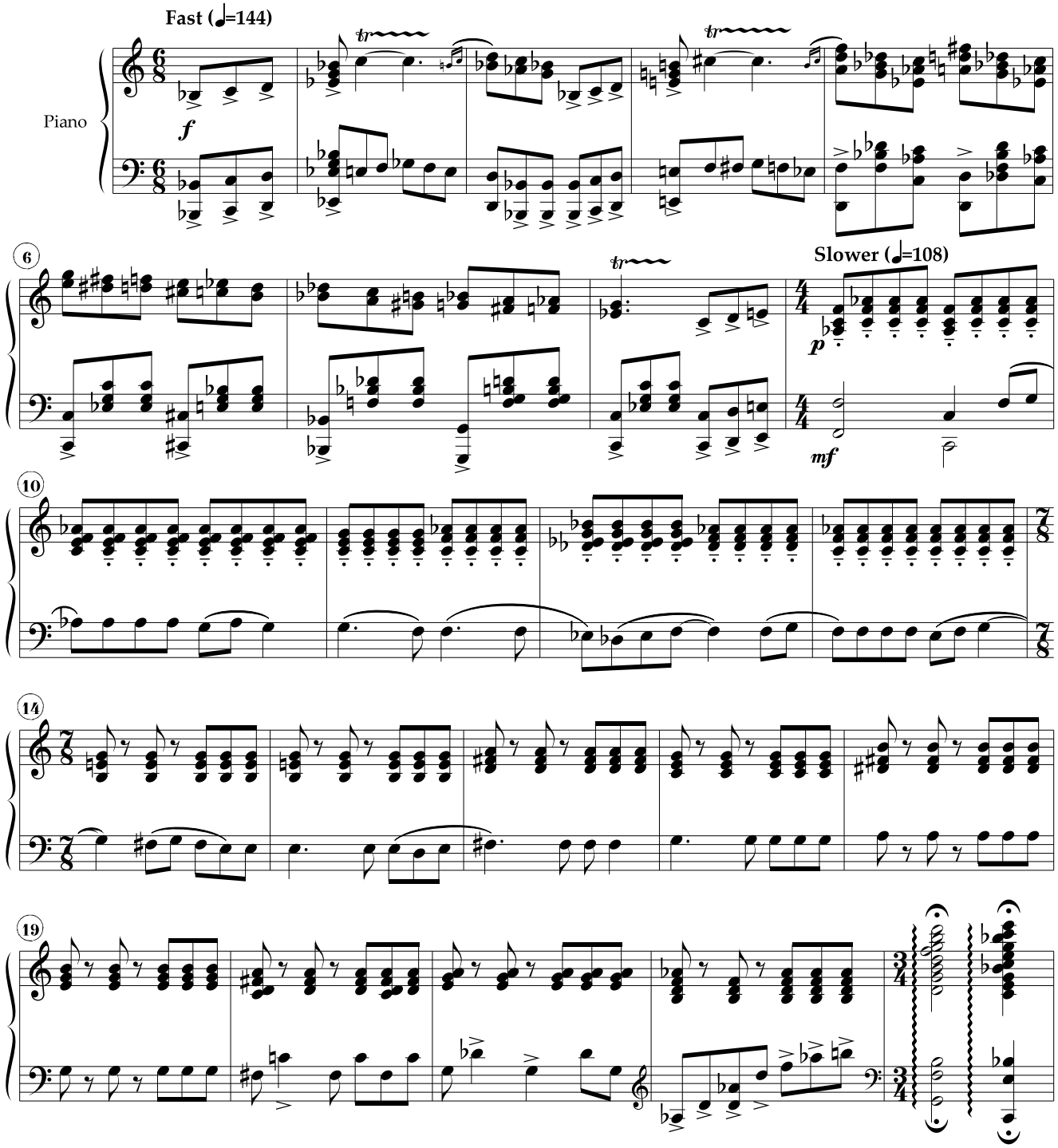
**R**, **L,** and **E** come into the office, take off their coats, and hang them up carefully. They chatter briefly and sit down to work at their computer screens, with their keyboards clacking loudly.

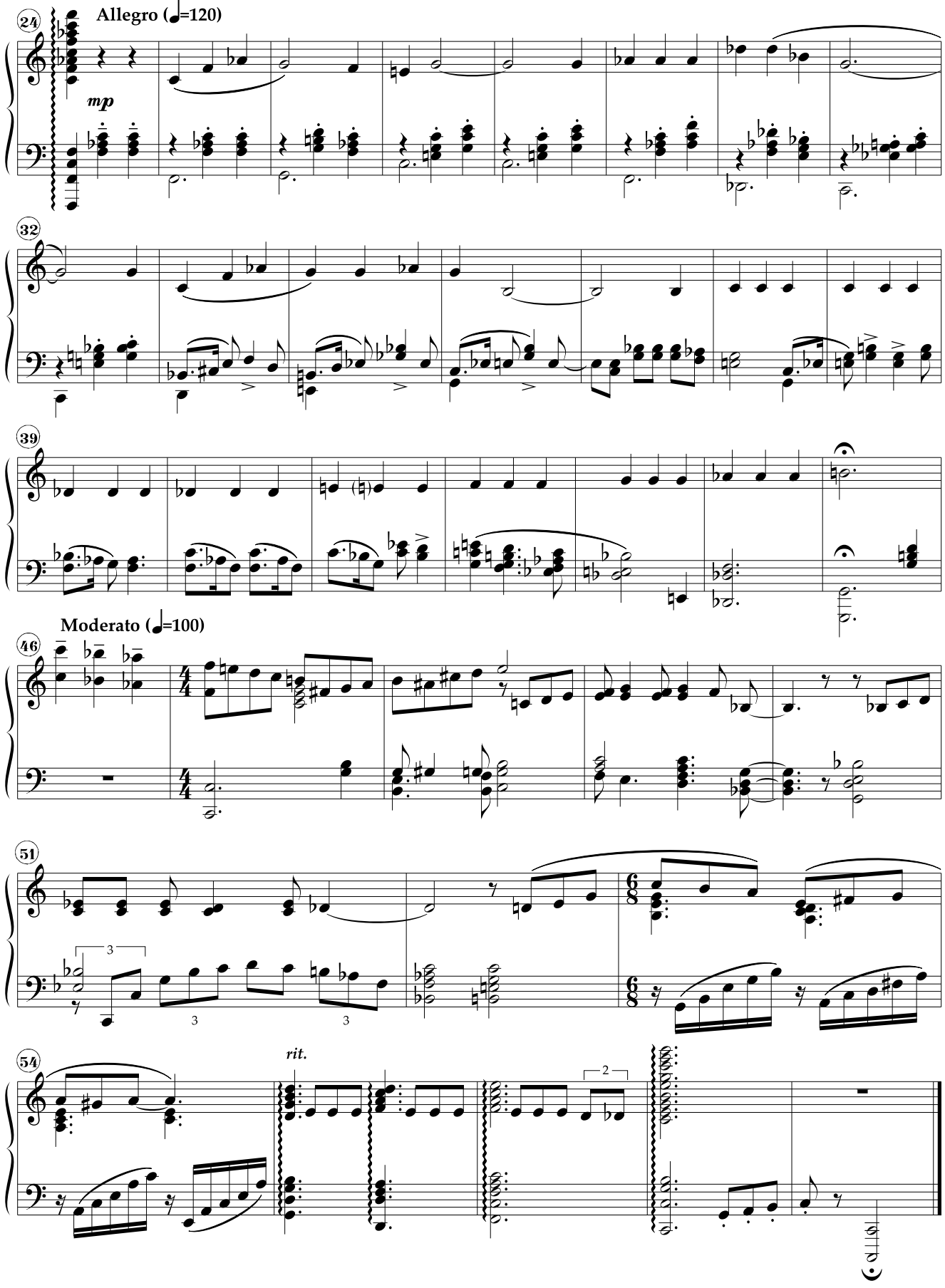
# No. 1 Overture

## from the cabaret *Beepers*

Words & Music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

**E**, **R**, and **L** come in from offstage and sit at their desks, beginning to work, turning on equipment, adjusting their monitors, and moving papers around.




24
Allegro (♩=120)
mp
32
39
Moderato (♩=100)
46
51
54
rit.

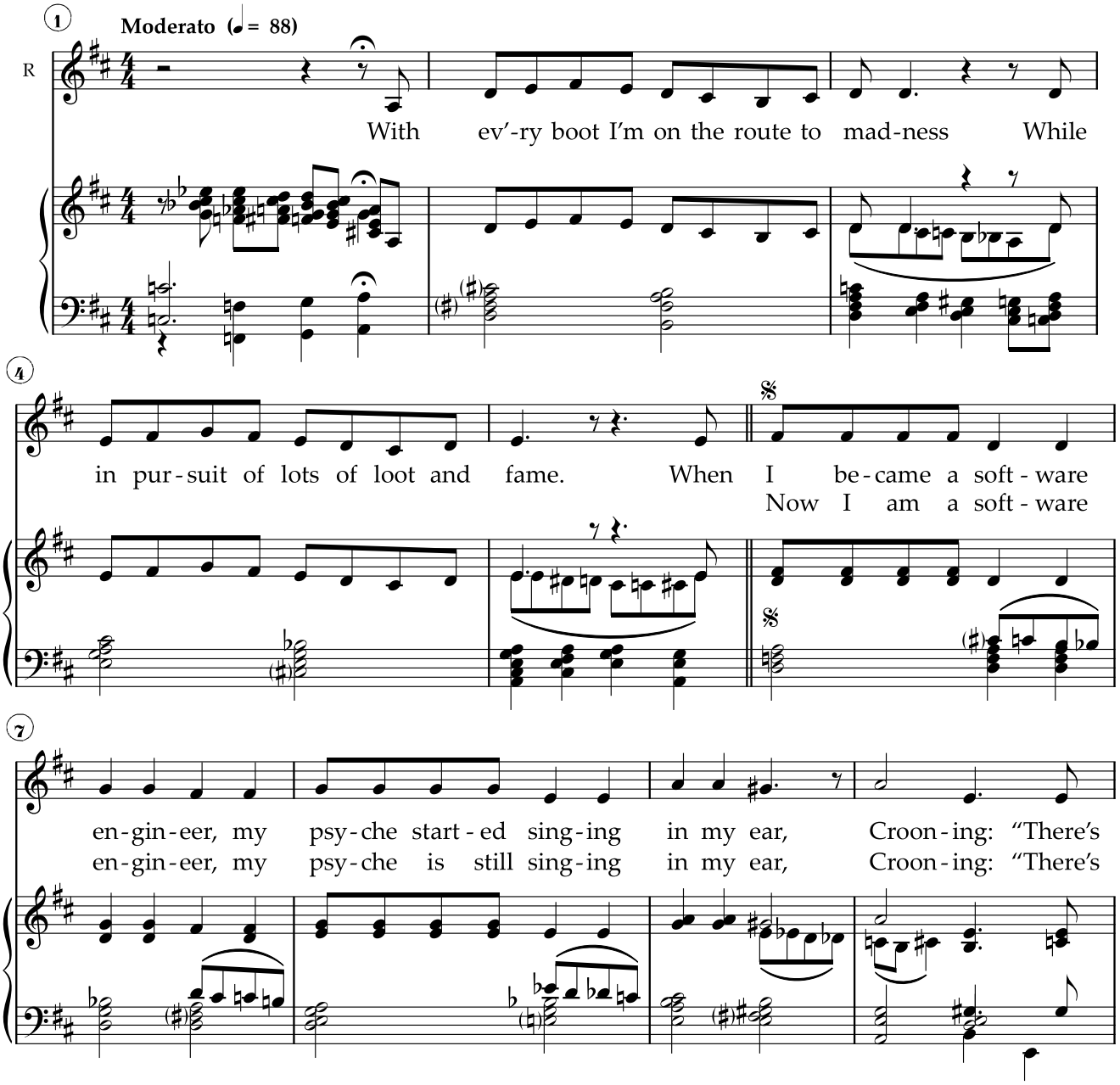
No. 2

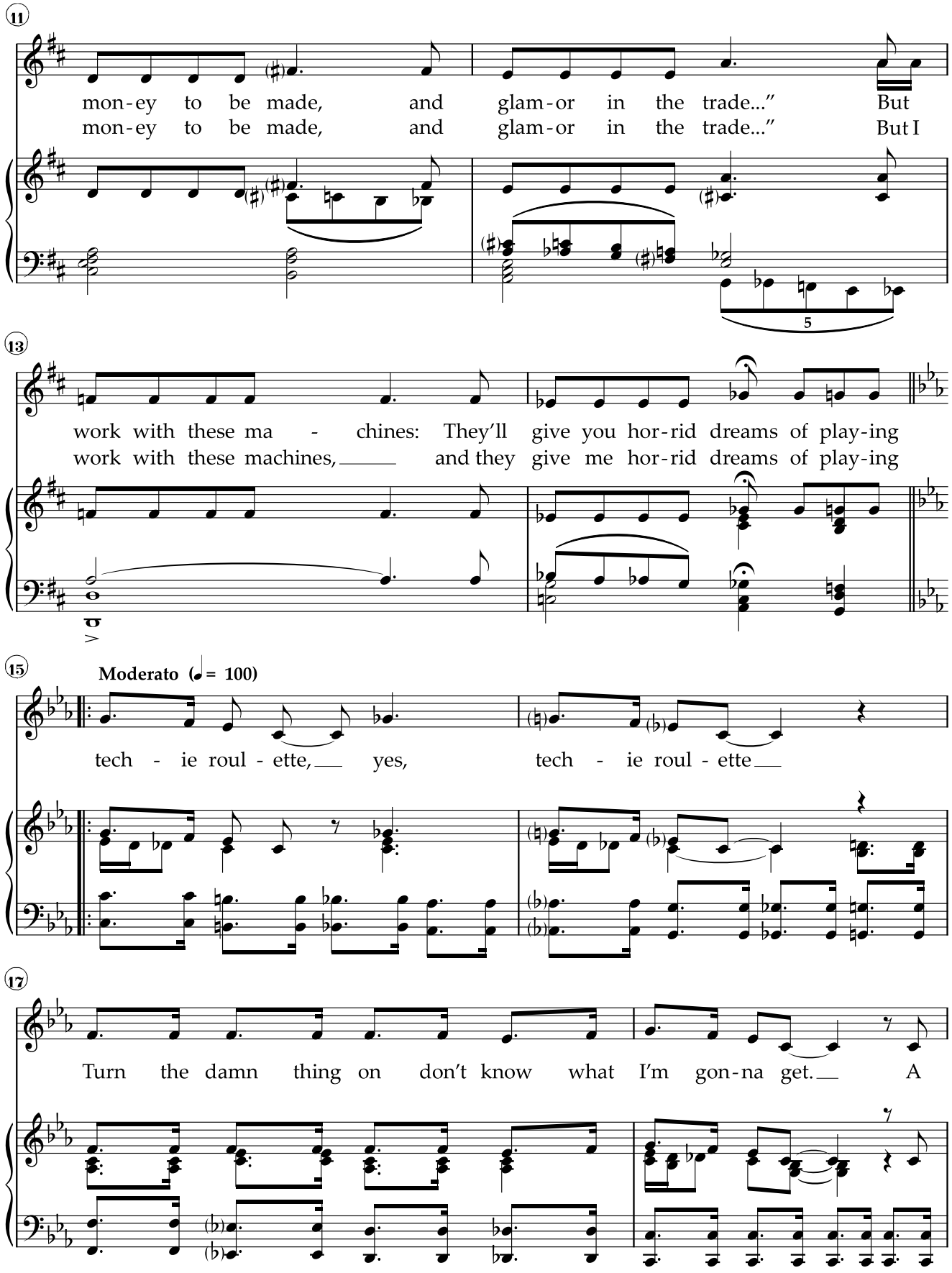
# Techie Roulette

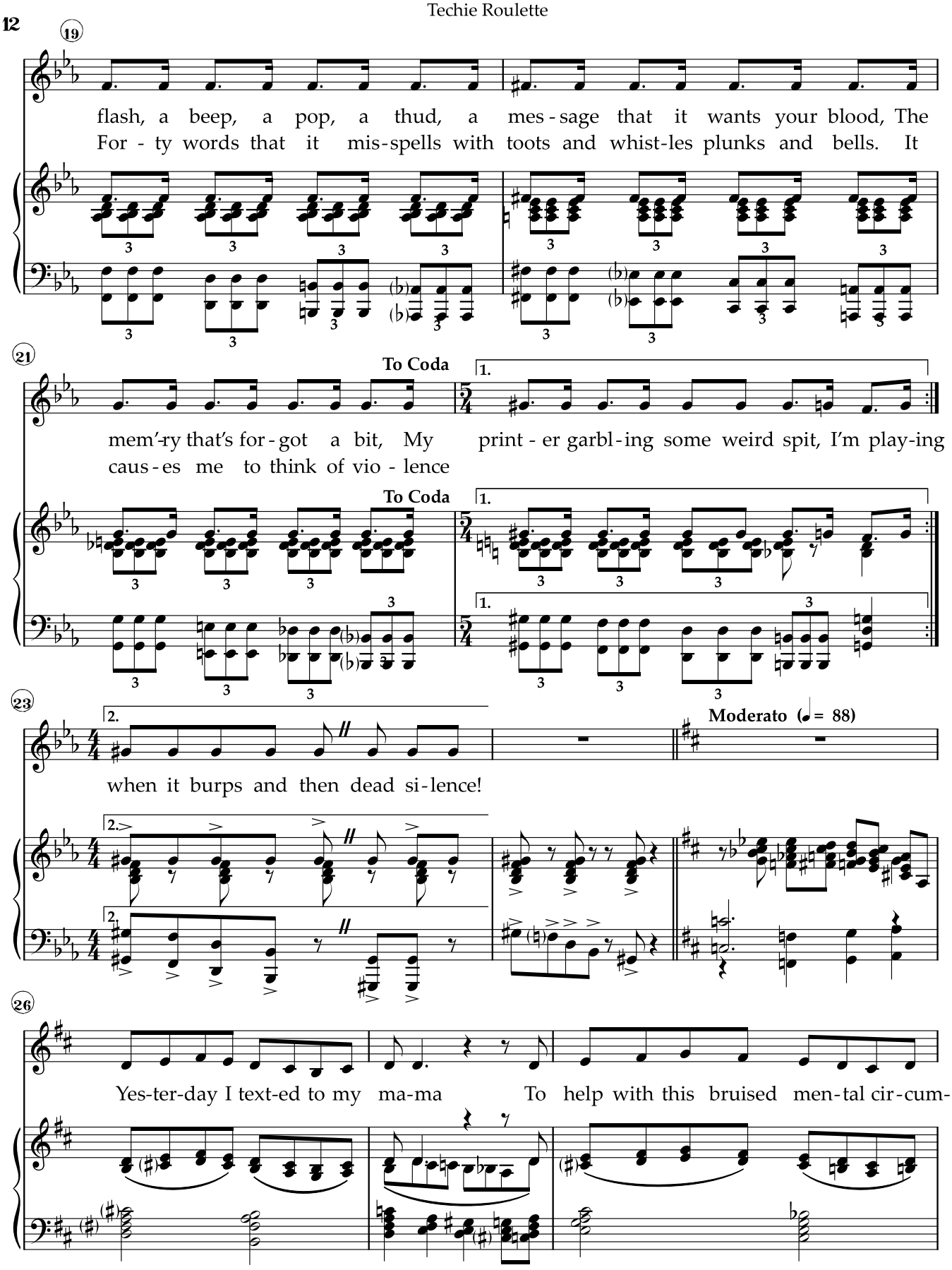
from the cabaret *Beepers*

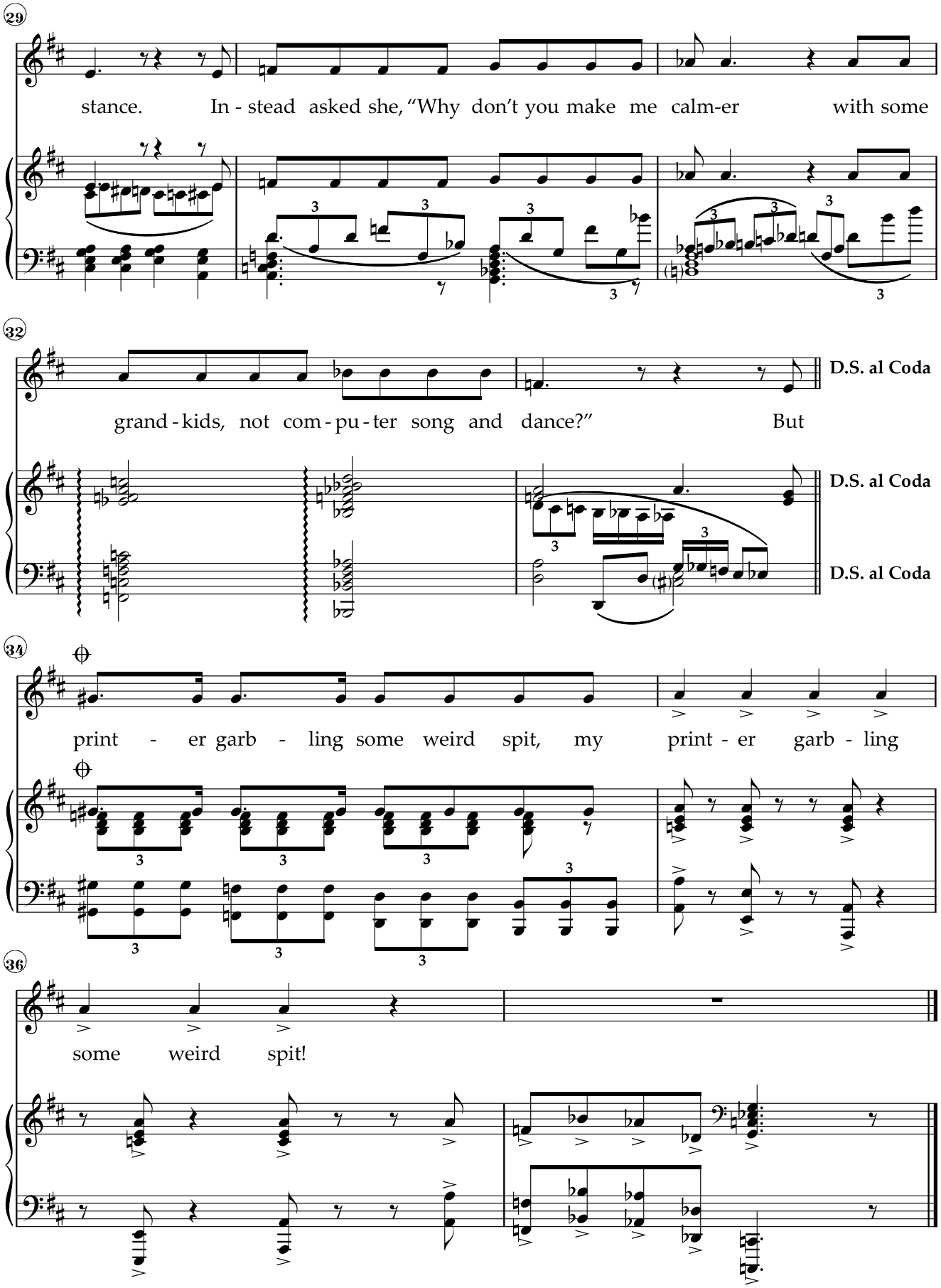
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

**R**: Boot! Boot! Boot! ... Damn! (sighs) I turn it on, crank it up, and nothing. Yesterday it beeps and dies, tomorrow, who knows? (sighs again)




11
mon-ey to be made, and glam-or in the trade..." But
mon-ey to be made, and glam-or in the trade..." But I
5
13
work with these ma - chines: They'll give you hor-rid dreams of play-ing
work with these machines, and they give me hor-rid dreams of play-ing
15
Moderato (♩= 100)
tech - ie roul - ette, yes, tech - ie roul - ette
17
Turn the damn thing on don't know what I'm gon-na get. A


19
flash, a beep, a pop, a thud, a mes - sage that it wants your blood, The
For - ty words that it mis-spells with toots and whist-les plunks and bells. It
21
To Coda
1.
mem'-ry that's for - got a bit, My print - er garbl - ing some weird spit, I'm play-ing
caus - es me to think of vio - lence
To Coda
1.
1.
23
2.
when it burps and then dead si - lence!
2.
2.
Moderato (♩= 88)
26
Yes-ter-day I text-ed to my ma-ma To help with this bruised men-tal cir-cum-


29
stance. In - stead asked she, "Why don't you make me calm-er with some
32
grand - kids, not com - pu - ter song and dance?" But
D.S. al Coda
D.S. al Coda
D.S. al Coda
34
print - er garb - ling some weird spit, my print - er garb - ling
36
some weird spit!

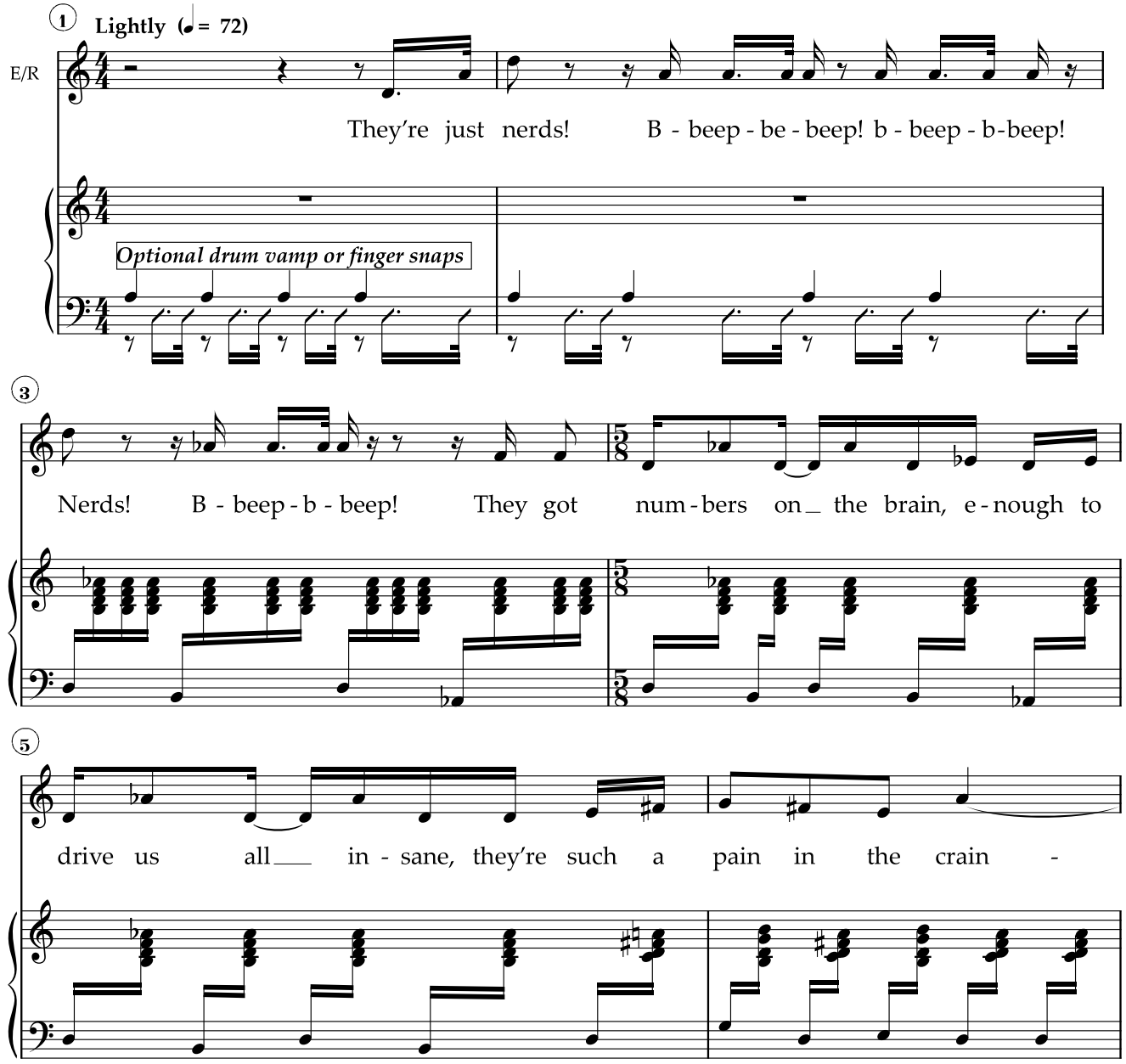
No. 3

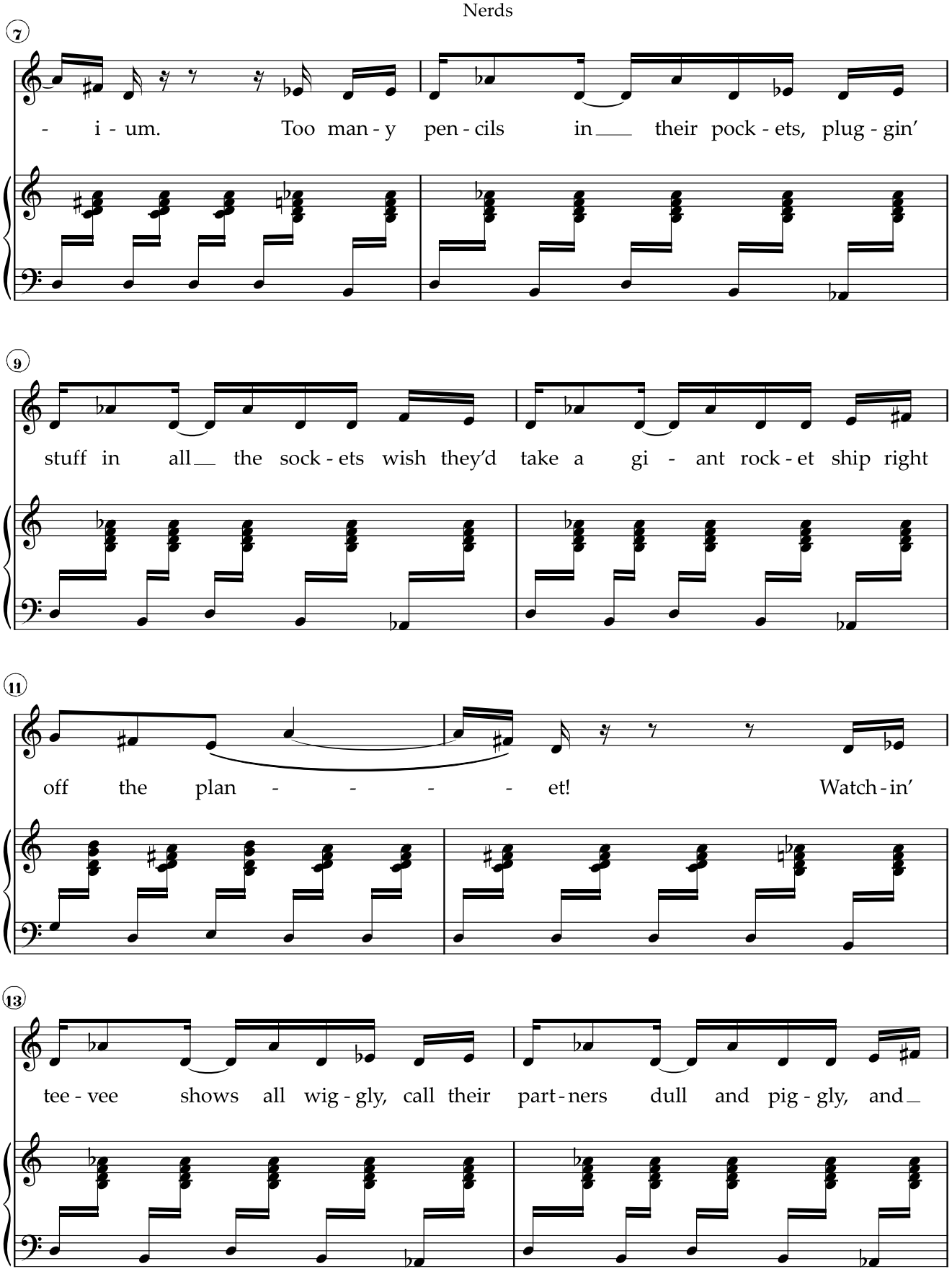
# Nerds

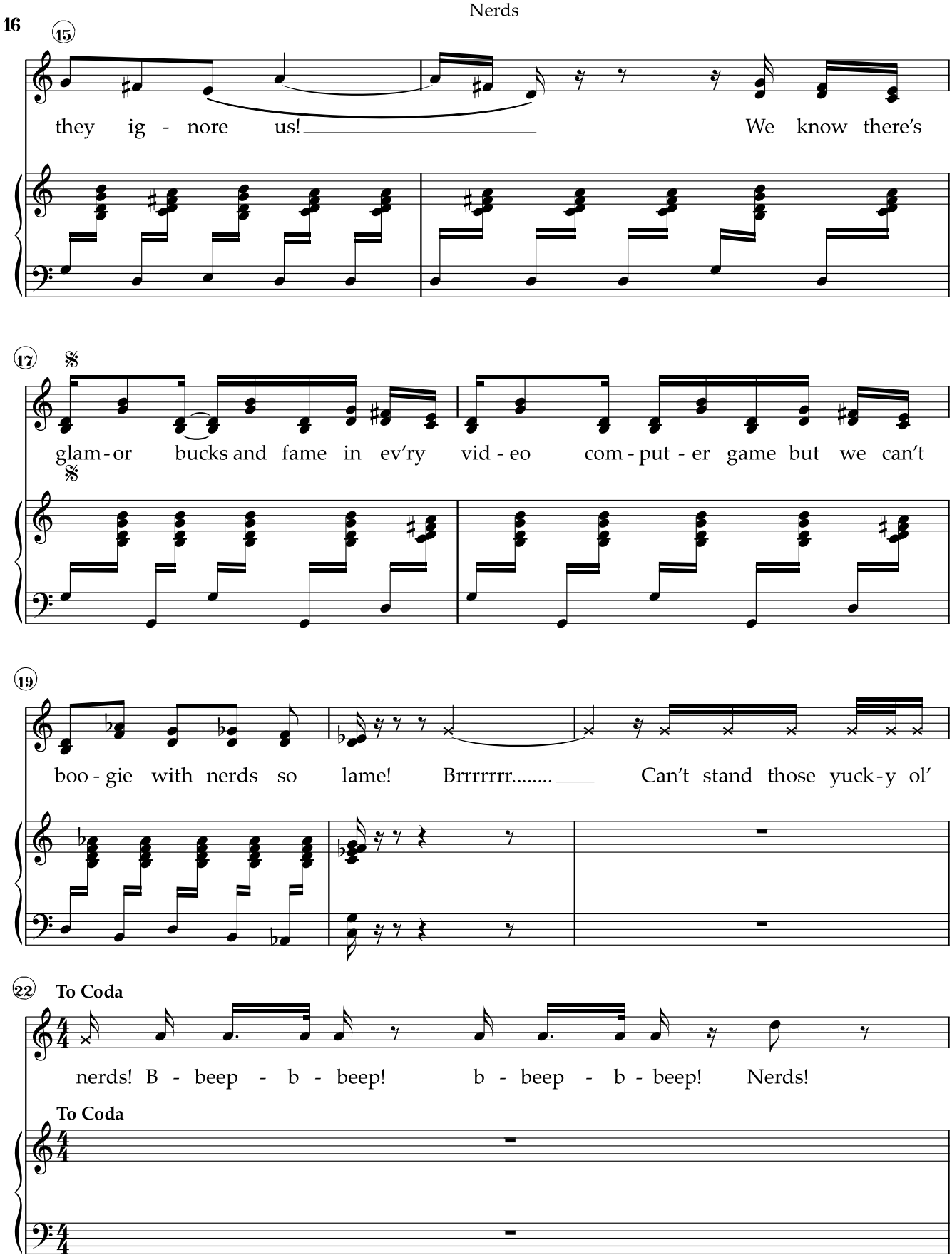
from the cabaret *Beepers*

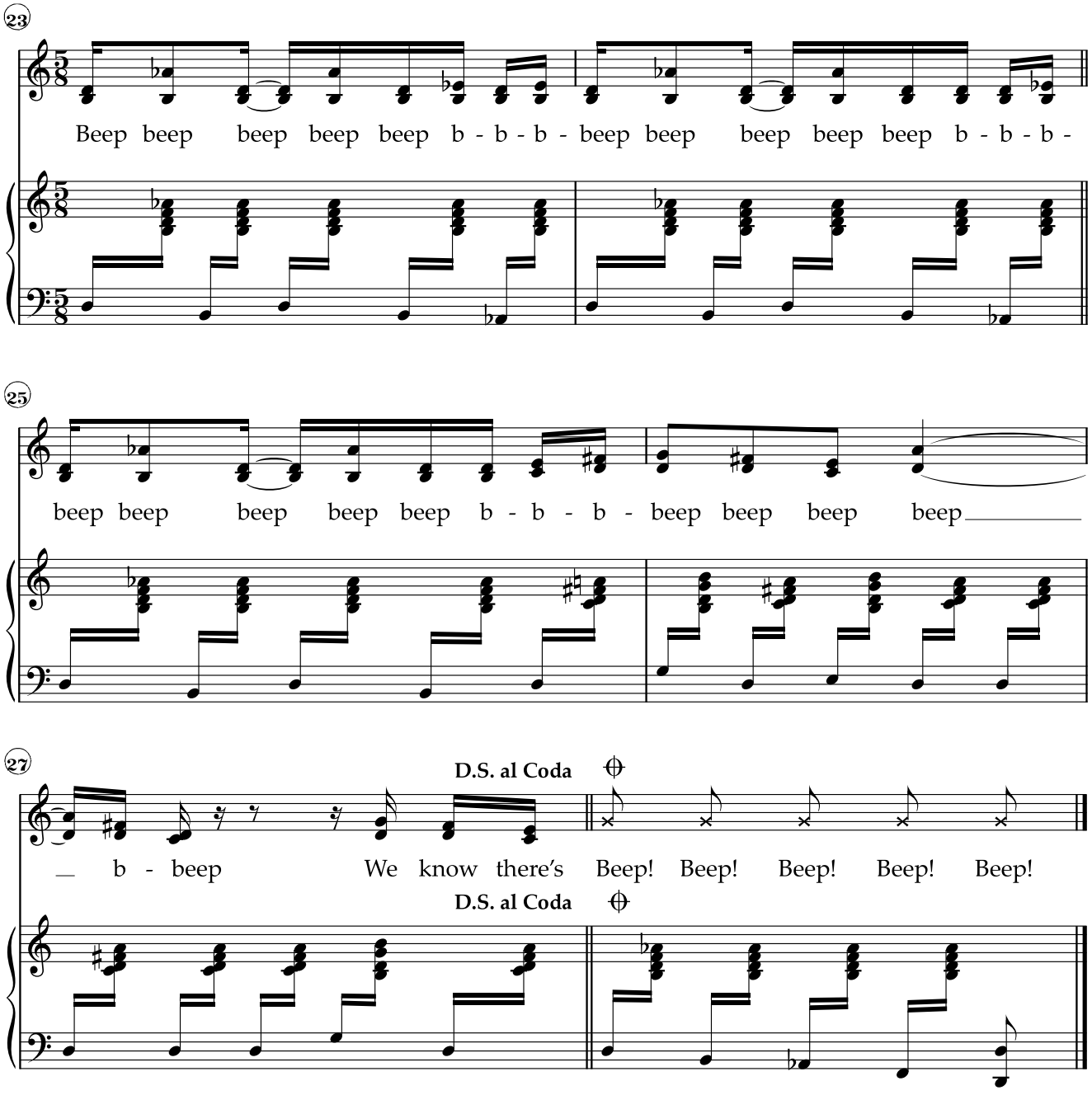
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

**E**: R, listen, dear friend. You know you'll be in the chips someday. You love this work. And, more than so many people, you have repect. Computer people have that, more than anyones else... (voices heard from outside)




7
- i - um. Too man - y pen - cils in their pock - ets, plug - gin'
9
stuff in all the sock - ets wish they'd take a gi - ant rock - et ship right
11
off the plan - - - - et! Watch - in'
13
tee - vee shows all wig - gly, call their part - ners dull and pig - gly, and


15
they ig - nore us!
We know there's
17
glam - or bucks and fame in ev'ry vid - eo com - put - er game but we can't
19
boo - gie with nerds so lame! Brrrrrrr..... Can't stand those yuck - y ol'
22
To Coda
nerds! B - beep - b - beep! b - beep - b - beep! Nerds!
To Coda



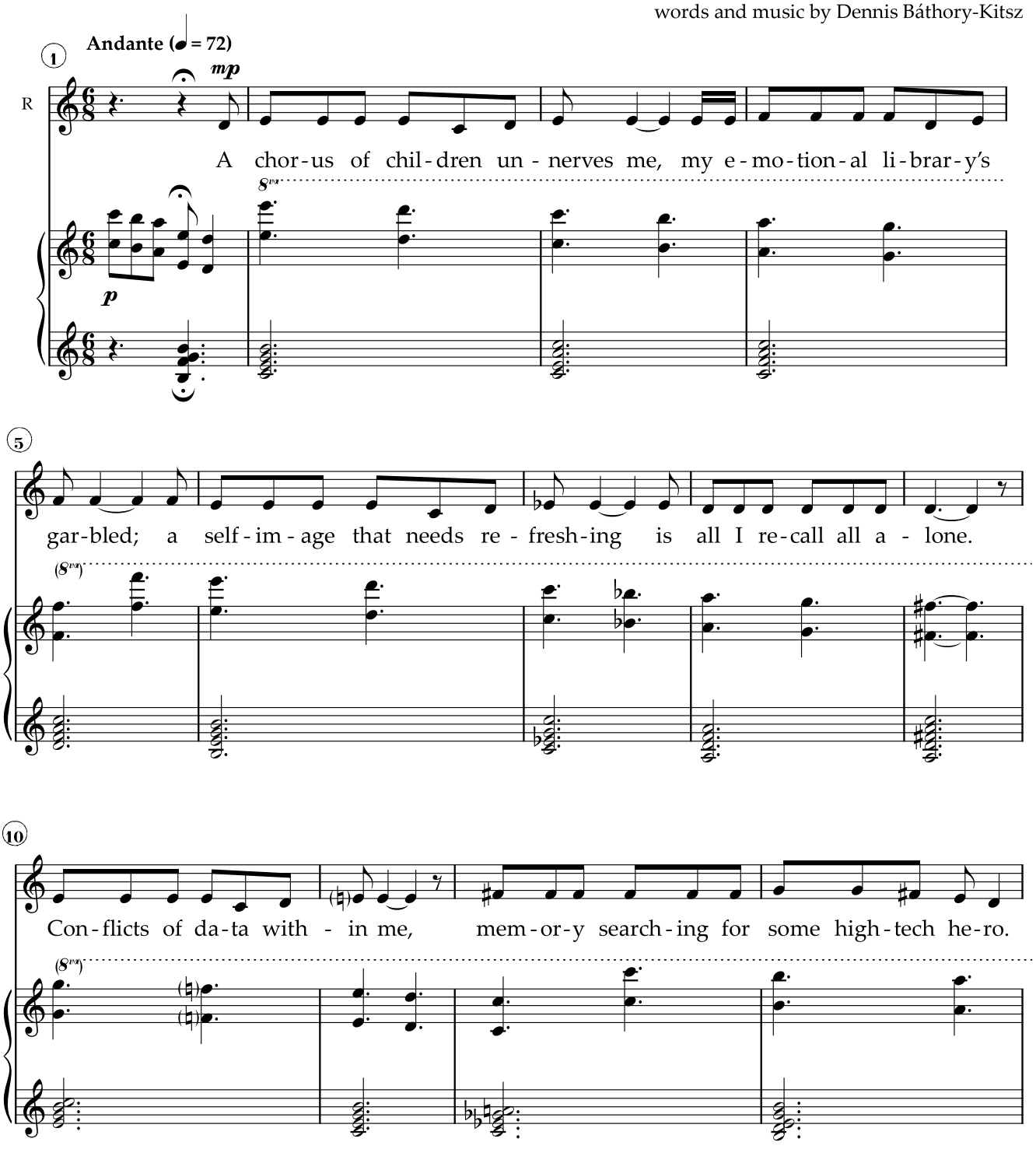

**R**: So that's respect, is it? E, we look like fools. Every cartoonist sees us as ugly, isolated, nearsighted, and—the political ones at least—as high-tech devils plotting the end of the world. You see?

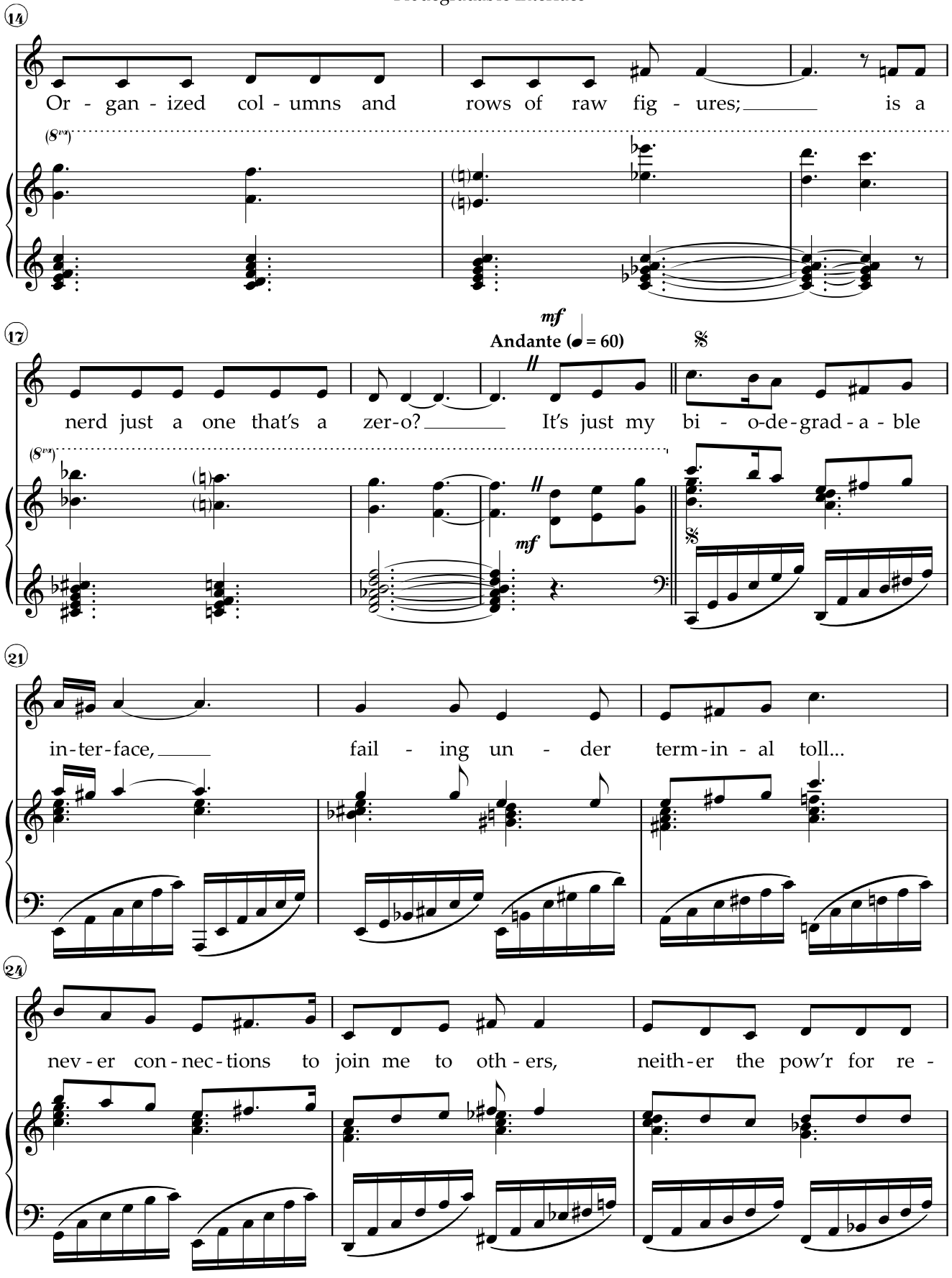
No. 4

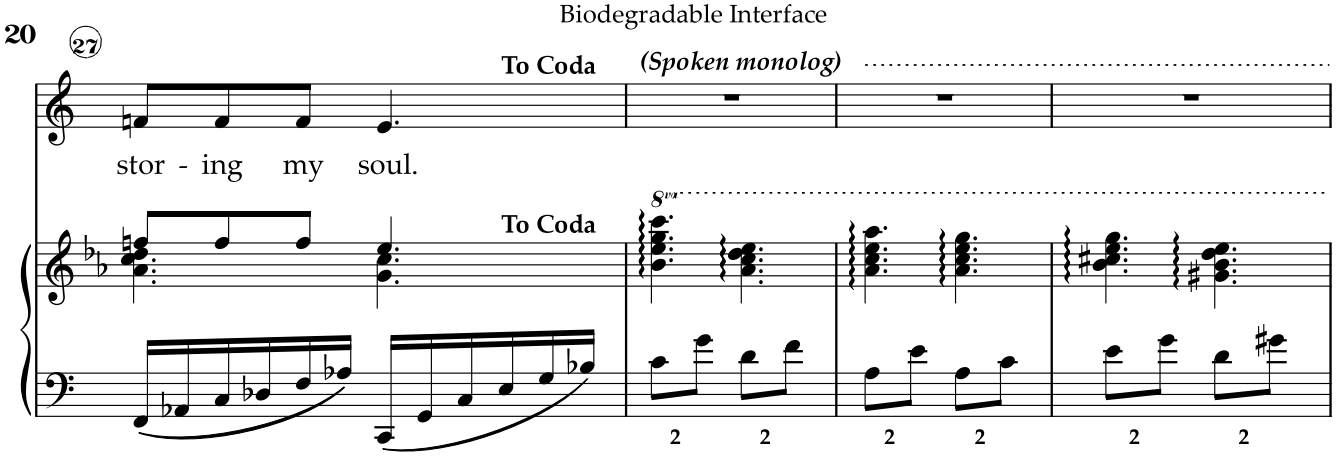
# Biodegradable Interface

from the cabaret *Beepers*

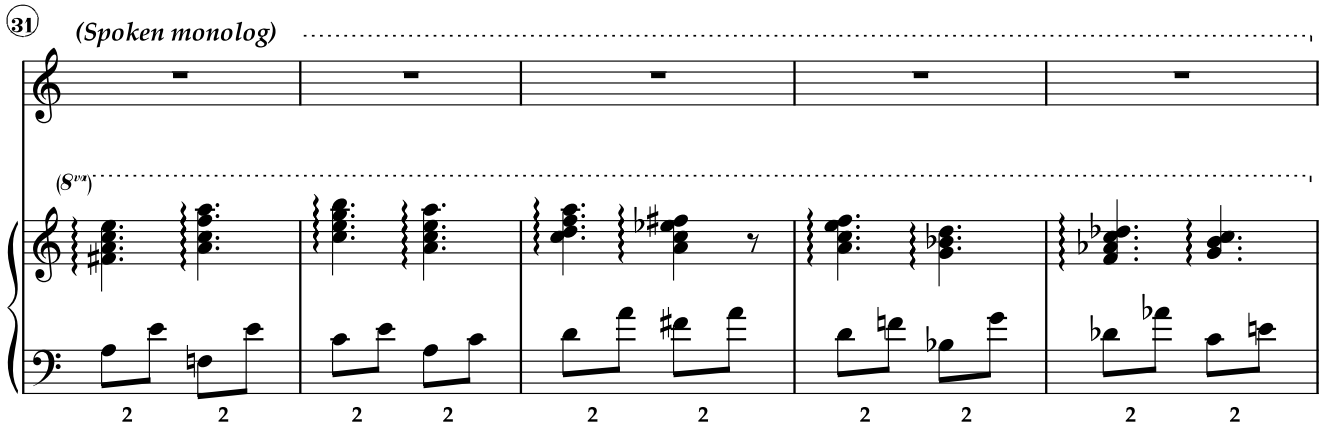
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

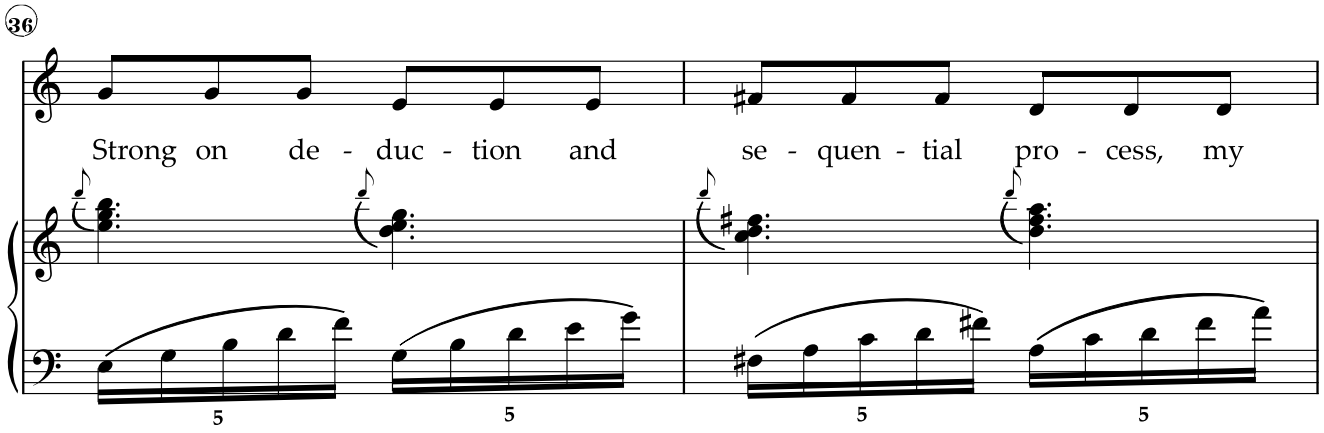


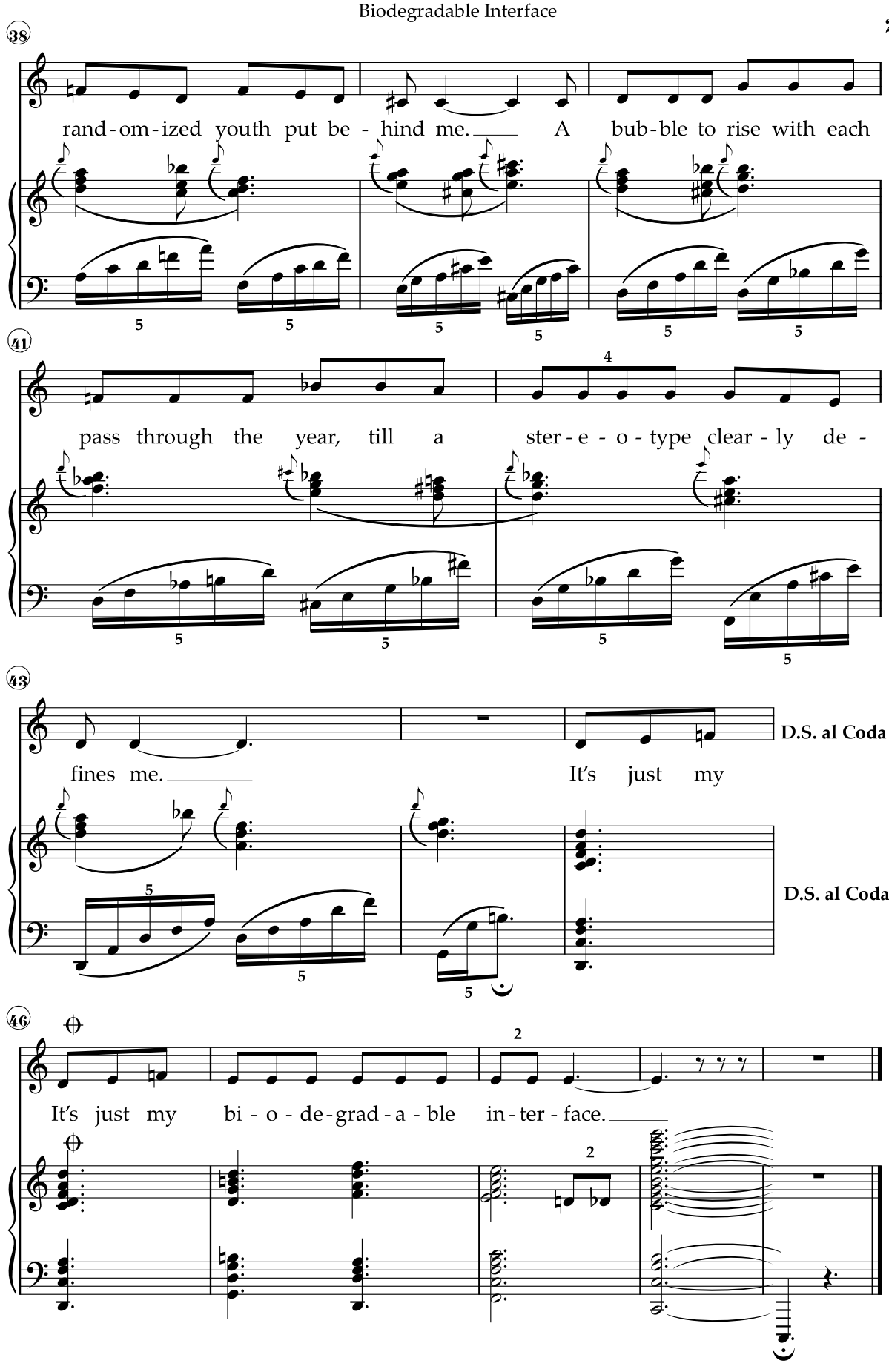

14
Or - gan - ized col - umns and rows of raw fig - ures; is a
(8va)
17
mf
Andante (♩ = 60)
nerd just a one that's a zer-o? It's just my bi - o-de-grad - a - ble
(8va)
mf
21
in-ter-face, fail - ing un - der term-in - al toll...
24
nev - er con - nec - tions to join me to oth - ers, neith-er the pow'r for re -




**R**: Scenes from childhood. Do you remember? Banks and banks of computers, brand spanking sparkling new, with lights and dials and a priesthood-like mystery surrounding them? We wanted to be there, a vanguard of science and logic in a fitful, irrational world. But now, my friends, are we leading a march to enlightenment or to oblivion?




38
rand-om-ized youth put be - hind me. A bub-ble to rise with each
41
pass through the year, till a ster - e - o - type clear - ly de -
43
fines me. It's just my
D.S. al Coda
D.S. al Coda
46
It's just my bi - o - de-grad - a - ble in - ter - face.

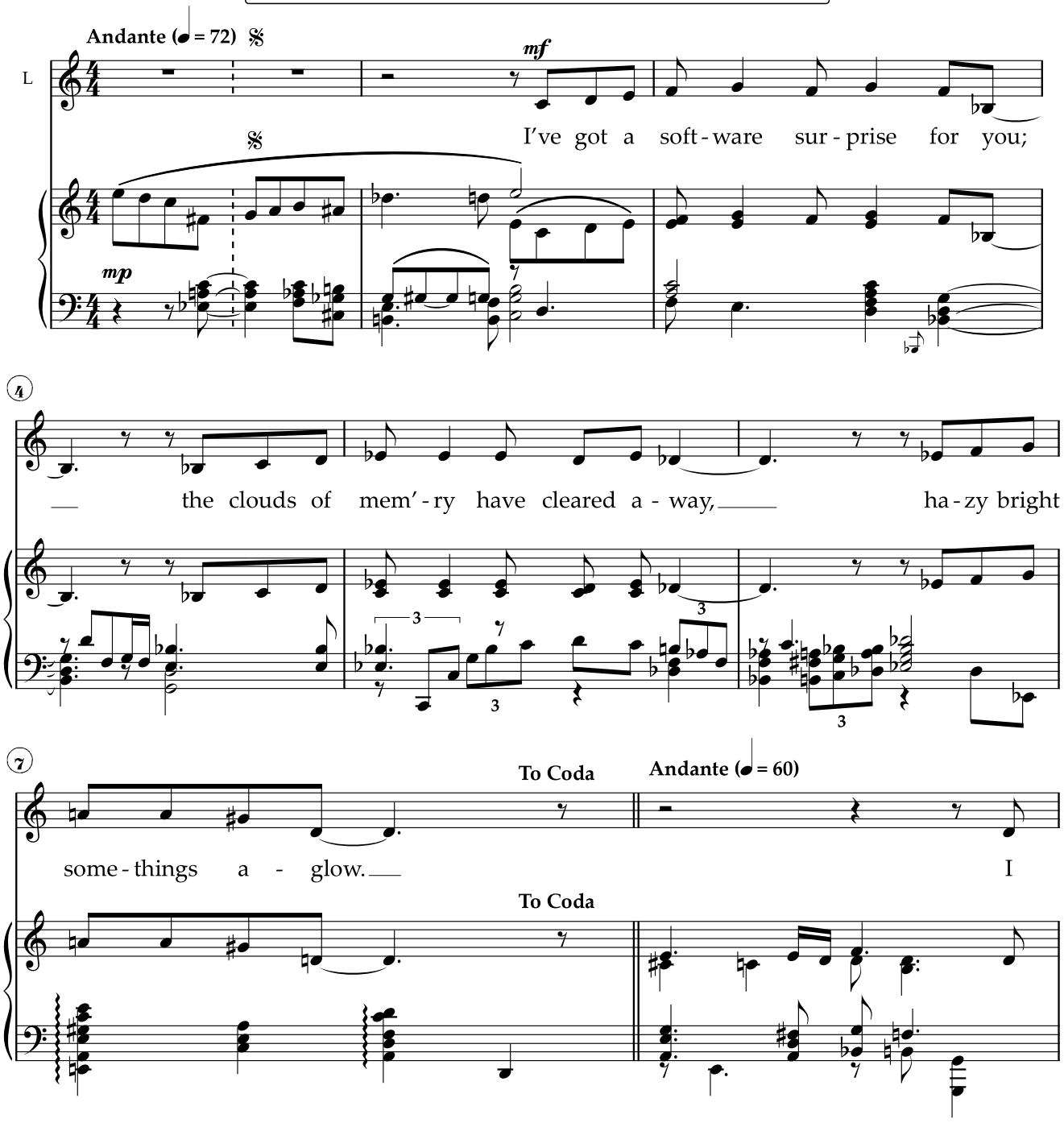
No. 5

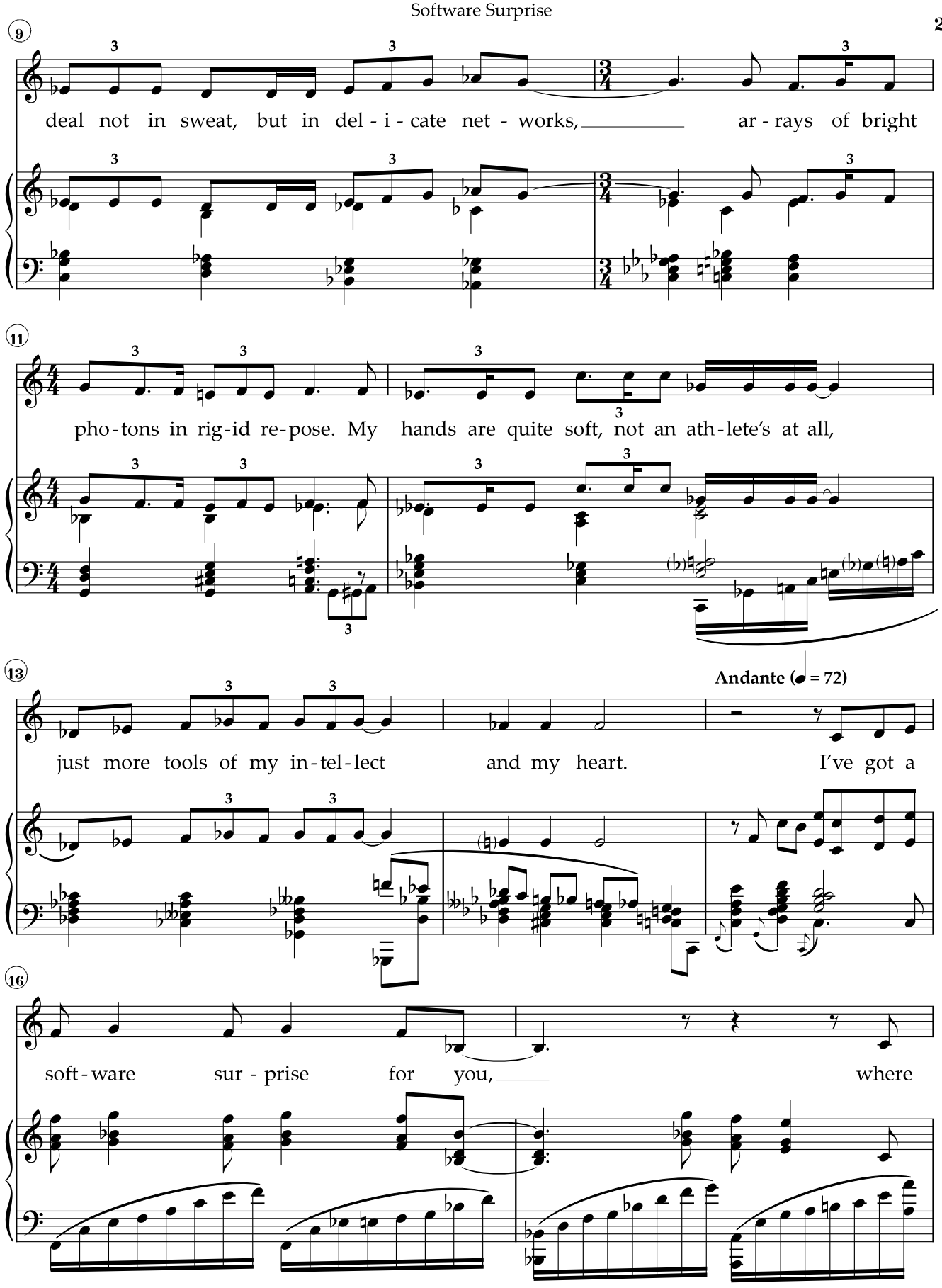
# Software Surprise

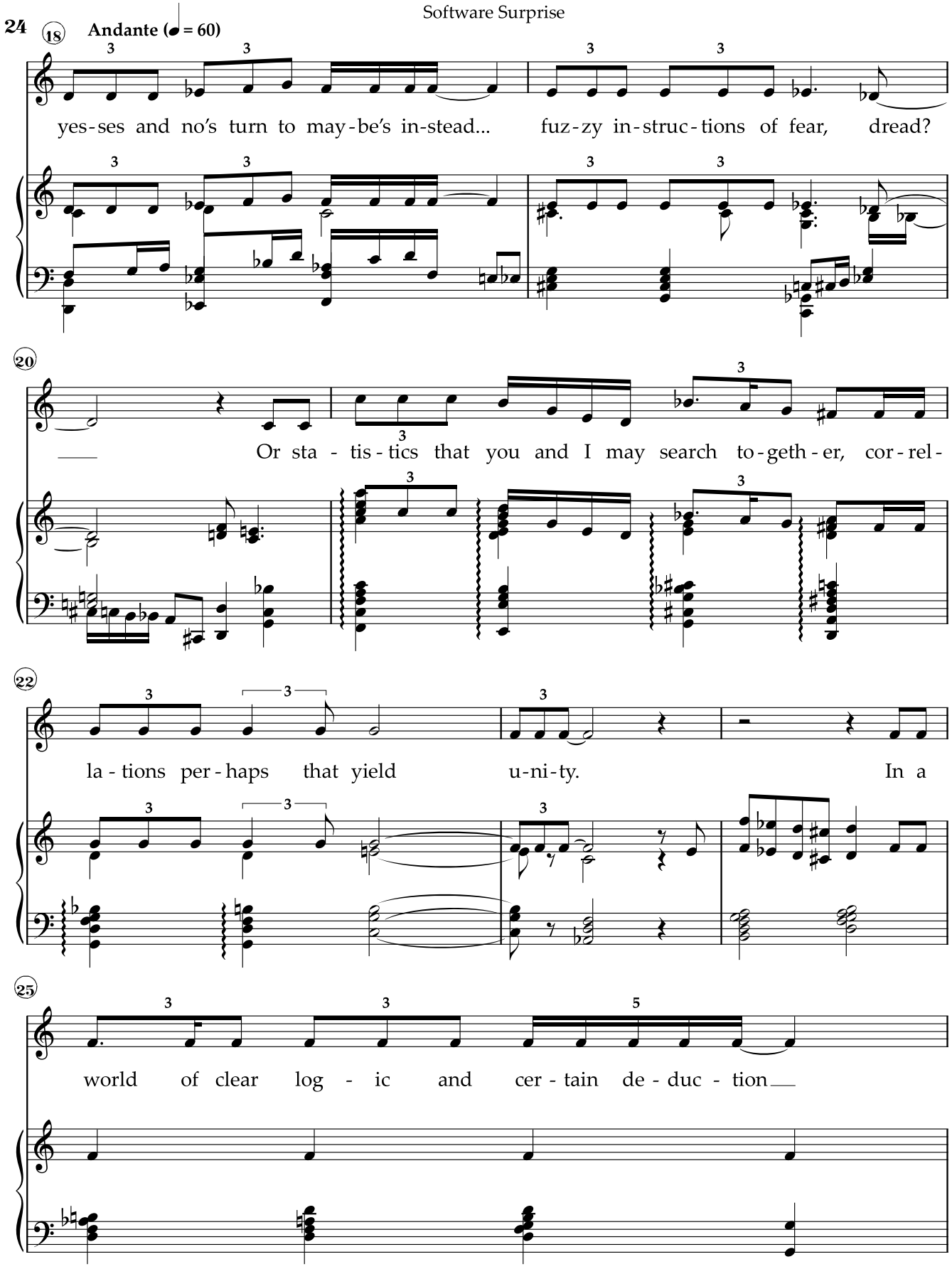
from the cabaret *Beepers*

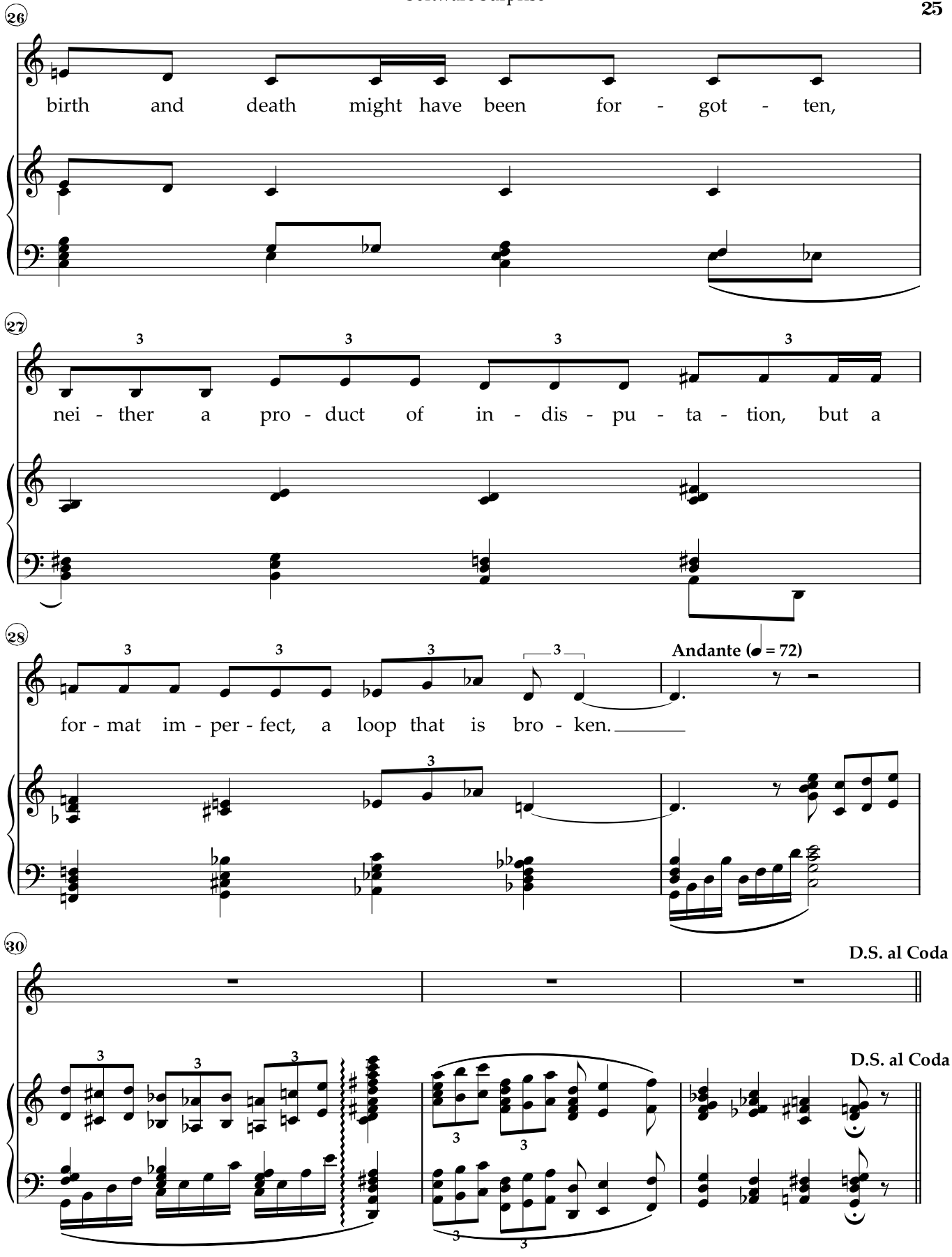
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

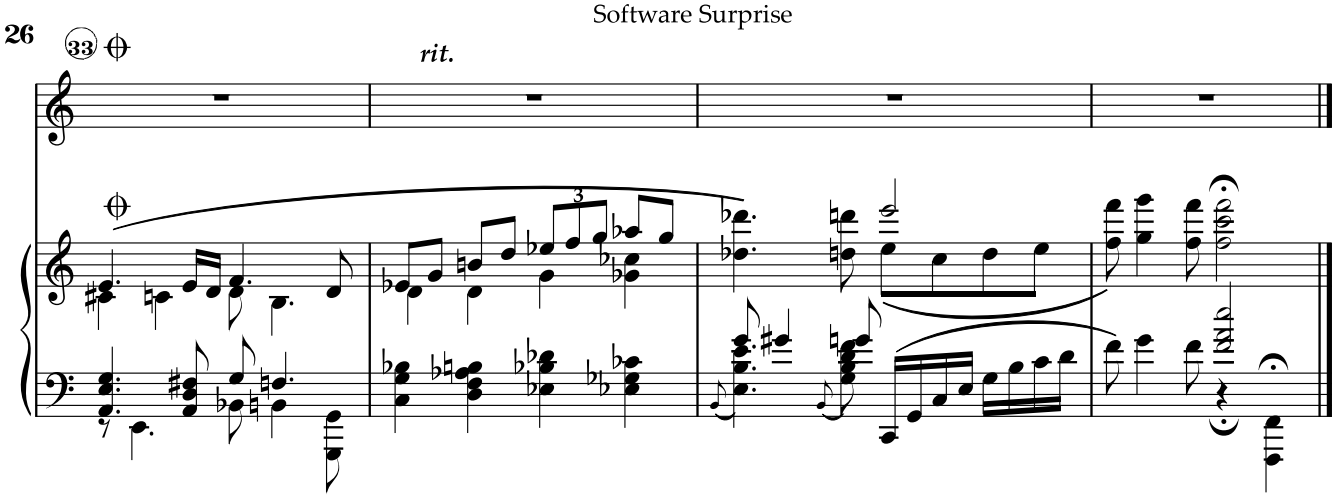
**E** (aside, to L): Really sad, I think.
**L** (quietly): R? You've chosen something very important to do with your life, and... and... (embarrassed)




9
deal not in sweat, but in del - i - cate net - works, ar - rays of bright
11
pho - tons in rig - id re - pose. My hands are quite soft, not an ath - lete's at all,
13
Andante (♩ = 72)
just more tools of my in - tel - lect and my heart. I've got a
16
soft - ware sur - prise for you, where


18
Andante (♩ = 60)
yes-ses and no's turn to may-be's in-stead... fuz-zy in-struc-tions of fear, dread?
20
Or sta - tis - tics that you and I may search to-geth-er, cor-rel-
22
la - tions per - haps that yield u-ni-ty. In a
25
world of clear log - ic and cer - tain de - duc - tion


26
birth and death might have been for - got - ten,
27
nei - ther a pro - duct of in - dis - pu - ta - tion, but a
28
for - mat im - per - fect, a loop that is bro - ken.
Andante (♩ = 72)
30
D.S. al Coda
D.S. al Coda



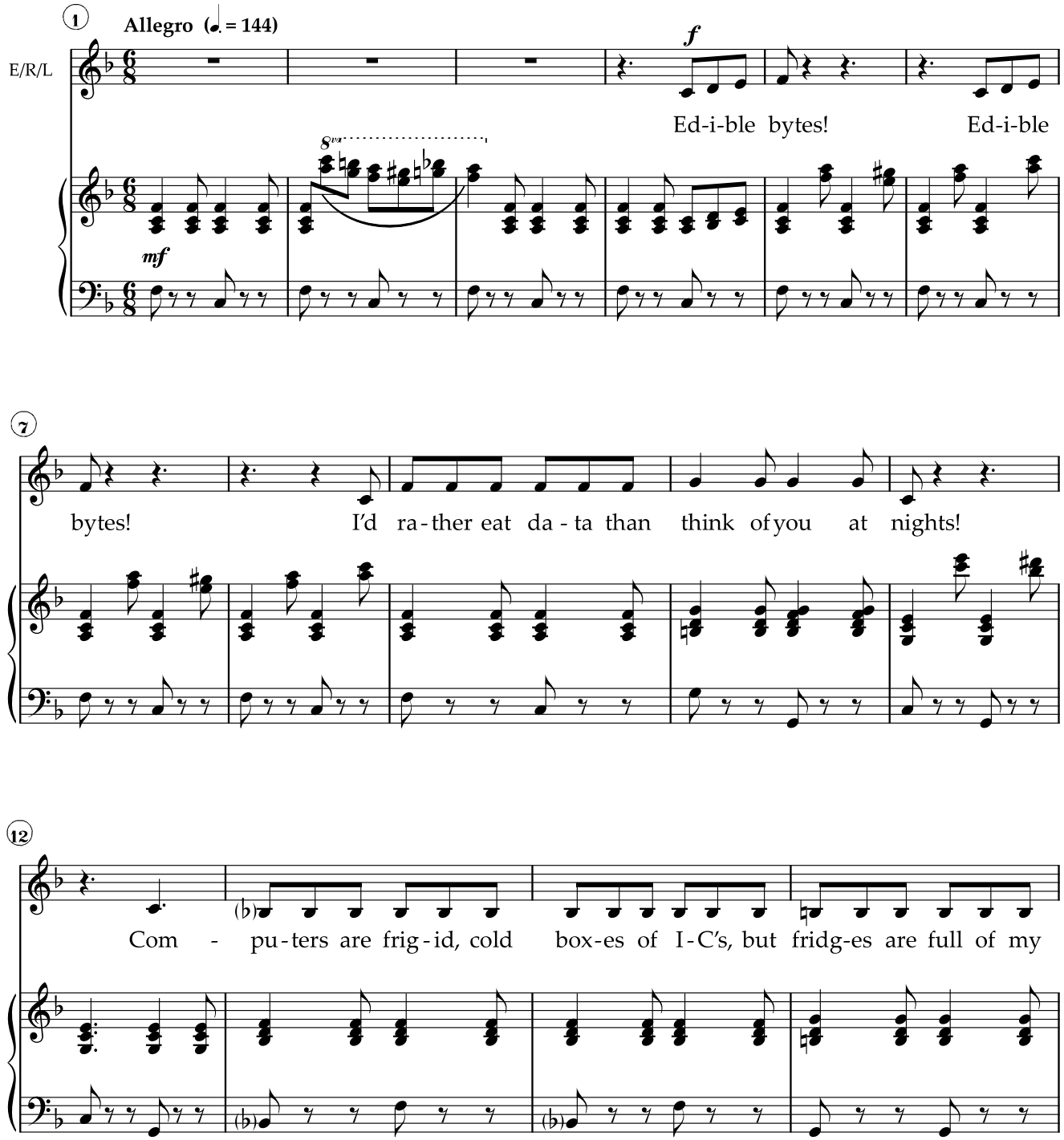

(Reverie is broken by a stomach growl)
**E**: You've got something for R, eh? Well, you can forget that right now, because I've heard a different kind of call. It's time for a break, and I'm ready for a treat. It's not love that I want from these numbers—but food! It's something not so subtle as how you word it, my friend. Just the jargon we use... makes... me hungry... (daydream, rising from chair)

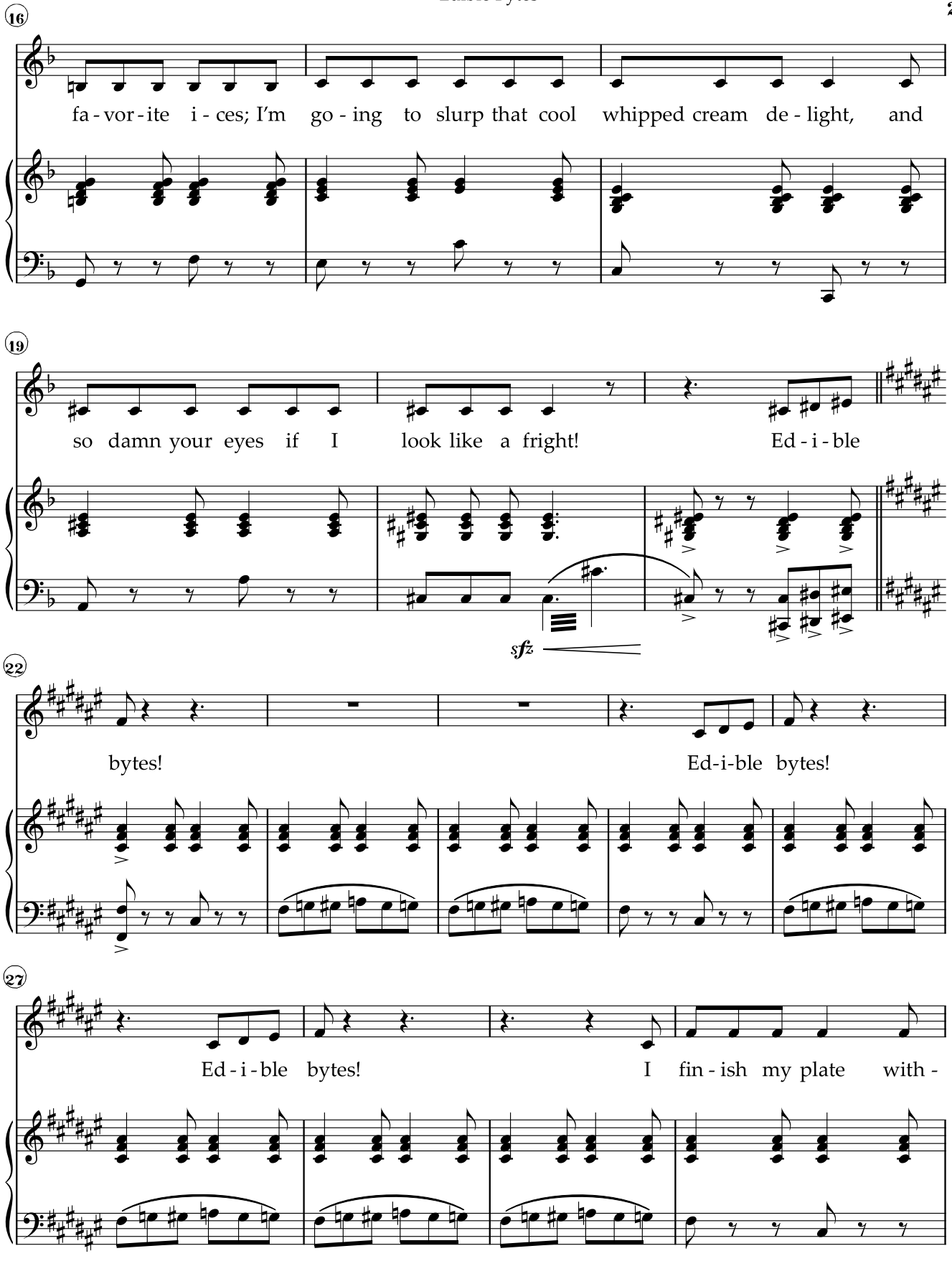
No. 6

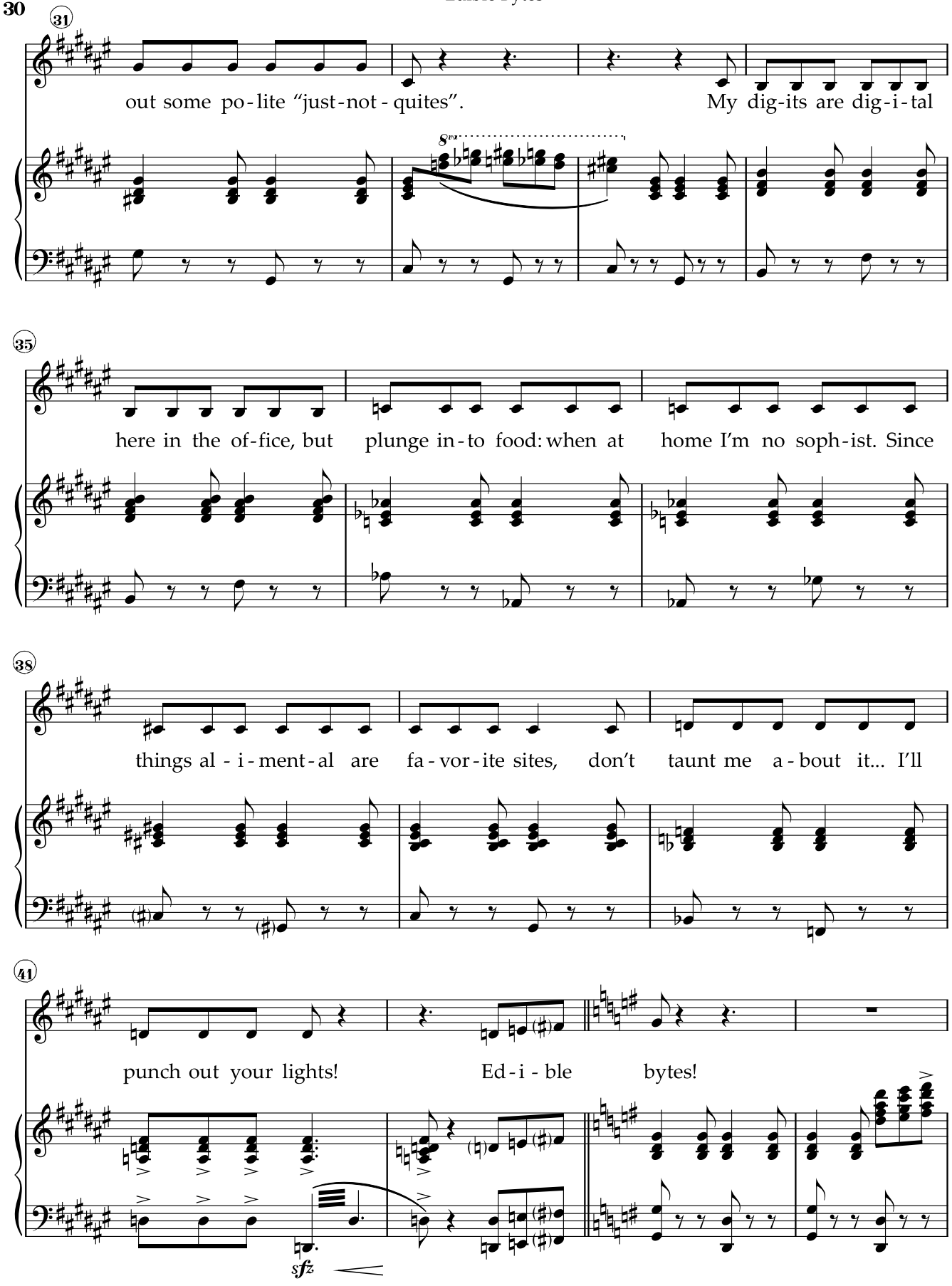
# Edible Bytes

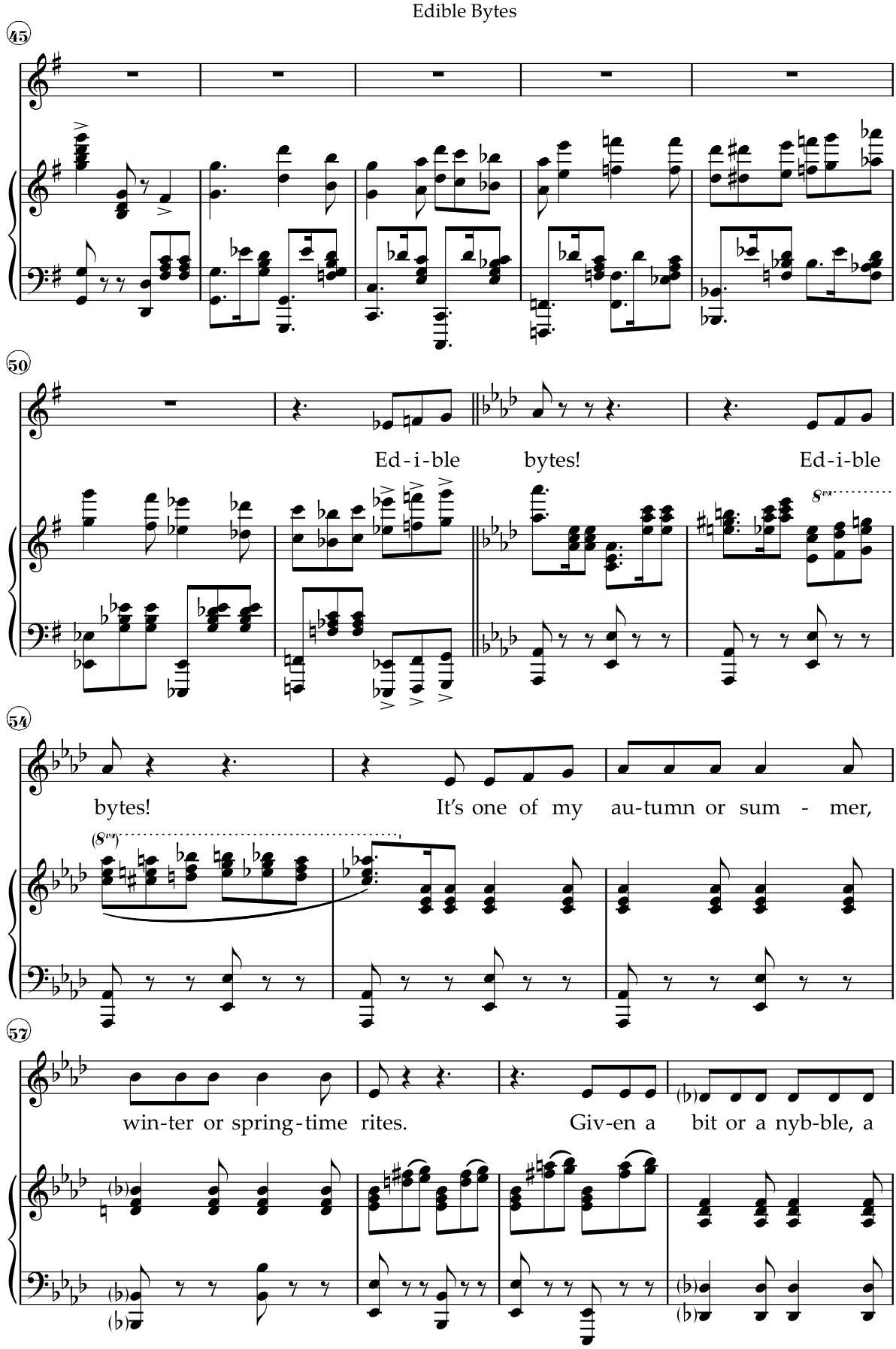
from the cabaret *Beepers*

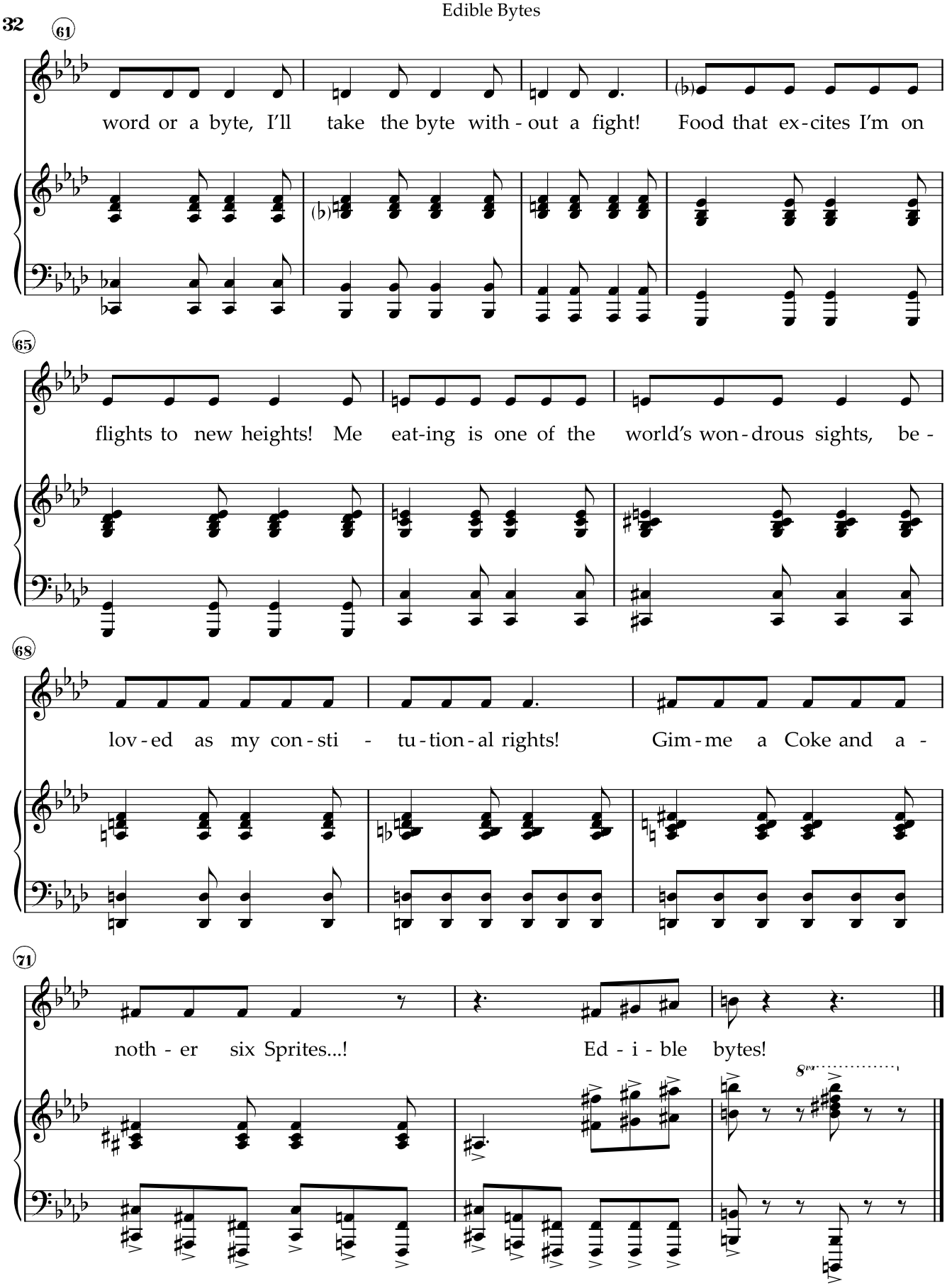
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz




16
fa - vor - ite i - ces; I'm go - ing to slurp that cool whipped cream de - light, and
19
so damn your eyes if I look like a fright! Ed - i - ble
sfz
22
bytes! Ed-i-ble bytes!
27
Ed - i - ble bytes! I fin - ish my plate with -


31
out some po-lite "just-not-quites".
My dig-its are dig-i-tal
8va
35
here in the of-fice, but
plunge in-to food: when at
home I'm no soph-ist. Since
38
things al-i-ment-al are
fa-vor-ite sites,
don't
taunt me
a-bout
it... I'll
41
punch out your lights!
Ed-i-ble
bytes!
sfz


45
50
Ed-i-ble bytes! Ed-i-ble
8va
54
bytes! It's one of my au-tumn or sum - mer,
(8va)
57
win-ter or spring-time rites. Giv-en a bit or a nyb-ble, a


61
word or a byte, I'll take the byte with - out a fight! Food that ex - cites I'm on
65
flights to new heights! Me eat-ing is one of the world's won - drous sights, be -
68
lov - ed as my con - sti - tu - tion - al rights! Gim - me a Coke and a -
71
noth - er six Sprites...! Ed - i - ble bytes!
8va

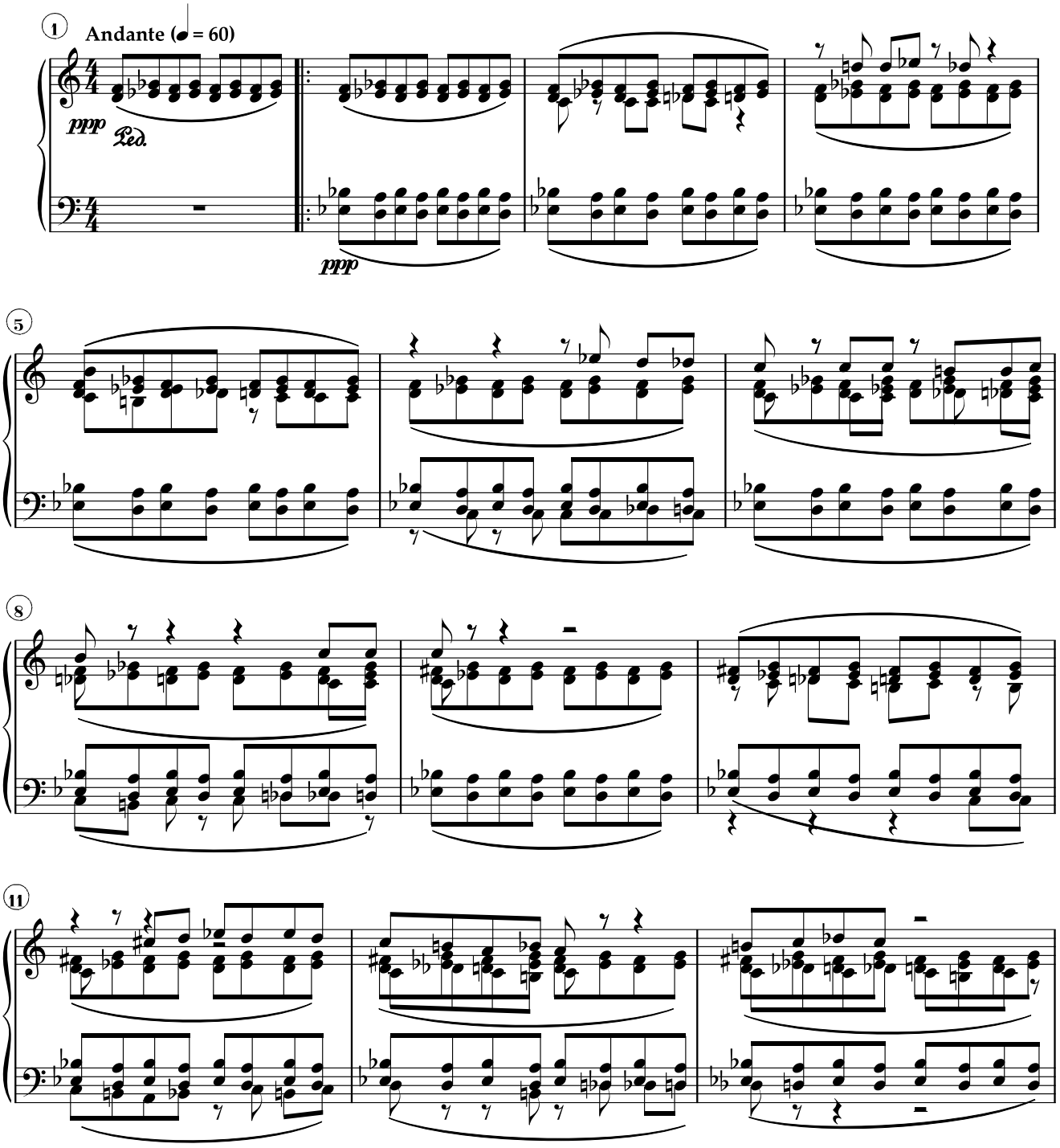
No. 7

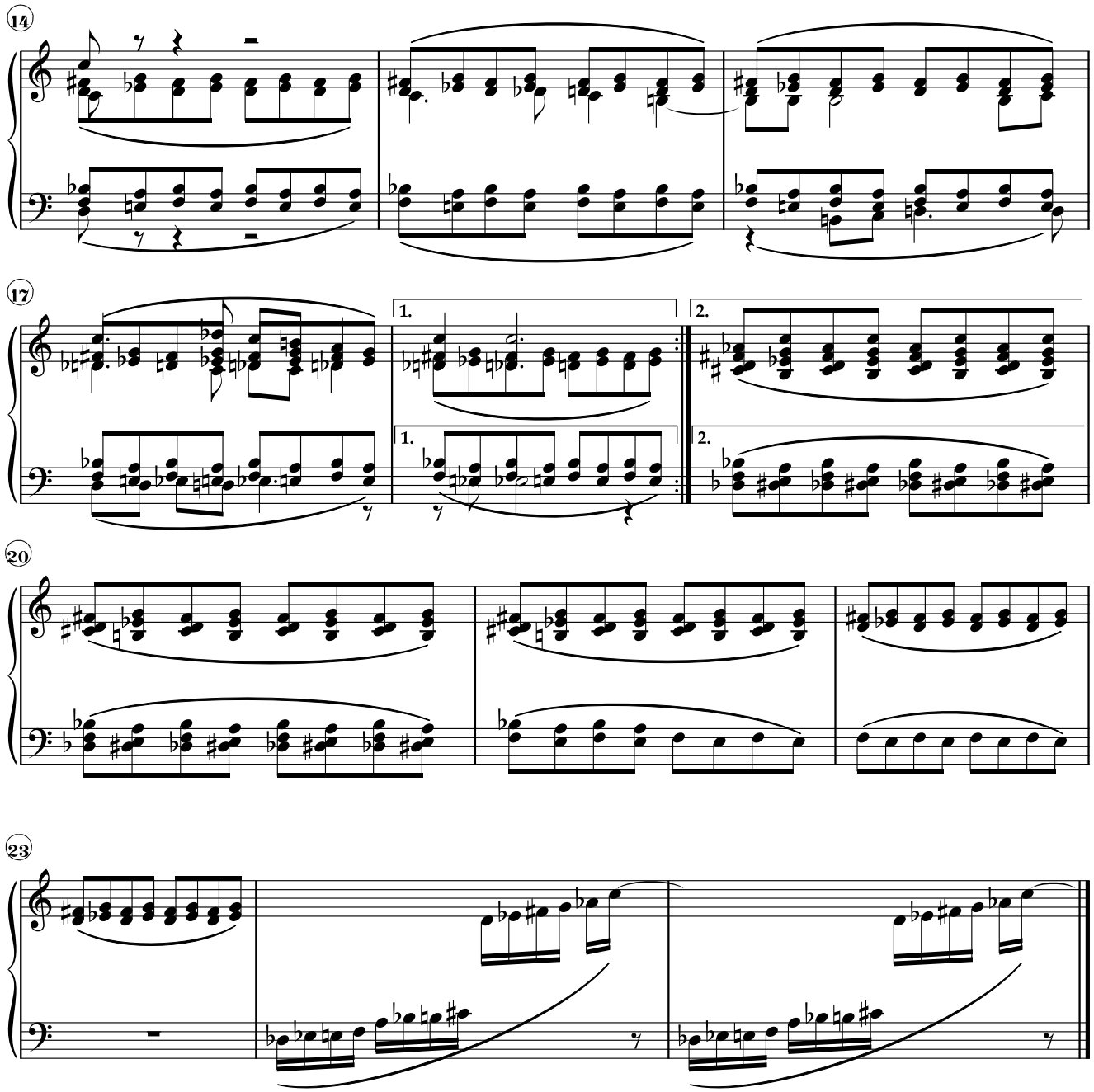
# Circuit Glow

from the cabaret *Beepers*

words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

Meditation and scene change—optional.




14
17
1.
2.
1.
2.
20
23

No. 8

# I Wasn't Born a Beeper

from the cabaret *Beepers*

words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

**L**: R, I've been thinking.
**R**: Me, too.
**E**: Oh, no.
**L**: R...

1 **Moderato** (♩ = 88) *mf*

S

L: I was - n't born a beep - er, I
R: At home I don't do win - dows, I

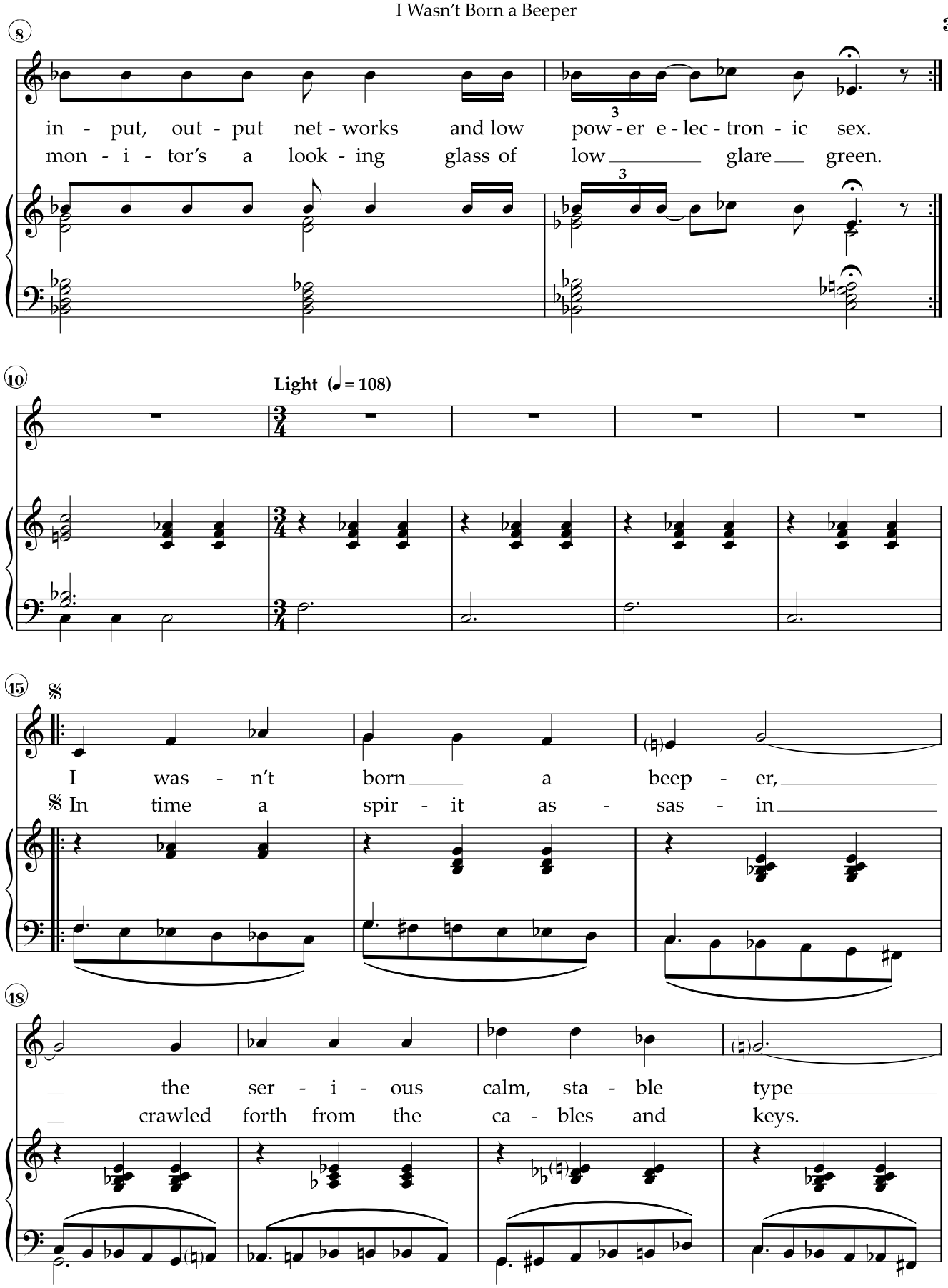
*mf*

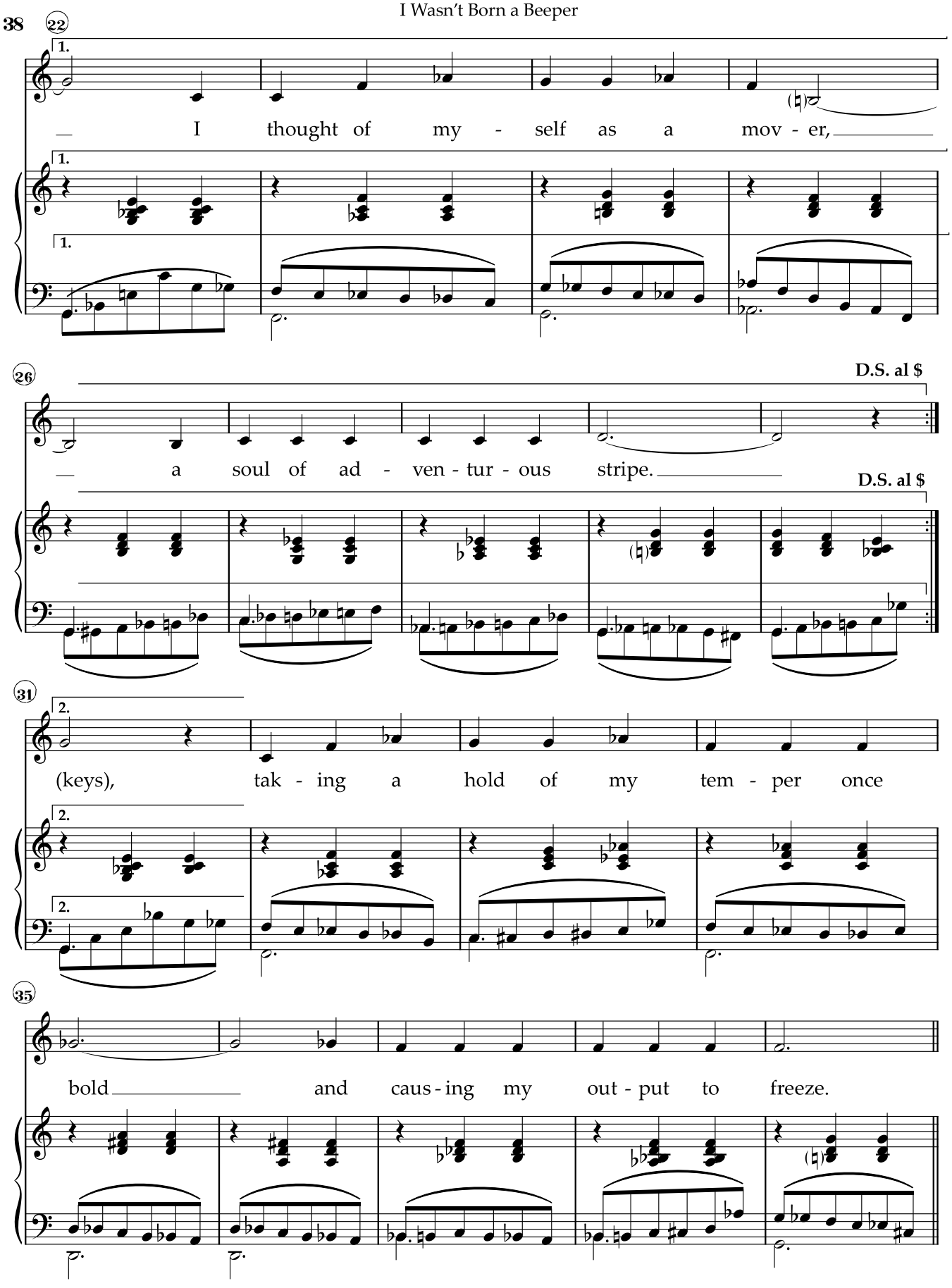
3

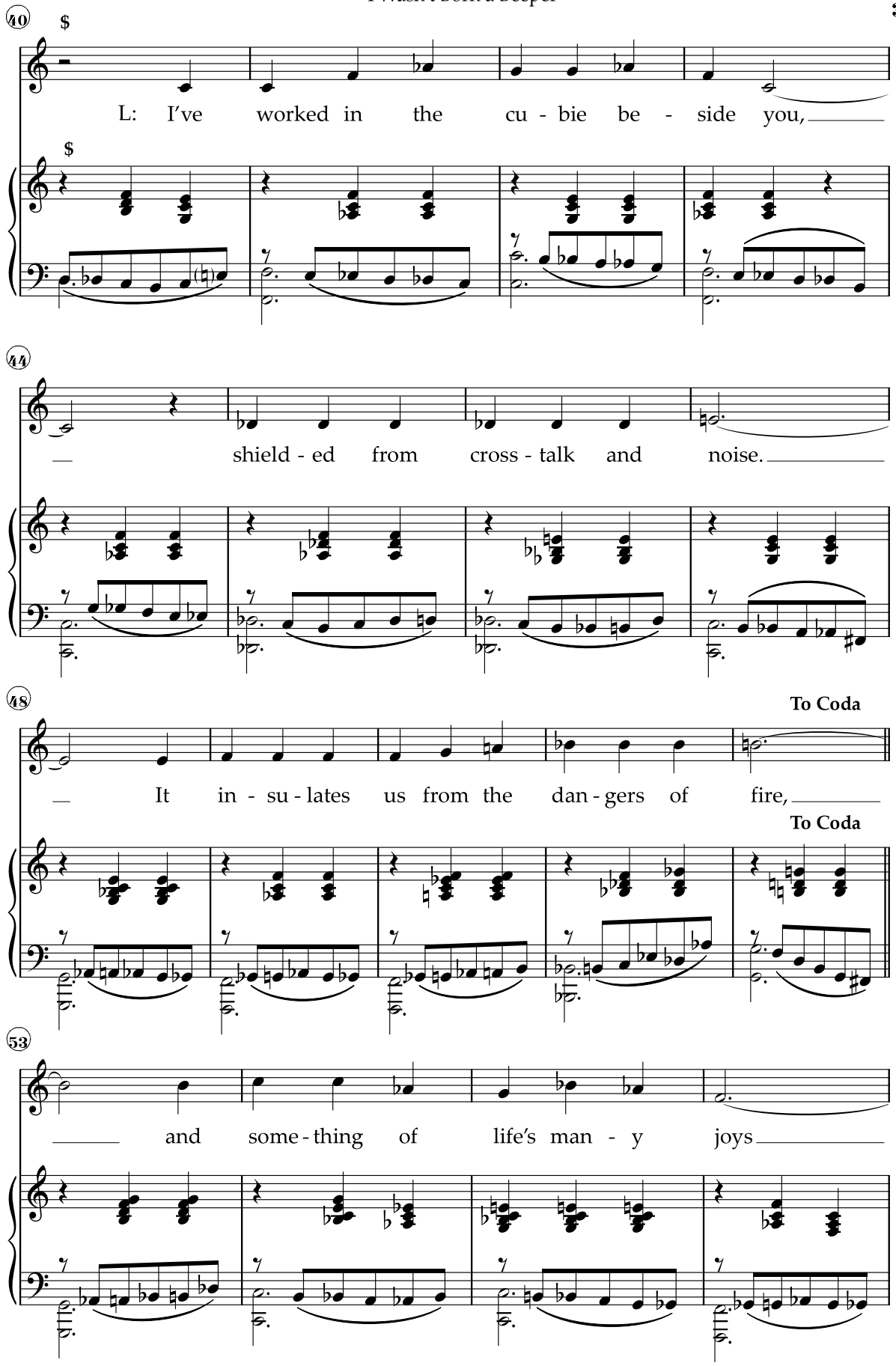
had - n't lived with techs; but now I count in bi - nar - y and
hate them on my screen; the in - for - ma - tion's thick but cul - ture's

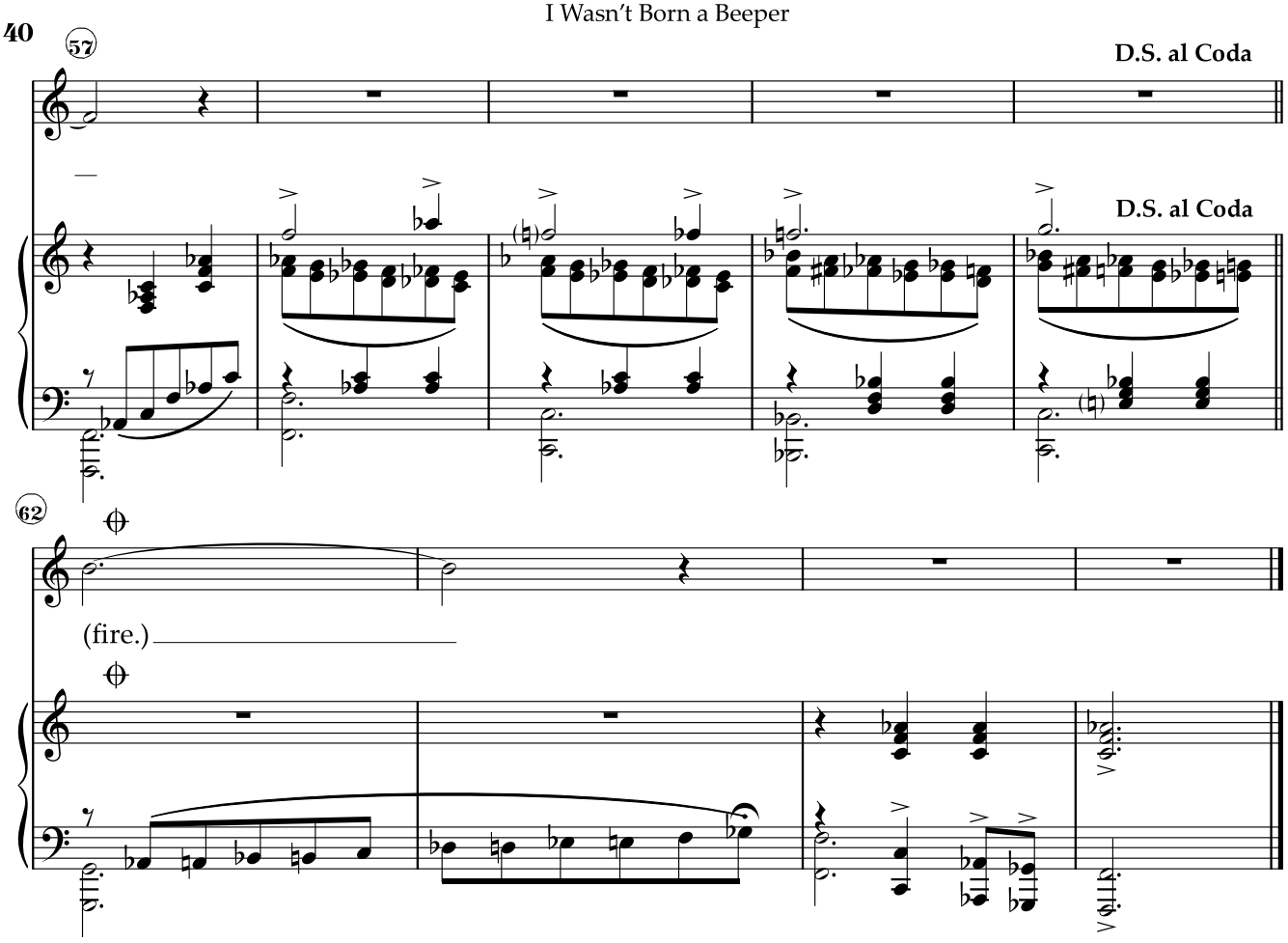
5

hex. Yet a pro - gram's just a bore that turns me in - to a door - mat for
lean. I start to feel a - lone be - fore my P C clone. My


8
in - put, out - put net - works and low pow - er e - lec - tron - ic sex.
mon - i - tor's a look - ing glass of low glare green.
10
Light (♩= 108)
15
I was - n't born a beep - er,
In time a spir - it as - sas - in
18
the ser - i - ous calm, sta - ble type
crawled forth from the ca - bles and keys.


22
1.
I thought of my - self as a mov - er,
26
D.S. al $
a soul of ad - ven - tur - ous stripe.
31
2.
(keys), tak - ing a hold of my tem - per once
35
bold and caus - ing my out - put to freeze.


40
$
L: I've worked in the cu - bie be - side you,
$
44
shield - ed from cross - talk and noise.
48
To Coda
It in - su - lates us from the dan - gers of fire,
To Coda
53
and some - thing of life's man - y joys



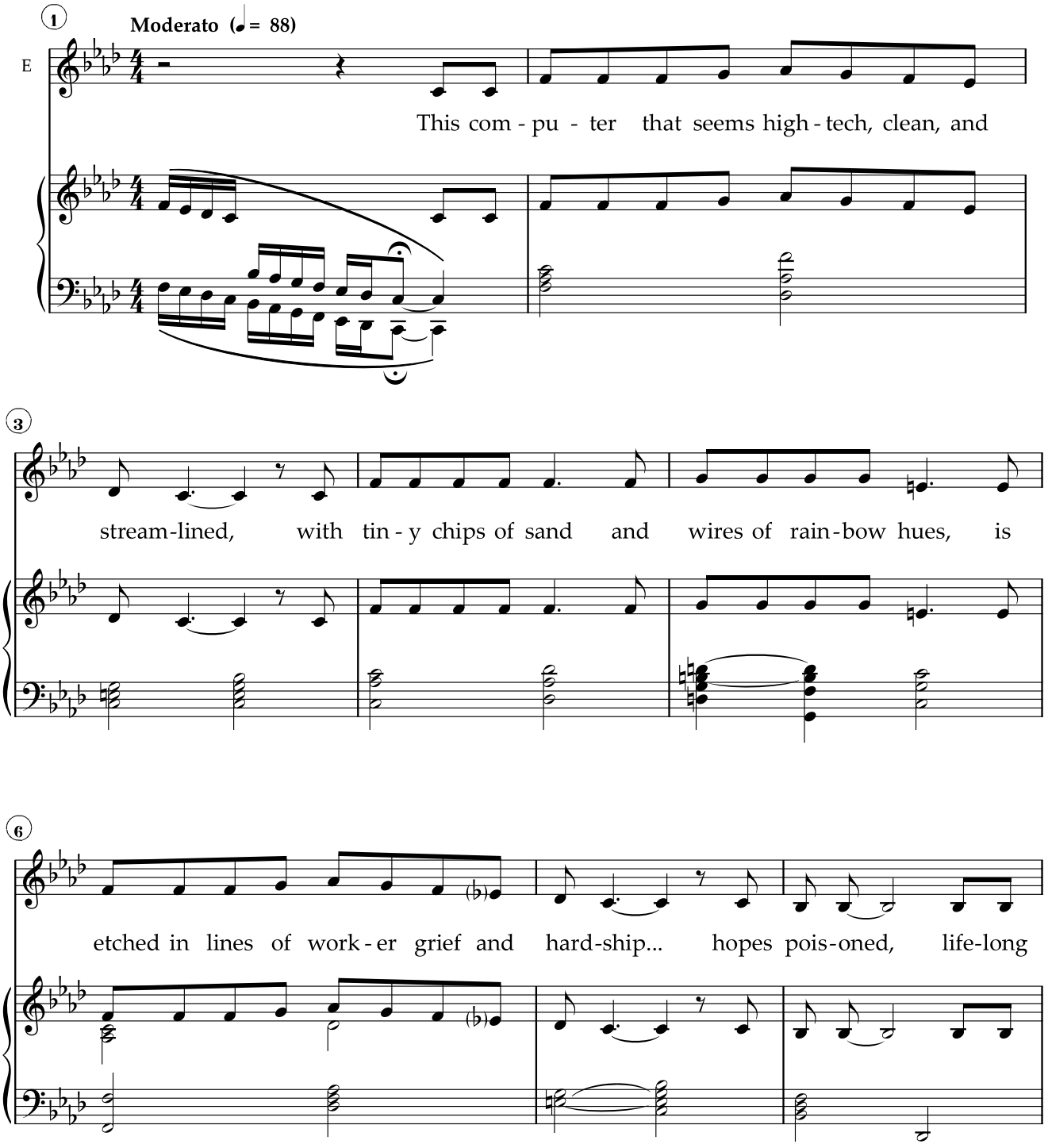

**L**: Well, at least it's a good job. And isn't it nice to know we're involved in a clean industry?
**E**: (incensed) Clean? Clean!? Birth defects? Blindness from defective microscopes? Broken genes? Toxic chemicals? Worker exploitation around the world? Clean? Open up that black box! Read the "made ins"—made in El Salvador, made in the Philippines, made in Korea, Brazil, Costa Rica, Taiwan, Mexico, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Vietnam. It's a roll call of the global poor, living on your so-called clean high-tech. I'll tell you what it is...

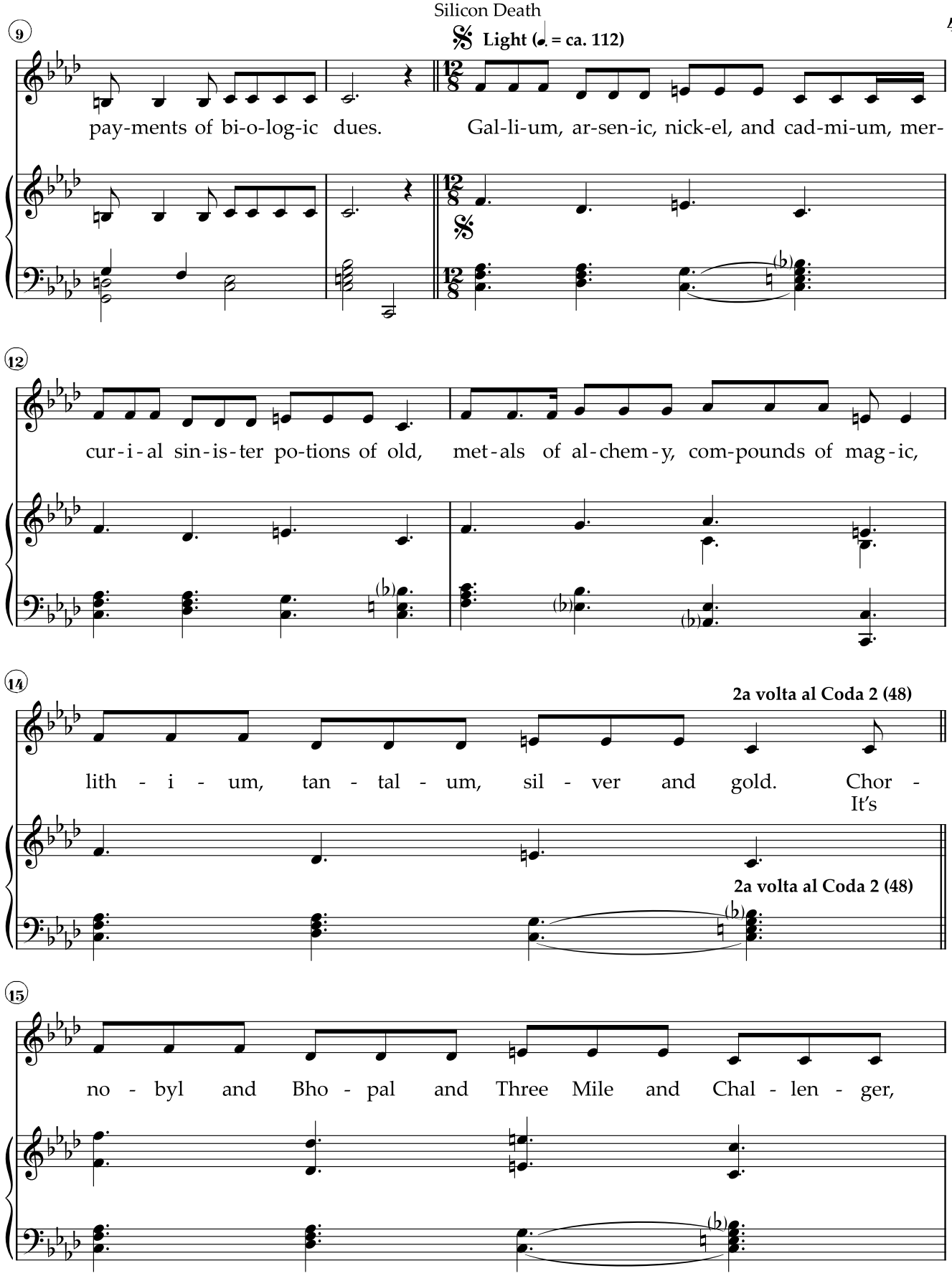
No. 9

# Silicon Death

from the cabaret *Beepers*

words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz




9
Light (𝅗𝅥. = ca. 112)
pay-ments of bi-o-log-ic dues.
Gal-li-um, ar-sen-ic, nick-el, and cad-mi-um, mer-
12
cur-i-al sin-is-ter po-tions of old,
met-als of al-chem-y, com-pounds of mag-ic,
14
2a volta al Coda 2 (48)
lith - i - um, tan - tal - um, sil - ver and gold.
Chor -
It's
2a volta al Coda 2 (48)
15
no - byl and Bho - pal and Three Mile and Chal - len - ger,

16

high - tech's a fail - ure a sham a de - cep - tion, a

17

del - i - cate cob - web, un - ten - a - ble dan - ger, high

18

*espress.*

Star Wars a fron-tier of hor - ror and death! Wel-come

20

**Moderato** (♩= 88)

cat - a - racts from mi - cro - waves and bro-ken D - N - A;

22

prog - ress marked by grow - ing, glow - ing heaps of tox - ic waste, a

24

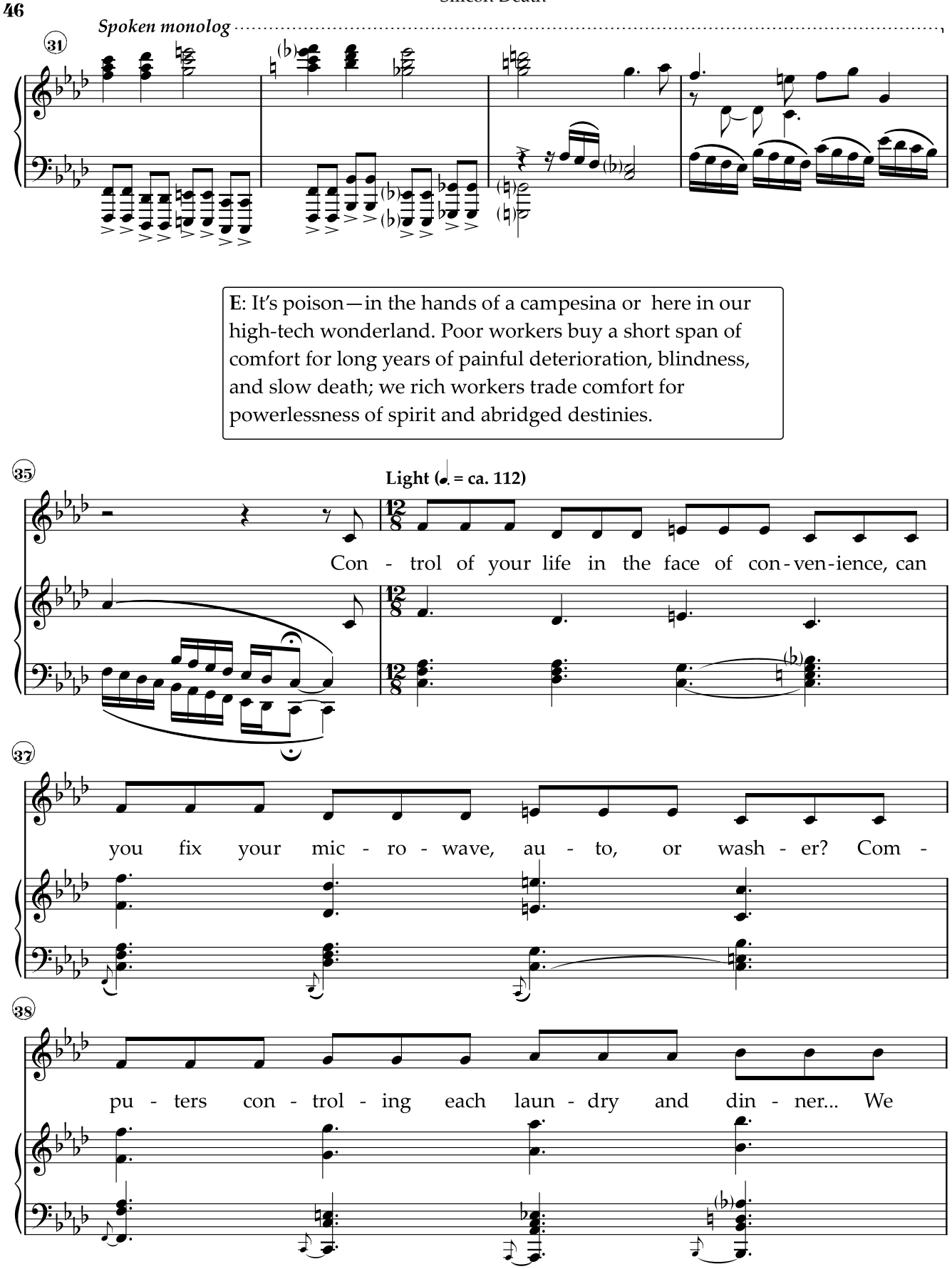
fes - ter - ing, harsh leg - a - cy to fu - ture fair, sweet daugh - ters, to

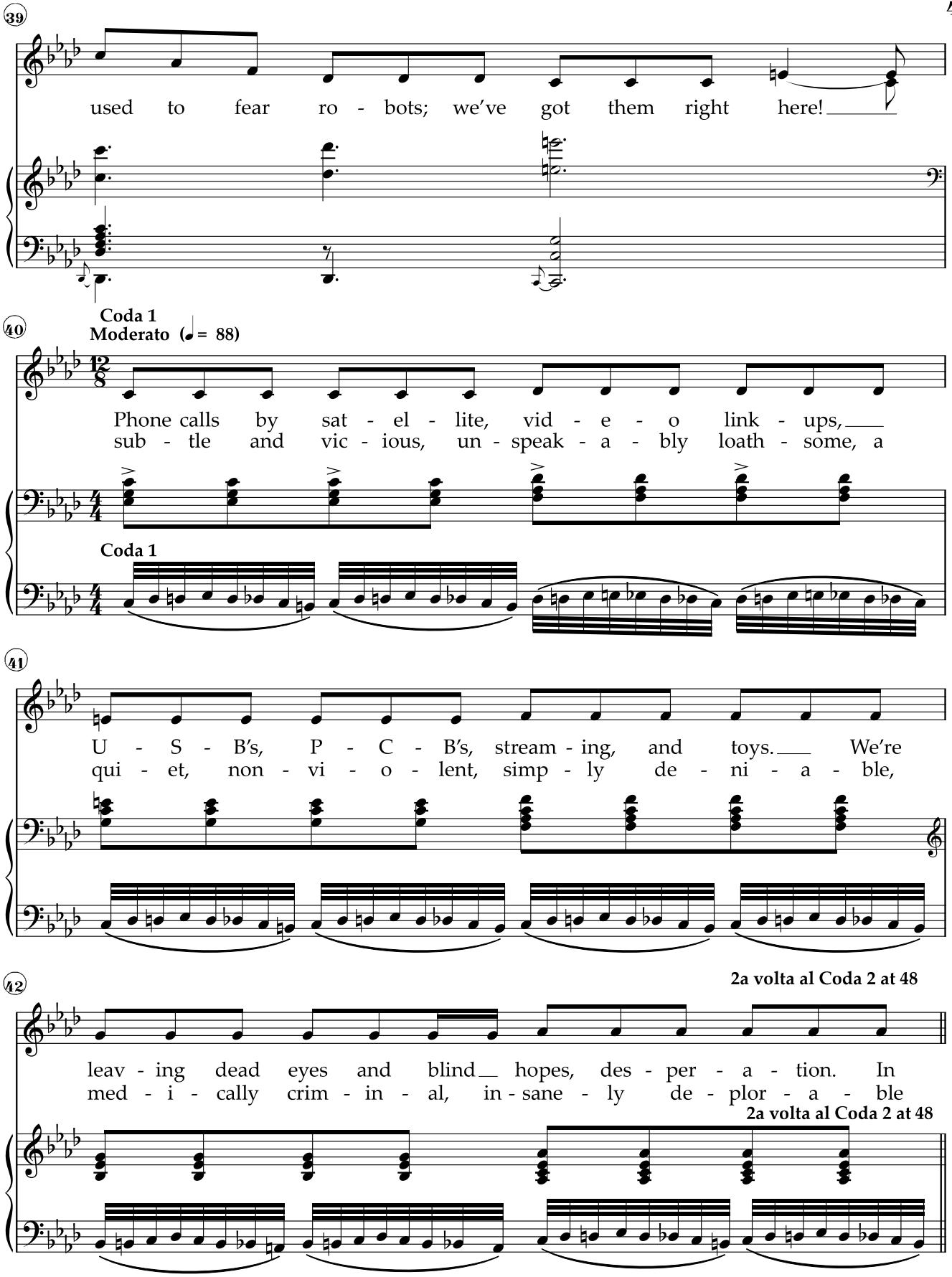
26

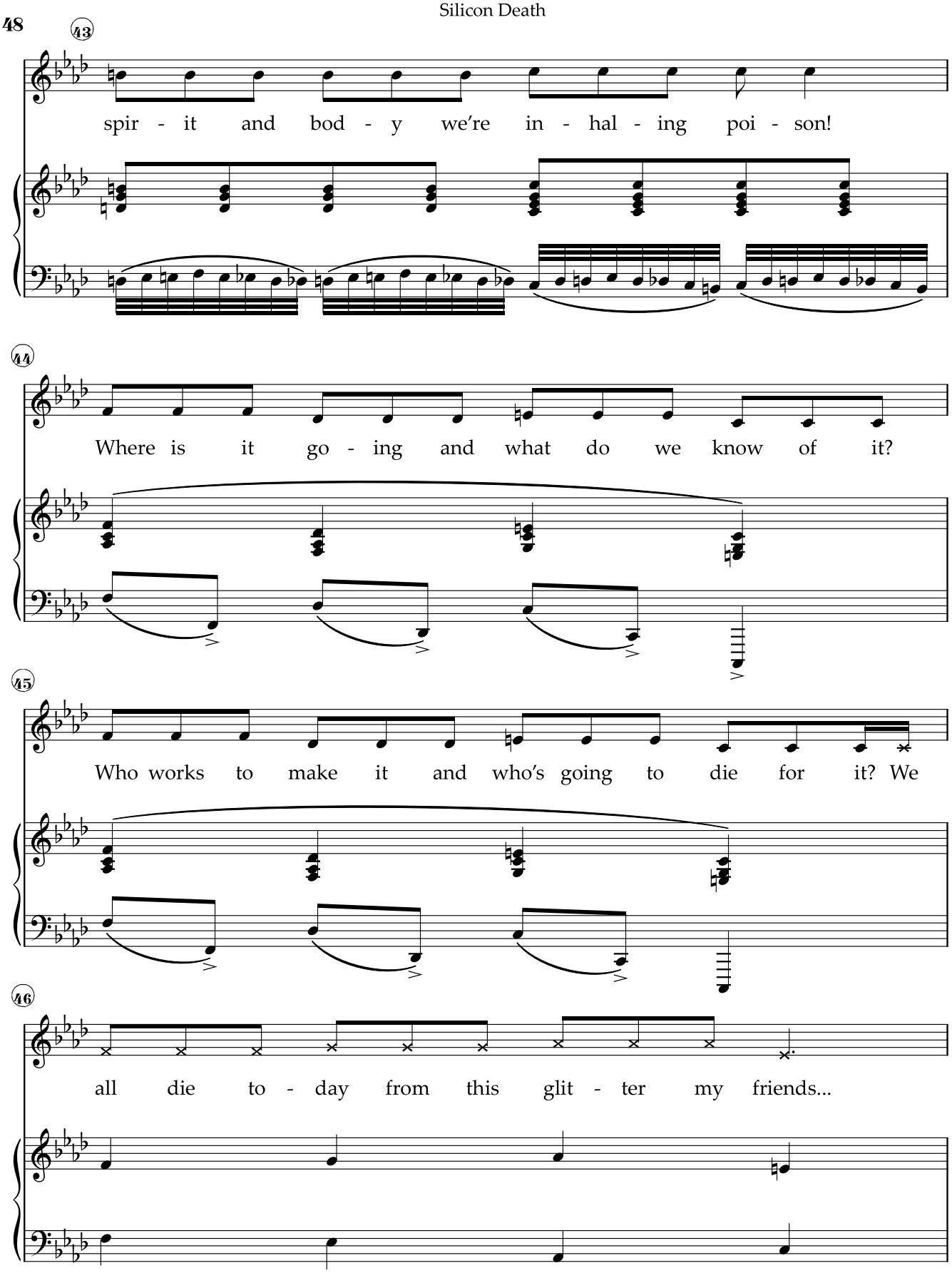
weep and wail for us, for them, for what has not been faced.

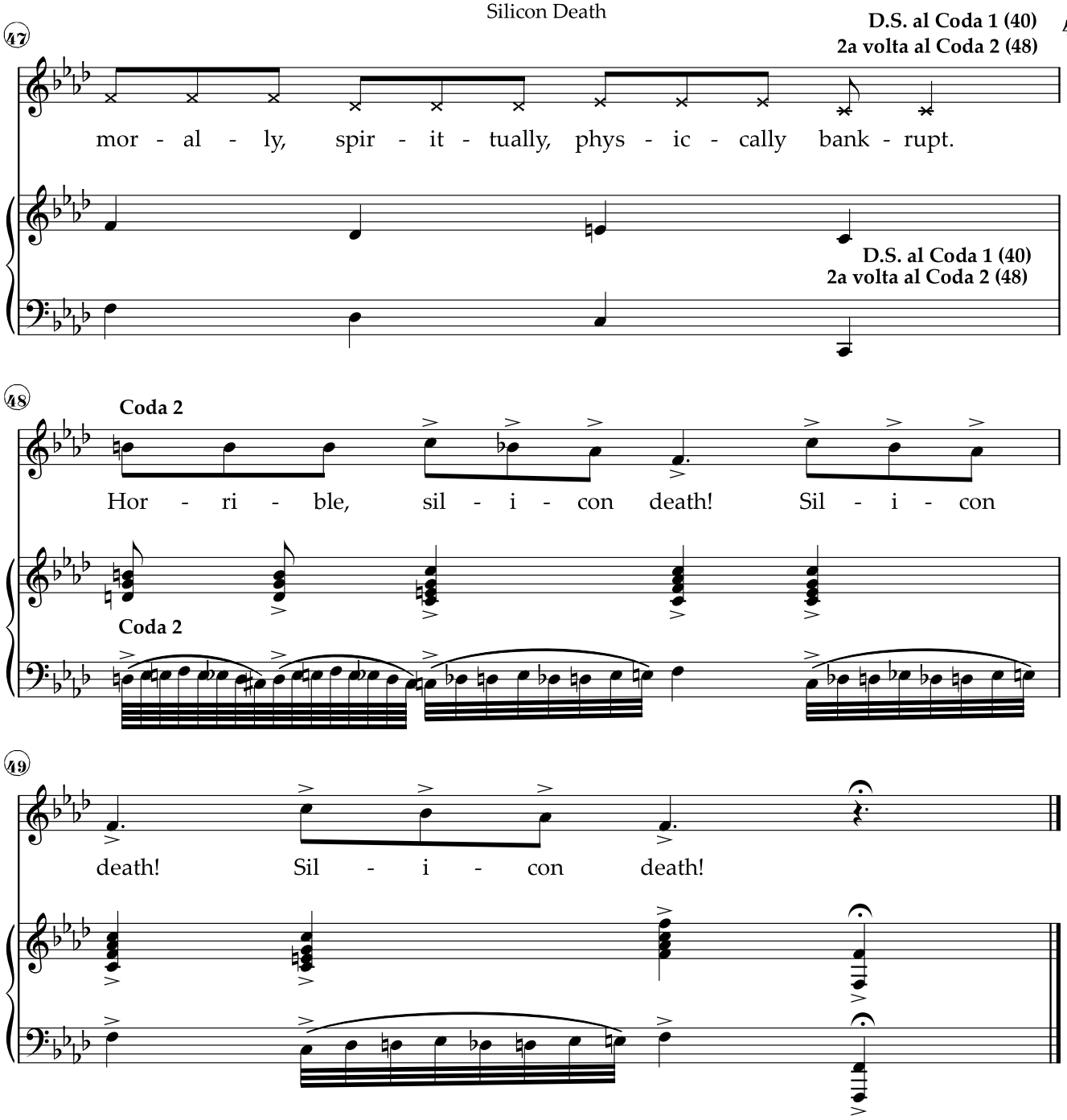
*Spoken monolog*

28


Spoken monolog
31
E: It's poison—in the hands of a campesina or here in our high-tech wonderland. Poor workers buy a short span of comfort for long years of painful deterioration, blindness, and slow death; we rich workers trade comfort for powerlessness of spirit and abridged destinies.
35
Light (♩. = ca. 112)
Con - trol of your life in the face of con-ven-ience, can
37
you fix your mic - ro - wave, au - to, or wash - er? Com -
38
pu - ters con - trol - ing each laun - dry and din - ner... We


39
used to fear ro - bots; we've got them right here!
Coda 1
Moderato (♩= 88)
40
Phone calls by sat - el - lite, vid - e - o link - ups,
sub - tle and vic - ious, un - speak - a - bly loath - some, a
Coda 1
41
U - S - B's, P - C - B's, stream - ing, and toys. We're
qui - et, non - vi - o - lent, simp - ly de - ni - a - ble,
42
2a volta al Coda 2 at 48
leav - ing dead eyes and blind hopes, des - per - a - tion. In
med - i - cally crim - in - al, in - sane - ly de - plor - a - ble
2a volta al Coda 2 at 48


43
spir - it and bod - y we're in - hal - ing poi - son!
44
Where is it go - ing and what do we know of it?
45
Who works to make it and who's going to die for it? We
46
all die to - day from this glit - ter my friends...




They all move around, avoiding each others' eyes.
Then they change personalities and appear in a different spotlight.
**R** is highlighted. She has stopped working and is looking away. They all join the daydream.

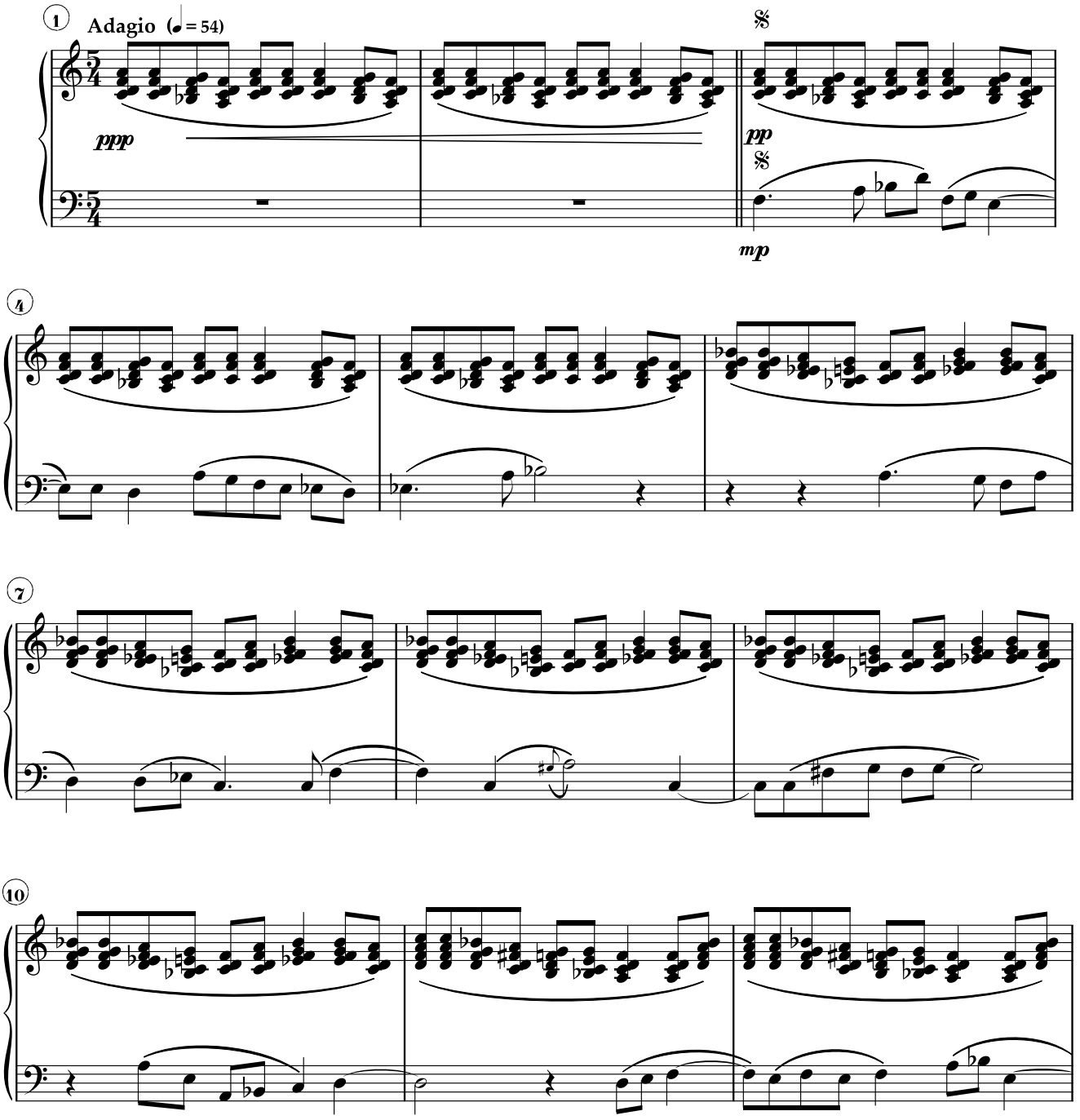
No. 10

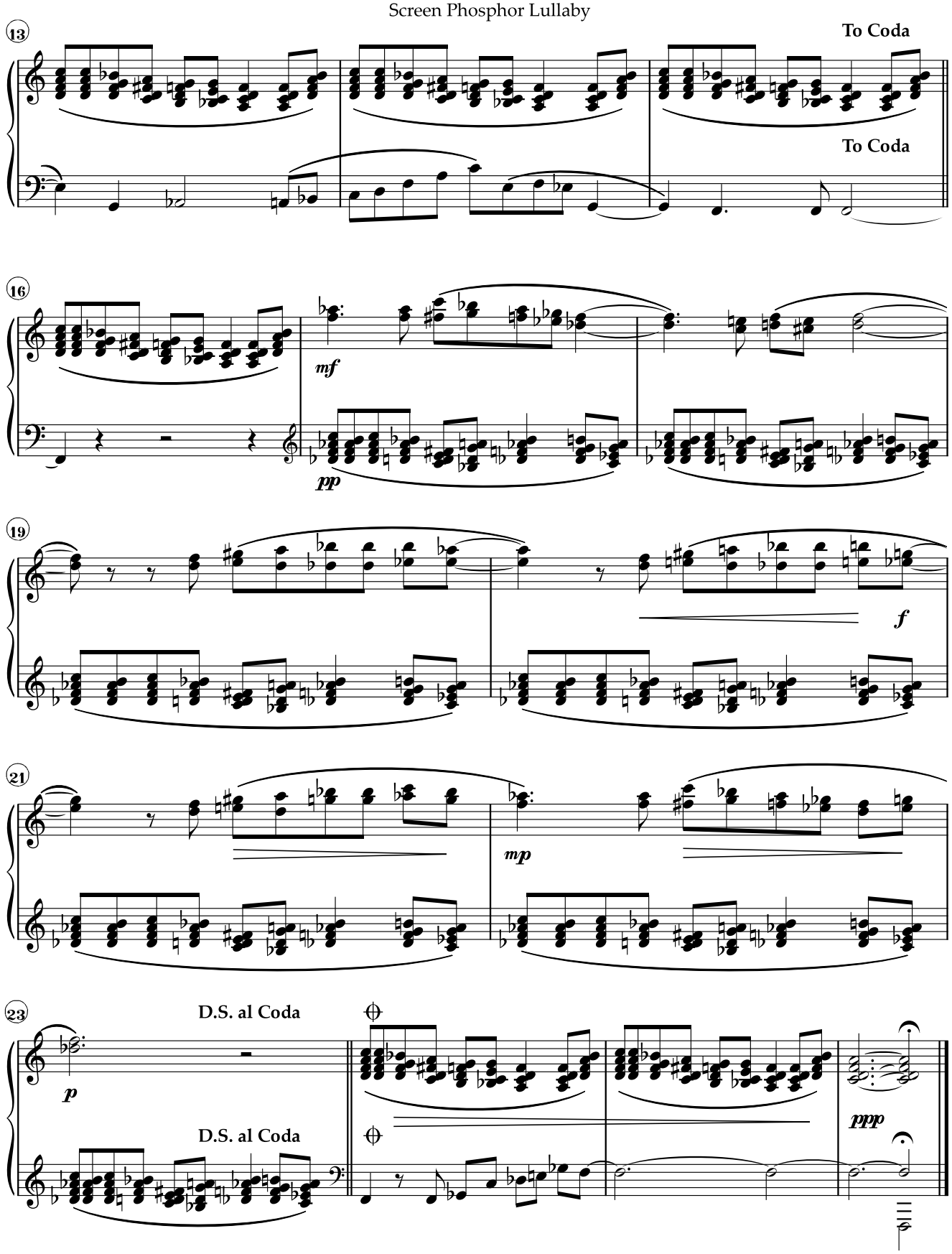
# Screen Phosphor Lullaby

from the cabaret *Beepers*

words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

Meditative— for scene change, optional.



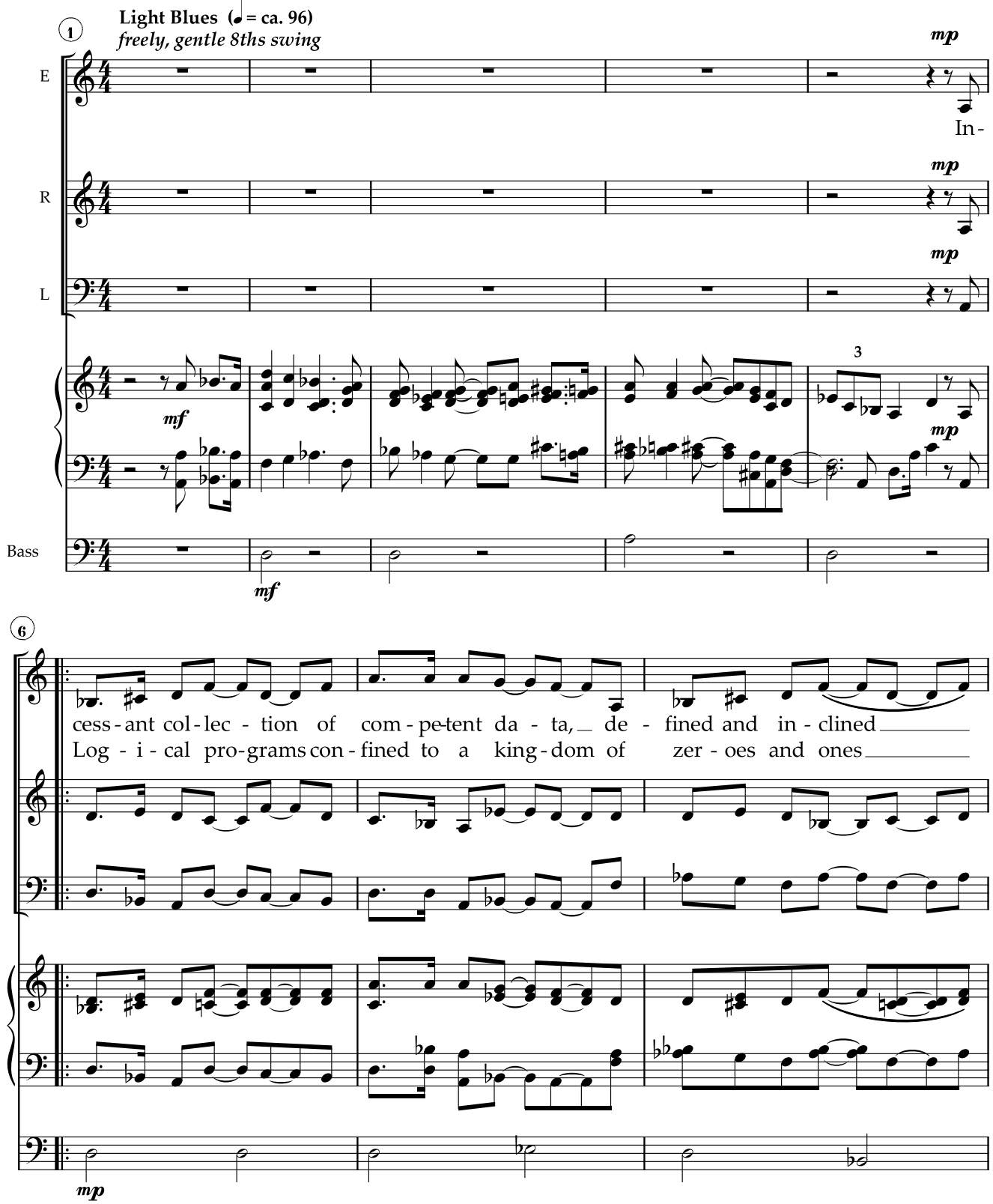

13
To Coda
To Coda
16
mf
pp
19
f
21
mp
23
D.S. al Coda
p
D.S. al Coda
ppp

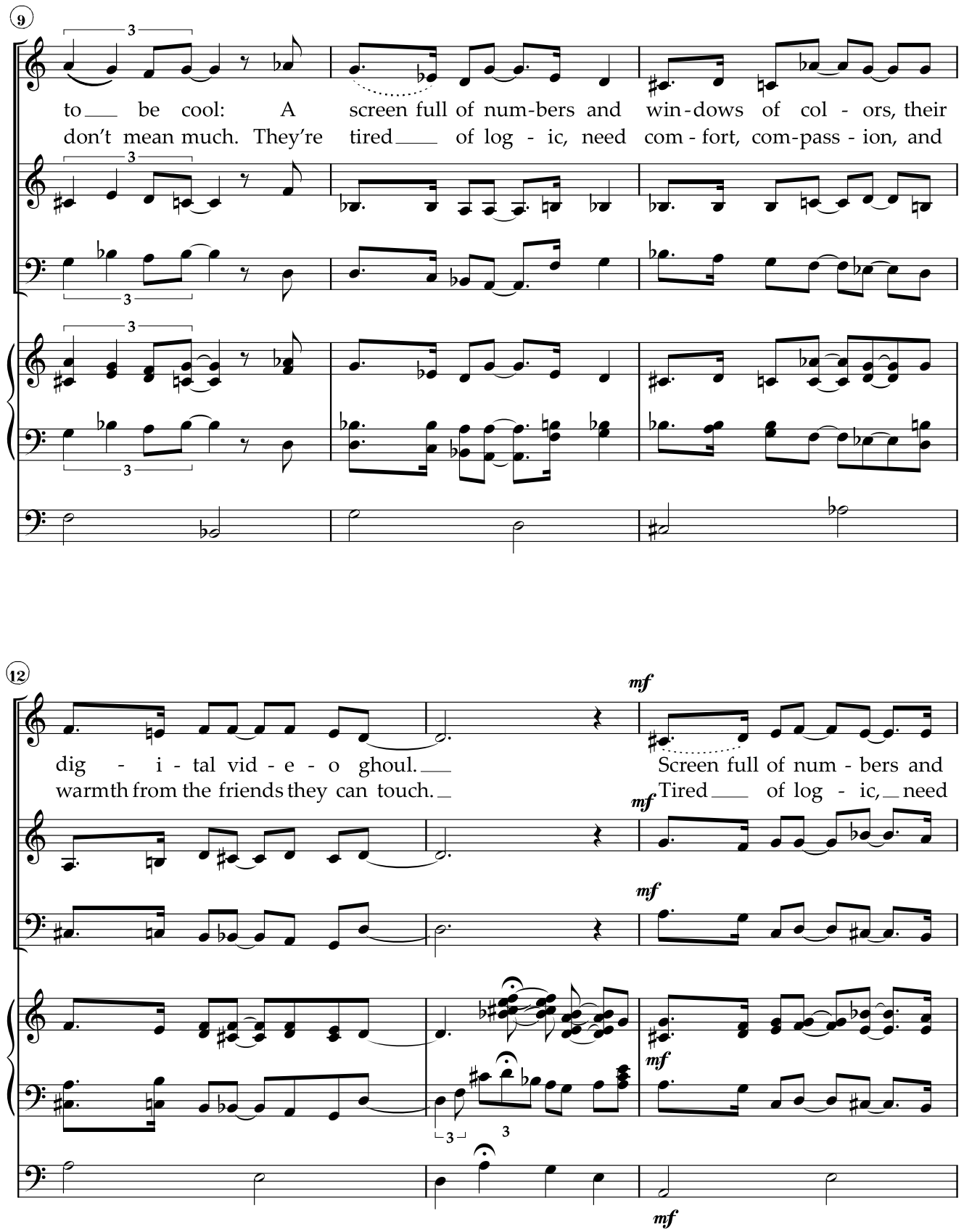
No. 11

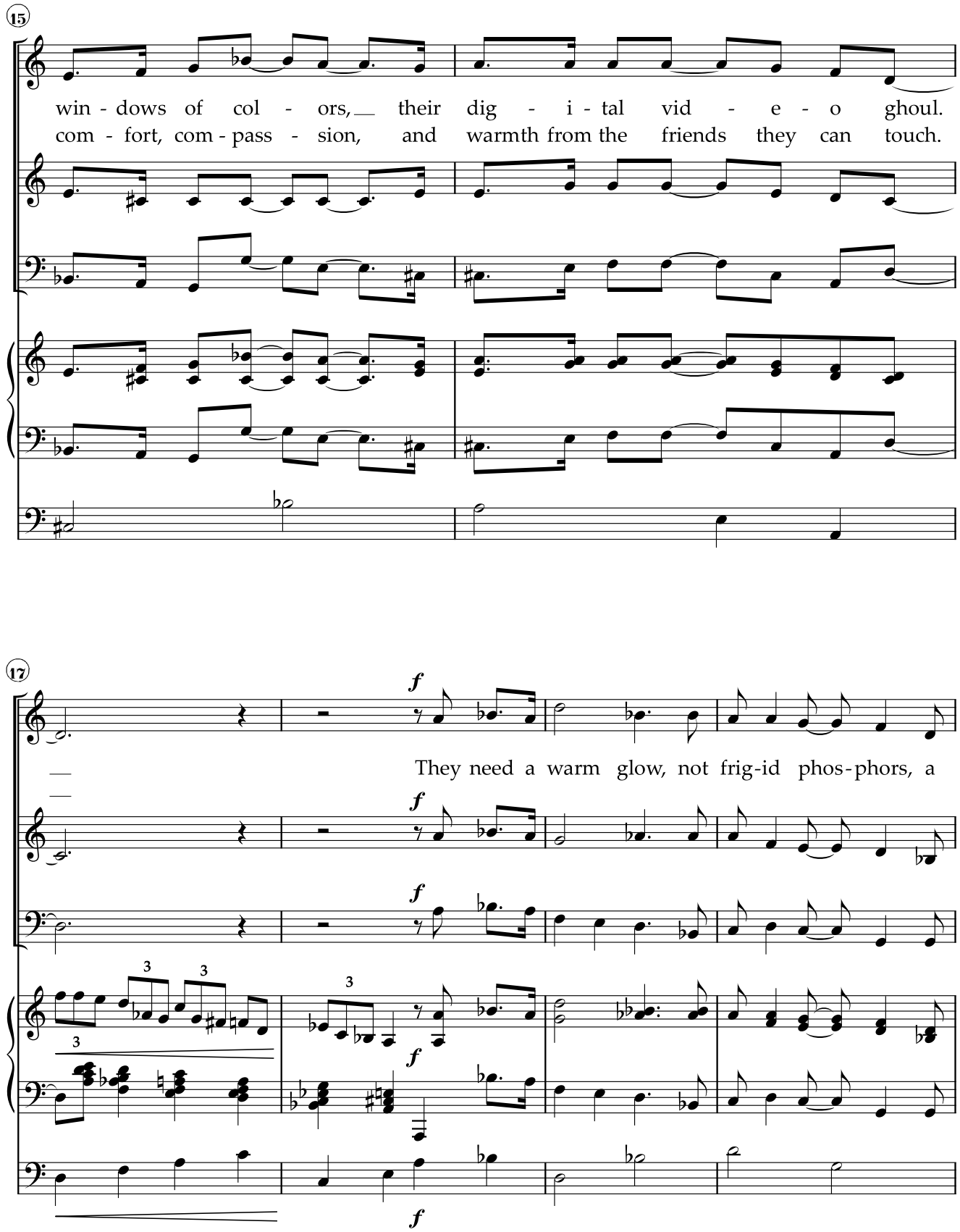
# Color VDT Blues

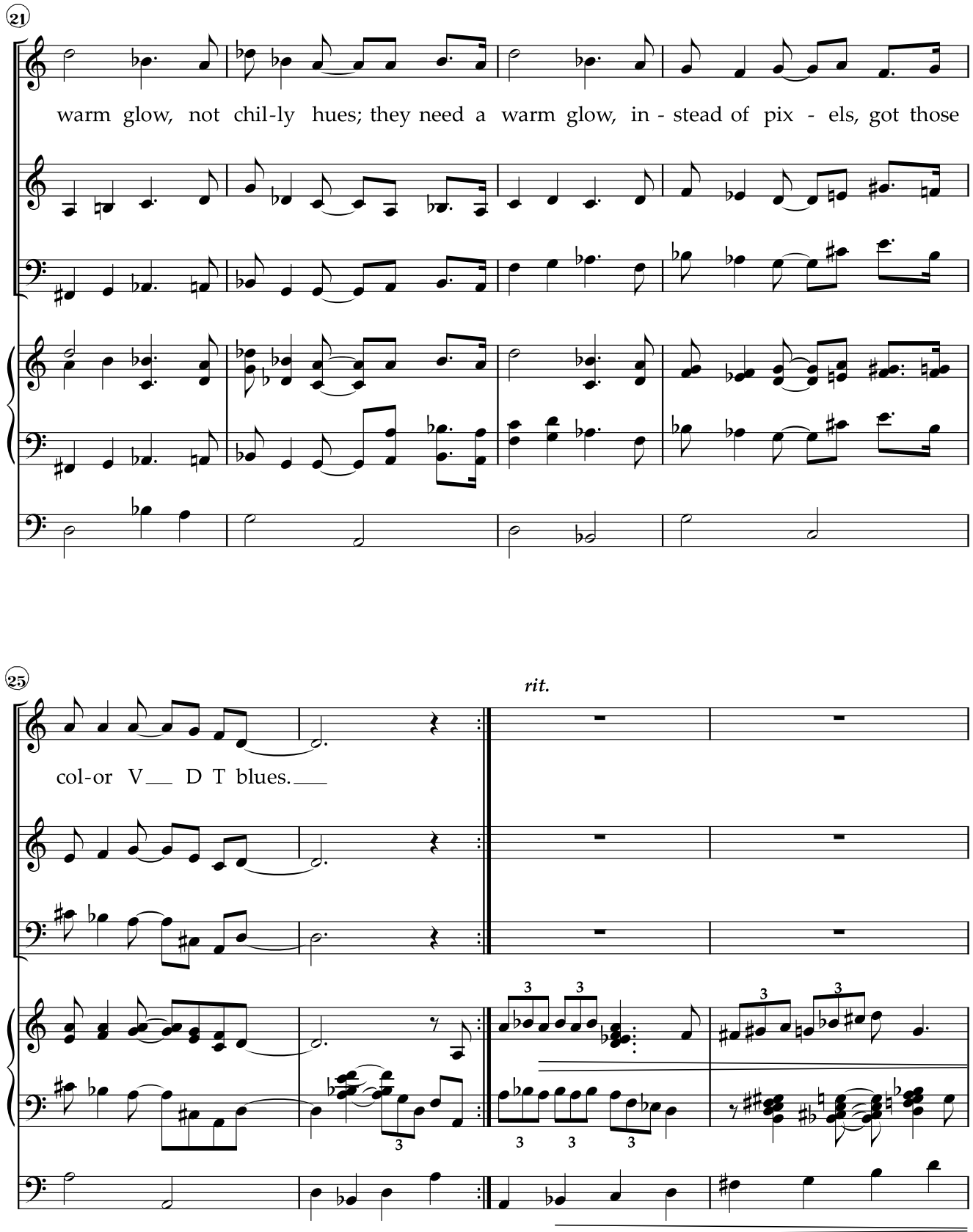
from the cabaret *Beepers*

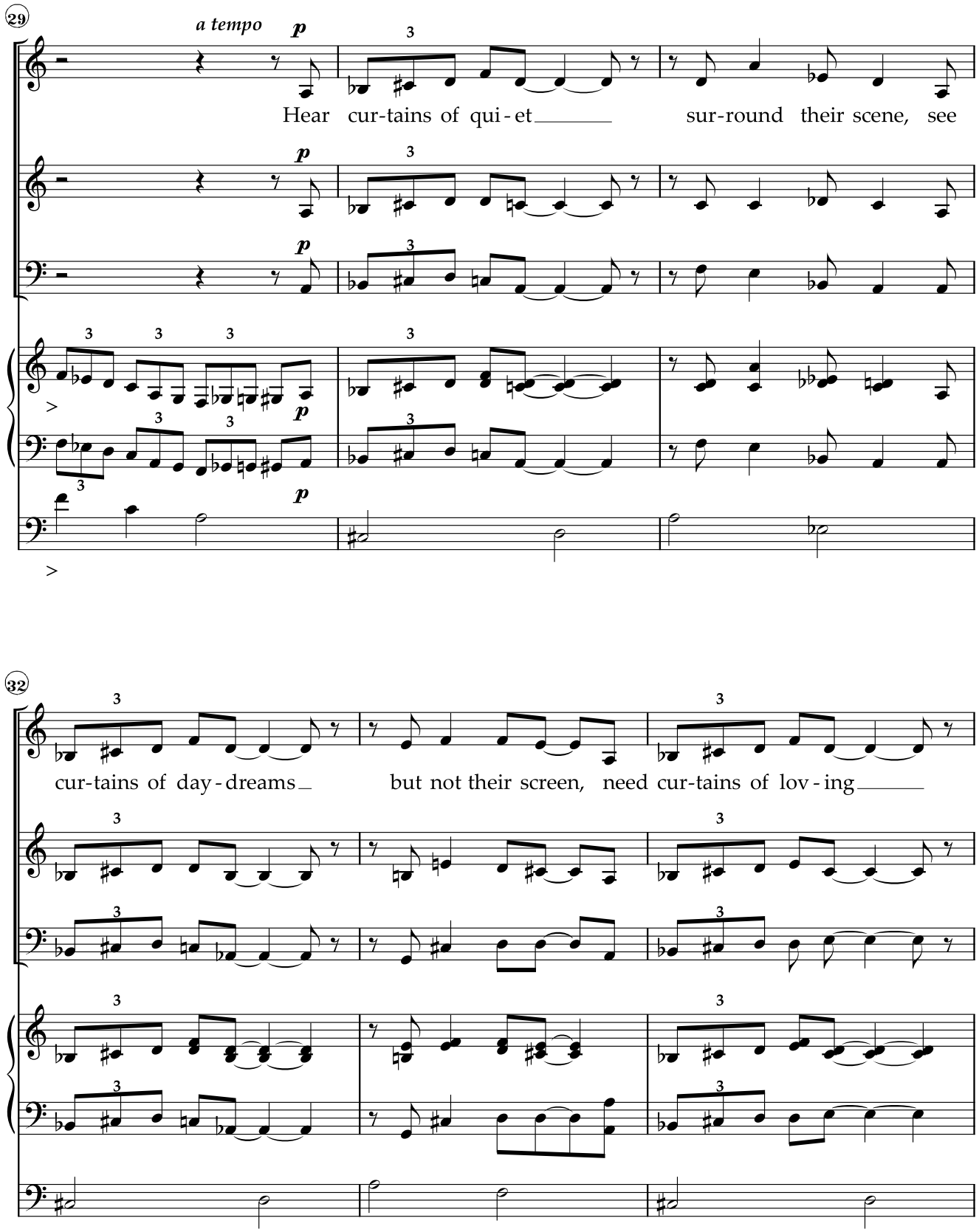
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

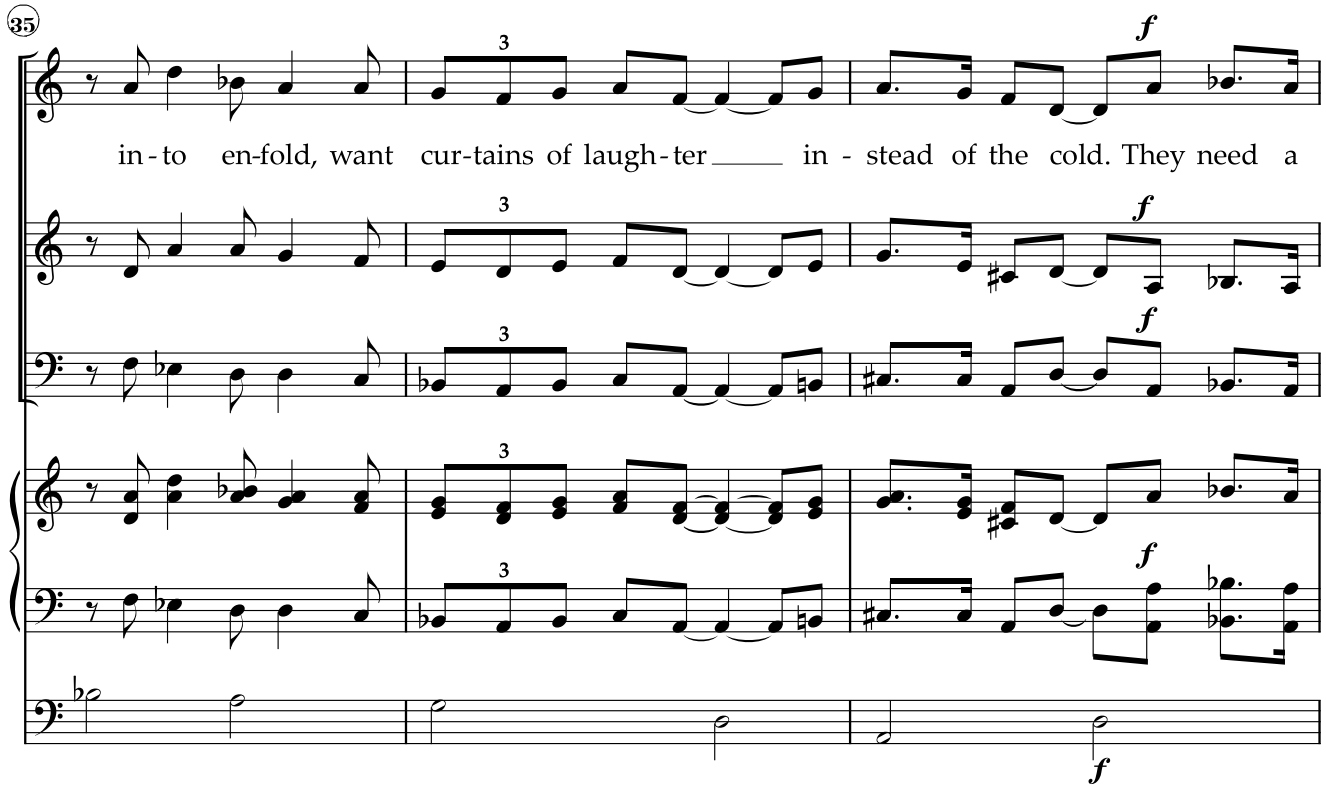


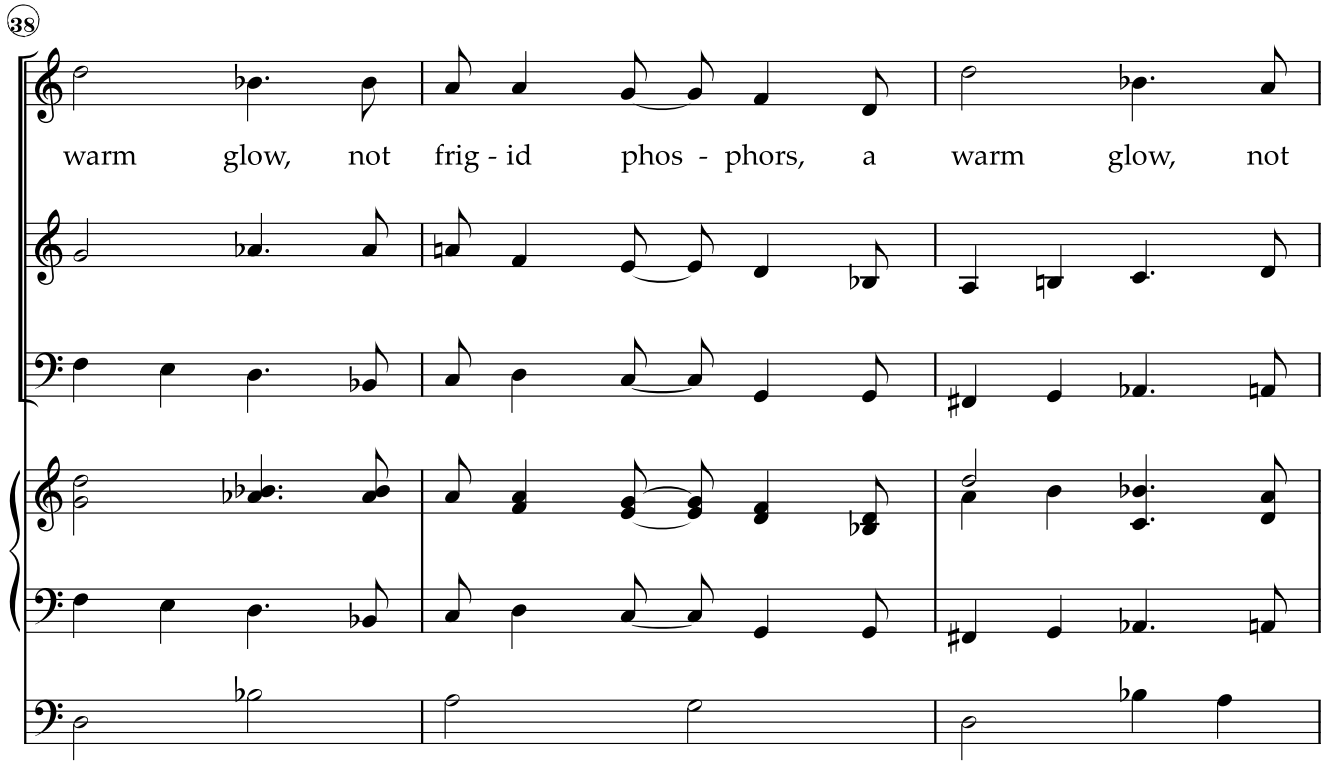

9
to be cool: A screen full of num-bers and win-dows of col - ors, their
don't mean much. They're tired of log - ic, need com - fort, com-pass - ion, and
12
dig - i - tal vid - e - o ghoul.
warmth from the friends they can touch.
mf
Screen full of num - bers and
mf
Tired of log - ic, need
mf
mf
mf

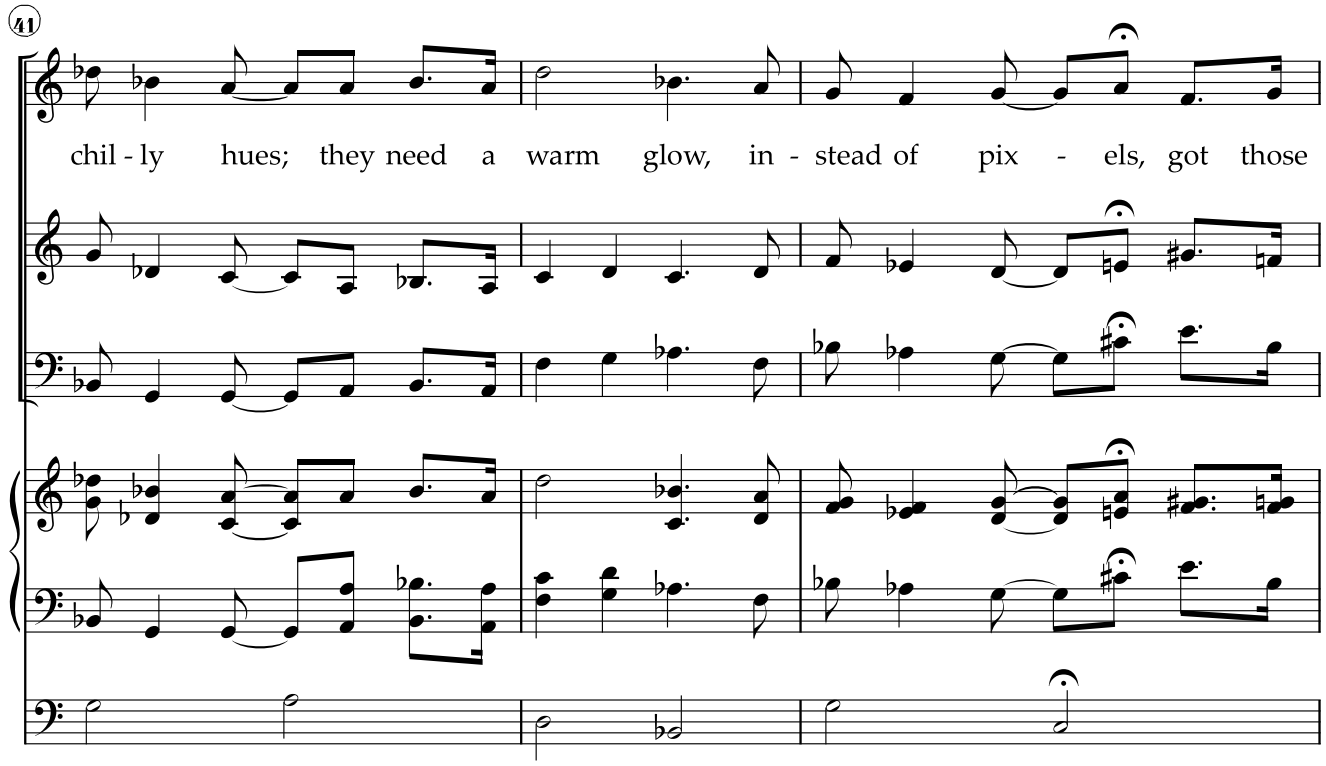

15
win - dows of col - ors, their dig - i - tal vid - e - o ghoul.
com - fort, com - pass - sion, and warmth from the friends they can touch.
17
f
They need a warm glow, not frig-id phos-phors, a
3
3
3
f

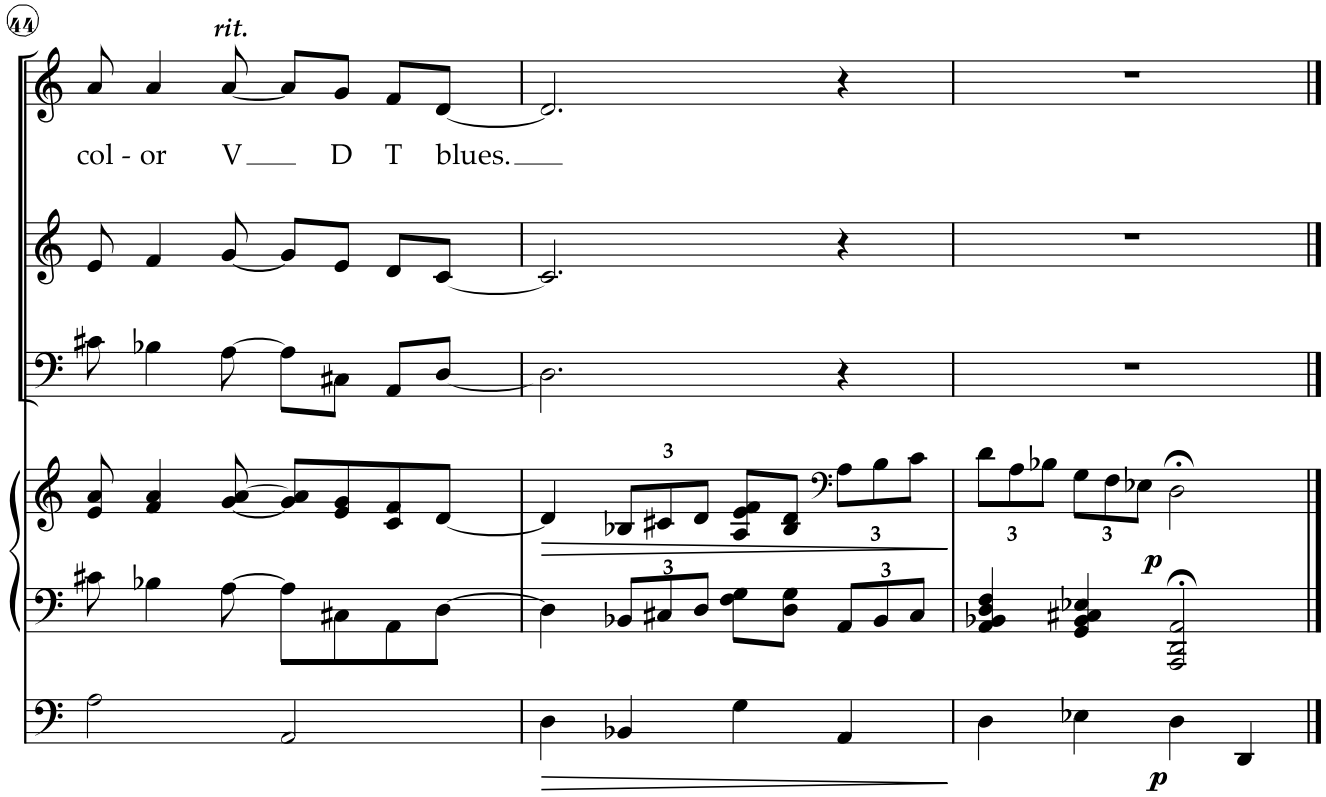

21
warm glow, not chil-ly hues; they need a warm glow, in - stead of pix - els, got those
25
col-or V__ D T blues.__
rit.


29
a tempo
p
Hear cur-tains of qui-et sur-round their scene, see
32
cur-tains of day-dreams but not their screen, need cur-tains of lov-ing


35
in - to en-fold, want cur-tains of laugh - ter in - stead of the cold. They need a
f


38
warm glow, not frig - id phos - phors, a warm glow, not


41
chil - ly hues; they need a warm glow, in - stead of pix - els, got those


44
rit.
col - or V D T blues.
3
3
3
3
3
3
p
p

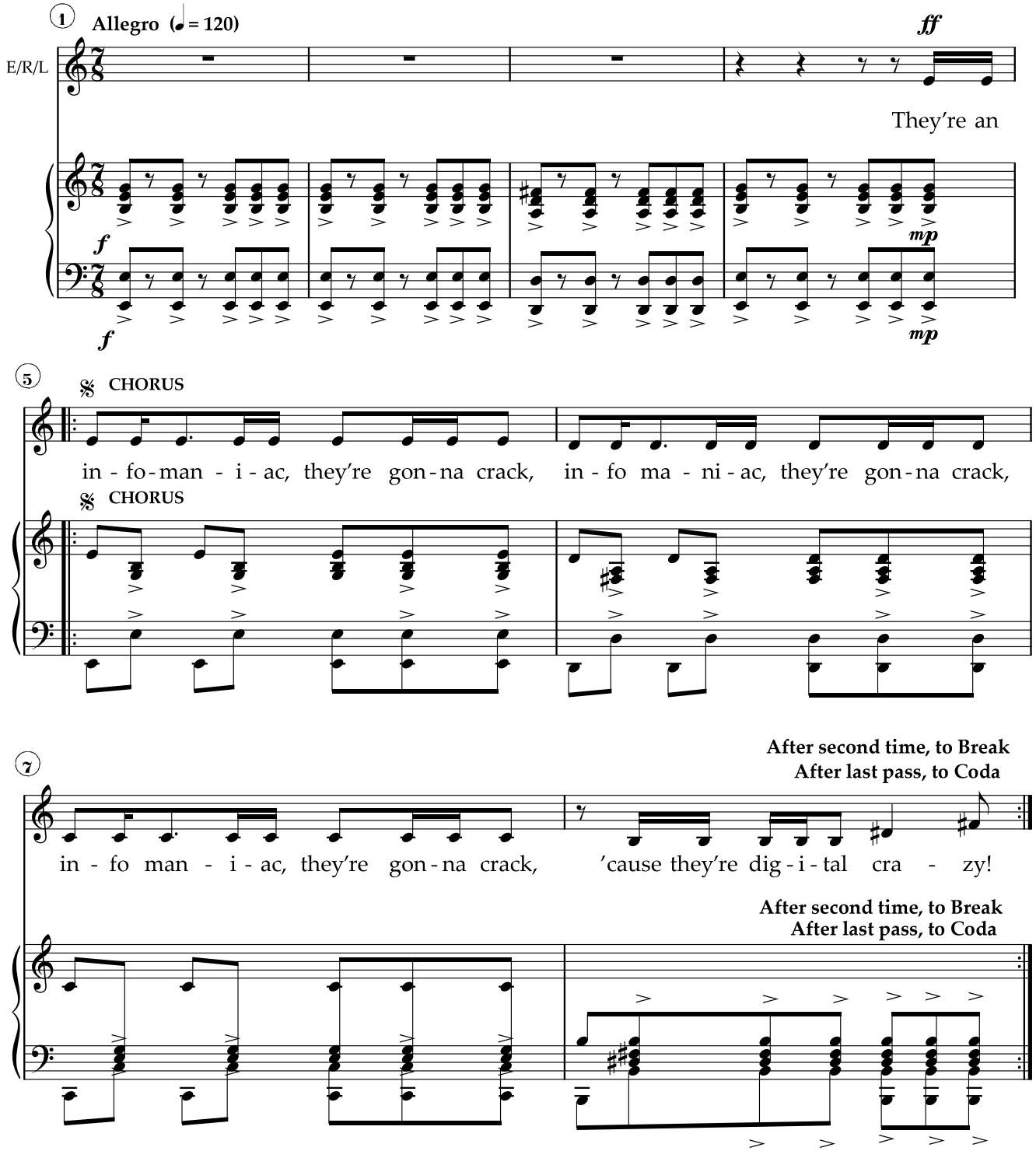
**E**: (addressing the audience) Do you believe that? Our old, cold hearts getting a blues treatment? If I kept that expression on my face, it would mean severe indisgestion and imminent flatulence. That's a real case of late nights writing computer programs, a true mania. (to **L**) Hey, friend. Don't count on that one for a partner, okay?
(**L** is about to speak, but holds up as music strikes hard)
**E**: Forget it, my classic brainy one.

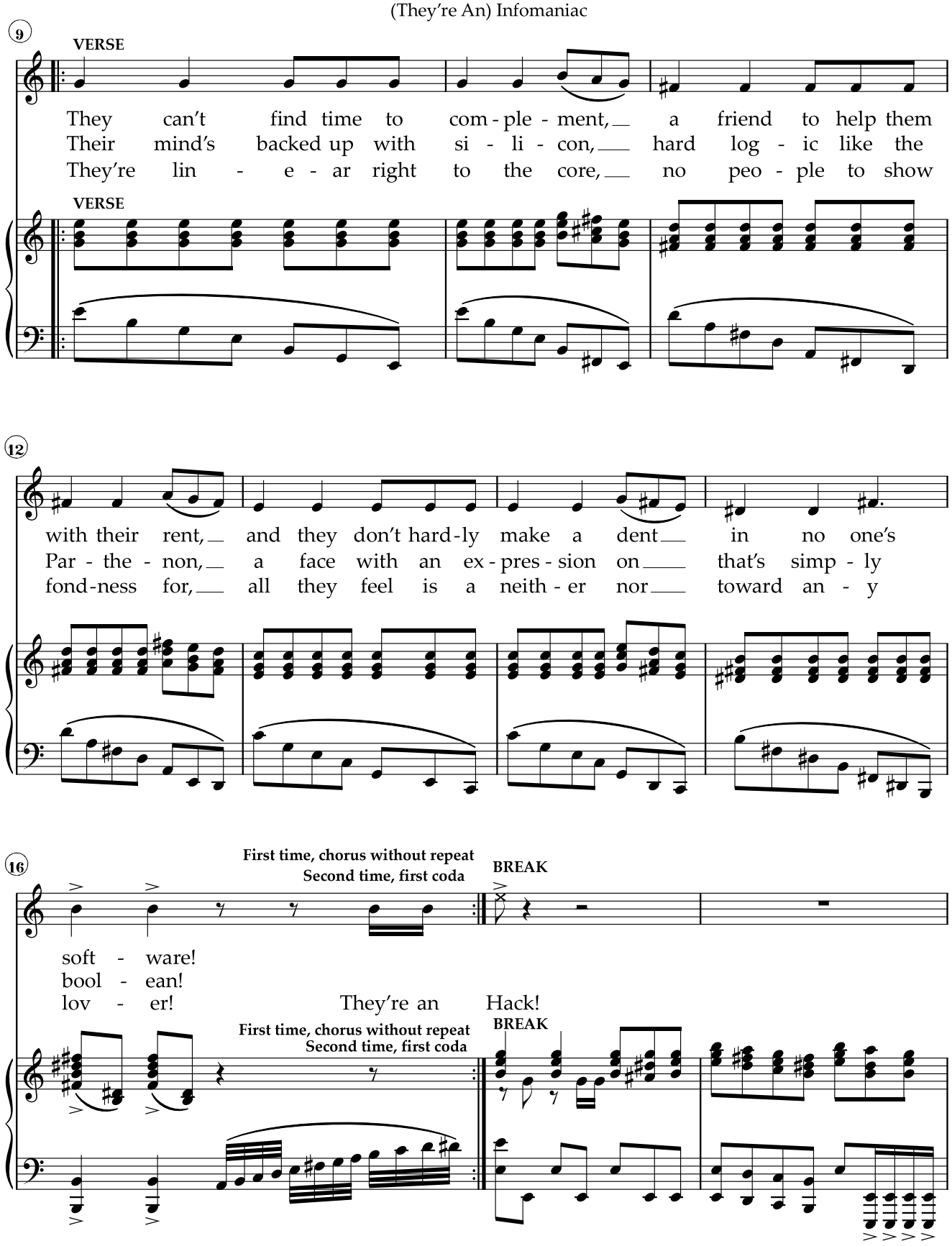
No. 12

# (They're An) Infomaniac

from the cabaret *Beepers*

words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz




9
VERSE
They can't find time to com - ple - ment, a friend to help them
Their mind's backed up with si - li - con, hard log - ic like the
They're lin - e - ar right to the core, no peo - ple to show
VERSE
12
with their rent, and they don't hard-ly make a dent in no one's
Par - the - non, a face with an ex - pres - sion on that's simp - ly
fond-ness for, all they feel is a neith - er nor toward an - y
16
First time, chorus without repeat
Second time, first coda
BREAK
soft - ware!
bool - ean!
lov - er! They're an Hack!
First time, chorus without repeat
Second time, first coda
BREAK

(They're An) Infomaniac

19

22

8va

Repeat Verse 3

25

First coda

clas - sic in - fo-ma - ni-ac, with brains just like an al - man-ac, with

First coda

27

D.S chorus, without repeat

no full moons a - top the stack to light them soft - ly They're an

D.S chorus, without repeat

29

hack, hack, hack, hack, hack! In - fo-ma - ni - ac!

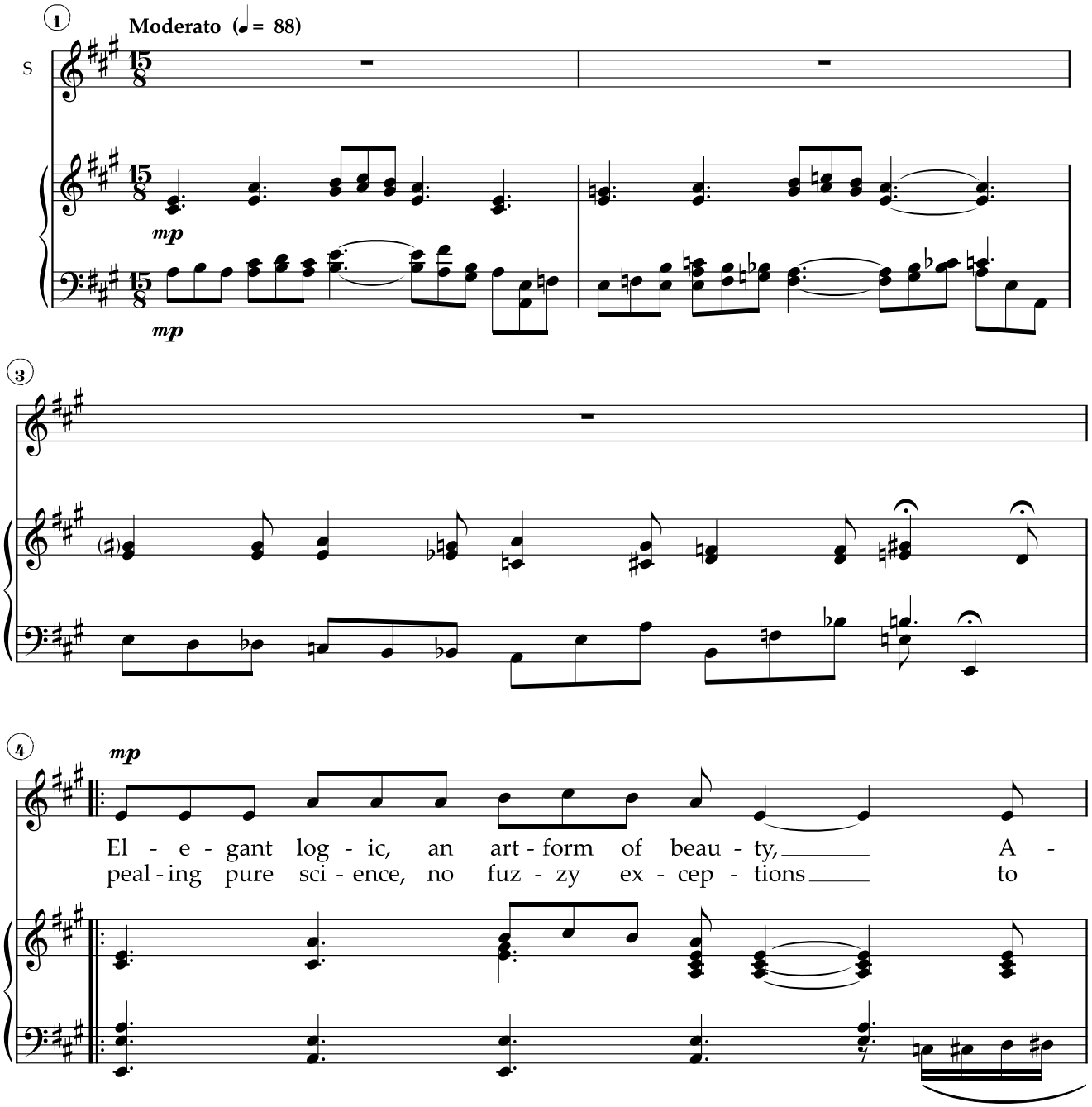
No. 13

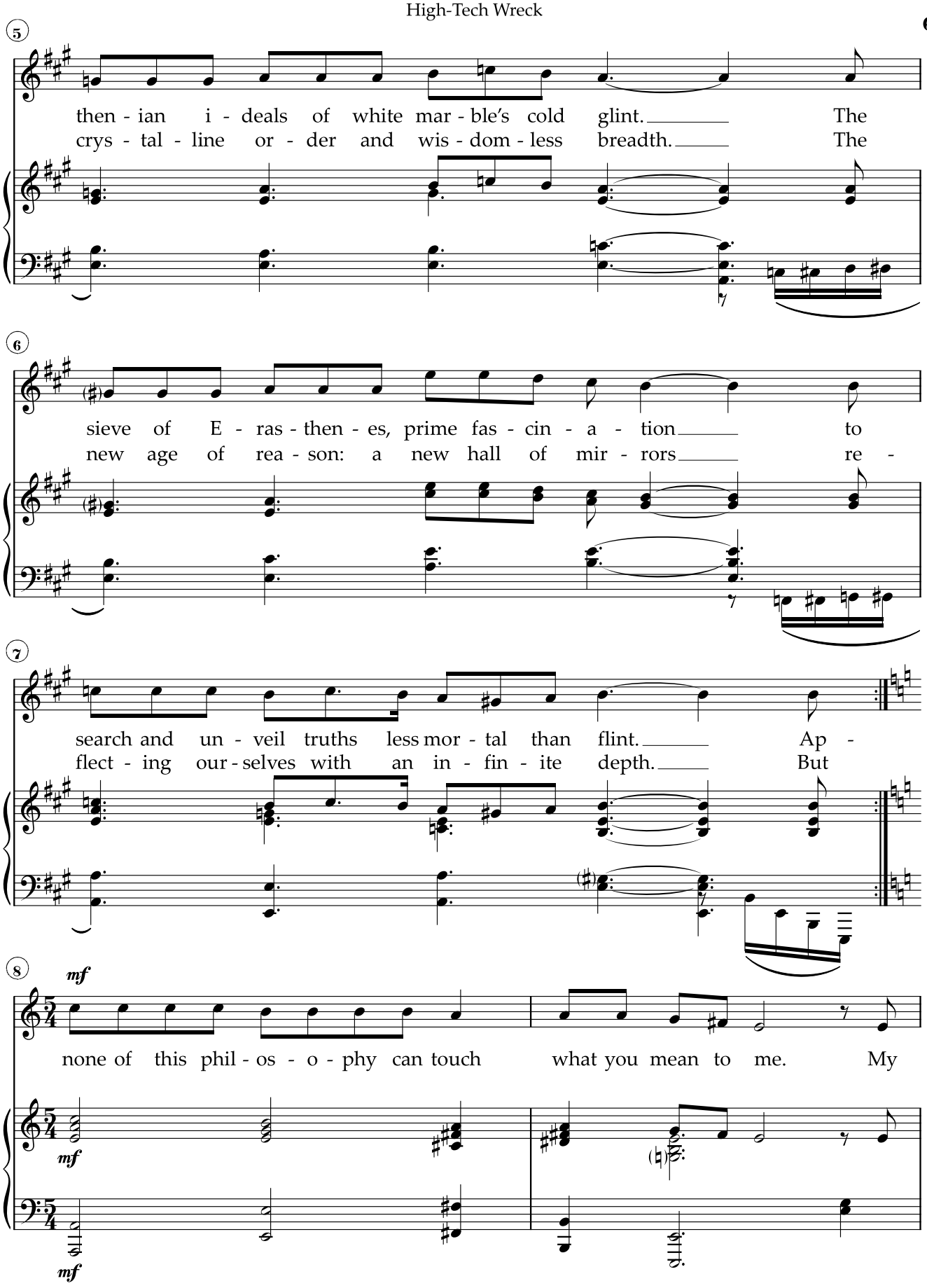
# High-Tech Wreck

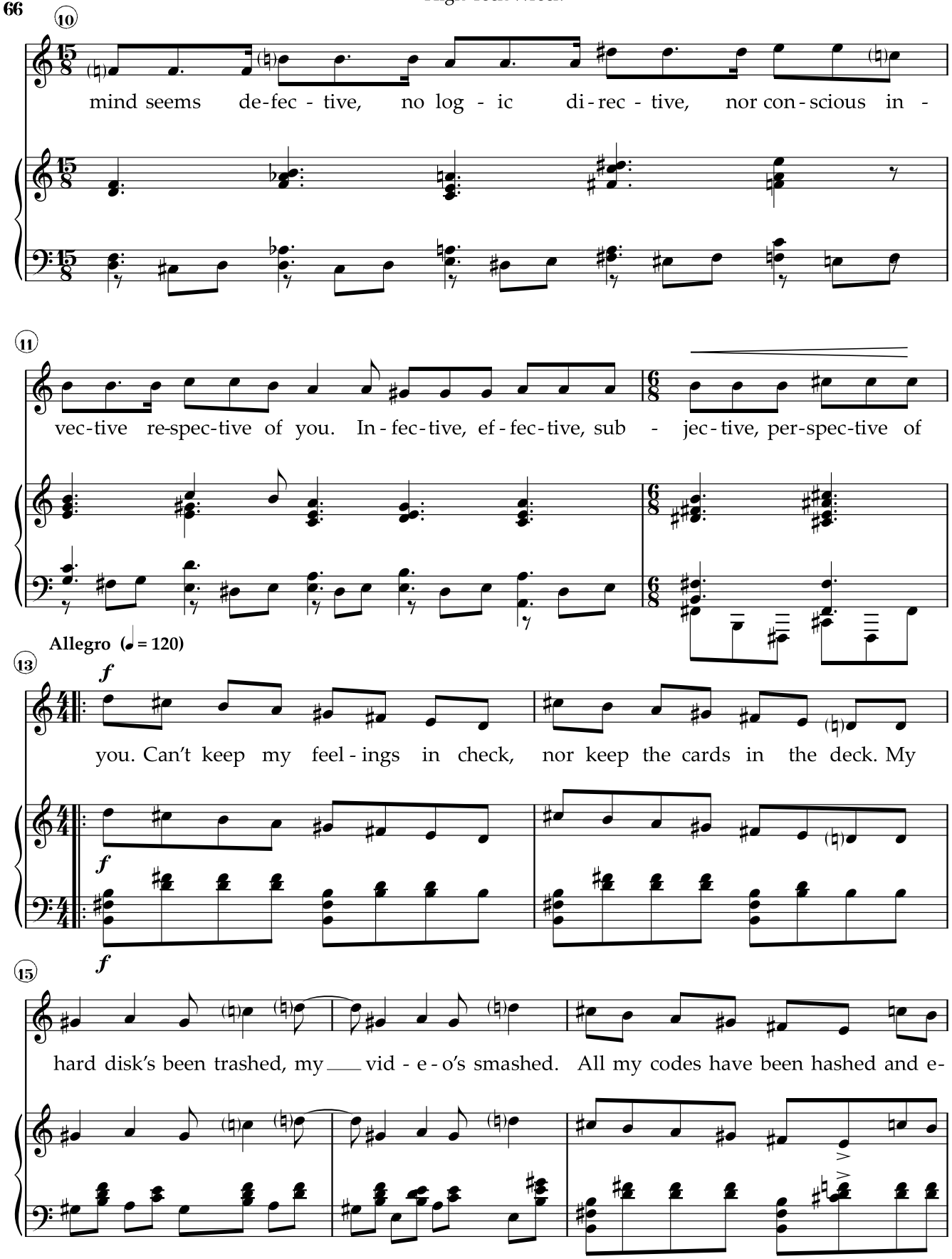
from the cabaret *Beepers*

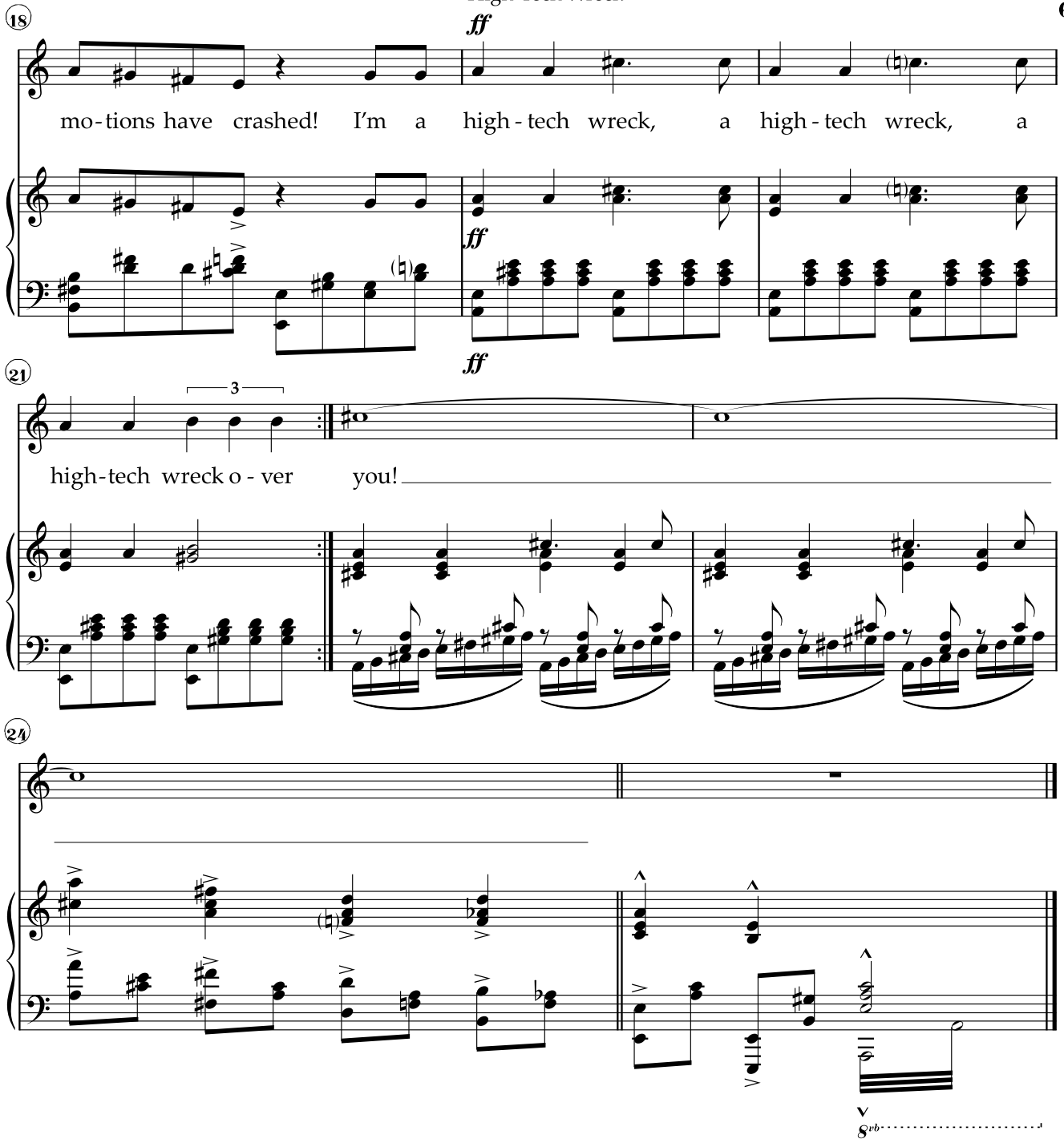
words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

L: I don't believe that. I don't want to believe that. I'll count to ten and then speak to R? 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, A, B, C, D, E, F, 10! R...




5
then - ian i - deals of white mar - ble's cold glint. The
crys - tal - line or - der and wis - dom - less breadth. The
6
sieve of E - ras - then - es, prime fas - cin - a - tion to
new age of rea - son: a new hall of mir - rors re -
7
search and un - veil truths less mor - tal than flint. Ap -
flect - ing our - selves with an in - fin - ite depth. But
8
mf
none of this phil - os - o - phy can touch what you mean to me. My
mf
mf


10
mind seems de-fec - tive, no log - ic di-rec - tive, nor con-scious in -
11
vec-tive re-spec-tive of you. In-fec-tive, ef-fec-tive, sub - jec-tive, per-spec-tive of
Allegro (♩= 120)
13
f
you. Can't keep my feel-ings in check, nor keep the cards in the deck. My
15
hard disk's been trashed, my vid - e - o's smashed. All my codes have been hashed and e-

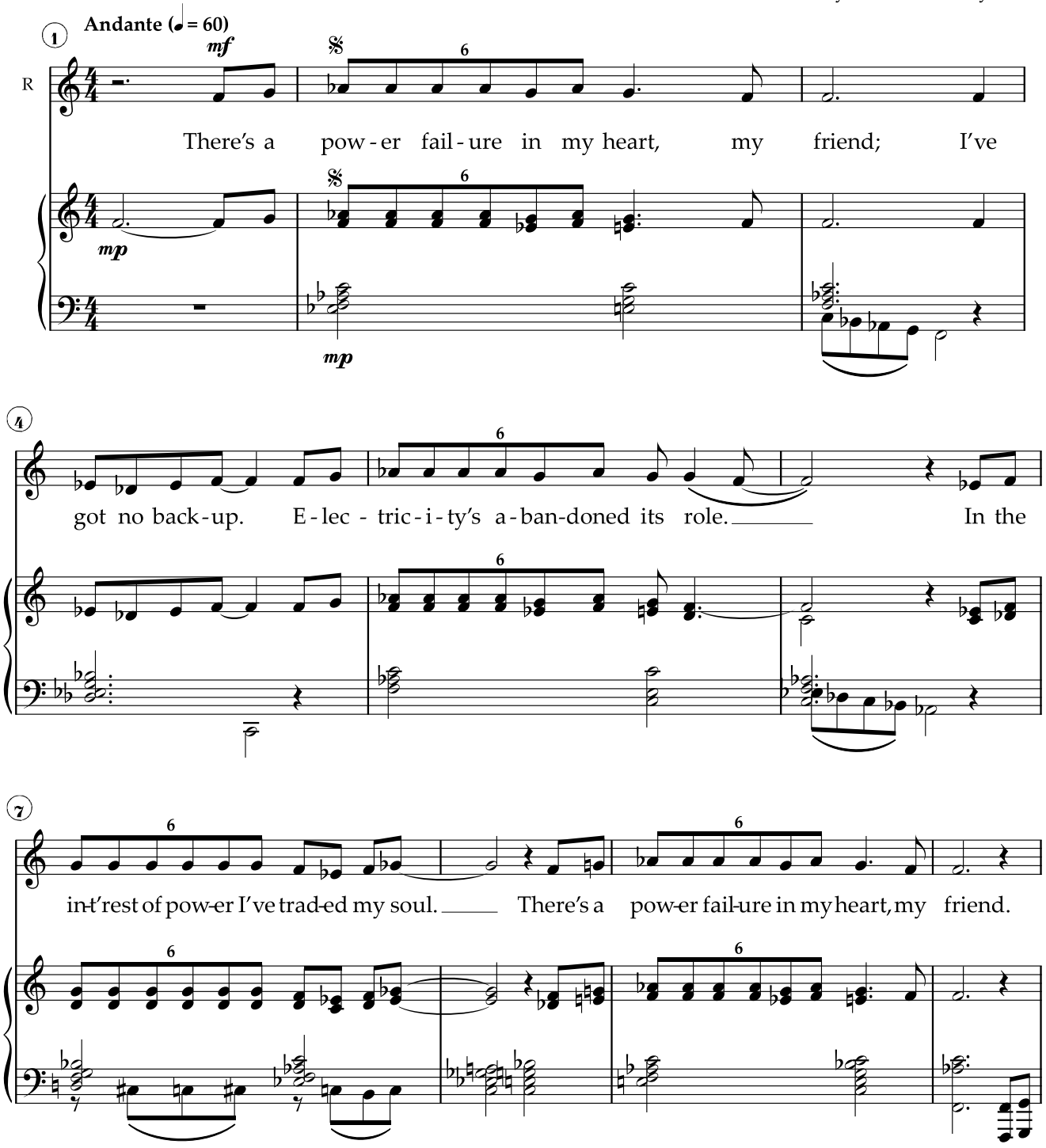


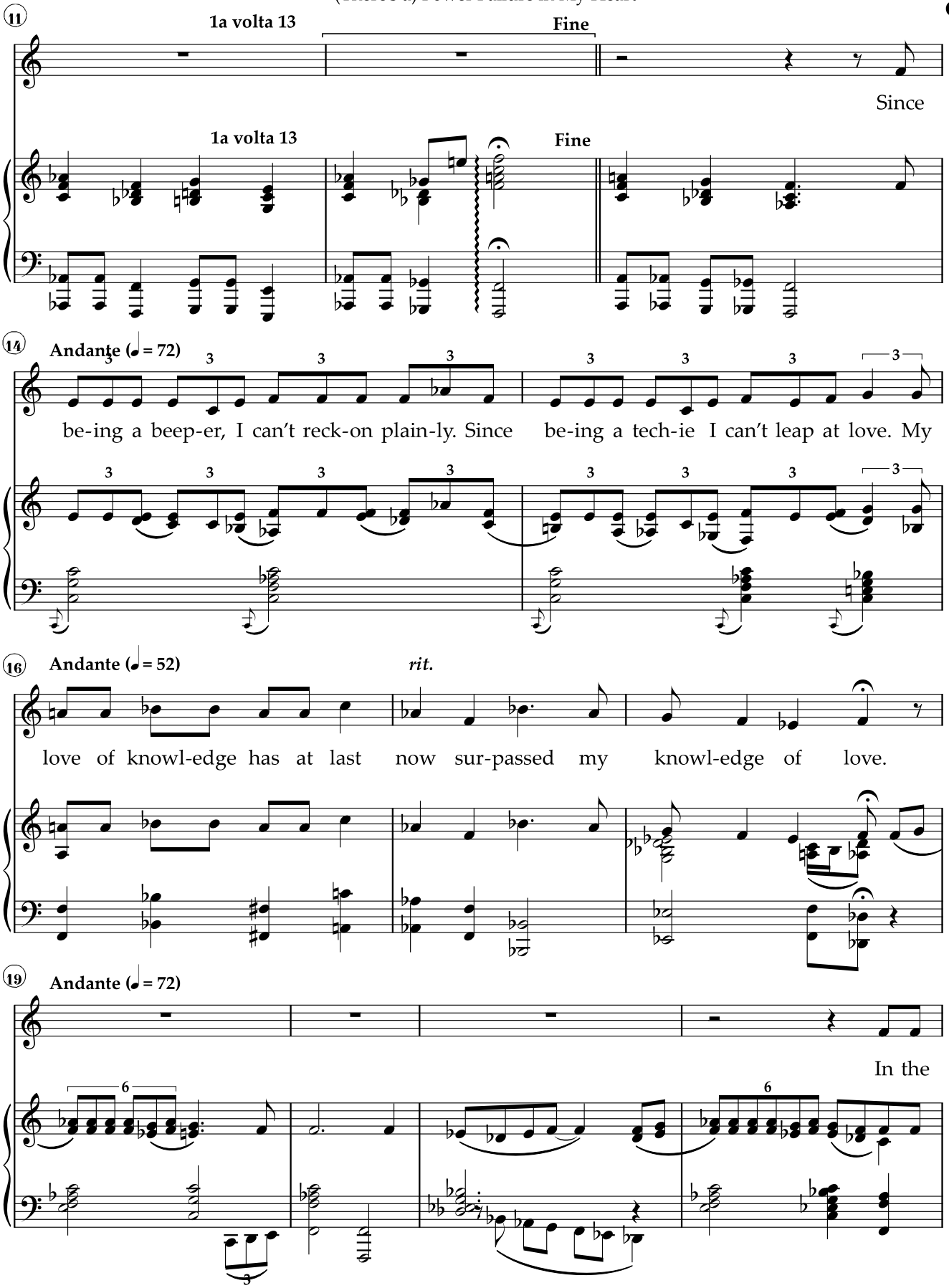

**R**: No good, L. I've made my choices, and they don't include you, my friend. The summer sunset glow you see in my eyes is just a reflection from my warm color monitor, I fear. Let me tell you why...

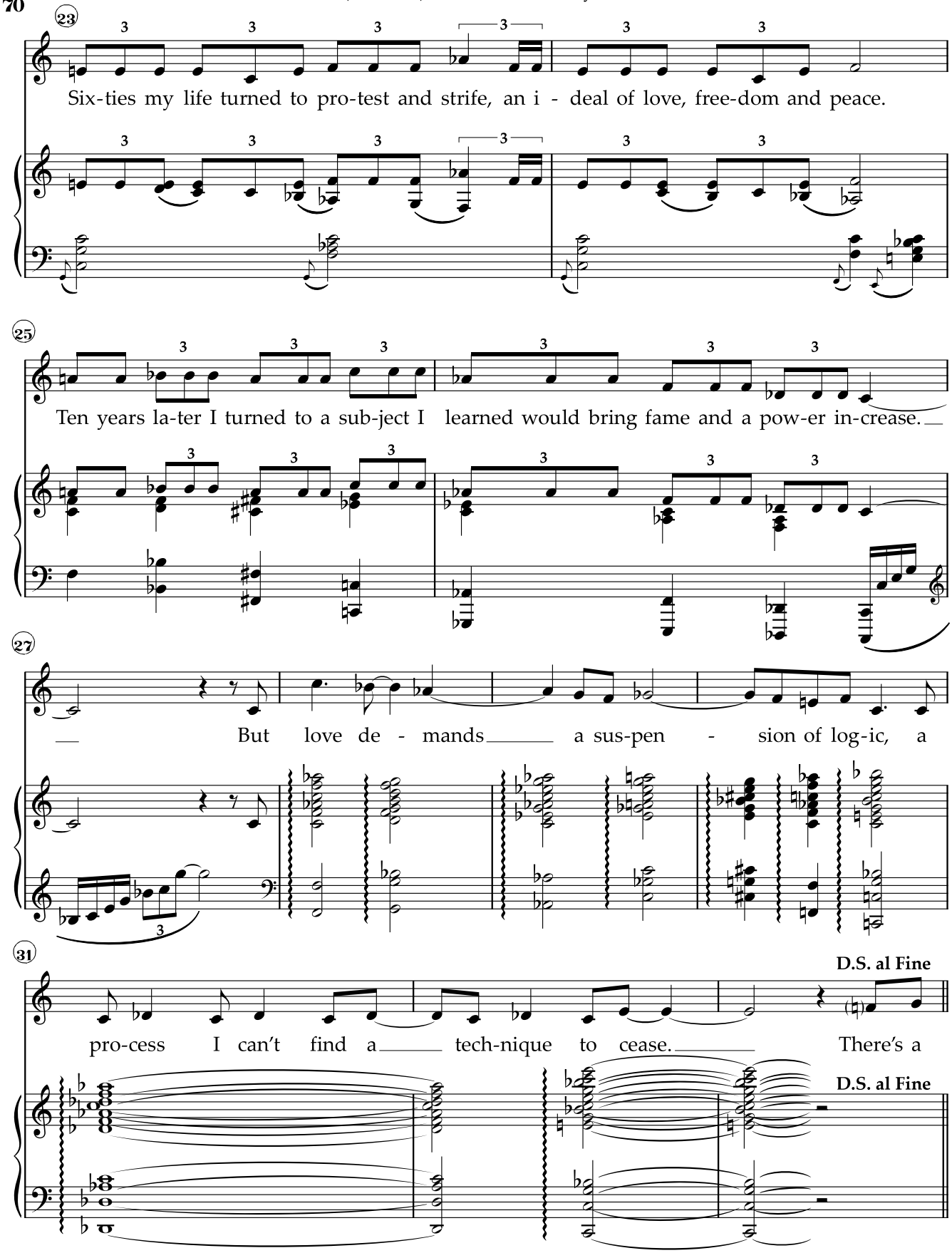
# No. 14 (There's a) Power Failure in My Heart

from the cabaret *Beepers*

words and music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz




11
1a volta 13
Fine
Since
1a volta 13
Fine
14
Andante (♩ = 72)
be-ing a beep-er, I can't reck-on plain-ly. Since be-ing a tech-ie I can't leap at love. My
16
Andante (♩ = 52)
rit.
love of knowl-edge has at last now sur-passed my knowl-edge of love.
19
Andante (♩ = 72)
In the


23
Six-ties my life turned to pro-test and strife, an i - deal of love, free-dom and peace.
25
Ten years la-ter I turned to a sub-ject I learned would bring fame and a pow-er in-crease.
27
But love de - mands a sus-pen - sion of log-ic, a
31
D.S. al Fine
pro-cess I can't find a tech-nique to cease. There's a
D.S. al Fine

No. 15

# Finale

## from the cabaret *Beepers*

Words & Music by Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

**E**, **R**, and **L** all stand at their desks, looking forward, apparently no longer aware of each other.

E

R

L

*mf*

There's a

*mf*

I was-n't born a beep-er, the

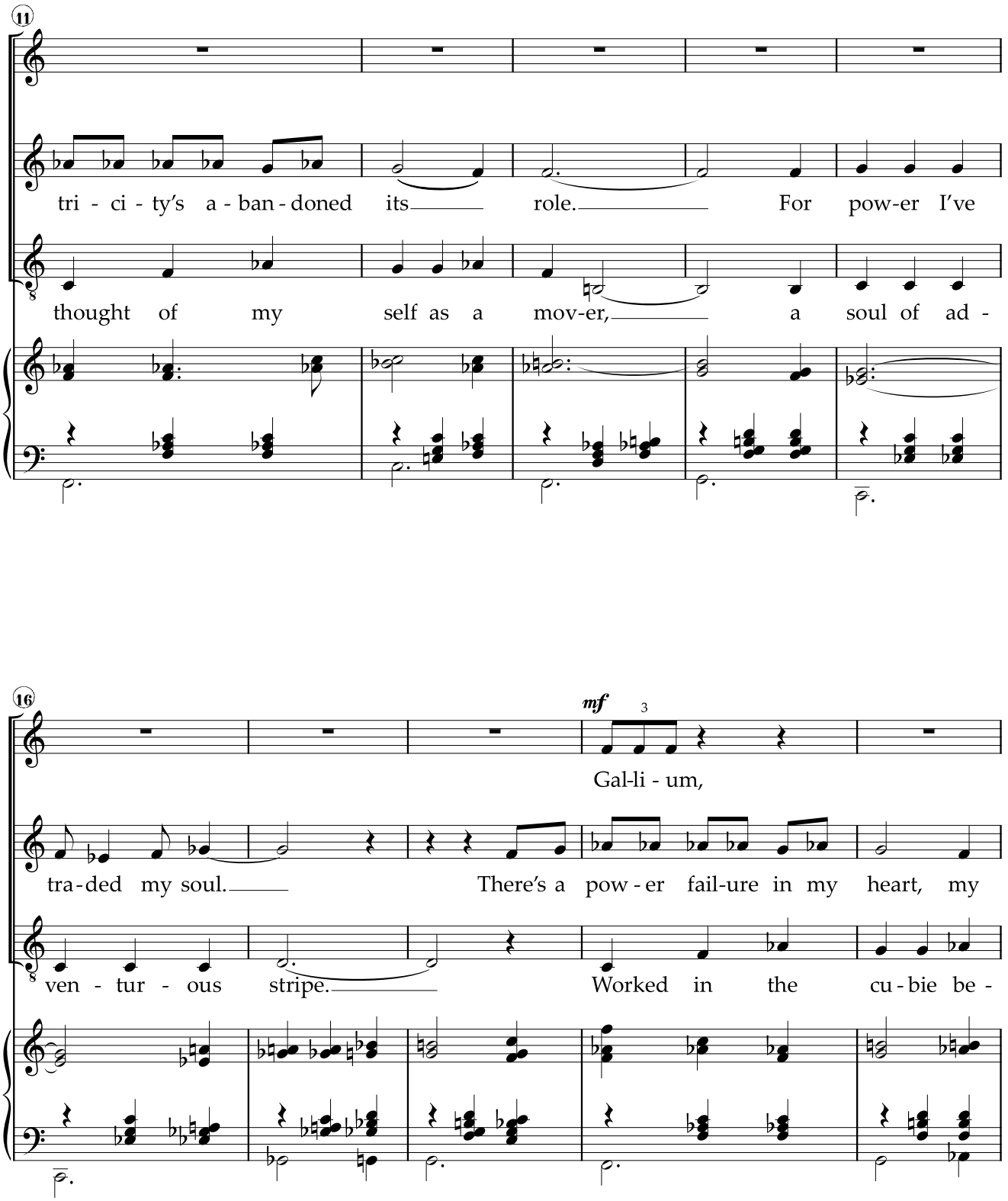
*mp*

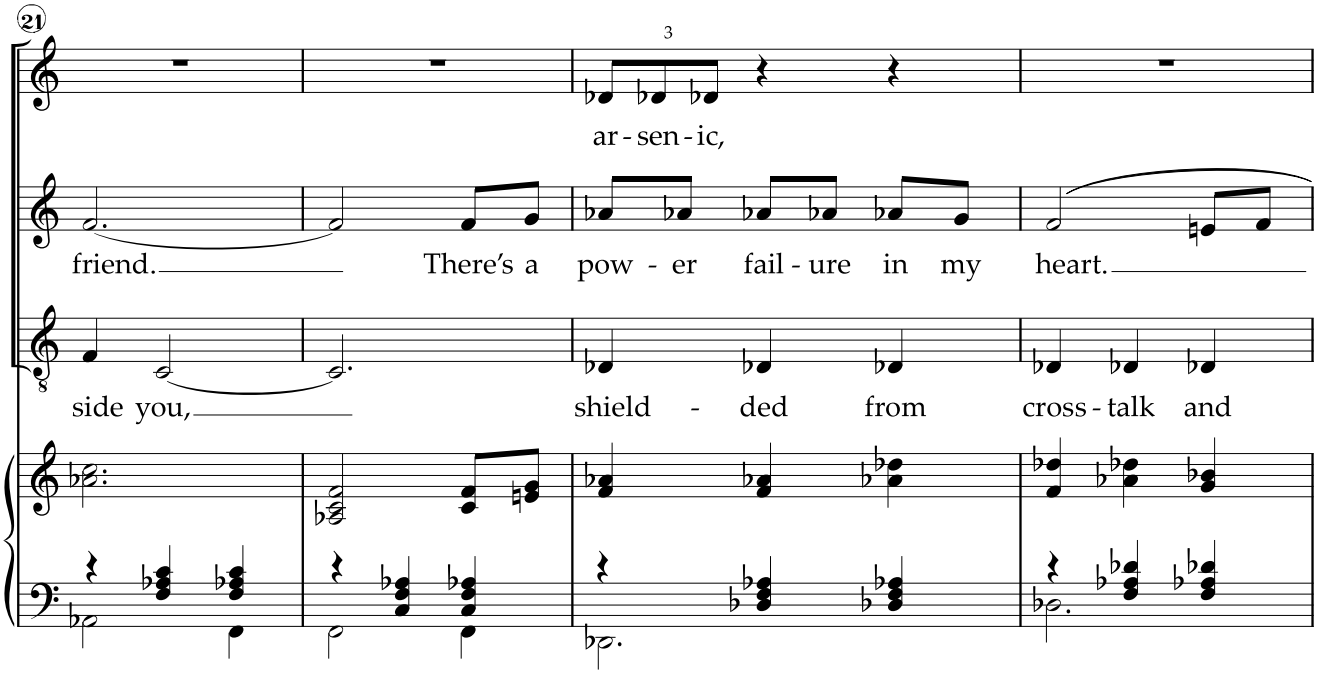
*mp*

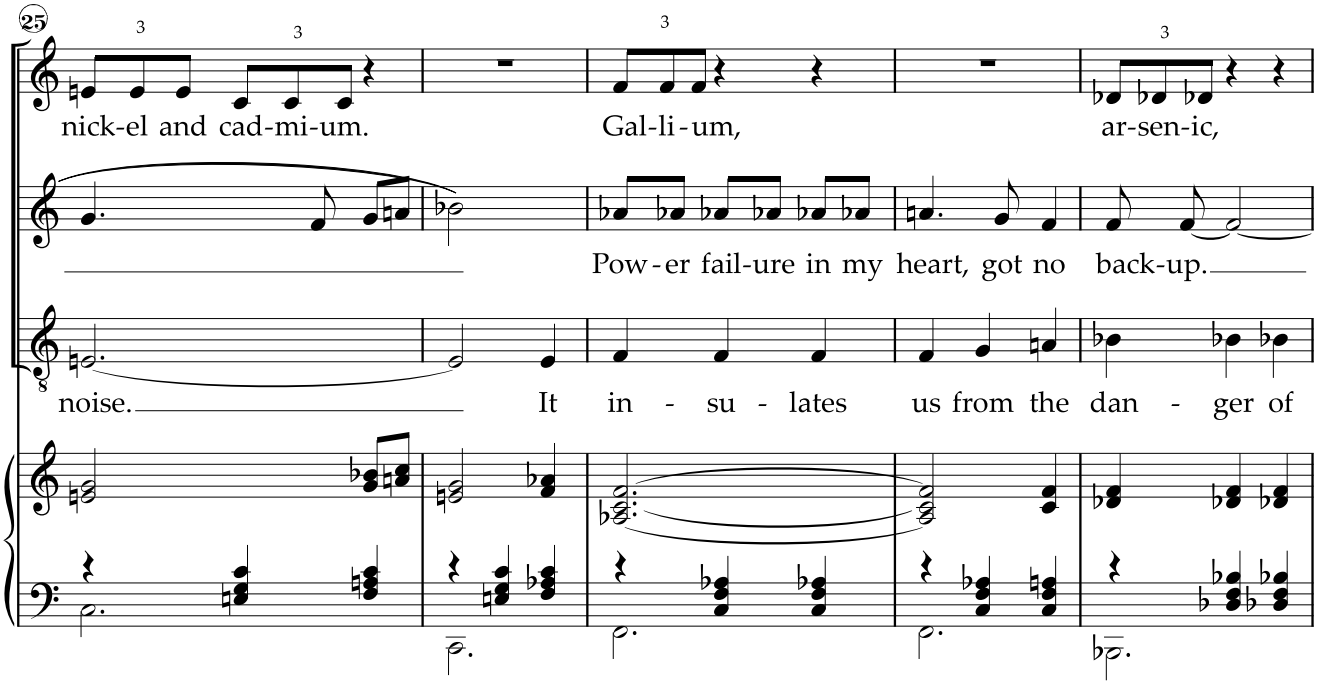
7

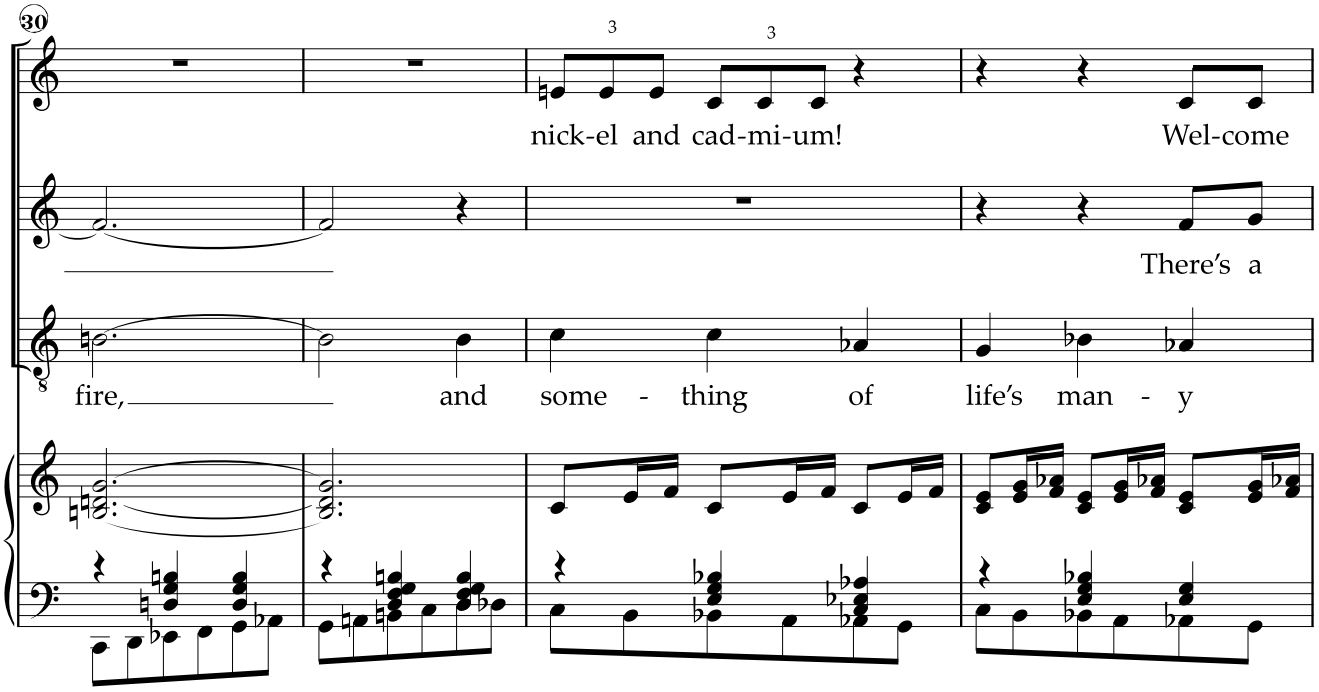
pow - er fail - ure in my heart, I've got no back-up E - lec -

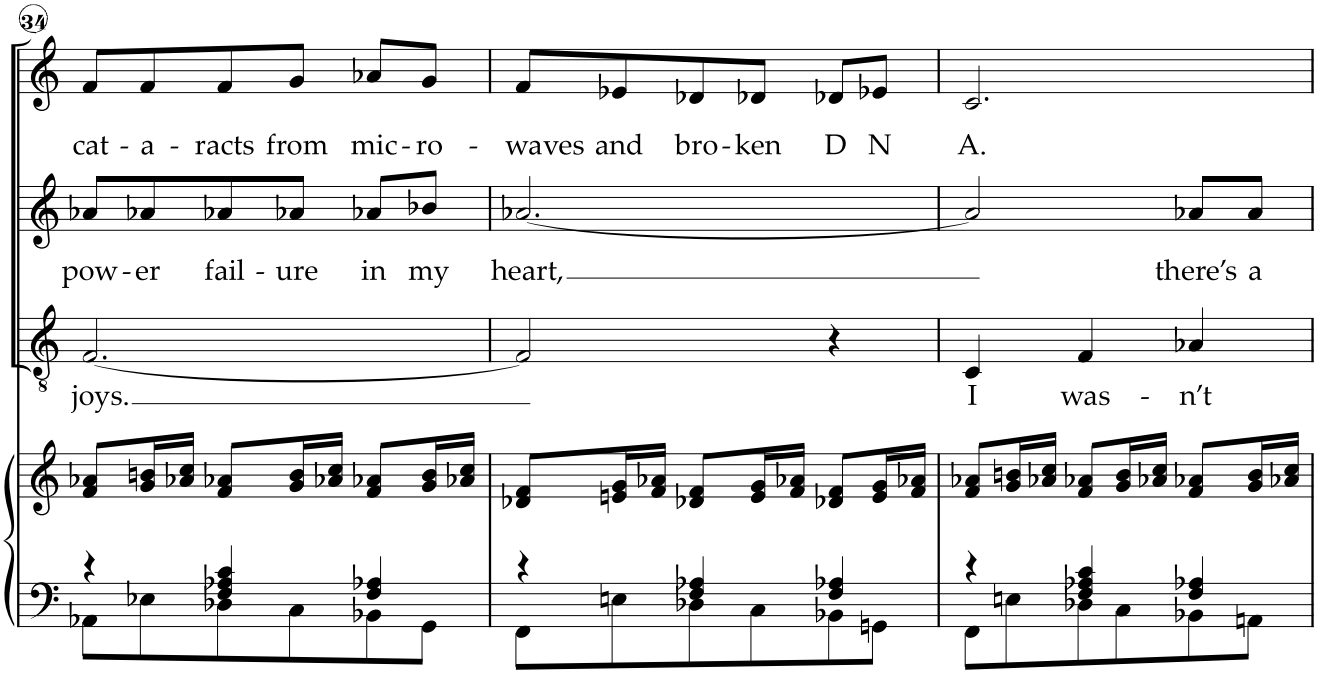
ser - i - ous calm, sta - ble type I

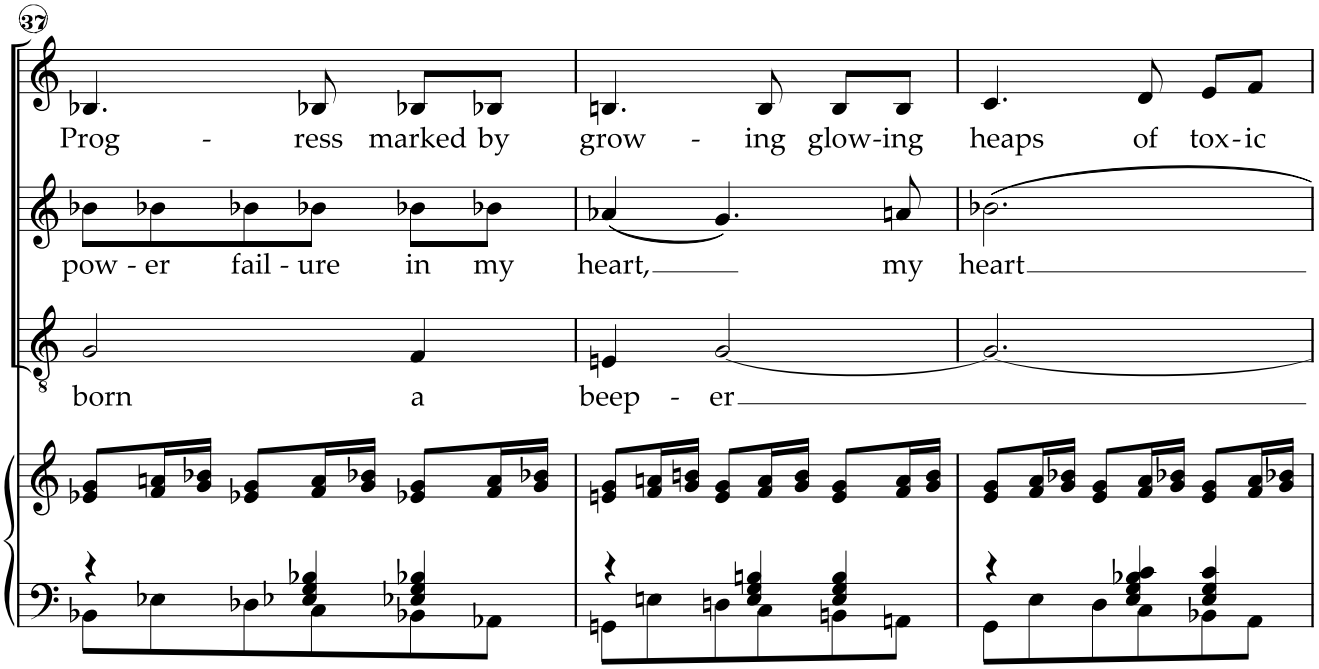

11
tri - ci - ty's a - ban - doned its role. For pow-er I've
thought of my self as a mov-er, a soul of ad -
16
mf
3
Gal-li - um,
tra-ded my soul. There's a pow - er fail-ure in my heart, my
ven - tur - ous stripe. Worked in the cu - bie be -

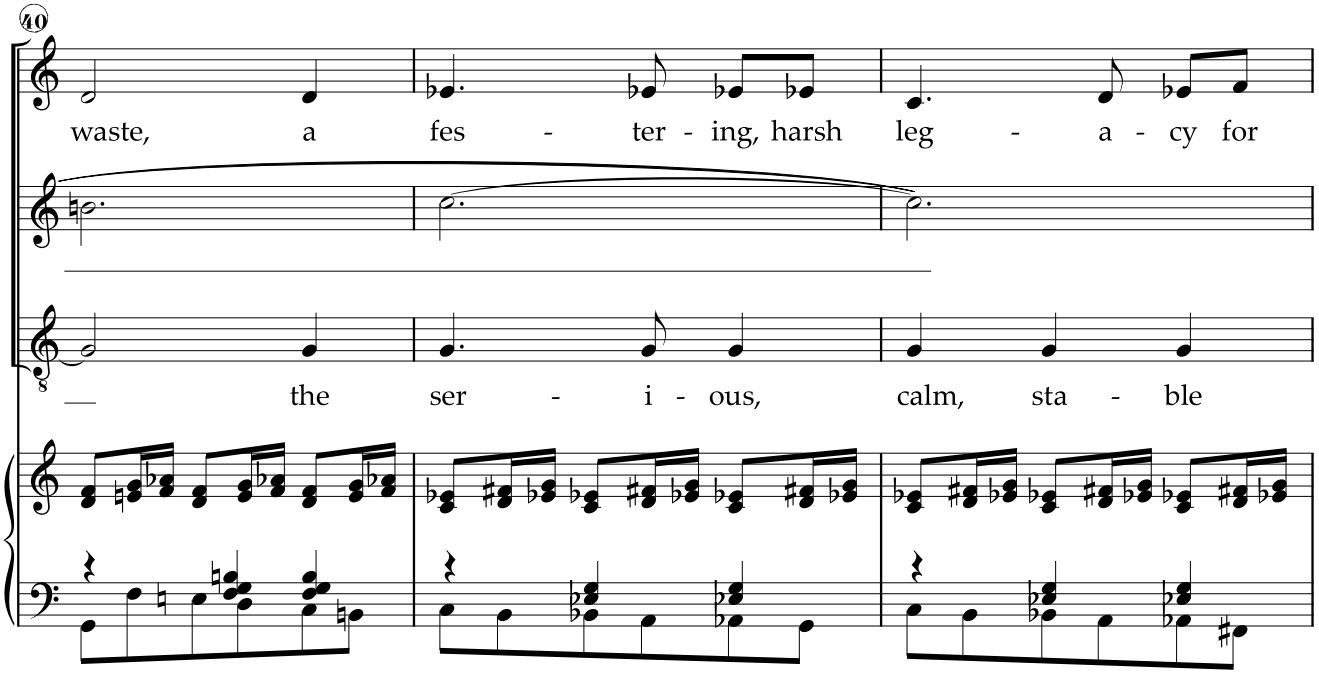

21
3
ar - sen - ic,
friend. There's a pow - er fail - ure in my heart.
side you, shield - ded from cross - talk and

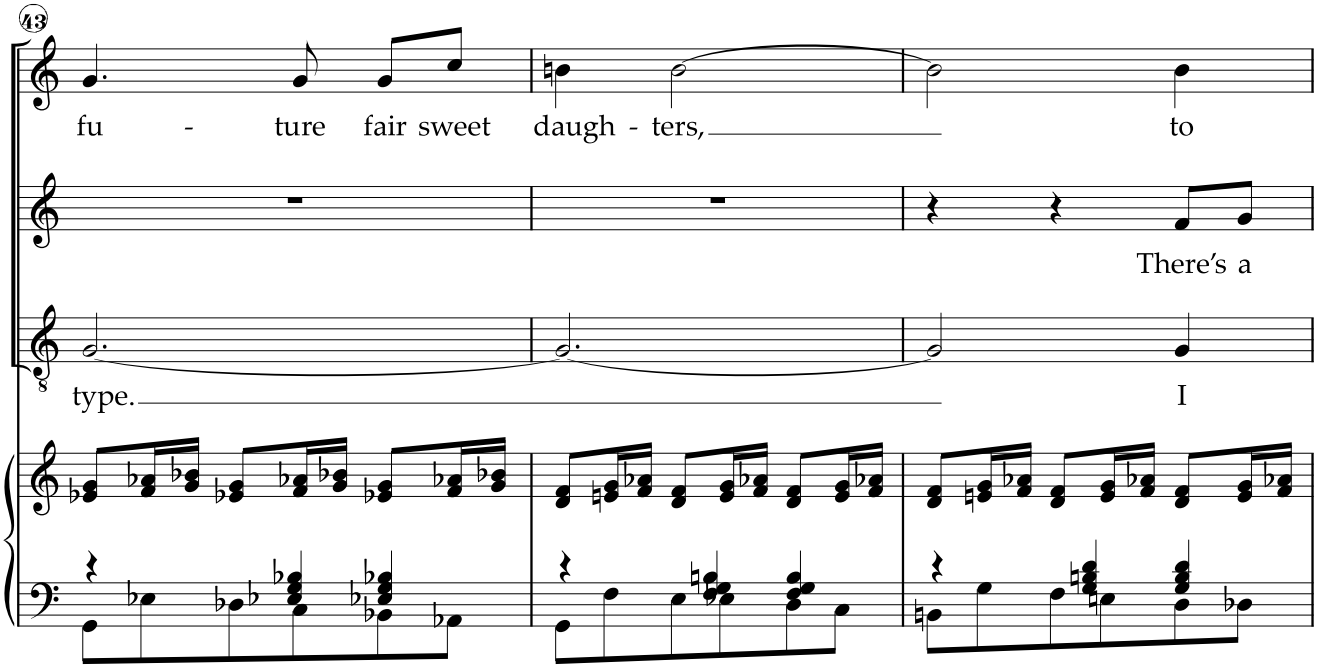

25
3
3
3
3
nick-el and cad-mi-um. Gal-li-um, ar-sen-ic,
Pow - er fail-ure in my heart, got no back-up.
noise. It in - su - lates us from the dan - ger of

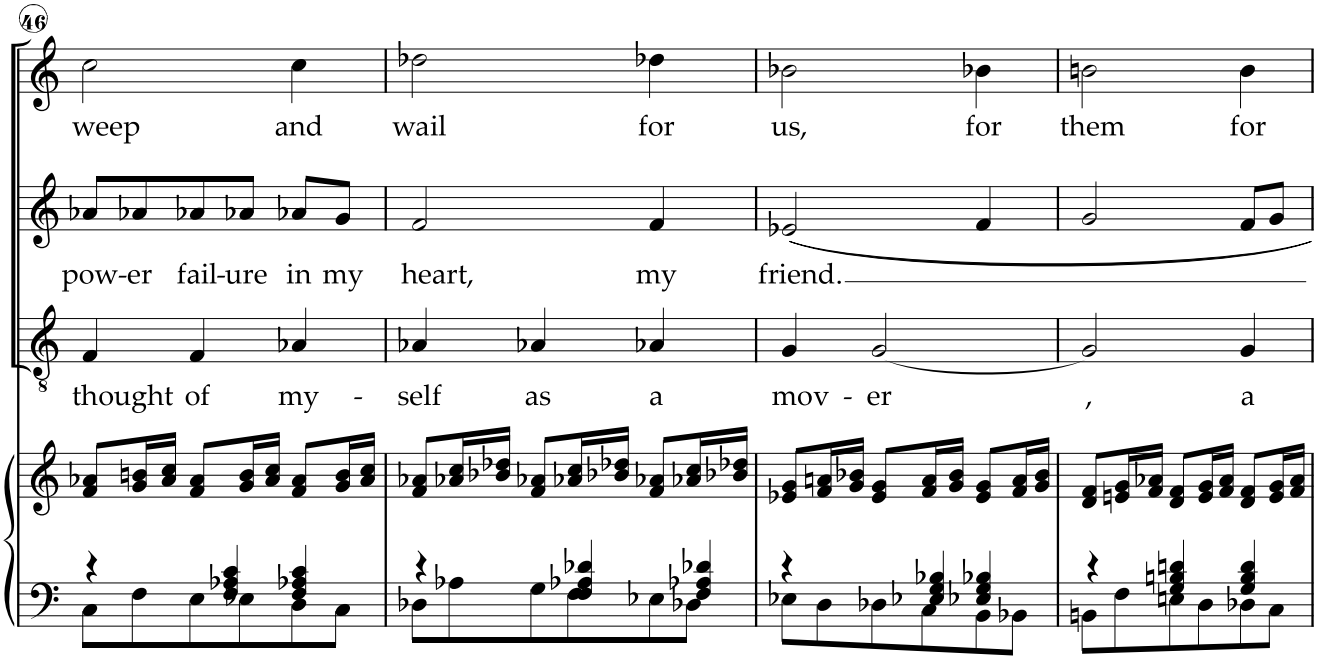

30
nick-el and cad-mi-um! Wel-come
There's a
fire, and some - thing of life's man - y

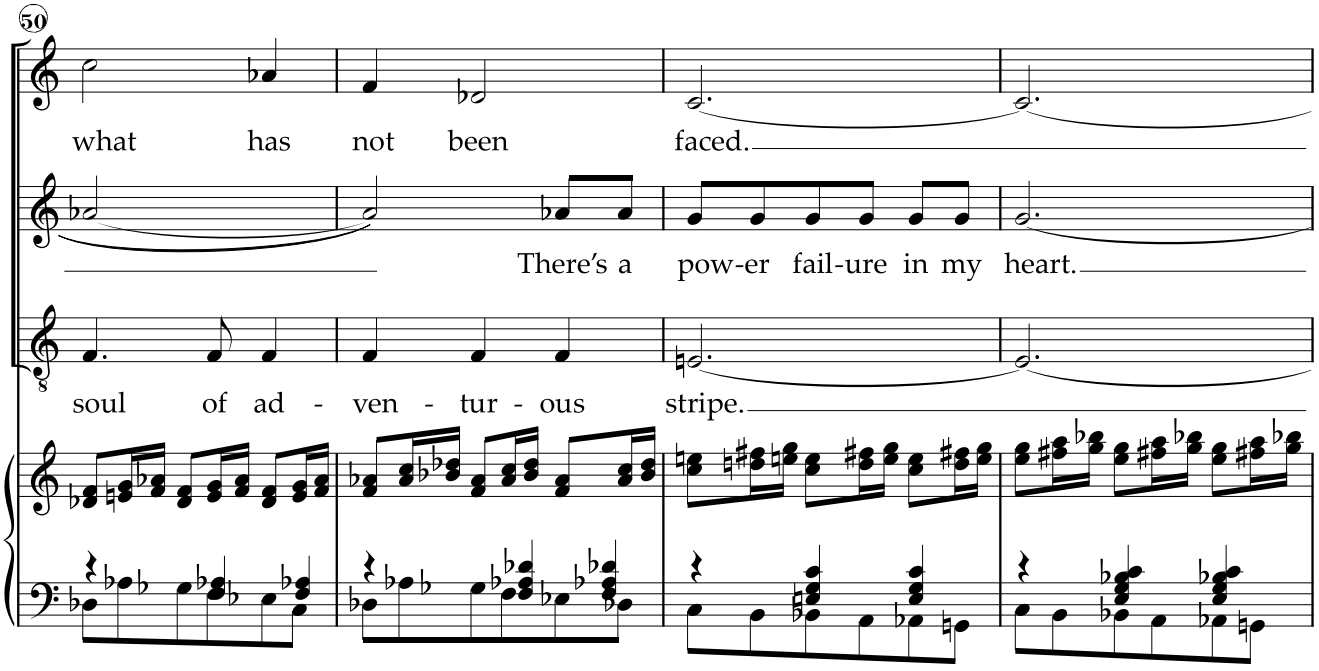

34
cat - a - racts from mic-ro - waves and bro-ken D N A.
pow-er fail - ure in my heart, there's a
joys. I was - n't

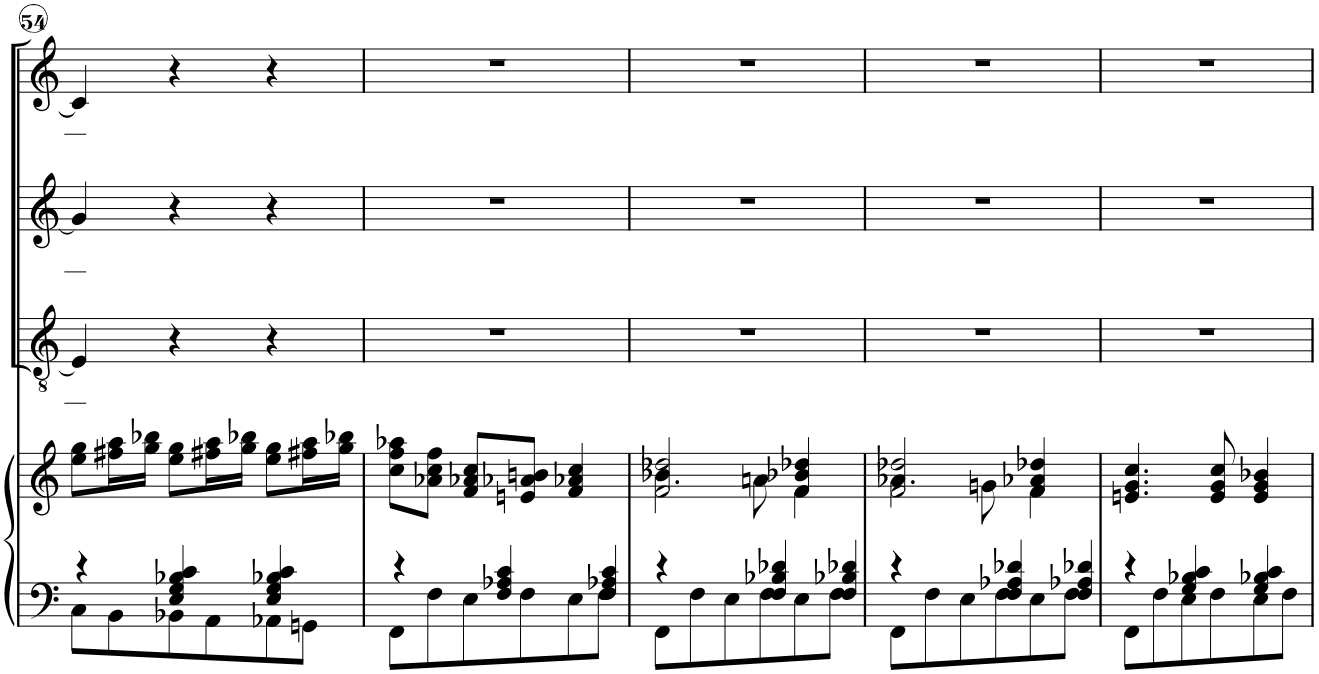

37
Prog - ress marked by grow - ing glow-ing heaps of tox-ic
pow - er fail - ure in my heart, my heart
born a beep - er

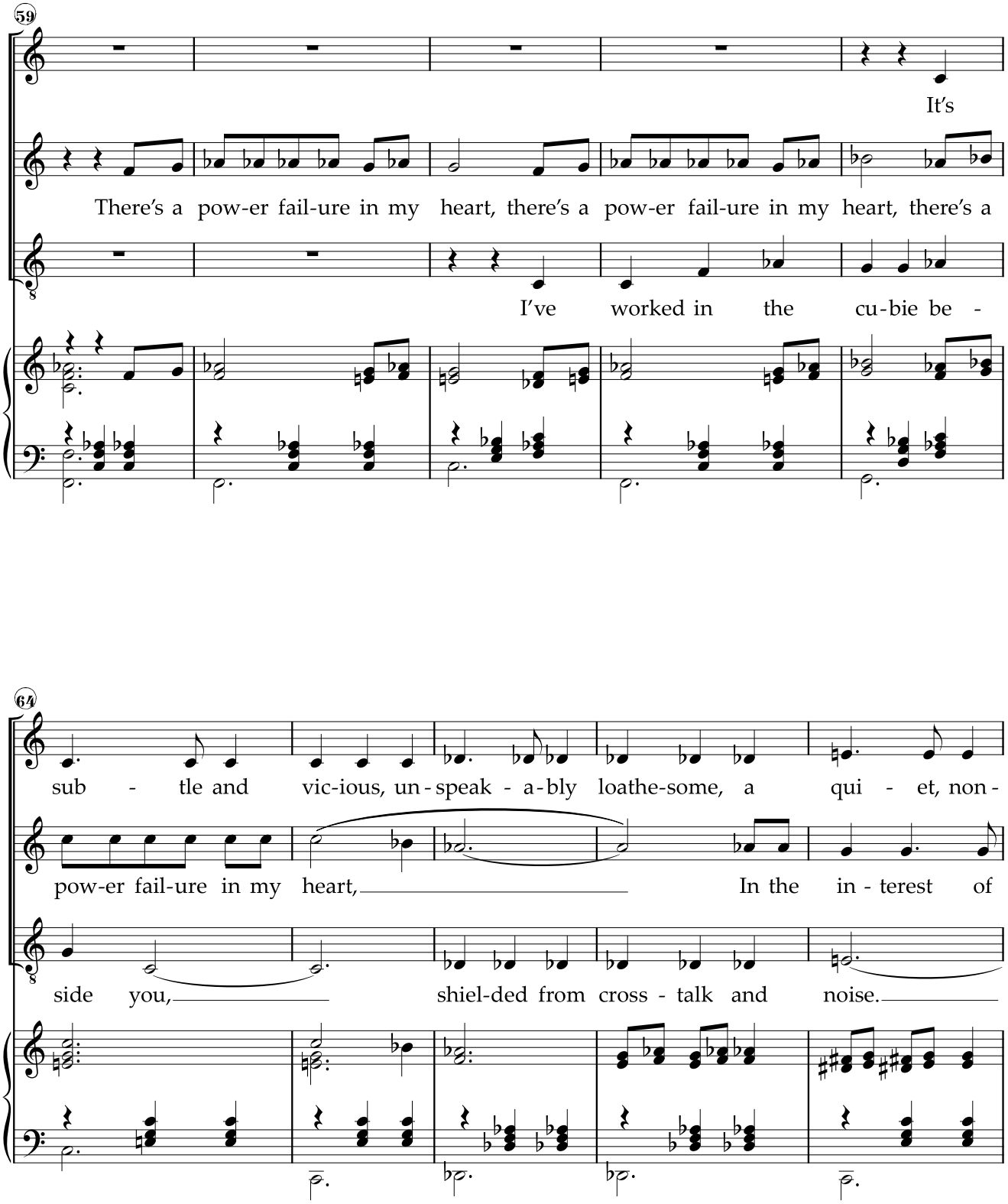

40
waste, a fes - ter - ing, harsh leg - a - cy for
the ser - i - ous, calm, sta - ble

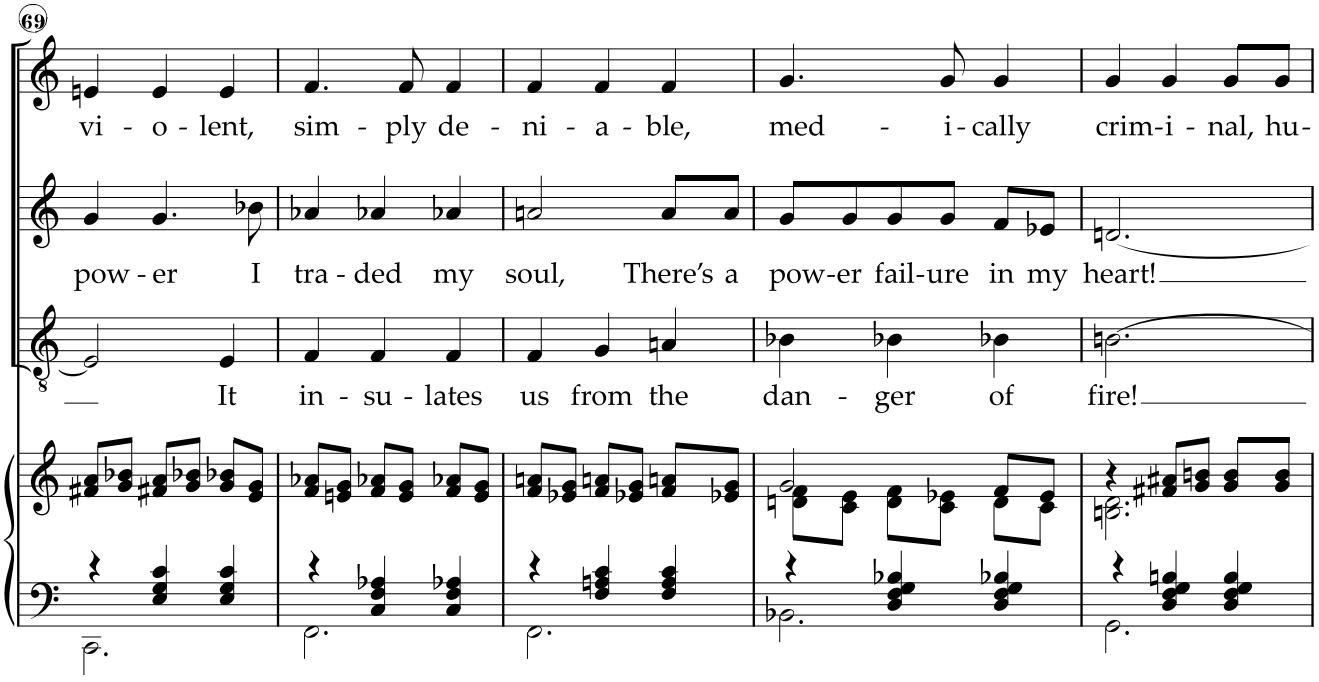

43
fu - ture fair sweet daugh - ters, to
There's a
type.
I

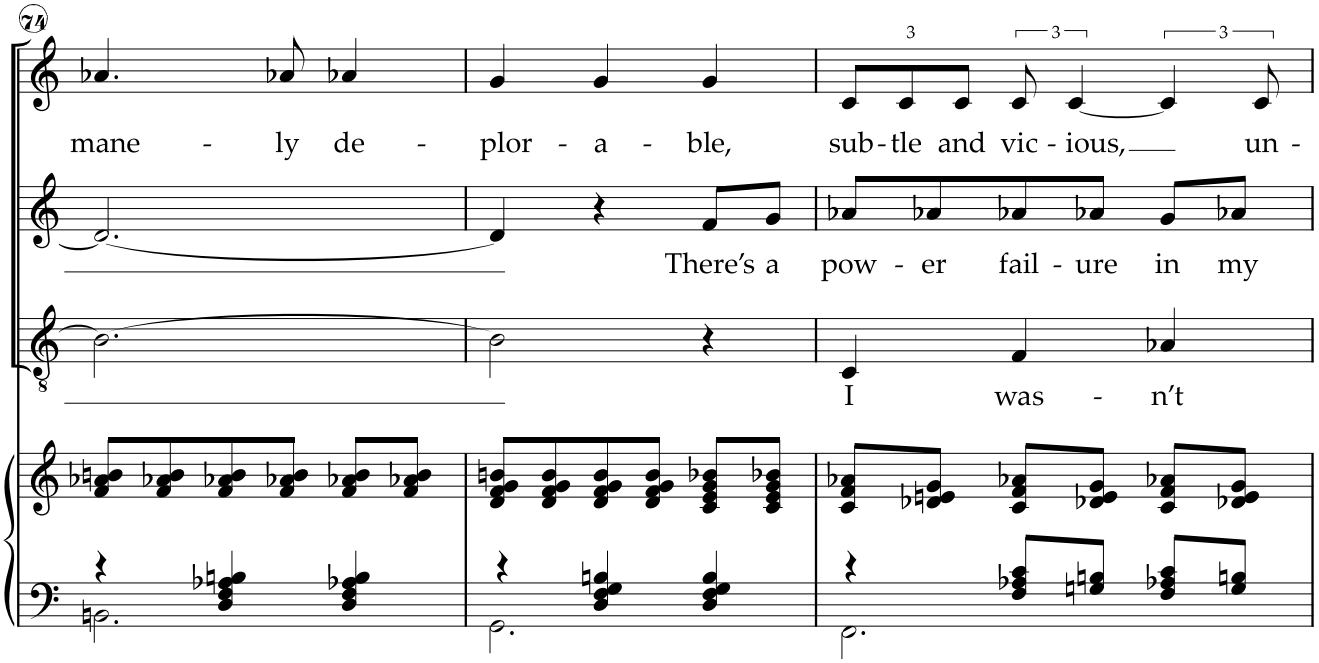

46
weep and wail for us, for them for
pow-er fail-ure in my heart, my friend.
thought of my - self as a mov - er , a

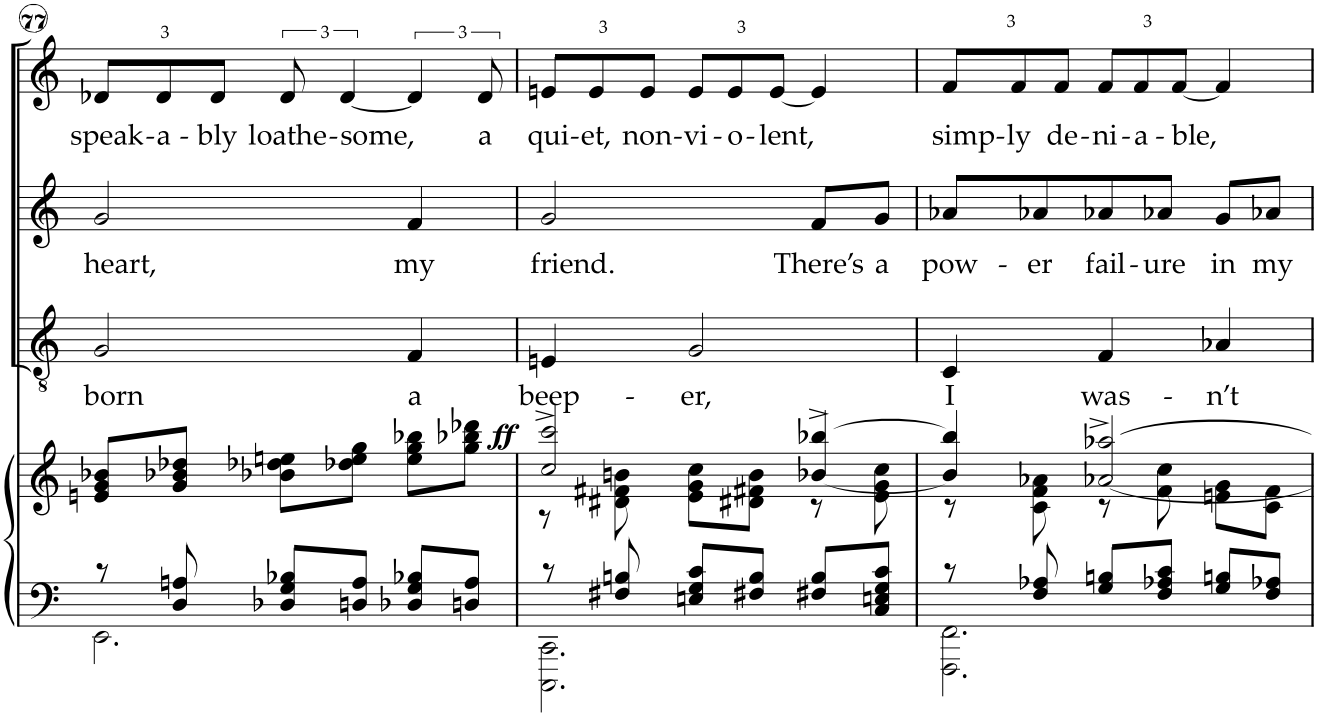

50
what has not been faced.
There's a pow-er fail-ure in my heart.
soul of ad - ven - tur - ous stripe.

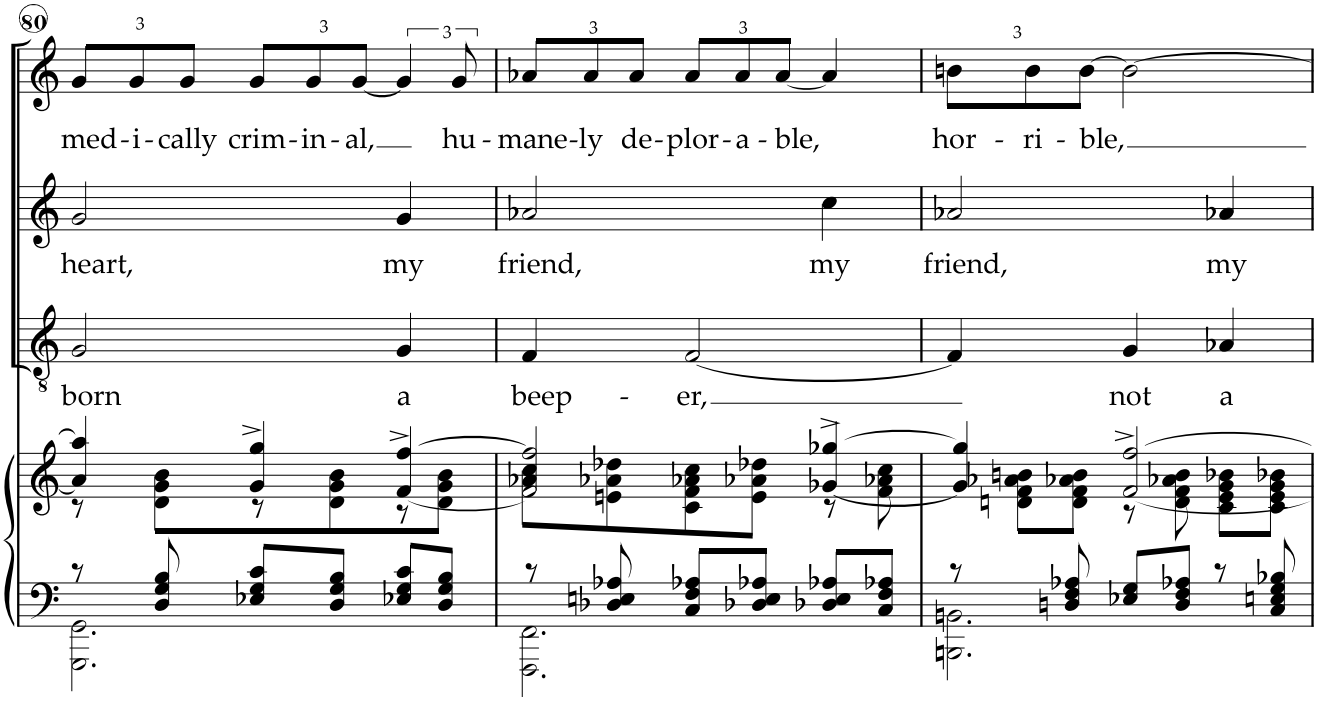

54

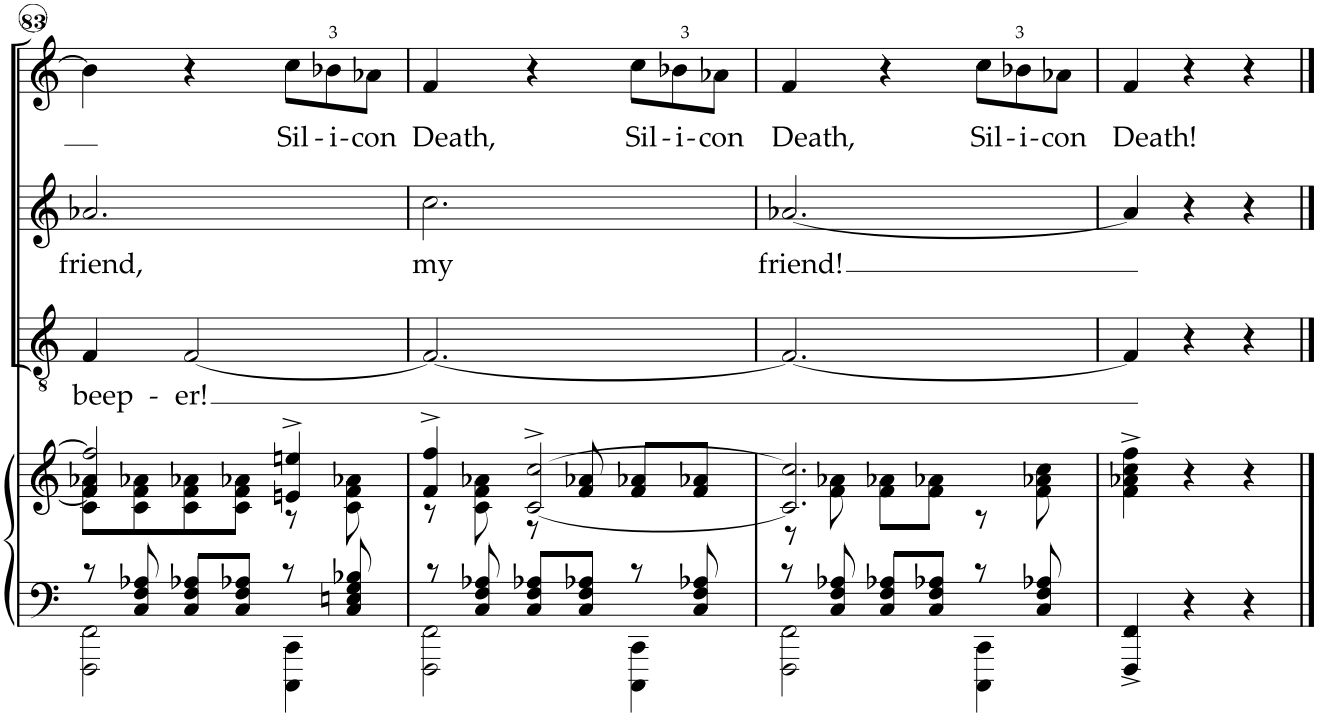

59
It's
There's a pow-er fail-ure in my heart, there's a pow-er fail-ure in my heart, there's a
I've worked in the cu-bie be -
64
sub - tle and vic-ious, un-speak - a-bly loathe-some, a qui - et, non-
pow-er fail-ure in my heart, In the in - terest of
side you, shiel-ded from cross - talk and noise.


69
vi - o - lent, sim - ply de - ni - a - ble, med - i - cally crim-i - nal, hu-
pow - er I tra - ded my soul, There's a pow-er fail-ure in my heart!
It in - su - lates us from the dan - ger of fire!


74
mane - ly de - plor - a - ble, sub - tle and vic - ious, un -
There's a pow - er fail - ure in my
I was - n't


77
speak-a - bly loathe-some, a qui-et, non-vi - o - lent, simp-ly de-ni-a - ble,
heart, my friend. There's a pow - er fail - ure in my
born a beep - er, I was - n't
ff


80
med-i-cally crim-in-al, hu-mane-ly de-plor-a - ble, hor - ri - ble,
heart, my friend, my friend, my
born a beep - er, not a


83
Sil - i - con Death, Sil - i - con Death, Sil - i - con Death!
friend, my friend!
beep - er!

*Beepers: A Cautionary Cabaret*

At the dawn of the small computer age, we find three office workers at their jobs — all with their own struggles and doubts and longings.

Accused of being nerds, their lives and relationships are in flux.

We follow them through laments like *Biodegradable Interface*, *High-Tech Wreck*, and *Power Failure in my Heart* to tongue-twister patter songs full of puns like *Edible Bytes* and *They're An Infomaniac*.

With words and music by famed composer Dennis Bathory-Kitsz writing under his pseudonym Brady Kynans, *Beepers* is a tuneful cabaret full of earworms.

Even though *Beepers* was written in 1986, it has lessons as well as cautions for our own time.

ISBN 978-1-365-71606-5
90000
9 781365 716065