

TRACY - EDNA SIDE 1

TRACY/EDNA [WELCOME TO THE 60's]

(The TURNBLAD home. EDNA is frazzled from hours on the phone.)

EDNA

(into the phone)

Yes. Thank you so much!... I'm sure Tracy appreciates your vote for Miss Teenage Hairspray. Yes! And she loves you too. Very much. Whoever you are. Goodbye!

(SHE hangs up)

TRACY

(bursting in excitedly)

Mama, did you see, did you see me?

EDNA

Of course I did. It was on television. I had to. The phone's been ringing like we was a telethon.

TRACY

So you're not mad?

EDNA

Mad? How could I be mad? You're famous! If you'd only told me you was going to get on the show I never would have said you couldn't. Are you happy, hon?

TRACY

Yes, Mama. And I think I'm in love.

EDNA

I know. I've been following. But you and I are going to have to have a talk about crooners. We can learn a lot from the mistakes of Miss Debbie Reynolds.

(The telephone rings.)

'There it goes again.

TRACY

(answering the phone)

Hello? Yes, this is Tracy Turnblad. Hello, Mr. Pinky.

EDNA

(in an excited whisper)

Mr. Pinky? THE Mr. Pinky? As in "MR. PINKY'S HEFTY HIDEAWAY - QUALITY CLOTHES FOR QUANTITY GALs"? That Mr. Pinky?

EDNA SIDE 1

TRACY

You want to hire me as your exclusive spokesgirl! That's very flattering, but I'm afraid all business must go through my agent. It would be our pleasure. We'll be right over, Mr. Pinky. Goodbye.

(TRACY hangs up the phone.)

EDNA

An agent! I don't know any agents. How about a nice bail bondsman?

TRACY

Mother, I'm taking my new agent to the Hefty Hideaway and then out on the town.

EDNA

Who? Me? No! You need a top-shelf professional. Now who handled the Gabor sisters? Well, who didn't?

TRACY

Mama, there's a great big world out there I know nothing about. When things get rough, a girl needs her mother.

EDNA

Hun, I'll be right beside you, if that's what you want. And together we'll claw your way to the top. Only can't we do it over the phone. Oh, hon, I haven't been out of this apartment since Mamie Eisenhower rolled her hose and bobbed her bangs.

(TRACY & EDNA hit the streets of Baltimore for a fashion and hair make-over.)

Good Morning Baltimore

TRACY SIDES

Kbd. 1/Cond.
91

92

Oh, oh, oh don't make me wait one more

Stgs, K2

Hns, K3

D/A A Bm7/A A D/A A D/A

93 94

mo - ment for my life to start.

mo - ment for my life to start good morn - ing

Hns, K2, K3

Stgs, K2
D scale

G D/G Em/G G Em7 Em9 A7sus4 D/A A7

w/Bari
w/Timp

w/Drums

V.S.

TRACY SIDES

Kbd. I/Cond.

14. GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

85 96 97

I love you
good morn - ing wait - ing for my life to start I love you

Stgs, K2

D/A A7 Bb7sus4 Bb

(sustain)

w/Bs (loco)

98 89 100 101

Bal - ti-more Ev - 'ry day's like an o - pen door ev - 'ry night is a
Bal - ti-more Ah

Stgs, K2

Hns

w/K3 +8va

Ab2 Ab

Bs (8vb)
w/Bari, Timp

TRACY SIDES

Kbd. 1/Cond.

15. GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

102 103 3 3 104 105

fan - ta - sy ev - 'ry sound's like a sym - pho - ny and I pro - mise

fan - ta - sy I pro - mise

E♭sus4 E♭ E♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭7

+Dr fill

106 107 3 3 108 3 109 3 3

Bal - ti - more That some-day when I take to the floor the world's gon-na wake up... and—

Bal - ti - more take to the floor wah

E♭² E♭ E♭/D♭ Ab/C Abm/C♭

V.S.

TRACY SIDES

Kbd. 1/Cond.

16. GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

110 111 3 3 112 113 3

see Gon-na wake up and see Bal-ti-more and

See ee Gon-na wake up and see

Stgs, K2
Hns

+8va

Eb/Bb Am7(b5) Ab/Bb Bb Ab/Bb Bb

w/Timp

114 115 3 116

me Bal-ti-more and me

yes more or less we all a-gree some-day the world is gon-na

K3 +Stgs, K2

Hns, K3

Eb Ebsus4 Eb Eb2 Bb Ab Eb/Bb Eb Ebsus4 Eb Eb2

TRACY SIDES

Kbd. 1/Cond.

17. GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

117 **Ritard** 3 118 119

Bal - ti - more and me

see and me

Tutti +Tenor solo

Bb Ab Eb/Bb Eb

w/Bari

FINE

TRACY/SEAWEED
[SPECIAL ED]

(Lights up on TRACY in SPECIAL ED. Around HER are SEAWEED, LORRAINE, GILBERT, NATALIE, and DUANE at their desks. GILBERT is chasing NATALIE around the room. TRACY enters from behind blackboard.)

TRACY

Special Ed! Is there no pity for a teen just trying to fit in?

SEAWEED

Maybe you oughtn't try so hard?

TRACY

Excuse me. You get in as much trouble as I do. And I've never seen you complain.

SEAWEED

Oh but I do. This is my way of complaining.

*(SEAWEED turns on a small transistor radio.
MUSIC starts and he does a soulful little dance.)*

TRACY

Hey, that move's swift.

SEAWEED

(another step)

Here's a little somethin-somethin signified to say, "Hello, my name's Sea-weed-J-Stubbs. What's yours baby?"

TRACY

That's unbelievable. Can I do that?

SEAWEED

I don't know. Can you?

(TRACY & SEAWEED dance together.)

TRACY

Hello. My name is Tracy Turnblad.

GILBERT

Not bad for a white girl.

SEAWEED

Ain't no black and white up in here. Special Ed. is a rainbow experience.
(SEAWEED does another step)

TRACY

What's that step?

SEAWEED

Oh, this? I call this "Peyton Place After Midnight." I use it to attract the opposite sex.
(TRACY jumps in with HIM)
Fearless, girl. You really got it going on.

TRACY

Oh, my God! I just realized who you are. You dance on Negro Day.

LORRAINE

Of course he does. His mom hosts the show.

TRACY

Your mom is Motormouth Maybelle, the DJ? That makes you like royalty! Negro Day is the best. I wish every day was Negro Day.

SEAWEED

At our house it is.

TRACY

Corny Collins is hosting the sophomore hop tomorrow night. If he saw me dancing like this with you, maybe he'd put me on his show.

GILBERT

If you two danced together in public the only show you'll get on is the eleven o'clock news.

SEAWEED

So, how do you feel about Special Ed now?

TRACY

I'm a bad, bad girl, who needs to be punished.
(The school bell rings.)

LINK/TRACY
[JAIL SCENE]

(TRACY'S jail cell. Late at night. LINK slips in stealthily.)

LINK

Tracy? Tracy? Where are you? It's me. Link Larkin. From the show.

TRACY

Link! Over here!

LINK

Shhh! The guard's asleep. Oh, Tracy, seeing you dragged off to jail brought me back to my senses. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sing. I couldn't even concentrate.

TRACY

You couldn't eat?

LINK

No. So I told Mrs. Von Tussle I was through with the Miss Hairspray broadcast. She didn't care. Because it's Amber the talents scouts are coming to see, not me. I feel like such an idiot.

TRACY

That makes two of us.

LINK

(suddenly romantic)

I know a palooka like me isn't worthy of a ground breaking extremist like you, but...

(HE produces HIS ring)

...would you consider wearing my ring?

TRACY

Would I? Would I? It's beautiful.

TRACY (cont'd)

(SHE puts on the ring)

I have a good life: great parents, my own room, three sweaters, stacks of 45s. But you know what I've been missing, Link?

LINK

I think I do.

(THEY try to kiss)

They can keep us from kissing, but they can't stop us from singing.