

(VELMA)

GOD, I KNEW NEGRO DAY
WOULD BRING CHAOS AND CHANGE
NOW HE'S PUSHING THIS PINKO
WHO MIGHT GIVE US ALL MANGE

SHE'S A BLEMISH, A BLACKHEAD
THAT MUST BE EXPELLED
THERE'S A STANDARD OF BEAUTY
THAT MUST BE UPHELD

YOU CAN SAY I'M A BIGOT
BUT IT JUST ISN'T TRUE
LOOK, I LOVE SAMMY DAVIS
AND HE'S BLACK AND A JEW!

BUT THEY BETTER GET SET
FOR A FULL OUT ASSAULT
THEY SHOULD NEVER HAVE BOILED
MISS BALTIMORE CRABS

(End of song. End of Scene Six.)

START SCENE SEVEN - WELCOME TO THE SIXTIES

(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!

(the phone rings again)

This is crazy.

(answering)

Hello? What am I wearing? A housedress, scuffies, and supp hose. What are you wearing? Hello? Hello?

(puzzled, 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. To think, a beloved TV icon the fruit of my womb.

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. But sit....tell me, is fame everything you thought it would be? Are you happy, honey?

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.)

And 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?

TRACY

You want to hire me as your exclusive spokesgirl and fashion effigy?

(to EDNA)

What's an effigy?

(back on the phone)

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, put that thing down. I'm taking my new agent to the Hefty Hideaway and then out on the town.