

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.)

EDNA/WILBUR
[YOU'RE TIMELESS TO ME]

(WILBUR & EDNA are at home later that day. WILBUR is busily working on a jumbo hairspray can model. EDNA is on the phone.)

EDNA

Hello? Yes, Mr. Pinky Yes, I saw the headlines. I don't know why they had to put Tracy in solitary confinement. She's the only one in there. Of course, I understand you have an empire to protect. But Mr. Pinky, she's just a little girl and little girls make mistakes. If they didn't - where would other little girls come from? It is too bad. Goodbye, Mr. Pinky.

(SHE hangs up and bursts into hysterics.)

Oh, Wilbur, this is a real Mydol moment! Mr. Pinky just called Tracy jailbait and me..... a liberal.

WILBUR

You can't worry about people calling you names. You know how many times. I've been called crazy? But I say, "Yeah crazy. Crazy like a loon." Anyway, I got just what Tracy needs here; stand back.

(HE pushes the aerosol can top — it explodes)

What'd'ya think? Isn't it a doozy?

EDNA

Impressive. But how's that little thing gonna help our Tracy?

WILBUR

You'll be surprised.

EDNA

Oh, sure! You're a visionary inventor saving the day. Tracy's a teen idol reshaping the world. And what am I? I had a dream too, you know. I use to make all my own clothes, remember? Until I wandered beyond the boundaries of the largest McCall's pattern. But I always dreamed that one day I would put out my own line of queen-sized dress patterns.

WILBUR

You were good, Edna.

EDNA

Yeah? And where's it gotten me? Twenty years later I'm still washing and mending and ironing everyone else's clothing

EDNA SIDE 2

WILBUR

One day, Edna..

EDNA

No day, Wilbur. My time's come and gone. I'm a worn out pair of bobby sox, and the elastic's all stretched. Oh, Wilbur, I suddenly feel so old.

WILBUR

Nonsense, doll. You're as spry as a slinky. Whenever I'm near you it's like grabbing hold of a giant joy buzzer.