

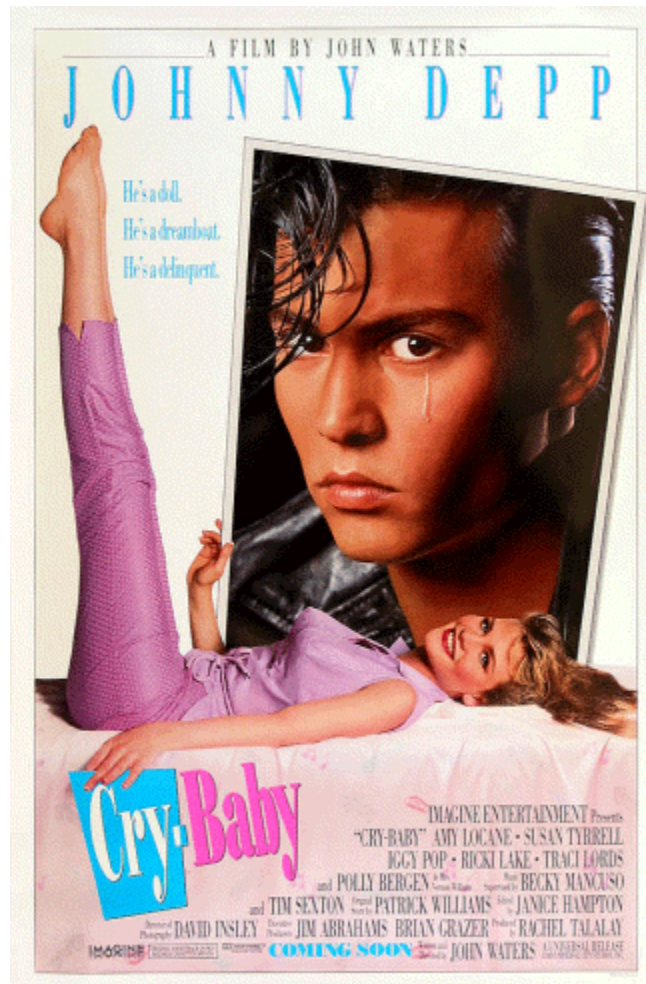
CRY-BABY -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

written and directed by John Waters

Starring Johnny Depp, Amy Locane, Susan Tyrrell, Polly Bergen, Iggy Pop, Rikki Lake, Traci Lords, Kim McGuire, Darren E. Burrows, Stephen Mailer, Kim Webb, Alan J. Wendl, Troy Donahue, Mink Stole and Joe Dallesandro

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[transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]

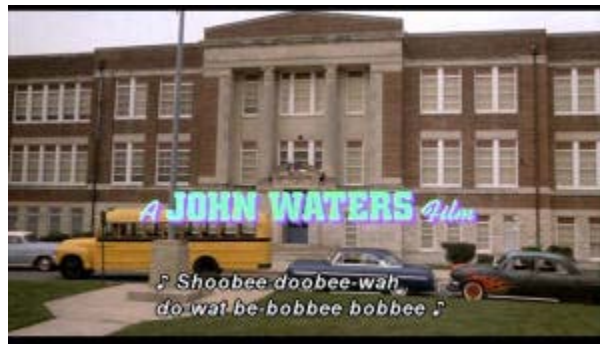
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

[Cry Baby, by Honey Sisters playing] Do-wat-a-do-wat a-do-wat-a-do-wat do-wat

UNIVERSAL, AN MCA COMPANY

[Song playing] Do-wat-a-do-wat a-do-wat-a-do-wat do-wat

IMAGINE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS



[Song playing] Shoobee doobee-wah do-wat be-bobbee bobbie

A JOHN WATERS FILM



[Song playing] Shoobee doobee-wah do-wat be-bobbee bobbie

Cry baby, cry baby, cry baby

My cry baby uh-oh



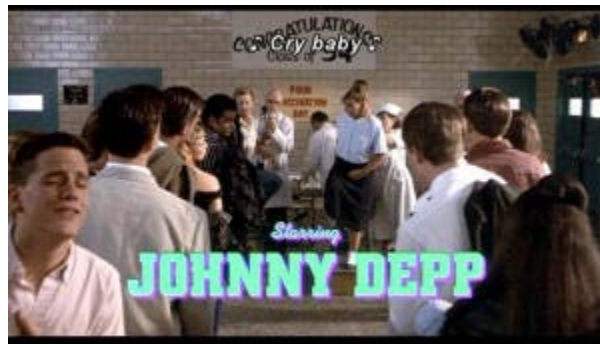
is such a cry baby

is such a cry baby

CRY-BABY

[Song playing] Cryin' all the time

Cry baby



Starring JOHNNY DEPP

[Song playing] My cry baby, uh-oh

AMY LOCANE

[Song playing] is such a cry baby

Uh-oh

Is such a cry baby

Cryin' all the time



SUSAN TYRRELL

[Song playing] All the time



*Oh, when the raindrops start to fall
Tears fall from my eyes*



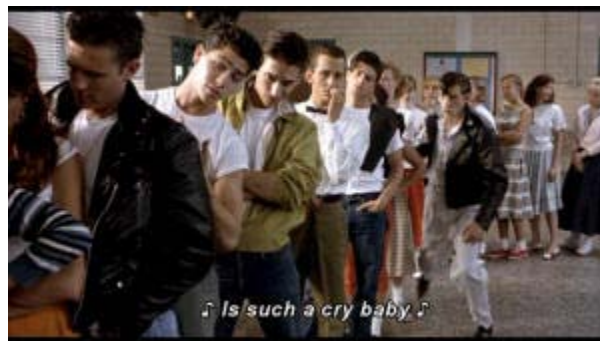
Then my heart starts to call



Don't you realize?



*Oh, realize
My cry baby, uh-oh*



*Is such a cry baby
Uh-oh
Is such a cry baby*



IGGY POP

[Song playing] Cryin' all the time



RICKI LAKE

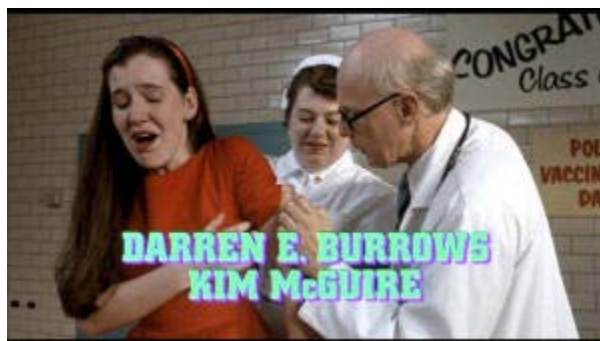




TRACI LORDS



STEPHEN MAILER



DARREN E. BURROWS

KIM MCGUIRE



[Song playing] *Oh, when a bad boy looks at me*
and POLLY BERGEN as Mrs. Vernon-Williams





[Song playing] Everybody knows



Ooh, ouch, my blood turns hot



Featuring PATRICIA HEARST
DAVID NELSON

*[Song playing] Right down to my toes
A-to my toes*

*Do-wat a-do wat a-do wat a-do-wat do-wat
Do-wat a-do-wat a-do-wat a-do-wat do-wat*



TROY DONAHUE

MINK STOLE



*[Song playing] Shoobee doobee-wah do-wat be-bobbee bobbee
Shoobee doobee-wah do-wat-be-bobbee bobbee*

JOE DALLESSANDRO

JOEY HEATHERTON





and WILLEM DAFOE

*[Song playing] Cry baby, cry baby, cry baby
My cry baby, uh-oh
is such a cry baby*



Casting by: PAULA HEROLD, PAT MORAN



*[Song playing] Uh-oh
Is such a cry baby
Cryin' all the time*



*All the time
Oh, when they tell me he's no good*



Music Supervised by: BECKY MANCUSO, TIM SEXTON

[Song playing] Oh, what do they know?



Music Score Composed by PATRICK WILLIAMS

[Song playing] What's bad to them is good to me



Choreographed by LORI EASTSIDE

*[Song playing] He sure makes me glow
He makes me glow*



Hair Design by CHRISTINE MASON

[Song playing] My cry baby, uh-oh



*Is such a cry baby
Uh-oh
Is such a cry baby*



Wardrobe and Makeup Design by VAN SMITH

[Song playing] Cryin' all the time



Unit Production Manager KAREN KOCH
First Additional Director MARY ELLEN WOODS
Second Assistant Director JEFFREY WETZEL





Production Designed by VINCENT PERANIO



Edited by JANICE HAMPTON
Director of Photography DAVID INSLEY





Executive Producers: JIM ABRAHAMS, BRIAN GRAZER



*[Song playing] When the raindrops start to fall
Tears fall from my eyes
Then my heart starts to call*



Don't you realize?



Oh, realize



Producer RACHEL TALALAY

*[Song playing] My cry baby, uh-oh
Is such a cry baby
Uh-oh*



Written and Directed by JOHN WATERS



*[Song playing] Cryin' all the time
Time
You big old cry baby*



[alarm ringing]

[MR. MALNOROWSKI] Get your cigarettes. Penny a piece.
Six for a nickel.



[MRS. MALNOROWSKI] Ah, you owe me from yesterday, young man.



[YOUNG MAN] Please, look, look, I'll pay you tomorrow.

[MRS. MALNOROWSKI] Wouldn't you like to have one?

[YOUNG MAN] Oh, come on, just a drag.

[MRS. MALNOROWSKI] [snickering]

[YOUNG MAN] Just a drag!



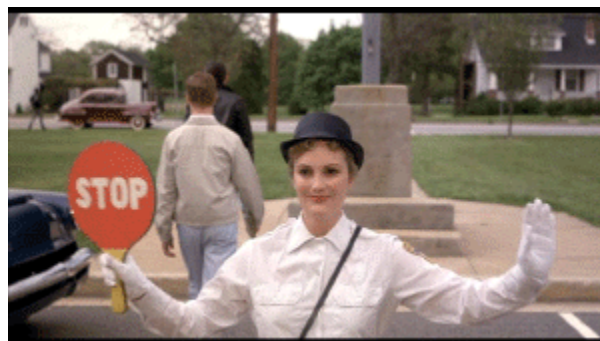
[MRS. MALNOROWSKI] No cash, no tobacco. Go on, scam.
Hey, Mona!



Get over here and help your poor mother.
[coughing]



[people chattering]





[MAGGIE]: Hi, kids.



Remember, always look both ways before crossing.



[WANDA] Mother!



[MAGGIE]: We're having your favorite supper tonight, Wanda.
Potatoes au gratin.



[DRAPES] Mmm.

[MAGGIE]: Now walk.
Look left, look right.



That's right, then walk. Good teenagers.



Are you gonna work this summer?



[music playing on car stereo]





[HECTOR] Wanda, honey.



You want a ride home with Dad?



[WANDA] I got a lift. Thanks, anyway.



[HECTOR] We could count out-of-state license plates.
I saw one this morning all the way up from Virginia.



[WANDA] Dad, would you just leave me alone?



[HECTOR] Bye, honey.

[Song playing] [Woman] O look, daddy, you're so cool



But I can't break my momma's rules



She would have to see what's in your family tree



Before she would let you come home just for me.

[Man] Oh, you thinking about marriage



[Woman] Now and then



[Man] Oh, you goin' pretty steady

[Woman] Now and then



[ALLISON] I am so tired of being good.



[Song playing] [Man] Well, I think I'm ready

*[Woman] This is what you need
Do you have plenty money?*

[Man] Yes, I do

[Woman] Tell me, is it all in cash?



[Man] Just for you



[Woman] Will you give me all your lovin'?

[Man] If you're true

[Woman] Then I will love you long as well



[ALLISON] Hi.



[WADE] Well. Well.



You're a pretty little Square.
Want to hang out with us Drapes tonight?



[LENORA] [groaning]



[MRS. VERNON-WILLIAMS] Allison Vernon-Williams, get in this car.



[BALDWIN] What's the trouble, honey?
These hoodlums bothering you?



[ALLISON] No, no, we were just talking.



Grandmother, Baldwin, this is Wade Walker.





[WADE] They call me Cry-Baby.
This here is my sister, Pepper.



[PEPPER] Greetings, Granny-o.



[BALDWIN] Allison's my girl, so hands off, Cry-Baby.

[WADE] You could have fooled me, Square.



Mrs. Vernon-Williams, I hear you're having a talent show
out at your charm school today.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] I can barely imagine what you would call music.



[WADE] I can sing pretty good.

[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] "Well," not "good."



Haven't you ever heard of the English language?



[PEPPER] Don't go flip out, mama.

[HATCHET-FACE] Yeah. Sometimes shook-up old ladies



get cut.



[BALDWIN] Come on, honey.



They're just bums.



[WANDA] Mr. Puniverse wants a fat lip.



[ALLISON] I'd like to hear you sing.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] I will say this once and once only.



Stay away from my granddaughter,
you common juvenile delinquents.



[ALLISON] It was nice talking to you all.



[Song playing] [Woman] *Just you and me*

[Man] *Go see our father*



[Woman] Just you and me



[Man] Tell our sisters and our brothers

[Woman] Just you and me

[WADE] Let's go.



[all cheering]



[Song playing] [Man] That you're going to marry me



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] The prettiest and most talented girl in school
and yet she socializes with Drapes.



[BALDWIN] We're Squares, Allison, and Squares got to stick together.



[ALLISON] Yeah, but Drapes are people, too.
They just look different.
Maybe Cry-Baby can sing.



Something cool, something hep.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] And where did you learn those vulgar jazz words?
Your poor dead parents would turn over in their graves.



[BALDWIN] It's those jukebox records she listens to.



Honey, his kind of music isn't even on the Hit Parade.



[ALLISON] How can I think when you're always touching me?

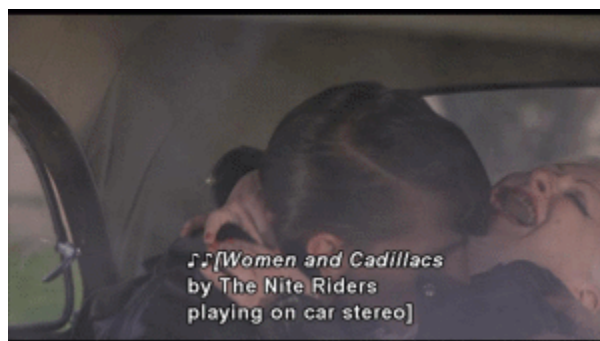
[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] I have told you, Baldwin,



a young lady does not like to be pawed.



[HATCHET-FACE] [laughing]



[Women and Cadillacs by The Nite Riders playing on car stereo]



*The woman want a Cadillac,
she don't want no man
I used to have a woman,
said she loved me so
I used to have a woman,
said she loved me so*

[PEPPER] I think Cry-Baby's got a girlfriend.

[MILTON] Cry-Baby and Allison sitting in a tree



K-I-S-S-I-N-G.



[WADE] Shut up, Milton.



[DRAPES] [laugh]



[WANDA] Hey, Hatchet-Face, you think Cry-Baby's got blue balls for the chick?



[HATCHET-FACE] Allison's a Square, Wanda. Cry-Baby don't dig Squares.



[PEPPER] No, she's a "Scrape." Part Square, part Drape.
I think she's pretty.



[WANDA] Cry-Baby, want some hooch?

[WADE] I don't drink and drive.



[tires screeching]



*[Song playing] Mess around with me
Turn back, baby
Mess around with me*





[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] You're too young to know the shameful truth
about the Walker boy's family.
But let me warn you,
evil is in his blood.



[car horn honking]





[Gee by The Crows playing] [Drapes singing] Love that girl



*Oh, please
Listen to me*

[BALDWIN] Move up, now.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] That's not funny.



[WADE] [singing] Why I love that girl



[DRAPES] [singing] Love that girl



*Hold me, baby, squeeze me
Never let me go
I'm not takin' chances*





[WADE] You're a dead man, Walker



[DRAPES] [singing] Oh, Gee,



Yes, I love her



[car horn honking]

[BALDWIN] Car! Car!



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] [screaming]





[tires screeching]



[car horns blaring]



[DRAPES] [whooping]





[music playing]

[people chattering]



[girls chattering]

[microphone squeaks]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the annual RSVP Talent Show.



[AUDIENCE] Good afternoon, Mrs. Vernon-Williams.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] First, I must apologize for my frazzled nerves.



However, this afternoon we were attacked by a gang of juvenile delinquents.



[ALL] [gasp]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] It's all right. No one was injured.



Juvenile delinquents are everywhere.



Right here in this community.
Boys with long hair and tattoos



who spit on the sidewalk.



[WOMAN 1] I can't believe it.

[WOMAN 2] How disgusting.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Girls who wear tight slacks.



Hysterectomy pants, I call them.

[ALL] [murmuring]

[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] And if one of these creatures
ever approach you on the street,
you are to silently repeat to yourself



the four "B's" you learned here at RSVP.
And what are they children, the four "B's"?

[ALL] Beauty, brains,



breeding, bounty!

[ALL] [applauding]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Yes! Yes!



[TURKEY POINT SWIM CLUB]





[MR. HACKETT] Teenagers everywhere repent!
Let Jesus Christ be your gang leader!
Get out of Turkey Point before it's too late



[TOE-JOE] Oh, take it easy, honey.
 I'm not getting any younger here, you know.
 Oh!
 That is what I call a real great shape.
 Knockers up, sweetheart.



Oh! Here it is! Beautiful.
 All right, here you go, honey pot.
 Thanks for the picture.
 Mmm.
 All right, who's up?
 Toe-Joe Jackson's art photography right here!



Be a nudie-cutie, make good money to bootie.
 Hey, I'm paying \$3 a shot.



You got it, what the hell, why not show it, right?



Hey, you.
Yeah, you, the looker



with the class-A sealed-beam headlights.





You want to pose for Toe-Joe?



Beat it, creep.

[WANDA] Beat it, creep.



Here he comes now,
with that devil woman.

[MRS. HACKETT] Here he comes now, with that devil woman.



[HATCHET-FACE] Hi, Mrs. Hackett.

[MR. HACKETT] Imagine our shame.



Our only child, and he carries illegal weapons,



drives fast cars,
and wears clothes obviously designed by homosexuals.
But he knows better.
Jesus is still in his heart.



[MILTON] Jeez, Mom and Dad, go home.
You're embarrassing me.



I'm a teenager. I want to live.



[music playing]









[LENORA] Hey!



[MILTON] Looks like somebody lost their laundry.

[LENORA] Hello, Cry-Baby.



You scorch me, man.



[WADE] Later, Lenora.



[LENORA] But, Cry-Baby, I need a date for tonight's Jukebox Jamboree.



[WADE] Well, I'm solo, sugar.



[LENORA] Want to see these gunboats? I give, Cry-Baby.
I give bare second on the first date.



[WADE] Use your mentality and cool down.



[WANDA] Well, Lenora, your bosoms ain't nothing.



[HATCHET-FACE] Better watch it, bozo. You might catch a cold.



[PEPPER] My brother wouldn't touch your titties with a 10-foot pole.
He likes his women bad, Lenora, not cheap.

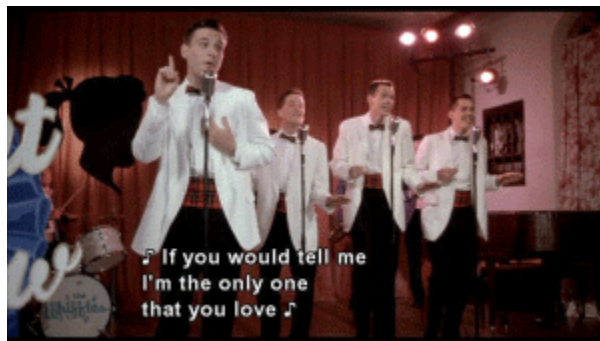




[Sh Boom Playing] [BALDWIN] [scatting] Oh, life could be a dream



If I could take you up in paradise up above



If you would tell me I'm the only one that you love



[GIRLS] [chattering]

[BALDWIN & GANG] [Scatting] Life could be a dream sweetheart



Hello hello again, sh-boom, and hopin' we'll meet again



Oh, life could be a dream



*If only all my precious plans
Would come true*



*If you would let me spend my whole life lovin' you
Life could be a dream*



Sweetheart



*Sh-boom sh-boom
a-da-da Da-da-da Da-da-da Da
Sh-boom sh-boom*

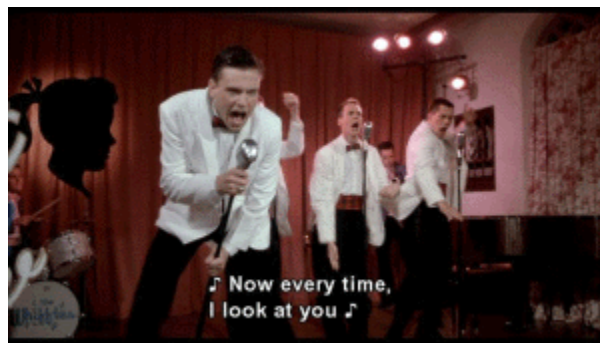


*Ya-da-da Da-da-da Da-da-da Da
Sh-boom sh-boom*



Ya-da-da Da-da-da Da-da-da Da, sh-boom

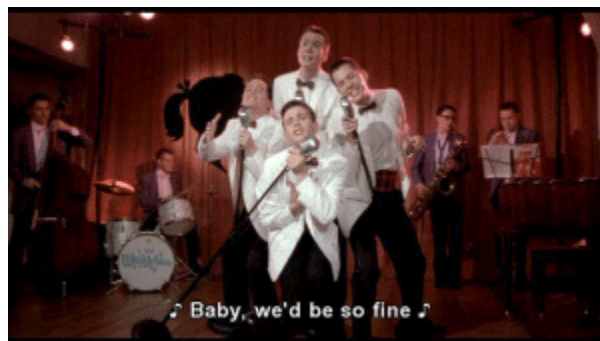
[GIRLS] [squealing]



*[BALDWIN & GANG] [Scatting] Now every time I look at you
Something is on my mind*



If you do what I want you to do



Baby, we'd be so fine



Oh, life could be a dream



*If I could take you up in paradise up above
If you would tell me I'm the only one that you love
Life could be a dream, sweetheart*



*Hello hello again, sh-boom and hopin' we'll meet again
Hello hello again, sh-boom and hopin' we'll meet again*



Sh-boom sh-boom



Life could be a dream sweetheart



[ALL] [applauding]





Like the Bonesmen of Yale, the Nazi SS recruited its members from the upper echelons of society, i.e. the blue bloods, bankers, and aristocrats. As detailed in Heinz Hohn's, *The Order of the Death's Head*, "the first arrivals were from the aristocracy. Even before the Nazi seizure of power certain great names had been added to the SS list" including Grand Dukes, Counts, and Princes. However, "in spring 1933 came a further infusion of blue blood. Many of the senior SS posts were occupied by the nobility ... and the ruling class elite. The primary requirements in the SS, were money and officer material, and they could come only from one source -- the old-established ruling class elite -- the nobility, the world of commerce and the financiers ... Germany's captains of industry."

-- AMERICA BETRAYED: BUSH, BIN LADEN & 9-11, by Rhawn Joseph, Ph.D.

We estimate that at any one time only about one-quarter of the membership is active. Even the active quarter is not always effective or successful. It's instructive to compare 1833 with 1983 and how, over the century and a half span, a group of 20-30 families has emerged to dominate The Order.

The very first name on the very first membership list, Samuel Henshaw Bates, was a private in the Union Army, went west to farm in Santa Rosa, California, at that time very much in the boondocks, and died in 1879. A life not different to millions of other Americans.

In fact, out of the first 15 members (actually 14 plus the anonymous member), achievements were not much greater than we would expect from the cream of a Yale "class". Rufus Hart spent several years in the Ohio Senate, Asahel Hooker Lewis was in the Ohio Legislature for a couple of years, Samuel Marshall was an Illinois State Legislator for a while, and Frederick Mather was in the New York Legislature. Other members, apart from the two founders of The Order, did nothing much with their lives or for The Order.

By contrast, the two founding members, William Huntington Russell and Alphonso Taft, went far. William Russell was a member of the Connecticut State Legislature in 1846-47, a General in the Connecticut National Guard from 1862-70, and founded the Collegiate and Commercial Institute in New Haven, Connecticut. Alphonso Taft went further: he was Secretary of War in 1876 -- the first of several members of The Order to hold this post down into the 1950s. Taft became U.S. Attorney General in 1876-7, then U.S. Minister to Austria in 1882-4, and finally U.S. Ambassador to Russia in 1884-5.

During the 150-year interval since 1833, active membership has evolved into a core group of perhaps 20-30 families; it seems that active members have enough influence to push their sons and relatives into The Order, and there is significant intermarriage among the families. These families fall into two major groups.

First we find old line American families who arrived on the East coast in the 1600s, e.g., Whitney, Lord, Phelps, Wadsworth, Allen, Bundy, Adams and so on.

Second, we find families who acquired wealth in the last 100 years, sent their sons to Yale and in time became almost old line families, e.g., Harriman, Rockefeller, Payne, Davison.

Some families, like the Whitneys, were Connecticut Yankees and acquired wealth in the nineteenth century.

In the last 150 years a few families in The Order have gained enormous influence in society and the world.

One example is the Lord family. Two branches of this family date from the 1630s: Those descended from Nathan Lord and those from Thomas Lord. Other Lords arrived in the U.S. over the years but do not enter our discussion. Of these two main branches, only the Thomas Lord group appears to have contributed members to The Order. Their ancestry traces to Thomas Lord, who left Essex, England in 1635 in a company led by Rev. Thomas Hooker, and settled in what is now Hartford, Connecticut. In fact, part of Hartford is still known as Lord's Hill. The line of descent for this Lord family is full of DeForest and Lockwood names because intermarriage is more than common among these elite families.

-- AMERICA'S SECRET ESTABLISHMENT -- AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ORDER OF SKULL AND BONES, by Antony C. Sutton



[WADE] Uncle Belvedere!



[BELVEDERE] Wow!
You caught me in my birthday suit,



butt-naked.



[PEPPER] Grandma, we're home!





How much?

[DUPREE] How much?

[RAMONA] That muffler?



Dupree, for you

Dupree, for you
\$15, take it or leave it.



Come on, Ramona.

[DUPREE] Come on, Ramona.

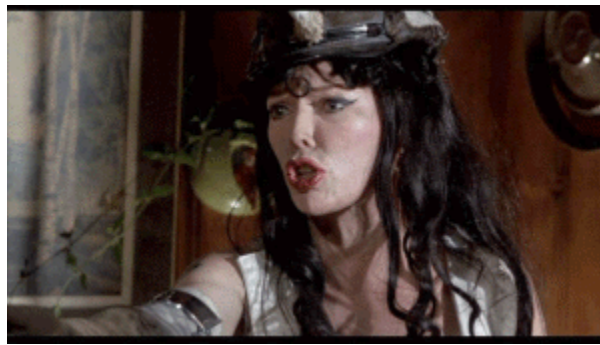


\$10. This thing's hotter than a pistol.



[RAMONA] You guys wanna do business with Ramona Rickettes
or would you rather shop at Sears?





Now, give me the bread and keep your trap shut.



You're a hard woman.

[DUPREE] You're a hard woman.



I'm going to see
you in hell, Dupree

[RAMONA] I'm going to see you in hell, Dupree.



[laughing] Go on, get out of here.



[KIDS] [chattering]



II. Samuel Prescott Bush (1863-1948: George W. Bush's great grandfather). Founder of the Buckeye Steel Castings Company in 1894, Remington Arms Company, and Chief of the Ordnance, Small Arms and Ammunition Section of the War Industries Board for World War I.

In 1918, just after the US entered World War I, Bush became chief of the Ordnance, Small Arms and Ammunition Section of the War Industries Board. In this capacity, he sold weapons made by manufacturers such as his own Remington Arms Company to 75% of the WWI combatants on both sides. Congressional committee hearings in 1934 by U.S. Senator Gerald Nye attacked Bush and other weapons salesmen as war profiteers and "Merchants of Death." Salesmen from these companies had helped to manipulate the nations into World War I and then made astronomical profits from the sales of the weapons, at the taxpayer's expense of course. In 1914, the German army under the Kaiser, armed mainly by Samuel Bush, was the largest and best armed in the world. After WWI, the German army was forced to disarm, but Bush was allowed to keep his many millions, and his arms business thrived. In 1944, Bush was awarded a huge government contract to make armor casings for WWII. Most of the records and correspondence of Samuel Bush's arms deals have been burned "to save space" in the National Archives. This pattern of the systematic deletion of large portions of the public records is typical of all the Bushes.

-- The Bush Crime Family: Four Generations of Wall Street War-Making and War-Profiteering, by Dr. Eric Karlstrom

[PEPPER] Have you been bothering your great-grandma all day?



She has customers.

[BELVEDERE] Hell, no. They helped me steal a car.

[SNARE-DRUM] It's a '51 Olds.



It's really cool.



[PEPPER] That's my little Snare-Drum.



[SUSIE Q] And Ma, I swiped six hubcaps like a big girl.

[PEPPER] Way to go, Susie-Q.

[SNARE DRUM] Make those monster faces, Hatchet. Please.



[HATCHET-FACE] [howling]



[KIDS] [screaming]



[No gophers were hurt making this movie]



[RAMONA] Goddamn gopher's digging up my front yard.



What are you teenagers waiting for?
Turkey Point is open for business!
Let's celebrate!



[DRAPES] [cheering]



[BELVEDERE] Come on. Come on, everybody. Come on in.



Today's a special day for me and your grandmother.
We've been together 10 whole years.

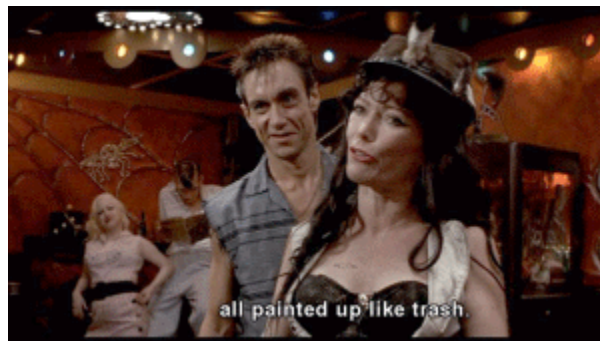
[DRAPES] [whooping]



[RAMONA] I'm just so proud of all my Drape children.



Oh, Wanda, you sure is pretty in them tight clothes



all painted up like trash.



[WANDA] I wish you and Belvedere were my parents.



[RAMONA] Oh.



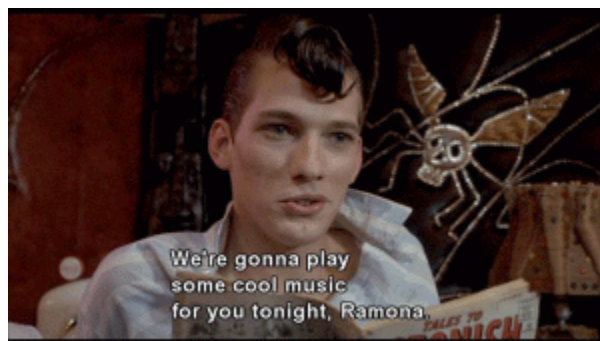
Now, Milton,



boy, you are everything a man should be.



You're young, stupid, and mean.



[MILTON] We're gonna play some cool music for you tonight, Ramona.



[RAMONA] And, Hatchet-Face. Oh, honey.



You're just like me.
Now, you put the "T" in "tough."



So hard, you could've been eating nails for breakfast.



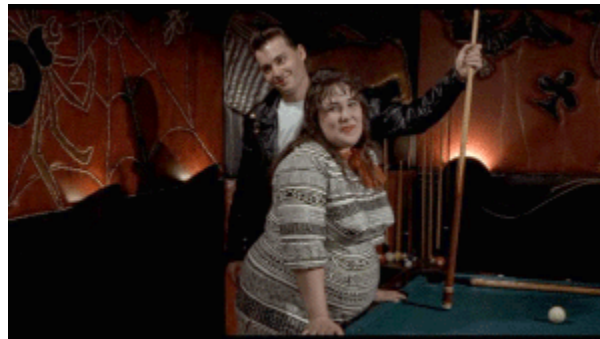
But that's the way a woman's got to be these days.



[HATCHET-FACE] I'd kick a Square's ass for you in a minute, Mrs. Rickettes.



[RAMONA] Oh, this is the best gang my grandson could ever have.



[PEPPER] Grandma, I'm so happy all knocked up
I wish I was having triplets.



[RAMONA] Well, we got a little surprise for your young one in your oven.



You show her, Bel.

[BELVEDERE] Sure will.





[WADE] Oh, Pep, ain't that cute?



[PEPPER] It's beautiful, Grandma.



[RAMONA] Cry-Baby.
When you was a boy, you had to be the man of this family.



[BELVEDERE] But I taught you how to dress, didn't I?

[WADE] You sure did, Uncle Belvedere.

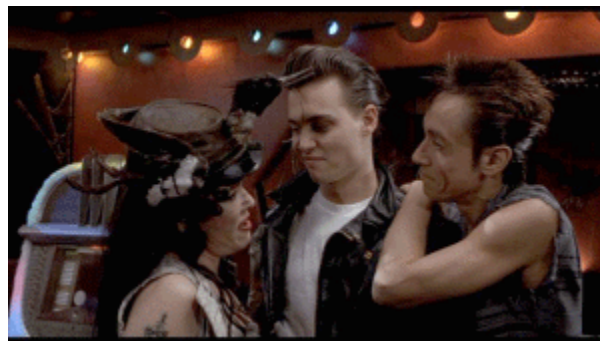
[RAMONA] Yeah, well, you're the future now, boy.



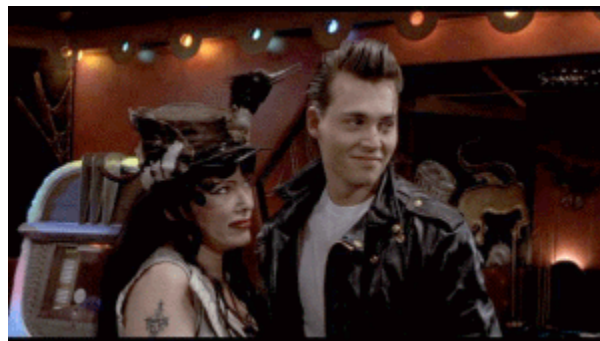
You're the only future for this godforsaken family.



And I want you to go out there tonight and sing, boy.
I want you to sing your heart out.



You can show him now, Belvedere.

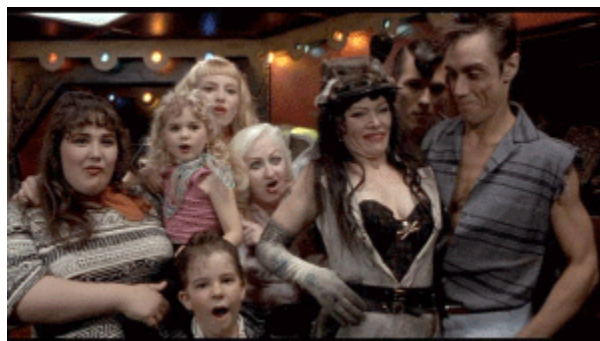




This took a lot of hubcaps, Cry-Baby.



[DRAPES] [gasping]
[cheering]





[WADE] Grandmother, Uncle Belvedere,



you've made me the happiest juvenile delinquent in Baltimore.
And guess what?

[motorcycle engine rumbling]



[WADE] I met a girl!





[A Teenage Prayer Playing] [ALLISON] [singing] My friends all know it



How I adore him



I've whispered to angels



What I'd do for him



He is the answer



To a teenage prayer





*He won't go steady
The crowd has told me
But I keep waiting*



*To have him hold me
Why won't you listen
To a teenage prayer*



I wait by the window at seven



and chill when my thrill passes by



His kiss could send me to heaven



Into his arms I would fly



[My Heart Goes by Nappy Brown playing] My heart goes



Piddily patter, patter piddily patter



Every time I look at you



*[ALLISON] [singing] My girlfriend, Betty
Tells me, he's lazy*



But I know Betty



*Loves him like crazy
He is the answer
To a teenage prayer
Yes, he's the answer*



[siren alarm blaring]





[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] All right, girls. What this is,
this is unfortunately a red alert.
So please take your duck and cover positions immediately.



It is only an air-raid drill.
There are no atom bombs actually being dropped.

[BALDWIN] You were incredible, honey.



Where did you learn to sing like that?

[ALLISON] Just practicing.



[BALDWIN] [kisses Allison]



[ALLISON] Baldwin.



[siren alarm recedes]





[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] All right, boys and girls.
[sighs] That's the all-clear signal.



You can come out now.



Everyone is safe and sound.



[motorcycle engine idling]



[SQUARES] [gasping]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Stay in your places.
Stay in your places.



[SQUARES] [chattering]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Get back to your room.



[BOY 1] Is he here? Is he here?

[BOY 2] I can't see anything.



That's him. Cry-Baby Walker.





[ALLISON] [sighing]



[WADE] I'm sorry about this afternoon, Mrs. Vernon-Williams.
Is Allison home?





'Cause, uh, I'm gonna sing tonight



and I thought she might like to hear me.



[BALDWIN] [throws wine in Wade's face]





[WADE] [groans]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] [to Baldwin] Mind your manners.



[BALDWIN] This is what we think of your kind of music.



[kicks Wade in the stomach]

[WADE] [grunting]



[ALLISON] How dare you hit him! You don't own me, Baldwin.



I have the right to hear Cry-Baby sing.



[BALDWIN] Don't get all worked up, honey.



The punk got what he deserved.



[WADE] [punches Baldwin back]



[all gasping]

[SQUARES] [gasping]



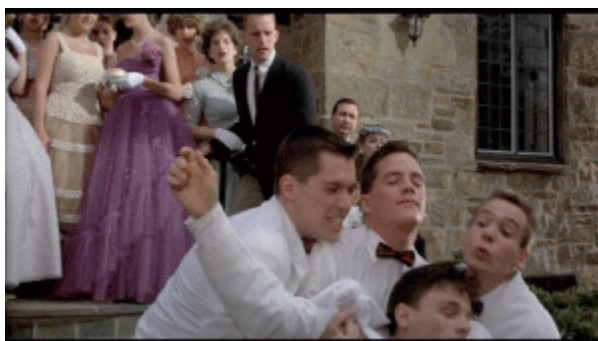
[WADE] Come on.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Allison.



[BOY] [To Baldwin] Get up. Go! Go! Go!



[WADE] Hop on, honey.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Just one minute, young lady --



[WADE] I'll take good care of her, Mrs. Vernon-Williams. I promise.



And it's okay about my face.



It don't hurt much.

[ALLISON] Please.



It's not a school night and I have been a good girl.



Just one night of happiness, that's all I ask.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] But what if you get your dress dirty?



[ALLISON] [sighs] Thank you, Grandmother.









[Pistol Packin' Mama by Al Dexter playing] Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I having fun



*Until one night she caught me right.
And now I'm on the run*



Lay that pistol down, babe



*Lay that pistol down
Pistol packin' mama*



Lay that pistol down





[Thunder clapping]

*[Song playing] Drinking beer in a cabaret
And dancing with a blonde*



*Until one night she caught me right
And now I'm on the run
Lay that pistol down, babe*





Lay that pistol down



*Pistol packin' mama
Lay that pistol down*



[BELVEDERE] [dancing]



[DRAPES] [cheering]





[Song playing] Pistol packin' mama



Lay that pistol down



[ALL] [cheering]



[I'm So Young by Students playing] I have a girlfriend



*She says I'm her only one
We want to get married*





*But we're so young
So young*



Can't marry no one





*But we know our
heart's direction*





So young



Can't marry no one



[WADE] You okay?



I didn't get no axle grease on you, did I?



[ALLISON] No. No. I'm fine.



[WADE] Been to Turkey Point before?

[ALLISON] My Grandmother wouldn't let me.
She calls it the Redneck Riviera.

[WADE] It's where I live. Beautiful, ain't it?



[ALLISON] It's really wild.



But I'm -- I'm afraid that I'm not going to fit in here.



You know, with your friends and stuff.



[WADE] You're cool, Allison. You just look Square.
Underneath it all, I think you're really hep.



[HATCHET-FACE] Well, what have we here?



[WANDA] First Square to ever set foot in Turkey Point.

[PEPPER] Hey, fine mama.



Welcome to the Jukebox Jamboree.





[WADE] These are the Cry-Baby girls. That's Wanda.



[WANDA] Dig it, babe. You need a new look.



[HATCHET-FACE] Don't you got tits?



Stick them out, for God's sake.



[WADE] That's Hatchet-Face. She don't mean no harm.



[PEPPER] First thing a Cry-Baby girl learns, our bazooms are our weapons.



[WADE] Now Pepper's pregnant. But she can fight like a man.



[WANDA] I wouldn't be caught dead in a full skirt.

[PEPPER] Hey, girls. What do you think?
Let's give Allison here a bad-girl beauty makeover.



Are you game?



[ALLISON] Sure.





Think I got what it takes?



[DRAPES] [whooping]

[WADE] You got it, Allison.



You got it raw.



[RAMONA] Hey, hey, hey!



Dig it, all you hep cats and cool chicks.



You know me. Ramona Rickettes!



[DRAPES] [applauding]

[RAMONA] Now let me introduce to you the Cry-Baby combo,
Milton, Pepper, Wanda, Hatchet-Face.



[DRAPES] [cheering]



[SNARE DRUM AND SUZIE-Q] Hi, Mom.



[band playing]



[RAMONA] And now, the baddest baby of them all,



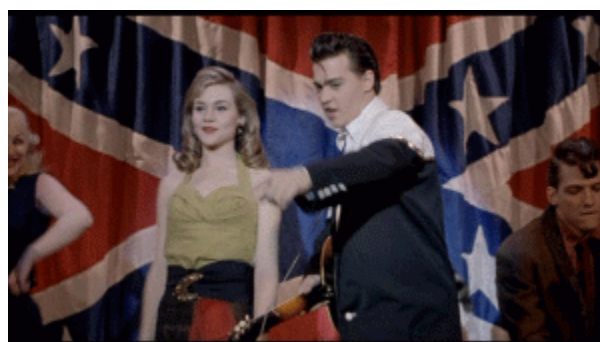
the man you came here for,
the big boo-hoo,



the terrible teardrop,
ladies and gentlemen, my grandson, Cry-Baby!



[DRAPES] [cheering]





[King Cry-Baby Playing] [WADE] [singing] Well, one for all and all for one





And all we want is to have some fun



But Squares beware of our property



Yeah, if you're lookin' to rumble, you're looking at me



'Cause I'm the king



[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[WADE] [singing] 'Cause I'm the king



[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[WADE] [singing] Yeah, I'm the king



[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[WADE] A king cry-baby with a tear in my eye

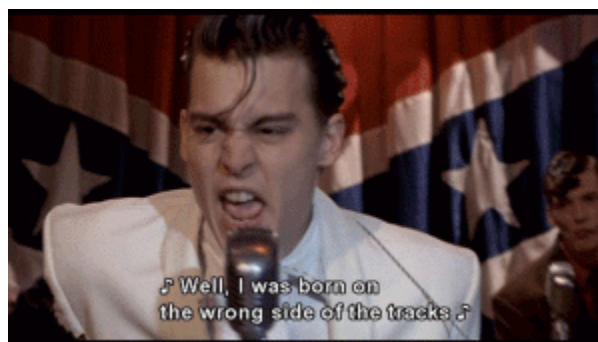


[DRAPES] [cheering]





*[WADE] [singing] Baby cry, baby cry
Oh baby cry, oh baby cry, oh baby cry, wow*



Well, I was born on the wrong side of the tracks

23. THE COMING REVOLT OF THE GUARDS

The title of this chapter is not a prediction, but a hope, which I will soon explain.

As for the subtitle of this book, it is not quite accurate; a "people's history" promises more than any one person can fulfill, and it is the most difficult kind of history to recapture. I call it that anyway because, with all its limitations, it is a history disrespectful of governments and respectful of people's movements of

resistance.

That makes it a biased account, one that leans in a certain direction. I am not troubled by that, because the mountain of history books under which we all stand leans so heavily in the other direction -- so tremblingly respectful of states and statesmen and so disrespectful, by inattention, to people's movements -- that we need some counterforce to avoid being crushed into submission.

All those histories of this country centered on the Founding Fathers and the Presidents weigh oppressively on the capacity of the ordinary citizen to act. They suggest that in times of crisis we must look to someone to save us: in the Revolutionary crisis, the Founding Fathers; in the slavery crisis, Lincoln; in the Depression, Roosevelt; in the Vietnam-Watergate crisis, Carter. And that between occasional crises everything is all right, and it is sufficient for us to be restored to that normal state. They teach us that the supreme act of citizenship is to choose among saviors, by going into a voting booth every four years to choose between two white and well-off Anglo-Saxon males of inoffensive personality and orthodox opinions.

The idea of saviors has been built into the entire culture, beyond politics. We have learned to look to stars, leaders, experts in every field, thus surrendering our own strength, demeaning our own ability, obliterating our own selves. But from time to time, Americans reject that idea and rebel.

These rebellions, so far, have been contained. The American system is the most ingenious system of control in world history. With a country so rich in natural resources, talent, and labor power the system can afford to distribute just enough wealth to just enough people to limit discontent to a troublesome minority. It is a country so powerful, so big, so pleasing to so many of its citizens that it can afford to give freedom of dissent to the small number who are not pleased.

There is no system of control with more openings, apertures, leeways, flexibilities, rewards for the chosen, winning tickets in lotteries. There is none that disperses its controls more complexly through the voting system, the work situation, the church, the family, the school, the mass media -- none more successful in mollifying opposition with reforms, isolating people from one another, creating patriotic loyalty.

One percent of the nation owns a third of the wealth. The rest of the wealth is distributed in such a way as to turn those in the 99 percent against one another: small property owners against the propertyless, black against white, native-born against foreign-born, intellectuals and professionals against the uneducated and unskilled. These groups have resented one another and warred against one another with such vehemence and violence as to obscure their common position as sharers of leftovers in a very wealthy country.

Against the reality of that desperate, bitter battle for resources made scarce by elite control, I am taking the liberty of uniting those 99 percent as "the people." I have been writing a history that attempts to represent their submerged, deflected, common interest. To emphasize the commonality of the 99 percent, to declare deep enmity of interest with the 1 percent, is to do exactly what the governments of the United States, and the wealthy elite allied to them -- from the Founding Fathers to now -- have tried their best to prevent. Madison feared a "majority faction" and hoped the new Constitution would control it. He and his colleagues began the Preamble to the Constitution with the words "We the people ...," pretending that the new government stood for everyone, and hoping that this myth, accepted as fact, would ensure "domestic tranquillity."

The pretense continued over the generations, helped by all-embracing symbols, physical or verbal: the flag, patriotism, democracy, national interest, national defense, national security. The slogans were dug into the earth of American culture like a circle of covered wagons on the western plain, from inside of which the white, slightly privileged American could shoot to kill the enemy outside -- Indians or blacks or foreigners or other whites too wretched to be allowed inside the circle. The managers of the caravan watched at a safe distance, and when the battle was over and the field strewn with dead on both sides, they would take over the land, and prepare another expedition, for another territory.

The scheme never worked perfectly. The Revolution and the Constitution, trying to bring stability by containing the class angers of the colonial period -- while enslaving blacks, annihilating or displacing Indians -- did not quite succeed, judging by the tenant uprisings, the slave revolts, the abolitionist agitation, the feminist upsurge, the Indian guerrilla warfare of the pre-Civil War years. After the Civil War, a new coalition of southern and northern elites developed, with southern whites and blacks of the lower classes occupied in racial conflict, native workers and immigrant workers clashing in the North, and the farmers dispersed over a big country, while the system of capitalism consolidated itself in industry and government. But there came rebellion among industrial workers and a great opposition movement among farmers.

At the turn of the century, the violent pacification of blacks and Indians and the use of elections and war to absorb and divert white rebels were not enough, in the conditions of modern industry, to prevent the great upsurge of socialism, the massive labor struggles, before the First World War. Neither that war nor the partial prosperity of the twenties, nor the apparent destruction of the socialist movement, could prevent, in the situation of economic crisis, another radical awakening, another labor upsurge in the thirties.

World War II created a new unity, followed by an apparently successful attempt, in the atmosphere of the cold war, to extinguish the strong radical temper of the war years. But then, surprisingly, came the surge of the sixties, from people thought long subdued or put out of sight -- blacks, women, Native Americans, prisoners, soldiers -- and a new radicalism, which threatened to spread widely in a population disillusioned by the Vietnam war and the politics of Watergate.

The exile of Nixon, the celebration of the Bicentennial, the presidency of Carter, all aimed at restoration. But restoration to the old order was no solution to the uncertainty, the alienation, which was intensified in the Reagan-Bush years. The election of Clinton in 1992, carrying with it a vague promise of change, did not fulfill the expectations of the hopeful.

With such continuing malaise, it is very important for the Establishment -- that uneasy club of business executives, generals, and politicians -- to maintain the historic pretension of national unity, in which the government represents all the people, and the common enemy is overseas, not at home, where disasters of economics or war are unfortunate errors or tragic accidents, to be corrected by the members of the same club that brought the disasters. It is important for them also to make sure this artificial unity of highly privileged and slightly privileged is the only unity -- that the 99 percent remain split in countless ways, and turn against one another to vent their angers.

How skillful to tax the middle class to pay for the relief of the poor, building resentment on top of humiliation! How adroit to bus poor black youngsters into poor white neighborhoods, in a violent exchange of impoverished schools, while the schools of the rich remain untouched and the wealth of the nation, doled out carefully where children need free milk, is drained for billion-dollar aircraft carriers. How ingenious to meet the demands of blacks and women for equality by giving them small special benefits, and setting them in competition with everyone else for jobs made scarce by an irrational, wasteful system. How wise to turn the fear and anger of the majority toward a class of criminals bred -- by economic inequity -- faster than they can be put away, deflecting attention from the huge thefts of national resources carried out within the law by men in executive offices.

But with all the controls of power and punishment, enticements and concessions, diversions and decoys, operating throughout the history of the country, the Establishment has been unable to keep itself secure from revolt. Every time it looked as if it had succeeded, the very people it thought seduced or subdued, stirred and rose. Blacks, cajoled by Supreme Court decisions and congressional statutes, rebelled. Women, wooed and ignored, romanticized and mistreated, rebelled. Indians, thought dead, reappeared, defiant. Young people, despite lures of career and comfort, defected. Working people, thought soothed by reforms, regulated by law, kept within bounds by their own unions, went on strike. Government intellectuals, pledged to secrecy, began giving away secrets. Priests turned from piety to protest.

To recall this is to remind people of what the Establishment would like them to forget -- the enormous capacity of apparently helpless people to resist, of apparently contented people to demand change. To uncover such history is to find a powerful human impulse to assert one's humanity. It is to hold out, even in times of deep pessimism, the possibility of surprise.

True, to overestimate class consciousness, to exaggerate rebellion and its successes, would be misleading. It would not account for the fact that the world -- not just the United States, but everywhere else -- is still in the hands of the elites, that people's movements, although they show an infinite capacity for recurrence, have so far been either defeated or absorbed or perverted, that "socialist" revolutionists have betrayed socialism, that nationalist revolutions have led to new dictatorships.

But most histories understate revolt, overemphasize statesmanship, and thus encourage impotency among citizens. When we look closely at resistance movements, or even at isolated forms of rebellion, we discover that class consciousness, or any other awareness of injustice, has multiple levels. It has many ways of expression, many ways of revealing itself -- open, subtle, direct, distorted. In a system of intimidation and control, people do not show how much they know, how deeply they feel, until their practical sense informs them they can do so without being destroyed.

History which keeps alive the memory of people's resistance suggests new definitions of power. By traditional definitions, whoever possesses military strength, wealth, command of official ideology, cultural control, has power. Measured by these standards, popular rebellion never looks strong enough to survive.

However, the unexpected victories -- even temporary ones -- of insurgents show the vulnerability of the supposedly powerful. In a highly developed society, the Establishment cannot survive without the obedience and loyalty of millions of people who are given small rewards to keep the system going: the soldiers and police, teachers and ministers, administrators and social workers, technicians and production workers, doctors, lawyers, nurses, transport and communications workers, garbagemen and firemen. These people -- the employed, the somewhat privileged -- are drawn into alliance with the elite. They become the guards of the system, buffers between the upper and lower classes. If they stop obeying, the system falls.

That will happen, I think, only when all of us who are slightly privileged and slightly uneasy begin to see that we are like the guards in the prison uprising at Attica -- expendable; that the Establishment, whatever rewards it gives us, will also, if necessary to maintain its control, kill us.

Certain new facts may, in our time, emerge so clearly as to lead to general withdrawal of loyalty from the system. The new conditions of technology, economics, and war, in the atomic age, make it less and less possible for the guards of the system -- the intellectuals, the home owners, the taxpayers, the skilled workers, the professionals, the servants of government -- to remain immune from the violence (physical and psychic) inflicted on the black, the poor, the criminal, the enemy overseas. The internationalization of the economy, the movement of refugees and illegal immigrants across borders, both make it more difficult for the people of the industrial countries to be oblivious to hunger and disease in the poor countries of the world.

All of us have become hostages in the new conditions of doomsday technology, runaway economics, global poisoning, uncontainable war. The atomic weapons, the invisible radiations, the economic anarchy, do not distinguish prisoners from guards, and those in charge will not be scrupulous in making distinctions. There is the unforgettable response of the U.S. high command to the news that American prisoners of war might be near Nagasaki: "Targets previously assigned for Centerboard remain unchanged."

There is evidence of growing dissatisfaction among the guards. We have known for some time that the poor and ignored were the nonvoters, alienated from a political system they felt didn't care about them, and about which they could do little. Now alienation has spread upward into families above the poverty line. These are

white workers, neither rich nor poor, but angry over economic insecurity, unhappy with their work, worried about their neighborhoods, hostile to government -- combining elements of racism with elements of class consciousness, contempt for the lower classes along with distrust for the elite, and thus open to solutions from any direction, right or left.

In the twenties there was a similar estrangement in the middle classes, which could have gone in various directions -- the Ku Klux Klan had millions of members at that time -- but in the thirties the work of an organized left wing mobilized much of this feeling into trade unions, farmers' unions, socialist movements. We may, in the coming years, be in a race for the mobilization of middle-class discontent.

The fact of that discontent is clear. The surveys since the early seventies show 70 to 80 percent of Americans distrustful of government, business, the military. This means the distrust goes beyond blacks, the poor, the radicals. It has spread among skilled workers, white-collar workers, professionals; for the first time in the nation's history, perhaps, both the lower classes and the middle classes, the prisoners and the guards, were disillusioned with the system.

There are other signs: the high rate of alcoholism, the high rate of divorce (from one of three marriages ending in divorce, the figure was climbing to one of two), of drug use and abuse, of nervous breakdowns and mental illness. Millions of people have been looking desperately for solutions to their sense of impotency, their loneliness, their frustration, their estrangement from other people, from the world, from their work, from themselves. They have been adopting new religions, joining self-help groups of all kinds. It is as if a whole nation were going through a critical point in its middle age, a life crisis of self-doubt, self-examination.

All this, at a time when the middle class is increasingly insecure economically. The system, in its irrationality, has been driven by profit to build steel skyscrapers for insurance companies while the cities decay, to spend billions for weapons of destruction and virtually nothing for children's playgrounds, to give huge incomes to men who make dangerous or useless things, and very little to artists, musicians, writers, actors. Capitalism has always been a failure for the lower classes. It is now beginning to fail for the middle classes.

The threat of unemployment, always inside the homes of the poor, has spread to white-collar workers, professionals. A college education is no longer a guarantee against joblessness, and a system that cannot offer a future to the young coming out of school is in deep trouble. If it happens only to the children of the poor, the problem is manageable; there are the jails. If it happens to the children of the middle class, things may get out of hand. The poor are accustomed to being squeezed and always short of money, but in recent years the middle classes, too, have begun to feel the press of high prices, high taxes.

In the seventies, eighties, and early nineties there was a dramatic, frightening increase in the number of crimes. It was not hard to understand, when one walked through any big city. There were the contrasts of wealth and poverty, the culture of possession, the frantic advertising. There was the fierce economic competition, in which the legal violence of the state and the legal robbery by the corporations were accompanied by the illegal crimes of the poor. Most crimes by far involved theft. A disproportionate number of prisoners in American jails were poor and non-white, with little education. Half were unemployed in the month prior to their arrest.

The most common and most publicized crimes have been the violent crimes of the young, the poor -- a virtual terrorization in the big cities -- in which the desperate or drug-addicted attack and rob the middle class, or even their fellow poor. A society so stratified by wealth and education lends itself naturally to envy and class anger.

The critical question in our time is whether the middle classes, so long led to believe that the solution for such crimes is more jails and more jail terms, may begin to see, by the sheer uncontrollability of crime, that

the only prospect is an endless cycle of crime and punishment. They might then conclude that physical security for a working person in the city can come only when everyone in the city is working. And that would require a transformation of national priorities, a change in the system.

In recent decades, the fear of criminal assault has been joined by an even greater fear. Deaths from cancer began to multiply, and medical researchers seemed helpless to find the cause. It began to be evident that more and more of these deaths were coming from an environment poisoned by military experimentation and industrial greed. The water people drank, the air they breathed, the particles of dust from the buildings in which they worked, had been quietly contaminated over the years by a system so frantic for growth and profit that the safety and health of human beings had been ignored. A new and deadly scourge appeared, the AIDS virus, which spread with special rapidity among homosexuals and drug addicts.

In the early nineties, the false socialism of the Soviet system had failed. And the American system seemed out of control -- a runaway capitalism, a runaway technology, a runaway militarism, a running away of government from the people it claimed to represent. Crime was out of control, cancer and AIDS were out of control. Prices and taxes and unemployment were out of control. The decay of cities and the breakdown of families were out of control. And people seemed to sense all this.

Perhaps much of the general distrust of government reported in recent years comes from a growing recognition of the truth of what the U.S. Air Force bombardier Yossarian said in the novel *Catch-22* to a friend who had just accused him of giving aid and comfort to the enemy: "The enemy is anybody who's going to get you killed, no matter which side he's on. And don't you forget that, because the longer you remember it the longer you might live." The next line in the novel is: "But Clevinger did forget, and now he was dead."

Let us imagine the prospect -- for the first time in the nation's history -- of a population united for fundamental change. Would the elite turn as so often before, to its ultimate weapon -- foreign intervention -- to unite the people with the Establishment, in war? It tried to do that in 1991, with the war against Iraq. But, as June Jordan said, it was "a hit the same way that crack is, and it doesn't last long."

With the Establishment's inability either to solve severe economic problems at home or to manufacture abroad a safety valve for domestic discontent, Americans might be ready to demand not just more tinkering, more reform laws, another reshuffling of the same deck, another New Deal, but radical change. Let us be utopian for a moment so that when we get realistic again it is not that "realism" so useful to the Establishment in its discouragement of action, that "realism" anchored to a certain kind of history empty of surprise. Let us imagine what radical change would require of us all.

The society's levers of powers would have to be taken away from those whose drives have led to the present state -- the giant corporations, the military, and their politician collaborators. We would need -- by a coordinated effort of local groups all over the country -- to reconstruct the economy for both efficiency and justice, producing in a cooperative way what people need most. We would start on our neighborhoods, our cities, our workplaces. Work of some kind would be needed by everyone, including people now kept out of the work force -- children, old people, "handicapped" people. Society could use the enormous energy now idle, the skills and talents now unused. Everyone could share the routine but necessary jobs for a few hours a day, and leave most of the time free for enjoyment, creativity, labors of love, and yet produce enough for an equal and ample distribution of goods. Certain basic things would be abundant enough to be taken out of the money system and be available -- free -- to everyone: food, housing, health care, education, transportation.

The great problem would be to work out a way of accomplishing this without a centralized bureaucracy, using not the incentives of prison and punishment, but those incentives of cooperation which spring from natural human desires, which in the past have been used by the state in times of war, but also by social movements that gave hints of how people might behave in different conditions. Decisions would be made by small groups of people in their workplaces, their neighborhoods -- a network of cooperatives, in

communication with one another, a neighborly socialism avoiding the class hierarchies of capitalism and the harsh dictatorships that have taken the name "socialist."

People in time, in friendly communities, might create a new, diversified, nonviolent culture, in which all forms of personal and group expression would be possible. Men and women, black and white, old and young, could then cherish their differences as positive attributes, not as reasons for domination. New values of cooperation and freedom might then show up in the relations of people, the upbringing of children.

To do all that, in the complex conditions of control in the United States, would require combining the energy of all previous movements in American history -- of labor insurgents, black rebels, Native Americans, women, young people -- along with the new energy of an angry middle class. People would need to begin to transform their immediate environments -- the workplace, the family, the school, the community -- by a series of struggles against absentee authority, to give control of these places to the people who live and work there.

These struggles would involve all the tactics used at various times in the past by people's movements: demonstrations, marches, civil disobedience; strikes and boycotts and general strikes; direct action to redistribute wealth, to reconstruct institutions, to revamp relationships; creating -- in music, literature, drama, all the arts, and all the areas of work and play in everyday life -- a new culture of sharing, of respect, a new joy in the collaboration of people to help themselves and one another.

There would be many defeats. But when such a movement took hold in hundreds of thousands of places all over the country it would be impossible to suppress, because the very guards the system depends on to crush such a movement would be among the rebels. It would be a new kind of revolution, the only kind that could happen, I believe, in a country like the United States. It would take enormous energy, sacrifice, commitment, patience. But because it would be a process over time, starting without delay, there would be the immediate satisfactions that people have always found in the affectionate ties of groups striving together for a common goal.

All this takes us far from American history, into the realm of imagination. But not totally removed from history. There are at least glimpses in the past of such a possibility. In the sixties and seventies, for the first time, the Establishment failed to produce national unity and patriotic fervor in a war. There was a flood of cultural changes such as the country had never seen -- in sex, family, personal relations -- exactly those situations most difficult to control from the ordinary centers of power. And never before was there such a general withdrawal of confidence from so many elements of the political and economic system. In every period of history, people have found ways to help one another -- even in the midst of a culture of competition and violence -- if only for brief periods, to find joy in work, struggle, companionship, nature.

The prospect is for times of turmoil, struggle, but also inspiration. There is a chance that such a movement could succeed in doing what the system itself has never done -- bring about great change with little violence. This is possible because the more of the 99 percent that begin to see themselves as sharing needs, the more the guards and the prisoners see their common interest, the more the Establishment becomes isolated, ineffectual. The elite's weapons, money, control of information would be useless in the face of a determined population. The servants of the system would refuse to work to continue the old, deadly order, and would begin using their time, their space -- the very things given them by the system to keep them quiet -- to dismantle that system while creating a new one.

The prisoners of the system will continue to rebel, as before, in ways that cannot be foreseen, at times that cannot be predicted. The new fact of our era is the chance that they may be joined by the guards. We readers and writers of books have been, for the most part, among the guards. If we understand that, and act on it, not only will life be more satisfying, right off, but our grandchildren, or our great grandchildren, might possibly see a different and marvelous world.



In the backseat of a stolen Cadillac





I had my first cigarette before I could walk



*And I was strummin' this guitar before I could talk
'Cause I'm the king*



[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[WADE] [singing] Yeah I'm the king



[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[WADE] [singing] Oh, I'm the king

[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[WADE] A king cry-baby with a tear in my eye



[DRAPES] [cheering]

[WADE] [singing] *If you mess with the king, you're gonna cry, oh baby cry
Oh baby cry, oh baby cry, oh baby cry*



Well, I'm a lonely king who needs a queen



Yeah, you're the sweetest lump of sugar that I've ever seen

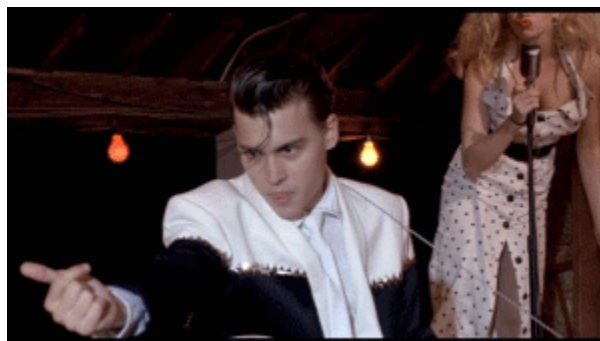


Ain't got a ring or crown for you



*Well, if I had your love
I'd lose these cry-baby blues*





*[DRAPES] [singing] She's the queen
She's the queen*



[RAMONA] Go on up there, honey.

[BELVEDERE] Go on.



[DRAPES] [singing] She's the queen





[ALLISON] [singing] Well,



let people talk, I don't care





Let me prove to you daddy that I ain't no Square



*[WADE] [singing] You'll be my queen and I'll be your king
Yeah, but if you leave my hive, you're gonna feel my sting*



'Cause you're my queen



[DRAPES] [singing] Queen cry-baby

[ALLISON] [singing] You're the king

[DRAPES] [singing] King cry-baby



[ALLISON] I'll be the queen

[DRAPES] Cry-cry baby



[WADE] A king cry-baby with a queen by my side





[WADE & ALLISON] And if you mess with us, man you're gonna cry, oh baby cry



*Baby cry, baby cry, oh baby cry
Cry, baby cry, baby cry, baby cry*





Cry, baby cry, baby cry, baby cry
Cry, baby cry, baby cry, baby cry



[DRAPES] [applauding]







*[Cherry by The Jive Bombers playing] Cherry
Cherry*



[WADE] Kiss me. Kiss me hard.



[thunder clapping]



[ALLISON] I've never given a French kiss before.

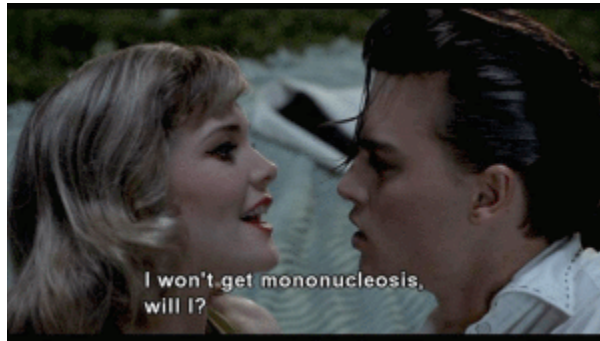
[WADE] Watch. It's easy.
You just open your mouth,



and I open mine,
and we wiggle our tongues together.



And it feels real sexy.



[ALLISON] I won't get mononucleosis, will I?

[WADE] No, Allison. Just try it.
If you don't like it, I promise I'll stop.





[Song playing] I'll get you yet



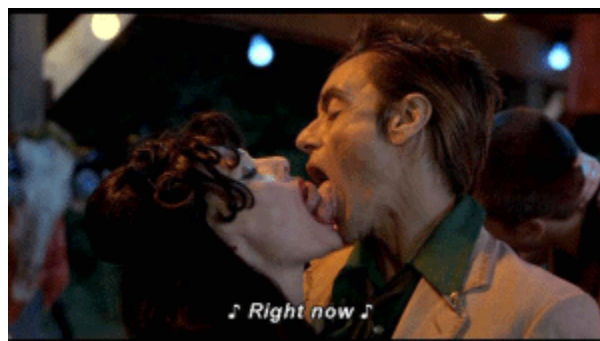
♪ Someday, Cherry ♪

Someday, Cherry



♪ You'll be my pet ♪

You'll be my pet



♪ Right now ♪

*Right now
Cherry*



The day is set





[DRAPES MUST DIE!]

[I HATE DRAPES]



[BOY] Break the window.



[SQUARES] [laughing]







[WADE] I'm sorry, Allison.
It's just that you are so beautiful.

[ALLISON] I want to let you, but I can't.



For my parents' sake.
Cry-Baby, they're both dead. I'm an orphan.

[WADE] I'm sorry, Allison.
But no wonder we're together, honey.



I'm an orphan, too.

[ALLISON] You are?

[WADE] Yes.
And orphans have special needs.



[ALLISON] Just on the outside of the shirt, okay?

[WADE] Is it okay with you?



[ALLISON] Yes. Oh, yes!



Oh, my parents were, they were good people and they -- they loved me.



[WADE] I want you. I need you.
I love you, too, Allison.

[ALLISON] They had to go on a business trip together.
It was their first airplane ride.



Oh, Cry-Baby, your fingers feel so good.

[WADE] I've been saving it up for a girl like you, honey.

[ALLISON] Mommy and Daddy took separate planes for safety, you know,
In case one plane crashed, I would still have a living parent.
but, Cry-Baby, both planes crashed
and I never saw my parents alive again.



[thunder cracking]



[WADE] Goddamn! Lightning!

[ALLISON] What's the matter, Cry-Baby?

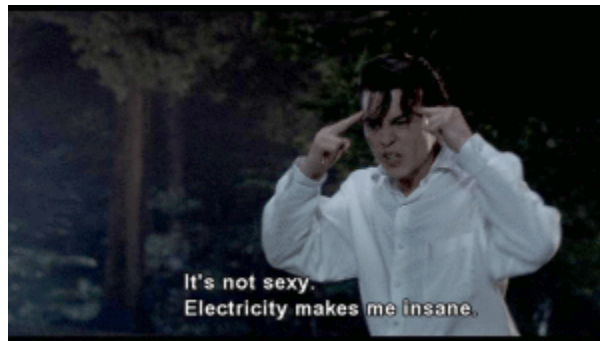
[WADE] Everything is the matter.

[ALLISON] It's just a thunderstorm. Heat lightning.



It's sexy.

[WADE] It's not sexy.



Electricity makes me insane.



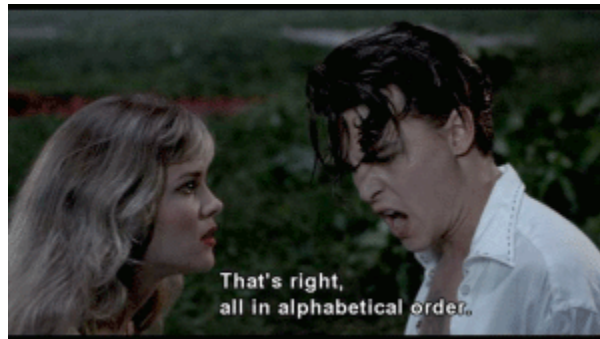
[ALLISON] Why, Cry-Baby? Why?



[WADE] Here's why. Electricity killed my parents.



[ALLISON] They died in the electric chair?



[WADE] That's right, Allison.
My father was the Alphabet Bomber.
He may have been crazy, but he was my pop.
The only one I ever had.

[ALLISON] God. I heard about the Alphabet Bomber.
Bombs exploding in the -- the airport, the barbershop.

[WADE] That's right, all in alphabetical order.



Carwash, drugstore.
I used to lay in my cradle and hear him scream in his sleep.
A, B, C, D, E, F, G
[mimics explosions]

[ALLISON] But your mom?

[WADE] My mother tried to stop him.



She couldn't even spell, for Christ's sake, but they fried her, too.
But I'll pay them all back, Allison.
And that's why, every day, I gotta do
something rotten for my parents' sake
and I cry for what I have to do.
But not much, though.
One single, salty tear



is all that they will ever suck out of this Cry-Baby.



[thunder clapping]





[PEPPER] [yelling] Cry-Baby.



[WADE] [grunting]



[DRAPES] [screaming]





[ALL] [yelling]







[RAMONA] [laughing]





[police car siren wailing]







[LENORA] I'm going to have his baby.





(Baldwin)
Allison!

[BALDWIN] Allison!



[wind whooshing]

[wind whooshing]



Oh, my God.
What have they done to you?

[ALLISON] Oh, my God. What have they done to you?



[BALDWIN] Allison, come home. They beat me and kicked me.
All because I love you.







[PEPPER] [screaming]



[thunder clapping]



[engine revving]



[WADE] Get on.





[BALDWIN] Don't do it, Allison.





No!







*[DRAPES] [Chanting as they are hauled off in the paddy wagon] Too smart to work, too cool to care.
Come to Turkey Point, man, if you dare.
Too smart to work, too cool to care.*



Come to Turkey Point, man, if you dare.



[BALDWIN] L-Let her go. She's with me.
Her name is Allison and she is a nice girl.



[WADE] Allison, I'm sorry to get you locked up. But tonight, well,



you were the coolest date I ever had.



[ALLISON] But, Cry-Baby, who is that girl?
Why didn't you tell me you already had a lady friend?



[WADE] That Lenora ain't nothing to me, I swear on my daddy's grave.
I'm burning inside to touch you, baby.





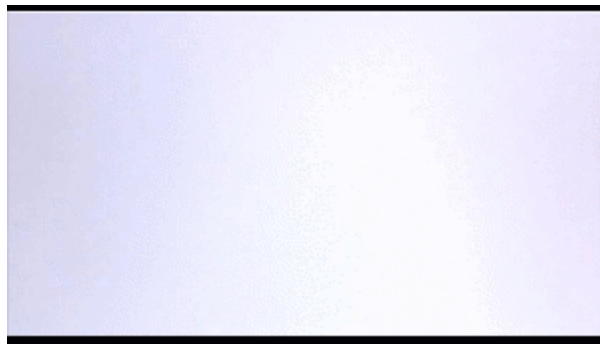
[REPORTER 1] How do you feel about your granddaughter becoming a Drapette?



[REPORTER 2] Mrs. Vernon-Williams, a picture, please.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Please, no pictures.





[people chattering]



[HATCHET] Get your hands off! Get your hands off of me!



[People shouting]



[inaudible]





[ALL] [shouting]



[WANDA] [sputters at her parents who wave to her]



[JUDGE] Order. Order in this courtroom.
What a sad vision of today's youth.



The juvenile authorities have had it with Drape gangs.



Milton Hackett.



Wanda Woodward.



Mona Malnorowski, also known as Hatchet-Face.



You are blights on this community.
Are the parents here?



[MR. HACKETT] Yes, Your Honor. We have been praying all night for our son.



[MRS. HACKETT] And praying so hard that we got headaches.



[HECTOR] Hi, Wanda honey.



[MAGGIE] You were on the radio.



[WANDA] Would you just get me the fuck out of here?

[MAGGIE] What does "fuck" mean, Hector?



[HECTOR] Oh, Maggie, it's just a teen nonsense word Wanda uses to make herself feel all grown-up.



[MAGGIE] Your Honor, could we take Wanda the fuck home?



[ALL] [laughing]



[gavel pounding]



[JUDGE] Good God!



Order. Order in this courtroom.



[MR. HACKETT]: You hear that, Your Honor? It's a sign.

[MRS. HACKETT] [speaking indistinctly]



[MR. HACKETT] She is speaking in tongues.



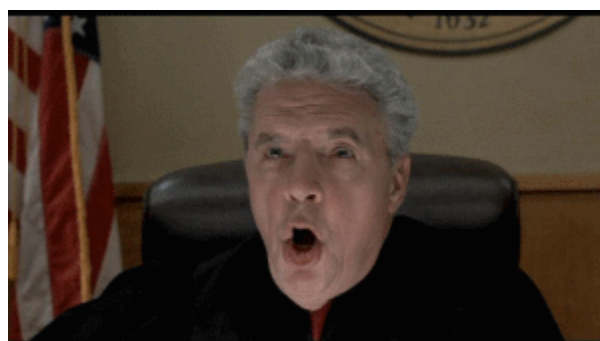
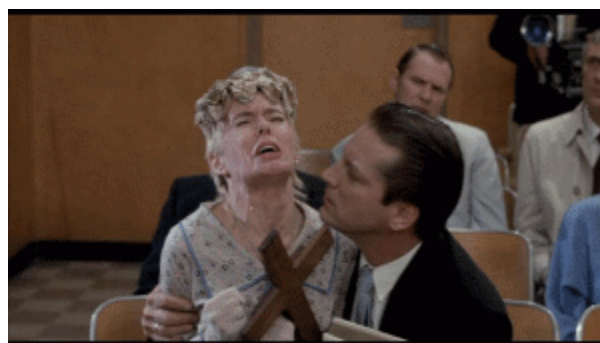
God is in her gullet. And he is in yours, too.



Let him out.



Let the words of the Savior be heard.



[JUDGE] Order! Order!
No wonder your children are in trouble.



And you, Miss Malnorowski ...
By the way, that's a shame about your face.



[HATCHET-FACE] There's nothing the matter with my face.



I got character.





[JUDGE] I see that your parents haven't taken the trouble to come to get you.



[MR. MALNOROWSKI] Oh, yes, we did.



You happy now, Mona? You finally did it.



You put your own mother in an iron lung.

[JUDGE] Mrs. Malnorowski,



there is no smoking in this courtroom.



[MRS. MALNOROWSKI] Why not?



I pay taxes on cigarettes, don't I?



And what do I get for those taxes?
Happiness? Hell, no.
I get tuberculosis.



[tire explodes]



[MRS. MALNOROWSKI] Oh, Christ! Now I got a flat tire.



[JUDGE] I'm going to release these delinquents
to their parents' custody.



and if they were mine,



I'd give them a bare-assed whipping.



[RAMONA] Ohm, they can sing, Your Honor.



You should hear them.
Oh, it's new, it's exciting.

[BELVEDERE] We don't know what to call it.



It sort of rocks, man, it spins.

[RAMONA] Yeah.

[BELVEDERE] Let me get the right words. It twirls. It twirls.



[JUDGE] Ramona and Belvedere Rickettes,
I find you guilty of disturbing the peace



and I fine the both of you \$1,000.



[RAMONA] That's all we have.

[BELVEDERE] How are we supposed to live?





[JUDGE] Damn you. Handcuff those brats.



[PEPPER] Don't touch my children.

[JUDGE] And you, Pepper Walker,
I'm going to have your two children



put in the custody of the Chatterbox Orphanage,



until they're adopted by God-fearing parents
who at least will give them Christian names.



[PEPPER] Not my children. They're my flesh and blood.
They're all I have!



[JUDGE] Mrs. Tadlock.



[PEPPER] Get away from them.



[ALL] [clamoring]



[RAMONA] Don't you touch them!



[MRS. TADLOCK] Come on.



[PEPPER] I love you, children.



[JUDGE] Wade Walker, better known as "Cry-Baby"



what a sad and silly name for a young man.



You were the ringleader in tonight's gang war.



[ALLISON] Grandmother, help him. We were just singing together.



[ALL] [murmuring]



[WADE] Judge, let Allison go and I'll take the full blame.



I didn't mean no harm, Mrs. Vernon-Williams.
I may be a Drape, but I love your granddaughter.
And if that's a crime, I'll stand convicted, ma'am.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Your Honor, I am Allison's grandmother.
And, uh, if Mr. Walker does have musical talent,
I am willing to give him a second chance.



Won't you? The boy is at least polite.

[JUDGE] Mrs. Vernon-Williams,



are you aware that negroes were present at tonight's disturbance?



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] My granddaughter is fond of all kinds of music.

[JUDGE] I am going to release Allison this one time,

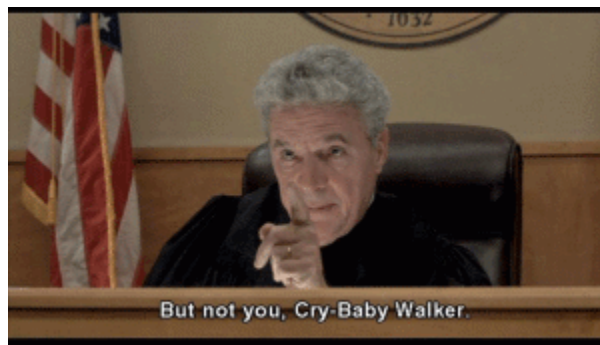


because you are a fine and beautiful woman, Mrs. Vernon-Williams.



[ALL] [murmuring]





[JUDGE] But not you, Cry-Baby Walker.
The only place you're going to sing is in jail.



[ALLISON] No!

[JUDGE] I find you guilty



of rampant juvenile delinquency



and I hereby sentence you
to the Maryland Training School for Boys
until your 21st birthday.



[WADE] Ha!

[JUDGE] [banging gavel] Court dismissed.

[ALL] [exclaiming]



[JUDGE] Lock him up!



[RAMONA] You can't lock up his music!

[ALL] [clamoring]





[WADE] I'll get out, sugar dumpling. I'll get out if it's the last thing I do!
I swear.



[ALLISON] Cry-Baby!



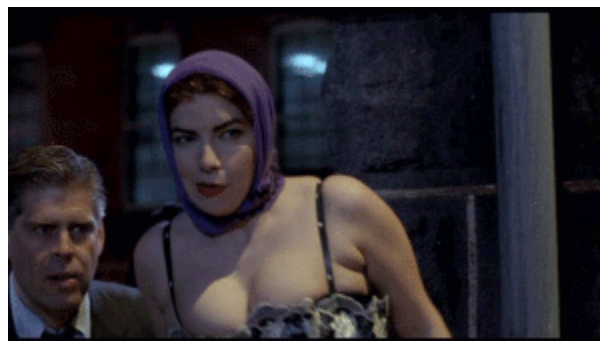
[In The Jailhouse by Webb Pierce playing]



*He's in the jailhouse now;
He's in the jailhouse now*



He's in the jailhouse now



[LENORA] Boy, do I have a story for you.

[REPORTER] How does it feel to be a juvenile delinquent?



[WADE] It feels good, man. I've never been so happy in my whole life.



[REPORTER] I hear you were ...



[WADE] Lenora, you filthy hag. I wouldn't let you shine my boots!



Allison's my girl.
A-L-L-I-S-O-N, fellows.

[REPORTER] When did he propose?



[reporters clamoring]

[reporters clamoring]

[LENORA] Oh, just last night.



You see, I'm pregnant
with his child.

You see, I'm pregnant with his child.
Well, you know that Cry-Baby is an orphan.



for the family
that he himself never had.

He wants his baby to have a real family
for the family that he himself never had.



[inmates clamoring]

[PRISONERS] [clamoring]



[GUARD] Break it up!



[PRISONERS] [applauding]



[GUARD] Shut up!

Shut up!

Delinquents, hit the sack!

[MAN] Oh, I swear.



Strip down, asshole.
It's beddy-bye time.

[GUARD] Strip down, asshole. It's beddy-bye time.



[WADE] [grunting]



[GUARD] [spanks Wade]



Now, don't forget to say your prayers.



God bless my probation officer.

[PRISONERS] God bless my probation officer.

[GUARD] God bless the draft board.

[PRISONERS] God bless the draft board.



[GUARD] God bless the juvenile authorities.

[PRISONERS] God bless the juvenile authorities.

[GUARD] We're going to give you a haircut tomorrow pretty boy.



You ever hear of a Whiffle?



[WADE] [gagging]

[GUARD] Well, that's what you're going to get you big old cry-baby, you.



[laughing]



God bless Dwight Eisenhower.



[PRISONERS] God bless Dwight Eisenhower.



[GUARD] God bless Roy Cohn.

[PRISONERS] God bless Roy Cohn.



[GUARD] God bless Richard Nixon.

[PRISONERS] God bless Richard Nixon.

[GUARD] [sighing]



Nighty-night, boys.



[inmates murmuring]

[ALLISON] [sniffing]



Cry-Baby.

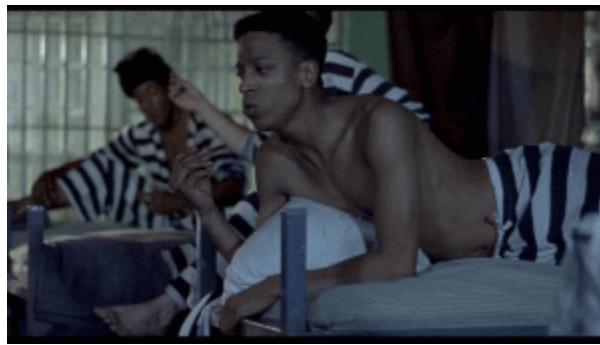




*[Teardrops are Falling Playing] [WADE] [singing] Teardrops are falling
Teardrops are falling*



*[ALL PRISONERS] [singing] Cry, go on, cry
Cry, go on, cry*



*[WADE] [singing] Teardrops are falling
Out of my eyes
Teardrops are falling
I wonder why*



Teardrops are falling



For you make me cry



*[DUPREE] [singing] Yes, teardrops are falling
Falling from my eyes
Yes, yes, yes, you made me cry*



*When you went away
You stayed away so long
Come back, my dear*



*[WADE] [singing] My heart is aching
Almost breaking
If you hear me
Come back to me
Teardrops are falling*



*And you make
Me cry*



[ALL] [singing] Cry don't cry



*Cry don't cry
Cry don't cry
Cry don't cry*



[WADE] Oooh



[ALLISON] [gulping tears]



[panting]



[band playing]



[people chattering]

[SQUARES] [chattering]





[GANG WAR IN BALTIMORE]

[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Oh!



[MALE ANNOUNCER] Call these Drapettes bold,
call them brazen, but whatever you do don't call them Square.

Yes, mothers, you should be worried.

Following last night's disturbance at Turkey Point
Cry-Baby Walker, convicted delinquent, had the nerve to announce his engagement



to fellow gang member and known hussy, Lenora Frigid,
mother-to-be of his child.



[LENORA] Cry-Baby is an orphan.



And he wants his baby to have a real family
for the family that he himself never had.

[MALE ANNOUNCER] Wade Walker, defiantly entering the Maryland Training School for Boys
has this to say:

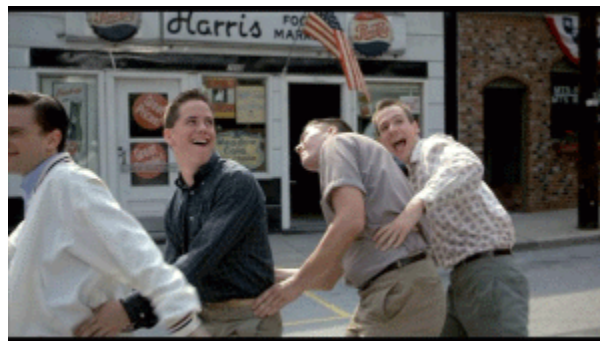


[WADE] It feels good, man. I've never been so happy in my whole life.

[band playing]



[SQUARES] [chattering]



[SQUARES WELCOME HERE]



[MARYLAND RELIEF OFFICE]



[BALDWIN & GANG] [throwing tomatoes at Ramona, Belvedere, and Pepper]

[People screaming]



[People clamoring]

[band continues playing]





[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Hurry, Allison, hide.



The newspapers have blown this completely out of proportion.



[ALLISON] He lied to me, Grandmother.
And the whole world knows that I'm just a Drape fool.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Oh, heavy hangs the head
that last night wore the crown.



[band approaching]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Allison.



[SQUARES] [clamoring]





*[BALDWIN & GANG] [scatting] The naughty lady of Shady Lane
Has hit the town like a bomb*



The back fence gossip ain't been this good





Since Mabel ran off with Tom



Our town was peaceful and quiet



Before she came on the scene



The lady has started a riot



Disturbing the suburban routine



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Allison Vernon-Williams, you don't have to decide today.
Give your heart some time to think.



[BALDWIN & GANG] [scatting] The naughty lady of Shady Lane



So delectable



Quite respectable



Me-oh-my-oh



What a girl



[SQUARES] [cheering]
[applauding]





[BALDWIN] Allison, would you sing with me today?



[Jailbird by Sonny Knight playing] Jailbird, Jailbird; Go around stealing cars



*[clanging]
Jailbird, Jailbird*



You'll end up behind iron bars



Jailbird, Jailbird



Your face was on the early news



Jailbird, Jailbird



[DUPREE] Hey, man, your old lady's on the radio.



There's trouble, Cry-Baby, big trouble.



[WADE] Allison!



[BALDWIN] There's a new place that's opening.
It's sort of wild, kind of cool.



It's called a theme park
and it's the first one in the state of Maryland.

[ALLISON] I'd be proud to, Baldwin.



Cry-Baby Walker, I hope you're happy with Lenora.



I only have one thing to say to you.



I think you're a liar and a cad,



and I spit on your tears.

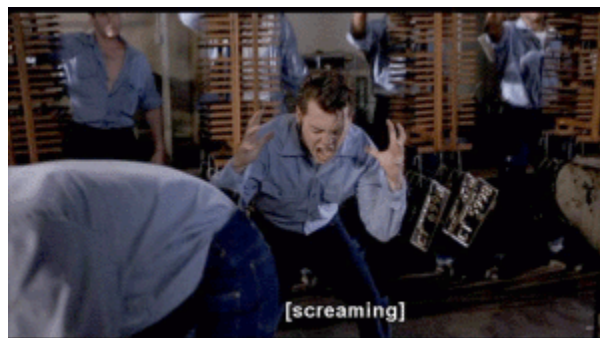


[BALDWIN] I can sing better than Cry-Baby Walker
any day of the week.



[DUPREE] [switching stations]

[WADE] [growling]



[screaming]



[singing] Well, I'm in here 'cause I drive too fast



And I'm too young to have a criminal past



Some good behavior would be all right



*But I don't seem to qualify
I'm just out for a little fun
But I'm guilty till I'm 21*



I guess I'm doing time for being young



So cut these shackles off of me



[PRISONERS] [singing] Let me go, let me go



[WADE] [singing] This kind of suit don't set me free

[PRISONERS] [singing] Set me free, set me free



[WADE] [singing] Well, I can't live if I can't ride

[PRISONERS] [singing] Let me ride, let me ride



[WADE] [singing] And I want my baby by my side



[PRISONERS] [singing] I want my baby by my side

*[WADE] [singing] I'm just out for a little fun
But I'm guilty till I'm 21*



I guess I'm doing time for being young



Now, I can't let the right thing



*Stand in my way
Someday, baby, I'll know better
But right now I'm making my pay*



[PRISONERS] [hollering]



[WADE] [singing] What do I do, who do I thank?

[PRISONERS] [singing] What can I do? What can I do?



[WADE] [singing] To get me out of this stinking tank

[PRISONERS] [singing] Stinking tank; Stinking tank

[WADE] [singing] It's heartbreaking to be this age



[PRISONERS] [singing] Stuck in a cage; Stuck in a cage



[WADE] [singing] Locked in the prison of teenage rage

[PRISONERS] [singing] Stuck in a cage with a teenage rage



[all clamoring]

[PRISONERS] [clamoring]



♪ Well, I was out
for a little fun ♪

*[WADE] [singing] Well, I was out for a little fun
I guess I'm guilty till I'm 21
I must be doing time for being young*



[PRISONERS] [singing] Stuck in a cage with a teenage rage



[WADE] [singing] I don't want to be doing time for being young



[GUARD] [putting handcuffs on Wade]





[people chattering]



[I'm a Bad Bad Girl by Little Esther playing]



I'm a bad girl



[WANDA] Who the hell is this?



[MAGGIE]: This is Inga. She's from Sweden.
She's an exchange student.



And she's going to be staying with us for a while.



[HECTOR] Inga, this is our daughter, Wanda. Say hello.



[INGA] Ya?



[WANDA] [scoffs] I'm blowing this joint.

[WANDA'S FATHER] Well, Inga doesn't understand English very well.



Inga, say hello to Wanda.



[INGA] Ya?



[MAGGIE]: Say hello to our daughter.

[INGA] Ya?



[HECTOR] Uh, h-honey, why don't you come over and sit down?
Get to know one another.



Look at all the wonderful presents



she's brought us from her native land.



[MAGGIE]: Let's all put on a folk hat
and learn something about a foreign culture.



[HECTOR] Do we have a surprise for you. Don't we, Meg?

[MAGGIE]: We sure do.
All this silly trouble you've been having lately ...



Wanda, honey, you're going to Sweden,
this afternoon at 3:00.

[WANDA] You mean you swapped me?



For a milkmaid?



[HECTOR] Oh, honey, Inga's mater and pater will treat you



just like one of the family. Ya, Inga?



[INGA] Ya. Ya, Ya.

[WANDA] You want to learn about America, Inga?



In America, we like boys.



We like hot boys.



Boys with roaming hands and rushing fingers.



[MAGGIE] Wanda honey, want some Ovaltine?



[INGA] Ya. Ya, Ya.

[WANDA] Yeah, I'm just a bebop baby.



And I don't take nothing from no one.
See you later, Daddy-o's.
Have a cool Yule and a frantic First.





[people clamoring]



[Nosey Joe by Bullmoose Jackson playing]



*There's a man in town
all the women know*



*He goes by the name
of Nosey Joe*



*He don't care
if they're married*



*He takes his pick
Long as they're women, he's ready to stick*



His big nose in their business



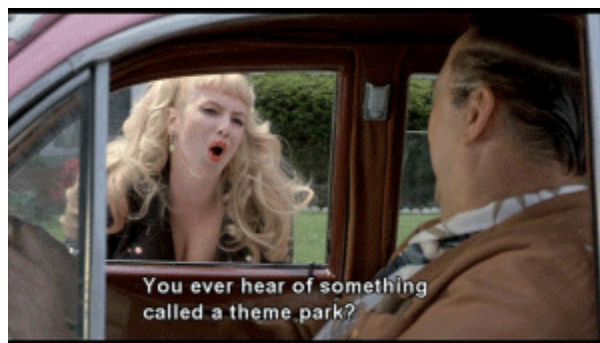
His big nose in their business



[TOE-JOE] Hey, you goin' my way?



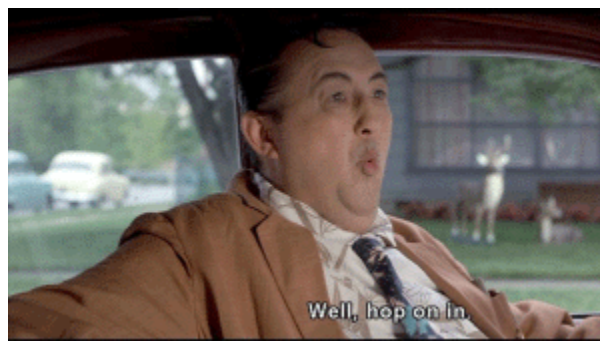
[WANDA] Oh, it's you.



You ever hear of something called a theme park?

[TOE-JOE] Yeah, there's a big opening over there today.

[WANDA] Well, that's where I'm going, stallion.



[TOE-JOE] Well, hop on in.
[laughing]



*[Song playing] I'm tellin' you women, this ain't no jive
If you get too close this man will drive*



[tires screeching]



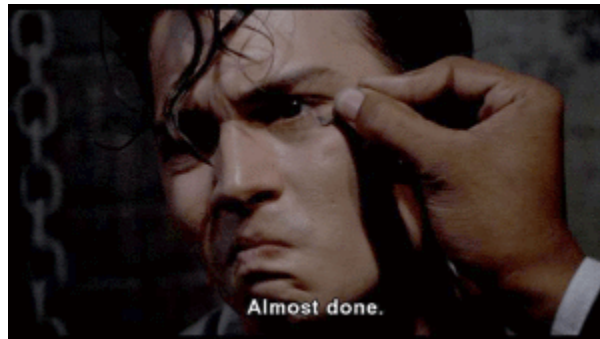
[The Hole]



[people shouting]

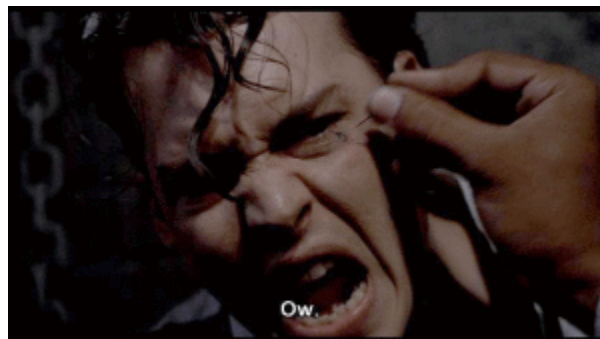


[DUPREE] Hold on, homeboy.



Almost done.
I know it hurts,
but being this cool's always a pain.

[WADE] Ah, the pain ain't nothing, Dupree.
I've been hurt all my life, but real tears wash away.



Ow.



This one's for Allison and I want it to last forever.

[DUPREE] Oh.



There you go. It's a beauty.



[door clanking]

[DUPREE] You never have to cry again.

[door squeaking]



[GUARD] I heard talkin' in here.



W-what's that on your face, blubber-boy?



A booger?



[WADE] Are you blind? It's a lonely teardrop.

[GUARD] [chuckling] Now, ain't that cute?



It ought to go real good with your new haircut.





[laughs]

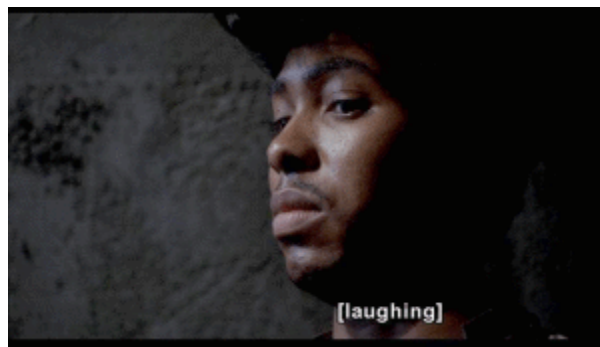


[WADE] I ain't gettin' no haircut.

[GUARD] You wanna bet?



You're next, sniffle-snot.



[laughing]

[laughing]
[continues laughing]



[door squeaking]



[DUPREE] [whispering] Cry-Baby, look! It's your only chance, man.



[WADE] Nobody's going to turn me Square, Dupree.
I want my girl,



I want my family, and I want my gang.
Thanks for the tattoo.





[HATCHET-FACE] Ah. Oh, man.





[COW] [bell dings] [moos at Hatchet-Face]



[Mooing]

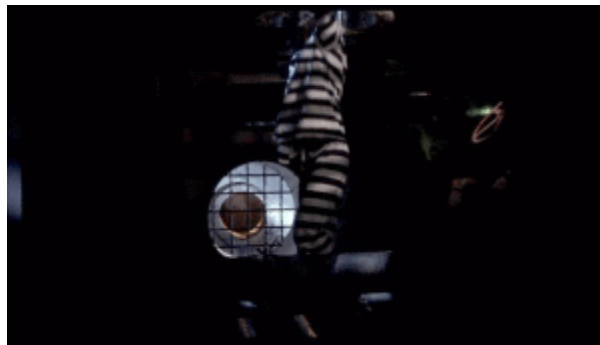




[MILTON] Come on, gorgeous.







[cloth ripping]





[helicopter approaching]



[Rubber Biscuit by The Chips playing]



[HATCHET] Look. Is that the prison?

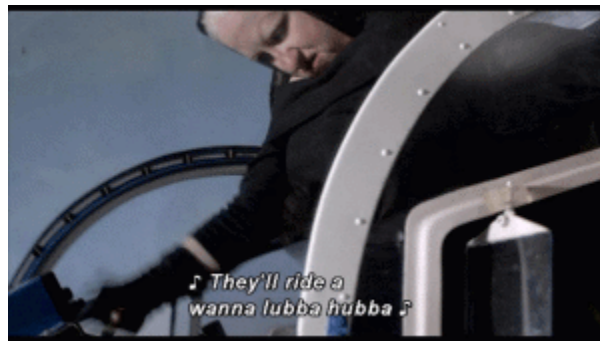


*[Song playing] Chick'n hon-a-chick-a-chick hole-a-hubba
He'll ride a chuck-a-lucka wanna jubba*

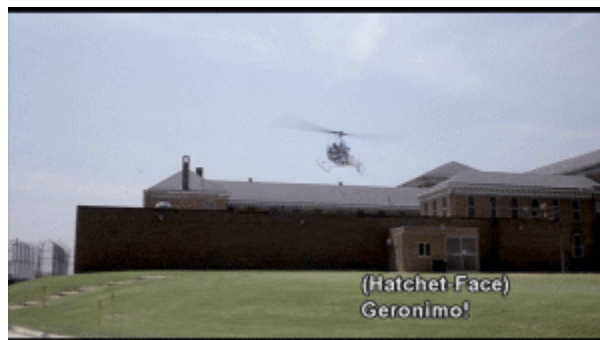


[HATCHET] Move over, Milton. Let me try.

*[Song playing] Hi-low 'n-ay wanna dubba hubba
Day down sum wanna jigga-wah*



They'll ride a wanna lubba hubba



[HATCHET] Geronimo!



[laughs]

[Song playing] We all ride a wanna dib-a-doo



[PRISONERS] [shouting]



[MAN 1] What do we have here?

[MAN 2] Who is that?



[HATCHET-FACE] This is a jailbreak!



[Song playing] *She'll ride wanna dib-a-doo*
Downtown wanna dib-a-doo



[PRISONERS] [clamoring]



[gunfire continues]



[WADE] Milton! Hatchet!



[HATCHET-FACE] Cry-Baby, where are you?



Cry-Baby!



[MAN 1] He's in the library!



[MAN 2] No, no, he's in the cafeteria!



[MAN 3] No, man, he's in the hole.

[MAN 4] No, he's in the movies. That way!



[PRISONERS] [clamoring]

[HATCHET-FACE] Cry-Baby!



[ACTRESS] Hurry, David.

[ACTOR] I've almost got it.





[ACTRESS] [screaming]



[PRISONERS] [screaming]



[PRISONERS] [yelling]



[All Clamoring]



[clamoring]





[Song playing] She'll ride a hole-a-hubba



She'll ride a hole-a-hubba



He'll drive a wanna jubba



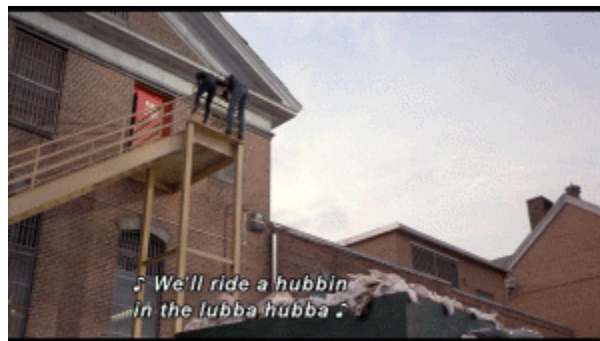
Hurry up!



I'll ride sum wanna jigga-wah



Bring me down a one lubba hubba



*We'll ride a hubbin in the lubba hubba
Hmm, what you want for nothin'?*



[HATCHET-FACE] [yelling]



[glass breaking]



[Song playing] Dow wow ooo







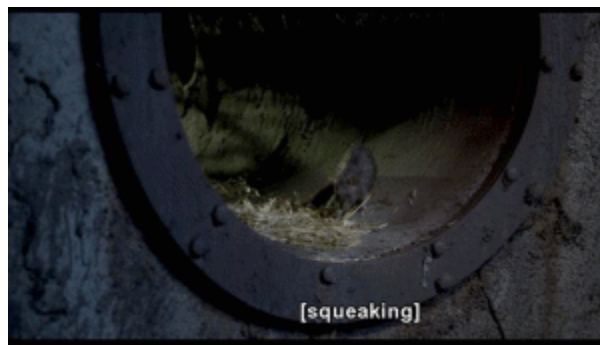
[WADE] [panting]
[screaming]
[grunting]



[RATS] [squeaking]



[WADE] [yelling]



[RATS] [squeaking]



[WADE] [to a rat] What's down here?
What, this way?

[RATS] [squeaking]

[WADE] Ohhh.



Thanks, pal.



[grunting]



[PRISONERS & GUARDS] [laughing]



[squeaking]

[RATS] [squeaking]



[CHATTERBOX ORPHANAGE]



Just come
right this way.

[MRS. TADLOCK] Just come right this way.



Now, uh, this is, uh, Sheila.



She's Caucasian, but that's about all I can recommend.
Bad table manners.

[RAMONA] Uh, we were thinking of two children, actually.



[PEPPER] About 6 or 7 years old.

[BELVEDERE] With some spunk.



[MRS. TADLOCK] Well, now, what about him?



[TAKE ME HOME]

[MRS. TADLOCK] Little Joey, mother's little helper.



He not only vacuums, he does windows.
Irons. Yes.



[PEPPER] Here, these are the ones we want.



[BELVEDERE] A double-header!



[SNARE DRUM and SUZIE-Q] Yay!

[RAMONA] Oh, they're adorable. We'll take them.



[MRS. TADLOCK] Uh-uh. Now, that's a thing with 2 heads,
absolutely not.



Siamese twins are a financial burden.
Sewing all those old school clothes together.



You're not psychologically equipped.



[PEPPER] Mrs. Tadlock, these are my children and I'm taking them with me.



[RAMONA] That's right, sister.



[KIDS] [cheering]



[MRS. TADLOCK] You!



[KIDS] [clamoring]



[MRS. TADLOCK] Let me outta here. Help.





[tires squealing]



[PEPPER] Good going.

[RAMONA] That was great.

[PEPPER] I'm so proud of you!





[tires squealing]



[RAMONA] Come on, we got to get to the Enchanted Forest. Turn left.

[BELVEDERE] No, turn right.



[tires squealing]



[THE ENCHANTED FOREST]



[BALDWIN & GANG] [Scatting]



[Mr. Sandman Playing] Mr. Sandman



[BALDWIN] [scatting] [to Allison] Yes?

[SQUARES] [laughing]



[ALLISON] [Scatting] Bring me a dream



[BALDWIN & GANG] [scatting] I am the cutest that she's ever seen



Give her the word that I'm not a rover





[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Oh.



[BALDWIN & GANG] [scatting] *Then tell her that her lonesome nights are over*

[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] What?

[RAMONA] Shh.



[ALLISON] *Sandman, I'm so alone*



Don't have nobody to call my own



[BALDWIN & GANG] [Scatting] Please turn on your magic beam



[BALDWIN, GANG & ALLISON] Why, Mr. Sandman, bring her a dream



[scatting]



Mister Sandman, bring us a dream



[ALLISON] Us a dream



[BALDWIN & GANG] [Scatting] Give him a pair of eyes with a come hither gleam



Give him a lonely heart like Pagliacci



And lots of wavy hair like Liberace





Mr. Sandman someone to hold



Would be so preachy before we're too old



So please turn on your magic beam



Mr. Sandman bring us



Please, please please, Mr. Sandman



Bring us a dream





[audience cheering]



[BELVEDERE] [dressed up in a rabbit costume, swings in and grabs Allison]



[SQUARES] [screaming]



[DRAPES] [cheering]



[SQUARES] Drapes!

[MILTON] Allison Vernon-Williams, the decision is yours.



[BELVEDERE] You sang with the Squares. Now sing with the Drapes.

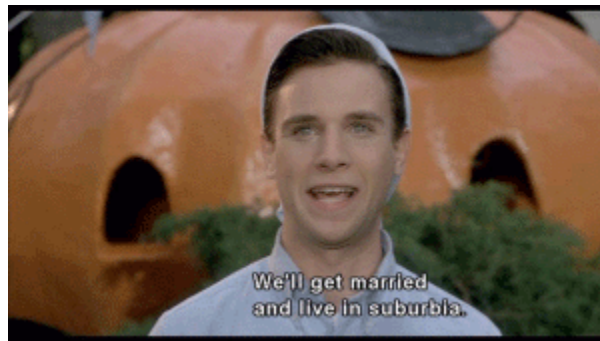
[all] [cheering]



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Yay!



[HATCHET-FACE] Cry-baby needs you.



[BALDWIN] We'll get married and live in suburbia.
I love you, Allison.



[ALLISON] I don't wanna hurt you, Baldwin.





[LENORA] I had my baby. Isn't he cute?
I'm a Square now.



Wave to Allison.



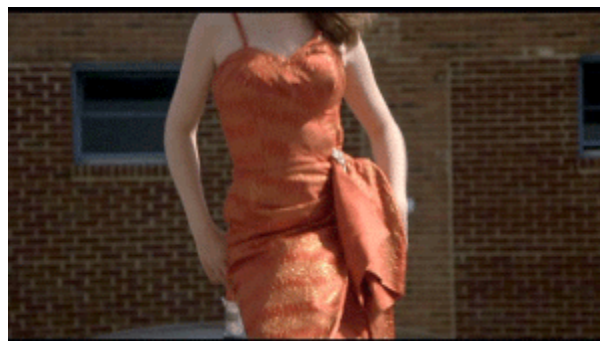
[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] You may be a Square, Lenora, but you're still a tramp.



[ALL] Oh.



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Allison, pick the man who loves you the most.



[ALLISON] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



won't you let my man go free?





Please, Mr. Jailer



won't you let my man go free?





♪ He don't belong in prison ♪

*He don't belong in prison
though he's guilty as can be*



♪ But the only crime
he's guilty of ♪

But the only crime he's guilty of





is simply loving me



Please, Mr. Jailer





won't you let my man go free



[ALL] Please, Mr. Jailer



won't you let my man go free?

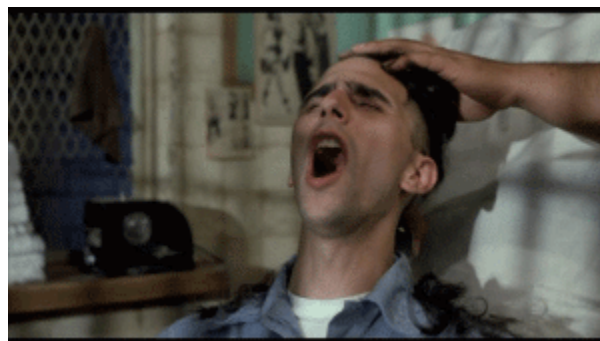


Yeah, yeah, yeah

[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



won't you let this jailbird free?



[PRISONERS] [singing] Whoa, whoa, whoa



[ALLISON] [singing] Just look into his eyes



Open up that door





Just listen to his guitar, you'll know the score



*[WADE] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer
let an honest man go free*



[ALLISON] [singing] Yeah, yeah, yeah



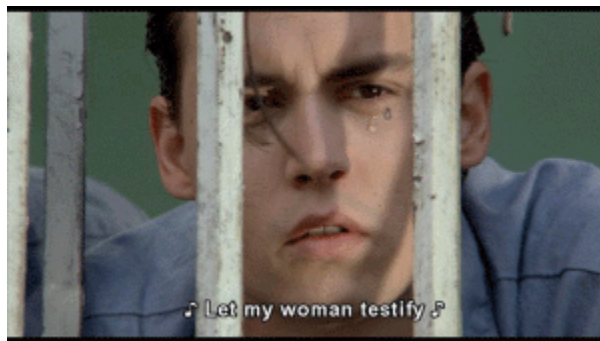
[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



don't you make no lifer out of me



I'm innocent, I swear it



Let my woman testify



She'll tell you where I was that night



[ALLISON] [singing] Yeah, I'm his alibi



[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



[ALLISON] [singing] Won't you let my man go free?



[WADE] [singing] Well, I'm tired of pressing license plates



down in this rotten hole



I gotta reach the outside before I lose control



Please, Mr. Jailer



don't you make no lifer out of me





[PRISONERS] [clamoring]



[ALLISON] [singing] *Yeah, yeah, yeah*



[MAN] Walker, Wade Walker, you have a visitor.



[whirring]





[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



let me out of this penitentiary





♪ Let me out ♪

Let me out



♪ Please, Mr. Jailer ♪

Please, Mr. Jailer



♪ don't you make no lifer
out of me ♪

don't you make no lifer out of me



Please, Mr. Jailer





[ALLISON] [singing] Won't you let my baby go free?





Ah, oh, whoa, whoa, whoa





Let my man go free



[WADE] [singing] Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa







Don't make no lifer out of me



[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



[WADE] [singing] Can't you see how much love she's got for me?



[snarling]



[ALLISON] [singing] Well, let him go, let him go



Let him go





Let my man go free





♪ Ah, whoa, oh ♪

Ah, whoa, oh





(all)
♪ Please, Mr. Jailer ♪

[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



♪ Well, let me out ♪

[WADE] [singing] Well, let me out



[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer.



[WADE] [singing] Don't make me shout



[ALL] [singing] Please, Mr. Jailer



[WADE] Well, let me out



[throws the telephone through the glass door]





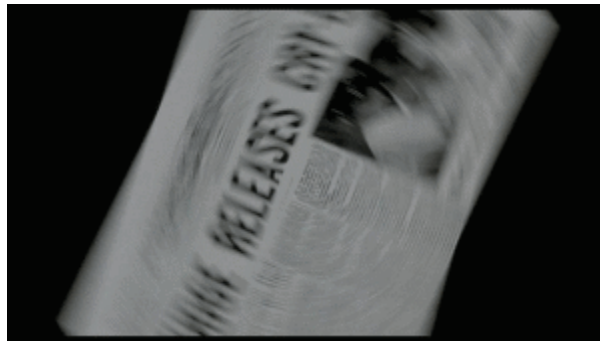
[ALL] [clamoring]



[WADE & ALLISON] [kissing]







[JUDGE RELEASES CRY-BABY]



[all clamoring]

[ALL] [clamoring]



[MARYLAND TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS]



[NO WEAPONS BEYOND THIS POINT]

[RING BUZZER FOR ENTRY]



[audience applauding]

[DRAPES] [applauding]



[BALDWIN] Criminal!



[JUDGE] Cry-Baby Walker, society has given you a second chance.



[DRAPES] [cheering]



[DRAPES] [booing]

[JUDGE] You're rehabilitated now.



Here is \$3.50.
And a pair of clean underwear.



[SQUARES] [booing]





[BALDWIN] You think you're a big man, Cry-Baby.
But you're lower than your dead father.



Guess who pulled the switch on that jerk?



[SQUARES] [laughing]

[BALDWIN] My grandpappy, that's who.



And every Christmas since,



my whole family gathers together,



and he re-tells the story of the day
he electrocuted your daddy



and we just laugh.



[SQUARES] [laughing]



[HATCHET-FACE] Let me punch his ugly face.



[DRAPES] [agreeing]



[WADE] It's okay, Hatchet. You're beautiful, baby.



[DRAPES] [applauding]



[WADE] But I'll take care of this maggot.



Do you know how to play the automobile game called "chicken"?



[BALDWIN] Huh, sure, my car and your jalopy.



[SQUARES] [laughing]



[BALDWIN] We head toward one another at full speed.
First one to turn the wheel before we smash is a chicken.

[SQUARES] [clucking]

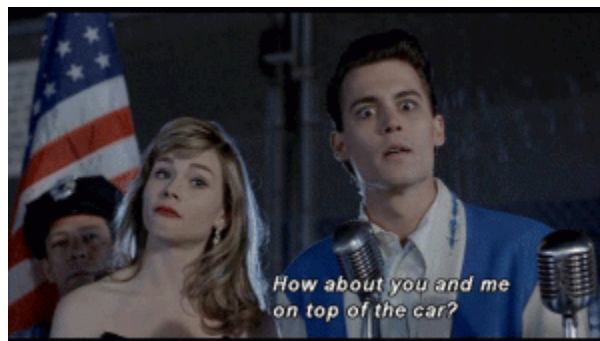
[JUDGE] Is that legal?



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Stop this insanity.



[WADE] I got some new rules, sucker.



How about you and me on top of the car?



[DRAPES] [agreeing]



[BALDWIN] I'm man enough, you big cry-baby.

[SQUARES] [booing]



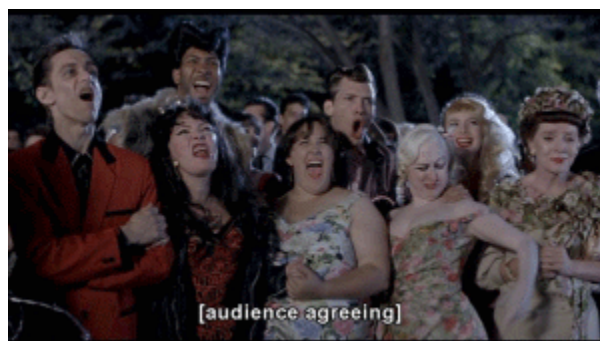
[WADE] That's Mr. Baby to you.

[SQUARES] [laughing]

[WADE] Fellows of the press,



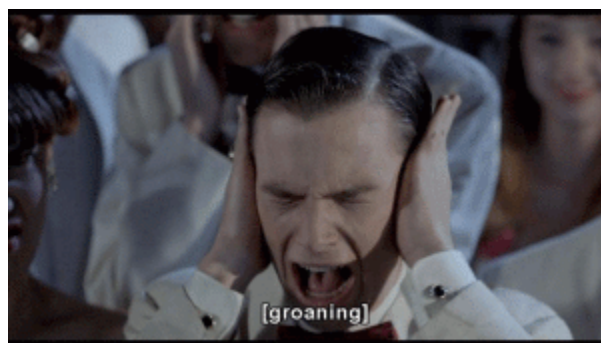
this chicken race tonight is for my daddy.
And I'd like to sing something in his memory,
something hillbilly.



[DRAPES] [agreeing]



[WADE] Something colored.



[BALDWIN] [groaning]

[SQUARES] [booing]



[WADE] Something my daddy would've loved.

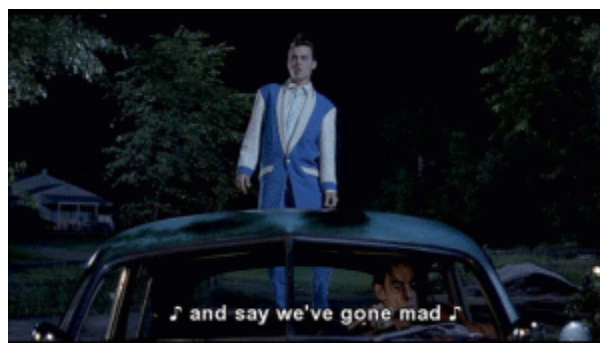


[DRAPES] [cheering]

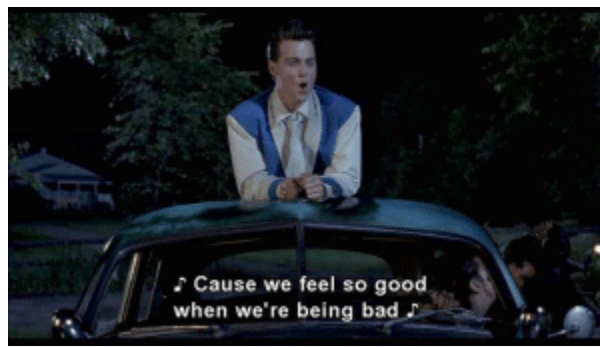




[High School Hellcats playing] [guitar playing] [WADE] [singing] You call us hoods



and say we've gone mad



*'Cause we feel so good when we're being bad
We're high school hellcats*

[ALL] [singing] On our own

[WADE] [singing] High school hellcats

[ALL] [singing] Almost grown



[WADE] [singing] Come on and pick a fight I wish you would



We love being bad



[ALL] [singing] 'Cause it sure feels good



[WADE] [singing] Oh!



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Baldwin, please.
Be a gentleman and call off this race, it's too dangerous.

[BALDWIN] Mrs. Vernon-Williams, you were born a Square
and you're gonna die a Square. You're coming with me.



[BOY] Come on, lady! Get in the car!

[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] No!



[ALLISON] [singing] Yeah, stand back, look out, we're renegade teens



*Friends of the devil but twice as mean
We're looking for kicks, we want them now
We're gonna get them*



[ALL] [singing] And we don't care how



[ALLISON] [singing] We're high school hellcats



[ALL] [singing] Almost grown



[WADE] [singing] High school hellcats



[ALL] [singing] Almost grown



*[WADE] [singing] Come on, pick a fight, we wish you would
We love being bad*



[ALL] [singing] 'Cause it sure feels good



[DRAPES] [whooping]



[ALL] [clamoring]





[tires squealing]



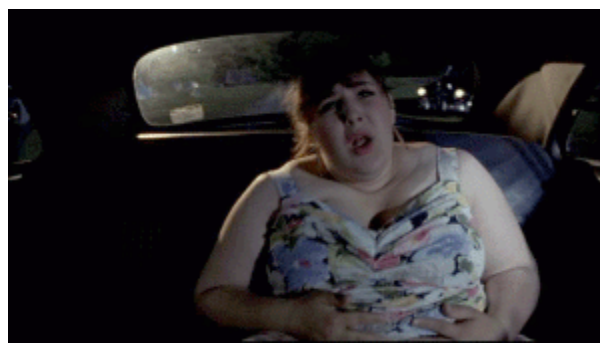
[WADE] [Singing] Come on!



Come on, Come on!



[ALL] [whooping]





*[WADE] [singing] Well, you lock us up in your schools
But we weren't born to live by rules*



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Get down from there this minute.

[BALDWIN] Sit down, you traitor.



*[WADE] [Singing] When you say stop, I say go, yeah, go!
We're high school hellcats*

[ALL] [singing] On our own



Cry-Baby!



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] What are you doing?



Wish you would



[WADE] [singing] We love being bad



[PEPPER] [singing] 'Cause it feels so good





[MARRY ME PEPPER!]

[ALL] [yelling]



[PEPPER] Uh-huh. Yes.

*[WADE] [singing] USA, the land of the free
We should be what we want to be
But everyone says we should be like them*

[ALL] [singing] But we're high school hellcats



And we never fit in

[WADE] [singing] We're high school hellcats



[MRS. VERNON WILLIAMS] Allison, help! Help me!



[WADE] *[singing]* Come on and pick a fight, we wish you would



We love being bad 'cause it sure feels good





*We're high school hellcats
We're high school hellcats*



[cloth ripping]



[Singing] Come on and pick a fight, we wish you would



We love being bad 'cause it sure feels good

[BALDWIN] [yelling]

*[WADE] [Singing] We love being bad 'cause it sure feels good
We love being bad 'cause it sure feels good
We love being bad 'cause it sure feels good*



[BALDWIN] Turn the wheel!



'Cause it sure feels good



Chicken!





[tires squealing]



[No chickens were hurt making this movie]

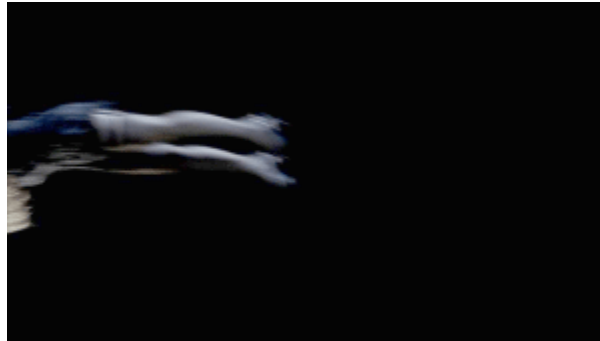


[WADE] Yay!
[whooping]



[ALL] [cheering]





[ALLISON] [flies through the air]







[Allison screaming]

[ALLISON] [screaming]



[audience cheering]

[ALL] [cheering]



[Bad Boy by The Jive Bombers playing]



[audience applauding]

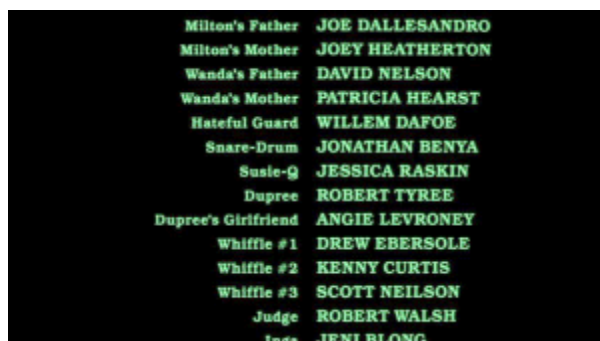
I'm just a bad boy



Cry-Baby: JOHNNY DEPP
 [ALLISON] AMY LOCANE
 [RAMONA] SUSAN TYRRELL
 [MRS. VERNON-WILLIAMS] POLLY BERGEN
 [BELVEDERE] IGGY POP
 [PEPPER] RICKI LAKE
 [WANDA] TRACI LORDS
 Hatchet-Face: KIM McGUIRE

All dressed up in fancy clothes

[MILTON] DARREN E. BURROWS
 Baldwin: STEPHEN MAILER
 [LENORA] KIM WEBB
 Toe-Joe: ALAN J. WENDL
 [HATCHET'S FATHER] TROY DONAHUE
 [HATCHET'S MOTHER] MINK STOLE



Milton's Father: JOE DALLESSANDRO
Milton's Mother: JOEY HEATHERTON

I'm takin' the trouble

Wanda's Father: DAVID NELSON
[MAGGIE]: PATRICIA HEARST
Hateful Guard: WILLEM DAFOE
Snare-Drum: JONATHAN BENYA
Susie-q: JESSICA RASKIN
Dupree: ROBERT TYREE
Dupree's Girlfriend: ANGIE LEVRONEY
Whiffle #1: DREW EBERSOLE
Whiffle #2: KENNY CURTIS

Whiffle #3	SCOTT NEILSON
Judge	ROBERT WALSH
Inga	JENI BLONG
Conk #1	CRAIG WALLACE
Conk #2	PHILLIP BROUSSARD
Conk #3	REGGIE DAVIS
Conk #4	NICK FLEMING
Conk #5	ROBBIE JONES
Mrs. Tadlock	VIVIENNE SHUB
Angelic Boyfriend	ROBERT MARBURY
Strip Poker #1	SKIP SPENCER
Strip Poker #2	HOLTER GRAHAM
Night Court Parent	SUSAN LOWE
Snake-Eyes Hood	DAN GRIFFITHS

Whiffle #3: SCOTT NEILSON
[JUDGE] ROBERT WALSH
[INGA] JENI BLONG
Conk #1: CRAIG WALLACE
Conk #2: PHILLIP BROUSSARD
Conk #3: REGGIE DAVIS
Conk #4: NICK FLEMING
Conk #5: ROBBIE JONES
Mrs. Tadlock: VIVIENNE SHUB
Angelic Boyfriend: ROBERT MARBURY
Strip Poker #1: SKIP SPENCER

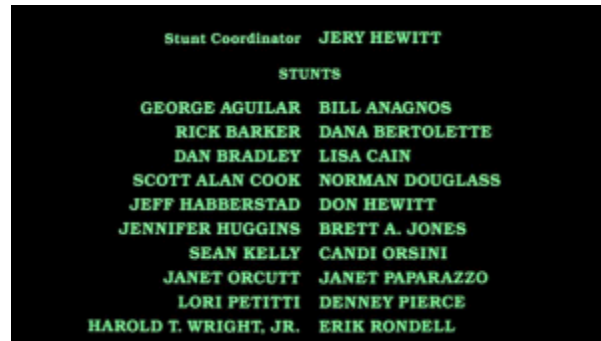
Strip Poker #2	HOLTER GRAHAM
Night Court Parent	SUSAN LOWE
Snake-Eyes Hood	DAN GRIFFITHS
Convict #1	KIRK McEWEN
Convict #2	ERIC LUCAS
Convict #3	FRANK MALDONADO
Convict #4	PATRICK MITCHELL
Picnic Mother	MARY VIVIAN PEARCE
Mean Guard	STEVE ARONSON
Pepper's Baby	KELLY GOLDBERG
Stunt Coordinator	JERY HEWITT
STUNTS	

Strip Poker #2: HOLTER GRAHAM

The hot blazin' sun

Night Court Parent: SUSAN LOWE
Snake-Eyes Hood: DAN GRIFFITHS

Convict #1: KIRK McEWEN
Convict #2: ERIC LUCAS
Convict #3: FRANK MALDONADO
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Stunt Coordinator Jerry Hewitt
STUNTS
GEORGE AGUILAR
BILL ANAGNOS
RICK BARKER
DANA BERTOLETTE
DAN BRADLEY
LISA CAIN
SCOTT ALAN COOK
NORMAN DOUGLASS
JEFF HABBERSTAD
DON HEWITT
JENNIFER HUGGINS
BRETT A. JONES
SEAN KELLY
CANDI ORSINI
JANET ORCUTT
JANET PAPARAZZO
LORI PETITTI
DENNEY PIERCE
HAROLD T. WRIGHT, JR.
ERIK RONDELL