Cry-Baby

By John Waters
“Cry Baby” by Honey Sisters

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 #
Shoobee doobee-wah
do-wat be-bobbee bobbee #
Shoobee doobee-wah
do-wat be-bobbee bobbee #
Shoobee doobee-wah
do-wat be-bobbee bobbee #
Cry baby, cry baby, cry baby #
My cry baby, uh-oh #
Is such a cry baby #
Uh-oh #
Is such a cry baby #
Cryin' all the time #
Cry baby #
Cry baby #
My cry baby, uh-oh #
Is such a cry baby #
Uh-oh #
Is such a cry baby #
Cryin' all the time #
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 #
Cryin' all the time #
Oh, when a bad boy looks at me #
Everybody knows #
Ooh, ouch, my blood turns hot #
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 #
# Shoobee doobee-wah
do-wat be-bobbee bobbee #
# Shoobee doobee-wah
do-wat be-bobbee bobbee #
# Shoobee doobee-wah
do-wat be-bobbee bobbee #
# Cry baby, cry baby, cry baby #
# My cry baby, uh-oh #
# Is such a cry baby #
# Uh-oh #
# Is such a cry baby #
# Cryin' all the time #
# All the time #
# Oh, when they tell me he's no good #
# Oh, what do they know? #
# What's bad to them is good to me #
# He sure makes me glow #
# He makes me glow #
# My cry baby, uh-oh #
# Is such a cry baby #
# Uh-oh #
# Is such a cry baby #
# Cryin' all the time #
# 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 #
# Cryin' all the time #
# Time #
# Time #
# You big old cry baby ##

[alarm ringing]
Get your cigarettes. Penny a piece.
Six for a nickel.
Ah, you owe me from
yesterday, young man.
Please, look, look,
I'll pay you tomorrow.
Wouldn't you like to have one?
Oh, come on, just a drag.
[Snickering] Just a drag!
No cash, no tobacco. Go on, scram.
Hey, Mona!
Get over here and help your poor mother.
[Coughing]
[People chattering]
Hi, kids.
Remember, always look
both ways before crossing.
Mother!
We're having your favorite
supper tonight, Wanda.
Potatoes au gratin.
(all) Mmm.
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?
I got a lift. Thanks, anyway.
We could count
out-of-state license plates.
I saw one this morning all
the way up from Virginia.
Dad, would you just leave me alone?
Bye, honey.
(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 #
# Now and then #
# Oh, you goin' pretty steady #
# Now and then #
I am so tired of being good.
# Well, I think I'm ready #
# This is what you need #
# Do you have plenty money? #
# Yes, I do #
# Tell me, is it all in cash? #
# Just for you #
# Will you give me all your lovin'? #
# If you're true #
# Then I will love you long as well #

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

[Groaning]

Allison Vernon-Williams,
get in this car.
What's the trouble, honey?
These hoodlums bothering you?

(Allison) No, no, we were just talking.

Grandmother, Baldwin,
this is Wade Walker.
They call me Cry-Baby.
This here is my sister, Pepper.
Greetings, Granny-o.

Allison's my girl, so
hands off, Cry-Baby.
You could have fooled me, Square.

Mrs. Vernon-Williams, I hear
you're having a talent show
at your charm school today.
I can barely imagine
what you would call music.
I can sing pretty good.
"Well," not "good."

Haven't you ever heard
of the English language?
Don't go flip out, mama.

Yeah. Sometimes shook-up old ladies
get cut.

(Baldwin) Come on, honey.
They're just bums.
Mr. Puniverse wants a fat lip.
I'd like to hear you sing.

(Grandmother) I will say
this once and once only.
Stay away from my granddaughter,
you common juvenile delinquents.
It was nice talking to you all.
# Just you and me #
# Go see our father #
# Just you and me #
# Tell our sisters and our brothers #
# Just you and me #
Let's go.
[All cheering]
# That you're going to marry me ##
The prettiest and most
talented girl in school
and yet she socializes with Drapes.
We're Squares, Allison, and
Squares got to stick together.
Yeah, but Drapes are people, too.
They just look different.
Maybe Cry-Baby can sing.
Something cool, something hep.
And where did you learn
those vulgar jazz words?
Your poor dead parents would
turn over in their graves.
It's those jukebox
records she listens to.
Honey, his kind of music
isn't even on the Hit Parade.
How can I think when
you're always touching me?
I have told you, Baldwin,
a young lady does not like to be pawed.
[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 #
I think Cry-Baby's got a girlfriend.
Cry-Baby and Allison sitting in a tree
K-l-S-S-l-N-G.
Shut up, Milton.
[All laugh]
Hey, Hatchet-Face, you think
Cry-Baby's got blue balls for the chick?
Allison's a Square, Wanda.
Cry-Baby don't dig Squares.
No, she's a "Scrape."
Part Square, part Drape.
I think she's pretty.
Cry-Baby, want some hooch?
I don't drink and drive.
[Tires screeching]
# Mess around with me #
# Turn back, baby #
# Mess around with me #
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]
# Love that girl #
# Oh, please #
# Listen to me #
Move up, now.
That's not funny.
# Why I love that girl #
# Love that girl #
# Hold me, baby, squeeze me #
# Never let me go #
# I'm not takin' chances #
You're a dead man, Walker.
# Oh, Gee, #
# Yes, I love her ##
[car horn honking] (Baldwin) Car! Car!
[Screaming]
[Tires screeching]
[Car horns blaring]
[All whooping]
###[Music playing]
[People chattering]
[Girls chattering]
[Microphone squeaks]
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen
and welcome to the annual RSVP Talent Show.
(audience) Good afternoon, Mrs. Vernon-Williams. First, I must apologize for my frazzled nerves. However, this afternoon we were attacked by a gang of juvenile delinquents. [Audience gasps] 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. Can't believe it. (woman) How disgusting. Girls who wear tight slacks. Hysterectomy pants, I call them. [All murmuring] 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! [Audience applauding] Yes! Yes! Teenagers everywhere, repent! Let Jesus Christ be your gang leader! Get out of Turkey Point before it's too late. 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 booty.
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.
Here he comes now, with that devil woman.
Hi, Mrs. 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.
Jeez, Mom and Dad, go home.
You're embarrassing me.
I'm a teenager. I want to live.
###[Music playing]
Hey!
Looks like somebody lost their laundry.
Hello, Cry-Baby.
You scorch me, man.
Later, Lenora.
But, Cry-Baby, I need a date for tonight's Jukebox Jamboree.
Well, I'm solo, sugar.
Want to see these gunboats? I give, Cry-Baby.
I give bare second on the first date.
Use your mentality and cool down.
Well, Lenora, your bosoms ain't nothing.
Better watch it, bozo.
You might catch a cold.
My brother wouldn't touch your
titties with a 10-foot pole.  
He likes his women  
bad, Lenora, not cheap.  
##[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] # 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 #  
# 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  
sh-boom #  
# Ya-da-da Da-da-da  
Da-da-da Da, sh-boom #  
[girls squealing]  
# 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 #
# Sh-boom
sh-boom #
# Life could be a dream, sweetheart #
[audience applauding]
Uncle Belvedere!
Wow!
You caught me in my birthday suit, butt-naked.
Grandma, we're home!
How much?
(Ramona) That muffler?
Dupree, for you
$15, take it or leave it.
Come on, Ramona.
$10. This thing's hotter than a pistol.
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.
I'm going to see you in hell, Dupree.
[Kids chattering]
Have you been bothering
your great-grandma all day?
She has customers.
Hell, no. They helped me steal a car.
It's a '51 Olds.
It's really cool.
That's my little Snare-Drum.
And, Ma, I swiped six
hubcaps like a big girl.
Way to go, Susie-Q.
Make those monster
faces, Hatchet. Please.
[Howling]
[Children screaming]
Goddamn gopher's
digging up my front yard.
What are you teenagers waiting for?
Turkey Point is open for business!
Let's celebrate!
[All cheering]
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.

[All whooping]
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.
I wish you and Belvedere
were my parents.
Oh.
Now, Milton,
boy, you are everything a man should be.
You're young, stupid, and mean.
We're gonna play some cool
music for you tonight, 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.
I'd kick a Square's ass for
you in a minute, Mrs. Rickettes.
Oh, this is the best gang
my grandson could ever have.
Grandma, I'm so happy all knocked up
I wish I was having triplets.
Well, we got a little surprise
for your young one in your oven.
You show her, Bel.
Sure will.
(Cry-Baby) Oh, Pep, ain't that cute?
It's beautiful, Grandma.
Cry-Baby.
When you was a boy, you had
to be the man of this family.
But I taught you how to dress, didn't I?
You sure did, Uncle Belvedere.
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.  

[Gasping]
[All cheering]

Grandmother, Uncle Belvedere, 
you've made me the happiest juvenile delinquent in Baltimore.
And guess what?
[Motorcycle engine rumbling]
I met a girl!
# 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) # 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]
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.
You were incredible, honey.
Where did you learn to sing like that?
Just practicing.
Baldwin.
[Siren alarm recedes]
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]
[All gasping]
Stay in your places.
[People chattering]
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.
[Sighing]
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.
[Groans]
Mind your manners.
This is what we think
of your kind of music.
[Grunting]
How dare you hit him!
You don't own me, Baldwin.
I have the right to hear Cry-Baby sing.
Don't get all worked up, honey.
The punk got what he deserved.
[All gasping]
Come on.
Allison.
Get up. Go! Go! Go!
Hop on, honey.
Just one minute,
young lady...
I'll take good care of her,
Mrs. Vernon-Williams. I promise.
And it's okay about my face.
It don't hurt much.
Please.
It's not a school night,
and I have been a good girl.
Just one night of
happiness, that's all I ask.
But what if you get your dress dirty?
[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]
# 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 #
[all cheering]
# 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

You okay?
I didn't get no axle grease on you, did I?
No. No. I'm fine.
Been to Turkey Point before?
My Grandmother wouldn't let me.
She calls it the Redneck Riviera.
It's where I live. Beautiful, ain't it?
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.
You're cool, Allison.
You just look Square.
Underneath it all, I think you're really hep.
Well, what have we here?
First Square to ever set foot in Turkey Point.
Hey, fine mama.
Welcome to the Jukebox Jamboree.
These are the Cry-Baby girls. That's Wanda.
Dig it, babe. You need a new look.
(Hatchet-face) Don't you got tits?
Stick them out, for God's sake.
That's Hatchet-Face.
She don't mean no harm.
First thing a Cry-Baby girl learns, our bazooms are our weapons.
Now, Pepper's pregnant. But she can fight like a man.
I wouldn't be caught dead in a full skirt.
Hey, girls. What do you think?
Let's give Allison here a bad-girl beauty makeover.
Are you game?
Sure.
Think I got what it takes?
[All whooping]
You got it, Allison.
You got it raw.
Hey, hey, hey!
Dig it, all you hep
cats and cool chicks.
You know me. Ramona Rickettes!
[Audience applauding]
Now let me introduce to
you the Cry-Baby combo,
Milton, Pepper, Wanda, Hatchet-Face.
[Audience cheering]
(both) Hi, Mom.
##[Band playing]
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!
[Audience cheering]
# 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 #
# King cry-baby #
# 'Cause I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# Yeah, I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# A king cry-baby
with a tear in my eye #
[audience cheering]
# 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 #
# 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 #
King cry-baby #
Yeah, I'm the king #
King cry-baby #
Oh, I'm the king #
King cry-baby #
A king cry-baby
with a tear in my eye #
[all cheering]
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 #
She's the queen #
Go on up there, honey.
Go on.
She's the queen #
Well, let people talk, I don't care #
Let me prove to you daddy
that I ain't no Square #
You'll be my queen
and I'll be your king #
But if you leave my hive,
you're gonna feel my sting #
'Cause you're my queen #
Queen cry-baby #
You're the king #
King cry-baby #
I'll be the queen #
Cry-cry baby #
A king cry-baby with
a queen by my side #
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 #
[audience applauding]
[Audience cheering]
###[Cherry by The Jive Bombers playing]
# Cherry #
Kiss me. Kiss me hard.
[Thunder clapping]
I've never given a French kiss before.
Watch. It's easy.
You just open your mouth,
and I open mine,
and we wiggle our tongues together.
And it feels real sexy.
I won't get mononucleosis, will I?
No, Allison. Just try it.
If you don't like it,
I promise I'll stop.
# I'll get you yet #
# Someday, Cherry #
# You'll be my pet #
# Right now #
# Cherry #
# The day is set ##
(boy) Break the window.
[Laughing]
I'm sorry, Allison.
It's just that you are so beautiful.
I want to let you, but I can't.
For my parents' sake.
Cry-Baby, they're both
dead. I'm an orphan.
I'm sorry, Allison.
No wonder we're together, honey.
I'm an orphan, too.
You are?
Yes.
And orphans have special needs.
Just on the outside of the
shirt, okay? Is it okay with you?
Yes. Oh, yes!
My parents were, they good
people and they... they loved me.
I want you. I need you.
I love you, too, Allison.
They had to go on a business trip together. It was their first airplane ride. Oh, Cry-Baby, your fingers feel so good. I've been saving it up for a girl like you, honey. Mommy and Daddy took separate planes for safety. 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] Goddamn! Lightning! What's the matter, Cry-Baby? Everything is the matter. It's just a thunderstorm. Heat lightning. It's sexy. It's not sexy. Electricity makes me insane. Why, Cry-Baby? Why? Here's why. Electricity killed my parents. They died in the electric chair? 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. God. I read about the Alphabet Bomber. Bombs exploding in the... the airport, the barbershop. 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] But your mom? 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.
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]
[Yelling] Cry-Baby.
[Grunting]
[People screaming]
[All yelling]
[Laughing]
[Police car siren wailing]
I'm going to have his baby.
(Baldwin) Allison!
[Wind whooshing]
Oh, my God. What have they done to you?
Allison, come home. They
beat me and kicked me.
All because I love you.
[Screaming]
[Thunder clapping]
[Engine revving]
Get on.
Don't do it, Allison.
No!
(all) 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.
L-Let her go. She's with me.
Her name is Allison
and she is a nice girl.
Allison, I'm sorry to get you locked up.
But tonight, well,
you were the coolest date I ever had.
But, Cry-Baby, who is that girl?
Why didn't you tell me you
already had a lady friend?
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.
Please, no pictures.
[People chattering]
Get your hands off! Get your hands off of me!
[People shouting]
[Inaudible]
[Sputters]
(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?
Yes, Your Honor.
We have been praying all night for our son.
And praying so hard that we got headaches.
Hi, Wanda honey.
You were on the radio.
Would you just get me the fuck out of here?
What does "fuck" mean, Hector?
Oh, Maggie, it's just a teen nonsense word Wanda uses to make herself feel all grown-up.
Your Honor, could we take Wanda the fuck home?
[All laughing]
[Gavel pounding]
Good God!
Order. Order in this courtroom.
You hear that, Your Honor? It's a sign.
[Speaking indistinctly]
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.
Order! Order!
No wonder your children are in trouble.
And you, Miss Malnorowski...
By the way, that's a
shame about your face.
There's nothing the matter with my face.
I got character.
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.
Mrs. Malnorowski,
there is no smoking in this courtroom.
Why not?
I pay taxes on cigarettes, don't I?
And what do I get for those taxes?
Happiness? Hell, no.
I get tuberculosis.
[Explodes]
Oh, Christ! Now I got a flat tire.
I'm going to release these delinquents
to their parents' custody.
And if they were mine,
I'd give them a bare-assed whipping.
Ohm, they can sing, Your Honor.
You should hear them.
Oh, it's new, it's exciting.
We don't know what to call it.
It sort of rocks, man, it spins.
Yeah.
Let me get the right
words. It twirls. It twirls.
Ramona and Belvedere Rickettes,
I find you guilty of
disturbing the peace
and I fine the both of you $1,000.
That's all we have.
How are we supposed to live?
Damn you. Handcuff those brats.
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! Mrs. Tadlock.
Get away from them.
[All clamoring]
Don't you touch them!
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.
Grandmother, help him. We
were just singing together.
[People murmuring]
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.
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.
Mrs. Vernon-Williams,
are you aware that negroes were
present at tonight's disturbance?
My granddaughter is fond of all kinds of music. I am going to release Allison this one time, because you are a fine and beautiful woman, Mrs. Vernon-Williams. [People murmuring] But not you, Cry-Baby Walker. The only place you're going to sing is in jail. No! I find you guilty of rampant juvenile delinquency and I hereby sentence you to the Maryland Training School for Boys until your 21st birthday. Ha! [Banging gavel] Court dismissed. [People exclaiming] Lock him up! You can't lock up his music! [Crowd clamoring] I'll get out, sugar dumpling, if it's the last thing I do! I swear. 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 ## Boy, do I have a story for you. How does it feel to be a juvenile delinquent? It feels good. I've never been so happy in my whole life. (man) I hear you were... Lenora, you filthy hag. I wouldn't let you shine my boots! Allison's my girl. A-L-L-S-O-N, fellows. (male reporter) When did he propose? [Reporters clamoring] Oh, just last night.
You see, I'm pregnant with his child.
Well, you know that
Cry-Baby is an orphan.
He wants his baby to have a real family
for the family that
he himself never had.

[Inmates clamoring]
(guard) Break it up!
[All applauding]
Shut up!
Delinquents, hit the sack!

(man) Oh, I swear.
Strip down, asshole.
It's beddy-bye time.

[Grunting]
Now, don't forget to say your prayers.

God bless my probation officer.

(all) God bless my probation officer.

God bless the draft board.

(all) God bless the draft board.

God bless the juvenile authorities.

(all) God bless the juvenile authorities.

We're going to give you a
haircut tomorrow, pretty boy.

You ever hear of a Whiffle?

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

[Laughing]
God bless Dwight Eisenhower.

(all) God bless Dwight Eisenhower.

God bless Roy Cohn.

(all) God bless Roy Cohn.

God bless Richard Nixon.

(all) God bless Richard Nixon.

[Sighing]
Nighty-night, boys.

[Inmates murmuring]

[Sniffing]
Cry-Baby.

# Teardrops are falling #

(all) # Cry, go on, cry #
# Cry, go on, cry #
# Teardrops are falling #
# Out of my eyes #
# Teardrops are falling #
# I wonder why #
# Teardrops are falling #
# For you make me cry #
# 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 #
# My heart is aching #
# Almost breaking #
# If you hear me #
# Come back to me #
# Teardrops are falling #
# And you make #
# Me cry #
# (all) # Cry don't cry #
# Cry don't cry #
# Cry don't cry #
# Cry don't cry #
# Oooh ##
[gulping]
[Panting]
##[Band playing]
[People chattering]
Oh.
(male announcer) Call these Drapettes bold, call them brazen, but don't call them Square.
Yes, mothers, you should be worried.
Following last night's disturbance at Turkey Point Cry-Baby Walker had the nerve to announce his engagement to fellow gang member and known hussy, Lenora Frigid, mother-to-be of his child.
Cry-Baby is an orphan.
He wants his baby to have a real family
for the family that
he himself never had.
Wade Walker, defiantly entering the
Maryland Training School for Boys

had this to say:
It feels good, man. I've never
been so happy in my whole life.

##[Band playing]
[People chattering]
[People screaming]
[People clamoring]
##[Band continues playing]
Hurry, Allison, hide.
The newspapers have blown this
completely out of proportion.
He lied to me, Grandmother.
And the whole world knows
that I'm just a Drape fool.
Oh, heavy hangs the head
that last night wore the crown.
##[Band approaching]
Allison.
[People clamoring]
##[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 #
Allison Vernon-Williams, you
don't have to decide today.
Give your heart some time to think.
# The naughty lady of Shady Lane #
# So delectable #
# Quite respectable #
# Me-oh-my-oh #
# What a girl #
[people cheering]
[People applauding]
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 ##
Hey, man, your old lady's on the radio.
There's trouble, Cry-Baby, big trouble.
Allison!
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.
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.
I can sing better than Cry-Baby Walker
any day of the week.
[Switching stations]
[Growling]
[Screaming]
# 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 #
(all) # Let me go, let me go #
# This kind of suit don't set me free #
# Set me free, set me free #
# Well, I can't live if I can't ride #
# Let me ride, let me ride #
# And I want my baby by my side #
# I want my baby by my side #
# 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 #
[all hollering]
# What do I do, who do I thank? #
# What can I do? What can I do? #
# To get me out of this stinking tank #
# Stinking tank Stinking tank #
# It's heartbreaking to be this age #
# Stuck in a cage Stuck in a cage #
# Locked in the prison of teenage rage #
# Stuck in a cage with a teenage rage #
[all clamoring]
# 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 #
# Stuck in a cage with a teenage rage #
# I don't want to be doing
time for being young ##
[clicking]
[People chattering]
###[I'm a Bad Bad Girl
by Little Esther playing]
# I'm a bad girl ##
Who the hell is this?
This is Inga. She's from Sweden.
She's an exchange student.
And she's going to be staying with us for a while.
Inga, this is our daughter, Wanda. Say hello.
Ya?
[Scoffs] I'm blowing this joint.
Well, Inga doesn't
understand English very well.
Inga, say hello to Wanda.
Ya?
Say hello to our daughter.
Ya?
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.
Let's all put on a folk hat and learn something about a foreign culture.
Do we have a surprise for you. Don't we, Meg?
We sure do.
All this silly trouble you've been having lately...
Wanda, honey, you're going to Sweden, this afternoon at 3:00.
You mean you swapped me?
For a milkmaid?
Oh, honey, Inga's mater and pater will treat you just like one of the family. Ya, Inga? Ya. Ya, Ya.
You want to learn about America, Inga? In America, we like boys.
We like hot boys.
Boys with roaming hands and rushing fingers.
Wanda honey, want some Ovaltine?
Ya. Ya, Ya.
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 #
Hey, you goin' my way?
Oh, it's you.
You ever hear of something
called a theme park?
Yeah, there's a big
opening over there today.
Well, that's where I'm going, stallion.
Well, hop on in.
[Laughing]
# I'm tellin' you women,
this ain't no jive #
# If you get too close
this man will drive ##
[tires screeching]
[People shouting]
Hold on, homeboy.
Almost done.
I know it hurts,
but being this cool's always a pain.
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.
Oh.
There you go. It's a beauty.
[Door clanking] You
never have to cry again.
[Squeaking]
I heard talkin' in here.
W-what's that on your
face, blubber-boy?
A booger?
Are you blind? It's a lonely teardrop.
[Chuckling] Oh, ain't that cute?
It ought to go real good
with your new haircut.
[Laughs]
I ain't gettin' no haircut.
You wanna bet?
You're next, sniffer-snot.

[Laughing]
[Continues laughing]
[Door squeaking]
[Whispering] Cry-Baby, look!
It's your only chance, man.
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.
Ah. Oh, man.

[Bell dings]
[Mooing]
Come on, gorgeous.

[Cloth ripping]

[Helicopter approaching]

## [Rubber Biscuit by The Chips playing]
Look. Is that the prison?

Chick'n hon-a-chick-a-chick
hole-a-hubba #
# He'll ride a
chuck-a-lucka wanna jubba #
Move over, Milton. Let me try.
# Hi-Iow 'n-ay
wanna dubba hubba #
# Day down sum wanna jigga-wah #
# They'll ride a wanna lubba hubba #
(Hatchet-Face) Geronimo!

[Laughs]
# We all ride a
wanna dib-a-doo #

[people shouting]
What do we have here?
Who is that?
This is a jailbreak!
# She'll ride
wanna dib-a-doo #
# Downtown
wanna dib-a-doo #

[people clamoring]

[Gunfire continues]
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, he's in the hole.
(man #4) No, he's in the movies. That way!
[All clamoring]
(Hatchet-Face)
Cry-Baby!
(woman) Hurry, David.
(man) I've almost got it.
[Screaming]
[All yelling]
[All clamoring]
# 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]
# Dow wow ooo ##
[panting]
[Screaming]
[Grunting]
[Rats squeaking]
[Yelling]
[Squeaking]
What's down here?
What, this way?
[Squeaking]
Ohhh.
Thanks, pal.
[Grunting]
[All laughing]
[Squeaking]
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. Uh, we were thinking of two children, actually. About 6 or 7 years old. With some spunk. Well, now, what about him? Little Joey, mother's little helper. He not only vacuums, he does windows. Irons. Yes. Here, these are the ones we want. A double-header! (both) Yay! Oh, they're adorable. We'll take them. 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. Mrs. Tadlock, these are my children and I'm taking them with me. That's right, sister. [Children cheering] You! [Children clamoring] Let me outta here. Help. [Tires squealing] Good going. (Ramona) That was great. I'm so proud of you! [Tires squealing] Come on, we got to get to the Enchanted Forest. Turn left. No, turn right. [Tires squealing] ##[Scatting] # Mr. Sandman # # Yes? # [people laughing] # Bring me a dream # # I am the cutest that she's ever seen # # Give her the word
that I'm not a rover #
Oh.
# Then tell her that her
lonesome nights are over #
What? Shh.
(Allison) # Sandman, I'm so alone #
# Don't have nobody to call my own #
# Please turn on your magic beam #
# Why, Mr. Sandman, bring her a dream #
##[scatting]
# Mister Sandman, bring us a dream #
# Us a dream #
# 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 peachy
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 applauding]
[Audience cheering]
[People screaming]
[Cheering]
(all) Drapes!
Allison Vernon-Williams,
the decision is yours.
You sang with the Squares.
Now sing with the Drapes.
[Audience cheering]
Yay!
(Hatchet-Face)
Cry-Baby needs you.
We'll get married and live in suburbia.
I love you, Allison.
I don't wanna hurt you, Baldwin.
I had my baby. Isn't he cute?
I'm a Square now.
Wave to Allison.
You maybe a Square, Lenora,
but you're still a tramp.
(all) Oh.
Allison, pick the man
who loves you the most.
# 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 #
# though he's guilty as can be #
# 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 #
(Allison) # Won't you
let my man go free? #
# Yeah, yeah, yeah #
# Please, Mr. Jailer #
# won't you let this jailbird free? #
# Whoa, whoa, whoa #
# Just look into his eyes #
# Open up that door #
# Just listen to his guitar,
you'll know the score #
# Please, Mr. Jailer #
# let an honest man go free #
# Yeah, yeah, yeah #
(all) # 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 #
# Yeah, I'm his alibi #
# Please, Mr. Jailer #
# Won't you let my man go free? #
# 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 #
[inmates clamoring]

(Allison) # Yeah, yeah, yeah #

(man) Walker, Wade

Walker, you have a visitor.

[Whirring]

(all) # Please, Mr. Jailer #

# let me out of this penitentiary #

# Let me out #

# Please, Mr. Jailer #

# don't you make no lifer out of me #

# Please, Mr. Jailer #

# won't you let my baby go free? #

# Ah, oh, whoa, whoa, whoa #

# Let my man go free #

# Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa #

# Don't make no lifer out of me #

(all) # Please, Mr. Jailer #

# Can't you see how much love she's got for me? #

[snarling]

# Well, let him go, let him go #

# Let him go #

# Let my man go free #

# Ah, whoa, oh #

(all) # Please, Mr. Jailer #

# Well, let me out #

(all) # Please, Mr. Jailer #

# Don't make me shout #

# Please, Mr. Jailer #

# Well, let me out ##

[people clamoring]

[All clamoring]

[Audience applauding]

Criminal!

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

[People cheering]

You're rehabilitated now.

Here is $3.50.

And a pair of clean underwear.

[People booing]

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?
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.
[People laughing]
Let me punch his ugly face.
[People agreeing]
It's okay, Hatchet.
You're beautiful, baby.
[People applauding]
But I'll take care of this maggot.
Do you know how to play the automobile game called "chicken"?
Huh, sure, my car and your jalopy.
[People laughing]
We head toward one another at full speed.
First one to turn the wheel before we smash is a chicken.
[People clucking]
Is that legal?
Stop this insanity.
I got some new rules, sucker.
How about you and me on top of the car?
[People agreeing]
I'm man enough, you big cry-baby.
[People boozing]
That's Mr. Baby to you.
[People laughing]
Fellows of the press,
this chicken race tonight is for my daddy.
And I'd like to sing something in his memory,
something hillbilly.
[Audience agreeing]
Something colored.
[Groaning]
[People boozing]
Something my daddy would've loved.
[Audience cheering]
##[Guitar playing]
# 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) # On our own #
# High school hellcats #
# Almost grown #
# Come on and pick a
fight I wish you would #
# We love being bad #
# 'Cause sure feels good #
# Oh! #
Baldwin, please.
Be a gentleman and call off
this race, it's too dangerous.
Mrs. Vernon-Williams,
you were born a Square
and you're gonna die a
Square. You're coming with me.
Come on, lady! Get in the car! No!
# 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) # And we don't care how #
# We're high school hellcats #
# Almost grown #
# High school hellcats #
(all) # Almost grown #
# Come on, pick a fight
We wish you would #
# We love being bad #
(all) # 'Cause it sure feels good #
[people whooping]
[Audience clamoring]
[Tires squealing]
(Cry-Baby) Come on!
Come on, Come on!
[Whooping]
# Well, you lock us up in your schools #
# We weren't born to live by rules #
Get down from there this minute.
Sit down, you traitor.
# When you say stop,
I say go, yeah, go! #
# We're high school hellcats #
(all) # On our own #
Cry-Baby!
What are you doing?
# Wish you would #
# We love being bad #
(Pepper) # 'Cause it feels so good #
[people yelling]
Uh-huh. Yes.
# USA, the land of the free #
# We should be what we want to be #
# But everyone says we
should be like them #
(all) # But we're high school hellcats #
# And we never fit in #
# We're high school hellcats #
Allison, help! Help me!
# 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]
# Come on and pick a
fight, we wish you would #
# We love being bad
'cause it sure feels good #
[yelling]
# We love being bad
'cause it sure feels good#
[yelling]
# We love being bad
'cause it sure feels good#
Turn the wheel!
# 'Cause it sure feels good ##
Chicken!
[Tires squealing]
Yay!
[Whooping]
[All cheering]
[Allison screaming]
[Audience cheering]
###[Bad Boy by The Jive Bombers playing]
[Audience applauding]
# I'm just a bad boy #
# All dressed up in fancy clothes #
# I'm takin' the trouble #
# To blow my bubbles away #
# The hot, blazin' sun #
# Won't hurt my head #
# 'Cause you'll always find me #
# Right there in the shade #
# I can see all the folks #
# They're laughin' at me #
# 'Cause I'm just #
# Naturally lazy, crazy #
# Bad boy #
# All dressed up in fancy clothes #
# I'm takin' the trouble #
# To blow my bubbles away ##
###[King Cry Baby by James Intveld playing]
# 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 lookin' at me #
'cause I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# 'Cause I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# Yeah, I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# A king cry-baby #
with a tear in my eye #
# If you mess with the king, you're gonna cry, baby cry #
# Oh baby cry, oh baby cry, oh baby cry, wow! #
# Well, I was born on the wrong side of the tracks #
# 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 #
# King cry-baby #
# Yeah, I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# 'Cause I'm the king #
# King cry-baby #
# A king cry-baby
with a tear in my eye #
# 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 #
[whooping]
# She's the queen #
# She's the queen #
# She's the queen #
(woman) # Well, let
people talk I don't care #
# Let me prove to you daddy
that I ain't no Square #
# 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 #
# Queen cry-baby #
# You're the king #
# King cry-baby #
# I'll be the queen #
# Cry, cry-baby #
# A king cry-baby with
my queen by my side #
# And if you mess with us, man
you're gonna cry, oh baby cry #
# Oh baby cry, oh
baby cry, oh baby cry #
# Oh, cry, baby cry,
baby cry, baby cry #
# Cry, baby cry, baby cry, baby cry #
# A king cry-baby with
my queen by my side #
# And if you mess with
us, man you're gonna cry #
# Oh, baby cry, baby
cry, baby cry, baby cry #
# Oh baby cry, oh
baby cry, oh baby cry #
# Oh, cry baby cry, baby cry, baby cry #
# Oh, cry, baby cry,
baby cry, baby cry ##