

SHELBY. Forget the damn juice.
M'LYNN. Shelby'll be fine now. Anyway I always carry some mints in my bag just in case.
TRUVY. Then take some of the butterscotch in that dish. Throw some in her bag, Clairee. They are the best. They start out real hard, but once you suck all the coating off, they get real chewy. My two favorite things . . . crunchy and chewy and buttery . . . all in one. Delicious. *(Clairee dumps some in M'Lynn's bag and notices something odd.)*
CLAIREE. M'Lynn. You always carry candy in your bag?
M'LYNN. Without fail.
CLAIREE. Then tell me. Do you suck on this often? *(Clairee pulls a huge gun from the bag. Gasps all around.)*
M'LYNN. Clairee. Put that back.
TRUVY. I hate it when people bring weapons into my shop.
SHELBY. How did you get Daddy's gun away from him?
M'LYNN. I had been waiting all morning for my chance. He finally put it down to go to the bathroom.
ANNELLE. I'd like to ask a question. I'm new here and all. Is my life in danger?
TRUVY. No. M'Lynn's husband's just been shooting at some birds. The trees around here are full of 'em this time of year.
M'LYNN. You see, our backyard is full of fruit trees . . .
SHELBY. Which are full of birds. Daddy has been trying to frighten the birds out of the trees by making loud noises. I didn't want the guests at my reception to spend all night dodging bird *do*.
M'LYNN. The neighborhood is fit to be tied. Ouiser Boudreaux blames my husband's gunshots for the problems of that mangy dog of hers. She insists all the noise has made that stupid animal lose its hair.
TRUVY. Taking the gun was a stroke of genius, M'Lynn.
M'LYNN. I know.
ANNELLE. What if he comes over here and tries to get his gun back?
M'LYNN. Drum would never set foot in a beauty shop. This is women's territory. He probably thinks we all run around naked or something.

All Side 1 Start

ANNELLE. *(Catching a glimpse out of the window.)* There's somebody coming! A strange lady with a strange dog!
CLAIREE. That would be Ouiser.
ANNELLE. That is one ugly dog. What kind of dog is that?
CLAIREE. If Rhett had hair, he would be a collie.
TRUVY. Lord. Give us strength. *(The door bursts open. It's Ouiser, very upset.)*
OUISER. This is it. I've found it. I am in hell!
TRUVY. 'Morning, Ouiser.
OUISER. Don't try to get on my good side. I no longer have one.
TRUVY. You're a little early. You're not expected 'til elevenish.
OUISER. That's precisely why I'm here. I have to cancel. *(The phone rings. Ouiser picks it up and hangs up on the caller.)* I have to take my poor dog to the vet before he has a nervous breakdown. My dog I mean. The vet is perfectly healthy. *(To Annelle.)* You must be the new girl.
ANNELLE. Hi.
OUISER. May I have a glass of water? I have been screaming this morning. *(Exit Annelle.)*
M'LYNN. I'm sorry this whole thing has gotten out of hand, Ouiser . . .
OUISER. It's not your fault, M'Lynn. I used to think that you were crazy for marrying that man. Then I thought for a few years that you were just a glutton for punishment. Now I realize that you must be on some mission from God. I have not slept in days. I look like a dog's dinner. However, when I got up this morning, I decided I would try to rise above it. I would start anew. Whatever that man has done, I would overlook it in honor of your wedding day, Shelby. I thought I would make myself a little presentable and floss up the house in case somebody wanted to drop in . . . it being a big day in the neighborhood and all. So I go out to cut some fresh flowers for the living room. I go down to my magnolia tree and there is not a bloom on it!
M'LYNN. Ouiser. The judge has not decided whose tree that is exactly.
OUISER. It's mine! *(Enter Annelle with glass of water.)* Be that

as it may . . . it would not be too much to ask for me to have one blossom to brighten my home. I am all alone except for my dog.

CLAIREE. You need something in your life besides that dumb animal . . .

OUISEY. Put a lid on it, Clairee. I was standing there looking at my . . . my naked magnolia tree when I saw Drum across the way loading what appeared to be a cannon. I asked him what happened to all those magnolia blossoms. He said the wind probably blew them off during the night. Then I asked him how the wind managed to blow them all off into your pool. Then he fired at me! Is that rude or what?

M'LYNN. They're blanks. And Drum would never aim a gun at a lady.

OUISEY. He's a real gentleman. I'll bet he takes the dishes out of the sink before he pees in it.

M'LYNN. That's uncalled for.

OUISEY. All I know is my poor animal has to be sedated. He has a condition.

SHELBY. Are you sure that's true? Rhett is a very old dog.

OUISEY. I am simply going on what the vet tells me.

CLAIREE. Which vet?

OUISEY. Whitey Black.

CLAIREE. That's your first mistake. Whitey Black is a moron. I'm not even sure he has opposable thumbs.

SHELBY. Miss Ouiser, Daddy is not trying to drive you crazy. He's just trying to make my reception nice. His heart's in the right place.

OUISEY. But he cannot do this to my dog! My dog is on his last legs! What am I going to do with the poor animal?

CLAIREE. (Holding up the recipe box.) I've got a lot of good recipes here.

OUISEY. (To Annelle.) Darling . . . whatever your name is . . . would you look out the window and check on my dog while I smack Clairee on her smart mouth? You may not believe this, but these are the dearest friends I have in this town. ~~End~~

ANNELLE. His color's good. His skin is real pink.

SHELBY. I know for a fact there will be no more gunshots. So why don't you relax, Miss Ouiser? Have some coffee.

TRUVY. Ladies. This is going to work out beautifully. I'm almost through with Shelby. Annelle can shampoo Ouiser. See. Life can be wonderful.

OUISEY. All right. As long as there's no more gunshots, I'll stay. (To Annelle.) What is your name? Did you tell me?

ANNELLE. Annelle.

OUISEY. Fine. Are you new in town? I know everyone. I don't recall ever seeing you before.

ANNELLE. I just moved to town not too long ago.

OUISEY. With your family?

ANNELLE. No'm. I don't have any family to speak of.

OUISEY. With your husband?

ANNELLE. Uh . . . my husband? That's hard to say . . . I . . . uh . . . I don't know.

OUISEY. You don't know?

ANNELLE. I'm not sure.

OUISEY. I'm intrigued. Are you married or not? These are not difficult questions.

ANNELLE. Uh . . . we're not . . . he's not . . . I can't talk about it.

CLAIREE & TRUVY. Of course you can.

ANNELLE. I'm not sure if I'm married or not . . . he's gone!

OUISEY. Honey. Men are the most horrible creatures.

ANNELLE. Everything is horrible. Bunkie . . . that's my husband. He left. We only moved here a month ago. He just vanished last week.

CLAIREE. No idea where he went?

ANNELLE. Nobody knows. He took all the money, my jewelry, the car. Most of my clothes were in the trunk.

TRUVY. There might have been foul play. Have you been to the police?

ANNELLE. No . . . but they've been to me. He's in big trouble with the law. Drugs or something. He never paid the rent so I got thrown out of our house and had to move in at crazy old Mrs. Robeline's. The police keep questioning me. But I don't know anything. They say my marriage may not be legal . . .

TRUVY. You should've said something.

ANNELLE. I was scared to. I need a job in the worst way and