

M'LYNN. For dessert they served an original creation called "Dago" pie. I think that says it all. Jackson is from a good old Southern family with good old Southern values. You either shoot it, stuff it, or marry it.

SHELBY. They are simply outdoorsy, that's all.

TRUVY. Did you all do anything especially romantic?

SHELBY. We drove down to Frenchman's Point and went parking.

M'LYNN. Shelby, really.

TRUVY. Oh, boy. The romantic part. This is what really melts my butter.

SHELBY. Then we went skinnydipping and did things that frightened the fish.

M'LYNN. Shelby.

CLAIREE. It's been a long time since we've had a youngster in this place, hasn't it?

SHELBY. We talked, and talked, and talked . . .

TRUVY. I love those kinds of talks . . . in the arms of the man you love.

SHELBY. Actually we fought most of the time.

TRUVY. What?

SHELBY. Because I told him I couldn't marry him. (*Shock all around.*)

M'LYNN. What?

CLAIREE. Why would you go and do a thing like that?

SHELBY. It's O.K. now. We worked it all out.

TRUVY. Oh. It was just one of those last minute jitter things.

SHELBY. No. But the wedding's still on.

TRUVY. Thank goodness. (*Pointing to Shelby's hairstyle.*)

'Cause this is going to be in the hairdo hall of fame.

CLAIREE. You scared us, Shelby. That wasn't a nice thing to do to your mama. You should never say something like that to a woman who's marinating fifty pounds of crab claws.

TRUVY. Oooo. Making up can be extremely romantic. I'm jealous. I miss romance so much.

CLAIREE. Truvy. It can't be that bad.

TRUVY. The last romantic thing my husband did was in 1972. He enclosed this carport so I could support him! Very

nice Annelle. I think you know what you're doing.

ANNELLE. Thank you. Mrs. Eatenton, you have great hair. And your scalp's clean as a whistle.

M'LYNN. I try.

TRUVY. Must run in the family. Shelby. You have such pretty hair . . . so thick . . . (*Shelby's head is beginning to drop forward. She resists Truvy's touch.*) Hold your head up, darling.

SHELBY. Stop it.

TRUVY. Shelby? Shelby? M'Lynn!

M'LYNN. (*Upon realization, springs into action. There is no alarm, just efficient action.*) Oh honey.

CLAIREE. (*Also aware.*) I'll get some juice. (*Clairee exits into kitchen for juice.*)

M'LYNN. Truvy. There's some candy in my purse.

TRUVY. I got a peppermint right here. (*Truvy slips the candy into Shelby's mouth. Shelby spits out the candy.*)

M'LYNN. (*Attending to Shelby.*) Shelby? We're getting you some juice.

TRUVY. Should I get her a cookie?

CLAIREE. (*Returns with orange juice.*) Here's the juice.

M'LYNN. (*To Truvy.*) Shelby? You need some juice. (*Tries to get Shelby to drink.*)

SHELBY. Leave me alone.

M'LYNN. Drink, honey. Drink some juice.

TRUVY. Drink the juice, honey.

SHELBY. (*Pushing away the juice, spilling it.*) No!

CLAIREE. (*Refilling the glass.*) Who can blame her. Juice after a peppermint?

SHELBY. Mama. Stop it. I have candy in my purse.

M'LYNN. You didn't bring your purse, honey. Here. Have another sip.

SHELBY. No . . . (*But Shelby drinks a sip.*)

M'LYNN. It's not any wonder. With all this wedding nonsense and running around.

ANNELLE. Excuse me. Should I call the doctor or something?

TRUVY. No, no.

CLAIREE. Shelby's a diabetic.

Start
All
(NO OUTSET)

M'LYNN. She's got a little too much insulin, that's all. She'll be fine if we can get something in her. Drink some more, Shelby.

SHELBY. I'm going to leave if you don't leave me alone.
M'LYNN. I'd love to see you try. Shelby . . . cooperate. Drink.

TRUVY. Honey, drink . . . please. *(Shelby drinks some.)*

M'LYNN. There we go. That's a start.

CLAIREE. That one hit her quick.

M'LYNN. Yes. She's on the pill now and her hormones are running wild. She'll get on an even keel pretty soon.

CLAIREE. She could hurt herself, M'Lynn? What if this happened when she was driving a car?

M'LYNN. Perhaps that explains why I have so much gray hair. But you've known Shelby as long as I have. You know I have to let her be strong. *(Shelby drinks.)* She doesn't seem to be down too deep.

CLAIREE. Talk to us, Shelby.

SHELBY. No.

CLAIREE. That's good enough.

M'LYNN. She's been so upset lately. She and Jackson have been going round and round. Dr. Michoud told her at her last appointment that children are not possible. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to sit there and watch your child's heart break.

SHELBY. Don't talk about me like I'm not here.

M'LYNN. There. She's making some sense. This one wasn't bad at all. But I think we should have a little more juice.

ANNELLE. Can I do something? Should I . . .

M'LYNN. No. She'll be fine in just a minute. She probably won't remember anything. Don't fuss over her . . . Normality is very important to Shelby.

TRUVY. I'm sorry to hear about the children part, M'Lynn.

M'LYNN. I know. She feels that Jackson might be throwing away his chance for children. They've discussed it and he seems to have taken it alright . . . Shelby's the one that's pushing the issue. He's crazy about her and . . .

SHELBY. He said, "Shut up. Don't be stupid. There's plenty of kids out there that need good homes. We'll adopt

ten of 'em. We'll buy 'em if we have to."

CLAIREE. Jackson sounds like good people to me.

SHELBY. I knew right then and there that if he was dumb enough to spend the rest of his life with me, then I'm dumb enough to marry him. *(Shelby is recovering. She realizes what has happened and is embarrassed.)* Oh gosh . . . oh gosh . . . I'm sorry . . . I'm so sorry, Mama. *(M'Lynn*

hugs Shelby. The phone rings.)

TRUVY. *(Answering.)* Hello? Yeah, hon . . . just a second.

M'Lynn? It's Tommy . . . for Shelby.

M'LYNN. Shelby, honey? It's Tommy.

TRUVY. Shelby, it's Tommy. He wants to know where your car is.

SHELBY. Absolutely not. That's the honeymoon getaway car. He just wants to defile it. Jonathan said he's been buying rubbers by the case.

TRUVY. She'll have to call you back.

SHELBY. *(To M'Lynn.)* Thank you, Mama. *(M'Lynn returns to Annelle who continues working on her hair.)*

TRUVY. Sit up straight. I've got to gild the lily. Now. Are you going to take it down after the reception? I'll be glad to give you a touch-up before you leave on the honeymoon.

SHELBY. I'm going to leave it up as long as possible.

TRUVY. Now. Let me guess where the honeymoon is. I picture tropical. Moonlight for days. Secluded. Somewhere that you can be intimate out of doors . . .

SHELBY. Las Vegas.

TRUVY. The weather's supposed to be nice. I hear it's like living in a blow dryer.

M'LYNN. Shelby? About what Jackson said . . .

SHELBY. I'd rather not talk about it, Mama. What happens in my life now is between Jackson and me. Jackson will take care of me and I will take care of him.

CLAIREE. You can't blame people for being concerned about you, darling.

M'LYNN. What Jackson said about children . . . about adoption . . . was wonderful. And very wise. Not being able to have children is no disgrace. *(Silence.)* Shelby? Did you hear what I said?