

Truvy & Clairee

ANNELLE. I just moved here. I'm originally from Zwolle.

CLAIREE. That explains it. Truvy? I thought I brought you those recipes. *(She fumbles with her shirt that has no pockets.)*

TRUVY. Clairee. The reason I called is, do you mind if I do Shelby first?

CLAIREE. That's fine. I'll amuse myself. Shelby's the most important one today. *(A gunshot.)* That man! I'll swanee . . . I think the situation is worse than ever.

TRUVY. Annelle? We're going to need more towels. They're stacked up next to the washing machine. *(Annelle exits.)*

CLAIREE. Sweet girl. Where'd you find her?

TRUVY. She heard I had a position open and she just walked in. I think there's a story here.

CLAIREE. What makes you say that?

TRUVY. For starters. She's married . . . but she lives at Ruth Robeline's. *(Clairee reacts.)* Alone.

CLAIREE. I'd get to the bottom of this, if I were you. You have some nice silverware you'd like to keep.

TRUVY. Oh, I'm not worried about that. She's very nice. I just love the idea of hiring someone with a past.

CLAIREE. She can't be more than eighteen. She hasn't had time to have a past.

TRUVY. Honey. It's the eighties. If you can achieve puberty, you can achieve a past.

CLAIREE. *(Annelle enters, carrying towels. Clairee sips her coffee and grimaces.)* Yuck! *(Truvy, concerned, takes a sip.)*

TRUVY. Annelle? How did you make this coffee?

ANNELLE. Like you said. I poured hot water through the thing.

TRUVY. Where'd you get the water?

ANNELLE. It was boiling on the stove.

TRUVY. Did you notice the hot dogs in the bottom of the pot?

ANNELLE. No.

TRUVY. Make some more, please.

ANNELLE. I'm so sorry.

start → CLAIREE. Don't worry. I love a good hot dog. Just not with cream and sugar. *(Annelle exits.)*

TRUVY. She's probably not an international spy. But! If she works out, I may let her rent the garage apartment.

CLAIREE. I thought the twins were going to live there while they go to the college.

TRUVY. Recent developments. Louie's going away to LSU now. And Poot has decided to work for my cousin in Baltimore. He doesn't want to be called Poot anymore. My babies are growing up.

CLAIREE. I can't believe your kids are old enough to leave the nest.

TRUVY. You know I was a child bride. Well. I look at the bright side. I have some places to visit now. I've always wanted to go to Baltimore. I'm told it's the hairdo capital of the world.

CLAIREE. *(Finding the recipes in her pocket.)* Here they are! I'm so fat I couldn't feel them.

TRUVY. The recipes? Let me see . . . *(Truvy takes the recipe cards and pores over them. Clairee reads over her shoulder.)* Um . . . this sounds delicious.

CLAIREE. It is. And the Bisquick makes it so simple. *(Pulls another card.)* And this is from my daughter-in-law. She says you can't attend a function in Tickfaw where this is not served.

TRUVY. Yum. *(Reading.)* Now are these chocolate chips semi-sweet or milk?

CLAIREE. Milk.

TRUVY. Is the Karo syrup light or dark?

CLAIREE. Matter of taste.

TRUVY. Where's that other one you were telling me about . . . Cuppa, cuppa, cuppa?

CLAIREE. That's so easy you don't have to write it down. Cup of flour, cup of sugar, cup of fruit cocktail with the juice. Mix it up and bake at 350 'til gold and bubbly.

TRUVY. Sounds awfully rich.

CLAIREE. It is. So I serve it over ice cream to cut the sweetness. Give me some paper, I'll copy them down for you.

TRUVY. *(Calling.)* Annelle? Get Miss Clairee some paper. I believe there's some stuck on the Frigidaire under the crawfish. *(To Clairee.)* Oh . . . and here's that article on Princess

Truvy's Clairee

Di. (There are gunshots and frenzied barking.) Sometimes I wonder if Drum Eatenton's brain gets enough oxygen. That is so annoying.

CLAIREE. Try living next door to him. (Enter Shelby. Her hair is in rollers. She carries a picture torn out of a magazine. She is a blushing bride in the first stages of completion.)

SHELBY. Hi, everybody!

TRUVY. There she is! There's my girl! Come break my neck. (Shelby's fingernails are wet, so she is careful when she hugs.)

SHELBY. Truvy. It's so good to see you! Morning, Miss Clairee! It's not that I'm unfriendly, I'm just worried about my nails.

TRUVY. What a pretty color.

SHELBY. I hope this doesn't dry too dark. If it's too dark, it will never do. You know the colors are never the same on the bottle.

TRUVY. You will always find that to be true.

SHELBY. (Her nails.) This is drying way too dark. "Practically Pink" my foot! Truvy? Do you have any of those nail polish remover things?

TRUVY. (Handing her some.) Here. Where's your mama?

SHELBY. Right behind me, I thought. (Annelle enters with fresh coffee.) Hi! I'm Shelby Eatenton . . . soon to be Latcherie.

ANNELLE. Hi. I'm Annelle. I'm new.

TRUVY. Today's Annelle's first day.

SHELBY. Well, Annelle. You're working with the best. Anyone who's anybody gets their hair done at Truvy's.

TRUVY. Absolutely. (A loud series of gunshots.) Shelby . . . uh you know I would walk on my lips to avoid criticizing anyone but your father is about to make us all pull our hair out. And that is bad for my business.

SHELBY. Well, he should be finished with his yard work soon.

TRUVY. I hope so.

SHELBY. You're not the only one concerned. Mama's about to have a fit. She and Daddy are fighting like cats and dogs.

CLAIREE. They're just anxious with so much going on.

SHELBY. No they're not. They just try to create as much

tension as possible in any given situation. It's a creed they live by.

TRUVY. You know. I was just reading an article in *Glamour* about tension during family occasions. It seems there can be a lot of stress and trauma. The thing I found most interesting is that stressful times can unleash deep dark hostilities that make your hair fall out.

SHELBY. They're fighting about patio furniture. Jackson and I will never fight about silly things. Are you married, Annelle?

ANNELLE. (Changing subject.) Oh. I hope that coffee's better.

CLAIREE. It smells right.

ANNELLE. (Looking at the picture Shelby brought.) How pretty . . .

SHELBY. Princess Grace . . .

TRUVY. Did you bring me the picture of that hairdo like I asked?

SHELBY. Here you go. Study it carefully. (Pulls out a plastic bag.) Here's the baby's breath.

TRUVY. This is so exciting. I feel like I am present at the creation. There is something so wondrous about the way a bride looks. I feel it's beauty in its purest form. (Studying the picture and the bag of baby's breath.) Where are you going to put this stuff? There's no baby's breath in this picture.

SHELBY. You just stick it in. It's meant to frame my face. Baby's breath is part of my whole decoration concept. For a total romantic look. (Notices Clairee's shoes.) Miss Clairee! What cute shoes!

CLAIREE. You think so? I'm not so sure. I think they're a little too racy for me. I'll probably give them away.

TRUVY. Ooo. Those are too chacha for words. If you decide to get rid of them, I'll buy 'em from you.

CLAIREE. What size do you wear?

TRUVY. Well. In a good shoe, I wear a size six, but sevens feel so good, I buy a size eight.

CLAIREE. They're eight and a half.

TRUVY. Perfect. (M'Lynn enters carrying a large tote bag.)

SHELBY. Hi, Mama. Look at Miss Clairee's shoes.

TRUVY. Ah, ah, ah! They're mine!

M'LYNN. Is this a riddle?