

(S) alone tonight. And if you feel yourself start getting sad, just watch my husband dance. It's very funny.

START
SIDE → ANNELLE. You're all so nice.

TRUVY. We enjoy being nice to each other. There's not much else to do in this town.

ANNELLE. But I don't have anything to wear...

SHELBY. No problem. I'll bet I have something that'll do. I'll call the house. (*Shelby dials the phone.*)

TRUVY. Now. If you're interested, my garage apartment will be available soon. My son is living there now. Give me a day to straighten it up and sweep out the bed, then come look at it. I'm sure we can work out some arrangement with the rent.

ANNELLE. (*Overcome.*) Oh...

SHELBY. (*On phone.*) Good! Jonathan. You have to do me a favor. Yes, now! Go in my closet and bring me two or three of my Sunday things. Just anything. Use your judgement. Very well. Bring the pink dress with the white collar, the pink suit with the cherries pinned on the jacket and the pink and white polka dot. No, Jonathan. Mama doesn't have Daddy's gun. Don't you have better things to do? What? Well stop him! Now! (*She hangs up. She is nervous.*)

CLAIREE. Is something the matter?

SHELBY. We'll see. (*There is a huge explosion.*) Yes.

OUISER. What in the hell!!! (*They all go to the window. The dog begins to bark uncontrollably.*)

M'LYNN. What happened?

SHELBY. Daddy tied explosives to Jonathan's GI Joe bow and arrow and shot them into the trees.

OUISER. Shut up Rhett!

M'LYNN. I hope nobody was hurt!

TRUVY. Well, the birds are flying every which-a-way. And there's white smoke billowing up from your backyard.

CLAIREE. Looks like Drum has set his trees on fire or he's just elected a new pope.

ANNELLE. I guess it worked. All the birds are leaving. *(They all come away from the window except Annelle.)*

OUISER. This is all she wrote. I am going to let that man have it.

ANNELLE. *(Still at window.)* Oh no! Your dog broke his chain! And he's heading toward the smoke!

M'LYNN. Oh, no! That dog will eat Drum alive. And Drum is unarmed!

CLAIREE. Ouiser! Do something!

TRUVY. Ouiser! Call your dog! He'll listen to you!

SHELBY. Miss Ouiser! Please! It's my wedding day. Say something to your dog!

OUISER. *(Flings open the door and screams:)* Kill, Rhett! Kill! *(Everyone rushes out the door.)*

END
→
SIDE

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

It is later in the year. The Saturday before Christmas, to be exact. Not much in the shop has changed. Only half of the lights are on in the shop. When the lights eventually come back on, we see the subtle changes. The radio Shelby has given Truvy, a small but festive Christmas tree, and several grotesque handicrafts. At curtain, M'Lynn is sitting under a dead hairdryer. Shelby enters, mystified by the lack of light and the lack of activity.

M'LYNN. Shelby!

SHELBY. Mama? Where is everybody?

M'LYNN. I thought you weren't coming to town until after lunch.

SHELBY. We got an early start because of the traffic. We wanted to drop in on Jackson's parents on the way down here.