

# SHELBY SIDE #1

SHELBY. Keep your head in the sink, please. (*Annelle accidentally squirts M'Lynn.*)

ANNELLE. (*Bringing M'Lynn up.*) I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

M'LYNN. That's all right. I find cold water refreshing. It startled me a little, that's all.

CLAIREE. Truvy? Could I copy your recipe for Strawberry Pie?

TRUVY. ~~Sure.~~ (*Clairee gets the recipe box. Truvy works on Shelby's hair.*) Your mother doesn't tell us much, Shelby. What's Jackson like?

SHELBY. He's pretty swell. I thought he was a pest at first, but then he kind of grew on me. And now I love him.

TRUVY. Where'd you meet him?

SHELBY. At a party at the Petroleum Club in Shreveport. I had no idea who he was, but I was getting a big kick out of watching him on the dance floor. It was painfully obvious he had never taken the time to dance in front of a mirror. There was something so attractive about how stupid he looked.

TRUVY. Is he real romantic?

SHELBY. No. But he does give me flowers. And little presents if I bug him enough. He has promised to give me a red rose on every anniversary corresponding to the number of that anniversary. I think that's so sweet.

TRUVY. Well, now. That's a pretty romantic idea, isn't it?

SHELBY. Yes. I wish it had been his. → CONT →

CLAIREE. ~~Lloyd and I missed it to fifty years by three months. That stinker. Bless his heart. He tried. He just couldn't make it.~~

SHELBY. ~~You remember your wedding?~~

CLAIREE. ~~Of course I do. I remember everything. The flowers, the food. Ouiser was my maid of honor. Shelby, I hope you and Jackson will be as happy as Lloyd and I were. We had such a good time. Until last November. at least he hung on through the state playoffs.~~

SHELBY. ~~Miss Clairee. There are still good times to be had.~~

CLAIREE. ~~Oh sure. But I miss the whirlwind of being a mayor's wife. It's not easy being just one. I don't like going to things by myself.~~

If I go with another couple, I'm a third wheel. If I go with a friend, we're just a couple of old biddies.

SHELBY. Somebody like you should be able to find something to occupy your time.

CLAIREE. Well. I really do love football. But it's hard to parlay that into a reason to live.

TRUVY. Let's just face it, Clairee. You're a woman coming to terms with her grips. You and I are in the same boat. My kids are leaving town and I've got a husband that hasn't moved from in front of the TV set in fifteen years. It's up to us to figure out why we were put on this earth. That's today's sermon. So, Shelby. Are you and Jackson going to live in West Monroe or Monroe proper?

SHELBY. Monroe, of course. His law practice is there.

CLAIREE. You are so lucky, Shelby. Louisiana lawyers do well whether they want to or not.

SHELBY. I don't really care. Don't get me wrong. The money's real nice...but I just like the idea of growing old with somebody. My dream is to get old and sit on the back porch covered with grandchildren and say, "No!" and "Stop that!"

TRUVY. Are you going to quit nursing?

SHELBY. Never! I love it. I love being around all those babies... Last week we had this poor little fellow, two and a half months premature. He looked like a big rat. I kept talking to him and holding him. But I knew he wasn't going to make it.

TRUVY. That's so sad.

SHELBY. It happens all the time.

M'LYNN. Drum and I feel that Shelby should not work anymore after she gets married.

SHELBY. I'm so anxious to discuss this topic for the nine hundredth time this week...

M'LYNN. You should not be on your feet all day. You should be kinder to your circulatory system.

SHELBY. (*Changing subject.*) Annelle? I know you're new and all, but don't let that stop you. Anytime you have anything to say, you just let 'er rip.

ANNELLE. I don't have anything to say.

TRUVY. Well, M'Lynn. It looks like you're ready to roll. I think we can trust Annelle to roll you up, don't you? Do you think you can roll up Mrs. Eatenton, Annelle?

ANNELLE. I don't know. Today is very special. And my work tends to be too poofy when I'm nervous. Does your dress have to go over your head?

SHELBY. You can't screw up her hair. You just tease it and make it look like a blond football helmet.

M'LYNN. I must have missed the passage in *Emily Post* that said all abuse must be heaped on the mother of the bride. Go ahead, Annelle. I'm sure you'll do a beautiful job. It doesn't matter what I look like anyway.



TRUVY. Hush girls. Shelby. Tell me things about the wedding. How many bridesmaids?

SHELBY. Nine.

TRUVY. Good Lord!

SHELBY. Exactly.

TRUVY. I hope that photographer brings a wide-angle lens.

SHELBY. I think it's embarrassing and awful. But Mama made me have my cousins, and Margi St. Maurice.

M'LYNN. Shelby. There was no way around it and you know it.

SHELBY. It will be pretentious. Daddy always says, "An ounce of pretension is worth a pound of manure."

M'LYNN. The poet laureate of Dogwood Lane...

SHELBY. Mama. I wish you would get off Daddy's back. He gets enough hassle from Miss Ouiser.

TRUVY. (*The peacemaker.*) What are your colors, Shelby?

SHELBY. Blush and bashful.

M'LYNN. Her colors are pink and pink.

SHELBY. Blush and bashful.

M'LYNN. I ask you. How precious is this wedding going to get?

SHELBY. My colors are blush and bashful. I have chosen two shades

of pink. One is much deeper than the other.

M'LYNN. The bridesmaids' dresses are beautiful...

SHELBY. And the ceremony will be too. All the walls are banked with sprays of flowers in the two shades of blush and bashful. There's a pink carpet specially laid for the service. And pink silk bunting draped over anything that would stand still.

M'LYNN. That sanctuary looks like it's been hosed down with Pepto-Bismol.

SHELBY. I like pink. → END

M'LYNN. I tried to talk her into using peaches and cream. That would be so lovely this time of year. All the azaleas in our yard are peach colored. Peach is so flattering to every skin tone.

SHELBY. No way. Pink is my signature color.

TRUVY. What color is your dress, M'Lynn?

M'LYNN. Peach and cream.

TRUVY. Clairee?

CLAIREE. Beige lace to the knee.

TRUVY. I am wearing a sexy blue chiffon, Shelby. Jackson's gonna take one look at me and leave you behind in the dust.

SHELBY. Mama's dress is gorgeous. It cost more than my wedding dress.

M'LYNN. It did not. It was on sale.

SHELBY. That's what she told Daddy. What she actually meant is that it was "for sale" not "on sale." (*The phone rings.*)

TRUVY. I'll get it. (*Answers.*) Hello. Hi, Janice. Yes, I heard. I know it's an emergency...but today I'm dealing with Shelby. But tomorrow's Sunday—but... (*Just to get off the phone.*) ...sure, fine...come by after church. (*Hangs up in disgust.*)

CLAIREE. Truvy, you shouldn't give up your Sundays.

TRUVY. Well, you know how neurotic Janice Van Meter is about her appearance.

CLAIREE. (*To Annelle.*) Janice is the current mayor's wife. (*Sweetly.*) We hate her.

TRUVY. Now Shelby...fill me in on the reception.