

ANNELE, TRUVY

ANNELE. Oops! I see a hole.

TRUVY. I was hoping you'd catch that.

ANNELE. It's a little poofier than I would normally do, but I'm nervous.

TRUVY. I'm not real concerned about that. When I go to bed I wrap my entire head with toilet tissue so it usually gets a little smushed down anyway in that process.

ANNELE. In my class at the trade school, I was number one when it came to frosting and streaking. I did my own.

TRUVY. Really? I wouldn't have known. And I can spot a bottle job at twenty paces (*Studying her hairdo.*)

Well . . . your technique is good, and your form and content will improve with experience. So, you're hired.

ANNELE. (*Overcome.*) Oh!!

TRUVY. And not a moment too soon! This morning we're going to be as busy as a one-armed paper hanger.

ANNELE. Thank you, Miss Truvy! Thank you . . .

TRUVY. No time. Now. You know where the coffee stuff is. Everything else is on a tray next to the stove. (*Truvy removes her smock.*)

ANNELE. Here. Let me help you. (*Dusts her off.*) You've got little tiny hairs and fuzzies all over you.

TRUVY. Honey, there's so much static electricity in here I

pick up everything except boys and money. (*Points Annelle toward the kitchen.*) Be a treasure. (*Annelle exits into the kitchen. Truvy immediately starts redoing her hairdo.*) Annelle? This is the most successful shop in town. Wanna know why?

ANNELE. (*Offstage.*) Why?

TRUVY. Because I have a strict philosophy that I have stuck to for fifteen years . . . "There is no such thing as natural beauty." That's why I've never lost a client to the Kut and Kurl or the Beauty Box. And remember! My ladies get only the best. Do not scrimp on anything. Feel free to use as much hair spray as you want. (*Annelle returns with the tray. The sound of a gunshot makes her jump, but she recovers.*) Just shove that stuff to one side, it goes right there. (*Pointing out the room.*) Manicure station here . . .

ANNELE. There's no such thing as natural beauty . . .

TRUVY. Remember that, or we're all out of a job. Just look at me, Annelle. It takes some effort to look like this.

ANNELE. I can see that. How many ladies do we have this morning?

TRUVY. I restrict myself to the ladies of the neighborhood on Saturday mornings. Normally that would be just three, but today we've got Shelby Eatenton. She's not a regular, she's the daughter of a regular. I have to do something special with her hair. She's getting married this afternoon. Now. How long have you been here in town?

ANNELE. A few weeks . . .

TRUVY. New in town! It must be exciting being in a new place. I wouldn't know. I've lived here all my life.

ANNELE. It's a little scary.

TRUVY. I can imagine. Well . . . tell me things about yourself.

ANNELE. There's nothing to tell. I live here. I've got a job now. That's it. Could I borrow a few of these back issues of *Southern Hair*?

TRUVY. Uh . . . sure. It's essential to keep abreast of the latest styles. I'm glad to see your interest. I get *McCall's*, *Family Circle*, *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, every magazine known to man. You must live close by. Within walking distance, I mean. I didn't see a car.