

SHELBY. M'LYNN. CLAIREE. TRUVY. ANNELLE. OUISER

SHELBY. It's not too perky, is it?
M'LYNN. It looks great. How're you doing?
SHELBY. Fine, Mama. How are you?
M'LYNN. Just fine. Here. I brought you a goodie . . . you can open it later. (*M'Lynn hands Shelby the package.*)
CLAIREE. M'Lynn. It must be nice having your entire family home this weekend.
M'LYNN. It's rare indeed. But it has been very nice.
TRUVY. Any special reason?
M'LYNN. Just to get together. Last week was our anniversary.
CLAIREE. Why didn't you say something to remind me? I would've baked you something. Drum loves my nut surprise cake.
M'LYNN. We've never considered it a major occasion before.
TRUVY. Which one is it?
M'LYNN. Thirtieth.
ANNELLE. Ooo! That's a big one. What is the thirtieth anniversary?
M'LYNN. How do you mean?
ANNELLE. You know . . . first anniversary is paper. Twentieth is china. Twenty-fifth is silver. Thirtieth must be . . .
M'LYNN. Valium.
TRUVY. What would Drum say if he heard you say that?
M'LYNN. Nothing. He doesn't have any idea what Valium is. The man prides himself on never having any tension. Which is amazing considering the amount he has created over the years . . . Hm . . . listen to me. I've got to stop taking potshots at Drum all the time. He's a good man, he's crazy, but he's a good man.
OUISER. He seems to be behaving himself lately. He was most civil in the Piggly Wiggly yesterday. I was caught off guard and smiled before I could help myself.
M'LYNN. The most bizarre thing has happened. Drum and I seem to be rediscovering those things that brought us together in the first place. I don't know if we buried them or became blind to them.
SHELBY. Used to be, the thought of our parents being

romantic made me and my brothers sick to our stomachs, but it's actually very sweet. It's been a lovely week.
M'LYNN. Every now and then Drum and I seem to find these moments of magic. I don't know. I don't know if I'm lucky to have what I have . . . or lucky to know what I have.
CLAIREE. That's too deep for me. I have to go get my tires rotated.
ANNELLE. (*She's ready to shampoo Ouiser.*) Miss Ouiser . . . ?
TRUVY. M'Lynn. Maybe you should write a romance novel based on your recent experiences. I could help you with the dirty parts.
M'LYNN. No one would believe it. Shelby. You look a little pale.
SHELBY. (*Gently.*) I'm fine, Mama. How are you? (*Clairee takes off smock, tips Annelle, leaves money on counter.*)
CLAIREE. Well, ladies. If you're out and about this afternoon, stop by the Dixie Plaza Shopping Center. The radio station is sponsoring a summer fiesta with lots of prizes and a live band. They call themselves "Single Bullet Theory." (*Truvy is working on Shelby's nails. Truvy pushes Shelby's sleeves back to get them out of the way and sees Shelby's bruised arms . . .*)
TRUVY. Shelby?! What have you done to yourself?
SHELBY. Oh. It doesn't hurt.
TRUVY. What have you been doing? Have you seen this, M'Lynn?
M'LYNN. Yes, I have.
SHELBY. The doctor's just been trying to strengthen my veins. They're in terrible shape.
CLAIREE. (*Crosses to Shelby and examines her arms.*) It looks like you've been driving nails into your arms. What's going on here?
SHELBY. Shall we tell them, Mama?
M'LYNN. I guess so. No point in keeping it a secret any longer. Shelby's been driving nails into her arms.
EVERYONE. M'Lynn?!/Stop that./Be serious./What's going on?
SHELBY. It's my dialysis. (*Except for M'Lynn, the room is in shock.*)
ANNELLE & OUISER. What?