

CLAIREE, OUISER, SHELBY, TRUVY

CLAIREE. We're just talking. I'm scared to death of getting on a plane.

TRUVY. It's a piece of cake. You're safer flying than you are in a car. Just sit in the rear. That's the best place to survive the crash.

SHELBY. Miss Ouiser. Why don't you go to Monroe with Miss Clairee?

OUISER. I am not exposing myself to anything.

CLAIREE. You should broaden your horizons.

OUISER. You broaden your horizons your way. I'll broaden my horizons mine. I have plans next Friday. I'm going to Shreveport to have my colors done.

CLAIREE. Your what?

OUISER. I'm going to get my colors done. I'm going to find out if I'm a summer or spring or fall or winter. It's a present from Owen.

CLAIREE. What are you talking about?

OUISER. Every person has a particular coloring . . . summer, spring, so on. You determine what season you are, then you know what colors look best on you. Then you're given samples of the colors that are in your palette. It's most helpful when you shop for clothes. It gives you fashion courage.

CLAIREE. That is the stupidest thing I have ever heard of.

OUISER. It's all the rage.

SHELBY. A lot of my friends in Monroe have had it done.

TRUVY. There's a quiz on that very topic in that *Family Circle* right over there. I am the epitome of winter.

OUISER. Why don't you have it done, Shelby? You're so fashion conscious.

SHELBY. No. I'm scared to. I might find out that pink is not in my palette and I'm not sure I could live with that.

CLAIREE. I have heard it all. Well. I am going to the theatre. I am going to support the arts in our area.

OUISER. I'll write a check. I will support art. I just don't want to see it.

CLAIREE. It wouldn't harelip you, you know.

OUISER. Let's get one thing straight. I don't see plays because I can nap at home for free. I don't see movies because they're all trash and full of naked people. And I don't read

books because if they're any good, they'll be made into a miniseries.

SHELBY. I'm surprised you and Daddy don't get along any better than you do. Miss Ouiser? How're things with Owen? I try to check up on you, but I haven't been able to lately.

OUISER. They're alright. I enjoy his company . . . on occasion.

CLAIREE. I can report that the Sherwood Florist delivery truck stops by her house at least twice a week.

OUISER. He knows I like fresh flowers.

CLAIREE. And I can report that a strange car is parked in her garage at least once a week.

OUISER. There. My secret's out. I'm having an affair with a Mercedes Benz.

TRUVY. Ouiser. Forgive me. I have been dying to ask this. Are you and Owen . . . you know?

CLAIREE. Wait, wait wait! I have to get a mental picture of this.

OUISER. A dirty mind is a terrible thing to waste. Not that it's any of anyone's business, but no. We are friends. He would like more. I'm dealing with that. But I am old and set in my ways.

SHELBY. You are playing hard to get.

CLAIREE. At her age she should be playing "Beat the Clock." She's just like her old dog . . . both have trouble with their new tricks.

TRUVY. Ah! No talking trash in my shop!

OUISER. I can't help it if men find me desirable.

TRUVY. Shelby? When are you going to bring that baby of yours by?

SHELBY. Oh! I brought a picture of him. Let me show you!

TRUVY. Has he gained any weight?

SHELBY. He's about fifteen pounds now. (*Proudly showing pictures.*)

OUISER. God. He is a tiny thing.

SHELBY. He only weighed a pound and a half when he was born. But he'll catch up. Give him time.

CLAIREE. Bless his heart. Boy, those were some anxious hours, weren't they? We didn't know who to worry about the most . . . you or that baby.