

TRUVY. No.

* M'LYNN. Last night I went into Shelby's closet for something... and guess what I found. All our Christmas presents stacked up, wrapped. With her own two hands...I'd better go.

TRUVY. (*Handing M'Lynn a mirror.*) Check the back.

M'LYNN. Perfect...as always. (*M'Lynn continues to gaze into the mirror.*) You know...Shelby...Shelby was right. It...it does kind of look like a blond football helmet. (*M'Lynn disintegrates.*)

TRUVY. Honey. Sit right back down. Do you feel alright?

M'LYNN. Yes. Yes. I feel fine. I feel great. I could jog to Texas and back, but my daughter can't. She never could. I am so mad I don't know what to do. I want to know why. I want to know why Shelby's life is over. How is that baby ever going to understand how wonderful his mother was? Will he ever understand what she went through for him? I don't understand. Lord I wish I could. It is not supposed to happen this way. I'm supposed to go first. I've always been ready to go first. I can't stand this. I just want to hit somebody until they feel as bad as I do. I...just want to hit something...and hit it hard. (*Everyone is unable to react, overcome with emotion. Eventually, Clairee has an idea. She pulls Ouiser next to M'Lynn and braces Ouiser as if Ouiser were a blocking dummy.*)

CLAIREE. Here. Hit this! Go ahead, M'Lynn. Slap her!

OUISER. (*Dumbfounded.*) Are you crazy?

CLAIREE. Hit her!

OUISER. Are you high?

TRUVY. Clairee! Have you lost your mind?

CLAIREE. We can sell T-shirts saying "I Slapped Ouiser Boudreaux!" Hit her!

OUISER. Truvy! Dial 911!

CLAIREE. Don't let her beauty stand in the way. Hit her!

ANNELLE. Miss Clairee. Enough!

M'LYNN. Hush, Clairee. (*Everyone is beginning to lighten up.*)

CLAIREE. Ouiser, this is your chance to help your fellow man. Knock her lights out, M'Lynn!

TRUVY. Clairee. You're gonna piss God off if you're not careful!

OUISER. Let go of me! (*Clairee does so.*)

CLAIREE. Well, M'Lynn. You just missed the chance of a lifetime. Most of Chinquapin Parish'd give their eyeteeth to take a whack at Ouiser.

OUISER. You are a pig from hell.

CLAIREE. OK. Alright. Hit me, then. I deserve it.

OUISER. Whatever would we do without Clairee's own special brand of humor?

TRUVY. Clairee. You are evil and you must be destroyed.

CLAIREE. Darling. Mother Nature is taking care of that faster than you could. Things were getting entirely too serious there for a moment. I'm sorry M'Lynn. We are all entitled to our sorrow.

M'LYNN. That was very funny, Clairee.

ANNELLE. I have to admit I laughed...even though that wasn't a very Christian thing to do, Miss Clairee.

CLAIREE. Annelle, honey. You're going to have to lighten up.

ANNELLE. My husband says the same thing.

CLAIREE. (*Giggles.*) I'll bet Lloyd got a kick out of that one.

OUISER. Lloyd did get a lot of enjoyment at my expense when he was alive.

CLAIREE. M'Lynn. You know how much Lloyd adored Shelby. I am sure he's up there now showing her around...fixing her speeding tickets...

M'LYNN. Shelby was always crazy about Lloyd.

CLAIREE. She worshipped the quicksand he walked on. And I'm sure when Shelby got up there, he was very happy to see a familiar face. He was a Louisiana politician. We don't know many people that went to heaven. (*Clairee turns her attention to Ouiser.*)

OUISER. Clairee.

CLAIREE. Ouiser? You know I love you more than my luggage.

* LOUISER. You are too twisted for color TV.

* CLAIREE. Thank you.