

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 cashful. 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.

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.