

1. **TRUVY & ANNELLE**

ANNELLE: Oops! I see a hole.

TRUVY: I was hoping you'd catch that.

ANNELLE: 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.

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

ANNELLE: Thank you, Miss Truvy! Thank you...Here. Let me help you. You've got little tiny hairs and fuzzies all over you.

TRUVY: How long have you been in town?

ANNELLE: 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.

ANNELLE: It's a little scary.

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

ANNELLE: 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.....You must live close by. Within walking distance, I mean. I didn't see a car.

ANNELLE: My car's...I don't have a car.

2. TRUVY & SHELBY

TRUVY: Did you bring me the picture of that hairdo like I asked?

SHELBY: Here you go. Study it carefully. Here's the baby's breath.

TRUVY: This is so exciting. I feel like I am present at the creation. There is something so wondrous about how a bride looks. I feel it is beauty in its purest form. Where are you going to put this stuff? There's no baby's breath in this picture.

SHELBY: You just stick it in. It's meant to frame my face. Baby's breath is part of my whole decoration concept for a total romantic look.

TRUVY: What's Jackson like?

SHELBY: He's pretty swell. I thought he was a pest at first, but then he kind of grew on me. And I love him now.

TRUVY: Where'd you meet him?

SHELBY: At a party at the Petroleum Club in Shreveport. I had no idea who he was, but I was getting a big kick out of watching him on the dance floor. It was painfully obvious he had never taken the time to dance in front of a mirror. There was something so attractive about how stupid he looked.

3. *TRUVY* & *SHELBY*

SHELBY: What does her boyfriend say?

TRUVY: Sammy's so confused he doesn't know whether to scratch his watch or wind his butt. He's crazy about her. He says he could deal with another man in her life, but he has trouble with the father, the son, and the Holy Ghost.

SHELBY: Well, I'm pretty religious, but that stuff makes me feel kind of creepy.

TRUVY: Well, I'm torn. I've got two sons that I'm afraid are going to hell in a handcart and a semi-daughter that strives to be the kind of girl Jesus would bring home to Mama. I don't know what to think. I don't understand those people...but they sometimes seem to have a peace about things that I've never had. Maybe I'm just jealous.