

a mirror. There was something so attractive about how stupid he looked.

TRUVY: Is he real romantic?

SHELBY: No. But he does give me flowers. And little presents if I bug him enough. He has promised to give me a red rose on every anniversary corresponding to the number of that anniversary. I think that's so sweet.

TRUVY: Well, now. That's a pretty romantic idea, isn't it?

SHELBY: Yes. I wish it had been his.

CLAIREE: Lloyd and I missed it to fifty years by three months. That stinks. Bless his heart. He tried. He just couldn't make it.

SHELBY: You remember your wedding?

CLAIREE: Of course I do. I remember everything. The flowers, the food. Ouiser was my maid of honor. Shelby, I hope you and Jackson will be as happy as Lloyd and I were. We had such a good time. Until last November . . . At least he hung on through the state playoffs.

SHELBY: Miss Clairee. There are still good times to be had.

CLAIREE: Oh, sure. But I ♦ the whirlwind of being a mayor's wife. It's not easy being just one. I don't like going to things by myself. If I go with another couple, I'm a third wheel. If I go with a friend, we're just a couple of old biddies.

SHELBY: Somebody like you should be able to find something to occupy your time.

CLAIREE: Well. I really do love football. But it's hard to parlay that into a reason to live.

TRUVY: Let's just face it, Clairee. You're a woman coming to terms with her grips. You and I are in the same boat. My kids are leaving town and I've got a husband that hasn't moved from in front of the TV set in fifteen years. It's up to us to figure out why we were put on this earth. That's today's sermon. So Shelby. Are you and Jackson going to live in West Monroe or Monroe proper?

SHELBY: Monroe, of course. His law practice is there.

CLAIREE: You are so lucky, Shelby. Louisiana lawyers do well whether they want to or not.

SHELBY: I don't really care. Don't get me wrong. The money's real nice . . . but I just like the idea of growing old with somebody. My dream is to get old and sit on the back porch covered with grandchildren and say, "No!" and, "Stop that!"

TRUVY: Are you going to quit nursing?

SHELBY: Never! I love it. I love being around all those babies . . . Last week we had this poor little fellow, two and a half months premature. He looked like a big rat. I kept talking to him and holding him. But I knew he wasn't going to make it.

TRUVY: That's so sad.