

OUISER: Of course they can.

SHELBY: You are so brave.

TRUVY: You must be made of courage.

ANNELLE: I'm totally alone. Checks are bouncing everywhere. Everything is going wrong. I keep asking myself . . . why me?

SHELBY: We are awful. We are all hateful, awful people. Here all we've been talking about is weddings and psychotic animals. We've been tearing you up inside, haven't we? I can't tell you how sorry I am. And you've had such a terrible time. Sometimes we don't know how lucky we are.

CLAIREE: What can we do to help?

SHELBY: I know one thing I can do. Tonight, you are going to drop by my house and have some bleeding armadillo groom's cake. It's going to be a great party.

ANNELLE: Oh, I couldn't. I still get real emotional sometimes.

SHELBY: I can't stand the thought of someone being unhappy or alone tonight. And if you feel yourself start getting sad, just watch my husband dance. It's very funny.

ANNELLE: You're all so nice.

TRUVY: We enjoy being nice to each other. There's not much else to do in this town.

ANNELLE: But I don't have anything to wear . . .

SHELBY: No problem. I'll bet I have something that'll do. I'll call the house.

(SHELBY *dials the phone.*)

TRUVY: Now. If you're interested, my garage apartment will be available soon. My son is living there now. Give me a day to straighten it up and sweep out the bed, then come look at it. I'm sure we can work out some arrangement with the rent.

ANNELLE: (*Overcome*) Oh . . .

SHELBY: (*On phone*) Good! Jonathan. You have to do me a favor. Yes, now! Go in my closet and bring me two or three of my Sunday things. Just anything. Use your judgment. Very well. Bring the pink dress with the white collar, the pink suit with the cherries pinned on the jacket, and the pink and white polka dot. No, Jonathan. Mama doesn't have Daddy's gun. Don't you have better things to do? What? Well stop him! Now! (*She hangs up. She is nervous.*)

CLAIREE: Is something the matter?

SHELBY: We'll see. (*There is a huge explosion.*) Yes.

OUISER: What in the hell!!! (*They all go to the window. The dog begins to bark uncontrollably.*)

MLYNN: What happened?

SHELBY: Daddy tied explosives to Jonathan's old G.I. Joe bow and arrow and shot them into the trees.