

CLAIREE: Perfectly beautiful. I ate too much. I brought you something pretty.

M'LYNN: You should have. *(The radio is playing something inappropriate. ANNELLE goes to turn it off.)* Don't turn off Shelby's radio. I like the noise.

CLAIREE: There's special programming today. I had Jonathan go down to the station and pull music that Shelby would have liked and they're going to play it until noon.

M'LYNN: He told me. I think you're going to be surprised at some of the stuff you hear.

CLAIREE: That's okay. It's for Shelby.

OUJSER: M'Lynn. Just tell us. What can we do?

M'LYNN: Thank you. Truvy? Do you think you could work a little magic? I know I look like ten miles of dirt road.

TRUVY: Let me get my wand and my fairy dust!

*(M'LYNN sits.)*

How are you doing, honey?

M'LYNN: I'm fine. I am a little worried about Drum. The boys got in last night. I really don't know how they're doing. Jackson is . . . Jackson. And he has his hands full with Jack Junior. I will admit it's hard to be somber with a baby mourning around.

CLAIREE: M'Lynn. I'm beside myself. Wasn't Shelby fine when I left? Can you talk about it? :

M'LYNN: Oh, sure. Basically . . . After the transplant failed, she went back on dialysis—you knew that. She'd been doing fine the last few months. But last Monday, everything went wrong. It was like dominoes. They thought they could correct things with a little surgery. As they wheeled her down, she said, "Mama. I'm going to feel so good when this is over... They gave her the anesthetic . . ."

ANNELLE: In a way she was right. Maybe she knew she was going to be with her king.

M'LYNN: *(a little shaken)* Yes, Annelle. Maybe so.

ANNELLE: We should be rejoicing.

M'LYNN: You go ahead. I wish I could feel that way. I guess I'm a little selfish. I'd rather have her here.

ANNELLE: Miss M'Lynn. I don't mean to upset you by saying that. You see, when something like this happens, I pray very hard to make heads or tails of it. I think in Shelby's case, she wanted to take care of that baby of you, of everybody she knew . . . and her poor body was just worn out. It wouldn't let her do everything she wanted to do. So she went on to a place where she could be a guardian angel. She will always be young. She will always be beautiful. And I personally feel much safer knowing she's up there on my side. I know some people might think that sounds real simple and stupid . . . and maybe I am. But that's how I get through things like this.

M'LYNN: *(gentler)* Thank you, Annelle. I appreciate that. And that's a very good idea. Shelby, as you know, would not want us to get all mired down and wallow in this.