

She would look on it as just one of life's occurrences. We should deal with it the best way we know how . . . and get on with it. That's what my mind says. I wish somebody would explain that to my heart.

TRUVY: Tommy said you didn't leave her side.

MLYNN: Well. I wasn't in the mood to play bridge. *(Beat)* No, I couldn't leave my Shelby. It's interesting. Both the boys were very difficult births. I almost died when Jonathan was born. Very difficult births. Shelby was a breeze. I could've gone home that afternoon I had her. I was thinking about that as I sat next to Shelby while she was in the coma. I would work her legs and arms to keep the circulation going. I told the ICU nurse we were doing our Jane Fonda. I stayed there. I kept on pushing—just like I always have where Shelby was concerned—hoping she'd sit up and argue with me. But finally we all realized there was no hope. At that point I panicked. I was very afraid that I would not survive the next few minutes while they turned off the machines. Drum couldn't take it. He left. Jackson couldn't take it. He left. It struck me as amusing. Men are supposed to be made of steel or something. But I could not leave. I just sat there . . . holding Shelby's hand while the sounds got softer and the beeps got farther apart until all was quiet. There was no noise, no tremble . . . just peace. I realized as a woman how lucky I was. I was there when this wonderful person drifted into my world and I was there when she drifted out. It was the most precious moment of my life thus far.

TRUVY: *(putting the finishing flourishes on MLYNN's hair)* Well, I don't know how your insides are doing. But your hair is holding up beautifully. All it needs is a lick and a promise. Did you have it done in Shreveport?

MLYNN: No, I did it myself.

TRUVY: Hold it, missy. I don't want to hear that kind of talk.

MLYNN: Doing my own hair was so odd. I had no idea about the back . . .

TRUVY: You did a lovely job. I just smoothed out the rough spots. In fact, I'm going to be looking for temporary help when Annelle goes on maternity leave . . . Interested?

MLYNN: *(struggling for control)* It was just with so much going on, I didn't know if I would have time . . . would feel like coming here. But this morning I wanted to come here more than anything. Isn't that silly?

TRUVY: No.

MLYNN: Last night I went into Shelby's closet for something . . . and guess what I found. All our Christmas presents stacked up, wrapped. With her own two hands . . . I'd better go.

TRUVY: *(handing MLYNN a mirror)* Check the back.

MLYNN: Perfect . . . as always. *(MLYNN continues to gaze into the mirror.)* You know . . . ; Shelby . . . Shelby was right. It . . . it does kind of look like a blond football helmet. *(MLYNN starts to break.)* Poor Shelby . . . *(MLYNN disintegrates.)*

TRUVY: Honey, sit right back down. Can I get you something? Do you feel all right?