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Steel Magnolias

By Robert Harling

1

Morning.

Good morning.

Morning.

Get your fingers
out of the icing.

Tommy Lee,
get your fingers
out of the frosting.

[Bang]

Wave those flags, son.

Get out of there!

Yeah!

Hit them again!

Get out of here!

Get out of them
trees, damn it!

Aah!

[Bang Bang]

Yeah! Get 'em!

Migrate south,
will you?

Mama.

Mama!

Three more radios
for you, Shelby.

Not now, Tommy.

Mama, this nail polish
is drying way too dark.
Practically paint my foot.

Looks like a stuck pig
bled all over my hands.

I'm sure I have
something that will do.

Oh, no.

It has
to be delicate.

If I don't
have something,
I will send your brothers
to get delicate pink
nail polish.

Mama, there's...

Just a minute.

Great idea, Mama.
I'd love to see what the boys
would pick out.
Delivery man!
Someone stop that truck!
Stop that...
Aah!
Don't put ice
down my back!
You should have
drowned them at birth.
Shelby.
See if you can get this.
Mama, my nails are wet.
Shelby.
Ma'am.
Would you look
at those, please?
Myrtle, hi.
[Bang]
Hold on, please.
I'm going to get you
right now!
[Bang]
Drum, sweetheart,
I'm on the phone!
[Bang]
Stop that now!
I can't hear myself think!
[Bang]
Myrtle, the champagne glasses,
they're all broken.
Help.
Spud!
[Television Plays]
Spud, turn off
that stupid television.
Get in here and finish
dyeing these easter eggs.
I ran out of stuff.
That's why God
invented the A&P.
I got to work
on the truck.

No. You got
to get the lead out.
Yes, ma'am.
I live to serve.
If those eggs are not
at the church by noon,
they don't get hidden.
[Door Slams]
Are you listening
to me, Spud?
Mrs. Jones?
Are you Annelle?
Oh, you sweet thing.
Come on in.
Excuse me.
And pick up my green dress
at the cleaners!
Am I interrupting
something?
No. I'm just screaming
at my husband.
I can do that anytime.
Please, call me Truvy.
Truvy. Thank you.
Mama, look at this.
This was in
the hall closet.
What is it?
Rubbers.
Tommy says
Jonathan's planning
to cover the honeymoon
getaway car with these.
Please stop him!
Keep your voice down.
Keep your voice...
Jonathan!
Boys, I want
to talk to you.
Tommy. Jonathan!
Tommy!
Jonathan, don't you
decorate your sister's car
with condoms!

It's tacky!
It's like talking
to a brick wall.
[Bang]
If he's trying
to drive me crazy,
it's too late.
There must be a better way
to get rid of those birds.
We could cut down
all our trees
or change
the migratory patterns
of North American birds.
You told him
to get rid of them.
I had no idea
he would alienate
the entire neighborhood.
The neighborhood
would be more alienated
if they got covered
in bird shit
at my reception.
Pretty talk.
You have to be so crude?
[Coughing]
Okay.
Oops.
I see a hole.
Yeah. I was hoping
you'd catch that.
It's a little bit pouffier
than I would normally do,
but I'm nervous.
Oh, I'm not worried
about that.
I usually wrap
my entire head in toilet paper
when I go to bed,
so it gets
pretty smooshed down
in that process, anyway.
In my class

at the trade school,
I was number one
in frosting
and streaking.
I did my own.
Really?
That's good.
And I can usually
spot a bottle job
at 20 paces.
Your technique
is really good.
Thanks.
I think your form and content
will improve with time.
So, best I can tell, young lady,
you've just landed yourself a job.
Oh! Great!
Oh, thank you!
Oh, thank you,
Miss Truvy.
No time for thanks
this morning.
We'll be busier than
a one-armed paper hanger.
Here.
Let me help you.
I got it.
You got hairs and fuzzies
all over you.
There's so much
static electricity
in this room,
I pick up everything
but boys and money.
Louie!
Louie, hold up.
I want you
to meet Annelle.
Hi.
She's taking Judy's place.
Swell.
Louie, take out the garbage!
Can't!

Late.
What did you
hire her for?
Our son.
We're so proud of him.
Annelle, honey,
what do you say
we talk some trash?
Okay.
I am so excited.
I can't believe
it's happening.
I'm a beautician.
Ah-ah-ah.
Glamour technician.
Glamour technician.
And I'll have you know
you are working
in the most successful shop
in this town.
I have a strict philosophy
that I have stuck to
for 15 years...
There is no such thing
as natural beauty.
You remember that,
or we're all out of a job.
Look at me.
It takes some effort
to look like this.
Oh, I can see that.
How long
have you been in town?
A few weeks.
New in town.
It must be exciting
being in a new place.
I wouldn't know.
I've lived here all my life.
Well, tell me things
about yourself.
There's
nothing to tell.
I live here.

I've got a job now.
That's it.
Can I borrow
these back issues
of Southern Hair?
Sure. Take them.
It is essential
to stay abreast
of the latest styles.
I'm glad
to see your interest.
Well, you must live close by.
At least in walking distance.
I didn't see a car.
I don't have a car.
I've been staying
across the river
at Robeline's
boarding house.
That's quite a walk.
Ruth Robeline.
Now there is a story for you.
She is a troubled,
twisted soul.
Her whole life has been
an experiment in terror.
Her husband got killed
in World War II.
Then her son got killed
in Vietnam.
When it comes to suffering,
she is right up there
with Elizabeth Taylor.
I had no idea.
[Horn Honks]
Hello, Clairee!
Good morning.
Annelle, I'd like
to introduce you
to the former first lady
of Chinquapin...
Mrs. Belcher.
Clairee, I'd like you
to meet Annelle.

I'm a little embarrassed.
I'm windblown.
I've just been to the dedication
of the new children's park.
Yeah.
How did that go?
Beautifully,
except Janice Van Meter
got hit with a baseball.
It was fabulous.
Was she hurt?
I doubt it.
She got hit in the head.
Janice Van Meter's
the current mayor's wife.
We hate her.
They named the new park
after Clairee's late husband.
This town is
so proud of her.
That's nice.
What's your
family name, dear?
Well, my married name
is Dupuy,
and I'm originally from Zwolle.
How nice.
Annelle, honey,
there's some towels
in the dryer.
Would you fold them
and bring them in?
Sure.
Thank you.
Sweet gal.
Where did you find her?
Yesterday, when Judy quit,
I called the trade school
and told them
to send me a warm body.
Annelle was the valedictorian
of the hairdo class.
And I think there's a story there.
What makes you

say that?
Well, for starters,
she's married,
but she's living
over at Ruth Robeline's.
Alone.
I'd get to the bottom of this
if I were you...
if you have silverware
you'd like to keep.
I'm not worried.
She's as sweet
as she can be.
Besides, I kind of like the idea
of hiring somebody with a past.
She can't be
more than 18.
She hasn't had time
to have a past.
Get with it, Clairee.
This is the '80s.
If you achieve puberty,
you can achieve a past.
[Bang Bang]
Whoa!
That man!
I swear, I don't know
how M'Lynn
puts up with that.
Go on! Get out of here!
Jackson, please.
I'm going to talk
some sense into you.
It's bad luck to see me
before the wedding.
So you are going to marry me.
Jackson...
We can work this out,
Shelby, please.
You want to
go through with this.
I don't want to give back
all the wedding presents.
That VCR alone is worth

getting married for,
and I love you.
[Bang Bang]
If Daddy
catches you in here,
whether or not I can
carry your children
will not matter.
He will cut your thing off.
Say you're going
to marry me.
I hate suspense.
Okay. Okay.
You meet me at 2:00.
Presbyterian church.
I'll be the one in the veil
down front.
Oh.
I'm going to make you
very happy.
We'll see.
Boy, give me the sports.
Boys, we're off to Truvy's.
Jonathan, keep your eye
on your brother Tommy.
Am I my brother's keeper?
Your brother's warden
is what you are.
That horrible woman
is coming by
to deliver the groom's cake
in about an...
Where's your father?
His coffee
kicked in.
Shelby, let's go.
Okay, Mama.
I said I'd be right there.
Shelby, you're going to be
late for your own wedding.
I'm wearing my hair down
'cause Jackson likes it down.
The veil would be prettier
with your hair up.

Get over it, Mama.
Whoops.
[Woof Woof]
Come here!
Stop it, Rhett!
Oh, shit!
It's Miss Ouiser.
Back door.
[Woof Woof Woof]
Drum!
Rhett!
M'Lynn!
Open the door!
I know you're in there!
Drum!
I think
there's somebody
at the door.
I think
it's for Daddy.
I know you're in there!
[Pounding On Door]
That is all she wrote!
Say please.
Thank you.
Get over here,
Rhett!
Stop pulling!
Sit. Oh, Rhett!
Sit! Sit.
Ouiser, you look
like hammered shit.
Don't talk to me like that!
I'm sorry. You look
like regular shit.
I have such a bone
to pick with you.
Woof! Aah!
Stop egging him on.
Come here.
Listen, I have just
come from the vet.
Come here, Rhett.
Whitey Black says

that all this noise
that you've
been making around here
for the last few days
has been causing a nervous
condition in my dog.
Look at this.
All his hair's falling out.
[Woof Woof]
I got to give this animal
tranquilizers.
Whitey Black is a moron.
I'm not even sure
he has opposable thumbs.
Now if you'll excuse me,
I have work out in the backyard.
Hi, Miss Ouiser.
Ecch. Leave me alone.
Now you listen to me.
I don't know
if I'm coming or going.
I heard you got so screwed up
you cut your dog
out of your will
and had
an ungrateful nephew
put to sleep.
I'm at the end
of my rope.
Well, tie a noose in it
and slip it over your head.
Oh, damn it, Ouiser.
I don't want
to have to kill you.
Boys! Bring me my gun!
Don't you threaten me,
Drum Eatenton,
or I will call the police.
I got to scare away
about five zillion birds
this afternoon before
Shelby's reception.
If I don't, I'll have
to deal with my wife,

and I make it a point
never to deal with my wife.
But that dog is on
his last legs.
What am I going to do
with that poor animal?
Serve him on toast.
You get those magnolias
out of my tree?
The judge has not decided
whose tree that is exactly.
It is mine.
I will
speak to M'Lynn
about this.
Now, are these
chocolate chips
semisweet or milk?
They're milk.
Is the Karo syrup
light or dark?
It's a matter of taste.
Where's
the other one
you were
talking about...
A cuppa-cuppa-cup?
That's simple. You don't
need to write that down.
A cup of flour,
a cup of sugar,
a cup of fruit cocktail
with the juice,
and you mix
and bake at 350
to a golden bubbly.
Sounds awfully rich.
It is.
So I serve it over ice cream
to cut the sweetness.
I'll be right back,
honey.
Well, M'Lynn,
looks like you're

ready to roll.
I think we can trust
Annelle to do that.
Honey, her coiffure card's
in a box on the counter.
Oh, I don't know.
Today is a very special day,
and my work tends
to be too pouffy
when I'm nervous.
You stop that.
You're a professional now,
so get over there
and bang some hair.
Does your dress
have to go over your head?
No.
Oh, good.
I'm sorry.
Relax.
You can't
screw up her hair.
Just make it look
like a brown
football helmet.
I must have missed
the passage in Emily Post
that said all abuse is heaped
on the mother of the bride.
Oh, hush, girls.
Shelby, your mama
never tells us much.
What's Jackson like?
He's really cute.
I thought he was a pest at first,
but he kind of grew on me
and now I love him.
You made
a very good catch, Shelby.
Louisiana lawyers do well,
whether they want to or not.
I don't really care.
Don't get me wrong.
The money's real nice and all,

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."
Are you going to quit
your nursing job?
Never. I love it.
I love being around
all those babies.
Drum and I both feel
she should not work
after she gets married.
I'm so anxious to discuss this topic
for the 900th time this week.
You should not be on your feet
all day long.
You should be kinder
to your circulatory system.
You know what you need
in here, Truvy?
You need a radio.
Music is a wonderful thing
to have in the background.
It takes the pressure off everybody
feeling they have to talk so much.
I used to have one,
but I slammed it
against the wall
when I couldn't figure out
where the batteries went.
Of course I know now
I was suffering from
premenstrual syndrome.
Radio... What did I just...
Oh, yes.
The Antilley family
is selling KPPD.
I wonder how much
radio stations sell for.
Miss Clairee, you should buy KPPD.
You got plenty of money.

What would I do
with a radio station?
Business never interested me.
Lloyd took care
of all that stuff.
I hope you and Jackson
will be as happy
as Lloyd and I were.
We had such a good time...
until November.
At least he hung on
through the state playoffs.
Miss Clairee,
there are still good times to be had.
Well, I really do love football,
but it's hard to parlay that
into a reason to live.
What are your colors, Shelby?
They're Blush and Bashful.
Ooh!
Her colors are pink and pink.
My colors are Blush
and Bashful, Mama.
How precious is this wedding
going to get?
My colors are Blush and Bashful.
I have chosen two shades of pink.
One is much deeper than the other.
But the bridesmaids' dresses,
they are really beautiful.
The ceremony will be, too.
The walls are banked
with sprays of flowers
in my two shades
of Blush and Bashful,
pink carpet specially
laid out for my service,
and pink silk bunting
draped over anything
that would stand still.
That sanctuary looks
like it's been hosed
down with Pepto-Bismol.
I like pink.

Pink is my signature color.
How many
bridesmaids?
Nine.
Nine? Good lord.
Exactly.
Mama made me have my cousins
and Margie St. Maurice.
Let's not go into this now.
There was no way around it.
It will be pretentious.
And Daddy always says,
"An ounce of pretension's
worth a pound of manure."
The poet laureate
of Dogwood Lane.
Mama, I wish you'd
get off Daddy's back.
Shelby, look. I don't...
Fill us in
on the reception.
My reception,
my reception...
Ferns, dancing,
tons of people,
every pink flower
west of the Mississippi,
wedding cake
in the dining room,
and the groom's cake
hidden in the carport.
Shelby and I,
we agree on one thing...
The groom's cake.
The groom's cake.
It's awful.
It's in the shape
of a giant armadillo.
An armadillo?
You're joking, right?
Jackson wanted a cake
in the shape of an armadillo.
His aunt makes them.
It's unusual.

It's repulsive.
It's got gray icing.
I can't even begin to think
how you make gray icing.
Worse, the cake part
is red velvet cake...
Blood red.
People are going
to be hacking into
this poor animal.
It looks like
it's bleeding to death.
The rehearsal supper
was a real experience.
Mama, it wasn't that bad.
It was at Jackson's uncle's
place on the river.
Jackson's from
a good ol' Southern family
with good ol' Southern values...
Either shoot it,
stuff it, or marry it.
They're simply outdoorsy,
that's all.
Did y'all do anything
especially romantic?
We drove down
to Frenchman's Point
and went parking.
Ooh.
Oh, Shelby, really.
Oh, M'Lynn,
leave her alone.
This is my favorite part.
This is the romantic part.
Now, see, that's what
really melts my butter.
Well, then,
we went skinny-dipping,
and we did things that
frightened the fish.
It's been a long time since
we've had a youngster
in this place.

And we talked
and talked and talked.
I love those kind
of talks...
In the arms of
the man you love.
Actually, we fought
most of the time.
You fought?
'Cause I told him
I wouldn't marry him.
What?
Why did you do
a thing like that?
Oh, it's okay now.
We worked it all out.
Oh, it was probably
one of those last-minute
jitter things.
No, but the wedding's still on.
Well, thank goodness,
because this is going in
the hairdo hall of fame.
Shelby,
you scared us.
That wasn't a nice thing
to do to your mama.
Never say a thing like that
to a woman who's marinating
50 pounds of crab claws.
Oh, but the making up
can be so romantic.
I miss romance so much.
Oh, Truvy.
It can't be that bad.
Oh, really, now?
The last romantic thing
my husband did for me
was back in 1972.
He enclosed this carport
so I could support him.
I think I have something
that could cheer you up.
Drum and I have

been planning
on talking
to your husband
about
building a room
onto our house.
If you'll give Spud a job,
I'll give you hot oil treatments
for the rest of your life.
Annelle,
this looks pretty good.
I think you know
what you're doing.
[Annelle]
Thank you.
Mrs. Eatenton,
you have great hair.
Your scalp's
as clean
as a whistle.
[M'Lynn]
I try.
[Truvy]
It must run in the family.
The young 'un's
got the prettiest hair
I ever had my hands in.
Just because I'm bragging
on you, don't get lazy.
Hold your head up.
Stop it.
Shelby?
Shelby.
M'Lynn!
I'll get some juice.
Truvy,
there's some candy
in my purse.
I have some right here.
Shelby, Shelby,
hold on.
Clairee's getting you
some juice.
Shelby, Shelby, Shelby.

Should I get her a cookie?
No. Juice is better.
Here's the juice.
Shelby.
Shelby, you need some juice.
You need some juice.
Stop it, Mama.
Drink the juice.
Please.
No! Stop it, Mama!
I have some candy in my purse.
You didn't bring your purse, sweetheart.
You didn't bring your purse.
No, you didn't.
Here you go.
There you go.
Drink some of this.
It's not any wonder,
with all this running around
and wedding nonsense.
Excuse me. Should I call
the doctor or something?
No, no.
She's a diabetic.
She just has a little
too much insulin,
that's all.
A little more in her,
she'll be all right.
If you don't
leave me alone,
I'm going to leave.
I'd love to see you try.
Cooperate, please.
Honey, drink, please.
Come on now.
That a girl.
Yes, yes, yes,
yes, yes' yes.
There you go,
there you go.
There, there, there.
That's a start.
This one hit her fast.

She's been
so upset lately.
Dr. Mitchell told her
on her last appointment...
children aren't possible.
Don't talk about me
like I'm not here.
Oh, oh, oh.
She's making some sense now.
Yes, she is.
This one was not bad at all.
It was not bad at all.
Now I think we need
a little more juice.
Could I do
something to help?
No. She'll be fine.
Don't fuss over her.
Normality is very
important to Shelby.
Here, M'Lynn.
Thanks.
I am really sorry about
the children part, M'Lynn.
I know.
Shelby's afraid
that Jackson will be
throwing away
his chance
to have children.
Jackson said...
"Shelby, don't be stupid.
There's plenty of kids out there
need good homes."
Drink some.
"We'll adopt 10 of them.
We'll buy them
if we have to."
Jackson sounds like
good people to me.
Oh, Mama, I'm sorry.
That's all right, honey.
Oh, it's all right.
It's all over now.

It's over.
You hold your juice.
Okay.
It's all over.
Hold your juice.
All right.
Okay.
You all right?
Oh, Truvy, I'm sorry.
Oh, I'll fix it.
We'll fix it.
Okay.
What did I do with my gun?
Where did you
leave it?
How the hell do I know?
Well, come on.
We have work to do.
Daylight's burning.
We're going to get rid
of some birds.
Whoo!
Got the arrows, Daddy.
All right, all right.
Hey! Hey!
Lookie here, lookie here.
Dad,
I got the target.
No. We're not going
target shooting. Forget it.
Miss Clairee,
what cute shoes.
You think so?
I'm not so sure
myself.
They seem a little
too racy for me.
I'll probably
give them away.
They're just
too cha-cha for words.
I'll buy them from you.
What size you wear?
I wear a size 6,

but a 7 feels so good
I buy a size 8.
They're 8 1/2.
Perfect.
Lord, give us strength.
Come here, Rhett!
That is
one ugly dog.
What kind of dog
is that?
If it had hair,
a Saint Bernard.
This is it. I've found it.
I am in hell.
Good morning, Ouiser.
Don't try to get
on my good side.
I no longer have one.
You're a little early,
ain't you?
That is precisely
why I'm here...
to talk to M'Lynn
about her husband.
He is a boil
on the butt of humanity.
I'm sorry, Ouiser.
This whole thing has gotten out of hand.
It's not your fault.
I used to think you
were crazy for marrying that man.
Then I thought you were
a glutton for punishment.
Now I realize you must be
on some mission from God.
Miss Ouiser, Daddy isn't
trying to drive you crazy.
He's just trying
to make my reception nice.
His heart's
in the right place.
Ouiser,
I know for a fact
there will be

no more gunshots.
He was going
to fire a gun at me.
They're blanks.
Drum would
never point a gun
at a lady.
He's a real gentleman.
I bet he takes the dishes
out of the sink
before he pees in it.
Who the hell are you?
Uh... Annelle.
This is my new...
Fine.
Now I know everybody
in this town.
And I don't recall
having seen you before.
I just moved into town
not too long ago.
With your family?
I don't have any family
to speak of.
Your husband?
My husband?
Yes.
Well, that's
kind of hard to say.
I, uh...
I don't know.
You don't know?
Well, I'm not sure.
You're not sure?
I'm intrigued.
Are you married or not?
These are not
difficult questions.
Well... we're...
I can't talk about it.
Of course you can.
Well, I'm not sure
if I'm married or not.
He's gone.

Men are the most
horrible creatures, honey.
They will ruin your life,
mark my words.
Everything is horrible.
Bunky- that's my husband...
He just vanished last week.
He took all the money,
my jewelry, the car.
Most of my clothes
were in the trunk.
He's in big trouble
with the law.
Mm-hmm.
Drugs or something.
The police keep questioning me,
but I don't know anything.
They say that our marriage
may not be legal.
Well, I wish you'd
have said something.
I was scared to.
I need a job
in the worst way.
I didn't know if you would
hire someone who may
or may not be married
to someone who might be
a dangerous criminal.
But, Miss Truvy, I swear to you,
my personal tragedy
will not interfere with
my ability to do good hair.
Of course it won't.
I really don't
think things could
get any worse.
Of course they can.
We are awful.
We are all hateful,
awful people.
Here all we've
been talking about
is weddings

and psychotic animals.

What can we do to help?

I know one thing.

Drop by this afternoon.

You're going to have
some bleeding armadillo
groom's cake.

[M'Lynn]

Oh, yes, you must.

Oh, no, I couldn't.

I still get real emotional sometimes.

Not today you won't.

It's going to be
a great party.

Well, I don't have anything to wear.

I'll bet I have something
that will do.

I'll call the house.

Uh, thanks.

All right.

Load me up.

Ready? All right.

We're ready.

All right.

Are you ready?

Stand back.

Here we go.

Whoa!

Aah!

Aah!

[Woof Woof]

What the hell is that?

You got them
real nice, Dad!
You nailed them!

Yeah!

Yeah!

I hope no one was hurt.

Shelby, get my things.

Rhett!

Miss Ouiser, that dog
will eat Daddy alive.

Ohh, no!

Ouiser, talk to him!

He'll listen to you!
Please!
It's my wedding day.
Say something!
Kill, Rhett! Kill!
Daddy, we're coming!
Bite him in the balls!
[Organ Plays "Because"]
Because God made thee mine
I'll cherish thee
Through light and darkness
Through all time we'll be
And pray his love
Will make our love divine
Sorry.
Because God
Made thee mine
I'm sorry.
[Playing The "Wedding March"]
Now.
Shelby.
Shelby, it's time.
Daddy, it's time.
It's time.
It's time!
Grrr.
Who gives this woman
in marriage?
Her mother and I do!
[Guests Laughing]
Dearly beloved...
I know a barber shop
way across town
Down on North Walker street
It's the loneliest place
on a Saturday night...
This has been
the happiest day
of my life, Daddy.
Oh, I'm glad, sugar.
I'm not talking too loud,
am I?
No, you're fine.
Shelby loves you very much.

I hope so.
It cost me 60 bucks
to rent this sucker.
I-I'm being serious.
So am I.
I got the receipt right here.
Could I say this, please?
Shelby is so happy.
I know when you're young
it seems like everything
will always be perfect.
Maybe it will be.
Promise me
you'll think about it
before you make any big decisions
about family.
I know what you're saying.
Good.
Never won't come, come, come
If you don't 7-11, dice
I'm done, done, done
Now if I see the police
before he sees me
I'm gonna run, run, run
'Cause I'm the leader of society
Since I got mine...
What can I get you?
Nothing. No, thanks.
You sure? It's free.
Oh?
Come on.
What will it be?
A cherry Coke.
Sure.
So, are you
a friend of the bride
or the groom?
Neither.
Sh-Shelby invited me.
I don't know why I'm here.
I'm Sammy.
And this here's
the best cherry Coke
in the history of the world.

Can I help you, sir?
That Jackson,
he is one big hangin' man.
Yes, I know.
Nancy Beth, come along.
Calories, calories.
I don't like
Belle Marmillion.
I don't trust anybody
that does their own hair.
I don't think it's normal.
She's the best volunteer we have
at the mental guidance center.
She's so good
with troubled children.
Wish I'd have taken Louie there
and got him straightened out.
Even his imaginary playmates
wouldn't play with him.
Oh, Truvy,
your boy grew up fine.
He's just a little scary.
I just think it'd be fun
to have access to all that
secret personal information.
Oh, come on, M'Lynn.
Tell me some of your
most bizarre cases,
and let me see
if I can figure out
who they are.
No.
There's some
pretty sick tickets
in this town.
I will do no such thing.
Cut that out.
You old fuddy-duddy.
["Rock And Roll" Plays]
I'm not
speaking to you.
Oh, what a shame.
I mean it, Drum.
Can we call a truce

long enough for me
to get a piece of cake?
Thanks, Ouiser.
Nothing like
a good piece of ass.
Clairee, you know
I'd rather walk on my lips
than to criticize anybody.
But... Janice Van Meter.
I know.
I bet money
she's paid \$500 for that dress
and don't even bother
to wear a girdle.
Looks like two pigs
fighting under a blanket.
I haven't left the house
without Lycra on these thighs
since I was 14.
You were
brought up right.
Congratulations, Drum.
Big day, isn't it?
Grrr.
Ouiser? Ouiser,
there's someone
I'd like you to meet.
That looks
like an autopsy.
This is Jackson's
Aunt Fern Thornton.
From Alexandria.
She made the cake.
You did this?
Guilty.
Well, it's very simple, really.
It just takes patience.
You only do armadillos?
No. I can do anything...
except snakes.
I don't have
the counter space.
Son of a gun,
we're gonna have big fun

On the bayou
Whoa, jambalaya
and a crawfish pie
And a fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight
I'm gonna see my cher a mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar
And be gay-o
Son of a gun,
gonna have some fun
On the bayou
Thibodaux, Fontaineaux
This place is buzzin'
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne
by the dozen
Dress in style,
go hog wild, me oh my oh
Son of a gun,
gonna have big fun
On the bayou
Oh, jambalaya
and a crawfish pie
And fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight
I'm gonna see my cher a mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar
And be gay-o
Son of a gun
Gonna have big fun
on the bayou
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie
A fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight
I'm gonna see my cher a mio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar
And be gay-o
Son of a gun
Gonna have big fun
on the bayou
Mama... help me.
Well, this is it.
You're finally rid of me.
Oh, I think you'll be back
every now and then.

Corsages are pretty stupid
when you
think about it,
aren't they?
You make Jackson Latcherie
take good care of you.
Mama, Jackson
will take care of me.
And I'll take care of him.
And I'm not stupid.
I'll get my bags.
[Guests Cheering]
[Horn Honking]
[Gunshots]
Well, the boys just
brought the car around.
What did they do to it?
Let me put it this way...
If you and Jackson
want to practice safe sex,
you're all set.
Truvy, are you
leaving so early?
Yeah. But I'll have
sweet dreams with this
under my pillow.
I hope your husband
feels better.
He's going to be fine.
Say hello to Spud.
I'll do it.
I'm sure he's sorry
he missed all this.
Such a beautiful wedding.
Thanks, Truvy.
You're leaving so soon?
Hi.
Hello.
Would you like a ride?
I have new shoes.
Have to break them in.
Well, good night.
It was a lovely day.
Stop it.

Walk me home, Clairee.
You just live over there.
I don't want to walk
in that house by myself.
You watch the news.
You know what kind
of world we're living in.
Walk me home.
Who's going to walk me home?
You've got the flashlight.
My car's parked over there.
This is ridiculous.
You're only a few feet away.
Will you follow me?
Follow me.
You're acting like a child.
The older you get,
the sillier you get.
The older you get,
the uglier you get.
And last, but never least,
Santa's most beautiful helper,
this year's
Miss Merry Christmas,
Nancy Beth Marmillion!
Get it while the getting's good!
Best food in Louisiana!
Blood, sweat, and tears
go in every little bowlful.
Right, boys?
That's right, Truvy.
1, 2, 3, 4...
Shelby!
Well, get your little
country butt over here.
Were you trying to sneak by us
without buying some
of our jumbo shrimp?
They're hot and spicy,
just like Annelle.
Truvy, stop.
You should try one.
We've already
pulled their heads off.

No, I'm just killing time.
Jackson's found a firearm.
We may never see him again.
How about a glass of iced tea?
It's the house wine of the South.
Perfect.
Oh, coming up.
Bet your mama's happy
you got home in time
for the festival.
I wouldn't miss the festival.
How's your family?
Oh, fine.
Spud's as outgoing as ever.
Louie brought
his girlfriend home,
and the nicest thing
I can say about her
is all her tattoos
are spelled correctly.
Oh, Truvy.
Get your money away.
Thanks.
Well, my hair's not the only
thing that's changed.
So much has happened.
After they finally put
Bunky Dupuy behind bars
and I was rid of him,
I went wild.
I was running around
drinking, smoking.
Jezebel.
Truvy helped me see
the error of my ways.
She gave me a place to live.
Now I go to church.
I've done guest lectures on beauty
at the trade school.
Annelle's become
one of the hottest tickets in town.
Oh, Truvy, hush.
It's true.
Well, I am

enjoying the city more,
and I'm so excited about
this Christmas festival.
There's a Messiah
sing-along tomorrow. Oh, no!
What's the matter?
Oh, nobody move!
My contact! Oh, no!
Stay back!
Wait, don't move!
Can you back up, please?
Hello, darlings.
When did you get into town?
This afternoon.
Here, merry Christmas.
Thank you.
I've been trying
to show Jackson everything.
He's never been to the festival.
Listen to the football
game tonight.
Sure.
What are we listening for?
Me.
Didn't your mama tell you?
Mama never
tells anyone anything.
I'm the color announcer
for the Devils. I'm fabulous.
I'm just too colorful
for words.
Nice of them to let you
talk on the radio.
Nice, nothing.
I own the radio station.
You bought it!
Yes. KPPD, the station of choice
in Chinquapin Parish.
Mrs. Belcher, we got to go!
The kickoff!
Bye!

[Radio:]

This has been an extremely

hard-fought football game,
considering the fact
that the Dry Prong lines
don't seem to have
the kind of depth
that Chinquapin has.

[TV Continues]

Well?

Nope.

Rolly Bassett

got the contract.

His bid was 6,000

under mine.

6,000.

Well, he owns all his own equipment,
and I don't.

It's hell to be poor and hired out.

Well, I have got some fried chicken here,
prepared by Christian women,
a bottle of cheap wine,
and I've arranged
for some pretty
incredible fireworks.

Oh, come on, Spud.

I don't want to miss
the nativity made
entirely out of sparklers.
I don't feel much like it.

Well, you will
once we get there.

I'm happy where I am.

Spud.

We always watch
the fireworks.

Whoa. That's the ball game.

Final score...

This is KPPD Radio,
station of choice
in Chinquapin Parish,
coming to you live
from the Devils' locker room.

This is Bark Boone
with color announcer
Clairee Belcher.

Thank you, Bark.
You know, Bark,
it's a shame our
listeners can't be here
to see the gorgeous
new Devil uniforms.
Uh... they're lovely.
I would never have chosen
those white pants.
They're filthy.
I would have gone
with a darker color.
White shows everything.
Just look at those grass stains.
Impossible to get out.
It's hard
to keep white clean
when you're tackled.
But I love the tops,
such a vibrant purple.
Would you call this color
grape or aubergine?
Shut up.
What?
You're making a fool
out of yourself, Clairee.
I am not.
This is football.
All the people want to hear about
is touchdowns and injuries.
They don't give a damn
about that grape shit.
We have this new psychiatrist
that comes in two days a week.
Of course, I pick her name
out of the grab bag.
I got to get her something.
Put that on the list.
I have no idea
what to get your father.
What's Jackson giving you?
Do you know?
Furniture.
Furniture? Well, my.

Must be nice to be married
to a rich lawyer.
What's it for,
the living room?
No. For the nursery.
We wanted to tell you
when you and Daddy
were together, but
you're never together,
so... it's every man
for himself.
I'm pregnant.
I realize that.
Well, is that it?
Is that all you're going to say?
What do you want me to say?
Well, something along the lines
of "congratulations."
Congratulations.
Would it be too much to ask...
for a little excitement?
Not too much.
I wouldn't want you to
break a sweat or anything.
It's in July.
Oh, Mama.
You have to help me plan.
We're going to get a new house.
Jackson and I are going
house hunting next week.
Jackson loves to hunt
for anything.
What does Jackson say
about all this?
He's so excited.
He says he doesn't care
whether it's a boy or a girl,
but I know he really wants a son
so bad he can taste it.
He's really cute about the whole thing.
It's all he talks about...
Jackson Latcherie, Jr.
Does he ever listen?
I mean, when doctors

and specialists
give you advice,
does he listen?
I know you never do.
Does he?
Huh?
What?
Well, I guess since
he doesn't have to carry the baby,
it really isn't any of his concern.
Mama.
I want a child.
What about adoption?
You filled out all the applications.
Mama, no judge
is going to give a baby
to someone
with my medical record.
Jackson even put out feelers
about buying one.
People do it all the time.
Listen to me.
I want a child of my own.
I think it would help things a lot.
I see.
Mama, you worry too much.
In fact, I never worry,
'cause I always know you're
worrying enough for both of us.
Jackson and I have given this
a lot of thought.
Has he really?
There's a first time
for everything.
Don't start on Jackson,
Mama.
Your poor body has
been through so much.
Why deliberately
do this to yourself?
Diabetics have healthy
babies all the time.
You are special, Shelby.
There are limits

to what you can do.
I'm going to be...
very, very careful.
Nobody's going to be hurt
or disappointed
or even inconvenienced.
Least of all Jackson, I'm sure.
You're jealous...
because you no longer
have a say-so in what I do,
and that drives you up the wall.
You're ready to spit nails
because you can't call the shots.
I did not raise my daughter
to talk to me like this.
Yes, you did.
Oh, no, I didn't.
Whenever any of us asked you
what you wanted for us
when we grew up, what did you say?
I'm not in the mood
to play games.
Just tell me what you said.
The only thing I have ever said to you
is that I want you to be happy.
Okay. The one thing that
would make me happy
is to have a baby.
If I could adopt one,
I would, but I can't.
I'm going to have a baby,
and I wish you'd be happy, too.
I'll tell you what I wish.
I don't know what I wish.
Mama, I don't know why you have to
make everything so difficult.
I look at having this baby
as the opportunity of a lifetime.
Sure, there may be risk involved,
but that's true for anybody.
But you get through it,
and life goes on.
When it's all said and done,
there'll be a little

piece of immortality
with Jackson's good looks
and my sense of style, I hope.
Please.
I need your support.
I would rather have
30 minutes of wonderful
than a lifetime
of nothing special.
Okay. All right.
I'm going to hand it to you.
I don't want to hit you
upside the head.
I got one hole left.
Right.
Put the cords
behind the pole.
If they show,
it'll look tacky.
You told me about 40 times.
Annelle, did you do all this?
Guilty.
Truvy just turned over
the decoration
responsibility to me.
Look.
I went to the fire sale
at the Baptist book store
in Shreveport last week.
They had mismatched manger scenes
at incredibly low prices.
I cleaned them out
of baby Jesuses,
which I made into ornaments.
She's ready to roll.
Would you do the honors?
Yeah. Here you are,
Mrs. Latcherie.
Thanks, Sammy.
Ready?
Down in Louisiana
We have a Cajun Christmas...
Annelle, it's wonderful.
It works!

How cute.
I think your elves
have gone berserk.
Well, Shelby,
I wasn't expecting to see you.
What can I do for you?
I'm running a special
called a Christmas quickie.
I'm beyond help.
Last week I discovered
the early stages of crow's feet.
Honey, time marches on.
Eventually you realize
it's marching
across your face.
Oh, no.
It's Miss Ouiser.
I'm supposed to give her
a pedicure today.
I hate working
on her feet.
It could have
been worse.
She could have wanted
a bikini waxing.
Let's not get graphic.
Why not?
Miss Ouiser, I met
an old friend of yours.
Oh?
Owen Jenkins.
Oh.
Owen. Now, there's
a blast from the past.
Do you remember him?
He remembers you.
He had
the longest nose hair
in the free world.
Now he hardly has
any hair anywhere.
Owen's been gone
from Chinquapin Parish
since God was a boy.

I'd forgotten he'd existed.
He lives in Monroe
and goes to
First Presbyterian.
He asked if I knew you.
He used to live
in Ohio somewhere.
His wife just died,
and he's moved back down here.
Does this story have a point?
No, not really.
He just remembers you
fondly, I think.
I can't imagine why.
He was not a bad fellow,
but I managed
to run him off
and marry the first
of two total deadbeats.
Maybe sometime
I could arrange
for us all
to get together.
Maybe not.
Why not?
Shelby, I managed
in a few decades
to marry the two
most worthless men
in the universe
and then proceeded to have
the three most ungrateful children
ever conceived.
The only reason
people are nice to me
is because I have
more money than God.
I'm not about to open
a new can of worms.
Ouiser.
What?
If this is how you feel,
it isn't healthy.
Maybe you should come

to the guidance center
and talk to someone.
We're there to help.
I'm not crazy, M'Lynn.
I've just been
in a very bad mood
for 40 years.

[Doorbell Rings]

Hi.

Merry Christmas.

Oh, look at you.

Is that new?

I made the dress
with my own two hands.

I just threw
the rest together.

The only thing
that separates us
from the animals
is our ability
to accessorize.

Oh.

Annelle,

why are you so late?

Did you and Sammy
get tangled up in the tinsel?

Truvy. You kill me.

Merry Christmas.

Oh! Thank you.

Merry Christmas.

Oh, darling.

I have to tell you
your nephew Marshall
is a little piece
of heaven on earth.

They're family,
and I love them,
but they do look carved
out of cream cheese.

Clairee,

I'm surprised at you
talking about
your kin that way.

Well, as somebody

always said,
if you can't say anything
nice about anybody,
come sit by me.
That's a good one.
Miss Ouiser.
What?
There's somebody
that wants
to see you.
Who?
I've opened the can
of worms for you.
What?
Hell.
Owen Jenkins.
Hello, Louisa.
Remember me?
My God, you look different.
Have you shrunk?
You look terrific.
You've hardly
changed at all.
I'm not as sweet
as I used to be.
Jesus Lord, at thy birth...
I cannot believe
Shelby did that.
Owen...
After all these years.
I'm not sure I can be
gracious under pressure.
Shelby does a lot of
things I can't believe.
M'Lynn, what's wrong
with you these days?
You got a reindeer
up your butt?
Everybody! Tommy,
get all these people outside.
Come on, everybody.
My dad's going
to say something.
I just want a moment

of your time, folks, now.
Today my daughter...
told me a big secret.
Daddy.
Don't worry.
I'm not going to tell them
you're pregnant.
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
I'm just going to tell them
I'm going to be a granddaddy.
Oh. That's wonderful.
Oh, Grandma!
Congratulations.
Well, ain't you excited?
Smile. It increases
your face value.
And the doctor said Shelby
couldn't have children.
Yeah. What do they know?
She showed them.
They said she shouldn't
have children.
There's a big difference.
This baby is not exactly great news.
Jackson and Shelby.
[Cheering]
Oh, M'Lynn, I really wish
I had some words of wisdom,
but I don't.
Why don't we focus on
the joy of the situation?
It'll be fine.
Absolutely.
You know what they say...
That which does not kill us
makes us stronger.
Nothing pleases Shelby more
than proving me wrong.
Oh, and to
my new grandbaby...
May he be as
good-looking as I am.

Born on the third of July
He's a Yankee Doodle sweetheart
He's a Yankee Doodle boy
Yankee Doodle went to London
Just to ride the ponies
He is a Yankee Doodle boy
Whoo!
Go ahead.
Blow it out, buddy.
This is boring as hell.
You only have your
first birthday once.
Little buddy's
making a wish.
I wish he'd just
blow out the candle.
I can't stand this.
Don't you dare.
Come on.
Look. Look.
Here we go.
1... 2... 3...
Yay.
Yay.
Happy birthday.
I'll be back from Truvy's
in about an hour.
Anything you want?
I think I'll come with you.
I want to get my hair cut.
Short.
And I want Truvy to do it.
It's easier to take care of.
I'd love to be able to run my fingers
through it and go.
I think that
would be precious.
I feel the need to make things
as simple as possible.
Let me go tell Jackson.
Shelby.
Shelby, I just can't
seem to find the wipes.
They're in my bag.

Is he wet?
He's muddy.
Miss Clairee,
finish about your nephew.
Get to the good stuff.
Well, I have to admit,
Marshall did go about it
the wrong way.
He marched in,
and without so much
as a hello, he said,
"Mama and Daddy,
I have something to tell you.
"I have a brain tumor.
I have three months to live."
Well, naturally,
Drew and Belle became hysterical.
Then he said,
"Hey, folks, I'm only kidding.
I'm just gay."
That was his idea of
breaking the news gently?
Marshall was always
very theatrical.
I wonder what Drew and Belle
must be feeling about this.
I don't know.
They have considered themselves
a model family for so long.
First Nancy Beth
dethroned
from her
Miss Merry Christmas title
because of that
unfortunate motel thing.
What motel thing?
I don't live here anymore.
Remember?
Nancy Beth was discovered
in a local motel
with a high political official.
They were both high.
They'd been
smoking everything

but their shoes.
She's the first
Miss Merry Christmas
in history
to be caught with her tinsel
down around her knees.
Well, speaking of drawers,
hang on to yours.
Ta-da!
Oh, gosh.
Oh, you don't like it.
I did what you asked me,
didn't I?
Yes, Truvy,
you did a beautiful job.
Well, it's just that...
Oh, sweetheart, don't.
Please don't cry,
or I will, too.
I have a strict policy
that nobody cries alone
in my presence.
I love it.
Yeah.
Okay.
Well, now, Truvy,
let's do my nails.
This is a treat.
Nobody around here
ever wants a manicure.
I don't think I would
even know what to charge
for a full day's beauty.
I'll need one, too.
I'm going to paint
my front door red
and change my name
to Elizabeth Arden.
Amen.
Annelle, I'm going to
need more cuticle oil.
Is it still next...
Second shelf.
Was she praying?

Yes.
Why?
Got me. Maybe she was praying
for Marshall and Drew and Belle.
Maybe for us
'cause we were gossiping.
Maybe because
the elastic's shot
in her panty hose.
She's prays at the drop
of a hat these days.
How long has she
been this way?
Since Mardi Gras.
She had her choice of
going to a Bible weekend
or to New Orleans with me
and two other sinners.
What does her boyfriend say?
Sammy's so confused,
he don't know whether
to scratch his watch
or wind his butt.
He says he could deal
with another man,
but he's having trouble with the Father,
the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
Ahem.
Oh, well, does Marshall
have, you know, friends?
Well, we discussed that.
I asked him how he...
met people.
In my day you could tell
by a man's carriage
and demeanor
which side his bread
was buttered on,
but in this day and age,
who knows?
I asked Marshall,
"How can you tell?"
And he said,
"All gay men have track lighting,

"and all gay men
are named
Mark, Rick or Steve."
Be a soft-spoken dog.
Morning.
What's so funny in there?
Clairee's just been telling us
this true story of track lighting.
Oh, I love mine.
Highlights my new art work.
Since when do you
have track lighting?
About three weeks.
It's in the foyer
up the staircase.
My grandson's idea.
I haven't seen him in ages.
How is he?
Steve's fine.
Shelby.
Oh, God.
Your hair is so short.
Why are you in such a good mood?
Did you run over
a small child or something?
Tomatoes.
Don't give all these to me.
Somebody's got to take them.
I try not to eat healthy food
if I can possibly help it.
The sooner my body gives out,
the better off I'll be.
I can't get enough grease
into my diet.
Why do you grow them?
Because I'm
an old Southern woman.
We're supposed to wear
funny-looking hats and ugly clothes
and grow vegetables in the dirt.
Don't ask me
those questions.
I don't know why.
I don't make the rules.

[Burp]
Oh, now, that's attractive,
Ouiser.
Hmm. Shelby.
Oh, honey, what have
you done to yourself?
It doesn't hurt.
M'Lynn, have you seen this?
Yes, I have.
The doctor's just trying
to strengthen my veins.
They're in terrible shape.
My God.
It looks like you've been
driving nails up your arms.
What is going on?
Shall we tell them, Mama?
Well, I guess we can't
keep it a secret any longer.
Shelby has been
driving nails up her arm.
It's my dialysis.
It's no big thing.
Don't look at me like that.
Having Jack, Jr.
Put too much strain
on my kidneys.
Now they're kaput,
that's all.
The doctor said this
would probably happen.
That's all?
That's all, she says.
Do you do this dialysis forever?
Well, I could, I suppose,
but it's not real convenient
when you're trying to keep up with Jack, Jr.,
so I'll have a kidney transplant,
I'll be fine.
Is it that easy?
Sure.
They do three or four
a week in Shreveport.
They do.

Our Sunday school class was just
praying for one the other day.
The hard part's finding
the kidney, isn't it?
I saw something about it on TV...
very dramatic.
These medical teams
fly all over the place,
taking hearts, kidneys,
and who knows what else.
What impressed me most
was they carry those organs
in beer coolers.
Stop it.
Those doctors take out
their six-packs,
throw in dry ice and a heart,
and get on a plane.
How long do you have to
wait for one?
There are people on dialysis
that have been waiting for years.
That must be agony.
Well, I suppose, but I'm lucky.
I don't have to wait anymore.
Mama's going to give me
one of her kidneys.
When?
We check in
tomorrow morning.
So you better get going on my nails.
Annelle, I'm dripping.
Sorry.
I shouldn't have said that.
Said what?
Back at Truvy's.
When I said I'd be better off
when my body wears out.
I shouldn't have said that
in front of Shelby.
I didn't mean that.
Ouiser, nobody pays
any attention to you.
But I feel bad, Clairee.

I'm a terrible person.
No, you're not.
You'd give your dog a kidney
if he needed one.
Yes.
Clairee,
this is just a gesture.
We're not feeding Drum
till the end of time.
Drum loves pork and beans.
He eats them with everything.
That explains a lot.
You're supposed to
soak the red beans overnight.
But we don't have overnight.
I wanted to take it to them
before they leave for the hospital.
Let's cook something else.
I bought all the stuff.
It's in the "Freezes Beautifully"
section of my cookbook.
I want to take something
that freezes beautifully.
Then we'll make
red beans and rice.
Sammy Dwayne DeSoto,
what is this in my Frigidaire?
Beer.
I don't care what you do
in your refrigerator,
but you will not
keep liquor in mine.
Oh, Annelle, for Christ's sakes.
Who?
Christ.
Who did you say?
Christ, Christ, Christ.
Are you speaking of Our Lord?
Is that whose name
you're taking in vain?
That's the one.
Well, I am sorry, Sammy,
but I'm not about spend
the next 50 years of my life

with someone who
I'm not gonna run into
in the hereafter.
Annelle, goddamn it!
I think we should pray.
Oh, I'd rather eat dirt.
Shelby says her half
of the operation's easy.
I guess M'Lynn's is terrible.
They basically have
to saw her in half
to get the kidney out.
Well, they always do it
on Circus of the Stars.
Don't joke about it, Spud.
I feel awful for 'em.
Yeah, well.
I guess the Eatentons
are lucky.
They all know how much
they mean to each other.
Maybe I'm jealous.
Hand me that socket wrench,
would you?
Which one's a socket wrench?
The socket wrench,
the socket wrench.
This funny-looking thing?
Thank you.
That's not funny.
Okay, no more transplant jokes.
Daddy doesn't like them.
Whose turn is it?
Oh, Mama.
Oh, yes?
Give me all your...
internal organs.
Oh, I mean aces.
Gosh, Dad, I-I'm sorry.
Yeah.
It just slipped out.
Go fish.
I'm going to put
this little one to bed.

Mama, I'll do it.
No, no, no. Let me.
After tomorrow
it'll be a long time
before I can pick him up again.
So much for the card game.
Movie!
Movie!
It's old,
in black and white.
Nothing dirty there.
I got it, a classic...
A Tale of Two Kidneys.
That's funny.
You think that's funny?
Yes.
That's not funny.
Oh.
I overslept 'cause I was
up late cooking.
I've got to get these beans
to the Eatentons,
and it's my Sunday
to count the offering.
I just know I'm gonna miss church.
Cool down.
I'll have to turn the hose on you.
I don't know what
I'm gonna do.
Well, I know what you're gonna do.
You are gonna get in this car.
We're going to drop those beans off
at the Eatenton house.
Then you are going
to church with me.
Oh, I don't know.
God don't care
which church you go to,
long as you show up.
Abide with me
Fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens
Lord, with me abide
When other helpers

Fail and comforts flee
Help of the helpless, Lord...
Ouiser, what brings you here?
Shut up.
I was wondering
how things were
with you and Owen.
I can report that
the Sherwood Florist delivery truck
stops by her house
twice a week.
He knows I like
fresh flowers.
And I can report
that a strange car
is parked in her garage
once a week.
There.
My secret is out.
I am having an affair
with a Mercedes-Benz.
We are in
the house of the Lord.
Oh, a lot she cares.
Ouiser never done
a religious thing in her life.
Now, that is not true.
When I was in school,
my friends and I would dress up as nuns
and go bar-hopping.
Uh, Ouiser, forgive me,
but I just been dying
to ask you this.
Have you and Owen,
you know, um...
Wait. I have to get
a mental picture of this.
A dirty mind
is a terrible thing
to waste.
Well?
Not that this is
any of anyone else's
business,

but no, we're friends.
He would like more,
and I'm dealing with that.
I'm old and set in my ways.
You are playing hard to get.
At her age,
she should be playing
Beat the Clock.
Miss DeLore,
is 240 on Telemetry?
Yes, he is.
Thank you.
May I help you?
I need somebody
to fix my I.V., please.
Someone will be there
in a minute.
Wendy,
can you check 240's I.V?
Sure.
[Woman On P.A.]
Rodriguez, dial 7-4.
Dr. Rodriguez, dial 7-4, please.
I really do. I think
that despite everything,
we have
a very good result.
Looks good.
Looks real, real good.
Thanks.
[Thunder]
Surprise!
Oh, Truvy,
I can't believe this!
I have always wanted to
give a wedding shower
with a monster motif.
That's what you get
for getting married on Halloween.
My heart!
Let's open the gifts.
You're welcome. Next.
M'Lynn, appliqu.
With some little

fringe on them.
Fringe, yes.
Quiet down. Quiet down.
It says,
"Better late than never."
Whoo!
Look out, Sammy!
Who's that from?
It's not signed.
Let me see.
Ouiser.
What?
I'd recognize
this penmanship anywhere.
You have the handwriting
of a serial killer.
I thought Sammy
wouldn't mind you
reading the Bible in bed,
as long as you were wearing
something inspirational.
Yuk, yuk, yuk.
Put down "split crotch."
This is from Shelby.
That's disgusting.
She's sorry she couldn't be here.
She's on duty.
How is she?
Fine.
I fed Baby Renz
but not Alex, okay?
Oh, okay.
Gotta get home now
for Halloween.
Have a good evening.
Shelby, this is too cute.
Where did you find this?
Aunt Fern made it.
I can't wait to get home
and try it on Jack.
I taught him to say
"trick or treat" or something...
something kind of like it.
Could you hand me that bag,

Pam?
Thanks.
Good night.
Good night.
Here you go.
Thank you.
And if this don't work on my husband,
maybe you can come back later.
See you.
Hmm. Looks like
somebody's husband's
coming home tonight.
When you work
a seven-day stretch
on an offshore oil rig,
all you wanna do
on your day off is sleep.
I'll do everything
I can to keep him up.
Anne Boleyn
had six fingers.
Who's Anne Berlin?
Anne Boleyn.
She was one of the six wives
of Henry VIII.
Oh, well, I never
watch public television.
She had six fingers.
What happened
to the other four?
She had 11 total.
[Flush]
Are you trying to
confuse me, Clairee?
No.
I just want to expose us
to more culture.
That's not easy to come by
in this neck of the woods.
Ouiser, how about
taking a theater trip
to New York?
I don't want
to expose myself

to anything.
You should broaden
your horizons.
You broaden
your horizons your way,
I'll broaden my horizons mine.
I'm going to support
the arts in this area.
[Ouiser]
I'll write a check. I support art.
I just don't have to see it.
It wouldn't harelip you.
Clairee, can I get one thing
straight with you?
I do not see plays
because I can nap at home
for free.
I don't see movies because they're trash
and they got nothing
but naked people in them.
I don't read books
'cause the good ones
are made into miniseries.
You know,
you would be
a much more contented,
pleasant person
if you would find ways
to occupy your time.
I am pleasant!
I saw Drum Eatenton this morning
at the Piggly Wiggly
and I smiled at the son of a bitch
before I could help myself.
Ow!
Shit.
Sorry, Miss...
Sorry, Miss Ouiser.
Annelle, you take your Bible
and shove it where the sun doesn't shine.
[Laughing]
Put it in Mommy's pocket.
There we go.
We'll zip you up,

and we'll go trick-or-treating
right after dinner.
Let's go and make
some spaghetti.
Oh!
Jack.
[Panting]
Oh.
Okay.
[Babbling]
Yeah.
Yes.
Let's go... Let's go
call D-Daddy, okay?
[Baby Crying]
Shelby!
Darling, I'm home.
Shelby!
What's the matter, pal?
What?
What's the matter?
Shelby!
Okay, buddy. Okay, okay.
All right.
Shelby!
Oh, my God.
Okay, baby, just put you
right here. One minute.
Shelby? Baby?
Shelby?
[Doctor Speaking,
distantly]
I wish we could offer you more hope,
but the situation we're at now is
very, very serious.
The immunosuppressant therapy we
have given her to prevent...
rejection of the kidney...
...has lowered her resistance. We believe
she has contracted an infection of the
central nervous system which will be
very difficult to resolve. The truth...
The coma may be irreversible.
[Humming "Hush, Little Baby"]

Good morning.
Morning, Gladys.
We're doing
our Jane Fonda.
Yeah, exercises
are good for her.
Here's the one where
you're holding him.
You're looking at him
and he's looking at you,
and then you all looked
over at me. Remember?
Open your eyes, Shelby.
Open your eyes. Open your eyes.
Look at him.
He wants you to
open your eyes, Shelby.
He wants you to open...
open your eyes.
The patient's pulse
is unchanged.
Some fluttering
in the A.V. Fistula.
It's weak.
The radial pulse is weaker.
The renal pulse is unchanged.
"Lesson three.
"Never be afraid
to try a brave new look.
"Now, that can mean wearing...
"daring to wear, um...
a sexy slip of a dress
that bares..."
Honey, it'll do you good
to get out for a while.
Eat a real dinner.
What if she wakes up
for two minutes
and I'm not here?
"For example,
we know where you can get
a top-of-the-line hairstyle."
[Kiss]
Call Clairee.

Call Connolly's Funeral Home.
That's the nicest.
Jackson.
You're going to have
to get her pink suit,
the one with
the little red cherries
on the lapel?
Where's Jack, Jr?
Aunt Fern's.
Here's your grandma.
There you go.
Pumpkin.
Jackson.
Does this tie go?
Yeah.
You look real nice.
I'll come with you to the funeral
if you don't mind.
I don't mind.
I feel sorry for them, you know?
I mean, especially Jackson...
Losing Shelby like that.
If something like that
ever happened to me,
I don't know...
I don't know what I'd do.
A thing like this just
doesn't make any sense.
No sense at all.
I just keep thinking
about what Annelle says.
"The Lord works in mysterious ways."
What the hell is this for?
It makes you pretty.
Hey.
Come on home, honey.
How you holding up, honey?
I'm fine.
It was a beautiful service.
The flowers were
the most beautiful flowers
I have ever seen.
They were beautiful.

Miss M'Lynn?
It should make you
feel a lot better
that Shelby is with her king.
Yes, Annelle, I guess it should.
We should all be rejoicing.
You go on ahead.
I'm sorry if I don't feel like it.
I guess I'm a little selfish.
I'd rather have her here.
Miss M'Lynn...
I don't mean to upset you
by saying that.
It's just that...
when something
like this happens,
I pray very hard
to make heads
or tails of it, and...
and I think that in Shelby's case,
she just wanted to take care
of that little baby
and of you,
of everybody she knew.
And her poor little body
was just worn out.
It just wouldn't let her do
all the things she wanted to.
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.
It may sound
real simple and stupid,
and maybe I am,
but that's how I get
through things like this.
Thank you, Annelle.
I appreciate that.
And it's a real good idea.
Shelby wouldn't want us

to get mired down
and wallow in this.
We should handle it
the best way we know how
and get on with it.
That's what my mind says.
I wish somebody
would explain it to my heart.
Drum says you never left her side
for a second.
No...
I couldn't leave my Shelby.
I just sat there
and kept on pushing
the way I always have
where Shelby was concerned.
I was hoping she'd
sit up and argue with me.
And finally we realized
there was no hope.
We turned off the machines.
Drum left.
He couldn't take it.
Jackson left.
I find it amusing.
Men are supposed to be
made out of steel or something.
But I just sat there.
I just held Shelby's hand.
There was no noise...
no tremble...
just... peace.
Oh, God.
I realize, as a woman,
how lucky I am.
I was there
when that wonderful creature
drifted into my life,
and I was there
when she drifted out.
It was the most
precious moment of my life.
I got to get back.
Does anybody got a mirror?

Does anybody have a mirror?
I don't know how you're doing
on the inside, honey,
but your hair
is just holding up beautiful.
Oh... Shelby was right.
This is a brown football helmet.
Honey, are you okay?
I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm fine.
I'm fine!
I can jog all the way
to Texas and back,
but my daughter can't.
She never could.
God! I'm so mad,
I don't know what to do.
I want to know why.
I want to know why
Shelby's life is over.
I want to know how
that baby will ever know
how wonderful his mother was.
Will he ever know
what she went through for him?
Oh, God, I want to know why!
Why?
Lord, I wish I could understand.
No! No! No!
It's not supposed
to happen this way.
I'm supposed to go first.
I've always been ready to go first.
I don't think I can take this.
I don't think I can take this.
I just want to hit somebody
till they feel as bad as I do.
I just want to hit something!
I want to hit it hard!
Here!
Hit this!
Go ahead, M'Lynn.
Slap her!
Are you crazy?
Hit her!

Are you high, Clairee?
Have you lost your mind?
We'll sell T-shirts saying,
"I slapped Ouiser Boudreaux."
Hit her!
Miss Clairee, enough.
Ouiser, this is your chance
to do something for your fellow man.
Knock her lights out, M'Lynn!
Let go of me!
You missed your chance.
Half of Chinquapin Parish
would give their eyeteeth
to take a whack at Ouiser!
[All Laughing]
Oh.
You are a pig from hell!
Ouiser, don't leave!
Ouiser, Ouiser, I was just kidding.
Come back. Oh.
Not a very Christian
thing to do.
Oh. Annelle,
you got to lighten up.
Go away.
Okay, all right, hit me then.
I deserve it.
You are evil,
and you must be destroyed.
Mother Nature's
taking care of that
faster than you could.
Things were getting
entirely too serious for a moment.
We needed to laugh.
I bet Lloyd got a kick out of it.
Lloyd got a great deal
of enjoyment at my expense
when he was alive.
Ouiser, you know I love you
more than my luggage.
All right.
This is my bench!
Get off my bench!

Get off my... Good.
You are too twisted
for color TV, Clairee.
Have your roots done.
I shouldn't have
gone on the way I did.
I made everybody cry.
Sorry.
Don't be silly.
Laughter through tears
is my favorite emotion.
Maybe I should have
an emotional outburst
more often.
Maybe I should start
having them at home.
Drum would be so pleased.
I'm glad to see
the two of you made up.
Ouiser could never
stay mad at me.
She worships
the quicksand I walk on.
M'Lynn...
you're in my prayers, honey.
Yes, Annelle, I pray.
Well, I do.
There, I said it.
I hope you're satisfied.
I suspected this all along.
Don't you expect me to come
to one of your churches,
those tent revivals
with all those Bible beaters
doing God only knows what.
They'd probably make me
eat a live chicken.
Not on your first visit.
Very good, Annelle.
Spoken like a true smart ass.
Oh, what are you doing?
Are you eating my picture?
Let's play on the swing.
Get our feets in.

There we go.
Hold on.
Ahh.
Hold on.
Miss M'Lynn,
I don't know if this is
the right time or place,
but I wanted to tell you
that Sammy and I have decided
that if this baby's a girl,
we'd like to name it Shelby,
since she was the reason
we met in the first place.
If you don't mind.
Shelby would love that.
I'm tickled pink.
Pink.
What are you going to name it
if it happens to be a boy?
Shelby, I guess.
That's how it should be.
Life goes on.
I've never been so uncomfortable
in all my life.
We'll talk about uncomfortable
when you're nine months pregnant, okay?
Keep those eyes closed, woman,
or I'm going to staple them shut.
They're closed.
What is it?
Okay. Now?
Ready?
Yeah.
Keep them shut.
Okay. Open them up.
All right.
I don't believe it!
I'm a chain!
Oh, Spud, oh!
Jesus.
Oh, lighten up.
Now, you just burst
through those bushes
and hop over

to where the kids are.
What bushes?
I can't see shit.
Over there.
I'm an adult,
I'm not a five-year-old.
On your mark, get set, go!
Come on.
Okay, Jack, Jr.,
I'm going to tell you a story.
Once upon a time,
there was a beautiful
young gal named Shelby.
And Shelby had a lovely,
kind and wonderful good fairy
named Clairee.
But there was also a horrible, evil,
ugly witch named Ouiser.
I hate these stupid
neighborhood things.
No one's twisting your arm
to keep you here.
Well, I have to be sociable.
Hey, Rhett's here!
Let's connect the bald spots.
Drum?
Hmm?
Eat shit and die.
Hello, M'Lynn.
Ouiser. Owen.
Good to see you, too,
Ouiser, Owen.
[Woof Woof Woof]
Come on, Rhett.
Kill! Kill!
Quit it, Drum!
Stop egging him on.
Arrr!
And everyone lived
happily ever after.
And the nasty,
wicked, evil, wretched,
horrible, mean Ouiser
was never heard from again.

Now, it's almost time
for the Easter Bunny.
Run on down, hmm?
Here!
Shh.
Ha ha ha!
Hi, Jack.
You remember me?
It's your old pal Ouiser.
[Jack Crying]
Aah! Jack!
This isn't like Jackson.
Jack, come here.
Oh, Jack.
Is he all right?
Oh, yes, he's all right.
Ohh.
Oh, Truvy!
Oh, honey. It's okay, it's okay.
Women have babies
every day. M'Lynn.
Jonathan, quick.
Get that Easter Bunny
over here now!
Hey, Tommy, where's Sammy?
Over there.
Why? What's going on?
What's... Oh, my God!
She's going to have a baby!
Go get a doctor.
A doc... Help!
This way! This way!
This way. Come on.
Through here.
Come on. Get her in.
It's all right, honey.
We'll get Sammy.
Easy, easy.
Bye-bye.
Bye.
Bye.
Bye.
Come on, Sammy!
Get your tail hopping!