

ANNELLE

Oops! I see a hole.

TRUVY

I was hoping you'd catch that.

ANNELLE

It's a little poofier than I would normally do, but I'm nervous.

TRUVY

I'm not real concerned about that. When I go to bed, I wrap my entire head with toilet tissue, so it usually gets a little smushed down anyway in that process.

ANNELLE

In my class at the trade school, I was number one when it came to frosting and streaking. I did my own.

TRUVY

Really? I wouldn't have known. And I can spot a bottle job at twenty paces.

*(studying her hairdo)*

Well... your technique is good, and your form and content will improve with experience. So, you're hired.

ANNELLE

*(overcome)*

Oh!!

TRUVY

And not a moment too soon! This morning we're going to be as busy as a one-armed paper hanger.

ANNELLE

Thank you, Miss Truvy! Thank you...

TRUVY

No time. Now, you know here the coffee stuff is. Everything else is on a tray next to the stove.

*(removes her smock)*

ANNELLE

Here, let me help you.

*(dusts her off)*

You've got little tiny hairs and fuzzies all over you.

TRUVY

Honey, there's so much static electricity in here, I pick up everything except boys and money.

*(points ANNELLE toward the kitchen)*

Be a treasure.

*(as ANNELLE exits, she immediately starts redoing her hairdo)*

Annelle? This is the most successful shop in town. Wanna know why?

ANNELLE

*(offstage)*

Why?

TRUVY

Because I have a strict philosophy that I have stuck to for fifteen years... "There is no such thing as natural beauty." That's why I've never lost a client to the Kut and Kurl or the Beauty Box. And remember! My ladies get only the best. Do no scrimp on anything. Feel free to use as much hair spray as you want.

*(ANNELLE returns with the tray. The sound of a gunshot makes her jump, but she recovers)*

Just shove that stuff to one side, it goes right there.

*(pointing out the room)*

Manicure station here...

ANNELLE

There's no such thing as natural beauty...

TRUVY

Remember that, or we're all out of a job. Just look at me, Annelle. It takes some effort to look like this.

ANNELLE

I can see that. How many ladies do we have this morning?

TRUVY

I restrict myself to the ladies of the neighborhood on Saturday mornings. Normally that would be just three, but today we've got Shelby Eatenton. She's not a regular, she's the daughter of a regular. I have to do something special with her hair. She's getting married this afternoon. Now, how long have you been here in town?

ANNELLE

A few weeks...

TRUVY

New in town! It must be exciting being in a new place. I wouldn't know. I've lived here all my life.

ANNELLE

It's a little scary.

TRUVY

I can imagine. Well... tell me things about yourself.

ANNELLE

There's nothing to tell. I live here, I've got a job now. That's it. Could I borrow a few of these back issues of *Southern Hair*?

TRUVY

Sure. It's essential to keep abreast of the latest styles. I'm glad to see your interest. I get *McCall's*, *Family Circle*, *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, every magazine known to man. You must live close by. Within walking distance, I mean. I didn't see a car.

ANNELLE

My car's... I don't have a car. I've been staying across the river at Robeline's Boarding House.

TRUVY

That's quite a walk. Ruth Robeline... now, there's a story. She's a twisted, troubled soul. Her life has been an experiment in terror. Husband killed in World War I. Her son was killed in Vietnam. I have to tell you, when it comes to suffering, she's right up there with Elizabeth Taylor.

ANNELLE

I had no idea. (*there is a gunshot and barking*) Is that a gunshot?