TRUVY: Yes, dear. I believe it is. Plug in the hotplate, please.

ANNELLE: But why is someone firing a gun in a nice neighborhood like this?

TRUVY: It's a long story. It has to do with Shelby's wedding and her father. *(More gunfire and barking)* You'll be happier if you just ignore it like the rest of the neighborhood.

CLAIREE: *(Entering)* Knock, knock!

TRUVY: Morning, Claire!

CLAIREE: Morning, Truvy.

TRUVY: I tried to call you and tell you I was running late. No answer.

CLAIREE: I was at the high school. I was up at the crack of dawn.

TRUVY: Annelle, I want you to meet the former first lady of Chinquapin, Mrs. Belcher. Clairee, this is Annelle. She's taking Judy's place.

ANNELLE: Pleased to meet you.

CLAIREE: I'm a little embarrassed. If I had known I was meeting new people, I would have taken a little more pride in my appearance. I have been at the dedication of our new football field. I am not always this windblown.

TRUVY: Annelle. They named the stadium after her late husband—Lloyd Belcher Memorial Coliseum. The team has voted her all sorts of special titles.

CLAIREE: I have the pompoms to prove it. What is your name, dear?

ANNELLE: Oh. My married name's Dupuy.

CLAIREE: I don't think I know any Dupuys.

ANNELLE: I just moved here. I'm originally from Zwolle.

CLAIREE: That explains it. Truvy? I thought I brought you those recipes. *(She fumbles with her shirt, which has no pockets.)* I'm sure this shirt had a pocket in it when I left the house.

TRUVY: Clairee. The reason I called is, do you mind if I do Shelby first?

CLAIREE: That's fine. I'll amuse myself. Shelby's the most important one today. *(A gunshot)* That man! I *swanee* . . . I think the situation is worse than ever.

TRUVY: Annelle? We're going to need more towels. They're stacked up next to the washing machine. (ANNELLE *exits)*

CLAIREE: Sweet girl. Where'd you find her?

TRUVY: She heard I had a position open and she just walked in. I think there's a story here.

CLAIREE: What makes you say that?

TRUVY: For starters. She's married . . . but she lives at Ruth Robeline's. (CLAIREE *reacts)* Alone.

CLAIREE: I'd get to the bottom of this, if I were you. You have some nice silverware you'd like to keep.

TRUVY: Oh, I'm not worried about that. She's very nice. I just love the idea of hiring someone with a past.

CLAIREE: She can't be more than eighteen. She hasn't had time to have a past.

TRUVY: Honey. It's the eighties. If you can achieve puberty, you can achieve a past.

CLAIREE: (ANNELLE *enters, carrying towels.* CLAIREE *sips her coffee and grimaces.)* Yuck! (TRUVY, *concerned, takes a sip)*

TRUVY: Annelle? How did you make this coffee?

ANNELLE: Like you said. I poured hot water through the thing.

TRUVY: Where'd you get the water?

ANNELLE: It was boiling on the stove.

TRUVY: Did you notice the hot dogs in the bottom of the pot?

ANNELLE: No.

TRUVY: Make some more, please.

ANNELLE: I'm so sorry.

CLAIREE: Don't worry. I love a good hot dog. Just not with cream and sugar. (ANNELLE *exits)*

TRUVY: She's probably not an international spy. But if she works out, I may let her rent the garage apartment.

CLAIREE: I thought the twins were going to live there while they go to the college.

TRUVY: Recent developments. Louie's going away to LSU now. And Poot has decided to work for my cousin in Baltimore. He doesn't want to be called Poot anymore. My babies are growing up.

CLAIREE: I can't believe your kids are old enough to leave the nest.

TRUVY: You know I was a child bride. Well. I look at the bright side. I have some places to visit now. I've always wanted to go to Baltimore. I'm told it's the hairdo capital of the world.

CLAIREE: *(Finding the recipes in her pants pocket)* Here they are! I'm so fat I couldn't feel them.

TRUVY: The recipes? Let me see . . . (TRUVY *takes the recipe cards and pores over them.* CLAIREE *reads over her shoulder.)* Um . . . this sounds delicious.

CLAIREE: It is. And the Bisquick makes it so simple. *(Pulls another card.)* And this is from my daughter-in-law. She says you can't attend a function in Tickfaw where this is not served.

TRUVY: Yum. *(Reading)* Now, are these chocolate chips semi-sweet or milk?