

**Steel Magnolias Audition Scene – Miss Merry Christmas Pageant**

Characters - Ouiser, Clairee, Truvy, Shelby, M'Lynn, Annelle

- SHELBY:** I should've won Miss Merry Christmas the year I ran. My talent was very showy.
- CLAIREE:** We told you at the time, Shelby. Fire batons are not everyone's cup of tea.
- SHELBY:** Mama didn't approve of my twirling fire batons.
- M'LYNN:** I just don't approve when you insist on doing dangerous things.
- SHELBY:** Mama hated those fire batons.
- M'LYNN:** I have never hated anything, Shelby. I supported you, but I just couldn't watch you. Your father, on the other hand, had a field day. He got so much pleasure out of standing in the backyard for hours watching you practice, holding the garden hose so he could put you out when you caught fire.
- SHELBY:** My entire pageant ensemble was coordinated in shades of pink ... soup to nuts. I twirled to the music from Hawaii 5-0. It was my theme song. M'LYNN. But we were proud of her.
- TRUVY:** The year I competed the swimsuit competition was my downfall. Most women look for a swimsuit that will lift and separate; I look for one that will divide and conquer. I've always been built for comfort, not for speed.
- SHELBY:** Who got the title your year, Miss Clairee?
- CLAIREE:** Oh, child. Nobody. There wasn't even a Christmas festival when I was in high school. Why Jesus wasn't even born until I was a junior in college. I remember it distinctly. My friends and I were all out watching our flocks by night ...
- TRUVY:** Get over here, Clairee. Annelle's gotta gift wrap your head.
- OUISER:** *(Entering in a huff)* I could just spit.
- TRUVY:** 'Morning Ouiser.
- OUISER:** The parade doesn't even start for four hours and already people are parking on my lawn. It will flatten my grass.
- CLAIREE:** *(Mock sincerity.)* Here. Let me hold you.
- OUISER:** I hate out of town tourists.
- SHELBY:** Hello!
- OUISER:** Shelby! What are you doing here?
- SHELBY:** Being a tourist, I guess. But I won't flatten your grass, I promise.
- OUISER:** Good God. You've had the good sense to move away from this festival madness. I can't understand why you'd drag yourself back for a couple of firecrackers and drunk teenagers earping on your shoes.

- SHELBY:** I like it.
- ANNELLE:** Miss Ouiser. I think you need a healthy dose of Christmas spirit. *(Annelle interrupts conditioning Clairee to get a present from the tree.)*
- OUISER:** I have so much Christmas spirit I could scream.
- ANNELLE:** *(Handing her a present.)* Merry Christmas!
- OUISER:** *(Opening present.)* I just finished putting out my yard decorations.
- CLAIREE:** Ouiser. Keep off the grass signs are not Christmas decorations.
- OUISER:** They are bordered in holly. *(Pulls out poinsettia earrings.)* You made them, didn't you?
- ANNELLE:** With my own two hands.
- OUISER:** Your present is ... uh ... back at the house. I haven't wrapped it yet.
- SHELBY:** How's Rhett?
- OUISER:** He's getting along. As a matter of fact, he's the poster dog for the Christmas festival. *(Ouiser points to a poster on the wall with a picture on it.)*
- TRUVY:** That is Rhett! I didn't recognize him.
- CLAIREE:** It's nice to see Rhett with some hair again.