

... my, don't you look nice, all fancied-up so.

EDNA. Thank you. This dress must have shrunk since the last time I got to wear it. The dry cleaners do that sometimes, I heard. (*Twirls.*) Do I look all right, otherwise?

MONA. Like a whole new person. How do you feel?

EDNA. (*Squirms.*) A little funny, I must admit. It seems awful tight an' isn't very comfortable, but I guess it's just 'cause I'm not used to dressin' up fancy like Stella May does all the time... Heavens if I don't sit down, I know I'll just fall off these stilts I'm wearin' an' break my neck. (*SHE wobbles to a chair.*)

STELLA. Honey, I think you look ridiculous.

EDNA. I do?

MONA. Stella, don't you have anythin' nice to say about anyone?

EDNA. Oh, I don't mind... really, I don't.

MONA. Well, I mind.

EDNA. (*To MONA.*) I'm sorry I made you mind. I didn't mean to.

STELLA. That uniform you wore in here looked a helluva lot better on you than that thing does. (*Drags Sissy out.*) C'mon, Sissy, let's get that beer.

EDNA. (*To STELLA as SHE exits.*) Oh, but that's my work dress. (*To JOANNE.*) I wear it practic'ly every day... it's so old and...

JOANNE. Comfortable?

EDNA. (*Smiles.*) Well, yes it is. I feel so much more relaxed an'... at home in it than this, but...

JOANNE. You glowed brighter than anyone in the place.

EDNA. Glowed? (*SHE beams.*) Did I really? You make me sound like the sun... or a movie star. Nobody ever told me I glowed before. I think I will change then since nobody really minds. (*Starts to go.*) I'll be back... don't anybody go away. (*SHE smiles from ear to ear.*) Glowin'?! (*SHE exits into the backroom.*)

MONA. That was a terrible thing to tell her. Stella will tease her 'til she cries.

JOANNE. Too bad you can't accept the truth about yourself as simply as Edna Louise there.

MONA. Well, I've been travellin' an' my dress is all...

JOANNE. I'm not referring to your dress and you know it.

MONA. No, I don't know it. I have no idea of what you are referrin' to... do you, Juanita?

JUANITA. I don't understand anythin' that's been goin' on here tonight.

MONA. I'm sorry, but your point of reference seems to have just passed right on over our heads. (*Smiles.*)

JOANNE. How convenient for you, Mona. You know I drove through Marfa on the way here. Too bad, isn't it, how Reata has just fallen flat on its face like that. It was nothing but a big phony front all along.

MONA. Well, you didn't expect it to stay a mystery forever, did you? It may not be there any longer in real life, but it is still as it was in my memory.

JOANNE. Memories slip away.

MONA. I have Jimmy Dean an' all my photographs. They won't let me forget.