

Come back little sheba

It is 5:30am, and Doc has not returned. Lola is still dressed for her dinner party but completely dishevelled.

Lola: (at the telephone, she sounds frantic.) Mr. Anderson? Mr. Anderson, this is Mrs. Delaney again. I am sorry to call you so early, but I just HAD to, did you find Doc?-- No he's not hom yet. I don't suppose he'll come hom until he's drunk all he can hold and wants sleep-- I don't know what else to think, Mr. Anderson, I'm scared, Mr. Anderson. I'm awful scared. Will you come right over? -Thanks Mr Anderson. (hangs up and goes to kitchen to make coffee. She finds some warm from the night before and goes to the living room. Doc slowly enters and tries to quietly go upstairs.) Doc? That you Doc? (Doc comes out into the Kitchen too drunk to walk. He tries to look sober but is way to messed up. Lola is too frightened to talk. Her mouth is gaping and she is breathless with fear.)

Doc: Good morning Honey.

L: Doc! You all right?

D: The morming paper here? I wanta see the morning paper.

L: Doc, we don't get a morning paper, you know that.

D: Oh, then I suppose I'm drunk or something. Is that what you're trying to say?

L: No doc,--

D: Then give me the morning paper.

L:(getting last nights paper) Sure doc, here it is. Now you just sit there and be quiet.

D: Why shouldn't I be quiet?

L: Nothin', Doc--

D: (mockingly)Nothing Doc.

L: (cautiously, after a few minutes of silence) doc, are you alright?

D: Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be all right?

L: Where you been?

D: What's it your business where I been? I been to london to see the queen, what do you think of that? Just let e alone, that's all I ask, I'm all right.

L: Doc, what made you do it? You said you'd be home last night, cause we were having company. Bruce was here and I had a big dinner fixed- you never came. What was the matter, Doc?

D: (mockingly) We had a big dinner for BRUCE.

L: Doc, it was for you too.

D: Well- I don't want it.

L: Don't get mad Doc.

D: (threateningly)Where's Marie?

L: I don;t know, She didn't come home last night,s he went out with bruce.

D:I suppose you tucked them in bed together and peeped through the keyhole and applauded.

L: (sickened) Doc, don't talk that way. Bruce is a nice boy they asre gonna get married.

D: He probably has to marry her, the poor bastard, just cause she';s pretty and he got amorous one day. Just like I had to marry you.

L: Oh doc!

D You and Marie are both a couple of sluts.

L: Doc, please don't talk like that.

D: What are you good for? You can't even get up in the morning to cook my breakfast.

L: I will doc, I will after this.

D: You won't even sweep the floors till some bozo comes along and sleeps with Marie. And then you fix things up like buckingham palace, or a chinese whorehouse with perfume on the lampbulbs, and flowers, and the gold trimmed china MY MOTHER gave us. We're not going to use these anymore, my mother didn't buy those dishes for WHORES to eat off of. (jerks the tablecloth sending the dishes to the floor)

L:DOC! Look what you done!

D:Look what I DID, not DONE. I'm going to get me a drink.

L: Oh, no DOC, you know what that does to you!

D: Your damn right I know what it does to me. It makes me willing to come home here and look at you, you two ton old heifer. (gets bottle and takes a swig) There! And pretty soon I'm going to have another, then another!

L: Oh doc! (lola takes phone. Doc sees this, rushes for the butcher knife. Not finding it, he gets a hatchet from the back porch.) Mr. Anderson? Come quick, Mr. Anderson. He's back. HE'S BACK!! He's got a hatchet!!!

D: God Damn you! Get away from that telephone! (Chases her around) That's right, Phone! Tell the

world I'm drink! Tell the whole damn world. Scream your head off, you fate slut! Hollar till all the neighbors think i'm beating the hell outta you. Where's bruce now? Under marie's bed? You got all fresh and pretty for him, didn't you. Combed your hair for once, even washed the back of your neck, put on a girdle. You were willing to harness all that fat into a bundle!

L: Don't talk like that Doc. I would rather you hit me with that ax. Honest I would. But I can't stand to hear you talk like that.

D: I oughta hack off all that fat then wait for Marie and chop off those pretty ankles she's always dancing around on, then start looking for Turk and fix him, too.

L: Daddy, you're talking crazy!

D: I'm making sense for the first time in my life. You didn't know I knew about it did you? But I saw him once outta there, I saw him. I knew about it all the time, and thought you were hiding something...

L: Daddy, I didn't know anything about it at all, Honest daddy!

D: Then YOU'RE the one that's crazy. If you think I didn't know. You were running a regular house wern't you? Its probably been going on for years, ever since we were married.

L: Doc, its not so, its not so, you gotta believe me Doc.

D: You're lyin'. But none a that;s gonna happen any more. I'm gonna fix you now, once and for all.

L: Doc, don't do that to me.

Lola in a frenzy of fear clutches him around the neck, holding arm with axe.