**Come Back, Little Sheba**  
     By William Inge  
                   Act one Scene 1  
*Lola is married to her husband who gave up being a chiropractor and has alcoholic binges.  In this scene, she is telling the story of her husband to a random postman and going on about his alcoholic problems.*  
  
        You postmen have things pretty nice, don't  you? I hear you get nice pensions after you have been working for the government twenty years. I  
think that's dandy. It's a good job, to. You may get tired but I think its good for a man to be healthy. My husband, he's a doctor, a chiropractor; he  
has to stay inside his office all day long. The only exercise he gets is rubbin'  people's backbones. It makes his hands strong. He's got the  
strongest hands you ever did see. But he's got a poor digestion. I keep tellin' him he oughta get some fresh air once in a while and some exercise.  
You know what? My husband is an alcoholics anonymous. He doesn't care if I tell you that, cause he's proud of it. He hasn't touched a drop in almost a year. All that time we've had a quart of whiskey in the pantry for company and he hasn't even gone near it. Doesn't even want to. You know, alcoholics can't drink like ordinary people; they're allergic to it. It affects the different. They get started drinking and they can't stop.  
Liquor transforms them.  You should have seen the Doc before he gave it up. He lost all his patients wouldn't even go to the office; just wanted to  
stay drunk all day long and he'd come home at night and... You don't ever drink, do you? Well, I guess that stuff doesn't do any of us any good. Say, you got any kids? Well we don't have any kids, and we got this toy in a box of breakfast food. Why don't you take it home to them? Well goodbye, Mr. Postman.