Scene from

*Come Back, Little Sheba* by William Inge

From Act I, Scene 2

For 1 man, 1 woman

**Characters:** Marie, a college student boarding in the Delaney house.
               Turk, Marie's boyfriend; a college jock.

**Setting:** The living room of the Delaneys' shabby home in a midwestern city. The late 1940s.

**Situation:** Doc Delaney, a chiropractor, has drowned his disappointments in drink, although he is currently a member of Alcoholics Anonymous and working with other alcoholics. He resents having been trapped in marriage as a young man to Lola, who has become slovenly and frumpy. In his young boarder, Marie, a young and precious girl, he sees the daughter he might have had if Lola had not been forced to abort their child soon after marriage.

As Doc leaves, Turk, Marie's boyfriend, recognizes Doc's hostility to him but at the moment is primarily concerned with furthering his developing affair with Marie. Turk knows he is attractive to women and is not shy about discussing his physical prowess and body.
Turk: He hates my guts. *(Goes to front door)*
Marie: Oh, he does not. *(Follows Turk, blocks his exit in door.)*
Turk: Yes, he does. If you ask me, he's jealous.
Marie: Jealous?
Turk: I've always thought he had a crush on you.
Marie: Now, Turk, don't be silly. Doc is nice to me. It's just in a few little things he does, like fixing my breakfast, but he's nice to everyone.
Turk: He ever make a pass?
Marie: No. He'd never get fresh.
Turk: He better not.
Marie: Turk, don't be ridiculous. Doc's such a nice, quiet man; if he gets any fun out of being nice to me, why not?
Turk: He's got a wife of his own, hasn't he? Why doesn't he make a few passes at her?
Marie: Things like that are none of our business.
Turk: O.K. How about a snuggle, lovely?
Marie: *(A little prim and businesslike)* No more for tonight, Turk.
Turk: Why's tonight different from any other night?
Marie: I think we should make it a rule, every once in a while, just to sit and talk. *(Starts to sit on couch, but goes to chair.)*
Turk: *(Restless, sits on couch)* O.K. What'll we talk about?
Marie: Well . . . there's lotsa things.
Turk: O.K. Start in.
Marie: A person doesn't start a conversation that way.
Turk: Start it any way you want to.
Marie: Two people should have something to talk about, like politics or psychology or religion.
Turk: How 'bout sex?
Marie: Turk!
Turk: *(Chases her around couch)* Have you read the Kinsey Report, Miss Buckholder?
Marie: I should say not.
Turk: How old were you when you had your first affair, Miss Buckholder? And did you ever have relations with your grandfather?
Marie: Turk, stop it.
Turk: You wanted to talk about something; I was only trying to please. Let's have a kiss.
Marie: Not tonight.
Turk: Who you savin' it up for?
Marie: Don't talk that way.
Turk: *(Gets up, yawns)* Well, thanks, Miss Buckholder, for a nice evening. It's been a most enjoyable talk.
Marie: *(Anxious)* Turk, where are you going?
Turk: I guess I'm a man of action, Baby.
Marie: Turk, don't go.
Marie: (Her eyes dance as she puts him off just a little longer) Well.

Turk: Tonight will never come again. (This is true. She smiles.) O.K.?

Marie: Tonight will never come again. . . . (They embrace and start to dance) Let's go out somewhere first and have a few beers. We can't come back till they're asleep.

Turk: O.K. (They dance slowly out the door.)