

Introduction:

Relationships developed differently at the turn of the century than they do now. What happens on the honeymoon when two married people discover parts of each other they didn't know existed? Honestly, there's a lot of discomfort, arguing and references to . . . you know. The husband can discover a hidden streak of malice in his new wife, and his wife can find that her husband has only one thing on his mind. Here We Are by Dorothy Parker.

for a Female/  
Male Team

Here We Are  
By Dorothy Parker

He: Well, here we are.

She: Here we are, aren't we?

He: eeyop. How does it feel to be an old married lady?

She: Why, it's too soon to call me that. At least - I mean. (pause)

Well, I mean, goodness, we've only been married about three hours, haven't we?

He: We have been married exactly two hours and twenty-six minutes,

She: It seems like later. I guess it's because it starts getting dark so early.

He: It does. The nights are going to be pretty long from now on. I mean, I mean . . . (slight pause) Well, it's getting dark early.

She: I didn't have any idea what time it was. Everything was so mixed up. ~~Getting back from the church, and then all those people throwing things, and all.~~ Goodness, I don't see how people do it everyday. ×

He: Do what?

She: Get married. When you think of all the people, all over the world, getting married just as if it was nothing. And how does anybody know what's going to happen next?

He: Let them worry, we don't have to. We know darn well what's going to happen next. I mean - well, we know it's going to be great. (slight, uncomfortable pause) Well, we know we're going to be happy. Don't we?

She: Oh, of course. Only an awful lot of people that get married, it doesn't turn out so well. And I guess they all must have thought it was going to be great.

He: Aw, come on, now, this is no way to start a honeymoon, with all this thinking. Look at us - all married and everything done. I mean, the wedding all done and all.

She: Ah, it was nice, wasn't it? Ellie and Louse looked lovely, didn't they? I'm terribly glad they did finally decide on pink. They looked perfectly lovely.

He: Listen, I want to tell you something. When I was standing up there in that old church waiting for you to come up, I thought to myself, "Well, I never knew Louise could look like that!" I thought she'd have knocked anybody's eye out.

She: Oh, really? Funny. Of course, everybody thought her dress and hat were lovely, but a lot of people seemed to think she looked sort of tired.

He: Well, she was certainly a knockout at the wedding. Boy!

She: I'm glad someone thought so. How did you think Ellie looked?

He: Why, I honestly didn't get a look at her.

She: Oh, really? Well, that's too bad. I don't suppose I ought to say it about my own sister, but I never saw anybody look as beautiful as Ellie looked today. ~~But you never pay attention to Ellie, anyway~~ It makes me feel just terrible that you don't like my own sister.

He: I do so like her! I'm crazy for Ellie, I think she's a great kid.

She: Don't think that makes any difference to Ellie! I keep thinking, when we come back and get in the apartment and everything, it's going to be awfully hard for me that you won't want all my family around.

He: Oh, now, come on! What's all this talk about not wanting your family around? Why, you know how I feel about your family. I think your old lady - I think your mother's swell. And Ellie. And your father. Honey, ~~what it is all this? What are you getting so angry about?~~ Hey, look this is our honeymoon. What are you trying to start a fight for? (Exhaling in a smug sort of way) I guess you're just feeling sort of nervous.

She: Me? What have I got to feel nervous about? I mean. I mean, goodness, I'm not nervous.

He: You know, lots of times, they say that girls get kind of nervous and yippy on account of thinking about - I mean. . . . I mean - well, look, honey, you don't look any too comfortable. Don't you want to take your hat off? And let's don't ever fight, ever. Will we?

She: Ah, I'm sorry I was cross. I guess I did feel a little bit funny. ~~All mixed up, and then thinking of all these people and then being sort of~~ way off here, all alone with you. ~~It's so sort of different.~~ It's ~~sort of~~ such a big thing. You can't blame a person for thinking, can you? Yes, don't let's ever fight or be nasty or anything. I guess I will take this darned old hat off. It kind of presses. Just put it up on the rack, will you, dear? Do you like it, sweetheart?

He: Looks good on you.

She: No, but I mean, do you really like it?

He: Well, I'll tell you, I know this is the new style and everything like that, and it's probably great. I don't know anything about things like that. Only I like that blue hat you had. Gee, I like that hat.

She: What you don't seem to realize is that *this* hat cost twenty-two dollars. And that horrible old blue thing you think you're so crazy about, that cost three ninety-five.

He: I don't give a darn what they cost. I only said I liked that blue hat. I don't know anything about hats. I'll be crazy about this one as soon as I get used to it.

She: It's too bad you didn't marry somebody that would get the kind of hats you'd like. Hats that cost three ninety-five. Why didn't you marry Louise? You always think she looks so beautiful. You'd love her taste in hats. ~~Why didn't you marry her?~~

He: Ah, now, honey, for heaven's sakes?

She: Why didn't you marry her? All you've done, ever since we got on this train is talk about her. I suppose that's nice, getting me off here all alone with you, and then raving about Louise right in front of my face. Why didn't you ask her to marry you? I'm sure she would have jumped at the chance.

He: Listen, baby, while you're talking about things like that, why didn't you marry Joe Brooks? I suppose he could have given you all the twenty-two dollar hats you wanted!

She: Joe Brooks wouldn't have waited until he got me all off alone and then sneered at my taste in clothes. Joe Brooks has always been fond of

me. You've got a lot of right to talk about Joe Brooks. You and your friend Louise.

He: Oh, for heaven's sakes! What do I care about Louise? I just thought she was a friend of yours, that's all. That's why I ever noticed her.

She: Well, you certainly took an awful lot of notice of her today. On our wedding day! You said yourself when you were standing there in the church you just kept thinking of her.

He: Listen, honey, I never should have said that. I was just telling you that because it was so kind of crazy. I thought it would make you laugh.

She: I know, I've been all sort of mixed up today, too. I know you get all mixed up. Only I did think, when you kept talking about how beautiful Louise looked, you did it with malice and forethought.

He: I never did anything with malice and forethought! I just told you that about Louise because I thought it would make you laugh.

She: Well, it didn't.

He: No, I know it didn't. It certainly did not. Ah, baby, and we ought to be laughing, too. Hell, honey lamb, this is our honeymoon. What's the matter?

She: I don't know. We used to squabble when we were going together and then engaged and everything, but I thought everything would be so different as soon as you were married.

He: Well, you see, sweetheart, we're not really married yet. I mean . . . I mean - well, things will be different afterwards. Oh, hell, I mean, we haven't been married very long.

She: No.

He: Well, we haven't got much longer to wait now. I mean - well, we'll be in New York in about twenty minutes. Then we can have dinner, or go to a show or something. Or, I mean - is there anything special you want to do tonight?

She: Why, whatever you like. I sort of didn't think people went to theaters and things on their - I mean, I've got a couple of letters I simply must write. Don't let me forget.

He: Oh, you're going to write letters tonight?

She: Well, you see, I've been perfectly terrible. I never did thank poor old Mrs. Sprague or the McMasters for the gifts they sent. It's just too awful of me. I've got to write them this very night.

He: (Slightly sarcastically) And when you've finished writing your letters, maybe I could get you a magazine or a bag of peanuts.

She: What?

He: (Still sarcastic) I mean, I wouldn't want you to be bored.

She: As if I could be bored with you! Silly! Aren't we married? Bored!

He: I thought when we got in, we could go right up to the Biltmore and maybe have a little dinner in the room, and then do whatever we wanted. I mean . . . I mean - well, let's go right up there from the station.

She: Oh, yes, let's. I'm so glad we're going to the Biltmore. I always sleep so well there. ~~I go right off to sleep the minute I put my head on the pillow.~~

He: Oh, you do?

She: At least, I mean, 'way up high it's so quiet.

He: Do you really have to write those letters tonight?

She: Well, I don't suppose they'd get there any quicker than if I wrote them tomorrow.

He: And we won't ever fight any more, will we?

She: Oh, no. Not ever! I don't know what made me do like that. Everything spoils on account of fighting and everything. ut we won't, will we?

He: Sure we won't.

She: We won't go all to pieces. We won't fight. It'll be different, now we're married. It'll all be lovely. Reach me down my hat, will you, sweetheart? It's time I was putting it on. Thanks. Ah, I'm sorry you don't like it.

He: (defensively) I do so like it!

She: You said you didn't. You said you thought it was perfectly terrible.

He: I never said any such thing. You're crazy.

She: All right, I may be crazy. But that's what you said. Not that it matters - it's just a little thing. It makes you feel pretty funny to think you've gone and married somebody who says you have perfectly terrible taste in hats. And then goes and says you're crazy, besides.

He: Now, listen here, nobody said any such thing. Why, I love that hat. I think it's great.

She: That isn't what you said before.



He: Honey, stop it, will you? What do you want to start all this for? I love the damned hat. I mean, I love your hat. What more do you want me to say?

She: Well, I don't want you to say it like that!

He: I said I think it's great.

She: Do you honestly? I'm so glad. I'd hate for you not to like my hat. It would be such a bad start.

He: Well, I'm crazy for it. Now we've got that settled. Ah, baby lamb. We're not going to have any bad starts. Look at us - we're on our honeymoon. Pretty soon we'll be regular old married people. I mean . . . I mean, in a few minutes we'll be getting in to New York, and then we'll be going to the hotel, and then everything will be all right. I mean - well look at us! Here we are, married! Here we are!

She: Yes, here we are, aren't we?