

Acting Edition

A Doll's House

by Henrik Ibsen

A New Version

by Amy Herzog

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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ISBN 978-0-573-71069-8

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The Original Broadway Production of *A DOLL'S HOUSE* was produced by Ambassador Theatre Group Productions, Gavin Kalin Productions, Wessex Grove, Julie Boardman, Kate Cannova, Bob Boyett, Hunter Arnold, Creative Partners Productions, Eilene Davidson Productions, GGRS, Kater Gordon, Louise L. Gund, Los Angeles Media Fund, Stephanie P. McClelland, Tilted, Jessica Chastain, Caitlin Clements/ Francesca Moody Productions, Caiola Productions/Amanda Lee, Ted & Richard Liebowitz/Joeye-Waldorf Squeri, Richard & Cecilia Attias/ Thomas S. Barnes, and OHenry Theatre Nerd Productions/Runyonland MMP, and premeiered at the Hudson Theatre, New York, on March 9, 2023. The performance was directed by Jamie Lloyd, with scenic design by Soutra Gilmour, costume design by Enver Chakartash and Soutra Gilmour, lighting design by Jon Clark, and sound design by Ben Ringham and Max Ringham. The Production Stage Manager was Frank Lombardi. The cast was as follows:

NORA HELMER	Jessica Chastain
TORVALD HELMER	Arian Moayed
DOCTOR RANK	Michael Patrick Thornton
KRISTINE LINDE	Jesmille Darbouze
NILS KROGSTAD	Okieriete Onaodowan
ANNE-MARIE	Tasha Lawrence

CHARACTERS

NORA HELMER – a wife and mother

TORVALD HELMER – her husband, a lawyer

DOCTOR RANK – a friend of the Helmers

KRISTINE LINDE – a school friend of Nora's

NILS KROGSTAD – a lawyer

IVAR – seven, Nora and Torvald's son

EMMY – five, Nora and Torvald's daughter

ANNE-MARIE – a nanny

SETTING

Norway.

The Helmers' living room.

TIME

1879.

Three consecutive days at Christmastime.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Ibsen's 1879 masterwork requires very little intervention to be fully legible in 2023. In this new version, I tried to be as faithful as possible to the playwright's intentions, clearing away dramaturgical elements and portions of dialogue that, for a modern audience's sensibilities, can distract from the gathering dramatic momentum. Notably, I cut the character Helene, the maid, whose function in the original is mainly to introduce visitors as they arrive at the Helmer home. I marked these entrances with the simple stage direction "Shift" – a brief time lapse, to be indicated through lighting or otherwise. In addition to doing away with unnecessary exposition, these faster transitions contribute to the sense of Nora's growing anxiety and disorientation as the plot unfolds.

In Jamie Lloyd's Broadway production, there were no props, almost no scenery, no costume changes, and the children were pre-recorded voices. When props were referred to in the dialogue, the actors did not mime or indicate the props in any way; the audience was left to imagine the objects and the actions. I felt this worked beautifully, focusing the audience's attention on the psychology of the characters rather than the stage business. However, it is entirely possible to do a

traditional production of the play using this translation, or to find other points on the spectrum between modern dress on an empty stage and a fully realized, period mise-en-scène. I would love to see a range of interpretations in future productions.

A Doll's House is traditionally performed with two intermissions; our production ran just under two hours with no intermission. A single intermission between acts two and three is also possible.

Two other specifics –

In Ibsen's original, Torvald plays the piano for the famous scene where Nora practices the tarantella. In our production, there was no music at all for this scene and Torvald and Dr. Rank just clapped a beat for Nora. I am including supplemental pages that offer the option of Torvald playing piano or playing recorded music for this scene, at the director's discretion.

Ibsen gave Nora and Torvald three children. In this version, I've changed it to just two children to make it more feasible to produce with child actors.

ACT ONE

(The Helmers' living room. Christmas Eve Day.)

(NORA hums, chuckling happily. She's just returned from a successful shopping trip. She whistles a bird call.)

TORVALD. *(Offstage.)* Do I hear something chirping out there?

NORA. Tweet tweet!

TORVALD. *(Offstage.)* Is that a little bird?

NORA. Yes it is!

(She makes some more bird noises. This is a cute, dorky game they play – the kind of cringey couple behavior that shouldn't really be witnessed by others.)

TORVALD. *(Offstage.)* When did you get home, Birdie?

NORA. A minute ago. Torvald, come out here so I can tell you what I bought!

TORVALD. *(Offstage.)* I'm working!

(But a moment later he appears.)

Did you say "bought"?

NORA. This year we can afford it! It's the first Christmas we don't have such a tight budget –

TORVALD. But we can't be extravagant.

NORA. Oh Torvald we can be a tiny bit extravagant. Can't we? Now that you'll be making tons of money.

TORVALD. After the New Year, but it'll be a few months till my first paycheck.

NORA. So? We can borrow till then.

TORVALD. Nora. What if I borrowed a thousand today and you blew it all and then on New Year's Eve I got hit by lightning –

NORA. Bite your tongue!

TORVALD. Well what if something terrible happened?

NORA. Then I wouldn't care if I owed money or not.

TORVALD. Okay, but what about the people I borrowed from?

NORA. Who cares about them! They're strangers.

TORVALD. You're adorable, but come on, baby, you know how I feel about debt – there's something shameful about it. We've made it this long without begging or borrowing, right? We can stick it out a couple more months.

NORA. Fine.

(She moves away from him. He watches her sulk.)

TORVALD. Are you sulking?

NORA. *(Sulkily.)* No...

TORVALD. You're not?

(She shrugs, not looking at him.)

It's too bad you're mad at me, because...let's see what I have here...

NORA. Cash!

TORVALD. You think I don't know how expensive Christmas is in a house with two kids?

NORA. Thank you, Torvald! I'll make it last.

TORVALD. Yeah, you'll have to.

NORA. I know. But let me tell you, I bought the cutest new sweater for Ivar, and a sword – everything was on sale – a doll and cradle for Emmy, they're cheap but who cares, she'll just destroy them anyway. I got a scarf for Anne-Marie, she really deserves something nicer –

TORVALD. Anything for me?

NORA. Oh no. I knew I forgot something.

TORVALD. What did you get me?

NORA. Not telling! You have to wait till tonight.

TORVALD. Okay, okay. What about you?

NORA. Me?

TORVALD. You, with the holes in your pockets, what did you get yourself?

NORA. Oh, I don't want anything.

TORVALD. Nothing? Come on, let me spoil you a little. Tell me.

NORA. Oh gosh I don't know. Maybe...

TORVALD. Spit it out.

NORA. (*Quickly.*) More cash. Just whatever you can spare, and one of these days I'll get myself something with it.

TORVALD. Nora –

NORA. I'll wrap it in pretty gold paper and hang it on the tree for myself, it'll be fun! And then I'll have time to think about what I need. Come on, that's very reasonable!

TORVALD. Except that somehow it'll just disappear and then you'll come right back for / more.

NORA. That's not fair! I really try to save everything I can.

TORVALD. That's true – you try. You just can't.

NORA. You know, you actually have no idea, the expenses a little bird like me has.

TORVALD. You're just like your father. Money slips through your fingers – you don't even know what you did with it. Well – for richer or for poorer, right?

NORA. I wish I were more like Papa.

TORVALD. And I wouldn't change a single thing about you, Birdie. I mean that.

(He watches her for a moment.)

What's going on with you today?

NORA. What do you mean?

TORVALD. You look kind of...

NORA. What?

TORVALD. Kind of guilty.

NORA. I do?

TORVALD. Look at me.

(She does.)

While you were out today, did you by some chance... succumb to a sugar craving?

NORA. Of course not.

TORVALD. You didn't accidentally wander into a bakery? Nibble a pastry or two?

NORA. No –

TORVALD. Or buy some cookies and smuggle them / into the -?

NORA. Torvald, I swear -

TORVALD. I'm just teasing you.

NORA. I would never go behind your back like that.

TORVALD. I know, you promised. You can keep your little Christmas secrets. I'll find out everything later when we light up the tree.

NORA. Did you remember to invite Peter to dinner?

TORVALD. I don't need to, he'll be there. But I'll mention it when he drops by this morning. I ordered some good wine. God, I'm looking forward to tonight, Nora.

NORA. Me too. And the kids are going to love it.

TORVALD. It's amazing to finally have a job with some security, right? To make real money.

NORA. We've waited so long for this.

TORVALD. Remember last Christmas? When you locked yourself up every night for three weeks making ornaments to surprise us? The most boring three weeks of my life.

NORA. Not for me.

TORVALD. And all your hard work was much appreciated... by the cat.

NORA. Stop! It wasn't my fault Smokey got in at the last minute and tore everything up.

TORVALD. No, it's the thought that counts. Thank God those tough times are over.

NORA. Is it really true? Am I dreaming?

TORVALD. It's real. You'll never have to work like that again. We'll have what we want -

NORA. I have this idea for a renovation, Torvald, can I tell you? Maybe we could –

(The doorbell rings.)

Shoot.

TORVALD. I'm not home.

(Shift. TORVALD exits. KRISTINE comes before NORA.)

KRISTINE. Hello, Nora.

NORA. Hello...

KRISTINE. You don't recognize me?

NORA. I'm sorry, I'm not sure I – wait a second –

Kristine! Is it really you?

KRISTINE. It's me.

NORA. I can't I believe I didn't recognize you! But – you look different.

KRISTINE. I'm sure I do. It's been nine, ten years –

NORA. It hasn't been that long, has it? God, it has. The last eight have been so happy for us it's kind of a blur and I didn't – but here you are! You traveled all the way here in winter, that was brave.

KRISTINE. I just arrived this morning.

NORA. To celebrate Christmas in the city! Oh, we're going to have fun. Come sit, it's cozy over here. Now you look like yourself! It was just at first – you're thinner than you used to be, that's all.

KRISTINE. Also older. Much older.

NORA. Maybe a tiny bit, not much – no, not at all!

(She stops suddenly, mortified.)

How could I be so insensitive, chattering on like a –
Kristine, can you forgive me?

KRISTINE. For what?

NORA. You lost your husband.

KRISTINE. Yes. Three years ago.

NORA. I meant to write to you so many times, but I kept
putting it off till I had time and there was never time –

KRISTINE. I completely understand –

NORA. No it was horrible of me. You poor thing, you've been
through so much. And he didn't leave you any money?

KRISTINE. No.

NORA. And no children?

KRISTINE. None.

NORA. So nothing, then.

KRISTINE. No, not even grief.

NORA. That can't be true.

KRISTINE. Oh, it does happen sometimes, Nora.

NORA. So you're completely alone. I have two sweet little
ones, you'll meet them later, they're out with the nanny.
So tell me everything –

KRISTINE. No, you talk.

NORA. No you! I'm not going to be selfish today. Today I'm
only going to think about you. But first I have to tell
you one thing! Maybe you've already heard?

KRISTINE. No, what?

NORA. It's unbelievable, my husband was just named
manager of the Savings Bank.

KRISTINE. Really! You must be thrilled.

NORA. We are. Being a lawyer is such an unstable way of making a living these days, especially if you'll only take clients who are completely honest and above board, which is how Torvald is and I totally agree with him. I still can't believe it. He starts at the bank in the New Year and he'll get a big salary plus commissions and everything. It's life-changing, we'll be able to do whatever we want. Kristine, I can't tell you how much lighter I feel. Doesn't that sound dreamy, to have lots of money and never have to worry again??

KRISTINE. It does sound nice, to be able to afford the necessities.

NORA. No, not just the necessities, Kristine, tons and tons of money!

KRISTINE. You haven't changed at all! In school you were already famous for spending money.

NORA. Torvald says I'm still like that. But I've changed a lot, actually. I've had to save every penny so we could make ends meet. And we both had to work.

KRISTINE. You worked too?

NORA. Surprised? Yes. Little things, needlework, crocheting...other things. Torvald left his government job when we got married, that wasn't going anywhere and we needed more money. But that first year he took on all these extra jobs, worked himself to the bone, and it almost killed him, he got so sick. The doctors said he absolutely had to travel south.

KRISTINE. Italy, right?

NORA. Yes, we went for a year. It wasn't easy to figure out, believe me. Ivar had just been born. But obviously we had no choice. It was wonderful, actually. And it saved Torvald's life. But it cost so much money, Kristine.

KRISTINE. I can imagine.

NORA. Four thousand eight hundred. A *lot* of money.

KRISTINE. Thank goodness you had it.

NORA. We didn't. We got it from Papa.

KRISTINE. That must have been right around the time your father passed –

NORA. Exactly, in fact I couldn't be with Papa when he was dying, I was nine months pregnant with Ivar and nursing Torvald at the same time. I never saw my sweet, kind Papa again! That's the hardest thing I've been through since getting married.

KRISTINE. I'm sorry, I remember how close you were. But...then you left for Italy?

NORA. Right – then we had the money, and the doctors insisted. And thank God, Torvald was completely cured.

KRISTINE. But...the *doctor*...

NORA. Sorry?

KRISTINE. I arrived at the same time as a man – I thought he said “Doctor” –

NORA. Oh that must have been Dr. Rank – but he's not making a house call, Peter's our best friend and he comes every day. No, Torvald hasn't had a sniffle since then. And the children and I are healthy too, thank God. Kristine, it's so good to be alive and feel hopeful! Oh no I'm doing it again, I'm talking about myself. Don't be mad at me. Is it really true you weren't in love with your husband? Why did you marry him?

KRISTINE. My mother was sick and house-bound, I had to take care of her and my younger brothers. I couldn't think of a good reason to refuse his offer.

NORA. So he was rich?

KRISTINE. I think he was pretty well off then, but his business was shaky and by the time he died he was bankrupt.

NORA. What did you do?

KRISTINE. I managed a shop and then a small school and some other things. The last three years has been like one long workday. But now it's over. My mother passed. The boys don't need me anymore, they're grown up and have their own jobs.

NORA. You must feel so relieved.

KRISTINE. No; just utterly empty. No one to live for. That's why I left, there was no reason to stay out in the middle of nowhere. It should be easier to find a job in the city, preferably office work –

NORA. But that sounds exhausting and you already look so tired. What you need is a few months at a spa somewhere.

KRISTINE. I don't have a Papa who can finance my vacations.

NORA. Kristine...I'm sorry –

KRISTINE. No, I'm sorry. The worst part about what I've been through is that it's made me bitter. I've spent too much time alone, I've become...self-pitying...

NORA. No, you're being too –

KRISTINE. When you told me your good news – I'm ashamed to admit this, but I was happier for myself than for you.

NORA. What do you mean? Oh. You think Torvald might do something for you.

KRISTINE. I thought maybe...

NORA. He will! I'd love to help you, I truly would. Watch, I'll bring it up in a way that makes him feel...you'll see!

KRISTINE. It's kind of you to take such an interest in me, Nora. Especially since life has been so easy on you.

NORA. On me? "So easy..."

KRISTINE. I know, you had to do some needlework, but –
Nora, you're basically still a child.

NORA. You shouldn't be so condescending.

KRISTINE. Excuse me?

NORA. You all think I'm helpless when it comes to serious –

KRISTINE. I didn't say that –

NORA. That I've never really *done* anything, I haven't
struggled –

KRISTINE. But you just told me all about your struggles.

NORA. That? That was nothing.

(*Quietly.*) I didn't tell you the big thing.

KRISTINE. What big thing? What are you talking about?

NORA. You shouldn't look down on me, Kristine. You're
proud that you worked hard to take care of your
mother.

KRISTINE. I don't look down on anyone. But you're right,
I'm proud that I was able to make my mother's last
years comfortable.

NORA. And you're proud of the sacrifices you made for
your brothers.

KRISTINE. I think I have a right to be.

NORA. I agree. But Kristine, I've earned the right to feel
proud too.

KRISTINE. I'm sure you have. But what do you mean?

NORA. We have to be quiet. Imagine if Torvald heard! He
can never, ever – promise you won't tell anyone.

KRISTINE. Tell what?

NORA. (*Pause.*) I saved Torvald's life.

KRISTINE. What do you mean, “saved”?

NORA. If I hadn't taken him to Italy he would have –

KRISTINE. Right, but your father gave you the money –

NORA. Mm-hm, that's what Torvald and everyone else thinks, but...

KRISTINE. But?

NORA. Papa didn't give us a penny. I found the money.

KRISTINE. All that money?

NORA. Four thousand eight hundred.

KRISTINE. ...did you win the lottery?

NORA. The lottery! That doesn't take any skill!

KRISTINE. Then where did you get it?

(NORA smiles, enjoying this.)

Because you couldn't borrow it!

NORA. Why not?

KRISTINE. A woman needs her husband's consent.

NORA. Unless that woman happened to have a little business sense, if she happened to be resourceful and smart –

KRISTINE. I don't understand –

NORA. That's fine. I never said I borrowed the money. I could have gotten it a million other ways.

(She preens.)

From some admirer, for example. With these looks...

KRISTINE. You're out of your mind.

NORA. And you're dying to know my secret, aren't you?

KRISTINE. Please tell me you didn't do something rash.

NORA. Is it rash to save your husband's life?

KRISTINE. It might be, if you went behind his back and –

NORA. But I wasn't allowed to tell him anything! He couldn't even know how sick he was. The doctors came to *me* saying he would die, that the only thing that could save him was this trip. You think I didn't try a hundred other ways to convince him? I pleaded with him to take me on a romantic trip to Italy, like some of my school friends had done with their husbands. I told him *I* needed to recover after giving birth, I cried and begged, and I brought up the idea of a loan...but that made him furious, he said it was his duty as my husband not to give in to my whims. Well, I thought. You're not allowed to die, so I'll just have to figure something out. And I did.

KRISTINE. Your father never let it slip that the money didn't come from him?

NORA. Papa was dying right at the same time. He would have kept my secret, but I never got the chance to tell him.

KRISTINE. And you didn't ever tell Torvald?

NORA. You don't know how strict he is! His pride – no, he'd be humiliated, to think he owed me anything. Our marriage would never be the same.

KRISTINE. Will you tell him someday?

NORA. (*Pensive, half-smiling.*) Maybe. When we're older and I'm not as attractive. Then it might be a good idea to have something up my sleeve –

(*She suddenly breaks off.*)

What am I talking about! That's never going to happen. So! What do you think, Kristine? Are you impressed with me? By the way, it's been incredibly stressful. It turns out in business, there's something called "quarterly interest," and something else called

“monthly installments” and I’m always in a panic to find the money. I couldn’t squeeze anything out of the household budget because Torvald has to live a certain way, and I couldn’t bear to skimp on the children’s clothes, it’s not *their* fault –

KRISTINE. So it came out of your own share.

NORA. It had to. Whenever Torvald gave me money for my clothes, I only spent half, bought the cheapest materials. Thank God everything looks good on me so he didn’t notice. But it’s been hard! I want to wear nice things, don’t you?

KRISTINE. Well, sure...

NORA. And I’ve had some jobs here and there, like I said. Last Christmas I got a big copying job, I stayed up late writing every night for weeks. It was exhausting, but it was also fun, to work hard and make money! I felt kind of like a man.

KRISTINE. How much have you been able to pay back?

NORA. I’m not exactly sure, it’s impossible to keep track. All I know is that I’ve paid every cent I could. Sometimes I almost lost hope. Then I’d fantasize that this rich older man fell in love with me –

KRISTINE. What! Who?

NORA. And that he suddenly died and when they opened his will it said in huge letters “I LEAVE EVERYTHING TO THE FABULOUS NORA HELMER, WHO SHOULD BE PAID IMMEDIATELY IN CASH.”

KRISTINE. So who is he?

NORA. Kristine – he was just a daydream I had when I couldn’t make the payments! Anyway, isn’t it incredible, that the worry is over and I’m totally free? I can play with the children all day and make the house perfect for Torvald. Then spring will come, and maybe we can even travel. Maybe I’ll get to see the ocean again!

(The doorbell rings.)

KRISTINE. I should go –

NORA. No stay! It's probably someone for Torvald – I don't know who it could be –

(Shift. KROGSTAD is there.)

KROGSTAD. It's me.

(KRISTINE startles slightly, then turns away.

NORA visibly tenses.)

I'd like to speak to your husband.

(A pause.)

NORA. What about?

KROGSTAD. Bank business. I have a job at the Savings Bank and I just heard your husband is our new manager.

NORA. Oh. I didn't realize...

(NORA hesitates.)

KROGSTAD. I'm only here to discuss tedious business matters, Mrs. Helmer. That's all.

NORA. His office is through there.

(KROGSTAD exits.)

KRISTINE. Who was that?

NORA. Uh, Mr. Krogstad, he's a lawyer.

KRISTINE. That's what I thought.

NORA. You know him?

KRISTINE. I used to. He was a clerk for a judge in my town, years ago. He's changed.

NORA. He was in a terrible marriage, apparently.

KRISTINE. Widowed?

NORA. With a bunch of children.

KRISTINE. He works a lot of...different kinds of jobs? Is that right?

NORA. Maybe, I wouldn't know. Let's not talk about business, it's too boring.

(**RANK** enters.)

RANK. (*To Torvald, offstage.*) No, I'll get out of your way! I'll visit with your better half.

(*He sees KRISTINE.*)

Oh, I'm in your way, too.

NORA. Never. Dr. Rank – this is Kristine Linde.

RANK. Oh hello! I've been hearing that name for years. I'm sorry I didn't realize – I think I passed you on my way in.

KRISTINE. I'm moving slowly these days.

RANK. A little under the weather?

KRISTINE. Just exhausted, I think.

RANK. (*Gentle teasing.*) So you've come to the big city for some peace and quiet?

KRISTINE. No, I'm looking for a job.

RANK. I'm not sure that's medically recommended for exhaustion.

KRISTINE. Well, one has to live.

RANK. That does seem to be the general consensus.

NORA. Come on Peter, you want to live too.

RANK. Guilty. No matter how miserable I am, I want to extend my suffering as long as possible. My patients are

the same way. And the same goes for people with moral diseases. Speaking of...

NORA. Speaking of what?

RANK. That lawyer Krogstad – you don't know him, he's your garden variety degenerate. But he just walked in saying the same thing, that he "has to live," as if it were a matter of great importance.

NORA. What did he want to talk to Torvald about?

RANK. I don't know, something about the Savings Bank. I guess he has a job there.

(To KRISTINE, ironically.) I'm not sure if it's the same where you come from, but here in the city when we discover someone is morally sick, what we do is we elevate them into a competitive job – as treatment, you understand. The decent, healthy people have to fend for themselves.

KRISTINE. I guess it's the sick who most need to be cared for.

RANK. There you go. And that attitude is exactly what's turned modern society into a hospital.

(Suddenly, NORA laughs.)

What's so funny? What do you know about modern society?

NORA. So everyone who works at the Savings Bank – now works for Torvald?

RANK. Is that what you find hilarious?

NORA. Maybe. Don't you worry about it.

(A beat.)

It's so fun to think that we – that Torvald has power over so many people. Want a cookie?

(RANK gasps performatively.)

RANK. I thought those were contraband.

NORA. Oh Kristine brought me these.

KRISTINE. What?

NORA. It's okay, you didn't know that Torvald banned them. He's afraid they'll rot my teeth. But just this once won't hurt, right, Doctor?

(*To KRISTINE.*) And one for you. And one for me...and one more for me...I really couldn't be happier. Almost. Except there's one more thing I'm dying to do.

RANK. Do tell.

NORA. I have such a naughty urge to say something shocking in front of Torvald.

KRISTINE. Shocking?

RANK. You'd better not. But you can try it out on us. Go ahead.

NORA. I'm just bursting to say...

Fuck it all.

RANK. Ha!

KRISTINE. Nora!

(*TORVALD is entering.*)

RANK. Do it! Here's your opportunity.

NORA. Did you get rid of him?

TORVALD. Yes, he's gone.

NORA. Torvald, this is Kristine, she just got here.

TORVALD. Kristine – I'm sorry, have we –

NORA. Kristine Linde, my friend Kristine –

TORVALD. (*Covering.*) Uh-huh! You were childhood friends, is that right?

KRISTINE. We've known each other a long time.

NORA. And now Kristine has made this long journey in the dead of winter and she did it just for the opportunity to speak to you.

TORVALD. To me?

KRISTINE. Well –

NORA. Kristine is very talented at office work and in order to perfect her skills she's looking for a mentor, a man who can teach her everything / she –

TORVALD. That's very smart.

NORA. And when she heard you were appointed bank manager – it was in the paper – she got on the first train here, and – Torvald, couldn't you help her, it would mean so much to me –

TORVALD. You know, maybe I could. You're a widow?

KRISTINE. Yes.

TORVALD. And you have office experience?

KRISTINE. Many years.

TORVALD. Well...then I can probably help you.

NORA. See! I told you!

TORVALD. You came at the right time, Mrs. Linde.

KRISTINE. I don't know how to thank you.

TORVALD. You don't need to. But I'm sorry, I have to go out now –

RANK. Wait, I'm coming too.

NORA. (*To TORVALD.*) Don't stay out long.

TORVALD. I'll be back in less than an hour.

NORA. Are you leaving too, Kristine?

KRISTINE. I have to find somewhere to stay.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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