

PETRA \ STOCKMANN \ MRS. STOCKMANN \ MAYOR

Petra Dad! Don't put up with this.

Mrs. Stockmann *(following her in)* Petra!

Petra *(to Mayor)* Stop this!

Stockmann I will do nothing you ask.

Mayor Then your position will have to be reviewed.

Petra You'd sack him?

Mayor You would be forcing our hand.

Petra This is a disgrace! You're his brother . . . !

Mrs. Stockmann Petra, be quiet.

Petra No, I will not!

Mayor Let her. She's always been encouraged to voice her feelings whenever she wants. You talk to him, Katrine, you're the only sensible one in this house. Make him -

Stockmann Leave my wife out of this.

Mayor Make him see this will affect you, the children -

Stockmann I said leave my -

Mayor The town -

Stockmann I am saving this town! I love this town!

Mayor But you'll happily destroy its only source of prosperity.

Stockmann The source is poisoned! Are you mad? Our prosperity comes from selling filth. Our whole communal life is based on a lie!

Mayor Pure make-believe. Or maybe something worse . . . Anyone who talks like that about his home town is an enemy of the town. A public enemy. You are a public enemy, Thomas.

(Stockmann goes for him again).

Mrs. Stockmann *(comes between them)* Thomas!

Petra Get out of our house! Get out!

Mayor I've warned you. You'll be ruined. Consider you wife. Consider your children.

(He leaves.)

Mrs. Stockmann Oh, this is horrible. Horrible. Petra I could spit in his face.

Stockmann A public enemy? A public enemy? I'll make him regret that.

Mrs. Stockmann He's the Mayor . . .

Petra So?

Stockmann I should do nothing? Is that your advice?

Mrs. Stockmann You can't. He's the head of the town.

Stockmann I'm standing up for what is right.

Petra You have to, Dad. You must.

Stockmann Wait till you see what I'll do.

Mrs. Stockmann You'll be sacked, Thomas. You heard him.

Petra Why do you always see everything from the family's point of view?

Mrs. Stockmann You'll be all right - but the children. And think of me as well.

Stockmann If I don't destroy those arrogant cowards . . .

Mrs. Stockmann No money, Thomas, no food on the table. We were never going back to that, remember?

Stockmann I will not be intimidated! I will not be silenced!

Mrs. Stockmann Please, Thomas . . .

(He walk s out, slamming the door.)

Mrs. Stockmann *(crying)* God help us all.

Petra Dad is right. Dad is right. Dad is right.