

**Nora/Dr. Rank**

NORA: Hello, Dr. Rank. I think Torvald's busy with something.

DR. RANK: And you?

NORA: You know I always have time for you.

DR. RANK: Thank you. I'll take advantage of that...for as long as I can.

NORA: What do you mean, "For as long as you can?"

DR. RANK: Does that worry you?

NORA: It's just such a strange way of putting it. Is something going on?

DR. RANK: Nothing unexpected. I've been assessing my internal net worth. And I'm bankrupt. I'll be on the slab within a month.

NORA: What a horrible thing to say.

DR. RANK: Well, it is horrible. And the fact is, I'll have to endure a lot more before I hit that slab. I have one more test to do and then I'll know for sure when the end begins. There's something I have to tell you before then. Torvald...is a very refined man. He's absolutely incapable of facing anything unpleasant, so I don't want him anywhere near my deathbed.

NORA: But Dr. Rank—

DR. RANK: I won't have him in there. I'll lock the door.

NORA: You're talking nonsense. And I wanted to be happy today.

DR. RANK: You'll get over it. The dead are quickly forgotten.

NORA: Do you believe that?

DR. RANK: People make new friends.

NORA: New friends.

DR. RANK: You're already well on your way, I think. What did Mrs. Linde want here last night?

NORA: You're not jealous of Kristine?

DR. RANK: She'll take over for me in this house.

NORA: You're impossible. Now you be nice, Dr. Rank, and tomorrow you'll see how well I can dance. You can pretend that I'm dancing for you—and for Torvald to of course.

DR. RANK: Hmm.

NORA: Why are you smiling?

DR. RANK: No, it was you.

NORA: No, it was you, Dr. Rank.

DR. RANK: You're a bigger tease than I thought.