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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE ***

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AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

A play in five acts

by

Henrik Ibsen

Translated by R. Farquharson Sharp

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ACT ONE
ACT TWO
ACT THREE
ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dr. Thomas Stockmann, Medical Officer of the Municipal Baths.
Peter Stockmann, his brother, the Mayor.
Morten Kiil, a tanner, father-in-law to Stockmann.
Hovstad, Billing, Editors of the Liberal Newspaper "The Messenger."
Aslaksen, a printer, President of the Temperance Society.
Petra, Stockmann's eldest daughter, a teacher.
Eilif, Stockmann's son, a sailor.
Morten, Stockmann's second son, a boy.
Mrs. Stockmann, wife of Dr. Stockmann.
Captain Horster.
Captain Stockmann.
Men of various conditions and occupations, a few women, and a troop of schoolboys. (No audience or acting.)

The action takes place in a coastal town in southern Norway.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

ACT I

ACTING - DR. STOCKMANN's sitting room. It is evening. The room is plainly but neatly appointed and furnished. A door to the right leads to the hall; another door to the left leads to the doctor's bedroom. In the middle of the room stands a table with a green cloth, and on it a lamp with a shade. The light falls on a pile of letters and a newspaper. In the corner of the room will stand the sofa, beside it a table with a drawing-plank lying on it and an inkstand and a pile of copybooks. Along the walls are bookcases with a few books in them. The bookcases are of a different pattern and different size, and the books they contain are of different sizes and bindings. In the bookcase nearest the door to the bedroom there is a hat-rack with a mirror and a coat-hanger. Near the door, a little nearer the footlights, stands a chair. Beside the table, a comfortable armchair, a rocking-chair, and a few other chairs. The room shows the signs of a well-to-do, but quite unassuming, family. It looks very tidy and cosy.

PETRA, a young girl, is sitting in the armchair, reading a newspaper. She changes her mind, and fetches the rocking-chair.

MRS. STOCKMANN, a young woman, comes in from the dining-room, carrying a soup-tureen, which she puts on the table.

Dr. Stockmann, Mrs. Stockmann, Petra, and Eilif, are all at table. Dr. Stockmann's place is at the top of the table, facing the footlights. Mrs. Stockmann's place is opposite, with her back to the footlights. Petra's and Eilif's places are on the sides, facing each other. Their plates are not quite clean, and the soup-tureen is passed first to Eilif, who helps himself to a good plate of soup and drinks it off while the others are eating their soup. He holds out his plate for some more, and drinks off another plate of soup in the same way. Mrs. Stockmann gives him a third plate, which he does not drink off quite so quickly, and then he sits back from the table and looks about him for something to do. Eilif cuts a piece of bread from the loaf and munches it while he watches his mother carving the meat for the next course.

Mrs. Stockmann. Is Eilif allowed to help himself to soup a third time?

Petra. Oh, he's always hungry when he comes home from school.

Mrs. Stockmann. Is he? Well, I suppose it's a sign that he needs it.

Dr. Stockmann. Not a bad one, I dare say. Well, what do you two have to tell me? You, for instance, Petra?

Petra. Nothing but the usual. Lots of letters for father.

Dr. Stockmann. Let's have them, then.

Petra. There they are on the table by the door.

Dr. Stockmann. Why should I suppose there are any that will interest me?

Petra. I didn't say they would interest you.

Dr. Stockmann. Quite so. Well, what else do you know? Eilif, you haven't forgotten that you have to write a sentence for me by tomorrow morning?

Eilif. No, I haven't forgotten. I know the sentence you want me to write. It's about the Temperance Society, and that the Society is good for everybody. Shall I write that?

Dr. Stockmann. Yes, that will be quite a new idea. Are you all through with your copy-book?

Eilif. No, I have two sentences to write when I get the sentence.

Dr. Stockmann. Let me see the copy-book. Your handwriting has improved since yesterday, I hope. Mrs. Stockmann. Oh, I think it's quite good enough for a boy of your age.

Dr. Stockmann. I suppose it is passing well for a boy who is more interested in the Navigation School than in anything else. Well, what else? Petra, you haven't told me what you have to tell me about the letters.

Petra. Oh, I was quite forgetting that I have a letter for you from my uncle.

Dr. Stockmann. From your uncle? Peter? Why didn't you give it to me at once?

Petra. I was looking for a stamp for my collection, and I found a splendid one on the envelope.

Dr. Stockmann. Indeed; I suppose it is a very valuable one. Let me see the letter, too. I suppose it is from your mother, Mrs. Stockmann. Yes, it is a very handsome hand that the envelope is addressed in. Petra. Don't you like handwriting that slants backwards? It shows that the person who writes it is—

Dr. Stockmann. Yes, I know it shows that the person who writes it is not a good accountant. Let me have the letter, Petra. The handwriting is the man himself, you know, and I have to deal with many of these men in my capacity as a public man. Let me see the letter, Petra. Eilif, you may take the soup-tureen out when your mother has given you your share. Petra, you can clear the table a little for your mother.

Petra. Shall I take the letter with me?

Dr. Stockmann. Oh, you can leave the letter alone for the present. I want to consider it before I answer it. By the way, I suppose there is nothing else in the letter-box? Eilif, you remember that you promised to look in the letter-box on your way home.

Eilif. I had almost forgotten to look in, when I was coming to the door with the soup-tureen.

Mrs. Stockmann. Well, I wonder you can be so careless, when you know how your father—

Eilif. I'm sorry I've forgotten it, I'm sorry I've forgotten it twice, but it's quite your fault, father. You said that I could not write the sentence until I had the letter.

Dr. Stockmann. Well, I suppose that is a sufficient excuse for your forgetfulness. What do you have to say, Petra?

Petra. I'm sorry, too, that I forgot the letter. I was so interested in the story of the lighthouse keeper's family. Mrs. Stockmann. Yes, I can imagine that was a story that would interest you. Dr. Stockmann. It does interest me, too. Petra, you can clear the table now. Put the things on my hat, and I'll be ready to go to my room. I'm glad that I have the whole evening before me to work in. I shall have plenty to think of while I am copying this letter. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. I shall be ready to seal it when I come back from the hall.

Petra. Very well, father.

Dr. Stockmann. And, by the way, if there is another newspaper, you may bring that in to me, too. I suppose they will be discussing the Municipal Council's doings in the evening paper, and I don't mind glancing over the report of the proceedings while I am dressing.

Mrs. Stockmann. Oh, you don't care about anything but your own affairs, when you once get into your study.

Petra. Shall I take the soup-tureen with me, then?

Mrs. Stockmann. Yes, of course, and take the plates with you.

Petra. Very well, father.

Dr. Stockmann. Oh, I don't care about having it in my room. I shall be ready to eat a plate of bread-and-cheese when I come in, and I can't bear to see the table-cloth disturbed when one has once begun upon one's meal.

Mrs. Stockmann. Well, you are a strange man, when you get into your study.

Petra. Shall I take the soup-tureen out, then?

Eilif. Shall I help you to carry the things out?

Dr. Stockmann. No, I thank you both. I prefer to be alone with my letter.

Petra. Shall we not clear the table for you, then?

Dr. Stockmann. Not worth while, Petra, when I have to be disturbed again in a few minutes. Well, I shall be ready to have something to eat, when the servant-girl has cleared the table. I can't bear to feel that I am disturbed while I am at dinner.

Petra. Shall we not read the newspapers while we are waiting, father?

Dr. Stockmann. Oh, if there is anything worth reading in your newspapers, I suppose I shall be hearing quite enough about it before the evening is over.

Mrs. Stockmann. Yes, people have been calling on you for your opinion, ever since the morning the paper first came with the news in it.

Dr. Stockmann. Yes, it was a fortunate discovery I made in my leisure hours. I suppose you will be proud and happy, children, when you hear that your father is the most talked-of man in the town to-day.

Petra. I don't care for such things.

Eilif. Neither do I.

Mrs. Stockmann. Well, I do, I must say. It is pleasant to think that people are talking about your father in such a way. Dr. Stockmann. You must remember that we owe all this to Petra's uncle.

Petra. Oh, Uncle Peter is always thinking of us.

Dr. Stockmann. Yes, I wonder if he is not thinking of us to-day, for we have not heard from him since we quarrelled. I suppose you children have grown so much that he would not know you by sight now? Eilif, you remember your uncle Peter, don't you?

Eilif. I remember he was very stiff and stuffy.

Dr. Stockmann. Well, I suppose he was, from your point of view. Petra, do you remember your uncle?

Petra. Only that he was very handsome. I suppose he will be coming to see us some day if he is in the town?

Dr. Stockmann. Of course I shall be very glad to see him, even though we quarrelled. I hope he will be able to see that I am a different man from the time he used to know me. Mrs. Stockmann. I hope he will find you the same, Thomas, and that he will be able to see what a clever husband I have got.

Dr. Stockmann. That I shall be glad to do. I am quite ready to be—

Mrs. Stockmann. Well, I mean, everybody else is. I mean that people are quite ready to be—

Dr. Stockmann. Well, what? You seem to be in a great hurry to be—

Mrs. Stockmann. I mean, I think your uncle is quite ready to be a good friend to you, now that you have made your fortune.

Dr. Stockmann. Is that what you mean? Well, I dare say he will be ready to—

Mrs. Stockmann. Oh, I know how generous you are! You need not look at me like that. Of course, I am quite sure that he will be ready to be a good friend to you in every way. I only meant that he will be able to see what a clever husband I have got, and that I need not be ashamed to own his relationship to me.

Dr. Stockmann. Ashamed! My brother-in-law and I ashamed to be—

Petra. Father thinks that you are thinking of your brother, mother, not of himself.

Dr. Stockmann. Well, I believe that is the right way to think. I hope that when I am your age I shall be able to be as unselfish as your father is, children.

Eilif. Uncle Peter was very kind to us once, when he thought we were going to be poor.

Mrs. Stockmann. Yes, that was a good deed of your uncle's, too. Dr. Stockmann. Well, we are all of us capable of good deeds, I fancy. There is plenty of good in us, children, though people say that we are all of us—my brothers and sisters and I—the children of a drunkard. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. I want to be able to think of my uncle Peter's kindness to you while I am dressing. Children, I think we may hope that we shall be able to show our uncle that his trouble in bringing us up was not thrown away. Mrs. Stockmann. I hope he will find you children as good and upright as I have been a mother to you.

Dr. Stockmann. Children, I believe we shall be. I can hardly wait for him to see what a splendid fellow I am and what a position I have gained for myself. Why, I feel like a young cock-crow when I think of the way in which I shall be able to crow before my uncle Peter! Remember that I am your father, children, remember that I am your father, no matter what people may say of me. Mrs. Stockmann. Oh, we shall do our best to remember that, Thomas.

Dr. Stockmann. Or they will say that I am my brothers' sons' uncle. Petra, you can take the soup-tureen with you now. Eilif, you can have the rest of the bread-and-cheese. I can't bear to see the table-cloth disturbed when I am in my study. Mrs. Stockmann. I shall do my best to make everything right, Thomas.

Dr. Stockmann. I shall be in my study when anyone wants to see me. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. Mrs. Stockmann. Shall I bring in your slippers and your dressing-gown? Dr. Stockmann. No, I thank you. I shall go as I am. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. Mrs. Stockmann. And shall I not bring in your pipe, and some tobacco? Dr. Stockmann. No, I thank you. I shall be able to fill my own pipe when I come in. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. Petra. I have put the letter under the lamp-shade, father. Dr. Stockmann. Good. Children, I think we may hope that we shall be able to show our uncle that our mother has not been idle while she has been bringing up her family. Mrs. Stockmann. Oh, I hope he will find you as good and upright as I have been a mother to you. Dr. Stockmann. Or as a clever man as your father, children. Mrs. Stockmann. Or as a handsome man as your father, I am sure. Dr. Stockmann. Or as a man who has his head as much in his study as his shoulders. Children, I think I may hope that we shall be able to show our uncle that we have not been idle in our leisure hours. I think we may hope that he will find we have all of us—Eilif and Morten, too—we have all of us something in our heads as well as our bodies. I think we may hope that he will say that we are a pretty intellectual family, when he comes to see us to-day. Mrs. Stockmann. I hope he will find you just as you are, Thomas.

Dr. Stockmann. Well, I can't help being glad that I have got my new suit on, when I am expecting a visitor of such importance. It makes me feel so much more like a man. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. Petra. I have put the letter under the lamp-shade, father. Dr. Stockmann. Good. Mrs. Stockmann. Shall I not bring you your slippers, then? Dr. Stockmann. No, I thank you. I shall go as I am. Petra, put the letter under the lamp-shade. Mrs. Stockmann. Shall I not bring you

Sesame Street Episode 4 Transcript

[SESAME STREET, gets the hand to through the door leading from the hall, looks around as if he thinks he's in a strange place.]

Sesame Street Episode 4 Transcript

Mr. Snuffleupagus going to the door, Gulliver? - it is out?

Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus going downstairs.

Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus. [...]

Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus.

Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus.

Sesame Street. This who about the winter supply, is it true?

Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus.

Sesame Street. Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus. Mr. Snuffleupagus.

Hey! Stop! Quick, quick! Let's run away, or they will catch us!

Never! Look at the *coat-of-arms* of ARK STOCKNOTT, *Lords* in *Ye*, *the ancient*. STOCKNOTT *gives to* Jonah *a* Bible, *and* Jonah *gives to* Noah *a* Bible, *and* Noah *gives to* Shem *a* Bible, *and* Shem *gives to* Ham *a* Bible, *and* Ham *gives to* Japhet *a* Bible, *and* Japhet *gives to* Gomer *a* Bible, *and* Gomer *gives to* Ashkenaz *a* Bible, *and* Ashkenaz *gives to* Riphath *a* Bible, *and* Riphath *gives to* Togarmah *a* Bible, *and* Togarmah *gives to* Eliphaz *a* Bible, *and* Eliphaz *gives to* Nimrod *a* Bible, *and* Nimrod *gives to* Ashur *a* Bible, *and* Ashur *gives to* Arphaxad *a* Bible, *and* Arphaxad *gives to* Lud *a* Bible, *and* Lud *gives to* Aram *a* Bible, *and* Aram *gives to* Uz *a* Bible, *and* Uz *gives to* Hul *a* Bible, *and* Hul *gives to* Gether *a* Bible, *and* Gether *gives to* Mash *a* Bible, *and* Mash *gives to* Ham *a* Bible, *and* Ham *gives to* Cush *a* Bible, *and* Cush

Sunset Tribune, Part Lexan Series 7, Episode 1

Sunset Tribune, Part Lexan Series 7, Episode 1

Sunset Tribune, Part Lexan Series 7, Episode 1

Dr. Nathaniel Ray, who was a friend of Kathleen's, and who had been her lover, looked at her.

Dr. Nathaniel. Why, Kathleen, what's the matter?

Kathleen. Nothing, only I'm so tired. I'm sick of life. I'm sick of living such a dreary possible.

Dr. Nathaniel. Dreary possible! Why, what's the matter? Tell me

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