DR. STOCKMANN: Keep your hat on if you like, it's a little drafty in here today.

PETER STOCKMANN: Thanks, I believe I will. He puts his hat on. I think I caught cold last night—that house was freezing.

DR. STOCKMANN: I thought it was kind of warm—suffocating, as a matter of fact. What do you want?

PETER STOCKMANN: May I sit down? (He indicates a chair near the window.)

DR. STOCKMANN: Not there. A piece of the solid majority is liable to open your skull. Here. (They sit on the couch. Peter Stockmann takes out a large envelope.)

DR. STOCKMANN: Now don't tell me.

PETER STOCKMANN: Yes. (He hands the Doctor the envelope.)

DR. STOCKMANN: I'm fired.

PETER STOCKMANN: The Board met this morning. There was nothing else to do, considering the state of public opinion.

DR. STOCKMANN: (after a pause) You look scared, Peter.

PETER STOCKMANN: I—I haven't completely forgotten that you're still my brother.

DR. STOCKMANN: I doubt that.

PETER STOCKMANN: YOU have no practice left in this town, Thomas.

DR. STOCKMANN: Oh, people always need a doctor.

PETER STOCKMANN: A petition is going from house to house. Everybody is signing it. A pledge not to call you anymore. I don't think a single family will dare refuse to sign it.

DR. STOCKMANN: You started that, didn't you?
PETER STOCKMANN: No. As a matter of fact, I think it's all gone a little too far. I never wanted to see you ruined, Thomas. This will ruin you.

DR. STOCKMANN: No, it won't.

PETER STOCKMANN: For once in your life, will you act like a responsible man?

DR. STOCKMANN: Why don't you say it, Peter? You're afraid I'm going out of town to start publishing about the springs, aren't you?

PETER STOCKMANN: I don't deny that. Thomas, if you really have the good of the town at heart, you can accomplish everything without damaging anybody, including yourself.

DR. STOCKMANN: What's this now?

PETER STOCKMANN: Let me have a signed statement saying that in your zeal to help the town you went overboard and exaggerated. Put it any way you like, just so you calm anybody who might feel nervous about the water. If you'll give me that, you've got your job. And I give you my word, you can gradually make all the improvements you feel are necessary. Now, that gives you what you want . . .

DR. STOCKMANN: You're nervous, Peter.

PETER STOCKMANN; (nervously) I am not nervous!

DR. STOCKMANN: You expect me to remain in charge while people are being poisoned? (He gets up.)

PETER STOCKMANN: In time you can make your changes.

DR. STOCKMANN: When, five years, ten years? You know your trouble, Peter? You just don't grasp—even now—that there are certain men you can't buy.
PETER STOCKMANN: I'm quite capable of understanding that. But you don't happen to be one of those men.

DR. STOCKMANN: (after a slight pause) What do you mean by that now?

PETER STOCKMANN: You know damned well what I mean by that. Morten Kiil is what I mean by that.

DR. STOCKMANN: Morten Kiil?

PETER STOCKMANN: Your father-in-law, Morten Kiil.

DR. STOCKMANN: I swear, Peter, one of us is out of his mind! What are you talking about?

PETER STOCKMANN: Now don't try to charm me with that professional innocence!

DR. STOCKMANN: What are you talking about?

PETER STOCKMANN: You don't know that your father-in-law has been running around all morning buying up stock in Kirsten Springs?

DR. STOCKMANN: (perplexed) Buying up stock?

PETER STOCKMANN: Buying up stock, every share he can lay his hands on!

DR. STOCKMANN: Well, I don't understand, Peter. What's that got to do with--

PETER STOCKMANN: (walking around agitatedly) Oh, come now, come now, come now!

DR. STOCKMANN: I hate you when you do that! Don't just walk around gabbling "Come now, come now!" What the hell are you talking about?

PETER STOCKMANN: Very well, if you insist on being dense. A man wages a relentless campaign to destroy confidence in a corporation. He even goes so far as to call a mass meeting against it. The very next morning, when people
Peter & Dr. Thomas are still in a state of shock about it all, his father-in-law runs all over town, picking up shares at half their value.

Dr. Stockmann: (realizing, turns away) My God!

Peter Stockmann: And you have the nerve to speak to me about principles!

Dr. Stockmann: You mean you actually believe that I ... ?

Peter Stockmann: I'm not interested in psychology! I believe what I see!

And what I see is nothing but a man doing a dirty, filthy job for Morten Kill.

And let me tell you—by to-night every man in this town will see the same thing!

Dr. Stockmann: Peter, you, you ..

Peter Stockmann: Now go to your desk and write me a statement denying everything you've been saying, or . . .

Dr. Stockmann: Peter, you're a low creature!

Peter Stockmann: All right then, you'd better get this one straight, Thomas. If you're figuring on opening another attack from out of town, keep this in mind: the morning it's published I'll send out a subpoena for you and begin a prosecution for conspiracy. I've been trying to make you respectable all my life; now if you want to make the big jump there'll be nobody there to hold you back. Now do we understand each other?

Dr. Stockmann: Oh, we do, Peter! (Peter Stockmann starts for the door.)

Get the girl—what the hell is her name—scrub the floors, wash down the walls, a pestilence has been here!