

Nora continues: And here are dress-lengths and handkerchiefs for the maids; old Anne ought really to have something better.

HELMER: And what is in this parcel?

NORA(crying out):No, no! you mustn't see that till this evening.

HELMER: Very well. But now tell me, you extravagant little person, what would you like for yourself?

NORA: For myself? Oh, I am sure I don't want anything.

HELMER: Yes, but you must. Tell me something reasonable that you would particularly like to have.

NORA: no, I really can't think of anything—unless, Torvald—

HELMER: Yes?

NORA (playing with his coat buttons, and without raising her eyes to his): If you really want to give me something, you might—you might—

HELMER: Well, out with it!

NORA (speaking quickly): You might give me money, Torvald. Only just as much as you can afford; and then one of these days I will buy something with it.

HELMER: But, Nora—

NORA: Oh, do! dear Torvald; please, please do! Then I will wrap it up in a beautiful gilt paper and hang it on the Christmas-tree. Wouldn't that be fun?

HELMER: What are little people called that are always wasting money?

NORA: Spendthrifts—I know. Let's do as you suggest. Torvald, and then I shall have time to think what I am most in need of. That is a very sensible plan, isn't it?

HELMER(smiling):Indeed it is—that is to say, if you were really to save out of the money I give you, and then really buy something for yourself. But if you spend it all on the housekeeping and any number of unnecessary things, then I merely have to pay up again.

NORA: Oh but, Torvald—

HELMER: You can't deny it, my dear little Nora. (Puts his arm round her waist.) It's a sweet little spendthrift, but she uses up a lot of money. It's almost unbelievable how expensive such little persons are!

NORA: You shouldn't say that. I do really save all I can.

 great.com

HELMER(laughing):That's very true—all you can. But you can't save anything!

NORA(smiling quietly and happily): You haven't any idea how many expenses we skylarks and squirrels have, Torvald.

HELMER: You are an odd little soul. Very like your father. You always find some new way of wheedling money out of me, and, as soon as you have got it, it seems to melt in your hands. You never know where it has gone. Still, one must take you as you are. It's in the blood; for it is true that you can inherit these things, Nora.

NORA: Oh, I wish I had inherited many of father's qualities.

HELMER: And I would not wish you to be anything but just what you are, my sweet little skylark. But, you know, it strikes me that you are looking rather—what shall I say—rather uneasy today?

NORA: Do I?

HELMER: You do, really. Look straight at me.

NORA(looks at him): Well?

HELMER(wagging his finger at her): Hasn't Miss Sweet-Tooth been breaking rules in town today?

NORA: no; what makes you think that?

HELMER: Hasn't she paid a visit to the confectioner's?

NORA: no, I assure you, Torvald—

HELMER: Not been nibbling sweets?

NORA: No, certainly not.

HELMER: Not even taken a bite at a macaroon or two?

NORA: no, Torvald, I assure, you really—

HELMER: There, there, you know I was only joking