

Rebecca. What is that?

Brendel (*taking her gently by the wrist*). That the woman who loves him shall gladly go out into the kitchen and chop off her dainty, pink and white little finger—*here*, just at the middle joint. Furthermore, that the aforesaid loving woman shall—also gladly—clip off her incomparably moulded left ear. (*Lets her go, and turns to ROSMER.*) Good-bye, John the Victorious!

Rosmer. Must you go now—in this dark night?

Brendel. The dark night is best. Peace be with you! (*He goes out. Silence in the room for a short time.*)

Rebecca (*breathing heavily*). How close and sultry it is in here! (*Goes to the window, opens it and stands by it.*)

Rosmer (*sitting down on a chair by the stove*). There is nothing else for it after all, Rebecca—I can see that. You *must* go away.

Rebecca. Yes, I do not see that I have any choice.

Rosmer. Let us make use of our last hour together. Come over here and sit beside me.

Rebecca (*goes and sits down on the couch*). What do you want, John?

Rosmer. In the first place I want to tell you that you need have no anxiety about your future.

Rebecca (*with a smile*). Hm! My future!

Rosmer. I have foreseen all contingencies—long ago. Whatever may happen, you are provided for.

Rebecca. Have you even done that for me, dear?

Rosmer. You might have known that I should.

Rebecca. It is many a long day since I thought about anything of the kind.

Rosmer. Yes, of course. Naturally, you thought things could never be otherwise between us than as they were.

Rebecca. Yes, that was what I thought.

Rosmer. So did I. But if anything were to happen to me now—

Rebecca. Oh, John, you will live longer than I shall.

Rosmer. I can dispose of my miserable existence as I please, you know.