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TORVALD: Stop it! Stop...*performing*. Do you understand what you've done? Answer me! Do you understand what you've done?

NORA: Yes. I'm beginning to understand everything.

TORVALD: For eight years—my pride and joy—a liar. A hypocrite. No, worse. Worse! A criminal. It's disgusting. I should've known something like this would happen. I should've known. All your father's perverted ideas—don't interrupt me—they've all come out in you. No religion, no ethics, no sense of duty. You've destroyed me. You've ruined me. I can't believe it. He can do whatever he wants with me. He can order me around and I can't say a word. I'm completely ruined. And all because of a stupid woman.

NORA: Once I'm gone, you'll be free.

TORVALD: Oh, stop it! Your father was always good at that, too. What good would it do me if you were "gone." He can still go public with the whole thing and if he does, everyone will think I was behind it—that it was my idea. Thank you. Thank you, very much! I have loved you since the first day we met. I have given you everything, and this is how you repay me. Do you realize what you have done?

NORA: Yes.

TORVALD: It's unbelievable. I can't take it in. But you and I have to come to some understanding. Take off that shawl. I said, take it off! I have to find a way to appease him. We have to make sure this gets hushed up. No matter how much it costs. As for you and me—we've got to make it look like everything is normal. Keep up appearances. You can stay here, in the house, of course. But you're not going near the children. To think I have to say that to someone I loved—someone I—no, that's finished. From here on in it's not a question of happiness.