

**Nora/Mrs. Linde**

NORA: ...God, Kristine, it's so wonderful to be alive! And happy! But how awful—here I am talking about myself. Don't be angry with me. Tell me...why did you marry?

MRS. LINDE: Well, my mother was still alive, but she was ill—had to stay in her bed—and I had my little brothers to look after. I didn't feel I could refuse his offer.

NORA: No, of course not. Was he rich?

MRS. LINDE: He was well off. But his business was risky, Nora, and when he died everything just...fell apart... and there was nothing left.

NORA: And then...?

MRS. LINDE: Well, I had to make ends meet with a little shop. I did some teaching and whatever else I could find. These last three years have been work work work. But now it's over, Nora. My mother doesn't need me anymore—she passed on. And my brothers—they've got jobs and are taking care of themselves.

NORA: You must feel so free.

MRS. LINDE: No. Just empty. I have no one to take care of anymore. And I couldn't stand it anymore in that godforsaken place. I thought it would be easier to find something here: a steady job, maybe some office work.

NORA: But Kristine, that would be exhausting, You already look so tired. You'd be better off on a vacation.

MRS. LINDE: I don't have a father to give me the money for a trip, Nora.

NORA: Oh, please don't be angry with me.

MRS. LINDE: No, Nora, don't you be angry with me! The worst thing about this whole situation is the resentment stored up inside me. You've got no one to work for, yet you've got to grab every opportunity. One has to live...and you become selfish. You know when you told me about all of your good luck I was happier for myself than for you.

NORA: What do you mean? Oh, I see. You think maybe Torvald could do something for you at the bank?

MRS. LINDE: Yes. Exactly.

NORA: And he will, Kristine. Just leave it to me. I'll find some way of softening him up. Oh, I'm so glad I can do something help you.

MRS. LINDE: You're very kind, Nora. You have no idea how hard this life can be.