

Nora/Torvald 4

TORVALD You've changed?

NORA: Yes, Torvald. I've changed.

TORVALD: But why? It's late.

NORA: I won't be sleeping tonight.

TORVALD: But, Nora—

NORA: We have a lot to talk about.

TORVALD: Nora, what is this?

NORA: This will take some time.

TORVALD: You're scaring me, Nora. I don't understand.

NORA: No, that's just it. You don't understand me and I've never understood you, until tonight—no, don't interrupt—I want you to listen to what I have to say. Torvald, it's time we settled our accounts.

TORVALD: What do you mean by that?

NORA: We have been married now for eight years. Do you realize that this is the first time we've had a serious conversation?

TORVALD: What do you mean, "serious?"

NORA: In all these eight years—no, longer—from the moment we met, we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.

TORVALD: Why should I bother you with problems you can't do anything about?

NORA: I'm not talking about problems. What I'm saying is that we've never really sat down and tried to get to the bottom of anything.

TORVALD: But, Nora—

NORA: I have been wronged, Torvald. First by Papa, and then by you.

TORVALD: What? Your father and me? We loved you more than anyone.

NORA: You never loved me. You just thought it was fun to be *in* love with me.

TORVALD: Nora, what are you saying?

NORA: It's perfectly true, Torvald. When I was at home with Papa, he gave me his opinions on everything. So I had the same opinions as he did. If I disagreed with him I concealed it, because he wouldn't have liked it. I was his doll-child, and he played with me just as I used to play with my dolls. And when I came to live with you—

TORVALD: What a way to talk—

NORA: I was simply handed over from Papa to you. You arranged everything to suit yourself, and so I liked the same things as you—or else I pretended to. I'm really not sure which—I think sometimes the one and sometimes the other. When I look back on it, it seems to me I was living here like a beggar—from hand to mouth. The whole reason for my existence was to perform tricks for you, Torvald. But that's what you wanted. You and Papa have committed a crime against me. It's your fault that I haven't done anything with my life.

TORVALD: Haven't you been happy here?

NORA: No, I've never been happy. I thought I was, but I wasn't.

TORVALD: Not happy?

NORA: No. Just...cheerful. You have always been very nice to me. But our home has been nothing but a playroom. I've been your doll-wife, just as the kids have been my doll-children. I thought it was a lot of fun when you played with me, and they thought it was a lot of fun when I played with them. That's what our marriage has been Torvald.