

TORVALD

And I said to him, said to the clerk,
 "You will give me my divorce,"
 and he nodded his head,
 because he understood,
 that this was about more than it was about.

He could have had me locked up,
 but he understood, and—

(Torvald takes out a paper.)

This is it.

I did this for you.
 I made everything right
 by ruining myself,
 by exposing a pile of lies that I've been hiding for fifteen years,
 and I'll probably lose my job
 and lose my friends
 and lose my savings,
 but I did it
 so hopefully I won't be remembered
 the way you remember me
 when I'm gone.

You can even go
 and write a new book
 where I'm a better man.

NORA

I do plan on seeing Torvald,
 tomorrow I will see him,
 and I will ask him for the divorce—
 to simply send a letter to the local clerk,
 just clear up any confusion,
 and let everyone know that
 we haven't been "man and wife" for the past fifteen years—
 The clerk files the divorce—it's done. Crisis averted.

It's so easy for him to do it—easier for him than me—
 the way they have the laws the man
 can get a divorce for no reason at all
 but a woman has to prove the man did something horrible to
 her—threatened her life, committed incest, gave her syphilis.
 Hopefully he'll just file the divorce and we can get it done before
 the judge tries to follow through on those threats—

TORVALD / NORA
 MANDIBLE GUESSES