

START

~~NORA.~~  
~~he still works.~~

ANNE MARIE.

But I had been thinking—I don't know how you feel about this—I know you're just briefly in town—I know you said in your letter that you were just going to be very briefly in town and so I shouldn't tell the kids / that you're here—

NORA.

you didn't tell them did you—?

ANNE MARIE.

no, I didn't

NORA.

oh good, you scared me there—

ANNE MARIE.

not that that would be such a bad idea—

NORA.

they're grown up, they're grown ups, they have their lives, their lives are without me, there's no point—

ANNE MARIE.

no, I understand

NORA.

good

ANNE MARIE.

but I mean if you wanted to see them, I'm sure they would really like to see you, I think—

NORA.

no, I don't agree—who am I to them? I'm nobody, they were so young, I'm not a person to them, I don't mean anything—

Anne Marie #1

ANNE MARIE.

I don't know, I'm not so—well, that's aside from the point.

But what I *was* thinking is that maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to see Torvald while you're here, just to say hi, just to, I don't know, see each other.

Given how much time has passed,  
given how things ended,  
given that you're just passing through,  
no pressure, real easy, I just think  
it could be helpful,  
it could repair something

NORA.

is something broken

ANNE MARIE.

wouldn't say that, but—

NORA.

you said "repair."

Is Torvald broken, still, is he still broken over me? I mean, I'm sure he—

ANNE MARIE.

no

NORA.

good.  
That's good.  
So then—

He's well

ANNE MARIE.

he's not broken, I didn't mean to make it sound—

NORA.  
yes, but—

ANNE MARIE.  
he's great, he's good—

NORA.  
He never remarried

ANNE MARIE.  
no

NORA.  
no, I didn't think so.

ANNE MARIE.  
...

NORA.  
...

ANNE MARIE.  
—but I do think he should get a dog.  
I think if he had a dog he'd be happier,  
not that he's not happy, I don't mean that but  
he just likes dogs so much.  
I see him—he'll see a dog  
and he'll get so happy,  
and likes to pet the dogs  
and he lets them lick his face  
and he holds them close.

I told him to get a dog and he said no and I said why,  
and he said that dogs die.  
Dogs die. They get sick, their bodies break, they hurt, and  
when that happens he'd have to put the thing out of its misery:  
cut its throat or break its neck or pelt its head with a rock,  
and he doesn't want to come to love something

only to have to kill it.

I sort of wanted to say but didn't say but wanted to say that—  
I think he's at a point where the dog will probably outlive him.  
I think that's pretty optimistic to think that he'll be around to put  
the dog down.

NORA.  
...

ANNE MARIE.  
But what about you, tell me about you,  
what's happened to you?

~~NORA.  
I'll tell you what: I'm not the same person  
who left through that door.  
I'm a very different person~~

~~ANNE MARIE.  
yes, I'd imagine—~~

~~NORA.  
you really want to know?~~

~~ANNE MARIE.  
Yes I do, I know nothing!~~

~~NORA.  
Guess.~~

~~ANNE MARIE.  
Guess?~~

~~NORA.  
You want to know what I've been up to,  
but I want to know what you thought I was doing—  
what did you imagine—?~~

END