

**ANNE MARIE.** Nora I can't believe it's you!

**NORA.** ...It's good to see you.

**ANNE MARIE.** It's really you. Nora Nora Nora— It's been so long

**NORA.** it has.

**ANNE MARIE.** ...You got a little fatter. You got older and you got a little—

**NORA.** well you hit a certain age—

**ANNE MARIE.** Don't I know it. Come in come here give me a hug it's so good to see you. How are you. Come in there's some chairs you can take a chair and sit in it

**NORA.** Don't worry about me, I'm fine

**ANNE MARIE.** I'm going to sit I'm going to sit my knees aren't good However I look on the outside— inside it's all a lot worse. And how are your insides—?

**NORA.** They're good, Anne Marie.

**ANNE MARIE.** That's good. Mine, I don't know, it's the stomach that feels like it's gone all wrong, but you look good and if your insides are all in order then I'll take your word for it—

I just—I just can't believe it's really you

**NORA.** well

**ANNE MARIE.** I didn't know—no idea—if you'd ever come back around. That first month, and those first six months—the first year or two or three even— there was the thought that maybe you'd show up, come back around, but then the more time that passed—you didn't even write, no letters, nothing— 15 years, 15 years, could've thought you'd gone off and died— I for the record never thought you were dead—a lot of people thought you were dead, other people, not Torvald and the kids of course, but a lot of people think you're dead.

**NORA.** ...okay.

**ANNE MARIE.** and I look at your clothes and it looks like you're definitely not destitute.

**NORA.** nope, not at all

**ANNE MARIE.** it looks like the opposite of destitute

**NORA.** I've done very well.

**ANNE MARIE.** That's just so nice. I'm happy to hear that, I never wanted bad things to happen to you...

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**ANNE MARIE.** what about me? he'll kick me out

**NORA.** he won't

**ANNE MARIE.** and so you're saying—what, that I don't matter—?

**NORA.** no, I'm—

**ANNE MARIE.** the one total innocent in all of this

**NORA.** is that so

**ANNE MARIE.** I think—

**NORA.** what makes you innocent—?

**ANNE MARIE.** aren't I—?

**NORA.** you're saying you have nothing to do with this problem?

**ANNE MARIE.** You're saying I—

**NORA.** you're not doing anything to help fix the problem.

**ANNE MARIE.** After all the problems I've already fixed for you I have to fix this too?

Is that what you're really saying?

Fuck you, Nora.

Fuck you. You have zero gratitude. I raised your kids. You should be coming in here—first words out of your mouth should have been: Thank you Anne Marie. Thank you for abandoning your own life, your own child and raising mine, so that I could go off to do my little thing.

**NORA.** I didn't ask you to do that. I didn't make you stay. I left. You decided to stay. I'm thankful that you stayed, but that was not your responsibility

**ANNE MARIE.** but—

**NORA.** —was your choice, not—

**ANNE MARIE.** how could I leave

**NORA.** just like I did

**ANNE MARIE.** I'm not as cold as you.

**NORA.** You had even less reason to stay. It should have been easier for you than me.

**ANNE MARIE.** It was my job, Nora, and if I didn't do what I did, three very young children—were going to be left alone—

**NORA.** They had Torvald.

**ANNE MARIE.** A father but no mother?

**NORA.** Is that not enough? Men leave their families—happens all the time—a mother but no father— now, but if a woman—if a woman does it—she's a monster, and the children are ruined—

**ANNE MARIE.** far as I'm concerned, either way it's bad

**NORA.** also also—and I'm just gonna put this out there—you do realize that you kind of did the same thing I did—

**ANNE MARIE.** How did I—?

**NORA.** You had your own child, but you left her to raise another mother's child. You chose to love someone's child who wasn't your own. And that's okay. But don't tell me we're different. We're the same.

**ANNE MARIE.** No. We're not. I didn't have a father with money like you had a father with money, I didn't have the same options as you had, Do you think I wanted to leave my home and become a nanny? My options were—what—working in a factory and wearing my body down to the point of uselessness at an early age, or I could go out and be a prostitute

**NORA.** Yes. No, I—You're right.

**ANNE MARIE.** I would have never, ever left my child if I didn't absolutely have to—

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