

NORA.

...the woman, in the book, my heroine who  
says all the things I just said to you – had to kill her off –  
Oh the book would have never been published  
if she didn't die of consumption at the end of it.  
I wish I didn't have to do that,  
but I figured it's more important  
that people hear her ideas than not at all,  
and so – but in my mind it's not so much a  
literal death as it is a symbolic one –  
you know, she sheds her old life and enters into a new one.

And it's not like I'm saying anything that  
anyone doesn't already somewhere in their minds  
already sort of think – certainly if they're being  
completely honest with themselves.

...which brings me to the reason I'm here.  
You see,  
some women who read the book were so moved by it  
that they even went so far as to actually leave their marriages.  
But it so happens that one of these women  
was the wife of a particular judge  
who presides in the particular city where I live.

He was mad and he wanted to find a way to ruin me,  
so he set out to find out who I really was –  
who I was behind the name I publicly use.  
Turns out it isn't that difficult, all you have to do is  
threaten to take a publisher to court,  
so what –? who cares –? Right –?  
so he's got my real name: what do I have to hide.  
And he went and did some digging around.  
And after he'd done his digging,  
I got a little letter from him,  
and it said all the things you'd think he'd say:  
"I know who you really are I don't like you I'm really mad"  
and so on and so on  
until

he revealed a secret that not even I knew.

He wrote:

"I know that your real name is  
Nora Helmer."

But my name isn't Nora Helmer. Not Helmer. Not anymore.

Anne Marie, Torvald never filed the divorce.

15 years ago, he was supposed to,

but he didn't

and now,

I find out that Torvald and I

are still husband and wife.