

JO. You will. You will fall madly in love with a wonderful and accomplished girl, and I will be there to celebrate your wedding, as a friend.

LAURIE. Please, just, think about it.

JO. We are not suited to each other, my quick temper and our strong wills would make us miserable.

LAURIE. If you would only marry me, Jo, I would be a perfect saint.

JO. I am your friend for who you are, I don't wish for you to be otherwise.

(A long beat.)

LAURIE. I don't believe you've got any heart.

JO. I wish I hadn't. I wouldn't feel so awful right now.

(LAURIE stands, straightens himself, collects the shards of his heart, but can't look her in the eye.)

JO. You will find a fine mistress for your beautiful mansion. I'm homely and awkward and never liked elegant society, but you do, and someday you'd hate me, and my scribbling, and I couldn't get on without it, and we should be unhappy, and wish we hadn't done it.

(JO takes his face in her hands, forces him to look at her.)

JO. The night of the Moffat's Ball, you stayed, you didn't come home to read with me. I knew then that you were still looking for your home. And it's not me.

(A beat.)

LAURIE. Anything more?

JO. Nothing, except that I don't believe I shall ever marry. I'm happy as I am.

LAURIE. You may think so now, but there will come a time when you will love someone, tremendously, live and die for him, and I shall have to stand by and see it. And that will ruin me.

(LAURIE exits.)

(JO's alone.)

A DOLL'S HOUSE IS A METAPHOR

by Patrick Greene

Characters

NORA, a high school age girl. Not very bright.

KROGSTAD, he likes to pretend he's a movie villain, but he's a nerd to the core.

Scene

Krogstad, an odd young fellow, has just been fired from his job by Nora's boyfriend. In order to get his job back, he's blackmailing Nora, but it's not going to be easy because Nora is, well, a bit dim.

(The front door swings open and in the doorways stands KROGSTAD, a bespectacled and acne-riddled teenager.)

NORA. Krogstad, what are you doing here?

KROGSTAD. Nora, it is I, Krogstad!

NORA. I know, I just said that.

KROGSTAD. You are probably wondering what I'm doing here.

NORA. I just said...

KROGSTAD. I will tell you why I am here.

(An awkward pause.)

NORA. Why are you here?

KROGSTAD. I am here to threaten you.

NORA. *(Shocked:)* You mustn't.

KROGSTAD. Oh yes... I must.

NORA. But life is perfect.

KROGSTAD. You see, little Nora, your beloved Torvald has fired me and hired that fox, Christine. As you may know, my popularity level at school had dropped significantly since the unfortunate public pantsing incident last year, and my position at Frankie's was my first step in reclaiming my popularity. Now that your boyfriend has fired me, I am a ruined man.

NORA. I don't understand. What does all this have to do with me?

KROGSTAD. Do I really have to spell it out for you?

NORA. Yes.

KROGSTAD. I'm the one who put your forged ballots through in the school council election.

NORA. Uh huh.

KROGSTAD. Your boyfriend is a manager at Frankie's Diner.

NORA. I see.

KROGSTAD. You really haven't figured it out?

NORA. No.

KROGSTAD. I'm going to speak very slowly, so you can understand me. If you don't make Torvald give me my job back then I'm going to tell everyone that you forged the ballots and Torvald will be impeached.

NORA. I don't get it.

KROGSTAD. I'm threatening you!

NORA. (*Shocked:*) No, you mustn't.

KROGSTAD. I already have.

NORA. But what am I to do?

KROGSTAD. You must get me my job back.

NORA. But Torvald despises you. He says you smell like cheese.

KROGSTAD. Nevertheless, if I do not have my job back by tomorrow evening, I will tell everyone that you forged the ballots, starting with Torvald, who will promptly dump you.

NORA. No, you mustn't.

KROGSTAD. I shall.

(An awkward pause.)

NORA. Aren't you going to leave now?

KROGSTAD. I...I have to go to the bathroom.

NORA. It's through the hall. Second door on the left.

(KROGSTAD goes to the hall. Stops.)

KROGSTAD. I shall leave the toilet seat up.

NORA. (*Shocked as before:*) No, you mustn't.

KROGSTAD. You can't stop me.

(KROGSTAD exits off into the hallway. After a brief moment he returns. This time he has the posture and voice of an awkward teenager.)

KROGSTAD. I was pretty frightening, wasn't I?

NORA. Yes, you were simply devastating.

KROGSTAD. I've been practicing with my little sister for the past two hours. I made her cry a couple of times, but she's only three.

NORA. Still, you were very believable.

KROGSTAD. Thank you. I have to go to the bathroom now. I'm sorry about the toilet seat thing. I got a little carried away. I'll put it down.

NORA. Thank you.

(KROGSTAD exits through the hallway.)

(Note: *A Doll's House is a Metaphor* is part of the full-length play *Ibsen Undone*.)