

*Rosmer.* But I do not want to see your defeat, Rebecca.

*Rebecca.* There will be no defeat.

*Rosmer.* There will. You will never have the heart to go Beata's way.

*Rebecca.* Do you believe that?

*Rosmer.* Never. You are not like Beata. You are not under the influence of a distorted view of life.

*Rebecca.* But I am under the influence of the Rosmersholm view of life—now. Whatever my offences are—it is right that I should expiate them.

*Rosmer* (*looking at her fixedly*). Have you come to that decision?

*Rebecca.* Yes.

*Rosmer.* Very well. Then I too am under the influence of our unfettered view of life, Rebecca. There is no one that can judge us. And therefore we must be our own judges.

*Rebecca* (*misunderstanding his meaning*). That too. That too. My leaving you will save the best that is in you.

*Rosmer.* Ah, there is nothing left to save in me.

*Rebecca.* There is. But I—after this I should only be like some sea-sprite hanging on to the barque you are striving to sail forward in, and hampering its progress. I must go overboard. Do you think I could go through the world bearing the burden of a spoiled life—brooding for ever over the happiness which I have forfeited by my past? I must throw up the game, John.

*Rosmer.* If you go—then I go with you.

*Rebecca* (*looks at him with an almost imperceptible smile, and says more gently*): Yes, come with me, dear—and be witness—

*Rosmer.* I go with you, I said.

*Rebecca.* As far as the bridge—yes. You never dare go out on to it, you know.

*Rosmer.* Have you noticed that?

*Rebecca* (*in sad and broken tones*). Yes. That was what made my love hopeless.

*Rosmer.* Rebecca—now I lay my hand on your head.