

PERUSAL SCRIPT
(for reading purposes only)



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

a translation and adaptation of the Fyodor M. Dostoevsky novel by

Thomas F. Rogers



Newport, Maine

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance) 27M 14F Suggested doubling of roles calls for a total of 5 actors and 4 actresses.

Rodion (Rodya) Romanovich Raskolnikov, a student (played by First Actor).

Street Walker (played by Third Actress)

Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov (played by Third Actor)

Nastasya, Raskolnikov's maid (played by Fourth Actress)

Waiter (played by Second Actor)

1st Student (played by Fourth Actor)

2nd Student (played by Fifth Actor)

Semyon Zakharovich Marmeladov (played by Third Actor)

Pulkheria Aleksandrovna Raskolnikova, RASKOLNIKOV's Mother (played by First Actress)

Avdotyia (Dunya) Romanovna, RASKOLNIKOV's Sister (played by Second Actress)

Svidrigailov's Wife (played by Third Actress)

Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin, Dunya's Fiance (played by Second Actor)

Sophia (Sonya) Semyonovna Marmeladova, Marmeladov's Daughter (played by Second Actress)

Katerina Ivanovna Marmeladova, Marmeladov's Wife (played by Third Actress)

Alyona Ivanovna, a Pawnbroker (played by First Actress)

Inebriated Young Girl (played by Fourth Actress)

Older Man (played by Second Actor)

Policeman (played by Fourth Actor)

Raskolnikov's Father (played by Second Actor)

Raskolnikov's Father's Voice (read over the sound system by Second Actor)

Mikolka's Voice (read over the sound system by Third Actor)

Woman (played by Third Actress)

Lizaveta, Alyona's Sister (played by Second Actress)

1st Customer (played by Fourth Actor)

2nd Customer (played by Fifth Actor)

House Master (played by Third Actor)

Aleksandr Grigorevich Zametov, a Police Clerk (played by Fourth Actor)

2nd Police Clerk (played by Fifth Actor)

Dmitry Prokofevich Razumikhin, Raskolnikov's Friend (played by Fourth Actor)

Zosimov, a Doctor (played by Fourth Actor)

1st Worker (played by Fourth Actor)

2nd Worker (played by Fifth Actor)

Man in a Long Coat (played by Fifth Actor)

Old Woman (played by Third Actress)

Porfiry Petrovich, a Detective (played by Second Actor)

Nikolay, a House Painter and Suspect (played by Fourth Actor)

Amalya Ludwigovna Lilppewechsel, the Marmeladovs' Landlady (played by First Actress)

Polya, Katerina's Young Daughter (played by Fourth Actress)

Raskolnikov's Double (played by Fourth Actor)

Andrey Zakharovich Lebeziatnikov, Luzhin's Roommate (played by Fourth Actor)

Kostya, Amalya's young son (Played by Sixth Actor)

Passerby (played by Fifth Actor)

Note: Role changes should be suggested by varying wigs, articles of clothing, posture, tone of voice, etc.)

Breakdown of Roles by Actor

FIRST ACTOR

Rodion (Rodya) Romanovich Raskolnikov

SECOND ACTOR

Waiter

Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin

Older Man

Raskolnikov's Father

Raskolnikov's Father's Voice

Porfiry Petrovich

THIRD ACTOR

Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov

Semyon Zakharovich Marmeladov

Mikolka's Voice

House Master

FOURTH ACTOR

1st Student

Policeman

1st Customer

Aleksandr Grigorevich Zametov

Dmitry Prokofevich Razumikhin

Zosimov

1st Worker

Nikolay

Raskolnikov's Double

Andrey Zakharovich Lebeziatnikov

FIFTH ACTOR

2nd Student

2nd Customer

2nd Police Clerk

2nd Worker

Man in a Long Coat

Passerby

SIXTH ACTOR

Kostya, Amalya's young son

FIRST ACTRESS

Pulkheria Aleksandrovna Raskolnikova

Alyona Ivanovna

Amalya Ludwigovna Lilppewechsel

SECOND ACTRESS

Avdotyia (Dunya) Romanovna

Sophia (Sonya) Semyonovna Marmeladova

Lizaveta

THIRD ACTRESS

Street Walker

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE

Katerina Ivanovna Marmeladova

Woman

Old Woman

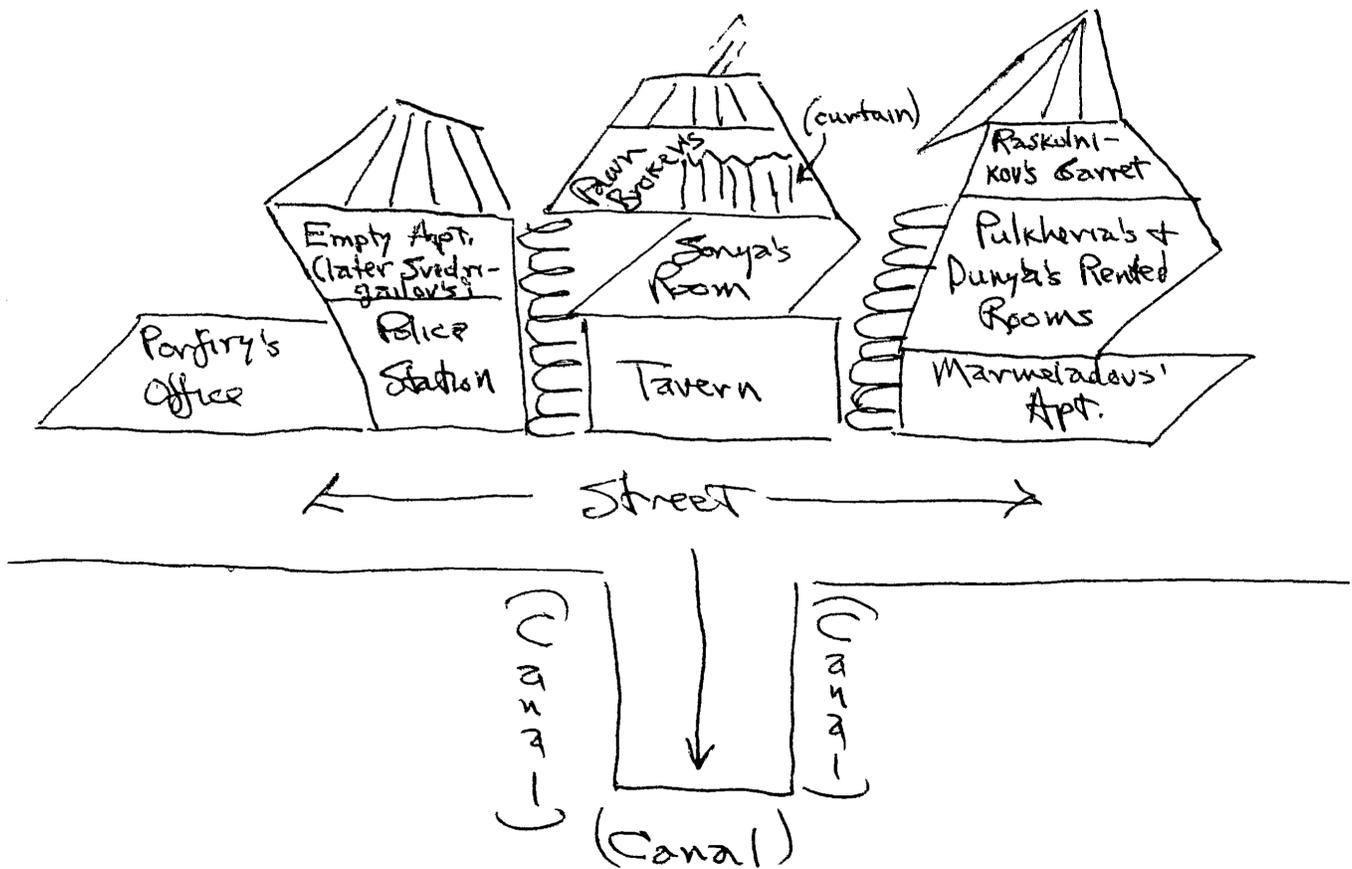
FOURTH ACTRESS

Nastasya

Inebriated Young Girl

Polya

SUGGESTED SET FOR A PROSCENIUM STAGE: a cluster of three towering asymmetrical structures in a tenement section of St. Petersburg. The rooms in each have an open fourth wall and serve as the locus of action involving various combinations of characters, i.e. the stage left-most structure houses, in an ascending direction, the Marmeladovs' apartment, Pulkheria's and Dunya's rented rooms, and Raskolnikov's garret; the central structure -- a tavern, Sonya's room, and the Pawnbroker's shop (the action which occurs behind its curtain may be visible in silhouette, or not, according to the discretion of the director); the right-most structure -- a police station, which in turn attaches to Porfiry's inner office further stage right, and the empty apartment in which Raskolnikov hides after committing the murder and which is later rented by Svidrigailov. This third structure is thus only two storeys high, the other two -- three. A narrow apron stage jutting into the audience represents the street, as does the downstage area behind the proscenium and fronting the set. The audience area to either side of the apron will in turn from time to time come to represent two of Petersburg's numerous canals. The whole might look something like this:



Raskolnikov's garret and the Marmeladovs' apartment are more cramped and low-ceilinged than the other rooms. Two spiral staircases, which connect the three structures up to a particular level, are used for reaching and descending from the upper rooms. The play is envisioned as focusing the action in any given scene in one of the rooms or on the street, with the other rooms in shadow, their inhabitants nevertheless often present and slightly visible. Considerable fast-paced movement up and down the stairs and between structures will logically accompany the transition from one scene to the next, particularly on the part of the generally frenzied and near-hysterical Raskolnikov. The set's over-all impression should be one of many people living in cramped spaces, next to and on top of one another -- like rats in a maze of cages.

NOTE: This script can be produced without a formal set or proscenium stage. The original production was done in the round in a Black Box theatre.

Thomas F. Rogers -- A former director of the BYU Honors Program, Thomas F. Rogers is professor emeritus of Russian language and literature at Brigham Young University and the author of more than a score of plays, many on Mormon subjects. Four of these have been published in *God's Fools* (Signature Books, 1983), which also received the Association of Mormon Letters Drama Prize that same year: **HUEBENER** (the first literary treatment of its subject), **FIRE IN THE BONES** (again, the first literary treatment of its subject, the 1857 Mountain Meadows Massacre), **GOD'S FOOLS** (or **JOURNEY TO GOLGOTHA**) and **REUNION**. Other titles include: **The SECOND PRIEST, The ANOINTED** (an Old Testament narrative with music by C. Michael Perry) and **The SEAGULL** (translated and adapted from the Chekov play). In 1992, **GENTLE BARBARIAN, FRERE LAWRENCE** and **CHARADES** were published in a second anthology entitled *'Huebener' and Other Plays by Thomas F. Rogers*. Rogers has also penned stage adaptations of Dostoevsky's novels **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** and **THE IDIOT**, an opera libretto based on Hawthorne's **THE SCARLET LETTER**, a translation of Georg Buechner's **WOYCZEK** (produced at BYU), and scripts based on novels by local authors, Phillip Flammer and Ben Parkinson. The first of these received a BYU production, directed by Tad Danielewski, in which Rogers played the role of Marmeladov.

In 1995–1996 **GOD'S FOOLS** was produced (in translation) by a professional repertory theatre in St. Petersburg, Russia, where Rogers was then serving as an LDS mission president. He also played the role of the American double spy Cooper in that production. During that mission he directed LDS Church members in a stage adaptation of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* and a Russian language version of **HUEBENER**. The latter play has also since been produced in Finland in the Finnish language, while a German translation still awaits forthcoming performances in that language.

At BYU and in Provo, Utah, he directed the premiere productions of Robert Vincek's *For the Lions to Win*, Thom Duncan's *Matters of the Heart* and Eric Samuselsen's *Accommodations* and in Bountiful, Utah, a production of **HUEBENER**. Besides numerous productions in both Russian and German for the BYU Department of Germanic and Slavic Languages, he has directed Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* (in German) for Deutsches Teater Salt Lake City, where he also performed as an actor, and Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, Pirandello's *It Is So If You Think So* and Pinter's *The Caretaker* for the BYU Department of Theatre.

Cited by Eugene England as "undoubtedly the father of modern Mormon drama," Rogers received the Mormon Arts Festival's Distinguished Achievement Award in 1998 and in 2002 a Lifetime Service Award from the Association of Mormon Letters. His published stories have appeared in volume 2, no. 2 of *Sunstone*, the Summer 1991 and Winter 2001 issues of *Dialogue* (receiving an annual *Dialogue* fiction award) and in the collections *Christmas for the World* (SLC: Aspen Books, 1991) and *The Gifts of Christmas* (SLC: Deseret Book Co., 1999). Rogers has served as editor of *Encyclia*, journal of the Utah Academy and authored two critical monographs: *'Superfluous Men' and the Post-Stalin 'Thaw'* (The Hague: Mouton, 1972) and *Myth and Symbol in Soviet Fiction* (San Francisco & New York: The Edwin Mellen Research University Press, 1992).

Rogers studied at the Yale School of Drama and holds degrees from the University of Utah, Yale, and Georgetown. He has also studied theater in Poland and Russian at Moscow State University and taught at Howard University in Washington, D.C., and the University of Utah. He has intensively studied some ten languages and had extensive residences in Russia, Eastern Europe, India, China and the Middle East. He and his wife Merriam are the parents of seven children, thirty-eight grandchildren and, so far, three great grandchildren. They reside in Bountiful, Utah.

CRIME & PUNISHMENT by *Fyodor Dostoyevsky* Adapted and Translated by **Thomas F. Rogers**. Roles for 27M 14F can be doubled to 5 actors and 4 actresses. (Composite setting of several interiors and exteriors.) (*Can be produced by Professional, College/University, Community and High School groups.*) **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** focuses on the mental anguish and moral dilemmas of Rodion Raskolnikov, an impoverished ex-student in St. Petersburg who formulates and executes a plan to kill an unscrupulous pawnbroker for her cash. He argues that with the pawnbroker's money he can perform good deeds to counterbalance the crime while ridding the world of a worthless vermin. He also commits the murder to test his own hypothesis that some people are naturally capable of such things and even have the right to so behave. Several times throughout the novel, Raskolnikov justifies his actions by comparing himself with Napoleon Bonaparte, believing that murder is permissible in pursuit of a higher purpose. Although not a playwright, Dostoevsky has been cited as having "the greatest natural dramatic temperament since Shakespeare." Originally titled **THE DRUNKARDS**, **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** is the first of four masterful nineteenth-century novels that unprecedentedly explore social issues which beset humankind to this day, including child abuse and the mistreatment of women. These classic works are also deeply religious, treating the psychological turmoil and spiritual yearning of flawed, often rebellious human beings (**CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV**) and the nature of God himself (**THE IDIOT, THE DEVILS**)). After the fall of the Soviet Union, Dostoevsky was canonized as a Saint by the Russian Orthodox Church. **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** has been cited as one of the world's great detective novels, whose mystery is not the perpetrator's identity (which is known from the outset), but, more intriguingly, the protagonist's very own search for the motive of his crimes. **Order #3105.**

From the INTRODUCTION of “The Collected Plays of Thomas F. Rogers, Volume 1: Perestroika and Glasnost. (Available from Leicester Bay Theatricals)

"The selections in this first volume of Tom Rogers's collected plays appear under the collective sub-title "Perestroika and Glasnost." The Russian word perestroika means "restructuring," and glasnost means "openness." Those terms refer to Communist Party General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev's 1985-91 radical changes to Soviet economic structure, internal policy, and foreign relations. He led a major change in the leadership of the Communist Party, and decentralized economic planning in favor of market forces. He also reduced central Party control of the mass media, religious groups, and Soviet citizens whose views may have differed from those of their leaders. The results of this massive new "restructuring" and "openness" were felt across the Soviet Bloc. Communist governments collapsed, and the USSR dissolved into multiple independent republics.

The five plays in this volume suggest that on the personal level, too, "restructuring" and "openness" can cause similarly significant change. And a natural hoped-for result of pursuing such personal perestroika and glasnost is the communion which Tom Rogers wants for everyone, in all our relationships—the communion to which he has devoted his entire professional life, accompanied by all the interpersonal and even religious connotations "communion" implies.

Tom Rogers is unabashedly idealistic and ambitious. He wants to change us, and thereby to change the world. These five Perestroika and Glasnost plays by Tom Rogers cry to us in our wilderness, urging us to help prepare the world for better things, whatever the cost. These plays are bold and uncompromising theatrical explorations of the most profound and vexing social dilemmas." —**Bob Nelson, Professor of Theatre at the University of Utah**

(in this book you can peruse CHARADES, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, GOD'S FOOLS, THE IDIOT, and THE SECOND PRIEST)

Crime & Punishment

ACT ONE

As the lights rise on the set, Rodion RASKOLNIKOV, a shabbily dressed, though handsome and sensitive appearing young student, moves from downstage, center, along and to the end of the apron. There he leans against an elegant cast iron railing. He holds a crumpled letter in his hand. Deep in thought, he stares over the railing at the murky waters of one of St. Petersburg's many canals. The STREET WALKER saunters onto downstage, then, noticing him, walks provocatively to him along the apron. She tries to get his attention with various poses and provocative gestures, finally touching, even caressing him, but he fails to respond. Then SVIDRIGAILOV appears downstage. Noticing him, the STREET WALKER disdainfully shrugs off RASKOLNIKOV and briskly moves toward SVIDRIGAILOV. With but slight visual communication, SVIDRIGAILOV takes the STREET WALKER's arm, and they exit offstage. Gradually, RASKOLNIKOV pulls his gaze from the water, looks about him, then, again noticing the letter he holds, smooths it out and begins reading it another time. Meanwhile the lights also focus on the room beneath RASKOLNIKOV's garret, which his mother and sister will later settle into. RASKOLNIKOV's mother, PULKHERIA Aleksandrovna sits at a table and speaks aloud as she writes the letter which RASKOLNIKOV appears to be reading.

PULKHERIA: Dearest Rodya: How I suffered when I learned you were no longer at the university and without means of support. But how could I help you on my meagre pension? The fifteen roubles I borrowed and sent you four months back had to be made up out of it. But, thank Heaven—thanks, that is, to your sister Dunya—our fortunes may shortly and marvelously improve. When you wrote me you had learned that Dunya had suffered some kind of abuse in the home of the Svidrigailovs, what could I say? If I'd told you the whole story, you'd have doubtless left Petersburg and walked here. You'd never allow your sister to be insulted.

(RASKOLNIKOV looks up from the letter and stares into space, then turns around and, walking to the tavern, enters it.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(seating himself at a table)* One beer!

(A WAITER brings a mug. RASKOLNIKOV greedily drinks from it, then returns to the letter.)

PULKHERIA: The trouble came from the fact that, after she went there as the Svidrigailovs' governess, she was given an advance of 100 roubles, which was to be deducted from her monthly salary. Owing that, she was in no position to quit their employment. She had arranged for the advance, precious Rodya, so that you could have the sixty roubles which you so needed. At the time we let you think it was from Dunya's savings, and I only tell you now because of our change of fortune and so you will know how much Dunya loves you.

(The lights focus on two students, who sit, conversing, at an adjacent table. RASKOLNIKOV overhears them.)

FIRST STUDENT: She's filthy rich. She could lend out 5,000 at a time. And she'll take anything for a pledge but only give you a quarter of its value.

SECOND STUDENT: The interest she charges is unbelievable. And they say she beats her sister, Lizaveta.

FIRST STUDENT: She works her like a slave, though the witless thing is already thirty-five. Lizaveta's at least kind-hearted. People like her.

SECOND STUDENT: She appeals to you, eh?

FIRST STUDENT: Only in comparison with her sister. As for the old witch, I'd put an end to her and take her money any time without the slightest hesitation.

SECOND STUDENT: You're joking, of course.

FIRST STUDENT: Look, on the one hand there's this ignorant, heartless, good-for-nothing old woman who is of no value to anyone and only takes advantage of others, who doesn't know why she's alive and won't live much longer anyway. You understand?

SECOND STUDENT: I understand.

(As if propelled by the students' conversation, RASKOLNIKOV pays for his drink and leaves. Outdoors, he leans against a door post and once again peruses his mother's letter.)

PULKHERIA: The fact is that Svidrigailov himself made very indelicate advances upon her whenever he was present and particularly after he had something to drink.

(Spotlighted downstage, SVIDRIGAILOV approaches DUNYA. He holds a wine bottle in one hand and is clearly drunk. Though finely dressed, he is unkempt and disheveled.)

SVIDRIGAILOV: So how are you, my pretty?

DUNYA: Please, sir.

SVIDRIGAILOV: Come, come. Why so formal? You know me better than that?

DUNYA: I know you only as my employer, sir.

SVIDRIGAILOV: And benefactor?

DUNYA: Yes...my benefactor

SVIDRIGAILOV: *(embracing and attempting to kiss her)* All I want is to 'benefact' you a little more.

DUNYA: *(struggling out of his embrace)* Please, sir!

SVIDRIGAILOV: *(falling to his knees, suddenly maudlin)* Please understand.

(Meanwhile SVIDRIGAILOV'S WIFE appears at the edge of the spot, overhearing them.)

You're the only one for me now—now and forever. Flee with me to some distant village. Or, better, we'll go abroad. But I'll always be with you—

DUNYA: Please, no...

(catching sight of SVIDRIGAILOV'S WIFE)

Oh!

SVIDRIGAILOV: And provide for you. Don't be afraid. I must have you!

SVIDRIGAILOV'S WIFE: *(entering the spotlight)* So! You must have her??

(SVIDRIGAILOV starts to rise from his knees, but totters, inebriated.)

Stay there! Puppy!

(SVIDRIGAILOV falls back onto the floor.)

So weak. Fawning over every young thing we ever brought into this house. No, I don't blame you. You can't help yourself. But she—she obviously enticed you, set you off like all the others, thinking she could replace me as mistress of this home and overnight become a wealthy, respectable woman.

DUNYA: No, ma'am, I never!

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: (*striking her*) Be still, hussy! Don't speak to me unless you're invited—you of all the servants here. Though you are such no longer. Go this instant—and never again darken our door!

(*DUNYA exits. The spot dims.*)

PULKHERIA: Rumors and gossip followed. We didn't even dare attend church. Our old friends refused to greet us. And we were asked to leave our apartment. It was all the wife's doing. I became ill. But your angel sister bore it well and even did all she could to console me. Thanks to Divine Mercy, our torment was short-lived.

(*Again in the spot, SVIDRIGAILOV approaches his wife, now sober and contrite.*)

SVIDRIGAILOV: My dear.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: Well, what is it?

SVIDRIGAILOV: I can no longer restrain myself.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: What, again?

SVIDRIGAILOV: (*handing her a letter*) She sent me this.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: Who?

SVIDRIGAILOV: The servant, Dunya.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: I told you never to mention that name in my presence.

SVIDRIGAILOV: Read it.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: Why should I?

SVIDRIGAILOV: Please.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: (*opening the letter*) I don't know why I should...

(*silently reading the letter*)

What's this?

SVIDRIGAILOV: Read it aloud, so I know you understand.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: "I am not concerned for myself. My conscience is clear. But you, I pray, are suffering deep remorse, as you deserve to. For what you have done to that honorable and innocent woman, your wife... You must make amends to her—pledge to her your future faithfulness, and beg her forgiveness. This you must do. For both your sakes, and for the sake of your entire family."

SVIDRIGAILOV: What do you think now, my dear?

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: Well, I don't know.

SVIDRIGAILOV: Believe me, she was innocent. Entirely innocent. As innocent in all of this as you.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: Why didn't you admit it then?

SVIDRIGAILOV: You gave me no chance. You were so convinced she was in the wrong.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: And will you vouch it was all your doing?

SVIDRIGAILOV: I will. And all the servants will testify in her behalf...

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: You are so weak.

SVIDRIGAILOV: I know...

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: But the worst is... that poor girl. Her reputation ruined.

SVIDRIGAILOV: I know...

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: We must do everything in our power to advance her cause and restore her good name, sparing no expense.

SVIDRIGAILOV: I'm most willing.

SVIDRIGAILOV's WIFE: *(with a hard look)* I'm sure you are...

PULKHERIA: *(still writing)* The very next day she did everything possible to restore Dunya's reputation. She even distributed copies of Dunya's letter. Suddenly everyone began to regard your sister with unusual respect—which in turn led to our changed fortune.

FIRST STUDENT: *(still in the tavern)* And on the other hand, so many talented young people, so full of promise, but without means or a way to bring themselves forward.

(Impulsively, RASKOLNIKOV suddenly rushes up the adjacent stairs to Alyona Ivanovna's, the pawnbroker's shop. He turns the bell in her door. After several beats ALYONA, in a shabby nightgown, hobbles from behind a curtain, which appears to separate her living quarters from the shop proper, and comes to the door.)

ALYONA: *(eyeing RASKOLNIKOV suspiciously)* Well?

RASKOLNIKOV: *(bowing)* I'm the student Raskolnikov. I came by last month.

ALYONA: That's right, little man. I remember.

RASKOLNIKOV: I'm here... on the same business.

ALYONA: *(still carefully studying him)* Come in then...

(After admitting him, ALYONA momentarily disappears behind the curtain. As she does so, the sun suddenly appears to light the room.)

SECOND STUDENT: They're everywhere.

FIRST STUDENT: Hundreds, even a thousand could begin a meaningful life on her money. Therefore, I say, get rid of her and let her money serve mankind. Don't a thousand good deeds outweigh such an insignificant crime?

ALYONA: *(coming from behind the curtain and again searching his face)* So what do you want?

RASKOLNIKOV: *(taking an old silver watch from his pocket)* I brought this pledge.

ALYONA: You still owe me for the last one, little father. It's already the third of the month.

RASKOLNIKOV: Be patient. I'll bring you the interest later—I'll bring it soon.

ALYONA: It's only out of good will I didn't already sell that ring.

RASKOLNIKOV: This watch is very valuable.

ALYONA: *(examining it)* You bring me trifles, little man. They're worth nothing at all. I gave you two bills for the ring. A jeweler wouldn't take more than one-and-a-half for it new.

RASKOLNIKOV: Give me four for this. It was my father's. I'll buy it back. I'll be getting some more money soon.

ALYONA: One-and-a-half rubles with advance interest, if you please.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(shouting)* Only one-and-a-half!

ALYONA: *(offering to return the watch)* Just as you like...

RASKOLNIKOV: All right then!

(ALYONA keeps the watch, takes a set of keys from an apron pocket, and again goes behind the curtain. Keys are heard opening a lock.)

ALYONA: *(returning)* There we are, little father. At ten kopecks per month per rouble, you owe me fifteen for one-and-a-half. And on the old two roubles, an additional twenty. That's thirty-five in all. So, for the watch, you get a rouble fifteen kopecks. Here.

RASKOLNIKOV: What! Only one fifteen?

ALYONA: Exactly.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(staring at her, then taking the money, though hesitatingly, as if about to do something more)* I... I've got something else to show you. It's also silver. Very fine. A cigarette case. A good friend gave it to me.

ALYONA: Yes?

RASKOLNIKOV: I'll bring it another time.

ALYONA: Good. Then we'll have something more to talk about.

(RASKOLNIKOV leaves, then stands outside ALYONA's now closed door, deep in thought. The STUDENTS pay the WAITER and leave. RASKOLNIKOV has meanwhile descended the stairs and brushes the students' shoulders as, passing them, he again enters the tavern.)

SECOND STUDENT: Hey, Rodja. How are you these days? We never see you any more at the university.

(RASKOLNIKOV fails to notice them or to respond.)

FIRST STUDENT: *(as they walk along the street, then exit)* A strange fellow.

SECOND STUDENT: That's right. Keeps too much to himself.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(Again seating himself and calling to the WAITER)* Another beer!

(The WAITER responds. RASKOLNIKOV reads more of the letter.)

PULKHERIA: *(still writing)* I must now tell you that, having learned about her remarkable virtue, a suitor has in the meanwhile approached Dunya and received her acceptance. Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin is a distant relative of Mrs. Svidrigailov and already a court counselor. After one visit he sent a letter with his proposal. Well, you can imagine our astonishment when it all happened so quickly and unexpectedly. He's already forty-three, it's true, but very decent and not unattractive. So, I urge you, Rodya, when he very shortly visits you in Petersburg, not to make up your mind about him too quickly or too harshly. I only say this in case for any reason you take exception to him, though I don't assume you will. Besides, we are hopeful that, with his connections, he can find you a promising position commensurate with your abilities—possibly in his own department.

(LUZHIN now stands before PULKHERIA and, while facing DUNYA, addresses the latter in their rented rooms.)

PULKHERIA: *(still writing her letter)* During that first visit he informed us he is a man of "modern views."

LUZHIN: I'm the enemy of any and all superstition.

PULKHERIA: *(still to RASKOLNIKOV)* It sounded a little vain, I admit, and he does love an audience, but that's hardly a sin. They are not what I'd exactly call 'in love,' but your dutiful sister is resolved to dedicate herself to his future happiness, and we have no reason to doubt he will be at least as dutiful toward her.

During his second visit, after receiving her acceptance, he in fact commented that:

LUZHIN: Indeed I prefer a wife without dowry or inheritance.

PULKHERIA: *(to him)* How very generous.

DUNYA: Why, pray tell?

LUZHIN: To be direct—as you have learned, I am always direct—I believe a husband should not be obligated to his wife.

PULKHERIA: Oh.

DUNYA: I see.

LUZHIN: I much prefer that my wife view me as her benefactor.

DUNYA: I see. I... understand.

LUZHIN: I told you that I'm direct. It's much the better way.

DUNYA: Yes, it may well be...

PULKHERIA: (*still addressing RASKOLNIKOV through her letter*) It's already been decided that we will shortly follow Pyotr Petrovich and join you again in Petersburg. Imagine, we will soon embrace each other. Dunya is so anxious to see you that, she says, it's worth being attached to Pyotr Petrovich just to make our reunion possible.

(*MARMELADOV, middle-aged, graying, in a shabby clerk's uniform, with only one remaining button, approaches RASKOLNIKOV from another table, bottle and mug in hand.*)

MARMELADOV: (*speaking with a drunken lisp*) Would one dare, kind sir, address your esteemed person in decent conversation? Though you are not stylishly attired, my experience detects in you an educated person, quite unused to the beverage or to frequenting such locales. I've always admired erudition, when joined with genuine feeling, and have for my part the distinction of being a titled counselor. The name is Marmeladov. I am emboldened to enquire in what capacity you may serve.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*drawn to MARMELADOV*) I'm a student.

MARMELADOV: Yes, you would have to be a student, at least a student. What a rich experience.

(*Seating himself, in a fit of coughing, next to RASKOLINKOV.*)

Poverty is no vice, it's true. As well do I know that drunkenness is no virtue.

RASKOLNIKOV: But destitution, real destitution, is indeed a vice. In poverty one may still preserve one's native dignity, but in destitution—never. You can't chase it away with a stick. And the more you take a broom to it in the company of others, the more you humiliate yourself.

MARMELADOV: And justly so. In destitution I'm the very first to humiliate myself. That's why one drinks. Allow me to ask you, sir, out of sheer curiosity: have you ever permitted yourself to spend the night in a hay barge on the Neva River?

RASKOLNIKOV: No, I haven't.

MARMELADOV: Well, that's where I've spent the last five nights.

WAITER: (*overhearing them and after each of whose remarks general guffawing is heard in the background*)

Then why don't you work? Why aren't you in service if you're a government counselor?

MARMELADOV: (*ignoring the WAITER, to RASKOLNIKOV*) Why am I not in service? Isn't it enough that I must grovel so? And do you know what it's like, young man, to beg for money without any hope they'll give it to you?

RASKOLNIKOV: Without hope?

MARMELADOV: Completely without hope, knowing in advance that nothing will come of it—knowing for certain that the well disposed gentleman will under no circumstances lend it to you. And why?

RASKOLNIKOV: Because he knows you won't repay it.

MARMELADOV: But what of compassion, you may ask. Well, just the other day Mr. Lebeziatnikov announced that science—which is what nowadays directs the political economy in the advanced country of Great Britain—that science has outlawed compassion. Why then, I ask, would he lend it? And yet, knowing this already, one still approaches him and—

RASKOLNIKOV: But why?

MARMELADOV: Because there's no one else one can approach. Everyone needs some recourse, don't you

see? Why, when my very own daughter, my Sonya, first applied for a yellow ticket, I went with her and—you see, she works as a registered lady of the night—

(The WAITER winks at RASKOLNIKOV.)

Don't worry, kind sir, it's nothing. Everyone knows it, and I'm not embarrassed.

RASKOLNIKOV: What one tries to hide is soon discovered.

MARMELADOV: I face it all with meekness. Allow me to ask you, young man, can you—no, I'll put it even more forcefully—not “can” you, but *dare* you, as you look at me this very moment, positively say that I am not a filthy swine...? Because that is how it is, you see. I'm a filthy swine, and she a fine lady. Though I am vile, she is filled with the most refined feelings and an enlightened, sublime heart. If she could only pity me! Everyone, kind sir, needs someone to pity him.

PULKHERIA: *(still writing)* I should have more money for you when we arrive. Now that people know about Dunya's forthcoming marriage, my credit has noticeably risen. We're traveling third class, so I can possibly bring you as many as twenty-five roubles.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(referring to the letter, then to himself)* Third class! For such a distance? You can be certain Mr. Luzhin will not be traveling third class!

PULKHERIA: Pray to God, Rodya, as you did in your childhood, and believe in the goodness of our Creator and Savior. I fear that your head may have been turned some by the latest atheistic notions. In that event, I will pray for you. Remember how happy we were when your father was alive and you used to pray, kneeling by my side. I embrace you and shower you with countless kisses. Yours till the grave. Pulkheria Raskolnikova.

(The lights dim on PULKHERIA. In the speeches that follow, MARMELADOV and RASKOLNIKOV are each caught up in his own thoughts, oblivious to the other.)

MARMELADOV: But Katerina Ivanovna, though so very high minded, is truly unjust. Oh, I understand when she rages at me that it's out of the misery of her own soul—

(The Waiter gestures mockingly for RASKOLNIKOV's benefit. MARMELADOV is again aware of the Waiter's mockery, but as if only responding to RASKOLNIKOV)

But, Lord, if only once she would pity me. No. No. Why should she? After all, in my very nature I'm an utterly foul beast.

WAITER: *(yawning)* And on and on he goes.

MARMELADOV: *(striking the table)* It's my nature! Do you know, sir, that I've even sold her stockings for drink, not just her shoes, but her stockings? And her kid skin shawl, which was a gift to her? And now we live in a freezing closet, where this summer she caught cold and started her coughing and now spits up blood.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(standing, again referring to the letter)* While I'm alive there will be no such marriage. The devil take Mr. Luzhin! Mama, Dunya, you've been deceived. And I can clearly see what you have to share with me, Dunya, now that it's all decided—what's kept you awake at night while you paced the floor and made petitions to the icon in the corner of your room.

MARMELADOV: We've three small children, and Katerina Ivanovna works from dawn till late at night, taking in washing. So the more I drink, the more it pains me. That's why I drink, don't you see—to be more compassionate, to feel her hurt all the more deeply.

RASKOLNIKOV: And because you want to suffer.

MARMELADOV: I also see in your face a certain suffering, young man. I saw it as soon as you entered. That's why I told you my story, not because I want to shame myself in front of these idlers who know it already, but because I was seeking the company of a sensitive and cultivated kindred soul. Like my wife. My wife, you see, was educated in a refined provincial institute for noble offspring, and when she graduated she danced before the governor and received a gold medal and certificate. The medal—well, the medal was sold a long time back. But the certificate still lies at the bottom of her trunk.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*referring to the letter*) It's a hard path to Golgotha. "Love your sister": you mean, don't you, that your conscience troubles you deep down for sacrificing your daughter to advance your son? I am "everything" to you!

MARMELADOV: Not long ago she showed it to the landlady. Even though she and the landlady, Madame Lippewechsel, are constantly quarreling, still she needed to tell someone and reminisce about her happy past. Nor do I condemn her for living so with her memories. She's a proud lady who must scrub people's floors and only eat black bread, but she won't permit anyone to be disrespectful.

RASKOLNIKOV: Oh, Mamasha! Don't you realize that Sonya Marmeladova's fate is no worse than Dunya's with this Mr. Luzhin?

MARMELADOV: She'd already been a widow, you see. Left with three little ones in a distant province without any support, enduring trials I could not begin to describe.

RASKOLNIKOV: They're not what you'd "exactly call 'in love'." And what if it's already a matter of loathing and disdain?

MARMELADOV: It was then, dear sir, that I, also a widower by then and with my Sonya—a fourteen-year-old daughter by my first wife—offered her my hand, for I could not be indifferent to her suffering. You can judge to what desperate straits her poverty had led her that such an educated and cultivated creature with such a distinguished pedigree would agree to join her life with mine, But agree she did, with weeping and lamenting and wringing of hands.

RASKOLNIKOV: She had no other recourse.

MARMELADOV: Do you understand, kind sir, what it means not to have any recourse?

RASKOLNIKOV: No, I don't want your sacrifice, Dunyechka, Mamasha. And I won't have it as long as I'm alive! I'll stop living first!

MARMELADOV: And now, kind sir, allow me to put to you a very personal question: How much do you suppose a poor young maiden can earn through honest labor? She will not earn even fifteen kopecks a day, sir. Why, the civil counselor Ivan Ivanovich Klopshtock not only has still not paid her for embroidering a dozen Dutch waist shirts, but even chased her off with insults and stamping feet on the pretext that she had made crooked lines on his collars. Meanwhile, the little ones starve. And Katerina Ivanovna walks back and forth, wringing her hands, with red blemishes on her cheeks—a sure symptom of her disease—shouting at Sonya—urging her to take the job.

(RASKOLNIKOV has returned to his chair, intently listening to MARMELADOV. The light also meanwhile focuses on the Marmeladovs' apartment. SONYA, eighteen, blonde, with thin, delicate features, sits at a table with two or three younger children. KATERINA Ivanovna paces agitatedly back and forth. In all her scenes she will interrupt her speeches with fits of violent coughing and belabored breathing.)

KATERINA: You board and room with us, you eat and drink and take shelter here, while the little ones haven't

seen a crust for three days now.

SONYA: Then should I accept that offer, Katerina Ivanovna?

KATERINA: Why hesitate, why keep yourself from it? It can handsomely provide for us all.

MARMELADOV: *(still to RASKOLNIKOV)* No, don't blame her, don't blame her, dear sir. She wasn't in her right mind when she said that, so ill and upset, with the children wailing from hunger. She said it more as a protest than an order. It wasn't literally intended. It's just her way. She even beats the children when they cry too much from hunger. But at six that same evening Sonya put on her cape and left the apartment.

(SONYA does so, exiting into the wings.)

And returned again at nine.

(SONYA reappears and reenters the apartment, walking directly to KATERINA and, without a word, placing thirty bright new bills in front of her on the table, then, taking an old green shawl and covering her head, lies down on a cot in the corner and faces the wall. Observing her, KATERINA hesitates, then goes to SONYA, kneels before her, kisses her feet, and embraces her.)

KATERINA: *(in passionate whispers)* Angel! My angel!!

(She lies next to SONYA and again embraces her as the lights dim on the Marmeladovs' apartment.)

MARMELADOV: *(pouring himself another drink)* After that Sonya was forced to apply for a yellow ticket and live apart from us. Well, the very next morning I returned to my old employers. I wept and pled for a hearing. Finally they said, "You've already disappointed us once. We'll take you back one more time on your own cognizance." I bowed to the ground, then returned home. You should have seen them when I told them I had work again, and an income. That, sir, was five weeks ago. It was like I'd entered the Heavenly Kingdom. Before that I was scolded for lying about like an ox. But now—they would walk about on tip-toe and Katerina Ivanovna would say to the children: "Hush now, Semyon Zakharych is tired out from his work. He needs his rest." She'd even pour me coffee in the morning, with cream. Imagine, she found some real cream for me. And where she ever got eleven roubles fifty for a decent uniform and new boots, I couldn't say. At the time I dreamed of how I would take over our affairs—clothe the children in decent attire and return my only flesh-and-blood child to the hearth of our home. But the very next day I stealthily borrowed the key to Katerina Ivanovna's trunk and took what was left of my wages...They've been looking for me for five days. It's the end of my job. I even traded my uniform for drink and these rags...

(Striking his forehead with his fist, clenching his teeth, closing his eyes, then recovering)

Even today I went to see Sonya for a little something more to soothe my hangover.

WAITER: You mean to say she gave you something?

MARMELADOV: *(still to RASKOLNIKOV)* This very drink was purchased with her money...Now who could pity someone like myself? Do you pity me, sir, or not? Tell me, sir.

(He tries to pour more drink from his already empty bottle.)

WAITER: What's there to pity for...?

MARMELADOV: Pity! Why pity? Indeed, what is there to pity me for? They should crucify me, crucify me on a cross, but not pity! Crucify me, Great Judge, and, having crucified me, then pity the man. For then I'll not seek pleasure, but insult and tears.

(To The WAITER)

Do you really think I came here for this beverage? I sought insult from Him who pities and understands us all, the one and only Judge. On the Day of His Judgment He will turn to my Sonya and ask, "Why did you

sell yourself for your haughty, diseased mother-in-law and for someone else's little ones? Why did you pity your earthly father, that useless drunkard, and were not revolted instead at his bestiality?" And He will forgive my Sonya. I know it. He will judge and forgive all, the good and the wicked, the wise and the humble. And when He has finished with everyone else, He will address us too and say: "Come, you also—drunkards, weak ones." And the wise ones will ask, "Why, Lord, do you accept them too?" And He will answer, "Because not one of them thought himself truly worthy." And He will extend His hand to us, and we will fall at His feet and weep and at last understand. And Katerina Ivanovna will understand too... Lord, Thy Kingdom come!

(He sinks back into his chair, now oblivious to the others. A pause, then more laughter from within the tavern. Again to RASKOLNIKOV)

Let us go, sir. Please give me your arm and lead me home... to Katerina Ivanovna. She'll tear my hair. She'll beat me. That's all right. I'm not afraid—except for her eyes and those blemishes on her cheek and her labored breathing. And the children's wailing. Because, if Sonya didn't provide for them, well, I just don't know. But I'm not afraid of the blows. They won't hurt. They'll only bring relief. They'll be a pleasure.

KATERINA: *(having meanwhile dawned a shawl, searched about the street, and just arrived at the tavern, shouting)* A-hah! Wretch! Monster! Thief! Where's the money? How much is left? Turn out your pockets. Your coat—that's not your coat! Well, speak up! Where's the money? Oh, Lord, don't tell me he drank it all. There were still twelve roubles in the trunk.

(She suddenly knocks MARMELADOV to the floor and, while frisking him, pulls his hair. More laughter.)

MARMELADOV: *(to RASKOLNIKOV)* It doesn't hurt, sir. It makes me feel much better. In fact, it's quite pleasurable.

KATERINA: He drank it all! Every bit of it! And sold his uniform! Oh, my starving ones!
(to RASKOLNIKOV)

And you were his drinking companion, were you? Out of my sight! Away with you!

(RASKOLNIKOV starts to leave, then, feeling in his pocket, retrieves several of the pawnbroker's coins and places them on the table before KATERINA before exiting to the street.)

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Why did I do that? They've got their Sonya. And I need every kopeck.

(He faces the tavern, hesitates, then turns away and moves toward the stairway leading to his garret.)

How base men are, all of them.

MARMELADOV'S VOICE: *(amplified, from the back of the auditorium)* Everyone needs to have recourse, don't you see?

(After a few beats, an INEBRIATED YOUNG GIRL comes staggering along the street—as if trying to avoid some pursuer. After several more beats a well dressed OLDER MAN appears from the same direction, carrying a cane, and rushes toward the INEBRIATED YOUNG GIRL until he sees RASKOLNIKOV, then hesitates.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(rising and shouting at the OLDER MAN)* What do you want here, Svidrigailov??

OLDER MAN: What did you call me?

RASKOLNIKOV: Leave her alone and get out of here. Right now!

OLDER MAN: *(waving his cane)* Come on, puppy. I'll take care of you first!

(RASKOLNIKOV rushes after the OLDER MAN, who is about to cane him, when a shrill whistle is heard from offstage. The OLDER MAN looks behind him, then rushes offstage in the opposite direction as a POLICEMAN comes into view.)

POLICEMAN: What's this all about? Where's that man going? And who are you?

RASKOLNIKOV: Look here.

(He points to the INEBRIATED YOUNG GIRL, who has meanwhile collapsed on the stairway.)

She's drunk. She was all by herself. That man followed her here and tries to overtake her. She doesn't even know what condition she's in. She needs an escort to wherever she lives.

POLICEMAN: She's in a sad state all right. And so young.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(producing twenty kopecks)* Here. Stay with her and call a coach when she gives you her address.

POLICEMAN: *(taking the money)* We'll do what we can.

(He assists the INEBRIATED YOUNG GIRL to her feet and walks with her into the night.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(looking after them, exhausted)* He'll stay with her till they're out of sight, then leave her to the next stranger.

MARMELADOV'S VOICE: *(as before)* Everyone needs recourse.

RASKOLNIKOV: Took my money—all for nothing. Why did I bother? Let everyone look out for himself if he can. Let them swallow one another alive. It happens every day to so many...But what if it were Dunya...?

(He again sits on the step, reaches into his pocket, and counts his money)

How much is left? Only thirty? Twenty to the Policeman, three to Nastasya for the letter, and I gave the Marmeladovs nearly fifty...

(He falls asleep on the stairway. RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER appears on the apron stage.

RASKOLNIKOV gradually rouses and joins him. Their voices are heard, amplified, coming from the rear of the auditorium. The actors now silently pantomime what is suggested by their voice-over lines. Meanwhile, in the sky above the set slides of semi-abstract figures depict the scene they describe.)

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: What's that crowd doing, Daddy?

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: They've just come from the tavern.

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Look at that big cart. Are they all trying to fit into it?

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: Yes, but there are too many.

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Where's the horse to pull it?

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: Don't you see? The cart is hitched to that little mare.

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Daddy, she can't possibly pull it—not with all those people.

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: Of course not. They'll get out when they come to their senses.

MIKOLKA'S VOICE: Get in, everyone! I'll take you all on.

(Laughter and shouts, as in the tavern during the scene with MARMELADOV)

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Who's that?

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: The coachman. Mikolka.

MIKOLKA'S VOICE: All right. Let's get going!

(The sound of a cracking whip.)

She won't budge! Stubborn little beast!

(More whips.)

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Papachka, Papachka—look at the way he's beating her.

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: Don't look. They're too drunk to know what they're doing.

MIKOLKA'S VOICE: Die then, if you won't move when I tell you to.

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: Dad, she's falling to the ground. And now the others are beating her, too.

MIKOLKA'S VOICE: Hit her on the muzzle—and in the eyes, get the eyes!

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: Don't look.

(Leaving his Father and rushing to the top of the stairway opposite his garret, RASKOLNIKOV, while standing directly in front of the current slide image, reaches out his hand as if to touch the horse's muzzle and visibly weeps.)

RASKOLNIKOV: You're killing her!!

(RASKOLNIKOV appears to embrace the slide image of the horse's head, slightly above his own, and to kiss it.)

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER'S VOICE: Come on, son, that's enough!

RASKOLNIKOV'S VOICE: *(as RASKOLNIKOV faces his Father, sobbing)* Papachka, they killed her, that poor horse...

(RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER extends his arms to R, who now runs back down the stairs and into his embrace.)

RASKOLNIKOV'S FATHER: *(walking offstage, holding RASKOLNIKOV close to him)* They're drunk. They don't know better. It's not our affair. Let's go...

RASKOLNIKOV: *(remaining onstage, then as if waking)* Thank God, it was only a dream... And I... was I really going to... What am I...?

(Staggering about the street)

Lord, show me the right path, and I will renounce my cursed... plan.

(The lights begin to brighten, as in early morning.)

Where am I? The hay market? People going to work already?

(Noticing two WOMEN in ragged clothes, conversing)

Who's that... ?

(He draws near them, then looks the other way while overhearing their conversation.)

Who's that?

WOMAN: Come see us before you go home, Lizaveta.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(to himself)* Lizaveta? It's she. Her idiot sister.

LIZAVETA: *(meek, simple-minded, in her thirties)* Right now?

WOMAN: We'll give you a glass of tea. You can use it. Your sister doesn't take good care of you.

LIZAVETA: But I should be home soon.

WOMAN: I'll walk you back. You'll be home in an hour.

LIZAVETA: All right.

(They exit offstage.)

RASKOLNIKOV: That means the older one will be all by herself—for another hour.

MARMELADOV'S VOICE: *(as before)* Recourse. We all need recourse.

(As if drawn by a magnet, RASKOLNIKOV moves to the staircase below his garret, climbs to his

door; enters, and goes to his bed, from beneath which he produces a hatchet and sling in which he hangs the hatchet beneath his coat. He next picks up a plain block of wood, wraps it in a sheet of paper; pockets it, and proceeds back down to the street and from there, with furtive looks to make sure no one sees him, up the other staircase and to the Pawnbroker's door. He rings the bell three times before ALYONA comes from behind her curtain and opens it. RASKOLNIKOV then pulls it toward him to prevent her closing it again; she in turn holds suspiciously onto the inside knob, without at first admitting him.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(with forced nonchalance, but in a strained, stuttering voice)* Good day, Alyona Ivanovna. *(He produces the wrapped block of wood.)*

I... I brought you that item. But you could see it better under your window.

(ALYONA stares at the object, then, her curiosity taking over; lets go of the door. RASKOLNIKOV forces his way past her, into the room. She stares at him, as before. A long pause. RASKOLNIKOV becomes visibly tense and agitated.)

If you're not interested, I'll... take it somewhere else.

ALYONA: *(suspiciously)* What is it?

RASKOLNIKOV: A silver cigarette case. I mentioned it when I was here before. *(She extends her hand and he gives her the wrapped piece of wood.)*

ALYONA: It doesn't feel like silver.

RASKOLNIKOV: Open it.

ALYONA: There's more light in the next room.

(She walks behind the curtain. RASKOLNIKOV's hand reaches inside his coat. He stands staring at the curtain, as if transfixed, then goes behind it too.)

ALYONA'S VOICE: What's this you've wrapped up? What's the idea of—

(The sound of a blow. Then another. And the heavier sound of a body hitting the floor. Another long pause. Then the jangle of keys. RASKOLNIKOV emerges from behind the curtain, his hands gore-stained, holding the ring of keys ALYONA previously showed him. He stands frozen, staring vacantly before him, then, noticing the keys, frenziedly examines them.)

RASKOLNIKOV: Which one? Which? Ah... yes. The larger one with the deep notches. *(Singling out the largest key, he returns behind the curtain. Faintly)*

Oh, God...

(The scraping sound of a heavy wooden or metal object, perhaps a trunk, being shifted against the floor. Then the sound of a key in a lock, as before. Meanwhile, carrying a large bundle, LIZAVETA has appeared from the street and mounted the stairs below. She enters the outer room, looks around, puts down her bundle, then moves behind the curtain. We hear a slight intake of breath, then whimper. If the action behind the curtain is portrayed in silhouette, the actress playing LIZAVETA should raise her left hand, defensively, and then toward RASKOLNIKOV, as if gently repelling him, before his first blow—a gesture which SONYA similarly repeats during his and her first interview. Then the same sounds as before—blows and the falling of a heavy object, a body, to the floor. After several beats, RASKOLNIKOV reappears, axe and several valuables in hand, disheveled, and more frenzied than before. As if drowning, he gulps deep breaths of air, finally looking at his hands and the equally bloody axe, then noticing some rags and a pail of water in one corner of the room. He kneels

before it and furtively washes first the axe, then his hands. Noticing a stain on one of his shoes, he takes a rag and attempts to wipe it away. Then, suddenly, he looks toward the door and blanches, noticing that it has all along remained unlocked and partially open. He runs to the door and latches it, then returns to the bucket, wiping the axe and replacing it in the sling inside his coat. Meanwhile, two male CUSTOMERS have started up the stairs, exchanging mundane comments. Hearing them, RASKOLNIKOV first freezes, then gathers his possessions and, just as the CUSTOMERS arrive at the Pawnbroker's landing and, panting from the ascent, ring the bell on her door; presses himself against the wall next to the door, so that he cannot be seen through the space left open by the latch.)

1st CUSTOMER: *(after several rings and while attempting to free the latch, which visibly flutters as they push and pull at the door)* Did somebody do them in? Heh, Alyona Ivanovna, you old witch! Lizaveta Ivanovna, you ravishing beauty! Open up! Damn them, they're sleeping the sleep of the dead.

2nd CUSTOMER: Where could the old hag have gone? She never leaves the place.
(shouting through the door)

We're in a hurry!

1st CUSTOMER: I am, too. I need some extra cash.

2nd CUSTOMER: She even told me to come at this time, the ungrateful thing.

1st CUSTOMER: If it's latched from the inside, somebody's got to be there. If they were both gone, they'd have locked it from the outside. They're sitting in there and just won't answer. That's not like Alyona Ivanovna—not to do a little business.

2nd CUSTOMER: You're right. Which can only mean that they're either unconscious or...

1st CUSTOMER: Or what... ?

2nd CUSTOMER: Something's not right here. Let's find the house master. Have him look into it.

1st CUSTOMER: Yes, that's best.

2nd CUSTOMER: You wait here while I go get him

1st CUSTOMER: Good idea...

(The 2nd CUSTOMER quickly descends the stairs and disappears behind the building. Meanwhile, RASKOLNIKOV has taken out the axe and holds it as if to defend himself, should the others break in.)

1st CUSTOMER: *(becoming impatient)* What the devil!

(The 1st CUSTOMER also descends the stairs. Looking desperately about him, RASKOLNIKOV suddenly rushes to the door, unlatches it and starts down the staircase. As he reaches the next landing, the 2nd CUSTOMER rejoins the 1st CUSTOMER together with a third man, the HOUSE MASTER. Mumbling excitedly, they start back up the stairs. Hearing them, RASKOLNIKOV tries the door of the empty apartment, stage right, on the second level, discovers it is unlocked, enters it, and closes the door, while the others come into view, then continue to the upper floor and the Pawnbroker's apartment. RASKOLNIKOV stands next to the door, listening to their ascending footsteps. As they work at and press against the Pawnbroker's door, he stealthily steps out onto the stairs and, seeing the way clear, quietly descends them. In the process of leaving, he has dropped a small box near the door, without noticing. As he reaches the street, the others break into the Pawnbroker's apartment. RASKOLNIKOV continues to move, as inconspicuously as possible, though with an occasional stagger, to the other set of stairs and ascends them to his garret. The

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lights dim on the Pawnbroker's and focus on RASKOLNIKOV's garret, where, after staring about him in a daze, he throws himself on his bed. The lights dim, suggesting the passage of time, then rise, as on a new day. NASTASYA mounts the stairs to his garret, carrying another letter. Hearing her, RASKOLNIKOV rouses from his slumber, then, remembering the axe and valuables, quickly removes them from his jacket and places them under the bed.)

RASKOLNIKOV: What's this?

(Noticing a blood-stained sock, he also removes it and quickly conceals it in his pocket.)

NASTASYA: *(knocking)* Mr. Raskolnikov.

RASKOLNIKOV: What is it?

NASTASYA: It's almost noon. I have another letter.

RASKOLNIKOV: Letter?

NASTASYA: This one's official—from a government office.

RASKOLNIKOV: What office?

NASTASYA: A Policeman brought it. Said it's a summons.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(opening the door and taking the letter)* A summons? What... for?

NASTASYA: You don't look very well. Are you ill?

RASKOLNIKOV: I've... had a fever.

NASTASYA: Shall I bring you some tea?

RASKOLNIKOV: No . . . I must get up now. I must go there.

(Reading the letter)

I'm already late. They said to be there by 9:30.

NASTASYA: As you wish.

RASKOLNIKOV: Go now.

NASTASYA: *(hesitantly)* As you wish...

(She does so.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(attempting to stand up)* I'm so weak..... It's from fear..... That's what it is. A clever plot.

They want to frighten me into a confession. Well, we'll see about that.

(He takes the objects he had previously concealed beneath the bed, leaves his apartment, descends the stairs, and cautiously makes his way onto the apron stage. Making sure he is unobserved, he removes the axe and valuables from beneath his jacket and drops them over the edge of the apron.)

There...

(He then walks back to the street fronting the set.)

No. The sooner the better. I will enter, I'll fall to my knees, and I'll tell them everything... No. Let them catch me first.

(He enters the police station.)

ZAMETOV: *(seated at a desk)* Yes?

(RASKOLNIKOV shows him the letter.)

Are you the student?

RASKOLNIKOV: A former student.

ZAMETOV: Step in there.

2nd POLICE CLERK: *(also at a desk)* Well, what is it?

RASKOLNIKOV: I was told to come here—in this letter.

2nd POLICE CLERK: Oh, yes. The student. It's that money matter.

RASKOLNIKOV: Money? What money?

2nd POLICE CLERK: Moreover, you were ordered to appear at this office by 9:30, and it's already noon!

RASKOLNIKOV: (*flaring up*) I only received the notice less than an hour ago. It's enough that I came, sick and with a fever!

2nd POLICE CLERK: Do not shout at me!

RASKOLNIKOV: I'm not shouting. I'm speaking very plainly. It's you who are shouting at me, a student who does not permit himself to be shouted at.

2nd POLICE CLERK: You will kindly shut up and cease with your insults, sir. You are in the presence—

RASKOLNIKOV: And you are in the presence of—besides, you have a cigarette in your mouth, in a government office.

ZAMETOV: (*meanwhile coming to the door, trying to mediate*) That's not your affair, sir. What concerns you is the money you owe your landlady...

RASKOLNIKOV: (*greatly relieved*) Is that all?

ZAMETOV: It's enough. If you don't pay your rent, the law requires you to sell your possessions and leave her quarters.

RASKOLNIKOV: See here. I'm a poor student. That is, I was a student until just recently. I'm ill. I still can't support myself, but I'll be getting money soon—from my mother and sister. Then I'll pay.

2nd POLICE CLERK: (*handing RASKOLNIKOV a pen*) In that case, sign this form. It's a promissory note. (*RASKOLNIKOV hesitates.*)

ZAMETOV: (*to the 2nd POLICE CLERK*) About those other two, in my view they ought to be released. They're innocent enough, or they'd never have called the house master.

2nd POLICE CLERK: They contradicted themselves, don't forget. They said the door was latched, but when they returned with the house master, it was open.

ZAMETOV: That only means that the murderer was still there at the time. It's perfectly clear.

2nd POLICE CLERK: It's not the least bit clear.

(RASKOLNIKOV, who has meanwhile stood up, suddenly topples to the floor in a faint. The other two kneel to assist him.)

ZAMETOV: The fellow really must be ill.

2nd POLICE CLERK: Who can say? Nothing is quite like it seems...

(The lights dim, then rise again on RASKOLNIKOV's garret. He lies in his bed. RAZUMIKHIN, RASKOLNIKOV's age, and a doctor, ZOSIMOV, somewhat older, stand and observe him. Meanwhile and until RASKOLNIKOV rouses and speaks, we hear a woman's shrill screaming in the background.)

ZOSIMOV: I think he's come around.

RAZUMIKHIN: At last.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*opening his eyes*) Why was he beating her?

RAZUMIKHIN: Who, Rodya?

RASKOLNIKOV: My landlady?

RAZUMIKHIN: Who was beating her?

RASKOLNIKOV: The clerk. The man at the police office.

RAZUMIKHIN: No one was beating anyone.

RASKOLNIKOV: Oh, but I heard it. I saw it. I wasn't asleep either.

ZOSIMOV: It's the blood.

RAZUMIKHIN: *(startled)* What blood?

ZOSIMOV: It's the condition of your blood. Your illness. You've been lying there delirious for four days. But you're awake now, and you'll feel better.

(He feels RASKOLNIKOV's pulse.)

RASKOLNIKOV: Who are you?

ZOSIMOV: My name's Zosimov. I'm a doctor. Your friend here, Razumikhin, asked me to look after you. Your pulse is strong again. How's your head?

RASKOLNIKOV: I'm healthy, perfectly healthy.

ZOSIMOV: Very good. Are you hungry? I'd suggest you start with soup... something light.

RAZUMIKHIN: Look, Rodya, a messenger brought this while you were sleeping.

RASKOLNIKOV: What is it?

RAZUMIKHIN: Twenty-five roubles. From your mother.

(RASKOLNIKOV takes the money.)

If you felt up to it, I was going to invite you to a party tonight at my uncle's. Porfiry Petrovich will be there, the chief investigator. He's dealing with a most interesting case right now. I'm sure he'll have more to tell us.

ZOSIMOV: They say the chief suspect is a painter.

RASKOLNIKOV: Painter? What... case is this?

ZOSIMOV: The murder of the old pawnbroker, Alyona Ivanovna.

RAZUMIKHIN: They also killed her sister, Lizaveta.

RASKOLNIKOV: Lizaveta?

RAZUMIKHIN: You know her. She used to mend our shirts.

(RASKOLNIKOV turns over on his bed, his back to them.)

ZOSIMOV: At first they thought it was two of her customers. Then three days later a certain jeweler came to the station with a box of earrings, with the ticket still on them from Alyona Ivanovna's pawn shop.

RAZUMIKHIN: A house painter claimed he'd found them on the street. He wanted money for them. The jeweler took his name and address and gave him two roubles.

ZOSIMOV: Well, the police soon found out that this same painter, Nikolay, and his partner, Dmitry, were painting the empty apartment near Alyona Ivanovna's that same day. People saw them sporting in the street later on after the murder would have taken place and they'd had time to pawn the earrings for drink, daubing each other with paint.

RAZUMIKHIN: After they were charged and arrested, Nikolay even tried to hang himself. A sure sign of guilt, I'd say. They later admitted they'd found the earrings in the building—but insisted they were behind a door in the empty apartment.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(suddenly turning to the others, excited)* Behind a door? Behind a door, you say? Which apartment?

(Both men look curiously at RASKOLNIKOV.)

ZOSIMOV: The ‘empty’ one, I said. Why do you ask?

RASKOLNIKOV: (*turning again to the wall*) Nothing. It’s nothing.

ZOSIMOV: They killed Alyona Ivanovna and Lizaveta for those paltry earrings.

RAZUMIKHIN: I don’t think so. They wouldn’t be getting drunk and acting silly in view of witnesses if they’d really committed the murder. Besides, did those other two and the house master even check to see whether they were still painting the empty apartment?

ZOSIMOV: I guess they didn’t.

RAZUMIKHIN: Then it could have been someone else who was the real murderer, who hid there and accidentally dropped the earrings before he fled the apartment, just as they said.

ZOSIMOV: Maybe so.

(Meanwhile, a fashionably dressed middle-aged man, LUZHIN, has made his way up the stairs and knocked on RASKOLNIKOV’s door. RAZUMIKHIN opens it.)

LUZHIN: I am looking for the student or former student, Rodion Romanych Raskolnikov.

RAZUMIKHIN: (*admitting him*) That is he—on the bed.

(RASKOLNIKOV again turns around and stares for a long time at LUZHIN.)

ZOSIMOV: This is Raskolnikov.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*suddenly sitting up, defiantly*) Yes, I’m Raskolnikov! And what do want?

LUZHIN: I am confident my name is of some significance where you are concerned—Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin...

(RASKOLNIKOV lies back on the bed, staring at the ceiling.)

LUZHIN: I had assumed you would by now have received a certain letter.

RAZUMIKHIN: (*offering him his chair*) Please sit down, if you have news for him. He’s been ill, you should know, and just came to himself this morning.

LUZHIN: I see.

(Addressing RASKOLNIKOV)

Well, it’s just that your mother, in my very presence, penned this letter. And I... I even delayed coming to see you after arriving in town in order that—

RASKOLNIKOV: I know! You’re the fiancé! I know. That’s all I need to know...

LUZHIN: I’m extremely grieved to find you in this condition. If I’d known about your illness, I’d have come sooner, but there were all the legal affairs to attend to in connection with my new post at the Senate, and then I’ve been looking everywhere for quarters for your mother and sister. By chance, I located an apartment this morning.

RASKOLNIKOV: Where?

LUZHIN: Just below this one, it so happens.

RASKOLNIKOV: In this hovel, you mean? The cheapest you could find, wasn’t it?

LUZHIN: I didn’t have a lot of information, you understand. I’m new here myself. But their rooms are clean. And it’s only for a short time. I’ve also looked for a *real* apartment—our future one that is, Dunya’s and mine. Meanwhile, I’m staying myself with a young friend, Andrey Semyonich Lebeziatnikov, next door.

RASKOLNIKOV: Lebeziatnikov?

LUZHIN: Yes, from the Ministry. You know him?

RASKOLNIKOV: Well... no.

LUZHIN: It's a pleasure to associate with young people—especially here in Petersburg. Keeps one abreast of the times.

RASKOLNIKOV: Why is that... ?

LUZHIN: Well, for a lot of reasons. I find an outlook here that is clearer, more critical, more... dynamic. Here life is more decisively, more irretrievably torn from the past and progresses according to the laws of science and economics. What, I ask, comes of the what's been preached to us all our lives? So I tear my cloak in half and share it with my neighbor. What comes of it? We both remain naked. Or, as the proverb has it, "Try to catch several rabbits at the same time, and you won't get even one. Science tells us to take care of ourselves before anyone else; besides, the world is founded on self-interest. Look out for yourself—your affairs will be in order and your cloak will remain in one piece. It's a simple idea but seems to require a certain amount of wit to catch on to.

ZOSIMOV: (*ignoring LUZHIN*) Then it must have been one of the customers who killed her.

RAZUMIKHIN: Certainly. It was *a* customer.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*startled*) Are they interrogating her customers then?

RAZUMIKHIN: Of course. Why do you ask?

RASKOLNIKOV: I don't know. I just wondered.

ZOSIMOV: Where did they get their names?

RAZUMIKHIN: They were noted on her pledges. The real irony is that in her topmost drawer there were a thousand and a half in bills. But the murderer didn't have the presence of mind to rob her properly. He only knew how to kill her and relieve her of a few trinkets worth twenty or thirty.

LUZHIN: (*about to leave*) If I'm not mistaken, you are discussing the recent murder of that old lady.

ZOSIMOV: You've heard about it?

LUZHIN: From my young roommate, Mr. Lebeziatnikov. What most interests me in the matter is the larger problem it points to. Statistics show that crime is presently on the increase. More violent crimes too. What's happening to our civilization, I'd like to know, to our sense of law and order?

RASKOLNIKOV: (*agitated*) They're just carrying out your theory.

LUZHIN: What do you mean, my theory?

RASKOLNIKOV: What you've been preaching to us. Take it to its logical conclusion—and one man will easily destroy another.

LUZHIN: But everything has its limits. The theory I expounded hardly condones murder.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*still more agitated*) Do you deny that at the very moment you received your fiancée's acceptance, you expressed your pleasure that she was so poor because you could more easily manipulate her without being in the least beholden in turn?

LUZHIN: My dear sir! I must inform you that the rumors directed to you haven't the slightest foundation. I never in this world imagined that, in writing to you, your mother, with her many superb qualities—and despite her tendency to get, let us say, romantically carried away—

(RASKOLNIKOV rises from his pillow, livid.)

would have so fantastically distorted my words. Moreover—

RASKOLNIKOV: If you so much as say another word regarding my mother, I will throw you head over heels down those stairs!

RAZUMIKHIN: Rodya!

LUZHIN: I could sense your animosity, sir, when I first stepped in this door. But I purposely remained here in order to confirm it. I am of course willing to forgive much in a relation and I one who is ill, but after this I will never—

RASKOLNIKOV: I am not ill!!

LUZHIN: The more so as—

RASKOLNIKOV: You go to hell!!

(LUZHIN quickly leaves.)

RAZUMIKHIN: Rodya, how could you?

RASKOLNIKOV: Will everyone please get out of here? Will you please leave me alone? I'm not afraid of anyone! Of no one! Just leave me alone!!

ZOSIMOV: *(gesturing to RAZUMIKHIN)* We're going.

(ZOSIMOV and RAZUMIKHIN also leave, closing RASKOLNIKOV's door and descending the stairs. NASTASYA passes them in the opposite direction. Meanwhile, RASKOLNIKOV has noticed his bloody sock, still under the bed, and examines it.)

RAZUMIKHIN: What do you think's the matter?

ZOSIMOV: Physically, he's fine. But something's disturbing him. Whatever it is, I fear for him.

RAZUMIKHIN: Must be that Luzhin who intends to marry his sister.

ZOSIMOV: Maybe that's it. But, did you notice, he seemed quite indifferent to most everything we said—except for one thing: the murder.

RAZUMIKHIN: Yes, yes. I noticed that too. I heard from my uncle that he also fainted at the police station when they started discussing it there.

ZOSIMOV: A fascinating case. Your friend very much interests me.

RAZUMIKHIN: Thank you, doctor, for your help.

(They exit.)

NASTASYA: *(knocking on RASKOLNIKOV's door)* Mr. Raskolnikov.

(RASKOLNIKOV's looks at the door, startled, then quickly conceals the sock in his pocket.)

It's time for tea. Will you have some?

RASKOLNIKOV: Not now. I want to sleep. Please leave me alone.

(NASTASYA stares at the door, hesitates, then also descends the stairs. RASKOLNIKOV sits on his bed for a long while, then, taking his mother's money, rises and listlessly descends the stairs and makes his way to the tavern, where he sits at a table, as before.)

Waiter. One beer!

(ZAMETOV comes forward and joins him.)

ZAMETOV: So it's you. You must be feeling better. Your friend Razumikhin—his uncle's a colleague of ours—said you'd been unconscious.

RASKOLNIKOV: What's your name?

ZAMETOV: Zametov.

RASKOLNIKOV: Allow me to buy you a drink, Mr. Zametov. I have no hard feelings. Any more than the painter Nikolay.

ZAMETOV: Nikolay. How do you know about Nikolay?

RASKOLNIKOV: I may know even more than you.

ZAMETOV: You're a strange one. You must have been quite ill. It's affected your conversation.

RASKOLNIKOV: So, I intrigue you?

ZAMETOV: I find you rather curious.

(Pause)

RASKOLNIKOV: Do you know what I'd have done if I were the murderer?

ZAMETOV: No. Tell me.

RASKOLNIKOV: Would you really like to know?

ZAMETOV: I would.

RASKOLNIKOV: I'd have taken the stolen valuables, the money or whatever he took, to a remote spot and buried it under a big rock and left it there for several years, without touching it.

ZAMETOV: Why are you telling me this?

RASKOLNIKOV: *(bringing his face close to ZAMETOV's)* Because maybe I am the one who murdered the old woman and Lizaveta. Don't you think it's possible? Tell me what you're just now thinking.

ZAMETOV: You're absolutely crazy. Or else... No. It's out of the question. Now more than ever.

RASKOLNIKOV: So earlier I was suspect?

ZAMETOV: *(confused)* No. Of course not. You're twisting my words.

RASKOLNIKOV: So you don't believe me? But you wondered some after I fainted in your office...Here. I'll pay for the drinks.

(Showing him his mother's twenty-five roubles and leaving a bill for the WAITER)

Where do you think these came from? Where... ??

(RASKOLNIKOV leaves the tavern. ZAMETOV stares after him. As if in a trance, RASKOLNIKOV next mounts the stairs leading to the Pawnbroker's. As the lights focus on this room, two WORKERS are seen re-decorating. A MAN IN A LONG COAT stands watching them.)

1st WORKER: *(noticing RASKOLNIKOV)* What can we do for you... ?

RASKOLNIKOV: I... I'd like to rent an apartment.

1st WORKER: Talk to the house master. He shows the rooms.

RASKOLNIKOV: You've washed the floor. There's no blood.

2nd WORKER: What blood?

RASKOLNIKOV: The old woman's and her sister's. There was a whole puddle right there.

1st WORKER: Who are you anyway?

RASKOLNIKOV: Do you really want to know? Join me for a drink, and I'll tell you.

2nd WORKER: We've got to keep working.

MAN IN A LONG COAT: They ought to arrest you.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(smiling)* You think so? Maybe you're right.

MAN IN A LONG COAT: Yes, they ought to arrest you...

(The MAN IN A LONG COAT and RASKOLNIKOV stare at each other, then RASKOLNIKOV turns and again descends the stairs. He suddenly notices something off stage right.)

RASKOLNIKOV: What's that crowd doing? Around that carriage?

OLD WOMAN: *(coming toward him, distraught)* What a sin! Lord, what a sin!

RASKOLNIKOV: What's happened?

OLD WOMAN: They ran over a man just now.

OFFSTAGE VOICES: Drunk.

Didn't heed the coachman's warning.

RASKOLNIKOV: It looks like... yes, I know him. The government clerk, Marmeladov.

(Calling to those offstage)

I know where he lives! It's just down this street. Send for a doctor. Send for Doctor Zosimov!

(Displaying his mother's money)

I'll pay. Make a stretcher. I'll lead the way...

(The lights dim, then rise on the Marmeladovs' apartment. Hovering over the prone MARMELADOV are his wife KATERINA, the landlady AMALYA LUDWIGOWNA, RASKOLNIKOV, and ZOSIMOV. The Marmeladovs' young daughter, POLYA, stands in the background, watching.)

AMALYA: *(in a thick German accent)* He must go to the hospital immediately. Brought home again in such a drunken condition. I won't have it.

KATERINA: For pity's sake, Amalya Ludwigovna, can't you see that my husband is dying?

(MARMELADOV stirs and moans.)

Just look at him—his chest all crushed in. The Policeman said he was caught in the wheels and then dragged till the carriage stopped.

ZOSIMOV: He can't be moved. The end is near.

MARMELADOV: *(recognizing KATERINA)* Oh, saintly one!

KATERINA: *(pacing)* Oh, this cursed existence!

MARMELADOV: Saintly one!

(Pointing at POLYA)

Look at her bare feet. She has no shoes.

KATERINA: Be still! You know why she's bare footed...

(SONYA enters, wearing the lurid costume of a street walker.)

MARMELADOV: *(noticing her)* Sonya! My daughter! Forgive me!

(He reaches out to her from the bed, losing his balance and tumbling to the floor. SONYA rushes to him and embraces him. He dies in her arms.)

KATERINA: He's reached his end. And what are we to do? How can I bury him? And

(Pointing to POLYA)

how am I to feed them another day?

RASKOLNIKOV: *(going to her)* Katerina Ivanovna, your husband told me about his life and all of your circumstances. He spoke of you with the most profound respect. Allow me to be of help—and return this money which... I owed him. Here are twenty roubles, and if I can be of further service, I'll come again. Without fail. Even tomorrow... Till then.

(He leaves. SONYA signals to POLYA, who rushes into the street after him.)

POLYA: Sir! Sir!

(RASKOLNIKOV turns and, seeing her, stops.)

What is your name, sir?

RASKOLNIKOV: Who sent you?

POLYA: My sister, Sonya.

RASKOLNIKOV: Do you love Sonya?

POLYA: More than anyone.

RASKOLNIKOV: Will you love me too?

(POLYA reaches up, pulls his head to hers, and kisses him, then embraces him and quietly weeps.)

Did you love your papa?

POLYA: He taught us to read. He taught me the commandments.

RASKOLNIKOV: And do you know how to pray?

POLYA: Of course. I always pray, first to the Holy Virgin, then I offer a prayer for my sister Sonya. And then for our papa, because our first papa died, and this one is now—was—our papa.

RASKOLNIKOV: Polechka, my name is Rodion. Sometime pray also for “God’s slave Rodion,” just that much and no more.

POLYA: I will pray for you for the rest of my life....

(She embraces him again, more passionately than before.)

But look, you’ve stained your vest with... his blood.

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes. I am stained. I’m covered with blood. But you must go back now. Your mother needs you ...

(Reluctantly, POLYA returns to the MARMELADOVS’ apartment.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(as he looks after her)* I did not die with that old woman. There is still life. And peace.

You’ve shown me that. You and your sister...

(The lights dim, suggesting the passage of several hours. When they rise again, RASKOLNIKOV is standing on the apron, staring as if into the canal.)

RAZUMIKHIN: *(approaching and catching sight of him)* Rodya! I’ve been looking for you. They’re here now, waiting to see you.

RASKOLNIKOV: Who?

RAZUMIKHIN: Your mother and sister. In the apartment below yours.

(As they move up the stairs)

I saw Zametov a while ago. He told me about your conversation in the tavern. You’re a genius, Rodya, an absolute genius.

RASKOLNIKOV: In what way?

RAZUMIKHIN: Well, they were suspicious after you fainted at the station. But after what you said to Zametov, they’ve completely changed their minds. They’re certain of your innocence. Nobody, they say, would ever make statements like that—unless he was—

RASKOLNIKOV: Demented.

RAZUMIKHIN: Yes, let them think that. I know you better. I know it’s just from your illness. By the way, Porfiry would like to meet you just the same.

RASKOLNIKOV: Porfiry?

RAZUMIKHIN: The chief investigator.

RASKOLNIKOV: Oh...

(RAZUMIKHIN knocks on the door of the apartment below RASKOLNIKOV’s garret. The door opens. PULKHERIA and DUNYA pull RASKOLNIKOV into the room and shower him with kisses, caresses, embraces, and exclamations.)

PULKHERIA: Rodya, darling!

DUNYA: Brother, at last!

PULKHERIA: Three years it's been. But how white you look. Is it from your illness?

DUNYA: We're so grateful to Mr. Razumikhin here for looking after you.

RASKOLNIKOV: Have you seen Luzhin yet?

PULKHERIA: Not yet, though he knows of our arrival.

(Nodding toward RAZUMIKHIN)

We hear he was kind enough to visit you today.

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes, very kind. By the way, Dunya, I told him to get out of my room or I'd pitch him down the stairs, devil take him.

PULKHERIA: What, Rodya? But surely you're joking.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(to DUNYA)* I don't want you to marry him. When you next see him, with your first words you must break the engagement.

PULKHERIA: Good Heavens!

DUNYA: Maybe you're still a bit tired, Rodya.

RASKOLNIKOV: And hallucinating? No. You are marrying him for my sake, and I won't accept your sacrifice. Write him a letter of refusal. And let me read it.

DUNYA: I can't do that.

RASKOLNIKOV: It's either he or I. You must choose.

PULKHERIA: Ah, Mr. Razumikhin. How difficult parenthood sometimes is.

DUNYA: What's that—on your vest?

RASKOLNIKOV: It's blood.

PULKHERIA: Goodness. Are you hurt?

RASKOLNIKOV: It's the blood of a man I know who died just a while ago. Run over by a carriage.

PULKHERIA: Heavens!

RASKOLNIKOV: I helped carry him to his apartment. By the way, Mother, I did something else that may displease you. I gave the money you sent me to his widow. She's tubercular. Has little ones who don't eat well—now orphans. And an older step-daughter who—I think you'd have done the same thing if you'd seen the condition they're in. I know I had no right, particularly in view of what it cost you to send it to me. I ask your forgiveness.

PULKHERIA: Say no more, Rodya. Whatever you do has my blessing. By the way, did we tell you about Marfa Petrovna's death?

RASKOLNIKOV: Who is Marfa Petrovna?

PULKHERIA: Why, Svidrigailov's wife. I've written you so much about her.

RASKOLNIKOV: Oh, yes. She died, you say? What of?

PULKHERIA: It was very unexpected. They say it was that terrible man's doing.

RASKOLNIKOV: Svidrigailov's?

PULKHERIA: Yes. They say he beat her terribly.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(to DUNYA)* Is that how you remember them?

DUNYA: No. Quite the opposite. During the seven years I knew them he was always very patient, very polite toward her. Even condescending. Then suddenly he lost his patience.

RASKOLNIKOV: Are you defending him?

DUNYA: Certainly not.

(Shuddering)

He's an awful man. I can't imagine a more terrible man.

RASKOLNIKOV: I can.

PULKHERIA: Who, Rodya?

RASKOLNIKOV: The one she says she wants to marry. You can't possibly respect him. I've seen him. I've spoken with him.

DUNYA: Why do you assume I'm being so heroic? If I destroy anyone, it will only be myself. I won't have deprived anyone of his life... Why are you staring at me? Why are you suddenly so pale? Rodya, what's the matter? Rodya, dear.

RASKOLNIKOV: It's nothing. I got a little faint-headed just now. That's all.

DUNYA: Mama, show him the letter Pyotr Petrovich sent us. It came by special messenger.

RASKOLNIKOV: When?

DUNYA: Just before you arrived...

(PULKHERIA does so.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(examining the letter)* He writes like he talks—like some legal brief. And look here. He openly threatens you—threatens to abandon you if I interfere... What's this? He writes about the Marmeladovs? And what I did with the money? He's got big ears. But how does he put it? That I gave it to them “on the pretext of paying for the funeral but actually awarded it to their *most disreputable daughter?*” Why, I only saw her then for the first time, as her father died. And I handed the money to his widow, to no one else. He's trying to smear me, along with her... No, I can't believe he will respect you either. And I only say this because I want the best for you.

DUNYA: *(moving to the stairway landing)* Then you must meet with him when he comes to see us, whether or not he wishes it.

RASKOLNIKOV: I shall.

(Turning around, DUNYA is replaced by SONYA, plainly and modestly attired. As she starts to ascend toward RASKOLNIKOV's garret, he notices and calls to her through the open door, below.)

RASKOLNIKOV: Is that you? Please come in.

(She does so.)

Please take my chair.

SONYA: Forgive my disturbing you. Katerina Ivanovna sent me to invite you to the cathedral for the funeral and then to do her the honor to join us after for a meal.

RASKOLNIKOV: Tell her I will... Mama, this is Sofiya Semyonovna Marmeladova, the daughter of the unfortunate man I told you was trampled to death. Tell me, please, how things are with the family. Any problems?

SONYA: The neighbors are complaining. That's about all.

RASKOLNIKOV: What for?

SONYA: Because of the body being there in the heat. They're complaining about the bad air. We've arranged to have him taken for the night to a monastery... Katerina Ivanovna asked me to extend her gratitude for the help you've given us—without which we'd have been unable to arrange for the service and burial.

(Glancing about the room and beginning to weep)

You gave us everything you had, didn't you? Well, I must go. Forgive my disturbing you.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(to SONYA)* I'll walk you to the street.

(To RAZUMIKHIN)

Will you join us?

RAZUMIKHIN: Certainly.

RASKOLNIKOV: Meanwhile, Mother, we'll let you rest from your journey.

(RASKOLNIKOV, RAZUMIKHIN, and SONYA leave and descend to the street.)

SONYA: I'll tell Katerina Ivanovna to expect you then.

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes. One more thing. I'd like to come see you, if I may. Tomorrow...

SONYA: All right.

RASKOLNIKOV: Where do you live?

SONYA: Above the tavern.

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes, I know the place.

SONYA: Goodby, then.

RASKOLNIKOV: Till tomorrow.

(SONYA walks toward the other stairway and her apartment. Meanwhile, a large, fashionably dressed man in his fifties, SVIDRIGAILOV, has been watching the three and listening to their conversation, though unobserved by them. Before SONYA turns toward her apartment, he proceeds up her stairway and enters the adjacent empty apartment over the police station.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(to RAZUMIKHIN, as they walk onto the apron)* By the way, I did business with the pawnbroker, Alyona Ivanovna. I left two pledges with her that have sentimental value. I'm afraid they might get sold. If Mother ever asked about them and they were no longer with me, she'd become hysterical. So, I was thinking if I could meet this Porfiry right away, he might be able to retrieve them. It's really quite urgent. Mama may ask about them any time now that she's in Petersburg.

RAZUMIKHIN: Let's go right now. I think he's still at the station. He'll be pleased to meet you. I've told him about you a number of times.

(They head for the police station. Meanwhile, SVIDRIGAILOV comes to the door of his apartment just as SONYA reaches the stair landing that also leads to hers.)

SVIDRIGAILOV: Excuse me.

SONYA: Yes?

SVIDRIGAILOV: I'm new here. It's my third day in town. Could you recommend a good tailor?

SONYA: Yes.

(Pointing)

There's one over there at the end of the lane.

SVIDRIGAILOV: We appear to be neighbors.

SONYA: Yes.

SVIDRIGAILOV: Well then, till the next time.

(SONYA looks at SVIDRIGAILOV suspiciously, then enters her apartment. He stares after her and finally returns to his.)

RASKOLNIKOV: What's this Porfiry like anyway?

RAZUMIKHIN: He's very impressive—very intelligent. But he hides his wits. A little skeptical maybe. But he

knows his business. Last year he solved a case, a murder, when there was no material evidence whatever. I'm really anxious for you to meet him.

RASKOLNIKOV: Why's that?

RAZUMIKHIN: Because you've also studied law. And I think he'll encourage you to go back to it.

RASKOLNIKOV: I see...By the way, Razumikhin, you strike me these days as terribly excited.

RAZUMIKHIN: Really?

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes. Ever since you met my sister.

RAZUMIKHIN: Oh?

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes.

(Teasing)

I think you must be in love with her.

RAZUMIKHIN: What do you mean? I... Is it really that noticeable?

RASKOLNIKOV: Look at your nails. It's the first time you've ever cleaned them—Romeo!

RAZUMIKHIN: *(embarrassed)* You devil!

(As they enter the police station, RASKOLNIKOV laughs in an almost forced manner.)

Now not a word about this to Porfiry, you understand. Or I'll give you the whipping of your life...

(Noticing ZAMETOV in the outer office)

Zametov, you know my good friend, Rodion Romanych Raskolnikov, I believe.

ZAMETOV: Yes, we had a long talk just recently—in the tavern.

(PORFIRY appears in the doorway to the inner room, in a white shirt, dressing gown, and slippers, never taking his eyes off of RASKOLNIKOV)

PORFIRY: This must be Mr. Raskolnikov. Please come in.

(RASKOLNIKOV and RAZUMIKHIN join PORFIRY in the inner room.)

I know your reason for coming.

(Handing him a form)

You will need to fill out this petition in order to redeem the property you pledged with the murdered pawnbroker.

RASKOLNIKOV: I... I only wished just now to alert you about my property, to make sure you still had it so that as soon as I have the money to—

PORFIRY: I fully understand. In that case, you want to declare it in writing.

RASKOLNIKOV: On just a plain piece of paper?

PORFIRY: Yes. Plain and straight forward.

RASKOLNIKOV: *(stuttering)* I'm sorry to bother you about this. The items aren't worth more than five roubles, but they have great personal value because of who they once belonged to, so that, when I learned about the... murder, I was suddenly afraid that—

PORFIRY: Be assured that we would never lose sight of your possessions. In fact, I've been expecting your visit for some time now. Both objects, the ring and the watch, were listed on the same receipt, with your name.

RASKOLNIKOV: I assumed she had so many customers that you might not be aware of them all. I'm amazed that in my case you would so specifically remember—

PORFIRY: It's true. She had many customers. In fact, you're about the last to come forward and express his

concern.

RASKOLNIKOV: I've been ill.

RAZUMIKHIN: That's right. He was still fevered and hallucinating yesterday.

PORFIRY: Seriously hallucinating?

RASKOLNIKOV: He exaggerates.

RAZUMIKHIN: Let me be the judge of that, Rodya. You wouldn't remember, you were so out of your head.

RASKOLNIKOV: You ask Mr. Zametov if I was hallucinating during our conversation yesterday.

ZAMETOV: (*overhearing them and coming to the door*) In my opinion you spoke very sensibly. In fact, you were quite sly, but also very impassioned.

PORFIRY: I understand that yesterday you were also with the family of the man who was trampled to death.

RAZUMIKHIN: That's right—and gave them all his money.

(*To RASKOLNIKOV*)

Tell me you weren't out of your head when you did that!

RASKOLNIKOV: (*to PORFIRY*) Forgive us. We're taking up your time.

PORFIRY: On the contrary. If you only knew how much you interest me. I'm intrigued by everything I've heard and assure you that I'm utterly delighted you came to see us. Please stay a bit longer. I'll step out and order some tea.

(*He does so.*)

RASKOLNIKOV: Did he wink at me? At least he's direct. Doesn't hide the fact he's on to me. He's like a good hunting dog, not a cat toying with a mouse. But he may wish he hadn't put me on guard. I'm warned and can play his game too. Particularly now that I find him so disgustingly sure of himself... Or am I just imagining it all? Is there no hidden meaning to what he said to me? But why, then, did Zametov say I was "quite sly"? And did Porfiry wink at me or not? It must be my nerves. Or do they already *know*? Do they know that I returned there and excused myself, saying I wanted to rent an apartment? I'm not leaving here till I find out. Oh, why am I suddenly so distraught? Maybe that's best. Make them think I'm still out of my head. They're just feeling me out, just groping for answers themselves.

PORFIRY: (*returning with tea, to RASKOLNIKOV*) Well, who do you think won our little argument the other night?

RAZUMIKHIN: No one, as best as I could tell. Rodya, imagine, at my uncle's we started to debate the question: whether there is such a thing as crime.

RASKOLNIKOV: What's there to argue about? It's a common social phenomenon.

PORFIRY: That wasn't the issue.

RAZUMIKHIN: It was this way. Let me explain. Then give us your opinion, Rodya. First, someone put it from the socialists' perspective that crime is simply a reaction to a flawed social system, nothing more. But I argued that human life doesn't just respond to mechanical laws, that it's unpredictable and capricious. Otherwise, there would be no freedom. When everything can be so perfectly regulated, then we won't be alive any more. We'll be ready for our graves. Nature itself defies such simple logic.

PORFIRY: You're still overlooking the influence of environment on the criminally disposed.

RAZUMIKHIN: The amazing thing, Rodya, is that another time he'll argue my position just as forcefully.

PORFIRY: No. Let me pursue this a bit further. I happened to read an article a while back in the *The Periodical Review*. "*The Criminal as Victim*," I think it was titled.

RASKOLNIKOV: That was *my* article. I wrote it in response to a certain book I'd read just as I was leaving the university.

RAZUMIKHIN: Bravo, Rodya! I'll have to find a copy.

RASKOLNIKOV: (*to PORFIRY*) You already knew it was my article, didn't you? But how? I only signed it with my initials.

PORFIRY: I know the editor. He told me.

RASKOLNIKOV: Then you will recall that I discussed the criminal's state of mind in the course of committing a crime.

PORFIRY: That's right. Though what most interests me is what you briefly take up at the very end—where, if you recall, you declare that in this world there are certain rare persons who are not only able but have the right to commit any sort of crime and that such are completely above the law. That there are both “ordinary” and “extraordinary” persons. The former obey the law, but not the latter.

RASKOLNIKOV: You've put it quite well—except that I don't insist that extraordinary persons are necessarily required to violate social norms, simply that they have the right to—not a legal right, mind you, but if their conscience permits it and particularly if it will benefit Mankind. For example, if for some reason one or a hundred or even a thousand persons had stood in the way of his great discoveries, then Newton himself would have had the right, even the obligation to get rid of that one or one hundred or even one thousand—

RAZUMIKHIN: A thousand!

RASKOLNIKOV: For the enlightenment and future progress of Mankind. That is not to say that Newton would have the right to murder just any stranger or steal every day at the market. But history itself shows that all the great law givers and founders of civilization—the Solons, Mohammads, and Napoleons—were criminals too in the sense that, in introducing a new law, they had to violate an older one, often sacrificing innocent blood while doing so.

RAZUMIKHIN: But how could they?

RASKOLNIKOV: That's the only sense in which I speak of having the right to commit a crime. At the time, of course, the mass of ordinary people do not recognize that right. They will always execute such persons, if they can, but, in a later generation, the same mass will place such persons on a pedestal and worship them. The masses fulfill their traditional purpose, they maintain peace and order and serve the present, while these few others serve the future. Both are necessary—as is their eternal struggle—

PORFIRY: Fascinating. But tell me this: how is one to distinguish your “extraordinary” from mere “ordinary” persons? Are there any special clues? Because if someone who was not “extraordinary” began to imagine that was and to make exceptions for himself, well then—

RASKOLNIKOV: Oh, that happens too. It happens all the time.

RASKOLNIKOV: But keep in mind that only the so-called “ordinary” would ever make such a mistake. In fact, a number of them will always imagine they are otherwise. But I see no great harm in that because such persons will eventually prove to be failures.

PORFIRY: Well, that's good to hear. But tell me, how many are there of these specially endowed persons who have the right to slit another person's throat, let us say, or in some other way spill a person's blood?

RASKOLNIKOV: There are very few. Maybe one in every several million or thousand million. No more. There must be some natural law that governs it all—a law we've yet to discover.

RAZUMIKHIN: The way you've both gone at this—surely it's just some kind of game. You're not really serious, are you, Rodya? Because what I find especially original—and shocking—in this theory of yours is that one can shed blood *because of one's conscience*. That's really frightening.

RASKOLNIKOV: I don't put it quite that boldly in the article. I just suggest it.

PORFIRY: That's true. Quite true. And your explanation just now has helped me better understand how you view 'crime' itself. Forgive my troubling you so much, but to put it all on a more practical level, let me ask you this: What if a man, or a youth, let us say, begins to imagine he is a future Licurgus or Mohammad and on his own begins to eliminate any obstacles, assuming his special right to do so. And what if, say, he needs money to fulfill his destiny and therefore uses any means whatever to acquire the necessary money—

RASKOLNIKOV: That will happen too, with the stupid or vain, particularly.

PORFIRY: Exactly. But then what can we do—

RASKOLNIKOV: I'm sorry. I can't help you. It's not my concern. That's how it's always been and always will be. That's why you have your exiles, your prisons, your forced labor, your courts of law, your criminal investigators. That's why you must hunt such a person down.

PORFIRY: That's logical enough. But what about his conscience?

RASKOLNIKOV: His conscience? How does that concern you?

PORFIRY: My concern is that of a fellow human being—a humane concern.

RASKOLNIKOV: Let whoever has a conscience suffer from it if he recognizes his error. That will be his punishment too—as much as any forced labor.

RAZUMIKHIN: That's really ingenious, Rodya. He who has the right to shed blood need not suffer.

RASKOLNIKOV: Why do you say "need not?" It's not a question of either permission or prohibition. Let him suffer if he pities his victim. Pain and suffering have always accompanied a more sensitive view of life. Truly great persons will also experience the greatest sorrow.

PORFIRY: Please don't be angry. Scold me if you wish, but I can't help myself. I have to ask you just one more question—it's prompted by just one very slight thought.

RASKOLNIKOV: And what is your "very slight thought"?

PORFIRY: When you wrote your article, is it possible, if only in the slightest degree, that you were also referring to yourself as one of those "extraordinary" people and, as it were, introducing your own new law for Mankind...?

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes. As a matter of fact, it's quite possible.

PORFIRY: Then if that is really so, wouldn't you likewise—in view of life's many vicissitudes and in order to serve Mankind—have resolved to remove the obstacles standing in your way and, for example, steal and kill someone...?

RASKOLNIKOV: If I had done so, you can be sure I would not tell you.

PORFIRY: Please, don't misunderstand me. I only asked you that to better understand your article, in a strictly 'literary' sense, you might say.

RASKOLNIKOV: Allow me to say that I do not consider myself either a Mohammad or a Napoleon. And not being such, I cannot in fact tell you how, under such circumstances, I would behave.

PORFIRY: Of course. What decent Russian would ever consider himself a Napoleon?

ZAMETOV: (*at the doorway, having meanwhile listened to their conversation*) It was no Napoleon, not even a potential Napoleon who the other day bashed in the brains of our Alyona Ivanovna...

(A long silence. RASKOLNIKOV finally rises and starts to leave.)

PORFIRY: *(graciously)* What? You're leaving already? Well, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. And don't you worry about those possessions of yours. Just write out that declaration and bring it back to me tomorrow. I'll be in around eleven. We'll arrange everything then and we can... talk some more. After all, you were one of the last to go there. Maybe you can tell us something we don't know.

RASKOLNIKOV: In other words, you intend to subject me to an official interrogation.

PORFIRY: Why, not at all. I hardly had that in mind, at least not for the present. I've tried to interview each of her clients, just in case. Some have even given us accounts of themselves, depositions. And then, why I'd forgotten

(Turning to RAZUMIKHIN)

it was you who told me about the painters Nikolay and Mitya.

(To RASKOLNIKOV)

Oh, don't worry, I'm certain of their innocence. But we had to look into it and trouble them too—go through all the steps. By the way, what time was it when you went there? Eight o'clock, wasn't it?

RASKOLNIKOV: That's right.

PORFIRY: In that case, would you possibly remember seeing them both then in the apartment below, the empty one? Or was it only one of them? They were painting it, redecorating it at the time. It's extremely important for us to know...

RASKOLNIKOV: Painters...? No, no. I really didn't see any. And the apartment itself—I don't recall seeing it open either.

RAZUMIKHIN: *(to PORFIRY)* What are you trying to do? The painters were there the afternoon of the murder, but he was there in the morning. Why then did you ask him that?

PORFIRY: *(striking his forehead)* Forgive me. I momentarily confused the matter. How stupid of me. I've gotten so immersed in the details of the case, I can't seem to keep them straight any more.

RAZUMIKHIN: You ought to be more careful.

PORFIRY: You're absolutely right. Absolutely right. Till tomorrow then...

(RASKOLNIKOV and RAZUMIKHIN leave.)

RAZUMIKHIN: I can't believe it! I just can't believe it!

RASKOLNIKOV: Then don't. You didn't suspect a thing, did you? Which is true to form. But I weighed his every word. I knew he was up to something. Even though they have no evidence, absolutely none.

RAZUMIKHIN: But why would they pick on a poor starving student with such high ideals and who's been so ill? Why wouldn't you faint when they summoned you? Why should that make you a suspect? No, Rodya, if I were you, I would spit in their faces.

RASKOLNIKOV: Yes. Spit at them—and for that get another interrogation. What disgusts me most is that I ever bothered to be so free with that Zametov in the tavern.

RAZUMIKHIN: Yes, I saw the look on his face. I have a mind to go back and tell Porfiry what I really think of him—my uncle's good friend!

RASKOLNIKOV: Don't bother. It wouldn't change anything. Look, I'm rather tired. I need to lie down a while.

RAZUMIKHIN: I understand. I'll drop by again tomorrow.

(They embrace. RAZUMIKHIN exits. RASKOLNIKOV walks toward his apartment. The MAN IN A

LONG COAT emerges from the shadows and blocks his way.)

RASKOLNIKOV: What ... what is it?

MAN IN A LONG COAT: *(in a low, intense voice)* Murderer!

RASKOLNIKOV: What? Who's a murderer?

MAN IN A LONG COAT: You are...

(The MAN IN A LONG COAT stares at him, then turns and, without looking back, exits.)

RASKOLNIKOV: Who is he? He obviously saw it all. But where was he then? And why did he wait till now to confront me? Napoleon would have sneered at such an accusation. Napoleon conquered Paris, left a whole army in Egypt, and sacrificed a half million soldiers when he marched to Moscow. And for that, when he died, they made him an idol. Such men are already made of bronze, not flesh. Would one old woman bother Napoleon? No. But I? What am I? Nothing but an insect... .Mama, Dunya, how I used to love you. Then why can't I bear your presence? And that old witch. I'd kill her once more if she suddenly came to life again. But poor Lizaveta. Why did she come back then? And why don't I ever think of her or what I did to her? Lizaveta! Sonya! You poor dear ones with such meek eyes. Why don't you weep? Why don't you moan? They give up everything—they are so meek, so quiet. Sonya, Sonya. Silent Sonya.

(As RASKOLNIKOV makes his way up the stairs to his garret, a DOUBLE, dressed exactly like him, silently mounts the stairs leading to the Pawnbroker's. RASKOLNIKOV looks in the other's direction the whole time, as if he can see the other through the intervening walls. As the DOUBLE reaches, then enters the Pawnbroker's apartment, ALYONA's silhouette is seen through the curtain, which still hangs there, seated on a chair. RASKOLNIKOV now lies on his bed, as ALYONA turns and laughs at the DOUBLE and the DOUBLE, also in silhouette, approaches and repeatedly strikes her. As he does so, she keeps laughing at him. RASKOLNIKOV suddenly turns, hiding his face in the covers. The lights slowly fade on the Pawnbrokers apartment, then rise on SVIDRIGAILOV, who now stands in RASKOLNIKOV's doorway. He enters, sits on a chair next to RASKOLNIKOV's bed, and leans on his cane. A long silence, interrupted only by the long, drawn-out buzzing of a fly.)

RASKOLNIKOV: *(abruptly sitting up on the bed)* All right. What do you want?

SVIDRIGAILOV: I knew you weren't asleep, that you were only pretending. Allow me to introduce myself:

Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov...

(The lights dim.)

INTERMISSION

33 pages in Act Two