

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by Marilyn Campbell and Curt Columbus

FINAL SCRIPT REVISIONS

PAGE 11¹ - ADD LINE, “doesn’t He Sonia”

RASKOLNIKOV

No, Sonia. Please don’t go, I’m sorry. (*she is going*) God grants peace to the dead, doesn’t He Sonia. But the living... just keep on living. God grants *us* nothing. That’s right, isn’t it?

PAGE 13 - CUT LINE, “Here you go.”

ALYONA IVANOVA

Fine. (*pulls out a pouch from around her neck, begins to count out money*) That’s ten kopecks interest a month per ruble, which would be fifteen kopecks deducted from your ruble and a half for a month in advance. And for the two rubles, already on account for the ring, at the same rate, another twenty kopecks, which comes to thirty-five kopecks deducted from your ruble and a half, which leaves a ruble fifteen kopecks due to you for your watch. Here.

PAGE 19 - SHORTEN SONIA’S SPEECH

SONIA

My father? My father . . .

PAGE 19 - CUT SONIA’S SPEECH

PORFIRY (AS MARMELADOV)

May I be so bold my dear sir, to engage you in polite conversation? For my experience tells me you are a man of education and not accustomed to drinking. Allow me to ask you a question out of simple curiosity: have you ever spent a night on a hay barge, on the river?

PAGE 22 - CUT NAME (DUNYASHA)

SONIA (AS MOTHER)

It’s been two months since you wrote me, son, which upsets me so much that it keeps me awake at night, thinking, worrying. You know how much I love you. You are all we have left, your sister and I, you are everything to us, our only hope. I was terribly upset to hear that you had lost your teaching and were out of work! What can I do to help you, my pension is only a hundred and twenty rubles a year? The money I sent you four months ago, I borrowed against

my pension. But thank God, I think I will be able to send you something more soon, maybe as much as 35 rubles; I know you need it.

PAGE 24 - INSERT SCENE NEAR END OF DREAM SPEECH

“Because they’re drunk, Rodya. Because they’re people. *(pause)* It’s none of our business!” It’s only a dream....

(A figure appears. Male, but he is wearing a long smock that makes him look like a tradesman, as well as an old woman from a distance. Pause.)

RASKOLNIKOV

Who are you? *(pause)* What do you want?

PORFIRY (AS TRADESMAN)

(quietly) Murderer.

RASKOLNIKOV

What... what did you say? Who is...

PORFIRY (AS TRADESMAN)

(quietly) You are. You are a murderer.

(Tradesman disappears. Raskolnikov is breathing heavily. He takes off his coat and is suddenly taken with violent shivering. His teeth chatter and all his limbs shake. Silence.)

RASKOLNIKOV

It’s only a dream. That’s all. And I must have a fever. Goddamn it! That’s all that it is. I’ve done nothing. I’m fine. I’ve done nothing wrong. God grants peace to the dead.

PAGE 25 - ADD LINE, “she keeps you a prisoner.”

LIZAVETA

Please, don’t talk about that, Mr. Raskolnikov! Alyona is a good woman. I deserve everything I get from her. Trust me.

RASKOLNIKOV

Alright. *(beat)* She keeps you a prisoner, you know.

LIZAVETA

You are a sweet young man, you shouldn’t talk like that. *(a secret, to him)* Besides, I’m going out tonight on my own.

CUT PAGES 26 - 30 - ADD NEW REWRITTEN SCENE

LIZAVETA

Oh. Of course. Goodbye. I hope I'll see you soon.

RASKOLNIKOV

Yes. Soon. Goodbye. (*She disappears*) My God. Lizaveta, I didn't mean for you...
(*Another door opens on Porfiry.*)

PORFIRY

Ah, dear boy, here you are. How nice that you came to see me. Please, sit down, my dear, dear boy. I'm not being too familiar, am I? I'm just so delighted to see you, that you've turned up at my office, on my side of the fence, as it were. I hope you'll excuse me if I don't sit down. Hemorrhoids, you see. I keep thinking of taking up some kind of calisthenic exercise, I know some of my superiors even skip rope in their offices. Can you picture me, skipping rope? Well. What can I do for you? Tell a humble public servant. What?

RASKOLNIKOV

I've brought that form they gave me... about the watch. Is that what you need?

PORFIRY

What form? What is that? Oh, don't worry about that. That's fine, let's put that away, we won't need that right now. Was there anything else?

RASKOLNIKOV

No. (*pause*) Although I thought yesterday that it seemed you wanted to ask me more about my acquaintance with the old woman who was murdered. It seemed.

PORFIRY

That can wait. It can, it can wait. Do you smoke? Would you like a cigarette?

RASKOLNIKOV

No. Thank you.

PORFIRY

You know, they're doing renovations. In my proper office, which is why we're out here, in the outer office. They've torn down some walls, torn up the floors. So I hope you'll forgive the informality. (*beat*) Speaking of workmen, I did mean to ask you this the other day. When you were on your way to visit the old woman that day, did you notice one of the apartments that stood open on a second floor? There should have been two workmen painting in there. Did you see them?

RASKOLNIKOV

Painters? (*he thinks*) No, I didn't see them.

PORFIRY

I must be confused. The painters were there on the day of the murder, not before. It's just that we're looking for some kind of witness. It would have been very important. It would have been helpful. For them. To prove their innocence.

RASKOLNIKOV

You can stop that. I have heard of this technique, Inspector.

PORFIRY

What technique, dear boy....?

RASKOLNIKOV

(with rising emotion) The one where you begin talking about nothing, about common everyday things, or even something serious, but completely unrelated to the case. It encourages the person being interrogated to talk, to be diverted in his thinking, to lull him, even, into a sense of security! And just when he is least expecting it, you ask the most damning question of all! No, I did not see any painters when I went to the old woman's!

PORFIRY

(after a pause) I had no intention of upsetting you so, dear boy. I really am looking for some help in establishing the whereabouts of these painters. You keep drawing things back around to yourself. Don't you see, that wasn't my intention at all. *(beat, he smiles)*

RASKOLNIKOV

Yesterday I was told to fill out that form. I have given you the form, and I assume that I'm free to go. Unless you have something else to ask me, Inspector.

PORFIRY

I don't have anything else that I want from you. Not a thing. I thought you were interested in helping me. You said you studied the law, didn't you, dear boy?

RASKOLNIKOV

Yes. I... I don't think I understand how I could help.

PORFIRY

You've given a lot of thought to crime and criminality. Forgive me if I don't sit down, but these hemorrhoids just make it impossible. I know you don't believe in all of my "psychological" techniques, but what if I actually knew who committed the murder. Beyond a shadow of a doubt. I could identify the murderer. *(beat)* And what if I am just biding my time. I am simply waiting for him to come to me. As a means of getting further evidence, as a means of better understanding the crime. He's like a moth, circling a flame, he won't have anywhere else to go. He's brooding and he's worrying and he's getting all tangled up in himself. He just keeps circling and circling that flame... until he flies right into my mouth.

RASKOLNIKOV

Why are you... why are you telling me all of this?

PORFIRY

Because I like you. I feel a certain kinship with you. You can see how I am, my dear boy. I am a bachelor, never been married in fact, and so I can be awkward with people. And I so rarely meet someone who is, well, who I feel is my intellectual equal. So please forgive me if I seem a little asocial, but I enjoy talking to you so much. Your ideas. Your unique perspective. Remember what we were talking about the other day? Not the insignificant details of this little murder, but your article, your concept of "extraordinary people," dear boy. I can't get this notion

out of my head, Tell me, how can you tell extraordinary people from ordinary ones? Are there signs at birth? Can you see it in their eyes?

RASKOLNIKOV

I... I don't really know.

PORFIRY

Forgive the natural anxiety of a practical, law-abiding citizen, but couldn't they wear a special uniform, perhaps, even be branded in some way? It could get very confusing, especially if a member of one category imagines that he belongs to the other, begins to 'eliminate his obstacles' as you so cheerfully put it.

RASKOLNIKOV

That happens all the time. But that kind of a mistake only happens with people in the first category, the ordinary people. They like to imagine themselves advanced people, in spite of their predisposition to obedience. There's no real danger from them, though. They never go very far.

PORFIRY

(with increasing speed and intensity through the following) Are there a lot of these extraordinary people who have the right to kill?

RASKOLNIKOV

No. People with new ideas, people with the scarcest ability to say anything new, are extremely few in number. Extraordinarily few, in fact.

PORFIRY

Do you think it's possible that I'm one of these extraordinary men?

RASKOLNIKOV

Anything is possible, inspector.

PORFIRY

Or you? What about you? Could you have brought yourself because of your, um, worldly difficulties and in some service to humanity – to overstep boundaries? To rob and murder, let's say?

RASKOLNIKOV

I certainly wouldn't tell you if I had.

PORFIRY

I was only asking because of your article. For your literary perspective....

RASKOLNIKOV

I don't consider myself Napoleon!

PORFIRY

You don't? But you do care so passionately. You are *involved*. In life, I would say. Don't we all think of ourselves as Napoleons nowadays? I do. I think I do, sometimes. There's

comfort in that idea, don't you agree? Tell me, what happens when one of these ordinary people makes one of your "mistakes"? What happens to him?

RASKOLNIKOV

You have your prisons, your laws, Siberia. There are criminal investigators like yourself. Those things protect against "mistakes." (*pointedly*) You just have to catch the criminal!

PORFIRY

And if we do catch him?

RASKOLNIKOV

He'll get what he deserves.

PORFIRY

What about his conscience?

RASKOLNIKOV

If he has a conscience he'll suffer!

PORFIRY

Do the extraordinary men have consciences, dear boy? Do they suffer at all?

RASKOLNIKOV

Pain and suffering are inevitable for a person with intellect and heart! Really great men must have great sadness on earth.

PORFIRY

(*a beat, then...*) Then, there is hope for the extraordinary man. Because he is human after all. (*a loud knocking at the door*) Forgive me, dear boy, I asked not to be disturbed! (*Porfiry exits. A big fly buzzes against a window, trying to get out. Raskolnikov kills fly. Porfiry re-enters*) I... I, you'll have to forgive me... I have to go. There's been a confession. To the murder. I hope you can find your way out... (*he exits*)

RASKOLNIKOV

(*after a long pause*) Dear Mother... I'm... I'm... (*pause*)

(*Knocking. Raskolnikov has entered Sonia's apartment.*)

SONIA

Who's there?

PAGE 37 - CUT KOCH'S SPEECH (NOTE: THIS CUT IS OPTIONAL)

(*Curt Koch's speech and go directly from the murder to Porfiry's entrance*)

PORFIRY

Good evening, Raskolnikov. I was passing by your building and thought, why not stop in for five minutes? I won't keep you.

PAGE 41 - CHANGE LINE

PORFIRY

Who am I? I'm a man who's time is up, that's all. A man of feeling, a man of sympathy, maybe some knowledge. But my time is over. You are a different matter. Life is waiting for you. In front of you.

PAGE 41 - CUT PART OF LINE

PORFIRY

You won't. An uneducated man would run away, a slave to another man's ideas might. But you? You've stopped believing in your theory already. What would that leave you to run away with? And what would you do in hiding? If you ran away, you'd come back to yourself. You can't get on without us. I'm convinced that you'll decide to face your suffering. You don't believe me now, but you'll come to it on your own. Don't scoff, there's something about suffering for your crimes, Nikolai is right. No, you won't run away. (*Raskolnikov stands*) Going for a walk? The evening is delightful, if it doesn't storm. Though that would be a good thing, too. Make the air feel fresher.

PAGE 46 - CHANGE LINE, ADD NAME

RASKOLNIKOV

No! That money was not the same. That was money my mother sent me. That money was mine, my own. And Alyona's money, that money... I don't even know if there really was any money. I took a purse off her neck, a little leather bag... stuffed full of something ... but I didn't look at it. I buried it under a stone the next morning in a yard. It's still there ...

PAGE 48 - CUT LINES

RASKOLNIKOV

Because I'm vain, envious, malicious, base, vindictive and ... well, perhaps with a tendency towards insanity! Because I didn't want to do anything. I sat in my room like a spider, in that little cramped room, that kennel, but I couldn't bring myself to leave it. I kept asking myself, why am I so stupid? I know other people are stupid, but can't I make myself any smarter than them. Then I saw, Sonia, that if you wait for other people to get smarter, it takes too long... I finally understood that mankind won't change, can't improve itself, and nobody can do anything about it. It's the law of nature. I realized that whoever shows strength will have power over the rest of humanity. I needed to know if I could take that power, if I had the right to such power. I needed to know that I was something more than an insect in the web of life. I didn't kill her to help my mother, or because I was hungry. I didn't kill her to help mankind or anything like that. I killed for myself and myself alone. I needed to know that I wasn't an insect like everyone else! I needed to have the power to...!

END OF CHANGES 11/07