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Crime and Punishment

By Joseph Anthony

CRIME AND PUNISHMEN The time of our story is any time,
the place any place where
human hearts respond
to love and hate,
pity and terror.

To all of you, we have given what we could,
our fount of knowledge, our discipline,
all the ideals that we hold precious.

We've nothing more to give you
but our prayers and our hopes.

The future is yours.

May you take it into your
strong, young hands with a high purpose.

Bend it to your will.

Shape it into a brave and shining destiny.

And now, it is my great pleasure
to confer our academic degree with honour
on the most distinguished student
of this class.

Roderick Raskolnikov, step forward.

In the history of our institution,
there have been few young men
who compared with him in mental brilliance
and few for whom
the future held greater promise.

I extend my congratulations to his mother
and to his sister,
to whom this present moment
is the reward for years of sacrifice.

I've spoken for the university.

Now I want to speak for myself.

I am proud to have had you as one of us,
sad that you are leaving.

Good luck to you. God bless you!

"There have been few who've
compared with him in mental brilliance
"and few for whom the future
held greater promise."

- Tony!

- Mother, help!

- Here, here! Here, wait a minute.

- Oh, Dmitri!

- Have you met my sister, Antonia?

- Informally.

- How are you doing?
- Mother, this is Dmitri.
My son has mentioned you in every letter.
He tells me you're his best friend.
Don't you believe him.
He's no friend of mine.
A man who rooms with me for years
and never tells me about his sister!
- I did tell you.
- But not enough!
How was I to know from looking at you
that she was so beautiful?
Here's your chance, Tony.
No brains, not much money, but enough,
so work fast!
Oh, Roderick, I'm so happy.
This watch was your father's.
He told me to give it to you on this day.
How proud he'd have been.
If only he could've have lived
to give it to you himself.
A NEW AUTHORITY ON CRIME
Brilliant Article By Unknown Writer
"One of last year's university graduates,
"whose name the editor didn't think
important enough to mention,
"has startled the world of criminology."
Good afternoon.
We haven't seen much of you
these past two days.
Have you been praying or only fasting?
I've been contemplating life.
You'd better contemplate the rent.
I haven't had a penny out of you
in six months.
How much longer do you expect me to wait?
Can you stand to strain
another half hour?
Oh, you're going to pay me
in half an hour?
And if it isn't being too personal,
just how are you going to raise the money?
I'm going to rob a bank.
You think you're funny? Well, I don't.

Pack up your things and get out of here.

Leave you? I couldn't do that.

I'm too attached to you.

You pay your rent tonight,

or I'll take measures.

You're a disgrace to my house.

Someday, they'll put a sign on it

telling the world

that I, Raskolnikov, once had

the privilege of starving here.

- Dmitri!

- Roderick!

There's something I had to show you.

Have you seen this?

There's an article in this called

"Sidelights on Crime,"

and it contains some of the theories

you're always talking about.

It's great.

It'll upset a lot of old-fashioned nonsense.

You must read it.

Not bad.

- Say, have you read this before?

- Not since I wrote it.

I should have known that nobody but you

could have written this article.

Have you seen the review on it?

Well, doesn't it make you feel good?

As a matter of fact, it's a bit

uncomfortable.

I'm getting more of a thrill out of this

than you are.

What's the matter?

Didn't you get paid for the article?

I did, and the money came in handy.

Antonia lost her position,

and I sent it home.

That's just like you!

The first money you've earned in years.

I had to.

Tony and Mother will be here next week.

Roderick, now don't be offended.

Listen, if they're coming here, you can't

receive them the way you're living.

They'll be terribly upset.
You've got to let me lend you some money.
I'm just an ordinary sort of fellow,
Roderick. But you, you're a genius.
Some day when you're famous,
I'll be proud that I'd helped.
I don't want help from you or anybody.

It's nearly 7:

I've some important business to attend to.
See you some other time.

PAWNBROKER:

2 FLIGHTS UP
Oh, it's you.
Who's this? One of your gentlemen friends?
- No.
- What have you got this time?
Where did you steal this?
You say that about everything I bring here.
Why shouldn't I? Look who brings them.
- It's been in our family a long time.
- What do you want for this?
It's inlaid with mother-of-pearl,
and the stones are garnets.
Garnets, eh?
It's worth at least a hundred rubles,
and I thought I could get 20 for it.
So it's been in your family a long time!
If you look on the first page, you'll see
my name was written down when I was born,
and my little brother and sister
are marked down there, too.
- How long since you looked inside of it?
- I read it every night.
You read the Bible every night?
You oughtn't to be allowed to touch it.
- I'll give you eight rubles for it.
- I'll take the eight rubles.
Wait a minute. The inlay's coming loose.
There's another stone missing.
I'll give you six. Take it or leave it.
- What have you got?
- A watch.

I'll take the six.

The less you give me, the easier it will be for me to pay it back, I suppose.

- But this is only one. You said six rubles.

- That's right. Six,

less three months interest on your shawl.

10% a month on eight rubles

makes two forty.

And you owe me two months interest

on your silver necklace and your buckles.

That makes five rubles.

Five from six leaves one. Is that clear?

Or do you expect me to be in business for love?

Well then, what are you waiting for?

Do you want your Bible back?

No.

Come along, then. Get out.

Don't hang around here all day.

Common little guttersnipe.

Let me see your watch.

"To my son. May he wear it in honour."

- I want 50 rubles on it.

- I'll give you 10.

You can't do that to me.

Give me the 10

and let me get out of here before...

Before what? Before you eat me up?

- What did you lose?

- The ruble.

It dropped out of my hand

when she pushed me out the door.

Somebody ought to push her

straight into the next world.

I've got to find it.

What use is that money to her?

It could save a hundred lives

like yours and mine.

It's plain arithmetic. You could use

some of her money, couldn't you?

What will you do

if you don't find the ruble?

- She ought to be stamped out.

- You shouldn't say things like that.

Black beetle squatting up there
on her money box.
It would be a service to humanity.
A crime would be a strange way
of serving humanity.
Here it is! I found it.
I don't know
what I would have done without it.
Why is it that all women weep
when they are happy?
My little brother and sister
haven't had a thing to eat all day.
- Are you the only one to look after them?
- No, there's Father.
Only he drinks to forget his troubles.
And the more he drinks,
the more Mother scolds.
And the more she scolds,
the more he drinks.
So between the two,
there's hardly any time left for us.
I forgot there was still some kindness
in the world.
Thank you.
I forgot there was still some beauty in it.
Sonya!
Now, let me tie this around your wrist
so that you can't lose it.
The money's in there.
Now, when you get home,
don't let Father see what you've got.
Understand? Give it to Mother.
Wait a minute. Let me make you pretty.
Give this to your sister.
Don't tell her who gave it to you.
"The Current Review
Brings you this month, as always,
"the greatest Writing Talent to be found
"because we pay the highest rates
for accepted articles."
Move along. Come on, move along.
- Excuse me.
- What did you say?
I said, "Excuse me."

- Say it again and say it loud!

- Excuse me!

Say it loud!

"What am I, a student of crime
or a criminal? I wonder!"

Loud!

"Today for the first time,

"I felt the impulse to commit a crime."

- How much higher do I have to climb?

- One more flight. The last door on top.

A nice place you've brought me to,

I must say!

I didn't expect your son

to be living in a palace,

but you didn't tell me

he was living in a place like this.

We didn't know.

He should've written us the truth.

Roderick.

It's awful finding you in a place like this.

Tony.

Roderick, this is our friend, Mr Lushin.

My son.

How do you do, sir?

- Mr Lushin's a very important man!

- I'm honoured.

- He holds two government positions!

- Two? I'm doubly honoured!

I can't tell you how kind

and helpful he's been to us.

After Antonia lost her position,

we were in terrible trouble.

- Mother, please don't let's

talk about it now. - What trouble?

She wouldn't let me write.

The husband of the woman she worked for

turned out to be the most horrible person.

I had to leave because I wasn't obliging.

Let's not go over that again, Mother.

- Tell him about the revolver.

- What revolver?

She had to keep it under her pillow at night

to protect herself from him.

And his wife found out

and lied about me after I left.

You can imagine how easy it was to find a position after that.

It was lucky Mr Lushin came along to help us.

- Shall we tell your brother now?

- Why not? He'll have to know sometime.

I know this will be a great surprise to you, Roderick,

but Mr Lushin and your sister are engaged to be married.

- Show him your ring, Antonia.

- Tony engaged?

Well, sir, is that all you have to say?

- I want to understand this clearly.

- What's there to understand?

Mr Lushin has honoured me by asking me to become his wife.

And I've accepted because I love him.

Madam, let me compliment you on your son's manners.

Please don't be offended.

Her happiness means everything to him.

Roderick, I think you ought to know that

Mr Lushin's marrying your sister without asking for any dowry at all.

I may say that I have fairly advanced ideas on the subject of marriage.

- Indeed.

- I prefer a girl like your sister, who has experienced poverty.

I believe that a wife should always look up to her husband as a benefactor.

And here's the best news of all, Roderick.

Mr Lushin has agreed to employ you as his private secretary.

I'm afraid you're stating things a little too definitely.

I didn't absolutely agree to employ your son.

But, Mr Lushin, you did. You promised me.

It was quite definite.

- No, I did not promise.

- How can you say that? You did!

For the sake of
clarifying our future relationship,
please understand that I prefer
not to be contradicted.
Excuse me for coming to your room
like this.
I just had to thank you for the money
you gave us.
I would have come sooner,
only I didn't know where you lived
or even your name.
Then I remembered the pawnbroker
could tell from her books.
Excuse me. I had to thank you.
I'd better go now.
Not until you meet my mother and sister.
- Mother... What's your name?
- Sonya.
Sonya. A friend of mine.
- How do you do?
- How do you do?
My sister, Antonia.
I don't think you should be asked
to meet a person
who's a nameless acquaintance
of your brother's.
Which one of your two government
positions permit you to insult her?
- Roderick, please!
- It's my duty to protect the honour
of the woman I'm going to make my wife.
Did you say "honour"? If she marries you,
she doesn't know what the word means.
- Roderick, what are you saying?
- Don't get excited, Mother.
I know you didn't mean it. You're upset.
I forbid you to speak to him.
I'm sorry, Mr Lushin.
I expected a different sort of welcome
for you.
I shall not hold this against you, Antonia,
but you are never to see your brother again.
Do you understand? Come.
- Tony, don't go with him.

- Leave me alone. I'll do what I please.
Mother, you must stop her.
Take her home with you at once.
But, darling, we've nowhere to go.
Mr Lushin promised to pay our hotel bills
after we got here.
You mean without his help
you have no place to sleep tonight?
Roderick, don't you see?
There's no use fighting against
the will of Heaven!
All I can see is that my sister
is selling herself for a night's lodging.
Don't make this seem worse than it is.
- She's doing this for you.
- I won't have it.
This is only a question of money.
Are you going to let him buy
Antonia's future,
and yours and mine?
We'll talk this over again
in the morning.
I'm sure you'll feel differently
about it then.
Money.
Money!
Money! Money!
Money, money, money!
- What are you tying all those knots for?
- You'll find out. Just wait.
You've studied these things.
You know better than anyone else
that crime is always found out.
I've studied these things.
They won't find me out.
I won't make mistakes.
The ideals that we hold precious.
The future is yours.
Take it into your strong, young hands
with a high purpose.
- I'll take it into my strong young hands.
- Coward!
Antonia's marrying him for your sake.
She won't have to marry him for my sake.

- Move along, move along.

- Get out of my way!

What do you want? It's after hours.

It's me. Don't you remember?

I've got a valuable cigarette case.

Nice hour this to come around

with your rubbish.

Come in.

Let's see this valuable cigarette case
of yours.

- What's it made of, lead?

- Gold.

What's the idea of making so many knots?

It must be inlaid with diamonds,
the way you've tied it.

Come on, you old hag.

I need some money tonight.

Nobody home. That's strange!

She never goes out.

Look.

It's latched on the inside.

There must be somebody home.

She couldn't go out

and leave the door latched on the inside.

Something queer about this!

Let's go down and get the porter.

All right, gentlemen. We'll see, we'll see.

The latch was on a moment ago.

Help! Murder! Police! Police!

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

Looking for something?

I took some of your old newspapers.

I haven't seen a paper for days.

TO MY SON.

MAY HE WEAR IT IN HONOR.

Company to see you.

I don't want to see anybody.

You've been sleeping with your gloves on.

There's a policeman here for you.

Here he is, Officer.

- Are you the writer, Raskolnikov?

- Yes.

Come with me.

You're wanted at headquarters.

- Why?

- You'll find out when you get there.

Hurry up. We haven't got all day.

Excuse me.

This door.

What I want to know is who says
they were drunk in my cafe and fighting?

As far as I can judge,
every neighbour within the radius of a mile.

What do you want us to do?

Go around talking in whispers?

Why, it's the most refined place in town.

You ought to know,

you were there last week.

Please remember, madam,

I was there in my official capacity.

- What do you want?

- Why have I been brought here?

In a hurry, eh? When your turn comes,
we'll give you plenty of time.

Well, if there was a disturbance,

why don't you go after

the person who caused it?

One of your own officers.

Oh, we won't mention any names,

but in comes your fine captain,

drunk as a pig,

and orders three bottles of champagne.

Then he lifts up one leg, like this,

and brings it down on my piano

and starts to play with his boot.

And when I asked him, most politely,

please, please not to break my piano,

he slapped me in the face.

Then he slaps Henrietta

and he slaps Louise and he slaps Matilda.

He slapped all of my entertainers.

And then he chases me all over the house.

Well, chase yourself

over there and cool off.

- What's your name?

- Raskolnikov.

Raskolnikov.

You owe your landlady 30 rubles,
and you refuse to vacate the premises.
Is that... Is that why I'm here?
Are you going to pay or get out peaceably,
or must we throw you out?
I'll pay. I'll pay tomorrow.
The rent, do you hear?
It's the rent! 30 rubles!
Stop that shouting!
Do you realise where you are?
Do you realise where you are?
See that sign?
"No smoking"! What are you doing
with that thing in your face?
I don't know anything about it!
I don't know anything about it!
Let me go! Let me go!
What's going on here?
Is this the man
who tried to sell the earrings?
Yes, sir. We found him working
in an empty flat under the old pawnbroker's.
Your Honour! I know nothing! Nothing!
You'll have no trouble with him, sir.
Get him to talk.
He knows who committed the murder.
Oh, my gracious, he's fainted!
I'm sorry. The heat!
- Who's that?
- He's a writer, sir.
His name is... Just one moment, sir.
Raskolnikov, sir.
Raskolnikov!
That's just the man I want to see.
Here, wait a minute!
This is an unexpected pleasure.
Porfiry is my name, Chief Inspector.
You know what I did immediately
after I read your article?
I wrote to the editor of Current Review
to find out the name of the genius
who was the author.
I thought I knew something about crime,
but I swear you put me and my staff

in the kindergarten class.
Come into my office.
You'll find it a little cooler there.
I'd like to have you help us
on a brand new murder case.
It'll give you a chance to see
how the blundering police work.
What do you mean
the policeman took him away?
They arrested him? What for?
The policeman came and took him away.
Come in. Sit down.
An old pawnbroker was killed last night,
a well-known character
by the name of Leona.
- Bring the prisoner in.
- Yes, sir.
I consider myself very fortunate
to have you here.
You see, I have a feeling that you have
an instinctive understanding
of criminal types
that might be more valuable
than all the years of my experience.
You can leave us. Sit down.
An obvious criminal type, in my opinion.
What do you think?
You mean to say you can tell
by looking at a man
whether he's capable of crime?
In most cases, yes.
The born criminal has certain facial
characteristics that brand him immediately.
The difficult case is the normal person
who's driven to crime
through passion or need.
Such a man, however, gives himself up
in the end through fear.
Fear of the law or of God.
Then your ability to inspire fear
must be a powerful weapon.
Very. Half the time it drives a man to us,
saving us the bother of going after him.
And then, I wouldn't confess this openly,

but as one criminologist to another,
we take credit for being inhumanly skilful.

So you were working in the empty flat
underneath the pawnbroker's, huh?

- Yes, Your Honour.

- What time last night did you finish work?

- **About 7:**

- Where did you go after you left work?

- I just went to a place to get a drink.

- How long did you stay there?

- A few hours.

- Well, what time did you get home?

About midnight.

You had blood on your clothes
when you got home last night, didn't you?

- Yes, Your Honour.

- How did it get there?

We were feeling happy, Your Honour,
and I banged on the table
with my glass, like this,
and it broke and it cut my hand.

What did you do when you got home?

Well, I wanted to go to sleep, Your Honour,
but my wife,

she started to make a lot of noise,
screaming and scolding, so I beat her.

You beat your wife often?

Oh, no, Your Honour. Not often.

About once a week.

This must be one of the extraordinary men
you describe in your article.

You know, I was very much amused,
the way you classify
all men into the ordinary and extraordinary.

Ordinary men, you say,
must obey the law because,
well, because they are ordinary.

But extraordinary men have a right
to transgress the law,
because they are extraordinary,
is that right?

Not exactly.

I maintain such a man should

not be judged by ordinary standards.
For example, Napoleon.
A man may wipe out millions of lives,
but if he builds an empire,
no one condemns him.
Oh, come, my friend. I doubt very much
that Napoleon murdered this pawnbroker.
I'm glad my theories furnish you
with a chance to be witty.
Now! Don't be so touchy!
You see, my friend, I'm a practical man,
a policeman.
I'm just wondering what instructions
I'm to give my men
to help them in discriminating between
the great men and the herd.
It would make it a lot simpler for us
if they were to have
some distinguishing mark,
a medal or ribbon,
or a resemblance to Napoleon,
like yourself, for instance.
At what time did you get to work
this morning?

7:

But you left your work
immediately afterwards,

and at 8:

you tried to sell a pair of gold earrings.

- Yes, sir.
 - Where did you get those earrings?
 - I found them.
 - Exactly where did you find them?
- Behind the door in the empty flat
where I was working.
Did you ever see this before?
- It's a poker, but...
 - So you know it's a poker!
 - Have you ever seen this before?
 - No, sir.

Look at me.

You tied this package tightly,

pretending there was something in it
you wanted to pawn.

While she was bending over,
trying to untie the knots,
you picked up a poker
and struck her over the head.

Confess that you killed her!
Where's the rest of her property?
No! Please help me.

Tell him I know nothing about it.

- I know nothing about it.

- Take him away.

The more I see of humanity,
the more I marvel at its infinite variety.
The difference between a man and a monkey
isn't as great as the difference
between one man and another.

You're right, my friend.

One man of genius is worth
a million like him.

How do you know a poker was used?

Why, the bungler wiped the blood off
the weapon on the victim's apron.

From the crease in the cloth and
the bloodstains, we know it was a poker.

Now, what do you think? You're the jury.

Is he guilty or not guilty?

- Not guilty!

- Not guilty?

- What makes you think so?

- He doesn't look guilty to me.

Then, in your opinion, this man is innocent?

In my opinion, you have no case!

Enough to send him to the gallows.

You're not going to send an innocent man
to the gallows?

Why not? To be very honest,
if only to keep my record clear.

- What about your conscience afterwards?

- Why should I bother with a conscience?

Let the murderer suffer from his conscience,
the real murderer,
that is, if this man is innocent.

But I don't agree with you.

The criminal was just like the man
we've got, a stupid coward!
Why, if he hadn't been in a panic,
he'd have found the old woman's money,
1,500 rubles tucked snugly away
in a mattress,
the first place a competent
and brainy criminal would have looked.
Instead, he picks up a lot of junk
that's of no use to him.
Where's he going to unload it?
After all, Professor, this is your problem,
not mine.
You promised to show me
some of your blundering police methods,
and you certainly have.
Sorry I can't be of more assistance.
- Good luck.
- Thanks.
Why did you call me "Professor"?
Because you profess to know
something about crime.
Roderick, what are you here for?
I didn't know what to think
when I heard they arrested you.
I'll tell you all about it some other time.
You've got to let me have some money.
- Now's your chance.
- Why, of course!
30 rubles,
not a penny more, not a penny less.
My mother and sister arrived.
They did? Where are they?
When can I see them?
Tonight. I'll wait for you at 8:00.
Move along. What are you doing here?
Merely admiring myself. I am an author.
You look it. Move on.
You're not going to push me away again.
And what's more,
I'm going in to see the editor.
I want to see the editor.
You'll have to write for an appointment.
The editor's a very important man!

So am I!
Just a minute!
Have you got an appointment?
- Where do you think you're going?
- To see the editor.
You'd better get out
before you're thrown out!
- Here, you...
- I want to see the editor!
What's all the rumpus?
Someone giving birth to an idea?
My name is Raskolnikov.
He was trying to brush right in
without an appointment.
Well, take a good look at him.
Let him brush right in
any time he feels like it.
Come in, sir.
Do you know what I was doing last night?
Going over the letters that came in
on your article.
Some of them are from
the most important people in the country.
Why, the chief police inspector of
our own city wanted to know who wrote it.
- I just left him.
- Really?
He asked me to help him on a case.
- Well, have a cigar.
- No, thank you.
- Some port, then.
- Thanks.
- When do we get your next article?
- There won't be any next one.
What do you mean? You can't stop now!
The editor of the National Weekly
wants me to do a series.
That pirate! Why doesn't he develop
his own writers instead of stealing mine?
You're my discovery.
You didn't think enough of your discovery
to put his name on the article!
I'll put your name on the cover if you wish.
That pirate is willing to put my name

on a cheque for 750 rubles.
I'll put it on a cheque for a thousand.
How's that?
Or perhaps you prefer the cash.
I'll get it for you.
I'm sorry you didn't get the idea
of dropping in sooner.
Don't be astonished if you see
a peculiar animal in a few moments.
It answers to the name of Mr Lushin.
- Who's Mr Lushin?
- He's two government officials.
And I'm going to escort them both
to the sidewalk.
Yes, sir. You're expected, sir. Go right up.
Thank you, sir.
Look here, Roderick. I don't like mysteries.
Tell me what's happened.
I've never seen you fling money around
like this before.
You've got a new personality,
to say nothing of new clothes!
Only this morning,
you were borrowing 30 rubles from me.
Yes, sir, and I'm paying them back now.
Hey, what's happened to you?
I've learnt how not to be afraid.
- How did you do that?
- What difference does it make?
If you've discovered some formula
for killing fear overnight,
you oughtn't to keep it to yourself.
Publish it.
- You'll become a benefactor of humanity.
- To the devil with humanity.
Hello, Mother!
You've got a new suit on, Roderick.
How splendid you look.
Dmitri.
How do you do?
We've been talking about you,
wondering when we'd see you.
For me? Thank you.
Antonia, see who's here.

Antonia,
I thought I'd bring you some flowers.
Thank you. I'm so happy to see you again.
Mr Lushin, may I apologise
for what happened the last time?
Of course, I'll accept your apology
if you're very sorry.
Very sorry? I'm miserable.
I want to make a point of the fact
that I'm not one to be unforgiving.
Then may I talk to my sister again?
Stop your clowning, Roderick.
You know he didn't mean that seriously.
Did you?
- Why, no!
- Thank you. You're very generous.
Dmitri, this is Mr Lushin,
my sister's fiance.
Your sister's what?
Fianc.
You know, it's what you get married to.
Mr Lushin isn't a day over 50.
All he needs is a little exercise
to get this down.
Roderick, stop that.
He's a terribly important man.
Six government positions. Imagine.
- Or is it eight?
- It's two, Roderick.
Two?
I'm so sorry.
And you ought to see the ring he gave her.
Tony, display it.
A diamond! Five-eighths of a carat!
You couldn't expect any less from a man
with 10 government positions, could you?
Roderick, it's a very nice ring,
and you know I hate big stones.
- You've been drinking.
- No, I have not.
- Yes, you have.
- My dear,
for the sake of
clarifying our future relationship,

I prefer not to be contradicted.
I believe you've come here with
the deliberate intention of insulting me.
No, no, no. Emphatically, no!

- That's my hat.
- So it is.
- You did it on purpose.
- Correct again.

Antonia, I insist for the last time
that you choose between me
and this disorderly brother of yours.
You made it very easy for me to choose,
Mr Lushin.

Here's your five-eighths-of-a-carat ring.
And this is for my mother's hotel bill,
and this is for a new hat,
your humble servant!

- That settles him.
- Roderick, where did you get this money?
- Dmitri, where did he get that money?
- Search me. Where did you get it, Roderick?

All I had to do was ask for it.

Take what you want.

Lie, cheat, bluff.

Take life by the throat.

Come on, let's go out
and celebrate Mr Lushin's disposition.

I mean his final disposition.

To my ex-future brother-in-law
and all his government positions.

May they increase and multiply.

And may his children, if any,
be tax collectors.

By the way, Roderick,

I'm about to ask your sister
if I may call on her tomorrow.

Now that I've seen how you
kick her suitors out, do you object?

- Suppose I do! - All right. Here's
a chance to stub your toes.

Antonia, may I call on you tomorrow?

I'm afraid if I don't say yes,
he'll kick me out.

According to this entry in her book,

you visited the murdered woman
on July 11, is that right?

- Yes, sir.

- At what time?

About 7:

- Are these the articles you pawned?

- Yes, sir.

What do you do for a living?

- How long have you been away from home?

- About four months.

Any trouble with the police
during that time?

No, sir.

You'd better take this Bible with you.

Thank you, sir.

Oh, just a minute.

While you were doing business
with the pawnbroker,
did you notice anyone else?

Someone came to pawn a watch
while I was there.

- A man or a woman?

- A man.

What did he look like?

Can you describe him?

Oh, yes, sir. I even know his name.
Raskolnikov.

Do you know him well?

No, sir. I'd never seen him before.

But I talked to him later,
as we were coming out,
and I dropped a ruble,
and he helped me find it.

Then he gave my little brother some money.

- How much?

- Nine rubles. I think it was all he had.

- Generous, eh? - Oh, yes, sir.

He's the finest man I ever met.

Find out if Raskolnikov still lives
at the same address.

Yes, sir.

- How often have you seen him since then?

- Only once, sir,

when I went to thank him for the money
he gave my little brother.

- So you know where he lives?

- I found out by asking the pawnbroker.

- You saw her again, too? When was that?

- The next morning.

She was very cross with me
for bothering her.

Oh, she was, was she?

The old hag,

I dare say she deserved what she got.

That's just what he said.

- Then you did see him after the murder?

- Oh, no, sir.

He said things like that
before she was killed.

What else did he say about her?

Do you remember the exact words?

No, sir. I'm not even sure that
he said the things I told you.

I don't remember, really.

He still lives at the same address, sir.

He paid his landlady
the 30 rubles he owed her
the same morning he was here.

That was the morning after the murder,
wasn't it?

Yes, sir.

From my questions,
you think I suspect your friend.

That's not so.

I've a very high regard for him.

You may go now.

I want to thank you for this.

What are you doing here?

The inspector sent for me.

He returned my Bible
and asked me a few questions.

- Did he want to know anything about me?

- Yes.

What did you...

I must see you later. Where do you live?
On Catherine Street. The first house
from the bridge on the second floor.

I'll be over to see you
as soon as I'm through here.

- How are you, sir?

- Have a cigarette?

No, sir.

- You're not smoking?

- Yes, sir.

Too bad.

- I'll announce you to the inspector, sir.

- I'll announce myself.

Morning, Inspector.

Good morning, good morning,
good morning.

I'm so delighted to see you again,
I'm not even going to ask you if you had
any special reason in coming here.

As a matter of fact, I have.

I was hoping this visit
was an act of pure friendship.

- Will you have a little brandy?

- I never refuse.

Your health, Professor.

Thank you.

I've come to claim a watch
that must have come into your possession.
Into my possession?

I hated to part with it,
but necessity
often gets the better of sentiment.

- So I took it to the old woman to pawn.

- What old woman?

The pawnbroker.

The one we were talking about.

Oh, did you have dealings with her?

You know all about that by now.

No! Not at all. How should I?

Didn't you find my name in her book?

Here, let me see.

Oh, yes, to be sure!

I don't know how I could have missed it.

You know, you're the first of her clients
who has come here voluntarily.

Perhaps the others are all afraid to.

Except for you,

not a Napoleon in the whole outfit.

Well, excuse me.

Thank you.

I'm sorry, but your watch isn't listed among the things we found in her place.

I'm afraid it's in the possession of the murderer.

I hope you'll do all you can to get it back for me.

I assure you I'll leave nothing undone to locate your watch.

Thank you.

I knew you'd feel that way about it.

Incidentally, I'm wondering why you didn't mention your watch the day you were in my office, the day you fainted.

One doesn't like to talk about going to a pawnshop.

Of course not. I quite understand.

Something the matter with your eye?

Yes, it has a silly habit of twitching at the wrong moment.

I've no control over it, really.

Or perhaps it was dazzled by the splendour of your new clothes.

Things have taken a turn for the better?

Yes. Things have taken a turn for the better.

How about another drink?

I'm sorry you must leave so soon.

Going anywhere in particular?

Why, no. I was going to visit my mother.

They say every great man owes his genius to his mother.

I should like to meet her.

This is Captain Porfiry, chief inspector of all the police.

- My mother and sister.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- I'm honoured.

And this young man has practically been living here for the past two weeks.

We may need your help to throw him out.

Don't be silly, Roderick.

We love having Dmitri here.

He seems to like this place.

Maybe the police can tell me why.

You don't need detectives for that.

Inspector, to the police.

You're hitting it pretty hard today.

You know you had two drinks in my office.

I'm glad, Roderick, your friend

the inspector mentioned it.

- I've been worrying about it, too.

- Yes, even Dmitri has spoken of it.

- By the way, does your son faint easily?

- Why, no.

- Have you ever known him to faint?

- No.

The reason I ask,

about two weeks ago in my office,

they brought in a man suspected of murder.

At the mention of the word "murder",

he fainted dead away.

I told you why, didn't I? It was the heat.

- And you were starving.

- Yes.

Too poor to buy food.

Yet that very morning,

you suddenly produced 30 rubles

and paid your rent.

Where did you get that money?

If your giant mind

isn't equal to that mystery,

you might ask my friend.

- He borrowed the 30 rubles from me.

- When?

- Say, what is this, a cross-examination?

- Yes.

He invites himself into my home

and then he accuses me of murder.

- Murder?

- He commit a murder?

What are you talking about? Are you crazy?

Don't put words in my mouth.

I made no accusation.

Then why all this?
What have you against me?
The fact that I visited a pawnbroker
and didn't tell you?
That I fainted? My new clothes?
Here's some money, too.
Let your detectives look into that.
Roderick, I don't think
you should talk to the inspector like that.
Inspector. Inspect this.
No man could have the nerve
to commit a murder,
then sit in your office,
watch you accuse another man
and tell you he's not guilty!
If I were the guilty man,
I'd find a big stone with a hollow under it
and hide the loot for years.
Don't you think I'd know
you'd wait for the junk to appear?
Accuse me of murder if you like,
but don't insult me by believing that
I'd overlook 1,500 rubles in a mattress.
Use your clumsy methods on half-wits
like the poor fool
whose life you're going to take
to keep your record clear!
Well, I must have been wrong.
I apologise. Excuse me.
Say it again and say it loud!
Please excuse me.
I guess I was a little overzealous.
I'm still just a blundering policeman.
Your health, Professor!
ROOM FOR REN I've been waiting for hours.
I thought you'd come sooner.
I couldn't.
What did the inspector want to know?
Excuse me.
Can you tell me where the room is
that's for rent?
Next door. But you'll have to see
the landlady about it.
Thank you. I'm a stranger in the city,

and I must find a room somewhere to...

Wasn't he at police station this afternoon?

- I didn't notice.

- They are following me.

- Who?

- The police.

Why? What have you done?

What are you afraid of?

Nothing.

Sonya, did you tell the inspector
about meeting me at the pawnbroker's?

Yes.

Then he knew all about my going there
to pawn a watch.

Yes, I told him.

- What else did you tell him?

- Only about the money you gave us.

- And then, he wanted to know...

- What? What else did he want to know?

Before I knew what happened,
he made me tell him what you said,
that she deserved to die.

I tried to take it back afterwards.

Why take it back? I said it to him myself.

Why did you think you had to defend me?

You didn't kill her, did you?

I don't know why, but the thought went
through me just now like a cold wind.

Forgive me.

If I thought you could do a thing like that,
I wouldn't want to live.

What do you care what I am or what I do?

I didn't tell you something else
the inspector made me admit.

What?

That you were the finest man I ever met.

I do this almost every night.

Come out here and look down at the water.

Sometimes the water seems full of stars.

And then I feel I could let this bucket down
and pull up a whole pail full of them.

- You're lonely, aren't you?

- You are, too.

I wonder how many poor devils

have found an answer
to their questions down there.
If only the dead
could ever come back.
They have.
Remember the raising of Lazarus?
Are you happy to have your Bible back?
Would you like me to read
the raising of Lazarus?
I can't understand you, Sonya.
How can you continue living like this?
I believe in God.
What have you or I to hope for out of life?
Don't take away my faith. I need it.
Don't take away my unbelief. I need that.
You couldn't be so blasphemous unless
something were troubling you terribly.
- Won't you tell me what it is?
- I wish I could.
I can't now.

PAWNBROKER:

2 FLIGHTS UP
I hope you'll pardon me calling so early.
I've been trying since yesterday morning
to get in touch with you.
My name is Grilov.
Hasn't your sister ever spoken of me?
She was employed as governess
in my home.
- Don't lie to me. You're from the police.
- The police?
I saw you yesterday at Police Headquarters.
I went there to find out where you lived.
I thought because of your work
in criminology, they might know.
And afterwards, you followed me,
didn't you?
Why, no. I waited,
hoping to see you when you came out.
But you were with the inspector
and I didn't want to intrude.
So I went to the address
I heard that girl give you

and rented a room there, feeling sure
I'd run into you sooner or later.
I hope that clears me of all suspicion.
Well, then, why did you trace me
and what do you want?
Your assistance
in clearing up a great injustice.
It is because of me
that your sister lost her position.
It is because of me
that her good name was...
Well, I'll be frank with you,
at the time this happened,
I was very infatuated with Antonia.
But all that's over.
Why do you tell me all this?
I want you to intercede for me
with your sister.
I know she won't see me.
Odd, isn't it?
What did you expect, her gratitude?
Hardly. That's why I came to you.
I want you to give her this.
My wife died and left some money
to your sister, 500 rubles,
to make up for her unjust suspicions.
All I'm asking is that
you give her the money,
let me see her and apologise.
Haven't you ever committed a wrong?
If you have, you must know that
the worst consequences
are the unforeseen ones.
It's like dropping a stone in a pool.
The waves spread out in all directions
and touch shores you couldn't see before.
You're trying to buy your way
into my sister's life again.
500 rubles and a lot of hypocrisy.
Well, you can't.
She's happy
and she's forgotten you ever existed.
Your money comes too late,
and your apologies aren't wanted. Get out!

All right. I'll see your sister,
and it won't cost me 500 rubles.
Hello. Someone has money to throw away.
Rather an aggressive gentleman.
Your powers of deduction again, Inspector?
Now, don't rub it in.
So, this is where you live, eh?
I knew I'd find a picture of Napoleon here.
But Beethoven? What a strange pair!
You know, Beethoven dedicated
a symphony to Napoleon,
and when he discovered Napoleon
was a false god,
he tore up his dedication.
I wonder whether you'll feel
the same way some day.
I doubt it, but you didn't come here
to improve my mind, did you?
Now, look here. I had to talk to you alone,
away from your family.
Why? To accuse me privately?
I'll admit I connected you with the murder
of the old pawnbroker.
Not at our first meeting,
mind you, but later.
You know
how a policeman's mind functions.
I began piecing things into a pattern.
Your desperate poverty.
Your sister marrying for your sake.
Your fainting when the arrested man
was brought in.
All this talk about supermen
being above the law.
Flashing all that money,
which I didn't know until this morning,
came from your publishers.
You must concede, it would have
looked pretty bad even to you.
Then you no longer connect me
with this amateurish crime?
Please, put the thought out of your mind
once and for all.
- May I smoke?

- Make yourself at home.
You know, I burn up 30 to 40 of these a day.
Nerves, that's all.
Would you believe it?
Every time I'm brought face to face
with a guilty man, I smoke.
I drum with my fingers,
pace up and down the room,
talk about all sorts of irrelevant things
just to avoid getting to the point.
Absurd, isn't it?
If this case isn't cleared up soon,
I'm afraid I'm going to have a breakdown.
I know what you were thinking.
You thought I was looking for a poker.
Nothing of the kind.
Why don't you say what you want
to say instead of hounding me?
I don't hound a man I think is guilty.
I leave him alone.
I sit back and wait.
But I give him just a little hint
that I know all about his crime,
that I'm watching him night and day.
The chances are, he'll try to escape,
and that's when I like to catch him.
If he's in continual fear and suspicion,
he's bound to lose his head and
do something that'll make his guilt as plain
as the fact
that there's no poker in this room.
I must get back to my duties.
This isn't getting the murderer.
I wonder how far away from me
he is at this moment.
Speaking of nerves,
I actually know of cases
where the criminal has returned
to the scene of the crime
as if he were drawn by a magnet,
do something foolish and impulsive
like ringing a bell and running away.
Strange, isn't it?
I must say for a great specialist in crime,

you're not helping me very much.
If you arrive at a conclusion,
come in to see me.
I'm always in at 4:00.
You're early.
I didn't expect you for an hour.
Oh, I forgot. You haven't your watch.
Stop playing this cat-and-mouse game
with me.
If you have a case against me,
arrest me, bring me up for trial!
- My dear fellow...
- Don't "dear fellow" me.
I won't allow you to keep on torturing me!
I won't allow it!
I'm afraid your nerves are going to pieces.
You remind me of certain types
connected with every important crime.
Awful nuisances, they get to
thinking about it, brooding over it.
By some peculiar mental twist, they
convince themselves that they're guilty,
and then they come here like you
and insist that we put them in jail.
Get out in the open, take a walk,
watch the clouds,
let peace enter your troubled mind.
There's no greater blessing
on this earth than peace.
If you are guilty, the very last thing to do
would be to throw you in prison,
because that puts you out of suspense.
I'd let your mind regain its strength.
I might even deprive myself of the chance
of getting further evidence against you.
No, in a case like this,
I can afford to wait.
Sooner or later, the man will come to me
and confess because he wants peace.
Did you know that when a man
voluntarily confesses,
his sentence is reduced?
I may sound like a preacher,
but the truth remains

that there's no prison as steel-bound
as a man's conscience.
Nothing that we could devise
is as horrible as the torture
conscience will inflict on a man.
Conscience, day and night,
waking and dreaming.
Take your hands off me!
Why should it be my lot
to break down a man?
What a profession!
I should like nothing better than to
get away from this clearing-house of crime,
take a walk in the country.
- Excuse me, Inspector...
- Didn't I tell you to leave me alone?
Get out of here!
Get out before I break your neck!
But the man has just confessed.
I confess. I'm guilty!
I'm the murderer! Punish me!
- You're lying. You didn't kill her!
- I tied those knots, I tell you.
I hit her on the head with a poker.
I'm the murderer! I hated her!
Why, you idiot, you didn't even
know about it until we arrested you!
You didn't know anything about it
until we beat it into you.
Take him away
if he wants to go to Siberia that badly.
I killed her, I tell you!
Punish me! I want to die!
Well, I didn't expect that.
Good work, Inspector.
What a triumph for your methods.
First, you make him confess,
and then you try to make him believe
he's innocent.
Marvellous police department.
Let the man alone. Let his mind be at rest.
Let his conscience be his prison.
What was that beautiful expression?
"Steel-bound."

You should have been a writer.

Better take that walk in the country,

Inspector. You need it.

- Are you in a hurry?

- No.

Sonya, I must talk to you.

I may never see you again.

- You're going away?

- Yes.

Where are you going?

- I don't know.

- Then, why?

- Because I'm free now.

- Free from what?

From the police.

They suspected me of murder.

But that's all over now.

Sonya, come away with me.

Let's leave all this.

We'll get out into the open

where there's peace.

- Did they find the guilty man?

- He confessed this morning.

- Who was it?

- The painter who worked in the house.

Why all these questions? Leave me alone.

I've been questioned enough!

Put that away!

I don't want to be reminded of that old hag!

"And it was a cave and a stone

lay against it and He said,

- "'Take away the stone.'"

- What stone?

What stone are you talking about?

How do you know there was a stone?

It's the stone under which

Lazarus was buried.

"And Martha, the sister of Lazarus said,

'But he's been dead for four days.'

"And He said to her 'If thou believest,

thou will see the glory of God.'

"And so they took away the stone,

and He lifted up his eyes and said,

"'Father, I thank Thee

that Thou has heard me.'

"And when He had thus spoken,
He cried in a loud voice,
'Lazarus, come forth.'
And he that was dead came forth."
- Sonya! Sonya!
- You shouldn't kneel to me!
Have mercy on me! I killed her!
I killed her.
- Why did you do it?
- I was mad, Sonya.
I was mad. What shall I do now?
I don't know what to tell you
because you have no faith.
And if I did have faith?
Then I would tell you to confess
and atone for what you've done.
Confess to the police?
How else can you save the one
who is being punished instead of you?
Confess to the police? And rot in prison?
Is that fool's life so valuable to you?
It's his life.
You've no right to take it away from him.
Why do you think of him?
- Why don't you think of me?
- I am thinking of you.
You can't carry such a burden.
It'll be a greater punishment
than any the law can give you.
You couldn't stand it.
I'll get used to it.
I'm not as weak as you think.
I was strong enough to commit a crime.
I'll be strong enough to live with it.
Will you let me kiss you before I go?
"Antonia, I must see you at once.
"If you value your brother's safety,
comply with my request. Grilov."
"P.S. my address is..."
Antonia, do you see that door?
Sonya lives on the other side of it.
I listened and I heard your brother tell her
that he committed a murder.

You can't make me believe that.
You made it up.
It's another one
of your contemptible schemes.
No, Antonia, I'm not lying.
Ask the girl yourself.
Do you want me to call her in?
But you know it's true.
You must have noticed how strangely
your brother's been behaving?
The other day, I went to see him,
and he was frightened out of his wits
because he thought I was from the police.
Antonia, I'll help you get him
out of the country, anywhere you say.
I have money and friends.
- I'd do anything for you. Anything.
- I don't believe it.
- I don't believe it.
- All right, then.
It's my duty to inform the police.
Open that door.
If you really loved your brother,
you wouldn't force me to go to the police.
But you love your brother,
and you could love me, too.
I know I made a bad start with you,
but things are different now.
We can be married and go away together.
We'd be happier than you've ever dreamed.
- Antonia, please...
- Keep away from me.
That's the toy you used to keep
in my home, isn't it?
Keep away.
Please let me go.
Here's the key.
- I hope you had time to search the place.
- Not thoroughly.
- Find what you were looking for?
- Not here.
But downstairs in the porter's room,
I found this poker.
I'm pretty sure it's the death weapon.

You see that bend?
It left an irregular stain on the apron,
which could have been made
only with a poker like this.
The porter tells me it was missing
on the night of the murder.
It was returned later in his absence.
Furthermore, I'm certain
when I have it examined,
I'll find blood stains on it.
You know perfectly well
that isn't evidence enough.
I know that perfectly well.
Anyway, if that is the poker,
you have a confession
of a man who says he used it.
He doesn't know what he's saying.
He belongs in a hospital, not a prison.
You're the murderer. You and nobody else.
You can't prove it. You can never prove it.
Maybe I can. Maybe I can't.
But I'll make a deal with you.
If you admit your crime now,
I'll stage it so that your confession
will come as a complete surprise,
one of those last-minute affairs
to clear an innocent man.
There are plenty
of extenuating circumstances.
- The most you can get is a few years.
- I didn't do it.
How long do you think
you can keep up this pretence?
Forever? For all eternity?
You're wasting your time.
Then I'm afraid I'll have to send
an innocent man to Siberia,
very likely to his death.
It's not my doing after all. It's yours.
I don't know how you feel about it,
but it's a worse crime than the other,
in its way, more cold-blooded and fiendish.
Now, Napoleon might be able
to carry that off,

but you are not a Napoleon, my friend.
You're not hard enough,
and I'm sorry for you.
I wouldn't be in your place
for anything in the world.
Oh, by the way, you once told me
if you had committed the crime,
you would have looked for a big stone
with a hollow underneath
to hide what you stole.
If at some future time,
your nerves get the better of you,
and you're driven to
some desperate measure,
leave a little note behind
telling me where the stone is.
I'd consider it a personal favour.
I took the liberty
of coming through that door.
You really ought to keep it locked.
What's that for?
I suppose I owe you an explanation,
but I prefer not to give any.
You probably need the money. I don't.
All I want to say is that
I'm doing this for myself.
I overheard him telling his troubles to you.
Tell him he need fear nothing from me.
What has he to fear from you
or anybody else?
The only one he has to fear now is himself.
You're right, my child.
The only one a man ever need fear
is himself.
I must find him. I must find him.
Where is he? Do you know?
Do you know where he is?
Probably with his sister
at the Alexander Street Hotel.
Have you been crying?
No, Mother.
The wind blew something to my eyes.
You have been crying. What happened?
Did you quarrel with Dmitri?

- No.

- Is it Roderick?

Roderick, something's happened to you.
Antonia knows and is afraid to tell me.
What is it?

Do you know?

What are you going to do?

I'm going away, leaving the country tonight.

- Have you money enough?

- Yes.

Oh, Roderick, why did you do it?

Why did you do it?

- You'll take good care of Mother,
won't you? - Yes.

You are going to marry Dmitri?

Yes.

Tony, after I'm gone, be a friend to Sonya.

You haven't come to me like this
since you were a little boy.

Remember? When you were about six,
the day your schoolbooks
fell out of your hands?

They fell on one of the kittens.

Remember how you nursed it
back to health?

You were such a sensitive boy,
so afraid of causing pain.

Remember how you asked me to tell God
you didn't mean to do it?

And when I told God,
you were so comforted

you fell into a peaceful sleep.

Roderick, the greatest happiness
a mother knows

is when her children come to her
for comfort.

You believe that I'm good, don't you?

I know you are.

You know that I always wanted to help
you and Tony.

You've always been good to us, Roderick.

No, Mother, I haven't.

When I wanted to help you most,
I forgot you most.

- When will I see you again?
- Tomorrow, perhaps.
- I know I shouldn't come here,
but I must... - Then you know it, too.
He's in trouble. What is it?
I can only tell you that he needs help,
if it isn't too late.
- Where did he go?
- Sonya.
You must stay here tonight.
I want to be your friend.
I can't stay here.
It may be too late. I must find him.
Antonia, what has Roderick done?
You must tell me!
He can't have done anything wrong. Tell me!
He's only your brother, but he's my son!
You must tell me!
Mother, you remember that night
we arrived?
- That's when it happened.
- What happened?
Remember what the inspector said
that day he was here?
Mother, he did it for us. He did it for us.
Roderick!
What are you doing here?
I've been looking everywhere for you.
Roderick, what are you doing here?
I don't know.
Thinking of escape.
Not that way.
No, that way seems too easy.
Roderick, last night you wanted to kiss me,
but I didn't want you to.
The sinner and the saint.
Don't call me a saint.
I'm only someone who loves you.
And you're not a sinner.
You didn't do it for yourself.
It's no sin to destroy an ugly thing
like a black beetle.
You wanted to help others.
It was wrong for me to tell you

to give yourself up.
Let's go away to a different country,
to some place far off
where people won't know us.
We've got money enough. It'll be
easy to forget all we've been through.
I'll help you to forget.
You'll become famous, Roderick,
and I'll be so proud of you.
- Forget it.
- Everything!
Even the man who is going to be
condemned instead of me?
He's no man, he's an animal.
It won't make any difference to him.
You're giving me back my own words,
and they're ugly. They sound false.
They're not. I believe them now.
You made me see myself.
Napoleon,
a weakling who thought himself brave,
who committed a cowardly deed
and called it an act of humanity.
You were going to pray, weren't you?
You'd like to pray but you can't.
The prayers won't come.
You know why?
Because you've taken my sin on yourself.
I won't let you throw away your soul for me.
But I love you.
Sonya, if I go to Siberia,
will you wait for me?
Please let me go with you.
I'd go anywhere on earth with you.
Years will pass like a day.
I've been waiting for you.

THE END: