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Crime and Punishment

By Fyodor Dostoevsky

Thank you, sister.

I'll pray for you.

Yes, Dunya.

I want your complete devotion.

A leading light, darling.

A leading light.

Her life is what happens to you.

Am I really going to do this?

Will I do this?

Will I do this?

Will I do this?

This.

But you haven't redeemed
the thing you brought last time.

Can't afford to.

Why do you think I'm here with this?

Well, I can sell the other item
because your time limit has run out.

Thought I could pay
a month's interest on it.

Did you? Doesn't matter what you think.

This watch is rubbish.

- Do under the bed as well.

- But I did, sister.

How much will you give me for it?

I will redeem it, I promise.

It belonged to my father.

A ruble fifty. Take it or leave it.

A ruble fifty?

That's right, sweetheart.

All right, all right.

- Out the way!

- But I'm cleaning, as you said.

None of your lip, you, either.

Interest is 10 percent a month.

So on a ruble fifty,
you owe me 15 kopecks.

You also owe me 20 kopecks
on the two rubles you had before.

That comes to 35 kopecks.

So what you get for your watch
works out at a ruble 15.

Here.

I might bring you something else soon.

A silver cigarette case.
So you should expect me.
- It's very good quality.
- We'll see.
Taken a shine to her, have you?
Course not, gent like you.
Give it back to me!
Give me my licence back, please!
It's my licence! Give it back!
Come on, you tart!
Where's this passport that you've got?
I need it for work.
Enough! That's enough!
- Relax, it's a hooker.
- Pimp.
You think to behold a man...
I behold him.
I behold him when I see my Sonechka
in these clothes!
Well, don't worry, papa.
She takes them off a lot.
(ALL LAUGHING)
You should know.
Here, what are you doing?
Trying to get a free one?
Go home now and put this in her hand,
and she'll love you all over again.
What about your face powder
and lipstick?
I'll get some more money.
Sir, can I ask a favour of you?
I'd hate for anything to happen to him.
- You want me to take him home?
- He mustn't be detained.
Where does he live?
With my stepmother at Cazalsk tenements.
Thank you.
The little ones are hungry, Dad.
Tell Katerina I'll fetch
some more money tomorrow.
Honest work, Sonia, one day.
Honest work.
You get home.
Experience tells me, sir,

that you are a man of education.
I have trodden the path
of better things,
but now find myself stuck
in a quagmire of destitution,
swept out of human society with a broom.
And now a fellow traveller
takes me home, eh?

- What do you mean?

- Our fates, sir. Our fates.

Make your own way home,
you stupid old fool.

But I'm scared, sir.

I haven't been home for five days, sir.

I lost my job and the jacket
of my uniform.

She'll hit me and the children will cry.

But the main thing is

I have someone I can go to
and every man...

Every man must have that.

Don't you think? Somewhere he can go.

(BABY CRYING)

(COUGHING)

I'm trying to keep you clean.

I know I won't.

Ow!

Where's the money? Where is it?

There are 12 silver rubles missing
from my box. Where are they?

Sir, Katerina Ivanovna,

a person of education like yourself,
a field officer's daughter.

There's nothing in these pockets.

And where's your uniform gone?

She danced at

the governor's graduation ball.

They gave her a gold medal.

- You dropped the money!

- No!

He dropped the money?

He's spent the lot! All of it!

Look at them!

They haven't had anything to eat.

They're going hungry while you're out...
Why am I so cursed?
What are you staring at?
You should be ashamed of yourself.
You're another one of them, aren't you?
One of his drinking cronies.
You're just another one of them.
(COUGHING)

LANDLADY:

by any chance?
You could go back to giving lessons
to children.
What's the point? I'll get coppers.
After a fortune all at once, are you?
Yes. I'm after a fortune all at once.
Me, I have much more modest ambitions.
I just want the rent you owe me.
Didn't hear you come home last night.
My mother's praying for me
and my sister is pawning herself
in marriage for my sake.
They should both get up
off their bloody knees.
Come on, you, eat this.
Get your strength up.
I should be in a dacha right now,
out in the country.
Cool air, plenty of room.
I should have the means.
Instead I'm stuck in
this filthy, bloody city.
This ant heap.
Keep plugging away, eh?
Sonia! Sonia!
She bit my finger, Sonia. Look.
- Oh, why?
- So now I can't sew.
So now I have nothing to sell.
And if I can't earn money,
then she'll hit me again.
Come to my rooms tomorrow at 7:00.
I'll have money for you.
My sister will wonder where I am,

where I've gone.

You're coming to visit a friend.

- Yes.

- I shall read to you.

My best friend.

Lazarus.

"And he that was dead came forth,

"bound hand and foot

with grave clothes."

7:

Your sister can look after herself
for an hour, can't she?

(BELL TOLLING)

Come down for some soup?

Um, no.

I was, uh, just going out.

What about you? I thought you'd be out
seeing the neighbours.

You usually are.

Madam downstairs had other plans for me.

- Um, do you know the time?

- It's gone 7:

(BELL TOLLING)

(SCREAMING)

(MAN LAUGHING)

MAN:

NIKOLAI:

MAN:

It's hard work.

You don't think I'm going to pay you
for that, do you?

Yeah, you are.

Oh, come on, Nikolai.

A nice little drink, eh?

I think you're the devil.

You're sent to tempt me.

(LAUGHING)

It's the silver cigarette case

I told you about.

Take a look.

Enough knots in this, aren't there?

(DOOR OPENING)

(GASPING)

Lizaveta!

Lizaveta!

- I can't...

- No! No!

Stand up. Stand up.

Stand up! Stand up!

(SCREAMING)

(FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING STAIRS)

(HEAVY BREATHING)

(BELL RINGING)

MAN:

Open up!

MAN 2:

MAN:

Lizaveta goes out for her.

Well, whatever.

Bloody wasted journey anyway.

(POUNING ON DOOR)

MAN 2:

Can't you hear the bolt clicking?

- MAN:

- Means one of them's at home.

If they'd gone out, they'd have locked
it from the outside, with a key.

MAN:

what are you playing at?

MAN 2:

something might have happened.

I'm going to get that yard keeper.

I don't like the look of this.

You stay here.

MAN:

(DOOR OPENING)

I thought I told you
to stay upstairs. Come on!

MAN:

I've deserted my post or something.

MAN 2:

an eye on the place.

MAN:

business, we'll find out soon enough.

(WOMEN SINGING)

(POUNING ON DOOR)

All right!

(POUNING CONTINUES)

All right!

Sorry to spoil your beauty sleep.

Mmm.

- What's this mean?

- Means the police want to see you.

(EVERYONE TALKING AT ONCE)

Quiet!

Quiet!

- You'll have to wait a minute.

- What's it about?

Like I said,

you'll have to wait a minute.

(SPEAKING FRENCH)

- So it's not important, then?

- Well, of course it's important.

It's about the exaction of proceedings
for the recovery of certain funds.

- 150 rubles.

- Who's done this?

Your landlady.

You signed a promissory note
acknowledging the debt, remember?

Well, she can take proceedings
against you. Looks like she's about to.

So I just sign a statement? Is that it?

Yes.

I didn't do it. I didn't do it.

These two were caught

trying to pawn these.
They were working two floors below
the old pawnbroker.
Don't worry, Nikolai.
Don't worry, we're innocent.
- I didn't do it. I didn't do it.
- We're innocent.
I didn't do it.
I didn't do it.
Don't look at me.
What happened? What happened?
Oh, dear.
Zamyotov here tells me you're a student,
up to his neck in debt.
Yes.
Yes, to both.
What's wrong with you?
I...
I haven't been feeling well.
- Since when?
- Yesterday.
What happened yesterday? Did you go out?
- Yes.
- What time? Where?

8:

- Just up the street.
- Just up the street?
Yes.
I needed some air.
Sounds perfectly reasonable to me.
- We will still need your statement.
- About the exaction note.
Should you be doing that in here?
What? What?
What are you going to do?
File a bloody claim against me?
Might do.
You bloody students have got some nerve!
Guard him!
That's why we call him Gunpowder.
He just goes off.
Does his police work like that, too.
No patience. No finesse.

Hope you've recovered.
Glad it's none of our doing.
That's it. Done. Buried.
And even if it's found,
it's nothing to do with me.
Working yourself into a frenzy there.
Calm down.
Rodya! Bloody hell!
What?
I thought I was having it rough.
You look terrible.
I just need a shave, that's all.
I'm still better looking than you.
I haven't seen you for months.
Where are you living now?
Oh, some rabbit hutch.
- What's the essay?
- Radishchev.
- You bloody disappeared on me.
- Lying low.
I heard you've been ill.
I wanted to see you.
I wanted to see you, too.
I couldn't face it, that's all.
Just because your studies
had to fall by the wayside,
there's no reason to let
your friends go the same way.
- I know. I know.
- So what's made you turn up again?
Thought you'd rejoin
the land of the living?
- Yeah. No, try to, anyway.
- Good.
Good, good,
because I've got something for you.
There's no teaching to be had,
but there's this.
A bookseller at the flea market
wants these translated
and turned into pamphlets.
Discusses the question of whether women
are human beings or not.
According to the author,

turns out they are.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

Look, I know it's tosh,
but it's six rubles a sheet.

If I can spin this into six pages...

Anyway, there's going to be
a whole series on this woman question.

Listen, um...

- I have to go.

- What are you talking about?

I thought you'd be my best bet.

I'm sorry.

I am. I am. I'm offering you this.

Come on, you'll be helping me out, too.

My German's scheiss.

You walk in here...

You walk in here out of the blue,
in obvious bloody need.

I know this stuff isn't exactly
what you had in mind,
but at least it'll put some food
in your belly.

Where are you going, you lunatic?

(HORSE WHINNYING)

(WHIP CRACKING)

Out the way with you!

(PEOPLE LAUGHING)

LANDLADY:

Nastasya, make the gentleman some tea.

MAN:

I've a very important case to attend.

- Here he comes.

- Mr Raskolnikov.

- An important visitor for you.

- My name is Luzhin, sir.

Oh, I know you.

I should hope so.

Your sister is engaged to me.

Naturally, I wish to make
your acquaintance

- before her arrival in Petersburg.

- Well, you've made it.
I still have some minutes to spare.
May I come in?
Not now.
Taken a shine to her, have you?
Course not, gent like you.
(LAUGHING)

ZAMYOTOV:

has he been like this?

- RAZUMIKHIN:

- How long has he lived here?
- Don't know that either. Too long.
- God, he looks dreadful.

RAZUMIKHIN:

the other day.
The jewellery belongs to my family,
every watch and every ring.

ZAMYOTOV:

RAZUMIKHIN:

I'm sorry about this. I know how keen
you were to make his acquaintance.
- Maybe we should come back.
- No, you go.
I'm going to stay here
and wait till he calms down a bit.
You sure?
Razumikhin...
He was supposed... Gonna bring
everybody... Bring everybody back.
What's wrong with you?
I... I haven't been feeling well.
Sounds perfectly reasonable to me.
(MAKING ANIMAL NOISES)
(SNIFFING)
Sign here for the letter, sir.
No. I don't want it! I don't want it!
I don't want it! I don't want it!
Calm down, sir. Huh?
Not enough beer and horseradish, eh?

That's all.

(LAUGHING)

Where's my clothes?

Where's my bloody clothes?

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

I hope this stuff fits.

I have been hunting high and low.

I took the old ones to compare for size.

Hey, Nastasya, some tea would be nice!

Clean coat.

You paid for these?

Your mother sent you a money order.

You signed for it. Don't you remember?

Now, 80 kopecks for the waistcoat.

Two rubles 25 for the trousers.

How much for the boots?

How long... Who else has been here?

A ruble 50, second-hand,

but I had to economise

because these three shirts

were five rubles altogether.

The rest of it is here. Look.

- How long have I been asleep?

- Four days.

Well, it's about time.

Hey, Rodya, she's a cheeky little thing,

but it's your landlady

I've really hit it off with.

He's terrible, this one.

She wanted to bring the tea up herself.

Nastasya, how long

have I been asleep for?

- I just told you!

- Nastasya...

- Four days.

- He was raving, wasn't he?

- Did you bring the police clerk here?

- Zamyotov? Yes.

Yes. He's become a pal of mine lately.

Met him through my cousin who's

a big cheese in the police department.

- Why did you bring him here?

- He wanted to meet you.

- What did I say?

- Uh, gibberish, really.

Look, aren't you going to try
your new clothes on?

And the decorator,
what was he doing here?

Look, let's just get you into
your new clothes.

Make you look a bit more human.

Not yet.

These white nights are enough
to make us all delirious.

Don't know what time it is
or whether we should be tired or not.

And as a consequence,
we don't sleep properly.

- You had anything to eat?

- Soup.

Make sure he gets plenty of fluids
and no mushrooms or cucumbers.

What's wrong with mushrooms
and cucumbers?

It's well known, especially to members
of the medical profession.

(SNICKERING)

Well, certainly made some progress
since last time anyway.

- Last time?

- Don't you remember?

I don't know anything.

I'm just taking your word for it.

Hey, no more spleen. I'm just
looking out for you, that's all.

Who for?

- Can he come to my cousin's party?

- Out of the question.

But he could lie in our midst on a sofa.

You'll have to ask

your new friend Zamyotov

to stop sprawling all over it first.

- What's wrong with Zamyotov?

- He's on the make.

Oh, and this big, fat watch-chain
of yours is a family heirloom, is it?

Why are you so thick

with a police clerk all of a sudden?
I like the man, I told you.
Is that anything to do with
why you won't leave me alone?
What are you talking about?
Actually, what on earth do you have
in common with someone like him?
Oh, for heaven's sake,
stop being so fussy!
Well, if I can make your little soiree,
don't expect me to talk to him.
Your loss.
He'll have all the latest
on the murder case.
I, uh...
I think you'll find that's my privilege.
- Really? How's that?
- Well...
Confidentiality.
Balls! You don't know any more
than the rest of us.
When a murder suspect
doesn't succeed in hanging himself,
medical advice is required.
The decorator?
Wounds to neck and throat.
I had him under observation.
What did he go and do that for?
He didn't even do it.
- Did Zamyotov tell you that?
- No. I've just followed the facts.
It was obviously some client of hers,
and judging by what was taken,
a complete amateur to boot.
- What are you doing?
- Going out.
Going for a walk. Do me good, won't it?
- But you... You can't just...
- I've got new clothes.
I'll look as good as new walking along,
brand new.
- Do you want me to come with you?
- Well, then it won't work, will it?
(YOUNG WOMAN SINGING IN RUSSIAN)

(SINGING IN RUSSIAN)

Bitch!

Fancy a walk?

This is nice.

I read about this man

who'd been sentenced to death.

- Don't you know any small talk?

- No, listen. Listen to this.

An hour before he died, he said,
even if he'd had to live on a cliff face

with only enough room

to stand on the ledge,

and the wind and rain going through him
all the time,

and only the storms for comfort,

forever, for a thousand years,

he would happily, happily,

live like that

rather than die so soon.

Well, the main thing was

to keep on living.

It didn't matter what

their life was like,

and that's so true, you know,

that's so true.

Well, how do you know?

Anyway, come and live a little with me.

Hey!

I'm your date. She's occupied.

Anyway, she's got to go

and clean herself off now.

I know. I know.

Well, then?

Very nice to have met you.

- Bastard!

- Hey!

Wait!

Wasn't he your type?

What?

Well, you didn't look like

you were enjoying it.

Polya's face when I come back

with sweets,

that's what I enjoy.

Katerina's relief when I place the cash
on the mantelpiece, that's nice!

And I'm going there now
and they are going to be
so pleased to see me
because they know
where I've been for them.

Where are you going?
Thank God you took up my offer
after all.

You being here makes me feel
a hell of a lot better.

- Let's hope that's catching, eh?
- You do look terrible, by the way.
But bugger Zosimov's prescriptions,
you're here with me now.

It's about time you turned back
into a social animal.

Come and meet this bunch of fools.
Look, if crime is a protest against
the craziness of our social system,
how come our history professors
are forging lottery tickets
and our civil servants embezzling funds?
Have you got it in for the
professional classes or something, hmm?
No. I'm merely pointing out that
crime is no longer the province of...

Decorators?

It's nature that will out,
not their bloody social standing.

Now, Zamyotov you've already met,
although not very satisfactorily.

Glad to see the business with
your landlady has been resolved.

I met her that day I made
your acquaintance again.

In the meantime, Rodya, please meet
my cousin, Porfiriy Petrovich,
scourge of Petersburg's
criminal classes.

- We've met before.

- Have you?

Yes. It was when I fainted

at the bureau.

Razumikhin never told me you were
the policeman he had for a cousin.
Examining magistrate, actually.

It's a policeman with knobs on.

(ALL LAUGHING)

I'm glad to see you're restored.

People always seem to take
a turn for the worse
when they come through our doors.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Like the decorator.

Well, you obviously sent him
out of his mind
or let him stay sober too long.

Seriously, though,
the man depends on alcohol.

We're interested in the others, too.

- What others?

- The pawnbroker's clients.

We're going to question them all.

You think you'll track them all down?

Well, some have come in
of their own free will already.

Others have their names written down on
the paper their goods were wrapped in.

And we'll find the rest.

Well...

- Good luck to you in your search, sir.

- Thank you for your good will.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Why did you invite me to this party?

Because I thought it would be
good for you.

But I wasn't invited, was I?

I was delivered.

You've done yourself proud
this evening, Rodya.

Now you've started gibbering again.

Raskolnikov.

- You were right. I shouldn't have come.

- Let's get you home.

I'll give you something
to make you sleep.

What? Courage?
Come on! Stop standing in the doorway!
Making the room look small.
Squeeze through.
There's a chair for you.
There.
We meet again, sir.
What lodgings have you found
for my mother and sister?
- Bakaleyev's tenement.
- I know that place. It's a shithole.
- But cheap, though, eh?
- It's short-term.
I've put rather more effort
into finding our future home.
Oh, God, how appalling.
Raskolnikov is my patient,
but he's getting better.
Do you see?
Very impressive watch, by the way.
Thank you.
When I first made
your sister's acquaintance,
she was recovering, shall we say,
from that certain scandal.
But I knew at once
she was an honest girl.
An honest girl?
She doesn't have a dowry, you mean.
I mean, sir, that I hope my proposal
is the happiest outcome
of her restored reputation.
You mean you're what she deserves.
I'll, uh, look in on you later.
She deserves a good husband,
a good provider.
So she'll never go without.
I'm sure she appreciates that prospect.
And wouldn't you wish it for her?
Do you love her?
I've behaved with nothing but propriety.
The proposal I sent was polite
in every respect.
Besides, I am an ambitious man.

I wish to share my ambitions
with your sister.
As in any sound economy,
an individual success benefits everyone.
Oh, balls!
How dare you be so unceremonious, sir?
Every self-serving charlatan I know
is busy banging on about
what good he's doing other people.
You know why she's marrying you? Hmm?
It's because she loves me.
Because when it comes to
helping other people,
she really is the genuine article.
Dear Dunya.
Stupid Dunya.
She's selling herself for me.
I know the source of all this.
Your mother has many excellent points,
but her florid correspondence
and romanticising of
this whole situation...
Say one more word about my mother
and I will throw you down those stairs.
There's a lot I can forgive
in a sick man,
but not anything.
Never.
Just get out.
I'm not afraid of anyone now.
Did you see how...
How brave I was there?
Hmm?
How much courage I had?
If you could bring me the newspapers
from the past week
and some tea and some vodka.
So you continue to thrive
by the looks of it.
Not as much as you.
Who was that topping up
your champagne glass just now?
Just an acquaintance.
We're having a drink or two.

Never look a gift horse
in the mouth, eh?
I'm teasing. I'm just teasing.
You're obviously a man of the world,
all those rings.
The way your hair's parted
in the middle.
Bet you're a bright spark, too,
aren't you?
- I did six years at the Gymnasium.
- Oh, charming.
You're so sweet I could eat you!
What is the matter with you?
Sounds like you should be in bed to me.
Well, perhaps all this news
has put me in an excitable state.
What are you reading about?
Oh, I knew you couldn't wait.
You're in the business
of catching crooks.
Has it ever occurred to you that you
don't catch them, they catch themselves?
Oh, they can commit the crime,
but they're not up to concealing it.
Their nerve goes.
Now, the fellow who murdered
the pawnbroker, he's different.
He's not one of them.
He didn't manage to get his hands on
any of the actual cash.
To my mind, that means he wasn't capable
of going through with the whole thing.
He lost his nerve, you could say.
Would you like to know what I'd do
if I were him?
Yes, I would.
I'd have buried the stuff under a stone.
Not just anywhere.
A yard that wasn't overlooked.
There's fences and walls.
And when I say stone,
I mean a builder's block,
weighs about 10 pounds.
Big enough to conceal everything.

Big enough to have made
a hollow underneath,
into which I would put
all the jewellery.
I'd have heaved the block into position
and I wouldn't have touched the stuff
for about two or three years.
You could look as hard as you like.
You'd never find it.
What if
I was to tell you
that it was me
who murdered Lizaveta
and the old woman?
Is this really possible?
I had you there, didn't I? Huh?
- Had you there completely!
- Of course you didn't. No...
I never believed a word of it.
I never did.
Never did? Never did?
So it's been believed in the past,
has it?
When was this? Who was it?
Lieutenant Gunpowder
when he questioned me?
Look...
Not such a smooth champagne drinker now,
are you?
I'm well off all of a sudden.
New clothes, too. Huh?
Where did it all come from?
Well, that's me done.
Good to see you.
Just make sure you make it
smooth all over.
All over. All down the sides.
Uh, yes? Can I help?
Uh, look, what do you want? Who are you?
Where's all the blood gone?
There was a whole pile of it here
on the floor
when the old woman and her sister
were murdered.

What's her murder got to do with you?
Well, perhaps we could clear that up
down at the station.
Now, what sort of talk is that?
Oh, there's plenty more
where that came from.
Come on, let's go down the station.
I'll tell you the rest. Come on!
You're not taking me down
the police station!
Come on, then. Give me a hand!
I've had enough of you,
you bloody creep!
To the police station! Come on! Come on!
My name is Rodion Raskolnikov.
I live in Shil's tenement.
Just get him out!
Don't you know what it means
to have nowhere left to go?
Every man must have at least
somewhere he can go!
(HORSE WHINNYING)
(WOMAN SCREAMING)
- Bring him through here. Come on.
- This way. Come.
Make room. We need room.
Set him down here.
Polya, Polya, go and fetch Sonia.
Find her, wherever she is.
Run, Polya, run!
- More drunken goings on?
- It's come to a bad end this time.
- He fell under a carriage.
- A suicide attempt, I shouldn't doubt.
The shame of having a prostitute
for a daughter.
God, what a place I've ended up in.
(SOBBING)
(PRIEST SPEAKING RUSSIAN)
Who's this? Who's this?
Sonia!
Oh, my darling daughter.
Please forgive me.
(PRIEST SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

The Lord is merciful.
Not to us, he isn't.
How am I going to feed my children now?
(HACKING)
Is God in there? Is he?
(COUGHING)
Wait!
My sister and my mama want to know
your name and where you live.
- Do you love your sister?
- Of course I do.
Thank you.
It's all right.
You miss your father, hmm?
He taught me holy scripture and grammar.
- And do you know your prayers?
- I can say them by myself now.
- Say one for me when you can.
- But I don't know your name.
Raskolnikov. Rodion.
I live at Shil's tenements.
For thy servant Rodion,
you have done good for me and my family.
May the Lord bless you. Amen.
Hmm.
That should do it.
I don't care what anyone says
about me any more. I do not give a damn.
What do you mean, you don't care?
Zosimov's testimony is enough to put you
in the lunatic asylum.
And Zamyotov's already got you
halfway to Siberia.
Since when?
- We discussed it. We discussed you.
- And what was your view?
I nearly came to blows
on your behalf, brother.
Did you?
Believe it.
So why did you come to find me?
Why am I here?
I wanted to see if you could cast
a shadow over me and you can't.

You know why?

Because I have just been at the house
of a man who died.

- I gave all my money away there.

- What?

And I've just been kissed
by a certain little miss...

And her sister...

Her sister, how she held him.

- Who?

- Her father. You...

You think I'm delirious again,
don't you?

Of course.

But I'm not talking nonsense.

This actually happened to me.

Sometimes I wonder what the hell
is actually happening to you.

- What do you mean?

- That's the point.

I don't actually know what I mean.

I've imagined so much.

Too much.

Come on. Come on.

I'll look Zosimov up on the way back.

I'll get him to look in on you.

You'd let someone beat you up if
you thought it might do them a favour.

And some advice, brother,

when the doctor comes calling,

try not to start talking to yourself.

(LAUGHING)

Look.

- What?

- Look.

I wonder which of them has come for me.

Come for you?

- Rodya!

- Brother!

Oh, my darling!

Oh, my darling boy!

I've thought of nothing else but this
since we left home.

- Nothing else but this for weeks!

- Yes!

Nastasya told us about your illness.

You look so...

Thank God it's nothing serious.

- You look so far from recovered, I...

- Let him tell us, Mother.

What's wrong with you?

This is my friend Razumikhin.

He's getting better, really.

The doctor said so.

- And tomorrow, even better.

- Tomorrow?

You want us to go?

You haven't even been

to your lodgings yet, have you?

Who cares about that? I'm going to
spend the night here with you.

No.

- **RAZUMIKHIN:**

- I can't leave you like this.

I need to be left, Mother.

- Dunya, let Mr Razumikhin...

- I need to be left by everyone.

I haven't seen you for three years.

You see? It's useless.

Well, I can take you to your lodgings,
then round the doctor up,
come back here with him

and spend the night on the landing,

- so as not to disturb him.

- I can't go. I can't possibly...

Zosimov will agree to spend
the night here himself.

Then I shall come and report to you
first thing on Rodya's progress.

At the moment, he needs the doctor more
than he needs you.

- Only until tomorrow, Mother.

- Come. We'll go now.

Luzhin was here.

I know.

It's either him or me.

- By what right?

- Tomorrow.

Tomorrow.

I'm a doctor, not a barber.

Just concern yourself
with making me look better.

I need them to see some
change in me. Some...

- Recovery.

- It's hardly real.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

- They're here.

- Look, professionally speaking...

We're not speaking professionally.

We're speaking of my mother
and my sister, please.

Rodya.

I'm amazed at him today.

If he carries on like this...

Back to university even, eh?

Oh, you're so much better
than yesterday, my darling.

I'm sorry about yesterday.

Well, this is a bit of a first
for you, Zosimov.

- Patient making progress.

- Yes, well, uh...

Keep it up.

I would have come to see you today,
but I was waiting for these.

- The blood's off now.

- Blood?

Uh, a man was run down
in the street yesterday.

We know.

Ah.

From our Mr Luzhin.

I gave the money to his widow.

Look, I know how hard it was
for you to come by
and I had no right to part with it,
but she has four hungry children
and there's another daughter, too.

Of immoral conduct.

Yes.

She's a prostitute.
But he's twisting it.
If you'd seen this family,
you would have handed the rubles over,
too, Mother, I know you would.
Rodya, I'd never doubt
what's in your heart.
Well, maybe you should start.
Look, Luzhin wants to slander me
and make us row.
Apart from being a nobody,
he's a nasty piece of work.
Yesterday I gave you an ultimatum.
I'm sorry about the way I gave it,
but I meant it.
Don't behave like you did yesterday,
darling, please.
She wouldn't be marrying him.
She would be impaling herself on him.
I'd be doing it for my sake
because things aren't going well for me.
You're not being painted as
a scarlet woman any more, Dunya.
- You're in the clear.
- We're still poor.
So you do want to be
our benefactress after all.
Marrying him will be the lesser
of two evils.
And what the hell would you know
about that subject?
I think this is what Zosimov
might call a relapse.
And this from him?
"Lf, contrary to my request,
I encounter Rodion Romanovich,
"I will leave without further ado
"and for this you will only
have yourself to blame."
I'm giving you an ultimatum
because I love you.
He's giving you one because
he doesn't even respect you.
Dunya, tell him what you've decided.

I want you to be there tomorrow evening.

Will you join us, too?

At least then the truth will come out.

It's you.

Beg your pardon.

Mother, this is Sonia,
the daughter of the gentleman
we've just been talking about.

So?

Katerina asked if you'd attend
my father's funeral.

Well, uh, if I can.

Thank you.

- You're doing her an honour.

- Wait.

I want to talk to you. Come.

Sit down, um... Over here.

It's like a coffin in here, isn't it?

Yesterday you gave us all your money.

Dunya, we should go.

Goodbye, Rodya.

Mr Razumikhin.

Tomorrow, Mother.

She seems to have made an impression
on you, Rodya.

Yes. I'm completely under her spell.

- At least that would be an explanation.

- Come on, Mother.

There was something you wanted
to talk to me about.

Look up, Sonia.

What are you looking for?

A good time.

A really good time.

Me, too.

(CLEARING THROAT)

I'll tell Katerina.

- Goodbye, Mr...

- Razumikhin.

I need to see Porfiry
as soon as possible.

We haven't got one material detail.

Oh, he'll show his face eventually.

God will give him to me.

Actually, that's false modesty.

- Sugar?

- Yes.

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

I'm not following you.

Don't you remember? I live here, too.

It seems we don't just have
our proximity in common.

Such is fate.

My sister gave me the ring
before I left for Petersburg.

The watch belonged to my father.

They're not worth more than
five or six rubles,

but obviously they're very precious
to me, not to mention my mother.

If she thinks the watch has been lost,
she'll have a fit,
an absolute bloody convulsion.

They must be the rings and chains you
were ranting on about when you were ill.

Of course, that would make sense.

Well, we're here now.

Wait.

What?

Razumikhin, when my sister
invited you to dinner,
you turned the
most horrible shade of red.

Bugger off! I did no such thing.

You're doing it now.

Wait till I tell everybody, Don Juan.

You've even put pomade in your hair.

Oh, you bastard!

(BOTH LAUGHING)

You say anything to them in there,
I'll bloody brain you!

What's got into him?

- He's love struck.

- I'm warning you.

What about you?

I have some business
to discuss with you.

Instead of making a statement to

the police, they could just write to me,
stating that you'd heard of
such and such an occurrence,
i.e. The murder,
and that you wish to make a declaration
concerning such and such items
of your possession.

Can I write it on ordinary paper?

As ordinary as you like, sir.

I was wondering when

you were going to oblige us actually.

You knew?

The ring and the watch were found
in her apartment,
wrapped up in the same paper
on which your name was written.

- As you know, I haven't been well.

- Yes.

You look pale even now.

Look, I shan't waste another minute
of your time.

Oh, for heaven's sake, not at all.

In fact, it's the opposite.

I'm terrifically interested in you.

Terrifically.

You know your friend's trouble?

He hides his light under a bushel.

For a start, that article you wrote
in the Periodical Leader.

- What article?

- See?

I've got it here somewhere.

Let's see if I can dig it out.

- Rodya, that's bloody wonderful.

- It was months ago.

Well, I hope you got paid for it,
whatever it is.

- I've read it, too.

- Here we are.

It seems your job is your hobby, too.

- It's on crime.

- The criminal mind.

Yes, but the thing that got me
really fired up

is what you mentioned at the end,
almost in passing,
about how certain people have
a right to commit crimes.

- What on earth?

- Ah, here.

It's quite a long essay, but perhaps
if you could give Razumikhin the gist.
Well, it's not straightforward.
Well, it's perfectly straightforward
to me.

The world's divided into
the ordinary and the extraordinary.
The ordinary must live in obedience
and not break the law
because they're, well, ordinary.
And the extraordinary, well,
carte blanche.

- May I?

- By all means.

(CLEARING THROAT)

"The great leaders and prophets,
from Lycurgus to Muhammed to Napoleon,
"were, every single
one of them, criminals.

"Why?

"Because in forging a new law,
they were violating an old one,
"passed down and held sacred
from their ancestors.

"More than this, they would not hesitate
to shed blood

"in order to get the new law through.

"Great men smash laws,

"smash old ways

in order to create new ones.

"Great men are not afraid
to be criminals."

But shouldn't their consciences
trouble them a little bit?

You know, as they step over
their dead bodies?

Or are they just too extraordinary
for that?

If the idea in whose name they dare
to do it is extraordinary...

Rodya...

Then they shouldn't be too hard
on themselves?

No. That's the job
of the masses usually.

Ah-ha.

Hanging them or condemning them
in their lifetime
and then putting them on a pedestal
a generation later.

When did you know about this?

But how do you distinguish the
extraordinary ones from the ordinary?

Have they got some sort of
special birthmark?

And what happens if there's a mix-up?

You know, someone who's ordinary
thinking they're extraordinary?

Happens all the time,

but I shouldn't worry too much.

The damage they can do is limited
because they're...

Ordinary, ultimately.

Exactly.

Well, we're certainly covering
a lot of ground on this, aren't we?

Oh, by the way, the extraordinary ones,
are there a lot of them?

Because while I obviously treat them
with the utmost respect,

- I'm a bit worried about the numbers.

- Don't be.

There are very few people capable of
saying or seeing anything new.

Is this some kind of game
you two are playing?

- Are you serious, Rodya?

- This is nothing new, Razumikhin.

What's new is you condoning it
on the grounds of conscience.

Look at it. Look at it.

Have I actually put that?

True. It's not actually in the lines.

But it's certainly between them,
isn't it?

- And out of his mouth.

- Hmm, something else actually.

Take a budding Napoleon who was looking
to get started, as it were,
tells himself he needs money
to fund his project,
starts getting his hands on it,
willy-nilly, do you see?

Isn't that, well, cheating?

Catch him and punish him, then.

Oh, we'll make him suffer.

But will he make himself?

If he realises his project was in vain.

Oh.

Forgive me, but do you consider yourself
as a bit of a Napoleon?

- Lf you'll forgive me.

- Lovely to see you again.

As for your statement,
just do it in the way I told you.

And do pop in if there's anything else
you can tell us,

- as one of the last to see her.

- Was I?

Did you see the decorators working in
that fourth-floor apartment, by the way?

The decorators were there
on the day of the murder itself.

- He was there the day before.

- Of course. Wishful thinking. Hmm.

Desperate to get my hands on a witness,
you see.

As for a murderer, even better.

What?

- It's not making sense. I don't get it.

- Get what?

All you did was pick up a pen.

He really went for you, didn't he?

Hmm. Quite reassuring, really.

If he'd had any facts,

he would have concealed them.

Yeah, some facts, I suppose.
Being ill, delirious,
holed up in your room for months,
in want of money,
sued by your landlady
while you react at the bureau.
Can't make any of it stick, can he?
Are you asking me something, Razumikhin?
The way he threw in that stupid
trick question at the end there.
- Yeah, it was a bit clumsy, wasn't it?
- A sign of desperation.
Well, whatever he tries to throw at me,
I'm out of his reach.
Because you're innocent.
You're the best person in the world.
You know, I'm actually looking forward
to our dinner tomorrow.
Good for you.

(BELL TOLLING)

What's going on? What do you want?
Murderer.
Hey!
Hey!
What did you say?
You are a murderer.

RODYA:

"smash old ways
in order to create new ones.
"Great men are not afraid
to be criminals."
There's a lot I can forgive
in a sick man,
but not anything.
Please meet my cousin,
Porfiry Petrovich,
scourge of Petersburg's
criminal classes.
Examining magistrate, actually.
It's a policeman with knobs on.
(ALL LAUGHING)
- Brother.
- Oh, my darling!

Oh, my darling boy!
What are you looking for?
A really good time.
She seems to have made an impression
on you, Rodya.
She's a prostitute.
Desperate to get my hands on a witness,
you see.
As for a murderer, even better.

PORFIRY:

But will he make himself?
(DOOR OPENING)

MAN:

(WOMAN SCREAMS)
Come out, then.
I'm ready for you.
(FLY BUZZING)
(LAUGHING)
You again.
I didn't make a mistake the first time.
I'll do it again.
Because you're just a means to an end.
You're not even a person.
You're just a piece of shit that
I had to wipe off my shoe so I could...
So I could keep going.
This isn't why I'm doing it.
This is not...
Would Napoleon be stuffing
his pockets like this?
(GASPS)
Who are you?
- Did Porfiry send you?
- Porfiry? Not a name I know.
And as much as I admire Napoleon,
I'm no emissary of his either.
- You heard me?
- Heard you? I virtually saw you.
Allow me to introduce myself.
Arkadije Svidrigailov.
My sister's tormentor.
- I don't think so.

- I'd love to see her again.
- And I was hoping that...
- You know she's in Petersburg.
I was on the same train.
Well then, if you want my help,
I'll, er...
I'll give you directions
back to the station.
I wanted to make your
acquaintance, too, of course.
- Have done for some time actually.
- Well, you've made it. So will you go?
What did I do that was so terrible?
Her honour has been outraged.
Yes?
But just imagine for a moment
that I'm the one who was helpless.
Helpless with love.
I'm only human.
So, in fact, it was perfectly natural
for me to suggest
that we elope together
to Switzerland or America.
My sister was thrown out of your house.
Yes! I'm afraid my wife
jumped to the wrong conclusions,
but it turned out all right in the end.
I came clean.
- You're still a creep.
- But not a murderer.
- What?
- I'm sure you've heard
about my wife's misfortune.
- Dirty work by the sound of it.
- She died from natural causes.
The enquiry established it.
Besides, I...
I only used that little horsewhip twice.
Which I think, to be perfectly frank,
she rather liked.
- Liked?
- All women like being wronged.
They relish occasions like that.
Diversions and smack, she got one.

Do you know that my wife came to see me
an hour after her funeral?

What?

Then again the other day on the train.
And today in my apartment.

- A ghost?

- Oh, yes, but nothing dramatic.

She reminds me to do something
and then off she goes again.

- But it feels so real when she comes.

- How do you know?

Because they always are.

- What did you say?

- Nonsense.

- Just go and see a doctor.

- I know I'm ill.

That's why she visits me.

Who visits you?

Look, what do you want with my sister?

I want her permission

to offer her 10,000 rubles

to lessen the inconvenience

of her break-up

with that puffed up, provincial parvenu.

- Don't you ever give up?

- There's no calculation in my offer.

If there were, the sum would be more.

And in any case,

you should also tell her

that my wife has left her 3,000 rubles.

I don't want her to be enthralled to me.

I just don't want her to be

enthralled to Luzhin.

You're still trying

to position yourself with her.

I've released the feelings

I had for her.

I just want to see her.

Once, before I...

Before I go away.

No. I'm not wearing any of this.

And she won't be able to bear it.

If she marries him, she'll simply
be accepting money anyway.

My wife kept me
like I was a piece of treasure
she'd stuffed in her pocket.
Your sister doesn't deserve that fate.
- Talk to her.
- Why should I intervene for you?
Because I think we see things
the same way.
Don't you?
I think we're birds of a feather.
You're a bloody vulture.
Those ghosts you see...
- They don't trouble me.
- Oh, I think they do.
Interesting thing is, though,
I know how my ghost got there.
What about you?
I trust your journey was satisfactory.
Our journey, yes. Our arrival less so.
- I sent my apologies.
- I brought them here.
Got himself sent Mr Razumikhin to us.
I have to inform you
that it appears to be the case
that Arkadije Svidrigailov
is in Petersburg.
Can't he leave Dunya in peace even here?
He is here, no doubt,
busily reverting to his old customs.
But you need have no fear
that he will be able to make Dunya
the subject of them.
He came to see me.
He's desperate for a meeting
with you, Dunya.
- He has a proposition.
- My God.
It's all right.
I know what this one is, Mother.
Anyway, there's more.
His wife has left you
3,000 rubles in her will.
Is this true?
I have heard it, too.

Then thank God and pray for her, Dunya.

- What else did he say?

- And this, this proposition?

Later, Mother.

I have some business to attend to
so I shan't intrude any more.

But you meant to come
for the whole evening.

Yes, I meant to.

Under certain conditions.

Which haven't been met.

Please don't talk so legally.

You two can clear this up now
because if Rodya really did insult you,
he'll apologise for it, won't you?

Some limits once crossed,
well, there's no going back on it.

There is for my sake.

Dunya, I think very highly of you.

Adore you, as it were.

But I cannot assume an obligation
which is so incompatible with my...

Your what?

I've always considered you
an intelligent and noble-minded man.

I'm marrying you, for heaven's sake.

Don't disappoint me.

Don't force me to make a choice.

A choice?

You mean to put me on a par with him?

Of course.

He's been precious to me all my life.

You are looking to your future, Dunya.

I have to be more precious.

But you wrote me about Rodya
and you said things that aren't true.

I do not recall having written
anything untrue, madam.

I did not give the money to Sonia
as you claimed.

I gave it to her family.

So you lied, didn't you?

She...

She is a member of that family.

- Unworthy, immoral...

- Unhappy.

But still worth 10 of you.

So you'd be happy to introduce her
to your mother and sister, would you?

Oh, I already have.

Yes. We sat together yesterday,
didn't we, Mother?

Rodya.

I think my judgement has been proved
to be sound in this matter.

I shall now expect to be spared
any further meetings of this sort.

And perhaps I should be spared
any further meetings, too.

This is indeed a new turn, Dunya.

I can't help wondering if it isn't
connected with the 3,000 rubles

- bequeathed to you.

- Shame.

You really were calculating on
our helplessness, weren't you?

- I make no such calculations.

- Well, not now anyway.

I'll leave you to consider
Svidrigailov's proposal.

I'm sure it'll be of
agreeable significance to you.

This is the man

you intend to marry, sister.

- Get out. Just get out.

- Shall I break his head first?

If I leave,

and you may be certain of this,

I shall never come back.

Think about it carefully.

It needs no consideration at all.

At all.

Out.

PULCHERIA:

DUNYA:

Well, I think

it's a wonderful development.

(DUNYA LAUGHS)

(CLEARS THROAT) Shall we eat?

- See you.

- **SVIDRIGAILOV:**

How much do you charge?

- Why?

- Why?

It's a perfectly reasonable question
to ask a prostitute, isn't it? How much?

You want a go of me?

No, thank you, my dear.

I like two things.

Whole-hearted vice

or seducing virtuous women.

And with you, well,

it wouldn't be either, would it?

Goodbye.

"Borrow 1,000 from me,"

my uncle keeps saying.

So that's what I'm going to do.

Start-up capital.

And that's where we could join forces.

But we've only just had news

of this money.

He knows the publishing trade

better than anyone in Petersburg.

And I know exactly

what needs translating.

I'm very drawn to the idea.

And it's certainly true we'll have

to stay here for the foreseeable future.

Now we're getting somewhere.

- Rodya.

- Where are you going?

You're in on this, too.

- No.

- **DUNYA:**

I think it's best if we don't
see each other for a while.

I'm out of sorts, really.

I'll be in touch.

I'll keep you in my thoughts.
And I love you.
- God have mercy, Rodya.
- I've made up my mind.
It's like Porfiry said.
I know the value of my family.
That's why you have to try
and forget about me.
It may not be forever
'cause I might even come back.
If you love me, say goodbye to me now.
Make it up with us, please.
Let's go back to how we were before.
Don't make me hate you.
- What are you doing to our mother?
- It might not be forever.
Dunya, this isn't cruelty,
this is madness.
He's insane. Wait, wait, I'll be back.
Rodya, you can't do this.
- Go back to the room. Stay with them.
- What, and let you go? No.
I'm not like them.
Give up on me, Razumikhin.
You might have done already,
despite what you say.
But not them.
Don't abandon them.
Do you understand?
Do you see?
No. I don't see.
I can't see a thing.
Just watch over them, then.
I'm sorry it's so late.
I might never see you again.
Come on. Sit down.
You're so skinny.
Nothing of you. You're like a ghost.
What's wrong?
- Do you despise me?
- No.
No, no. Of course not.
I just want to know what's going
to become of you, that's all.

What do you mean?

Well, it won't be long before
Katerina Ivanovna dies of consumption.

- Don't say that.

- It's true.

Anyway, listen.

What the point I'm trying to make is
you're going to have
to look after the children.

Then who's going to go and earn?

It'll have to be little Polya.

You've mortified and betrayed
yourself for nothing.

You live in all this shit and filth.

And you hate it.

But you also know that
you're not doing anyone any good
or saving anyone by it.

And tell me, tell me,
all those holy emotions you have,
how do they sit with the low way
you actually live?

Hmm?

I mean, wouldn't it make more sense
if you just threw yourself
into the Neva?

Yes.

- Yes?

- But I can't, can I?

I've got Katerina and the children
to think of.

Why haven't you gone mad?

I pray.

- Where did this come from?

- Lizaveta.

Where's the bit about Lazarus?

Hmm?

I can't find it.

- What do you want it for?

- I want you to read it to me.

Why? You don't believe in God.

I want to see how much you do.

- I won't.

- Come on.

You've ruined yourself.
You're sitting on the edge
of a stinking pit.
And you reek of it.
But you're waiting for a miracle,
aren't you?
Well, come on,
let me see if your heart's in it.

SONIA:

'Take away this stone.'
"Martha, the sister of him
that was dead, said unto him,
" 'Lord, he has been dead four days.'
"And then he cried out
with a loud voice,
" 'Lazarus, come forth.'
"And he that was dead came forth.
"Bound hand and foot with grave cloth.
"And Jesus said unto them,
" 'Loose him and let him go.'
"And many of the Jews which came to Mary
"and had seen the things which Jesus did
"believed in him."
Do your beliefs make you less lonely?
My beliefs make me want to go to you.
Come on, then
I know who killed Lizaveta, Sonia.
It's frightening.
What will you do?
Come back here and tell you.
Just you.
Come back from where?
The campaign.
War is raging.
I've come to see Porfiry.
Well, I see, er...
I'll tell him you're here.
Wait there.
- You don't have an appointment?
- No.
Go in.
Sir. Come in, come in.
So here you are then,

in our neck of the woods.

Sit, here.

That's it.

I've brought you my statement
about the articles.

Oh, fine, yes.

Oh, well, this is fine.

I don't need any more than that.

(CREAKING)

You said you wanted to ask me more
about my dealings with the pawnbroker.

Ah.

- So?

- Oh.

No hurry.

Did I tell you my living quarters
are just through there?

They're being decorated.

I'm only in that apartment
for the time being.

Move back here

when it's all spick and span.

Quite a perk, government accommodation.

- I suppose so.

- I even get to choose my own wallpaper.

Oh, yes. Quite a perk.

The only thing is

it's living above the shop.

- Well, so to speak.

- I've heard

there are certain techniques

you investigators go in for.

Ages spent on chit-chat.

Until the person being interviewed

almost forgets what he's doing there.

Then, as the suspect sits back
in his chair, spreads his legs,

the investigator asks him,

"Why did you kill her?"

Or him.

All of a sudden,

the suspect is on the floor.

Metaphorically.

Not just metaphorically.

Oh, I'm sure.
So is that why you think
I've been banging onto you
about my choice of wallpaper?
Look! Question me or let me go.
In fact, I won't even ask
your permission to get out of here,
I'll just do it now.
Calm down. What are you talking about?
Why should I be questioning you anyway?
I'm sorry about laughing like that.
It's actually some kind of affliction.
Social awkwardness or nerves
or some such.
My not being married
is another symptom of it.
Men like us,
we're not very good at
breaking the ice, are we?
I say, do sit down.
You'll just set my nerves off again
then I'll be helpless.
(SIGHS)
Sorry about this.
Piles.
Not helped by the fact
I'm sitting down all day.
Actually, I'm thinking
of taking up gymnastics.
You know, the skipping rope.
And all that.
In the meantime,
you'll just have to forgive me
for all this walking up and down.
Sorry. Am I doing it again?
(LAUGHS) You're waiting for
the hammer blow now, are you?
I suppose the work of an investigator
is almost military.
Does one go for an all-out attack
and take the enemy in one go?
Or just dig trenches and lay siege
to them day by day,
wearing them out bit by bit?

Some gentleman I might have my eye on,
I just leave him alone.
I make sure he knows I know everything.
The whole sordid story.
I make sure he knows I'm watching him
all the time.
Oh, a real reign of terror.
And what if his nerve
is as strong as yours?
It's my job to get on his nerves.
- Do you always succeed?
- Yes.
Because I always have the advantage.
- Which is?
- I haven't done anything.
He can always lie about what he's done.
Or he can give me a clue.
And they usually do.
- How?
- I didn't ask.
I'll tell you all the same.
His mouth starts to run away with him.
He starts saying things he shouldn't
about events he's not supposed
to have been involved in.
He can't help but draw attention
to himself,
despite himself.
It's in his nature.
The nature of a murderer.
Oh, I do hope you're not going
to faint again.
- You're looking terribly queasy.
- I'm fine.
- I'll open a window for you, shall I?
- I'm fine.
When you fainted before,
we didn't know who you were.
We all know who you are now!
Stop laughing at me.
If you suspect me, then arrest me.
If I killed Lizaveta and the pawnbroker,
then prosecute me.
If you feel you have the right to do it,

then just do it.

- Because I'm sick of this.

- Dear me.

Rodya Romanovich, this won't do.

Now this won't do at all.

Let me get you some water.

I'm sick of it.

You'll drive yourself crazy

if you go on like that.

Back to square one with your illness.

Here. Drink this.

I'm fine.

Heavens. Hanging a murder on yourself.

You're going off into a spin.

All over the place.

- What do you mean?

- Going back to her apartment
and asking about the blood.

(LAUGHS)

What an exploit.

- How do you know about that?

- Doesn't matter.

What it proves is you're suffering
from delirium.

I wasn't delirious when I did that.

Why say that?

It would mitigate what you did.

I don't want to mitigate it.

Guilty men always want mitigation.

That proves you're not one of them.

Don't you think?

- You're lying.

- I wish you well.

No, sincerely.

Otherwise I really would be asking you
the kind of questions
that make you fall off your chair.

I'd have taken a statement from you.

I'd have had your room searched.

But I haven't behaved like that, have I?

Which must mean I don't suspect you.

- Well, don't you think?

- You're lying.

Obviously you can't see

what I'm saying at the moment
because you're not yourself.

- You're lying.

- You see?

Am I a suspect or not?

Why are you forcing yourself
on me like this?

Oh, I can't stand this.

Don't you want to see
my little surprise?

He's hiding in here.

I even locked him in
so he couldn't run away.

You think you can make me crazy.

Make me burst with it.

Burst? Even a man like you needs a pin.

(CRASHING)

PORFIRY:

Why have you brought him up?

Take him away, now!

OFFICER:

to tell you about...

I killed the pawnbroker and Lizaveta.

It was me. It was me.

I'm the one that did it.

- I will make a statement.

- Oh, for God's sake.

I'm sorry about this.

In the circumstances,

I shall have to say goodbye to you.

So you're not going to be showing me
your little surprise, then?

We'll see each other again soon.

An unexpected development.

It seems I'm not needed now.

What do you want with me?

I beg your pardon, sir.

I was the surprise Porfiry
was supposed to show you.

- Who are you?

- I live in the pawnbroker's building.

I was there when you were thrown out.

When you asked to be taken down
to the police station.
You were so brazen,
I went and reported you.
- And our encounter in the yard?
- Porfiriy suggested it.
I thought I was doing the right thing.
But then I heard how he tormented
you in his office
and I'm sorry if I was the cause of it.
- You're not the cause of anything.
- At least I hope you'll forgive me.
You?
It's me I should be hard on.
Didn't you hear how faint-hearted I was?
I need you to forgive me.
It was you.
It was me.
Lizaveta.
I didn't mean to kill Lizaveta.
It was an accident.
- I only meant to kill the pawnbroker.
- It's not an accident.
It wasn't my intention is what I meant.
What have you done to yourself?
I killed myself.
Does this mean
you won't leave me, Sonia?
Tell me you had a reason.
Tell me something I can understand.
I did it so I could rob her,
that's all you need to be bothered with.
You must have been hungry, desperate.
You were, weren't you?
If I'd killed the pawnbroker
because I was hungry, I'd be happy.
You wanted to finish your studies.
To repay your family's hopes for you.
- Not really.
- You did it to help your mother.
- No.
- You killed her for money
and then you gave us your last penny.
Did you give us her money?

I buried her money.
I actually never took a thing.
I may never.
I can't make anything of this.
I killed a louse, Sonia, an insect.
I dared to raise my foot
and I dared to bring it down on her
and I squashed her.
I lay in my room in the dark
and I worked up the courage to do it.
- It was...
- Shut up!
Quite an achievement.
That's how the devil talks.
That's not you.
I wish I was insane.
Then I wouldn't feel
like I do now, like...
The louse that I killed.
Not like Napoleon at all.
Lonely, really.
That's why I came to see you.
I think I'm dead.
I need you to tell me
that that's not true.
Confess.
To God?
Yes. Yes.
You have to go.
Go now to the Haymarket and bow down,
kissing the ground
that you've desecrated.
Bowing down in front of the whole world
and tell everybody in it
what you've done.
Yell it out and God will
give you your life back.
That's a confession, Sonia.
And after that, there's just prison.
You have to accept it.
Give up to it.
I won't give myself up to the police.
They're no better than me anyway.
And they'll just laugh at me

for not spending all the money.
No, no. Why should I?
Because you'll never get it
out of your mind.
You'll never stop suffering.
And you'll never be redeemed for it.
I want you to save yourself.
I have another one.
- It belonged to Lizaveta.
- Not yet, Sonia.
All right.
Then I shall listen to your prayers
and you mine.
Until there's time for us to go together
to the police station.
Wherever they send you.
Siberia.
I'll follow you there.
You must never come.
You can't.
I am waiting for a miracle.
Maybe I have to go find one.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

MAN:

It's Katerina. You have to come.
(BABY CRYING)
Please let mummy be well.
Please let mummy be well...
(KATERINA MOANING)
Can I do anything at all, Sonia?
I'm her neighbour.
There are going to be expenses here.
I'd like to put the children
into a decent orphanage,
so Sonia doesn't have that
on her shoulders
and I'll make sure she's pulled free
of the Haymarket, too.
So you can tell your sister
I've made good use of her 10,000.
- What's brought all this on?
- Humanity.
I mean, Sonia's hardly a louse, is she?

Doesn't bear the slightest resemblance
to some poor old pawnbroker
you dared to raise your boot over.
Like I say, Sonia's a neighbour.
And the walls are thin.
I told you we were birds of a feather,
old man.
Perhaps now we shall see
more of each other.

SONIA:

Hello, cousin. Shall we, er?
The whole thing about Nikolai
and his brother fighting on the kerb.
Well, they were just trying
to cause a diversion.
A red herring that they'd...
What's the term? Laid.
- So I can tell him it's been cleared up?
- Please do.
You know, I climbed up
the walls in my zeal
to defend Nikolai. But now...
- Thank God he's guilty. That's great!
- Goodbye, cousin.
Thank you.
Dunya, who is it?
Is it Rodya? Has he come?
Just a messenger.
He's been directed to the wrong rooms.
(PRIEST CHANTING IN RUSSIAN)
- Where have you been?
- It doesn't matter.
I didn't like it there anyway.
Have you been to see Porfiry?
Have you? Have you told him?
Who's Porfiry?
- I don't believe you.
- No, really. Who is he?
I don't believe you.
You've got to pull yourself together.
Now, if you'll excuse me.
If you have any plans
concerning my sister,

I will kill you
before you can put me in jail.
And you know I can.
Only one person can kill me.
And it's not you.
You've made your mother ill.
You know that, don't you?
Dunya's doing her best
not to break down.
They deserve better, Rodya.
Well, they can get it from you.
I give you permission to love my sister.
I know she loves you.
I hand my mother and my sister
over to you.
You don't need
to talk like that any more.
You're not involved in anything.
Nikolai's the murderer.
Porfiry's pressing charges.
- He told you this?
- He spelt it out.
- How?
- It doesn't matter.
The main thing is it's not you.
And you believe him?
Who better than Porfiry
to make me believe it?
I'll tell Dunya
you're in the clear, too.
I do love her.
Listen to me.
All along I thought
you were trying to betray me.
I hadn't realised
how much I'd betrayed you.
How much I still do.
You don't have
to talk like that any more.
You haven't done anything.
We do understand each other, brother.
An unexpected visitor for you,
Rodion Romanovich.
I was just passing

and thought I'd drop in.
Well, why don't you tell me what it is
you've got to say?
I can't give these up.
I had a consultation with Zosimov.
He tells me I've got diluted lungs.
I tell him,
"Well, at least I don't drink."
He replies, "Maybe you should
take that up instead."
(LAUGHING)
It's not a very scientific approach,
is it?
Oh, yes.
The chit-chat business again.
Look,
I owe you an explanation.
The last time we met,
all our meetings actually,
the way I've conducted myself
has been, well...
I'm sorry.
I've gone in for all sorts
of ploys and tricks,
but what I regret most is...
Well, I think we're both gentlemen
and I haven't behaved like one.
- All the psychology stuff, you mean?
- Exactly.
Nothing tangible at all.
Just your character.
This apology. Does this...
Would you mind
if I just put this in context first?
Of how all this came to be.
It's the least I can do.
Your fainting fit in the bureau,
that set me looking in your direction.
Then I realised you were
the author of that article.
Ah, I thought at the time
someone like that's
bound to get into trouble
and it was you.

Zamyotov searched your room
when you were ill,
but we didn't find anything.
And I thought, "Oh, well."
But then you showed your face again,
goaded and teased Zamyotov,
but a hundred suspicions
don't make a case.
Not even when you went back to her
apartment to ask about the blood.
There was nothing
I could actually touch.
A case of professional frustration
which meant, I'm afraid, that I started
to take some liberties with you.
And my pride. So...
Even when Nikolai came to me,
it made me not want to believe it.
But you do now?
Razumikhin tells me
you're pressing charges against him.
Razumikhin?
Oh, I'm afraid he's just
an innocent bystander in all this.
- What do you mean?
- I just used him
to pass on information to you.
- What?
- Nikolai won't be able to keep it up.
He's got some strange religious
convictions about accepting suffering.
But sooner or later,
fear will get the better of him
and he'll deny everything.
- You'll... You'll still go ahead?
- Oh, I doubt it.
Nikolai's not our man.
Who is?
You are.
You're our murderer.
You're just playing games
with me again, aren't you?
If I'm guilty, then why don't
you just put me in prison?

Oh, I'm going to, sir.
That's not the point.
The point is what you should do.
File a plea of guilty.
Why should I?
Because it would reduce the term
of your sentence.
You're not a hopeless villain.
You've got a lot ahead of you.
And you can look forward to it.
So please come in.
Come in and see the difference
it will make to you.
I swear to God.
I don't want a reduction.
We're just whispering in private here.
That's all we're doing.
You know, I'm still not sure
what kind of man you really are.
Let's see how it goes, shall we?
- What if I run away?
- No, you won't run away.
After all, you don't believe
in your theory. Now.
So what would you run away with?
Besides, running away
is a solitary business.
And the truth is
you can't get along without us.
- I kept coming back.
- Of course you did.
You wanted to come home.
You still do.
I'm homesick.
That's not a confession.
In your own time, then.
But one favour I must ask of you.
This is somewhat delicate.
But if you plan on making
some other kind of, well,
exit, please leave a note.
A short but detailed one
if you wouldn't mind.
And not forgetting to mention

the whereabouts of the jewellery.
It would be very decent of you.
Good luck, sir.
Through that door there is the apartment
of my landlady, Mrs Resslerich.
Shall I introduce you two?
See the door that's locked there?
On the other side of it
are Sonia's rooms.
To be precise, right behind it.
It's where they sat talking.
Two days in a row.
I've heard all this before.
It's just rumour, it's just talk.
I heard this particular talk
coming from his own lips.
- I don't believe you.
- Then why are you here?
Go on. Speak.
It was the enactment of some theory
he was expounding
that he could create his own law.
That to transgress against somebody
like her was simply an act of daring.
He evoked Napoleon.
When he brought the axe over her head,
he was a like-minded fellow.
After it sunk into her skull,
he was none too sure.
Especially when he had
to kill Lizaveta, too.
You know about this theory? Well?
- Razumikhin showed me.
- Showed you what?
An article my brother had written
in a journal.
Why is this door locked?
Look, sit down.
We'll discuss how to help your brother.
- When did you lock this?
- I have money and friends.
I'll send him abroad.
Get him the passport he needs.
We could all go to America.

You and I, your mother.
I love you.
Don't make me go off on my own.
Open up! Open up!
I'll do anything, Dunya.
Don't look at me like that.
Don't you realise you're killing me?
Oh, my God.
Somebody! Somebody!
There's no one in.
The landlady's gone out.
You're just wasting your energy.
Give me the key.
Why would a girl go on her own
to visit a single man in his lodgings?
What would your explanation be?
You'd have to betray your brother.
So whatever happens,
I have nothing to fear
and I'm stronger than you, too.
- You monster.
- As you wish.
Anyway, I was only
speaking hypothetically.
Look, I'll go and wait over there
for you to reconsider.
The fate of your brother and your mother
is in your hands.
Oh, I see.
Didn't that used to belong to me?
No. It was my wife's.
- You killed her, but I'll kill you.
- I thrilled you once, didn't I?
- Never.
- Yes.
You almost yielded, remember?
Out there in the garden that evening
when the nightingale was still singing.
- Liar.
- Am I?
Well, shoot me, then.
If it's not true, fire away.
You're burning like a bullet anyway.
It's beautiful.

All the heat you're bringing
to bear on me.
Shoot me.
You don't hate me.
You did that because you're scared
of your own feelings for me.
You think you can kill them
by killing me.
But you missed because your hands
are shaking with desire.
Call it anger if it suits your honour.
I don't mind.
Do it again. Make love to me again.
- Keep away from me.
- I'm waiting for you, Dunya.
You see?
You've forgiven yourself for your sin.
You've pardoned yourself for your crime.
Now we can really begin.
Please just get it over with
and let me leave.
So you don't love me?
Could you?
Ever?
Never.
Take it.
Go now.
Go on.
(DOOR CLOSES)
Polya, take the children inside.
Sonia, I'm going away to America.
I've entrusted the money
for the children under signature.
And some five percent bonds for you
worth 3,000 rubles.
- No, sir.
- You won't need to live the way you do.
If you follow Raskolnikov to prison,
you'll need it.
Unless he kills himself.
Yes, I heard it all,
but I'm not going to tell anyone.
Goodbye, Sonia.
I'm not going to make...

I promise.
None of that old mother's way of mine.
I'm learning how people are here.
You.
I've spoilt myself again, haven't I?
I've been reading your article, Rodya.
I have it here.
Razumikhin gave it to me.
I suddenly realised you have
all these ideas in your head.
And I've been bothering you
and distracting you.
But that's what you've been doing.
That's what you've been up to.
Thinking, thinking and...
I don't understand what you wrote,
but I understand that now.
What I wrote was rubbish, Mother.
They were saying you were mad.
They almost had Dunya believing it, too.
But they just don't recognise
intellect when they see it.
That's their trouble.
- Where's Dunya now?
- She's...
She's out.
You're here.
You came to visit your mother.
You came to console her
because you've...
I'll make us some coffee.
Stop it, stop it, stop it.
That's not why I came.
Listen to me.
I never meant to be cruel to you.
But I'm going to make you very unhappy.
And I'm so sorry.
Because I love you.
I've always loved you.
Will you remember that?
And will you always love me
as you do now?
Please.
Like that.

Like that.
It's just like when you were little.
It's just the same.
Are you going away somewhere?
- Goodbye.
- Now?
Right now?
Pray for me.
It's... It's a job?
Wait, wait. It's a new career.
I always knew that you would do
such great things.
Leading light, my darling.
A leading light.
- That's enough. That's enough.
- You have enemies, don't you?
And they want to do you down.
And you have to go away until...
Until they...
Until it...
Until you come back in triumph.
I understand. I do. I understand.
Goodbye, Mother.
Does she know, too?
I think she's choosing not to.
- Who told you?
- Svidrigailov.
- Time to go.
- To turn yourself in?
Yes.
But I don't know why.
Because by taking your suffering,
you'll be taking away half your crime.
Crime? Some crime.
I killed a filthy
old money-lender, Dunya.
A louse.
I'm only going to confess because
I'm a coward.
A mediocrity.
And according to Porfiry,
it may do me some good.
Well, maybe good is something
you need to be reacquainted with.

I haven't killed any children.
I haven't raped any young women.
I'm not part of an advancing army
that separates mothers
from their children,
wives from their husbands.
I went to war
for a different reason, Dunya.
I went to war for an idea.
And I couldn't even manage it properly.
I failed. Miserably.
You're failing even now.
You're taking yourself
somewhere so far away,
so foreign you should beg to return.
There's no need to argue.
Is there?
It'll be years before I see you again.
I'm perfectly capable of punishing
myself just as much.
There are private transgressions, Rodya.
This isn't one of them.
Walk away, Dunya.
Don't watch me go.
Go on.
Go on.
Let me see you.
(SINGING IN RUSSIAN)
For you.
Ah. Mr Raskolnikov.
- Have you come for me?
- Sorry?
One of your neighbours, miss.
Mr Svidrigailov.
He's dead. Shot himself.
He left this letter saying
that he knew what he was doing,
but I need to know more, obviously.
Were you acquainted with him at all?
I don't have to go now. Don't you see?
I can call the whole thing off.
Make amends.
No! No!
Why should I confess now, Sonia?

I don't even need your bloody cross.
Like a dog. Just like you treat a dog.
You must love the expression
on her face when you use her like that.
You even got her on her knees again
just now.
Did you choose her
because you can torture her?
Do you go to her
because she lets you be a coward?
You raise your foot over her
and stamp on her like she was a louse,
like she was the pawnbroker.
You thought you were Napoleon.
You're nothing.
You thought you had courage.
All you really have is cruelty.
All those dreams you had about yourself.
How dare you? How dare you?
You're no better
than the shit beneath your feet.
You should learn something and kiss it.
Learn something.
I'm a murderer.
(SCREAMING) I am a murderer!
(FLIES BUZZING)

RODYA:

I've been ill.
That's why I haven't been able to come
these past few weeks.
I thought you'd finally seen sense
and given up on the idea.
You won't be able to keep this up
for seven years.
Will you?
You're still making yourself useful?
The town doesn't have many
who do seamstress work.
And practically no milliners so...
You're becoming a necessity.
To those in need of hats?
Not only those.