

Crime and Punishment

by Fyodor Dostoevsky

music by Cindy O'Connor
libretto by Scott Guy

EXCERPT

CAST

Raskolnikov
Petrovich
Sonya
Pawnbroker
Pawnbroker's Sister

Psyche

Psyche also takes the roles of:

Landlady
Marmeladov
Clerk
Painter
Mother
Sister

Scene Breakdown

Act One

I i	<i>Crime</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Pawnbroker, Painter, Lizaveta
I ii	<i>Nightmare</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Landlady
I iii	<i>Summons</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Clerk, Painter
I iv	<i>Atonement</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche
I v	<i>Revelation</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Marmeladov
I vi	<i>Charity</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Sonya, Marmeladov
I vii	<i>Testament</i>	Raskolnikov, Marmeladov, Sonya
I viii	<i>Credo</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Painter
I ix	<i>Gambit</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Petrovich
I x	<i>Assessment</i>	Raskolnikov
I xi	<i>Sacrifice</i>	Raskolnikov, Mother, Dunya
I xii	<i>Scripture</i>	Raskolnikov, Sonya
I xiii	<i>Resurrection</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Painter, Petrovich

Act Two

II i	<i>Patience</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Petrovich
II ii	<i>Reminiscence</i>	Mother
II iii	<i>Covenant</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Sonya
II iv	<i>Denunciation</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Petrovich
II v	<i>Exodus</i>	Raskolnikov, Psyche, Mother, Dunya, Sonya
II vi	<i>Punishment</i>	Raskolnikov, Petrovich

Prologue

A filthy tavern. MARMELADOV and two of his comrades, a CLERK and a PAINTER, drink to forget.

MARMELADOV/CLERK/PAINTER

*Drink, drink, drink to reveal
The spectacle of sorrow!
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.*

MARMELADOV

*It's suffering that makes us strong,
Not merriment, I think.
I wish to suffer twice as long
And that is why I drink!*

MARMELADOV/CLERK/PAINTER

*Drink, drink, drink to reveal
The spectacle of sorrow!
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.*

PAINTER

*Pity the man who feels no pain,
His head as black as ink,
But he will passion soon regain
Once he learns to drink!*

MARMELADOV/CLERK/PAINTER

*Drink, drink, drink to reveal
The spectacle of sorrow!
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.*

*Drink, drink, drink to reveal
The spectacle of sorrow!
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.*

(RASKOLNIKOV enters. MARMELADOV greets him effusively.
RASKOLNIKOV is unwell.)

MARMELADOV

Ah, Raskolnikov, come join us -- Raskolnikov, isn't it?

RASKOLNIKOV

What's left of him.

MARMELADOV

Join us, join us!

RASKOLNIKOV

I can't. I have no money. I -- I shouldn't be here.

MARMELADOV

Who should?

(MARMELADOV, CLERK and PAINTER laugh; clink glasses.)

RASKOLNIKOV

No, you don't understand. I sold nearly the last thing I had, my watch, my family watch, and the filthy pawnbroker gave me eighty copeks, the price of a used hat.

CLERK

Which pawnbroker was that? Was it --

RASKOLNIKOV

Alyona Ivanovna.

(The three comrades spit and curse at the name.)

RASKOLNIKOV

She -- she -- I said, I won't accept it, I can't accept it, and yet here it is, eighty copeks.

MARMELADOV

She flogged me out of a brooch for thirty.

CLERK

She brutalized me for fifty.

MARMELADOV

She crucifies us.

PAINTER

I was one day late to redeem the pledge on my overcoat, one day late, but she'd sold it, and me then without a coat, but did she care?

MARMELADOV

Horrible woman.

CLERK

Actually harmful to society.

PAINTER

We'd be better off if someone were just to kill her.

(Everyone laughs but RASKOLNIKOV.)

RASKOLNIKOV

What did you say?

PAINTER

Kill her, take all her money, and free us all of the debts we owe her. Twenty percent she charges me!

MARMELADOV

Twenty? She gives me thirty! Let's have another drink.

RASKOLNIKOV

I'd have a right to do it.
A private right.
A duty.

PAINTER

To kill her? You don't have the courage, Raskolnikov.

RASKOLNIKOV

Courage? It isn't courage if you're -- if you're --

(Offstage voices are audible to RASKOLNIKOV alone.)

PSYCHE

There are certain men in life --
Napoleon, or Caesar,
Duty-bound extraordinary men

(RASKOLNIKOV joins the voices, drawn.)

RASKOLNIKOV/PSYCHE

Above the law
Lords of the future

RASKOLNIKOV

I'll go back to her. I'll take her my cigarette case and say I want my watch back, and, and while she's inspecting the case, I'll, I'll --

*I'll step across.
I'll leap beyond.
I'll transgress where the ordinary man
Has not gone before.*

(As RASKOLNIKOV contemplates, the tavern disappears into the darkness, and the scene shifts into:)

ACT ONE

Scene One

The fourth floor of an old apartment building.
A hallway runs to the right towards stairs.
RASKOLNIKOV mounts the stairs and
passes the first slightly open door on the right
towards a closed door at the end of the
hallway. RASKOLNIKOV hides an axe
behind his back.

Elsewhere on the stage begins to appear
flickers of RASKOLNIKOV'S PSYCHE,
comprised of six voices.

RASKOLNIKOV

*Only the privileged
Only the very few
Travel to this realm.
To seize the breach,
To will beyond.
It will be most --
I will be most --*

RASKOLNIKOV

*Extraordinary...
To murder an old woman and rob her of her money

Extraordinary!*

PSYCHE

*Without a twinge of conscience.
Extraordinary!*

(RASKOLNIKOV hangs the axe on a cloth loop sewn inside his
coat. He rings the bell via a bellpull.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*The bell is rung; the deed is done.
Think of the thousand good things which will be done
with her money*

PSYCHE

*To use her money for the service of all mankind.
Don't you think
Don't you think such a crime
Would be atoned for by all those thousands and
thousands of good deeds?*

RASKOLNIKOV

*To rise above the common man and finally do something
extraordinary!*

PSYCHE

Why doesn't she answer the--

(The door opens outwards a few inches. We can see very little of the PAWNBROKER's face.)

PAWNBROKER

What do you want?

PSYCHE

What do I want?

What indeed do I want?

RASKOLNIKOV

I have a cigarette case to pawn.

PAWNBROKER

It's eight in the evening; come back to--

(The PAWNBROKER starts to shut the door, but RASKOLNIKOV grabs it violently and holds it open.)

RASKOLNIKOV

It's a silver case.

A silver cigarette case.

(HE pulls out a small case and holds it towards the PAWNBROKER.)

PSYCHE I

I can't do it.

It isn't right.

Her sister's out; it's now or never.

It isn't right.

PSYCHE II

How can a man simply murder?

Extraordinary.

It isn't right.

PAWNBROKER

Who are you?

Do I know you?

RASKOLNIKOV

Raskolnikov.

PAWNBROKER

No, I don't know you.

RASKOLNIKOV

Raskolnikov!

I was here a few days ago.

You bought my watch.

PAWNBROKER

I buy so many things.

(RASKOLNIKOV fiercely pushes his way into the apartment, and
throws open a window curtain.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*Look, I haven't time to haggle!
Look at it, look at it in the light.
Come over here, old woman, away from the door.*

(HE holds the cigarette case towards her.)

PSYCHE

*Greed.
Greed. She wants it.*

RASKOLNIKOV

It's made of pure silver.

*Closer. Closer.
Then turn to the light.*

RASKOLNIKOV

I want you to hold this in place of my watch.

(The PAWNBROKER comes closer and takes the cigarette case.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*It was engraved on the back
With a globe it was
An engraving of a globe
Which my mother's father etched
Nearly fifty years ago.
And my mother's coming soon to visit.
She'd be crushed if she knew I'd sold it.*

PAWNBROKER

*I don't give a damn about your mother.
This is cheap silver.*

RASKOLNIKOV

It isn't.

PAWNBROKER

*It's worth thirty kopecks.
That's all I can give.*

RASKOLNIKOV

It's a family heirloom.

PAWNBROKER

Then it comes from a family not worth very much.

(RASKOLNIKOV suddenly strikes the PAWNBROKER's head with the axe. She crumples.)

PSYCHE (severally)

(reflecting; not registering his actions yet)

She doesn't deserve to have money

PSYCHE II

But how can a man simply murder?

When so many go without...

(RASKOLNIKOV strikes the PAWNBROKER again.)

PSYCHE I

It's impossible to kill.

An extraordinary man could do it, perhaps.

Not I.

PSYCHE II

It's just a theory.

I'm not an extraordinary--

Not an extraordinary--

(RASKOLNIKOV strikes her a third time. Only *then* does he realize what he has done. He examines the PAWNBROKER coolly. HE then gropes through her pockets for keys.)

RASKOLNIKOV

Where's my watch, you old woman?

Where do you keep your money?

(HE finds her keys and begins to search the apartment, opening drawers. HE unlocks a locked chest. Down the hallway comes the PAWNBROKER'S SISTER. RASKOLNIKOV startles at the noise, and mistakes it for the PAWNBROKER. RASKOLNIKOV inspects the PAWNBROKER for signs of life, and suddenly sees a purse around her neck. HE pulls at the purse, but it does not come loose.)

RASKOLNIKOV

Caught on a crucifix!

Two!

(laughs)

What woman would wear two crucifixes and live such a--

(The PAWNBROKER'S SISTER has entered the apartment; RASKOLNIKOV spins around and suddenly sees her. He startles. He kills her quickly and easily with the axe.)

PSYCHE

*To murder an old woman and rob her of her money
Without a twinge of conscience.*

RASKOLNIKOV

*Oh my God.
Her half-wit sister.
You didn't even raise your hands to protect yourself.*

PSYCHE

Without a twinge of conscience.

(RASKOLNIKOV reels with horror and revulsion. HE goes to the washboard and holds his head over the basin, choking back nausea. HE pours water from a pitcher and washes his hands and face. HE plunges the axe blade into the basin and washes it.

Out of the slightly-open door of the other apartment comes a PAINTER WORKMAN, brush in hand, his clothes spattered with paint. HE prowls down the hallway, listening, then turns towards the Pawnbroker's apartment.

RASKOLNIKOV hears the approaching footsteps, skitters to the door, and shuts it quietly. The PAINTER goes down the hallway to the Pawnbroker's door, stops, listens, then pulls the doorbell.

RASKOLNIKOV breathes shallowly and gingerly latches a hook on the door. He looks down at his boots and dripping hands.)

PSYCHE (underneath)

*Two lives taken, not one as planned.
But thousands of lives
Thousands of lives rescued
From her cruelty.
Two lives for a thousand.*

PAINTER

Madame! Madame Ivanovna, are you in there? Madame Ivanovna, you've got the latch on but the door's not locked.

(RASKOLNIKOV locks the door; then quickly unlocks it.)

PAINTER

Is something wrong? I'm going for help.

(The PAINTER scurries back down the hallway and out of sight.
RASKOLNIKOV contemplates the victims.)

RASKOLNIKOV and PSYCHE

Two lives for a thousand.

RASKOLNIKOV

That's better arithmetic than even Napoleon.

(The PAINTER shouts to someone, off. RASKOLNIKOV panics,
opens the door and runs down the hallway. When HE hears the
PAINTER returning, however, RASKOLNIKOV slips unseen into
the second apartment.)

RASKOLNIKOV

An empty apartment. Fate is kind to me today.

(The PAINTER runs back down the hallway to the Pawnbroker's
door. HE knocks and pulls the bell.)

PAINTER

Madame Ivanovna! I've summoned the landlord. He'll be up in a moment.

RASKOLNIKOV

Smells of paint in here. The painter. The painter is working in here. How tired I am.
What I wouldn't give just to lie down here and rest. Rest....

PAINTER

(alarmed; shouts)

Something's the matter in here! The door's locked now...! Landlord! Are you coming!

(RASKOLNIKOV slips out of the apartment and runs down the
hallway, unseen by the PAINTER, who knocks loudly on the door.)

PAINTER

Madame Ivanovna! Madame Ivanovna!

(Lights change. RASKOLNIKOV runs through the streets of
St. Petersburg.)

PSYCHE

*To step across
To leap beyond
To transgress where the ordinary man
Has not gone before.
Only the privileged
Only the very few
Travel to this realm.
To seize the breach,
To will beyond
To achieve where the ordinary man
Dare not...cannot go...!*

(RASKOLNIKOV stumbles his frenzied way into....

ACT 1

Scene Two

(Raskolnikov's garret. RASKOLNIKOV stumbles into bed. He closes his eyes and battles disturbing nightmares. Almost instantly he wakes.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*A cart horse!
I've dreamt of a horse
A cart horse
Beaten to death.
Pulling its load but beaten to death,
Beaten to death
While the crowd looks on and mocks.
Killed by its master
Its master no longer denying himself.*

PSYCHE

*The last...
Vestige...
Of decency.*

RASKOLNIKOV

My reason is deserting me.

PSYCHE

*Thus it begins.
This is the punishment.
The master
The master shall beat me till I too am dead.
I shall resist him
But in the end he will win.*

(RASKOLNIKOV jumps off the bed, frantic for his axe which is nowhere in sight.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*The axe!
Returned it.
To the toolshed after the deed was done.*

RASKOLNIKOV

*And slip, quick, hidden the axe away
After the deed was done, away,
None to catch me, none will find me.*

PSYCHE

*None to catch me, none will find me
Nothing and no one to snare me, to trap me,
Except....
Except....*

(RASKOLNIKOV suddenly pulls at his clothing.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*Good God! These are the clothes,
The clothes in which the deed was done!*

PSYCHE

Except....

(RASKOLNIKOV tears at the bottom cuffs of his trousers. HE finds a pocket knife and cuts off the bottom inches.)

RASKOLNIKOV

With stains of blood.

PSYCHE

Except myself.

RASKOLNIKOV

*Raskolnikov!
(frenzy)
What if there were many stains?
What if, what if
Many stains
But I cannot see them?
Wouldn't there be blood on my boots,
On my boots!*

PSYCHE

*They'll never trap you
Unless you let them.*

RASKOLNIKOV

*How silently she went down!
How silently we all go in the end.
Tired I am.
Tired and feeble.
Best to get it over with.*

PSYCHE

*Thus it begins.
This is the punishment.*

(RASKOLNIKOV suddenly notices the purse strung around his neck.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*What's this? The money!
The money lay around my neck for all this time
For all this time I slept
While anyone, anyone could slip in
Could slip right in right in
And have a look
And have a look
At this guilty man
A brand around my neck crying
Murderer!
Murderer!
What was I thinking?
Murderer!*

PSYCHE

*The master
The master shall beat me till I too am dead.
I shall resist him
But in the end he will win.*

*Murderer!
Murderer!*

*Murderer!
Murderer!*

(RASKOLNIKOV tears off his socks; losing control.)

RASKOLNIKOV

*And blood on my socks.
I'm steeped in my own guilt.
I'll never be clean again.
Throw it away!
Throw it, throw it all away!
But where? But where?*

(During the following, HE looks around his garret looking for a hiding place for his socks and scraps of trouser-cuffs. The stove; the cushions of the sofa. A corner hole in the wallpaper, behind which HE finally puts the purse and socks. The trouser-cuffs HE keeps wadded up in his fist.)

PSYCHE

*Leave the horse alone.
She belongs to me,
I'll beat her if I like!
I'll beat her
Beat her till she gallops
Till she gallops or is dead.
Flog her!
Flog her on the eyes, the eyes!*

(HE stops still a moment, wild with fear. HE looks at his door, paranoid that he has heard a sound.)

PSYCHE

Why have you stopped!
Why have you stopped!

RASKOLNIKOV

Murderer!
Murderer!
No!
Leave me alone,
You will not have me!
You will never catch me, catch me!

PSYCHE

Murderer!
Murderer!
Nothing like a Bonaparte,
Nothing like a Caesar.
Nothing like a Bonaparte,
Nothing like a Caesar.
They were noble, noble men
With visions and a cause.
You are nothing like them.

(RASKOLNIKOV drops onto his bed again, suddenly weary.)

RASKOLNIKOV

How silently she went down.
What a shame.
Once you've killed it
There is no creature left to beat.

(HE falls asleep. Almost instantly, there is a knocking at the door. HE sits up; stands. More knocking. Music ceases. The silence is unsettling.)

WOMAN'S VOICE

Raskolnikov! Open your door. It's nearly eleven.

(RASKOLNIKOV makes his way to the door, uncertain, unwell.)

WOMAN'S VOICE

Rodya Raskolnikov, I have something for you.

(RASKOLNIKOV opens the door. His LANDLADY stands at the door, an official-looking envelope in her hand.)

LANDLADY

Look at you, moping in bed for two days straight.

RASKOLNIKOV

Two days...?

LANDLADY

You should be out seeking employment. As your landlord, I'm concerned about your rent. I advanced you money nine months ago and I won't do it again. I have every right to serve an exaction notice on you and sell your things. I have every right.

RASKOLNIKOV

Is that what this is?

LANDLADY

This? No. This is from the police. They brought it by yesterday.

RASKOLNIKOV

The police? What do they want?

LANDLADY

Maybe to warn you I might file that exaction notice which I have every right to do, so maybe they want to question you about that, who knows? When the police send for you, you go.

(looks at RASKOLNIKOV)

What's that? What's that in your hands?

RASKOLNIKOV

(sees the trouser cuffs in his hands)

I -- I --

LANDLADY

Rags? You're reduced to rag picking, and you're sleeping with them as if they were the most valuable thing in the world!

(SHE hands him the envelope; HE tears it open and reads it.)

LANDLADY

Here. Are you all right, Rodya? You don't look well. Can I bring you some tea? There's still some tea left.

RASKOLNIKOV

No. I'd -- I'd better go see what the police want. They -- they wanted me there at nine thirty this morning.

LANDLADY

You don't look well enough to go.

RASKOLNIKOV

I'll go anyway.

LANDLADY

(leaving the room)

Your choice. Employment, Raskolnikov, employment! Doesn't your mother arrive for her visit shortly? Is this what you want her to see?

(SHE hands him an envelope)

And here. This came for you from her.

(HE shuts the door behind her. During the following, HE vacantly opens the envelope and sees that there's money inside. HE tosses the money onto his bed, completely indifferent to it. HE sets up his boots and searches the drawers for socks. Music underscores.)

PSYCHE

Rags!

She thought they were rags.

She didn't see the blood.

No one will ever see the blood.

None to catch me, none will find me.

Nothing and no one to snare me, to trap me.

(RASKOLNIKOV reaches into the hole in the wallpaper and pulls out his blood-encrusted socks. He puts them on, and then his boots.)

PSYCHE

They'll never trap you

Unless you let them.

RASKOLNIKOV

(spoken)

Why would the police want me? I've left no evidence. They have no evidence on me.

(The PAWNBROKER and LIZAVETA appear to RASKOLNIKOV. Not ghosts; but presences in his mind.)

PSYCHE

O Lord

Let this be over.

Let this be over quickly.

(HE runs out of his garret into the street, leaving the PAWNBROKER and LIZAVETA behind.)

Act One

Scene Three

RASKOLNIKOV walks to the police station.

RASKOLNIKOV

If the police ask me . . .

PSYCHE

*They won't ask me.
Why would they suspect?*

RASKOLNIKOV

*If they ask me
I just might
Might....*

PSYCHE

Let this be over quickly.

RASKOLNIKOV

*I'll go in.
I'll get down on my knees
And I will tell them everything.*

(HE gets down on his knees.)

PSYCHE

*Hear
O hear my confession.*

RASKOLNIKOV and PSYCHE

*I confess to the murder of Alyona Ivanovna
And her sister Lizaveta.
I killed them with an axe
And then I robbed them.*

(The police station is now in view. RASKOLNIKOV staggers up its steps.)

PSYCHE

*Hear
O hear my confession . . .*

(RASKOLNIKOV stands in front of the CLERK, unsure.)

CLERK

(spoken)
Yes? What do you want?

RASKOLNIKOV

(spoken)
My name is Raskolnikov.

PSYCHE

Hear . . .
O hear . . .

RASKOLNIKOV

(handing the envelope to the Clerk)
I received a summons.

CLERK

This says nine-thirty. You had an appointment an hour and a half ago.

RASKOLNIKOV

I just got the notice.

PSYCHE

The slightest mistake . . .

CLERK

It's people like you, Raskolnikov --

PSYCHE

The slightest mistake and you give it away.

RASKOLNIKOV

What do you mean, people like me?

CLERK

Don't pay your rent and then come here an hour and a half late. The law can help you, Raskolnikov. The law can be your savior.

RASKOLNIKOV

I don't need a savior.

CLERK

Calm down, calm down. You'll be fine if you sign a statement giving your landlady the right to sell your property if --

RASKOLNIKOV

I don't need a savior! I came as soon as I received your summons! You can't expect any more than that.

CLERK

No need to shout, sir.

RASKOLNIKOV

You should be grateful I'm here at all. I'm very ill. Can't you see I'm very ill!

CLERK

Listen to me, sir. We are trying to help you. Your landlady filed a claim in the circuit court for one hundred fifteen rubles due and all we need is a statement from you.

RASKOLNIKOV

A statement. But what shall I write?

(Another man enters the police station; the PAINTER. The CLERK hands RASKOLNIKOV a document, and then attends to the PAINTER, taking him to a chair and questioning him.)

CLERK

Read this. Something like this. Will you excuse me a moment, please? I'll be back in a moment.

RASKOLNIKOV/PSYCHE

*I have escaped. Through careful planning
Worthy of a Bonaparte,
Worthy of a Caesar.
Worthy of a Bonaparte,
Worthy of a Caesar.*

RASKOLNIKOV

I have nothing to say to this man.

PSYCHE

*How little are the little men,
The workers of this world.
And I --
I have --*

RASKOLNIKOV

*I have slipped away;
Slip, quick, hidden the crime away
After the deed was done, away,
None to catch me, none will find me.
Alone. Alone.
Even if the room were to fill right now
With all my dearest friends
I would have nothing, nothing to say to them.
All now -- all, all is solitude.
Endless solitude.
I have escaped. But to where?
I have nothing more to say to this man
Or to anyone.*

(RASKOLNIKOV studies the document. The PAINTER, grown agitated, raises his voice.)

PAINTER

Very well, I'll tell it to you one more time. When first I tried the door I found it locked. Bolted from within. So someone was inside, do you understand me, someone was inside.

PAINTER

But when I returned only three minutes later, the door was open. Which means, good God, which means the murderer was in that room. And if I'd stayed . . . if I'd stayed . . . no doubt he would have murdered me too.

RASKOLNIKOV

That voice! I know that voice. It's the painter. He's talking . . . He's talking about me. The smell of paint. He was painting in that room.

CLERK

So you didn't get a look at him?

PAINTER

(agitated; showing signs of stress)

No, I didn't get a look at him. What should I have done, stay there and face his axe? You police ask too much of an innocent man. Too much!

(RASKOLNIKOV tries to write, but HE swoons and collapses on the floor. The CLERK stands, and comes over to RASKOLNIKOV.)

CLERK

Sir. Sir --

(consults the summons)

Raskolnikov.

RASKOLNIKOV

Terror all over from head to -- from head to hoof. Agonizing endless solitude.

CLERK

You said you were ill. I believe you now. How long have you been ill?

RASKOLNIKOV

Yesterday. Since . . .

PSYCHE

The slightest mistake and you give it away.

RASKOLNIKOV

Since I came back yesterday.

CLERK

You went out yesterday?

RASKOLNIKOV

Yes.

CLERK

But you were sick.

RASKOLNIKOV

Yes.

CLERK

What time were you out yesterday, Raskolnikov?

PSYCHE

Hear
O hear the slightest mistake

RASKOLNIKOV

I was out around eight in the evening.

CLERK

Where did you go?

RASKOLNIKOV

Down the street. I went down the street, as I go now. Down the street

(RASKOLNIKOV leaves the police station. The CLERK watches him.)

PSYCHE

Terror all over from head to hoof.

(Instrumental. Light change as RASKOLNIKOV runs to:)

Act One

Scene Four

RASKOLNIKOV runs back to his garret. HE runs straight for the hole behind the wallpaper, grabs the pawnbroker's purse, and starts to head outside again. Almost as an afterthought, HE grabs the money from his mother, which he had thrown on the bed. HE plunges out to the street, frenetically looking for a place to hide the purse. HE eventually stows it under a stone at a construction site.

PSYCHE

*Think of the thousand good things.
The thousand good things.
Dedicate myself
To the service of mankind.
Atonement. Atonement!
To step across
To leap beyond
To transgress where the ordinary man
Dare not, cannot go!*

(Lights change as RASKOLNIKOV runs inside a tavern.)

Act One

Scene Five

In the tavern, a drunken MARMELADOV sings a drinking song. RASKOLNIKOV watches him with great contempt, then growing fascination.

MARMELADOV

*It's suffering that makes us strong,
Not merriment, I think.
I wish to suffer twice as long
And that is why I drink!*

*Drink, drink, drink to reveal
The spectacle of sorrow!
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.*

(MARMELADOV finishes off his vodka and beckons to RASKOLNIKOV.)

MARMELADOV

What a day! Come over here, lad. What a day! I'll buy you a drink If you'll listen to what a day I've had. Listen. I'd pawned a few things, with that wretched pawnbroker who was killed, and now, it's outrageous, the police are holding my things as evidence!

PSYCHE

Evidence!

RASKOLNIKOV

They were brutal, asking me questions. Did I kill her. Did I kill her!? How can they think that? Of me! Good God, it's enough to drive a man to drink.

PSYCHE

Evidence! My watch. The police have my family watch.

MARMELADOV

Did I kill her? Although, that's not inconceivable. Any of us could have. We are desperate men, all of us, and you know desperate men can't rely on reason. Why, just look at the murderer, look at him, he breaks in, runs every risk, and he doesn't even take her money! Now I ask you: what kind of desperation drives a man to such supreme blundering.

RASKOLNIKOV

You say . . . he didn't even take her money?

MARMELADOV

Three trunks of coins and jewelry: untouched!

PSYCHE I

What is in the purse, then? If it isn't money?

PSYCHE II

What did I steal? What did I steal?

MARMELADOV

I tell you, mark my words: this man, this blunderer, they'll catch him in the end.

RASKOLNIKOV

I sincerely doubt that. Anyone so brave enough as to step across or leap beyond, they'll never catch such a man.

MARMELADOV

He's a desperate man and desperate men can't rely on reason.

PSYCHE

If it were I...

RASKOLNIKOV

*If it were I . . .
Do you want to know what I would do
If it were I who'd killed her?
This is what I would have done.
I'd steal only some of her money
Just a little bit so they wouldn't notice
And I would hide it.*

RASKOLNIKOV

Hide it in a place somewhere
 Say, under a stone
 Under a stone
 By a fence
 No, a building block
 In a corner by the fence of that old worksite
 Long abandoned
 Yes, under a block
 And I'd leave it there
 For a year
 For a year or more.
 They can look all they want
 But they will never find it,
 Never find it!

PSYCHE

Under a stone!

 No, a building block.

 I'd leave it there for a year or more.

*They will never find it,
 Never find it!*

MARMELADOV

Have another drink.

RASKOLNIKOV

*What if . . .
 If it were I . . .*

PSYCHE

*Hear
 O hear*

MARMELADOV

If you have something to say, then say it.

RASKOLNIKOV

*What if it were I who murdered her?
 What if
 What if I confessed to the murder of Alyona Ivanovna
 And her sister Lizaveta?*

RASKOLNIKOV and PSYCHE

*I killed them with an axe
 And then I robbed them.*

MARMELADOV

*Did you?
 And I drank the River Volga dry one afternoon.*

RASKOLNIKOV

*But you believed me, didn't you?
For just an instant you believed me!*

MARMELADOV

*Of course not. How can a man simply murder?
Here's twenty copeks for your vodka.
Goodnight, sir.*

(MARMELADOV drops a few coins and leaves the tavern.)

MARMELADOV

(as HE goes)
*Drink, drink, drink to reveal
The spectacle of sorrow!
The more I drink, the more I feel,
The more I weep tomorrow.*

RASKOLNIKOV

(rapidly; agitated)
*My watch. The police have my watch.
They're interrogating everyone who had items left with her.
Better to go back
Better to go right back and demand the watch.
I'll arouse no suspicion if I ask for the watch
I'll arouse no suspicion if I go there on my own,
If I go before they ask for me,
Yes, go before they ask for me
So they won't think me guilty.*

RASKOLNIKOV

*Yes, Raskolnikov, think this through
And you'll outsmart them all.
It's only desperate men
Desperate men can't rely on reason.*

PSYCHE

*What
criminal
Would go right to them
Would go right to them
Knowing he'd look guilty?*

RASKOLNIKOV and PSYCHE

*Two lives taken, not one as planned.
But thousands of lives rescued
From her cruelty.
Two lives for a thousand.
Two lives for a thousand.*

RASKOLNIKOV

They will never catch me.

(There's a cry for help, off.)

WOMAN'S VOICE

Ah! Ah!

Someone help me! Someone help me, please!

(RASKOLNIKOV rushes out of the tavern to discover:)