

A DIRECTOR'S APPROACH TO CLARVOE'S *THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV*

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INTRODUCTION

In October of 2004 I staged Anthony Clarvoe's adaptation of *The Brothers Karamazov* for completion of my Master of Fine Arts thesis. This document aims to record the production process and to demonstrate the learning of the candidate and, through that reflection, to explore what was successful and what was not. I have had a hard time being fully fair to both successes and failures. Before writing this document, I was painfully aware of the failures of the production. As I approach completion of this paper the successes are more acute. Finally writing this thesis has shown me more successes than I was aware of, eight years ago, when I started writing this.

In retrospect, the show perfectly illustrated the level of my skills as a director at that time. I was an ambitious student and, consequently, I chose the biggest show I could find--one with a large cast, large world, and exceptionally large ideas, in which I could explore the epic waters of a main-stage production with a budget to support it.

Overall the experience was taxing but enlightening. In retrospect, I would have been wise to choose a smaller show with fewer actors and a less stylistically difficult world. However, safety in the theatrical arts has never been my ambition. By straining my talent and my abilities I learned much more than a simple well-executed production could ever have taught me.

Now, in April of 2013, eight years since I ideally should have delivered this document, I must acknowledge in this introduction what a struggle writing it became. I put off the rigors of self-evaluation and reflection I believe for the simple reason that less than effective work becomes difficult to examine. When relevant I will point out a thought that comes from the wisdom time affords.

A final self-evaluation will follow from the full perspective of these long years.

SCRIPT SELECTION

When I started my MFA in the fall of 2002, I was already thinking of this play as a possible thesis. I knew the guidelines for a typical thesis production-- that the play be researchable, entertaining,actable, and sellable in a season. I felt strongly that the adaptation of *The Brothers Karamazov* by Anthony Clarvoe had all four. I wanted a show that would stretch my theatrical language and demand a strong unified vision.

I went into the process of selecting a play without a backup plan. During my first two years, I made very good decisions as to what show I could do in the Mason Gross world. They were successful choices, and I had no intention of questioning my idea for the thesis. The selection of this script, like everything else I did, was ambitious.

The novel itself had left a strong impression on me in the summer of 2001. I read it with no idea of directing a play version of it; it is just one of those books you are supposed to read. I do not remember much of how I felt about it, but I do remember thinking about Ivan. In the book, he is a journalist and atheist who challenges his younger brother Alyosha, who is studying to be a Russian Orthodox priest. In fact, I misunderstood the book the first time I read it. I thought Dostoevsky was celebrating Ivan's world view and that Ivan had been successful in tempting Alyosha. This, I discovered, was never the intention of the author. I loved "The Grand Inquisitor" chapter of the book-- a 'poem' that Ivan

tells Alyosha. In the chapter Jesus returns to earth during the Spanish Inquisition and is promptly arrested by the Grand Inquisitor who, recognizing him, asks, “Why, then, have you come to interfere with us?” (Dostoevsky 251) The central argument explores the freedom God has given man, which leads to injustice on earth. Such injustice forces the Inquisitor to do the dirty work God will not involve himself with. Following this attack the Inquisitor tells Jesus, “Tomorrow I shall burn you.” (Dostoevsky 260) Jesus, who has been silent for the entire scene, kisses the Inquisitor on the lips. The Inquisitor then tells Jesus, “Go and do not come again [...] do not come at all [...] never, never!” (Dostoevsky 262) Ivan ends the story on a fascinating note: the inquisitor has felt his own faith proven, but still holds firmly to his idea of defeating freedom for the good of man.

Dostoevsky saw this chapter as illustrative of his main argument in the novel:

Christ’s law, they [the socialists] claim, is burdensome and abstract, and too heavy for weak people to bear—and instead of the law of Freedom and Enlightenment, they [the socialists] offer them [the poor] the law of chains and enslavement through [free] bread. (Frank 792)

The “bread” is the promise of socialism that leads to “enslavement.” Freedom, for Dostoevsky, is the freedom to sin, but he and the Orthodox Church believe that man, when given the choice, will choose not to sin, if he believes in his immortal soul and eternal life in heaven. Ivan believes that the prices of freedom and heaven are too high. As he says in Clarvoe’s adaptation, “It isn’t

God I don't accept, Alyosha. But heaven costs too much. I return my ticket."
(Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 38)

After I finished the book, and it did take a while, my wife mentioned the play again. I read Anthony Clarvoe's adaptation close to the time I finished reading the novel and loved how simply he told the most important parts of the story. I admired how contemporary he made the language sound as well. The theatricality of his play clinched the deal. The novel and play follow the structure of a murder mystery--which son murdered the patriarch of the family, Fyodor Karamazov. Fyodor has three official sons and one bastard, Smerdyakov, who is ultimately guilty of the crime. Each son feels guilty because each hoped to kill Fyodor. After the murder, Clarvoe specifies that the actor playing the father, Fyodor, play roles of characters that haunt all the innocent sons. The father becomes the Devil, "which wears a face [...] that you know well," (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 102)—a devil who looks like Fyodor and ultimately drives Ivan to confess to the crime, thus sealing Dmitri's fate. The actor playing the Father also becomes the face of a prisoner Alyosha forgives at the end of the play. Through theatrical metaphor, each son is forgiven by or forgives their father, a beautiful idea I found emotionally powerful and one I hoped to give the audience.

Clarvoe also put a great deal of humor in the play from the novel. Prior to graduate school I spent four years performing improvisation comedy and had

developed a good ear for it. If I was going to tell a story like this one--patricide, questions of goodness and faith--then I had better include a good sense of humor. Clarvoe had it. Here is a good example of such humor:

Alyosha: You've thought a great deal about our Savior, haven't you?

Ivan: I'm an atheist, Alyosha. I think about God all the time.
(Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 94)

I will leave the best summation of why the play interested me to the playwright himself. On issues of religion and morality, Clarvoe stated in an interview in *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, "The public discourse in this nation on these questions (faith in a secular world) is appalling, ossified. It's done by people who have made up their minds." (Demaline)

As a radically theatrical adaptation of a book filled with ideas that personally excited me, Clarvoe's work became the perfect candidate for my thesis.

RESEARCH

Methodology

I began the daunting task of researching this play by examining the book, the play, and the writers of both. This required focus and avoiding getting caught up in irrelevant details.

Researching such a well-documented source as Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* required focus. I could easily get lost in the complexity of the life he lived or the philosophy of the book. Both elements were important to consider, but I needed to focus on relevant moments or ideas to tell the story clearly and not get lost.

First, the novel loomed. The text I read was 776 pages long; the play, 110. Clearly Clarvoe had to cut a great deal to tell this story in a reasonable amount of time. When I picked the play I knew that my job was to stage the play and not the book. The challenging question became how much I should study the novel. I used the same approach on this as I did to research the life and work of the two authors--find what was relevant to the script. I reread the very long and dense novel in preparation for the production, underlining passages which felt relevant or brought a character to life in a fuller way. In retrospect, this approach was not the best use of my time. I should have focused on selections which were relevant to the events of the play and not reread parts of the novel Clarvoe did not explore. I believe this key choice led to the difficulties I faced in

this production. I should have spent more time on script analysis than on the fascinating, historical, literary research available to me.

Dostoevsky's life is almost as long and complicated as the book itself. My main source for biographical information came from Joseph Frank's exhaustive five-book work the New York Times called, "a monumental achievement." (Scammell) Frank explored Dostoevsky's life within the context of the period, which helped me a great deal.

I tried to focus on events that thematically related to the book--the death of Dostoevsky's father, the death of his son, his own transition from believer to non-believer back to believer. Dostoevsky's life is reflected in *The Brothers Karamazov*. Arther Trace, in *Furnace of Doubt*, states this is a novel, "one must know if one wants to know Dostoevsky." (Trace 8)

Looking into the work of Anthony Clarvoe was not as difficult. He generously made himself available to me. I approached his work by reading a number of plays he had written, looking for themes and characters that overlap. I interviewed him myself and made use of newspaper articles written to promote the original productions of the plays in St. Louis and Cincinnati.

When directing an adaptation of a novel a tension between source material and the play arises. If I were to direct the play again I would put most of my energies into the play and not the book. I spent too much time rereading the novel for clues on the characters. Clarvoe did all that work and, while my

knowledge of the book was helpful in rehearsal, it got in the way of the process and lead to heady discussions with the actors rather than useful work. My approach now would be to read the book, but perhaps not reread it. I would steer all actors' concerns to the script. When I started rehearsing the play I thought I was doing that, but I have always been an avid reader of this kind of material and having the chance to talk about the ideas and characters was probably too good to pass up.

When I started rehearsals I knew the book better than the play. This was the wrong kind of preparation. My mindset, as I approached the play, veered towards themes and ideas, and the structure and rhythms of the actual play remained clouded enough that I was unable to fully identify those moments in the rehearsal process when the story was not told.

Fyodor Dostoevsky

"It is not as a child that I believe and confess Jesus Christ. My hosanna is born of a furnace of doubt."

---Dostoevsky.

I was most interested in understanding Dostoevsky's life before and while writing *The Brothers Karamazov*--where did his ideas come from, what life experience they did they spring from, what shaped his thinking to create this epic work. In researching this, it became clear that he put a little of himself in every character. At various moments in writing the novel he was as earnest and devout as Alyosha, as cynical as Ivan, and both prisoner and soldier like Dmitri.

The story of the Karamazov family reflects much of Dostoevsky's life.

Arther Trace states:

The Brothers Karamazov marks the culmination, not only of Dostoevsky's thought, but of his art, to the point in fact that one can almost say that Dostoevsky is *The Brothers Karamazov*. (Trace 49)

Fyodor Dostoevsky was born October 30, 1821, the second of seven siblings. Of all the children, he was closest to his older brother Mikhail. Their relationship, like all ties in the family, was very intense and extremely close. The family was barely able to keep up the appearance of wealth that their class required. His father was an ex-army surgeon and raised his family in the very strict Russian Orthodox Church. Later in life Dostoevsky had a hard time relating socially with people because of how closed off his family was. He tended to expect way too much of people, or wanted nothing to do with them. (Frank)

In 1837, Dostoevsky's mother died. Like the boys in Karamazov, he was left with no mother. Because of his father's wishes he studied engineering in Moscow, with no passion for it. This led to a great deal of resentment toward his father, whom he saw mainly as a source of money. In 1839, under strange circumstances, his father was murdered. Dostoevsky was devastated by this loss. His financial debts to and estrangement from his father made him feel responsibility for his death. As Joseph Frank speculates,

Dostoevsky may have been overwhelmed by a shock of guilt and remorse on hearing of his father's death and learning its cause. The uneasiness he had felt all through this period—an uneasiness caused both by his failure to gain promotion and by the awareness that he was exploiting his father's meager resources to appease his craving for social status—could have suddenly exploded in a frenzy of self-accusation. (Frank 49)

His preoccupation with fathers, sons and mutual responsibility might be traced back to this event.

In 1843 he finished his formal education at a military engineering academy. He immediately started his career as a writer, a career he had dreamed of.

His debut novel in 1846, *Poor Folk*, made a huge mark in the Russian literary world. He had moved away from writing the romantic fantasy of his first short stories toward a depiction of social utopianism. This is part of a period in his writing when he had an optimistic view of Man. His beliefs corresponded with the Socialist views of the intellectual elite of St. Petersburg. After the success of *Poor Folk*, Dostoevsky was immediately brought into the intellectual circles of St. Petersburg. (Frank 65)

In the 1840's, many young Russian literati made a name for themselves by founding a group, a circle of thinkers, to champion their ideas. This circle of critics, scholars, and writers would sometimes celebrate a newcomer, defend and introduce him to others, just as they did for Dostoevsky.

As Dostoevsky moved into these intellectual circles, many literary critics began to lionize him. This included Vissarion Belinsky who invited Dostoevsky to

join his circle of friends. Belinsky is credited with discovering Nikolai Gogol, one of the most important writers of this period, and Belinsky's group was well attended by the greatest writers of the time. Dostoevsky was beside himself to be included into the so-called Belinsky Pleiade. (Frank 85)

Dostoevsky credits Belinsky with converting him to atheism. (Frank 119) Belinsky also encouraged him toward the socially realistic direction of his writing and beliefs.

Problems started soon in this professional relationship. When Dostoevsky wrote the short story, *The Landlady*, which followed romantic literary conventions, the two men clashed. Other conflicts followed. His obtuseness (brought about by the lack of social interaction in the way he was raised) and his own extreme vanity caused extreme and unsociable reactions for which he was constantly criticized. Even when Ivan Turgenev, who wrote *Fathers and Sons*, seemed to take a liking to Dostoevsky, he constantly misread Turgenev's humor and the two clashed.

Early in 1847, Dostoevsky formally split with the Belinsky circle. This was a rough transition for the young writer. He felt very isolated and this might have contributed to him moving into the Petraskvsky group, a group which would eventually be arrested en mass. (Frank, 136)

Mikhail Petrashevsky was a scholar-socialist who ran a discussion group out of his home. His friendship with Dostoevsky was contentious. Dostoevsky

did not like the way Petrashevsky mocked religious faith. His group had stronger, extreme leftist leanings. Dostoevsky often joked that he was there, “to play at liberalism, because, you see, which of us mortals does not enjoy playing that game,” (Frank 139) and was not particularly revolutionary but believed in socialism.

During the age of Nicholas I, all political groups were under a very watchful eye. In this climate, as revolutions were brewing in Europe, being involved in an overtly political group was dangerous.

The creation of a secret leftist press, headed by Nikolai Speshnev (a young intellectual, recently back from Europe, who was able to inspire others toward his leftist views) shifted the group into dangerous territory. The group was arrested on April 23, 1849. Dostoevsky was caught up in the arrest because of his own financial problems. He had taken a loan from Speshnev and felt that even if he wanted to separate himself from Speshnev he would not be able to, “For I have taken money from Speshnev [...] and now I am with him and his. I’ll never be able to pay back such a sum, yes, and he wouldn’t take the money back; that’s the kind of man he is.” (Frank 152)

The Petrashevsky group was charged with subversion (Frank 159). Dostoyevsky was deemed one of the ringleaders and condemned to death. On the morning of December 22, they were taken to the firing squad. Before the shots were fired however, it was announced that their sentences were commuted

by imperial decree. (Frank 171) This tortuous scare tactic worked on Dostoevsky. Never again was Dostoevsky to flirt with leftist, radical politics.

He was sentenced to four years hard labor and four more years as a soldier. On December 24th he went to Omsk penal settlement in Siberia. While in prison, his close contact with criminals guilty of appalling atrocities rid him of his utopian views of society. (Trace 15) His prison experience reinforced his religious Orthodoxy--only by saving the soul could society save itself. After this shaping event, all his major subsequent novels dealt with crime and faith.

Prior to his time in Siberia, Dostoevsky wrote of the poor and desperate. Most of his characters were unrealistically good. He realized in prison that his early vision of the goodness of Man was an illusion. Arther Trace expounds on this:

As a result of this experience [Siberia], Dostoevsky never again allowed himself to be deluded into believing that human nature is as good as the European Enlighteners, the German Romantics [...] and his Russian revolutionary ex-friends said that it was. (Trace 15)

After serving time both in hard labor and as a soldier, on December 16, 1859, Dostoevsky was released to St. Petersburg. His great work of this period, *Crime and Punishment* written in 1866, illustrates one of the major thematic concerns of *The Brothers Karamazov*--intellectual ideas versus faith and salvation. In *Crime and Punishment*, the main character, Raskolnikov, reasons himself into committing murder. By the end, though he gets away with the murder, he repents, then confesses to the authorities. His crime was not born of

passion, but was thought out rationally, illustrating Dostoevsky's belief that one bad idea can kill an entire civilization.

Basically what Dostoevsky wanted to demonstrate is that bad ideas are vastly more destructive than bad passions, not only to individuals but to society generally and indeed to civilization itself. (Trace 51)

Dostoevsky illustrates this again in *The Brothers Karamazov* by having the passionate man, Dmitri, innocent, while putting the guilt on a man who acts out an idea, Smerdyakov.

In 1871, he returned to St. Petersburg to begin work on his greatest achievement, *The Brothers Karamazov*.

His son, Aleksey or Alyosha died on May 16, 1878. He died of epilepsy inherited from his father. Dostoevsky put his name as the hero of *The Brothers Karamazov* and gave his character all the qualities in humanity he held dear. (Frank 768)

In 1879 a serialized version of *The Brothers Karamazov* began to be released across Russia; it would conclude in 1880. The serial was an immediate success and allowed Dostoevsky to discharge the debt that had plagued him all his life. His financial independence was short lived—he died January 28, 1881.

For my production, I focused on the key events that shaped his creation of the Karamazov family--his father's murder, his mother's absence, his own struggles with faith, the death of his child, Alyosha, his struggles as a prisoner and soldier, and his difficulties with money. The central question in Dostoevsky's

life remains how man can be good. *The Brothers Karamazov* is his final attempt to answer this question. In his final novel he concludes that man can be saved only through faith. (Trace 32)

The Brothers Karamazov becomes the grand, philosophical exploration of this very personal question and final answer.

Anthony Clarvoe

"Not only have I wanted to hit my father with large objects, but I've been hit by large objects by my child."

--- Anthony Clarvoe

I approached Anthony Clarvoe the same way I approached Dostoevsky—finding how his life connected to his work. Clarvoe's adaptation focused on the Karamazov family, organizing the play into three parts, one for each of the "official" brothers. He used the family as a focal point for exploring the bigger themes of the novel. In looking at his previous work, interviews he has given in newspapers, and my own meeting with him, I found that his way into the material was very personal, as the above quote illustrates.

I met with Anthony Clarvoe in July of 2004 to discuss the play and his work as a writer. Two points from that interview influenced my thinking about the production the most. The first point was that he intended to take this classic book of its time and make it feel contemporary. Frankly I had a hard time noticing this until I met with him. I had thought that the play read like a naturalist

play, in a Chekhovian style. I found out during that interview that he wanted the play to feel like a modern painting adaptation of the classic text.

He also spoke about a language I really understand--music. I asked him what kind of music he listened to while writing it and he mentioned Bebop jazz and the work of Arvo Pärt. After speaking with him and listening to the music, I understood the specific contemporary style of the play.

Clarvoe is interested in the big questions. He outlined them in an interview in *The Cincinnati Inquirer*, "Religion, family hood, victimization and survival, making a place for self in the world, the meaning of goodness." (Demaline) He feels there is a need for a clear, open discussion of God and the crisis of faith in a secular world.

Clarvoe, like Dostoevsky, uses art to pose large thematic questions in his version of *The Brothers Karamazov*. These themes, among others, appear in Clarvoe's other works as well. For example, the brothers each feel a responsibility toward the death of their father, Ivan more so than anyone, because he gave Smerdyakov the idea. In Clarvoe's play, *Show and Tell*, a student brings to school one of his grandfather's live landmines from the Korean War. The bomb goes off killing all the children in the room. The teacher, who leaves the classroom for a brief moment, survives. She, like Ivan, fears that somehow her thoughts lead to dreadful consequences. She states, "I put

something in his mind. It started ticking. That was the cause of this whole thing. My cause.” (163)

Another example from the same play illustrates Clarvoe’s concern with God’s justice. In Clarvoe’s *Karamazov* Ivan, speaking of God, says, “We know what justice is, you and I know. Why doesn't He?” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 39) One of the bereaved mothers in *Show and Tell* could be quoting Ivan when she says, “It's high time – high time – someone taught God about justice.” (157) *Show and Tell* premiered in 1991, four years before his adaption of *Karamazov*.

Another one of Clarvoe’s plays, *The Living*, revolves around the theme of human interaction, interconnection and contact. Set during the London plague, when people avoided human contact for fear of spreading the disease, Vincent (the only clergy to stay) asks God, “What do you want of us now? ... We do not know what you want.” (58) Vincent is looking for logic or justice in God's acts. This questioning of God permeates Clarvoe’s work and in *The Brothers Karamazov*, he finds an elegant way to express it. As Clarvoe states about the novel “It addresses a whole lot of things I’ve been thinking about for a whole long time. Only better.” (Demaline)

Clarvoe chose elements of the book that suited him. As I’ve illustrated above, the book’s themes were ones that Clarvoe was already interested in when the idea of adapting it was presented to him. Brian Kulick, the director of the

original production, gave him the idea to adapt the novel and told him, "I think it's your book." (Demaline) Clarvoe filtered the play down to concerns he had in his mind, "What was most central in the book were unresolvable issues I never got tired of mulling over." (Demaline)

SCRIPT ANALYSIS

Script Architecture

When adapting a novel of this size, exploring and understanding the plot structure becomes a cardinal undertaking. Clarvoe must have been very aware of this and, as I've mentioned before, built his play around a three act structure with an act assigned to each brother. It allowed all three brothers to become the collective protagonist, while allowing the audience one hero to follow in each act- Act I for Alyosha, Act II for Dmitri, and Act III for Ivan.

In our interview, Clarvoe also mentioned he wanted each act to have its own tone and atmosphere and he was not worried about them clashing or feeling unified. This helped make the play feel even larger. The audience sees an innocent hero (Alyosha) go on a journey to meet his family in Act I. His journey allows us to meet all the characters and get all the exposition we need. Act II is all passion as Dmitri seduces Grushenka and violently pursues all his rivals, including his father. Act III is the investigation of the murder, led by Ivan who is a journalist. Like Oedipus, Ivan finds he is the criminal that he is looking for. The three brother structure works well to keep the show's narrative organized, while allowing the audience to experience different ways of storytelling through different protagonists' points of view.

What follows are the events and the spine I laid out before rehearsals began. The lack of causality between some of the events may account for

difficulties I faced in the rehearsal process. An individual without prior knowledge of the show should be able to read these events and follow along, but this is not the case for this analysis. I have left them as they were, imperfect, to remind me of why this work is important. What follows is my own work in structuring the play in preparation for production:

- Spine of the play: Everyone is trying to be good. They measure this by their connections to people. Each wants to strengthen their connection to family. Zosima sends Alyosha to his family, Smerdyakov kills Fyodor to earn the love of his brothers, Dmitri believes that if he creates a new family with Katya it will redeem him. Fyodor, for all his faults, wants to be at home with his sons and he truly wants to live out his days with them, on his own terms of course.
- Events:
 - 1.1 – The brothers meet for the first time (this is a major difference with the book), Dmitri is disinherited by his father, Zosima sends Alyosha into the world.
 - 1.2 – Dmitri leaves Katya with her money.
 - 1.3 – Dmitri and Grushenka discover each other, and it is hot.
 - 1.4 – Grushenka returns Katya's money, and they fight
 - 1.5 – Alyosha goes home, Zosima dies, Ivan tells Smerdyakov that he's going to Moscow.
 - 2.1.1 – Zosima's body rots.

- 2.1.2 – Rakitin tempts Alyosha to Grushenka's
- 2.2 – Samsonov tells Dmitri that Grushenka left.
- 2.3 – Dmitri hits Smerdyakov, visits his father, looking for Grushenka.
- 2.4 – Grushenka tries to tempt Alyosha, but learns she's good.
- 2.5.1 – Dmitri scares Fenya, discovers Grushenka has left.
- 2.5.2 – Dmitri reclaims his pistols
- 2.5.3 – Dmitri wakes up Grushenka
- 2.6 – Dmitri seduces Grushenka, is arrested for the death of his father.
- 3.1.1 – Rakitan gives a press conference.
- 3.1.2 – Dmitri does not confess to the crime of killing his father.
- 3.2 – Ivan tempts Alyosha to admit he wanted his father dead. Alyosha tells Ivan that Smerdyakov did it.
- 3.3 – Ivan visits Smerdyakov, denies having anything to do with his father's death
- 3.4.1 – Ivan tries to get Katya to withhold her evidence to save Dmitri
- 3.4.2 – Katya hides the evidence in court
- 3.5.1 – Grushenka tells Dmitri that he saved them both from committing murder
- 3.5.2 – Alyosha tries to convince Ivan that he did not kill his father.

- 3.6 – Smerdyakov discovers that it was his own idea to kill Fyodor.
Gives the money to Ivan.
- 3.7.1 – Ivan refuses the devil
- 3.7.2 – Ivan confesses at the trial, Katya saves Ivan, damning Dmitri
- 3.8 – Everyone leaves, Alyosha forgives his father/self

I, then, outlined the structure of the overall plot. I use terms derived from Oscar Brockett, theater critic and historian.

- Story begins: Fyodor abandons his children.
- Point of Attack: Alyosha with Father Zosima
- Inciting Incident: Dmitri hits Fyodor and threatens to kill him.
Fyodor then sells Dmitri's debts. This raises the major dramatic question: will/did Dmitri kill his father?
- Climax: Ivan tries to take the blame for killing Fyodor, but Katya saves him by providing damning evidence against Dmitri, convicting him for the murder of his father.
- Resolution: Alyosha plans Dmitri's escape. Alyosha confronts a beggar, who is the image of his father, and gives what he can. This gives us the image of him forgiving the father.
- Major Dramatic Question: Who killed Fyodor Karamazov?
- Thematic Question: Can you forgive and be forgiven?

- Structure specific to each act:
 - Act I: Alyosha
 - Inciting Incident – Leaving father Zosima
 - Climax – Hears of Zosima's death
 - Act II: Dmitri
 - Inciting Incident – Learns that Grushenka has left, or he goes to his father.
 - Climax – Gets Grushenka back, at the same moment is arrested for the murder of his father.
 - Act III: Ivan
 - Inciting Incident – Alyosha tells Ivan that Smerdyakov killed father
 - Climax – Ivan tries to confess at trial, at that same moment, Katya saves Ivan by providing damning evidence against Dmitri.

As stated above, this is the script analysis I used in rehearsals. If doing the play now, I would do much more work. At the time, I spent too much energy on the book, the themes, the characters and not enough time with the script. I left too much vague or did not explore enough to find the perfect arc.

For example, the thematic question is not specific. Since this production, I have learned to come up with more possibilities to choose from.

The events, as I laid them out before the production, were not clear. Each event, ideally, should bring us to the next event--cause and effect--until the climax. I was not inaccurate, just not specific in how they lead from one to the other. Now I would make sure they, on their own, as a list, can tell the story.

I realize now, by doing the clearest work possible, event by event, I am much quicker at identifying problems and specific solutions. If I know what needs to happen in the scene, specifically, so I can get to the next, I can always ask if that is happening. If it is not, why? Then, there is no mystery.

I feel that the lack of specificity was a direct cause of many of the problems I faced with the actors during rehearsals.

Characters

Like the script analysis section, this is the character work I did going into rehearsals. It was not specific enough for me to know throughout the rehearsal what was working in the actor's work.

Fyodor Karamazov

Objective: To get his sons' love on his own terms.

- He is a demon of a man, a total sensualist. He loves disruption of ideas and has no philosophical compass. He cannot believe in God because he knows he is too selfish. "I'm afraid to believe in God. If

there is a just God, I'm in the shit. It's Him or me.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 38) He cannot help but destroy those around him when he feels afraid of being judged poorly. If he feels stupid or inadequate, he lashes out. More than anything he wants to feel redemption without having to change or sacrifice anything. He'd rather corrupt others to his level than raise himself up theirs.

- At the end of his life he selfishly pursues his goal with no remorse for how it makes his children feel. He treats Smerdyakov as a servant and a fool. He wants Grushenka as much for her as for what it will do to Dmitri.
- In the world of the play, he is the creature of infinite wants. His greatest fear is to stop wanting “It's all about wanting. That's the great thing. The want.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 36)

Alyosha

Objective: He wants to purify the sin he sees in himself, to hide from the world and his family. The sin he feels most strongly is that of hating his father and wishing him dead. He tells Ivan that he went to be a monk, “So he would never have a weapon in his hand.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 80)

Obstacle: He is afraid others will see the sin that lives in him and that he is a fraud.

- He is a naive young man who has put himself in a monastery so that the temptations of the world do not affect him. His greatest fear is becoming his father. He desires to forgive this man, as he knows he should, but he is unable until the end of the play. After Fyodor teases him rather harshly he says, “Sometimes, Father ... you make it difficult to love you as much as I should.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 35)
- He wants to save his brothers and himself from his father.
- When tempted by Grushenka he overcomes the sin by finding what was good in her, and saves her from a murder she says she will commit. He does the same for Dmitri.
- His elder sends him into the world to save this family. Zosima says the family needs Alyosha to witness their goodness. “They need to see you listening to them. They are trying to be good. It is easier to be good if you know someone is listening.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 14)
- He and Grushenka are the only ones who see that Dmitri is innocent.
- In the end he forgives himself for hating his father first by confessing. “Who wanted to kill him as much as his sons?” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 82) And by going on a pilgrimage he is able then to forgive the image of his father at the end.

Dmitri

Objective: To redeem his life. To be a good person. To stop himself from becoming his father. “I won’t do what you did. I won’t be like you.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 10)

Obstacle: He believes that he is exactly like his father. “Why did I think I could love another human being with my body full of Karamazov blood? And I thought I was being good! I didn’t know what I was doing! ... What father does. She’s better than me. So I had to ruin her.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 19)

- A soldier, a doer. His name is derived from Demeter, the earth. He is basically a good man. His innocence in his father's death proves this point more than anything.
- Falls in love with Grushenka.
- Is willing to be punished for killing his father because he believes it will redeem him.

Ivan

Objective: He also wants to be good. Believes there can be no goodness without faith. He connects his atheism with his feelings for his father. Since he cannot love his father, he cannot accept God. “My icon of divine order is a Creator who brings a son into the world to live in poverty and neglect, driven through His Father’s fallen world, hounded toward death, who in the end looks up

and says, 'Father, why have you forsaken me?' Oh, how I believe it." (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 39) Ivan's atheism is personal.

Obstacle: He is troubled by what his ideas mean in the world. "Alyosha: 'If nothing is true, then everything is permitted.' There's a name for this. ... Satan." (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 39) Since later in the play Ivan sees the devil, it implies that he fears his own ideas. Zosima sees this truth in Ivan. "You divert yourself with arguments you don't believe, and you ache for an answer, and you fear the answer will come." (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 8)

- He is a thinker, a journalist, someone who does not participate in the world, but observes with judgment rather than empathy. He assumes that Dmitri did the murder because he cannot see past his own nature. He fails to see Smerdyakov because of his own responsibility for it. "Ivan: I had nothing to do with father's death. Smerdyakov: How awkward to have to keep saying that." (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 86)
- He wants Katya but does not want to be a man who wants women. He is afraid of his own desires because he does not want to be like his father.

Smerdyakov

Objective: Wants to be a brother and son, thus proving his worth in the eyes of the world and himself.

Obstacle: He doesn't want to seem needy or more pathetic than he is.

- He loves and hates his father more than any of the brothers. He is certainly closer to Fyodor since he was raised almost completely in his care even if as a servant. The other brothers have an intellectual hatred of their father; they hate the very idea of him, but don't know him very well. Smerdyakov knows Fyodor very well.
- He lives out the philosophical ideas of Ivan: "If we truly do not believe in God we must live outside His law. We must live only by the Law of the Self, and find our Heaven and Hell on Earth." (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 7) "If nothing is true, then everything is permitted." (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 39)
- He kills himself when he realizes that he was alone, truly alone in his willingness to kill Fyodor. "But that would mean that-I acted alone! All alone! Me! Just ... me. (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 97) He did the murder so that he could be a true brother, but discovers that he is a murderer. "Am I as different from a human being as that?" (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 98)

Katya

Objective: Wants to prove her worth in the charity she does in the world.

Obstacle: Afraid of anything that even appears improper. Therefore, her version of good is on the surface. She learns from Ivan's sacrifice what goodness is.

- We first see her giving to the poor. She treats Dmitri as a charity case.
- She expects good back for charity and when it is not given, lashes out, "Slut! That was charity!" This to Grushenka who brings the money Katya gave to Dmitri.

Grushenka

Objective: To bring the rest of the world down to her level.

Obstacle: Refuses to be under anyone's power ever again. Has a strong desire for revenge.

- She likes collecting the debts of men, so she can be in control of them.
- Wants to seduce Alyosha to prove there is no good in the world. He shows her there is goodness, specifically in men.
- Dmitri shows her that she does not need to live for revenge, or justice in this world.

Conclusion

Like the work on script analysis, my work on character analysis was not effective. It was not specific and I did not spend enough time developing the ideas. I went with my first thought, with no in-depth exploration. This did not work. There were times when I could not tell what was wrong with the actor's

work, fully knowing there was a major problem. The details are everything and I missed them.

I also failed to acknowledge what was at stake for each character. That led to generalized performances without as much passion or urgency as was needed.

Genre

The show is a murder mystery and I should have focused more on that aspect of the play. Great works reveal their ideas through wonderfully structured plots: *Hamlet* is a murder mystery as is *Oedipus Rex*. Plot reveals theme. Dostoevsky and Clarvoe make both reader and audience believe that Dmitri is the killer on purpose, holding on to the revelation that Smerdyakov is the actual murderer till the very last minute. When Dostoevsky finally reveals Smerdyakov as the true criminal we, the readers, have already condemn Dmitri. The final revelation of Smerdyakov's guilt drives the point home that the passionate man is not as dangerous as the rational man. Likewise, Clarvoe uses the same plot structure and suspense to make the audience guess and invest on the "whodunit" of the play plot, only to drive home the point that rational ideas may be more dangerous than passion, thus, revealing one of the themes of the play.

Conventions

Noticing the conventions Clarvoe used in the script helped me identify the style of the play. He gave several clues—use of contemporary language, multiple character casting, and multiple locales.

I did not understand the nature of the Clarvoe's adaptation early in the process. I assumed that an adaptation of a Dostoevsky novel would result in the realism of a Chekov or Ibsen play. Not until my conversation with Clarvoe did I understand that he was trying to strip the conventions of period out of the text. He was adapting the novel into a contemporary, minimalist play—closer to Pinter or Mamet. He was not interested in creating a show with the dramatic conventions of the period.

Clarvoe's use of double casting created characters who lived as broad stroke sketches rather than fully detailed individuals. For example, the actor playing Fyodor reappears as the judge overseeing Dmitri's trial, the Devil, and the beggar that Alyosha forgives at the end of the play. While Fyodor, the father, has the full resonance of a three-dimensional character, Clarvoe wanted the face of the actor to become a theatrical metaphor—a ghost image of the father to haunt the sons; we then see the guilt they feel for hating their devil of a father, who they wish dead. Dmitri does not resist the condemnation of the judge—a judge who bears his father's face; Ivan tries to confess after the Devil (again the face of the father) convinces him of his own guilt; Alyosha bows to a beggar

whose face Clarvov describes as, “[...] Fyodor Karamazov’s.” (Clarvov, *The Brothers Karamazov* 110) While Fyodor can exist as a fully realistic character, the judge, the Devil and the beggar all function as metaphors—thematic presences to harken back to the larger symbolism of the father—and their recurring presence moves the play away from the conventions of realism.

Clarvov’s conventions also called for the use of multiple locales in a unit set. Scene 7 in Act III best exemplified the style Clarvov aimed at. The scene, a conversation between Ivan and the Devil, starts in Ivan’s room. Within the scene, the locale changes with a theatrical fluidity that makes the use of full set changes impossible:

Ivan: Get out.

Devil: So be it. You come, too.

Ivan: Where are we going?

Devil: Dmitri’s trial

(Clarvov, *The Brothers Karamazov* 103)

And with that small conversation the locale changes from Ivan’s room ad to Dmitri’s trial. Clarvov must not intend for Ivan’s room to be a fully realized, realistic set that switches to another fully realized, realistic set for the trial. Clarvov wants the set changes to be fluid, hinted at, metaphorical, rather than realistic, supporting a contemporary, minimalistic style rather than traditional realism.

These three conventions led the production design and acting choices we made. There were many more discoveries about the style of the play made in rehearsal and in the design process, which I will detail later.

DESIGN PROCESS

Approach

I started using visual art to communicate ideas while at Mason Gross. At some point Amy Saltz showed us a film on visual artists and it really took hold of me. Paintings by Eric Fischl were a perfect visualization for a play called *Serenading Louie* by Lanford Wilson. Fischl's paintings evoked the emotional and visual world of the play and I successfully used those images to shape the design when I directed the show. From that point on, rather than looking for historic or realistic research images that referred to the time period or culture of a play, I decided to use images created by artists or photographers from the period that captured the visual essence of that particular dramatic work. It is a habit I have kept since then that originated in this production.

I set about looking for images that would help me shape the world of the play visually. David Kaplan, a faculty member who was teaching "Acting Shakespeare," but who was an expert in Russian theater, led me to the works of the Itinerants, a school of 19th century painters that sought to paint Russian life as it was really happening. The Itinerants were trying to move away from the Romantic style of painting toward a more realistic representation. The same interest in realism in painting was happening in literature. The Itinerants proved to be a great documentary source which gave me social and historical images of Russia at the time of the novel. One painter really stood out, Ilya Repin. His work

seemed to fit Dostoevsky's world, particularly his painting, *Ivan the Terrible and his Son*, 1885.



Figure 1 – Ivan the Terrible and His Son Ivan on
Friday, November 16, 1581

This painting perfectly evokes the play. It depicts the aftermath of Ivan's murder of his son. The viewer sees a human being past whatever passion or rash choice caused this violence. The viewer sees Ivan after the recognition of his act, his eyes staring out with regret, horror, and fear. The image of a father cradling the son he has just murdered evokes the troubles of the Karamazov family.

The design evolved in stages. The first ideas were rooted in the reality of the history and place. I looked at realistic paintings of the period and tried to find

images that evoked the characters in the book. At this stage we were still dealing with realistic images.

My advisor, Amy Saltz, mentioned that the paintings I was showing her looked too realistic for the style of the script. I think I was failing to see the connection because the paintings that inspired me were good for the *book* and not for the *play*. Therefore, I did not see what she meant. I did not know that something was missing, stylistically, when I went to meet with Anthony Clarvoe.

Clarvoe and I talked a great deal about the structure he chose (using each brother for an act) and why he adapted the book but the most interesting moment came from a question about music and, as I stated before, this topic led to the biggest break-through in the design process. I asked Clarvoe what music he listened to while writing and when he mentioned Miles Davis and Arvo Pärt, it made a lot of the elements much clearer. I then said that from what he told me it seemed he wanted the play to be contemporary, atonal, and passionate. He said yes. On the train ride home I reread the play and had a much better understanding of its tone and style. Amy Saltz's comment about the style of the play suddenly made sense. This meeting was easily the most important break-through in my understanding of the style of the adaptation. Prior to this meeting, I was trying to direct the book. From this point on, I started directing the play.

I listened to Arvo Pärt and almost immediately understood what tone Clarvoe was talking about. Pärt pulls his music from a strong tradition of sacred,

Russian classical music, but mixes it with modern minimalist aesthetics, which is what Clarvov did with Dostoevsky's play. He took a classic play and filtered it through a minimalist contemporary vision.

I then went back to the paintings I had been looking at and realized that they were wrong for the play. Wrong, because they had too much detail, they were too realistic. The paintings were the novel. The play was stripping details from the novel, I tried to do the same by taking details from the paintings, using Photoshop. Manipulating images with Photoshop was something I had been doing in Mitch Dana's Light Design class. He liked to have a strong, central image turned in with a paper on our lighting concepts.

I started with my favorite image for the show, the previously mentioned *Ivan the Terrible and His Son*, and I started reducing the number of colors in the image and did not stop until I got down to two colors. I did this to get rid of details and to find a minimalist image of the paintings.



Figure 2 – Photoshop version of Ivan the Terrible
and His Son

Suddenly I had an image of shadow, light and of silhouettes; many of the images in the script were revealed in the adjusted image. This image now revealed the feeling of the period but looked very contemporary. I had, I felt, a firm understanding of the visual.

The key thematic image that comes from the play is found in Act Three, Scene 7. Ivan finally confronts the Devil who has been haunting him since the beginning of Act Three. Here is the exchange:

Devil: I can prove I don't exist. Shall I? Let's say this candle—this light, this illumination—is God. A force of warmth and a power of destruction. All right? Now. Let's say that I, standing here, represent the material world.

Ivan: Given you don't exist, it's a stretch.

Devil: --separate from God, different in nature. All right? Now—

Ivan: Do I represent something?

Devil: You stand for yourself. It's a stretch. So there's you: separate from the world, separate from God. Observing. So. God, World, You: your image of the universe. Now. Tell me what's behind me?

Ivan: Nothing.

Devil: In a way you're right. Look again.

Ivan: I can't see anything, besides, it's dark.

Devil: Is it?

Ivan: You're standing in front of the candle, you fool, you make a better door than a window, you're casting a shadow.

Devil: Yes. And the shadow in question would be...me. A hole, as an eloquent young man once said, in the light of the world. Ivan Fyodorovich, if you think that the world is a solid thing, distant from God, that the world is a door not a window, a door to nowhere...why, then the very light by which you see the world must cast behind it a huge black thing the shape of the world and many times as large, which you have named Satan. And which wears a face...that you know well.

[...]

Devil: When you come to believe that the world is the source of its own illumination, that you are in the world, and God is, too, then the world will be a window, clear as glass, and then there will be no shadow, because everything will be made of light.

In simple language, Ivan has to accept that he himself and God exist in the same place, the world and that there is no separation between himself, God and the world.

The image leads to a very practical visual language--shadow and light. Light became a metaphor for hope, goodness, and redemption in the play. This

gave me several ideas that lead to key production choices. It gave me the image for the costumes—a silhouette of the period, with few details. Lea Anello, the set designer, said that the lights were there to guide the character's way out of darkness. We started looking into old nautical maps of the sky because sailors used stars as a guide when there was nothing else. These maps seemed like a practical image of the image of people lost in the world. Later we found 19th century illustrations of an eclipse, which perfectly illustrates the image the Devil describes in the previous quote—light from the sun hitting the moon, casting a shadow on the world: God, Ivan, the world. Thus, my central image aligned this way:

Eclipse	Sun	Moon	Shadow on the earth
Ivan's view of the world	Light (God)	Ivan	Shadow of Ivan on the ground (Devil)

All of this work translated into a unified production across all areas of design.

Production

I used the previously described images and ideas to unify the production. We had the image of the silhouette, which lead to minimalist costumes, set, and light design. The costumes were to have few details of the period but evoke it. The set was purposely minimal with a table that was meant to be used in a

variety of ways. And the lighting was designed to move from high contrast shadows in the beginning of the show to a set full of light by the end.

Sound

Music and visual art both speak very deeply to me. In my work I usually find the work of one musician or composer to unify the production. Arvo Pärt's music became the soul of the play.

The summer before rehearsals, my wife and I took a road trip to St. Louis, Missouri. I spent hours in the car playing Pärt's music over and over again, finding a theme for each character. What I most liked about Pärt's music was that while it has minimalist elements, there is a sacred passion in his work. When describing Pärt's music in a New York Times article, Arthur Lubow said that his work, "bears a whiff of church incense. Yet the compositions resonate profoundly for the unconverted as well as the faithful." (Lubow)

The song "Frates", with its staccato violins, put a lot of energy into the scene changes. I also used it to start the show. We used sections from "Tabula Rasa" and "Symphony 3." For the final moment of the play we used the slowly building piece "Cantus in memorial for Benjamin Britton." This very legato piece builds slowly over six minutes until it peaks in a swelling climax. I tried to get the lights to swell with the music, ultimately flooding the stage. It was a musically beautiful way to end the show--both sacred and passionate--evoking God's light flooding the earth.

The arrival of the sound designer, Karen Graybash, came quite late in the process so it was entirely up to me what music to use. Karen was responsible for implementing my ideas, but the ideas were solely my own.

Once I discovered his music, Part was as important an element as anything else in the production. His music was exciting, engaging, and communicated the tone and beauty of the story. It helped to elevate the world of the play into the sacred.

Set

If I had to pick the most successful element of the production, I would say it was the set by Lea Anello. The process of putting the images together, of finding the shadow and light visual concept was exciting and we did it together. I measure other collaborations by how we work together. Lea and I have worked together several times in the eight years since the production.

I came to our first meetings with a practical wish list. I wanted a unit set, several chairs, and one table that could roll into various locales with ease. My goal was for the play to never stop for scene changes, which should grow organically from one scene to the next.

Having a rolling table able to do everything I wanted turned out to be way more complicated than I anticipated. I wanted it to roll freely so we could make the transitions flow. I also wanted Dmitri to ride on the table, as if it were a carriage, to rescue Grushenka. To make this happen, in a safe manner, the

technical director, Tim Pickens, suggested we build the table on floating casters. This way the table could be locked or unlocked with a push of a button and would be safe to stand on without the table rolling out from under an actor.

Lea had in mind the image of the characters as travelers, looking for their way in darkness. Her image fit one I had seen in paintings of peasants carrying lanterns. In those paintings, the light from the lantern shone forward, casting a shadow behind the person holding it—an image aligned with my central idea of light and shadow. I also had the idea of lanterns hanging in the air as a way of evoking the period, which reinforced Lea's image of the characters traveling toward light from darkness. As previously mentioned, we also started looking at maps. We decided to explore painting a star map on the floor to evoke a feeling of the heavens on earth--the stars being a great image of God's light on man.

Also as previously mentioned, we came to the image of an eclipse, a perfect illustration of our thematic image of shadow and light. We then shifted the images from star maps to old illustrations of the eclipse.

Lea started to create a very realistic interior style room and wall. I loved the texture and dimension of these walls, but I didn't think the set should be so realistic. So I suggested that we paint over the wall with a completely unrelated image. The effect would be impressionistic, like using window shutters as a canvas for a family portrait. The idea came from a painting I had seen in a New York City store window. The artist had painted a skyline onto a window shutter.

After that conversation, we decided to paint the entire set as an old illustration of an eclipse. The first model was striking.

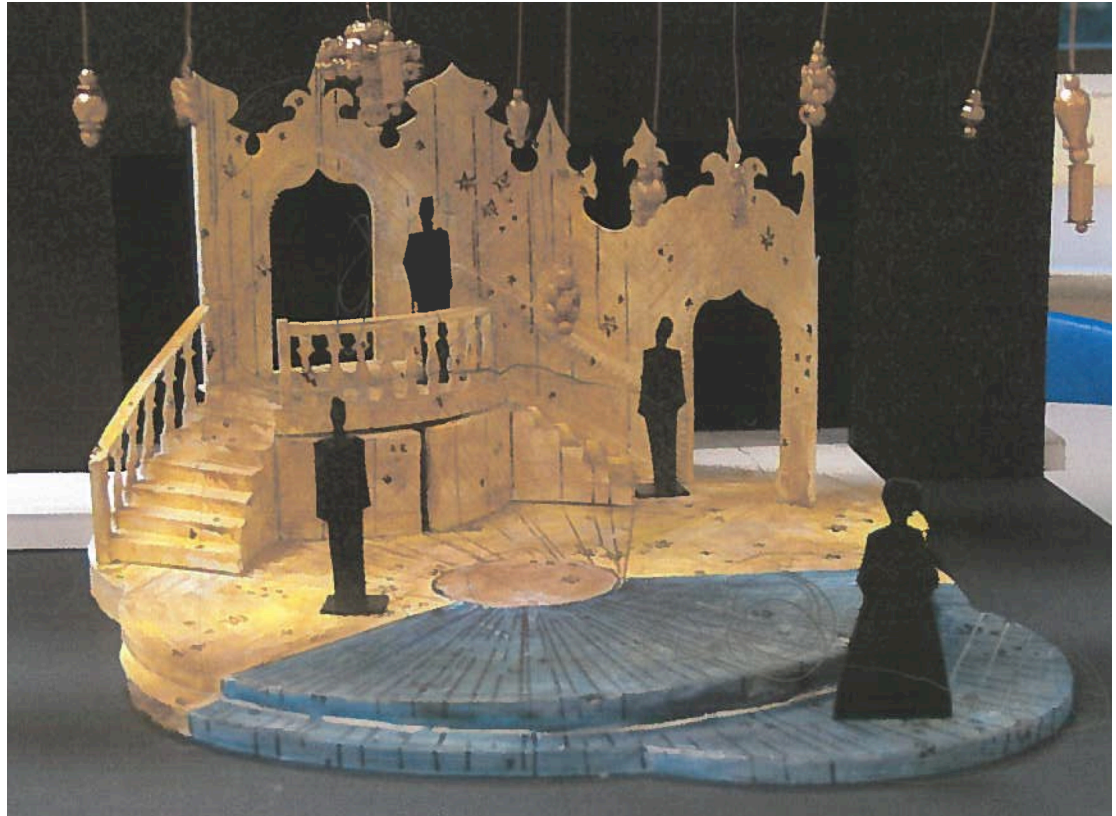


Figure 3 – First Model

My main concerns were doors which needed to open and close every time we wanted to take the table out from under the stage right platform. The back wall became a silhouette of a village skyline, meant to evoke the various locales of the play. I was fine with it, but Amy Saltz told me it read as a large city skyline.

Here is a moment that I had to learn from. The doors under the platform bothered me, but I was not able to clearly articulate that to Lea. I did not want to

be responsible for the changes she would have to make or make more work for Lea. I should have clearly articulated that concern and, in the years since, have been able to do so.

That struggle did not matter in this case however.

We were informed that the set had to change because of budget concerns. Having a curved back wall and floor was too expensive. We cut the back and created an octagon for the thrust stage. We had two entrances, one raised up right and one on the deck, so we chose to focus on those doorways to evoke the architecture of Russia because that was all we had. We were also able to cut the doors under the platform, allowing the table to roll freely in and out. I know Lea was a little disappointed but I felt very good about the result. I liked the minimalism of the structure and the details she was able to put into the doorways.



Figure 4 – Final Model Design

In production the set worked very well. I wish I had found better ways to create the party scene in which Dmitri rescues Grushenka. I also felt that I did not deal with the mote around the octagon enough. If I knew I was not going to use the mote, I could have had more stage space, which might have been helpful.

We used ten chairs to create the various locales. The most successful use of this was in the trial. We had the chairs in the area surrounding the stage and the actors were to sit in them and observe the action, when not in a scene. I

think it proved effective in connecting the audience to the trial as observers. But it was the only time I used the mote well.

There were difficulties getting to the final design, but Lea's set was the most successful design element--simple, beautiful, evocative, and theatrical. Her set gave me a wonderful environment on which to create strong images with the actors.

Lights

The lighting design of this show was another of its successful elements. The lighting designer, Amith Chandrashaker, and I worked very well on this show and, as with Lea, we have continued the collaboration over the years.

We started with the practical needs of this show; multiple scenes, locations. We also worked with the same imagery from the scene with the Devil focusing on this passage:

Devil: When you come to believe that the world is the source of its own illumination, that you are in the world, and God is, too, then the world will be a window, clear as glass, then there will be no shadow, because everything will be made of light. (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 102)

We knew we would move from darkness to light over the course of the play. So the first scene, Alyosha with Father Zosima, was very shadowy. The final scene, also with Alyosha was as bright as we could make it.

During the other scenes we used paintings from Repin to inspire the tone of light and the direction. The most successful moment of the play was the

“murder” of Fyodor when Dmitri says, “Papa. I’ve come home.” We had all the light coming from behind Fyodor toward Dmitri. It was a beautiful image of the shadow of the father being cast on the son. It worked great, capturing the ideas of the play into a striking visual image.

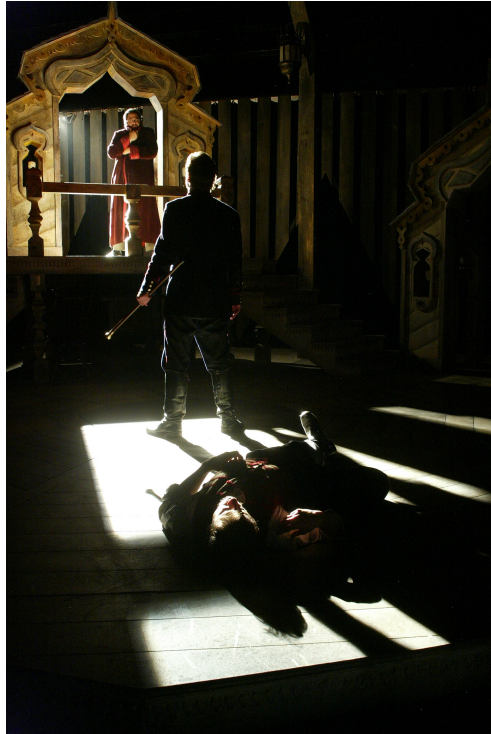


Figure 5 – Photo by Larry Levanti

With this collaboration Amith and I learned a common language, using the paintings. Lighting design is one of the trickiest elements on a production. We can build a model for a set and know what we have, but with lights, it is very hard to communicate what they will look like. Because of the class we took together our first year with F. Mitch Dana, Amith was able to give me a very clear idea of

what to expect, using evocative images and my recollection of tech was that it worked as expected.

I was very pleased with the results and the production photos from the show prove how successful Amith was. The concept of moving from shadow to light was very simple and effective.

Costumes

The costume designer, Liyun Xi, and I developed an approach to the designs that worked very well. It goes back to the non-realistic, silhouette approach I used for the set and lights. I wanted to evoke the period, not be married to it in a literal way.

Before we even got to the imagery, we had to address the problem of ten actors playing thirty-two roles. The main consideration was being able to do that without completely changing costumes for each role, not because we couldn't afford to, but because theater, for me, is about allowing the audience to make connections, to fill in gaps with their imagination. So, even if we had the time, I didn't want to completely change an actor's outfit, I'd rather adjust it slightly. For instance, when Christina Ross changed from Katya to a gypsy peasant, I wanted her to add one element to her costume and do the rest in her portrayal. So we added two shawls to her dress.

The best results came from the way we set up the Karamazov family. We made their palette black, white, and red--black and white to reveal the strong

contrast of good and evil the Karamazov's all struggle with, red to evoke the Karamazov passion. The costume designer chose which specific costume piece would be red so that it would reveal something about the specific character. Fyodor had a red cravat and his vest was outlined in red. When the actor switched to the Devil, he kept the vest and added red horns. This small adjustment reminded the audience of Fyodor. Dmitri had a red stripe on his pants and jacket, emphasizing his work as a soldier. Alyosha had a red sash which emphasized his role as a religious novice. Smerdyakov did not get a red piece until after the murder when he put on the red robe his father wore the night of his death. Ivan wore a red bow tie, evoking his role as an intellectual.

Grushenka and Katya had to be in opposition visually. Red connects Grushenka to the Karamazov family, of which she eventually becomes part. It also speaks to her defining traits--passion, sexuality, and violence. Katya worked in a very dark blue palette because it opposed Grushenka's red and also because it looked beautiful on the actress, who had fair skin and red hair. This conveyed a cool, dispassionate tone that suited Katya as well.

We tended to put the rest of the cast in earth tones to contrast the Karamazovs and their love interests. We even put Smerdyakov in earth tones to show how far away he was from being an official Karamazov. Peasants were wrapped in a brown and grey blanket. This was a perfect, striking look.

I felt the costumes were perfect. It was an extremely successful production on that level. The costumes hold up well in the production photographs.

EVALUATION

Initial Goals

When I set out on this production I had these goals in mind: make a theatrical, smart, funny, sharp production of very large play.

I also wanted to tell the story in such a way that people did not feel they were missing a book, or even that there was a book. That's something they could find out later as far as I was concerned.

As I first read the play I envisioned a world where passionate ideas, artistic vision, and humor could live within with deeply felt characters, which is very much how the novel works. Clarvoe had laid out the key events from the book and used humor and the theatrical art to communicate it. From the very beginning I was working to bring the play to theatrical life by using humor. The characters stories revolve around ideas and it was important that I communicate these ideas. However, they had to be revealed through action.

Tying the characters' ideas to their objectives was a lesson I had learned when I was the assistant director for a Mason Gross production of *Arms and the Man* by George Bernard Shaw. His plays only work if the ideas in them are expressed through passionate characters.

I had envisioned this, my thesis production, as a grand and exciting endeavor--one which by its sheer size would force me to rise up. I wanted a show that was big--big ideas, big emotions, big cast, and just plain big. I had

never done anything on this scale. I went in thinking I could do this show on every level and left humbled by it.

I wanted the story to be accessible to our toughest audiences. I had hoped to use the humor and passion of the characters so that the idea of seeing a big intellectual, stuffy production would be thrown out the window and they would go for the long ride and enjoy every moment of it.

I wanted to explore an aspect of my own heritage. I come from Russian Jews and when I read the book felt a kinship with the characters. The old world romance of Russia has always been appealing to me in both the familiar and eccentric aspects of the history.

Assessment

Acting

I had difficulties working with the actors. There are a number of reasons for this. First, I had not really done the correct preparation, as I have stated before. The events of the play did not add up to a coherent story. I did not have specific objectives or actions for the actors to play. Second, I did not have a clear sense of the style of the production. Neither the second-year students, (the actors playing; Rakitin, Grushenka, Alyosha, and Ivan) nor I had a good sense of how to play a style other than moment-to-moment realism.

Early on in the process we found out that the father of the actor playing Fyodor was dying. This caused a number of problems. The question was

whether he could or should do the show. I felt pressure to relieve him in order to protect the show, but I felt strongly that the actor should decide if he should stay or go. He decided to stay on, but we both agreed to have an understudy so that if he had to leave at a critical time we could cover all bases.

I was not totally happy with his performance. I don't think I was able to inspire him to get him off the ground strongly enough. I wanted his charm and humor but I also needed him to allow himself to be evil and terrifying. He was not extreme, not a tyrant. We should have gotten him to the level of Richard III or Iago. We never quite identified with the brothers as to why they wanted to kill him. The actor was afraid to go far enough and I was not willing to say that to him. In working with actors, I had trouble saying the exact truth--sometimes because I was slow to pick up what was actually wrong, other times because I did not want to say the difficult truth. Amy Saltz felt that he had finally gotten ferocious but, the laughter in the preview performance knocked him back into familiar habit where he would play for laughs, not trusting the work we had done.

With Alyosha I had another difficult situation of recasting after the original actor quit the program. While this event happened before we went into rehearsal, this is never good for the actor taking over because there is the feeling of having been the second choice that I was unable to overcome. I again was unable to get this performance where I wanted it. His work was general.

Dmitri was a tough role for a modern American male who is not used to the passionate outbursts and physical affection the character expresses. The character is a full throttle all the time. He is passionate and full of self-loathing. I felt very good about where we got with it. The actor in this role trusted me and went where I needed most of the time. Since the show we have worked together several times.

Ivan was a major problem and one I take responsibility for. I miscast the role. I had worked with this actor before and thought he could get there but the main thing I learned with this play was that what you see in the audition sometimes is all you can count on. That might be what they do, so you better be happy with it. I liked the actor as a person but that did not translate into a dynamic performance. Both of us loved engaging in the ideas but that did not translate into a dynamic performance. In the end, I do not think he was a very compelling choice.

The one performance I was most proud of was the actor in the role of Smerdyakov. This was arguably the best work he did while at school. He had everything I wanted from a performer; he was fearless, loved engaging the ideas of the play, but also a willingness to let go of the ideas to serve the scene. He did great character work and had simple moment-to-moment truth. It was a joy to work with him on this.

I was happy with Grushenka for the most part, but never felt we were able to get her to let go completely and lose control, even as an exploration. She was very concerned with what I wanted and often too caught up in that.

There was a particular moment that was illuminating to the process of working with actors that has served since. In one of her first moments on stage, Grushenka talks about coffee. She says, “Oh, coffee is good. Take some beans, burn them, grind them, scald them. Look what they give you. Coffee is a good thing.” (Clarvoe, *The Brothers Karamazov* 21) When I read this, it seems that this line could be taken at face value. She likes coffee; she’s a morning person. Dmitri is across the room on the floor, passed out. A good contrast between them I thought. Amy Saltz felt that the line communicated despair. What Amy was trying to do was give the character an arc; sad and lonely in the beginning, hopeful and happy at the end. It made no sense to me in terms of script analysis, but once Stacie took the note, it worked. I learned that sometimes it does not matter what is in the text necessarily. The audience would not have noticed the difference between the two approaches, but one gave the actor an arc and, while I think the other could have given her the character’s journey, in a different way, it was not as clear. Ultimately I need to let go of ideas if another idea helps the actor and still tells the story

The actor who played Rakitin, a friend of Alyosha and fellow novice, was a man of color and he never got over the idea that he was playing a servant. I had

no idea how to overcome this feeling in him. Early on I did not even wish to dignify it with comment, so I assumed that he would see it for what it is, a great role. He was never happy however, and ultimately, late in the process I asked him if this is how he felt and he said yes. I asked if there was anything I could do and he said no. So I let it go. I should have had this conversation much earlier. I have learned that you must be painfully truthful as early as possible. As far as his work went in his primary role as Rakitin, it was what I expected when I cast him, over the top and ungrounded. I enjoyed his work as the innkeeper the most and wished that he could have been willing to explore the “truth” of the character of Rakitin and not comment on it.

I miscast the role of Fenya. The actor was physically not right and, ultimately didn't have the character skills I needed for the role. This role is one that, when doing a large play like this, one might forget about. You say to yourself, do I have a Fyodor, a Dmitri but you don't think of Fenya. For a college level production she is the one that you might want to pay attention to.

The actor in the role of Katya was good, like most of the production, but not amazing. She was eager to work but there was no passion behind her work. At the time I thought that the character had no passion and I cast it that way. I now think that Katya has passion, but is afraid to express it, so she holds it back. If we could have seen Katya's struggle, it would have made all the difference.

Raymond McAnally was transformational in the roles of Father Zosima, Samsonov, Mussyalovich, and Nelyudov. Each of these four roles was given depth and richness by Ray. He was a source of consistency that I needed. As a third year student, he had all the character work and imagination needed to play each role in a specific way. I cannot imagine having anyone else doing the great work he did on this show.

Production

I am most proud of my leadership in the design process. I think I got the best work out of everyone involved and guided them well. I look at the production photos now and they remind me of how strong the visual aspects of the show were. I am also proud of the staging. I believe I used the stage well and found ways to make the production move rapidly to and from a variety of locales.

I managed to get the production team on board much more than the actors. The set designer and light designer have both told me in the years since that it was one of the best shows they have worked on.

I have to credit R. Michael Miller as my instructor in the class Designer Director Relationship, and as an advisor for the set design of this show. I learned a great deal under him and without his help I know this show would not have been as good.

I felt best about my use of theatrical space, which is good because when I first came to the program that was the number one complaint about my work. I was proud of the simple use of furniture. The table served many purposes and I exploited it in a multitude of ways. In one scene it was a table, but then served as a coffin; we used its rolling ability to move Dmitri around during a transition to a hotel. The table was a simple, transformative element that evoked many locations and served many purposes. I did not get caught in the trap of stopping the play to create a new scene. I did everything I could to limit the adjustments needed to move from one scene to another.

I liked the boldness of the imagery. When I look at the pictures from the show I see what I set out to create visually, a silhouette of the period.

My collaboration with the designers also showed a much-improved approach. In my second year I learned that some designers had pegged me as a 'trouble' director. I had a reputation of being indecisive. This was fair. No excuse, but in a master's program it is extremely easy to become bogged down in getting things "correct" and that can lead to indecision. This was not the case on this production. Our technical rehearsal was long and difficult because of the sheer size of the show, but there was no additional issue.

Since leaving that production behind I have worked multiple times with both my set and light designers on various projects. I learned to play well with others on this show, by having a clear vision and making early decisions.

Conclusion

As I have already stated, the design collaborations went well, but my work with the actors suffered in this process. I think as my training at Mason Gross began I was hyperaware of the Actor and what the actors needed to move forward. My first three shows were very strong actor pieces and I have always thought of myself as an “actor’s” director rather than a “conceptual” one. As I moved into more complicated productions that work seemed to suffer.

My regrets with this show dwell with the actors--not all, obviously, but some did not do their best work under my direction. I have thought a lot about why that is, and have come to some conclusions.

Casting a show is a major part of directing. Sometimes, I have put someone in a role I would rather work with over another who might be better suited. I had a hard time casting the role of Ivan. As I stated before, the actor was someone I had worked with already and enjoyed. He was the right type and he looked the part, and wanted very much to play the role. Another actor in the audition was also a very good actor, but not exceptional at auditioning. However, I can see now that he would have been better in the role. The lesson is that I cannot allow my personal feelings to interfere in my decision to cast an actor.

I was confident when I came to Mason Gross that I was an actor's director more than anything else. My first year, I had two shows in which the acting was seen as standout, the best work those actors had done. I started off my second

year with *Serenading Louie* by Lanford Wilson. It was a design collaboration nightmare, but the acting was well received. By the time I got to my thesis production, I was no longer particularly helpful to actors. I struggled to know why, and have gone back and forth over the possible reasons. The first shows I directed were stylistically realistic. I was able to bring credible acting work from my cast. As I moved on in the training I had a harder time dealing with a slightly more presentational style that also allowed the actors to engage in moment-to-moment truth. Truly I was more concerned with the whole and hoped that the actors would somehow “get it” without my input. This was, of course, a flawed approach. I have subsequently made a point of dealing with actor issues head on as soon as I notice them. I don’t hope my problems away anymore.

I also felt that, as I moved through the program, I lost some of my own passionate voice while trying to make things “right.” This was a fear of mine in coming to a program like this, that I would forgo “art” for the sake of correctness, that my work would be clear and sterile like a lot of the regional theatre I have seen. Perhaps this is impossible to avoid. The educational environment is not the best place for art to thrive. None of this is an excuse. I had hoped against hope that I would rise above all this to create an epic masterwork for the Mason Gross stage. Instead it was a rather tepid thing.

Ultimately what was missing most was passion. The head of acting, Deborah Hedwall, one night said that what was missing was Russian passion. I

knew as she said it that it was true. One way or another, it didn't get to the actors or the audience. That question of where the passion went has haunted me since I did the show. Passion was my greatest gift when I came to school and at the end, when I needed it most, where was it? That is the disappointment I carry. I would rather it had been a messy, violent, uneven, unnerving piece than a clean, lukewarm, interesting show. Perhaps it was too clever for its own good. I was too interested in making sure that the actors understood the show rather than felt the show. I've learned since that the ideas of a play are in the behavior of the characters. The audience picks it up but the actors do not need to push the 'thought' of the production. They need to fight for their objectives, not their thoughts. I did not make the stakes clear to them as well.

My fear in entering an MFA program, that it would take some part of my passion, spirit and clean it up, somehow came true on this show. It has taken time to realize this. The first reason was preparation. One of my shortcomings as a director is a lack of preparation before the rehearsal period. I didn't answer the tough questions about specific scenes. Specificity with the actors would have made their choices clearer. It also took me longer to see what the issue was if a scene wasn't working. It often does not clearly jump out and I tend to take too much time to decide. Clearer, specific decisions would have helped bring the passion, power, and mystery of this story to life. I've learned since to make strong choices quickly, based on careful work on the script in preproduction.

I also made assumptions. When I studied acting with Deborah Hedwall, she trained me to never take anything for granted. Similarly, in the improvisation training I had before I came to Mason Gross, we also learned to not take anything for granted, that everything that happens is something you have to respond to. I find it odd that as a director, I had trouble with this, but I did. I assumed the audience would follow the story, simply because I either hoped they did or because it seemed so obvious to me.

It is very hard to create “Art” in the MFA environment. Besides telling the story of the play, there are other considerations that exist in the university setting that are not in the professional setting. The actors in a university are hyper aware of their training, especially where they are in the process at that specific time. So actors playing the roles of Alyosha, Rakitin, Grushenka, and Ivan were just entering their second year of acting training. They had yet to have any classes on style, character, or actions. The first-year work at Mason Gross is all about developing a sense of truth. Students do not learn how to apply any of those techniques until their second year. The afore mentioned actors were not ready for the style of the show.

I was also struggling to find the style of the show. I explained how long it took me to realize the script was not in the style of Anton Chekhov. That carried over to the rehearsals. The reason for this might have been how I related to my directing classmate, Chris O’Conner. He was much more experienced in style

work than I. During his time at school he directed plays by Moliere, Buchner, and Dario Fo. When we had class discussions on style I was not able to ask the questions that would have helped me because I was concerned about looking foolish.

I see how this show got away from me. I wanted to take on a large challenging show, bigger in scope than I had worked on before with the ultimate hope of rising to the occasion. In hindsight, I would have been better off doing a show on a scale that I was familiar with and going deeper than I had been able to before with new resources at my disposal. I would have been better off doing *Serenading Louie* in this slot I believe now. That said, I don't think I would have made any other decision.

The show was flawed but powerful. People seemed to be with it. I found it hard to watch after it opened. I kept judging it. There were performances that just never took off. Some of this was my responsibility but some was baggage that I was simply unable to overcome.

Epilogue

I am writing this conclusion after many years away from the show. The young man who directed this play is very far away from the man typing. This production has sat on me for a long time and I hope by completing this document I can move on a bit more. It was a painful experience but not more so than any other show I wish went differently. The main lesson of the show for me was to do

more work on the script so I could be a freer artist during rehearsals, not so concerned with making mistakes, giving the actors a playground to live out their characters and confidence that what they are doing fits a unified world under my eye.

I would like to acknowledge that this document has been extremely difficult to complete. Perhaps it was the difficulty of a mediocre show that has kept me from truly examining the process. Some of it has to do with knowing that a lot of the preparation that would go into a document like this was not done. Frankly there is not real excuse for the delay. I have artistically moved on from this show years ago. I am not the same person and do my work with more confidence and can tell difficult truths quicker. My prep work has improved as well. So it is not like there is this particularly large wound that this play sits in.

I still relish the sharp eye I feel this production gave me. The feeling I had, watching the play, not being able to tell what specifically was wrong, but knowing that something was wrong, was a dreadful one. After the show, my attention to detail increased noticeably and now I tend to make decisions quicker and notice problems faster and that all comes from doing more, way more, preparation.

I came to Mason Gross because I wanted a program that would teach me a way of working that could be applied to a variety of theater projects. I believe that is what happened. I have worked on many types of performance projects, from the realism of Lanford Wilson to highly stylized dance theater works. In

each case, the approach was very similar--do my homework, find images that connect me to the design staff, make the objectives clear to the actors and when I see a problem, deal with it. These are the final lessons I learned from this specific production and my time at Mason Gross as a whole.

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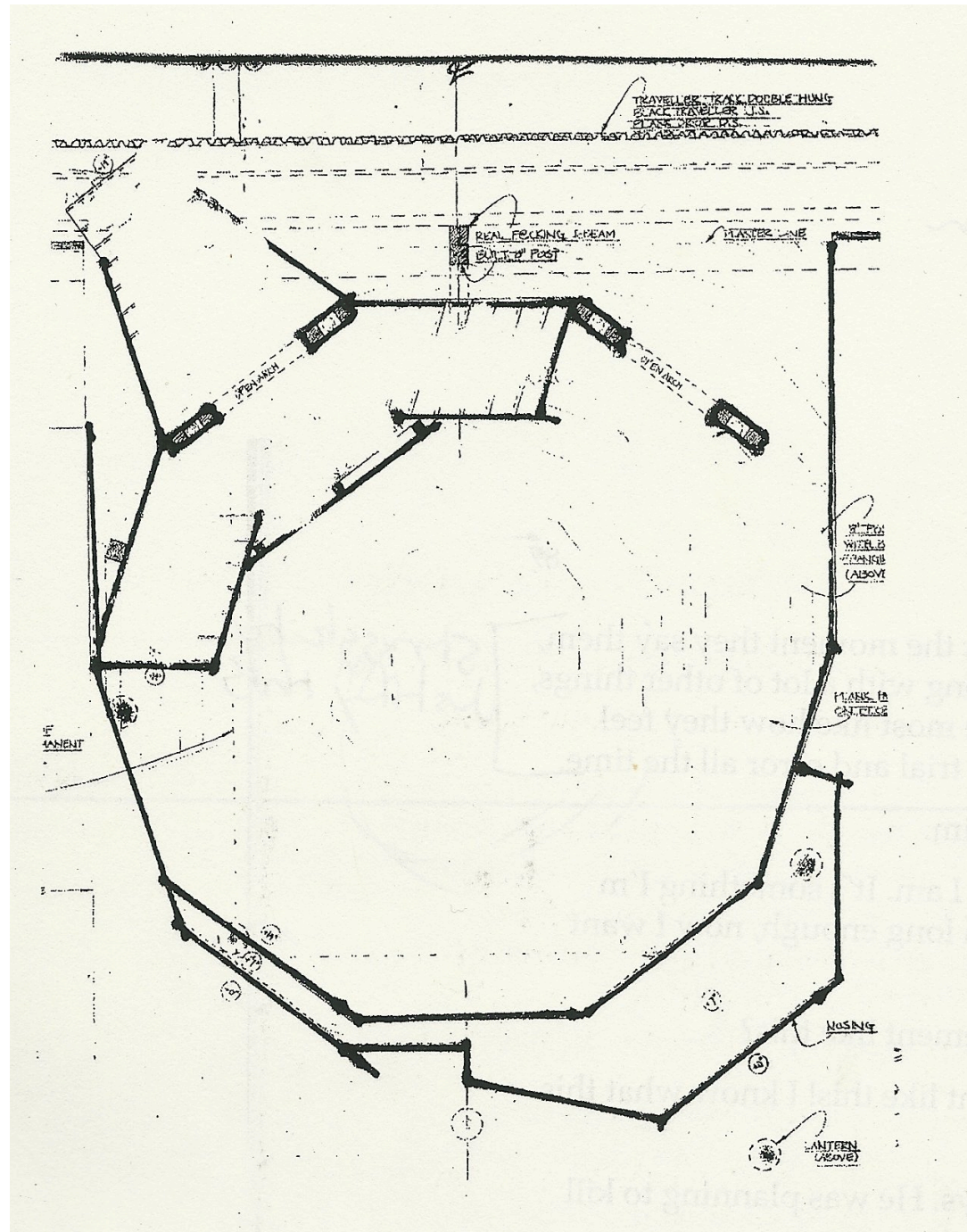
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APPENDIX



ACT: SCN	ACTION	LIGHTING ACTION
1:1	The whole family meets, Fyodor doesn't give Dmitri his money	First we open up with a Russian Cathedral window gobo on Alyosha and Father Zossima. The Scene opens up from there. The rest of the family enters on the platform and are lit with a cooler color. They are outside while Alyosha and Father are inside the church. The Church is going to be cool daylight blue, one directional light (coming SL) with the Window up the whole scene.
1:2	Dmitri is drunk, feels less of a man in front of Katya, leaves her	Dark Blue downlight for night. Entire stage is covered. DSL on step area has a tree gobo with moonlight coming through for Dmitri and Alyosha's scene. Tree's 2 more places on stage, but not covering more than 1/3 of total stage area. Katya is on the platform with a lantern near her with amber candlelight flickering around her. Lanterns are really dim or even off. No light in doors. Tight beam of moonlight at c. circle. Blue coming through the trim of the wall casting shadows on the ground.
1:3	Dmitri loses Katya's money to Grushenka, falls in love with her, Smerdyakov gives away father's secret.	Plain amber window coming from SR on table where Dmitri is slouched over. Scene fades up 1 second after window comes up. Key in amber from SR. Early Morning. Daylight coming through doors. Platform not lit.
1:4	Grushenka meets with Katya and Alyosha, Grushenka offends Katya	Angle of light is higher, Light is Cooler. Grushenka is lit for this scene at the end of last scene for the transition. Simple indoor lighting.
1:5	Father is drunk, eating dinner with Alyosha, Ivan, and Smerdyakov	Previous scene fades out as Lantern at full flies in. As the Lantern hits its spike, amber fronts are up around the table. Very tight amber scene. All the amber is flickering. No Backlight. Second part of the scene is when Katya comes on and is in her blue downlight and amber candlelight and dmitri is in his blue downlight and moonlit tree. Smerdyakov is left in just the light from the lantern that is now at a lesser intensity.
2:1	Father Zosima is dead	Russian Windows back up with Moonlight coming through. Intense white downlight on Zossima's coffin. Light emitting from Zossima's body. White light hitting Alyosha and Rakitin from the area of Zossima's body. White light silhouetting the mourners from the inside.
2:2	Dmitri is trying to get Grushenka from Samsonov	Tight amber around table. Intense downlight of Light Amber on Samsonov. The whole room is small and tight area of amber with a blue ring at the end of the circle.
2:3	Dmitri comes for the money	Dmitri stands still as the lights change to outside Fyodor's House. Blue downlight dim. Moonlit trees are also dim. Moonlight on the platform and amber coming through the doorway. Moonlight on the trim casting shadows on the ground. End of scene has Dmitri on table staring at Fyodor with single lit coming through doorway silhouetting Fyodor and lighting Dmitri's face.-B/O
2:4	Alyosha comes to Grushenka to learn her means.	Lantern comes in at full in Blackout. Scene opens from there in amber color. Amber with lanterns flickering in the air.
2:5	Dmitri finds out she has left, and buys everything for one last hoorah	First part when Dmitri enters covered in blood- Moonlit closed shutters over the stage. Fenya comes on with a candle. Second Part (Plotkinov)- People come on with torches, Blue coming in from SL casting all shadows one way. Grushenka appears at Platform in Moonlight and white light haloing her from the doorway. Much like Fyodor. As Fyodor is his death so is Grushenka. End scene with Blackout.

2:6	Grushenka, Dmitri and Muss. Are playing cards for her love	Amber room from lanterns. Lanterns in the air are lit. Downlight on table. Table comes up first so we see everyone seated around it before the rest of the space. When the constables run in, isolate Dmitri and Grushenka on the table and the constables as the lights fade out. We should be left with a last image of dmitri and Grushenka embraced on the table when he says his last line.-B/O
3:1	Rakitin is giving a press conf, then the court sits down	Press Conf- Lights up tight on Rakitin at conference DSR. At the end as he walks up open up for courtroom scene. The courtroom scenes will be cool blue keyed in from SL giving a wash for the whole acting area.
3:2	Ivan verbally attacks Alyosha's beliefs	Outside- The tree's are up dim. They are isolated tightly for the small scene.
3:3	Smerdyakov is sleeping, Ivan interrogates him	In the transition we pick up Smerdyakov and lose Alyosha as Ivan crosses over. We are now tight around Smerdyakov and Ivan. Indoors- it is a cool quality of light. Maybe bring in a Lantern. Transition- Fade down on Smerdyakov as we fade up on Katya.
3:4	Ivan talks to Katya, then runs away with the appearance of the devil. Katya is then in court	Same quality of light as the previous 2, but now in a different position. As Ivan runs out we return to the court look.
3:5	Dmitri denies killing father in Jail.	First Part- Downlight on Dmitri from previous scene. Lights come up when Grushenka enters. Cool tone of previous scenes is still apparent. When Ivan and Alyosha run out, Fade Dmitri and Grushenka down to intense downlight and pick up Alyosha and Ivan in Cool quality of light. Create 2 separate spaces. Black between both areas.
3:6	Smerdyakov lets on he killed father, Ivan is plagued by the Devil	Lights shift as Ivan runs away, when he runs back on we are in the Look. Warmer than the previous scenes, but still somewhat cool. A tight circle with diffused edges.
3:7	Ivan is plagued by the devil, then is in the court interrupting the trial	The diffused circle of the previous scene is replaced by a sharp defined white light circle of the same size. Warm side light casting Ivan and The Devil's shadows on the back wall. Light up in View on Katya, while that happens stage shifts back to courtroom and we arrive in the courtroom look for the Judge's line. Lights fade out on Dmitri's last line.
3:8	All are waiting for Dmitri to be taken away. At end Alyosha is left in the middle of the poor.	Outdoors- Tree's up in overcast day color (diffused) END OF SCENE- Intense White light pouring in from above Alyosha (halo effect) that opens up to engulf the whole stage with Front Light at Full to blast away all the shadows. Lots of light to make it really bright and as it reaches a stopping point, BO.

	Scenes	Props		Notes (Dmitri's Debt)	Document				
Act 1	1 Zosima's room in the monastery	Money		Sheaf of Notes (Dmitri's Debt)	Document				
	2 Outside Katya's Window	Money into Envelopes (about 5)		A bottle					
	3 Grushenka's Tavern	Debris of all-night card game		Coffee Cup	Tray				
	4 Katya's home interior	An envelope							
	5 Fyodor's dining room	Remains of dinner							
Act 2	1.1 Zosima's room in the monastery	Cross on table		Cognac for Ivan and Fyodor	Coffee for Alyosha				Letter
	1.2 Outside Monastery	Sausage from plate		Lanterns					
	2 Samsonov's	A cane							
	3 Outside Fyodor's window	A bible							
	4 Grushenka's home	Candles		Champagne	Money				
	5.1 Grushenka's home	a big kitchen knife							
	5.2 Plotkinov's	Laden w/bottles		Groceries	Instruments				
	5.3 Mokrovoe Hotel	Lanterns							
	6 Hotel room	Cards		Chips	money				
	1.1 Outside courtroom								
Act 3	1.2 Courtroom	Papers for Nelyodov							
	2 Outside								
	3 Fyodor's dining room/Smerdyakov's room	A bible							
	4.1 Katya's home interior	Letter from 1.5							
	4.2 Courtroom	Maybe Katya has letter							
	5.1 Holding Cell?								
	5.2 Outside courtroom								
	6 Fyodor's dining room/Smerdyakov's room	Lemonade?							
	7.1 Ivan's room	Candles		Wade of Bills (3000)	Bible				
	7.2 Courtroom	Letter from 1.5		Matches					
	8 Holding Cell?	Sheaf of Notes (Dmitri's Debt)							

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

written by Anthony Clarvoe
directed by Louis Wells

UPDATED SOUND PLOT - REVISED 9/10/04

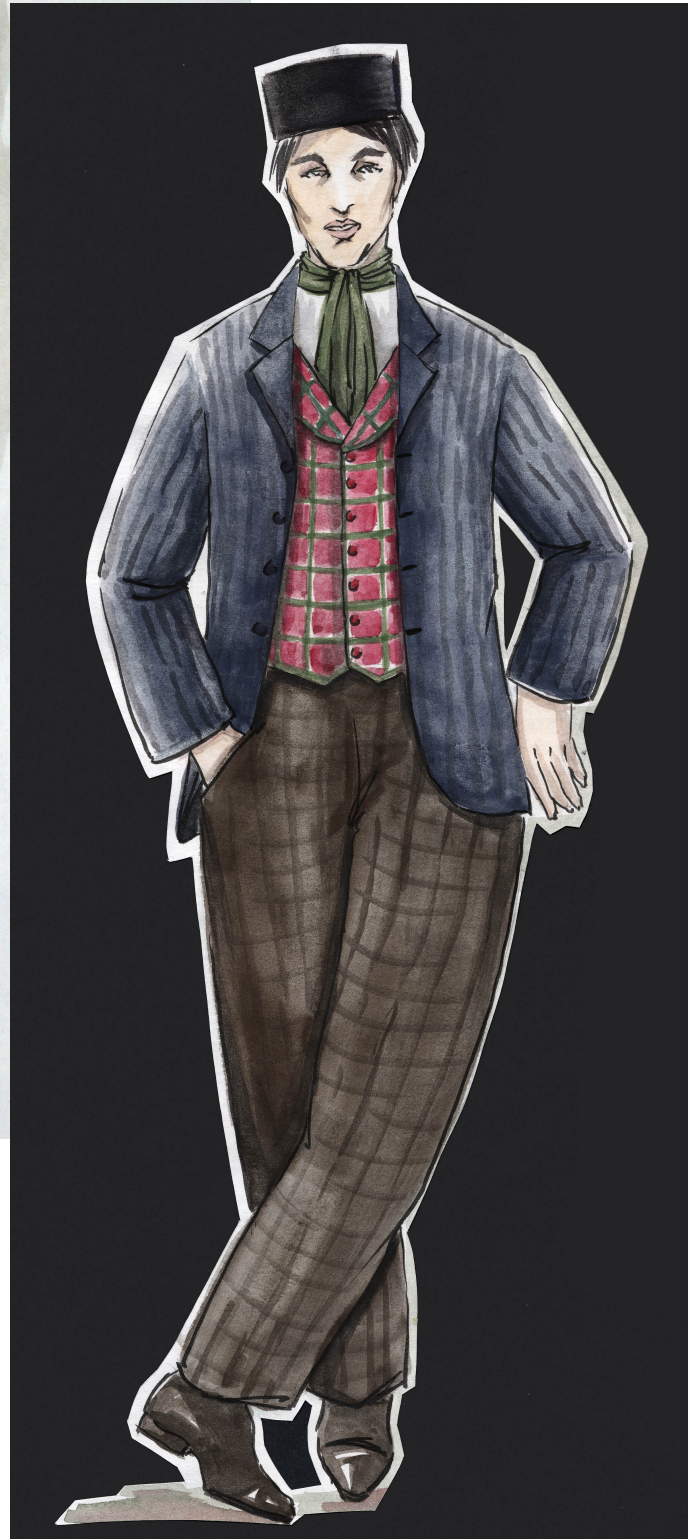
TRANSITION	Pg.	SOUND	DURATION	NOTES
Scene 1.1 Intro. Music	3	Alina: "Spiegel im Spegel"	2 min.	
-	3	clock strikes	-	practical
Trans. into 1.2	15	Frates	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 1.3	21	Frates	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 1.4	27	Frates	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 1.5	32	Frates	approx. 1 min.	
-	39	a knock	-	practical off-stage
Scene 2.1 Intro. Music	45	Tabula Rasa: "Ludus"	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 2.2	49	Tabula Rasa: "Ludus"	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 2.3	53	Tabula Rasa: "Ludus"	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 2.4	55	Tabula Rasa: "Ludus"	approx. 1 min.	
-	61	harness bells	-	practical off-stage
Trans. into 2.5	62	Tabula Rasa: "Ludus"	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 2.6	67	Tabula Rasa: "Ludus"	approx. 1 min.	
Scene 3.1 Intro. Music	75	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.2	78	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.3	82	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.4	86	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.5	91	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.6	95	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.7	100	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
Trans. into 3.7.2	103	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	into courtroom
-	103	Trisagion: "Summa"	2-5 min.	underscores scene
Trans. into 3.8	105	Syphmphony #3 (cond.: Neeme Jarvi)	approx. 1 min.	
-	105	Trisagion: "Summa"	2-5 min.	underescores scene
Curtain Call	110	TBD		
Post Show	109	Cantus in Memory of Benjamin Britten: "Summa"	10 min.	

* PLEASE NOTE: COMPOSER OF ALL MUSIC IS ARVO PART

The Brothers Karamazovs
Fyodor









The Brothers Karamazov
Katya Verkhovtsev

The Brothers Karamazov
Maria



a
a Ross

li 2011

AMAZON

Fenya



Borron

eli m.



RAMAZOV

Peasants



PEASANT

Handwritten signature and initials.



Figure 6 - Photo by Larry Levanti



Figure 8 - Photo by Larry Levanti



Figure 7 - Photo by Larry Levanti



Figure 10 - Photo by Larry Levanti



Figure 9 - Photo by Larry Levanti

CHARACTERS

The ensemble of seven men and three women play the following roles:

THE KARAMAZOV'S

FYODOR, *fifties, a landowner and money-lender*
DMITRI, *thirty, FYODOR's eldest son, a soldier*
IVAN, *late twenties, FYODOR's middle son, a journalist*
ALYOSHA, *mid-twenties, FYODOR's youngest son, a novice*
SMERDYAKOV, *late twenties, FYODOR's bastard son, a servant*

THE MONASTERY

FATHER ZOSIMA, *fifties, the monastery's elder*
RAKITIN, *early thirties, a seminarian*

THE TOWN

KATYA VERKHOVTSYEV, *twenties, an heiress, DMITRI's fiancé*
GRUSHENKA SVETLOV, *twenties, beloved by FYODOR and DMITRI*
FENYA, *fifties, GRUSHENKA's servant*
SAMSONOV, *fifties, GRUSHENKA's patron*
PLOTKINOV, *a merchant*

THE INN AT MOKROYE

PLASTUNOV, *the innkeeper*
MUSSYALOVICH, *forties, an officer, GRUSHENKA's first lover*

MARIA, *a gypsy*
STEPANIDA, *a gypsy*
CONSTABLES

THE TRIAL

THE JUDGE
NELYUDOV, *the district attorney*
THE DEVIL
The ensemble also plays PEASANTS, VILLAGERS, and PRISONERS.

SET

Chairs. A table. A window.

SCENE

Russia, 1860s. A small town in the middle of nowhere.

Alyosha's

A - knows his father
and family is coming
and needs to prove
to Zosima that he is
the father of his soul.

ACT ONE

Scene One

Zosima's room in the
1 monastery

(ALYOSHA is kneeling. FATHER ZOSIMA stands watching.)

ALYOSHA: A stone.

FATHER ZOSIMA: Yes, that's good.

ALYOSHA: In a river.

FATHER ZOSIMA: All right.

ALYOSHA: Completely inside the water.

FATHER ZOSIMA: Smooth stone? Craggy?

ALYOSHA: Getting smoother.

FATHER ZOSIMA: There you are.

ALYOSHA: But then I start noticing the current.

FATHER ZOSIMA: It's all right to notice the current.
The world isn't a trap, Alyosha. Talk about the rock
some more.

ALYOSHA: I start thinking, "Am I a big rock or a little
rock? When the water flows over me, am I making a
standing wave?" And by now all I can think about is
the water, how the river is thoroughly full of water,
bank to bank, solid liquid, and everything in it has
water all over it, the grasses are stroked by water,
every scale of every fish, it's a room made of moving
water with a roof like beaten tin.

Speeches
are
longer

1 - to focus and
learn for F. Zosima

2 - to lead A.

3 - humor

FATHER ZOSIMA: Alyosha—

ALYOSHA: And then I think how interesting it is to be thinking this, I've never thought of rivers like this before, I've only thought of them as a sort of emptiness with fish inside, when you look at a river your eye makes a cross-section, your eye makes a plane, your mind makes a moment, and another moment, but the river happens all at once.

FATHER ZOSIMA: This image may be too rich for you.

ALYOSHA: Try me again?

FATHER ZOSIMA: Very well. A stone. On a plain. No river. A great and empty desert plain.

ALYOSHA: Father?

FATHER ZOSIMA: Yes, Alyosha.

ALYOSHA: I'm already thinking of wind.

FATHER ZOSIMA: A stone. Underground. Far underground.

ALYOSHA: Father—

FATHER ZOSIMA: Yes, Alyosha.

ALYOSHA: Miners are digging their way toward me.

FATHER ZOSIMA: There are other ways to goodness, Alyosha.

ALYOSHA: Please, Father. I want to do this. Please.

FATHER ZOSIMA: Prayer isn't about wanting things, Alyosha. Prayer is about being completely with God. The moment you see yourself doing it, you're not doing it. From the beginning. What are we contemplating?

ALYOSHA: And the Lord said to Peter, "On this rock shall I build my church."

FATHER ZOSIMA: And the rock is?

POV Church

ACT ONE

3

ALYOSHA: Our purified soul.

FATHER ZOSIMA: And the church is?

ALYOSHA: The place we build in the world for God.

FATHER ZOSIMA: How do we build it?

ALYOSHA: Pray without ceasing. Lord, this is hard.

FATHER ZOSIMA: That's good. Start there.

Movement 1

(~~Above~~ ~~RAKITIN~~ ~~ushers in~~ ~~FYODOR~~, ~~IVAN~~ and ~~SMERDYAKOV.~~)

X. n From Up. R

RAKITIN: Father Zosima will see you in a moment.

SMERDYAKOV: Dmitri isn't here. — to who?

IVAN: Maybe he won't come. That would be fine with me.

FYODOR: Something lopsided about a place with no women in it.

IVAN: Father, if you start in—

FYODOR: Start in? ^{x up to Ivan} Twenty-five saints here, saving their souls, eating cabbage and looking at each other. Not a woman in the place.

(A clock strikes.)

RAKITIN: Now, then, if you'll—

FYODOR: Right. Smerdyakov?

(FYODOR gestures to SMERDYAKOV, who holds out a tip for RAKITIN.)

FYODOR: Thanks for the trouble.

RAKITIN: Sir?

FYODOR: Hey, for the poor.

(RAKITIN takes the money. FYODOR, as he goes by, gives him a pat—)

Wants to corrupt

F-corrupt
Rakitin

I-Make F

Behave.

S-to pray
he's one of the
family.

FYODOR: Good boy. You look a little poor yourself, you keep that.

(RAKITIN *simultaneously gives a shrug and a nod, and pockets the money.*)

FYODOR: Thought so. Good for you.

(FYODOR, IVAN, SMERDYAKOV, and RAKITIN *cross down toward FATHER ZOSIMA and ALYOSHA.*)

Movement 2

FYODOR: Hey. Hey! My baby! Your sacredness, how do you do, Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, good to see you. Would you look at my cherub, look at him in the monk suit!

ALYOSHA: Hello, Father.

FYODOR: Ivan, look! Your mother to the life. He's a ghost with life in the face.

ALYOSHA: You're my brother Ivan?

FYODOR: Ivan Fyodorovich Karamazov, Alexei Fyodorovich Karamazov, Alyosha, Ivan, Ivan, Alyosha—my sons!

(SMERDYAKOV *clears his throat.*) >?

FYODOR: Not now. (To FATHER ZOSIMA) Is this a scene? Holiness? This is what a man lives for. Not you, of course. (He *prostrates himself.*) Bless me!

FATHER ZOSIMA: Don't try so hard.

FYODOR: You're good. (Springing up again) I was pushing. It's because I'm shy. God I could use a drink. Look: sweat!

IVAN: Father. Remember what you promised.

FYODOR: (To IVAN) Well, he's impressive—
(To FATHER ZOSIMA) —you're impressive, someone thinks he's better than me and I say, all right, I'll be a clown. I've done it since I was their age, making jokes

Brodgar

ACT ONE

5

for my supper at nobleman's tables, now I'm a nobleman and I can't stop doing it. It's my tragic flaw.

FATHER ZOSIMA: I beg you not to be ashamed. That is the heart of all that troubles you.

How does he feel about this?

That is what he wants but so they can be a family

FYODOR: Holy Elder, we need you. We need your connections to God. I know you're not a legal judge. I just want somebody near as possible to God to tell my son Dmitri that I'm right and he's wrong.

FATHER ZOSIMA: He is not here yet.

FYODOR: Late, typical. No respect for authority. (To SMERDYAKOV) You told him one o'clock?

(SMERDYAKOV nods.)

FYODOR: Have you got the notes?

(SMERDYAKOV shows a sheaf of notes.)

FYODOR: Got the document?

(SMERDYAKOV shows the document.)

FYODOR: Have you got the money?

SMERDYAKOV: You've got the money.

FYODOR: (Waving a wad of bills) Of course I've got the money! (Holding it toward FATHER ZOSIMA) Three thousand rubles. (Snatching it out of reach again) Oo! Sorry! Not for the collection plate! For my boy. I'll forgive him everything if he takes this and makes a fresh start on himself, if he tries to be good—

Seems to assume everyone is like him.

FATHER ZOSIMA: Let's wait till he arrives. Rather than have you try to prejudice me now.

FYODOR: (To ALYOSHA) I sent you to the right man. (To FATHER ZOSIMA) Alyosha's been a good boy?

FATHER ZOSIMA: We love him very much here.

FYODOR: He's the cream of the litter. And he'll rise, he'll rise—he's been all right?

FATHER ZOSIMA: Yes.

FYODOR: No incidents, no episodes?

FATHER ZOSIMA: None.

FYODOR: Good, this is a good place for you, Alyosha, good safe place. Should have put your mother in a place this quiet. (Pulling IVAN forward) This is my son, too, Reverend Father, my son Ivan—Ivan, ask for blessing—a writer, very advanced, ideas, full of them, all new. Tell the Elder one of those ideas, Ivan. That article—

IVAN: Really, though—

FYODOR: On the importance of religion.

IVAN: This is not the place.

(DMITRI enters.)

DMITRI: Forgive me. I seem to be late. Father.

FYODOR: Son.

(DMITRI and FYODOR bow to each other. DMITRI crosses to FATHER ZOSIMA and kneels for blessing.)

DMITRI: Reverend Father, pardon me please. *(He stands.)* And all of you...gentlemen. Help me. Who am I related to here? You're my brother Alexei?

ALYOSHA: Alexei Karamazov.

DMITRI: Dmitri Karamazov. Alyosha, I shall call you Alyosha—

ALYOSHA: That would make me happy.

DMITRI: And you must be my brother Ivan! Vonka! ?

IVAN: I prefer Ivan, actually.

F wants to make a scene

Does F know what would happen if he tells this?

Movement 3

How much do you know about each other

POV about D?

ACT ONE

7

DMITRI: Ivan. Alyosha. Look at this. I knew I had brothers, but I never felt it.

FYODOR: They've all come back to me. I want to say something. Sacred Elder, you have agreed to preside today, like the Solomon you are—

Do you know?

FATHER ZOSIMA: In a moment. We were discussing the writings of your son Ivan.

(Pause)

FYODOR: All right then. Ivan. Don't be shy—gets it from me—the article. The gist of it. You know the one—

SMERDYAKOV: The gist of it was—

(Everyone, startled, looks at SMERDYAKOV.)

SMERDYAKOV: The gist of it was that people only try to be good because they believe that Heaven and Hell are waiting. But he writes that word has come from Europe that God is dead, and Heaven and Hell are closed.

Already planning?

So nothing is forbidden anymore, and everything is permitted: cannibalism, patricide. And finally—correct me if I'm wrong, Sir—if we truly do not believe in God we must live outside His law. We must live only by the Law of the Self, and find our Heaven or Hell on Earth.

DMITRI: Is that true?

IVAN: That was the argument I constructed.

why?

DMITRI: I'll remember it.

FYODOR: *(To SMERDYAKOV)* You read all that? And with very good comprehension.

FATHER ZOSIMA: *(To IVAN)* You argue that there can be no goodness without faith. Do you believe that?

Agreed to that?

IVAN: I don't know.

FATHER ZOSIMA: You don't believe in your immortal soul, do you?

IVAN: I raise the question.

FATHER ZOSIMA: And it frets your heart. You divert yourself with arguments you don't believe, and you ache for an answer, and you fear the answer will come. Thank the Creator who gave you a heart that can suffer so for answers. I pray you find a way to accept them into your heart.

(FATHER ZOSIMA lifts his hand to bless IVAN, but IVAN crosses to him and kneels for blessing.)

FYODOR: My boys. Seeing you together, for the first time in—for the first time. When they took you from me—maybe I was a little the worse for wear that day, maybe you didn't have your newest clothes on, maybe something broke. And in walk the in-laws. So I said take them. Raise them better than a man alone can do. Punishment of my life. But in my mind, we've always been together. My boys and me. Lounging around the table. Joking, roughhousing. Family. Maybe get some women in. Outside it's howling, but inside, we're warm, snug, a little bit lubricated.... A man's home. Sacred Elder, we have asked you to preside today, like the Solomon you are—

FATHER ZOSIMA: Mr Karamazov. May the young man speak.

(Pause)

FYODOR: Very well. Dmitri.

DMITRI: Reverend Elder—forgive me, I'm not educated, I don't even know how to address you—

FATHER ZOSIMA: Say what you need to.

DMITRI: He—Father—owes me money from my mother's estate. I want it now.

FYODOR: You always want money now.

Event? Ivan converted.

Prepared speech. Wants to look like a father
Trying to be a good man?

Notes

Smothering love

What is the meaning of this event?

I

A

D

F

S

Z

D - This is your last chance to reform your life.

ACT ONE

9

DMITRI: It is my birthright. He's doled out a little over the years, a thousand at a time, but—I want my birthright.

FYODOR: You spend every kopek I send you. Throws it away.

DMITRI: I have reformed.

FYODOR: Into what?

DMITRI: I'm engaged to be married.

FATHER ZOSIMA: My blessing, young man.

FYODOR: Great, now he knocks up some camp follower.

DMITRI: The lady and I are unequal in fortune.

FYODOR: What does that mean? Is she some slut off the streets or what?

DMITRI: She's an exceptional person. I have given her my promise to reform my life. I need my birthright. She's rich.

FYODOR: You're joking.

DMITRI: She's an heiress.

you've found a son you can love

FYODOR: Son! Come to my arms! You found yourself a fortune, that's marvelous!

DMITRI: No, I—I didn't know she was rich when I asked her—her father was ruined—

FYODOR: You didn't even know? That's marvelous!

DMITRI: And after that, after that her grandmother died and left her—

FYODOR: A fortune! You sensed it! Smelled it out! It's an instinct, inherited—a retriever, a golden retriever!

DMITRI: My God. I did something you think is clever.

First time he thinks of changing his mind.

FYODOR: It's the Karamazov breeding!

DMITRI: He thinks I'm a fortune-hunter!

FYODOR: How do you think I got that estate of your mother's? Through pluck and cunning the goatherd marries the princess. The end.

DMITRI: Is that what I'm doing? I didn't know that's what I was doing!

FYODOR: P S, he invests her money and makes a pile.

DMITRI: How can I look her in the face now.

FATHER ZOSIMA: Lieutenant—

FYODOR: Trust me, you won't have to for long. Now while she's hot for it, she'll sign over everything, marry her and you'll never have to look at her again! And then, Son—hey, you know I'm after somebody, too? Not for money, no, this time it's love. Agrafena Alexandrovna Svetlov. Grushenka. (To FATHER ZOSIMA) You know her? (To DMITRI) Wonderful girl, checkered past but lots of initiative. The fun we'll have! Huh? Huh? Father and son, out on the prowl.

DMITRI: I won't do what you did. I won't be like you.

FYODOR: But...I was proud of you there.

DMITRI: Just the money, please, my birthright, that's all I want—

FYODOR: Ivan, Alyosha, sorry you had to see him like this. But you boys and Papa can.... We can be a.... *Family?*

(IVAN and ALYOSHA turn away.)

FYODOR: What. Oh, what, then, you think he's right and I'm.... Dmitri. Listen. Now, you know all the money you've had from me has been in the form of loans. The total I've lent you,—

DMITRI: Wait. Lent me?

Fatherly advice
Actually
has hope that
he has a son
he can love.

Turns on
him.

ACT ONE

11

FYODOR: Lent you. You signed a note for it every time.
A promissory note. Smerdyakov?

(SMERDYAKOV waves the sheaf of notes.)

proclaim from the
goodness of his heart

FYODOR: But listen, listen, here in this holy place I
forgive you your debts. You hear me? I forgive you.
Now—

DMITRI: How can you claim I owe you money?
How can he claim that I—

FYODOR: And look. See? (*Waving the wad of bills*)
Three thousand rubles. For you, Son. A fresh start.
Smerdyakov.

(SMERDYAKOV holds up the document.)

FYODOR: You sign this, it releases me from any future
claims.

DMITRI: Three thousand—

FYODOR: That's right, no more humbling yourself by
mail. We can finally start to be a family.

DMITRI: But he owes me thousands more than this!

FATHER ZOSIMA: What is the worth of your mother's
estate?

DMITRI: I don't know for sure, a lot, he won't show me
the books.

FATHER ZOSIMA: How many thousands has he given
you?

DMITRI: I don't know, a few, I haven't kept track.

I'm sorry you
spent it...

[FYODOR: The total I've lent you now exceeds the worth
of her estate. You are in debt to me.

DMITRI: He's lying!

Rat!

[FYODOR: Prove it.

DMITRI: Is this a father? Tell me, please! How do I honor this—thing, this—

Ungrateful Basts

FYODOR: You don't want to be my son anymore? Fine. Who else have you got? You never had mothers. (To DMITRI) Yours ran off with a seminarian with a cough— (To ALYOSHA) Yours—remember when she held you so close to the icons the candles lit your hair on fire? (To IVAN) Remember the night she threw herself in the river? Tell me about your mothers, go on, all your lovely memories!

(ALYOSHA gives a shriek of agony.)

FYODOR: (To FATHER ZOSIMA) I thought you said he wasn't doing that anymore! He's his mother to the life. She was a screamer too.

DMITRI: You are an obscenity!

FYODOR: Fight me! Pistols! Three paces!

DMITRI: You Satan! (DMITRI knocks FYODOR to the floor.) Why does God permit you to exist!

Fight

FYODOR: Help!

DMITRI: Why did He let you ruin my life!

(DMITRI throws himself onto FYODOR. ALYOSHA and IVAN try to hold DMITRI. SMERDYAKOV rushes to FYODOR.)

IVAN: Stop it—

SMERDYAKOV: Sir—

ALYOSHA: Mitya! Stop this now! Now!

IVAN: You're both animals, kill each other if you want, just don't make me watch!

See, See! Jim right.

FYODOR: Did you see that? Sits on his holy ass while mine gets kicked— (To FATHER ZOSIMA) Did you notice that was happening? What are you going to do about it? Ha? What are you going to do to him?

(FATHER ZOSIMA crosses painfully to DMITRI.)

DMITRI: Please. How should I—what should I—

(FATHER ZOSIMA holds out his hands for DMITRI to take in his own. FATHER ZOSIMA kneels at DMITRI's feet, then bows to touch his forehead to the floor.) — *W/a Bump on the head? (from back)*

DMITRI: My God. My God.

FYODOR: What the hell was that? What the hell do you call that?

ALYOSHA: The love of God.

Proves he's as bad as they think so they will rob how good he was before
FYODOR: You think I've ruined your life. He thinks I've ruined.... This is the wrath of God. Smerdyakov. Three thousand rubles. Take it home, put it under my pillow. Go to Grushenka. Tell her it's waiting for her. Now these notes. Dmitri's notes. Take them to Samsonov. Get a receipt. Tell him to broker them for me. Whatever he can get for them. Any buyer, I don't care who.

(SMERDYAKOV exits.)

FYODOR: Now I've ruined your life. Whoever buys your debts will demand payment. You can't deliver. You're a criminal. Whoever buys your debts will own you. He can throw you in debtors' prison. A labor camp. Send you to Siberia. And when your fingers burn off in the cold, I want you to look at those stumps and say, "When I had this hand, I used it to hit my father."

In church. (To FATHER ZOSIMA) This is not a godly place! He is not here! And His servants are thieving!

Key — You have stolen my chance to be good! You—

(He points to ALYOSHA.) Out of here today. Bag and baggage. You— (He points to IVAN.) Come tonight, we'll get drunk. You— (He points to DMITRI.) Go to Hell.

(FYODOR exits.)

IVAN: Excuse me, gentlemen. Reverend Elder, forgive us.

CLIMAX

Bush

14

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

(IVAN exits.)

FATHER ZOSIMA: Lieutenant. (He points to ALYOSHA) I will send this boy to you. Treat him gently. He is very precious. And he is as much your father's son as you are.

(DMITRI exits.)

ALYOSHA: We've exhausted you, Father, please may I help you—

FATHER ZOSIMA: Alyosha. You must leave this place. Why?

ALYOSHA: Father, no, I'll do better, let me stay and learn from you, you are the father of my soul, I love you—

FATHER ZOSIMA: Alyosha. This is going to be hard for you to hear. But no matter what you do, no matter how hard you work to remake yourself, your father is the father of your soul. This world is your father's property. It is your inheritance. I want you to take a long walk over your property before you give it up. Find work, make friends, find someone you love.

ALYOSHA: But why, when those things—you can hurt people, doing those things.

FATHER ZOSIMA: Go to your brothers. Go to your father. They are in terrible danger.

ALYOSHA: What can I do?

FATHER ZOSIMA: They need to see you listening to them. They are trying to be good. It is easier to be good if you know someone is listening.

ALYOSHA: When may I return here?

FATHER ZOSIMA: When I tell you.

ALYOSHA: But Father—

FATHER ZOSIMA: I'll tell you, Alyosha. You'll know. I don't have to be alive to do that.

morement

Worse
Fear,
What does
heavily mean?

ACT ONE

15

(FATHER ZOSIMA exits, leaving ALYOSHA alone.)

(The lights fade to:)

2 Outside Katya's Window

How much time has Past?

Scene Two

Dmitri wants to know its right to leave Katya.

(Moonlight. ALYOSHA looks around him. KATYA sits at a table above, counting money into envelopes. A line of mendicant PEASANTS stands waiting. One by one they approach her, speak with her, receive an envelope, and exit.)

41

ALYOSHA: Dmitri? Dmitri? Dmitri? Are you out here?

DMITRI: Shh.

(DMITRI enters from the shadows, a bottle in his hand.)

ALYOSHA: They said at your rooms I might find you here.

DMITRI: Shh. That's Katya. My fiancé. That's her.

ALYOSHA: Why are you out here?

DMITRI: Alyosha? Why did your elder bow to me?

ALYOSHA: I don't know.

DMITRI: He thinks I'm going to do something, doesn't he? Something bad. Look up there. She's the woman in the moon. Uh. Am I standing still?

ALYOSHA: Yes.

DMITRI: Feels like I'm falling backwards. Happens when I'm drunk.

ALYOSHA: Let me help you—

DMITRI: Falling and falling. Oh, mercy. I always thought that plunging from a height would have a grace to it. Like flying, only downward. But I'm batted back and forth by every wind I pass through, across this bottomless sky. (Holding out the bottle) Join me?

Full from Grave

ALYOSHA: Let's go inside.

DMITRI: I'm sorry about this morning.

ALYOSHA: Why did you do it? The shouting, and you hit Father, why did you—I hate that—

DMITRI: I'm sorry. I'm a soldier. It's not a gentle life. (He gives ALYOSHA a bear hug.) But now I have a brother in this world! A good man!

ALYOSHA: Hardly.

DMITRI: No, I can feel it, the goodness comes off you, like a stove in the winter, I turn toward you I'm warmer. I'd never have met men like you and Ivan if that old Satan hadn't said you were my brothers. Ha! Think of that! Anyone could have stood in that room and I would have accepted him. What if someone could introduce us all to each other? This is your brother! How do you do? This is your sister! I see the resemblance! Wouldn't that be something?

ALYOSHA: Dmitri. Mitya. I love you. You're a good man.

DMITRI: No! Sometimes I think good thoughts—but I do bad things. For a man to have the right thoughts in his head and do evil anyway—that makes him all the worse, don't you think? Our brother Ivan, now, he thinks very bad thoughts, but he's pleasant to everyone.

ALYOSHA: I don't think pleasant and good are the same thing, Mitya.

DMITRI: You see! You're an expert in goodness. You can tell me: All my life I've done bad things and said, well, I'm a Karamazov. But you're a Karamazov, and you're a virgin. The family's never had one of those before. How the hell did a Karamazov become a monk?

ALYOSHA: One day I knew that I loved God and believed in the everlasting life. The Scripture says,

Discovery. And part of the desire to help him.

Matthew 19:21
Mark 10:21
Luke 18:22

ACT ONE

17

Where?

"If thou wilt be perfect, distribute all that thou hast and come, follow me." So I did.

Discovery →

DMITRI: You are a Karamazov.

ALYOSHA: What do you mean?

DMITRI: No half measures, especially in love. There's a scorpion in our blood that goads us with this poison of wanting whatever we can never get. (Holding out the bottle) Sure you don't want some?

Seeing to want to Get to know each other.

ALYOSHA: It reminds me of Father's breath. I do still want things. My mother. I wish I could see her.

DMITRI: Everyone says she was a good woman.

ALYOSHA: And insane.

DMITRI: "I want my mother," he says.

ALYOSHA: It's childish.

DMITRI: Wounded men say it, in battle. Is that how you feel? Like you're in a battle all the time? Is that how it feels to be good?

ALYOSHA: I've never been in a battle.

DMITRI: If you were, I'd protect you.

ALYOSHA: I'll try to look out for you, too.

(KATYA and a PEASANT come downstage.)

1 PEASANT: Bless you, Miss.

KATYA: Please, no—

1 PEASANT: God in heaven will bless you for your charity.

KATYA: It is not charity. It is an investment in you.

1 PEASANT: Lieutenant! Young master!

KATYA: Mitya? Are you out here?

DMITRI: Just taking the air with my brother. My brother Alyosha!

takes a lantern w/ her?

Katya - constantly trying
to be good by example
She thinks if she acts good
that she is good, but she
must do something
for something.

KATYA: At last I get to meet you—

ALYOSHA: Good evening, I'm glad to—

KATYA: —come into the house, are you hungry, I can feed you—

PEASANT: Lieutenant, your fiancé is a saint.

KATYA: Oh, please.

PEASANT: A Christian saint, do you know that? Do you?

DMITRI: Yes, I do.

(The PEASANT exits.)

Get rid of her
Don't want to
deal w/ it.

KATYA: I wish they wouldn't thank me so much. The only pleasure I've had from the inheritance is the chance to do some good.

DMITRI: It's hard to take something and give nothing back. Even thanks.

KATYA: I'd rather they gave me back themselves, improved.

DMITRI: Yes, I know.

KATYA: It's getting cold, do you want to—

DMITRI: Nothing, no, we're fine.

KATYA: There's only a few more waiting, then I'll join you.

DMITRI: You don't have to.

KATYA: I want to.

(KATYA crosses above again. DMITRI watches.)

DMITRI: What do you think a dog would do if he howled at the moon and the moon came down to him? He'd only try to gnaw it like a bone. Father thinks he ruined my life, but it was the wrong life anyway, the life I was reaching for, I see it now. She'll see it soon. Her father was my commander. We met at the ball he

Dog - Moon
DK

ACT ONE

19

gave in her honor. His educated angel, home from the institute. I wasn't even supposed to be there. Nice girls didn't dance with me anymore. But Katya did.

4th (Another pair of PEASANTS get their envelope from KATYA and cross down past the brothers.)

DMITRI: Katya's out to reform Russia one greasy peasant at a time. That night she thought she'd start with me. And I thought, how dare she share the world with me, and be so pure.

ALYOSHA: But you fell in love with her, you love her—

DMITRI: Why did I think I could love another human being with my body full of Karamazov blood? And I thought I was being good! I didn't know what I was doing!

ALYOSHA: What were you doing?

DMITRI: What father does. She's better than me. So I had to ruin her.

(KATYA and a PEASANT couple come down from above.)

2nd PEASANT: —and bless you again, Miss, bless you—

KATYA: Yes, thank you, no—

PEASANT: Are you her fiancé?

DMITRI: She's a saint, yes.

POV of her Goodness— Shifts into his scene to the third.
3rd PEASANT: She's a goddess! Father Zosima gave us his blessing, but this! (He holds up money.) Bless you all!

(The PEASANTS exit.)

DMITRI: Is that the last of them?

KATYA: In there, yes. There is one more, though. Could you help me with it, Mitya?

DMITRI: What?

old Book

KATYA: I promised my aunt in Moscow I'd wire her some money. Three thousand rubles. She doesn't even need it really, but she was so good to me when father died. Take the three thousand. Wire it to Moscow. It's ridiculous Grandma left it all to me, I'll make Auntie take an allowance. (She holds out the envelope.) Take it. Take it with you tonight.

(He takes it.)

KATYA: Are you coming in?

DMITRI: We're fine out here.

KATYA: I'll get a wrap. I'll be right back.

(KATYA exits. DMITRI throws the envelope at ALYOSHA.)

DMITRI: Take this. Deliver it yourself. Take it!

ALYOSHA: What about Katya?

DMITRI: Do you know who ought to be with Katya? Ivan. They're right for each other. They think about the world. Alyosha? Do something for me?

ALYOSHA: What.

DMITRI: Tell Katya for me. Not tonight, let me get a head start, tell her tomorrow—the next day.

ALYOSHA: Mitya, I can't—

DMITRI: Brother, help me. I'll do evil here, I know it. Your Elder knew, that's why he bowed to me, wasn't it, to warn everyone. Tell Katya. Bow to her for me. Tell her I can never see her again.

ALYOSHA: Where will you go?

DMITRI: To the gutter where I belong.

(DMITRI embraces ALYOSHA. He snatches the envelope and runs out.)

ALYOSHA: Dmi—

A final temptation that is too great for him. He has to leave, but then he thinks if I'm leaving the money as well take the money.

CLIMAX

(ALYOSHA watches him go. Footsteps above. ALYOSHA runs out the other way. KATYA enters.)

KATYA: Dmitri? Alyosha? Hello?

(The lights fade.)

Grushenka's Court

3 Grushenka's Tavern

Bridge Score

Scene Three

Next Day

-Alyosha

(FENYA is cleaning up the debris of an all-night card game. GRUSHENKA nurses a cup of coffee between her hands. One of the men passed out on the floor is DMITRI.)

Props
stepped
out on table

GRUSHENKA: Sit. Have some coffee.

FENYA: Just about done. Do you want anything from the kitchen?

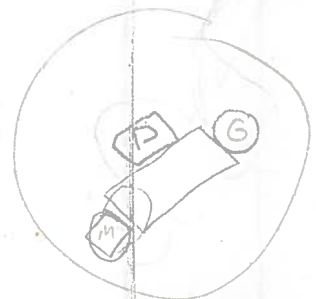
Egg Bread
Brought you
luck.

GRUSHENKA: No. Do they have any of that bread? The egg bread?

FENYA: I'll see.

Fenya Does

GRUSHENKA: Rest a minute. Oh, coffee is good. Take some beans, burn them, grind them, scald them. Look what they give you. Coffee is a good thing.



(DMITRI stirs.)

GRUSHENKA: And it raises the dead. Good morning, Lieutenant. I'm about to have breakfast, would you want some?

FENYA: Right.

(FENYA rises with a sigh.)

GRUSHENKA: Fenichka. Thank you. Have them pour some coffee for the Lieutenant? Tell them to put some brandy in.

DMITRI: Nothing for me.

(FENYA exits.)

GRUSHENKA: How much did you lose?

DMITRI: Nothing. The money I gambled with wasn't my own. So all I've lost is...everything. Well. Which is little enough to spend an evening in such charming company. Forgive me, I was not myself when we were introduced, Miss—

GRUSHENKA: We weren't.

(FENYA enters carrying a tray.)

FENYA: Egg bread.

GRUSHENKA: You're so good to me. Oh, this is good bread...

FENYA: Bread's good, I'm good, everything's good this morning.

GRUSHENKA: Morning is good. Share this with me, Lieutenant. Please. Or I won't enjoy it as much.

FENYA: Do as she says.

DMITRI: Thank you.

GRUSHENKA: Where do you go from here? Back to your regiment?

DMITRI: I don't have a regiment. I resigned my commission.

GRUSHENKA: Really, why?

FENYA: Not that it's any business of yours.

DMITRI: I thought I was getting married. But I'm not. >

GRUSHENKA: So there.

FENYA: Eat your breakfast.

GRUSHENKA: I am. Are you going back home, then?

DMITRI: No.

GRUSHENKA: Where is home?

ACT ONE

23

DMITRI: Here, maybe. Do you live close by? Do you think Plastunov needs someone to hold the horses? I didn't catch your name.

GRUSHENKA: I didn't drop it. I don't know yours.

DMITRI: No.

GRUSHENKA: Good to meet you.

FENYA: Oh, for—

GRUSHENKA: What?

FENYA: Stop playing with your food. You are such a bad girl.

GRUSHENKA: Not this morning. Everything is good this morning. Even me.

(SMERDYAKOV enters, sees DMITRI, and freezes.)

FENYA: What the hell do you want?

SMERDYAKOV: Oh. Hello. I'm here to get some fish. From Plastunov. Father—the master—likes a fish soup I learned how to make. I heard that Plastunov got a big delivery of fish. That's why I'm here. Well. I'll go get that fish now.

(SMERDYAKOV moves to go. DMITRI springs on SMERDYAKOV.)

DMITRI: Why has he sent you to spy on me!

SMERDYAKOV: I'll have a fit!

DMITRI: I'll break your legs!

SMERDYAKOV: I'll have a fit, I'll have a fit!

DMITRI: What are you talking about?

SMERDYAKOV: I'm an epileptic, Sir. Please be careful with me.

DMITRI: When did that happen?

/Does he know him?

SMERDYAKOV: It was after Father—the master—sent you away.

DMITRI: I didn't know.

GRUSHENKA: Do you know each other?

SMERDYAKOV: You haven't been introduced?

DMITRI: No.

SMERDYAKOV: I have to get home now. Bye.

GRUSHENKA: Who are you, Lieutenant?

DMITRI: My name is Dmitri Fyodorovich.

GRUSHENKA: Karamazov.

DMITRI: Yes.

GRUSHENKA: That's funny.

DMITRI: Not to me.

GRUSHENKA: Agrafena Alexandrovna Svetlov.

Grushenka, Smerdyakov, why are you here?

SMERDYAKOV: Good question. A good question. Well, I had a message.

DMITRI: For me?

SMERDYAKOV: For Miss Svetlov.

DMITRI: From my father?

GRUSHENKA: Tell me the message.

SMERDYAKOV: No one is supposed to know but you.

DMITRI: Tell her the message.

GRUSHENKA: Go ahead.

SMERDYAKOV: My master says there is an envelope for Miss Svetlov. It is tied with a ribbon and sealed with three seals. (Please don't hurt me, Sir.) Inside it are three thousand rubles.

DMITRI: Three thousand—that should be mine!

SMERDYAKOV: And on it is written, "For my heavenly Grushenka, if she will come."

DMITRI: I'll kill him.

GRUSHENKA: Is that all the message?

SMERDYAKOV: Yes.

DMITRI: Liar! Tell!

SMERDYAKOV: Wait, yes, there is another thing. With all this money in the house, my master has taken to locking himself in at night. He's afraid someone might follow you, Miss, and break in when I open the door. So we have a signal. *(He knocks: tap...tap...tap-tap-tap.)* To say the coast is clear. That's the whole message.

DMITRI: Get out.

SMERDYAKOV: *(Backing out)* Please don't tell Father—the master—I let you know. He'd never trust me again.

DMITRI: Hey. Why do you keep calling him "Father"?

SMERDYAKOV: Do I? I'm sorry, slip of the tongue, I don't know who my father was, mother was the village idiot, funny how all our mothers are dead, he kills everybody, not that he's my father, she gave birth to me in his garden one night, that's all, but he's not my father, you're not my brother, no gentleman would mate with an idiot girl, no gentleman would admit to it anyway, though he might raise the child as some kind of servant, well, back to work, bye.

DMITRI: Smerdyakov? If Miss Svetlov knocks on Father's door and I don't hear from you before she crosses the threshold, I'll kill you.

SMERDYAKOV: I'll bear it in mind, Sir.

(SMERDYAKOV exits.)

GRUSHENKA: Really? My.

DMITRI: I didn't know you were that woman.

GRUSHENKA: I'm that woman.

DMITRI: Three thousand rubles.

GRUSHENKA: He'll go higher.

DMITRI: Are you his mistress?

GRUSHENKA: Why should I take his money in dribs and drabs, like you?

DMITRI: How do you know that—?

GRUSHENKA: If I marry him I'll get everything. My patron Samsonov is aging fast, poor thing. On our big nights, I help him balance his books. I have to make a change soon. I could tell your father I want to reform. He'd marry me. He won't live too long.

DMITRI: He's healthy. He's not very old. And he cares for nothing but himself. People like that live forever.

GRUSHENKA: Unless someone kills them first.

DMITRI: I say things when I'm angry.

GRUSHENKA: You do things when you're angry, too. Don't kill your father just yet, all right?

DMITRI: What do you care what happens to him?

GRUSHENKA: I don't. I care what happens to you.

DMITRI: Really? My.

GRUSHENKA: Every time he's given you money, he's made you sign a note for it, right? I know how he works.

DMITRI: I won't be owned by that man! I'll kill him first!

GRUSHENKA: You're not owned by your father. You're owned by whoever holds your notes. Your father sold them. At a discount.

ACT ONE

27

DMITRI: Thank God, anyone rather than father, I'll find whoever bought them, we can arrange something, I'll talk to him.

GRUSHENKA: You are. Talking to him? Eat something, you look a little pale.

DMITRI: You paid my debts?

GRUSHENKA: I bought your notes. I've been buying a lot of gentlemen lately. It's a hobby. I've picked up a few men I might make a profit from. You I may have to unload. So don't kill your father just yet. Your exile to Siberia would badly devalue my property.

DMITRI: What will you do with me?

GRUSHENKA: He's hoping I'll send you to debtors' prison. Maybe I'll have all you gentlemen locked away.

DMITRI: Would you visit me?

GRUSHENKA: Of course. I'd have them bring breakfast like this. I could sit on the free side of the bars and look at you all. You could watch me eat.

(GRUSHENKA chews a piece of bread as the lights fade to:)

Stylus - R - Her way of Life / her
G - Her dignity

Scene Four

(KATYA leads ALYOSHA in.)

KATYA: Did he say anything about money? Three thousand rubles?

ALYOSHA: You know about that?

KATYA: I wired to Moscow. I know they never got the money. He must be so ashamed. But Alyosha—I don't care if he spent the money, he's ashamed, all right, if he wants to be ashamed of other people knowing, I understand, but why is he afraid of me? He told you.

4 Katya's home interior

K - She has to be your friend so she'll stay away from D.
G - Get her drunk to destroy her

ALYOSHA: I'm his brother.

KATYA: You barely know him! I'm his best friend in the world! Why can't he let me know him?

ALYOSHA: You know he went to some woman.

KATYA: Yes, well. That won't last. That's an infatuation. Does he think I care about that? That woman is an angel, did you know that? She's the most fantastic creature, she's beautiful, yes, but she's kind, too, and strong, and good. Grushenka? Come in to us. This is Alyosha. He's a friend.

(GRUSHENKA crosses to them.) *Stays Below x up*

GRUSHENKA: She asked me to wait back there. Nice to meet you.

KATYA: We've just met, Alyosha, I asked her to come, I wanted to know her, I knew we'd work things out, everybody told me not to, but she came, and explained, and I'm so happy!

GRUSHENKA: She opened her door to me.

KATYA: And my heart, too. You should hear her story, Alyosha.

GRUSHENKA: You must be the kindest lady I've ever met.

KATYA: This is the sweetest woman! She's been through so much. A man—may I tell—

GRUSHENKA: Please.

KATYA: An officer, she loved him, and...everything. That was five years ago, he abandoned her, he married someone else. Now he's a widower, he's written, he's coming here, and she still loves the officer, no one but the officer, all this time. And he will come, he will, she will be happy again.

*It's trouble
w/ second thing*

ACT ONE

29

GRUSHENKA: I've never wanted Dmitri. You feed a stray and you can't get rid of it. Nobody wants to believe me but you.

KATYA: Do you know, the only other man she's ever... known is her patron, Mr Samsonov, the old man that... supports her, and he saved her life, he's more like a father. There's been no one else! No one! And for that she has this terrible reputation.

GRUSHENKA: Maybe if I'd had you before to defend me.

KATYA: I wish I'd known you years ago. There are things I've never been able to say to the people who know me, they don't—

GRUSHENKA: Not even Dmitri?

KATYA: ~~Well, Dmitri, someday, but—~~ look at this hand, Alyosha. It's so good. So good. (KATYA kisses GRUSHENKA's hand, three times.) Look at her blushing! Isn't she sweet!

GRUSHENKA: You'll make me ashamed.

KATYA: Never be ashamed!

GRUSHENKA: I'm not as good as you think I am. I got Dmitri to notice me just for the fun of it, really.

KATYA: Poor old Dmitri!

GRUSHENKA: I did it to see if I could. So. Not so nice, am I.

KATYA: But now you'll save him! She's promised me she's going to tell Dmitri everything—how she loves this officer she's been waiting for—

GRUSHENKA: Did I say that?

KATYA: Didn't you? Of course you did.

GRUSHENKA: I don't think I'd promise something like that.

KATYA: I don't understand.

GRUSHENKA: You see? You open yourself up to me and I just want my own way. I'm sorry, if you say I promised, then I promised.

KATYA: Good.

GRUSHENKA: Yes. But now I'm thinking, what'll happen the next time I see Dmitri? I don't know. He wants me so badly, maybe I'll—I don't know—

KATYA: But just now you said—

GRUSHENKA: I'm just trying to tell you how I am. You're lovely, you're just—you kissed my hand. Three times. I'd have to kiss yours about three hundred times before we'd be even. You're so good, and so fine—she's lovely? Isn't she lovely?

ALYOSHA: Yes.

GRUSHENKA: He thinks so, too. May I? Please?

(GRUSHENKA takes KATYA's hand in both of hers.)

GRUSHENKA: Now your hand...your hand... (She smiles.) You know? I don't think I'm going to kiss your hand.

KATYA: All right. Whatever you like.

GRUSHENKA: Well, I think I like the idea that you kissed mine and I didn't kiss yours. I think it's pretty funny.

KATYA: That's—Grushenka, that's a little rude—

GRUSHENKA: It's damn funny.

KATYA: Maybe you'd rather leave.

ALYOSHA: Stop now. Please.

GRUSHENKA: Dmitri'll think it's a scream.

KATYA: Get out of here!

ACT ONE

31

GRUSHENKA: All right. Oh! I think I have something of yours. Here. *(She holds out an envelope.)* It's a thousand rubles.

ALYOSHA: Please. Go now.

GRUSHENKA: Dmitri lost it. Gambling with me. I know he doesn't have money of his own. Is it yours?

KATYA: If you won it, it belongs to you.

GRUSHENKA: He threw it away, really. I've never seen a man try so hard to lose something. If he got it from you, it's not right for me to take it. Don't you think?

KATYA: You tell me. I've never taken money from a man.

GRUSHENKA: Well. You tell me. I've never had to pay for one.

KATYA: Bitch!

(KATYA lunges at GRUSHENKA, who dodges, laughing.)

GRUSHENKA: There we go.

KATYA: Slut! That was charity!

GRUSHENKA: Alyosha? Walk me home?

KATYA: That was charity! It was charity!

GRUSHENKA: I've got a story to tell you. *< Katya, Dmitri? >*

(GRUSHENKA exits.)

KATYA: I am a charitable person! I was trying to help him!

ALYOSHA: Stop, Katya—

KATYA: You try to be charitable! Look what happens!

ALYOSHA: Please, Katya, I can't—

KATYA: You try to be good. You try to be good.

Shakes F - His family
I
A -

ALYOSHA: Katya, I can't—listen to this, Katya, I can't—stop—

KATYA: I'm better than this. I'm better than this. Good. Good. Good.

(The lights fade.)

5 Fyodor's dining room

This is Fyodor's Fantasy.
Having the kids home
He's Drunk

Scene Five

(Over the remains of dinner, FYODOR and IVAN drink cognac, ALYOSHA coffee. SMERDYAKOV stands by.)

FYODOR: Only Alyosha comes to see me for unselfish reasons. What was that reason again?

ALYOSHA: To find my mother's grave.

FYODOR: There we go.

ALYOSHA: You were going to show me where it is.

FYODOR: I've thought about that, long and hard, but I can't for the life of me remember where I put that grave. We laid her somewhere, I know that, but as for where.... Well, I was distraught at the time. You know us Karamazovs, when we're upset the first thing that goes is our sense of direction.

ALYOSHA: I'll find it myself.

IVAN: I'll help you look, Alyosha, maybe the sexton remembers.

FYODOR: Good idea, good idea, she'll turn up, I'm sure of it. Boys, I'm glad you're with me. My soul is troubled. God's truth, some mornings I wake up old. Wait up enough nights for death to come knocking, after a while you're old every day. Alyosha? Help me. Tell me the truth. Are there hooks on the ceilings in Hell?

ALYOSHA: What?

Antagonize the kids! He thinks that is what being a father is.

ACT ONE

33

FYODOR: Are there? To hang the damned from?
To torture them?

ALYOSHA: No.

FYODOR: Truly? I've always imagined these hooks,
iron hooks. But then I think, how do they forge them?
Do they have an ironworks down there? Who mans it?
Demons? I want to know how it's run!

ALYOSHA: Not with hooks.

FYODOR: They must have some way to torture us. I want
to believe in the afterlife, but without those hooks....

Ivan [Don't deny me my Hell, Alyosha. Without it, how can
I ever be good?

ALYOSHA: You've been listening to Ivan.

FYODOR: It's true, I have, I admit it. Ivan, you've told
me that Alyosha must be either an idiot or a fraud.

IVAN: (To ALYOSHA) I never said that.

FYODOR: No. He's right, I'm joking. It's what you think,
though.

ALYOSHA: We shouldn't discuss this.

FYODOR: My soul is troubled. Alyosha, you've told me
if I listen to Ivan I'm damned for sure.

ALYOSHA: I never—

FYODOR: It is what you think! You think I'm damned,
don't you.

ALYOSHA: No.

FYODOR: You think I'm going to burn in Hell.

ALYOSHA: No.

FYODOR: Why not? Don't you want God to answer your
prayers?

ALYOSHA: I don't pray for that.

FYODOR: Know what you want.

IVAN: Stop it.

FYODOR: Know what you want!

IVAN: Father. Alyosha does not want you in Hell. You're thinking of Dmitri. You never could tell us apart.

FYODOR: You all want me in Hell. I'm afraid of it myself. I'm afraid to believe in God. If there is a just God, I'm in the shit. It's Him or me. Alyosha? Is there a God?

ALYOSHA: Yes.

FYODOR: Yes? Look how sure he is. There really is? And life everlasting?

ALYOSHA: Yes.

FYODOR: I believe you. My son. Look at his face. It shines. I believe you. Ivan? Is there a God?

IVAN: No.

FYODOR: Ivan. Not even a little?

IVAN: No.

FYODOR: I believe you. My son—look at him—

IVAN: Shut up.

ALYOSHA: Father. Why do you do this.

FYODOR: I love you. Never forget that. We're father and sons. We're doomed to love each other. Alyosha? Would you pour?

(ALYOSHA does so. FYODOR drinks.)

FYODOR: Thanks. Mm! Delicious. Wait, though, this—this was water, before.

IVAN: What?

ACT ONE

35

FYODOR: I'm serious, I've been trying to cut down, this was a pitcher of plain spring water, but now—Alyosha?

ALYOSHA: Stop it, Father.

FYODOR: It's a miracle!

IVAN: Stop teasing him.

FYODOR: Alyosha! Let me kiss the hem of your garment!

(ALYOSHA screams once, briefly.)

FYODOR: Got to you, didn't I? Tell me there wasn't a moment, huh? A tiny, teeny little moment when you wondered? A fraction of a moment of temptation to the most monstrous pride?

ALYOSHA: I was tempted, yes. But not that way. Sometimes, Father...you make it difficult to love you as much as I should.

FYODOR: Oh, God save me from Christian love. Christian love is like communion bread, it's flat and bland and this big around.

(FYODOR makes a tight circle with his thumb and forefinger. IVAN laughs.)

FYODOR: You're laughing at that? Have you ever loved anyone?

IVAN: Of course not.

FYODOR: Hmph. You haven't lived.

IVAN: Oh please—

FYODOR: You. Haven't. Lived.

IVAN: You're drunk.

FYODOR: No I'm not. All right, I am. I'm a general between campaigns. I'm an artist with inspiration and the paint store is closed.

IVAN: What are you drivelling about?

this scream comes from the resistance to killing him.

FYODOR: Love, you stick, what else does anyone drive about? Love...it makes you think of the causes of things. How can I cause her to do this? How can I cause her to do that? Everything has a purpose: Maybe you can use it to get close to her.

IVAN: That isn't love.

ALYOSHA: It's seduction.

FYODOR: Call it what you like. The strategy's the same. It's all about wanting. That's the great thing. The want. Something's missing, a limb torn off me, first the shock, then the flesh screams, "Give me the rest of my body!" Everything hurts, air hurts, don't touch me don't wash me just stick her in place, stitch her down, make me whole again.

IVAN: And afterward?

FYODOR: Afterward what?

IVAN: I have to get out of here.

FYODOR: Try running away from it. See where it gets you.

IVAN: I don't know what you're talking about.

FYODOR: Bottle's empty. Time for bed. Smerdyakov! Help me!

(SMERDYAKOV *helps* FYODOR *stand and walk*. FYODOR *turns*.)

FYODOR: I'll tell you about afterward. You want to know what I'm scared of? More than anything in the world?

IVAN: Dmitri.

FYODOR: I'm scared that I'll never fall in love again. That's what happens afterward. I think, if I stay with this one, this is the last. There'll never be another.

Contrast this with
Zosima's speech about
wanting.

ACT ONE

37

The exhilaration that landed me here—never again.
Terrifies me.

(FYODOR exits.)

IVAN: I love a lot of things. Stupid old—I love a lot of things. Leaves, leaves are good. I love—it'll be winter soon, trees bare, one day you notice they're covered with buds, next time you think of them, leaves, tender little pale green. it's stupid.

ALYOSHA: No.

IVAN: I like that it's stupid. Love from down here, no brains, no cunning, just—like your heart is beating outward, into—I don't know, everything sometimes, those leaves, or faces, a crowd of people, they turn in the breeze, you feel them tugging your chest.

ALYOSHA: You're halfway saved already.

IVAN: Or halfway damned. I hate a half-empty glass. Who knows, maybe you'll save me. Maybe I'll save you.

ALYOSHA: Go on.

IVAN: I want to go on living. I do. Drink the cup to the dregs. I'll hang on till—I don't know—thirty, anyway.

Now that we're alone, I'll confess something to you. I believe in God. Does that surprise you?

ALYOSHA: Are you joking with me?

IVAN: Like Father? No. I'm a reporter. I've seen things that made me angry. Made me sick. Then things began to make sense. The world made perfect sense for a while, and I did some things that were...sensible, in the circumstances. And after I...after I was better, I needed to get away. Think.

ALYOSHA: What about?

IVAN: I'd covered a scene: parents, educated, well-to-do, five-year-old daughter found one morning locked

Why this comes out of him—
Alyosha seems to pull

To that the records

Smerd

What do you want
What do you want
What do you want

TRAGIC

*We have to find the
rightness of this. We
have to make Alyosha
taste this.*

in an outhouse, covered with bruises, face smeared with her own filth—by her father and mother, who slept like the just while she froze. Neighbors heard her in there, crying, beating her chest with her fist, praying to Father God. Brother, my godly novice, why did this need to be created? Whose fault is evil? They say we need knowledge of good and evil so we'll be free to choose between them. But I think the tuition runs a trifle high, don't you?

ALYOSHA: We'll see justice in the life to come.

IVAN: I want to see it. The martyrs' and the murderers' embrace. I want to see everyone learn why God made it so. If I'm dead, you wake me from my grave like a child on his Name-Day morning, you lead me to it. But. Tell me the truth. If you were designing the edifice of heaven, would you have built it on the tears of that little girl?

ALYOSHA: No.

IVAN: Would you accept that the people you were building it for had bought their heaven with her blood?

ALYOSHA: No.

IVAN: No. Eternal heaven is not worth the tears of that one little girl in that filthy hole beating her breast and praying to dear Father God. I can not forgive the torturer of a child. Who has the right to forgive someone else's suffering? And if I can't forgive, where's my place in heaven? I'm probably wrong. I don't care. It isn't God I don't accept, Alyosha. But heaven costs too much. I return my ticket.

ALYOSHA: You ask, who has the right to forgive? That Being does exist, He can forgive everything, everyone, He gave His blood for that, heaven is built on His tears.

IVAN: Christ. Yes.

ARGUMENT

*Who is
your argument?*

*What is
the price
of the
solution?*

What are they really
arguing about?

ACT ONE

39

ALYOSHA: Everyone's suffering happens to him. Do you believe that?

IVAN: Oh, yes. My icon of divine order is a Creator who brings a son into the world to live in poverty and neglect, driven through His Father's fallen world, hounded toward death, who in the end looks up and says, "Father, why have you forsaken me?" Oh, how I believe it.

ALYOSHA: And then He rises again.

IVAN: To sit at the right hand of the Father. No. No thank you.

ALYOSHA: You want justice against God.

IVAN: We know what justice is, you and I know. Why doesn't He?

ALYOSHA: He put the idea into our souls.

IVAN: So justice is our birthright. Do you think God the Father will give us our birthright, later, maybe, when he's done with the world? Don't you see we're all waiting for God's world to die so we can claim our birthright? Why not take it now? We're standing outside heaven like Dmitri in father's garden.

ALYOSHA: Is he out there?

IVAN: If he isn't he ought to be, with a pistol in his hand. If we stopped waiting, we could make our own justice, in this life. The only thing that stands in our way is our belief in these damnable fathers.

ALYOSHA: "If nothing is true, then everything is permitted." There's a name for this.

IVAN: Freedom.

ALYOSHA: Satan.

(A knock)

PUTEAU
SQUIRE OFF

FYODOR: *(Off)* Grushenka?!

SMERDYAKOV: Sirs? If that is Dmitri Fyodorovich, please come to my aid?

(SMERDYAKOV exits.)

FYODOR: *(Off)* Grushenka?!

(SMERDYAKOV returns with RAKITIN, calling:)

SMERDYAKOV: It's only a man, Sir!

RAKITIN: Been looking for you, cherub. Father Zosima's been asking for you.

ALYOSHA: What is it, what—

RAKITIN: He won't last the night.

ALYOSHA: Oh, no. Oh, my Heavenly Father, no. I have to go, I have to—I'm sorry, we have to talk some more, Brother, but—

IVAN: Another night.

(ALYOSHA exits.)

RAKITIN: Cold out there.

(IVAN shoves him a bottle of wine.)

RAKITIN: There's a crowd gathering. They've brought lanterns. So they can watch when he ascends into Heaven. What a country.

ALYOSHA: *(Off)* Misha?

(RAKITIN grabs the bottle and a plate of food.)

RAKITIN: Hey, for the poor.

(RAKITIN exits. SMERDYAKOV begins to clear the table.)

SMERDYAKOV: When do you return to Moscow, Sir?

IVAN: Why do you ask?

SMERDYAKOV: What an interesting place it must be.

5-10

ACT ONE

41

IVAN: Say what you mean.⁰

SMERDYAKOV: They're both insane, Sir, Father and Dmitri. Father at me every night, "Is she coming?" till midnight and after, and in the morning it's, "Why didn't she come?" as if it's my fault. Dmitri waking me up, shouting, "Hey! Did she come?" Now he's out there in the garden with a pistol in his hand? Sometimes I wish I could just die of the fright and be done. I wish I could have a fit. In fact I'm sure I will, tonight or tomorrow, a long one.

IVAN: What do you mean by "a long one"?

SMERDYAKOV: A long fit, Sir, they can last a long time—an hour or more, a day or two.

IVAN: I don't understand—are you saying you're going to stage a fit and lay low for a couple of days?

SMERDYAKOV: I might, I might, I'm so scared. If Dmitri does something, I might be accused as an accomplice.

IVAN: Why?

SMERDYAKOV: I let him know the signal, Sir.

IVAN: What signal?

SMERDYAKOV: Father locks himself in his room at night. I wait down here for Grushenka. He's afraid Dmitri will follow her here, and break in if I open the door, so we have a signal—*(He knocks: tap...tap...tap-tap-tap.)*—to say everything's safe.

IVAN: And you told this to Dmitri?

DANGER

URGENT

SMERDYAKOV: He was going to break my legs!

IVAN: So change the signal with Father.

SMERDYAKOV: And he'd ask why, and I'd confess, and he'd never trust me again, he'll kick me out of the house—

IVAN: If Dmitri comes and gives the signal, don't let him in.

SMERDYAKOV: And he'll think Grushenka's here, and do me an injury. I feel a fit coming on me. Father has an envelope with three thousand rubles in it. On it he's written, "To my heavenly Grushenka, if she will come." Dmitri knows that it's here.

IVAN: Stop it! Stop all this! Dmitri will not come here to kill father and steal his money.

SMERDYAKOV: He thinks that money is rightfully his. He knows that if Grushenka wants Father to marry her, he will. And she'll get everything. And Dmitri, and Alyosha, and you, Sir, will be out in the cold.

IVAN: So why do you advise me to go to Moscow, when you see what's happening here?

SMERDYAKOV: Exactly, Sir.

IVAN: Exactly what?

SMERDYAKOV: I like you, Sir. I'm trapped here. But if I were you, honestly, Sir, I'd get the hell away.

IVAN: Well, now that you mention it, I am going away in the morning—to Moscow.

SMERDYAKOV: Good idea, Sir. *Departure*

IVAN: I've been meaning to for a while, I have business there that I've put off long enough.

SMERDYAKOV: You are a clever man, Sir. It always helps to talk to you.

(IVAN crosses away. SMERDYAKOV lifts his tray of bottles and glasses. Lights up on DMITRI. Lights up on KATYA, reading a letter.)

DMITRI: My Katya. My Fate. Tomorrow I will get money and give you back your three thousand rubles, and farewell to your fury, but farewell to your love, as

CL
IVAN RUNS AWAY

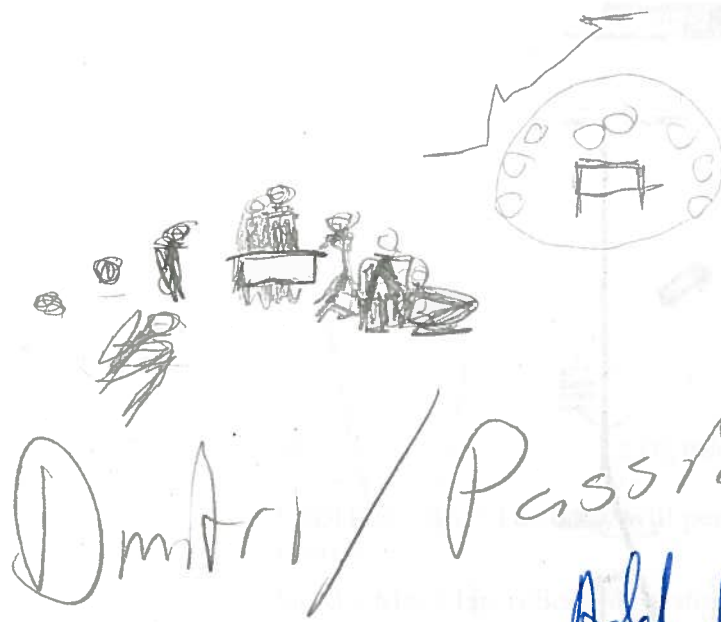
ACT ONE

43

well. I give you my word of honor, if I can't get it any other way, I will go to my father and smash his head in and take it from under his pillow, the next time Ivan goes away. Till then, I remain, your slave, Dmitri.

(The bottles and glasses rattle on the tray. The lights fade.)

END OF ACT ONE



Dmitri / Passion

Add lanterns

have 2, 2 chub
in place already

Make strong
cheer
right out of lower depths

ACT TWO

Scene One

1.1 Zosima's room in the
monastery

(A crowd of VILLAGERS kneels.)

OLDER WOMAN: Father.

MEN: Lord.

ALL: Hear my prayer.

ALYOSHA: Grant rest to the soul of Father Zosima.

YOUNG WOMAN: May Father Zosima sit by your elbow.

RAKITIN: Father.

ALL: Father Zosima.

SICKLY MAN: Pray for us.

YOUNG WOMAN: Intercede for us.

ALL: Speak for us in Heaven.

YOUNG MAN: The Elder was good.

PREGNANT WOMAN: Good? He was holy.

ALYOSHA: Father Zosima was the bread and the wine of Christ.

ALL: A saint.

RAKITIN: Now his relics will be revered.

PREGNANT WOMAN: His body will never corrupt.

ALYOSHA: Corrupt? Impossible.

OLDER WOMAN: His body will perfume the air like myrrh.

SICKLY MAN: His relics will perform miracles.

PREGNANT WOMAN: Miracles this very day.

ALL: Father.

ALYOSHA: Let's not hope for miracles.

ALL: Sainted Father Zosima.

OLDER WOMAN: Send us a sign.

ALYOSHA: His goodness needs no proof by miracles.

SICKLY MAN: Heal me—

PREGNANT WOMAN: Let me touch the coffin—

YOUNG MAN: Ask God to forgive me for what I may do—

OLDER WOMAN: Let me kiss his hand—

ALYOSHA: Let us pray in silence.

(Pause)

RAKITIN: Do you smell something?

ALYOSHA: No.

PREGNANT WOMAN: Somebody smelled something!

SICKLY MAN: His body is holy incense!

OLDER WOMAN: The miracles have begun!

ALL: Holy of Holies.

RAKITIN: I definitely smell something.

PREGNANT WOMAN: I do too.

ALL: Sainted elder.

RAKITIN: Not a nice smell.

OLD MAN: Ha!

1 Frank coat /

ACT TWO

47

ALYOSHA: It can't be.

(People start quietly sidling out.)

ALL BUT A FEW: Father Zosima.

SICKLY MAN: Maybe it's a sign.

OLDER WOMAN: There is no sign, there is no smell.

ALYOSHA: Father Zosima.

ALL: Pray for us.

BOY: My God, what's the stench in here?

OLDER WOMAN: Shh!

RAKITIN: Whew!

ALL: Sainted elder.

RAKITIN: This is what happens when the church tries to manipulate the superstitions of the people.

ALYOSHA: Pray for us.

ALL: Holy one.

OLDER WOMAN: Will somebody open a window in here?!

1.2 Outside Monestary

2.1.2

(The last of the crowd disappears, leaving ALYOSHA kneeling alone. RAKITIN crosses to him.)

RAKITIN: Alyosha? You out here? Two hours I've been looking for you. What the—anybody but you, cherub, I'd say was looking angry.

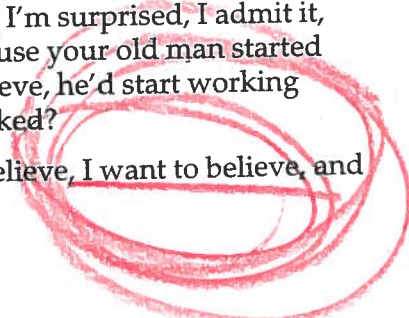
ALYOSHA: Leave me alone.

RAKITIN: Huh! Got it in one. I'm surprised, I admit it, are you really so upset because your old man started stinking? What did you believe, he'd start working miracles the minute he croaked?

ALYOSHA: I believe, yes, I believe, I want to believe, and I will, all right?

A - takes
Beards off
table.

R - to hump
A to Grushenka



RAKITIN: You are angry, but—don't tell me, oh, this is great, who are you angry at, God?

ALYOSHA: I'm not angry at God.

RAKITIN: Big of you.

ALYOSHA: I just don't accept His world.

RAKITIN: Uh huh. Have you eaten today?

small temptation

ALYOSHA: I don't remember. I think so.

RAKITIN: Sure, a handful of bread maybe. I'd offer you something, but all I've got is some sausage from town, and I know you don't eat—

ALYOSHA: Give it to me. *Why*

RAKITIN: Hello! Boys, we have got ourselves a mutiny! You want to come to my place? I don't know about you, but I could use a drink.

ALYOSHA: A drink sounds good.

RAKITIN: Hoist anchor, boys, we're sailing to the Spanish Main!

ALYOSHA: I wasn't expecting miracles, you know.

RAKITIN: No...

ALYOSHA: I just thought—do you want some sausage?

RAKITIN: Take it, take it.

ALYOSHA: I just thought—then as soon as he died, he started to—

RAKITIN: Stink, he started to—

ALYOSHA: Like nature could hardly wait! Not even a day or two, any normal—but no, right away! Like God let nature insult him! Is there any more of this, I'm so hungry—

RAKITIN: Here.

ACT TWO

49

ALYOSHA: I mean, where is the justice! The man was as innocent as a child. Why did God torture him like that? People like you and me, we can't expect justice, I know that, Misha, not in this life, but I guess I thought, a man like that, couldn't God make an exception? Not a miracle, not a revelation, just—did it have to be shameful? Did it have to be complete humiliation?

RAKITIN: I know where, let's go.

ALYOSHA: I don't care.

RAKITIN: I thought I'd drop by Grushenka's.

ALYOSHA: Everyone laughed at him! I couldn't think of anything to say—

RAKITIN: You want to come along?

ALYOSHA: I just stood there so embarrassed, why was I embarrassed?

RAKITIN: Alyoshka.

ALYOSHA: What?

RAKITIN: You want to come to Grushenka's?

ALYOSHA: Yes.

RAKITIN: Really?

ALYOSHA: Let's go to Grushenka's. → CL

RAKITIN: Yes! Raise the skull and crossbones, boys, we're buccaneers now!

(ALYOSHA and RAKITIN exit.)

Scene Two

2 Samsonov's

2.2

(Lights up on DMITRI and SAMSONOV, who sits, leaning on a cane.)

DMITRI: Mr Samsonov, I have come with an offer—

Sam - to fuck
with this Boy
Dm - to prove your
worth

SAMSONOV: I do not own your notes, Lieutenant.
Grushenka Svetlov owns your notes.

DMITRI: My offer concerns Grushenka Svetlov.

SAMSONOV: I don't own her either.

DMITRI: No, Your Honor, but everyone knows that
you...employ...her. In your affairs.

SAMSONOV: What.

DMITRI: Business. Your business affairs.

SAMSONOV: And you want to hire her away?

DMITRI: Yes, no, not exactly—

SAMSONOV: As I do not own her, young man,
I also do not rent her out.

Control your
temper

DMITRI: God! This is—

SAMSONOV: This conversation reeks of obscenity,
good evening, Sir.

DMITRI: I love her! She is the most extraordinary...being
I have ever in the world, I've lost my, what, I've lost
my—

SAMSONOV: Wits?

DMITRI: No, yes—

SAMSONOV: Heart?

DMITRI: ~~I've lost my way, I've lost my~~ compass,
wherever she goes, I just... I only want to face in her
direction.

SAMSONOV: Lieutenant Karamazov, you're a very bad
negotiator.

DMITRI: I know, she's told me.

SAMSONOV: She has a past, you know.

S - make him
feel like an
ass.

ACT TWO

51

DMITRI: She's told me about you. How she thinks of you, she said, as more, at this point, like a father.

SAMSONOV: Is that how she thinks of me.

DMITRI: Well, look at yourself. No don't, I mean—if the word offends you—

SAMSONOV: In some contexts, the word father, as I'm sure you would be the very first to agree, can be deeply offensive, can it not, Dmitri Fyodorovich?

DMITRI: I see what you mean.

SAMSONOV: So I'm her father, your intentions are honorable—for a Karamazov that's a first—and you want me to—what?—give her away? Are you asking me to give you her hand?

DMITRI: Yes. Well, yes.

SAMSONOV: Well no. Not her hand or any other pound of flesh.

DMITRI: But why, Sir, please, you—

SAMSONOV: Because I don't own her! So I can't give her away! ~~Can I! I'm tired, Lieutenant, why are you here?~~

DMITRI: You're right, Mr Samsonov. She has a past. And it's you.

SAMSONOV: In part.

DMITRI: And why I'm here—I am here to look you in the eye, Sir. I am looking her past in the eye and I am saying give her up. Give her up. And I will go to her and say, I have seen your past, I've seen what you've had to do to live until I found you and anything you had to do to live until I found you I count as a blessing. I know it's not what you wanted, I know you're ashamed, but I have gone to your shameful past and I have bought it off.

SAMSONOV: Well, that was harrowing.

DMITRI: I have a village. Chermashnya. I will deed it to you, all the land, all the buildings, the farms are productive.

SAMSONOV: Do you hold title?

DMITRI: My father holds it in my name.

SAMSONOV: If your father holds it, it's not in your name.

DMITRI: It belongs to me.

SAMSONOV: Not if your father holds it. What else have you got?

DMITRI: Three thousand rubles.

SAMSONOV: On you?

DMITRI: Yes, no—

SAMSONOV: Do you actually have any money?

DMITRI: My ~~father—~~

SAMSONOV: Please.

DMITRI: It is owed me from my mother's estate! It is my birthright! I am offering my birthright!

SAMSONOV: You've given your birthright away! Don't you think I know that? The young woman is holding your debts, against my advice. If you want to give your birthright, you'd better get born a second time!

DMITRI: That is what I am trying to do! Offer you everything I'm worth.

SAMSONOV: That's nothing. You're in debt—less than nothing.

DMITRI: I would work for you. Set a term.

SAMSONOV: Seven years. Then seven again.

DMITRI: If you want.

SAMSONOV: I don't want. I'll be dead by then.

ACT TWO

53

DMITRI: I love her. I know I'm offering nothing.
Less than nothing. But that's all I am.

SAMSONOV: Young man. You finally made the right
offer.

DMITRI: Sir, you mean you'll—

SAMSONOV: But you're making it to the wrong person.
She's gone.

DMITRI: Where is she? I thought she was here,
some—other room, I thought— *(He grabs SAMSONOV's
cane, shouting:)* She said she'd be here!

SAMSONOV: She left ten minutes after she got here.

(Pause) CL

DMITRI: Father.

*(SAMSONOV laughs uproariously and exits as the lights
change. DMITRI looks around, disoriented.)*

3 Outside Fyodor's window

Scene Three

*(A light in a window. FYODOR, elaborately coiffed, sits in the
window, looking up at the moon.)*

FYODOR: Oh, that's lovely.

*(DMITRI sees the lit window and his father in it, sighing with
pleasure. DMITRI freezes.)*

FYODOR: Do some more.

(SMERDYAKOV leans into the light and reads from a Bible.)

SMERDYAKOV: A bundle of myrrh is my wellbeloved
unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

(DMITRI creeps toward the window.)

SMERDYAKOV: Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold,
thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes. Behold, thou art

Song of
Solomon,
Chapt. 1

fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.
The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.
Chapter Two.

(DMITRI knocks: tap...tap...tap-tap-tap. FYODOR starts and leans out the window. DMITRI shrinks back out of sight. SMERDYAKOV exits the window.)

FYODOR: Grushenka? Is it you? Grushka! My goddess! Where are you?

(DMITRI heaves a great sigh of relief.)

FYODOR: I've got a present for you. You don't know how I've waited for this night! You've come!

(A still moment. Then DMITRI, with a great effort, turns away. SMERDYAKOV enters.)

SMERDYAKOV: Thief! Thief!

DMITRI: (Turning) Smerdyakov—

SMERDYAKOV: Patricide!

DMITRI: Quiet!

SMERDYAKOV: Patricide!

DMITRI: Shut up!

(He strikes SMERDYAKOV, who falls to his knees.)

SMERDYAKOV: Brother. No.

(SMERDYAKOV has a seizure. DMITRI kneels by him, trying to hold him.)

FYODOR: What the hell is going on out there! Smerdyakov! Smerdyakov! What the hell are you doing out there!

DMITRI: Dying. I don't know.

FYODOR: Who's out there?

(DMITRI stands. The light catches his face.)



ACT TWO

55

DMITRI: Papa. I've come home. CL

(Blackout)

papers on
table

Scene Four

4 Grushenka's home

(GRUSHENKA paces. FENYA enters, with RAKITIN and ALYOSHA.)

GRUSHENKA: Who's there?

FENYA: It's not him, Miss.

RAKITIN: It's me.

GRUSHENKA: Who's with you? Good Lord, you've brought him. (When did she request him?)

RAKITIN: Get some candles in here, would you?

GRUSHENKA: Candles, of course, candles, Fenya, fetch him a candle, would you? What a time to bring him!

RAKITIN: Aren't you pleased?

GRUSHENKA: I thought it was Dmitri breaking in. Alyosha, you don't know how glad I am to see you. I told Dmitri I was spending the evening with Samsonov, my patron, doing the accounts. Fenya? Go to the gate and watch for Dmitri?

FENYA: There's no one there, I just looked.

GRUSHENKA: Are the shutters fastened? Draw the curtains.

RAKITIN: Why are you afraid of Dmitri? You can wrap him around your finger.

GRUSHENKA: I'm waiting for news, precious news, and I don't think he believed me, that I'd stay at Samsonov's. He must be hunting for me at your father's place, Alyosha. If he's there, he won't come here, so much the better. Alyosha, you haven't said a word. He's so shy.

Lamps, Blowing
out

Grushenka is waiting news which will make her leave this old behind if Brand new life. How does she feel about leaving? If she really loves Dmitri then she would have to believe she is wicked to do this to him. So if Alyosha were to make her feel that she were good then she might lose heart

ALYOSHA: My throat is sore.

FENYA: Is he sick?

GRUSHENKA: Are you sick?

RAKITIN: He's been crying.

ALYOSHA: If I could have something to drink.

GRUSHENKA: Crying, why.

RAKITIN: You promised me champagne, you know.

GRUSHENKA: Fenya, where's the champagne Dmitri left?

FENYA: Got it.

GRUSHENKA: Can you believe it, Alyosha, I promised him champagne if he brought you. I could use some myself.

RAKITIN: Is something the matter with you, too?

GRUSHENKA: My officer is coming. My man, my first, five years ago—you know, Alyosha, the lady told the story. He's at Mokroye, he wants to see me again—

RAKITIN: Does Dmitri know?

GRUSHENKA: God, no, he'd kill him. Five years, now he whistles and I'm ready to give myself to him again. What a cheap little heart I've got. To my cheap little heart. *(She drinks.)* Look at him looking. You are thirsty. You look so sad, Alyosha. Can't you smile?

(ALYOSHA tries to smile.)

GRUSHENKA: Are you angry with me about the other day, with the lady? I've been afraid you were angry.

RAKITIN: Now that's funny, you afraid of a cherub like him.

GRUSHENKA: You think it's funny 'cause you've got no conscience. Alyosha, when I ran home from the lady's, I thought, how he must despise a woman like me. I see

Ambly

ACT TWO

57

you and I feel ashamed of myself. Just shameful. (She strokes his face.) Something to drink? Is that what you came for?

RAKITIN: He came to see you.

GRUSHENKA: Did you? Look then.

(Pause)

RAKITIN: Fenya, when you serve champagne, you're not supposed to open it in the kitchen, and it's not supposed to be warm.

FENYA: It's cold out.

RAKITIN: Honestly. Who else wants some? Alyosha, what'll we drink to? Grushka?

(ALYOSHA takes a glass, sips, and puts it down.)

ALYOSHA: I'd better not.

GRUSHENKA: Then I won't either. Drink it all, Rakitka.

RAKITIN: Very touching. He's grieving, what's your excuse? He's rebelling against God and stuffing his face with sausage.

GRUSHENKA: Why?

RAKITIN: His elder died today.

GRUSHENKA: I didn't know. Father Zosima—I didn't know, I'm—what am I doing? I'm sorry, Alyosha. I am, truly.

ALYOSHA: Rakitin? Don't mock me right now. I need you to be a little kind. Look at her—she took pity on me.

GRUSHENKA: Don't praise me, Alyosha, don't make me ashamed. I was so anxious to get hold of you that I promised Rakitin twenty-five rubles if he brought you. Fenya?

(FENYA holds out some bills to RAKITIN.)

what does she feel for him?

First invenclo

Clear that he knows this world

why?

why?

Belittle

You have to believe you are wicked.

RAKITIN: This is ridiculous.

GRUSHENKA: Take it, I owe it to you.

RAKITIN: As if I'd refuse it.

GRUSHENKA: Now go sit in the corner. You don't like us anyway, so be quiet.

RAKITIN: What should I like you for? What have either of you done for me?

GRUSHENKA: You should be good to people for no reason, like Alyosha.

ALYOSHA: I came here to be wicked, to find someone wicked, but—

GRUSHENKA: Don't you praise me.

ALYOSHA: I found a sister. A loving sister.

GRUSHENKA: I tied that lady in knots, I played with Dmitri, I toyed with your father—how can you call me your sister? I could finish you off right now!

ALYOSHA: No.

GRUSHENKA: I don't even have to do it. Let me just tell you. Listen to me/*Hands. Fingers. You've got an imagination—*

(ALYOSHA puts a finger to his mouth to hush her.)

GRUSHENKA: Fingertips. Fingernails.

(He puts the finger to her lips. She takes his wrist.)

GRUSHENKA: Praise me now.

(She kisses his finger. He clasps her hand in his, fingers entwined.)

GRUSHENKA: Here's the church.

(She moves their hands to a place mid-way up his cassock.)

GRUSHENKA: Here's the steeple. Open the doors?

wicked

ACT TWO

59

*(She closes her eyes and tilts her face upward to be kissed.
He holds her head in his hands.)*

ALYOSHA: Ope—open—open your eyes.

(They look at each other.)

GRUSHENKA: He's a rock, this boy!

ALYOSHA: Yes, well.

GRUSHENKA: No, I mean—really. Really a rock.

ALYOSHA: Well. I've been practicing.

*[Related to Stone @ beginning
- stone]*

GRUSHENKA: Alyosha, What do I feel for my officer?
Love? What?

ALYOSHA: You are so much more loving than I am!
To want to go to that man and forgive him—

GRUSHENKA: Maybe I haven't quite forgiven him yet.
Maybe what I've really loved all these years is my
hatred. It's been such a support.

RAKITIN: I'd hate to be in his shoes.

GRUSHENKA: You'll never be in his shoes. You'll never
in your life have a woman like me. Maybe he won't,
either.

RAKITIN: Then why are you wearing the finery?

GRUSHENKA: Maybe I'll go to him—I was seventeen
when he dropped me, skin and bones. Wearing this,
I can sit by him, kiss him, and say, "Look at me. You
know what I've become? Everything in the world you
could want. Take a good look." Then I'll stand up and
walk away.

RAKITIN: And afterward?

GRUSHENKA: Afterward what?

ALYOSHA: You don't have to go to that man. You could
stay here.

*what does
this mean to
you?*

End words

GRUSHENKA: With you? *-why?*

ALYOSHA: With my brother, Dmitri loves you—

RAKITIN: Dmitri's got no money. What can she do here?

GRUSHENKA: What can I—I can tear this finery off. I can send everything back to Samsonov tomorrow, all the presents, all the money. I can cut my face, burn off my hair, and sweep floors, and never get looked at anymore.

ALYOSHA: And just be listening.

RAKITIN: Like Hell.

(GRUSHENKA throws the glass, which shatters.)

GRUSHENKA: You think I couldn't do it? *(She picks up a piece of broken glass.)* The one who hurt me, all of them who hurt me, telling me they love me and tearing me up, they can fuck themselves, they'll never get me, never again!

(She puts the broken glass to her face, but ALYOSHA reaches swiftly and clenches his hand over hers.)

GRUSHENKA: He had these perfect little moustaches, they moved whenever his mouth moved like a second smile, he played me songs on the guitar, he taught me to gamble, then he didn't want me anymore, I watched his mouth say he didn't want me anymore, his moustaches kept on smiling....

FENYA: Mr Karamazov. You're bleeding.

GRUSHENKA: Look what he's done. Look what he's done to us.

(They kiss. He holds her face in his hands.)

ALYOSHA: Dmitri said something to me once. "What if someone could introduce us all to each other as brother and sister? How do you do? I see the resemblance!"

ACT TWO

61

Wouldn't that be something?" Please. I've been alone all my life. Please may I have a sister in this world?

(They hold each other tightly.)

RAKITIN: Thus endeth the lesson.

(Harness bells)

FENYA: My lady, my dear, my lady, it's the messenger, he's come.

(FENYA runs out.)

GRUSHENKA: What if I go to him. What if I take a knife along.

ALYOSHA: You won't take a knife with you.

GRUSHENKA: Won't I.

(FENYA enters.)

FENYA: It's a carriage from Mokroye, with a troika, they're getting fresh horses.

ALYOSHA: Grushenka. Listen.

GRUSHENKA: Why didn't you come to me before? Oh, my five years! I'm going. Fenya—

(GRUSHENKA and FENYA embrace.)

RAKITIN: So much for us.

GRUSHENKA: Good-bye, Rakitka, don't think too bad of me. Alyosha—

ALYOSHA: You have a brother who loves you.

GRUSHENKA: Tell Dmitri, bow to him for me, tell him to remember me, all his life, tell him I told you.

(GRUSHENKA exits.)

RAKITIN: Lovely. She ruins your brother and then tells him to remember it all his life. What a creature. He's a Pole, you know, that officer of hers. He's not even an

officer now, I hear, lost his job. He's heard Grushenka's saved a little money, so he's turned up again.

ALYOSHA: She didn't take a knife.

RAKITIN: There are knives everywhere. So you saved Mary Magdalene? Cast out the devils? The miracles you hoped for started to come to pass?

ALYOSHA: Stop it, Misha.

RAKITIN: And you despise me now for those twenty-five rubles. You think I sold my friend. You're not Christ, you know!

ALYOSHA: I'd forgotten all about it—

RAKITIN: I'm not Judas!

ALYOSHA: You're the one bringing it up.

RAKITIN: To hell with you! To hell with all of you!

(RAKITIN exits. ALYOSHA looks at his hand.)

(The lights fade.)

5.1 Grushenka's home

Scene Five

(Moonlight. DMITRI enters, his hands and shirt bloody.)

DMITRI: Grushka! Grushka!

(FENYA enters, holding a big kitchen knife.)

FENYA: How did you get in here? Go away!

DMITRI: It's me, Fenya! It's Dmitri!

FENYA: I know who it is.

DMITRI: I just want to talk with her. Grushka!

FENYA: She's not here, Lieutenant!

DMITRI: Grushka!

these lights should
make blood pop.

L5.1

D - Find Grushenka

F - Find Fenya

ACT TWO

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FENYA: She's gone!

DMITRI: Liar!

(FENYA holds up the knife defensively.)

FENYA: No! I swear to God—

DMITRI: If you're lying I swear I... (He grins at the knife.)

Lord. Granny, what big teeth you've got. Come on, Fenya— (He sees her see the blood.) What?

FENYA: Jesus. Look at the blood.

DMITRI: Oh. Nothing.

FENYA: What have you done.

DMITRI: Nothing, nothing much, nothing to worry over—

FENYA: What have you done to her!

DMITRI: Nothing, Fenya—

(FENYA goes for DMITRI in a fury.)

FENYA: What have you son of bitch done to her you tell me you bastard I'll kill you tell me I'll cut your throat!

DMITRI: Fenya, no.

FENYA: You killed her you killed her you—big hands, blood all over—

DMITRI: I love her, Fenya.

FENYA: Oh, God, he did kill her.

DMITRI: No.

FENYA: Caught her sled, dragged her out, wolf—

DMITRI: No!

FENYA: Wolf! Stick your face!

DMITRI: Fenya! Is she dead? Are you sure that she's dead?

FENYA: Whose blood is that!

DMITRI: Not hers!

FENYA: Whose!

DMITRI: A—dog—my father's—I went to look for Grushka there, he came at me, I hit him. Fenya. If I had killed her, why would I come here calling her name?

FENYA: She's alive?

DMITRI: Let's go find her.

FENYA: She's alive?

DMITRI: Let's go see. Is there anything I can clean up with?

FENYA: Your shirt's ruined.

DMITRI: I'll turn the cuffs under.

FENYA: Here, you don't—hold still. You know what she does that really gripes me?

DMITRI: What?

FENYA: She drops her curling papers all over the floor. Doing her hair?

DMITRI: Do you know, is Plotkinov's open?

FENYA: Think so.

DMITRI: I want to buy things to bring along.

FENYA: Takes them out, drops them behind her for me to pick up. You walk in, those curling papers rustle underfoot, they cover the floor, you kick them into piles, she's like a damn birch tree, ring of dry leaves all around her. White arms. There, that's better.

DMITRI: Come to Plotkinov's with me, I want to buy her everything she likes.

FENYA: I'm bringing the knife.

ACT TWO

65

DMITRI: Fine.

FENYA: She'd better be alive.

DMITRI: Where are we going?

FENYA: I'll tell you when we get there.

DMITRI: Perfect. Plotkinov.

5.2 Plotkinov's

(Lights change as PLOTKINOV enters, laden with bottles, followed by a commotion of grocers.)

PLOTKINOV: The pastries and pate are loaded in the carriages!

DMITRI: Your boys are ready?

PLOTKINOV: They're fetching the instruments. What are we performing?

DMITRI: A rescue! Uh, Plotkinov...

PLOTKINOV: Your Lordship?

DMITRI: The pistols I...left with you.

PLOTKINOV: Still here.

DMITRI: I'll redeem them now.

PLOTKINOV: Yes, Your Lordship.

DMITRI: Right! Do we have enough torches!

(A shout from the band)

DMITRI: Yes! Now! Ladies and gentlemen? Let's be gone!

(Torchlight. DMITRI looks up at lit windows. His grocers and gipsy women stand close by.)

DMITRI: I wonder which window is theirs.

MARIA: I know which window is the innkeeper's, let's wake him.

DMITRI: Pray God hers is the one that's lit. Pray God they haven't gone to bed.

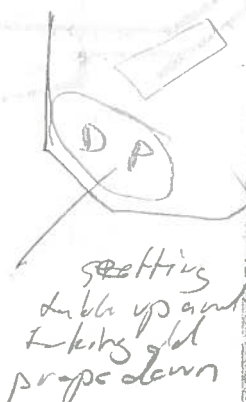
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2.5.2

From USLD

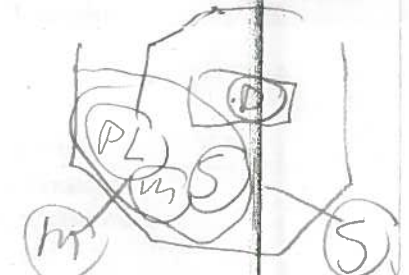


Fill the table
w/ Boxes
that have
cards and
chips for
2.6. Table
moves in circle
to position
a chair for
Don to sit
on the table
when table is
shaken.

2.5.3

trans. to Mokroye

5.3 Mokroye Hotel



MARIA: Shall we let them know we're here?

STEPANIDA: Let's throw stones at the window!

MARIA: Yes! Find stones!

DMITRI: No, not stones, ladies and gentlemen, let's not throw stones at her, let's make a noise, a joyful noise, that's the way. Songs, not stones. Play music.

PLOTKINOV: Raise the torches, I can't see the strings.

DMITRI: Raise the torches. Ladies and gentlemen, look at us! We're a constellation!

STEPANIDA: What sign are we?

DMITRI: The sign of Karamazov! We hover over the birthplace of anyone born with desires too great for this world. Quick! Somebody! Rouse this house! Fire! Fire!

ALL: Fire! Fire!

(PLASTUNOV pokes his head out a window.)

PLASTUNOV: Fire? Who yells fire? Fire where?

DMITRI: Here! I am on fire!

PLASTUNOV: Dmitri Fyodorovich?

DMITRI: The same!

PLASTUNOV: Have you been giving champagne to the peasants again? The house is shut for the night, Dmitri, only a few of the lamps are lit—

DMITRI: Light them all! Set the walls on fire! Tonight everything should be made of light!

PLASTUNOV: Please don't—

DMITRI: What do you care if your house is standing tomorrow? Tomorrow is a vacuum, there's nothing in it but what it sucks out of today! Ladies and gentlemen, we'll break the doors down!

PLASTUNOV: Sir, no, I beg you—

table should be down

Much more
Desperate
All the way
through.

ACT TWO

67

(Everyone stomps and shouts.)

DMITRI: Play! Dance! Down with the doors! Down with all dead loves and all bad debts! Tonight all debts are forgiven. And all loves, all loves are forgiven, too. Play louder! Grushenka! Faster! Call her name! Grushenka!

ALL: Grushenka!! Grushenka!!!

(MUSSYALOVICH leans out, bellowing:)

MUSSYALOVICH: What the hell is this racket?

DMITRI: This racket, Sir, is Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov!

(The crowd laughs and shouts louder.)

DMITRI: Louder! Faster! Eat! Drink!

(GRUSHENKA appears in the window.)

GRUSHENKA: Mitya?

DMITRI: Grushenka! I've brought you everything good!

(The lights fade.)

Event Play
discover they
love one another

Scene Six

6 Hotel room

(Lights up on GRUSHENKA, DMITRI, and MUSSYALOVICH sitting at a card table. PLASTINOV hovers.)

MUSSYALOVICH: Who has openers?

DMITRI: Pass.

GRUSHENKA: Five rubles.

MUSSYALOVICH: I see it.

DMITRI: See it and raise it five.

GRUSHENKA: See your five and raise you five.

MUSSYALOVICH: See it.

Mussyalovich -
@ stake - loses
a woman he
desperately
wants, His
dignity, his
Lunch and
must be
desperate to
come all the
way out of
Siberia

Grushenka wants Dmitri
to go away.

Dmitri is Desperate Desires
know if he will like or
die

Wants @ stake for
Grushenka, her whole
life. Once she leaves 500000
there is no going back

nothing
to lose

DMITRI: What are the house rules, dealer? Any limit on bets and number of raises?

MUSSYALOVICH: This is only a friendly game.

GRUSHENKA: No limits on bets, no limits on raises. *Fuck you*

DMITRI: That's what friends are for. See the five and raise you ten.

GRUSHENKA: Ten puts me even.

MUSSYALOVICH: Ten to me. I'll see it.

DMITRI: I hear you were stationed in Siberia.

MUSSYALOVICH: New cards?

DMITRI: Three. I hear almost nobody leaves there alive.

MUSSYALOVICH: You are thinking of the condemned. I was an officer. Cards, Grushka?

GRUSHENKA: One.

DMITRI: I hear you are an old...acquaintance of Miss Svetlov's.

MUSSYALOVICH: I am her first...acquaintance. Two cards to the dealer.

DMITRI: Trifon Borisich! Another bottle of the champagne, would you?

MUSSYALOVICH: Openers?

PLASTUNOV: Here you are.

GRUSHENKA: Ten.

MUSSYALOVICH: Your ten, raise twenty.

DMITRI: I hear you are an excellent cardplayer.

MUSSYALOVICH: You hear a great deal. You are newly acquainted with Miss Svetlov?

DMITRI: We are slightly acquainted. Ten and twenty and raise twenty.

Cava's
cheapsne
whispered
before

ACT TWO

69

MUSSYALOVICH: Forty to you, Grushka.

DMITRI: So when I got here, you two were...getting reacquainted?

(MUSSYALOVICH chortles smugly.)

GRUSHENKA: We were playing cards. Forty raise twenty.

MUSSYALOVICH: I taught her to play cards. His twenty, your twenty, raise fifty.

DMITRI: Hello. Trying to get rid of me? See your seventy—

Discovering that
she is being cheated

GRUSHENKA: Wait. Trifon Borisich. You sold us a sealed deck?

PLASTUNOV: Yes.

MUSSYALOVICH: Grushka, what?

GRUSHENKA: Is this it?

PLASTUNOV: Ah. No.

GRUSHENKA: Pavel. Where did this deck come from.

MUSSYALOVICH: Am I accused—

GRUSHENKA: There. Yes. He's marked them.

Self assured

MUSSYALOVICH: These are the cards I was handed.

GRUSHENKA: Yes. Perhaps. Many years ago.

MUSSYALOVICH: You accuse me—if you are not a woman I—

GRUSHENKA: Look, how...clumsily. He marked them. No one could ever play. An honest game. With these. Marked things.

Seize
Opportunity

DMITRI: Cash out.

MUSSYALOVICH: Pardon?

DMITRI: Cash out. You owe us nothing. Take your chips and go.

to her all this
is to her net catch



She has to stay
@ table

Get money in
purse

70

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

MUSSYALOVICH: And if I say no?

DMITRI: I brought pistols with me. We could share them.

Grushka PLASTUNOV: Please, not here, Dmitri, they'll close me,
don't—

(MUSSYALOVICH stands.)

MUSSYALOVICH: A gentleman does not gamble with
a man who does not know what he is risking. Come,
Grushka.

(GRUSHENKA is staring into space.)

MUSSYALOVICH: Grushka. Come.

DMITRI: Now. What was the bet?

MUSSYALOVICH: Grushka? I come out of Siberia.
To find you. Come now.

DMITRI: *(Counting chips)* Seventy to me, I think....

MUSSYALOVICH: Grushka.

DMITRI: And raise, oh, ten.

(DMITRI drops his chips in the pot.)

GRUSHENKA: This hand's tainted.

DMITRI: He was cheating us both.

MUSSYALOVICH: Grushka. I come across Russia.
Out of Siberia. I see things there. I bury my wife.
I bury everybody. I came back from there. You come
with me now. Always the poker face, this one. I taught
you that! I made you!

(GRUSHENKA begins counting chips one by one.)

MUSSYALOVICH: I taught her everything, does this one
enjoy what I taught you? I love you!

GRUSHENKA: You taught me to know when someone is
bluffing.

ACT TWO

(She tosses chips in the pot.)

MUSSYALOVICH: So cold so young. Better Siberia.

(MUSSYALOVICH exits. GRUSHENKA watches him go, her hands clenched on the edges of the table to keep herself in her chair. She sobs again and again. DMITRI watches until she is silent.)

DMITRI: What did you bet? What did you bet?
You called and raised, how much did you raise?

GRUSHENKA: Ten.

DMITRI: Ten. I see you, and raise you twenty.

GRUSHENKA: You're crazy.

DMITRI: Keep it in mind, I'm crazy, I might have anything under here.

GRUSHENKA: Your cards are marked. I know what you have.

DMITRI: You have no idea what I have. The bet to you is twenty.

GRUSHENKA: Be crazy. That twenty and thirty.

DMITRI: Trifon Borisich!

PLASTUNOV: Right here.

DMITRI: (Handing him a wad of bills) Chips for this.
Thirty, raise you fifty.

PLASTUNOV: I'll see if I—right away.

GRUSHENKA: Trifon Borisich?

(She holds a wad of bills over her head, and he takes them as he passes.)

DMITRI: It's fifty to you.

GRUSHENKA: I know what it is. You didn't even have openers!

all a cover, all an act.

she stays here.

@ table still annoyed
he's here

Now is
my chance

Five is a Bill
Kopek
Bulls up

72

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

DMITRI: Mm-hm.

GRUSHENKA: You took three cards, for Christ's sake!

DMITRI: Mm-hm.

GRUSHENKA: You're crazy! You don't know the percentages, you don't know what money means!

DMITRI: I won't need money where I'm going Fifty to you.

to jail

GRUSHENKA: All right! And fifty back! Where are you going?

DMITRI: It doesn't matter. Nothing after tonight matters.

GRUSHENKA: Why do you have pistols?

DMITRI: I thought they'd come in handy. Your fifty and one hundred more.

GRUSHENKA: Your hundred and one hundred fifty. Stop this.

DMITRI: One hundred fifty and two hundred more. You stop.

GRUSHENKA: And two hundred fifty. I'll stop if you will.

DMITRI: When the game ends we have to get up from the table. I never want to get up from this table. Five hundred more. I'll gamble till I'm cleaned out. Or the sun comes up. Whichever comes first.

First
I love you

GRUSHENKA: What if you win?

DMITRI: Huh. Hadn't thought of that. Five hundred more.

GRUSHENKA: You're raising your own raise, for Christ's sake!

DMITRI: Sorry.

GRUSHENKA: The bet is five hundred to me!

DMITRI: Right, yes, sorry.

ACT TWO

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GRUSHENKA: Five hundred. Raise you fifty.

DMITRI: Fifty?

GRUSHENKA: There it is.

DMITRI: See your fifty, raise you a hundred.

GRUSHENKA: You can't win! The point of the game is to win!

DMITRI: The bet to you is one hundred. Call me or raise me or fold.

GRUSHENKA: Like hell I'll fold! Your one hundred, raise you a hundred.

DMITRI: Yes! Your one hundred, raise you...

GRUSHENKA: You're running out of money.

DMITRI: Raise you twenty.

GRUSHENKA: Your twenty, raise you ten.

DMITRI: Don't pity me. Your ten, raise you ten.

GRUSHENKA: I don't do that. Your ten, raise you five.

DMITRI: See your five, raise you... *(He feels in his pockets and puts a bill on the table.)* Five.

GRUSHENKA: See your five— *(She feels in her bag and pulls out a handful of coins. She puts one on the table.)* Raise you a kopek.

DMITRI: A kopek?

GRUSHENKA: Maybe the sun will never come up.

DMITRI: See your kopek. Raise a kopek.

GRUSHENKA: And a kopek.

DMITRI: And a kopek.

GRUSHENKA: And a kopek.

DMITRI: And a...

Builds.

Answers Yes

(He has nothing left.)

GRUSHENKA: Game over? Dmitri? Game over? You calling? (Pause) Can I lend you a kopek to call my bet? (Pause) Dmitri, when you've got nothing left to put on the table, the game is over.

7:04
7:47-
8:49
34-1:10

What's next

(DMITRI stands. He steps onto the table. He kneels, arms wide. Pause.)

GRUSHENKA: I'll see you.

Does not have to get on table

(GRUSHENKA stands. With a sweep of her arm she sends chips and money flying. They embrace. Chips fly everywhere.)

(A loud pounding on the door)

CONSTABLE: (Off) Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov!

DMITRI: Not yet!

(More pounding)

GRUSHENKA: Dmitri, what—

Door crash

(Everyone in the world comes in, behind two CONSTABLES.)

CONSTABLE: Dmitri Fyodorovich Karamazov!

DMITRI: That's me.

CONSTABLE: Come with us, please.

GRUSHENKA: Why? What are you doing with him?

CONSTABLE: There has been a murder.

GRUSHENKA: Who? Dmitri, what are they—

CONSTABLE: Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov was murdered this evening.

DMITRI: My father is dead? (A shout) My father is dead!?!

(The lights fade.)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Scene One

1.1 Outside courtroom

R. Gotten some power
has a book. Has become
the public expert on
this case

(Lights up on RAKITIN, splendidly dressed in frock coat and top hat.)

RAKITIN: That's a good question. I blame society.

~~(A crowd gathers around him.)~~

In Arch.

VOICE: Don't you blame Dmitri Karamazov?

RAKITIN: Certainly I blame Dmitri Karamazov for allegedly committing this crime, but I blame society, if you see what I mean, for committing Dmitri Karamazov.

VOICES: Mr Rakitin! Mr Rakitin!

RAKITIN: Yes, uh-huh?

1 VOICE: Why has this crime has become so notorious?

RAKITIN: It strikes a chord. It's a violent crime, we're a violent country.

2 VOICE: Compared with where?

RAKITIN: Certainly compared with Europe. We're a younger society. Look, some people don't want to hear this, but we are a nation of Karamazovs: violent, squandering, ruthless. We're the children of slaveowners. This country was built by the labor of serfs. That is our original sin. But that is how our pioneer fathers subdued this land.

If we turn from those Karamazov roots, are we turning toward civilization? Or are we turning our backs on our strength, on our fathers, and what they built by the whip and the sword? Without that "original sin," who are we?

VOICES: Mr Rakitin! Over here! Mr Rakitin!

RAKITIN: You in the back. Yes.

3 VOICE: How can I meet Grushenka Svetlov?

(Laughter)

RAKITIN: Same as anyone, take a number.

(Hoots)

RAKITIN: No, no—

4 VOICE: Is she as attractive in person?

5 VOICE: How close are you?

RAKITIN: Let's just say she is very attractive and we've known each other quite some time. But you know? What most people don't know is, she really is a nice person. I have time for one more, yes, you've been waving.

6 VOICE: Do you see any hope for us?

RAKITIN: Well. It's scary, things are scary. What it did for me, and this was a shock, was make me see that if we continue to turn away from God, we're going to see a lot more of this kind of thing.

VOICES: Mr Rakitin! One more! Sir!

RAKITIN: Thank you, thanks. The book is *The Life and Thought of the Sainted Elder, Father Zosima*. The Bishop's introduction is wonderful. I'd be happy to talk with you afterward and sign your copy if you'd like, they tell me they're for sale in the lobby.

(They take their places in court.)

ACT THREE

77

1.2 Courtroom

JUDGE: Lieutenant Karamazov. We cannot give you justice if you will not defend yourself. You say you are not guilty of this crime. But you seem bent on receiving the harshest of verdicts. Why is this? Lieutenant. We have no wish to wash our hands of you. Please try and save yourself.

DMITRI: That night was the great night of my life. My father. The man who destroyed all my chances. For years I had dreamed: how I'll pay him back. That night he stood in my arms' reach. A weapon in my fist. Do you know what I did? What I finally did?

NELYUDOV: Tell us please exactly what you did.

DMITRI: I listened—a moment—I'll never know why—

NELYUDOV: What did you hear?

ALYOSHA: Dmitri?

DMITRI: I heard.

ALYOSHA: Dmitri?

DMITRI: My brother's voice. Calling my name.

NELYUDOV: One of your brothers was there?

DMITRI: In spirit. That night he reminded me.

NELYUDOV: Of what?

ALYOSHA: Dmitri?

DMITRI: My name. My last and middle names are my father's. My first name, my Christian name, is mine. My brother called me by my Christian name.

NELYUDOV: Dmitri Fyodorovich. What did you do?

DMITRI: I looked at my father. And for the first time I felt:

I am more than this old man's shadow. I am the brother—
the brother in arms—of Alexei Fyodorovich

3.1.2
How long has
this been going
on? are you
worrying about him?

D - to show how
close he was to
falling into temptation

the

Karamazov. Who will survive this world because he has worked so hard to forgive this man. And what I did.... Gentlemen, that night was the achievement of my life. I did not kill my father. I let my enemy live.

NELYUDOV: And then the servant Smerdyakov came out and you beat him half to death.

DMITRI: I never said I was blameless—

NELYUDOV: With the cane you stole from Mr Samsonov, later found bloody in the garden—

DMITRI: Yes—

NELYUDOV: You then proceeded to Grushenka Svetlov's and attacked her servant—

DMITRI: Yes—

NELYUDOV: You then ran up an enormous catering bill with the merchant Plotkinov, paid in cash you cannot account for—

DMITRI: All right! I'm a thug and a thief and a piece of scum. Thank you for reminding me.

NELYUDOV: Dmitri Fyodorovich.

DMITRI: I opened my ears to catch the voice of God and what do I get I get you!

NELYUDOV: Do you have anything to add?

DMITRI: No, that's it, that's my confession.

NELYUDOV: Dmitri Fyodorovich. That is not a confession.

DMITRI: I've confessed my soul to you.

NELYUDOV: You have not admitted to the crime.

DMITRI: I've admitted that I am a crime. That's enough. CL

(The court disassembles, leaving IVAN and ALYOSHA.)

Destroy the character
of the witness.
Bury him

Push him to
admit it.

Workout better
Blockins

move this scene
to Balcony

ACT THREE

Not know
who did it.

Scene Two

2 Outside

To save Ivan
so you can save
yourself

(IVAN and ALYOSHA stand, wrapped in their coats.)

IVAN: Did you say something?

ALYOSHA: Is our mother buried here?

IVAN: Smerdyakov might know.

ALYOSHA: I'll ask him when he feels up to coming.
I don't know why Mitya had to beat him half to death.

IVAN: I don't know why he confesses to that, but not to
killing father. They'd lighten his sentence.

ALYOSHA: You think Mitya killed him.

IVAN: I think they'll convict him. Alyosha? Do you hate
evil?

To tempt Alyosha so I'll
know I'm not alone

ALYOSHA: If I had a cancer that was eating me alive, I
would hate that cancer. Yes, Ivan, I hate evil very much.

IVAN: What if a man were such a cancer? A man who is
evil incarnate?

ALYOSHA: No man is evil incarnate, only Satan is—

IVAN: Only Satan is evil incarnate.

ALYOSHA: Forgive me, Ivan. Forgive what I said.

IVAN: And the sources of evil? Do you hate them too?

ALYOSHA: There is only one source of evil.

IVAN: Maybe so, but the local distributors do a hell of a
job. A man who blights every life around him, the more
dependent the better? Is that an evil man?

ALYOSHA: Yes, Ivan.

IVAN: Don't you ever wish that such men... stopped
existing? I do.

I - is leading him
because it is so
predictable?

Bible
Thumpings?

why? - trying to find out
if he is so different

Alyosha's real

Does A-know where
this is headed?

80

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

ALYOSHA: Sometimes. It's a weakness. That wish is a sin in itself.

IVAN: That's my point, a man like that not only does evil, but infects with evil someone as good as you. Wouldn't you hate that man? If he had blighted the lives of children? Of his own children?

ALYOSHA: Why are you tempting me this way, Ivan? Why are you torturing me?

IVAN: Say it! If he tried to destroy his own children!

ALYOSHA: He's dead, Ivan.

IVAN: Say it! If you walked by a stableyard and saw children standing in ragged shirts, standing in their own filth, standing in all weathers—

ALYOSHA: He's dead! It doesn't matter anymore!

IVAN: And if those two children were anyone but you and me, if you could save them, if you could be their savior, if anyone could have saved us, Alyosha—

ALYOSHA: No! I know what you want me to say, and I won't!

IVAN: What won't you say, Alyosha?

ALYOSHA: You want me to say that I hated our father! I won't say it!

IVAN: Why not?

ALYOSHA: No! ~~Sometimes I—~~

IVAN: ~~Sometimes~~ you'd look at him and think, if I had a weapon in my hand, I'd—

ALYOSHA: Why do you think I became a monk? So I would never ever ever have a weapon in my hand!
(Pause) Don't make me say it, Ivan.

IVAN: You don't have to say it.

Burks.

ACT THREE

81

ALYOSHA: It isn't true.

IVAN: Only sometimes.

- throw it back @ him] Mark L. H.

ALYOSHA: Only sometimes. My God, my God...
Why have you done this to me?

IVAN: I was curious.

ALYOSHA: You were curious!

*All leading to
this question*

IVAN: I was curious to see if there was anyone in the
world who was just like me. Where were you the night
Father was killed?

ALYOSHA: At the monastery, why?

IVAN: Doing what?

ALYOSHA: My elder died that evening. I was lying in
the headstones, grieving for him.

IVAN: All night? Every minute?

ALYOSHA: Yes.

IVAN: Could you prove that?

ALYOSHA: No. Why?

IVAN: No reason. You didn't kill him.

ALYOSHA: Of course I didn't kill him. Smerdyakov
killed him.

*overlap
physicist*

IVAN: What? How do you know that?

ALYOSHA: I was gone, you were gone. Dmitri didn't do
it.

IVAN: How are you so sure of that?

ALYOSHA: I just am. Smerdyakov's the only other one
who was there.

IVAN: Father had a lot of enemies.

ALYOSHA: None like us. Who wanted to kill him as
much as his sons? *CONFESSIO*

(IVAN turns and strides away from ALYOSHA.)

Says Room is
hot, so hell.
Can light more
toward road

5-12

Scene Three

Fyodor's dining
3 room/Smerdyakov's room

(SMERDYAKOV is lying down.)

IVAN: Smerdyakov? Smerdyakov?

SMERDYAKOV: Sir? Over here, Sir.

(IVAN crosses to him.)

I-PAN Dmitri Gaudy

IVAN: Are you all right to talk? I won't tire you long.

SMERDYAKOV: When did you come back?

IVAN: Just this morning.

SMERDYAKOV: You missed the funeral?

IVAN: They couldn't get word to me in time.

SMERDYAKOV: What a shock.

IVAN: Yes.

SMERDYAKOV: Who could have guessed it would turn out like this?

IVAN: Well. You did.

SMERDYAKOV: Hm?

IVAN: You predicted all of it—even your fit.

SMERDYAKOV: Well, when you left, and I lost your protection—I was reeling, I thought, "It's going to happen, I'm about to fall!"

IVAN: I talked to a doctor friend in Moscow. He says you can't predict an epileptic fit. Though he says it is possible to fake one.

SMERDYAKOV: Ask the doctors here if the fit was a fake. Dmitri assaulted me with a weapon. Everything that happened that night I told to the district attorney.

IVAN: Have you told them about our conversation?

SMERDYAKOV: Yes. Not every word.

IVAN: Did you tell them that you told me you can fake a fit?

SMERDYAKOV: No.

IVAN: Why did you send me to Moscow just then? You knew there'd be trouble? You wanted to help me?

SMERDYAKOV: I told you to go as a way of warning you there'd be trouble. So you'd stay.

IVAN: Wait. You told me to go in order to get me to stay?

SMERDYAKOV: I thought you'd hear there was danger and naturally you'd stay to protect Father.

IVAN: Why didn't you say it directly? I told you I was leaving and you said, what, "It always helps to talk with a clever man"? Weren't you telling me you wanted me to go?

SMERDYAKOV: I was being ironic.

IVAN: Ironic?! Dmitri says you did it, that you faked a fit—

SMERDYAKOV: If I were planning to stage a fit, would I really have told you beforehand? I've never faked a seizure in my life.

IVAN: —that you faked a fit to give yourself an alibi and killed Father after Dmitri left.

SMERDYAKOV: Of course Dmitri says that. What do you say?

IVAN: All the evidence points to Dmitri, I'm afraid.

SMERDYAKOV: And not to me, you're afraid. Thank you very much.

IVAN: Why did you tell me you could fake a seizure?

Ivan leaves when he's convinced
Smerdyakov

84

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

SMERDYAKOV: I don't know, I was showing off.
Everyone else in the family is good at something,
all I can do is make fish soup and alibis for Father.
Now he's dead. Who am I going to cook for now?

Proved he
didn't do it
he's too dumb

IVAN: Look. I won't tell the police. All right?

out D. S. L

SMERDYAKOV: I understand. And I won't mention our
conversation.

IVAN: What do you mean? Are you threatening me?

SMERDYAKOV: All I meant is that you knew that
something would happen to Father and you let it
happen. People might think that if you're capable of
that, you're capable of more. So why mention it?

IVAN: Are you saying I knew he was going to be
murdered?

SMERDYAKOV: I'm saying you wouldn't haven't minded.

(IVAN slaps him.)

SMERDYAKOV: I'm sick, Sir! You shouldn't hit me!

IVAN: Stop crying. Stop it. What did you think, that I
knew what Dmitri would do? That he and I planned it
together? What?

SMERDYAKOV: I didn't know, I didn't know anything,
why do you think I talked to you that night? I was
trying to sound you out.

IVAN: About what?

SMERDYAKOV: About whether you wanted Father dead.

IVAN: You did kill him!

Anyshy

SMERDYAKOV: No. I didn't. You're a clever man, Sir,
you know what happened. I'm so scared. I've been
suspecting everybody.

IVAN: Very good. All right. We're sitting here talking.
I haven't hit you again.

From Smerd's POV Ivan could
have wanted Smerd to do it
but May to frame him for it.

○ This scene is simply Smerd covering
his tracks

ACT THREE

85

SMERDYAKOV: Thank you, Sir.

IVAN: I'm listening.

SMERDYAKOV: I had four ideas: One, Dmitri would kill
him and you had no idea.

IVAN: Which turned out to be true.

SMERDYAKOV: No, you knew something was up, or you
wouldn't have left. Two, you suspected Dmitri would
kill him and you let nature take its course. That made
sense, your hands would be clean and you'd get
Dmitri's share of the inheritance when he was
convicted. It's what a clever man like you would do,
Sir. Three, you and Dmitri were in it together. When
I thought of that, I almost had a fit on the spot.

IVAN: Why?

SMERDYAKOV: Because if you and Dmitri are in it
together, I'm sunk. You'd plan it so I'd be blamed.
And look what he's telling people now! Look how you
come here accusing me! The reason I told you I could
fake a fit, Sir? The real reason was so you'd know I
could give myself an alibi. So you couldn't pin it on me.

IVAN: You said four ideas. What's the fourth?

SMERDYAKOV: You wanted me to do it.

IVAN: What?

SMERDYAKOV: You wanted me to kill Father.

IVAN: What on Earth could possibly make you think I
wanted that?

SMERDYAKOV: Our conversation.

IVAN: I never told you to kill him, you never told me
you'd kill him, nobody said anything about killing him,
nobody said anything about anything, it was just a
weird conversation about maybe something's going
to happen to Father. A very weird conversation.

Degenerate
Fiducial Idea
From a stupid
stupid man

SMERDYAKOV: Did you mention it to him?

IVAN: What?

SMERDYAKOV: Our conversation. Did you ever say, "Hey, old man, I just had the weirdest talk with funny old Smerdyakov, he was ranting on and on, all scared something bad's about to happen to you. Say, you know? Think I'll go to Moscow now. Bye." Ever tell him something like that?

IVAN: No. Admission/Discovery(?) of Guilt

SMERDYAKOV: No. And since you didn't see fit to mention it to him, I haven't seen fit to tell the police.

IVAN: I had nothing to do with Father's death.

SMERDYAKOV: How awkward to have to keep saying that.

Rub in his face

(IVAN crosses away from SMERDYAKOV.)

4.1 Katya's home interior

Save Dmitri @ all costs,

Scene Four

What he's
happening
before -

POV Dmitri's
not guilty

(IVAN joins KATYA, who holds a letter.)

KATYA: What can I do? He says it all, right here.

IVAN: Sometimes... Sometimes, Miss Verkhovtsev, people say things they don't mean.

KATYA: (Reading) "Tomorrow I will get money and give you back your three thousand rubles, and farewell to your fury, but farewell to your love, as well. I give you my word of honor, if I can't get it any other way, I will go to my father and smash his head in and take it from under his pillow, the next time Ivan goes away—"

IVAN: When did he write this?

KATYA: I received it the day of the murder. Are you saying he didn't mean this?

Physical evidence

Why doesn't it

Ivan is discovering just how
like Dmitri he is.

ACT THREE

87

IVAN: People mean things at the moment they say them,
maybe, or they say them along with a lot of other things,
to see which one sounds the most like how they feel.
It's trial and error. Dmitri is trial and error all the time.

struggle he
justify this

KATYA: You're defending him.

IVAN: Am I? All right, then, I am. It's something I'm
trying. I've condemned him long enough, now I want
to try the other way.

KATYA: In the face of a statement like this?

IVAN: Because of a statement like this! I know what this
means! I recognize this!

KATYA: It means what it says. He was planning to kill
his father.

IVAN: Don't you see? He says here he can kill his father!

KATYA: Yes! And now he's done it.

IVAN: No!

KATYA: Why not?

IVAN: Because he didn't have to!

KATYA: Why not?

Ivan relates
IVAN: Because he said right here that he could!
He said it to you, to his conscience, precisely so
that he wouldn't have to do it! He puts it into words.
He takes the wish and instead of putting it into action,
he puts it into words!

KATYA: What kind of a person. Has to think like that.

IVAN: A person who knows he has evil inside him.
Dmitri. Alyosha. Me.

KATYA: Can't people say what they mean and...mean
what they say and do what they say they are going to
do....

IVAN: I wouldn't know. I'm a Karamazov.

Why? KATYA: I love Dmitri. I have said it a thousand times.

IVAN: Is it true?

KATYA: I heard him today. Asking his lawyer if a woman can join her man in Siberia if he's convicted. Her man. He loves her. So that's Love now. Here. In my heart. There's an icon in my heart. The two of them. When I kneel by my bed and try to pray, to look into my heart, I see them. It must be wonderful to be a Karamazov, and be desperate for one thing one minute and desperate for something else the next.

IVAN: Miss Verkhovtsev. Katya. You hold him in your hands. You can save him or destroy him.

KATYA: *(Holding the letter)* He's already destroyed himself.

IVAN: Give whatever evidence you want tomorrow. I don't care.

KATYA: I'll be under oath.

IVAN: "So help me God." Really? Katya. Really? *Self through w.r.*

KATYA: I cannot forgive this. It is who I am. I will never change. This is my heart. I will not let any of it, any of it, any of it go. Never.

*1st Appearance
why He's
Failing
thats why*

(Someone applauds. IVAN turns and gives a startled cry. A nattily dressed gentleman enters. He has FYODOR KARAMAZOV's face. He also has horns on his forehead KATYA does not see him.)

KATYA: Mr Karamazov, what—?

IVAN: Nothing. It's just—nothing, but—listen.

DEVIL: Evening, Ivan.

KATYA: Mr Karamazov? Ivan? What's the matter?

(The DEVIL exits.)

*St. L Doorway
X St. R up Door*

out

ACT THREE

89

What does he say?
IVAN: Dmitri is a fool and a thief and a murderer. He is no one to make you pass judgment on yourself. Katya. Believe me. You can't do this. You can't live like this. It'll kill you.

KATYA: Let it try. See what happens.

IVAN: Believe me.

4.2 Courtroom

3.4.2
(IVAN runs out. KATYA watches him go.)

NELYUDOV: Miss Verkhovtsev.

(She is in court.)

NELYUDOV: The night of the murder the defendant squandered vast sums of money.

KATYA: He did not steal that money from his father. He got it from me.

NELYUDOV: Stolen?

KATYA: No. I gave it to him.

DMITRI: Katya, no!

JUDGE: Order.

DMITRI: Don't do this, Katya, don't make me take this from you—

JUDGE: Silence!

KATYA: I knew he would never accept a loan from me. I gave him the money to take care of for me, so he would have it to use if he needed it, and he would not need to....

NELYUDOV: Would not need to rob his father?

KATYA: No! I could see how he hated to—

NELYUDOV: How he hated his father.

KATYA: No! I could see how he hated to need his father's money. I had the money, we were engaged, why shouldn't I—

NELYUDOV: Some would call it improper—

KATYA: Damn propriety! Charity is the opposite of propriety. Charity is the giving of freedom. That is why I gave Dmitri the money. I wanted to free him from his past. So he would no longer need his father, and he would—

NELYUDOV: And he would need you instead.

KATYA: Perhaps. So.

NELYUDOV: Thank you, Miss Verkhovtsev. This is the most powerful motive we have yet heard. The very night he took your money, he spent every kopek in the fleshpots of Mokroye. Then, to repay this debt of shame, he robbed his father two weeks later! Then, helpless to resist his base desires, he went to Mokroye and spent his father's money as well!

KATYA: You are wrong! I can prove it.

NELYUDOV: I am sorry, a woman's pride can scarcely bear— what.

KATYA: That he gave my money to Grushenka Svetlov. I know. She came to my house and returned it to me. One thousand rubles. Leaving two thousand to spend on the night of the murder. Not his father's money. Mine.

NELYUDOV: The court will bear in mind that the witness is prejudiced toward her fiancé.

KATYA: I am not. His fiancé, anymore. Gentlemen, the man is not a thief. Everything he has, the man throws away.

NELYUDOV: One more question, Miss Verkhovtsev. Have you ever heard the defendant issue threats against his father?

DMITRI: Katya, tell them the truth.

*Younger - not
ever had involvement
-
it was
from her*

ACT THREE

91

JUDGE: Order.

(Pause)

KATYA: I never heard him. Do that. Threaten him. No.

(The court disassembles, leaving DMITRI.)

Scene Five

5.1 Holding Cell?

(GRUSHENKA stands at a distance from DMITRI.)

GRUSHENKA: I'm used to the snickering. I am. I'm used to the staring. They were very attentive in court, weren't they? Very tolerant of me? Very polite and open-minded. Bastards, evil, evil—I'm used to it. I'm used to all of it. I'm not used to so much of it at once.

DMITRI: Do you think I did it?

GRUSHENKA: I've told you this. What did I say on the stand today? Why can't you believe me? (Pause) Could you believe my officer today? The outraged dignity of the Polish nation. He writes to me every day now, asking for money. I saw him in the corridor this morning, I slipped him five rubles for something to eat so he wouldn't pass out on the witness stand.

DMITRI: You're giving him money.

GRUSHENKA: Mitya. That night I think I was going to murder him. I didn't come there planning to do it. Alyosha helped me. But once I was there...those cards of his, and...what he said to me... I thought, I can go with him to his room now and that's where I'll murder him. If you hadn't been there, nothing would have kept me at that table. You kept me playing. That's what you did that night. If you're guilty, so am I. We thought we needed those old men dead. But we didn't. Mitya. We didn't. We found something better to do.

(IVAN and ALYOSHA enter.)

From St. L Ivan

who? Lower st. L. L. p.
Nehet Katya takes
Seals left by
Al & Ivan who
X cut st. R Van to
ST

IVAN: (*To ALYOSHA*) What do you want? Don't—

ALYOSHA: Ivan, I want to—

GRUSHENKA: Alyosha, oh thank you, Ivan
Fyodorovich—

ALYOSHA: I've wanted to talk with you—

GRUSHENKA: —come in, you did come, thank you,
talk to him, please, he's been asking—

IVAN: (*To DMITRI*) Listen. If they convict you. If they
send you to Siberia. I've learned who to bribe to help
you escape on the way.

DMITRI: You think I did it, don't you.

IVAN: I don't care. You'll have to leave Russia for a long
time.

GRUSHENKA: Who's paying?

IVAN: I'm putting up some—

DMITRI: Who's paying? Katya? Katya thinks I did it.

IVAN: Nobody said you did it.

ALYOSHA: Mitya. You didn't.

DMITRI: Really?

ALYOSHA: Really. You did not do it.

(*Pause*)

IVAN: Dmitri. On the stand, you said you heard your
brother's voice, that night. Alyosha's voice. So you
didn't kill Father. You said that. What if you'd heard
my voice? What would you have done?

DMITRI: I don't know.

(*IVAN crosses away.*)

ALYOSHA: Brother, wait! (*To GRUSHENKA and DMITRI*)
Pardon me, please, I have to—

Key for
Ivan's
behaviour
for Act
& Pl. 7

3.5.2 (ALYOSHA pursues IVAN.)

IVAN: You think I'm insane, don't you.

ALYOSHA: What? No. You look ill.

IVAN: Do you know how people go insane?

ALYOSHA: I guess all kinds of ways.

IVAN: Do you think they can see it happening to them? Volontade

ALYOSHA: I wouldn't think they could see themselves well enough.

IVAN: Who killed our father? (Dmitri)

ALYOSHA: You know who.

IVAN: Smerdyakov? Are you still on that?

ALYOSHA: You know who.

IVAN: So who?

ALYOSHA: I know this: It was not you who killed Father.

IVAN: "Not me"? What do you mean, "not me"?

ALYOSHA: It was not you who killed Father, Ivan.
Not you.

(The DEVIL enters and waves to IVAN.) Devil sits on Katya's Lap

IVAN: I know I didn't. I was in Moscow.

ALYOSHA: You've told yourself you're the murderer and no one else. But you didn't do it. You are wrong. You are not the murderer. Do you hear? It was not you!

IVAN: How do you know all that? (He points at the DEVIL.) You can see Him, too!

ALYOSHA: Who?

IVAN: You can! You can see Him! Are you insane, too?

ALYOSHA: No.

(IVAN looks at the DEVIL.)

IVAN: Do you ever think of the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness?

ALYOSHA: I'm a novice, Ivan. I think about the Temptor all the time.

IVAN: Jesus walks into the wilderness. He walks for days. He walks upright in the sun, casting a long shadow. The shadow matches him stride for stride, slithering over the furrows and gullies in the earth. A couple of weeks into the desert, Jesus notices, now and then, a shape in the corner of his eye. When he turns toward it, away from the sun, his eyes feel a little cooler, his mouth no longer so dry. He feels more comfortable, facing his shadow. A tiny temptation. The first. So he turns and walks again. By the thirtieth day, Jesus' shadow walks upright beside him, matching him stride for stride. A shadow that casts no shadow. A hole in the light of the world. Don't you think they must have walked side by side for days, in silence? To the middle of the open plain. And then they stop, on the fortieth day, as it was written. The wind blows across that plain like the spirit of the world, headlong and howling. A pounding sun. The two of them, standing in the dust. Two visitors in the world. No sweat left in them. Jesus and Satan. Born of the same Creator. Two brothers.

ALYOSHA: You've thought a great deal about our Savior, haven't you?

IVAN: I'm an atheist, Alyosha. I think about God all the time. Do you think Satan ever wanted to say to Jesus, "Why do you get to be the good one? We had the same father. Why do you get to be the one who needs nothing, and I was created to be nothing but a parcel of infinite wants?"

ALYOSHA: Surely his pride would keep him from admitting that.

Setting all this
up casting
himself as the
devil.

Key

ACT THREE

95

IVAN: Most days. With most people. But not when he stands in the wilderness, beside his younger brother.

ALYOSHA: I tell you, once and for all, it was not you. Do you hear? God has put it into my heart to tell you this, Ivan, even if you hate me for it. You are not what you think you are.

IVAN: I can't stand prophets and angels. Leave me, please.

ALYOSHA: Brother! If anything happens to you, send for me!

(IVAN runs away, leaving ALYOSHA behind. The DEVIL follows IVAN.)

1:01 - 1:28

Exit UP SH L

Scene Six

Smer & Ivan → Aly

Fyodor's dining room/Smerdyakov's room

(The DEVIL ushers IVAN to where SMERDYAKOV is sitting. Then he sits and watches them.)

SMERDYAKOV: Sir. You look unwell.

IVAN: I won't keep you long. See? I'm keeping my coat on.

SMERDYAKOV: Worried about something? The trial?

IVAN: Why should I be worried about the trial?

SMERDYAKOV: I don't see why you have to keep play-acting. Nothing is going to happen to you! Look at his hands shaking—you weren't the one who killed him!

IVAN: I know I wasn't.

- How many times do you say that?

A little like

SMERDYAKOV: You're sure? Good. Go home, get some rest, you look terrible, Sir.

IVAN: Smerdyakov! Tell me what you did!

SMERDYAKOV: If you're going to stay, take off your coat, the room's overheated.

IVAN: In a minute.

SMERDYAKOV: Would you like some lemonade?
It's very refreshing.

IVAN: You stinking bastard! What did you do?

SMERDYAKOV: Well, Ivan, it really was you, when it's all said and done.

IVAN: You're crazy.

SMERDYAKOV: When are you going to stop play-acting?
You did it, you were the head killer, I was nothing but
your cat's-paw.

IVAN: You killed him?

(SMERDYAKOV holds out a wad of bills to IVAN.)

IVAN: Smerdyakov. What have you done.

SMERDYAKOV: Three thousand. It's all there, Sir.

IVAN: God. God! Did you do it alone, with Dmitri,
what?

SMERDYAKOV. It was just you and me, Sir, just us,
Dmitri's innocent.

IVAN: Why do my hands keep shaking—

SMERDYAKOV: You really didn't know? Do you mean to
tell me that you—

IVAN: My lips won't work right—

SMERDYAKOV: But that would mean that I—no, you
knew, you must have known, you told me the last time
we talked that you knew all along—

IVAN: I didn't, I said maybe I suspected, but—

SMERDYAKOV: I was acting on your explicit—

IVAN: I never—

S. Dost. Perhaps
or try to get away

Character

ACT THREE

97

Key

SMERDYAKOV: But that would mean that—I acted alone!
All alone! Me! Just...me...

IVAN: I'm not really seeing you. You're just something
in my eye, a shape, you're one of the voices I hear in my
head.

SMERDYAKOV: I'm really here. So are you. It's just you
and me, and one other.

IVAN: Who? Who's here?

SMERDYAKOV: Well, God, Sir. Sitting behind the walls
and judging. Don't look, you can't see him anyway, the
world's too bright. Here. The money's all there, take it.

(He puts down the money. IVAN picks it up.)

IVAN: Did you have a real fit, or were you faking?

SMERDYAKOV: Faking, of course. It was all an act.

IVAN: It was an act later, too, in the hospital?

SMERDYAKOV: No, it's funny, I must have convinced
myself somehow, because the next day I had a real
attack, worst in years, I was out for two days.

IVAN: I'll testify tomorrow, that's what I'll do, and
you'll confess.

SMERDYAKOV: They'll say you're delirious. Look at your
eyes, they're all yellow—

IVAN: People can judge whether I really put you up to it
or whether I just wished it might happen, somehow.

SMERDYAKOV: Why are you doing this? Why are you
forsaking me?

IVAN: I ought to kill you right now.

SMERDYAKOV: Ivan! I only did what you wanted!

IVAN: All I ever wanted in the world was justice.

5-takes pride
in all this

SMERDYAKOV: Our son of a bitch of a father is dead. That's justice.

IVAN: And Dmitri? Where's the justice for him?

SMERDYAKOV: Dmitri wanted him dead. Another night, he might have done it himself. Even Alyosha thought he was evil, he could have stood guard over Father, but he was too busy getting holy. You wanted him dead. Everyone benefits from his death but me. I'm out of a job. And all you can think about is how to save Dmitri by sacrificing me, because you've only ever thought of me as some kind of insect, not a human being with a soul like anyone.

IVAN: Why did you kill him?

SMERDYAKOV: Dmitri was running away I'd prepared him, rehearsed him in our secret knock, told him the money was under the pillow. Everybody knew something had to be done! I thought I'd been put there for a reason! I felt a craving, like a thirst, like a dry ache down my throat—

IVAN: A craving for what?

SMERDYAKOV: For everything to be over. Haven't you ever felt that? Don't people ever? Am I as different from a human being as that?

(IVAN shakes his head "no".)

SMERDYAKOV: Is that a no? No, what? No, you've never felt that? No, I'm not a human being?

IVAN: I've felt that.

SMERDYAKOV: Never mind, I don't need your answer, to hell with your answer. I got up and went to the door. I gave the secret knock. Father shouted Grushenka's name. He opened the door, right that instant, didn't even wait for an answer. He must have loved her a lot, somehow. When he saw it was only me, he turned his

5 - Stand up for
yourself.

Frustrating

ACT THREE

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back. He was always doing that. On the third blow I felt his skull give way.

IVAN: We'll go to the police. We'll confess.

SMERDYAKOV: You won't go.

IVAN: I've got evidence. I've got the money.

SMERDYAKOV: You can't prove it's Father's, you might as well keep it. You can't prove anything.

IVAN: I'll kill you right now!

SMERDYAKOV: Fine. Kill me. Kill me now! (Pause) I used to think you were brave, Ivan. When you told me there is no God, and no need for goodness, that anything is true, and everything is permitted—why did you teach me those things!—I thought, my brother is a strong man. He curses God in the face. I must have known God existed back then, or you couldn't have seemed so brave.

God ↑

IVAN: And now you believe in God again. That's why you're giving the money—

SMERDYAKOV: No. If he did exist, you'd never have said those things. You wouldn't have the nerve. He doesn't exist. And you won't testify.

IVAN: You'll see.

SMERDYAKOV: You won't waste your life for a meaningless gesture. You're too proud. You hate to bow to anyone. Just like Father. You know, of all of us, you resemble him the most. *Insult*

IVAN: I used to think you were stupid. You're not stupid.

Admission

SMERDYAKOV: That was you being proud, Sir. You have the money? You have your coat? Wait...show it to me one more time.

(IVAN holds out the money. SMERDYAKOV looks at it.)

Thought he was brave because he cursed God to his face. Now realize that ~~there~~ ^{is a reward} Ivan is ~~brave~~ so there must not be a God

↓

What has just happened? - Smereyakov has told you that you taught him to be a murderer. You are planning to give both of you up at the trial tomorrow.

Devil - to W

I. What does it mean that you see the Devil.

Dreams tell us.

100

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

SMERDYAKOV: All right, now go.

(SMERDYAKOV lies down again as IVAN crosses away.
The DEVIL walks behind him.)

3.7.1 Does Ivan Believe in God? The Devil?
Image of Father cast as the Devil.

7.1 Ivan's room

Scene Seven

I get him to leave

(The DEVIL taps IVAN on the shoulder. IVAN yells and shies away.)

IVAN: Disappear, would you?

DEVIL: I've got nowhere else to go. I'm your hallucination, Ivan.

IVAN: You're nothing! You're nothing but what I think of you!

DEVIL: But Ivan. That's how you feel about everyone.

IVAN: Look, I'd love to talk, but I'm delirious at the moment.

DEVIL: I'm sorry. As symptoms go, I'm not the worst company. I know, you were expecting something profound, right, something beautiful in a Byronic sort of way. I'm doing my best, but I am here on vacation.

IVAN: The Earth is a vacation for you?

DEVIL: Oh, yes. I love how real it all is. And the clarity! On the plane where I dwell? Chaos. You know what I did today? I went to the children's hospital and got myself a smallpox vaccination. I was so happy I gave a donation.

IVAN: Smallpox vaccination?

DEVIL: If I can take human form, I can catch a human disease. Can't be too careful.

IVAN: I don't remember ever thinking that. Odd.

5:14-5:44

ACT THREE

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DEVIL: Oh, no, listen, all it is: I'm a dream you're having. Don't you ever get new ideas in your dreams? I love dreaming. I come here just to have a body so my body can dream.

IVAN: You can't dream...where you're from?

DEVIL: Of course not, Ivan. I'm from Hell. You know what I'd love to do this trip? Go to church and light a candle.
(He does so.) I'd love to believe in God. Wouldn't you?

IVAN: Do you mean to say the Devil doesn't believe in God?

DEVIL: How shall I put this....

IVAN: Is there a God or not?

DEVIL: Who wants to know?

IVAN: Answer me! Is there a God!

DEVIL: I don't know.

IVAN: What am I doing? You don't know? I'm arguing with a figment of my own imagination.

DEVIL: I can prove that I don't exist. Shall I? Let's say this candle—this light, this illumination—is God. A force of warmth and a power of destruction. All right? Now.
Let's say that I, standing here, represent the material world.

IVAN: Given you don't exist, it's a stretch.

DEVIL: —separate from God, different in nature. All right? Now—

IVAN: Do I represent something?

DEVIL: You stand for yourself. It's a stretch. So there's you: separate from the world, separate from God.

X up to Candle

Observing. So. God, World, You: your image of the universe. Now. Tell me what's behind me.

IVAN: Nothing.

DEVIL: In a way you're right. Look again.

IVAN: I can't see anything, besides, it's dark.

DEVIL: Is it?

IVAN: You're standing in front of the candle, you fool, you make a better door than a window, you're casting a shadow.

DEVIL: Yes. And the shadow in question would be...me. A hole, as an eloquent young man once said, in the light of the world/ Ivan Fyodorovich, if you think that the world is a solid thing, distant from God, that the world is a door not a window, a door to nowhere...why, then the very light by which you see the world must cast behind it a huge black thing the shape of the world and many times as large, which you have named Satan. And which wears a face...that you know well.

IVAN: How can I make you go away?

DEVIL: Stop believing in me. *Big Devil*

IVAN: I don't believe in you!

DEVIL: Who are you talking to?

IVAN: I am talking to nobody! I am talking to myself.... <

(Pause. The DEVIL holds out the candle.)

DEVIL: When you come to believe that the world is the source of its own illumination, that you are in the world, and God is, too, then the world will be a window, clear as glass, and then there will be no shadow, because everything will be made of light.

(IVAN takes the candle and looks at the flame. Then he smothers it in his hand.)

ACT THREE

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IVAN: Get out.

DEVIL: So be it. You come, too.

IVAN: Where are we going?

DEVIL: Dmitri's trial.

IVAN: What?

7.2 Courtroom

3.7.2
KATYA: Ivan!

JUDGE: (*Whose horns are gone*) I said, are you all right?

KATYA: Can't you see he's ill!

JUDGE: Mr Karamazov, am I right in understanding you to say that an apparition of Satan has visited you in your room?

(*IVAN looks around, disoriented at the others who are there.*)

IVAN: I said that?

JUDGE: You have interrupted the proceedings, Mr Karamazov—

IVAN: That's not what I came here to say—

KATYA: He is ill, Your Honor—

IVAN: —what I came here to confess—

ALYOSHA: Ivan! Don't damn yourself!

IVAN: Too late! I have come to give evidence against myself and my—I was going to say my brother—

NELYUDOV: Your brother Dmitri?

IVAN: My brother Smerdyakov, but no—

NELYUDOV: We have already heard—

IVAN: No though, not my brother. Somehow? My son...

JUDGE: What are you saying, Mr Karamazov.

IVAN: I seem, without knowing it, to be the father of Smerdyakov's soul!

(Pause)

NELYUDOV: Mr Karamazov. The man Smerdyakov is dead. He hanged himself. Out of grief for his dead master, we believe.

IVAN: Out of guilt.

NELYUDOV: He left no message.

IVAN: Smerdyakov and I killed my father.

KATYA: No, Ivan!

ALYOSHA: Stop—

IVAN: I gave him the idea.

KATYA: Your Honor, this man is delirious—

JUDGE: Order.

IVAN: He gave me his ability to act.

KATYA: I will not permit this!

DMITRI: Now, yes, now they come—

JUDGE: Order!

IVAN: Too late!

KATYA: Your Honor!!

DMITRI: They circle downward, hear the wings—

KATYA: Your Honor, I will not let this good man perjure himself—

DMITRI: Now they land—

GRUSHENKA: Your Honor, this is jealousy, spite—

IVAN: Katya, please, let me—

KATYA: Your Honor, I demand that I testify again—

DMITRI: ~~The Furies~~

KATYA: Your Honor, I have a piece of evidence—

*Have
Parade*

ACT THREE

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DMITRI: My Furies are here—

KATYA: I have a letter written to me by Dmitri Karamazov.

DMITRI: It is finished.

(The lights fade.)

Jesus

8 Holding Cell?

Scene Eight

(A small crowd of PRISONERS is strewn across the floor, sleeping or resting, hidden in their coats. DMITRI is kneeling. ALYOSHA, GRUSHENKA, and FENYA are nearby.)

DMITRI: I can't do it.

ALYOSHA: It's done, Mitya, the plans are in place, the guards are bribed—

DMITRI: I have to see Katya. I have to talk to Ivan.

ALYOSHA: He's terribly ill, Mitya, I can't even find out where they took him, he's not in the hospital—

DMITRI: And Katya? I'm sorry, Grushka, but I can't live without her forgiveness, I know I don't deserve it, but—

GRUSHENKA: She destroyed you.

DMITRI: She brought down my punishment. It's just, whatever happens to me is just.

ALYOSHA: Twenty years in the mines! Mitya, you're not guilty.

DMITRI: I'm guilty of my whole life. No one but me. I've blamed my Karamazov blood long enough.

ALYOSHA: Stop trying to accept this injustice! Mitya, it's too heavy a cross. You want to make up for everything and suffer for everyone all at once, but you can't. As it is you have to leave Russia forever and go someplace like America, isn't that penance enough?

2128 250

(KATYA enters and watches them.)

KATYA: Forgive me.

GRUSHENKA: Come to see the fruits of your labor?

KATYA: I came to be punished. Not by you.

DMITRI: Grusha. Can't you forgive her?

GRUSHENKA: Who are we to forgive each other?

KATYA: She's right not to forgive me. I like her for that.

DMITRI: Grusha, look at her. Can't you see she's ashamed?

GRUSHENKA: (*Smiling terribly*) Never be ashamed.

ALYOSHA: Just a moment. Katya. Do you know what has happened to Ivan?

KATYA: I ordered him carried to my house. I'm nursing him there.

ALYOSHA: That is a great act of charity.

KATYA: No. I'm doing it because I love him.

ALYOSHA: I think that's what charity means.

DMITRI: What was he trying to do at my trial? What did it mean?

KATYA: That was an act of charity. Pure charity. It put me to shame. I knew in that moment I loved him.

DMITRI: Charity. So he thought I did it. He was trying to save his brother.

ALYOSHA: Mitya, no. I think Ivan was trying to join the world.

FENYA: Listen to them.

GRUSHENKA: What?

FENYA: They think they're explaining Ivan Fyodorovich and all they can do is explain themselves.

ACT THREE

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KATYA: I've put Ivan's plan in motion. The money is paid, the guards are bribed.

(GRUSHENKA seizes KATYA's hand. She pulls it to her lips and gives it three kisses.)

GRUSHENKA: He wanted to talk to you. Talk to him. Talk to each other!

DMITRI: Please. Forgive me?

KATYA: When we were in love, before all this—when I danced in your arms I worshipped you, I would look up and think, how can I ever be worthy of this man. And now—

DMITRI: Do you believe I killed my father?

KATYA: When I said that, I hated you, my hatred made me believe whatever I said. No, I came here—I always meant to tell you what I thought you were.

DMITRI: Tell.

KATYA: I never quite knew till I got to know all of you, Ivan, you, Alyosha, all you Karamazovs. I've never met anyone—anyone—who wanted so much to be good.

DMITRI: I'll love you all my life—

KATYA: I'll love you forever.

DMITRI: Doomed to it.

FENYA: What a performance.

GRUSHENKA: Is it true?

ALYOSHA: They want it to be.

FENYA: I wouldn't worry, then.

KATYA: *(To GRUSHENKA)* He wanted to be reborn. For you. The door's open.

DMITRI: I won't run from my punishment. I've run all my life.

GRUSHENKA: Mitya. I think you should do it.

DMITRI: No, Grushka, I'll survive, I'll come back, I'll find you, I love you, don't—

GRUSHENKA: Here.

(She holds out a sheaf of papers, which he takes.)

DMITRI: What—?

GRUSHENKA: They're your notes. For your debt.

DMITRI: But—

GRUSHENKA: I forgive them. Your debt to your father is discharged. You're free.

DMITRI: Why?

GRUSHENKA: I don't need them anymore. Not where I'm going.

DMITRI: Where are you going?

GRUSHENKA: That depends.

DMITRI: On what?

GRUSHENKA: Where you're going. Away from Russia, we won't know the language. So we won't have to talk to anyone. And no one will know who we are. So we won't have to be anyone. It could be good.

ALYOSHA: She's right, Mitya. It would be like a vow of silence. It would be a pilgrimage into the world.

(GRUSHENKA and DMITRI embrace.)

CONSTABLE: *(Off)* Visitors out!

KATYA: Goodbye, all of you—

ALYOSHA: *(Embracing GRUSHENKA)* Sister—care for Mitya—

DMITRI: *(To KATYA)* Care for Ivan—

ACT THREE

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KATYA: He will recover. We will work to put his thoughts into action. We will change Russia beyond recognition.

(GRUSHENKA and FENYA embrace.)

CONSTABLE: (Off) Visitors out!

ALYOSHA: One moment—

CONSTABLE: (Off) Prisoners! Time to go!

ALYOSHA: I...I have something to say. I don't know when we'll see each other again. When I leave this place, I'll begin a pilgrimage. Pilgrims pass through our monastery all the time, carrying icons—clear across Russia, some of them. For blessing, and a little protection from the wind, I think, and to help them to remember why they walk. You will be my icons. Whatever I do when I walk through the world, I will do in your presence. We're all leaving here on a pilgrimage. Let's carry each other. Until we meet again. And we'll tell each other every place all of us have been.

(KATYA, GRUSHENKA, and FENYA go.)

DMITRI: Brother.

ALYOSHA: Brother.

(DMITRI and ALYOSHA embrace. DMITRI goes. ALYOSHA starts to follow him.)

FIRST PRISONER: Hey.

SECOND PRISONER: (Faintly) Hey.

FIRST PRISONER: Father Karamazov—

SECOND PRISONER: Father Karamazov?

FIRST PRISONER: —over here?

ALYOSHA: I am not a priest.

SECOND PRISONER: Please?

FIRST PRISONER: This man and me, we're for Siberia.
We've been this road before. We'll never see it.

ALYOSHA: What do you want.

FIRST PRISONER: Guards beat him bad.

ALYOSHA: Do you want a doctor?

SECOND PRISONER: Whatever you can spare.

FIRST PRISONER: He wants someone to bless him.

(ALYOSHA kneels by the SECOND PRISONER and helps him sit up and uncover his head and his face. The face is FYODOR KARAMAZOV's.)

(ALYOSHA holds out his hands, palms up. The old man takes them. ALYOSHA bows his head to the floor before the old man. He rises.)

SECOND PRISONER: And whatever you can spare.

(ALYOSHA takes off his cassock, drapes it around the PRISONER, bends and kisses his head. He stands.)

THIRD PRISONER: Father Karamazov?

MORE PRISONERS: Father? Over here.

FOURTH PRISONER: Father Karamazov.

ALL: Father? Father? Father?

END OF PLAY

*Specific Impediments,
for each person.*

*4:45 — 6:18
4:57 — 4:18*

3: 3:40

Picks a 4:40

2:45 -