

Redemption

Episode 2 of "Arthur Hopkins Presents"
Originally broadcast 26 April 1944

MUSIC: (NBC CHIMES PLAYED BY ORCHESTRA)

ANNOUNCER: "Arthur Hopkins Presents"!

MUSIC: (THEME ... THEN UNDER)

ANNOUNCER: Through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company and its independent affiliated stations, Arthur Hopkins presents a radio version of Leo Tolstoy's tragedy "Redemption" written by Wyllis Cooper and directed by Wynn Wright and starring Louis Calhern who is presently appearing on Broadway in "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" and Dorothy Gish, one of the all time luminaries of the stage and screen. And here is Mr. Hopkins, in person, to speak to you.

MUSIC: (OUT)

ARTHUR HOPKINS: Ladies and gentlemen, this performance is our tribute to John Barrymore who created the part of Féédya in English. It was the first of his appearances under my direction, followed by "The Jest," "Richard III" and "Hamlet." This was the period that raised him to the heights only known to Irving and Booth.

And then he renounced the crown. The inner reason for this abdication we shall never know. It was not vanity, because he had no vanity. He was free of that completely. But the one unbearable penalty of success to him was repetition. His whole interest in the theater was creating character -- and once the character had been created, his interest quickly vanished. It was not money that took him to Hollywood. There, once the character was photographed, he was free.

But it was, er, natural that a man of his indifference to money should find his way to the bankruptcy court. But by that time, old, proud ways of riches had been closed to him. His once loyal memory had deserted him. And so, he was, er, they printed words on a blackboard for him to read to the camera. And on a paper, at the microphone. And the king had become the jester.

Words that he uttered in the last speech of Hamlet had come true: "O Horatio, what a wounded name." But already the wounds are disappearing. He will long live as the artist above all others who exalted our theater. The actor who touched immortality and made it visible to anxious mortals. His greatness will be remembered. The rest is silence.

And, now, we begin our play.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Sasha, how is your sister?

SASHA: She's been writing something and crying all the time.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Why can't she try and calm herself a little?

SASHA: Mother, you're amazing. How can you expect her to behave as if nothing had happened?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Well, I don't exactly, but it's all over with now. She has no reason to be miserable. On the contrary, she ought to be delighted at being freed from that wretch, Féédya.

SASHA: Mother, he's not a wretch. He's wonderful, in spite of all his weakness.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: I suppose you'd like her to wait until they'd spent every kopec they had, and then welcome him back after his visit to the gypsies. The man's bewitched you.

SASHA: No, he hasn't.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: If I'd been Lisa, I'd have left him a year ago. I can see through him if you can't.

SASHA: You speak very easily of serious things.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Not at all. Do you think it's agreeable to me to have my daughter admit her marriage a failure? Anything's better than for her to throw her life away. Well, thank heaven, she's through with him for good.

SASHA: Maybe it won't be for good.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: It would be, if he'd give her a divorce.

SASHA: A divorce! Why?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Because she's young and she has a right to happiness.

SASHA: Mother, it's awful to listen to you! How could she ever love some one else?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Why not? There are thousands better than Féédya, and they'd be only too happy to marry Lisa.

SASHA: You're thinking of Victor Karéénin.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Why shouldn't I? He's loved her for ten years. And she loved him, too, I think.

SASHA: But she didn't love him as a husband. They grew up together; they're just friends.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Ha! Those friendships. How do you know what keeps them warm?
If
only they both were free! (TO THE MAID) Oh, Katya?

MAID: Mr. Victor Karéénin is here.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Victor Karéénin? What's HE doing here?

SASHA: Probably he came in answer to the note Lisa sent.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: What note?

SASHA: I told you she was writing.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Well, but-- (TO THE MAID) Ask Mr. Karéénin to come in.

MAID: Yes, ma'am.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: (PLEASED) So she sent for him at once.

SASHA: Maybe not for the reason you think.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Then what for?

SASHA: Mother, Lisa cares about as much for Victor Karéénin as - as she does
for-- well, anybody.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: You'll see. She needs consolation -- a very special sort of
consolation.

MAID: Victor Karéénin.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: (QUICKLY) Lisa sent me a note to come at once. Is she all
right? (REMEMBERS HIS MANNERS) Excuse me. Good afternoon, madam, Sasha.

SASHA: Good afternoon, Victor.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: I'm so glad to see you, Victor. Lisa is rather upset. She'll
be
here directly.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Is she ill?

SASHA: No, just upset.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Will you have some tea?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: No, thank you.

SASHA: Sit down, Victor.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Thank you.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: You knew that he and she--?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Yes, I was here when she got his letter. Is she positive now about their separating?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Yes, it would be impossible to begin all over again.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Yes, but-- But are you sure she knows her mind?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Oh, I should think so. It's caused her so much pain to come to this decision. But it's final, at last. He understands perfectly that his behavior has made it impossible for him to come back on any terms.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: But why?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: After breaking every oath he swore to decency, how COULD he come back? And why shouldn't he give her her freedom?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: What freedom is there for a woman still married?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Divorce.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Divorce?

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: He promised her a divorce and we shall insist on it.

SASHA: But, Mother, Lisa was so in love with him--

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Be quiet, Sasha. Her love has been tried out of existence: drunkenness, gambling, infidelity -- what was there to go on loving in such a person?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Love can do anything.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: How can one love a rag torn by every wind? Their affairs were in dreadful shape; the estate mortgaged; no money anywhere. Finally, when his uncle sent them two thousand rubles to pay the interest on the mortgage, he took it -- disappeared, leaving Lisa without a word. And THEN he sends a note asking for his linen.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Yes. I know.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Here's Lisa.

LISA: (ENTERING) Oh, Victor, thank you so much for coming.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: I'm sorry I was a little detained, Lisa.

LISA: Victor, I have a great favor to ask of you.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Why, I'll be glad to do anything I can.

LISA: You know about all this.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Yes, of course.

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Sasha, my dear, shall we leave these young people to themselves?

LISA: Mother, I'm sorry--

ANNA PÁÁVLOVNA: Don't think of it. Come along, Sasha.

SASHA: Good-bye, Victor.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Good-bye, Sasha, madam.

LISA: Victor, Féédya wrote to me saying it was all over between us. I was so hurt, so bewildered, that I agreed to separate. I wrote and told him so.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: And, now, you're sorry.

LISA: I feel I shouldn't have said yes. Oh, Victor, anything is better than not to see him again. Will you give him this letter and tell him I've told you. And bring him back to me.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: I'll do what I can, Lisa.

LISA: Tell him I'll forget everything if only he'll come back. I was going to mail this letter, but - I know him: he'd have a good impulse and then somebody would finally make him act against himself. (BEAT) Are you surprised that I ask you?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: No. But -- well, candidly, I am.

LISA: But you're not angry?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: You know I couldn't be angry with you.

LISA: I ask you because you're so fond of him, Victor.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Of him -- and of you, too. Thank you for trusting me, Lisa. I'll do all I can.

LISA: I know you will. Victor, he's living with the gypsies. I found out. And I know he'll be swept off his feet if he isn't stopped in time.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: I'll do all I can, Lisa. Good-bye.

(MUSIC ... GYPSY ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS ... AND OUT)

FÉÉDYA: Sing! Sing some more! Let's have "No More at Evening."

MASHA: No, Féédya.

FÉÉDYA: Oh, why not? Come on, Masha, sing!

MASHA: No, Féédya. No more now.

FÉÉDYA: Oh, Masha, Masha! You turn my soul inside out.

MASHA: Do I? But what was it I asked you for, my Féédya?

FÉÉDYA: What? Oh, oh, money?

MASHA: Mm.

FÉÉDYA: All right, here. This is all I have.

MASHA: (LAUGHS) Good!

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY UNDER)

FÉÉDYA: Now, look at this strange creature. When she sings she rushes me into the sky and all she asks for it - is money.

MASHA: (LAUGHS)

FÉÉDYA: Little presents of money for throwing open the Gates of Paradise. Ah, you don't know yourself at all, do you?

MASHA: What's the use of wondering about myself? I know when I am in love. I know I sing best when I am in love.

FÉÉDYA: Do you love me, Masha?

MASHA: I love you, Féédya.

GYPSY: Oh, Féédya. Hey, Féédya!

(MUSIC ... OUT)

FÉÉDYA: Huh?

GYPSY: Someone asking for you, Féédya.

FÉÉDYA: Who is it?

GYPSY: I don't know. He's rich, though. Got a fur coat.

FÉÉDYA: Oh? (CHUCKLES) Well, in that case, show him in.

MASHA: (APPREHENSIVE) Who wants to see you here, Féédya?

FÉÉDYA: (CARELESS) Lord knows, I don't. (CHUCKLES. PLEASANT) Well! Victor Karéénin! You're the last man I expected to break into this enchanting place. Take off your overcoat -- my friends will sing for you.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: (DEADLY SERIOUS) Féédya, je voudrais vous parler sans

témoins.

FÉÉDYA: Oh? What about?

MASHA: (EXITING) I'll go away.

FÉÉDYA: You don't have to speak French, Victor. Now, let's see the letter.

SOUND: (LETTER EXCHANGED, OPENED)

FÉÉDYA: Thanks. Do you know what's in it?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Yes, I know, Féédya. But, really, Féédya, you're in no condition--

FÉÉDYA: (INTERRUPTS) Oh, please, please, please, now don't - don't think I'm drunk and don't know what I'm saying. Of course I'm drunk, but I see everything very clearly. Now go ahead. What was it you were told to tell me?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Your wife asked me to find you and tell you she's waiting for you. She wants you to forget everything and come home.

FÉÉDYA: So?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Come along to my rooms, Féédya. I'll tell Lisa you'll be back tomorrow.

FÉÉDYA: To-morrows don't change what we are. Tomorrow, she'll still be Lisa. And I'll still be myself. No, no, it's better to have the tooth out at one pull. Didn't I say if I broke my word she was to leave me? Well, I've broken it. And that's enough.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: For you, but not for her.

FÉÉDYA: Victor, my friend, you shall hear MY friends sing.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Féédya, listen to me--

FÉÉDYA: Sing! Let's have music for my friend! Oh, come on, sing!

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY)

FÉÉDYA: Masha? (NO REPLY) Masha? Come here and listen with me.

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES SING AND PLAY A MOURNFUL REFRAIN ... THEN MUSIC UNDER)

FÉÉDYA: How did you like that, Victor, my friend?

MASHA: He's gone, Féédya.

FÉÉDYA: What? Gone? Oh, well, all right, the devil with him.

MASHA: Who is he?

FÉÉDYA: A splendid fellow. Victor Karéénin. He came to take me home to my wife.

You see she loves even a fool like me. And look what I am doing.

(MUSIC ... OUT)

MASHA: Stop, Féédya, you're mussing my hair. You should go back to her and be very sorry.

FÉÉDYA: Do you think I should? Well, I think I shouldn't.

MASHA: Of course, you needn't go back to her if you don't love her. Love is all that counts.

FÉÉDYA: (PLAYFUL) Now, how do you know that?

MASHA: (SERIOUS) I don't know, Féédya, but I do.

FÉÉDYA: Let's have some more music! Sit here by me.

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING A ROMANTIC STRAIN)

FÉÉDYA: Ah, that's wonderful! Divine! If I could only stay this way forever, with my arms around the heart of joy, and sleep ... and die....

(MUSIC ... UP ... CONTINUES FOR A WHILE ... THEN OUT)

PRINCE SERGIUS: Good afternoon, my dear Sophia Karéénina.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Sergius Abrééskov! Oh, I'm so glad to see you.

PRINCE SERGIUS: I'm glad that you sent for me. Even if I am concerned at the necessity.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: My dear friend. I begin to lose hope. Do sit down.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Thank you.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Sergius, Victor has completely changed.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: He's made up his mind to marry her at any cost.

PRINCE SERGIUS: What about her husband?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: He agrees to a divorce.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Really?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: And Victor is willing to put up with all this sordidness, the

vulgarity of the divorce court, the lawyers, the evidence -- all that! Oh, I can't understand his sensitive nature not being revolted by it.

PRINCE SERGIUS: He's in love, my dear Sophia, and when a man's in love--

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: He seems bewitched, hardly my son. Did you know that Victor asked me if I could receive her here to-day?

PRINCE SERGIUS: To-day?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Yes, I expect her any moment. Sergius, I need your help.

PRINCE SERGIUS: You do me an honor.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: This visit will decide Victor's fate. I must refuse my consent, or-- No, that's impossible. She should bear her cross without complaint. And Victor must cease trying to persuade himself that his happiness

lies in defying his principles. What I don't understand is how Victor, with his religious views, can think of marrying a divorced woman.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Sophia, why not submit to Victor's wish and help him?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: To marry a divorcée? And afterwards having him running into his wife's husband? Why, it's impossible, Sergius.

PRINCE SERGIUS: But, my dear, why not approve of the inevitable?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: How CAN a good woman leave her husband?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Now, that's not like you. You're being unkind and harsh. Her husband is-- well, he's his own worst enemy. A weakling, a ne'er-do-well. He's spent all his money - and hers, too. As a matter of fact, she didn't leave him, he left her. Féédyá himself -- you know what a charming clever fellow he is when he's in his senses -- Féédyá advised her to leave him.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Oh, Victor.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Oh, good afternoon, Victor.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: (ENTERING) Prince Sergius! Mother, excuse me.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: What is it, son?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Lisa will be here directly.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: I was expecting that.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Mother, do you still refuse your consent to my marriage?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: And I most assuredly do.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Mother dear, I just want you to know her. Life is far too

complex to be managed by a few formulas. Why are you so bitter about it all?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: (HONESTLY) I love you, my son. I want you to be happy.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Prince Sergius, can't you help--?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Come, come, Victor, your mother speaks much more severely than she could ever act.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: I shall tell her exactly what I think and feel. I hope I can do it without offending her.

MAID: (ANNOUNCING) Madam, Elizaveta Andreyevna Protosova.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: I'll go, Mother.

PRINCE SERGIUS: I must go also. You'll forgive me?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Thank you for coming, Sergius.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Good-bye.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Good-bye. (TO THE MAID) Show madam in.

LISA: (AFTER A PAUSE, ENTERS, TIMIDLY) Madam Karéénina?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: How do you do? It's most kind of you to come and see me.

LISA: I'm so grateful that you permitted me to come to you.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: I knew your husband quite well, my dear. He was a great friend of Victor's and he used to write to us in Tambov. (POLITE) That was where you were married, wasn't it?

LISA: Yes.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: But when you came back to Moscow we were deprived of the pleasure of his visits.

LISA: Yes. Then he stopped going anywhere.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Oh. Well, that explains our missing him.

LISA: Madam Karéénina, please forgive me if I offend you, but - but I don't know how to cover up what's in my heart. I came here because Victor said that -- well, because you wanted to see me. It's difficult, but - but you're so sweet.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Please believe me, my child, I'm truly sorry for you.

LISA: I know.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: I love my son. I know his soul as I do my own. Victor is very

proud -- oh, I don't mean of his position and his money -- but of his very high ideals, his purity. It may sound strange to you, but, at heart, he's as pure as a young child.

LISA: Yes, I know.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: And you're the first woman he's ever loved. And I don't say I'm not a little jealous. I am. But that's something we mothers have to face, you don't know. I was ready to give him up. But I wanted his wife to be-- well, like himself.

LISA: And I--? Am I not--?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: (INTERRUPTS, KINDLY) Forgive me, my dear. I know it's not your fault. I know you've been most unhappy. But, you see, I also know Victor. He'll bear anything without saying a word, but his pride will suffer and it will bring you infinite regrets. He has always felt that the bonds of marriage is indissoluble.

LISA: Yes. I've thought of that.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: You're a wise woman. You're a good woman, too. And if you love him, you must want his happiness more than you want your own. You won't want him to be sorry all his life -- sorry even if he never says a word.

LISA: I've thought about all that, too. I've even talked to Victor about it. But what can I do when he says he can't live without me?

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Ah, that's what he would say.

LISA: If you could persuade him not to marry me, you know I'll agree, don't you? I just want him to be happy. I - I don't care about myself. But please help me. Don't hate me. Let's do everything we can for Victor -- because we both love him.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: I know, Lisa. And I think I love you too. Oh, it's all so dreadful. If only he had fallen in love with you before you were married!

LISA: He said he did. But he had to be loyal to his friend. To Féédyá.

SOPHIA KARÉÉNINA: Oh, it's so heart-breaking. But let us love one other, and God will help us to find what we are seeking.

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... HOPEFUL, THEN JOYOUS, THEN OUT)

MASHA: (CALLING) FÉÉDYA! FÉÉDYA! FÉÉDYA!

FÉÉDYA: Thank Heaven you've come, Masha. I was wasting away in boredom.

MASHA: Why didn't you come over to us, Féédyá? ... So, you've been drinking again? And after all your promises!

FÉÉDYA: I didn't come over because I didn't have any money.

MASHA: (DISGUSTED) Oh, why do I love you so?!

FÉÉDYA: Masha!

MASHA: (MIMICS HIM) Masha! Masha! What's that mean? If you loved me, you'd have your divorce by now.

FÉÉDYA: (INTERRUPTS) You know why I don't want to and you know the only joy I have in life is being in love with you.

MASHA: It's always "My joy," and "Your love." Where's your love and my joy?

FÉÉDYA: Well, Masha, after all, you've got all I can give. You're so strong, so beautiful.

PRINCE SERGIUS: (ENTERING) Excuse me.

MASHA: Oh! Another fur coat. You don't need me, Féédyá. Good-bye! (EXITS)

PRINCE SERGIUS: I'm afraid I'm intruding on a rather painful scene.

FÉÉDYA: Ah, Prince Sergius Abrééskov, how do you do? Come in, sir.

PRINCE SERGIUS: I would much rather not have heard.

FÉÉDYA: But do sit down.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Thank you.

FÉÉDYA: Thank you for telling me you heard. It gives me an opportunity to explain. Incidentally, my relations with that girl are simply friendly ones.

PRINCE SERGIUS: (CLEARS HIS THROAT IN DISBELIEF)

FÉÉDYA: Possibly there's a ray of poetry in them, but that could hardly degrade her. However, what can I do for you?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Well, to be as brief as possible, Victor Karéénin--

FÉÉDYA: Oh, yes, yes. Good old Victor. (CHUCKLES) Excuse me, sir.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Victor Karéénin, who is the son of my old friend, Sophia Karéénina, has asked me to discover from you personally what your present relations are with your wife, and what intentions you have concerning them.

FÉÉDYA: My relations with my wife -- I should say my former wife -- are several.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Victor and his mother are anxious to know your exact intentions regarding the future.

FÉÉDYA: I have no intentions. I've given her full freedom. I know she loves Victor Karéénin, let her. He's a bore, but he's a good bore. So they'll probably be very happy together. And God bless them.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Yes, but there are certain matters--

FÉÉDYA: Oh, I'm - I'm - I'm not jealous. If - if - if I just said Victor was dull, I take it back. He's splendid, he's - he's very decent. In fact, he's the opposite of myself. And he's loved her ever since her childhood. Maybe she loved him even when we were married. After all, you know, that happens. And the strongest love is perhaps unconscious love. Yes, I feel she's always loved him far, far down beneath what she would admit to herself. Oh, but really, I - I don't suppose I ought to be talking to you like this, ought I?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Please go on.

FÉÉDYA: I suppose I never was satisfied with what I found in my wife. And I looked for any kind of distraction, sick at heart that I did so. Yes, I see it more and more clearly since we're apart.

PRINCE SERGIUS: I understand.

FÉÉDYA: Now, I sound as if I were defending myself. I - I don't want to do that. No, I - I was a shocking bad husband. And I say "was" because now I don't consider myself her husband at all. She's perfectly free. Now then, does that satisfy you?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Yes, yes. But - but you know how strictly orthodox Victor and his family are.

FÉÉDYA: Yes, I know, I know, he's very stupid-- I mean to say, he's very strict. "Conservative" is the word, isn't it? But what do they want, a divorce? I told them long ago I was perfectly willing, but this business of conniving, being caught by witnesses, I-- That's all so -- so revolting.

PRINCE SERGIUS: I know. I know. But how can one avoid it? It's the only way out. Oh, I assure you that I sympathize with you, Féédya.

FÉÉDYA: Thank you, Prince Sergius. I always knew you were kind and just. Now tell me what to do. I don't pretend to be any better than I really am but there are some things that even I can't do. I can't tell lies.

PRINCE SERGIUS: I confess that you bewilder me, my boy. You with your gifts, your charm, your - your wonderful sense of what's right. How could you have permitted yourself to plunge into - all this? How could you?

FÉÉDYA: I've led this sort of life for ten years. You're the first real person ever to show me any sympathy. Thank you more than it's possible to say. Hm? Oh, yes, yes, my ruin. Well, first, drink -- not because it tasted well, but because everything I did disappointed me so, made me so ashamed of myself. I feel ashamed now, when I try to explain. But whenever I drank, shame was

drowned in the first glass. Then music -- not Beethoven or the opera, but gypsy music; the passion of it poured energy into my body. Those dark bewitching eyes looked into my soul. And the more alluring it was, the more shame I felt afterward.

PRINCE SERGIUS: What about your career, Féédya?

FÉÉDYA: My career? This seems to be my career. Once I was director of a bank. But, oh, there was always something terribly lacking between what I felt and what I could do. I-- I-- Well, this is my career.

PRINCE SERGIUS: What answer am I to take back?

FÉÉDYA: Oh, tell them I'm quite at their disposal. They want to marry, there mustn't be anything in their way, is that it? (NO REPLY) Is that it?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Yes. That is it. May I say then that you - that you give them your word, Féédya?

FÉÉDYA: Yes. Yes. Good-bye, Prince Sergius. And thank you again.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Good-bye, my boy.

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... HOPEFUL)

FÉÉDYA: (ALONE, TO HIMSELF) Why not? Why not? And it's good not to be ashamed--

(MUSIC ... OUT)

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: (APPROACHING) May I come in?! Féédya? May I come in?

FÉÉDYA: Now, look here, I'm awfully busy.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: I see you are. Writing an answer to their demand, eh? Good. I'll help you. I'll tell you what to say. Speak out. Say what you mean. Straight from the shoulder. That's my system.

FÉÉDYA: Now, will you please--?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Huh! What's this?

FÉÉDYA: Put that back.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: A revolver, huh? Going to shoot yourself. Well, of course, why not?

SOUND: (GUN OPENED AND CLOSED)

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Oh, loaded, too. I understand. They want to humiliate you, and

you'll show them where the courage is -- put a bullet through your head and heap coals of fire on theirs. Oh ho! You've got a bottle, too.

FÉÉDYA: Now, look here, Iváán Petrovich--

SOUND: (POURS BOTTLE)

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: I understand, Féédyá. I understand perfectly. I understand everything and everybody. I am a genius.

FÉÉDYA: All right, all right, you're a genius. But will you please go away?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Here is to your immortal journey. May it be swift and pleasant. Oh, I see it from your point of view, Féédyá. So why should I stop you? Life and death are the same to a genius.

FÉÉDYA: Let that revolver alone.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Take it and "one, two" -- it's all over -- like that! But I won't write anything, Féédyá. The world'll have to understand all by itself. Ha! The world -- a - a mass of - of preposterous creatures, crawling through life, understanding nothing - nothing at all - do you hear me?

FÉÉDYA: I hear you.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Oh, I'm not talking to you. This is between me -- and the cosmos.

SOUND: (POURS BOTTLE)

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Ah, this is good wine. After all, what does humanity lack most? Appreciation for geniuses. We're persecuted, tortured, through a lifetime of perpetual agony, into the grave. But I will no longer be their bauble. Humanity, hypocrite that you are -- I'm done with you.

FÉÉDYA: And I'm done with you. Will you please go away?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Away? Away? Me? So be it. I shall away. I shall not deter you from accomplishing what I also shall commit -- at the proper time. Only I should like to say this--

FÉÉDYA: Oh, later. Later. Later, please, Iváán. Now, listen, old man, give this to the head waiter.

SOUND: (COINS ON A TABLE)

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Money?

FÉÉDYA: You understand? To pay for the wine.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Well, shall I give him ALL the money?

FÉÉDYA: No. No, no, no, no, just what I owe him. Ask him how much.

IVÁN PETROVICH: Fine! Then I'll come back. You wait for me. I've got a lot to tell you. Now, you wait now. (EXITING)

FÉÉDYA: All right. All right.

Now, Féédya. It's time.

Will you say good-bye to yourself? Here's the mirror.

What have you done to that handsome face, Féédya?

Well, that doesn't matter.

Now, just raise the gun to your temple. That's it.

Oh, your hand shakes. Steady.

Steady.

That's it.

Up.

Up.

There now.

Now, good-bye, Féédya.

Good-bye.

(A LONG PAUSE ... THEN, WITH AWED DISBELIEF)

I can't do it. I can't do it.

MASHA: (CALLING) Féédya?! Féédya?! Féé--? Féédya! You fool! You hideous fool!

FÉÉDYA: I can't do it. I can't do it. I always thought when the moment came to be free-- I - I just--

MASHA: As if I weren't in your life at all. How godless you are to think of killing yourself! What about my love for you?

FÉÉDYA: I wanted to set them free, Masha. I promised to. And when the time came, I couldn't.

MASHA: But what about me?

FÉÉDYA: I thought you'd be free, too. My torturing you can't make you happy, Masha.

MASHA: I can look out for myself. Oh, Féédya, I'd - I'd rather be unhappy, miserable, wretched with you every minute than even think of living without you.

FÉÉDYA: Masha, I only wanted to set them free.

MASHA: Yourself free, you mean.

FÉÉDYA: Yes. Yes, myself above all. And now--

MASHA: (EXASPERATED) Féédya, what do you want?

FÉÉDYA: So many things. I promised to free Lisa but how can I lie? How can I drag through the filth of a divorce? But I can't let them down. They're such good people, my wife and Victor.

MASHA: (SCORNFUL) Where's the good in her if she left you?

FÉÉDYA: She didn't. I left her.

MASHA: She made you think she'd be happier without you. But what else do you want?

FÉÉDYA: There's you, Masha. Young, lovely, dear to me. If I stay alive, where will you be?

MASHA: Don't bother about me.

FÉÉDYA: The big reason, the biggest reason of all, is myself. I'm lost. I'm lost, Masha.

MASHA: (TENDER AND SAVAGE AT ONCE) I won't - I won't unfasten myself from you. I'll stick to you no matter where you take me, no matter what you do. You're alive, terribly alive, and I love you. Féédya, stop all this horror.

FÉÉDYA: How can I?

MASHA: You can do anything, Féédya! Get anywhere you want to! (BEAT) Hm! So, you even wrote them a letter, telling them what you were going to do.

SOUND: (PICKS UP LETTER)

MASHA: (AFTER A PAUSE) A beautiful letter, Féédya. (REALIZES SOMETHING) But Féédya!

FÉÉDYA: What?

MASHA: You didn't mention the revolver.

FÉÉDYA: What?

MASHA: You didn't tell them HOW you were going to do it. Oh, Féédya, listen to me. Do you remember the day we went on the picnic to the White Lakes with Mama and Afréémov and the young Cossack officer? You do? Well, do you remember how

we went bathing? Do you remember how you took my hands and - and drew me out beyond the waves till the water was silent and - and flashing almost up to our throats? Then suddenly there was nothing under our feet. And we tried to get back. And you couldn't swim, Féédya. You remember? You couldn't swim!

FÉÉDYA: Afréémov pulled us out.

MASHA: Yes! Féédya, don't you see? She KNOWS you can't swim. Why, it's as clear as daylight. Send her this beautiful letter! Send it to her. And then your clothes will be found on the river bank.

FÉÉDYA: Masha!

MASHA: And you won't be in the river at all. You'll be far away with me. Don't you see, Féédya? You'll be dead to her, but alive to me. Oh, Féédya!

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... HOPEFUL ... OUT)

ANNOUNCER: We pause briefly for station identification. ... WAAF, New York.

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... UPBEAT ... OUT)

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Oh, he's promised me definitely, Lisa. I'm sure he'll keep his promise.

LISA: I'm a little ashamed to confess it, Victor, but - but since I found out about this gypsy, I feel completely free of him. I'm not jealous, but knowing about her makes me see that I owe him nothing more.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Of course you don't.

LISA: The thing that tortured me most was that I seemed to love both of you at once, and that made me feel indecent to myself.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: You? Indecent?

LISA: But since I've found out there's another woman, I - I feel free. And I can say truthfully, I love you. Everything's clear in my mind. My only worry is the divorce, and all the waiting to be gone through.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Darling, everything will be settled soon. He's promised, and my secretary is there with him now with the petition. I told him not to leave till Féédya signed it.

LISA: I just wish you hadn't sent him that money.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: If I hadn't, it would have delayed things.

LISA: I know, but money seems so ugly.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Well, it's hardly necessary to be delicate with Féédyá.

LISA: Perhaps.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Lisa, you're sure you've no regret?

LISA: From the day I found out about that gypsy woman, I - I've had no regret.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: You're sure?

LISA: I've only one desire now, and that's to forget the past and be happy in your love. And you?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Ah, what more could I ask? And yet-- The past. Awful fancies flush up into my happiness, turning it all into hatred for the past.

LISA: (REPROACHFUL) Victor!

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Forgive me, Lisa. I only tell you this because I don't want to keep a single thought from you.

LISA: Oh, dearest, I'm so happy. Everything has happened in my heart to make it as you wish -- everything.

SOUND: (KNOCK AT DOOR)

LISA: Who is that?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: It's probably my secretary. I hope so, at least.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Ah, Vozneséensky, come in. Well, what happened?

SECRETARY: He wasn't there, sir.

LISA: Not there?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: You mean he hasn't signed the petition yet?

SECRETARY: No, sir. But there was this letter there -- addressed to you and madam.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Let me see it.

SOUND: (TAKES LETTER, OPENS IT)

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: More excuses. It's perfectly outrageous.

LISA: Read it aloud, Victor, won't you?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Yes. (READS) "Lisa, Victor, I write you both without terms of endearment, since I can't feel them. ... know, in spite of being the husband, I was also the barrier, stood in your way--" Oh, why doesn't he get to the point?! Ah! (READS) "... going to fulfill your wishes in perhaps a little different way from what you desire. I am the obstacle, consequently that obstacle must be removed."

LISA: Victor!

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Must be removed? (READS) "By the time this letter reaches you, I shall no longer exist."

LISA: (GASPS)

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: (READS) "All I ask you is to be happy, and whenever you think of me, think tender thoughts. God bless you both. Good-bye. FÉÉDYA."

LISA: He's killed himself!

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Lisa!

LISA: No! No, it's not true! It's not true that I've stopped loving him! He's the only man in the world I love!

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Lisa!

LISA: And now I've killed him! I've killed him as surely as if I'd murdered him with my own two hands!

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Lisa, for Heaven's sake!

LISA: Stop it! Don't come near me! (WEEPS) Oh, don't be angry with me, Victor. You see I, too, cannot lie!

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... MOCKINGLY UPBEAT ... THEN SADLY UNDER)

PETRUSHKÓÓV: I know. I know. Well, that's real love, FÉÉDYA. So what happened then?

FÉÉDYA: You might expect a girl of our own class to be capable of sacrificing for the man she loves, but this was a gypsy, reared in greed, yet she gave me the purest sort of self-sacrificing love.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: It's amazing. But what happened?

FÉÉDYA: Oh, ho, we parted. I felt it wasn't right to go on taking, taking where

I couldn't give. So one night we were having dinner in a little restaurant and I told her we'd have to say good-bye. My heart was so wrung all the time I could hardly keep from crying.

(MUSIC ... CHANGES TO TAVERN MUSIC ... UNDER ... SLOWLY FADES OUT)

PETRUSHKÓÓV: And she?

FÉÉDYA: Oh, she was unhappy, but - she knew I was right. So we kissed each other, and she went back to her gypsy troupe. Hm.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: And what about your family life?

FÉÉDYA: Marriage? Did you say marriage?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Yes.

FÉÉDYA: Oh, yes, of course. My wife was quite an ideal woman. I don't know why I say "was" because she's still living. But there's something-- I don't know, it's - it's difficult to explain. But do you know those millions of iridescent bubbles when you pour champagne into a glass? Well, there was none of that in our married life. No fizz, no sparkle, no taste. Days were all one color -- flat, stale and gray.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: I understand.

FÉÉDYA: Do you? But that's why I wanted to get away and forget. And you can't forget unless you stray. I strayed into every kind of muck there is. Even as low as this.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: I've done that, too.

FÉÉDYA: You know, it's a funny thing. We love people for the good we do them, and we hate them for the harm. That's why I hated Lisa. That's why she seemed to love me.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Seemed to love you?

FÉÉDYA: She could never creep into the center of my being like Masha. Ah, but that's not what I mean. I used to stay away for days and days, and come home drunk -- drunk! -- and love her less and less each time because I was wronging her so terribly. That's it, I never realized it before. The reason I loved Masha was that I did her good, not harm. And I crucified my wife and her contortions filled me almost with hatred.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: I think I understand. It was different in my case--

ARTIMIEV: (APPROACHES) Well, good evening, gentlemen! I see you've already met

our artist friend, Féédya.

FÉÉDYA: Yes, I have.

ARTIMIEV: Uh, I'm not in your way, am I? Mind if I sit down? Move over, will you?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: This gentleman was telling me about his life.

ARTIMIEV: Oh, ho! Ha ha! His secrets? Oh, well, then I won't disturb you. Pardon me for interrupting. (TO HIMSELF, MOVING AWAY) Couple of swine!

FÉÉDYA: I don't like that fellow.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: I think we've offended him.

FÉÉDYA: Well, let him be. I can't stand him. Now, what was I saying?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: You were talking about your wife.

FÉÉDYA: Oh, yes, very curious thing. Let's have another drink.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: What's curious?

SOUND: (DRINK POURED)

FÉÉDYA: My wife. She's married.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: What? Oh, you mean you're divorced.

FÉÉDYA: No. My wife is a widow.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: She's what?

FÉÉDYA: A widow. I don't exist.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: What are you talking about?

FÉÉDYA: Me. I'm dead. You're talking to a living corpse.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: You're mad.

FÉÉDYA: No, no, no. Not at all. Funny thing, I seem to be able to tell you - anything. Well, I left her -- and then, after a while, they asked me for a divorce. I couldn't bear all the recrimination there was to go through. It was easier to think of killing myself. Er, give me another drink?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Yes, here.

SOUND: (DRINK POURED)

FÉÉDYA: So I tried to commit suicide, and I couldn't do it. Then a kind friend

came along and said, "Don't be foolish!"

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Here you are.

FÉÉDYA: Ah, thank you. So she arranged the whole business for me. I sent my wife a farewell letter and the next day my clothes and pocketbook were found on the bank of the river. Everybody knew I couldn't swim. Do you understand?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: But what about the body? They'd have to find a body.

FÉÉDYA: Oh, they found a body. A week or so later, some horror was dragged out of the water and my wife - er, my widow - was called in to identify it. "Is that your husband?" they asked her. She took one glance and said, "Yes." And, well, that settled it.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: They got married?

FÉÉDYA: They did. And they're living right here in this city, right where I'm living. All living here together! Yesterday I walked right past their house. The windows were lit and somebody's shadow went across the blind. Of course, there are times when I feel bad about this, but they don't last. The worst is when there is no money for drinks.

ARTIMIEV: Excuse me, Féédya, I was listening to that story of yours. You know, that's a very good story.

FÉÉDYA: (ANNOYED) Listening, were you?

ARTIMIEV: A useful story, too, old man. Er, you say you don't like being without money. With a story like that, there's no need of your ever being without it.

FÉÉDYA: Now, look here, I wasn't talking to you and I don't need your advice.

ARTIMIEV: I'm going to give it to you just the same. Look, now you're a corpse. Suppose you come to life again.

FÉÉDYA: What?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Féédya, listen--

ARTIMIEV: Shut up! I'm talking! Look, if you came to life again, your wife and that fellow she's so happy with -- they'd be arrested for bigamy. The least they'd get is ten years in Siberia. Now you see--?

FÉÉDYA: (FURIOUS) You - you get out of here!

ARTIMIEV: The best way is just to write them a letter. I'd even do that for you, old man. Just give me their name and address and when the ruble notes begin to come in--!

FÉÉDYA: Get out! Get away from here! I haven't told you anything!

ARTIMIEV: Oh, yes, you have! Petrushkóóv here heard you say you were a corpse!
Don't try to tell me--!

FÉÉDYA: You blackmailing thief-- You get out of here before I--!

ARTIMIEV: Oh, so I'm a thief, am I? Well, we'll see about that! Police! Help!
Police! Help! Help! Police!

SOUND: (CROWD NOISES DROWN OUT THE FIGHT)

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... SPIRITED ... OUT)

MAGISTRATE: Er, show Madam Karéénin in. Good.

SOUND: (LISA ENTERS, DOOR SHUTS)

MAGISTRATE: You will please sit down, madam. I'm very sorry it's necessary to ask you questions. Oh, you needn't answer them unless you wish. But in the interests of everyone concerned, I advise you to help me reach the entire truth.

LISA: I have nothing to conceal.

MAGISTRATE: Exactly. Now, let's see. Name, state, religion, I've got all that. You are accused of contracting a marriage with another man, knowing your first husband to be alive.

LISA: But I didn't know it.

MAGISTRATE: You are also accused of having persuaded your first husband to commit a fraud, a pretended suicide, in order to rid yourself of him.

LISA: That's not true.

MAGISTRATE: Then why did you send him twelve hundred rubles in July of last year?

LISA: That was his own money - obtained from selling his things.

MAGISTRATE: Very well. When the police asked you to identify the corpse, how were you sure it was your husband's?

LISA: Oh, I - I was so terribly distressed that I - I couldn't bear to look at the body. Besides, I was so sure that it was he, and when they asked me, I just said yes.

MAGISTRATE: Very good indeed. I understand perfectly, Madam, and permit me to observe that although a servant of the law, I remain a human being, and I beg you to be assured that I sympathize with your situation. You were married to a spendthrift, a drunkard, a man whose dissipation caused you infinite misery.

LISA: Please. I loved him.

MAGISTRATE: Of course. Of course. Yet you naturally wished to be free, and you took this simple course without counting the consequences, which are considered criminal -- to wit, bigamy. I understand, Madam, and I feel sure a judge and jury will also. And it is for that reason, Madam, that I counsel you to tell the exact truth.

LISA: I have nothing to tell but the truth. I've never have lied. Do you want me any longer?

MAGISTRATE: Er, a few more moments, please. Er, no more questions, though, Madam. (TO THE CLERK) Uh, show in Victor Karéénin.

CLERK: Yes, Excellency.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS, VICTOR ENTERS, DOOR SHUTS)

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Well?

MAGISTRATE: I have to take your deposition, Mr. Karéénin. Will you sit down?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: No.

MAGISTRATE: Very well, sir. You are here because you're charged with a crime.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Really? What crime?

MAGISTRATE: Bigamy. Now will you sit down, sir?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: No.

MAGISTRATE: Very well. Your name?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Victor Karéénin.

MAGISTRATE: Rank?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Chamberlain of the Imperial Court.

MAGISTRATE: Your age?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Thirty-eight.

MAGISTRATE: Religion?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Orthodox, and I've never been tried before of any charge. What else?

MAGISTRATE: Did you know that Fedor Protosov was alive when you married his wife?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: No.

MAGISTRATE: Why did you send him twelve hundred rubles last July, a few days before he simulated death?

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: That money was given me by my wife.

MAGISTRATE: By Madam Protosova.

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: By my wife to send to her husband. She considered the money his and, having broken off all relations with him, felt it unjust to withhold it. What else do you want?

MAGISTRATE: Nothing, except to find out the truth, Mr. Karéénin. And I advise you not to try to conceal the truth because your answers will be compared with those of Protosov who is in a very weakened condition, mentally and physically, and he is certain to come out with certain exact truth as soon as he is asked. So, er, from your point of view, I advise you--

VICTOR KARÉÉNIN: Please don't advise me. Just stay within the limits of your official capacity. Are we at liberty to go now?

MAGISTRATE: No, I'm sorry. No, no, I'm not going to arrest you, Mr. Karéénin, although that might be a quicker way of reaching the truth. I merely want to take Protosov's evidence in your presence, to confront him with you so that you may advance your own case better by proving his charges false. Er, please sit down. (TO THE CLERK) Bring in Fedor Protosov.

CLERK: Yes, Excellency.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

CLERK: All right, you.

SOUND: (FÉÉDYA ENTERS, DOOR SHUTS)

MAGISTRATE: All right. Your name?

FÉÉDYA: You know my name.

MAGISTRATE: Answer my questions exactly, if you please.

FÉÉDYA: Fedor Protosov.

MAGISTRATE: Your name, rank, religion?

FÉÉDYA: Aren't you ashamed to ask me these foolish questions? Ask me what you need to know, only that.

MAGISTRATE: I shall ask you to take care how you express yourself, my man.

FÉÉDYA: Well, if you're not ashamed, then - my rank, graduate of the University of Moscow; age forty; religion orthodox.

MAGISTRATE: Did, er, Victor Karéénin and Elizaveta Andreyevna Protosova know you were alive when you left your clothes on the riverbank and disappeared?

FÉÉDYA: Of course not. I really intended to commit suicide when I wrote.

MAGISTRATE: You gave a different account to the police officer who arrested you. How do you explain that?

FÉÉDYA: Which police officer? Oh. Oh, the one that arrested me in that dive. Well, I was drunk. But I'm not drunk now. And I'm telling you the truth. They knew nothing; they thought I was dead, and I was glad of it. Everything would have stayed all right if it hadn't been for that beast Artimiev. So if there's any one's guilty, it's I.

MAGISTRATE: Oh, you wish to be generous. (CHUCKLES) Unfortunately the law demands the truth. Come now, why did you receive money from them? (NO REPLY) Speak up. Do you realize that it will be stated in your deposition that the accused refused to answer these questions, and that will harm all of you? Come now, the truth, Protosov.

FÉÉDYA: The truth! What do you know about the truth? Your business is crawling up into a little power, that you may use it to tantalize people a thousand times better than you. You sit there in your smug authority--

MAGISTRATE: I must ask you--

FÉÉDYA: (INTERRUPTS) Don't ask me! I'll speak as I feel. And you write it down so for once some human words will get into a deposition. Now: There were three human beings alive: I, he, and she. We all bore toward one another a most complex relation. We were all engaged in a spiritual struggle beyond your comprehension: the struggle between anguish and peace; between falsehood and truth. Suddenly this struggle ended in a way that set us free. Everybody was at peace. They loved my memory, and I was happy even in my downfall because I'd done what should have been done, and cleared away my weak life from their strong good lives. And yet we were all alive. When suddenly a filthy adventurer appears, who demands that I abet his vicious scheme. I drive him off as I would a diseased dog, but he finds you, the defender of public justice, the appointed guardian of morality, to listen to him. And you, who receive each month a few kopeks' gratuity for your wretched business, get into your uniform, and in good spirits proceed to torture people whose threshold you're not clean enough to pass. Then when you've had your fill of showing off your wretched power, oh, then you are satisfied, and sit and smile there in your complacent dignity and--

MAGISTRATE: Be silent or I'll have you punished!

FÉÉDYA: You'll have ME punished?! How can you punish ME? Who should I be afraid of? I'm dead! ... Dead! And away out of your power. What can you do to me? How can you punish me -- a corpse?

MAGISTRATE: Be silent! Take him out!

FÉÉDYA: Lisa? (A PAUSE, PASSIONATE) Lisa! Lisa!

LISA: (LOVINGLY) Féédya.

MAGISTRATE: Take him out.

CLERK: Come with me.

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES PLAY AND SING ... SAD ... THEN UNDER)

LISA: (SURPRISED, PLEASED) He kissed the hem of my skirt.

(MUSIC ... OUT)

GUARD: Hey, you. Where do you think you're going?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Why shouldn't I get through? The law says these trials are public.

GUARD: Who do you think you are?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: My name is Iváán Petrovich, peasant. And I am the public.

GUARD: Be silent! Get out of the way and let this gentleman pass.

LAWYER: Thank you, guard. What does this man want?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: I want to get in.

LAWYER: The public's excluded. Stand aside. You can wait outside till they're adjourned.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: When'll that be?

LAWYER: Very soon. Oh, excuse me. Good afternoon, Prince Sergius.

PRINCE SERGIUS: How are you? How is it going?

LAWYER: The defense has just begun. Protosov's counsel is speaking.

PRINCE SERGIUS: Are the Karéénins bearing up well?

LAWYER: Yes, with great dignity. They look as if they were the judge instead of the accused. And Petrúúshin's taking advantage of it all the way through.

PRINCE SERGIUS: How about Protosov?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Yes, how about my friend Féédya?

LAWYER: He's in pretty bad shape -- nervous, trembling. But that's natural considering the life he's been leading.

PRINCE SERGIUS: How do you think it will end, then?

LAWYER: Hard to say. The jury's mixed. At any rate, I don't think they'll find

the Karéénins guilty of premeditation. Do you want to go in?

PRINCE SERGIUS: I should like to very much.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Me, too!

LAWYER: Go right ahead, Prince Sergius. Guard, open the door.

GUARD: Yes, sir.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

GUARD: Get back there, you.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: A prince goes in and I, an aristocrat of the soul, am refused.

GUARD: Stand aside.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Hey, Iváán Petrovich!

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Hello, Petrushkóóv. You come to see the show?

PETRUSHKÓÓV: How are things going?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Speeches for the defense have begun, but this ignorant rascal here won't let us in.

GUARD: Silence! Where do you think you are?

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS, CROWD MURMURS)

GUARD: Stand aside there, you two. Aside and let them out.

FIRST WOMAN: It's wonderful! When he spoke I thought my heart would break.

SECOND WOMAN: Really, I don't see how she could ever have loved that man.

FIRST MAN: Well, it's better than a novel.

SECOND MAN: A sinister figure.

WOMAN: Here he comes!

CROWD: (MURMURS) Protosov. Protosov. Protosov.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Hey, Féédya! Féédya!

PETRUSHKÓÓV: He sees you.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Féédya, I brought it.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: He's coming over here. That's his lawyer with him.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: I brought it, Féédya.

FÉÉDYA: Well, stop shouting. Where is it?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Here.

FÉÉDYA: Thank you, my friend.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Well, how is it going?

FÉÉDYA: Ask Petrúúshin here.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Well, Petrúúshin?

PETRÚÚSHIN: Not too bad, not too bad. If Féédya'll not spoil things for me in his final speech.

FÉÉDYA: What will be the worst, Petrúúshin?

PETRÚÚSHIN: I've already told you. Exile to Siberia.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Who'll be exiled to Siberia?

PETRÚÚSHIN: Féédya here and his wife.

FÉÉDYA: What is the best that will happen, then?

PETRÚÚSHIN: Religious pardon and the annulment of the second marriage.

FÉÉDYA: You mean - we should be bound together again to one another?

PETRÚÚSHIN: Yes. Now try to collect yourself. There's no occasion for alarm.

FÉÉDYA: There couldn't be any other sentence? You're sure?

PETRÚÚSHIN: None other. Impossible.

FÉÉDYA: I see.

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Féédya, here they come.

FÉÉDYA: Who?

IVÁÁN PETROVICH: Your wife. And him.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: The Karéénins, Féédya. Pay no attention to them.

FÉÉDYA: Yes, I see them. I see them. Lisa. Victor.

PETRUSHKÓÓV: Hey! Stop him! Stop him! Somebody!

SOUND: (GUNSHOT ... CROWD REACTS)

CROWD: A shot! He shot himself!

IVÁN PETROVICH: Féédyá, a beautiful job.

FÉÉDYA: This time -- it's well done...

LISA: Féédyá! Féédyá!... What have you done? Oh, why, why?!...

GUARD: Stand back, you people! Stand back!

PETRÚSHIN: Stand back, everybody!

LISA: Féédyá! Why?!

FÉÉDYA: Forgive me, Lisa-- No other way-- Not for you-- For myself--

LISA: (DESPERATE) You'll live, Féédyá. You'll live.

FÉÉDYA: No-- No-- Good-bye-- Masha--

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES SING AND PLAY MOURNFULLY .. PAUSES)

FÉÉDYA: You're too late--

(MUSIC ... GYPSIES SING AND PLAY MOURNFULLY .. PAUSES AGAIN)

FÉÉDYA: (DYING) Ah.... Happiness!...

(MUSIC ... UP TO A CLIMAX ... AND OUT)

ARTHUR HOPKINS: Thank you, Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish, and members of the company, for a beautiful performance. Next Wednesday, we bring you Clare Kummer's "A Successful Calamity" with Philip Merivale. Thank you and good night.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Mr. Hopkins.

(APPLAUSE IN AND OUT)

ANNOUNCER: In tonight's presentation of "Arthur Hopkins Presents," Louis Calhern was heard as Féédyá and Dorothy Gish as Lisa. Palmer Ward played Victor

Karénin, Charlotte Holland was Masha, Edgar Stehli played Prince Sergius Abrééskov, and Alan Devitt was the magistrate. Others in the cast included Valya Karilyova, Alix Duran, Stefan Schnabel, Roger DeKoven, Stella Reynolds, Jane Robbins, Charles Kennedy, Norman Lord, and Ted Osborne. Tonight's production of "Redemption" by Arthur Hopkins was directed by Wynn Wright from the radio version by Wyllis Cooper. The music was under the direction of [Waslaf Davina?].

MUSIC: (ORCHESTRA)

(APPLAUSE)

ANNOUNCER: This is the National Broadcasting Company.

FÉÉDYA: You know among our class -- I mean the class I was born in -- there are only three courses: the first, to ... make money to squander over your sensual appetites. And all that was appalling to me -- perhaps because I couldn't do it. The second thing is to live to clear out, to destroy what is foul, to make way for the beautiful. But for that you've got to be a hero, and I'm not a hero. And the third is to forget it all -- overwhelm it with music, drown it with wine. That's what I did.