



*voice over:* He was suddenly overcome by an uncontrollable desire to leave. He had a feeling that if he stayed he would be irrevocably drawn into this world and that this world would become his world henceforward.



NASTASYA: Listen, Ganya, I want to see you as you really are for the last time. You've been tormenting me for three months. Now it's my turn. You see this bundle of notes? It's my money. I took it for a night with Rogozhin. I'm going to burn it.



NASTASYA: Put your hands into the flames. If you do, it's yours.

