

DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE

Based on the story by
Robert Louis Stevenson

Adapted for the stage by
Mark Jowett

Characters

Gabriel John UTTERSON	Serious lawyer with a strong sense of justice, who witnesses the main events of the story;
Dr Henry JEKYLL	Forward-thinking scientist prepared to make bold experiments; client and good friend of Mr Utterson;
Edward HYDE	A mysterious protégé of Dr Jekyll of very disturbing outward appearance;
Richard ENFIELD	Younger cousin of Mr Utterson who witnesses a terrible event involving Mr Hyde;
Dr Hastie LANYON	Contemporary of Dr Jekyll and former friend. They have fallen out recently over stark disagreements on scientific experiments;
POOLE	Dr Jekyll's servant;
Sir Danvers CAREW	Elderly statesman whose brutal murder has a key part to play in the mystery;
Inspector VANCE	Police Officer investigating the murder of Sir Danvers Carew.

Scene 1 - THE JOURNAL

Eerie music fills the theatre. We hear footsteps, running, shouting, then banging and voices off stage. LIGHTS UP dimly to reveal a figure, writhing on a chair in a murky room, filled with a strange, floating mist.

UTTERSON (*off-stage*)

Open the door! Open the door, I say! Are you there! I demand to see you!

VOICE

For God's sake have mercy!

UTTERSON (*off-stage*)

God damn you, if you have done anything to my friend!

VOICE

Have pity!

UTTERSON (*off-stage*)

Open this door!

We hear a loud scream from the stage. BANG! UTTERSON and POOLE storm in, carrying lanterns. They look around the dim room - then POOLE sees in the far corner a DYING MAN, covered in blood.

POOLE

My God! Utterson! Over here! I fear it is too late!

UTTERSON (*to Poole*)

Poole! Fetch the Police! The villain cannot be far away.

POOLE

Yes, sir!

POOLE runs off.

UTTERSON (*to the audience*)

The man was dying. A man I had known so well over the years – and yet a man I hardly knew at all. How I came to discover him in this grim laboratory and the events leading up to it were all laid down in a journal which he gave to me shortly before his death.

DYING MAN

Read it, my friend. Read it.

UTTERSON

I'll call a doctor...

DYING MAN

It is no use; do not trouble yourself! Read the journal. Everything you need to know is set down

inside it. Read it and you will understand everything. What a journey I have had... Now my time... Our time... is over... (*Dies*)

UTTERSON

His body was taken away. The funeral was held a few days later, attended by friends and colleagues from the farthest corners of the country. Some terrible accident during his work was the official story. I thought back to an afternoon just over a year ago – when there was the first suggestion that something was very wrong indeed with my friend Dr Henry Jekyll...

BLACKOUT. On the screen we see flashes of lightning, followed by bubbling and boiling - burning red liquid erupts ferociously. Fumes foaming off the lethal concoction billow out and fill the screen - then become the fog of a typical Victorian London pea-souper. Swirling fog fills the streets, cold wind blows... Gradually the wind subsides and more cheerful daytime busy street sounds are heard...

Scene 2 - THE DOOR

Lights full up. The busy street sounds continue. It is just over a year earlier. UTTERSON is walking through a busy street. A BEGGAR approaches him.

BEGGAR

Spare a few coins for a poor man?

UTTERSON

You look fit enough; have you no work?

BEGGAR

Oh, it's not for want of trying, sir! But times is hard. And what with me and my poor wife and children! And another one on the way.

UTTERSON

Oh... well, I suppose I could... Just one moment...

UTTERSON reaches for his wallet in a distracted manner. Suddenly another gentleman, ENFIELD, bursts in.

ENFIELD

You again!

The BEGGAR turns around, startled. By this time, UTTERSON has a coin in his hand, about to stretch it out to offer the money, but the shout has made him freeze for a moment.

ENFIELD

Did I not warn you last time? Be on your way, you rascal, or I shall call a policeman over!

The BEGGAR, who has obviously encountered this gentleman

before and had an unpleasant experience, hesitates for a moment, then snatches the coin from UTTERSON's hand and runs off. ENFIELD, enraged is about to shout something in anger when he recognises UTTERSON.

ENFIELD

Why you-! Mr Utterson! My dear sir! I did not recognise you before!

UTTERSON

Well well, Mr Enfield! I was just thinking of you and here you are!

ENFIELD

I am sorry about that embarrassing incident. That man was not to be trusted!

UTTERSON

So I gather...

ENFIELD

I hope you did not offer him much.

UTTERSON

Nothing I will miss greatly!

ENFIELD

Scoundrel! I suppose he told you about his ever-growing family?

UTTERSON

He did mention something of the sort.

ENFIELD

Believe me: He is no more married than I am. One day he will be richer than I if he continues with his ways.

UTTERSON

Well I doubt that, Richard. You exaggerate somewhat!

ENFIELD (*changing mood*)

Perhaps I do. What brings you to this part of the city? This street certainly has its charm, I grant you...

UTTERSON

It simply provided the quickest route to my destination.

ENFIELD (*with curiosity*)

Oh really?

UTTERSON

Well, if you must know, I am on my way to see an elderly lady in this area, who needs my legal

services. She is not well enough to travel, so I agreed to visit her.

ENFIELD

Well this street is certainly a charming distraction on your journey. Where do they find such beautiful flowers at this time of year? More's the pity that one building in the street spoils the whole effect.

UTTERSON

Which one?

ENFIELD

Why the one right behind you! Did you ever notice that door?

ENFIELD uses his walking cane to indicate the door in question.

UTTERSON (*turning to look*)

That gloomy-looking one?

ENFIELD

I'd say it is a long time indeed since it was last painted! Look at all the cracks!

UTTERSON

And a great deal of mould appears to be thriving near the doorstep. It is rather at odds with the rest of the street.

ENFIELD

That door reminds me of a very strange event I witnessed here...

UTTERSON

Pray tell!

ENFIELD

It is quite a long story. I do not wish to delay you...

UTTERSON

Oh I am in no hurry. In fact I am quite early. Please do tell me.

ENFIELD

Well, I was on my way home from a friend who lives on the very edge of the city... It was about three o'clock in the morning, and my way lay through a deserted part of town. Street after street, and not a soul to be seen... Then all at once, I saw two figures: one a man who was stumping along eastward at a fast pace, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running

as hard as she could down a cross street. Well, the two ran into one another at the corner; and then came the horrible part; for the man trampled over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground.

UTTERSON

My goodness!

ENFIELD

It was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some wild animal. I shouted, but he paid no attention to me, so I ran after him, caught him by the collar, and brought him back to where there were already several people standing around the screaming child.

UTTERSON

Did he resist at all?

ENFIELD

No. Not at all. The man was perfectly cool; but he gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me in an instant. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, a doctor appeared as well. The girl was not seriously injured, more frightened, according to the doctor.

UTTERSON

The poor child must have had a terrible shock.

ENFIELD

There you might suppose would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to this man at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's reaction struck me. He was a normal enough man of his profession and seemed completely devoid of emotion. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw him turn sick and white with desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. And all the time, we were keeping the women off him as best we could for they were trying to tear him apart. I never saw hate like that on so many faces. And yet the man remained still there, in the middle, with a kind of black sneering coolness...

UTTERSON

What did he look like?

ENFIELD

He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance; something down-right detestable. I never saw a man I disliked so much, and yet I do not really know why. He gives a strong feeling of being... deformed – and yet I could not say in what way. He's an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing out of the way. No, sir; it is beyond me: I can't describe him. And it's not a question of my memory; for I declare I can see him this very moment.

During the last few words, the lighting has changed, and faint, disturbing chords of music can be heard. Onto the other side of the stage appears a monstrous figure, quite calmly. It is MR HYDE, the terrible man that ENFIELD is speaking of. As ENFIELD talks of him, the scene begins to be re-enacted, with MR HYDE speaking for himself:

MR HYDE

If you choose to make capital out of this accident, I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene. Name your figure.

ENFIELD

Well, we forced him to pay a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to

argue for less; but the crowd around him was so angry and threatening, that at last he agreed.

MR HYDE

Very well. You shall have your payment.

ENFIELD

Do you have the sum to hand?

MR HYDE

Hardly. But the solution lies nearby. If you would care to follow me?

ENFIELD

And where do you think he took us? To that very door! He took out a key, went in, and presently came back with a cheque for one hundred pounds. Then I noticed the name on the cheque was someone else's.

UTTERSON

What was the name?

ENFIELD (*after a brief hesitation*)

I'm afraid I can't tell you. Please don't be offended but I feel a loyalty to this gentleman – I can tell you it was a gentleman held in great esteem in the city. One hundred pounds was a large sum,

but the man I am talking of could certainly afford it.

UTTERSON

The whole business certainly seems suspicious.

ENFIELD (*Turning to HYDE*)

Come, come, my man, you can hardly expect us to believe you! A man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out with another man's cheque for a hundred pounds.

MR HYDE (*sneering*)

Set your mind at rest. I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself. If that is what you wish...

ENFIELD

Very well. But I warn you: If you are trying to trick us you will regret it.

MR HYDE

Have no fear. There is no need to threaten me...

ENFIELD

So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, the monstrous man, and myself, and passed the

rest of the night in my office; and the next day, went together to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.

MR HYDE

Are you satisfied now?

ENFIELD

I suppose I must be.

MR HYDE

Then I trust I may leave you now.

ENFIELD

Nothing would give me greater pleasure.

MR HYDE glares at ENFIELD and slinks off.

UTTERSON

Tut-tut. He sounds a most unpleasant creature.

ENFIELD

Yes, it's a bad story. For nobody would want any connection with this fellow, a really damnable man; and as I said before the person that drew

the cheque is very highly regarded and has done many great and charitable deeds.

UTTERSON

But what could such a gentleman possibly have to do with this Mr Hyde? Why on earth would he help the villain?

ENFIELD

Blackmail I suppose; an honest man paying through the nose for some of the capers of his youth. Black Mail House is what I call the place with the door, in consequence.

UTTERSON

And you don't know if the drawer of the cheque lives there?

ENFIELD

It doesn't seem likely, does it? I believe he does live somewhere in this neighbourhood.

UTTERSON

And you never asked your friend about the... place with the door?

ENFIELD

No, sir: I felt it would be indelicate to do so. I feel

very strongly about asking certain questions. You start a question, and there can be terrible consequences. No sir, I make it a rule of mine: if the question seems likely to cause embarrassment, I do not ask.

UTTERSON

A very good rule, too.

ENFIELD

But I have studied the place for myself. It hardly seems like a house at all. There is no other door, and nobody goes in or out of that one but the man I saw. I walked around the block to see if it would be clearer from the other side who the owner might be, but the buildings are packed together around a central courtyard so tightly that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins.

UTTERSON

May I ask something else?

ENFIELD

Of course.

UTTERSON

What was the name of that man who walked over the child?

ENFIELD

Well, I can't see what harm it would do. His name was Mr Hyde.

UTTERSON

Hyde...

ENFIELD

Edward Hyde.

UTTERSON (*after much thought*)

You are sure he used a key?

ENFIELD

My dear sir! I assure you the fellow had a key; and what's more, he has it still. I saw him use it just two days ago.

UTTERSON

Very well. I know it must seem strange. The fact is: The man who signed the cheque is known very well to me; indeed he is a client of mine: Dr Henry Jekyll?

ENFIELD

You might have told me sooner. Well there is no point in concealing the fact now. You are right:

The man who signed the cheque was indeed Dr Jekyll.

UTTERSON

Let us keep this story to ourselves for the present.

ENFIELD

With all my heart.

UTTERSON

Thank you, Richard. I bid you good day.

ENFIELD exits. UTTERSON moves to centre stage.

UTTERSON (*addressing audience*)

My meeting with Mr Enfield left me very troubled. As I had told him, I already knew which gentleman he was referring to. The main entrance to my good friend Dr Henry Jekyll's home lay in an altogether finer square a block behind. But I knew that his house was connected via a passageway to his laboratory and the door we had both seen was therefore the rear entrance to his house.

That evening I returned to my home as usual. I would normally begin my evening with a glass of wine by the fireside – but on this occasion, my first thought was to go to my safe and remove a

particular document.

UTTERSON does so now. In the background we hear the chimes of a grandfather clock. He inspects it at a table which has an empty wine glass on it.

It was the last Will and Testament of my friend, Dr Jekyll, and a document whose contents displeased me – indeed disturbed me very much. Henry Jekyll and I had been friends for many years. As Enfield had said, he was most highly regarded in society but in private he was also a very kind and generous host – and much given to entertaining. It was after one such evening, when all the other guests had gone that he first mentioned the subject.

Scene 3 - THE WILL

During the last speech we hear the sounds of contented guests at a dinner party, fading away as all the guests leave; then just the crackling of the fireplace. JEKYLL enters with decanter and his own glass.

JEKYLL

Another glass of wine, Gabriel?

UTTERSON

Well I don't know if I should...

JEKYLL

Nonsense. Fine wine can have a beneficial effect upon the spirit.

UTTERSON

It certainly has a transforming effect. After a glass or two in the evening I am a different person.

JEKYLL

Certainly after three or four!

They both laugh as JEKYLL fills UTTERSON'S glass.

UTTERSON

Thank you, Henry. As you are a doctor, I must trust this last glass will do me no harm!

JEKYLL

My dear fellow, you have the constitution of an ox! How long have we been friends?

UTTERSON

My, my! How long indeed? What? Fifteen... No: twenty years? No! More! Nearly twenty-five years!

JEKYLL

A quarter of a century! And how long have you

been my lawyer?

UTTERSON

Ah – now that is a more difficult question to answer! I may have to charge you! Is it in that capacity that I can assist you now?

JEKYLL

Well, yes, I do have a legal matter I would like you to help me with... but it is getting late, so I will not trouble you much now...

UTTERSON

Let me know the details and I'll have one of my men deal with the job.

JEKYLL

The matter is a little... out of the ordinary, and I would prefer it, if a man of discretion... someone I could trust... well, yourself in other words, could take this matter on.

UTTERSON

Of course my dear friend. What is it?

JEKYLL

Well I have prepared some preliminary paperwork. Take it with you and I will visit your

offices tomorrow morning... but... I fear you may hesitate to do this for me...

UTTERSON

Why should I? Come to my office in the morning, and I'm sure all will be fine!

JEKYLL goes to fetch the paperwork. He brings it back and hands it to UTTERSON, who drains the last of his wine. In the movement, sound effects suggest the passage of evening into the next morning and the transformation of JEKYLL's study into UTTERSON's offices. UTTERSON reads through the pages with increasing disbelief.

UTTERSON

This is all in your hand? No one else has been involved in producing the Will?

JEKYLL

Not another living soul.

UTTERSON

But this is... I must confess to being... uncomfortable with the terms you have set down. Who is this man I have never heard of?

JEKYLL

A young scientist of much promise...

UTTERSON

You really mean to give all your worldly goods to this man in the event of your death?

JEKYLL

That is what I have set down.

UTTERSON

But... You have gone further. You say this man can gain access to your funds even if you disappear for more than three months? Surely we should strike out that clause?

JEKYLL

No, my friend. You need not change a single word. I simply need you to have a copy of it, in case... anything should happen to me.

UTTERSON

But why this man? What of your other relatives?

JEKYLL

The fact is... I am asking you as a friend to keep this will for me, and that is all I can say on the matter.

UTTERSON

You mean to tell me nothing?

JEKYLL

Forgive me. I cannot. I know it must seem strange. But will you help me? Can you?

UTTERSON (*after an exasperated pause*)

You know I cannot refuse you, Henry.

JEKYLL

Excellent. I knew I could count on you. Let's talk no more about it for now. Well I must go. My pharmacist is expecting me and I am already late! Good day to you, Gabriel.

UTTERSON (*perturbed*)

Good day, Henry.

JEKYLL exits and we return to UTTERSON's narration some time later.

UTTERSON

I had been deeply troubled at the time with my friend's will. As a professional, I found the details highly irregular. But after hearing my cousin's account of the terrible man trampling over the girl I was more concerned than ever. For I had already heard of the name of Edward Hyde. It was the name mentioned in Dr Jekyll's will. Why would

my friend have anything to do with such a monster? The man must have some power over Henry. But what?

I could not spend the evening alone; I needed to share my concerns with someone. I immediately thought of another doctor – Dr Lanyon; I set off and hoped he would not object to such a sudden visit.

Scene 4 - DR LANYON

Lights up to a warm, glowing interior. DR LANYON, a hearty, red-faced man is seated by the hearth with a glass of wine at his side. UTTERSON enters and LANYON springs up to greet him, clasping UTTERSON's hand in both of his own.

LANYON

My dear Utterson, what a pleasant surprise!

UTTERSON

I hope I am not disturbing you...?

LANYON

Not at all! I'm glad of the company! What news do you have?

UTTERSON

I happened to meet my cousin Mr Enfield earlier

today...

LANYON

Out on one of your famous walks together?

UTTERSON

No, not this time: We met by chance in a busy street... He told me a strange story. By the end I realised it involved one of our friends.

LANYON

Really? Who?

UTTERSON

Dr Henry Jekyll. I suppose you and I must be two of the oldest friends that he has?

LANYON

I am not sure I like to be thought of as old, but I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now.

UTTERSON

Really? I thought you had a common bond of interest.

LANYON

We had. But it is more than ten years since Henry

Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in the mind; and though of course I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I have seen very little of the man. He talks such unscientific balderdash!

UTTERSON

So you only differ on some point of science? I thought it must have been something more serious!

LANYON

You talk as if science were only a trivial thing! Choose your words carefully when you mention science or we will differ too!

UTTERSON

Well I should not want that – and there is no danger of me talking to you about science for very long. *(Pause)* Did you ever come across a protégé of his – one Hyde, Edward Hyde?

LANYON

Hyde? No. Never heard of him.

UTTERSON

I fear this man may have some power... some control over our friend.

LANYON

Why would that be the case?

UTTERSON

The man has a key to Henry's laboratory and comes and goes as he pleases. He also seems able to obtain money from Henry whenever he needs it.

LANYON

You think perhaps Henry has committed some foolish act and now Mr... Hyde you say? Mr Hyde is aware of this act and is using the knowledge to blackmail Henry?

UTTERSON

The thought had crossed my mind. But it cannot be anything serious surely? You and I have known Henry Jekyll for many years and we both know him to be an honourable man, a kind man. Why he wouldn't hurt a fly!

LANYON

Perhaps it is some old misdemeanour – some rash act committed in his youth?

UTTERSON

You may be right. Which one of us has not done something we later regretted? By this Hyde troubles me. Since hearing about him I have been trying to imagine what his face would look like...

LANYON

You say he is regularly to be seen entering Dr Jekyll's laboratory?

UTTERSON

Yes – it is a door on the street at the rear of Henry's home – there is a small courtyard in between. But I see what you are suggesting. If I were to wait outside the door, perhaps he might come out – or return and then I might set eyes upon him!

LANYON

Well if he is Mr Hyde... You must be Mr Seek!

UTTERSON

Oh very good! That will be my mission in my spare hours.

LANYON

How exciting! When do you plan to begin?

UTTERSON

Tomorrow afternoon. I need to see the face of this man – and yet I dread it.

BLACKOUT

Scene 5 - MR HYDE

UTTERSON has a disturbed dream about dark alleyways, footsteps and canes tapping the ground, wind blowing dried leaves across the slabs...

Lights up to a foggy street. UTTERSON is pacing up and down, waiting.

UTTERSON

I made several visits to the ominous-looking doorway, each time waiting for as long as I could. On my fourth visit my patience was rewarded when I heard odd, light footsteps drawing near and then saw a man approaching. The light was behind him, and even though all I could see was an outline, there was something malignant about this man's presence.

During UTTERSON's speech, the disturbing figure of HYDE appears and approaches the door.

UTTERSON

The figure seemed hardly human. As he drew

near to the door, I stepped out and greeted him.

UTTERSON moves forward to intercept him. HYDE remains stooped, half turned away from UTTERSON.

UTTERSON

Mr Hyde, I think?

HYDE

That is my name. What do you want?

UTTERSON

I see you are going in. I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's: Mr. Utterson of Gaunt Street. You must have heard of my name; and meeting you so conveniently, I thought you might admit me.

HYDE

That is not possible. Dr. Jekyll is not at home. *(About to use his key, he pauses)* How did you know me?

UTTERSON

If I tell you, will you do something for me?

HYDE

What shall it be?

UTTERSON

Will you let me see your face?

HYDE appears to hesitate, and then, as if upon some sudden reflection, turns defiantly and shows himself. They stare at each other for several seconds.

UTTERSON

Now I shall know you again. It may be useful.

HYDE

Yes... It is as well we have met; and since we have met, you should have my address in Soho.

UTTERSON

You believe you might be in need of my legal services?

HYDE

Not at present. But you never know. And now, how did you know me?

UTTERSON

By description.

HYDE

Whose description?

UTTERSON

We have common friends.

HYDE

Common friends? Who are they?

UTTERSON

Jekyll, for instance.

HYDE *(with a flush of anger)*

He never told you! I did not think you would have lied.

UTTERSON

Come, come! That is not fitting language!

As UTTERSON speaks, HYDE snarls and emits a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, unlocks the door and disappears inside.

UTTERSON

Mr Hyde!

Oh my poor Henry Jekyll: If ever I read Satan's signature upon a face, it is on that of your new friend! I resolved to go round the corner and visit my friend Dr Jekyll. I was determined to find out why my friend should have anything to do with this demon.

Scene 6 - POOLE

POOLE appears at one side of the stage, where JEKYLL's front door might be imagined to be.

UTTERSON

Good evening, Poole! Is Dr Jekyll at home?

POOLE

I am afraid not, sir.

UTTERSON

I saw Mr. Hyde go in through the laboratory entrance, Poole. Does Dr Jekyll allow that – when he is away from home?

POOLE

Yes, sir. That is right, quite right. Mr. Hyde has a key.

UTTERSON

Your master seems to have a great deal of trust in that man, Poole.

POOLE

Yes, sir, he does indeed. We have all orders to obey him.

UTTERSON

I do not think I ever met Mr. Hyde at one of Dr Jekyll's dinner parties?

POOLE

O, dear no, sir. He never dines here. Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house; he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory entrance.

UTTERSON

I see. Well, good-night, Poole.

POOLE

Good-night, Mr. Utterson.

UTTERSON

As I set out homeward, I thought of my poor friend who seemed to be in very deep waters! He had been wild as a young man and perhaps he had overstepped the mark at some point – and it was possible this man Hyde had learnt as much. But who does not have something in his past he is ashamed of? I stopped for a moment as a thought occurred to me. Surely if that were the case and this horrible man were trying to blackmail my friend – then he in turn must have far blacker deeds in his past that he would not like to be discovered. I decided to learn as much as I could

about this man in order to protect my dear friend. It turned me cold to think of this creature creeping around my friend's home. And the danger of it; for if this Hyde knew of the will, he would become impatient to inherit. He might even murder Jekyll in his greed! I decided to approach Jekyll as soon as possible – and try once more to convince him to change the will.

SCENE 7 - JEKYLL STANDS FIRM

Sounds of guests laughing, chatting dining, the saying their goodbyes. A crackling fireplace. UTTERSON has not moved since his last speech and after a lighting change resumes his narration.

UTTERSON

A fortnight later, by excellent fortune, Doctor Jekyll gave one of his pleasant dinner parties, and I made sure that I stayed behind after the others had departed. I sat by the fireside as he said goodbye to the last of his other guests and waited to broach the serious matter.

JEKYLL enters, finishing his goodbyes to an invisible departing guest.

JEKYLL

Goodbye my dear fellow! Yes! It was a pleasure

for me too! Good evening! Ah – peace at last! A dear fellow that chap, but what nonsense he talks! But your glass is empty! Allow me... I noticed you liked this wine during the evening. As always a man of refined taste.

UTTERSON

To your good health!

JEKYLL

To our good health!

UTTERSON

Yes this is very good. I feel as if I were on the slopes of some French vineyard in late summer.

JEKYLL

Instead of here by the fireside in a gloomy London winter!

UTTERSON

As we have said before, this amazing potion certainly has a transforming effect.

JEKYLL

If you only knew. That has been a key part of my work in recent months...

UTTERSON

With what aim, exactly?

JEKYLL

I have been working to create a potion that can separate the two parts of man...

UTTERSON

The two parts?

JEKYLL

Do you agree that there is good and bad in each and every one of us?

UTTERSON

Well... yes... although the level of good and bad varies, I suppose.

JEKYLL

But you accept the principle that both elements are contained within us? The higher element and the lower.

UTTERSON

The selfless and the selfish?

JEKYLL

The pure and the corrupt... Good and evil...

UTTERSON

Yes, I suppose so.

JEKYLL

And what separates us from the murderer on the street? Deep down are we any different?

UTTERSON

Surely you do not think either you or I have anything in common with a murderer?

JEKYLL

Only because we have learnt to wear a mask. To conceal our true nature!

UTTERSON

Well, I don't know...

JEKYLL

You my friend are civilized, but I am sure you have felt murderous thoughts, but you can control them. You are strong-willed and virtuous. But what of others? Suppose one could control their baser instincts? Isolate them and find a way to dominate the bad and live exclusively with the good? All the negative thoughts and emotions that ruin lives, drive people to theft, despair, violence,

murder... What if one could cut off the impulse to feel that way, the stimulus that brings on such thoughts? If one were freed from jealousy, fear, and greed and only felt love, hope, and the will to do good in life, imagine the transformation of society!

UTTERSON

The whole world would be changed.

JEKYLL

For the better!

UTTERSON

And you are carrying out work in your laboratory to this effect?

JEKYLL

That is so.

UTTERSON

With any success?

JEKYLL

It is too early to say. But the results of experiments so far have been... most fascinating!

UTTERSON

And this Mr Hyde has been assisting you?

JEKYLL

He has.

UTTERSON

I hear he has free access to your laboratory.

JEKYLL

We are scientists! I don't expect people in society to understand my bond to this man but I hope that a man of your intelligence and sensitivity can.

UTTERSON

Well if this man helps you towards your scientific goals, all the better – but forgive me if I say that Mr Hyde troubles me still. Especially in relation to that will of yours...

JEKYLL

My poor Utterson, I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will!

UTTERSON

You know I never approved of it.

JEKYLL

Yes. You have told me so many times.

UTTERSON

Well, I tell you so again. I have been learning something of Mr Hyde.

JEKYLL (*growing pale*)

I do not care to hear more. This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop.

UTTERSON

I know – but what I heard was abominable.

JEKYLL

It won't make any difference. You do not understand: My position is very strange - very strange indeed. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking.

UTTERSON

Henry: You know me: I am a man to be trusted. It seems to me you are in some difficulty; have no doubt I will help you if I can!

JEKYLL

My dear Utterson, this is very good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you. I would trust you before any man alive, but it isn't what you think; it is not as bad as that; and just to put your mind at

rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my word.

UTTERSON (*after reflecting*)

Well I will trouble you no further on the subject.

JEKYLL

Thank you – but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope: There is one point I should like you to understand. I really have a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do take a great interest in that man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I ask you to promise me that you will get his rights for him. It would be a weight off my mind if you would promise.

UTTERSON

I can't pretend that I shall ever like him.

JEKYLL

I don't ask that. I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here.

UTTERSON (*sighing*)

Well... I promise. (*After a pause*) I must be going!

JEKYLL

Poole will get you a carriage.

UTTERSON

No, I think some fresh air would do me good. I shall walk... at least part of the way.

JEKYLL

Good night, Gabriel, and... thank you. I knew you would understand.

UTTERSON

Good night Henry.

UTTERSON exits, the stage becomes darker and JEKYLL looks troubled. He looks at himself in the mirror, but he is horrified to see his reflection is that of Mr Hyde, grinning back. His grotesque reflection does mirror most of his actions (passing a hand over his hair etc) but every now and then, mischievously something is slightly out. JEKYLL runs off in horror, but Mr Hyde remains, grinning. BLACKOUT

SCENE 8 - ANIMALS

UTTERSON and ENFIELD are on one of their customary Sunday walks and this time are visiting the zoo in Regent's Park

ENFIELD

To think that men travel the world to see its

wondrous creatures. And yet here in London we can see many of them in one place.

UTTERSON

This zoological park is fascinating.

ENFIELD

What on earth is that creature?

UTTERSON

Let me look at the sign. Ah. That, Richard, is a hippopotamus. It is the Latin for river horse.

ENFIELD

Rather comical creature

UTTERSON

Perhaps, but I am glad to be on this side of the fence, nevertheless. What's next?

ENFIELD

Over there we can see a collection of apes. Shall we?

UTTERSON

By all means.

They stroll to the other side of the stage; we hear the sounds of apes - at first the chattering of monkeys and gibbons; later the deeper rumbles of gorillas.

ENFIELD

This chap Darwin says we are descended from these creatures... Seems a ridiculous notion to me.

UTTERSON

But one that is gathering support from many scientists. Certainly my friend Henry Jekyll believes something of the sort – that we are all animals at heart.

ENFIELD

I'd like to meet him. I would enjoy arguing with him on that point.

UTTERSON

He would not give up without a fight! But I can certainly arrange for you to meet. Henry has excellent dinner parties. Here we are. Look at those large ones... gorillas! And what of those impertinent ones leaping about?

ENFIELD

They are... (*reading*) chimpanzees.

UTTERSON

What an amazing name. Chimpanzees? But then they are amazing creatures. If you stare at them for long enough they do have something... human about them. Look at that sad one sitting alone in the corner.

ENFIELD

And what of this lively fellow here. Hello old chap! Hey! Watch out! He nearly had my cane then! Cheeky fellow.

UTTERSON

He might have damaged more than your cane were it not for those bars... The way he moved and-

ENFIELD

What is it?

UTTERSON

Nothing. Just a ridiculous notion I entertained for a moment.

ENFIELD

Tell me...

UTTERSON

Well it was just the way these apes move and the way they act on impulse made me think most vividly of the man you saw that night – Edward Hyde.

ENFIELD

Yes... I see what you mean...

UTTERSON

Did I ever tell you that I saw Mr Hyde for myself?

ENFIELD

No.

UTTERSON

Outside the very same door where we met and spoke of him... And I felt the same disgust and revulsion that you did.

ENFIELD

Even to murderous thoughts?

UTTERSON

It... might even have come to that. It was most disturbing. I fear we have not heard the end of Mr Hyde. I fear my friend Dr Jekyll is making a terrible mistake...

UTTERSON and ENFIELD walk on in deep thought as the lights fade to black. We hear sinister music on screen we see dark London streets, distant horses and carts, and then just the howling of the wind.

UTTERSON

If only I knew then what I know now. It was all so – fantastic, and yet all the facts were staring me in the face! A friend, a scientist who wanted to isolate the good and bad in mankind, but never talked of experiments! This potion he talked of... If only I had known then that he was taking it himself!

SCENE 9 - THE DEATH OF CAREW

We hear the tapping of a cane and echoing footsteps. Enter SIR DANVERS CAREW who is out late at night - on his way home. He is elderly and uses a walking stick, which makes the tapping sound we have heard. He has lost his way and pauses to get his bearings. As he does so another figure, MR HYDE, emerges from the darkness.

CAREW

Oh dear. Which way? I say. Excuse me, dear fellow...

HYDE

What is it?

CAREW

Apologies for the disturbance but are you

acquainted with this area?

HYDE

No.

CAREW

But perhaps you know how to reach...

HYDE

I do not have time.

CAREW

Oh, forgive me, I did not...

HYDE

I am late as it is and now you have delayed me further!

CAREW

My apologies... *(long pause)* Are you all right, Sir?

HYDE

What is it to you? Mind your business!

CAREW

Oh wait a moment, I know you! Aren't you a friend of Doctor Henry Jekyll's?

HYDE

Be on your way!

CAREW

The name will come to me...

HYDE

You are mistaken!

CAREW

You don't know Doctor Jekyll?

HYDE

I know him very well...

CAREW

Oh – I thought you said...

HYDE

But I am not his friend!

CAREW

I... see...

HYDE taps CAREW lightly on the shoulder with his cane, as he repeats each word.

HYDE

Not. His. Friend.

CAREW

Well, thank you for your time, I...

HYDE

But if you are his friend...

CAREW

Well, I...

HYDE

You must be my enemy! You have already seen too much.

CAREW

No... I assure you. I must be going now. I wish you a good evening.

HYDE

Not so fast. You are not leaving.

CAREW

Please! I mean you no harm!

HYDE

But I mean you harm! Yes! I mean you harm!

As HYDE speaks, he continues to tap CAREW with his cane, until the action builds up to a frenzy. HYDE strikes him harder and CAREW falls to the ground. HYDE stamps on top of CAREW's body repeatedly and we hear Carew cry out. The stage is bathed in red light.

CAREW

No! Please! Help! Help! Aaaah!

Once it is clear CAREW is dead, HYDE subsides, and staggers back. A change takes place within him. He undergoes spasms and seems to be suffering great pain. He falls to the ground. Then he is able to pull himself back up. He seems to awake from a daze and looks around, surprised by his surroundings. The man now standing in the street is DR HENRY JEKYLL. Then he turns sees the bloody corpse of CAREW and is startled. He takes a step back in horror. He looks at his own hands as if they might have something to do with the nightmarish scene in front of him. JEKYLL runs off in horror and leaves the corpse of CAREW on the stage, still bathed in red light.

SCENE 10 - THE MORGUE

We hear animal sounds and scary music. Then, after a while, lights FULL UP. UTTERSON enters.

UTTERSON

After a night during which I had very little sleep, and when I did, endured the most terrible nightmares, I awoke to the sound of knocking. A policeman was shown in who asked me to accompany him to the morgue. His name was

Inspector Vance...

Enter VANCE

UTTERSON

...and he was investigating a murder.

VANCE

Horrible affair, sir. Poor gentleman was clubbed to death.

UTTERSON

How terrible. But what does this have to do with me?

VANCE

He had this in his coat pocket sir.

VANCE produces an envelope and hands it to UTTERSON.

UTTERSON

A letter addressed to me... So the victim must be someone I know...

VANCE

We're rather hoping you will be able to identify the body, sir.

UTTERSON

He asked me to go with him to the morgue. I agreed.

VANCE

It's just through here sir, if you'll follow me. I'm afraid it's not a pretty sight.

UTTERSON

My immediate thought was that I would be presented with the sight of my dear friend Henry Jekyll, murdered as I had feared by that monster he insisted on sheltering...

VANCE

If you'd care to...

VANCE gestures to the covered body. UTTERSON approaches and VANCE lifts the sheet so he can inspect the body.

UTTERSON

Goodness! What a sight. Poor man!

VANCE

Do you recognise him sir?

UTTERSON

Yes. It is Sir Danvers Carew.

VANCE

Good God! You mean *the* Sir Danvers Carew?
The politician?

UTTERSON

I'm afraid so. How awful...

VANCE

This has suddenly become a big case!

UTTERSON

Yes, indeed. Perhaps you will become famous,
Inspector. Were there any witnesses?

VANCE

A maid witnessed the attack from a bedroom
window. The sight was so frightful she passed out
for a while. She's still in shock, poor thing, but she
has given us a description – of a man out of
control. She said he was more like an animal. Do
you have any idea who might do such a thing?

UTTERSON

Yes. Most likely it was Hyde.

VANCE

Hyde, sir?

UTTERSON

Edward Hyde. A particularly wicked-looking man.

VANCE

We found this near the body, sir... It might be the murder weapon. If so, he must have hit the poor fellow so hard, he broke the cane in two!

UTTERSON *(after a heavy sigh)*

I recognise the cane, Inspector. I offered it as a gift to my friend Dr Jekyll just over a year ago. Mr Hyde is a protégé of his. He must have taken the cane from Jekyll's laboratory! Not only does the devil commit murder; he uses a weapon that implicates my friend.

VANCE

You are absolutely sure of this... Jekyll couldn't be involved himself?

UTTERSON

Out of the question! Jekyll wouldn't hurt a fly! No this is Hyde's doing. *(Remembering)* And I know where he might be! Now where did I put it?

UTTERSON looks for the card he was given. He produces one from

an inside pocket.

UTTERSON

Here we are! He has a flat in Soho!

VANCE

If you can spare the time sir, it would be best if we were to go straight away.

UTTERSON

Anything to stop this monster doing more damage.

VANCE

There's a carriage this way sir.

UTTERSON

Let's hope we're not too late!

They both exit. Projected onto the screen we see creepy murky, foggy streets...

SCENE 11 - THE LETTER

UTTERSON enters and continues his narration.

UTTERSON

The flat was empty – Hyde had already fled!

There were fresh ashes in the fireplace as though he had been burning evidence. From the ashes we retrieved the other half of the cane I had given Jekyll. And what if he also planned to get rid of people who knew him and could betray him? Surely he would go after Jekyll! I raced over there. Poole showed me in. My friend was alive, but very pale.

JEKYLL

Ah, how are you Gabriel?

UTTERSON

I am well, thank you. But you, yourself look very pale. You must have heard the terrible news.

JEKYLL (*shuddering*)

They were crying it in the square. Sir Danvers Carew... murdered... in the middle of the night...

UTTERSON

Sir Danvers was my client, but so are you, and I want to know what is happening. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?

JEKYLL

Utterson, I swear to God... I swear to God I will never set eyes on Edward Hyde again. I promise

you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end. And indeed he does not want my help; he is safe, he says he is quite safe – and that he will never be heard of again!

UTTERSON

You seem pretty sure. I hope you are right. If it came to a trial, your name might appear.

JEKYLL

I am quite sure. Hyde sent me this letter. Poole handed it to me this morning. It could not be plainer; but I do not know if I should show it to the police.

UTTERSON

You fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?

JEKYLL

No, I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed.

UTTERSON

Well, let me see the letter.

JEKYLL (*fetching letter*)

Here it is.

UTTERSON (*narrating*)

The letter confirmed Jekyll's story. It was signed "Edward Hyde": and it stated that Dr. Jekyll need not worry for his safety, as he had a foolproof means of escape. (*To Jekyll*) Do you still have the envelope?

JEKYLL

I burned it, before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in.

UTTERSON

May I take this letter with me?

JEKYLL

By all means.

UTTERSON

Very well. One more thought: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about your disappearance? If you were to disappear for more than three months, all your worldly goods would be given to Mr Hyde?

JEKYLL seems seized with a spasm of faintness; he shuts his mouth tight and nods.

UTTERSON

I knew it. He meant to murder you. You had a fine escape.

JEKYLL

I... I have had a lesson - O God, Utterson, what a lesson I have had! But now... Oh now I must ask you to leave, my friend... I... really do not feel myself...

UTTERSON

Of course. Should I call Poole?

JEKYLL (*almost shrieking*)

No! Just go! Please...

UTTERSON stands to one side as JEKYLL looks tormented, holds his head in his hands and then in mad panic races out.

UTTERSON

I saw Poole on my way out and asked him about the letter that had been hand delivered. But Poole knew nothing of such a letter – nothing had been delivered to the front of the house. It must have been delivered from the laboratory side... And yet Jekyll had distinctly said that Poole had handed

him the letter! Once again I began to have the uneasy feeling that Jekyll was hiding something.

SCENE 12 - THE INVITATION

UTTERSON and ENFIELD are in a private room of their club. UTTERSON is at the side, staring out of a window, while ENFIELD is pouring drinks from a decanter.

ENFIELD

So Hyde is gone once and for all?

UTTERSON

I certainly hope so. It would seem so from the letter. My how gloomy the city looks in all this fog.

ENFIELD

Well come away from the window then! This should warm your spirits.

UTTERSON

You sound like Henry. He had some mad scheme to create a potion, which if you drank it, would separate the good from the bad.

ENFIELD

What a fantastic notion! The good from the bad? What if he got it the wrong way round? Your friend seems to have strayed a long way from the work

of our great scientists. Why, what he proposes sounds more like... playing God!

UTTERSON

You disapprove then.

ENFIELD

Wholeheartedly. The presumption of the man! You said he was unwell and now I see it is true. Has he tried this potion out on any poor unsuspecting victim yet?

UTTERSON

Not that I am aware of.

ENFIELD

He certainly cannot have given any to that damned protégé of his...

UTTERSON

No indeed.

ENFIELD

You would need a large dose of the stuff to find any goodness in Edward Hyde... Is that his letter?

UTTERSON

Yes.

ENFIELD

May I?

UTTERSON hands over the letter. ENFIELD unfolds the paper and studies the handwriting carefully. UTTERSON looks on, intrigued.

ENFIELD

Thank you. Ah... Yes...

UTTERSON

What is it?

ENFIELD

Oh it is a new hobby of mine! I like to study people's handwriting.

UTTERSON

Well you saw him that night. Does the style match the man? Is it the autograph of a murderer?

ENFIELD

If I had not seen the man I would say no, not mad. But the writing is odd. Bold, erratic, and yet strangely elegant. It certainly does not make me think of that treacherous fellow. What a strange man Dr Jekyll must be to work with such a fiend.

There will be much for me to argue with him about! First he says we are all animals. Now he believes he can tamper with our souls! I will give him a piece of my mind when we meet.

ENFIELD hands the letter back to UTTERSON.

UTTERSON

You are going to see Jekyll?

ENFIELD

The dinner party he is holding next week. I have his invitation here...

ENFIELD reaches inside his pocket and produces a small card.

UTTERSON

I see. Unless he recovers quickly I fear he may cancel the evening.

ENFIELD is reading the invitation when he is struck by something.

ENFIELD

That would be a pity... Be a good fellow and hand me the letter again, would you?

Bemused, UTTERSON hands the letter back to ENFIELD.

ENFIELD

Now that is interesting...

UTTERSON

What is it?

ENFIELD

Look at the writing on this letter – written by Edward Hyde... And now look at this invitation, handwritten by your friend Dr Henry Jekyll...

UTTERSON

I see what you mean. They are remarkably similar.

ENFIELD

Except that Hyde's writing slopes to the left and Jekyll's to the right... But apart from that...

UTTERSON

It is like looking in a mirror...

ENFIELD

Did you ever meet them together?

UTTERSON

No, never! Not once!

ENFIELD

A strange state of affairs, wouldn't you say?

UTTERSON

Yes. Very strange. And troubling. Richard, I have to go now, but please do me the favour of keeping this to yourself.

ENFIELD

Of course. I understand. You don't think this matter is over, do you?

UTTERSON

No. I fear it is not over. Good bye, Richard.

ENFIELD

Good bye. Take care, cousin.

The lighting changes and UTTERSON is now narrating again, as ENFIELD exits.

UTTERSON

If only I had learned the truth sooner I could have saved... how many lives? As I left Richard at the club, the growing sense that something less than

natural connected Jekyll and Hyde was gnawing at my mind – but I could not make the final jump. If I had realised sooner, perhaps I could have saved at least one more life... just one. But while I was travelling home, in another part of the city events were taking place that would prove disastrous to another friend of mine...

SCENE 13 - THE TRANSFORMATION

Projected onto the screen we see a montage of chemicals being mixed, changing colour and foaming out of control. During this, sinister music has built up. As it reaches a crescendo, we hear furious banging on a door.

LIGHTS up on DR LANYON, sitting in his armchair by the fireplace at home. He looks surprised, when a pale and dishevelled JEKYLL enters.

LANYON

Well this is a surprise. Good evening, Henry. I was wondering if we would ever meet again...

JEKYLL

Good evening. I am sorry to visit so late...

LANYON

Well I was about to retire for the evening...

JEKYLL

I will not keep you long. I know that we have disagreed on many matters in the past.

LANYON

We both know that to be true...

JEKYLL

But we have been such good friends! And at heart we are both scientists! We both strive for new knowledge. To improve the lives of our fellow men!

LANYON

Yes, we are both scientists, but you...

JEKYLL

I have taken a wilder path. Is that what you were going to say? I am reckless? Not to be trusted? Mad even? I do not have time to do things the way others would have it. I do not have time! I must take risks! I have done so already!

LANYON

I have already told you my grave concerns about your experiments. Heaven forbid that you ever try out that potion on a human...

JEKYLL

Oh, but I have...

LANYON

Oh no. Who were you able to persuade to take part in such a dangerous venture? Did you go to the local madhouse?

JEKYLL

You are right. Who would agree to such a thing? I tried to find people to use in my experiments, but it was not as easy as I thought it would be. It needed a man who had a strong commitment to the ultimate goal. A man who believed the risk was worth it, if the future of mankind could be improved!

LANYON

And you found such a man?

JEKYLL

No. I drank the potion myself.

LANYON

No! You couldn't be so-

JEKYLL

I drank the potion and my life changed forever! My friend, the things I have seen! The things I have done!

LANYON

Oh I dread to think!

JEKYLL

We have but one brief life. I had to push things to the extreme! And I have lived my life to the extreme these last months!

LANYON

You mean it really worked? The potion really had an effect?

JEKYLL

Yes, but sadly not in the way I had hoped. Rather than isolating the good part of me, it merely strengthened one element of me; the dominant half of me; the part that was always there and always concealed – until now.

LANYON

Oh... What have you done? What have you done?

JEKYLL

I have done what you did not dare do! I have gone further in this than anyone before me! But now... Now... there is serious danger that Hyde will take over.

LANYON

Hyde? You mean-?

JEKYLL

I was always able to come back to myself – I had a restorative potion that I could always take to stay in control. I could take it and I would be myself again. But then something went wrong. I needed more and more for the experiment to succeed. And now I have hardly any of the ingredients left that I need to make the potion!

LANYON

But surely there are chemists...

JEKYLL

The ones I know will not serve me anymore. I was hoping that you would have products in store that may save me...

LANYON

Alas not here! I moved my laboratory to another part of town last year! If you wish we could go there...?

JEKYLL

There will not be time. This time I fear I will not be

strong enough to get myself back! I fear Hyde will take over forever. And then it is only a matter of time...

LANYON

Until what?

JEKYLL

I have to go now.

LANYON

We have disagreed, I know, but let me help you! If things are as bad as you say, I cannot stand idly by and let the worst happen!

JEKYLL

It is too late.

LANYON

No, wait- oh my! What... what... is this?

JEKYLL is thrown into an agony of transformation. He shudders and twitches and suddenly he his HYDE. His fear is gone; replaced with a horrible, icy calm.

HYDE

Too late.

LANYON

Mr Hyde! No!

HYDE

Too late!

HYDE grabs LANYON by the shoulders and starts to shake him, LANYON is terrified as HYDE's actions become more unpredictable and more violent. LANYON breaks free and tries to escape, but HYDE bears down upon him, closing in for the kill...

SCENE 14 - THE END

A series of disturbing images flash across the screen. Wind howls, rain lashes down. We hear the sound of horses' hooves as a carriage is driven in a hurry through the dark streets. We hear phrases that have been said before as lights fade up dimly on UTTERSON.

VOICE MONTAGE (*recorded*)

You don't think this matter is over, do you? I fear not. The good from the bad? What if he got it the wrong way round? It is like looking in a mirror... A strange state of affairs, wouldn't you say? Like looking in a mirror... looking in a mirror...

UTTERSON

The wind howled outside my house, but it was drowned out by the thoughts swirling inside my head. A potion that separated good from bad.

Two very different people who wrote with almost
the same hand... But were never seen together...
No it was impossible!

There is a knocking and then POOLE enters.

UTTERSON

Good evening, Poole, what brings you here? Is Dr
Jekyll ill?

POOLE

Mr. Utterson, something is wrong.

UTTERSON

Take a seat. Now, take your time, and tell me
what has happened.

POOLE

Mr. Utterson, sir, I'm afraid. I think there's been
foul play.

UTTERSON

What do you mean?

POOLE

I daren't say, sir, but will you come along with me
and see for yourself?

UTTERSON (*after a brief moment's thought*)

Of course, Poole.

It was a wild, cold, night with a pale moon. The wind made talking difficult, and I had never seen the streets of London so deserted. The square, when we got there, was full of wind and dust, and the thin trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Despite the cold I could see that Poole was covered with sweat.

POOLE

Well, sir, here we are. Now, sir, follow me... All this last week he has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine. Two or three times in the same day, there have been orders and I have been sent flying to all the chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm.

UTTERSON

I think I begin to see daylight.

POOLE

Sir, that thing is not my master, and there's the truth – and I believe that murder has been done!

UTTERSON

Poole. If your master will not let us in we must break the door down. Will you help me?

POOLE

I fear what I may see, after what I heard... But I will come with you, sir.

UTTERSON

That's the spirit. Follow me!

UTTERSON and POOLE prepare themselves for the ordeal and exit. BLACKOUT. We hear footsteps, running, shouting, then banging and voices off stage. LIGHTS UP dimly to reveal a figure, writhing on a chair in a murky room, filled with a strange, floating mist.

UTTERSON (*off-stage*)

Open the door! Open the door, I say! Are you there! I demand to see you!

JEKYLL/HYDE

For God's sake have mercy!

UTTERSON (*off-stage*)

God damn you, if you have done anything to my friend!

JEKYLL/HYDE

Have pity!

UTTERSON (*off-stage*)

Open this door!

We hear a loud scream from the stage. BANG! UTTERSON and POOLE storm in, carrying lanterns. They look around the dim room - then POOLE sees in the far corner JEKYLL, dying, covered in blood.

POOLE

My God! Utterson! Over here! I fear it is too late!

UTTERSON (*to Poole*)

Poole! Fetch the Police! The villain cannot be far away.

POOLE

Yes, sir!

POOLE runs off.

UTTERSON (*to the audience*)

My friend was dying. A man I had known so well over the years – and yet now that I looked, I knew I was looking at the body of a self-destroyer. Henry! Hold on! Did Hyde do this? Where is he?

JEKYLL

Hyde is gone, forever. And so am I.

UTTERSON

But there is no other way out! He did not pass us!
What happened here? I must call a doctor...

JEKYLL

It is no use; do not trouble yourself! I do not want to be saved. Hyde is dead and so am I. You look amazed. My poor dear friend. Soon I will be gone but I want you to understand what happened. Why I... and he... did the things we did... Everything is set down in a journal. Read it and you will understand. What a journey I have had... Now my time... Our time... is over... (*Dies*)

UTTERSON opens the journal and finds an envelope tucked in the back. He opens it and finds a new draft of Jekyll's will.

UTTERSON

Almost every page of the journal was filled with my friend's writing – all of which I read over the days to come. The envelope tucked in at the back contained several pages – a new version of his will. Nowhere in sight was any reference to Mr Hyde. In his place, in the event of the death or

disappearance of Dr Jekyll, all his worldly goods were to be given to – myself!

I vowed to do good with the inheritance. And yet had that not been Jekyll's aim all along? To do good. Who could resist? Even if the risks were high? I wondered: If I had been in Jekyll's place would I have done the same thing? Would you? Would you?