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Jekyll and Hyde

A Play

Leonard H. Caddy

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CHARACTERS

Poole, the butler
Charlotte, a maid
Dr Henry Jekyll who becomes **Mr Edward Hyde**
Celestine
Dr Lanyon, her uncle
Utterson, a lawyer
Hilda, the parlour maid
Penny, Hyde's woman
Child

The action takes place in the parlour and part of the adjoining laboratory in Dr Jekyll's house in London

ACT I

Scene 1 Early on a summer's evening
Scene 2 Three days later. Morning
Scene 3 Six weeks later. Early afternoon

ACT II

Scene 1 A month later. During a week (the Lights will dim throughout this scene to denote the passing of time)
Scene 2 A few days later. Morning

Time—1851

PRODUCTION NOTES

It is assumed that Jekyll's transformations into Hyde will be achieved by alteration of stance, movement, expression and voice on the part of the actor, and by such changes as removing trim moustache from Jekyll, adding ugly projecting false teeth for Hyde, and a change from neat Jekyll hair to Hyde's unruly tangle by removing or adding a wig (or by the actor ruffling his own hair if this looks more effective). Some over-dressing by Jekyll such as a false cravat and stiff collar on a spring neckband to cover Hyde's untidy and dirty neckwear should be employed. The changes should become progressively more marked, the later ones being abetted by adding make-up and dirty, ragged clothing. The actor could use a mask if this is felt to be more effective. The techniques employed in effecting the transformations are envisaged as follows:

Scene 1 The make-up, wig, teeth etc. required for the transformation should be set ready for Jekyll behind the armchair, so that when he slumps behind it, he can quickly effect the change to Hyde.

Scene 2 The transformation can be made off stage.

Scene 3 Jekyll changes into Hyde while crouched behind the table, concealed by the chenille tablecloth, under which the make-up has been set.

Scene 4 The transformation can be made off stage.

Scene 5 The make-up should be set by the armchair in the laboratory, so that Jekyll can effect the transformation concealed by the armchair while the laboratory is in darkness.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

The parlour and part of the adjoining laboratory in Dr Jekyll's house. Early on a summer's evening. 1851

The parlour is a sombre room. It has a masculine appearance with evidence of the owner's medical calling. There is a table surrounded by several upright chairs C and an armchair by the fireplace LC. To one side of the fireplace there is a servants' bell and a sideboard. In the back wall there is a window UL and a bureau. There is a door DL to the hall and another R to the laboratory, with a bookcase next to it. The part of the laboratory that can be seen is dark, dingy and cold. An old armchair with its back to the audience, a stool, part of a work-bench and a cabinet is all that can be seen. Other furniture may be added to complete the period décor at the discretion of the director

When the CURTAIN *rises, the door to the laboratory is open and a tuneless singing can be heard off R*

Poole enters the parlour from the hall and goes to the sideboard, instinctively checking for dust as he goes. He unlocks the tantalus and is about to confirm that the level of liquid is unaltered when he becomes aware of the singing and its source. He marches grimly into the laboratory and exits. There is a squeal, off, and Poole reappears leading Charlotte by the ear. She is carrying a duster and wears a white apron that is noticeably too large for her, and although her ear obviously hurts, she would never dare complain. They move into the parlour, and Poole locks the laboratory

Poole And what do you think you are doing in there?
Charlotte Dusting, like you said.

Poole cuffs her round the ear

Mr Poole, sir. (*She automatically bobs as she speaks*)
Poole (*putting the key in the bureau*) How did you get in?
Charlotte Through the door—it was open—Mr Poole, sir. (*She bobs*)
Poole That door is never open. Nobody goes in there, not even me. Even a wretch like you knows that.
Charlotte How can I know? I've never been up to this part of the house before . . .
Poole And you will never come into it again, the scullery is where you belong—or the gutter. Get out.
Charlotte But the doctor said I was to do the parlour while Hilda was bad. Mr Poole, sir.
Poole (*coldly*) And I say get out.

He is about to give her another cuff when voices are heard off. He opens the door DL to bustle Charlotte out but realizes it is too late and so stands her in a corner by the door

Say one word and you will suffer. Good evening, sir.

Dr Jekyll enters

Charlotte bobs as he passes her

Jekyll Trouble, Poole?
Poole Nothing that need concern you, sir.
Jekyll (*turning back towards the door*) Come along in, my dear. (*To Poole*) The Madeira I think.

Celestine enters, followed by her uncle Dr Lanyon and Mr Utterson, an elderly lawyer

Charlotte contrives to bob a curtsy to each as they pass, and to be safe, repeats the practice whenever any of them come near her

Poole Good evening, madam. Doctor. Sir. (*He moves to the sideboard and begins to pour drinks*)
Celestine The house is very pleasant, Henry; although this room is far from pretty. It calls for more colour.
Jekyll It is a man's room.

Utterson sits in the armchair by the fireplace

Celestine (*crossing to the door of the laboratory*) And this must be the laboratory—oh, it's locked. I enjoyed our walk, Henry. Some of the squares we saw were most delightful. I cannot recall how long it is since I have walked so far. (*She moves towards the table*)

Utterson rises from the armchair, but Celestine declines his offer

(*Perching on one of the upright chairs*) Thank you—this will suffice.

Utterson takes a glass of wine from the tray Poole is preparing and sits again

(*To Jekyll*) Why do you keep your laboratory locked?
Jekyll There are compounds and mixes that could prove dangerous, they are better locked.
Lanyon Medicine is not like it used to be in your father's day, dear. Those cruel days are past, medicine is taking its place as an exact science.
Utterson An inexact science I should say, by the number of times it changes its mind.

Poole serves the wine. Utterson puts his empty glass on the tray as it passes. Poole refills it for him

Lanyon The body is a marvellous machine and we are learning more about it every day. A living machine and we are the engineers.
Jekyll I refuse to be drawn. Over the port next Friday, but not this afternoon. (*To Celestine*) Excuse us, won't you?

Celestine Quite all right, Henry. I know how much my uncle looks forward to your regular discussions—that and the Sunday morning sermon are his only real pleasures in life. Though what I cannot understand is if you are both physicians how it is that you differ so.

Lanyon Henry just will not accept that God made us all and he made each part of all of us—and what God made so we are. Harvey opened the door for us. It's quite clear, the liver, the gall, the spleen—*(he remembers there is a lady present)*—all our various parts, including our brain!—are all linked to make one whole body, destined to follow God's decree.

Celestine Are we then just animals?

Lanyon No. God gave us a soul.

Jekyll He gave us a brain, Lanyon. A brain that is capable of realizing that there is such a thing as a soul.

Utterson A brain that is capable of realizing that there is such a thing as a God.

Jekyll *(without having to look)* Mr Utterson's glass must be empty, Poole.

Poole refills Utterson's glass. The others decline more

(To Lanyon) My dear stick-in-the-mud, when my investigations are complete . . .

Lanyon When they are complete! This last idea of yours has been going on for months, it never will be complete, it cannot be complete—because it won't work.

Jekyll When my investigations are complete it will provide the proof that within the brain is locked everything that has ever happened to us and every emotion that we have ever felt, whether we expressed them or not.

Lanyon Bunkum, sir.

Celestine Uncle!

Jekyll The brain is not part of the body—the body is part of the brain and fundamentally entirely under its control.

Lanyon That is blasphemy, Henry.

Celestine Not so serious, Henry. I must leave for Scotland tomorrow, argue with Uncle when I am gone.

There is a slight pause. Celestine, glass in hand, rises and wanders DL. Charlotte, who has been standing still, silent and forgotten, bobs to her as she passes

Why is this child trying to imitate the monkey on the hurdy-gurdy man's barrow? *(To Jekyll)* She's not the parlour maid, is she?

Jekyll For today I believe she is—Poole?

Poole Just for today, sir. We have four girls down with the fever, madam. Tomorrow, sir . . .

Lanyon Ah, the Summer Ague: the blood becomes overheated in the sun you know.

Utterson This is the first fine day we have had for a week.

Celestine *(to Charlotte)* So you are Dr Jekyll's parlour maid.

Poole is about to deny any responsibility but she stops him

For today.

Charlotte mouths inaudibly and bobs yet another curtsy

And what is your name?

Her nervousness increasing to fear, Charlotte looks to Poole for instruction. He signifies that she must answer but is fearful of the result. She swallows and answers but no sound emerges—her second attempt is successful but unduly loud

Charlotte (*in a rush*) Charlotteifitpleaseyouma'am. (*Then more successfully*) Charlotte if it please you, ma'am.

Celestine Then as parlour maid should you not be helping Mr Poole by clearing the glasses?

Poole resignedly indicates that she should proceed. She stuffs the duster in her apron pocket, and with painful care, takes the tray and begins to gather the empty glasses

I find this interesting, I have very little experience of male society; tell me, is all masculine talk so dull?

Utterson It seems to be in this house. To my certain knowledge these two have had precisely the same conversation every Friday for seven years.

Lanyon Henry is obsessed with the importance of the brain—

Charlotte, overawed to the point of terror, hovers near Celestine who still holds her glass

Celestine Don't just stand there girl—take it.

She thrusts her glass into Charlotte's hand causing her to all but upset the tray. Charlotte with painful care slowly carries the tray round behind them under the unflinching eye of Poole

Lanyon —he seems to think that any brain is capable of learning anything—and that each one has just as much potential as the next.

Jekyll Lanyon . . .

Celestine Do you mean that quality and breeding mean nothing, Henry?

Jekyll I mean that it is the brain that learns everything, from how to talk—how to breathe even, up to how to—create the power of the steam engine or how to write a great symphony.

Lanyon Or how to understand the will of the Almighty.

Jekyll It generates the desires and dictates the emotions—it is capable of learning anything—even of how to control its own creations. Who knows what is locked up inside the brain because it has learned it is not permitted to let it out. Who knows? God's greatest gift to man is a brain—of infinite capacity.

Celestine I refuse to accept that all intellects are equal.

Jekyll The capacity of the brain of an ignorant uneducated crossing man is forty-nine and a half ounces. And the capacity of my brain is forty-nine and a half ounces. The brain of . . .

Utterson The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Jekyll Name who you will. Within very close limits—forty-nine and a half ounces. Each has an equal amount of cerebelite, the chemical structure of

each is identical. In every aspect indistinguishable. Therefore given the right conditions each must be equally capable.

Lanyon Of course the brain of a woman is smaller, bound to be; they all measure—how much did you say the average was Henry?

Jekyll Almost without exception between forty-three and forty-five ounces.

Charlotte stands by the sideboard, enthralled by her surroundings

Celestine Henry. I cannot let this pass. The fact that the brain of a woman is smaller than that of a man I accept; that is as I would expect it to be. But for you to suggest that my brain is in no way different from (*she points to Charlotte*)—that pathetic creature's I find intolerable.

To be the sudden centre of attention is too much for Charlotte. She suddenly realizes that she still holds the tray and hurriedly puts it down on the sideboard with a loud clatter. She stands transfixed

Come here girl. Come here, I say. You see she has not even the intellect to obey a simple command like that. (*She turns away*)

Poole lands a surreptitious swipe on Charlotte and hisses at her to obey. Jekyll moves across to them

Jekyll (*with gentle firmness*) Do as the lady says, Charlotte.

Charlotte moves slowly to Celestine

(*Aside to Poole*) Cuff her by all means Poole, but not when there are ladies in the room.

Poole I'm sorry, sir.

Charlotte stands beside Celestine in mounting embarrassment, fear and disappointment

Celestine Now Henry. (*To Charlotte*) Stand here, girl. Not too close. Look at us both and tell me again that there is no difference in our intellects.

Jekyll What I said, my dear, was that in size, composition and structure there is very little difference if any in your brains. There is no physical reason why the brain inside this poor creature's head should not be just as capable as your own of dexterity—or imagination—or emotion.

Utterson (*aloud but unnoticed*) Probably more capable.

Lanyon I think you go too far some times.

Jekyll But you see, your brain has learned its responsibilities, it has acquired the right qualities and completely restrained anything undesirable. This one has learned to repress expression—even to repress the ability to learn. Of course when I use the word "learn", I do not mean learn as a discipline of acquiring facts from a *maître* or tutor, or even from some wretched schoolmaster. I mean what is known as the "learning of nature"; for instance no-one teaches—no-one can teach—the ability to feel happy or sad, or to be kind or cruel. These we learn from nature. A baby has learned to laugh and cry before it has been taught to speak.

Lanyon Ah, but once you have taught it to speak you can soon teach it not to cry.

Jekyll You cannot teach it not to *want* to cry.

The two men are clearly heading for another long discussion

Celestine Gentlemen. No, there is no need to apologize, Henry. But there is one element you have completely omitted from your argument. Quality! It is not a case of learning, it is a case of breeding. In our family we can count two baronets and even connections with a duke. Whereas this child . . . If you say our brains are the same size, then incredible as I may find it, I will accept the fact. But of the same quality—no. It could as well be said there was the same amount of material in a length of French brocade as there is in a length of rough weave. Well there is. But you must admit that the quality is not comparable. (*She stops, satisfied with her own argument*)

There is a slight pause

Lanyon I fear we have bored you with our debate, my dear.

Celestine Not at all, I found it most stimulating. Indeed I feel I may have been able to add an aspect that you may otherwise have overlooked.

Jekyll (*to Lanyon*) We must go into the difference between "want" and "learn" on Friday, my friend.

Celestine directs her attention to Charlotte, who is now embarrassed almost beyond control

Celestine Well girl, and what have you done with this brain of yours?

Charlotte does not understand

Have you ever had lessons or instructions?

Charlotte The reverend gen'leman taught us letters and numbers at the House, ma'am.

It is Celestine who does not understand this time

Celestine The "House"?

Jekyll She must be one of the Graycape girls we have taken in; from the orphanage up at—(*He looks at Poole*)

Poole Wapping, sir. (*To Celestine over the head of Charlotte*) I have an understanding with the mistress of the Institute, ma'am. When we have need of a girl below stairs we take one of the older Graycapes and give them a place. They seldom prove a success though.

Jekyll Thank you, Poole.

Celestine (*to Jekyll*) That is very commendable of you. I am glad you are not old-fashioned in your attitude to the poor. It is up to us to help them cope with their position. When I think how our forebears regarded them I am sometimes quite ashamed. They seem to treat them more like animals. Do you not agree, Mr Utterson?

Utterson According to Darwin we are all animals.

Celestine (*not understanding this remark*) Yes. (*She returns her attention to Charlotte*) Strange how the poor display good features sometimes. This girl for instance has really a quite well-formed bone structure about the cheek and the brow. Could well come from someone of far better standing.

Utterson Very likely did.
Celestine Really, sir. I can never decide whether you are being profound or profane.
Utterson I apologize my dear lady, I will try to be more succinct in future.
Jekyll Pay him no heed, you are not yet accustomed to Utterson's ways. He can be rude, outspoken, morose—
Lanyon Downright blasphemous sometimes.
Jekyll—sarcastic and cutting. But he is excellent company and can pick a flaw in an argument quicker than any man I know.

Charlotte begins to sob—despite all efforts, she can no longer control her emotions; the others turn to look at her and her feelings start to overflow through her increasing tears

Charlotte It's not my fault—can't help it—didn't want to go to no orphanage—didn't ask to be a Graycape.

Poole is about to take physical action but checks himself. The others are too affronted, surprised or interested to take action

Never had no help, always had to do what I'm told. I try but I always do it wrong. Not my fault. (*Now quite oblivious of her position her feelings pour forth, possibly for the first time in her life. She turns to Celestine*) Don't blame me if my face ain't right, didn't ask for it to be like this. Anyway I never seen what my face was like 'til I came here to Doctor's house. And don't blame me if I don't know anything—'cause I ain't never been taught anything. The only thing I've been told is what I do wrong. Why ain't it fair? (*For a moment her tears get the better of her*)

The outrage and retribution of the others is stopped by Jekyll. He dismisses the furious Poole

Poole exits

Jekyll signals the other men not to interfere and settles the outraged Celestine in a chair. He is clearly fascinated by this development

(*More calmly, as if to herself*) I do what I am told—I always do what I am told—I try to be a good girl. If I was told more I'd know more. (*To Celestine*) If I'd been told as much as you have I'd know as much as you do. And be as clever, Doctor said so; I heard him—he said I'm the same as you are really it's only . . . He said I was as good as you are . . . He said . . . as good as you are . . . He . . .

What she has done dawns on her and she stops. Realizing the awfulness of her position, she lets out a long dreadful sob and stumbles from the room

There is a pause and then everybody speaks at once, ad libbing. Celestine is so insulted that she doesn't know whether she is going to faint or not; Lanyon, also affronted, tries to tell Jekyll so and attend to his niece at the same time; Jekyll is keenly excited—he tells Utterson to see that Poole does not harm the girl

Utterson exits

Celestine Henry. How could you let her. After all you have done for her.
Jekyll (*pouring a glass of wine*) She spoke straight out without any restraint at all.
Celestine I shall never forget it as long as I live.

Jekyll offers her the wine

No thank you.

Jekyll puts the glass on the table

I have never been so insulted. There is no other word for it.
Lanyon Never heard anything like it in my whole life.
Celestine If only I was a man I would know what to do about it.
Lanyon A servant and an orphan at that.

Jekyll begins to pace about excitedly behind them

Celestine To think I should ever be spoken to . . . and after I had been so pleasant to her; that is what is so unbearable. You try to treat them like human beings and—this happens.
Lanyon Never in my whole life . . .
Celestine You will punish her before she goes of course, Henry.

Jekyll stops pacing

For her own sake—we must help her learn. How will you do it?

Utterson enters

Jekyll looks at him, but he only shrugs, then takes the glass of wine from the table and settles in his usual chair. The others look at Jekyll, who is still alive with excitement. To their surprise, he lets out a sharp laugh of delight

Jekyll Hah! Hah! That was absolutely splendid.
Celestine Henry?
Lanyon Don't follow you, old man.
Jekyll Don't you see? (*He paces about*) It's another proof of my theory. That girl, what sort of person was she?
Celestine Crude, ill-bred and in need of a whipping.
Lanyon Not a very intelligent specimen I would say.
Utterson Damned unlucky.
Jekyll Exactly. She *is* ill-bred, unintelligent and possibly in need of a whipping; but that is what life has made of her—that is what *we* have made of her. What is she like underneath all that? What is she really like? I'll tell you. She is of great intellect and considerable dignity.

The others protest in amazement

Lanyon We shall soon have to be going . . .
Jekyll (*indifferent to all else*) She understood. She stood there in a strange world and she understood. That pathetic wretch, who has possibly never heard any language other than back-stairs tattle and orphanage cant, knew what I was talking about. It's a wonderful confirmation of my theory.

Celestine How deranged ranting can confirm any theory I just do not comprehend.

There is a slight pause

Jekyll Deep inside us is the person we really are. It is buried by what life has made us; where we were born, how we were tutored: as life goes on it gets deeper and deeper—but it is always there.

Celestine (*quietly*) Sounds horrible.

Jekyll (*ignoring her*) It is a false face we put to the world forever hiding what we really are. But just now with that poor child it happened: social fear, which must have been awful to her, was so strong that it broke through this false face and just for a moment—a fleeting moment—we saw a flash of the real person. A person of superior intellect and, if my surmise is correct, of considerable charm.

Lanyon I refuse to accept that demented outburst as any sort of proof of your theory of compound personality. Anyway we must be going, we only called in for a moment, it will soon be dark and I have no intention of Celestine ...

Celestine One moment please, Uncle. (*To Jekyll*) I know you are very clever and that you lecture at the Royal Institute, but are you seriously suggesting that—inside me I am somebody quite different? Even somebody who might be—well not quite nice?

Jekyll I am not suggesting it, my dear; I am stating it as a fact. Not that you are "not quite nice"—but that none of us know what we really are. The inner reality fascinates me.

Celestine All I can say is that I am glad we can never know. What is buried can stay buried; I will be content to be what I am.

Utterson Most of us are.

Jekyll (*almost to himself*) That child must have been quite terrified. I wonder if fear is the key.

Lanyon and Celestine move towards the door

Lanyon Well Henry, we'll sort this out on Friday shall we, eh? Usual time?

Jekyll Eh? Of course, please forgive me. Let me see, your hat, your gloves.

Lanyon In the hall—downstairs.

Jekyll Let me send a man round to the Livery for a carriage for you.

Celestine By no means. After the excitement of the last hour I feel in need of some air, I shall benefit from the walk.

Utterson rises

Jekyll You off too, Utterson? Another glass before you go.

Utterson sits again

Celestine I shall look forward to our meeting again, Henry; I did so enjoy my first visit to your house, although I trust that any further call on my part will prove to be of a more restful nature.

Jekyll I promise. Next time you visit your uncle I shall have a dinner especially

for you. I shall invite some ladies to keep you company and the conversation shall be of nothing but clothes and music. (*He opens the door*)

Celestine (*as she exits*) I shall have a new gown made for the occasion. I have a length of green brocade that will do admirably . . .

She exits

Lanyon A dinner party, Henry? With ladies in the company—who the deuce will you invite? You don't know any ladies . . .

He exits

Jekyll No I don't, do I. I'd quite forgotten that.

He exits, closing the door behind him

Utterson rises and pours himself another glass of wine, He takes a cigar from his pocket and trims the end in the fireplace. The Lights begin to fade very slowly, as dusk falls. Utterson stands deep in thought. The silence is broken by a gentle tap at the door, followed a moment later by another tap

Utterson Come.

The door slowly opens and Charlotte enters fearfully

Well.

Charlotte Oh, it's you, sir. I thought the doctor was here. Sorry, sir.

Utterson Don't start crying again, girl, you have done enough of that for one day. Where have you been hiding?

Charlotte In the big cupboard on the back landing, sir. I didn't know what to do. I'd been so bad in front of the doctor, now Mr Poole will throw me out—and I've got nowhere to go—I can't go back to the House.

Utterson watches her in silence

Sir, do you think if I asked him, the doctor would let me stay the night; see—give me a better chance. Would he, do you think?

Utterson still says nothing, but his face is beginning to show kindness—a rare expression for this stern old face

Sir, can I ask you something—please. (*She pauses*) I know I shouldn't ask you this but in my whole life I have never had a gentleman talk to me like you are. (*She pauses again*) I like you.

Utterson nearly smiles

Sir, please, would you ask him for me? If I can stay—just for tonight—sir. I think you'd be able to put it better than me. Didn't last long as a parlour maid, did I? Will you ask him, sir? Will he let me do you think?

Utterson (*after a pause*) Intellect and charm, damn it.

Charlotte Beg pardon, sir?

Utterson We'll ask him together. I think he will let you stay.

Charlotte Thank you, sir. (*She all but gives him a hug*)

Jekyll enters briskly

Charlotte retreats to a respectful distance in the shadows

Jekyll Well, well, well. Ladies are pleasant enough creatures to have about the place occasionally—but you cannot really relax until they have left you to your own devices, can you? Now then a glass of wine, you'll not refuse? (*He goes to the sideboard*)

Utterson I seldom do.

Jekyll Damn it, the Madeira's all gone, I'll ring for some more. Or will you settle for claret—or perhaps brandy?

Utterson I'd settle for gin if it was all that you had.

Jekyll Claret?

Utterson Whichever is the fuller.

Jekyll Claret. (*He pours two drinks and gives one to Utterson*) Interesting afternoon I think. (*He rings the bell and then sits down at the table*) From my point of view that outburst was very significant—poor Celestine was most put out.

Utterson clears his throat

(*Looking around*) What's the matter? Who's there? (*He sees Charlotte*) Oh, it's you. Where have you been hiding yourself?

Utterson Amongst the sheets apparently.

Jekyll Come here, let's have a look at you.

Charlotte goes to him

She was right, it is a well-formed brow. Who were your parents, child?

Charlotte Don't know, sir.

Jekyll Neither of them?

She shakes her head. Jekyll's manner suddenly changes

(*With convincing brutality*) What would you do if I were to hit you good and hard? (*He gives every indication that he is going to do just that*)

Charlotte (*cowering in fear but not moving*) Nothing, sir.

Jekyll (*relaxing to normal*) No—nothing. (*To Utterson*) You see, a frightened animal again. But we know there is another spirit there, don't we. One day, Utterson, I shall be able to release it—find out what lies beneath.

There is a tap on the door and Poole enters. His benign expression changes to fury as he sees Charlotte

Ah, Poole. See to the Madeira will you.

Poole Very good, sir.

Jekyll And take . . . (*He looks at Charlotte*)

Charlotte Charlotte, sir.

Jekyll Charlotte downstairs. There must be something for her to be getting on with 'til bedtime.

Poole There is, sir, plenty. (*He takes the empty decanter from the sideboard*)

Charlotte hesitates

Jekyll Get along with you. You must work to earn your keep.

Charlotte looks at him, as if to speak, then looks at Utterson

What is it girl?

Charlotte Nothing, sir—good-night, sir. (*To Utterson*) Good-night, sir. And thank you, sir.

Poole bustles her towards the door

Jekyll Oh Poole. I am expecting a delivery from Campion the chemist people, has it arrived yet?

Poole Not yet, sir.

Jekyll Let me know the moment it does.

Poole Very good, sir.

Poole and Charlotte exit. The door closes, and there is the muffled sound of a slap and a squeal, off

Utterson (*after a pause*) You keeping her on? The little brat—keeping her on?

Jekyll Don't see why not. (*Chuckling*) Of course I will have to keep her out of sight when Celestine calls.

Utterson She didn't realize it but she came back to apologize to you, you know. Funny little urchin.

There is a pause

Jekyll Utterson, should a man marry do you think? Cannot help thinking that a man in my position would benefit from having a wife about the place sometimes. I'm forty now you know. Seems a right sort of age. What do you think?

Utterson Don't know what to think—never have known what to think about women. That is why I have never married I suppose. Didn't know you were even interested in the creatures.

Jekyll In my younger days—oh yes. My first years at Oxford I was quite a roué.

Utterson You surprise me.

Jekyll That is all so deeply buried in the past that I have forgotten all about it now. I must have been a different person—incredible. No, a respectable marriage to someone of standing, someone who can take her place beside me at functions and talk intelligently; would be a great advantage to life, I cannot help feeling.

Utterson Someone like Lanyon's young niece.

Jekyll Why not? She seems to fit the bill admirably and during her visit we have met several times; I feel I could become quite fond of her in time.

Utterson That would seem to be an advantage if you intend to marry the girl.

They sit in silence for a moment

What about your work?

Jekyll That would go on, naturally. No, I couldn't consider marriage until my present investigations are complete. Once I have established my

principle and written my definitive article, then I will settle down and marry and work for the good of—well, anybody who needs it.

There is a pause as they sip their wine

Utterson It wouldn't do any good to suggest that you just settle down and marry and not pursue your research.
Jekyll (*rising*) It would not.
Utterson Didn't think it would. Is it dangerous?
Jekyll I don't know. I am beginning to think that fear or fright of some kind is involved.
Utterson I don't like it. Take the advice of an old fool who has spent most of his life in that mean midden called a court of law, and seen most of the nastiness that we humans create for ourselves. There is enough fear in the world, Henry—it's wrong somewhere. Use your powers in some other way.
Jekyll Not you too, Utterson. You are not going to tell me that my work is an affront to God, are you? God made us, all I want to do is find out what he made before we humans altered it and moulded it. Surely it is man's duty to find out what he is really like. You have never questioned ethics before—why now?
Utterson I do not question your ethics, Henry. I do not concern myself with God; he is competent to look after himself I have no doubt. It's not God I base my advice to you on—it's the Devil! I see it every day, shallow or deep, there is a Devil buried in every man. Give it up.

There is no answer

I have talked too much. I have either had too much wine or not enough. (*He rises*) Besides Mrs Camp extracted a promise from me that I would not be late for supper tonight. She has a venison hock or some such thing—and as the appointed hour has already passed by a quarter I feel I should take my leave in deference to the aforementioned joint and the impending strain of relationship between master and housekeeper. Until Friday.

There is a knock at the door and Poole enters with a small package

Poole Excuse me, sir, but the boy has just brought this and you did say...
Jekyll (*taking the package and opening it*) Ah thank you Poole. Yes, this looks about right. Oh, Poole, Mr Utterson was just leaving; see him to the door, would you? And then see that I am not disturbed.
Utterson Is that stuff dangerous?
Jekyll There is enough here to poison the whole household.
Utterson What are you going to do with it? Part of your compound I suppose.
Jekyll Part of the key to the hidden man, Utterson—part of the key.
Utterson This fellow you are making these tests on—it's not likely to do him any real harm is it?
Jekyll Who?
Utterson This fellow down at—where is it? Bartholomew's Infirmary. The one you try all these mixtures out on.

Jekyll Oh. I see what you mean. No, I assure you, I am most particular, there is no danger. I had forgotten I had told you about that. That's it—he is afflicted with the paralysis poor fellow, there is little he can do in the world—seems quite pleased to be able to help. That's it. Hyde his name is—Edward Hyde.

Utterson What do you do? Give him some stuff and then just watch him all night? Anyway, you know best. You know my views—good-night, Henry. Give my regards to the Devil when you meet him.

Utterson exits, followed by Poole

Jekyll Give my regards to the Devil indeed. (*Peering at his pocket-watch*) Now then, eight o'clock. The social niceties are finished for the day—we can start work. (*Happy and eager to be at his work, he takes the key from the bureau and unlocks the laboratory door. He moves back to the table and picks up the package. He sees the unfinished glass of wine*) Pity to waste good claret. (*He raises the glass*) A toast. A toast to me. May Henry Jekyll be a wiser man come the dawn. (*He drinks but chokes a little on it and coughs*) Dear me, that's not a very good start. (*He puts the glass on the sideboard, takes a box of matches from the mantelpiece and goes into the laboratory. He strikes a match by the bench*) Damn it, of all the confounded incompetence. (*He sweeps back into the parlour and across to the door DL*) Servants. (*Opening the door*) *Poole!* What the Hades happened to the lamp in the laboratory? (*He shuts the door and stands in frustration*) I must find out tonight. I'll work in here. Must get on. (*He goes into the laboratory and takes a wooden carrying case from the bench. He brings the case and the package of chemical into the parlour, placing them on the table. He prepares to light the lamp*)

A rather breathless Poole enters

There is oil all over the bench in there, Poole!

Poole (*taking the match*) Allow me, sir. (*He lights the lamp which throws a circle of light in a small area around the table*) Oil, sir, I don't understand.

Jekyll goes into the laboratory and collects phials, measuring glasses, tweezers, mixing rods, dishes etc.

Jekyll Oil, damn it! Oil. (*He brings the apparatus into the parlour and arranges it on the table*) The place is like a candle-works on a hot day.

Poole I'll have it cleared immediately, sir.

Jekyll (*going into the laboratory again*) You'll do no such thing. I will sort it out in the morning. Is there any water in there?

Poole Yes, sir.

Jekyll Is it clean?

Poole Naturally, sir.

Jekyll (*coming into the parlour and locking the laboratory door behind him*) Put it on the table then. (*He busies himself arranging the apparatus*)

Poole takes the jug of water from the sideboard and places it on the table. He draws the window curtains

I've just remembered, I failed to put that lamp out to be filled this morning. Who filled it? (*Sternly*) Did you? Did you go in there?

Poole I did not, sir.

Jekyll Somebody over-filled it and left the wick trailing.

Poole Just before you returned from your promenade, sir, I discovered that wretched little Graycape messing about in there.

Jekyll In there?

Poole Said she was dusting, sir. I reprimanded . . .

Jekyll But she wouldn't know how to begin to fill a lamp of that sort.

Poole Apparently not, sir.

Jekyll (*relaxing*) Confound it, she had a deucedly good try, she all but succeeded. (*He is almost laughing*)

Poole I will deal with her, sir. I think a night in the outside coal cellar and then dismissal.

Jekyll Why does everybody want to get rid of the poor little thing? (*More seriously*) You will send her to bed, Poole, as with the rest of the staff. You will then retire yourself. I have work to do and I must under no circumstances be disturbed. This house must be locked up and abed within one quarter of an hour. Do you understand?

Poole Clearly, sir. (*Moving to the door*) Good-night, sir.

Jekyll, busy at the table, does not answer

Poole exits

Jekyll goes to the bureau, unlocks a drawer and takes out a notebook. He returns to the table with his notes, a pen and a bottle of ink. Sitting, he looks through his notes

Jekyll (*reading as he turns the pages*) "Compound seven . . . dizziness." Ha, we have progressed since then. (*Reading*) "Item thirty-one . . . violent sickness . . ." I remember poor Lanyon thought I was going to die, he was convinced I had fluid on the lung. If only he had known. (*Returning to his notes*) "Item ninety-eight . . . must be on the threshold of success." Huh, how many times have I written that? Now, last night's entry. (*Reading*) "Item ninety-nine. Results of breakdown of brain filament from cadaver. Negative apart from number seven which showed some softening." And what was number seven? "Foulton's Asthmatic Compound." No wonder I underlined it; of all things, a quack remedy from the streets. Whatever made me try it in the first place? But it definitely reacted on the filament. Mixed with my own compound . . . must be . . . must be . . . (*He sits silently for a moment*) And what did Mr Foulton's elixir prove to be? (*Reading*) "Ninety parts water, nine parts honey and one part . . ." (*He takes up the package and looks at it*) A concentrated extract from the bark of the humble willow tree. Now we have Mr Foulton's secret we can proceed. (*He picks up the pen. As he writes*) "Item one hundred. Procedure. One: confirm that brain filament does soften in—" let's call it "—Foulton's Mixture. Two: add Foulton's Mixture to own compound. Three: test." If only it were as simple as it sounded. (*He carefully takes a phial of crystals from the package, empties*

the contents into a bottle, adds water and mixes) A concentrate of Foulton's Mixture. (*He pours a small amount of the mixture into a dish, takes a jar from the carrying box and extracts a small strip of intangible matter from it with tweezers*) Procedure: confirm that brain filament softens in Foulton's Mixture. Brain filament. (*Picking up the dish*) Foulton's Mixture. (*He pauses a moment, then adds one to the other. He watches, and then his eyes brighten*) It works—by God, it really works. It does react! (*Looking closely at the dish*) Mr Foulton, I salute you, charlatan though you be. (*With mounting excitement, he writes*) "Reaction positive. Repeat." No—no. No need to repeat. The mixture has a clear sympathy with the cerebelite of the brain. What is chemical must be controlled by chemicals. Physic unto physic. Something tells me this is going . . . Dreams, Dr Jekyll? Dreams have been the death of many. Hopes, Dr Jekyll, they have been the salvation of more. (*Calming down, he reads*) "Confirm . . . Two: add Foulton's Mixture to own compound." (*He takes a carefully wrapped bottle from the carrying box, unwraps and opens it*) Add one drop of Foulton's Mixture to own compound. (*He pauses, takes a noticeable breath, then adds a drop of the mixture to the bottle. He looks at the bottle, his eyes shining*) Three: test. Three . . . test. (*He pours a dose from the bottle into a small glass*) Test. (*His hand shakes as he holds the glass*) Mustn't get carried away. (*He puts the glass down*) All things in order. (*Writing*) "Standard dose plus one drop of F.M. Time—nine fifteen. Condition normal." (*He starts tidying his apparatus*) Condition normal. How can condition be normal when one may well be as near to God as conscious man will ever be? Or as near to the Devil? Blast Utterson. Now, the notes are written—the apparatus cleared. And the house is quiet. (*He picks up the glass*) Who is this fellow you try it out on? Hah. There is little he can do in this world . . . What did I call him? Hyde, that was it! Edward Hyde. Wonder why I picked that name. "Seems quite pleased to be able to help." (*He writes*) "Feel confident about this—" Damn it, I always feel confident. "Will retroversion—" Enough. (*Laying down his pen, he takes up the glass*) There is only one way to find out. Number three—test! Edward Hyde, I salute you. (*He pauses and then drinks the dose deliberately. He waits for a few moments, then takes up his pen and disappointedly begins to write*) No. "No reaction." (*He stares in front of him. His face gradually changes expression as the drug takes effect*) My God. My dear God. (*His face shows the pain he is suffering. The pain becomes intolerable*) What's happened? It's never been like this before. Ha ha. Must write it down. (*He manages to open his notes but the pen flies from his grasp*) Where am I? Why can't I see? Leave me alone! Must write. Pen. (*He tries to control himself*) I am Dr Henry Jekyll. Dr Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.! No—NO! I am Henry . . . Leave me alone.

The door opens and Charlotte enters tentatively

Leave me alone, I say! (*He backs away from the light*) I can't stand it. I can't—I can't . . . (*Sobbing, he slumps in the corner behind the armchair. He completes the transformation into Hyde as Charlotte speaks—see Production Notes*)

Charlotte What's wrong, sir? Can I help, sir? Oh dear. (*She peers into the*

Hungry for More?

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