

JEKYLL. Distinguished Governors, there are two sides of the human soul: Good and evil. If we could divide these warring components, these opposing forces—separate the compassion from the hatred. I'm on the brink of finding the key to this duality—a formula which would chemically alter the patterns of human behavior. We have the opportunity to make history—to change the very course of man's destiny. If we can separate these two forces, we could control and ultimately eliminate all evil. My experiments have convinced me that the day has arrived when this will be possible. To achieve it, I must be allowed to try my formula on a living human being.

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(JEKYLL and UTTERSON visit The Red Rat where they encounter the prostitute NELLIE.)

UTTERSON. Henry, I prefer to believe that man is basically good. Every moral man believes that.

JEKYLL. I do not believe it.

UTTERSON. As your lawyer, Henry, it is my duty to inform you that you are playing a very dangerous game.

JEKYLL. As your doctor, John, it is my duty to inform you that I need a very large drink.

NELLIE. 'Ere's a lovely lookin' pair of gentlemen, I must say. Welcome to The Red Rat. Show's about to start. My name's Nellie. Have a drink-look around—find somethin' you fancy.

UTTERSON. This is hardly a respectable place, Henry.

JEKYLL. Come on, John, one drink. Where's your sense of adventure?

NELLIE. He's right, John. Good for you, 'enry!

JEKYLL. Maybe I could find a subject for my experiment. A volunteer.

UTTERSON. I suspect this place has volunteers for all sorts of experiments.

NELLIE. You got that right, dear. Come on, 'enry, follow me.

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(UTTERSON confronts HYDE who turns back into JEKYLL.)

UTTERSON. Henry?

HYDE. I'm afraid Dr. Jekyll is not available.

UTTERSON. Who the devil are you?

HYDE. There's no point your waiting, Mr. Utterson. Dr. Jekyll is most ... unlikely to return.

UTTERSON. It is of the utmost urgency that I deliver these chemicals to Dr. Jekyll personally.

HYDE. Just leave them and go.

UTTERSON. *(Picks up JEKYLL's revolver.)* What have you done with Henry Jekyll?

HYDE. What have I done with Jekyll? You wish to see him? Very well. So you shall. But what you are about to witness—be it on your own head. *(Transforms to JEKYLL.)*

UTTERSON. Henry ... Oh, my God. Henry ...

JEKYLL. I warned you, John. Even as Hyde, I warned you.

UTTERSON. You must save yourself before this thing kills you.

JEKYLL. John, you have got to help me with a most urgent errand. *(Hands him a note and package.)*

UTTERSON. *(Reads the envelope.)* "Miss Lucy Harris .. The Red Rat."

JEKYLL. Tell her she must leave London ... tonight.

UTTERSON. I understand.

JEKYLL. Go now.

UTTERSON. God help you, Henry. God help us all. *(Exits.)*

(JEKYLL and DANVERS discuss a patient—who turns out to be JEKYLL's father.)

DANVERS. He's beyond help, Henry.

JEKYLL. Sir Danvers, he still has a soul—but he's trapped in the darkness. Madness is the cruelest of all prisons. There must be a way to help him.

DANVERS. Death will help him.

JEKYLL. There is a better solution.

DANVERS. Your colleagues say you are trespassing on hallowed ground when you experiment with the human mind.

JEKYLL. My colleagues are cowards, afraid of what they don't understand. How can we call ourselves civilized, if we are not prepared to help him, and every wretched soul like him.

DANVERS. I admire your tenacity, Henry, but I question your philosophy. You're a gifted man. Use your gifts wisely

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(SAVAGE, STRIDE, BISHOP, and DANVERS. Members of the Board of Governors discuss JEKYLL at his engagement party.)

SAVAGE. Who does this Jekyll fellow think he is?

STRIDE. Impertinence like that—the man should be flogged.

BISHOP. He's lucky he lives in modern times. Today's penalties for heresy are not what they should be.

STRIDE. We're lucky that we have you to represent modern times, Your Grace.

SAVAGE. I think Jekyll overdoes all this stuff about helping the poor. I've lived in St. James' all my life. Damned if I've ever seen any poor people.

BISHOP. I think he's mad, if you must know. Ah, Danvers, we're talking about your future son-in-law. And I think you're mad to allow him to marry your daughter.

DANVERS. Whatever your views on him as a scientist, Emma assures me that Henry Jekyll is impeccable husband material.

SAVAGE. It's less than impeccable to be late for one's own engagement party. Shows a remarkable lack of style.

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(JEKYLL, now struggling to control the change to HYDE, visits his apothecary, BISSET.)

JEKYLL. Bisset, do you have the chemicals?

BISSET. *(Gives him a package.)* All but two, sir.

JEKYLL. When will you have the others?

BISSET. Tomorrow night, sir. What are they for?

JEKYLL. It's none of your bloody business.

BISSET. No, sir. I'm sorry. It's just that I could lose my license if I— ... You don't seem to be quite yourself, Doctor Jekyll.

JEKYLL. I've been better, Bisset. I've been better.

(JEKYLL and EMMA in a private moment at their engagement party.)

JEKYLL. Miss Carew.

EMMA. Doctor Jekyll. I'm happy you're here.

JEKYLL. I try never to miss any social occasion attended by Lady Beaconsfield. Is there a Lord Beaconsfield?

EMMA. He died thirty years ago.

JEKYLL. Sensible fellow.

EMMA. You know, Henry, I sometimes wish you were as diplomatic as you are outspoken.

JEKYLL. I'll be outspoken, if you'll be diplomatic. If you had presented my case today to the Board of Governors, I probably would have gotten what I wanted.

EMMA. You'll get what you want in the end, Henry. You always do.

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(EMMA, concerned, visits JEKYLL'S laboratory.)

EMMA. *(Reading the journal.)* "October 7, after midnight. More dangerous than any wild animal stalking its prey ..."
(JEKYLL enters.)

JEKYLL. What do you want here?

EMMA. Henry? Oh, you scared me. For a moment I thought ... Well, you didn't sound like you.

JEKYLL. How long have you been here? How long?

EMMA. Poole let me into the house—and I saw the door was open.

JEKYLL. How dare you look into my journal. What did you see? What did you see?

EMMA. Henry, what's happened to you?

JEKYLL. Emma, these experiments are taking me to places I don't understand. I can't explain them to myself, let alone to you. I must be left alone to finish what I've started.

EMMA. You never promised me the journey would be easy—only that we would take it together. When you need me ... if you need me ... you know where I will be. *(Goes.)*

JEKYLL. Don't abandon me now, Emma. I do love you.

(JEKYLL first encounters the prostitute LUCY at The Red Rat.)

LUCY. Cheers! Got a name, brown eyes?

JEKYLL. Henry—

LUCY. Well, ‘Enry, aren’t you going to ask me what I’m doing in a place like this?

JEKYLL. Actually, I ...

LUCY. Actually, I’m in between engagements at the Royal Albert Hall. So this is your lucky night.

JEKYLL. I think I’ve taken enough chances for one day.

LUCY. That’s a shame. I think we could have a very nice time, ‘Enry. But I see that you’re not up to it tonight. But if you’re ever in need, I’m the girl and this is the place.

JEKYLL. It’s getting late. If any time, you ever need a friend.

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(LUCY goes to see JEKYLL after she has met HYDE.)

LUCY. I’m the one you met that night, in the pub—remember? Lucy—Lucy ‘Arris.

JEKYLL. What brings you here?

LUCY. You said if I “ever needed a friend ...” *(Reveals her injured back.)* Pretty, i’n’ it?

JEKYLL. What kind of a monster would do such a thing?

LUCY. He called himself Hyde. Edward Hyde.

JEKYLL. Why come to me?

LUCY. You gimme your name. I never had someone like you be nice to me before.

JEKYLL. Why didn’t you go the police?

LUCY. Who’s gonna listen me?

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(JEKYLL/HYDE and LUCY.)

JEKYLL. Lucy, my dear ... *(But when LUCY turns, it is HYDE.)*

LUCY. For a moment, I thought it was someone else.

HYDE. For a moment, it almost was. I have some rather sad news, Lucy. I have to go away fro a while. A friend and I have a little dispute to settle. You’re glad to see me go.

LUCY. No.

HYDE. I can always tell when you’re lying.

LUCY. When will you back?

HYDE. There’s no knowing—but God help you, if you’re not waiting for me when I return.

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(LUCY’s final encounter with HYDE.)

HYDE. Dearest, Lucy ... You weren’t expecting me?

LUCY. No.

HYDE. But who else can I come to? For “sympathy, tenderness ...?” You’ve already had another visitor this evening?

LUCY. No ... not really ...

HYDE. It wasn’t the Doctor himself, was it? No? Henry’s such a very busy man.

LUCY. You know ... Doctor Jekyll?

HYDE. As well as I know myself. You wouldn’t leave the City without saying goodbye, would you?

LUCY. I’m not going anywhere—I—

HYDE. That’s right, Lucy. You’re not going anywhere. Come here to me now. Close. Closer.