

## DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE

Adapted from the novel by Paul Stebbings and Phil Smith

(The set is a wall that can be turned to create an interior. Within it a Gothic door, above it a large Gothic window as if on a first floor. Smoke swirls).

A little girl (puppet) skips and sings along a London street under the light of a single lamppost. In the shadows a man emerges, a hat pulled low, smart, a gentleman about town. He watches the girl then speaks as the girl keeps singing behind him).

Man (Hyde): I hate her. I hate her to the bottom of my soul. Are you pretending to be shocked? Liars! Her innocent chatter, her sweetness, cloying like a sugar coated cake, making me SICK! You too! Wah! Would you pay to watch this little girl's pathetic performance? Of course not! But you would pay for a horror story – oh yes, I see it in your eye. You would pay to watch me smash this girl in the face and trample on her delicate bones! Yes? Yes! You think I dare not? You think some sort of pathetic and weak "goodness" will prevent me from acting out what you all, yes all, want? Well just watch me! (He races forward, punches the girl in the face and tramples on her, she screams).

FATHER: That's my child! You Monster, you beast, devil incarnate – (To audience) did yer see what he done?

Crowd: Hang him! String 'im up! Catch him and lynch' im!

(The grumble and rumble of threat taken up by the sound track. Hyde, for it is of course him, tries to run back and forth but is met by the sounds and howls for his blood at every turn.)

Woman: (Miss Utterson) : I saw that! (To HYDE:) Halt right where you are! And you, (to FATHER and public), cease your hue and cry forthwith! The rogue shall answer for his crime before the law and not a mob! This is England and not some dark jungle; I am a witness and I will testify against you in court! , Sir! Do you have a name to dishonour?

FATHER: (To UTT) An 'oo are you to speak fancy words to save 'is filthy neck?

UTTERSON: I am a lawyer's clerk. And I know the Law.

HYDE: You are a woman! How can a woman be a lawyer!

UTTERSON: Did I say I was a lawyer? I work for an eminent lawyer and you, Sor will answer to that law.

FATHER: An' I know right from wrong and good from bad. An' needs no lawyer to mix

'em up! Now, 'ang the beast and be done with 'im! My girl. My poor little girl.

UTTERSON: She lives, see. There, child, there. Only by a miracle, she will recover. (To Hyde) And you, Sir, you may thank your gracious stars that she does live, else the Law would have you swinging from the gallows by Tuesday! Look at me, Sir, show me your face!

(Hyde turns and shows his distorted face – music a great sigh, a light picks out his face alone).

FATHER: Lord God preserve us!

UTTERSON: So, Sir, what shall I do with you? Throw you to the mob as would have your blood?

FATHER: I'll crush your bleedin' skull. You beast.

HYDE: (to UTT) I am a man. I am sinful, tortured by forces that I cannot control, forces inside of myself. Would you throw me to these... vermin, these... hissing rats! (He shouts the last words and the women howl outrage as the Father comforts his child and shoots a look of hate to HYDE).

FATHER: Let me get my hands on him!

UTTERSON: Silence. My good man. This is a civilised country.

HYDE: Brute.. I have more fineness of feeling than all this rabble will ever know. And this is my curse, I hated that girl's innocence. She tortured me! Don't you see that I suffer?

UTTERSON: I shall call for the police. The law will judge you not this mob.

HYDE: Spare me the Law, you must pity me. My name is Mr Hyde. But I cannot hide my pain. (kneels).

FATHER: Let me kick him!

UTTERSON: Stop! (To Father) you must give witness against this man in a court.

HYDE: This ape will soon forget his moral outrage, his Law, his revenge when gold touches his vulgar hands.

UTTERSON: What!

HYDE: Fifty pounds sterling. For the child's family. For you.

UTTERSON: Bribery, corruption!

FATHER: (Who has been listening). That's more than I earn in a year. (pause) Yer might of killed 'er.

HYDE: I see. One hundred pounds.

UTTERSON: Lay your charges, let me call the police!

FATHER: Look at you in your fine dress, look at your delicate hands. Look at mine.

(Shows hands) I work for next to nothing. This hundred quid, it's t he world to me.

HYDE: Yes, you and I madame, have our world. He does not. So we are agreed? (Offers hand).

UTTERSON: No.

FATHER: Yes, for my little girl. (smiles) And me.

HYDE: (Smiles) We are reasonable, civilised people.

FATHER: SO where is my gold?

HYDE: You will have it tomorrow. At this hour of the night it is not possible to collect such a sum.

FATHER: Dunt yer dare trick me! I may be poor but yer smart folks think that means stupid and that I am not, I am not a rich man's fool! Damn your eyes!

UTTERSON: Stop that!! You have made your decision. I disagree but must respect it.

HYDE: (Hand on UTT's arm.) Wait, sir. (To FATHER:) I will fetch his cheque straight away, and you may draw on it for one hundred pounds when the banks open tomorrow. Good? Now, rest easy , for we are by a house where my credit is... secure. It is barely a street away.

UTTERSON: Go.

FATHER: Yer let 'im off. We'll never see 'im agin.

UTTERSON: No, I believe he is a man of his word.

FATHER: A gentleman?

UTTERSON: Yes but Satan is a prince.

(A bell tolls the hour – doom like as fog swirls and Hyde emerges).

HYDE: (Emerging from house) Take it. One hundred pounds. It is drawn on the Royal bank of Coutts, the Strand.

FATHER: God bless you, Sir.

UTTERSON: Let me look - The name. The signature: How can you be Dr Jekyll? He is my ...my..dear friend? Have you blackmailed him, is he your prisoner! (Throwing herself on Hyde – she has lost control).

FATHER: Back, Madam, back! I have my money. Get away from us. Do gooder!

HYDE: Take it, take it. I am Mr Hyde, Dr Jekyll is my friend..my protector. (Pushing Utterson away he races into the darkness).

UTTERSON: Come back, you devil, come back! Mr Hyde I will not forget you! Come back!

HYDE: But the past never comes back - except to haunt us! And what do we mean

by that? A “haunting”? For there are no ghosts, no white sheeted phantoms running through castles and catacombs. And yet still we are haunted. Haunted by our own deep and dark desires. You, Sir, you (find audience member name), yes you who sit smiling so smugly. If you could do anything you wished without any fear of punishment, what would you do? Tell me? Come now, whisper in my ear, I promise to keep your dark little secret locked in my head. What evil do you wish to commit? What horror would be yours? (Bends over) Ah no no no! Let it not be! \*(Name)’s secret desire is so vile, so shocking that even I pale with horror. Ho, Sir, sir, ho. You don’t look that type! Well! Your secret is safe with me, your foul desire is locked up here (taps skull). So, my lovelies, let your imaginations run riot. And wonder if (Name)’s dark desire is but a mirror or pale echo of your own. Don’t look so prim, Madame. I do not believe that your face is anything but a mask. I have a sixth sense and I sense your secret and you disgust me. Not for your sin, but for the foul smell of hypocrisy. Now observe Miss Utterson – there’s a woman who hides her desires under heavy stones, where they cry out to her. Soo prim, so proper ,so modern and serious... but under her cool marble cheeks her blood is heated by desire!

UTTERSON: (sings)

My Name is Abigail Utterson.

I live all alone with my cat, Touchstone

I work in an office in great London

Such independence was not easily won

My father and mother would have me wed

To a dull clergyman whose name was Ned

A life with him? I would sooner be dead!

I fled to London where skies are brighter  
And taught myself how to use a type writer

I wish I could say that life’s easy here

But the city is hard there’s no pity I fear

Great London Great London you swallow me whole

It’s dark in your streets I live like a mole

Oh London, London you harden my heart

Great London I’m yours, we can never part.  
– (Bell rings).

Sir DANVERS: Miss Utterson!

UTTERSON: Yes, Sir, Immediately, Sir,  
What can I do for you, Sir?

DANVERS: (Raising hearing horn to ear)  
What?

Utterson: (Going close) You called, Sir?

DANVERS: Did you hear singing? Or was it in my imagination?

UTTERSON: I think it was the milkmaid, Sir. In the street below.

HYDE: (Aside) Liar. See how she lies. Fooling a deaf old man. One who gave her employment without references, which he might not have done had he not imagined tweaking her fair cheek. Corruption is everywhere.

DANVERS: I wonder if I am going deaf.

UTTERSON: Not at all , Sir.

DANVERS: What? What did you say?

UTTERSON: (Going close to horn) I am awaiting your instructions, Sir.

DANVERS: yes, yes. I wish you to use your new fangled typing machine to create two copies of this important document that arrived in our legal office today. Here. (Hands it over).

UTTERSON: Of course, Sir.

DANVERS: How long will it take, all day?

UTTERSON: All of one hour, Sir.

Both: A miracle, a modern miracle.

DANVERS: What an age we live in, eh? When I was a boy there were no steam engines, no type writers, no gatling guns and this great law firm never employed women.

UTTERSON: Times have changed, Sir, I believe for the better.

DANVERS: But is it right?

Utterson; I-

DANVERS: I did not ask you, Miss Utterson. I decide what is right and wrong in my office! Now go to your typing machine.

UTTERSON: Yes, Sir.

DANVERS: (As she exits) What? Do you dare to contradict me?

UTTERSON: (Going close) I did not, Sir.

DANVERS: Am I going deaf?

UTTERSON: (Mimes for revenge) “No, Sir”

DANVERS: What, what? (more mime as if speaking from Utterson). Am I going deaf?

UTTERSON: (Shouts in the hearing horn so Danvers jumps in paid) No Sir! (Utterson exits).

HYDE: She is in for a surprise a nasty surprise. See her sit at her type writer and open the document she must copy. I shall enjoy this.

(Utterson sits at her desk , humming her Sister Song to herself. Opens the letter and gasps with surprise).

UTTERSON: A Will, great God in Heaven, the last Will and testament of Dr Henry Jekyll! No, it cannot be!! No, no!!

In case of the death of Dr Henry Jekyll all his possessions are to pass into the hands of his friend and associate but that in case of Dr. Jekyll’s disappearance or unexplained absence the said friend should without explanation take all the possessions and monies of Dr Jekyll. The name of the associate is – (She turns over a page.)

HYDE: Mr Hyde!

UTTERSON: No, no it cannot be, it must not be!

HYDE: It is I, and it will be. Confess! Confess! Dr Jekyll is no stranger to you. Dr Jekyll...

UTTERSON: Broke my heart. I fear for dear Dr Jekyll, this Will and testament is an invitation to...

HYDE: Murder. See her weeping as she types. She rushes home to her cold attic room and confides in Touchstone, her cat. For there is no human that she can confide in, or open her broken heart. The cat, like the world, could not care less.

UTTERSON (Sings): (to melody of a Blacksmith courted me).

A doctor courted me, nine months and better

He fairly won my heart

With his kind letters

With his forceps in his hand

He looked so clever

And if I was with my love I would live forever.

Do you remember when you lay beside me

And you said you’d marry me and not deny me

And I said I’d marry you but you lied and did deny me

You said we’d never part

But you broke my poor heart

Oh witness have I none save God almighty

And may he reward you well for the slighting of me

Oh my lips grow pale and wan

And it makes my poor heart tremble

For the man I loved is gone

And he proved deceitful

A doctor courted me, nine months and better

He fairly won my heart

With his kind letters

With his forceps in his hand

He looked so clever

And if I was with my love I would live forever.

(During the song audience see Doctor Jekyll – he screws up a letter, throws away a rose and puts on surgeons gown and gloves. He takes up a knife and walks forcefully away to work).

HYDE: The Cat, Touchstone, is not interested in his mistresses' cheap emotion. Touchstone wishes to catch a mouse, toy with the poor beast then rip out it's little heart, chew on its organs. That is natural. Cruelty is a normal pleasure, we are all animals. You disagree, Madame? Then tell me, if you are not an animal. what else are you? Hmm?

UTTERSON: I swore never to see Dr Jekyll again, but I must warn him. It is my solemn duty. I must warn him against the terrible Mr Hyde, I must have him rewrite this Will. I have sworn not to exchange another word with Jekyll, and I will not. But I am a typist and this formal letter contains all the doctor needs to know. He shall have it tonight (she is typing). Dr Jekyll will be saved tonight. The testament shall be changed to exclude vile Hyde. All will be well. (She finishes the letter – seals it and as she licks the glue she cannot help kissing the letter then smacks her own hand). No! No! Firmness, Abigail, you will be firm. Touchstone (cat mews) I will not be long. (Kisses cat). Dear Touchstone how you comfort me.

HYDE: Yuck. Cats don't kiss. Touchstone wants his dinner not the saliva of another species. Off she goes into the night with her little letter. She may as well spit into the wind.

UTTERSON: Oh rain. (unfurls a red umbrella) This London weather is as wild as my thoughts and fears. Why it was here not far from Dr Jekyll's house that that brute, Hyde, trampled on the girl, knocked her over like a furious bull.

Ah, here is the door, a door I know only too well, a door that leads me back to a past I would rather forget. I trust his servant comes to the door, if the doctor appears I shall speak not one word, offer him the letter and turn swiftly on my heels.

(UTT knocks and all he hears is the barking of a large dog.).

I must deliver this document to Dr Jekyll! In the name of God open this door!

VOICE OF HYDE: Stay away from the door, fool!

(The dog now growling).

UTTERSON: Open this door at once! Where is the master of this house? This letter is of the upmost importance! Where is Dr Jekyll? Is that you, cursed demon Hyde? (Now there is only laughter from within). I shall be back, I shall be back! If need be, with the police! (Then turning wearily from the door. Now the noise of the streets is amplified – the clatter of wheels on cobbles stones, the wind, the neighing of a horse and a type of panting that accompanies the tolling of a bell – the panting grows mixed with a snarl. Utterson starts to pick up pace but now the sound is in front of her – she turns and it is behind him, it is clearly a large dog now but only a sound- a vision. Then exhausted UTT arrives at her rooms and slams the door. As the dog noise ceases the lights change to reveal that it is Hyde's who controlled the dog).

HYDE: Animal fear. But...Who shall say that a man is better than an animal? Does your faithful pet, or growling guard dog not exhibit loyalty, courage, intelligence and even love? So what distinguishes that beast from our ape like selves? Yes, you guessed didn't you (name) – is it the capacity for evil?

UTTERSON: Oh I fear the worst, I sense the worst. My dear Jekyll where are you? Are you a prisoner in your own house? Or are you buried in some lost and shallow grave? Oh, what I feared was blackmail now enters the terrible domain of murder.

HYDE: Oh her brain is a ferment, see her pretend to be motivated by pure morality, to desire only to save Dr Jekyll. But that is a lie. And to defend a big lie it is necessary to give birth to many little lies. Watch her.

UTTERSON: If I return to work tomorrow I will have to type Dr Jekyll's will and testament and deliver it to Sir Danvers to sign as legal witness - which is as good as signing Jekyll's death warrant. Let me see.. yes, yes, I shall send this note by courier to my employer.

“ Dear Sir Danvers, Yesterday I had the misfortune to be bitten by a large dog on my way home from your office. Bitten on the right hand as I attempted to fend off the beast. I am therefore unable to perform my duties as a typist. I intend to return to your office at the earliest opportunity. I must apologise. Yours sincerely, Abigail Utterson. (She seals the letter ) I shall post this on the way to.....

HYDE: The house of the man who broke her heart, who she swore never to see again and whom she desires with an animal heat! Which of course she would deny to anyone who cared to ask. Naughty Abigail, you are a liar. But....(name) everyone lies, it is impossible to live by telling the truth.. But

the worst liars, the one's who should not be forgiven are those who lie to themselves.

UTTERSON: (Falls) Dear God, forgive me for long forgetting you. I want nothing from this action but to save dear Jekyll/. Yes, I swore upon your bible never to speak to him again, but now I must do so. I must for his sake. I want nothing, not even his gratitude. Am I right, oh Lord?

HYDE: What a pathetic performance! (Pause) Oh get on with it.

UTTERSON: Silence. Nothing. Silence. I am alone on this little planet with no guide but my own poor self. (He rises) Come, Abigail. Either I find dear Jekyll alive and persuade him to destroy this testament or I find his dead body and call for the Law.

(Sings) And if I were with my love,  
I would live forever.

HYDE: So we are a spider's web of secrets! Secrets behind the gothic door of Dr Jekyll's house, secrets behind marble cheeks of Abigail Utterson, secrets in your own hearts as this spectacle forces you to wonder how your life would unfold if everyone, the entire world of your friends, family and enemies knew your secrets!

SONG: (Hyde and cast in masks)

Secrets secrets, a shilling for your secret,  
Secrets secrets a penny for your thoughts  
Can you Sir your darkest thought be bought?

Or your deepest mys-try be had for free?  
Whispered to some priest who can plainly see

What a devil lies under your fine skin  
What a devil of a mess you find yourself in

Secrets secrets, a shilling for your secret,  
Secrets secrets a penny for your thoughts  
Did any eyes see you pull that girl  
Did any eyes see you leave her door  
Did any eyes see you pack that pipe  
Did your opium eyes give you a fright  
And send you back to hide in the dark night

Where your:  
Secrets, secrets are safe as they can be  
Your nasty little secret's safe with me!  
Secrets, secrets, a shilling for your secret,  
Secrets, secrets a penny for your thoughts  
For we don't judge you  
For we don't hate you

We are all in the same damn boat  
So ram this down your stinking throat

Secrets, secrets we are our own secrets

If we all told the truth, the whole truth:  
Strewth!

You'd see the horrid fact that all we need

Is gluttony and lust and endless greed.

That's the secret, secret as clear as it can be

The nasty human secret is safe with....no  
one.

HYDE: The Devil has all the best tunes.  
That's an idiom you idiot...ah but I hear you  
say there is no Devil, Satan's just a story to  
frighten kids and grannies. But Satan lives  
and breathes, not there (points down) not  
there (points up) but where – come on, you  
know (moves finger slowly and points to his  
own chest). But who looks inside  
themselves? Who looks in the mirror with  
an eye like a scalpel? Who journeys here?  
(places hands on his skull). One. One of us.  
The one and only Dr Henry Jekyll. Now you  
may hear his voice, the voice of Reason..  
Reason knows neither good nor evil, reason  
acts on facts and where there are not  
enough facts, reason seeks to discover. That  
is science and science knows no limits.  
You...name...cannot imagine life without  
the railway. But I cannot imagine death  
without the Gatling machine gun. But  
enough, the story moves on. And you need  
to hear the voice or Reason:

Dr Jekyll: (Possibly a recording). Poole,  
Poole!

Poole's voice: Yes, master.

Dr Jekyll: I am going to my laboratory. I  
shall not emerge until dusk. Let no one enter  
the house in the hours of daylight, even a  
delivery boy. Do you understand?

Poole: Yes, Master.

HYDE: Oh poor Abigail. The odds are  
stacked against her. I would blame fate. But  
we are our own destiny. (Hyde slips into the  
side of the set, via a small door or opening –  
Utterson sees him).

UTTERSON: Is that you, Hyde? Hyde!  
Unless you allow me entry into this house I  
will call the police and have your door  
broken down. You have been warned. This  
will (waves will) is enough to throw more  
than legal suspicion on you as the author of  
Dr Jekyll's disappearance. I give you to a  
count of ten. Ten. Nine, - (The door opens –  
it is the servant Poole).

UTTERSON: Ah, my dear Poole!

POOLE: Miss Utterson, why this is a  
pleasant surprise. I have missed your kind  
face.

UTTERSON: How relieved I am to set eyes  
upon you.

POOLE: Let me take your umbrella, my oh  
my it is colourful.

UTTERSON: It was a gift from Dr Jekyll.

POOLE: Oh he is a colourful man, Madam.

UTTERSON: Now to the point. Is he at  
home?

Hyde's Voice: Invite the visitor in, Poole.

UTTERSON: That is not Jekyll's voice!

POOLE: (Suddenly rushing out to talk to  
Utterson). Dr Jekyll is...is..

UTTERSON: Is?

POOLE: Not at home. He has been...

UTTERSON: Murdered?

POOLE: Called away. I would like to  
inform you, Sir, that Dr Jekyll has been  
called away to visit a patient but that is not  
the case. He has been called to the  
pharmacist who has been searching for rare  
and strange chemicals.

UTTERSON: Is his mind distracted, dear  
Poole? Is his wild pursuit of scientific half-  
truths and blasphemies affecting his  
judgement so that he hands over his very  
soul to the accursed Mr Hyde?

VOICE: Poole, Poole!

POOLE: Presently, Master. (Turns  
sheepishly to go but UTT grabs him by the  
collar)

UTTERSON: I saw Mr Hyde go in by the  
old dissecting-room door, Poole. Is that  
right, when Dr. Jekyll is away?

POOLE: You are only too right, Mr. Hyde  
has a key.

UTTERSON: Your master seems to repose  
a great deal of trust in that brute of a man,  
Poole

POOLE: Yes, he do indeed. I have orders to  
obey him. But I see very little of him on this  
side of the house; he mostly comes and goes  
by the laboratory.

UTTERSON: And the hound, Poole, what  
of the hound? Is it sleeping? Does it dog the  
footsteps of the accursed Mr Hyde?

POOLE: Hound, sir?

UTTERSON: Yes a gigantic black dog that  
terrorised me when I last attempted to gain  
entrance to this very house.

POOLE: There is not, nor ever has been, a  
dog in this house.

UTTERSON: What!

POOLE: Dr Jekyll would not tolerate pets.  
The only animals in this house are caged for  
experiments. It disturbs me, Madame, at

night, the vivisection - their squeals and  
child-like cries.

VOICE: Poole, damn you, where are you?

UTTERSON: I fear what I will find behind  
that door but I will discover it!

(The set turns and reveals HYDE sitting  
with his back to the audience – so we do not  
know who he is).

UTTERSON: Mr Hyde?

HYDE: Why do you pursue me? I have paid  
the child's father for my...error. And yet you  
bang on this door at all hours, conspire with  
old Poole and generally reveal yourself as a  
woman with more time on her empty hands  
than sense in her empty head.

UTTERSON: I am an old friend of Dr.  
Jekyll's— Abigail Utterson—you must have  
heard my name. I am concerned for my  
....old friend.

HYDE: You will not find you dear Henry  
here. He is away on scientific business.

UTTERSON: Will you do me a favour?

HYDE: What shall it be?

UTTERSON: Will you let me see your face?  
Here in the fullness of daylight.

(Mr. Hyde appears to hesitate, and then, as if  
upon some sudden reflection, fronted about  
with an air of defiance; and the pair stare at  
each other pretty fixedly for a few seconds.)

UTTERSON: Now I shall know you again,  
It may be useful.

HYDE: Yes, it is as well we have, met away  
from the stinking scum who populate the  
streets. and a propos, you should have my  
address (hands card) I reside in Soho.

UTTERSON: Good God! You, too, have  
been thinking of the will?

HYDE: You are I believe employed at the  
legal office of Sir Danvers?

UTTERSON: You mean to know me to use  
me when –

HYDE: When what? When I have need of a  
lawyer to ensure that I receive what is mine  
by rights??

UTTERSON: The goods, property and  
wealth of Dr Jekyll.

HYDE: Upon..his death or disappearance.

UTTERSON: But not his murder, Hr Hyde,  
for then you would be chief suspect as sole  
beneficiary of the murdered man's last will  
and testament.

HYDE: Your imagination clouds your  
judgement. But what else should I expect  
from a woman.

UTTERSON: You will get far more than  
you expect from this woman. I know you,  
Hyde, I see through you.

HYDE: How do you know me?

UTTERSON: We have common friends.

HYDE: Common friends? (echoes Mr. Hyde, a little hoarsely) Who are they?

UTTERSON: Jekyll, for instance.

HYDE: (Passionate) He would never tell you anything about me! (with a flush of anger) I did not think you were such a liar!

UTTERSON: Come, that is not fitting language before a woman!

HYDE: Liar! I know that you swore never to speak to the doctor again. So how could you have discussed me and my fate?

UTTERSON: Oh..(suddenly losing composure – even letting out a sob) How do you know these things?

HYDE: We have common friends. Jekyll hides nothing from me. I know everything.

(HYDE snarls aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he unlocks the door and disappears into the laboratory).

UTTERSON: You have not answered me, where is Dr Jekyll? (Pause- silence). I have achieved nothing, I know no more of Jekyll's fate than when I left my wretched rooms. Poole. Poole, I shall be leaving.

POOLE: Yes, Madam, I shall fetch your umbrella. (Aside) Miss Utterson, a word.

UTTERSON: By all means.

POOLE: This letter, it was left for you. I have hidden it from Hyde.

UTTERSON: Thank you, Poole. I shall not forget you.

POOLE: I am mightily troubled, Madam. I am tortured by dreams that shake me nightly.

UTTERSON: In that you are not alone.

POOLE: No, madam, correcting you: here I am utterly alone. (Turns to leave, then is stopped in his track by a sudden squeaking, high pitch noises of terror).

UTTERSON: What in God's name...?

POOLE: The laboratory. (gestures to far door) It is the scream of a dying pig.

(Jumps with fear looking towards door that Hyde went through and then hurries away).

UTTERSON: (Runs "home" and throws herself on a chair before tearing open the letter). I know this handwriting – it is Jekyll! At last at last, heaven be praised. (Quotes):

My dearest Abigail,

I know that only the most pressing of motives can have led you to forget your promise never to speak to me again. God

knows, I deserved that curse. But if your motive is my own well-being I must assure you that I am in the best of health and have arrived at a clarity of mind that will astonish humanity.. (Reads ahead to herself) I beg the pleasure of your company at my house, tomorrow, the 1<sup>st</sup> of November. If you will grant me this request, you need not set eyes upon me for the rest of your life. Yours humbly,

Dr Henry Jekyll. (Pause)

It will be out. Tomorrow, the mystery of Mr Hyde and his devilish hold over Dr Jekyll will out!

JEKYLL (In lab coat) : Alone in laboratory: Sings as he passes his hand along rows of chemical bottles.

(waltz? 3-3 -5/4)

Chemicals, chemicals, is that all we are?

Molecules, molecules, dance like the stars (touching own body)

Can I cut, shall I cut into my heart?

Can I shut, shall I shut out my best part?

What are we, who are we that walk on the earth

Savagery, butchery what are we worth?

Charity, humanity, will not take us far

Chemicals, chemicals, is all that we are.

Tell me now, tell me how I can be good

When savagery, cruelty runs through my blood

Yes!

Tell me how I can ever be good

I would I would I know I should

But:

Delicious savagery boils in my blood!

(Utterson goes to Jekyll's house and knocks on the door. Poole appears)

UTTERSON: (Being shown in by Poole) Ah Poole, I am delighted to see your kind face again.

POOLE: Mutual, Miss Utterson, a mutual pleasure. Dr Jekyll has been not in the brightest of humour and I hope your presence will cheer him as much as it does me this dark November day.

UTTERSON: Ah, so he is here? Good! It is indeed a day as foul as night. Now shall I wait here?

POOLE: Dr Jekyll is in his laboratory and assures me he will greet you as soon as he has scrubbed his hands of the chemicals that create such a distressing odour in this house.

UTTERSON: I had noticed the smell.

POOLE: Stink would be a more accurate word. If I may take your umbrella? (POOLE takes UTT's umbrella and exits – UTT Paces to and fro – from behind the laboratory door comes a weeping, a sobbing as if a human frame were wracked with grief).

UTTERSON: (Moves uncertainly toward the laboratory door). Henry, Henry Jekyll? (pause). My dear friend....my dear, dear friend...(the sobbing is now shaking the house). Henry...Henry...

(Then suddenly the crying ceases – alarmed UTT knocks on the door – Poole appears).

UTTERSON: The key, Poole, where is the laboratory key? I fear the worst.

POOLE: There are only two keys, one is the possession of Dr Jekyll and one...

UTTERSON: In the keeping of that damnable Mr Hyde!

(Suddenly the laboratory door swings open and there is Dr Jekyll, smiling and normal).

JEKYLL: My dear Abig – (corrects himself) Miss Utterson, what a pleasure it is to set eyes upon you. Give me your hand. I have I think washed the chemicals from my own (smells hand before offering it to UTT, beaming).

UTTERSON: I am delighted to see you... Henr- (correcting herself) Dr Jekyll. (They shake hands – laugh).

JEKYLL: Abigail.

UTTERSON: Henry. (He kisses her hand).

JEKYLL: A bottle of the best claret, Poole.

UTTERSON: I ...er .. tea, Poole, if you please.

JEKYLL: Tea, Poole, yes Darjeeling first flush.

UTTERSON: Indeed the first flush in mine. (JEK laughs – they both laugh).

JEKYLL: Your wit is a mirror of your intelligence.

UTTERSON: How can you, whose brain dominates his heart, flatter my poor intelligence.

JEKYLL: Does your soft heart, Abigail, dominate your sharp mind?

(Pause the tea arrives).

UTTERSON: (Flustered) Ah tea!

JEKYLL: You take one sugar as I remember...

UTTERSON: You know all my secrets. But do I know yours?

JEKYLL: Once upon a time you did. Here let me serve you. (Their hands touch he drops a sugar lump suggestively in her cup). Plop!

(They lean together and almost kiss then Abigail pulls away – gulps down her tea and stands)

UTTERSON: How is your work? Do you practice medicine still?

JEKYLL: My scientific work consumes me. I have no time for the sick. It is the healthy man I wish to dissect.

UTTERSON: Such a great loss to the sick and poor. You were always such a charitable man.

JEKYLL: Yes, yes, but the sick are always with us. There is more than one way in which we may be good. More than one way we maybe true.

UTTERSON: True to what?

JEKYLL: Our intelligence. Our emotions.

UTTERSON: Enough! I had sworn not to exchange words with you and I find myself tempted into flippancy! (She stands – Poole enters) Take away the tea! I am here on legal business.

JEKYLL: (Raising hands in surrender) Dear Miss Utterson -

UTTERSON: The will. I am so distressed by this document, I – Jekyll. Your last will and testament?

JEKYLL: It is a - a mere document!

UTTERSON: How can you sign over your worldly wealth to this..Mr Hyde? Was it blackmail? Why should he not murder you to lay his foul hands on all you have?

JEKYLL: (Losing his bright humour he seems to collapse) I do not care to hear more on this subject.

UTTERSON: He is not a subject! He is a monster, disgusting and morally repulsive!.

JEKYLL: (Manic) It can make no change. You do not understand my position! My pain. Dear Miss Utterson; my problem is a very strange. It is something that cannot be mended here.

UTTERSON: (Softening) Henry, tell me your secrets. They are safe with me. I firmly believe I can get you out of this (waves hand) .

JEKYLL: My dear sweet Abigail –

UTTERSON: I am not sweet! I am a force upon which you can depend more firmly than any man!

JEKYLL: Yes, yes (in despair) Don't I know that! And I thank you from the depths of my heart for your kindness to me who deserves nothing from you. But the situation.. is not what you imagine; it is not so bad; and to put you at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. He will be gone from my life, gone. Oh

dear Abigail, this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep. Sleep.

UTTERSON: (Pause, formal – she knows she has been rejected) I have no doubt you are perfectly right

JEKYLL: (Cheerful) Well then, it is done. But there is one point I should like you to understand. I have a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have met him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude, foolish. But if I am taken away, I wish you to promise me that you will get his rights for him. His rights to my monies and property as in my last will and testament. Please...

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

JEKYLL: (Pleading) I don't ask that, (laying his hand upon the other's arm) I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer...(gulps) here.

UTTERSON: (With a deep sigh): Well, I promise. (A bell tolls).

JEKYLL: Six o'clock. You must excuse me, I have an experiment which requires my hourly presence. Good night dear friend. (They cannot touch but lock eyes, suddenly Utterson seizes Jekyll's face and kisses him almost violently – his arms remain limp – then sensing his rejection she pulls away and avoiding his eyes speaks):  
UTTERSON: I will never touch you again. Never.

JEKYLL: My experiment. I must go. (turns to leave)

UTTERSON: May God go with you.

JEKYLL: Oh I doubt that, dear Abigail, I doubt that very much.

(A strangled cry and Jekyll races to the laboratory).

(Miss Utterson runs away in the opposite direction ort of the house Poole calls after her):

Poole: Miss Utterson, your umbrella!

**Blackout. Interval. Act two.**

(Sir Danvers enters with bunch of flowers in his hand. Sings)

Sir DANVERS:

I think I am an old fool

I think I'm making a mistake

But

I think I should clearly take

More care of Miss Utterson

She's a valuable addition

To my legal firm and life

And since I lost my wife

I have been so alone

Sitting by myself at home

I know I'm old and foolish

And can not dare to wish

That a modern young woman

Like intelligent Miss Utterson

Would ever look at me

But allow me the fantasy

That my dear lady typist

Might just care for me.

Oh I think I'm an old fool

Making a mistake so cruel

But allow me the fantasy

That dear Miss Utterson

Might just care for me

(During the song Miss Utterson appears hiding behind her red umbrella in a spotlight in the rain. At the end of the song Sir Danvers moves towards her and offers her the flowers. But the umbrella lowers and it is Hyde in a dark dress. He smashes Danvers in the face, then as Danvers falls, stabs him repeatedly with the spike of the umbrella until he is dead – murdered).

Blackout. (in Darkness):

ALL: Murder, Murder read all about it!

Newsboy and Hyde sing as hold up paper with 'murder' headline:

Newsboy: (Maybe continues singing under Hyde).

(sings)

Murder Murder read all about it

Murder Murder sell it and tout it

You'll never feel as safe tucked warmly in your bed

As when you read a story of the freshly butchered dead!

HYDE: Oh (name) You and I love a good murder story – come on let's confess. It's normal. We are all so boringly normal that we are fascinated by a good murder, eh. But I tell you (name) a murder story may be thrilling, but to commit a murder – why that elevates your cheap thrill to the sublime! Believe me. Oh talking of tedious normality, now watch Miss Utterson lie to the Law.

POLICEMAN: (Rings bell). Miss Utterson. Miss Utterson!

UTTERSON: (Emerging as if at own door) Good afternoon, office, can I be of assistance?

Policeman (Poole actor): Ah Miss Utterson. I believe you may help us in a criminal enquiry. Is this your umbrella?

UTTERSON: Why may I ask?

POLICEMAN: It is a murder weapon.

UTTERSON: Good Lord, who is the victim?

POLICEMAN: Your employer, dear Lady. Sir Danvers

UTTERSON: Oh heavens (She sways as if about to faint).

POLICEMAN: Do you require smelling salts, Madame?

UTTERSON: No, no. How can I be of assistance. Was it robbery?

POLICEMAN: No, nothing was taken. Except pleasure in the killing.

But I must ask you again, this particular red umbrella, neighbours suggest you might have possessed it, might know where you might have left it? Could that be a clue?

UTTERSON: Let me see – oh there is blood on the spike! (pauses) No this is not my umbrella. My umbrella is black. My neighbours have a colourful imagination. I fear they disapprove of me...

POLICEMAN: Really?

UTTERSON: As an independent woman.

POLICEMAN: Thank you, Miss Utterson. (Takes back umbrella) Then this avenue of enquiry is closed. If you have any facts, or suspicions do drop into the police station on Bow street.

UTTERSON: Of course officer. What a dreadful business. Poor Sir Danvers. He was a gentlemen. (sniffs).

Police: I shall leave you to your grief, Madam. Good day.

UTTERSON: Good day Officer and may you bring the killer to justice.

HYDE: Why is she lying? I think we all know. Now watch Miss Utterson, wrapped in her righteous fury race once more to the door she swore – yet again- not to darken. Murder propels her and her lie, her big bold lie, paves the way!

(Miss Utterson races across the stage to knock at the door).

UTTERSON: Poole, Poole, open up, open up in the name of heaven!

POOLE (appears): Dr Jekyll is in his laboratory, Miss Utterson He must not be disturbed. I cannot let you into this house.

UTTERSON: I must speak to him. It is imperative!

POOLE: Forgive me, sweet Lady, but the Doctor has given orders that he must never be disturbed in *that* room. I myself have never seen the inside of his Laboratory.

UTTERSON: This is a matter of life and death.

POOLE: Truly?

UTTERSON: Yes truly, in the name of God let me in.

POOLE: My master's commands bow before the Lord. Come in, Miss Utterson. My conscience is clear.

UTTERSON: Would that I could say the same.

POOLE: That is the door to the Laboratory. ( a strangled cry from within) May God indeed go with you. (exit).

UTTERSON: Amen.

(The set turns and Utterson is inside the laboratory – glass bottles hang on the wall a table is covered with papers and a strange bottle of blue liquid seen at the start of the play. JEKYLL has his head down on the table. He does not rise to meet his visitor, but holds out a cold hand and bids him welcome in a changed voice).

JEKYLL: Ah Abigail, my one and only friend. Keeper of my heart. I might have guessed that you would find a way in!

UTTERSON: You have heard the news?

JEKYLL: (shudders) They were crying it in the square.

UTTERSON: Dear old Sir Danvers–stabbed to death with an umbrella.

JEKYLL: So?

UTTERSON: Your umbrella, Jekyll, yours, the one you *gave to me!*

JEKYLL: Have you... have you...told the police?

UTTERSON: No, of course not. I have foolishly protected you but I can no longer do so if..

JEKYLL: If what? If what!

UTTERSON: If you been mad enough to protect a murderer. You know who I mean!

JEKYLL: Please, please, listen to me. I swear this to God, I swear I will never set eyes on him again. I am done with him in this world. Do you understand? It is all at an end now. Finished. Over. And indeed he does not want my help; he no longer... needs... me. You don't believe me? That is because you do not know him as I do; as only I can do. Believe me, he is gone.

UTTERSON: I hope you may be right. If it comes to a murder trial you will be dragged down dear Jekyll. You may never rise again.

JEKYLL: I am quite sure of him, Abigail. I have secret proofs; ones that I cannot share with you – But there is one thing on which you may advise me. I have—I have received a letter; and I am at a loss whether I should

show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands. I trust you, dear one, I am resting my world upon you.

UTTERSON: This letter; you fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his arrest and execution?

JEKYLL: No, I do not care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. No, I am thinking of my..self.

UTTERSON: Oh...Well, let me see the letter

JEKYLL: It's from Hyde of course. (As Utterson reads the letter she desperately paraphrases it) Er... He says he is unworthy of my many generousities, which he has failed to repay. He says he will never be caught - can make the most perfect escape. Ah – he ends by swearing that he will never see me again on this dark earth.

UTTERSON: (Nodding) Signed Edward Hyde. Have you the envelope?

JEKYLL: (Almost too fast for he is lying) I burned it, foolishly. . But it bore no postmark. It was handed in.

UTTERSON: Shall I keep this? I'll sleep upon it, while I consider what should be done.

JEKYLL: Of course. Do judge this letter for me, I have lost confidence in myself.

UTTERSON: (Takes the letter.) And now one thing more. (She takes the will from her pocket.) Was it Hyde who dictated the terms in this will, how he would inherit house, possessions and a quarter of a million pounds sterling should you vanish from this world? (JEKYLL shuts his mouth tight and nods). Yes? I knew it! He meant to murder you. The breast!

JEKYLL: I have escaped. And I have learnt a terrible lesson. O God, what a lesson !I have had! ( And he covers his face for a moment with his hands). Leave me now. Leave me alone. Alone. I must face my foolishness and pray that it lies in the past. (Turns back on Utterson. She sighs and leaves without a word or touch. The set turns to hide JEK).

UTTERSON: (To Poole who appears) By the by, Poole, the letter handed in to-day: what was the messenger like?

POOLE: Letter, Madam? No letters today. No one has called at the house all day; with the exception of yourself.

UTTERSON: I see. But there was post?

POOLE: Circulars but no letters.

(UTT looks back to the laboratory.)

UTTERSON: Think, man! A letter... there was a letter?

POOLE: I would remember a letter!! ...Sir.

UTTERSON: Yes, yes. Of course.... good man. (She looks back again to the laboratory.) Something is rotten here, Poole, rotten to its core.

(Light shifts to window where Jekyll stands – he throws open the window and shouts to the night. Wind rises. Far off a bell tolls.)

JEKYLL: Stars, hide your fires! Cover me in darkness, hide my deeds! O, I have travelled on a great and secret journey to understand the root of evil. And how shall we understand evil if we do not diagnose, isolate and then amputate? Rip out Evil! In this experiment I am scientist and specimen! Accused and executioner!! Innocent and evil. And I am torn apart, ripped in two and I cannot endure the pain.

POOLE: Sir, sir, come away from the window!

JEKYLL: (Pauses a moment and looks below, then closes the window).

If I did not believe I could give up Hyde and his evil, I should throw myself from a great height to my death. (Breathes deeply and seems to find relief)

POOLE: Sir, sir! Come away!

JEKYLL: I am taking the air ,Poole. Now, quite restored, I am going to my laboratory. There is much to do.

POOLE: But, begging your pardon, Doctor. It is so late.

JEKYLL: No, Poole, it is never too late. (Exits to laboratory; slams the door and the clang echoes through the house.)

(Light to UTT sitting on a chair reading the letter that Jekyll have him).

UTTERSON: (Reading) “My dear benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom I have for so long unworthily repaid for a thousand generousities, you need labour under no alarm for my safety, as I have means of a most perfect escape . Yours unto the very end, Edward Hyde.” Why a letter? A very formal thing for two men so close... so... close... no? No, no... that cannot be... Wait, there’s a way... the writing on the will... (she produces the will and opens it up. She holds the will and the letter up together. She throws herself on her knees and spreads out the two letter.) O no! Catastrophe! (Stands and backs away.) This is the end!! The same! (She returns to the two documents.) The handwriting is identical: – fool! - the same. (He stands - music). He lies, lies to me. It is a trick a cheap trick to pretend that Hyde wrote this letter. Here is the truth: Henry Jekyll , who I have loved with all my heart, is protecting a murderer! (Freeze)

HYDE: (To audience: What is going to happen next? Abigail is alone in her

apartment. Very alone. Night has fallen, I have broken the back window...what shall I do? What do you think....(name)? Shall I kill her? I know you all want a murder story. You were so disappointed I did not kill that child in the first scene. What do you think? All of you. Do you really want a happy ending? Do you (name). Do you all? Bah! Only children’s stories have happy endings. But although I know that (name) likes a good murder there is another possibility. More cruel and frankly delicious. If I murder Abigail Jekyll will be very upset and quite horrible to me. So I think it might be better to destroy her love for Jekyll and let him know it. Then I can have Jekyll all to myself. And he will suffer so much more. That feels to me like the best plan (name) but if I cannot destroy her love for the ridiculous, weak Doctor I might just have to..(makes gesture to his neck) Shall we see? (turns) So exciting, hey?

UTTERSON: What is that! ( a sound of breaking glass- It is Hyde) Who’s there?

HYDE: (sings)

Who can that be at this hour?

Who can that be that would crush a flower?

Who can that be who dreams of security?

Who can that be that slips through a window

Who can that be that would strike a hard blow

Who can that be that must take that hard blow

I think you know I think you know!

Who can that be it’s me, it’s me!

Who must I kill it’s plain to see

Abigail must die for my security

Or if I am to let her live to let her be

She must give all herself to me!

(Pause)

(speaks) She can run but she cannot hide!

(A sequence to sound/music of fear in the house – a candle - Hyde is suddenly behind Utterson with a hand over her mouth)

HYDE: Don’t scream. Screaming is too easy. Screaming is a lie.

I know your secret. (He takes out a knife). It lies in your heart. Shall I cut it out and reveal it?

UTT: If you mean to kil me as you did poor Danvers, go ahead.

HYDE: I saved you from Danvers. He was coming for you, he lusted after you. Surely you knew that?

UTT: Liar.

HYDE: You are the liar, You lie to the police you lie to yourself. I am pure.

UTT: Purely evil.

HYDE: Exactly, we understand each other. The purity of absolute evil, unashamed, fascinating, and irresistible. (silence – he places his hand on her heart). Take the knife. (Hands it to her). No knife - but your heart beats fast - so not with fear – with..ha ha ha! Secret shh! I did think of killing you but now I know that you want me far more than that wretched, weak pathetic Jekyll.

UTTERSON: Are you so stupid that you believe your own lies!

Your evil is base, absurd, normal. What is fascinating, what prevents me from slicing your evil throat is your goodness. Hidden inside you, hiding like a light under a dark cloth. I sense it! Something of Jekyll, his goodness ,has changed you. How could you be so close to such a saint and not be changed?

HYDE: Nonsense! It is you who are lying to yourself about your deep desire...for me!

UTTERSON: I would kill myself if that was true! (raises knife (HYDE Jumps and grabs her arm - - Police whistles).

(Utterson hurls the candle wax in his face and in the and slashes at Hyde, he dodges her and but is cut - he takes the blood from his own wound and smears it across her face).

Hyde: My blood, my blood! It binds us forever!

(Sings)

Secrets secrets a shilling for your secrets

Secrets secrets I see into your heart! (Runs out through audience).

POLICE: (Off) Miss Utterson, Miss Utterson are you there? Are you alive!

UTTERSON: Snake! You twist my soul! (looks with horror at the knife).

HYDE: When next we meet the truth will be revealed. Everything, you, liar will know the truth! (Exits just as Police enter).

POLICE: Where is he?

UTTERSON: Gone. (Collapsing)

POLICE: I am relieved to find you alive, Miss Utterson. But are you bleeding?

UTTERSON: It is his, the Devil’s blood.

POLICE: Let me wipe it away. Can you speak?

UTTERSON: I can, I will.

POLICE: Letters have been found at Sir Danvers office concerning to this Mr Hyde. Was he here?

UTTERSON: Of course.



POLICE: There was a Will, that Hyde needed legally signing. That Will has disappeared. The same Mr Hyde was seen by a newsboy running from the scene of the murder.. Whatever happened at Sir Danvers offices, you were the only witness. Can you assist us?

UTTERSON: Of course, the demon Hyde has..forged a will and testament. Sir Danvers must have known and be murdered for that knowledge.

POLICE: Whose Will might that have been?

UTTERSON: I..I...Officer, I must inform you - it was the will of...

JEKYLL: (Suddenly enters.) Ah, Miss Utterson, how wonderful to see you. I heard there was a disturbance. Will you take a stroll with me.

POLICE: (To UTT) I beg your pardon , Madam You spoke to me of the Will.

UTTERSON: Yes, yes...Danvers talked of it, I never saw it. Only Danvers knew and he was murdered for that knowledge... I suppose. I wish you every success in your business and may the bloody killer be soon arrested.

POLICE: Thank you, Madame. We will catch this Hyde. A very good day to you. (Exits)

UTTERSON: But... Wait... er... I must tell you(dithers)

POLICE: Yes?

JEKYLL: (Hisses) Abigail!

UTTERSON: How very grateful I am for you saving me tonight. Good day.

POLICE: It would indeed be a good day if every honest citizen came forward and assisted the Police with our enquiries (he suspects something).

Jekyll: (Covering Abigail) How very true, Officer. And I can assure you there is no more honest citizen in London than Abigail Utterson. (Kisses her hand, she flushes with pleasure as the police nods and exits). Ah, how crisp and fresh is the air! As fresh as your smile, your skin...Is it you or the west wind, that blows away the fogs and smoke of this great London? (Takes UTT by the arm).

UTTERSON: Hyde was here.

JEKYLL: I feared as much. Are you....well?

UTTERSON: I was fortunate. The police.

JEKYLL: It was I who warned them. By letter,

UTTERSON: Then they know!

JEKYLL: By anonymous letter. They know nothing. (Smiles) .

UTTERSON: You look as cheery as a spring day, Jekyll!

JEKYLL: And so I am, I am indeed. Because I know that you are safe and that this was the final appearance of the cursed Mr Hyde.

UTTERSON: I wish I could believe you.

JEKYLL: He is gone. I know it. Everything is changed. Shall we take a walk? My surgery is at five so a stroll towards Shoreditch would be as practical as it is invigorating.

UTTERSON: You surprise me, Henry... you mean to tell me you have returned to medical practice?

JEKYLL: Only for the poor and needy, my dear Abigail. I have a sudden... passion for them. I work for their smiles since all too often their pockets are as empty as their hopes.

UTTERSON: The world turns upside down! Have you abandoned science?

JEKYLL: I told you everything is changed. Myself too. I have returned to the human world and will mend its suffering. I mean to do good

UTTERSON: Ah the sun, see how dawn breaks over the river.

JEKYLL: Come, dear friend, come, the sun blesses us. (They walk off arm in arm.)

POICEMAN: Ladies and gentleman, Hyde has vanished. We find no trace of him, no shred of information that links him to any known person in London. It pains me to confess that for lack of evidence. This murder case is closed. (Exit)

UTT: So Hyde is gone, he said he would wait to tell me great truths. . Liar. He told me that I was drawn to him, his strength and energy. But he was wrong. I was only drawn to a little light I saw inside him, something of the goodness I see in Jekyll. Could I have reformed My Hyde? Now I shall never know. And now I shall not care. I shall grasp the goodness that lies, revealed again, in my dear Dr Jekyll. It is time to act. To follow my heart.

(Holding up a ring)

UTTERSON: (sings)

Why can't a woman ask for a man?

Why can't a woman? Surely I can

Why can't a woman hold out a ring

Why can't a man accept that thing?

Why can't a woman follow her heart

Oh dear my dear we must never part.

Here is the blood that I wiped from my face (on handkerchief)

Clean my lost soul from darkest disgrace

I have no secrets and nothing to hide

To Hyde for one moment my heart may have lied

But so deep within me deep down inside

There's one man I love and to him I must bring

This ounce of gold this engagement ring

Henry oh Henry I 'll run to your arms

Save me from evil save me from harm

Doctor cure me and save my life

Take me dear Jekyll make me your wife.

(Cat jumps from her arms). Evil I will not embrace evil! (but she is clearly struggling).

(Meets Poole carrying a large chemical jar on street outside Jekyll's house).

UTTERSON: Ah, my dear Poole, I have such news! Wonderful! Can you keep it a secret? I am bursting to tell you! You are such an excellent fellow and this is a most excellent day! But what do have there? The stink is quite disgusting!

POOLE: Chemicals, Miss Utterson, I am sent out for chemicals. I search the pharmacies. But, whatever I find, I can never satisfy the Doctor.

UTTERSON: Are these medicines for the sick? For the poor and sick for whom he labours without pay, except for their love.

POOLE: Would that were true. But I fear many are marked poison. They cure nothing but the Doctor's dark curiosity.

UTTERSON: Well, I am sure the Doctor has a reason for everything, and now let me proceed into the hall.

(Jekyll appears at the window above).

JEKYLL: Do not enter, dear Abigail. For the love of God do not enter this cursed house.

UTTERSON: Why, oh why? Do not reject me, Henry!

JEKYLL: There are terrible secrets here! This is no place for you, or your goodness. There are no angels in Hell!

UTTERSON: Hell?

POOLE: Hell it is.

JEKYLL: Poole, Poole, quickly the chemicals.

POOLE: I must do as he commands (Enters house indicating that Utterson must not follow). Good bye, dear Miss Utterson, God bless.

JEKYLL: Go, Abigail, if you value me... if you still value what there was between us, go!

UTTERSON: Has that wicked Hyde returned? Are you his prisoner?

JEKYLL: : I am here. You see me. There is no one else. I alone have stoked the fire which consumes me! That I alone carry responsibility for... aah... aghh... Go! Go! Please before is it too late... Oh no, no, mercy no! (A strangled scream and he vanishes from the window).

(Utterson rattles the door but it is locked. In despair she turns away but now Poole appears at the window above).

POOLE: Wait, miss! Please wait! It is a nightmare! Only you can save him now. I dare not go to the front door, Miss, I have sworn not to, I fear to... but here, take the key that the cursed Mr Hyde uses! Take it and may God save us!

Voice of JEKYLL: Poole, Poole Arsenic! Mercury! Now! Ether! Sulphur!

POOLE: (Weeping) I obey. Always. It is wrong, wrong! (Weeping he vanishes).

(A crash of thunder and rain as Utterson works her way around the house and enters through the laboratory door. The set turns again to reveal the laboratory and in the midst the blue phial of liquid – as she advances towards it and takes it. Hyde leaps down behind him, soaked with rain and dishevelled).

HYDE: Give that to me, you vampire! (Utterson gives a cry of terror and then backs off holding the phial).

UTTERSON: Vampire?!

HYDE: Yes you return for my blood, you return to eat my heart! Give it to me now!

UTTERSON: Why, why do you want this? What have you done with my Dr Jekyll? Have you murdered him?

HYDE: (Almost strangled as if in inner torment) No, no..... worse!!! I (Maniacal laughter) Ha ha! have consumed him, I have swallowed him!

UTTERSON: Cannibal!

HYDE: Help me! (His voice cramps with pain and his voice changes to be more Jekyll). Oh dearest Abigail, as you care for me, give me that potion, it is the last precious drop of that elixir, (crying and weeping)... )... which I need to send away this beast.

UTTERSON: What are you taking about you...poor (seeing his pain) – you brute! You beast!

HYDE: Do not torture us, we can take no more of this pain! Give it to here now!! O I

can destroy you, kill what I love to escape! (He grabs the phial from the terrified UTTERSON, who screams in fear). Haha! Hahaha! Now you will see, Abigail! The genius of it! O, the genius!!! With this last drop that... restores and then destroys us! Witness it!

UTTERSON: God save me!

HYDE: Hahahaha! So, let it be! The last precious drop of the potion shall finally reveal to you the secret. Arghh – my hands! Hyde's hands would sooner seize you and smash the vial... (UTT cowers).

UTTERSON: God save me!

HYDE: (Struggles, and tempted to smash the vial and Utterson's head and escape – he wrestles with himself and as thunder rolls and music builds he jerkily forces the potion down his throat and falls behind the laboratory table or medical screen and rises/emerges as Dr Jekyll in such a way that his arm is never out of sight and it is clear it is the same man).

UTTERSON: No, no, no, no! Tell me I am mad! You are one and the same, you are Jekyll and you are .... you.. are..... no, no, no! Hyde! I sensed it, in my heart I knew but pushed aside the horror! The truth, the secret. Great god, curse these eyes of mine that ever saw this sight! (Collapses. JEKYLL goes to him and cradles him in his arms).

JEKYLL: Oh my dear Abigail, my one true love, the only good I have ever known is that which you have inspired in my rotten soul. To save my better self.

UTTERSON: (Almost delirious, struggling to crawl away.) Hyde, Hyde... Hyde hides inside you! No, tell me it it was a trick!! You gave me a drug! Your chemicals. Please tell me that.... THIS nightmare is not true!

JEKYLL: (Standing, almost displaying himself.) Can you deny the evidence of your own eyes, Abigail? Look at me. Feel my hands. I was Mister Hyde just a moment ago, and now I am Doctor Henry Jekyll. The same body, two different men! That is the damnable truth! Mr Hyde is Dr Jekyll and I am him! (He clasps his hands together.) I found a chemical mix that would release all the evil within me... to get it out of me! Separate it! I wanted to cut it out! And kill it!

UTTERSON: But you are good, why do you want to cut out an evil that was never there?

JEKYLL: No, no, I am evil and good. And the evil is stronger than the good. Your love

blinded you to my darkness. Don't you see I could not return your love because you loved only half of me!

UTTERSON: But now Hyde has gone and you are free. We are free!

JEKYLL: NO, no. Hyde will return and never depart. The experiment that released Hyde was an accident, there were impurities mistakes. And now, that this potion is drunk I will have no more, no escape. I will be Hyde forever!

UTTERSON: No you are a good man, fight him!

JEKYLL: How can I fight him when I desire to be him! That is my true secret. I Dr Jekyll want to be Mr Hyde!

UTTERSON: More than you want my love?

JEKYLL: Aargh – (he is struggling now) Help me. Because I do love you there is only one course of action. Aargh – argI feel Hyde is upon me.

UTTERSON: NO, no. (She rushes to him and holds him as Hyde he tries to struggle to throw her off – perhaps back and forth so Hyde and Jekyll wrestle with Abigail and themselves, until Hyde grabs the poison bottle). The Poison the poison!

UTTERSON: NO, no!

HYDE: Yes this is the only way out, the only freedom for you and my selves!

(Swallows poison and throws her to floor). I am Dr Henry Jekyll. I truly love you.

UTTERSON: O, Henry, O... Hyde.... what have you done?

HYDE: (through gritted teeth) Good. Good. (He dies.)

UTTERSON: No! No!! Henry? Hyde? Stay with me! (She kneels by the body and turns it over. A pieta). Stay, stay! Oh, o no, now their heart beats no more. They are gone. There will be no love now.... (she takes the ring from here pocket)... O, my loves, whoever and whatever you are now, take my ring to your grave and with it our dark secret that I will now forever hide. (In anguish, scream-shouting, her arms reaching upwards.) Forever hide!

**BLACKOUT. THE END**

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Note: Changes and some simplifications will be made in rehearsal.