

# JEKYLL AND HYDE

an opera libretto in three acts

by Peter Scott-Presland

*17 Hathway House  
Gibbon Road  
London SE15 2AU*

*020 7277 5014  
07444 311 695*

*homopromos@gmail.com*

## Notes and thoughts about styles etc.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is almost infinitely flexible in Stevenson's version, Hyde and his 'evil' being so vague as to exist almost entirely in the reader's mind. It is the first play version, and the fact that its original staging coincided with the Jack the Ripper stories, that led to the semi-clichéd horror amalgam we now know. Forget that. Forget the movies. Go back to the story and note some things.

1. It is about *Edinburgh*. Look at the geography and the descriptions. It's Old Town v. New Town. Edinburgh means Calvinism and original sin.
2. Jekyll is a philanthropist. Hyde is described as an "ape" - gets shorter in transformation! Couldn't have been written without Darwin being current. Old conflict of ape in man versus essence. Also ties in with Freud, shortly to come.
3. Hyde is young, Jekyll is old. Hyde is experiment, Jekyll is security. In musical terms of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, Jekyll is Parry/Elgar, Hyde is Mahler/Schoenberg.
4. Importance of an all-male world. Everyone has secrets. Number of locked doors, closets, cupboards etc.... Always an element of homosexual panic in the book.
5. Published on 5<sup>th</sup> January 1886. This is less than five months after the enactment of the Labouchere Amendment which creates the crime of Gross Indecency between men [Section 11 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act 1885]. Four years later is the Cleveland Street scandal, involving post office boys plying as prostitutes and the higher echelons of society. Section 11 will be used within nine years against Oscar Wilde, who described the frisson of rough working-class trade as "feasting with panthers". 1886 is also the year of publication of Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*.
6. Everyone is repelled by Hyde, but nobody can say why. There are no physical descriptions of him. He is just "evil". To a revisionist audience, he can/should be beautiful, only seen as ugly by those around because

of his [obvious?] "sin".

7. These are big, broad passions. We are in a semi-gothic, certainly melodramatic, Victorian world. Opera seems the ideal form for it. My knowledge of the traditional form has led me to structure it in terms of arias, duets, ensembles etc. But beware of pastiche.

## Characters

Jekyll, a doctor	Baritone
Hyde	Dancer/Tenor
Utterson, Jekyll's friend, also a doctor	Tenor
Sir Danvers Carew, the Home Secretary	Bass
Dr. Lanyon	Baritone
Poole, the butler	Tenor
Jeannie MacPherson, a skivvy	Soprano
Davy MacPherson, her brother	Tenor

Chorus of the poor, fellows of the ERS, etc.

## Set

I have described this in traditional naturalistic terms, because that's what seems to go with the form. Working with this in mind I have made sure that the piece is at least stageable in one format. That doesn't rule out others, of course.

Essentially it is a set of two parts – the foreground represents Jekyll's study, the epitome of learning, science, rationality, philanthropy and optimism. Off to one side is a door leading to Jekyll's private laboratory and his bedroom.

Behind it is a conservatory, and there is a large area of glass which gives onto the garden. Beyond the garden is the outside world, the world of nature, the world of 'sin'.

The relationship between these two changes dramatically across the three acts.

## ACT ONE

### Scene One

*[Winter 1886. A large Victorian study in the New Town of Edinburgh. Bookshelves disappear to the ceiling. Busts of composers adorn the shelves, Beethoven most prominent. There is a large desk. A globe of the world. A cabinet of chemist's jars, a preserved foetus, a brain. A table is also set up for experiments. There is a feeling that all human knowledge is here.*

*Along the back wall, full length French windows reveal a glimpse of a conservatory beyond. This is full of lush, dangerous vegetation.*

*Downstage left a door to the study, and JEKYLL's private quarters.*

*As the curtain rises, the butler, POOLE, is giving orders to the servant girl, JEANNIE. There is an atmosphere of panic, flurry.]*

POOLE: Have you set the decanters?

JEANNIE: Yes, Sir.

POOLE: Let me see, let me see.  
I have to see everything for myself

JEANNIE: See, Sir? There's the port  
In its cut-glass decanter.

POOLE: I put out the '48 – only the best will do.  
I decanted it myself.

JEANNIE: It's been settling all day.

POOLE: Good, good. It's a very special occasion.  
And the brandy? Where's the brandy?

JEANNIE: Next to the port, Mr Poole.

POOLE: Let me see, let me see.  
Yes. Yes. That's the one.

*[He holds it to the light.]*

Napoleon was but a baby  
When your grapes were picked.  
Mysterious elixir, you are older than us all.

*[Remembering herself]*

And the whisky?  
Doctor Jekyll will be wanting his whisky.

JEANNIE: In his special decanter by his chair.

POOLE: Let me see, let me see.  
And the glasses?

JEANNIE: Yes, Mr. Poole. I polished them till they shine.

*[POOLE holds one up to the light]*

POOLE: Call that a shine? There's a thumb mark.

JEANNIE: Never! I swear -

POOLE: Swearing is for heathens and the ungodly,  
Jeannie.

JEANNIE: Yes, Mr. Poole.

POOLE: *[Polishing glasses fiercely]*  
Remember, Jeannie.  
God set the Devil to crawl in the dust.  
In the dust. And the dirt.  
And the smears. And the stains.  
Always, always there are stains.

And when you have cleaned the house  
Until it gleams,  
Then the Devil brings more dust,  
To remind you of your fallen state.

JEANNIE: I did my best.

POOLE: I didn't want your best, I wanted it perfect.

Now be off with you, back to the kitchens.  
The gentlemen will be finishing dessert  
They'll not be wanting  
To see the likes of you.

JEANNIE: Oh, can't I stay, Mr. Poole? Please, Mr. Poole?  
It's not every day we have  
The Home Secretary in our house.

POOLE: Don't be stupid, girl. What would you do?

JEANNIE: My mother would so like to know  
I'd seen the Home Secretary.

*[Offstage, the FELLOWS are finishing their meal and preparing to leave the dining room.]*

FELLOWS: Damn fine meal.  
You can always rely on Jekyll for that  
Damn fine wine.  
You can always rely on Jekyll's cellar for that  
Damn fine fellows.  
Finest company in Edinburgh.

POOLE: *[To JEANNIE]*  
Listen, the gentlemen stir  
We can't have them coming in here  
And thinking, "What are the likes of her  
Doing in here?"  
Look at you,  
With the smuts on your nose  
And the hole in your shoe  
You reek of below stair  
What business have you with fine gentlemen?

JEANNIE: Oh, Poole, I wouldn't be in the way  
I'd stand to attention in the corner  
Ready to serve if any gentleman  
Took a fancy for something

I'd keep my eyes to the floor  
Like a modest girl  
And I wouldn't say a word

POOLE: The very idea.

JEANNIE: If it was only for a few minutes

POOLE: The gentlemen will be wanting  
Their private conversation

JEKYLL: *[off]* And now if everyone is ready we'll adjourn

GENTLEMEN: Of course. Good idea.

JEANNIE: I could fetch the cigars  
I could pour out the drinks

POOLE: The gentlemen fetch their own cigars  
They pour their own drinks

JEKYLL: Come through to my study

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine house  
You can always rely on Jekyll for that  
Damn fine rooms  
You can always rely on Jekyll's taste for that

POOLE: Do you hear?  
They'll be wanting their coffee, no doubt.  
To the kitchens, where you belong.

JEANNIE: Always out of sight, below stairs

POOLE: Exactly. Below stairs. Where you belong.

*[He shoos JEANNIE away down the servants' stair, as the GENTLEMEN enter to outside the main study door. They are headed by SIR DANVERS CAREW and DR. JEKYLL. UTTERSON and LANYAN are of the company.]*

JEANNIE: *[As she goes]* Below the stairs,  
From the kitchens to the attics

Creeping behind walls  
From the masters' sight  
The servants  
The working people  
Like the spiders in the skirting  
Shun the light

JEKYLL:                   Come in, gentlemen  
I'm sure you'll find a blazing fire

*[The GENTLEMEN enter; looks of approval all round. They select places to sit, but don't sit until given the nod by SIR DANVERS.]*

JEKYLL:                   Am I right, Poole?  
I don't know anyone as good as you  
To draw fire from the most reluctant coal.

GENTLEMEN:           Damn fine den  
A study any man would be proud of  
Damn fine books  
The sort of library to be proud of

POOLE:                   It has been drawing this last hour, Sir  
There is not a cosier room  
In all of Edinburgh, I'll be bound.

JEKYLL:                   Excellent.

POOLE:                   I have set the decanters, Dr. Jekyll.  
And the whisky for yourself.  
Shall I bring coffee?

JEKYLL:                   Not for me.  
It will give me dreams.  
But for the others...?  
Sir Danvers, will you take coffee?

*[A nod all round]*

SIR DANVERS:           Coffee?  
I did not know that coffee had arrived

In Edinburgh.

JEKYLL: We have had coffee houses  
For the three hundred years, sir.

SIR DANVERS: But coffee after dinner?  
Bertie has much to answer for.  
What the Prince of Wales does one day,  
The whole world does the next.  
*[Confidential]* The queen does not approve.  
She prefers whisky and laudanum.

*[POOLE is shocked.]*

JEKYLL: Take no notice Poole, Sir Danvers does but jest.  
*[To CAREW]* If you please, sir,  
*Pas devant les domestiques.*

POOLE: I'm sure you gentlemen know best.

SIR DANVERS: My apologies, Poole.  
My language was intemperate.

POOLE: I shall say a prayer for you on Sunday, sir.

SIR DANVERS: *[Good-humoured, ironic]* Too kind, too kind.

JEKYLL: So, coffee, if you please, Poole.  
For the others.

POOLE: Very good sir.

*[He exits]*

SIR DANVERS: My pardon, gentlemen. Be seated, please.  
Help yourself to Jekyll's excellent cigars.

*[They laugh]*

JEKYLL: By all means.

LANYAN: Hey, Jekyll, have you really read all these books?

JEKYLL: Yes. And more to the point, forgotten them.

LANYAN: Quite right too.  
There is limited room in a gentleman's brain.  
Too much knowledge would be vulgar.

*[They laugh.]*

SIR DANVERS: Let us relax. Pour the drinks, Lanyan.

LANYAN: Of course. ***[Seeing label]***  
This is a most excellent and rare vintage.

*[LANYAN, eager to please, pours and circulates drinks.]*

SIR DANVERS: What were we talking about, Jekyll?  
How far had the conversation gone?

JEKYLL: As usual, I fear, we must agree to disagree.  
For you will persist in believing  
That there are some who are inherently evil -

SIR DANVERS: Of course there are.

JEKYLL: And yet, with respect  
Are we not all, deep in our hearts,  
Ready to enjoy the misfortunes of others  
How it can make the blood pound -

SIR DANVERS: Nonsense.  
Look at Mary Ann Cotton,  
She poisoned fifteen of her family  
And for what? Purely for malice  
The pleasure of watching them suffer  
Slowly over the agonised months  
Are you suggesting we all contain  
Such monstrous cruelty?

JEKYLL: We can all feel the pleasure of control,  
The sense of power over another  
When the other does not know it.

SIR DANVERS: I refuse to believe that Mary Ann Cotton  
Was anything but an aberration -

JEKYLL: She's nothing but an indication...

SIR DANVERS: A monstrous perversion of her sex

JEKYLL: ...Of the secret feelings of her sex  
Who would regard men with contempt  
As the pitiful weak fools they are

SIR DANVERS: How could anyone believe  
Other women are as her?  
The woman is the centre of the family,  
The ideal of humanity,  
She civilises man -

JEKYLL: Knowing his fate is at her whim -

SIR DANVERS: She takes the beast right out of him,  
Sets him looking to the stars.

JEKYLL: What pitiful weak fools we are

SIR DANVERS: We are fire, we are spirit...

JEKYLL: We are but clay as we always were

SIR DANVERS: ...When the love of woman,  
When the worship of woman...

JEKYLL: Be it man or woman  
We are but beasts behind a reasonable face

SIR DANVERS: ...Purifies the beastly and the base

BOTH: Man - what is man?  
Who can tell? Who can say?

SIR DANVERS: Always searching the skies

JEKYLL: With his feet in the mud

SIR DANVERS: Always seeking the truth

JEKYLL: Always feeling the heat  
And the beat of the blood

SIR DANVERS: The flower of creation

JEKYLL: The taste for temptation

SIR DANVERS: His eyes on salvation

BOTH: I know what is man

SIR DANVERS: After all, I'm a man

JEKYLL: After all, I'm a man

SIR DANVERS: And man is the best

JEKYLL: And man is the worst

BOTH: Just like me.

*[LANYAN offers brandy to UTTERSON.]*

UTTERSON: I'd prefer port. If you don't mind

JEKYLL: Whisky for me. Always whisky.

LANYAN: Ever eager to oblige  
With another man's whisky.

*[They all laugh, settling convivially. JEANNIE appears in the window of the conservatory.]*

JEANNIE: Poole would kill me if he knew

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine port  
Damn fine brandy

JEANNIE: Look at the six fine gentlemen

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine glass

JEANNIE: This is the cream of society

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine smoke

JEANNIE: These are the nobs, the swells

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine fire

JEANNIE: These are the men who rule the world  
What do they know of the likes of me?  
What do they care for the likes of me?  
Do they know the smell of the mould  
On the tenement wall?  
Do they know the filth or the noise  
When there's ten to a room?  
Do they know the cold of the ice  
On the pump in the courtyard?  
Do they know what it means  
To be poor?  
Doctor, for all your talk,  
That's one thing you'll no' cure

GENTLEMEN: Damn comfortable sofa  
After a damn good spread  
Damn fine fellows  
Damn fine evening  
We've been damn well fed

JEANNIE: So there he is, the Home Secretary  
Who mother hoped I'd see  
Well mother I saw the Home Secretary  
You may think me very grand.  
I saw a fat old man  
With a tremor in his hand.

*[JEANNIE slips away.]*

SIR DANVERS: If I may have your attention please.

JEKYLL: Wake up, Utterson.

SIR DANVERS: Lanyan, don't stop filling the glasses.  
There are some things even more important  
Than the Home Secretary. *[Laughter]*

Gentlemen, I feel a speech coming on.

*[General groan]*

Had I not known you all since student days  
I might have taken that amiss.

UTTERSON: Come now.  
Sir Danvers is the finest orator in the land.  
When he speaks, all nations listen  
The Commons fills when he appears.  
We are privileged to hear him now  
Without the press of the common herd.

GENTLEMEN: Hear hear  
We are all ears

UTTERSON: *[To Lanyan]* Where's the photographer?  
I thought we ordered a photographer.

LANYAN: I did, I ordered a photographer,  
I can assure you.

UTTERSON: Poole didn't mention a photographer.

LANYAN: Call him and ask him.

*[He furtively pulls the servants' bellrope]*

SIR DANVERS: Gentlemen, we stand at a pinnacle of civilisation.  
Look at the map, the map of the world  
Two thirds of that world is ours  
Across it, the Union Jack is unfurled  
The Empire is the power among powers.

As I speak, the sun rises on a British flag  
As I speak, a ship is leaving Leith  
For far Bombay.  
On the ship are the men in scarlet  
The men in khaki  
The men in black  
The men in shirt sleeves  
The men in frock coats  
The men who make the wheels of empire turn.

First came the men in khaki  
With the compass and set-square  
They had maps with great white blanks  
Filled the blanks in with care  
As they measured and they plotted  
By the stars and the sun  
And they named the wild rivers  
And the mountains and the valleys  
That's when progress was begun

Next came the men in shirt sleeves  
With machetes and ploughs  
They brought horses, they brought seed  
They brought chickens and cows  
And they broke the untamed wasteland  
And they pushed the frontiers  
And they planted for a harvest  
And they weeded and they watered  
With their sweat and their tears

And the black man watched in wonder  
From beneath his tropic shade  
As the white men's field flowered  
And the harvest home was laid  
And the black man tried to seize it  
All the land and the harvest  
And the home the white man made.

*[POOLE enters. He is hushed at the doorway by LANYAN. Sotto voce.]*

LANYAN: Is there any sign of a photographer?  
We asked for a photographer

POOLE: A photographer?

LANYAN: From the papers. From "The Scotsman".  
We told him nine o'clock.

POOLE: Young Jeannie can run to their office.

LANYAN: There's not a moment to lose.

*[POOLE exits]*

SIR DANVERS: So next came men in scarlet  
And they formed into a square  
Then advancing they thwarted  
All the native armies there  
And they broke down all resistance  
And they broke the native chiefs  
Who swore loyalty to the Empire  
And to Christian beliefs

And then came men in vestments  
Of heavy Bible black  
Who preaching from the good book  
In the shanties and shacks  
Brought the word that resignation  
Was godly, fine and clean  
With obedience to the white man  
And his mighty, distant queen

And lastly, men in frock coats  
Who built railways and roads  
And the townships and the harbours  
Where the iron ships could load  
And the black man learnt to labour  
Digging diamonds, digging gold  
And to live on common wages  
And to pray for his soul

So the mighty beehive buzzes  
And the mighty factories hum  
And the ships, heavy-laden

With the bounty of Empire,  
From all four corners come  
And the arts and science flourish  
And the people live in peace  
As the wealth of all increases  
So misery will cease  
And the rich and the poor  
And the young and the old  
And all classes unite  
We can thankfully boast  
Of a nation at rest  
And an Empire as grand  
As the world's ever known  
So I give you a toast -  
Gentlemen  
Your glasses  
Gentlemen  
Excelsior

*[Applause.]*

GENTLEMEN:  
*[variously]*

Damn fine speech.

And how true

A wonderful time to live

Damn fine port

The Empire, God bless it

And the Queen. Don't forget the Queen.

Damn fine Queen.

SIR DANVERS:

*[Tapping on his glass for attention]*

There is one thing else.  
Do not forget why we are here tonight.  
Jekyll -

GENTLEMEN:

Of course. Jekyll. Damn fine chap.

SIR DANVERS: Jekyll. Our dear friend.  
The finest mind of our generation  
The most principled of men.  
The arts and the sciences flourish  
Thanks to men of his kidney,  
And where would the Empire be without Science?  
The questing, restless spirit of enquiry  
Searching ever deeper into mystery  
Probing the secrets of the universe  
Taming the vast forces of nature  
Harnessing them for the benefit of all  
The steam engine...

GENTLEMEN: Yes!

SIR DANVERS: Electricity....

GENTLEMEN: Yes! Yes!

SIR DANVERS: Steel and coal....

GENTLEMEN: Yes, yes!

SIR DANVERS: And the speed of change – the speed!  
10 years ago our Mr Bell said,  
“Mr Watson, come here I want to see you.”  
The telephone – a toy – a plaything  
Five years ago, a telephone line  
Connected two subscribers  
Now we have an Edinburgh exchange  
And over four hundred telephone numbers.

GENTLEMEN: Telephone – damn fine thing  
I must get one myself.

SIR DANVERS: And for this we thank men like yourselves  
Who foster the spirit of enquiry  
Who will stop at nothing  
In the pursuit of truth.

UTTERSON: That's us!

GENTLEMEN: Here's to us. Damn fine chaps.

SIR DANVERS: *[Not pleased at interruption]*  
As I was saying....  
You are all fine men, I am sure,  
But there is no man who embodies  
The spirit of science  
Of intellectual quest  
More than our guest of honour.  
Founder of the Edinburgh Royal Society,  
Doctor Henry Jekyll

GENTLEMEN: Doctor Henry Jekyll!  
Damn fine chap.

*[The door is flung open by POOLE.]*

POOLE: Gentlemen, the photographer.

*[He leaves. The PHOTOGRAPHER bustles in apologetically with his equipment. The GENTLEMEN smooth themselves down and generally try to act more sober than they are.]*

SIR DANVERS: *[Emphatically, to regain attention]*  
Doctor Henry Jekyll!

UTTERSON: Of course.  
*[Sotto Voce]* Sorry, Sir Danvers.  
The photographer, you know.  
Must make the morning papers.

SIR DANVERS: He can wait till the end of my speech, can't he?

UTTERSON: Of course, of course.  
As you were, gentlemen.

SIR DANVERS: For thirty years and more  
The man we here honour  
Has been at the forefront of his chosen field.  
There is no finer surgeon in the land.  
No man who has done more

To alleviate suffering  
No man who has done more  
To save lives  
No man who has done more  
For the advancement of learning  
No man who has given more  
To the city of Edinburgh  
No man who has spoken more  
For the public health  
And for the poor.  
And so, I hereby present this medal  
The Medal of the Royal Society  
To Doctor Henry Jekyll

*[The photographer takes a photograph as he presents it.]*

GENTLEMEN:           Damn fine chap, damn fine medal.

UTTERSON:           Wait. One more time.

LANYAN:             We all want to be in the picture.

UTTERSON:           Gentlemen, please. Take your places.

LANYAN:             Leave your glasses on the table.

UTTERSON:           If you stand by Sir Danvers.....

LANYAN:             And you stand by Jekyll....

UTTERSON:           And do yourself up, man...

BOTH:                And smile.....

*[They do. SIR DANVERS presents the medal again. The PHOTOGRAPHER takes another picture.]*

PHOTOGRAPHER:     Thank you, gentlemen.

SIR DANVERS:       *[Ironic]* Are you sure you wouldn't like me  
To present the medal again?

PHOTOGRAPHER: No, thank you. That won't be necessary.  
But if I can just take Doctor Jekyll....  
He is a very popular man in our city.

SIR DANVERS: *[Not pleased to be upstaged]* By all means.

UTTERSON: Yes, Jekyll.

LANYAN: Must have one of Jekyll.

GENTLEMEN: Speech! Speech!

JEKYLL: No, really....

GENTLEMEN: Speech! Speech!

JEKYLL: I couldn't.... Not after Sir Danvers.

GENTLEMEN: *[Stamping]* Speech! Speech!

*[JEKYLL looks enquiringly at SIR DANVERS]*

SIR DANVERS: Be my guest.

JEKYLL: I am a man of action not words.  
I am a man of science, not art.  
When I was a young man  
I saw cholera raging through the Grassmarket  
The poor dying in their thousands  
Day after day, vomiting in the street,  
Without hope  
He whom God created  
In his own image  
Reduced to skin and bone

*[The CHORUS appears dimly at the rear of the stage, the far side of the conservator. We are aware of them as a mass, not as individuals. They move slowly, painfully, their arms reaching in supplication. They sing under JEKYLL. During these choric sections, which may be run together, they transform from pitiable victims to something more sinister and threatening, and gradually move forward in the jungle towards the house.]*

CHORUS: Help us, we are dying  
We cannot breathe, we cannot move  
We are under sentence  
We are near to death  
Our legs are seized,  
We cannot walk.  
The stinking diarrhoea  
Oozes down our paralytic legs  
Help! Help!  
Water, for the love of God  
Help!  
Can no-one save us?  
Can nothing save us?  
Help!

JEKYLL: I am a man of action, not words  
I am a man of science, not art  
I had to ask questions  
Where the cholera raging through the Grassmarket  
Had its source of infection  
It had to have a source of infection  
People said it was the work of God,  
But I thought not  
Eventually  
By application of deduction  
By use of samples and analysis  
Tracing patterns of behaviour  
We found it was the water  
The staff of life  
Polluted by man  
Into a foul cesspit of contagion.

*[He indicates his microscope in a corner]*

This is the very microscope  
Through which I first saw the cholera bacterium.

Gentlemen, I am a man of action, not words  
I am a man of science, not art  
When I saw the bacterium in the water  
And the sewage in the water  
That flowed by the factories



We sleep three to a bed  
We queue at water pumps  
We come from shadows  
We disappear in darkness  
There is no light in us  
There is no charity in us  
We are too poor to feel good  
About our fellow man

And when we have our strength  
We will rise again against the rich, the few  
Who kept us in the shadow and in darkness,  
And prospered on our sweat and misery.  
Beware, beware for we will come for you  
In the name of Jesus, and of justice.

JEKYLL: "Per mensam angelis adfectum"  
Through reason, let us aspire to the angels  
That has always been my goal  
And tonight it is my toast  
"Per mensam angelis adfectum"

GENTLEMEN: Per mensam angelis adfectum!

*[A flash as the photographer takes another photograph. Applause. The photographer starts to pack his kit. The group breaks up. As it does so, the CHORUS disappear back into the darkness beyond the conservatory.]*

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine speeches

Damn fine dinner

ONE: Damn fine association

TWO: Damn fine grub

BOTH: A man couldn't belong to a better club

GENTLEMEN: This one will go down  
In the history of the ERS  
Damn fine night.

SIR DANVERS:           And now, I fear I must leave you.  
The night train leaves in half an hour.  
I must be in the House tomorrow.  
An important speech....  
A crucial vote.....

LANGAN:                 We appreciate the effort you made

SIR DANVERS:           For a man like Jekyll,  
And an old college friend  
It was the least I could do  
But time presses....

LANGAN:                 I understand.

SIR DANVERS:           Let me not disturb you.  
I'm sure you're - uh! - researches  
Will continue through the night

*[A laugh]*

UTTERSON:              You must have company to the station.  
I insist. Aubrey... MacMillan.... won't you join me?

2 GENTS:                Why, of course...

JEKYLL:                 Let me see you to the door.

SIR DANVERS:           No need, no need at all.  
And congratulate Poole  
On the excellent dinner.

*[UTTERSON, SIR DANVERS, the PHOTOGRAPHER and some GENTLEMEN  
start to go.]*

UTTERSON:              How long does it take to London now?

SIR DANVERS:           A mere six and a half hours  
Since they brought in the new engines

UTTERSON:              Progress indeed

SIR DANVERS:            Good night, gentlemen  
                                 No doubt we shall meet again soon.

*[They exit. The others relax.]*

LANYAN:                    Has it ever struck you as odd, Jekyll,  
                                 That we scientists still use so much Latin?  
                                 There it is on the motto -  
                                 "Per mensam angelis adfectum"....  
                                 Latin!  
                                 All our medical and legal textbooks -  
                                 Still in Latin  
                                 Scientists still write papers in Latin  
                                 Germans, Spaniards, French or Danes -  
                                 All scribbling away in Latin  
                                 The international language of Science  
                                 Is a tongue no-one's spoken  
                                 For over a thousand years

                                 Is it right that a man  
                                 Cannot heal the poor  
                                 Without knowing a tongue  
                                 Which no-one has spoken  
                                 For over a thousand years?

JEKYLL:                    We do but acknowledge our debts

LANYAN:                    If we really acknowledged our debts  
                                 We would write in Greek  
                                 Or Arabic

JEKYLL:                    But after them, who are the first great scientists?  
                                 Medieval monks.  
                                 Stooped over their filters and alembics  
                                 Listing the wonders of the world  
                                 The best to understand their Creator  
:  
                                 Superstitious nonsense.  
                                 They chased after Fool's Gold  
                                 It was a dead end.

JEKYLL:                    They discovered many things.  
                                 Genetics - Mendel was a monk.

LANYAN:                   So what?  
                              Gunpowder was invented by a monk  
                              Oh yes, very Godly!

JEKYLL:                   Don't let Poole hear you talk like that  
                              Or he'll start to pray for you.

LANYAN:                   I think he would approve  
                              In his eyes, Papists are worse than Heathens  
                              Because they ought to know better

*[Enter POOLE]*

POOLE:                    Gentlemen.  
                              Midnight approaches.  
                              Your carriages await you.

LANYAN:                   Oh, come, Poole  
                              The night is still young  
                              There is port in the bottle  
                              And thoughts in our head  
                              And good talk to be had

POOLE:                    I'm sure all you gentlemen  
                              Have important work  
                              In the morning

JEKYLL:                   Poole is a guardian to us all.

POOLE:*[meaningful]*    I do no more than is expected

JEKYLL:*[Hasty]*        I'm sure you do, Poole.  Much more.

LANYAN:                   If Poole decrees it, so it must be.  
                              Back to our poor batchelor lodgings

1 GENTLEMAN:            Poor!  Lanyan has the finest rooms in the city

2 GENTLEMAN:            So I have heard.  
                              Opposite to Utterson, is he not?

POOLE: And no doubt his manservant  
Awaits his return.

LANYAN: You see? There's no arguing with him.  
Poole is pitiless. *[Sigh]* Oh, very well....

Thank you, Jekyll, for a damn fine evening.

GENTLEMEN: Damn fine evening.  
Damn fine meal.  
Worthy cause.  
Well-deserved.  
Damn fine chap.

*[They shake hands with JEKYLL and depart. JEKYLL is showing signs of mounting impatience.]*

POOLE: Did I do right, sir?

JEKYLL: You did right, Poole.

POOLE: I'll get the gentlemen their hats.

JEKYLL: And that will be all for the night.

POOLE: Thank you, sir.

*[He makes to exit. Has a second thought.]*

POOLE: What time will you be wanting your breakfast?

JEKYLL: *[Impatient]* I don't want any breakfast.

POOLE: *[Shocked]* A gentleman must have his breakfast.  
You can't do surgery on an empty stomach.  
I'd not forgive myself.

JEKYLL: *[Outburst]* As you will. Have it your way.  
I must leave at seven. House calls to make.

POOLE: *[Hurt dignity]* On the table at six thirty, sir.

*[He exits. JEKYLL fingers the medallion round his neck. He takes it off. He loosens his tie and waistcoat, pours himself another whisky. The clock strikes midnight. There is a wind. The doors of the conservatory blow open. At the rear of the stage, through the greenery, we see the figure of HYDE. He is tall, in his early twenties, slim and extremely beautiful; he reminds us of an Aubrey Beardsley drawing. He wears a body stocking. JEKYLL is aware of him, stiffens, but does not turn. HYDE advances into the study slowly, and with a dancer's grace. Once through the French windows and into the study, he dances round it, taking possession of the space.]*

HYDE: *[Ironic]* Doctor Henry Jekyll *[He bows]*  
Your little gathering was fun

JEKYLL: You were here?

HYDE: I am always here. Where you go, I go.

JEKYLL: I did not see you

HYDE: You cannot see me while you are buttoned up

JEKYLL: Why did you come?

HYDE: *[Ignores this. Takes the medallion. Reads:]*  
"To Doctor Henry Jekyll, for services to Science."  
A fine bauble.

*[He tosses the medallion into the fire.]*

I think we shall "perform some services" tonight.

*[He laughs]*

JEKYLL: Why did you come?

HYDE: Sir Danvers was in fine voice, as usual.  
Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

JEKYLL: Why did you come?

HYDE: You wanted to see me.

JEKYLL: I did not.

HYDE: I cannot appear until you call.

JEKYLL: That's a damnable lie.

HYDE: And you called.

JEKYLL: I did not.

HYDE: Why else did you instruct Poole?  
"Tell the carriages to return before twelve"  
You wanted to be rid of all the others  
You wanted to be all alone  
So you could unbutton

JEKYLL: I wanted to see if it would happen  
I wanted to see if you would come.  
Sometimes you come, sometimes you don't

HYDE: Always I come if you call

JEKYLL: I have no control

HYDE: Or so you think

JEKYLL: I wanted to tell you to stop

HYDE: To stop? No, to fly!  
Come don't be shy  
There's no shame in wanting to fly  
To wish for youth and beauty  
Desire  
Come, warm yourself at my fire  
After all, you were young once

JEKYLL: Aye, and a damned fool

HYDE: But so beautiful....

JEKYLL: Beautiful...

*[HYDE points him to an - imaginary? - mirror, makes him look in it. As he does so, he caresses JEKYLL.]*

HYDE: See, see the full red lips  
Lips that were made to kiss  
Lips that were made to taste  
Lips to promise joy

See, see the shining eyes  
Eyes that are alive with fun  
Eyes that call to take the peach  
Eyes for any boy

JEKYLL: No!

HYDE: Yes! Why have you never married?

JEKYLL: I fought it. I have fought it all my life.

HYDE: And you have lost, for here I am  
And there you are

See, see the rosy cheeks  
Rosy with the beating blood  
Rosy with a pounding pulse  
Throbbing and aglow

See, see the fine young form  
Shoulders that are broad and true  
Sloping to a narrow waist,  
A tandalus below....

See, see the strong young arms  
Arms to close around a man  
Arms to stroke a fair young man  
Arms to take a strong young man  
Beautiful -

JEKYLL: Beautiful

HYDE: As I am beautiful  
You were beautiful

JEKYLL: I was beautiful

HYDE: You are beautiful

JEKYLL: I am beautiful

HYDE: Come, you are ready  
The tie hangs loose  
The waistcoat hangs open

Where shall I go tonight?  
What shall I do?  
I am yours to command  
What would you like to see and hear?  
Who would you like to taste and touch?

Quick. It's gone midnight.  
Your city sleeps  
My city wakes.  
Quick. Your clothes....

JEKYLL: Yes.... we must be quick....

*[He goes behind a screen and removes his outer garments. HYDE puts them on during the next section.]*

HYDE: Which of your cravings would you satisfy?  
Shall we to the Music Hall?  
The Alhambra, Nicholson Street?  
Along the promenade  
Around the back of the stalls  
In the bright gas lights  
I can always find willing gentlemen  
At the music hall

JEKYLL: No, not the Music Hall  
It's too public, the music hall

HYDE: Shall we to the Royal Mile?  
The alleys down the Royal Mile  
Where boys lurk in the shadows?

Eager and waiting

JEKYLL: No not the Royal Mile  
I'm known in the Royal Mile  
We might be seen in the Royal Mile

HYDE: Shall we to the docks?  
Sailors tumble off their ships  
Looking to be loved  
Shall we wait at the gang plank  
With a welcoming smile  
Shall we take a sailor  
Or three

JEKYLL: I would like a sailor -

HYDE: - or three  
We shall dance, we shall drink

JEKYLL: We shall dance, we shall drink

HYDE: We shall eat hashish in honey

JEKYLL: We shall eat hashish in honey

HYDE: Submit to the rough will  
Of a stoker

JEKYLL: Of a sailor

HYDE: Of a ship's cook

JEKYLL: Or a carpenter

HYDE: Who wants to be loved

JEKYLL: Oh God, he shall be loved  
He shall be so loved -

*[HYDE is now dressed as JEKYLL. JEKYLL comes from behind the screen in his undergarments]*

JEKYLL: Go. I shall be with you.

HYDE: I am yours to command

JEKYLL: What you see, I will see  
What you taste, I will taste  
What you feel, I will feel  
You are my eyes, my nerves  
You are my body and my being

HYDE: *[Teasing]* Shall I go? Shall I stay?  
You know I can always stay  
You have only to say the word  
Or shall I play?  
Spread my wings  
Spread my arms  
Spread my legs

JEKYLL: Go. Go. Quick, to the port  
I am on fire, I cannot wait

HYDE: I shall perform wonders. You shall see

JEKYLL: And feel?

HYDE: Yes, and feel

JEKYLL: I long to feel

HYDE: And you shall feel  
What I can feel

JEKYLL: I begin to feel

HYDE: Feel through me

JEKYLL: Yes. Yes.  
I can feel through you  
So fly.

*[HYDE dances out through the conservatory. JEKYLL stays watching where he has gone. Curtain.]*

Scene Two

*[Very early the next morning. The Study. It is nearly Dawn. JEKYLL is asleep in a chair. It is a fitful sleep, full of erotic dreams. He is coming to some sort of climax when HYDE enters through the conservatory windows. HYDE is lazy, relaxed, satisfied, clothing awry. The cat has had the cream. Looks at JEKYLL.]*

HYDE: Dream on, you sad old man  
That's all there's left to do  
For sad old men  
Such as you  
Your songs have all been sung  
You live now through the young

There you lie, snoring  
Dreaming of the roaring days  
Days which should be yours  
Could you but ignore  
The stupid preaching  
Bible teaching  
Moralising  
Sermonising  
Popinjays

But you can only dream  
For you would never dare  
You sad old men  
Live on air  
You watch inside your cage  
An action all offstage  
Taboo

Oh well, you sad old man  
I'll tell you, sad old man  
Where I've been  
What I've seen  
That's the best that I can do

*[He prods JEKYLL with his foot.]*

HYDE: Wake up, old man

*[JEKYLL groans and turns away.]*

HYDE: Time to pay the bill

*[JEKYLL groans and stirs, opens his eyes.]*

HYDE: Good morning.

JEKYLL: *[A start of revelation]* You again.  
Were you here last night?  
I don't remember....

HYDE: No, of course you don't.  
The fine respectable gents  
They never do.  
Don't worry, dear, I'll tell you everything

JEKYLL: No!

HYDE: Would you like to hear how we -

JEKYLL: Don't tell me

HYDE: How we found a bar and we -

JEKYLL: I don't want to know

HYDE: How we had a drink and we -

JEKYLL: I'll stop my ears.

HYDE: Then we met a man and we -

JEKYLL: No, no. What time is it?

HYDE: Six o'clock. *[Stretches]* I feel exhausted.  
I've been so busy  
Worked so hard for you

JEKYLL: Not for me. No, never for me.

HYDE: We had such fun...

JEKYLL: What evil have you done?  
No, don't -

HYDE: No harm, no harm, sir.  
Just good honest fun  
Playing about  
The gentlemen were grateful  
See...

*[He jingles a purse]*

We have done well tonight

JEKYLL: No. It is blood money.  
The wages of sin  
Take it away  
My immortal soul is worth more  
Than thirty pieces of silver

HYDE: You sound like Poole

JEKYLL: Quick. Give me my clothes back  
Then begone

HYDE: Have you no gratitude?  
After all the pleasure I have brought  
This is no way to talk  
To your spawn

JEKYLL: No child of mine  
Come. Hurry. I have work to do.

HYDE: I have so much to tell you

JEKYLL: I say I do not wish to hear

HYDE: Then why send me forth?

JEKYLL: My clothes, quickly.

*[He starts to undress HYDE]*

HYDE:                   We met a man  
                          A fair young man  
                          Son of a lord  
                          Rich, tall and handsome  
                          Nervous, bored

JEKYLL:                I'm not listening, I tell you.  
                          Hurry - get the jacket off  
                          I have to be in surgery  
                          In an hour

HYDE:                   I told him of  
                          This place I knew  
                          They sold opium  
                          I said I'd take him  
                          And get him some

JEKYLL:                And what about Poole?  
                          She'll be in with breakfast soon  
                          It was ordered for six-thirty  
                          And it's nearly time

HYDE:                   They offered him  
                          A pipe or two  
                          So he lay in a dream  
                          And while he lay there  
                          We took some cream

JEKYLL:                You took -

HYDE:                   We took some lanolin cream  
                          And undid his belt  
                          And pulled them down

JEKYLL:                Shut up, shut up

HYDE:                   We pulled his trousers down -

JEKYLL:                If Poole would come in now

HYDE:                   And we thrust  
                          And we thrust  
                          And we thrust  
                          Till we came  
                          And he came  
                          And he was so grateful

*[He snatches up the purse again. HYDE is now back in the body stocking and JEKYLL in his underwear, the evening dress strewn carelessly around]*

JEKYLL:                Truly you are something monstrous.

HYDE:                   Since you have no more use for me, I am gone

JEKYLL:                Out of my sight

HYDE:                   Until you send for me again.

*[HYDE deliberately and firmly kisses JEKYLL on the mouth. He turns and exits slowly through the conservatory doors, which shut behind him. JEKYLL is left wiping his mouth. A knock at the door.]*

JEKYLL:                Who is it?

POOLE:                 *[off]* Your breakfast is ready, Doctor Jekyll  
                          As required

JEKYLL:                One moment, Poole. *[He finds a dressing gown]*

POOLE:                 Merciful heavens, you're not even dressed yet.  
                          And are those your underclothes?  
                          Have you no' been to bed?  
                          Have you no' slept at all?  
                          Are you unwell, sir?

JEKYLL:                No, no....  
                          I read late....  
                          Some experiments....

POOLE:                 What kind of experiments would those be  
                          That you must stay up through the night?

JEKYLL: You wouldn't understand.

POOLE: Shall I bring in the breakfast here  
Or will you come to the dining room?

JELYLL: No, not here. I would have no appetite  
I will dress at once and come through

POOLE: As you wish sir.

*[Another knock at the door.]*

POOLE: Who can that be at this hour of the morning?  
Excuse me, sir.

*[He exits. JEKYLL brings day clothes and starts to dress.]*

JEKYLL: I must change... I must stop this....  
This man is taking over, getting reckless  
He will be seen  
I will be found out  
Poole must have an inkling  
Where will it lead to,  
All this madness?

At first, it was so exciting  
This beautiful young man  
I could summon at a whim  
He was so flattering  
And so eager to please  
And I saw myself in him  
He made me feel once more  
Things I had felt long before  
Things which are forbidden to men  
That I had never thought to feel again  
That I must never ever feel again

*[POOLE re-enters, with the PHOTOGRAPHER.]*

POOLE: The gentleman from the press, sir.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Beg pardon, Doctor Jekyll

It's early, Doctor Jekyll  
Sorry to intrude  
But there's a little problem  
A matter of identification  
Got to make the breakfast edition  
So I had to come, Doctor Jekyll  
Good of you, Doctor Jekyll  
Giving me your time -

JEKYLL: Identification?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Thought I had everybody's name  
Put them down in my book  
But see here, Doctor Jekyll  
Here's the photo I took

*[He produces a print or a plate]*

You can see Doctor Utterson  
And that's Doctor Lanyon  
A very good likeness  
Though I say so myself  
There's Sir Danvers Carew  
And these gentlemen I knew  
And there you are getting  
Your splendid medallion  
But the thing is, Doctor Jekyll...  
See here, Doctor Jekyll....  
Who's this, Doctor Jekyll?

*[The PHOTOGRAPHER shows him. He starts back in horror.]*

JEKYLL: It must be a trick of the light

PHOTOGRAPHER: You see who I mean, sir  
The man behind your shoulder  
You can only see his face  
A very handsome face, sir  
But all the same  
Something not quite right

JEKYLL: *[To himself]* Hyde!

How did he get in there?  
He wasn't at the dinner  
I could have sworn he came later  
After everyone left

*[To photographer]* A friend... an assistant...

PHOTOGRAPHER: But I don't understand, Doctor Jekyll  
Maybe you can explain, Doctor Jekyll  
He wasn't at the dinner

POOLE: Here, let me see.  
No he wasn't at the dinner.  
I've never seen him before  
In my life.

JEKYLL: I don't understand  
It must be some kind of magic.  
But that's absurd, I don't believe in magic  
Or diabolical powers.  
But if not magic, how did he get there?  
And why did nobody see him?

POOLE: I wouldn't say a handsome face  
No, not a handsome face  
It's an unhealthy face  
Look at the pallor there  
That is the face of a man  
Who doesn't get enough fresh air

PHOTOGRAPHER: I'm sorry to disturb you,  
Doctor Jekyll  
But you see my dilemma, don't you?  
Don't you?  
I didn't want a photo in the paper,  
Not without a proper credit  
So if you'd only oblige me -

JEKYLL: I told you – he's a friend

POOLE: Why wasn't he at dinner?

JEKYLL: He was helping....  
My experiments....  
He stayed here in the study

POOLE: But I laid out the brandy  
And the port here with Jeannie  
There was nobody here then  
I swear

JEKYLL: **[Angry]** Then he must have been  
In the conservatory - I don't know.  
Why should you care?

POOLE: There is something familiar - I've seen it before  
In the face... in the eyes  
In the look of the eyes  
Always always in the eyes

PHOTOGRAPHER: If you can give the name I'd be obliged

POOLE: Who can it be?....

PHOTOGRAPHER: The name please

POOLE: I must think.... It will come...

JEKYLL: *[Soft]* Hyde. The name is Hyde.

POOLE: Of course, it's the Doctor, the Doctor himself.  
The daguerreotype of course taken as a student, sir  
Yes, I see the family resemblance  
It could be a cousin - or even a brother -

JEKYLL: Hold your tongue, you villain!

*[JEKYLL slaps POOLE, who falls to the ground.]*

PHOTOGRAPHER: Really, Doctor Jekyll  
There's no call for - Have you gone mad, sir?

POOLE: Ignore him, he's not well

He's not been himself these past few weeks

JEKYLL: I am a man of action not words  
I am a man of science  
With no art of flattering phrases  
Leave me, leave me be  
I need solitude, and time to think

PHOTOGRAPHER: I cannot leave you, sir, untended

POOLE: He will not harm me, do not fret.  
I have been in his service these twenty years  
And I'm sure out of respect for my loyalty...

JEKYLL: Get out, get out

PHOTOGRAPHER: But, sir, I must insist -

JEKYLL: His name is Hyde, damn you  
Hyde - Edward Hyde  
Now - go

POOLE: Hyde? Hyde?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Is that Hyde with a "y"?

JEKYLL: *[Shouts]* Yes.  
Now, enough of these questions  
*[To himself]* How can I answer their questions  
When I don't know the answers myself?  
Oh, Jekyll, this is too much  
You are in too deep  
Sooner or later, someone will know  
And ruin stare you in the face

*[Simultaneously]*

1.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Beg pardon, Doctor Jekyll  
But it is strange  
I don't remember seeing him at all  
I can see the picture through the viewfinder  
Even now

I am sure there was no-one behind you  
At the flash

2.

POOLE: There was no-one yesterday came to call  
Of that name.  
I'm sure I would have remembered  
I can't recall ever meeting  
Someone of that name

3.

JEKYLL: And yet - I can see - yes, and feel  
Through his sweet eyes, through his sweet touch  
Yes, I can feel what he can feel  
It's been so long... So long.... So long....

*[He turns aside, lost in memory]*

POOLE/  
PHOTOGRAPHER: Most certainly  
It is exceedingly strange  
The face in the photograph  
That we never saw  
So pale a man  
He could almost be a ghost  
He's there in the photograph  
Who wasn't there

POOLE: There is something sinister, I tell you

PHOTOGRAPHER: What do you mean?

POOLE: Something other-worldly  
You may laugh if you like  
But this is the work of the devil

PHOTOGRAPHER: But this is the nineteenth century  
No-one believes in that any more.  
All the same -

POOLE: All the same -

BOTH: All the same  
There are some things which no-one should know

There are places where no-one should go  
There are secrets in our hearts  
Which are better left secret parts

PHOTOGRAPHER: In the name of society

POOLE: In the interests of piety

BOTH: Doctor!  
We call on you doctor, whatever you know -  
And we know that you know -  
This must cease!

*[They confront him.]*

JEKYLL: Do you disturb me still?  
I tell you, Go! Go!

*[They leave him]*

JEKYLL: A young man  
A fair young man  
Son of a Lord  
Rich tall and handsome  
And adored  
And we thrust  
And we thrust  
In our love  
In our lust  
Carnal lust  
Forbidden love  
Unnatural love

You must be firm, Jekyll  
You must turn your back  
On this creature  
Shut the door in his face  
Ignore the temptation  
Ignore the siren voices  
Calling you to pleasure  
Calling you to - no -  
You have a higher duty

It is too dangerous  
With this creature  
You will never know peace  
You must tell him, once and for all  
This - must - cease.

*[JEKYLL collapses in a chair as the curtain falls.]*

**BLACKOUT**

## ACT TWO

### Scene One

*[A month later. The study has started to get a musty air. There are cobwebs, signs of neglect. The Conservatory, however, is thriving, the plants larger, more luminous, pushing at the windows. JEKYLL sleeps fitfully in a chair, in his underwear and dressing gown. He is having a nightmare.]*

JEKYLL:                   No..... No..... Do not hit me.  
                              It was only fun  
                              What harm is it to you?  
                              No..... No.....  
                              Leave him alone....  
                              Not the face.....  
                              Not the lovely face....  
                              No..... No....

*[As it grows to a crescendo, HYDE bursts in. The frock coat is torn, and he is bleeding heavily from a cut forehead. He tries to wake JEKYLL.]*

HYDE:                    Quickly.  
                              Wake up, you old fool  
                              You snore like the devil  
                              And sleep like a log

JEKYLL:                What? What is it?

HYDE:                    You must hide me

JEKYLL:                What have you done?  
                              Your head - what happened to your head?

HYDE:                    Not me - this is your doing

JEKYLL:                I have never left this room

HYDE:                    In your mind you left this room

JEKYLL:                Were you followed?

HYDE:                    Of course I was followed

JEKYLL: Of course you were followed  
Your cut left a trail of blood  
They just follow the trail of blood

HYDE: You know I was followed  
You were there  
You were with me  
Inside my head

JEKYLL: Sometimes I forget  
I do not remember  
All the dreams

HYDE: Sometimes you don't want to remember  
All the dreams

JEKYLL: But they will not see you  
Remember the photograph  
The night of the dinner  
They did not see you

HYDE: I am real enough

JEKYLL: They will not see you  
Not with me  
Not at the same time

HYDE: Are you sure  
They cannot see me?  
I am stronger than before  
Every night as I come  
I grow stronger

JEKYLL: Even so -

HYDE: Are you sure?

JEKYLL: But you can't -

HYDE: Are you sure?

JEKYLL: It can't be -

HYDE: Dare you risk?  
Are you sure?

JEKYLL: You are right  
Best be safe  
You must hide

HYDE: I know I must hide - but where?

JEKYLL: You should be more careful  
The world is dangerous  
Here. Stem the blood.

*[Gives HYDE a handkerchief]*

We must stop the trail....

HYDE: Where? Where can I hide?

JEKYLL: You say they followed  
How many?

HYDE: Maybe half a dozen

JEKYLL: You should not have come here  
They may suspect me

HYDE: Where else should I go?  
You have made me what I am  
You are all I have  
You must hide me

JEKYLL: I must hide you... Yes - the cellar!  
There's a secret panel by the bookcase  
Press the concealed lever and -

*[Some of the bookcase swings back, revealing steps down.]*

JEKYLL: Quickly to the cellars  
And don't you make a sound until I call

HYDE: I won't make a sound until you call.

*[He disappears into the cellar. JEKYLL puts on a dressing gown, sits at the desk, and prepares to face whatever is coming. He remembers the trail of blood.]*

JEKYLL: Your blood shall become my blood

*[He takes a paper-knife from the table and jabs it hard into the palm of his own hand. He forces himself to bear the pain until he is able to bleed. He wraps another kerchief round the spreading stain. The undergrowth in the conservatory starts to stir. A low sinister growling is heard.]*

CHORUS: *[Off]* The poor of the shadows  
Creep out in the night  
The tenement rats are on heat  
They seethe and they heave  
And they squeal with delight  
Their teeth would be tearing at meat  
This evening their teeth will be tearing at meat

*[The CHORUS of POOR are seen among the greenery. They scrabble at the windows.]*

We caught him the shirt-lifter  
Arse bandit  
Shit stabber  
We caught him red-handed up Calton Hill  
Debauching our children  
My brother  
My cousin  
He forced him to bend to his evil will  
  
No child of mine  
No brother of mine  
No cousin of mine  
Could ever be a shirtlifter  
Arse bandit  
Shit-stabber  
He was brought up poor but upstanding  
Respectable

God-fearing  
But a toff from the New Town  
Has led him astray  
And though it cannot wipe out the misery  
The scandal  
Degradation  
We'll rage through the New Town  
To make someone pay  
  
Someone will pay  
The poor cry for vengeance  
Someone must pay  
The poor cry for justice  
A tooth for a tooth  
An eye for an eye

The poor from the shadows  
Have crept to the light  
The thought of reprisal is sweet  
We've followed the blood  
And we've smelt all the blood  
And we've tasted the blood  
And we're buying for blood  
As we howl to the moon  
Through your elegant streets.

Someone will pay  
The poor cry for vengeance  
Someone must pay  
The poor cry for justice  
A tooth for a tooth  
An eye for an eye

JEKYLL: Enter.  
The door is not locked  
I have no fear of you

*[The POOR enter the study; the room has the effect of subduing them.]*

JEKYLL: State your business  
Why do you burst into my house?

*[Silence]*

Will no-one speak up? Do you have a leader?

1st MAN: Speak up, Joseph. He's your son.

*[A man is pushed forward]*

JEKYLL: So. What do you have to say for yourself?

JOSEPH: We want the man who ran into your garden

ALL: Yes

JOSEPH: We want the man who was dripping with blood

ALL: Yes -

JOSEPH: He has more than blood on his hands

JEKYLL: What do you mean?

*[JOSEPH pushes forward a youth of about 14. He has a black eye.]*

JOSEPH: I caught him, him and that devil  
Out on Calton Hill.  
My boy had not come home  
It was getting late, so I went in search  
And I found the two of them.  
They were - I can't say it -  
They were -

1st MAN: Don't distress yourself, Joseph  
The gentleman will understand  
He is a man of the world

JOSEPH: I'm sure he only did it for the money

JEKYLL: Let the boy speak for himself.  
Here....

*[JEKYLL goes close the boy, brushes the hair from his eyes. There is a look of understanding between them.]*

Let me help you.

*[JEKYLL goes to the cupboard and brings out a bottle of iodine. He takes a pad and moistens it with the liquid. Very gently he brushes the wounded area. The BOY winces.]*

It will make you better.  
What is your name?

BOY: Davy, sir.

JEKYLL: Davy..... You're a fine upstanding fellow.

JOSEPH: That he is, sir. *Was*, sir...

JEKYLL: What happened, Davy?

BOY: I met this gentleman, sir  
A very fine gentleman, sir  
Walking along the Meadowbank  
He stopped me and asked  
If I would do a job for him  
Said I had a fine strong build  
And I could do the work  
He told me it would be well-paid  
A private matter, he said  
He took me to this tavern, Deacon Brodie's  
He bought me drink  
Several drinks  
Several strong drinks....

*[DAVY is not telling the truth, and JEKYLL knows it.]*

JEKYLL: Tell me, Davy, on your solemn oath  
And pain of your immortal soul -  
Did you not go on Calton Hill,  
Knowing what you were doing?

JOSEPH: How dare you -

JEKYLL: Silence -

BOY: As god is my witness

JEKYLL: Did you not willingly consent  
In all that took place?

BOY: I never -

JEKYLL: And did you not lead the gentleman on?

BOY: That's a filthy lie  
Please sir, I'm not like that.  
- My father - Please....

JEKYLL: Very well. I believe you.  
Here. Take this for your pains.

*[He gives the BOY a couple of gold coins.]*

*[To JOSEPH]* You have my deepest sympathy,  
But I can help no more, I fear.  
The man you seek did not come in here.  
Perhaps he hid from you in the garden  
And has since made his escape.

JOSEPH: But the blood -

CHORUS: Yes, the blood -  
We followed the blood

JOSEPH: See, the blood goes from the windows  
Right to the middle of the floor  
There!

CHORUS: You cannot argue with the blood

JEKYLL: I regret you are mistaken, sir.  
I have cut myself quite badly.

CHORUS: We don't believe you

JEKYLL: See.... *[Shows hand]*

It was an accident with some scientific apparatus

JOSEPH: But we followed the blood through the street

JEKYLL: An unfortunate co-incident  
The trail must have gone on  
Past this house

JOSEPH: Impossible

JEKYLL: Are you calling me a liar?  
I who have tended you in clinics  
You brought your croup, your boils, your ague  
Which I have cured for nothing.  
Is this your memory? Your gratitude?  
If you will not take the word of a gentleman  
And a respected doctor of this city  
I shall have to ask you to leave....

*[JOSEPH wavers]*

JOSEPH: But I don't rightly see how it could be

CHORUS: No way we could have missed it.

JEKYLL: *[Giving coin to the chorus]*  
Perhaps this will persuade you  
That you must be mistaken.

CHORUS: That's most generous of you, sir  
Now you come to mention it,  
It is dark in the street at your door

JOSEPH: Do you yourself have a son, sir?

JEKYLL: A son? *[Hesitates]* No, certainly not.  
Why do you ask?

JOSEPH: I was wondering who you were protecting.....

JEKYLL: There is no-one needs protecting  
I told you, I cut my hand

JOSEPH: As you say, sir.....  
Goodnight, sir....

*[The CHORUS make to leave]*

JEKYLL: And Davy -

BOY: Sir?

JEKYLL: Come to see me tomorrow at five.  
I think we could find work  
For a laboratory assistant

BOY: *[Grinning]* Yes, sir.  
I'm willing to turn my hand  
To anything you have in mind.

*[They exit. HYDE reappears. He claps ironically.]*

HYDE: What a splendid performance!  
Henry Irving was never finer  
So we live to breathe again  
And we will have a boy to play with  
As well....I need a drink

*[He helps himself from one of the decanters]*

JEKYLL: This cannot continue  
I cannot cover your tracks for ever

HYDE: I think that you will  
You have too much need of me

JEKYLL: But who knows what madness waits in store?

HYDE: Not madness, call it not madness

JEKYLL: Who knows where next your whims will lead?

HYDE: Not whims, but deep desires

JEKYLL: Desires seeking more and more

HYDE: Your deep desires

JEKYLL: Growing fat, turn to greed

HYDE: You cannot deny your need

JEKYLL: The evil which I spurned before  
Now I daily need

HYDE: And I daily feed your need

JEKYLL: God knows, I've tried to hold it down

HYDE: You cannot, 'tis your nature

JEKYLL: But each night when I fall asleep -

HYDE: Your dreams always betray you

JEKYLL: Always in dream I seem to drown

HYDE: And always I will save you

JEKYLL: Save me from the deep -

HYDE: Desire has grown too strong -

JEKYLL: However strict the watch I keep  
Still you come to me

HYDE: Still daily your plea calls me -

JEKYLL: How can I ever -

HYDE: How can you ever -

BOTH: Be free?

*[JEANNIE appears at the conservatory window; she watches them, then enters the study.]*

JEANNIE: Oh, what a fine sight!  
The "gentleman" and his "friend"  
The man who never was  
The man who ran past the house

JEKYLL: Jeannie, what are you doing here?  
Go to the kitchens at once

JEANNIE: Do you not know?  
Young Davy is my brother  
And has been meeting with the gentlemen -  
*[Indicates HYDE]*  
Gentlemen like this -  
These two years.

HYDE: I knew he was a practiced lad

JEKYLL: *[Soft]* Then you can see him?

JEANNIE: Of course I can see him  
Why should I not see him?

HYDE: She can see me!  
Can you hear me?

JEANNIE: I can hear you

JEKYLL: This is worse than I thought  
When did you first see him?

JEANNIE: Several weeks ago, several times  
Then one night I dogged your friend  
To find where he would sport  
Oh, he led me a merry dance  
Through all the port

HYDE: I think I remember that night  
It was a very good night

JEKYLL: Go! You can do nothing  
You are making it worse

HYDE: Only you can make me go

JEKYLL: I know

HYDE: You do not want me to go

JEKYLL: I do, I do... Please...  
I pray to God that you will leave me  
And let me be as other men  
Dear God, in your mercy  
Take away this burden  
I did not ask for this  
Dear God, give me peace

HYDE: Now I can feel it, now I can obey  
The ties that bind us  
Are slipping.... slipping... slipping away  
You do not want me now  
No matter, I am patient.  
When you call again I will return

JEANNIE: Ay, call on your God  
Do you think he will hear?  
Much good may He do you  
As much as He has done for me

*[HYDE fades into the conservatory.]*

JEANNIE: God helps those who help themselves

JEKYLL: What do you mean?

JEANNIE: I intend to help myself.  
Davy tells me everything, he trusts me  
My father is a fool  
A religious fool  
Who does not see  
What he does not want to see

JEKYLL: That is no way to talk of your father

JEANNIE:                   And *that* is no way to talk to *me* -  
                                  *Sir...*

JEKYLL:                   What do you mean?

JEANNIE:                   Consider the things that I know  
                                  Consider the picture I'll paint  
                                  The people of Edinburgh think  
                                  Their Doctor is some kind of saint  
                                  If only, if only they knew  
                                  Imagine the way they'd react  
                                  And wouldn't you say it's my duty  
                                  To enlighten the town with the facts?

JEKYLL:                   But think of the disgrace on your family  
                                  Your poor father - Your poor brother

JEANNIE:                   My family does not matter  
                                  We are poor, sir. That is what matters

JEKYLL:                   But who will believe you?  
                                  Nobody would believe you  
                                  Who is this man who  
                                  Committed the crime?  
                                  Where is he?  
                                  You cannot produce him

JEANNIE:                   No, you can produce him,  
                                  When you fall asleep  
                                  You cannot help yourself

JEKYLL:                   How much do you know?

JEANNIE:                   Enough.  
                                  I have stood in the conservatory  
                                  I have watched, I have seen him  
                                  Naked

JEKYLL:                   It will be your word against mine

JEANNIE:                   Mine and Davy's  
                                  And any witness I may call –

And what about that photograph?

JEKYLL: You saw the photograph?

JEANNIE: Poole showed me.  
You cannot stay awake for ever  
You cannot stay on guard for ever

The minute your eyes start to close  
The young man appears  
I've seen him here night after night  
I can bring others

There is a word  
I know there is a word  
For such as you  
There is a law  
I know there is a law  
For such as you

JEKYLL: Would you brand your brother  
With such a word?

JEANNIE: He is young, he was undefiled  
Till you corrupted him  
You and your –  
I don't know what to call him –  
He will turn Queen's Evidence -  
The court will not reproach him -  
If he even comes to court.

No more of this.  
I am not hear to argue, but to profit.  
If Davy were a girl, you'd set him up  
In a fine town house by the Waters of Leith  
And visit twice a week in your carriage.  
Then he would have fine clothes  
Fine silver, drink the finest wines  
But since that cannot be, we must find other ways  
To turn to our advantage  
The things that Davy's done  
The dreadful things I've seen

*[During this speech, HYDE has crept up out of the cellar. He dances behind her, working himself up.]*

HYDE:                   Then you have seen enough  
                              And you shall see no more –

*[HYDE slowly strangles her.]*

JEANNIE:               Please.... No more.... No...  
                              I will be quiet.... I'm sorry...

*[HYDE takes no notice and chokes her till she falls dead. HYDE continues by kicking her, till JEKYLL restrains him.]*

HYDE:                   You wished her dead.  
                              She is dead.

JEKYLL:                I did not think to –

HYDE:                   Oh, but you did. What man has not?

JEKYLL:                What shall I do?

HYDE:                   Fool, you are a doctor!  
                              Don't you know the anatomy school  
                              At the University?  
                              You can certify the death – a dreadful fall –  
                              The forms are there – right there –

JEKYLL:                But she has family  
                              They will come after her

HYDE:                   They never have before -  
                              Why should they now?  
                              Her father will not care –  
                              She is a girl.  
                              He only cares for his precious boy, Davy,  
                              And Davy knows which side his bread is buttered.

*[HYDE tosses JEANNIE onto his back casually – he is very strong.]*

Come my girl.  
Let's toss you in the boundless sea -  
The poor, the nameless poor.  
You come from nothing, from the swamp,  
To nothing you return.

*[He exits through the conservatory. JEKYLL writes a death certificate, then collapses, head in hands, as the curtain falls.]*

**FADE TO BLACKOUT**

SCENE TWO:

*[Two days later. DAVY has arrived. He is dressed in a very smart, figure-flattering uniform. He is very sexy. JEKYLL and HYDE admire him as HYDE twirls him round.]*

HYDE:                               Very smart, good.  
A fine bait to catch other fish.  
Telegraph boys and butchers' boys  
And languid younger sons -  
We shall have such orgies!

JEKYLL:                           How old are you Davy?

DAVY:                             Fifteen. Nigh sixteen.  
Sixteen come Lady Day.

JEKYLL:                         We shall have to have a party  
To celebrate your birthday.  
Such a party –

HYDE:                               Orgies –

DAVY:                             Such a party

HYDE:                               Orgies –

JEKYLL:                         What would you like for a birthday present,  
Young Davy?

HYDE:                             What need has he for presents?  
We'll feed him, warm him,  
Keep him clean, dress him in fine clothes.  
He will be admired of all the town.  
What need has he of presents?

JEKYLL:                         A boy should always have something  
To celebrate his birthday.

HYDE:                             *[Suggestive]* I'll give him something  
To celebrate his birthday.

JEKYLL:                    *[To HYDE]* Please! Can't you see?  
I'm trying to forge a bond.  
I want Davy to feel at home.  
*[To DAVY]* I want you to feel safe  
I want you to trust me  
I want you to – like - me

DAVY:                     *[To JEKYLL]* I think, sir, I could like you very much.  
You are my friend, my benefactor.  
Before I came, I knew not who I was.  
My father tried to beat the sin from me –

HYDE:                     You see! He was lying after all  
I told you so –

JEKYLL:                  You did not have to beat him too

HYDE:                     Why not? He is a catamite,  
A servant. They expect it. They quite like it.  
And I enjoyed it, so why not?

JEKYLL:                  Did you enjoy it, boy?

DAVY:                     No I did not, sir.

JEKYLL:                  And what about before? Before he beat you?

DAVY:                     I liked when he was kind.

JEKYLL:                  You see?

HYDE:                     So what? He has no right to his opinions.  
My desires are paramount.

JEKYLL:                  No. *My* desires are paramount.  
Leave me.

HYDE:                     You do not want that. We cannot part.  
I will not go.

JEKYLL:                  I do not want you in this mood.

HYDE: Your mood? My mood?

JEKYLL: Both.  
I need you to be kind.  
You are not kind, so leave me.

*[Their eyes lock. There is a battle of wills. JEKYLL forces him back with his will, and HYDE goes. As he does so:]*

HYDE: I will be back. You cannot stay me.  
You cannot be benevolent all the time.  
When you feel desire rise, the urges in the blood,  
You will not care, you will not heed  
The feelings of the object.  
I go – but I return.

*[He exits.]*

JEKYLL: Come, Davy, sit by me.

DAVY: I will serve you any way.

*[He sits on the floor between JEKYLL's legs, facing outward, his hand on his thigh. It should be clear that he is sexually very knowing.]*

Do you like the way I sit, sir?

JEKYLL: No, boy, sit where I can see into your eyes.  
You have fine blue eyes

DAVY: It has been noticed by other gentlemen

JEKYLL: Forget the other gentlemen for now.  
This is your new life.

DAVY: But Mr Hyde said –

JEKYLL: All that talk was only talk  
He does not know my true desires.  
Tell me about your father, Davy

DAVY: My father, sir? Why my father?

JEKYLL: Did you have a father? A real father?  
One who loved you, taught you and looked after you?

DAVY: My father is a drunkard sir.  
He is a cooper at the brewery,  
The Abbey Brewery in Canongate.  
Not a job for a tosspot, sir.  
They say more eighty-shilling  
Went down his throat than in his barrels.

He never paid no mind to me  
When I was small. He spent more time  
With cronies than with family.  
But then he saw me one May night  
Outside the Alhambra Music Hall –

JEKYLL: In Nicholson Street – I know the one –

DAVY: They would not let me in alone,  
I had to wait outside  
I met a gentlemen –

JEKYLL: How old were you?

DAVY: I had turned thirteen

JEKYLL: So young!

DAVY: I was lonely, I was sad  
I needed comfort company could give  
It made me feel valued.  
At home I was never -

At night, when he comes home,  
I can tell by the nature of his tread  
What I'm going to get.  
His footfall hard and firm,  
He has not managed to inebriate himself  
And that is grim news.  
He has a special heavy belt,  
Betimes a taws with knots,

And he can draw blood.  
I have the scars still – you can see –

*[He raises his shirt, so JEKYLL can see his back. JEKYLL runs his hands over it.]*

JEKYLL: Some of these welts are not a week old

DAVY: Your hands are cool.

JEKYLL: They should have ointment

DAVY: You have a gentle touch.

JEKYLL: My poor dear child, you must have had such pain.

DAVY: Such gentle, healing hands

JEKYLL: It must be worse when he is drunk

DAVY: Worse, much worse  
For then he fumbles at his boots  
It takes so long – I hold my breath –  
He slips his braces off – unbuttons –

JEKYLL: No! It's monstrous!

DAVY: Betimes he throws me prone onto the bed -  
Betimes he makes me take it in my mouth  
He does not wash it weeks on end  
The smell – the taste – The cheese –  
The very thought does make me gag

JEKYLL *[Continues rubbing his back and shoulders tenderly]*  
You will not have to suffer this again,  
I swear by all that's holy.

DAVY: But there is worse.  
For when he is himself again  
A raging thirst, a blinding megrim  
He adds the shame to all his other symptoms  
And with the shame, the blame –

The blame is put on me.  
It is my fault that he has sinned.  
I lured him, I am tempter  
I am Satan in disguise  
And he is like to kill me  
I have to run and hide.

JEKYLL: Hush, hush. No more running.

DAVY: Once he took a knife to me  
Said he would cut it off  
And turn me to a woman  
For that is what I wished to be.  
He said "You are no son of mine" -

JEKYLL: So when he came for you –

DAVY: He came to make some money  
The mob was baying, not to be denied  
He had to ride the tide.  
What else was he to do?  
He was glad to have me off his hands  
And several guineas richer.  
A boozier has no need of family,  
He has his world.

JEKYLL: But still, he is your father.

DAVY: I have no father

JEKYLL: I have no son...

*[Pause, as the idea takes hold.]*

DAVY: Father

JEKYLL: Son.  
I will be the Pa you never had.  
A father who will cherish you  
Who'll guide you and support you  
Give you education  
Give you all the love you've never known



SCENE THREE:

*[The study. Three days later. DAVY is studying one of the books out of the vast library. He is deep in it. HYDE comes to him, creeps from behind.]*

HYDE: I didn't know that you could read.  
Or are you looking at the pretty pictures?

DAVY: I can read now.  
My father has made all things possible.

HYDE: Your father!

DAVY: He loves me like a son.

HYDE: You think...  
But let me tell you this...  
Your father is a man  
And no amount of love can hide the fact,  
The sight of you and all your firm young flesh  
Sets him stirring where he hasn't stirred in years.

*[During this, he dances round DAVY, getting closer and closer. He puts his arms round him from behind, undoes his shirt, runs his hand over his body.]*

He tells you, sure, you make him young again –  
But not only in his mind, his spirit  
He may teach you things  
But he longs for you to teach him too –  
All you learnt down in the port  
And up on Calton Hill

DAVY: I would not mind to teach him  
I would teach him out of love

*[He turns and kisses HYDE.]*

DAVY: Is this what you would like, sir?

HYDE: Edward, please, not sir

DAVY: Is that what you would like, Edward?

HYDE: Our Jekyll likes to fool himself  
That he is pure and high-minded  
But the blood still pounds  
The flesh still rises.  
He says you are his son  
But he is hypocrite like all the rest  
He wants to train you for a lover

*[By now they are both stripped to their pants. DAVY is on his knees before HYDE.]*

HYDE: I want to train you for a lover

DAVY: I want to be your lover

HYDE: My lover? His lover?

DAVY: His lover, for his love is pure.

HYDE: My love is never pure

DAVY: I know, I know  
I want your kind of love as well  
I cannot live by purity alone  
I need the flesh.  
And you are flesh  
I love your flesh  
Yes... yes...

*[JEKYLL enters. He is very angry.]*

JEKYLL: What are you doing?  
*[To HYDE]* Get away from him, you dog!

HYDE: Why should I? He likes me  
I can give him what he craves  
And what you crave as well  
*[Whispers]* I will tell you all about it  
And you will feel it too.

JEKYLL: How dare you seduce my son?

HYDE: Ah, but who seduces who?  
That's an interesting question

JEKYLL: I am trying to improve his life  
To make up for the childhood  
That he never had  
To show him all the world  
Its beauty, its ideals.

HYDE: You cannot have ideals alone  
Ideals don't make you come.

JEKYLL: He does not need this

*[He pulls them apart.]*

DAVY: Don't I have any say in this?

JEKYLL: You are too young to know  
But you will come to appreciate  
The higher things  
Your tastes, your appetites are all corrupted  
By your vile experiences  
You never had a childhood  
You will have one now

DAVY: But I am not a child  
Father

*[He kisses JEKYLL full on the lips. JEKYLL wipes his mouth and steps back in horror.]*

HYDE: He's trying to exclude the middle man

DAVY: No, not exclude, include.

*[He puts his arm round HYDE's neck. Draws him to him.]*

JEKYLL: *[Horried]* What are you becoming?

DAVY :               What you want me to be...  
                          What you want to be...

*[To HYDE]* I am becoming you  
*[To JEKYLL]* I am becoming you  
For you are him and he is you

*[He draws JEKYLL into the circle, so JEKYLL has to embrace him and HYDE as well]*

DAVY:                I am becoming what I am.

*[Slow fade on the three of them as they start to explore each other.]*

**To BLACKOUT**

SCENE FOUR:

*[A week later. Outside JEKYLL's house. Dr. LANYAN pulls at the door bell. He is breathless with running. POOLE comes to the door.]*

POOLE:               Dr. Lanyan!  
                          I am glad to see you, sir.  
                          I have been thinking I should call on you,  
                          But it did not seem my place.  
                          Yet I am worried, sir. All is not well.  
                          There is an atmosphere here in the house.  
                          I cannot explain it sir.  
                          I tried to talk it over with Davy –  
                          He is the new servant of Dr Jekyll –  
                          But he holds himself aloof  
                          He is getting above himself.  
                          And the doctor is not himself these days  
                          Look. Look at this.

*[He produces the charred and twisted remains of the Society medal]*

Dr LANYAN:        What is that?

POOLE:             It is his medal sir. From the Royal Society.  
                          The one that he was given  
                          By Sir Danvers on the night of the dinner

Dr LANYAN:        How came it like this?

POOLE:             I found it in the grate of the fire  
                          Some two nights later

Dr LANYAN:        Maybe someone was trying to steal it  
                          They were surprised and disposed of it  
                          In the grate.

POOLE:             If there were intruders I would know.

Dr LANYAN:        Great heavens! You don't suggest  
                          That Doctor Jekyll threw it there himself.

POOLE:             It is hard to see who else

Dr LANYAN: But it was given him by the Home Secretary!

POOLE: Even so. Sir, I am sure  
His mind is gravely troubled.

Dr LANYAN: I have come to see him.  
I will tackle him.

POOLE: He will not see you.  
He does not see me.  
I leave his food outside his study door.  
It is mostly left untouched.  
He only has eyes for that young Davy  
That filthy –

Dr LANYAN: What do you mean?

POOLE: As a Presbyterian I cannot speak the word.

Dr LANYAN: Sir Danvers is in town tonight  
He arrives at Waverley at ten.  
The train from London takes but eight hours.  
The marvel of our age.  
He will make the doctor see some sense.

POOLE: The doctor is not here

Dr LANYAN: Then where?

POOLE: I do not know  
He slips out from the back  
Of his laboratory  
And goes – well, who knows where?

Dr LANYAN: Poole, there is something else.  
Do you remember Jeannie?

POOLE: That shameless slattern  
Always dreaming of some sin.  
She has not worked here  
These four months since

Dr LANYAN: She is dead

POOLE: Oh sir!

Dr LANYAN: I was called to the anatomy school.  
The Dean was far from satisfied.  
Her body was brought in  
By a young man name of Edward Hyde.  
A most unhealthy man, the Dean described him.  
Dr Jekyll certified her death;  
A heavy fall, and none to claim her.  
But Doctor Joseph Bell, the surgeon,  
Saw the body. He did not believe  
It could have been a fall.  
The skull was smashed in from behind  
With several violent blows,  
This is not consistent with a fall.  
I have to talk to Jekyll  
There are questions to be answered.

POOLE: I will try to talk to him when he returns  
If he will let me.

Dr LANYAN: I will meet Sir Danvers off the London train,  
Apprise him of the situation  
I fear for Jekyll and his sanity

POOLE: I fear for his soul.

[Duet around 'His sanity' – 'His soul']

BOTH: What a fall there has been  
The apple of the public eye  
He does not go to hospital  
He does not see the poor  
He stays at home locked inside  
Behind his private door  
A man like him is made for public good  
To share his talents  
As a wise man should  
To toil for general welfare

As he did in time gone past.  
He cannot turn his back like this  
It cannot last.

*[Dr LANYAN runs off. POOLE withdraws inside.]*

SCENE FOUR:

*[Later that night. SIR DANVERS alone in the study. He gives a thunderous knock on the door to JEKYLL's private rooms.]*

SIR DANVERS:           Jekyll! Jekyll!

Open up, I know you're there

Poole has told me  
He saw when you came in  
You and that – boy

I charge you in the name of all that's good  
And honourable in society  
Of all the higher thoughts and aspirations  
That men call civilisation

We have spread our virtue through the world  
We have brought enlightenment  
We have written British values  
In the deserts of the south  
In the soil of the islands  
In the teeming chaos of the cities of the east.

We have saved the infant from disease  
We have soothed the path to peace  
Railways and roads, fair and equal laws  
Antiseptics, anaesthetics  
We are a force for good.

And you have been a part of that  
With your work among the poor  
Clean water in the slums  
Hygiene in the hospitals  
Lessons in the schools  
Libraries and healthy food  
Unadulterated bread -  
Does all that count for nought?

Jekyll!

*[HYDE appears through the conservatory.]*

HYDE: You wanted to see me?

SIR DANVERS: Who are you? You're not Jekyll.

HYDE: Am I not?

SIR DANVERS: Of course you're not  
Jekyll is a pillar of society  
A fine upstanding man  
You are – unhealthy

HYDE: I am in excellent health, thank you.

*[He dances lazily, provocatively round SIR DANVERS]*

Unlike you.  
With your blood pressure  
And your gout  
And your apoplexy  
And your sclerosis of the morals.

SIR DANVERS: How dare you! Who are you?

HYDE: I am Dr Jekyll

SIR DANVERS: The devil you are

*[JEKYLL enters quietly behind them, with DAVY at his side.]*

HYDE: I am

JEKYLL: He is. And so am I.

SIR DANVERS: How can this be?

DAVY: It is not for you to question

SIR DANVERS: Silence, sirrah! Who the devil are you?

JEKYLL: He is my son

DAVY: And his lover

HYDE: And my lover

DAVY: And his son

SIR DANVERS: Unimaginable horror!  
There is a law –  
There are several laws –  
Jekyll, have you lost your mind?

JEKYLL: Mayhap I have. But I have found my soul

SIR DANVERS: How can you speak of soul with this corruption?

HYDE: Corruption only in your corrupted eyes

SIR DANVERS: You will hang for this

JEKYLL: It is abolished

HYDE: There have been no hangings fifty years  
There is only life imprisonment  
For sodomy

SIR DANVERS: You admit it? You, Jekyll,  
The finest man in Edinburgh,  
Admit this bestiality?

HYDE: Well, technically the sodomy law  
Does cover animals,  
But I could never do it with a beast  
Unless the beast consented.

SIR DANVERS: You dare to joke of this?

JEKYLL: Sir Danvers, Sir Danvers  
We are all men of the world  
We know that human nature –

SIR DANVERS: Human nature is a beast that must be tamed

Or there's no hope for progress.  
How can we proceed Excelsior  
If all the time our baser urges  
Drag us back again?

JEKYLL: But surely Athens – flower of civilisation –  
Worshipped at the shrine of male beauty

SIR DANVERS: An idealised beauty – symbol of the best –  
But nothing that pertains to real life

HYDE: Really? Have you seen those marble buttocks?  
Ideal, not idealised.  
So ripe and firm. Like Davy's here...

SIR DANVERS: You glory in your sin! Be silent!

HYDE: Whose is the greater sin?  
Ours, who show our love  
Or yours, who profit from the work of slaves  
To power your civilisation  
The wage slaves in the mills  
The black slaves in the fields of sugar cane  
The kaffirs in the gold mines of Pretoria  
All to make the wealth  
That keeps you at your ease  
Makes your leisure to be civilised  
To give your name to hospitals  
As you throw the dogs some meagre bones

SIR DANVERS: *[To JEKYLL]* Think what you have been  
Think of all the good you've done  
Will you throw it all away?

There are monuments to you  
And your good works  
All around the city

Do you want your name erased?  
Would you be spat at in the street  
As you are led in chains?

JEKYLL: I cannot be remembered  
For something I am not

SIR DANVERS: No, not what you are, but what you do  
We can draw a veil over what you've done  
If you will renounce it – indiscretion –  
A moment of madness

HYDE: Not madness, sanity at last

SIR DANVERS: *[To HYDE]* And you, I'll have you hang  
For the murder of Jeannie... Jeannie...

HYDE: You see, you don't even know her name

DAVY: Macpherson. Jeannie Macpherson.  
She was my sister

SIR DANVERS: Do you not care what she would think of you?

DAVY: All her thought was making money  
She would be the pimp to my whore

SIR DANVERS: She did not merit murder

HYDE: But you do.

SIR DANVERS: What?

HYDE: You must see that you cannot live  
Not now, with what you know

DAVY: And with what you'd do to us.

HYDE: Us and all our kind

DAVY: You can make the laws  
That break us on the treadmill  
That will hang us for our love

SIR DANVERS: Love? For fie! You call it love.

DAVY:                                   Aye, and I can kill for love.

*[He grabs a large bust of Plato from the shelves, and smashes it on SIR DANVERS's head. SIR DANVERS puts his hand to his head with a cry. Blood streams from it. He staggers round the room. He grabs the end of the high book shelf for support. DAVY hits him again. SIR DANVERS falls to the ground, pulling the whole bookshelf down and scattering the books. He is not dead, but claws the ground. HYDE steps on his hand and grinds his heel into it.]*

HYDE:                                   The hand that signed the laws  
That grind us underfoot  
Shall sign the laws no more.  
Jekyll! Now it's up to you.

JEKYLL:                                Me? What do you want of me?

HYDE:                                   Prove you are yourself,  
That you have broken free.

DAVY:                                   You cannot leave it all to us

HYDE:                                   Why should we do dirty work,  
And you have all the benefits?

DAVY:                                   Think how you have suffered too  
My poor dear father-lover  
Do not cleave a gulf between us  
When we have been as one.  
I don't think I could love a coward.

HYDE:                                   Now you can become yourself entire.

*[He picks up a long sceptre]*

See the long gold sceptre of Etruscan priests

JEKYLL:                                Badge of law and of authority  
Of order and of reason

HYDE:                                   What better instrument?  
Strike the avatar of authority

With one of his own symbols

DAVY: Give him his own medicine

HYDE: Together we are powerful

DAVY: Together we fear nothing

HYDE: We can strike for all our kind

DAVY: We can have revenge

*[They have entwined themselves round JEKYLL. HYDE places the sceptre in JEKYLL's hand and guides it towards the neck of the prone SIR DANVERS. He places the end of the sceptre on the back of his neck. DAVY soothes him like a terrified horse, whispers and kisses the back of JEKYLL's neck. With HYDE's hand over his, JEKYLL brings the sceptre down hard on SIR DANVERS's neck, breaking it. SIR DANVERS is dead. Tableaux.]*

**BLACKOUT**

**ACT THREE**

*[Some time later. The study is now a complete mess, book-cases overturned, books everywhere, statues smashed, papers scattered. From the conservatory, the jungle is now rampant and pouring into the back of the study. SIR DANVERS is still on the floor, partially wrapped in one of the drapes which have been pulled down. JEKYLL kneels beside him, in a state of shock. He puts his hand to the dead man's head. It comes away covered with blood. He stares at it in horrified fascination.]*

JEKYLL:

Blood!

But not the gouting gush I thought  
 Nothing like the blood that I have seen  
 When sawing through a gangrenous leg.  
 I have closed the eyes.  
 So still now, and at peace.  
 No hint of all the agony he felt  
 Clawing to hold on to life  
 So it would not slip away.  
 Those who would read a story in a face  
 Deceive themselves.

Hyde and Davy have gone to bed  
 Hyde said death had made him  
 Hot with desire, and Davy too.  
 I must confess that I have felt the same  
 After a funeral. Life must needs  
 Assert itself in the face of death.

I felt it, but suppressed it out of shame.

No shame now, not for them.  
 Hyde ne'er observed suppression or knew shame,  
 And Davy learnt from Hyde,  
 He grows more like a child of Hyde  
 Than mine.

So here I am alone with my suppression  
 And my shame.  
 All confidence declines  
 The certainties all fade  
 Without Hyde to goad me,

You to fire me, Davy.  
You are the star I would be guided by.  
Your happiness the goal I would attain.

Oh Davy, what have I done to you?  
How have I blighted you?  
When first I did enfold you in my arms  
And took you to the fervour of my bed  
I had such hopes for you,  
Such high ideals for us, for both of us.  
The high ideals of Michelangelo,  
Of Leonardo, of the Greeks.  
We could have faced life hand in hand  
A paradigm for all  
Kind and just and loving.  
All dust now, dust and ashes in my mouth.  
Dead as this fat self-satisfied old man.

*[Indicates SIR DANVERS]*

He could not change,  
He could not feel,  
He had no generosity of spirit  
Only the urge to ostracise and punish

And for that should Danvers now be dead?  
For that now have I made myself the villain?  
Can I have liberation only at the price  
Of the death of others?  
There is no hope for me,  
Nor future now for Davy,  
Whom I had vowed to bring up as my own  
Within the loving ambience of my heart and home.

At best he has but exile to prepare for  
A pale and haunted life in France  
Whispers behind his back,  
Spitting in his face  
Along the promenade at Dieppe

I cannot even leave him money,

If I am sent to death –  
As I will surely be.

If I did, the will would be contested.  
And if he fought for it,  
What justice can he hope for from a court  
Which makes his very being criminal.

I cannot dispose of Danvers  
He is too substantial,  
Not like Jeannie.  
His death must be discovered,  
And quickly too;  
His every move is known  
Someone must know  
That he is here.  
Besides, he is too heavy,  
How could I lug his guts?  
Where could I hide him?  
My mind is all confused.  
What is for the best?  
Once I was certain of the world and who I was  
Then I was sure about a different world  
Of light and love and reason.  
I have destroyed both worlds;  
Now I do not know who I am.

*[There is a knocking.]*

POOLE: Doctor Jekyll? Sir?

JEKYLL: I had forgot the servants.  
I thought that Poole was out

POOLE: Let us in, sir, I beg you.

JEKYLL: Us? Who's with you?

POOLE: Doctor Lanyon, your friend

LANYAN: Yes, your friend  
Who has worried himself sick for you.

For God's sake let us in  
That we can help you

JEKYLL: Help? I am beyond all help

LANYAN: Never

POOLE: If ever man can help you  
It is Doctor Lanyan  
You are sick, sir, of a fever  
I know sir, you are not evil  
And only evil is beyond help

JEKYLL: Hyde is evil, he is beyond help.  
But I – I am sick *[a moment of optimism]*  
And I can be cured.

*[He opens the door. Collapses at LANYAN's feet.]*

JEKYLL: Help me, Lanyan.  
You are my only hope.

*[LANYAN takes in the state of the room.]*

LANYAN: Poole!

POOLE: *[offstage]* Sir?

LANYAN: Don't come in.  
Go telephone for Doctor Utterson.  
His number is four-two-one.  
Ask him to attend us, and urgently.  
Tell him he's to bring the purple phial.

POOLE: The purple phial? Yes, sir!

LANYAN: And wait him in the street.

POOLE: Yes, sir. *[He presumably goes to the telephone.]*

LANYAN: What orgy has been here?

JEKYLL: Yes, an orgy, lust and pride and anger

*[LANYAN sees the body of SIR DANVERS. HYDE enters]*

HYDE: My lust, Danvers' pride, Davy's anger

LANYAN: Davy? Who is Davy?

JEKYLL: A young attendant, newly here.  
He knows nothing of what has happened.

Hyde, I beg you, Hyde  
Attend poor Davy  
Tell him what has happened  
Tell him it is all my fault.

HYDE: Your fault?

JEKYLL: Sir Danvers death – my fault  
*[Meaningful]* Not yours, not Davy's  
Only mine. Tell him.  
He will be shocked, but you must comfort him.

*[HYDE needs no further forcing. He exits.]*

JEKYLL: Lanyan, you must help me now and quickly.  
Know that this is all the work of Hyde  
He corrupted me and my son, Davy.

LANYAN: Your son?

JEKYLL: My spiritual son

LANYAN: Why, man, I know you what you are.  
You have no need of subterfuge with me.

JEKYLL: You know?

LANYAN: I think I always knew  
I saw the way you looked  
At labourers working on the Waverley.  
At fresh-faced students in your classes

JEKYLL: You never said

LANYAN: It was for you to tell.  
I said to Utterson  
He will come to us one day.  
Utterson, you see, has been my special friend  
These thirty years.  
He's on his way, with something that will help us.

JEKYLL: Can it be? How could I be so blind?

LANYAN: We have always been sober and discreet.

JEKYLL: But you have been together

LANYAN: Never lived together.  
Holidayed together at the most -

JEKYLL: But been together  
And have done good in the world.

LANYAN: I like to think so.

JEKYLL: Help me, Lanyan.  
We can do some good together.  
I must face my trial like a man  
And trust to fate and a kindly judge,  
Who thinks the best of me.  
I have my history to speak for me.  
I was ever on the side  
Of progress and enlightenment  
Until I met Hyde.  
An aberration – a madness –

LANYAN: Yes, yes. We may be Uranian  
But we are not savages.

JEKYLL: We must show our good intention  
We must destroy Hyde.  
If only there were some new potion  
Undetectable in use.

LANYAN:                   There is. A derivative of chocolate.  
We isolated and distilled a bromide,  
We call it hyperbromine.

JEKYLL:                   We?

LANYAN:                   Utterson and myself/  
It is an experiment  
To lower sexual urges.  
So many women die in childbirth  
So many infants born in want –  
In want and unwanted.  
Besides, we may benefit – ourselves.  
We'd rather be less – compromised.  
Affection is enough,  
We need no more.

Results in rats were promising,  
But it is deadly in the wrong amount.

JEKELL:                   How much, d'you think  
To kill the rat called Hyde?

LANYAN:                   My estimate's a gill

JEKYLL:                   A quarter of a pint? So much?

LANYAN:                   Maybe less. It's better to be safe  
And more is safer.

JEKYLL:                   How to make him take it?  
He never can resist fine claret,  
After his – exertions.

*[He goes to his wine rack.]*

LANYAN:                   Not the Fifty-Eight Margaux!

JEKYLL:                   He never could resist it.  
It is worth the sacrifice.

*[POOLE returns with UTTERSON. LANYAN gives him a fine manly handshake.]*

LANYAN: Utterson, I'm devilish glad to see you.

UTTERSON: I have here what you want.

JEKYLL: Poole, open the wine.  
Be careful not to cork it.

LANYAN: We're going to poison it,  
And you worry about corking?

JEKYLL: He must not be suspicious.  
Poole, five glasses.  
One for each of us and two for Hyde.  
Give me the phial.

*[He examines it.]*

UTTERSON: There's devil a lot of it.

LANYAN: He must have two glasses,  
Quick, one after t'other.

*[He goes to the door, calls up to HYDE.]*

JEKYLL: Hyde, come quickly.  
We will be discovered.  
I cannot move Sir Danvers on my own.

HYDE: *[Off]* We'll be there instantly.

JEKYLL: You will be enough.  
Tell Davy he must hide,  
He wants no part of this.

*[POOLE has opened the bottle, and started pouring. JEKYLL grabs it eagerly and pours some into two large Renaissance goblets.]*

POOLE: *[Distressed]* Can you not let it breathe?

UTTERSON: And here's the hyperbromine... *[He adds it.]*

JEKYLL: Poole, you can go. We do not need you.

POOLE: But sir –

JEKYLL: Poole, I would protect you.  
You want no part of this.  
But rest assured, you'll see no more of Hyde

POOLE: For that, I'm sure I'll be profoundly grateful.

*[He bows and exits. JEKYLL sniffs the goblet.]*

JEKYLL: That ravishing Margaux bouquet -  
I smell no other.

*[UTTERSON offers the other goblet. JEKYLL sniffs.]*

UTTERSON: And this?

JEKYLL: The same.

*[HYDE enters.]*

LANYAN: Hyde!

UTTERSON: So this is Edward Hyde  
I've heard so much about you.

HYDE: *[Suspicious]* Who from? What have you heard?

JEKYLL: Have no fear  
Uttersson is one of us.

UTTERSON: You have done well. Carew's an enemy  
Of all that relates to our tribe.  
Let me offer my congratulations.  
Without him the tide will turn  
We will in time gain acceptance.

HYDE: Ah! You too! I should have guessed as much.

LANYAN:                    Here – let us drink to final victory  
                                 In the war for good opinion.

HYDE:                      The body must be moved –

UTTERSON:                But first a toast –

*[JEKYLL gives him one of the goblets, the others take two of the ordinary glasses.]*

JEKYLL:                    You must be thirsty  
                                 After your – exertions – with the lad

HYDE:                      I'll fetch him, he should share this –

JEKYLL:                    No, let him rest. Bring him afterwards

UTTERSON:                To victory and acceptance.

LANYAN and JEKYLL:    Victory and acceptance.

*[They drain their glasses off, watch HYDE, who hesitates, then drains his. This dialogue is uncertain, as they are waiting for the drug to take effect.]*

JEKYLL:                    What do you say we do with Danvers' corpse?

*[He goes to where SIR DANVERS' body is, kneels beside him as if to measure him. The others stay focussed on HYDE]*

UTTERSON:                It will take all four of us to move him  
                                 He is a substantial man –

LANYAN:                    We should take him to the Old Town  
                                 Where it will seem  
                                 That he was set upon by ruffians –

UTTERSON:                We should strip his pockets  
                                 So it seems that he was robbed  
                                 What say you, Hyde?

LANYAN:                    He'll be more difficult to identify

HYDE: Ah!

*[He starts to sway.]*

HYDE: I feel faint

UTTERSON: You are over-exerted.  
Another drink will cure you.

HYDE: No, it is not that

LANYAN: Here, have another drink.

*[UTTERSON and LANYAN are on either side of him. UTTERSON pins him, LANYAN forces drink down his throat. HYDE tries to struggle, but the poison has weakened him.]*

HYDE: I have no strength. What's happening?

LANYAN: You have ruled our friend enough

UTTERSON: Destroyed his life and happiness –

LANYAN: Drink, fiend –

HYDE: Poison!

*[JEKYLL utters a cry, and falls too, mirroring the symptoms of HYDE]*

JEKYLL: How can this be? I took no poison

HYDE: But I took poison, and you are me.

*[He starts to crawl towards JEKYLL.]*

When I first came, you lived through me  
Lapped ambrosial experience  
Through my young limbs and eyes.  
Now, you share my cognizance again.  
You have thought to kill me  
But you have killed yourself.

UTTERSON/LANYAN: Suicide? No!

JEKYLL: No, I have forged my own way now  
To prove it, I will kill you  
With my own bare hands.

*[He too crawls along the floor, so he and HYDE meet centre stage.]*

HYDE: It will not work, try as you may.  
Everything I am is part of you  
Has come from deep recesses in your mind  
From the yearnings of your heart  
Desires of the soul.

JEKYLL: Never! I can be as I was before,  
Master of my circumstance  
Unfettered by desire

HYDE: You fool, though you suppressed desire  
It was always part of you  
You cannot live without it.

JEKYLL: I did before

HYDE: You only thought you did.  
But you were dying by degrees already.  
In trying to kill it  
Already you were murdering yourself.

*[They are locked in combat, hands round each other's throats.]*

UTTERSON: Lanyan, stop this folly.  
Bring Jekyll to his senses.

LANYAN: I cannot. No-one can.  
Can you not see, they are in love?

UTTERSON: How can Jekyll love that – thing?

LANYAN: If not in love, they yet need each other.  
And that's as good as love.

Tristan and Tristan.  
Let them have their Liebestod.

UTTERSON: It breaks my heart to see poor Jekyll so

JEKYLL: I made my choice –  
I conjured Edward Hyde to my will

HYDE: I am you, the better part of you

UTTERSON/LANYAN: The worser part

JEKYLL: No, not better, nor worser  
Just part  
And part of all of us.

UTTERSON: It is not part of me

LANYAN: Nor me

HYDE: Oh yes, it surely is  
And I can rise in you  
As I can rise in everyone.

*[He shakes JEKYLL.]*

HYDE: Say it! Admit it!  
You loved it, you loved it all.

JEKYLL: I did not love the violence  
I did not love the pain

HYDE: But it followed and was part of you.

JEKYLL: I know it was inside me  
But that was where it should remain  
I should have kept it more in check

HYDE: Love is not conditional  
Even if its object is imperfect  
Jekyll, I have loved you  
I have delighted to show to you my world.

When you were pleased, I revelled in your pleasure

JEKYLL: *[With difficulty]* And I *was* pleased  
You filled my senses with exotic scent  
You overwhelmed my brain with desire  
I was overcome with the fumes of fire  
I should at least have kept it in control  
But my reason was defeated.

HYDE: And now we will rest together.

*[They lie still. DAVY appears in the doorway.]*

DAVY: What is this awful sight?

UTTERSON: Our dearest friend, our Jekyll  
Has murdered Mr Hyde

LANYAN: And with it, killed himself.

DAVY: No. It can't be true  
I owe them everything.

*[He kneels over them, puts his arm around them.]*

*[To JEKYLL]* Oh, my father, you have given me so much.  
You have rescued me from want –  
Lack of food and shelter, yes,  
But lack of charity also

And lack of wisdom:  
Lack of knowledge of the world  
Lack of knowledge of myself  
*[To HYDE]* You gave me knowledge too  
But of a different sort.  
You have opened me like a flower,  
You have made my senses spring to life  
When I met you they were dulled,  
My nerve ends, by need, by greed,  
By cavalier contempt.

I thought myself the better of my dupes,  
Despised them for their lusts.

Their lusts were mine

JEKYLL: Your lusts were mine

HYDE: My lusts were yours

TRIO: We shared the same terrain  
A triad of desire, care and love

JEKYLL: And each required the other, I see it now  
I see it now

HYDE: Desire needed love and care  
I see it now

JEKYLL: Too late

HYDE: Too late

DAVY: Too late by now

JEKYLL: No, not too late for you

HYDE: You must carry us inside, in memory

JEKYLL: Carry us forward, show what we could be

UTTERSON/LANYAN: And we can be as well  
A band of brothers

JEKYLL/HYDE: We here appoint young Davy to your care

DAVY: And them to mine, for I will care for them  
In face of all travails

*[The lights come up on the jungle behind the conservatory. The poor appear in the windows.]*

CHORUS: Come, Davy, you belong  
Come back to us, your kin  
Renounce these luxuries  
Renounce your sin

The kirk is waiting, hear the tolling bell  
Reminding you of ever present-hell

JEKYLL/HYDE: Defy them, Davy  
There is nothing there for you,  
No charity, no quarter  
For those who would live differently,  
Even son or daughter

UTTERSON/LANYAN: The church is steeped in misery  
The very bricks and mortar

*[DAVY stands to join them in defiance]*

TRIO (Da/Utt/Lan): We defy you all for hypocrites  
"If you have not charity, you are nothing"

JEKYLL: *[To HYDE]* We have done well, my son

HYDE: Am I your son?

JEKYLL: I accept you as myself, and so my son

HYDE: So we can rest

JEKYLL: We have done our work  
It will carry on.

BOTH: We have done well  
And now we sleep.

*[They embrace passionately as the music comes to a climax.]*

CHORUS: So perish all the sinners of the world

DAVY: In clouds of love they died

CHORUS: Consigned to hell

*[The following are sung as an ensemble:]*

UTTERSON/LANYAN: *[To the POOR]* We will work for you  
To make you clean, to keep you fed,  
Improve your lot, keep you well  
But we will never give to you  
The power to judge or punish  
If you would have command of us  
We will throw it in your face  
We will confront you  
With your own sins

CHORUS: We are pure, we are the elect  
The chosen of God's holy word  
We honour his command  
We are his Christian soldiers  
Armed with his righteous sword  
We are on the side of the angels

DAVY: Angels have no sides  
Angels are all around.  
Angels in these good men  
My lover and my father  
And in me  
For I will do their work  
The work of love and honour  
In their name until I die.

*[As the music comes to a climax. POOLE throws open the door, and shows two policemen in, who survey the carnage with horror.]*

**BLACKOUT**