



Doctor Jekyll's Journal

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A doctor's tragedy in seven scenes

by Christian Lanciai (1998)

The characters:

Doctor William Lanyon
Ruggles, his butler
Jeffrey Utterson, barrister
Chairman of the medical faculty
Doctor Henry Jekyll
Students
Sarah Crawford
Mrs Elizabeth Jekyll
Robert Poole, doctor Jekyll's butler
Edward Hyde
A newspaper boy
club fellow members
Doctor Jekyll's housekeeper and cook

The action is in London in the 1880s.

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Doctor Jekyll's journal.

Scene 1.

At home at doctor Lanyon's. A worthy Victorian interior in London.

Dr Lanyon A doctor's foremost duty and vocation is to protect and defend life. But if life itself turns into the greatest enemy and threat of life, is it then justified to put an end to life in order to defend life? That's the critical and moral dilemma of a soldier – and you become a doctor if you wish to escape this problem complex to take sides with life one-sidedly. And a doctor's worst nightmare is if this dilemma nevertheless presents itself.

(enter the butler)

Yes, what is it, Ruggles?

Ruggles A certain barrister Utterson is here. Sir.

Lanyon Utterson? Utterson? What does he want with me?

Ruggles I don't know, Sir.

Lanyon It's that damned renegade doctor Jekyll's lawyer. Show him in.

(exit butler)

I just hope Jekyll is not in trouble again. The only thing that man has enriched my life with was problems, worries and nightmares.

Ruggles *(returns)* Barrister Utterson, Sir. *(presents Utterson)*

Lanyon And what can I do for my good friend and colleague doctor Jekyll's lawyer? *(greet him with benevolence)*

Utterson I apologise for coming without warning like this to presume on your precious time, but your guess is right. It's not for my own sake. It's for my client and your son-in-law doctor Jekyll's.

Lanyon My former son-in-law. But have a seat, Sir.

Utterson Thank you. I hope I may speak frankly with you. I know of no one else I could turn to.

Lanyon I know doctor Jekyll and am not surprised that he causes troubles and worries also to other people.

Utterson Just because you know him since of old I felt that I could turn to you.

Lanyon What is the problem?

Utterson Doctor Lanyon, doctor Jekyll has during the last weeks consulted me in writing his testament.

Lanyon Every sensible man should do that. The worst thing you could do to your next of kin is to die without a testament.

Utterson But doctor Jekyll has left all he owns to a certain Mr Edward Hyde.

Lanyon I don't know such a man. Who is it?

Utterson That's the very problem. He isn't just anyone, which his name at first would lead you to believe. I didn't know who it was either and gratified my client's wishes without second thoughts. Only a few days later I learned who the man was and was practically perforated with ice cold fits of ague.

Lanyon Tell me about it.

Utterson I was out walking with a good friend on a regular promenade when we passed a corner in Soho. There my friend told me about a revolting incident he had experienced there. He had seen a girl playing with a hoop running at the corner into a small peculiar man. Anyone can happen to be run into by playing children here in London and not bother much about it, but this man was furious with the girl and started beating her with his cane and kick her lying in the gutter in front of a number of witnesses. Then he just walked on as if nothing had happened and left the girl crying and sorely abused in the gutter. My friend was then infuriated, ran up to the man and grabbed hold of his collar. It was an indescribably ugly and repellent man who without being deformed still had all his looks to speak against him. It became a police issue, and the man had to pay an indemnity to the girl's parents. That was not more than reasonable, and he really got away rather cheaply, for such an experience can cut deep wounds into the soul of a small girl. But the man paid without

hesitating the entire amount by writing a check. The check account was in the well renowned doctor Jekyll's name. The man's name was Edward Hyde.

(both fall quiet for a moment)

Lanyon I understand your problem, Sir. And to this villain, who openly is capable of mishandling a small girl in a public street without reason, our good friend doctor Jekyll has left his entire fortune. What do you suspect is lying behind it? Blackmail?

Utterson I have gone further than that in my thoughts. The will gives Mr Edward Hyde a perfect motive for doing away with doctor Jekyll, and he is such a man who would not hesitate to do it.

Lanyon And such a will you made legal.

Utterson I trusted doctor Jekyll.

Lanyon (gets up and starts walking around) The problem is probably deeper than anyone of us could imagine. I have known him longer than you, which is why I can give you a fuller picture of the background.

Utterson I was hoping for something like that.

Lanyon Doctor Jekyll started as my best student and most faithful apprentice. He was over-talented and could work harder than anyone else. Both my daughters fell in love with him, but as only one could marry him it became the eldest. We associated frequently and heartily in those days, so that he was like one of the family long before the wedding. But at the time of his wedding and final degree the problems began. He couldn't take it easy. He was not satisfied with being just the most popular private doctor of London society. He couldn't refrain himself from going on with his research in the most dangerous and challenging fields.

Utterson Drugs?

Lanyon Yes. He was not afraid of any experiments. I beseeched him for the sake of God to stop and consider that he was a married man, but he paid no heed to his wife, no matter how sincerely she begged him not to work himself to death. But doctor Jekyll worked best at nights. He had problems with insomnia, like so many over-intelligent people do, and he seldom reached his bed before five in the morning. His wife had to get used to it crying herself to sleep every night, and finally she became ill and died. Formally it was pneumonia as a consequence of a neglected cold, but I gave doctor Jekyll the entire blame for it. He neglected her to her death. That's where our courses parted.

Utterson And what about your second daughter?

Lanyon She got married in Singapore, but she didn't marry for love. She loved Henry Jekyll. The marriage with captain Crawford was advised by me, as it would separate her from England. But she never separated from Henry Jekyll. She still loves him.

(He is quiet and returns to his place.)

But we have departed from our subject.

Utterson Not at all. I am grateful for all the information you can give. But surely you could give some more? You must have followed doctor Jekyll's career also after the regrettable demise of your daughter?

Lanyon Only at a distance. He made himself famous as a researcher, as he published some fantastic research results. He was about to get all the medical profession on his side in blind optimistic belief that you soon could not only cure all human diseases with drugs but thus even improve the human brain activity and character. His famous lectures started smelling bad from Nietzschean philosophy and belief in superman, and he got all students as followers. At that point I chose to oppose him.

Utterson Doctor Jekyll's followers claimed that you wrote a book against doctor Jekyll only as a personal revenge that you never could forgive him the death of your daughter.

Lanyon I couldn't. But that was not the motive for the book. I just wanted to denounce doctor Jekyll's theories and brand them as unnatural and dangerous, which they were. And many professionals have agreed with me.

Utterson And that war still goes on today.

Lanyon The future will show us who is right – doctor Jekyll in his efforts to manipulate nature, or I in my assumption that you can only learn from nature and cooperate with her in humility without challenging or spiting her or the gods.

Utterson Your viewpoint is more cautious while doctor Jekyll's is more brave, ambitious and challenging.

Lanyon That's why he gets all the students as followers and ladies for his good looks, while only mostly old boring but wise veterans agree with me.

Utterson But considering your long experience of him and your deep insight into his character – what do you think of his remarkable connection with this Edward Hyde?

Lanyon It's entirely in line with his dramatic life – new bold experiments, baffling initiatives, incomprehensible activities, incalculable capriciousness and outbursts of his dangerous ingeniousness, which no one can understand to begin with.

Utterson But what do you think practically?

Lanyon Honestly speaking, I don't understand it at all. This is something completely new. Is Edward Hyde a drug addict picked up from the street that he wishes to experiment on with new drugs or antidotes? But why on earth would he then take such a liking to such a revolting and wicked man that he would make him his universal heir? Neither is Jekyll someone you could force to anything and blackmail. No, Utterson, nothing makes sense. This is something completely new which totally contradicts everything that Jekyll did so far.

Utterson Do you feel the same anxiety about it as I?

Lanyon I can understand that you are worried.

Utterson He is my client. It is my duty to do what I can for him. And I feel the presence of Edward Hyde as a danger to his life, to say the least.

Lanyon I have a suggestion.

Utterson Let's hear it.

Lanyon My younger daughter Sarah is momentarily here in London. She has met doctor Jekyll. They meet secretly, because she knows I don't like it. They must meet in secret, because no one wants a scandal, and her husband is waiting for her in Singapore. But he is a very attractive widower.

Utterson Your suggestion?

Lanyon I don't like it, but I suggest that we put my daughter in the picture of the situation and let her associate with doctor Jekyll if she at the same time tries to find out all she can about this Edward Hyde.

Utterson A splendid suggestion!

Lanyon I think your fears that Jekyll's life would be in danger are unmotivated. Therefore I dare to let my daughter in on it. For if his life is in danger of Mr Hyde, so will hers be.

Utterson She should judge the risks herself.

Lanyon I am afraid she would gladly take any risks just to be close to that dangerous adventurer.

Utterson (rising) Doctor Lanyon, I will not take up any more of your time.

Lanyon All that has been said here will remain between us. But for the sake of the cause I will commence a secret journal for the case of doctor Jekyll, in which I will carefully document everything touching the case.

Utterson My obligation of silence is as sacred as yours.

Lanyon Thanks for your visit, Mr Utterson. *(They shake hands.)* Something tells me that we shall hear more about this Edward Hyde. *(shows Utterson out.)*

Scene 2. A rostrum.

Chairman As speaker at the annual symposium I have the honour to present – doctor Henry Jekyll! *(applause)*

Jekyll (coming up the rostrum) Please – no applause. I will be brief, for I have nothing new to say. But I feel sincerely flattered to have been asked to lecture at this solemn occasion, especially as I am well known to never be solemn. But to the point! Most of you are young, and I recognize many of you from various anatomy lessons and from the medical faculty. I will therefore take the opportunity to repeat the only sensible thing I have to say and which you probably heard many times before. But it cannot be repeated often enough.

You are young. Take care of your youth. You can take more than examined doctors let alone middle-aged specialists, to which respectable category I nowadays belong myself. Your youth makes you capable of any extreme efforts by which you even can expand and develop yourselves. Middle age starts at thirty, while nothing is impossible for you up till then. Never postpone what you wish to do in life, but do it now! Never be afraid of taking initiatives. Be bold, determined and undeterred, for

at your age you have better chances to succeed than to fail. If one fails at your age it is usually more because of others than your own fault.

Our century has been described as the century of science, as science and security has annulled superstition, religion and blind faith. But the perfection and victory of science also implies a tremendous responsibility. Above all we scientists are responsible for the future. We have nature in our hand and can control it, which gives us the obligation to do so. With our constantly increasing medical knowledge and discoveries we have the means to cure all human diseases. We are able to liberate humanity from all physical suffering, and as doctor it is our duty to do so.

But the road to this goal is long and difficult. At least one generation more must work day and night in laboratories to resolve the most difficult problems. But there are daily new discoveries of new means.

Many of you are reluctant to experiment on animals. Many of you are very understanding to all those groups and unions now flourishing like mushrooms in the forest against painful animal experiments. Such scruples are as human and logic as pacifism and conscientious objectors against military service. It's not natural to kill or torment animals, no matter how much science is to be excused for it.

There is an alternative. I was never afraid of trying it myself, and I never regretted it when I did. I am today 46 and keep doing it still. You who are under 30 have even less to fear. By your irresistible youth your bodies can endure anything. Don't be afraid of using yourselves as guinea pigs, if only common sense admits it. The increasing criticism against experiments on animals is justified, but if a scientist only makes experiments on himself and takes the entire responsibility upon himself, absolutely no one will have any right to object against it.

Doctor Lanyon (from the audience) Yes, I!

Jekyll It's an honour for me, doctor Lanyon, to find you in my audience.

Lanyon Your way is mortally dangerous, doctor Jekyll, and it is most irresponsible to advocate it to inexperienced young enthusiasts!

Jekyll You have heard me doing so before. And I cannot stress it enough, that such a way must be trodden within the frame of reason.

Lanyon But young candidates in their twenties have seldom so much reason and common sense, doctor Jekyll! Can't you see that? That you yourself was a mature genius in that age does not have to mean that all students of that age have to be so!

Jekyll Do you wish to deny young enthusiastic scientists, who wish to sacrifice themselves for the welfare of humanity, the progress I made myself?

Lanyon But you just tempt and taunt them without warning about the dangers! *(approaches the rostrum)* Such a liberal attitude to such a reckless experimenting as doctor Jekyll advocates must lead to temptations of abuse! At the disposal of all doctors are not only all cures and medicines but also drugs with second effects that no one knows anything about! There is no blind alley more certain for medical science than abuse! Doctor Jekyll may be strong and confident enough to dare experimenting on himself with whatever, but none of you are like him! Every human being is different from all the others and can't just take anything and could easily

succumb to something, which is easily taken by all the others. Never underestimate your physical limitations! There is no more dangerous hubris than to believe yourself capable of manipulating nature! The responsibility of our profession demands humility and not reckless presumption!

Jekyll Was this my lecture or yours, doctor Lanyon?

(laughter among the students in the audience)

a student Down with the old man! Carry on, doctor Jekyll!

Jekyll You hear yourself, doctor Lanyon, whom the audience favours.

Lanyon You are wrong, doctor Jekyll! I must warn you all! Presumptuous conceit always carries revenge! If doctor Jekyll carries on his dangerous course, we will all one day experience him as a warning example!

Jekyll Would you rather experiment on animals, doctor Lanyon?

Lanyon (to all) It is better for a monkey to go mad than for a man.

Jekyll And if both could be avoided, wouldn't that be the best thing, doctor Lanyon?

Lanyon (to Jekyll) Your total self-confidence is close to impertinent recklessness. Your balance is mortally dangerous, doctor Jekyll! You are approaching a limit on the other side of which there is a hell worse than any fanatic could dream about.

Jekyll The very art is not to cross that limit.

Lanyon Still you stand here boasting of having done so! And you preach to others to do the same thing!

Students Enough, doctor Lanyon!

Down with him!

You have lost, doctor Lanyon! We don't want to hear you!

Get him out!

(Students invade the scene, take care of doctor Lanyon, carries him away and throws him out under great acclaim and cheers from other students.)

A student (dusting off his hands) Now you can carry on, doctor Jekyll.

Jekyll I think we are all agreed on the outcome of this experiment and demonstration with its obvious conclusion. Cowardice must never hold us back!
(cheers)

Chairman (returning) We thank you, doctor Jekyll, for wishing to lecture here. As always you not only offer us considerable food for afterthought but some drama as well.

Jekyll The latter is only delivered by others. I only stand for my opinions.

(Sarah Crawford has arrived on the scene.)

Sarah! I apologise for how the students treated your father!

Sarah It was his own fault. He challenged them and disturbed your lecture.

Jekyll Had I known that you were in the audience, I would have expressed myself more cautiously.

Sarah I am glad you didn't. Now my eyes were opened to what the quarrel between you and father really is all about.

Jekyll And what is it about?

Sarah Scruples. You are ruthless while father is just more careful.

Jekyll I thought it was the other way around. I want to spare the lives of others by only risking my own, while your father would rather let others die than take any risks himself.

Sarah It's towards yourself you are ruthless, Henry. It is brave but dangerous.

Jekyll Rather that than cowardice like your father's.

Sarah He wants to protect his own life in order to save the lives of others. But if you sacrifice yourself, Henry, you will not be able to save your patients.

Jekyll But I don't sacrifice myself. I only take certain risks.

Sarah And one day you must draw a blank.

Jekyll No, Sarah, I will not, for I understand nature. I always calculate the risks very carefully.

Sarah How long have you been doing this?

Jekyll In thirty years since I started studying chemistry.

Sarah And you are still alive?

Jekyll (*embraces her*) If I am, Sarah! I never calculated wrong about risks, and the risk that I will do it after thirty years is practically non-existent! But let's go out somewhere and have something.

Sarah Are you finished here?

Jekyll As finished as your father. (*He takes her out. On their way out they encounter a newspaper boy.*)

Boy Brutal murder in Soho! Latest news! Brutal murder in Soho!

Sarah What is it?

Jekyll One paper, boy! (*buys a paper, starts reading casually*)
 "A most brutal and evidently quite unmotivated murder was committed last evening on Sir Danvers Carew, as he met a wanderer on his way and greeted him, whereupon the wanderer suddenly attacked and beat the said gentleman to death without even stealing his wallet. A housemaid saw everything from her window, and the hooligan's identity has already been established by fragments of the murder weapon, a stick with a name on it, which was left at the scene of the crime. The man is a notorious night walker by the name of Edward Hyde..." (*pales and stops reading*)

Sarah What is it, Henry?

Jekyll Nothing. I knew the gentleman in question. He was a dear friend of mine. Come, Sarah, let's go. (*throws the paper on the ground and leaves with Sarah.*)

Scene 3. At home at doctor Jekyll's.

A cosy and intimate library salon with an open fire.

Jekyll (*alone*) My God, what have I done! What is this terrible discovery I have made? How is it possible for anything like this to happen? Never before have I lost control of any of my experiments, but now suddenly a wild alien being seems to threaten my entire perfectly controlled world and without even nature being involved. This alien

thing is a total one-sided self-destructiveness coming from inside man himself. And if I can happen to it, who can then be exempt from the danger? *(enter butler)*

Yes, what is it, Poole?

Poole Your lawyer Utterson is here, Sir.

Jekyll Utterson? Yes, I know what it is about. Show him in. *(Poole leaves.)*

Naturally he is upset about the murder of Sir Danvers Carew like everyone else. But he is even more so, since he has seen the name Edward Hyde in my will.

(enter Utterson)

Jekyll (rising) My good friend Utterson! *(greets him cordially)* Have a seat!

Utterson (sits down) I presume you understand the reason for my visit.

Jekyll I understand that you are worried.

Utterson I was already worried before, Jekyll, when I heard from a mutual friend what kind of a man this Edward Hyde was. But now it is serious, as your universal heir Edward Hyde has gone beyond the law.

Jekyll Cancel the will.

Utterson That's not enough, Jekyll. You must help the police to catch the killer. He is a murderer, Jekyll. You must not have anything more to do with the man, if you wish to stay within the law yourself.

Jekyll I have broken all contacts with him. Does that satisfy you?

Utterson It may not satisfy the police. They might learn that he had a connection with you.

Jekyll How far has the police come?

Utterson (sighing and contemplating the fire) The man is like consumed by darkness. There is no trace. They found his apartment in East End where everything was in total disorder. His hostess seemed happy about her lodger having got into some kind of trouble. A week has passed now without a trace. It is as if he never had existed. *(hesitatingly to Jekyll)* Do you know something, Henry?

Jekyll Not any more than that if he is vanished, it's best for himself to remain so.

Utterson A suspicious statement from perhaps the only person in London who knows who the murderer is.

Jekyll I am more worried about our friend Sir Danvers Carew's family.

Utterson (returning his attention to the fire) He was wealthy, and his family is well provided for. But the way in which Sir Danvers died has caused deep wounds in their hearts.

Jekyll I haven't heard any details.

Utterson Haven't you read the servant girl's testimony?

Jekyll I avoided it on purpose.

Utterson It was a nightmare, Jekyll, a nightmare. It was not just assault and homicide. It was brutal torture to death. Your ward attacked Sir Danvers like a raving wild animal. Yes, not even a tiger makes so brutal an attack without reason. The housekeeper witnessed him jumping up and down on Sir Danvers like a wild mad monkey and beat again and again with his thick stick, which finally broke.

Jekyll The cause of death?

Utterson Broken scull.

Jekyll (*concluding*) So the man is worse and more evil than any wild animal.

Utterson That is how it is, mildly speaking.

Poole (*entering*) Begging your pardon, but Mrs Crawford is here, Sir.

Jekyll Sarah? Show her in.

Utterson Doctor Lanyon's daughter?

Jekyll Yes.

Utterson Has doctor Lanyon got over the tumult at the medical faculty?

Jekyll I hope so. As a good doctor he can forgive anything.

Utterson What is it between you and his married daughter?

Jekyll (*rising*) You'll see, Utterson. (*enter Sarah*) She is my sister-in-law, you know.

– Sarah! (*embraces her*)

Sarah Father demands that I immediately return to Singapore. He demands a public excuse from you for that uproar in that club.

Jekyll (*enters like to show that Utterson is there*) What more does he demand?

Sarah Who is it?

Jekyll Utterson, my lawyer, peacemaker between me and your father.

Sarah Excellent! He demands that you abandon your course of experiments.

Jekyll I can fulfil all his demands except the last one.

Sarah Then he threatens to expose you as Edward Hyde's protector.

Jekyll So he threatens with blackmail. What do you think about that, Utterson?

Utterson He can't. He would thereby only damage himself. There is no evidence since the will has been destroyed.

Jekyll Restore the will, Utterson.

Utterson What?

Jekyll But in another name. Sarah Crawford. (*embraces her*) She is my only living relative.

Utterson (*pleased*) I will be glad to.

Sarah But what will father say?

Jekyll He may think and say what he pleases. You will protect me, Sarah, against Edward Hyde, if he should ever return.

Sarah Do you know him?

Jekyll Our friend Utterson knows who he is and that he might very well murder me, like he murdered Sir Danvers Carew.

Sarah (*embraces him*) Then I will protect you with my life!

Jekyll (*aside*) I wish that would be enough!

Utterson And Singapore?

Sarah Singapore will have to wait. I must save my brother-in-law first.

Jekyll And what will your father say to that?

Sarah He may banish me if he pleases. I must still give my conscience priority. You must understand that, Mr Utterson and doctor Jekyll?

Jekyll You see, Utterson. I think we are safe now against Mr Hyde.

Utterson I hope so, Jekyll. I sincerely hope so.

Sarah But while we are sitting here speaking so confidently, how would it be, Henry, if you at last would tell me in detail about my sister?

Jekyll It is no pleasant story.

Sarah Have you anything to hide?

Jekyll It was your sister, Sarah. For her I had nothing to hide, and that might have cost her life.

Sarah How exciting!

Utterson Do you mean that you in any way was accessory in her death?

Jekyll In a way we were both guilty, like in all marriages. Well, I will go through it all once again. Then judge us both as fairly as you can.

(Henry Jekyll gets up and walks away. Sarah and Utterson remain calmly seated, while the scene turns to the bedchamber, where the late Mrs Jekyll lies in bed.)

Jekyll How are you today, Elizabeth? *(sits down at her side tenderly holding her hand)*

Elizabeth You have been working too hard again. I almost never see you any more. Who do you love more – me or your laboratory?

Jekyll My work is my calling, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth And for that I am dying.

Jekyll You can get well if you only want to.

Elizabeth If you loved me I would want to.

Jekyll I love you, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Show it then!

Jekyll For me love is tenderness and friendship.

Elizabeth But your only passion is for your work!

Jekyll A passion could be destructive. I never want to risk being destructive against someone I love and least of all my wife.

Elizabeth Instead you will then turn more and more self-destructive. And that will least of all give you any children. Is that better?

Jekyll If it can serve science.

Elizabeth You are just as possessed as a roulette player. You wage everything in blind faith that it might bring a reward, but you never can be sure it will. It's exactly the same mentality that possesses those who can never stop betting on horses no matter how much they lose.

Jekyll Science is the opposite to chance, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Yes, when you finally have won. But until you have won, the risk is permanently imminent that you will lose. Don't you see, Henry, that I worry myself to death about you and your experiments?

Jekyll (no answer)

Elizabeth And it doesn't get better by your refusing to answer. Rather the contrary. Your silence confirms your guilt more eloquently than any binding evidence.

Jekyll You are not fair, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Am I not? No, Henry. I am only frustrated. We have been married for three years, and I am still a virgin, and you are still locked up in your laboratory full time.

Jekyll Let me explain my sexual disposition, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Well, it's about time!

Jekyll All men are not biologically suitable for propagation. There are for example men who can't have an erection without inconceivable pain. King Louis XVI could never accomplish a coitus until he had been operated on for a default which is very common among men. And everyone is painfully aware that heterosexuality is not the only sexual disposition. There is homosexuality and lesbicism, which our society condemns as unnatural and punishes by law as criminal, which doesn't do anything to solve the problem.

Elizabeth Are you like that?

Jekyll Honestly speaking I do not understand unnatural leniencies and believe that homosexuals must have some default in their brains. But there are worse faults. There are miserable devils who only get excited and can have sex with dead persons.

Elizabeth Is the professor finished soon with the dissection of the corpse? It is beginning to stink.

Jekyll Pardon me, Elizabeth. By all this I only wanted to arrive at my own disposition. I was very early strongly stimulated intellectually. My greatest feelings were awakened early by the fantastic and everything that imagination can result in except abstract beauty. I love beauty for its own sake in a purely intellectual aesthetic enjoyment and not because it excites me sexually, which it never does. Physically at most it could move me to tears. By my intellectualism so early aroused and so strongly stimulated, I lived for quite long entirely ignorant of sex. I didn't understand how ladies could beget children until I for the first time had an encounter with a patient with gonorrhoea.

Elizabeth How old were you then?

Jekyll Almost eighteen.

Elizabeth And you never had an ejection before that?

Jekyll Only in my sleep and reluctantly.

Elizabeth Poor child! Had you no idea what it was all about?

Jekyll All grown-ups told me I would get the hang of it in time.

Elizabeth So you believed in the stork until you were almost eighteen?

Jekyll Let's not get foolish about it. I never believed in the stork. But my intellectual aestheticism was so highly developed at eighteen that I only could view the sexual intercourse as something extremely ugly if not even the supreme ugliness.

Elizabeth Because you never did it yourself. It is beautiful only emotionally.

Jekyll But I only saw the aesthetic ugliness in sticking the limb with which you urinate into another's bottom, which she normally only uses for defecation...

Elizabeth I understand your aesthetic objection.

Jekyll Consequently I never developed any sexuality. I found many of my own age in the same dilemma. Many artists find a quite sufficient emotional satisfaction

only in the act of creation. They reproduce themselves spiritually by art, music, poetry or some other intellectual creativity and are quite happy with that and manage well enough without women, especially if they are poor. But you can never kill your own sexual drive. Somehow it will always be there, it is intimately connected with life itself, and it must always find an outlet and expression. And the more highly developed you are in your intellect, intelligence and culture, the more inconvenient and bizarre will the expressions be that the sexual drive must result in...

Elizabeth You are gradually coming to the point.

Jekyll There are politicians in very high positions who have denied themselves all family life for the career and instead indulged in masturbation, prostitutes or even worse vices. A spotless archbishop in Paris with a reputation of a saint had a heart attack and died in bed in the arms of a prostitute. Dostoevsky had a bizarre penchant for small girls, and other highly respected cultural personages devote themselves methodically to self-torture with sometimes a horrifying penchant for mortally dangerous masochism.

Elizabeth And what about you?

Jekyll I wanted to do something about it. As a young enthusiastic pioneer I felt that it must be possible to solve the problem.

Elizabeth So you wanted to cure all homosexuals and put all prostitutes out of work?

Jekyll Yes, since I felt that it must be possible. I had experimented in chemistry and drugs since my youth and believed it possible to find a solution that way. Since I was twenty I have therefore spent about half my life busy in laboratories with experiments.

Elizabeth And did you find the solution?

Jekyll Not yet, but I have come far on what I believe to be the right course.

Elizabeth And meanwhile I am lying here dying of love and longing for the most handsome man in London, whom I have married but can't have anyway, because he is so self-centred and obsessed about his experiments.

Jekyll But I think I now have almost reached the consummation of a drug which when used could liberate the person in question from all sexual anomalies and repressions.

Elizabeth So you *believe* you have *almost* accomplished the perfect drug – after having wasted twenty-five years of your life?

Jekyll Elizabeth, it could relieve me of my reluctance against sexual intercourse.

Elizabeth I think I begin to understand. You love but can't find the carnal language.

Jekyll There are people for whom the carnal language is everything. They often lack all judgement, have no culture, lack intelligence and waste their lives on follies to be regretted. Then there are others who are wise and cultivated, intelligent and thoughtful but who never learn the carnal language since they find it low and vulgar

and stupid, like Lucretius. They find no meaning in it since they find so much higher meanings in life instead.

Elizabeth But you suggest that the sexual drive still is there even with the purest saints and that it never can be suppressed.

Jekyll It must always be there. And the more endowed a person is, the more vital it becomes for that drive not to be repressed and forced to troublesome and unnatural forms of expression.

Elizabeth Good luck, doctor Miracle. And don't come out from your laboratory again until your aphrodisiac is ready. And then come directly to my bed, if I am still alive. Good night. *(turns her back to doctor Jekyll.)*

Jekyll Good night, my love. *(leaves)*

Sarah And did you find your ultimate medicine?

Jekyll When I thought I had arrived at it at last, Elizabeth contracted pneumonia and died.

Sarah My father must be told about this.

Jekyll He was meticulously initiated in the whole situation. He obtained several written treatises by me about everything I talked with Elizabeth about.

Sarah And still his version is different from yours.

Jekyll Yes, because his scientific ideas differ from mine. He was always my foremost opponent.

Sarah In the best intentions.

Jekyll But still.

Utterson Doctor Lanyon's accusations against you remain though, Jekyll, that his daughter died because you failed in your love of her. Even if the accusation isn't judicial, it is still morally serious.

Sarah No, father has worse accusations than that.

Utterson What do you mean?

Sarah He saw my sister when she was sick in pneumonia after having contracted her cold. According to him it was much more than just pneumonia.

Utterson Tell us.

Sarah Among other things, my father accuses you, Henry, of forbidding him a closer examination of my dying sister.

Jekyll Tell me your father's entire version, Sarah. Don't spare me.

Sarah I will try to recount it as well as I can.

(The scene turns back to the bed, but Elizabeth is now very seriously ill, sweating and in a fever.)

(Doctor Jekyll receives doctor Lanyon at the door.)

Lanyon How is she?

Jekyll Bad, I am afraid. Her condition has not improved.

Lanyon (gives Poole his coat and stick and hurries to his daughter's side)

My beloved girl! How is it with you?

Elizabeth (tosses around in sweat and fever) Don't let him take me! Don't let him take me!

Lanyon No one will take you, poor girl! It's me, your father, here at your side! It's only me here and your husband.

Elizabeth Who is my husband?

Lanyon Doctor Henry Jekyll, the finest doctor in London.

Elizabeth (like in delirium) He was the man I wanted! But I got another!

Lanyon What?

Elizabeth Don't let him take me! Don't let him take me!

Jekyll She is delirious.

Lanyon That's obvious. But why is she delirious? This is no ordinary fever. This is a serious state of shock.

Elizabeth You let him take me, Henry! You let him take me!

Lanyon Who did he allow to take you, poor girl?

Elizabeth That monster! That devil which Henry keeps locked up in his laboratory for his experiments!

Jekyll She is delirious.

Lanyon That is obvious beyond all doubt. But what could have given her such a shock? Do you keep some larger animal for your tests in the lab, Henry?

Jekyll You know I never wanted to experiment on animals.

Lanyon But what is it she has seen?

Poole Doctor Lanyon, perhaps I could give you a closer account of what happened, for it was I who ran after her that night.

Lanyon Out in the night after her?

Poole Yes, she ran yelling alone out in the street in the middle of the night. Pardon me, Sir, but that's how it actually was.

Lanyon Was that how she caught her cold?

Poole Yes, for she had nothing on her feet.

Lanyon And where were you then, Henry?

Poole I assumed that he was asleep and let him sleep, for I didn't want to risk losing her out of sight.

Lanyon But why did she run out in the middle of the night? Was it some extreme nightmare of some kind?

Poole I suspect as much, for she was quite hysterical, but she immediately recognized me and let me calm her down. She couldn't stay outdoors in the middle of the night, so she let me bring her home. There doctor Jekyll gave her a sedative. Since then she has never been herself again. But there is one thing more. She was bloody.

Lanyon What is this, Henry?

Poole I suspect she had been walking in her sleep and cut herself on something by mistake. It can be very dangerous for sleepwalkers to be awakened drastically. I think that is precisely what happened.

Lanyon How did she cut herself?

Poole I don't know, Sir, but she was quite bloody.

Lanyon I must examine her.

Jekyll Not now in her present condition.

Lanyon She is my daughter!

Jekyll But my patient and my wife at that. She is also seriously ill and can't even bear that anyone touches her.

Lanyon My poor daughter! Who has done this to you?

Elizabeth That monster which Henry plays with in the laboratory.

Lanyon Henry?

Jekyll Go and look for yourself. Here is the key. (*Lanyon takes the key.*)

Lanyon May God have mercy on you, Jekyll, if you labour with any impropriety!
(*leaves*)

Jekyll (*sighs*) How do you feel, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth I don't know you any more, Henry. You are lost to me. Someone else has come between us, and you put him there yourself.

Jekyll I am very sorry, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth You needn't be. You are innocent. Perhaps it's all my own fault.

Jekyll No, Elizabeth, as your husband I am completely responsible for your life.

Lanyon (*returns*) Nothing. Here is the key. – There is nothing in the laboratory, Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Not now, but he will be back.

Lanyon Who will be back?

Elizabeth Ask him! (*points at Jekyll*) Only doctor Jekyll knows who he is.

Lanyon Who?

Jekyll (*showing nothing*) I am afraid we can't do much more at the moment. Are you satisfied, doctor Lanyon?

Lanyon She must be allowed to rest. But I will be back!

Jekyll You are always welcome. Show doctor Lanyon out, Poole.
(*Poole helps doctor Lanyon out while Jekyll returns to Sarah and Utterson and the bedchamber scene falls into darkness.*)

Utterson Didn't you visit your sister yourself, Sarah?

Sarah No, I was in Singapore at the time. But I came home to her funeral, and then there was a letter for me from her.

Jekyll You never told me.

Sarah No, because I didn't dare. Also the letter was so confused and confusing that I didn't know whether to believe it or not.

Utterson What did it say?

Sarah She tried to tell me what she couldn't tell anyone else, namely what happened that night.

Jekyll Do you dare tell about it now?

Sarah You had locked yourself up in the laboratory for more than twenty-four hours. Finally my sister became desperate and went to the laboratory. It was late in the evening.

(Blackout. Lights on the bed again, where Elizabeth gets up, quite well and healthy like before her illness, takes on a shawl and brings a light, as she walks to the laboratory and stops at its locked door.)

Elizabeth (knocks on the door) Henry, come out! (no answer)

I know you are there! Are you asleep? (knocks again)

What shall I do? I know he is there. (feels the door. It is locked.)

Henry! Open for God's sake! (knocks hard. No answer.)

He must be there. He can't be anywhere else. (knocks hard)

Henry Jekyll! If you don't answer you'll never see me again!

(A light approaches the door from inside seen in the dim window of the door.)

Well, at last! You are then alive at least!

(A key is heard in the lock from the inside. It takes a while. Then the door opens suddenly. But it is Edward Hyde who opens it, a small utterly revolting and ugly freak.)

Elizabeth (drops the light and wants to cry out, but Hyde quickly takes her aback and shuts her mouth and stops her.)

Hyde Shut up, you damned slut! How dare you come here disturbing me?

(pulls out a big red handkerchief from his pocket and stuffs it in her mouth, keeps her all the time with force. When she starts making resistance he tosses her on the floor and then throws himself on her.) Blame yourself for coming here! (rapes her brutally. You see afterwards how her white linen and white morning robe are coloured red with blood.)

Hyde (after the accomplished rape, pants, dries his front, keeps her still forcibly under him and his hand over her gagged mouth, while her only possible expression is desperate efforts to get free and all the time with wild staring eyes of utter horror.)

Why did you have to cross my path, woman? I was free without you, but now I can never be free again, for you have degraded me into what I am. You see yourself what I am: an animal, no, worse than an animal, for I am only evil and ugliness, violence, criminality and self-destruction. I can never more be a man, for I am yours, a hopeless slave under the sexuality which you have forced me into. Behold your work, woman: the consummate and ideal lover! (laughs horribly with outrageous rawness.)

Hyde (when he finally has laughed roughly enough) Well, that's the end of the fun. I have achieved my goal and done my duty to this woman. May she now show herself to the world and brag about how her marriage was consummated! (laughs hard again, while he removes the handkerchief and lets her free.)

Elizabeth is in a combined state of total shock and hysteria. She immediately starts screaming and runs away and out. You hear her screaming for a long while out in the wings while Hyde quickly and quietly retires back into the laboratory, locks and shuts the light inside. Doors are heard in the wings being opened and closed. You hear the front door being closed and her screams vanish beyond.)

Poole (from a side) But my lady! What is the matter with her? Has she gone totally mad?

(enters with a light, knocks at the laboratory door) Doctor Jekyll! Doctor Jekyll! (no answer)

He is not there. Then he must be sleeping. I must hurry after her and get her home before it amounts to a scandal. (*hurries out. The scene is left in darkness behind him and returns to the three in the salon.*)

Sarah (reading from the letter) "But the worst and most terrible thing of all was that he seemed to know me while I did not know him. I had never seen such a horrifying human being before and don't even know his name. Henry suggests that it was all just a bad dream, but it wasn't, Sarah. You must believe me even if not even my father can believe me. The blood on my clothes came from nothing else than my fate worse than any death."

(looks up) That is how her letter ends.

Utterson May I have a look? (*Sarah gives it to him. He examines it closely.*)

You must admit, Henry, that it is a remarkable letter from a dying woman.

Jekyll Still it contains nothing new. She told me and doctor Lanyon the same nightmare. He was also of the opinion that it was an unfortunate combination of a nightmare and sleepwalking.

Utterson I assume that none of you or anyone else can explain it in any other way. I must ask you two questions though, Henry.

Jekyll Please go ahead.

Utterson *Could* what this dying woman tells in her life's last letter have been a reality?

Jekyll Naturally that possibility cannot be excluded.

Utterson *Could* the man in the laboratory in that case have been a certain Edward Hyde?

Sarah (terrified, cries out)

Jekyll Neither that possibility could be excluded.

Utterson In that case, how did he enter the laboratory, to which as everyone knows only you have the key?

Jekyll My good Utterson, that's the question on which this argument falls. Since only I have the key of the laboratory no one else than I could have been there. So Elizabeth's experience could only have been a most horribly realistic nightmare.

Utterson That is unfortunately the only plausible explanation. And according to what you have told about your conversations, she could in her constantly more agitated state of mind have been capable of exactly that kind of nightmares.

Sarah Who is this Edward Hyde really, Henry?

Jekyll A miserable being like all the others. He disappeared after the murder of Sir Danvers Carew, and everyone is hoping he will never more come back, including me.

Utterson It is striking though how Elizabeth's description of the man in the letter fits exactly with the description of Edward Hyde: small and repellent with a horrifying complexion and a revolting air of hatred and evil. Still she didn't know about the existence of Edward Hyde, did she?

Jekyll He achieved notoriety much later.

Utterson This is perhaps the most remarkable thing about the letter, as if this Edward Hyde would have sprung into existence with Elizabeth's nightmare.

Jekyll My friends, all this is getting rather exhausting for me. Do you mind if I retire?

Utterson Of course not, my dear friend. (*finding his clock, rising hastily*) But it is late. Here we have been sitting far too long.

Sarah (*also rising*) Forgive us, Henry, but I think it was important.

Jekyll Important but exhausting and upsetting.

Sarah (*approaching him*) Forgive us.

Jekyll (*embracing her*) No, you must forgive me!

Sarah For what?

Jekyll For being such a bad husband to Elizabeth.

Utterson No man is good enough for his wife.

Jekyll Says you, the expert in the field, the most inveterate bachelor of all!

Utterson Sometimes I suspected that you have envied me.

Sarah Come now, Sir. Doctor Jekyll needs some rest.

Jekyll (*calling on Poole*) My best regards to your father, Sarah, Tell him everything that we have talked about.

Sarah Do you really want that?

Jekyll Have I anything to fear?

Sarah He keeps a detailed journal in your name.

Jekyll Splendid! The more exact, the better! That's a good and true doctor!

Utterson Good night, Jekyll.

Jekyll Good night, dear Utterson. We will continue some other time.

Utterson I hope there will not be any reason for it.

Jekyll I hope so too. And don't forget the will.

Utterson The will?

Jekyll To the advantage of my sister-in-law.

Utterson Oh yes, of course.

Sarah (*embracing him again*) Good night, Henry. (*kisses him*)

Jekyll Good night, dear sister. (*enter Poole*)

Poole, give them an umbrella if it rains.

Poole It is not raining, Sir.

Jekyll We should be grateful for that. Farewell, my friends.

(Utterson and Sarah leave with Poole.)

Jekyll (*alone, waits until he hears the front door being closed, then throws himself on his knees on the floor with clasped hands and hides his face*)

O God, save me from this hell which is worse than life!

(Sarah suddenly returns fully dressed)

Sarah (*sees his condition*) Henry! (*rushes forth*)

Jekyll (*recovers instantly*) Sarah! I thought you had left!

Sarah Something made me turn back at the door. Now I know what it was.

Jekyll (*stupidly*) Did you forget something?

Sarah Henry, you need a doctor. You are sick.

Jekyll No, only tired. And the disadvantage of being the best doctor in London is that he can never himself have the proper medical care. For no expert can understand the illnesses which he cannot even cure himself.

Sarah You are sick in your heart. And it has to do with my sister's departure.

Jekyll You can't cure me, Sarah.

Sarah (takes a seat) Do you know what I think? You don't have to admit that I am right. But I believe that you brought in suspect individuals from the street and paid them for allowing you to experiment on them. Such a person is Edward Hyde, who therefore has a hold on you, and it was such a man that my sister happened to.

Jekyll (shakes his head) I swear, Sarah, that I never experimented on any person except myself.

Sarah Don't try to bluff me, Henry. Don't try to make me believe that Elizabeth's experience was just a nightmare. After a nightmare you go into the kitchen and have a glass of water and maybe read something to disperse your thoughts. You don't run out in the streets screaming and bleeding in the middle of the night in your nightgown in a desperate escape. My sister had no inclination to hysteria. She experienced something, and her description of what she experienced fits into her natural reactions.

Jekyll Sarah, it is best for all that you accept that it was just a nightmare.

Sarah (looks at him straight) Maybe so. But you know more about this than what you wish to share with anyone. If you don't want to tell the truth, I can't help you. *(turns around and leaves)*

Jekyll Sarah!

(She has left. Jekyll collapses again in despair in his sofa. Enter Poole.)

Poole She has left for real now, Sir. Shall I close up for the night?

Jekyll Yes, Poole, do so.

Poole Shouldn't you go to bed yourself, Sir? You look tired and pale.

Jekyll No, Poole, I have work to do. I wouldn't be able to sleep anyway.

Poole You should take something against your insomnia, Sir. I always said so.

Jekyll There is only one remedy against *my* insomnia, and that is work.

Poole If you go on like this you will have a breakdown one day, Sir.

Jekyll No, I will never succeed in that no matter how hard I try. *(rises confidently)*

Poole Where are you going, Sir?

Jekyll To the laboratory. Sleep well, Poole.

(Poole shakes his head, puts out the lights, leaves and closes the door behind.)

Interlude.

Newspaper boy (crosses the stage with papers) Extra! Extra! Double murder in East End! Jack the Ripper at large again! Read all about Jack the Ripper's latest! Extra! Latest news of Jack the Ripper!

(Many eager men on the way to the club buy the paper and gloat on the story with glowing interest.)

Scene 4. The club.

Elegant gentlemen sitting in comfortable armchairs, reading, drinking, sleeping or smoking.

A member He is no bad murderer, that cutthroat in Whitechapel.

2 No, indeed. He knows his business.

3 To me he seems like a regular professional surgeon but the contrary.

1 Yes, he doesn't exactly sow up his corpses again.

4 It's a most astonishing case. I don't think we ever experienced anything like it before. He has already cut up three ladies, and no one even knows what he looks like!

5 Such a career could go on for a long time and undisturbed the way he goes along.

3 What possibilities does the police have to get him caught?

Utterson No real one, as there is no description of him.

4 But such a maniac must sooner or later commit some mistake. They always do.

6 This would be an ideal case for the new detective Sherlock Holmes, who is renowned in the papers.

1 Is he a real person?

6 Who can doubt it? What would the world be without such a person at hand?

3 What is your view of the case, doctor Jekyll?

Jekyll (puts aside his paper, which he up till now kept hidden behind) I admit that it excels all earlier criminal cases by its extreme artfulness.

3 Artfulness?

Jekyll Yes, between ourselves the maniac must be a doctor. He knows exactly what organs to cut out and where to find them in the body. He clearly has expert knowledge. *(immerses himself again in the paper)*

5 But why does he only attack prostitutes? And old sluts at that! All three are almost in our own age!

Utterson Yes, the circumstances of these crimes are really bewildering.

4 There are mean rumours that the court might be involved.

Several Tell us!

4 *(in confidence)* They say that the Prince of Wales on several occasions was seen as a guest at the places which the victims frequented. He is known to never have committed the impoliteness of refusing a woman's invitation. It is rumoured that Her

Majesty has expressed a wish that it would be convenient if the Prince of Wales was relieved of such risky connections. The freemasons have since dealt with the matter. Only they know how to go through with a ritual murder in a correct and impeccable manner.

3 What then does the Prince of Wales say?

4 Naturally the same thing as his mother.

3 Which is what?

4 Nothing.

2 Yes, in our country we always got away from the accountability issue by keeping quiet without a stir of our lips.

6 That's why we have a world empire.

1 Alert! Here is doctor Lanyon!

3 Doctor Lanyon, what do you think of the matter?

Lanyon What matter?

3 The case of Jack the Ripper and his three ladies.

Lanyon Have you nothing more sensible to occupy yourselves with?

4 We never had anything more sensible.

6 You have to admit, doctor Lanyon, that behind these murders there is an intelligence and methodology that transcends all world politics.

Lanyon No, I don't admit that at all.

Jekyll (removing his paper again) How then do you explain the surgically meticulous precision in each of these cases?

Lanyon I don't wish to comment on it.

Jekyll That suggests that you know something.

Lanyon Only two of them were regular ritual murders. In the third one he fumbled.

2 He was disturbed. That's why he compensated his loss on Catherine Endowes, who was as thoroughly anatomized as Polly Nichols.

1 And mind you! Always on the last day of the month!

3 So we might have new murders to look forward to on the 31st of October.

1 There was one on the last of August and two now. Then it might be three next time.

Lanyon Shame on you, gentlemen!

4 May we then know what you think?

Lanyon I am no criminal expert. But Jeffrey Utterson here is a lawyer.

Utterson I could never defend Jack the Ripper.

4 Not even if he was the Queen's own house doctor?

Lanyon Gentlemen! Lease majesty!

4 You know doctor Gull. Could you give him an alibi?

Lanyon Doctor Gull had a heart attack last year. He could never roam the streets of East End in night time to practise his dissection abilities on live women.

Jekyll But you have to admit, doctor Lanyon, that it is an expert hand handling the knife who is familiar with anatomy. Doctor Gull besides is quite fit in spite of his heart attack. He also suffers from strange temporary losses of memory.

Lanyon Are you suggesting that he could commit the murders and afterwards have no memories of them?

Jekyll Who would not gladly forget such murders if he committed them?

Lanyon You suggest a dualistic personality where one part doesn't know what the other is up to.

Jekyll Admit that it would be convenient for Jack the Ripper to in daytime be able to appear in a respectable guise like doctor Gull's, the Queen's own house doctor.

Lanyon Your insinuations are shameless.

Jekyll They are not mine but those of the press. I only say what all journalists say but dare not write a word about.

Lanyon You forget an important detail: the motive.

Jekyll The motive is clear. The son and heir of the crown prince has syphilis which he has attracted by too happy parties with too lascivious persons. All the four murdered women knew about his loose connections and have therefore been silenced. I am not saying that it was at the Queen's command, for that I know nothing about, but I do say that Sir William Gull is not only the Queen's but also the heir's and his eldest son Eddie's house doctor.

Lanyon Doctor Jekyll, you are going too far!

Jekyll This is a closed society without journalists. You have the right to speak openly in your own club. And mind you: I am only casual. I am not saying that doctor Gull did it but I only point out that there could have been motives. And the murders were committed according to a ritual which must be associated directly with freemasonry. Both you and doctor Gull are freemasons. Do you know something about the matter that we don't know?

Lanyon Doctor Gull is above all suspicion.

Jekyll Like you and me? Haven't you observed how everyone here in the club have gloated in discussing Jack the Ripper's most macabre practices? Still none of them is Jack the Ripper. But don't you think we could all have a Jack the Ripper inside ourselves in our subconscious, which we all even might feel tempted bring out and admire, like almost all our respected fellow club members here today?

Lanyon What is your point, doctor Jekyll?

Jekyll I really only wish to show that our society is not altogether as perfect as it may outwardly seem. Our high respectability in our almost clinically pure palaces, our superior Christian social morals dressed up in impeccable propriety and run according to the strict routines of convention, our most socially beneficial labour activity with the soundest possible economy ever since Napoleon was defeated and our sovereign position of power in the world with the greatest empire in history as our personal property – all this welfare could result in a certain boredom leading to

temptations, which could bring forth abyssal spirits from our carefully buried lower self, as this Jack the Ripper could be an all too obvious manifestation of.

1 As usual, you are a brilliant lecturer, doctor Jekyll.

Jekyll No, I am just pointing out the great moral problem of our new age. We can civilize the world and subject it and create the highest developed society in history, but we can never overlook the total self-destructivity within ourselves, which could be worse than any wild animal and more raving and evil than even Jack the Ripper.

Lanyon Doctor Jekyll, as usual you associate with dangerous theories from which I detach myself entirely.

Jekyll Because you *dare* not consider them.

Lanyon By caution and care, because they are too dangerous.

Jekyll That's also what the ostrich feels about the world, so he buries his head in the sand.

Lanyon Ostriches and humans are not the same kind.

Jekyll Cowardice is the same for ostriches as for humans.

Lanyon You are a bold man, doctor Jekyll, all too bold, but a doctor must not be that, for his responsibility demands first of all carefulness.

Jekyll You mean that it could otherwise cross the line and result in recklessness like Jack the Ripper's?

Lanyon Yes, that's what I actually mean, doctor Jekyll. No criminal could be more dangerous than a doctor who crosses the line of common decency.

Jekyll I must contradict you in that, doctor Lanyon. A doctor could never cross the line without becoming entirely self-destructive. If he could become a criminal he could never have become a doctor.

Lanyon I hope you are right, doctor Jekyll, for if Jack the Ripper is a doctor the world is in danger.

Jekyll And that we shall probably never know, as the criminal displays such skill.

Utterson Which indicates that he could be a doctor.

Jekyll You are at least a realist, Utterson.

Lanyon I will not have anything to do with your speculations. You only go farther and farther out on thinner ice.

Jekyll Are you afraid, doctor Lanyon?

Lanyon Henry Jekyll, I must warn you. Today your self-confidence goes too far approaching hubris, which will destroy you. Don't come to me afterwards crawling on all fours abjectly begging for help.

Jekyll Doctor Lanyon, you have nothing to fear. None of us knows or is Jack the Ripper, and Edward Hyde is dead.

Utterson Is he dead?

Jekyll According to certain information he is dead.

Lanyon But Jack the Ripper lives, and something tells me that we are still going to hear a lot of that man. (*leaves*)

Utterson He might still only have started his activities. Could he and Edward Hyde possibly be the same person?

Jekyll Utterson, Hyde is dead.

Utterson I hope for your own sake that you are right.

Jekyll What do you mean by that?

Utterson Just an intuitive feeling. (*The other club members have gradually lost interest in the discussion.*)

Jekyll Nothing could be more interesting. Could you define it?

Utterson No. it's already passed.

Jekyll Do you think I was too hard on doctor Lanyon?

Utterson I didn't know that doctors could be as mean and ruthless with each other as barristers in court.

Jekyll It's part of our profession, Utterson. There is no profession more dirty and thankless. All such horrors that no normal human being ever wishes to touch with we have to handle alone and not just stick our hands into it and sully them with all human physical sufferings from elephantiasis to leprosy but also wrangle with her psychic sufferings and mental diseases that are a hundred times worse. And as a doctor you are completely exposed to all the worst sides of humanity. If you commit one single mistake you are utterly indefensible. A criminal can always count on having a lawyer standing up for his defence, but a doctor can never defend himself, and no one can defend him. As a rule, criticism and ingratitude is the only reward he always can count on and have more than enough of, and he can always be sure of that. It is so certain, that he will never be free of it.

Utterson How can you then be a doctor and put up with it?

Jekyll (*with a sigh*) There is only one thing making it endurable: your commiseration and compassion with others. As a doctor you cannot live for yourself, but the only life you have is what you give to others. There is no greater joy for a doctor than to succeed in saving a human life, and that joy means more to him than any thinkable reward. For he knows, that if he only once has succeeded in saving a human life, then he has proved to himself that he can live up to making himself good and right as a doctor.

Utterson How many lives have you saved?

Jekyll I don't know, but the other side of the coin is, that if only one patient dies under your care it's a worse failure than saving a hundred lives is the opposite.

Utterson Has it ever happened to you?

Jekyll (*with a sigh*) The first time it happened I realized I should never have become a doctor. I am too sensitive, Utterson. I take adversities too hard. And too late I realized my profession lacked safety valves. A doctor can never abscond his responsibility. If he commits a fault, he can only be accused and sentenced, and nothing can save him, help him or defend him.

Utterson But surely you never committed any mistake?

Jekyll Not visibly and not formally. But the personal, inner unnoticed mistakes are the deeper and more fatal. The lack of safety valves in my profession might lead to my destruction, Utterson, if it hasn't already.

Utterson Our friends here have speculated in the possibility that Jack the Ripper could be a doctor. Could the lack of safety valves in your profession lead a doctor to such despair and madness?

Jekyll (hesitates) It's uncertain, Utterson. We can neither claim with certainty that it is possible or impossible.

Utterson Do you think Jack the Ripper could be – Edward Hyde?

Jekyll How so? Do you see any parallels?

Utterson Yes, I actually do. The murder of Sir Danvers Carew was exactly as brutal and unmotivated as the three murders in East End. All the murders indicate rather a raving and blindly bolting aggression than any logical criminality.

Jekyll You know more of such things than I. But Edward Hyde is dead.

Utterson Yes, you said so. But are you sure?

Jekyll Let's look at it objectively. If the murders in East End discontinue, then Jack the Ripper could have been Edward Hyde. But if Jack the Ripper's ritual murders continue he is definitely not Edward Hyde, for I know with certainty that he is out of the picture.

Utterson But still not proven dead?

Jekyll Death is relative, Utterson. No man is completely dead although he dies. For me Elizabeth is still alive. Even a being like Edward Hyde could still be haunting, like Jack the Ripper, whom no one yet has seen except those who died by his hand.

Scene 5. Doctor Jekyll's bedroom. Late one evening.

Doctor Jekyll enters in his nightgown and regards himself in the mirror.

Jekyll Still not one crack in your perfectly impeccable surface, Jekyll? Still absolutely perfect in everything? The recklessly liberal Irishman Oscar Wilde is rumoured to work on a novel about a socially perfect person with a portrait, where the portrait ages and reveals all the man's vices while he himself remains outwardly perfect. He could have taken the idea from me. Dorian Grey is as outwardly perfect as Henry Jekyll, but Henry Jekyll lacks the revealing portrait. He is so perfect that not even his mirror betrays a glimpse of the cracks under the shining polished varnish. How long will it be able to go on? I am guilty of my wife's death, and I am guilty of all Edward Hyde's deeds, but I am the only one who knows about it and who accuses me. But nothing can silence my own accusations, for my guilt only cries out the louder from within me the more it is silent in public.

When will I reach the limit to my pains? The man who could not be broken by torture has never existed, but no torture could be more painful than self-torture. I thought I found a solution and safety valve by Edward Hyde, but he only complicated the case. Still I longed for regaining Edward Hyde's freedom, the temptation has at times been overwhelming, but reason has prevailed and sealed his

death sentence. Edward Hyde is the man who always goes too far and breaks all limitations, while Henry Jekyll never can allow himself that liberty. Like doctor Lanyon he will be uncompromisingly limited in his faith and loyalty to human duty. And what a bore he will become! Good night, Henry Jekyll. (*shuts the light and goes to bed.*)

(After a while he starts moving restlessly in cramps in the bed.)

Jekyll('s voice) What is this? (*The cramps get worse.*)

Damnation! Oh no! It must not be true! (*groans heavily*)

Thank heavens that no one in the world can see what now happens in my bed!

(The paroxysms culminate in a heart-rending cry of agony.)

(A man is heard staggering out of bed.)

Hyde('s voice) It must not be true.

(The man reaches the mirror and lights a candle. At the same time the lights of dawn are seen growing outside the window.)

(The light shows Hyde in Jekyll's pyjamas in front of the mirror.)

And still it has happened, which never must have happened. I have lost control. I thought I had killed you, Edward Hyde, and then you return in a more horrifying way than ever! In this way it will be you who destroys doctor Jekyll instead of the contrary! The perfect doctor perishes to the worst infernal man, whom he invoked himself and gave life! What an irony! So the noblest man's life is taken over by the most vulgar thinkable barbarian, to whom all the lives that doctor Jekyll saved are as indifferent and worthless as excrements of dead flies! What is the human dignity to the existence of such a monster and freak as Edward Hyde? More worthless than bugs of the plague! Doctor Jekyll saved lives, but I murder them, and I would gladly sacrifice all humanity, this damned specimen of only wicked parasites on each other and on nature! Let humanity perish so that Edward Hyde may live, the final product of humanity, the perfect evil and supreme human destructivity! Whose murder will you get away with next time, Edward Hyde?

(a doorbell)

But it is already morning. Will doctor Jekyll's patients be here already? No, it's too early. It must be an emergency. But Poole must not find me in the doctor's bed. I must return quickly to the laboratory and get the doctor back again. Edward Hyde, you succeeded in returning, but this time you will not get out of the house. (*quickly dons the doctor's morning wrapper and gets away.*)

(Voices are heard outside. It's Poole and Sarah Crawford.)

Poole I thought you were in Singapore.

Sarah I cancelled the journey.

Poole But you are very early. The doctor is still in bed.

Sarah Something tells me he isn't.

(enter Sarah and Poole)

Poole (astonished) You are right. He is not here.

Sarah I was right! My intuition is never wrong!

Poole Then he must be in the laboratory. I just hope he hasn't been there working all night again!

Sarah I go there alone, Poole.

Poole Do you know the way?

Sarah Of course.

Poole Just call on me if there is anything. *(leaves)*

(Sarah is seen walking out and stopping in front of the closed door of the laboratory, exactly the same situation as in scene 3.)

Sarah *(knocks cautiously on the door)* Henry, are you there? *(No answer.)*

(knocks somewhat harder) Henry! You must be there! *(No answer.)*

(knocks harder) Henry! Answer! *(no answer)*

I know he is there. There is a light on. He must be there. *(knocks even harder)*
Henry! *(A light is seen approaching the door.)*

At last! *(the door is opened)*

(Henry appears in a white gown, white as a sheet, sweaty and in a terrible state of exhaustion.) Henry! What has happened?

Jekyll Sarah! What are you doing here?

Sarah I couldn't sleep. I had such terrible nightmares.

Jekyll Shouldn't you be in Singapore?

Sarah I cancelled my journey.

Jekyll But why?

Sarah Because I felt that you needed me.

Jekyll *(hugs her)* My beloved! You shared my nightmares. Still you can't imagine what a night I had.

Sarah But what has happened? Are you ill?

Jekyll It's worse than that.

Sarah You look terrible.

Jekyll Still it's worse than what it looks like.

Sarah You look as if you came directly from hell!

Jekyll So I do. But come, Sarah. I think we both need a cup of tea.

Sarah You must tell me what is happening.

Jekyll I can't. You can't understand it.

Sarah Try!

Jekyll I am losing control. Another soul and personality is taking over my body.

Sarah Are you getting insane?

Jekyll If only it were that simple! If only that was all of it!

Sarah Come! Let's go to Poole! He will take care of us!

Jekyll But you really ought to have gone to your husband in Singapore. What will your father say?

Sarah I will not leave you now, Henry, not until I have learned everything.

Jekyll You never will. I sincerely hope that no one ever will.

Sarah Is it that horrifying?

Jekyll No, it's worse than that. Come, let us go.

Scene 6. At doctor Lanyon's.

Lanyon Sarah, listen to me! You must be reasonable! You can't go on like this! I am your father and know better than anyone else what's best for you including yourself! I am also a doctor and a real doctor unlike my lost son-in-law, for whose sake you seem ready to ruin your life! You have a husband in Singapore, Sarah, who is waiting for you and who loves you!

Sarah You don't understand, father. Henry is ill. He needs me. I can't go as long as I don't know what is the matter with him.

Lanyon I will tell you what is the matter with him. He is no doctor. He is an adventurer whose only interest in life is sensations. He doesn't care about people and only thinks of his experiments for his high pleasure's sake. He is a consummate egoist who never should have been a doctor.

Sarah You blame him for Elizabeth's death without cause or reason!

Lanyon He was married to her, and she died under his care! Something happened in that house which never was cleared up or even investigated! If Jekyll had been a real doctor, Elizabeth would never have died!

Sarah You accuse him without knowing what you are accusing him of!

Lanyon And that's the worst thing of all – that I don't know what happened. I only know that Henry Jekyll alone and no one else was responsible. Therefore I can never allow him to have my second daughter as well. Do you understand that? I love you too much, Sarah. I can't let him ruin your life also. I would rather bind you and bring you on board the ship to Singapore in a straitjacket!

Sarah He has himself forbidden me to visit him.

Lanyon What are you saying?

Sarah He doesn't want me to come to his house any more. Do you understand? He is so ill that he doesn't want to see me, although I love him and know that he also loves me!

Lanyon Does he dare to show himself in public?

Sarah Something has happened to him, father, and I don't know what it is. He is so ill that he doesn't dare to confide his illness to anyone! (*a doorbell*)

Lanyon That's most unlike Henry Jekyll, who never was ill in all his life. Something must have happened. Maybe some important experiment went wrong with grave consequences. Yes, it must be something like that. (*enter butler*) Yes, what is it, Ruggles?

Butler A letter, Sir.

Lanyon (receives the letter) Does the messenger expect an answer?

Butler No, Sir.

Lanyon (puts on his glasses) My God! It's from Jekyll!

Sarah What does he write?

Lanyon (eyes the letter) He must really be in trouble, for he is asking for my help. Sarah, he is coming to me as a doctor who is looking for a doctor and demands his absolute obligation of silence. This can only be a matter between him and me. (*looking*

at his clock) He is here in an hour. You must leave the house, Sarah. He must not find you here.

Sarah He doesn't want to see me in his house, and now you don't want to see me in your house. What is really going on?

Lanyon Go to Singapore, Sarah. Leave Jekyll to his ruined life and go away to your own future instead. That's the only sensible thing. Trust me as your father and doctor.

Sarah I will never abandon a man who loves me if he isn't well. What does he say in the letter?

Lanyon (sighs) I must go out and get some chemical material for him which he himself or some messenger will come and get in an hour. Evidently he will make some sort of confession and take me into his confidence. As a doctor I cannot refuse him. But I can keep you out of it, Sarah, and I intend to do so.

Sarah I will remain in London until this crisis is over.

Lanyon Stay wherever you want, but stay out of it! Both I and Henry Jekyll have forbidden you to see him!

(to the butler) I am going out, Ruggles, and taking Sarah with me. Don't let anyone in while we are away, and leave the house yourself in forty-five minutes. No one must be here when I receive Henry Jekyll or his patient.

Butler Very well, Sir.

Lanyon Come, Sarah! You must have patience! It's possible and even probable that this will give us the answers to all that we have been wondering about.

Sarah That's the least thing I have the right to demand.

Lanyon And all that I can wish for. *(They all go out.)*

(After some time doctor Lanyon returns with his purchases. He looks at the clock.)

Lanyon He will be here any moment. Damned son-in-law, expose me to whatever ordeal you please, but leave my only daughter alone! She at least is safe now.

(The doorbell.)

There he is. At least he is punctual.

(Doctor Lanyon opens the door but is shocked by the sight of the man outside.)

Hyde (making an effort at politeness) Doctor Lanyon, I presume?

Lanyon And whoever might you be?

Hyde I am the messenger from doctor Jekyll.

Lanyon Can you prove it?

Hyde It should be enough that I know that you have purchased some chemicals on his account, which I am here to demonstrate to you. Did you get all the drugs?

Lanyon It wasn't easy, but you seem to know what it is all about. I don't. But who are you?

Hyde Be patient. You will soon see. Where is the package?

Lanyon I just arrived with it.

Hyde (impatient) Then let me have it, damn it!

Lanyon Calm down, Sir. Or do you wish me to call on the police to have you explain yourself to the custodians of order?

Hyde (controlling himself with difficulty) I apologise. But you must understand that this urgency could mean life or death. One life is in danger, and you can save it, if you cooperate.

Lanyon I did not refuse to cooperate. *(gets the package)*

Hyde At last! Do you have a mortar and perhaps a graduated glass?

Lanyon What is a doctor's reception without that? *(offers them)*

Hyde (going to work at once) The explanations will come later.

(mixes with exact precision and well practised routine a decoction, which starts reeking in thick smoke.)

Lanyon You seem to know your business.

Hyde Remember your obligation of silence, doctor Lanyon, whatever you will witness. Can I trust you?

Lanyon You have my word as a doctor.

Hyde (adds the last ingredient. A large cloud occurs which hides Hyde out of sight. Doctor Lanyon starts coughing and retires aside. When the cloud gradually disperses there is no Hyde left. Instead there is a pale, trembling Jekyll in his place in cold sweat.)

Lanyon Jekyll! What kind of infernal magic is this?

Jekyll I am not asking you to believe what you see. But I do ask you to keep silent about what you have witnessed.

Lanyon Was the man I just saw – Edward Hyde?

Jekyll Yes, doctor Lanyon, a man who never should have been brought into existence, an artificial illness which never should have seen the day, and the illness of which I suffer.

Lanyon Do you mean to say that you by chemical means can transform yourself into another being?

Jekyll Yes, and I enjoyed it, until that other being started to take charge of my life. Then my enjoyment turned into a trap worse than death.

Lanyon So your alter ego is – Edward Hyde?

Jekyll Yes, and I can't get rid of him any more. He returns and takes possession of my body without my recalling him. And it is getting constantly more difficult for me to come back as myself.

Lanyon Then you really have got yourself into a mess! But how is it possible? No, forget it, forget the technical explanation. I have seen the practical manifestation with my own eyes. Just explain in a human way what I as a doctor should know.

Jekyll It was not I who took the life of your daughter, William. It was Edward Hyde.

Lanyon Already then?

Jekyll Elizabeth happened to him by accident when he was still new and Henry Jekyll didn't yet understand to try to control him.

Lanyon But didn't you say that Edward Hyde was dead?

Jekyll After the murder of Sir Danvers Carew I swore never again to bring forth Edward Hyde. Instead he came back by himself.

Lanyon So he can manifest himself without the chemical procedure?

Jekyll The first time it happened it was in my sleep. Once it happened when I was sitting in the park. Now it happens constantly more frequently. Do you understand, William? Sarah must never see Edward Hyde! Send her to Singapore!

Lanyon But what will become of the brilliant Henry Jekyll, whom all our students adore?

Jekyll I came here because I couldn't get home as Edward Hyde. Now I can get home, and there I will stay until I have solved the problem.

Lanyon Of all medical problems I ever heard about I have never seen anything worse than this. Edward Hyde could be your death, Henry Jekyll.

Jekyll If I die he will die with me. That's my only comfort in that case. And if it happens, you must keep my secret, doctor Lanyon, so that never anyone else could get the same affliction.

Lanyon I have my medical obligation of silence. But I also have my journal, doctor Jekyll, and in that I can neither lie or keep silent.

Jekyll No one else must see that journal, doctor Lanyon. And if I die of this illness, the secret of that journal must die with me.

Lanyon Considering the nature of the illness, it's a reasonable request.

Jekyll Thank you for understanding me, doctor Lanyon, That's all I ask of you. Now I will no longer take up your invaluable time. Mind you, you have a beautiful daughter to send to Singapore as soon as possible. (*makes ready to leave*)

Lanyon There is nothing else I can do for you, my son-in-law?

Jekyll Nothing, doctor Lanyon, Farewell. (*leaves*)

Lanyon It's technically and biologically impossible, and still I have seen it with my own eyes. And he is right. He has realized himself that such a scientific discovery and secret never can be made known without all science having its very foundations shattered. He calls it an illness. No, doctor Henry Jekyll, you are just a most unhappy victim to your own unsurpassed genius.

Scene 7. At home at doctor Jekyll's.

Housemaid I can't bear it any longer. This will throw me into fits! Do you hear that, Bob?

Poole The name is Robert Poole, Betty, and I am responsible for the entire household here in the house!

Housemaid And you sure made a mess of it! The doctor you whisked away by some magic so that he will never come back, unless you are so good a butler that you are able to whisk him back again!

Poole I tell you he is in the laboratory!

Housemaid And I tell you I think you have done him away!

Cook (enters) Are you standing here arguing again?

Housemaid No, we are just flirting as usual. To make me take over the house, Bob has got rid of the doctor. That's what I think.

Poole He is in the laboratory!

Cook Who is in the laboratory?

Poole (cries) Doctor Henry Jekyll!

Cook He is not in the laboratory.

Poole Yes, he is for certain!

Cook Whoever is in the laboratory, it's not the doctor!

Housemaid Then it's his murderer. And Bob is in league with him.

Poole Calm down, for God's sake, ladies! The doctor is in the laboratory. He has kept himself locked up there for a week and refuses to come out. You have yourself placed a tray with food for him every day outside his door, which he has taken.

Cook It's not the doctor who is in there.

Housemaid Who is it then?

Cook The devil himself, I believe. It's some freak or monster in any case. I have heard his voice and seen his shadow. The doctor could never disguise himself to anything such.

Poole What have you seen, Maggie?

Cook Just a shadow, the shape of a dwarf.

Housemaid What have you heard?

Poole What did he say?

Cook I placed his dinner tray yesterday outside his door and knocked on it gently and said: "Would you like some dinner, Sir?"

Housemaid And what did he say?

Cook He said: "Yes, Maggie. Leave it outside the door."

Poole That's what I said. He is in there.

Cook It's just that it wasn't his voice.

Housemaid Whose voice was it then?

Cook I can't say, but it sounded like a gravely alcoholised cockney crook, a downright ruffian, lower than a street-sweeper with a chronic bronchitis.

Housemaid He must be ill then.

Cook I tell you, that it was not his voice!

Poole My ladies, I have heard the same voice, and I have taken measures.

Housemaid What have you done, Bob?

Cook We ought to call the police and smoke out the vermin.

Poole We don't know what has happened. Our doctor could still be in there. I have asked Mr Utterson to come.

Housemaid The fine lawyer.

Cook Well done, Bob. When Mr Utterson hears the ruffian's voice in the laboratory, I am sure he will get the police here directly.

(the doorbell)

Poole (triumphant) Here is our man and our salvation. *(goes to open)*

Housemaid I go to clean the kitchen.

Cook Good, Betty. Let's both be out of the way when the men get busy. (*both leave*)

Utterson (*entering with Poole*) What has really happened, Poole?

Poole We don't know, Sir.

Utterson But obviously there are reasons for concern.

Poole The doctor has locked himself up in the laboratory for a week and refuses to come out. We think he is ill, because he doesn't sound like himself in his voice.

Utterson Then I am not the man you need, Poole. We need another doctor. Doctor Lanyon. (*another signal at the door*)

Poole Who could that be?

Utterson I have my inklings. But please answer the door. (*Poole leaves*)

(*to himself*) Henry, Henry, what have you done now?

Sarah (*'s voice outside*) I must see doctor Jekyll immediately.

Utterson Sarah!

Poole I am awfully sorry, Miss, but it is not possible. He is indisposed.

Sarah (*enters*) Utterson!

Utterson (*rising*) Sarah, I thought you had come to your senses and gone back to Singapore.

Sarah It was not possible. I just couldn't leave everything. How is Henry?

Utterson That's what we don't know.

Sarah Where is he?

Poole We don't know, Miss, but we think he has locked himself up in the laboratory.

Sarah What is this? You think?

Utterson How is it really, Poole?

Poole (*helplessly*) That's what we don't know.

Sarah (*sits down*) Tell us exactly what has happened.

Utterson Henry appears to have locked himself up in the laboratory since a week and refuses to come out. That is all.

Sarah How does he get food?

Poole We carry it out to him and place it outside the door.

Sarah Like to a prisoner or a dog.

Utterson But what does your father say about your coming here?

Sarah I expect he will be here any moment to get me by force and shanghai me to Singapore. That's the only thing he talks about in my company. But I would like to see Henry before I go there. Could you take me to him, Poole?

Poole Only to the closed door of the laboratory.

Sarah That's enough.

Utterson I will come with you.

Sarah But only I will speak with him.

Poole You will, if he answers.

Sarah He must answer!

Utterson He probably will, if he lives.

Sarah What do you mean, Utterson?

Utterson I have understood from Poole that he might be sick.

Poole There is something about his voice that isn't all right, Miss. I suspect that something is amiss with him.

Sarah (*rising*) We must not lose another minute!

(*Sarah leads the way. All three go to the now well known door of the laboratory.*)

Sarah (*knocking on the undiaphanous glass door*) Henry! Open up! It's Sarah!

(*death silence*)

Utterson (*low*) Threaten with having the door broken.

Sarah Henry! Say that you live! Or else we break down the door!

(*Some noise is heard from inside the laboratory.*)

Poole Thank God! He lives!

Sarah Henry! Are you sick? Do you need anything?

(*death silence*)

Utterson Threaten to break down the door.

Sarah But I already did that once.

Utterson It was efficient. Do it again.

Sarah Henry, if you don't answer we have to break down the door!

Hyde(*'s voice, tired*) Don't do it, Sarah.

Sarah (*can't hold herself on hearing the pathetic voice*) Henry, I love you!

Doctor Lanyon(*'s voice, from behind*) Let me through! They don't know what they are dealing with!

Cook Let him through, Betty! A doctor is maybe exactly what doctor Jekyll needs.

Sarah Daddy! He must not come now!

Utterson Threaten to break down the door.

Sarah Henry, we have to break the door, because we think you are ill!

Hyde(*'s voice, as before*) It's too late, Sarah. (*Someone is heard falling inside the laboratory.*)

Utterson Break the door!

Lanyon (*comes rushing in*) No, don't do it!

(*Utterson, determined, breaks the door. Sarah faints. Doctor Lanyon takes care of her.*)

Lanyon Carry her out, Poole. This is no place for a woman.

(*The housemaid and cook have come out after doctor Lanyon.*)

Poole Help our lady to the sofa in the living-room. (*The cook and housemaid carry out Sarah.*)

(*When Utterson breaks into the laboratory the walls glide aside. Edward Hyde is seen stretched out in his shirtsleeves on the floor.*)

Utterson Hyde! It's Edward Hyde!

Poole Doctor! Where is the doctor? What has this creature done with our doctor?

Utterson Is he dead, doctor Lanyon?

Lanyon (*examines him quickly*) Yes, he is quite dead.

Poole Here is a piece of paper.

Utterson It's in Henry Jekyll's handwriting.

Lanyon What does it say?

Utterson (reads) "No one is responsible for this unhappy patient's death except myself. Henry Jekyll."

Lanyon That closes the case.

Utterson What do you mean?

Lanyon Doctor Jekyll has closed the strange case of Edward Hyde himself. Now no one needs to worry any more about it.

Utterson But where is Jekyll? Why isn't he here?

Lanyon He is far away from here. We will never reach him any more and least of all will your law, Mr Utterson. Let's say that he has gone to Singapore and that Sarah now can go after him.

Utterson You sound as if you know exactly what has happened.

Lanyon Mr Utterson, I have kept a careful record of Henry Jekyll and his entire story. Everything is documented. The whole truth is preserved. But now it will not be needed any more, for the journal is completed and must be buried in the doctor's obligation of silence. That's the whole thing. Goodbye, Mr Utterson. *(to Poole)* Where is Sarah?

Poole In there.

Lanyon Good. *(leaves)*

Poole Can you understand anything of this, Mr Utterson?

Utterson Not a thing. But I understand as much, that doctor Lanyon has got away with something for which the law will never be able to reach him.

Poole But where is doctor Jekyll?

Utterson Ask Mr Hyde, Poole. Ask Mr Edward Hyde.

*(january-march 1998, Gothenburg,
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