

POOLE. Doctor, have you not been to bed? You still got your clothes on.

JEKYLL. Must have fallen asleep before I had the chance to take them off. Did you hear me come in?

POOLE. Yes, sir.

JEKYLL. How long ago?

POOLE. An hour, not more. You came in from the laboratory. Do you not remember, sir?

JEKYLL. ... 'Course I do. Did I say anything in my sleep?

POOLE. You cried out as if you were calling someone.

JEKYLL. A name?

POOLE. Yes.

JEKYLL. What was it?

POOLE. ... Elizabeth. *(Jekyll looks around, still unsure. Finally, he dismisses it all.)*

JEKYLL. Nightmare. Bad dream is all. Go back to bed, Poole.

POOLE. Yes, sir. *(Poole exits. Jekyll comes downstage and stares off, as if trying to remember something.)*

JEKYLL. ... Elizabeth. *(Jekyll remains onstage as ... lights change. The door is repositioned.)*

### Scene 10

→ *Dr. Lanyon's surgery. Dr. Lanyon enters.*

DR. LANYON. Notes from an interview between H.K. Lanyon, Ph.D. and Dr. X. "It was the dead of night and as usual I couldn't sleep, so I had gone downstairs to fix something when —" *(Jekyll enters the scene.)* Jekyll! Good God, do you know the time, man?

JEKYLL. I saw your lamp was lit. I assumed a Scotsman wouldn't waste good oil on empty rooms.

DR. LANYON. You look like the morgue. Sit, I'll get you a —

JEKYLL. No, nothing, Lanyon, please. I need to consult you about a patient.

DR. LANYON. You haven't been a practicing physician for years. Your preference, as I recall, is lecturing on the stupidity of your col-

DR. LANYON  
JEKYLL

leagues.

JEKYLL. Special case. He came to me, I could not say no.

DR. LANYON. Tell me the history.

JEKYLL. I must ask you, on your oath, to hold what I impart confidential.

DR. LANYON. You knew I'd keep your confidence when you saw the lamp light.

JEKYLL. I can't name the patient. I can't even name his condition, it has no name. Imagine him a drunkard, or an opium fiend, if only as a metaphor for his condition. If I told you this man's first experience with spirits or opiates was an experiment, that he was testing himself as much as he was testing the effects of the stimulants, would you believe me?

DR. LANYON. Bad ends often have innocent, albeit misguided, beginnings.

JEKYLL. And if I told you this patient was fully aware of his actions under the influence, no matter how deep he lost himself in his debauchery, would you believe that as well?

DR. LANYON. Of course. The pleasure he experiences from his debauchery is the point.

JEKYLL. Well ... of late there's been a change. Of late ... there have been occasions when ... when he can't recall what's occurred in one of his "states." It's as if a hand has pulled down a shade to block his view. Hours seem to have passed, and try as he may, he can't remember what he's done. The most he can recollect are shadows, sounds ... a name. Is there a term for that?

DR. LANYON. Yes, it's called, in its Latin root, a "blackout." Jekyll, a drunkard forgets, an opium eater hallucinates. It's symptomatic of the addiction.

JEKYLL. My patient is not an addict!

DR. LANYON. 'Course he is. You've nearly quoted the textbook.

JEKYLL. No! There must be another answer.

DR. LANYON. None but the obvious. If he's not lost to spirits or narcotics, then the source of his condition is internal. The man is mad. A danger to himself and others, and consequently not the sort one can treat in a consulting room.

JEKYLL. What do you mean?

DR. LANYON. Henry, do you have reason to fear for your patient's safety or the safety of others?

JEKYLL. ... Yes.

**END**