

laboratory. It was dark, and the air was stale and rank.”
POOLE. Dr. Jekyll hasn't used it in months.
DR. LANYON. Let's do this and be done. *(Poole picks up the drawer and hands it to Dr. Lanyon. It seems heavy.)* Heavens, what's he got in here?
POOLE. I'm sure I don't know, sir.
DR. LANYON. Well, lock the door, and call a cab for me, it's almost dark.
POOLE. Yes, Dr. Lanyon. *(Poole exits. Light change. The door is repositioned.)*

Scene 7

➔ *Dr. Lanyon's surgery. Dr. Lanyon sets the drawer on his desk and scribbles in his notebook.*

DR. LANYON. "I returned to my surgery as the clock struck six. A low fog had rolled in, shrouding the street outside in a brown mist. It seems winter has not yet left us." *(We hear a voice from the shadows.)*

HYDE 4. *(Offstage.)* Lanyon.

DR. LANYON. *(Starts, looks around.)* Who's that? *(Hyde 4 comes out of the shadows into the light. Dr. Lanyon gasps.)*

HYDE 4. I've been waiting for you.

DR. LANYON. Who are — ? How'd you get in?

HYDE 4. Dr. Jekyll sent me. Give me the drawer.

DR. LANYON. Dr. Jekyll did not give instructions to hand over his property to any representative.

HYDE 4. Jekyll and I are as one.

DR. LANYON. He isn't coming then?

HYDE 4. He'll be here shortly.

DR. LANYON. Then we shall wait.

HYDE 4. GIVE IT TO ME! *(Beat. Dr. Lanyon hands over the drawer. Hyde 4 opens it and takes out three vials. There's a bit of colored fluid in each.)* This is the last of it. *(Hyde 4 uncorks two vials and mixes their contents into third vial. Then he drinks it down. He*

DR. LANYON
HYDE (#4) FEMALE

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screams.) AHHH!

DR. LANYON. Mother of Mercy!

HYDE 4. OHHH!

DR. LANYON. Tell me what to do!

HYDE 4. WHY DOES IT HURT?! WHY DOES IT HURT SO?!

DR. LANYON. Here, let me —!

HYDE 4. AHHH! (*Hyde 4 shoves Dr. Lanyon aside. Lanyon falls to the floor. Hyde 4 doubles over, on the floor, in a near-fetal crouch. He screams.*)

HYDE. OHHHHHHHHH! (*Jekyll enters from the darkness, weary-eyed. He kneels behind Hyde 4. Hyde 4's screams and groans subside.*)

HYDE 4. Ohh ... ohhh ... ohhh ... (*Hyde 4 calms as Jekyll now breathes heavily as if he's taken on the pain and exertion. Jekyll and Hyde 4 rise, mirroring each other's movements as they do. Then Hyde 4 backs away into the darkness. Dr. Lanyon slowly rises, his eyes wide, never taking them off Jekyll.*)

END

Jekyll. Lanyon ... bring me a looking glass ... (*Dr. Lanyon goes to a small mirror from his desk and hands it to Jekyll, all the while trying to keep his distance. Jekyll looks at himself, feels his face.*) I'm Jekyll.

DR. LANYON. ... Yes.

JEKYLL. Thank God. (*Hands back the mirror, stands.*) May I have a brandy?

DR. LANYON. You don't drink.

JEKYLL. That's beside the point. (*Jekyll grabs the brandy from Dr. Lanyon and downs a swallow.*) I was almost found out this evening ... Outside your gate. I'd hid in the alley for hours ... when dark came, I emerged and there's a policeman on his corner. He looked like he recognized my face. Probably from a police flyer. I almost killed him then and there. (*Realization dawns on Dr. Lanyon's face.*)

DR. LANYON. ... Hyde.

JEKYLL. (*Nods.*) You were right. We should have put the patient in an asylum. Now you know why I couldn't get all this myself. If Poole or any of the other servants saw Edward Hyde at the door, the police would be on me in a moment.

DR. LANYON. You murdered Sir Danvers.

JEKYLL. (*Glares at Lanyon.*) Not me. Hyde.

DR. LANYON. (*Too quick to agree.*) Yes, of course.

JEKYLL. You mustn't tell anyone.

DR. LANYON. (*Quicker still.*) No. I won't. I won't sell a soul. (*Jekyll starts to roam the stage, as if drugged. He indicates the drawer.*)