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# Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

By Samuel Hoffenstein

Come in.

-What is it, Poole?

**-It's 2:**

and your address at the University

**is at 3:**

So it is, Poole.

-You know, Poole? You're a nuisance.

-Yes, sir.

But I don't know what I should do  
without you.

Thank you, sir.

Your sense of duty  
is as impregnable as Gibraltar.

-Even Bach can't move it.

-Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

I'm afraid you'll be late, sir.

I see you want to get rid of me.

All right, Poole.

They're lovely roses, Poole.

Thank you, sir.

-Will you wear your overcoat or cape, sir?

-Give me my cape.

-Good afternoon, Jasper.

-Good afternoon, sir.

-Nice day, isn't it?

-Isn't it, sir?

-St. Simon's.

-Yes, sir.

Constable.

-How are you, sir?

-Very good. Thank you, sir.

I won't need you anymore today, Jasper.

Dr. Lanyon will take me  
where I'm going later.

Yes, sir.

-How do you do, Dr. Jekyll?

-How do you do?

-Hello, Hampton.

-Afternoon, sir.

The auditorium's full, sir.

It always is when you speak, sir.

Flattery!

-I hope Jekyll's in form today.  
-He's always in form.  
The old codgers are in for another jolt.  
I'd wager your friend has something  
up his sleeve again, Dr. Lanyon.  
Jekyll is always sensational,  
always indulging in spectacular theories.  
Gentlemen...  
London is so full of fog...  
that it has penetrated our minds...  
set boundaries for our vision.  
As men of science, we should be curious...  
and bold enough to peer beyond it...  
into the many wonders it conceals.  
I shall not dwell today  
on the secrets of the human body...  
in sickness and in health.  
Today, I want to talk to you  
of a greater marvel:  
The soul of man.  
My analysis of this soul,  
the human psyche...  
leads me to believe  
that man is not truly one...  
but truly two.  
One of him strives for the nobilities of life.  
This we call his good self.  
The other  
seeks an expression of impulses...  
that bind him to some dim animal relation  
with the earth.  
This, we may call the bad.  
These two carry out an eternal struggle  
in the nature of man...  
yet they are chained together.  
And that chain spells  
repression to the evil.  
Remorse to the good.  
Now, if these two selves  
could be separated from each other...  
how much freer the good in us would be.  
What heights it might scale.  
And the so-called evil, once liberated...  
would fulfill itself and trouble us no more.

I believe the day is not far off...  
when this separation will be possible.  
In my experiments, I have found...  
that certain chemicals have the power....  
Tell me, he can split me in two  
like a jolly amoeba.  
-By Jove, it's marvelous.  
-I confess it's too much for me.  
Why don't you stay at home  
and send your other self to the lecture?  
To divide a human being in two?  
Ridiculous!  
I'm going to try to analyze my psyche.  
-I didn't expect you to agree with me.  
-Agree with you? You talk like a lunatic.  
But I hope  
you're sane enough to remember...  
that we have a consultation  
at the Duchess of Denmore's.  
-I'm not going.  
-What?  
Please give the duchess my compliments  
and some castor oil.  
I saw her yesterday. She's a bit bilious,  
more in spirit than in body, I'm afraid.  
-I'm going along the free wards.  
-My dear fellow, be reasonable.  
You know how insistent the duchess was  
on your coming.  
You can't neglect her  
for a lot of charity cases.  
Can't I?  
It's the things one can't do  
that always tempt me.  
Just as you like.  
But you'll remember we're having dinner  
at the Carews' tonight.  
-I'll pick you up later.  
-Thanks. You'll find me in the wards.

**See you at 9:**

Mary, what are you doing  
with those crutches?  
I can't do without them, sir.

Yes, you can do without them, Mary.  
I told you yesterday.  
Believe me, I can't do anything for you.  
I believe you, sir...  
but I can't walk without them, sir.  
Yes, you can. Give them to me.  
Don't be afraid.  
Now walk, Mary. Come on. Come to me.  
Yes, sir.  
Walk, Mary. Come on.  
All right, sir. I can walk, sir.  
-Of course you can.  
-I can walk, sir!  
There, there, Mrs. Lucas.  
-It hurts, doesn't it?  
-Yes, sir.  
Sometimes a doctor must hurt you a little  
to make you well.  
Yes, sir.  
And if a doctor thinks  
a slight operation is necessary...  
there's no need to be afraid, is there?  
-No, sir.  
-I want you to know it's going to cure you.  
I believe you, sir.  
Jekyll, we haven't much time, you know.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm afraid I must miss the dinner.  
I'll come afterwards for the dancing.  
-What's keeping you?  
-I must operate on this patient at once.  
Why not leave it  
to one of the house surgeons?  
They're quite competent.  
Perhaps, but I prefer to do it myself.  
Will you make my excuses  
to General Carew and Muriel, please?  
As you like.  
Lanyon, you make my excuses  
to the General...  
and I'll make mine to Muriel myself.  
All right.  
Yes, Miss Muriel.  
Will it be almond cakes

with coffee, Hobson?

-I'm sorry, miss. I don't think so.

-But we must have almond cakes.

-Send for them immediately.

-Very good, miss.

-What's this about almond cakes?

-Dr. Jekyll likes them, Father.

You know you'll spoil that fianc of yours.

-I like spoiling him.

-So I observe.

And what about your father?

You're already the most spoiled darling  
in the world.

Dr. Lanyon.

Lanyon. Delighted to see you.

Punctual for dinner,  
punctual in everything.

How do you do, sir?

-What an astonishing motto.

-How do you do?

-Where's Jekyll?

-He stayed to perform an operation.

-Isn't he coming?

-He will be in after dinner.

He asked me to make his excuses.

I hope the patient is worthy  
of Jekyll's attention.

-A woman in the free wards.

-Free ward.

Jekyll gives entirely too much time  
to his charity patients.

I love him for that.

Nonsense, my dear.

He ought to come down to earth.

-Mr. Utterson.

-Utterson.

However, I promised Harry the first waltz.

If he's late, I shall be furious with him.

No.

You know, I'm very glad Jekyll is late.

I'm obliged to him  
for a most delightful waltz.

Thank you.

Hello, General.

I'm very sorry to be late, sir.  
Repentance is a virtue, Jekyll,  
but it's better to be punctual.  
In 40 years, I've never been late for dinner.  
It's indeed a remarkable record, sir.  
Merely a matter of training, my boy.  
At the age of--  
General, you've not forgotten  
this is our dance?  
Certainly not, Lady Dakin.  
I've been looking forward to it.  
See you later, Jekyll.  
May I?  
-I shouldn't.  
-But you will.  
-Was she pretty?  
-Ravishing.  
-Who?  
-Your patient.  
I was thinking of someone else.  
Someone to make you late again?  
-Are you chiding me?  
-Of course.  
-Because you hate me?  
-Of course, silly.  
Then, will you come into the garden  
where I can bear it?  
-Certainly not.  
-Why not?  
-Father. He'd be furious.  
-It would do him good.  
He's not looking.  
He's teaching Lady Dakin how to waltz.  
-Can't stay long.  
-Just forever.  
Not even half as long as that.  
Now, my farthing,  
chide me, mock me, hate me...  
but don't send me away.  
Silly. Are you sorry you were late?  
-No.  
-You're not?  
-If I wasn't late, you wouldn't have pouted.  
-I won't forgive--

If you hadn't pouted,  
you wouldn't have looked so pretty.  
Do you talk this way to your patients?  
If you hadn't looked so pretty,  
I might have postponed....  
-Pardon me.  
-Not another word.  
Well?  
I might have postponed telling you  
that I love you so much...  
and I don't want to wait any longer.  
I want you to marry me now.  
Darling, I want to with all my heart.  
You know I do.  
But Father's so difficult.  
I don't want to marry your father.  
I don't mind  
having a difficult father-in-law.  
You'll be worth it, my darling.  
I don't think you love me seriously.  
I love you better than that.  
I love you gaily, happily, high-heartedly.  
I love you so much  
that I could laugh and sing and....  
I shouldn't spoil it by trying to sing.  
My darling, I shall persuade your father  
to let us marry now.  
I can't wait any longer.  
We shall go to Devon for our honeymoon  
and live on love and strawberries...  
and the sight of the sea.  
-And moonlight.  
-Endless moonlight.  
I do love you seriously.  
So seriously that it frightens me.  
You've opened a gate for me  
into another world.  
Before that, my work was everything.  
I was drawn to the mysteries of science,  
to the unknown.  
But now, the unknown wears your face...  
Looks back at me with your eyes.  
Darling, I wish this moment  
would last forever.



You can make it last, dear. I love you.

Be near me always.

Always you and I.

Apart from the world.

I love you, darling.

I love you.

Then who shall ever separate us?

-My sweet friend.

-My love.

You ought to wear

squeaky shoes, Hobson.

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

The General asks you

to come into the house, miss.

-Your guests are inquiring about you.

-Coming, Hobson.

-Glad you came.

-Good night, Muriel.

-You looked perfectly lovely tonight.

-Thank you.

-Good-bye, my dear.

-Good night, General.

I don't know

when I've enjoyed myself so much.

-I'll see you at tea tomorrow, dear.

-Yes. I won't forget, Lady Dakin.

-Good night.

-Good night.

Jekyll, my boy. Waiting to see me?

I beg your pardon, sir,

but you would make us very happy...

if you'd set an earlier date

for our wedding.

I've already announced to you...

that you would be married

on the anniversary of my own wedding.

-That's eight months from now, sir.

-What of it?

We've already been engaged

two months, sir.

We see no reason to--

I presume I have some rights

in the matter.

-Quite right. That's why we're asking you.

-Why this impatience?  
It isn't done.  
I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot regard that  
as a serious objection.  
Do you hear this, Lanyon?  
Is this another evidence  
of your eccentricity?  
If it is eccentric to be impatient  
in love, sir, I am.  
This is positively indecent.  
Father, do you think it fair  
to keep us apart for so long?  
-I waited five years for your mother.  
-You have a sturdy temperament, General.  
Yes, I pride myself on it.  
Please don't make me wait that long  
for Muriel.  
Now, my boy, you must leave  
these matters to me.  
There's such a thing  
as decent observance, you know.  
-Good night.  
-Good night, sir.  
-Good night, Lanyon.  
-Good night, sir.  
Au revoir, my sweet.  
Come, Lanyon.  
-Good night, Muriel.  
-Good night.  
-I'm afraid you offended the General.  
-Offended him?  
It's a pity I didn't strangle the old walrus.  
Did you hear him? "Wait!"  
What the devil does one wait for?  
I hope the responsibilities of marriage  
will sober you up.  
I'm not marrying to be sober.  
I'm marrying to be drunk.  
-Drunk with love and life and experiments.  
-Your experiments are absurd.  
You have no interest in science at all.  
You have no dreams, no curiosities.  
There are bounds beyond which  
one should not go.

Yes. It isn't done, I suppose.  
I tell you, there are no bounds, Lanyon.  
Look at that gas lamp.  
But for some man's curiosity,  
we shouldn't have had it.  
London would still be lighted by linkboys.  
And wait. One day,  
London will glow with incandescence...  
and will be so beautiful  
that even you will be moved by it.  
I find London quite satisfactory as it is...  
and I'm not interested  
in your shortcuts and your byways.  
But it's in the byways  
that the secrets and wonders lie:  
In science and in life.  
Look at the....  
Fine, you big brute, hit me!  
I'll put the police on you!  
Are you badly hurt?  
Where does this girl live?  
First door on the left  
at the top of the stairs.  
Bring her up here.  
Make way for the governor.  
Have you got her, governor?  
-Right up here?  
-Yes. Look out for her head.  
Shut up, you lot!  
What was this all about?  
-One of lvy Pearson's callers--  
-I can tell you--  
Now shut up! One of lvy....  
That swine. Hit me, will he?  
He'll wish he hadn't!  
I ain't afraid of him, I ain't.  
Blast his dirty mug!  
He's killed me, that's what he's done.  
He's broken me jaw and me knee, too.  
I'll get him for this!  
Look where he kicked me.  
It's only a bruise.  
It will be quite well in a few days.  
Either way, you mustn't wear

so tight a garter. It's bad for you.  
It impedes the circulation.  
It's awful kind of you to look after me.  
Anybody can see now  
that you're a real gent, you are.  
Now you're the kind  
a woman would do something for.  
-What is it?  
-He's hit me here, too, the blighter.  
He's broken me rib. That's what he's done.  
I'm going to faint.  
You're not seriously hurt.  
A bit of rest  
would do you no harm, though.  
You think I ought to go to bed?  
I know of no better place for a rest.  
All right. You turn your eyes away now.  
How is the pain now?  
I say!  
Lanyon.  
Coming.  
I'm a doctor, you know,  
and I'll call that kiss my fee.  
Well?  
Come back soon, won't you?  
-Sorry. I'm afraid I can't.  
-Yes, you can.  
Soon.  
-Good night.  
-Come back.  
Come back soon, won't you?  
Yes, you can.  
Soon, come back....  
-I thought your conduct quite disgusting.  
-Conduct? Why, a pretty girl kissed me.  
Should I have called the constable?  
-Even suppose I'd liked it.  
-What?  
Yes. That's not a matter of conduct,  
but of elementary instinct.  
You ought to control those instincts.  
Are you pretending  
that you either can or do?  
We may control our actions,

but not our impulses.  
Perhaps you've forgotten  
you're engaged to Muriel.  
Forgotten it?  
Can a man dying of thirst forget water?  
Did you know what would happen  
to that thirst if it were denied water?  
If I understand you correctly,  
you sound almost indecent.  
What names you give things.  
Why aren't you frank enough to admit  
that other indecent self in you?  
No. You prefer to hide it,  
pretend it isn't there.  
-You have to accept certain things.  
-I don't want to accept.  
I want to be clean, not only in my conduct,  
but in my innermost thoughts and desires.  
-There's only one way to do it.  
-How?  
-Separate the two natures in us.  
-That absurd theory of yours.  
I tell you, it's unscientific  
not to admit the possibility of anything.  
You're mad.  
Mad, Lanyon? We'll see.  
Come in.  
What is it, Poole?  
Begging your pardon for the intrusion, sir,  
but did you sleep last night, sir?  
Don't worry about me.  
Yes, sir, but you had only a cup of tea  
for breakfast for three days. Your health!  
Now, Poole, you didn't come here  
to inquire after my health, did you?  
One of General Carew's servants  
brought this, sir.  
Miss Muriel is scolding me  
for having missed her dinner last night.  
Go and tell her that I shall come  
to dinner tomorrow night.  
Very good, sir.  
Marry me now. I cannot wait any longer.  
Positively indecent.

Look where he kicked me.  
Your conduct was disgusting.  
It isn 't done!  
Pity I didn 't strangle him. Strangle him!  
Indecent!  
Can a man dying of thirst forget water?  
Disgusting.  
You're mad.  
Come back soon, won 't you?  
Come back.  
Free!  
Free at last!  
Mad, Lanyon? Carew?  
You hypocrites, deniers of life.  
If you could see me now...  
what would you think?  
-Who is it?  
-Who is there?  
Dr. Jekyll, sir.  
Is that you?  
Do you hear me, sir?  
Please let me in, sir!  
I beg your pardon, sir.  
I thought I heard a strange voice.  
That's quite all right.  
There was someone here. A friend of mine.  
His name is Hyde. Mr. Hyde.  
He's just gone out the back door.  
Marry me now, my darling.  
You don't know how much I need you.  
I want to with all my heart, but Father....  
-I'll speak to him. I'll convince him.  
-No. Let me talk to him.  
I'll try to change his mind  
while we're away.  
-Away?  
-Yes.  
Darling, I've dreaded telling you...  
but Father's taking me to Bath tomorrow.  
He has no right to take you away from me.  
Why must we put up with this?  
-You want to marry me?  
-With all my heart.  
We'll marry without his consent.

Say you will, my darling.  
We'll go to Paris for our honeymoon.  
We'll be so gloriously happy...  
that even the French will be jealous of us.  
I'm so thrilled and tempted,  
but I don't want to hurt my father.  
It's only a little hurt to his vanity.  
You'll do me a greater hurt if you refuse.  
Do be patient, just a little while.  
I'm sure I can persuade him  
while we're gone.

-But, Muriel--

-Darling, don't you love me enough...  
to wait a little while?

Of course I love you enough, dear.

And I'll wait.

And wait.

Come in.

A letter from Bath, sir.

Miss Muriel won't be home  
for another month.

-Can't even go to see her.

-I'm sorry to hear it, sir.

-Another month.

-I beg your pardon, sir...

but may I suggest

that you ought to amuse yourself.

Amuse myself?

What do you suggest, Poole?

You ought to go out, sir.

London offers many amusements  
for a gentleman like you, sir.

Yes, but a gentleman like me  
daren't take advantage of them.

Gentlemen like me must be very careful  
of what they do and say.

-That's all.

-Yes, sir.

Here! What are you after down there?

I was calling on the young lady  
who occupies the little nest.

If it's lvy Pearson you mean, she ain't in.

Do you know where I can find her?

If I was wanting her,

I'd try the Variety Music Hall.  
I thank you!  
You get out!  
What do you take me for? Get out!  
-Stay out!  
-I didn't do nothing.  
Bottle of champagne and be quick about it.  
-What are you staring at?  
-Nothing, sir.  
What are you waiting for? A tip? Get out!  
Blighter.  
-I'm sorry, sir.  
-You swine!  
He's a rum one.  
Let's have a drink.  
I will.  
You're a bit of something  
to look at and listen to, dearie.  
Not half bad, so they say.  
-You ain't conceited, are you?  
-I has me points.  
-Charlie!  
-Blimey, there's lrv. I'll be back.  
Hey, you!  
Tell that wenching brat to come over  
and have a bottle of wine with me.  
-Yes, sir.  
-That's right.  
The gent there wants you  
to have wine with him.  
He does, does he? What of it?  
Come if you know what's good for you.  
He ain't one to be trifled with.  
Strike me pink. You interest me.  
I'll take a chance.  
-Where is he?  
-I'll take you to him.  
This is indeed a great honor.  
I noticed you as you came in, my dear.  
"There," I said to myself...  
"is too pretty a girl to waste  
on such a companion."  
But you are pretty.  
And what a figure, my dear.



A glass of champagne. To you, my dear.  
To your beauty.  
-I must be going now.  
-Going. Where?  
-Home.  
-You call that home?  
-That pigsty of yours in Diadem Court.  
-Sty, is it? You come off that.  
I like you when your temper's up, my dear.  
How do you know where I live?  
I saw you on the street and followed you.  
My pretty, you deserve better than that.  
You ought to live in a place worthy of you.  
Buckingham Palace, I suppose.  
That's the spirit I like. Sit down, my dear.  
Sit down just for a moment.  
You should have a place  
that would set off that fine body of yours...  
yellow hair and pale face.  
Clothes to match, too, my dear. Silk, eh?  
And a bracelet, too?  
Champagne to drink?  
How would you like that?  
And how am I to get it?  
How do you think you're going to get it,  
my bright little bird?  
I am no gentleman, no, but I have money.  
Perhaps my looks don't please you.  
-You ain't no beauty.  
-Quite right. I am no beauty.  
Perhaps you prefer a gentleman?  
One of those fine-mannered, virtuous,  
and honorable gentlemen.  
One of those canting hypocrites  
who like your legs...  
but talk about your garter.  
What are you talking about?  
My poor little innocent.  
It doesn't know what I'm talking about.  
Well, it's afraid of me, isn't it?  
-No! I ain't afraid of you.  
-Aren't you? Good.  
Hey, you. Trying to steal my girl, are you,  
you dirty blighter?

-Come back, you. I'll fix you--  
-Sit down!  
-I'll knock your blooming--  
-Get out of here, you!  
-You couldn't have done it.  
-Couldn't I, though? Why not?  
This place was just made for it.  
-Come on.  
-Stop that. Let me go.  
-No. You're not going.  
-Let me go! I'm going!  
I'm going home!  
Sit down!  
Forgive me, my dear.  
You see, I hurt you because I love you.  
I want you...  
and what I want, I get.  
I grant you, I am no beauty...  
but under this exterior...  
you'll find a very flower of man.  
Look at me.  
Do you suppose I'd let anybody  
stand in my way?  
I love you.  
I love you. Do you understand?  
You'll come with me?  
You'll come with me.  
Come in, sir.  
-I presume your master is out.  
-Yes, sir. So he is, sir.  
He's always out when I call.  
Tell your master I've had a letter  
from General Carew.  
He tells me that Dr. Jekyll has not replied  
to any of Miss Muriel's letters.  
-She's worried about him.  
-I'll tell him, sir.  
Anyway, I'm relieved to know  
he's not confined to his bed.  
Begging your pardon, sir,  
it's my opinion that my master isn't well.  
He hardly sees his patients, sir.  
I haven't seen him myself  
for days at a time.

He often comes and goes  
by the back door of the laboratory, sir.  
I must be going, Poole. Good day.  
-Who's there?  
-It's me, dearie, your landlady.  
Come in, Mrs. Hawkins.  
How are you, dearie?  
You don't have to answer.  
I can see for myself  
you ain't as fit as you ought to be...  
and no wonder.  
-Here, I brought you the newspaper.  
-Thank you, Mrs. Hawkins.  
You're having a cup of tea, I see.  
If you don't mind, dearie,  
I'll sit with you a minute.  
I'm that done in.  
Will you have a cup of tea, Mrs. Hawkins?  
Thank you, dearie. I don't mind if I do.  
After all, a neighbor's a neighbor, says I.  
Here's a bit of a surprise for you.  
He's a lodger of mine,  
and a very likely lad he is, too.  
His name's Arvis,  
and he says to me, says he:  
"Who's the pretty lass  
what has the parlor?  
"I wonder if she'd be inclined to drop in  
at the music hall with me...  
"one of these fine nights.  
"You ask her," says he.  
Now, my advice, dearie--  
No. I don't want to hear anymore about it.  
Afraid of what Hyde will do to you,  
ain't you?  
No, I ain't afraid.  
If that blighter was my man,  
he wouldn't dare to lay a hand on me...  
not if he knowed what was good for him.  
He's a brute, that's what he is,  
and my advice, dearie....  
-What do you want?  
-I've come for the rent, sir.  
-You'll get it when it's due.

-Very good, sir.  
What did that filthy harridan want?  
She brought me the paper.  
-What else?  
-Nothing.  
You aren't lying to me, are you,  
my little bird?  
No, I ain't lying to you.  
If I ever catch you lying...  
these are a trifle to what you'll get.  
A trifle!  
Come here.  
Sit down so that I can look at you,  
my sweetling.  
-Say it aloud.  
-What do you mean?  
Don't you think  
I can read your thoughts, you trull?  
You hate me, don't you?  
I'm not good enough for you!  
I'm not a nice, kind gentleman like that....  
Nice, kind gentlemen  
who are so good to look at and so....  
Cowards! Weaklings!  
Tell me you hate me. Please, my lamb.  
My dear, sweet, pretty little bird,  
tell me that you hate me.  
-I don't know what you mean.  
-Don't you, my lamb?  
-Then you don't hate me?  
-No, sir.  
If you don't hate me, you must love me.  
-Isn't that so, my little one? Isn't it?  
-Yes, sir.  
How you must love me.  
I want to hear you say it.  
-Say it. Come, my wench. Say it!  
-Yes, sir!  
Of course.  
I've got bad news for you, my dear.  
Very bad.  
I'm going away for a few days.  
And upon my word,  
if you don't seem pleased.

-And you are pleased, aren't you?  
-No, sir, I ain't pleased.  
You are pleased!  
But pleasure is brief in this world,  
my sweet...  
and yours is most uncertain...  
because you don't know when I'll be back.  
Do you?  
-No, sir.  
-"No, sir."  
Remember, you belong to me,  
do you hear?  
If you do one thing  
that I don't approve of while I'm gone...  
the least little thing, mind you...  
I'll show you what horror means.  
Are you going now?  
-Tonight?  
-Now.  
Why, my dear, I'm surprised at you.  
What a leave-taking that would be.  
You wouldn't have me go tonight,  
would you?  
Would you let me go tonight? Would you?  
-No, sir.  
-Of course not.  
Quite unworthy of our great love.  
No, my dear, I'm not going now.  
I'm going to spend the evening here  
with you just as you want.  
Say, "Just as I want."  
-"Just as I want."  
-That's right, my little bird.  
The last evening is always the sweetest,  
you know.  
And what a farewell this one will be.  
What a farewell.  
I don't know whether I shall  
be able to tear myself away from you.  
Perhaps I shall go only as far as the door...  
and the sight of your tears  
will bring me back.  
-Does that please you, my dear?  
-Yes, sir.

Why don't you show it, then?  
Why don't you dance?  
Why don't you sing? Sing, my dear!  
Sing, my little pigeon!  
Get up and sing! You hear?  
Look, my darling, how tight your garter is.  
You mustn't wear it so tight.  
It will bruise your pretty, tender flesh.  
Your tea, sir.  
Thank you, Poole.  
I shall be going out presently.  
-Miss Muriel is returning to London today.  
-Very good, sir.  
-See this key, Poole?  
-Yes, sir.  
It's the key  
to the back door of the laboratory, sir.  
I'll have no further use for it.  
From now on, I'll use only the front door.  
Yes, sir.  
Deliver this to Miss lvy Pearson,  
Diadem Court, Soho.  
-Any message, sir?  
-None. Deliver it and come away.  
-Hyde'll kill you one day.  
-I wish he would kill me. I wish he would.  
Why don't you run away?  
Where to? He'd find me wherever I was.  
Then why don't you go to the police?  
They'd fix this Hyde man.  
No. I'm afraid.  
There ain't nobody to help me. Nobody.  
Who cares  
what becomes of the likes of me?  
Come in.  
Miss lvy Pearson?  
-That's me.  
-This is from my master, Dr. Jekyll, miss.  
-Not Dr. Henry L. Jekyll?  
-Quite so.  
He said there is no answer.  
Good day, miss.  
I don't know Dr. Jekyll.  
Fifty pounds!

Well, he knows you, dearie.  
Strike me pink!  
Fifty pounds  
from the celebrated Dr. Jekyll.  
He's a grand gentleman,  
always helping them what needs help.  
Now, dearie, he sends you fifty pounds...  
shows he takes an interest in you.  
Why don't you go  
and thank the gentleman proper?  
Then you could tell him  
all about this here Hyde business.  
He'll tell that blighter what's what.  
You'll see if he don't.  
You made me suffer so.  
Now you tell me nothing.  
I tell you no man ever needed another  
or loved another...  
as I need and love you.  
I don't know what to say...  
but if you'd been ill  
that would have been different.  
I was ill, my darling.  
Why didn't you let me know?  
I should have come at once.  
I wasn't ill in body. I was ill in soul.  
The sufferings of the spirit  
are so difficult to communicate...  
even to those who love you.  
Do you think there's anything that has  
to do with you that I wouldn't understand?  
I know that you're gentle  
and understanding, but....  
I can't explain to you.  
I've played with dangerous knowledge.  
I've walked a strange and terrible road.  
Help me to find my way back.  
Oh, my sweet.  
When you're all mine to love and keep...  
I shall be patient as the earth with you.  
Then let's not wait any longer.  
Let us be married at once.  
I want to with all my heart.  
Take me. Take me soon.

I love you, and I want to help you.

Muriel.

I didn't expect to find you here, sir.

I've just made my profoundest apologies to Muriel.

-What about me?

-Permit me to make them to you, sir...

and to trust that you will be indulgent.

You haven't explained anything yet, sir.

I was not quite myself, sir. I was ill.

Ill?

In that case, of course,

we'll say no more about it.

Thank you, sir. May I take

further advantage of your indulgence?

-Yes. What is it?

-Your consent to our early marriage.

Please, Father. Do say yes.

Harry needs me.

-I've already told you.

-We're too unhappy apart.

Please, Father. This is the most important request of my life.

-I see no reason to change my mind.

-Isn't my happiness reason enough?

I assure you, sir,

you will have no cause to regret it.

To be frank, Jekyll,

I'm not at all satisfied with your conduct.

-I don't understand you, sir.

-I expect a man in your position...

to observe certain traditions.

I want to see you more settled down

before I entrust my daughter to your care.

You're too flighty, too impatient--

Believe me, these faults will be corrected.

-I give you my word of honor.

-Please, Father.

My whole life is concerned.

Please.

Well, I see you're overriding me.

Jekyll, remember

you gave me your word of honor.

Yes, sir.



Very well.

You shall be married next month.

Come to dinner tomorrow and we'll make  
a formal announcement to our friends.

Thank you, sir.

By Jove, you've made me happy!

-I could sing or dance or roll a hoop--

-Jekyll, no.

I beg your pardon, sir.

Until tomorrow, my sweet.

-Good-bye, sir.

-Good-bye.

Poole, my dear fellow!

-I'm a very happy man!

-I'm happy to hear it!

Happy, by Jove! Happy!

"...jocund day stands tiptoe  
on the misty mountain tops."

Yes, sir.

May I take your cape, sir?

You may, Poole. You may, my dear fellow.

I'm going to be married, Poole.

Next month.

Think of it. In a few weeks,  
she'll be under this very roof...  
in this very room, as my wife.

Think of it, Poole,  
and let me see your face.

Yes, sir! I beg to congratulate you, sir!

"If music be the food of love, play on."

-Yes.

I beg your pardon, sir...

but Miss Pearson is waiting for you  
in the consulting room.

Miss Pearson?

The young woman  
as you sent the envelope to, sir.

-What does she want?

-She wishes to consult you, sir.

-Very well. Show her in here.

-Yes, sir.

-Why, it's you, sir!

-So it is.

Now who would have thought it?

Who would have thought  
that I'd find the celebrated Dr. Jekyll?  
-So it was you who sent me this money.  
-Yes.  
The minute I laid eyes on you,  
I knew you had a kind heart.  
-But whatever made you do it, sir?  
-Someone told me that you needed it.  
-Who, sir?  
-It doesn't matter.  
The important thing is that you have it.  
And you're welcome to it.  
I can't take it, sir.  
-Why not?  
-Why?  
Here's why!  
Pretty, ain't it?  
It's a whip, that's what it is.  
Horrible!  
I'll give you a lotion to soothe that.  
Thank you, sir,  
but a lotion won't do the trick, sir.  
No, sir. It's more than that, sir.  
I need help, I do.  
I can't stand it anymore.  
-What is it, my dear?  
-It's Hyde, sir.  
It's him that's done that,  
and more as I can't tell you, sir.  
He ain't human, sir. He's a beast.  
He won't let me go,  
and I'm afraid to run away.  
I've tried to drown myself, but I can't!  
And if you don't help me...  
you as had  
the kindest heart in the world, sir...  
then give me poison so I can kill myself!  
-Why didn't you go to the police?  
-I was afraid.  
You don't know him, sir.  
He ain't a man. He's a devil.  
He knows what you're thinking about.  
I'm afraid of him now!  
If he knows as I've been here today,

I don't know what he'll do!  
It won't be anything human, sir! Save me!  
Keep him off me! I'll do anything you ask!  
I'll be your slave.  
Help me!  
You are good, you are.  
You won't let me go back to him,  
will you, sir?  
You're an angel.  
I'll do anything you like.  
I ain't as bad as you think...  
and I ain't a bad looker, either.  
I'll work for you. I'll slave for you.  
I'll love you.  
You liked me once, didn't you?  
Why don't you....  
I give you my word that you will  
never be troubled with Hyde again.  
No, sir! He'll come back and kill me, sir!  
He'll not come back. I'll see to it.  
But you don't know him, sir.  
He ain't human, he ain't.  
I've given you my word,  
and that I never break.  
You'll not see Hyde again. Believe me.  
I believe you, sir.  
-You must go now.  
-Yes, sir.  
Begging your pardon, sir,  
will it be a large affair?  
Not particularly.  
General Carew's cronies, chiefly.  
They wouldn't regard the marriage  
as authentic...  
unless it were formally announced  
at a dinner table, you know?  
Perhaps soon you'll be giving  
a formal dinner yourself, sir.  
I may, Poole.  
-Should I call the hansom, sir?  
-No, thank you.  
-A walk through the park will do me good.  
-Yes.  
-We're early.

-I'm glad you are.

My dear,

of course, I wish you all happiness.

-Thank you, Dr. Lanyon.

-How are you, General?

"Thou wast not born for death,  
immortal bird!"

"No hungry generations tread thee  
down...."

"Thou wast not born for death...."

No!

"Thou wast not born for death...."

Oh, no.

But it is dead!

Rather late.

-It's very queer, I did not hear.

-I do not understand.

Of course, he is a very busy man.

He was probably detained.

Could anything have happened to Harry,  
Mr. Utterson?

On a night like this, my dear? Nonsense.

Why is he late, then?

There, my dear.

It's not his lateness. It's your impatience.

He'll be along presently.

I hope so.

Here's hoping

that Hyde rots wherever he is...

and burns where he ought to be.

And here's hoping that Dr. Jekyll...

will think of lvy once in a while.

He's an angel, he is.

Here's to you, my angel.

Thought I wouldn't come back, didn't you?

You took the word of that

sniveling hypocrite Jekyll against mine.

Jekyll's word against Hyde's?

I know everything you do

and everything you think!

You went down on your knees

before him...

the man I hate

more than anybody in the world!

-No!  
-No?  
"I'll slave for you. I'll love you.  
"You're an angel, sir."  
You wanted him to love you, didn't you?  
I'll give you a lover now.  
-His name is death!  
-No! It ain't so!  
Ain't it so, my little bird? My little starling.  
Why, you lying wench!  
You've got his money here now!  
You must be the devil.  
There was nobody there  
but me and Dr. Jekyll.  
He wouldn't have told you!  
No, he wouldn't!  
Wouldn't he, though? Wouldn't he?  
Listen, my dear.  
I'm going to let you into a secret.  
A secret so great...  
that those who share it with me  
cannot live!  
I am Jekyll!  
I am the angel  
whom you wanted to slave for and love!  
And I'm going to take you in my arms now  
and hold you close!  
Close, my little lamb. My dove!  
My bird!  
There, my sweet.  
There, my dove.  
There, my little bride.  
Isn't Hyde a lover after your own heart?  
There's something horrible  
happening up there!  
-Did you hear it?  
-Come on.  
-You murdering devil!  
-Help!  
Stop him!  
-The monster did this.  
-I know him. His name is Hyde.  
-Let me in. I'm a friend of Dr. Jekyll's.  
-He isn't at home!

I know it, you fool!  
He told me to wait for him.  
-You'll have to come back later!  
-Open that door, or I'll break it in!  
My dear, I can't tell you how sorry I am...  
but I hope with all my heart that Jekyll  
will have something to say for himself.  
-Good night, sir.  
-Good night, Lanyon.  
I'll cane that scoundrel Jekyll  
if I ever set eyes on him again.  
No, Father.  
Something terrible must have happened.  
I'm sure he can explain. I believe in him.  
I forbid you to see this man again.  
I love him, Father,  
and I'm going to marry him.  
Muriel, you will have  
nothing more to do with that man.  
-Give me pencil and paper, quick.  
-Yes, sir.  
Hey, you.  
Be ready to carry a message for me.  
Yes, sir.  
-Hello, Briggs.  
-Good evening, sir.  
I beg your pardon, sir.  
A messenger brought this  
a little while ago.  
-Really?  
-He said it was very important, sir.  
I'm going out, Briggs, but I'll be back soon.  
Yes, sir.  
You may go to bed.  
I won't need you any more tonight.  
Thank you, sir.  
-I come from Dr. Jekyll.  
-Come in.  
Have you got it?  
Follow me.  
Have you got it?  
Come, sir. You forget I have not  
the pleasure of your acquaintance.  
I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon.

You know what I came for.

Dr. Jekyll sent me.

-It's important. A package. Is it here?

-Yes.

Here it is, but before I give it to you...

I must be assured of Dr. Jekyll's safety.

-Where is he?

-He's alive and safe.

-I'll take this to him.

-I'll go with you.

-I must see for myself that he is safe.

-That is not your concern!

I warn you not to meddle.

Take me to Dr. Jekyll,  
or you'll not leave this room.

I warn you, Lanyon, to let me go.

If you make another step  
towards that door...

-I'll shoot.

-You don't know what you're doing.

I can't tell you anything.

Ask Jekyll tomorrow.

I will be sure of Dr. Jekyll's safety,  
or I'll make you answer for it.

For the last time, Lanyon,  
will you let me go?

For the last time, no.

Very well, Lanyon.

This will be on your own head.

Now, Lanyon...

will you let me take this glass and leave  
without further question?

I've gone too far

not to see this through to the end.

Think before you decide, I tell you!

Do you want to be left as you are...

or do you want your eyes and your soul  
to be blasted by a sight...

that would stagger the devil himself?

-I'm not to be persuaded by this rigmarole.

-Very well, Lanyon.

Remember your vows to your profession.

What you are about to see

is a secret you are sworn not to reveal.

You who have sneered  
at the miracles of science...  
you who have denied the power of man  
to look into his own soul...  
you who have derided your superiors.  
Look!  
I can't believe what I've seen.  
I don't understand.  
-I'm in your hands to do with as you wish.  
-Horrible.  
-I'm a murderer, Lanyon. Help me.  
-There is no help for you, Jekyll.  
You've committed  
the supreme blasphemy.  
I warned you...  
that no man could violate the traditions  
of his kind and not be damned.  
That I still do not believe.  
Don't be my inquisitor, Lanyon.  
Don't judge me. Help me.  
I'm at your mercy.  
There is no help for you here  
or mercy beyond.  
You're a rebel,  
and see what it has done for you.  
You're in the power of this monster  
that you've created.  
-I'll never take that drug again.  
-Yes.  
But you told me  
you became that monster tonight...  
not of your own accord.  
-It will happen again.  
-Never. I'm sure of it.  
-I'll fight it. I'll conquer it.  
-Too late. You cannot conquer it.  
-It has conquered you.  
-No. I'll fight it.  
I know it will not happen again. Help me.  
You'll promise at least  
never to mix this drug again?  
With all my heart.  
And what about Muriel?  
I'll give her up.



I'll go to her tomorrow.

Set her free.

Oh, God...

this I did not intend.

I saw a light,

but I could not see where it was leading.

I have trespassed on your domain.

I've gone further than man should go.

Forgive me.

Help me.

I beg your pardon, sir. Dr. Jekyll is calling.

-Tell him we're not at home, Hobson.

-Father, no, for my sake.

He dares to enter this house?

Neither of us have the right to judge him.

Judge him? Are you mad?

The fellow's a blackguard.

I won't hear you say

one word against him.

-Show him in, Hobson.

-But l--

I don't know what he's done...

but he's a finer and greater person

than any of us.

-Silence! I won't hear another word!

-I shall say it!

We've never understood him

and never tried to understand him.

You tried to bend him to your will.

I haven't fought for him.

I don't know what's happened to him,

but I know he's suffering...

and it's our fault, mine more than yours.

I love him, and I'm going to help him.

This is preposterous!

I will have nothing to do with it!

I can offer you no welcome, sir.

Had the matter been left in my hands,

I would have turned you from the door.

Forgive me.

Darling, are you ill?

-What is it?

-What?

What is it?

My sweet, why are you suffering so?  
-Tell me what it is.  
-Tell you?  
I've come to tell you....  
I've come to set you free.  
-Set me free?  
-Yes.  
What are you saying?  
If you ever loved me,  
tell me what's wrong.  
Everything's wrong!  
I no longer have any claim on you.  
-But that's for me to say.  
-No.  
My darling, I beg you to tell me.  
What is it?  
No. You don't have to explain anything.  
Whatever it is,  
I know you've done nothing base or mean.  
Please, my dear!  
Please, angel of God...  
don't say anymore.  
I set you free.  
Darling, is that all you have to say to me?  
-Don't you want me any longer?  
-Want you?  
I want you so that I can envy the damned.  
-I am damned.  
-You don't know what you're saying.  
Do you think I'd let you go?  
Only tell me that you love me,  
and I'm yours.  
Don't keep anything from me, darling.  
-I love you, and I'll help you.  
-My love. My darling.  
My beautiful...  
if I could take you in my arms,  
if I could only touch you....  
Think of it.  
I daren't even touch you ever again...  
-in this world or the next.  
-What are you hiding from me?  
Trust me. Believe in me. I'll help you.  
No. I'm beyond help, Muriel! I'm in hell!

-I must give you up!  
-But I won't let you!  
-No.  
-I'll go with you wherever you say.  
I'll help you no matter what it is.  
If I could only have you, I'd give my soul...  
but I have no soul!  
I'm beyond the pale!  
-I'm one of the living dead!  
-I won't let you go!  
My poor, dear, suffering love, be quiet.  
Rest. Don't say anymore.  
Be quiet and rest.  
-Let me go. Let me go quickly.  
-No. I love you. I won't let you go.  
I love you.  
-Sweetheart.  
-No!  
I give you up because I love you so.  
This is my proof. This is my penance.  
Do you hear, oh, God?  
Oh, God. Don't let me.  
Save me!  
Help me! Father, help!  
Help, Hobson!  
Help, police!  
You stay here. I'll go ahead!  
This way, officer.  
Stop him!  
Stop him!  
Help! Police!  
This is the weapon, Doctor.  
I know whose cane this is.  
I can take you to the man.  
Break it down!  
Come on, Bill. Give it a shove.  
-This one's locked, too!  
-Open in the name of the law!  
Break it down!  
-Where is he?  
-He's run out there through the back door.  
Come on!  
-Don't stand there staring, you fool!  
-Yes, sir.

The door down there  
is locked on the outside.  
Then go out through the front.  
Come on, Scobie.  
-You stay there.  
-Wait!  
-He has escaped, sir.  
-Your man has not escaped.  
There!  
There he is! There's your man!  
-But, Doctor, this is impossible.  
-I know it is, but there's your man!  
-I'm sorry, sir. You appear to be serious--  
-Look!  
-Come on!  
-Hold him!  
Come on!  
Close that door!  
-Close that door there!  
-Don't let him get away!  
Look out!  
-Steady, boy!  
-Drop that knife!  
Dr. Jekyll.  
English