"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"

Written by

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Based on the novel
"Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde"
by Robert Louis Stevenson
FADE IN:

CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FACE

It is a large, sincere and kindly face, of about fifty-five years of age, perfectly in keeping with the slow, resonant tones in which its owner speaks.

MAN
(as we fade in)
... with purity in our hearts, with right thinking in our minds, we arm ourselves with an intolerance of all evil! Thus, it is on this glorious Sabbath morning, in this momentous year, 1887, that we naturally turn our thoughts to that way of life as exemplified by Victoria, Our Beloved Queen. For this week begins Her Majesty's Golden Jubilee. Her strength and goodness, her Christian principles, have walked in the light of God ever since her ascension to the throne. From her heart has come an ever-increasing flow of virtue and moral blessing with which she has endowed us, her loving subjects.

As the man speaks we BOOM BACK AND AROUND SLOWLY to discover ourselves in All Souls Southwick Church, London. The man speaking is the Bishop, talking from the pulpit, backed up by the well-appointed magnificence of the Anglican altar. WE PAN AROUND the congregation in the pews. For the most, they are the well-dressed and well-bred families of the period, listening attentively.

CLOSE SHOT - IN BACK - MAN AND WOMAN

This is where the less well-to-do parishioners are seated. A rugged, but strange-looking man of middle-age is seated here with his wife. She is watching him anxiously. He is listening intently to the sermon, his head cocked forward. Then he looks away, passes his hand over his brow, and seems as though to rise - as he looks at the Bishop o.s.

WIFE
(detaining him, with a nervous agonized whisper)
Sam - no! What's wrong, Sam -?

He looks at her, subsides, clenching his jaw.
CLOSE SHOT - BISHOP

AS HE CONTINUES:

BISHOP
(continuing)
She came upon a world sadly mired in
ways of the flesh, and during her
reign the forces of good have achieved
notable and great victories over the
forces of evil. And though we know
not the time nor the season, we know
that Evil in God's own time shall be
wiped out by God.

At this point the Bishop is startled by the interruption of
a high-pitched, scornful evil laugh coming from the back of
the church. He looks up.

CLOSE SHOT - IN BACK - MAN AND WOMAN

The man is laughing evilly at the Bishop. His horrified little
wife is trying to quiet him, and then looking about her at
the other startled people.

WOMAN
(agonized)
Sam -- Sam --

MAN
(sneering out)
Evil wiped out, eh? So you want to
take all the fun out of life, eh,
Bishop?

CLOSE SHOT - BISHOP

With hardly a flicker he continues:

BISHOP
And may we not live for the day,
when, in the words of Holy writ, the
Devil shall be cast into the
bottomless pit?

GROUP SHOT - CONGREGATION

The laughter from o.s. continues a little. One or two half
turn about. Several look at each other, then back to the
Bishop with stiff-backed composure.

BISHOP'S VOICE
For surely the roots of the realm
and its peoples have sprung from a
new goodness during these last decades --
CLOSE SHOT - TOWARD ALTAR - GROUP

They are the backs of an elderly gentleman, a young girl and fine-looking man of about thirty with a Byronic head. As the laughter continues through the Bishop's persistent intonation, the man turns full face into CAMERA AND looks back toward the disturbance. He is Dr. Henry Jekyll, his vital features alive with interest.

BISHOP'S VOICE
(continuing)
At the family hearth, in the shops of industry, in the very Christian graciousness with which men and women greet each other during the everyday --

OUT.

CLOSE SHOT - MAN IN BACK

MAN
Bottomless Pit, my eye! Good old Beelzebub - the boy with the horns and the spiked tail - they're always running him down and he's the winner in the end every time.

A man in back of him tries to pull him down, quietly. He shakes him off laughing. In the b.g. the aislemen are hurrying down to him.

GROUP SHOT - CONGREGATION

Still they do not look about much, paying even more attention to the Bishop.

BISHOP'S VOICE
... everyday hours. Certainly this universal goodness is evidenced all about us more and more as we --

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

As he looks back, studying man. The young girl with him starts to look back but the old gentleman on her other side nudges her not to do so.

CLOSE SHOT - BISHOP

With barely a flutter of an eyelid he continues, cutting it short.
BISHOP
-- as we live under the gentle hand of Her Majesty, and worship the glory and wonder that is God. It is because of these things that -- that --
(he gives a signal to the choir-master)
-- the world moves forward today.

CLOSE SHOT - CHOIR MASTER
He signals over to the organist in the b.g. He motions to the awed kids in the choir to stop looking toward the back of the church. The music starts the introduction to the choral anthem.

GROUP SHOT - IN BACK - AROUND MAN
The aislemen are struggling with him.

MAN
(with a last shout)
You don't think evil is on a holiday in here, do you? Ask this bunch here when they met up with Old Nick last! Good Old Beelzebub! -- Blasphemy, I call it, to talk that way about a man's best friend!

But he is drowned out both by the sudden high soprano boys' choir and the booming of the organ, as well as the fact that the three aisle-men drag him out of the pew into the vestry. The poor wife follows. But the other people hardly notice him, in their disciplined conservatism. One aisleman dashes on ahead.

GROUP SHOT - VESTRY
A knot of aislemen are around the raving, twisting man. He is laughing and muttering evilly. The little wife is hovering about, wringing her hands, as they lead the man from the main part of the church.

AD LIB
(in hushed tones)
Here, here, now man -- Never heard of such a thing... ssh! Did Parker go for a constable? Yes. Take his other arm... This is frightful...

WOMAN
(agonized)
Sam dear -- no, lad -- no...

(CONTINUED)
Just at this moment Jekyll comes hurrying out into the vestry.

JEKYLL
(with calm authority)
One moment, please.

The aislemen step back.

MAN
(to Jekyll, who studies him)
Let me back in there and I'll tell 'em what a grown man really thinks about -

Jekyll feels the man's pulse, lifts his eye-lid. The man backs away a little.

JEKYLL
(to woman)
How long has this been going on?

WOMAN
It's - it's been coming on him worse, sir - ever since the explosion.

JEKYLL
(very interested now)
Oh, a shock, eh?... Excellent - I see --

MAN
(slyly - to Jekyll)
You're a hearty, full-blooded young man - you tell 'em...

WOMAN
I thought maybe if we came to church it would --

MAN
(trying to nudge Jekyll)
We know - don't we?

WOMAN
(as man laughs again)
No, Sam - there now -

The man edges her away from him. In the meantime, Jekyll has taken a card out and is writing on it. At this moment, another aisleman comes in with a very officious constable.

(Continued)
CONSTABLE
Hey - make way here! What's all this about? What's all this here -
(taking man who he sees is struggling)
Drunk and disorderly, eh? Well --

JEKYLL
(handing constable the card)
No, Constable. Take him to the Camden Hospital. Give this card to Dr. Heath.

CONSTABLE
Better get him to the station, sir. It's always -
(then seen name on card, and looks up at Jekyll with sudden respect)
Oh, Dr. Jekyll! Bats, is he? Right, sir. Camden Hospital it is, Dr. Jekyll!
(takes man's arm, cheerily)
All right there now, my beauty - upsy-daisy! We'll go and get a little fresh air in the belfry, eh?

WE PAN HIM out with the man, the woman following.

MAN
(as he is being led out, calling back over his shoulder)
Jekyll, eh? Go on back and try to put old Beelzebub on his pit bottom, Jekyll! He'll show you! He'll poke his red beard over the rim! He jumps on hot fiery rubber, he does!

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL
As he looks after the man, considering him, turns and goes back into church.

MAN'S VOICE
(o.s., with awful laugh)
Dr. Jekyll, eh?... ha, ha, ha - Go back and be good, Dr. Jekyll...
CONTINUED:

The voice diminishes, as Jekyll turns and walks back into church.

PAN SHOT JEKYLL

WE HOLD as he comes down the aisle to his pew. Just as he reaches the pew the congregation rises and starts singing the hymn to which the choir has been singing the introduction. WE PAN HIM into his pew where he immediately starts singing with his two companions. The girl is young, lovely, ripely virginal, Beatrix Emery. She gives Jekyll a little questioning look as he comes into pew. The elderly man is her father, Sir Charles Emery - hawk nose over white mustache - correct and cultured in his imperious strength. As they sing, we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - EXT. - CHURCH STEPS

Service is over and the crowd is coming out. Inside the church we hear the organ. Sir Charles, Beatrix and Jekyll are coming out. WE PAN THEM DOWN THE STEPS across to the carriages at the curb.

SIR CHARLES
(bowing to a lady and gentlemen)
Harrison... good morning!
(turns to Beatrix and Jekyll)
Well, we've just time for a turn in the park -

BEATRIX
Harry has to leave us, Father.

JEKYLL
I must get to the hospital, sir.

SIR CHARLES
Hospital? On a Sunday? Oh, you mean that outrageous individual that -?

BEATRIX
Harry says Providence dropped the poor man right into his lap.

SIR CHARLES
But this is most unusual, my boy. You know, we always take our stroll before --

JEKYLL
I'm sorry, but it is, sir. Most unusual.

(CONTINUED)
By this time they have reached Sir Charles [...] smart open carriage. A footman stands holding the door open for them. A groom, in similar livery, is on the box.

BEATRIX
   (turning to him)
   See you at the Marley's tonight, now. Don't be late.

JEKYLL
   And let you have free rein with all those men?

He kisses her on the lips, much to Sir Charles' consternation. She laughs and gets into carriage. Sir Charles, nervous about the kiss, looking about to see who has noticed it, follows Beatrix into carriage.

She sits with her hand resting on the side of the carriage. O.s. the footman closes the door.

JEKYLL
   (intimately)
   That's a very silly little hat, by the way.

BEATRIX
   I knew you'd like it.

JEKYLL
   (picking up her hand - kissing it)
   There's really nothing about you that I like at all.

As he holds her hand, he makes a surreptitious little bite at it.

He has been watching; he starts nervously as he sees Jekyll do this.

SIR CHARLES
   (to groom, o.s.)
   All right, Jenkins.

The carriage drives o.s. Jekyll starts backing away, in the opposite direction, waving to Beatrix. He backs into a fat old dowager.
JEKYLL
(to glaring dowager)
I beg your pardon!

CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX AND SIR CHARLES - INT. CARRIAGE -

Beatrix is waving and laughs louder as she sees Jekyll's dilemma o.s. As she laughs louder, Sir Charles pulls her around.

SIR CHARLES
My dear - please -

BEATRIX
But you didn't see him. He backed right into Lady --

SIR CHARLES
My dear Beatrix - I'm a very broad-minded man, as you know - but despite the fact that you and Harry are engaged to be married, I wish he wouldn't carry on his demonstrations of affection in public.

BEATRIX
Now, Father darling - don't be pompous.

SIR CHARLES
(bowing to a passerby o.s.)
But good heavens - nibbling your knuckles...

Beatrix bursts out in a peal of healthy laughter, throwing back her head.

SIR CHARLES
(quickly)
Beatrix -!

CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX - PROCESS
She controls herself, and subsides to a giggle, shaking her head at her Father's attitude, as we

DISSOLVE TO:
CLOSE SHOT - INT. HOSPITAL - MRS. HIGGINS' FACE

Mrs. Higgins is the woman with the man who caused the disturbance in the church. She is sobbing silently in contrast to Beatrix and WE PULL BACK to see her standing outside a door in the corridor of the hospital. AS WE HOLD the door opens and a young interne steps out with a rather surreptitious look back into the room. All we can see in the room is the end of a bed with a man's feet strapped to it.

MAN'S VOICE
(Higgins, as door opens)
Now, Doctor, my lad - as man to man - we know what's fun in life and what isn't! Eh, Doctor?

The man laughs wildly. The interne closes the door quietly and WE PAN HIM as he hurries down the hall to the end, and enters a door.

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR AT END

On it is marked: "House Physician - Dr. Heath."

INTERNE'S VOICE
I'm sorry, sir. But Dr. Jekyll insists going ahead with treatment.

HEATH'S VOICE
But that mustn't be! The man's under observation!

INTERNE'S VOICE
Yes, sir. That's what I told him, but -- You better come, sir.

The young interne comes out with Dr. Heath, a matured physician of about fifty. Dr. Heath wears a worried frown on his face. WE TRUCK WITH THEM a little way back toward the room.

DR. HEATH
(agitated - as they come out)
He has no right to do such a thing!

INTERNE
I suggested it would be better that he consult you first, sir - but he still --

DR. HEATH
I know. Thank you, Fenwick.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WE PAN them on down the hall to the door where Mrs. Higgins is waiting.

CLOSE SHOT – AT PATIENT'S DOOR

Dr. Heath enters the room. Mrs. Higgins sobbing, puts her hand on the interne's arm as he is about to follow. Inside, the man Higgins is laughing evilly.

MRS. HIGGINS
Isn't there anything they can -?

INTERNE
Everything possible is being done, Mrs. Higgins. Dr. Jekyll knows more about your husband's case than any other mental specialist in London.

HIGGINS' VOICE
(from inside)
Why! Here's another doctor! But don't ask him! He's too old!

The interne closes the door. The man's high laugh comes from inside. Almost immediately the door is opened by Dr. Heath who comes out with Jekyll.

DR. HEATH
It's a matter of ethics, Jekyll. I can't allow it.

MRS. HIGGINS
Dr. Jekyll, can't I go in and --

JEKYLL
(gently, patting her shoulder)
Not yet, Mrs. Higgins. Bear up now. That's the way you said you'd help – remember.

Continues to Heath as WE PAN THEM DOWN the corridor, Jekyll obviously trying to control himself

JEKYLL
But, good heavens, man – this is the chance of a lifetime for me. The more I see of the case the more I realize it.

The stop a little way down the hall, opposite an open unoccupied room.
TWO SHOT - HEATH AND JEKYLL

HEATH
It's quite possible that this case might fall within the bounds of your research. You know how we've all admired your other work in the past. And personally, I'd like to bow to your opinion here, but in my position as head of the staff, I cannot countenance --

He stops and realizes they are being watched o.s. as he looks down the hall.

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS - THEIR ANGLE
She stands looking at them pathetically, wringing her hand.

TWO SHOT - JEKYLL AND HEATH

HEATH
(indicating open door)
Better come in here.

They go into vacant room and close door.

SLOW TRUCKING SHOT - MRS. HIGGINS
She looks at the room her husband is in, then starts timorously along the hall to the door behind which are Heath and Jekyll. WE HOLD A SECOND here. She would like to go in. She starts to knock. Jekyll's and Heath's voices are only murmurs.

JEKYLL'S VOICE
(suddenly rising clear)
But I'm not witch doctor!

HEATH'S VOICE
(rising, too - very clear)
Who's called you a witch doctor? You told me yourself you've had no definite success. I can't allow you to experiment with -

There are sudden quick footsteps toward door, and it is flung open by Jekyll.

HEATH
(following him)
Why, the man's a human being -!

Jekyll wheels on him at the door, his eyes blazing.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
You mean he was a human being! And he'd have another chance at it, if you'd keep your hide-bound ethics out of this! There aren't any rules for discovering medical Utopia! Or perhaps you haven't the courage to face what might be the greatest -!

He stops, glaring impotently at Heath, who steps back a little, so vehement is Jekyll's look and attitude. Then, with an inarticulate growl of disgust, Jekyll wheels away quickly, AS WE TRUCK AND PAN with him to the end of the corridor and around the corner. The tension of his anger relaxes into a bitter smile as he walks along. He passes some swinging glass opaque doors marked: "CHILDREN'S WARD", and is about to go on when he thinks of something and turns back, entering the ward.

PAN SHOT - JEKYLL - INT. WARD

As he walks down between corridor of beds and steps quickly behind screen which covers the fourth of fifth bed. This is obviously the Children's Orthopedic Ward as we see by the condition of the patients in the various beds.

CLOSE SHOT - AT BED

A small boy has obviously been badly smashed in an accident. A worried young father, sitting by the bed, gets up quickly as Jekyll comes in. The little boy, his legs suspended in a pully contraption, smiles weakly at Jekyll as the latter feels his pulse.

JEKYLL
(to little boy)
Hullo, Tommy Atkins - how's the war?

The little boy laughs in weak happiness.

FATHER
(to Jekyll)
He's - he's going to be all right, isn't he, doctor?

Jekyll waits a second, counting pulse.

JEKYLL
(smiling at boy)
Charlie and I never had a doubt about it, did we, Charlie?

At this moment o.s. we hear a little girl's voice wailing.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
I can't! Please, nurse --

NURSE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Now do as nurse says, Dorothy.

Jekyll looks in the direction of the voice and walks off o.s.

35 GROUP SHOT - AISLE BETWEEN BEDS

A nurse is trying to get a little girl of five or six to throw away her crutches and walk. The little girl is frightened. Neither of them notices Jekyll as he comes out in the aisle and watches the scene.

NURSE
Give the crutches to nurse now, Dorothy.

DOROTHY
(her lip quivering)
I can't! I'll fall again. I don't want to fall again.

NURSE
(starting to reason again)
Dorothy dear, listen to me. If I tell you --?

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

Jekyll is studying Dorothy o.s.

DOROTHY'S VOICE
But I'll hurt myself some more. I can't walk.

JEKYLL
(suddenly - firmly)
Dorothy!
(he exits towards her)

CLOSE SHOT - DOROTHY AND JEKYLL

as she looks at Jekyll, who comes into SCENE.

DOROTHY
(slowly)
What, sir?

JEKYLL
Give me those crutches.
Dorothy allows Jekyll to take the crutches from her. She stands wavering.

JEKYLL
(without holding out hands)
Now walk. Walk here to me.

Dorothy teeters after him as he backs up slowly for fifteen feet. As she reaches Jekyll he kneels down and steadies her.

GROUP SHOT - JEKYLL, DOROTHY AND NURSE

DOROTHY
(looking at him in wonder)
I walked! I walked, didn't I?

JEKYLL
(almost severely)
Dorothy, always remember you can do anything in this world you put your mind to.

(then patting her head with a grin)
Why, you'll be dancing on Hampstead Heath next Bank Holiday!

He straightens up and hands her over to the nurse who exits with her. Jekyll turns and WE PAN HIM OUT of the ward.

Just as Jekyll comes out into corridor; he is joined by a pleasant, solid-looking man of about his age, Dr. John Lanyon, his friend and colleague. Lanyon, a stethoscope about his neck, yet attired as Jekyll, looks concerned as WE TRUCK THEM down the corridor.

DR. LANYON
Harry, old boy, what's up? There're rumors of a tiff between you and --

JEKYLL
(with a calming gesture, and a rueful smile)
Don't worry, John. The bull is leaving the china shop.

DR. LANYON
But you must realize that Heath has his --

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(sardonically, yet
with affection)
I realize, Dr. John Lanyon, my friend
and eminently respected surgeon that
your Dr. Heath is right. My treatment
was not yet thoroughly proven. And
if we doctors were allowed to
experiment on human beings, too many
things would go wrong – and human
beings might lose faith even in the
proven good of medicine. Isn't that
it?

By this time WE HOLD as they reach a table near the foyer on
which doctors have placed their hats and sticks and from
which Jekyll picks up his.

DR. LANYON
(attempting to reason)
Harry --

JEKYLL
(now definitely)
But I'm not far from proof! And when
I get it: Ethics or no ethics!

Lanyon shrugs, and laughs, patting Jekyll with a soothing
gesture on the back, and exiting o.s. down another turn of
the corridor.

Then Jekyll thinks of something and starts quickly back down
the corridor just as the interne of the previous SCENE rounds
a corner to meet him, carrying a leather vial case. WE HOLD.

INTERNE
(handing case to him)
I thought perhaps you'd --

JEKYLL
(quickly, serious)
Yes.
(opens case, runs his
fingers over tops of
vials disclosed to
see if all are there,
then closes it)
Thank you, Fenwick.

We PAN HIM as he turns back toward foyer again, taking out a
key and locking case as he goes, as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

41-42 OUT.
FULL SHOT - EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE - LATER

It is the type of house found in Harley Street of Adam architecture, proving Jekyll's means and position. Jekyll's carriage draws up and stops.

CLOSER SHOT - AT CARRIAGE

Jekyll merely sits and stares ahead of him, unaware that he is home. The groom, not hearing him open the door, looks around. This causes Jekyll to look at the groom, realize they have reached home.

JEKYLL
Oh - yes, Burke -

He gets out, and WE PAN HIM up to the front door. He takes out his key and enters.

OUT.

FULL SHOT - INT. ENTRANCE HALL - JEKYLL'S HOUSE

Jekyll lets himself in with the key, walks slowly to the center of the hall, stands there in thought for a second. Poole, his butler, an old man full of warm adoration for him, is hurrying down the stairs, and goes to him.

POOLE
(taking his hat and stick)
Good afternoon, sir.

JEKYLL
(almost to himself)
Hello, Poole...

POOLE
I'm so glad you're home for tea, sir. Where will you take it?

JEKYLL
(strolling slowly away)
Oh - anywhere....

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

POOLE
(hurrying up beside him)
I'll be bound you've had no lunch... those hospitals. Some nice buttered crumpets, sir - but we mustn't have too much, or we shan't be eating a good dinner at the Marley's - and Miss Beatrix would be after me properly.

JEKYLL
(not having heard a word)
Hmmm...

With this he quickens his pace, and darts through an entrance way off the hall.

FULL PAN SHOT - EXT. COURTYARD AND BRIDGE - JEKYLL'S HOUSE

The back court and garden are sunk below the ground level of the main house. Jekyll comes from the main house across a bridge which leads to another separate building in back, his laboratory. He reaches door of lab. Poole stands in the door of the main house.

POOLE
Shall I serve it in the laboratory, sir?

CLOSE SHOT - POOLE - AT DOOR OF MAIN HOUSE

POOLE
(calling after him - losing patience)
Now you must have something, you know -!

He stops as WE HEAR a door slam o.s. He shakes his head hopelessly.
FULL SHOT - INT. LAB

In the center of the room is a huge work-table covered by a strange series of test tubes, vials, crucibles, a smelter... and a mysterious paraphernalia of connected glass stills form a weird unknown world in themselves. There is a cabinet full of surgical instruments and another larger closed cabinet with a heavy lock. There is little furniture except a writing desk with a file and a chair. Jekyll hurries along a balcony and down a flight of steps at the back into the room. He places his case on the table. WE DOLLY AND PAN HIM over to a row of cages filled with rats, guinea pigs and rabbits. His manner is anxious, anticipatory. He looks at the first two or three cages. In the first a couple of guinea pigs seem rather active. He looks at their actions closely. He seems a little excited as he passes to the next two cages, but then his expression falls.

CLOSE SHOT - TWO CAGES - HIS ANGLE -

In one a large rabbit lies dead. In the second is a large dead rat.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

He reaches o.s. and picks out the two dead animals. WE PAN HIM down the wall a little.

-- [19] --

He takes a large rabbit out of a smaller cage. It is gentle and sniffs his hand. He strokes its head. WE PAN HIM back as he puts the rabbit into the experimental cage and then PAN HIM as he picks up a heavy glove and puts it on his hand. He stops by a cage in which is a large wharf rat, and reaches in for it with his gloved hand.

CLOSE SHOT - RAT - INT. CAGE

He backs into a corner as Jekyll's hand enters and then springs at Jekyll's fingers, biting the leather. But Jekyll's hand pins him down by the back of the neck.
36D  CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

He brings the rat out and WE PAN him as he places it in the second experimental cage. He picks up the two dead animals, crosses with them to the main laboratory table. He unlocks his case and takes out a single vial and looks from vial to the dead animals. We feel a connection between them and the attempted treatment of Higgins. Jekyll frowns, then immediately starts to work. He takes out an oral syringe, tests it, looking back at the fresh animals, then he lights a gas flame under a tube, starts arranging a cooling coil, etc., mixing concoctions, and WE DOLLY INTO HIS troubled face, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

37  CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX - INT. MARLEY DINING ROOM

Her expression is also troubled. She sits dawdling with her dessert, and then she looks o.s. as WE PULL BACK ALONG the table.

The Marley dining room is typical of the period, high stiff chairs, seating fourteen people. They are in evening dress. Mr. Marley, the vacant-looking host, sits at one end. On his left, in order, are: Mrs. French, [...] Courtney - a bearded conservative of the profession, Mrs. Courtney, Sir Charles, Mrs. Weymouth - a female eagle withered from the tropics, Colonel Weymouth, her husband, an old red-faced officer of horse in mufti with decorations on his lapel, and then Mrs. Marley, hostess. On Mrs. Marley's right, in order are:

The Bishop of All Souls, Lady Cooper - a coy female, then an empty chair, then Beatrix, Lanyon, and Mrs. Arnold next to Mr. Marley.

There is quiet, well-bred small talk. A butler and two maids are in attendance. WE HOLD on Sir Charles as he looks at his watch, and then glances o.s. at the empty chair next to Beatrix.

38  CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX

She reacts to her father's frown and turns to smile casually at something said farthur down the table.

    AD LIB
    (under all this)
    We had a perfectly shocking meet at Ascot, didn't we?
    (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
AD LIB (CONT'D)
Puggie Wilson has a wonderful new filly, I understand... A good chance for the Oaks this year... Of course she's rather pretty - but my dear, her father is in trade.... The poor boy's just down from Cambridge -- simply exhausted from work... Education demands sacrifice, doesn't it? Etc.

Beatrix! expression suddenly lights up as we HEAR Jekyll's Voice o.s.

JEKYLL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mrs. Marley -!

FULL SHOT - DINING ROOM

Jekyll is just entering the dining room from the drawing room, followed by a footman who has evidently just admitted him. Jekyll heads straight for Mrs. Marley. The men rise.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL AND MRS. MARLEY

She looks at him a little stiffly as she offers her hand.

JEKYLL
My deepest apologies.

MRS. MARLEY
(slightly sarcastic)
I know - you doctors - we can never rely on you, can we?

JEKYLL
(turning on charm, over her hand)
Mrs. Marley, I'd rather be reminded of my short-comings by the smartest hostess in London than to be on the Jubilee Honors list.

MRS. MARLEY
(with a double-take, completely mollified)
Ch! Sit there, Dr. Jekyll...

She indicates vacant seat o.s., and we PAN Jekyll as he walks to it.

JEKYLL
(to standing gentlemen)
Gentlemen, please... Good evening, Bishop - John - Colonel Weymouth -

(CONTINUED)
AD LIB
Ah, Doctor... Harry... good evening, sir.

JEKYLL
(looking at Beatrix - as butler pulls out chair muttering)
Been behaving yourself?

CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX
As she laughs, and looks around the table.

GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING JEKYLL
As he sits down between Beatrix and Lady Cooper.

JEKYLL
(to Lady Cooper - yet feeling for Beatrix's hand)
Lady Cooper - my short-comings are rewarded.

LADY COOPER
(a coy dame)
Naughty man.

There is correct laughter at this "risque" dialogue.

DR. LANYON
A doctor's life, eh, Harry? The more patients, the colder the soup.

JEKYLL
Wasn't a patient, exactly. I started something in the laboratory and just forgot to lock at the clock.

DR. COURTNEY
(a little patronizing)
Ah, yes, Jekyll - Heath was telling me you're still carrying on with that research of yours.

JEKYLL
(with a wry smile)
I'm afraid Dr. Heath isn't quite well, in sympathy, Dr. Courtney.

DR. COURTNEY
Well, that's understandable, isn't it?

(MORE)
DR. COURTNEY (CONT'D)
Separating the facets of the brain...
a little ambitious, I'd say.

JEKYLL
(stung)
My research hopes to go deeper than
the brain -- into something more
intangible than the mind, even.

DR. COURTNEY
(looking at others
with a laugh)
Well, all that seems to be left is
the soul.

Colonel Weymouth and Marley laugh.

JEKYLL
All right. Have it that way. Because
that's just where I am aiming -- at
the soul.

A maid, putting his soup in front of him, looks extremely
startled.

CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES AND OTHERS
He locks amazed at Jekyll o.s., puzzled and frowning.

DR. COURTNEY'S VOICE (O.S.)
The soul?

AD LIB (O.S.)
Good heavens... did he say "soul"?
What does he mean...? Etc.

GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING JEKYLL, BISHOP, LADY COOPER

LADY COOPER
The soul! How thrilling!

BISHOP
(genially)
Come, come - my dear doctor - now
you're invading my territory.

JEKYLL
(looking at him with
a serious smile)
Yes, my Lord - and I hope I may be
of some assistance.
CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES
He is a little startled by this radical statement and wishes to assume that Harry is joking.

SIR CHARLES
My dear Harry - of course, you don't mean this?

GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING JEKYLL
He looks quickly over at Sir Charles, picking up the challenge.

JEKYLL
But I do, Sir Charles. Just consider that poor chap in church this morning. If you didn't see him, you all heard him, I'm sure.

BISHOP
Ah, yes. I thank you for your assistance there, Dr. Jekyll.

DR. COURTNEY
(with finality)
Hopelessly insane. Obviously.

MRS. MARLEY
Why, the simply shocking things he said...

JEKYLL
He wasn't insane. There was just one side of him in existence. And that side was speaking the truth.

COLONEL WEYMOUTH
Good heavens! Which side?

JEKYLL
His evil side. The man has been spiritually distorted through shock... that explosion in the gas mains last month. Before that he was a fine, solid citizen - gentle and kind with his children - deeply in love with his wife. Since then, he's suffered a complete change - so that this afternoon I saw him entirely reverted to the animal - slythinking and vile, dangerous and rapacious, by turns.

(CONTINUED)
LADY COOPER
(in the silence, edging a little from Jekyll)
Mercy -!

CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES

The other maid is just taking away his dessert, plate. The maid looks wide-eyed at Jekyll o.s. Sir Charles is very uncomfortable.

SIR CHARLES
(shifting uneasily)
Yes... ahummm...

GROUP SHOT - AGAIN

DR. LANYON
(trying to pass it off casually)
But Harry - what's that to do with the soul? We can clearly understand it as an injury to the nervous system and therefore --

JEKYLL
(now lost in his subject, earnestly reasoning)
No, no, John - I insist he has been shocked from normal good into complete evil. When I said before he was a "good" man, I didn't mean that he didn't have a bad thought or two from time to time -- and perhaps commit his portion of transgressions against the laws of civilized society. Because, after all - that is the problem of civilized Man's soul -the good and the evil in it are constantly fighting one another.

GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING JEKYLL AND BISHOP

The Bishop is the least affronted, very interested, but adamantly patient.

BISHOP
There is a Higher Source from which the good may always find aid in its fight, Dr. Jekyll....

JEKYLL
I realize that, sir - but...
CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL AND HIS WIFE

MRS. WEYMOUTH
(haughtily - her hand
possessively on
Colonel's arm)
Of course. The Colonel and I always feel that people can be good if they wish to be - and, well - otherwise, if they don't.

COLONEL
(with a snort)
Exactly. Discipline! Everything else is poppycock!
(then militantly changing subject with a joke)
Haw! But men going dotty and all that do amusin' things at times. I remember our sergeant during the second Punjab campaign. We attacked and --

MRS. WEYMOUTH
It was our quartermaster.

COLONEL
(not breaking his stride)
Quiet, my dear - you were in Poona at the time. I remember this -

CLOSE SHOT - MARLEY

MARLEY
(his mouth agape as he still looks at Jekyll vacuously)
But look here, Jekyll - I mean I - I simply must get this straight - you mean -?

FLASH SHOT - MRS. MARLEY

She is trying to get her stupid husband's eye to keep him from pressing the subject.
JEKYLL
(warmed to his subject, 
glad of the interest)
Well, to put it as simply as I can - 
Good and evil are so close as to be 
chained together in the soul. Man 
isn't truly one, but two. Now what 
if we could break that chain - 
separate those two selves -- 
(his face alight, 
lost in his subject)
To free the good in man, and let it 
go on to its higher destiny... to 
segregate the bad in man - and let 
it destroy itself in its own 
degradation!
(looks around, sees 
he has gone beyond 
their comprehension - 
finishes lamely)
Well, roughly that's what my research 
is leading to -- a combination of 
chemical agents, which if administered 
would --

Marley has just awakened to the fact that his guests aren't 
very happy - particularly the two nervous ladies on his either 
side. Also, he feels his own "character" attacked.

MARLEY
(sputtering)
But see here - aren't you rather 
presumptuous in assuming there is 
evil in all men?

JEKYLL
Of course there's evil in all men!

He speaks the following with a peculiar faunlike glee, jabbing 
at them with his tone, quietly, but watching them all as he 
looks around the table. He's mad now at their subborn refusal 
to look at the facts.

Jekyll's voice comes over the stiff-lipped women and 
uncomfortable men.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL'S VOICE
We'd be hypocrites if we didn't admit it. We've all had thoughts we wouldn't care to have published ... or shouted out loud. Our desires aren't always confirmed to a drawing room. As Christian we admit that Man was created weak! It's an honest problem. Shouldn't we face it?

By this time WE HOLD ON the Bishop. There is a tense silence!

BISHOP
(with gentle dignity)
Suppose we believe that Man's soul has not yet reached its fulfillment. Is it right or wise to tamper with this problem, until its Creator has solved it - in His own mysterious way?

GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING JEKYLL, COLONEL, BISHOP

The Colonel is looking across at Jekyll, trembling with austere indignation.

JEKYLL
(softening a little)
My Lord - as I said before -

CLOSE SHOT - DR. COURTNEY -

He draws himself up in a severe conservative huff.

DR. COURTNEY
Really, Jekyll - this is quite alarming. Such theories are dangerously close to a -- well, I hesitate to think what the Medical Council will be forced to say if --

GROUP SHOT - INCLUDING JEKYLL'S END OF TABLE

Sir Charles looks with alarm at what Dr. Courtney is saying.

JEKYLL
(with an undercurrent of heat - but smiling)
Dr. Courtney - advanced theories are always the sore-point for the Medical Council - or even a Queen's physician. Especially if there's a comfortable profit in those already safely established.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DR. COURTNEY

(bristling)
Jekyll - if -

COLONEL

(suddenly exploding)
If you want my opinion, young man -
this is all pure balderdash!

JEKYLL

(right back at him)
Really, Colonel Weymouth? Suppose
we take your profession. What about
the soldier when he comes out of
battle - keyed up from the lust of
killing? What about his thoughts?
He's lonely - bewildered. Why just
recall yourself, as a young subaltern
in Egypt - back from a campaign up
the Nile - on a moonlit night in
Cairo. What were your thoughts? What
was in your mind?

For a moment the Colonel is so moved by the glamor and
nostalgia in Jekyll's words, that his mouth is agape.

COLONEL

(half remembering dim
conquests)
Well, now - if you put it - I mean
that's something diff--
(them suddenly feels
his wife's eagle
glare - pounds table)
Harrumph! By Gad, sir! I've heard
enough!

CLOSE SHOT - MRS. MARLEY

She pushes her chair back in the sudden silence, rises with
a sugary little murmur.

MRS. MARLEY

Ladies...?

FULL SHOT - ROOM

As the ladies rise, and leave, the men standing.

LADY COOPER

(as they go)
Oh, I meant to ask. Has anybody seen
Wilde's new play, "The Ideal Husband"?

(CONTINUED)
MRS. FRENCH
Oh, yes - at the Haymarket - a little
so-so for my taste but then-

MRS. ARNOLD
The pantomime at the Lane is
magnificent. Dan [...] is screamingly
funny.

MRS. COURTNEY
Yes. And have you seen Irving's "King
Arthur"... Superb...

TWO SHOT - BEATRIX AND JEKYLL (OVER THIS)
As she rises she gives him a little smile which means "I'm-\nwith-you", perhaps even purses her lips at him quickly as WE
PAN her away with the other women.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL
He looks after her, raises his eyebrow with a dry grin and
shrugs his shoulders.

CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES
He is looking from Jekyll to Beatrix o.s., a worried look of
disapproval in his expression, as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - CARRIAGE - EXT STREET - NIGHT
It clops along with two horses, footman and driver on box.

FULL SHOT - INT. CARRIAGE - LATER
Beatrix sits between Jekyll and Sir Charles on the back seat.
Lanyon sits on the jump seat. Sir Charles looks silent and
worried. All are aware of this. WE ONLY HEAR the clop-clop
of the horses. Beatrix suddenly puts her hand over her
Father's.

BEATRIX
(affectonately)
Tired, Father darling...?

SIR CHARLES
Hm? Oh - no, no.
(as carriage stops)
Well - here we are, eh?
(MORE)
SIR CHARLES (CONT'D)
(as Footman opens
door - and Lanyon
gets out)
That's it. You first, John.
(getting out himself
with a grunt, as he
rises)
Hmph! Getting old, I suppose.

GROUP SHOT - EXT. - AT CARRIAGE

They are in front of Sir Charles' house, a large mansion of
the period.

DR. LANYON
Well, Sir Charles, it's been a long
evening, so I imagine you -

SIR CHARLES
Oh, no - no. You must come in for a
night-cap, John.
(with a smile)
If you don't think the rest of the
company will be bored with each other.

Jekyll and Bee look at each other with relieved smiles.

DR. LANYON
Well - thank you, sir. Just one.

They all move toward the house, as we PAN, and

FULL SHOT - INT. DRAWING ROOM

It is excellently and richly appointed in the style of the
period. Some French doors open off into a conservatory to
one side. Lanyon is pouring the drinks from a tray. Beatrix
and Jekyll are across the room at a music box, looking for
some discs. Sir Charles is looking in a humidor for cigars.

TWO SHOT - JEKYLL AND BEATRIX

Jekyll is looking at a disc.

JEKYLL
What about this -?

BEATRIX
(whispering)
No.... this -

She looks affectionately o.s. toward her Father.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(puzzled - in same
voice)
What -?

BEATRIX
(whispering)
This is the one that makes Father
wind his watch.
(she puts it on and
it starts a lovely
waltz))
Look -

THEY BOTH LOOK

66B PAN SHOT - SIR CHARLES

He raises his eyes from the humidor at the first strains. He seems to think back for a second. THEN WE PAN HIM as he walks slowly to grandfather's clock. Beside the clock is a portrait of a lovely woman, obviously Beatrix's mother by her looks. Sir Charles takes out his watch and winds it, but he does not look at it. He is looking up at the picture, not the clock.

66C CLOSE SHOT - PICTURE

66D CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES

His eyes are a little misty, as he looks o.s. at the picture.

66E TWO SHOT - BEATRIX AND JEKYLL

As they watch Sir Charles o.s.

BEATRIX
(to Jekyll)
It is the waltz that he and Mama first danced together.

JEKYLL
(touched)
Oh...
(turns to Beatrix,
with a little bow)
May I have the honor, Miss Beatrix?

BEATRIX
(curtseying)
With pleasure, Dr. Jekyll.

He takes her in his arms, and they waltz through the French doors into the conservatory.
CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES
He turns from the picture and watches them waltz o.s.

EFFECT SHOT - SIR CHARLES' ANGLE - BEATRIX AND JEKYLL
They waltz, framed in the French doors.

CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES
He smiles a little wistfully, touched by his memories.

BACK TO BEATRIX AND JEKYLL - HIS ANGLE
They dance o.s. into the part of the conservatory hidden from his view.

CLOSE SHOT - SIR CHARLES
His wistful expression turns to one of worry. Lanyon appears INTO SCENE, carrying two glasses, hands one to Sir Charles.

DR. LANYON
Sir Charles...
(raising his glass)
Your health, sir.

SIR CHARLES
Hm? Oh, yes, John - thank you, sir.

He raises his glass, then drinks, then looks o.s. toward conservatory again, worried.

EFFECT SHOT - BEATRIX AND JEKYLL - INT. CONSERVATORY
They are in each other's arms, in a long embrace. WE ARE SHOOTING from the middle of the round, glass-domed room, through ferns and foliage. The waltz plays dimly o.s. Their lips part.

JEKYLL
Where's our melody - when first we met? We haven't got any....

They start walking around the rotunda and WE PAN.

BEATRIX
Oh, yes we have. It isn't when you meet. It's when you know.

JEKYLL
Know what?
BEATRIX
That the world's spinning around -
just for two people alone.

JEKYLL
When do two people know a thing like that?

BEATRIX
Oh... just about a month ago - on a
high hill in Scotland..

JEKYLL
Oh, yes. I know that hill... Pretty
close to Heaven, isn't it?

BEATRIX
Right there. Right on the
outskirts....

JEKYLL
(as though suddenly
remembering)
I was there about that time - with a
girl of all things!

BEATRIX
Was the heather very high - and the
clouds very low above their heads -?

JEKYLL
Hmmm - yes - but what I remember
most was the way the wind caught the
absurd little ringlets in her hair.
(touching around her
ear)
Right about there.

She stops and turns to him.

BEATRIX
See? That's our melody.

JEKYLL
(nodding)
Uh-hm.

They kiss again. She looks at him a second, then draws away
and starts fingering a flower.

BEATRIX
Harry...

JEKYLL
What?
71 CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX

As she turns and looks up at him searchingly.

71A CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

As he looks at her, wondering at her look.

JEKYLL

What, Bee?

72 TWO SHOT - BEATRIX AND JEKYLL

BEATRIX

(slowly) T)

Onight at dinner... I understand what you said about good and evil in people - and that it's that way in all of us... but if good and evil are so closely related in us - chained, as you said - why isn't -?

(then she stops with a little laugh, and a shake of her head, turning from him - fingering flower again)

Oh, no - it sounds so... silly - and wrong, even...

JEKYLL

(tenderly)

This is you and I. Remember us? Nothing you and I can ever discuss will be wrong....

BEATRIX

Well then, why - why isn't the way you and I feel about each other -? I mean...

(hesitates, then with direct, serious warmth)

There's nothing evil in that, is there?

Jekyll laughs tenderly, and takes her hand in his.

JEKYLL

Look here. You and I are in love. Such a small word for such a great thing!

(MORE)
JEKYLL (CONT'D)
But whatever it is, it's a blessed thing, Bee. It makes us one strong, living soul. And it takes whatever power - or even whatever secret delight that there is in evil - and turns it all into good.
(searching her eyes)
Do I have to tell you that....?

BEATRIX
Oh, no -!

She surges into his arms. They kiss passionately, then look at each other, speechless for a moment.

JEKYLL
(suddenly)
What in the world are we doing? Here we are -- bound hand and heart in some ridiculous long engagement -- just because it's the conventional correct thing to --

BEATRIX
Oh, I know, my darling - I don't want to wait, either. Let's ask Father if --

JEKYLL
You leave it to me. I'll take him to the club - put a glass of his favorite brandy in his hand and when I'm through he'll --

They both turn as WE HEAR footsteps o.s. Sir Charles appears, carrying a glass in his hand. The music has stopped.

SIR CHARLES
(as he approaches)
Help John, will you, my dear? He's in there hunting for the Bonnie Banks of Loch Lommond, or something -

BEATRIX
Oh yes, Father...

She goes past him. Jekyll starts to follow.

SIR CHARLES
Harry...

JEKYLL
Yes, Sir Charles?

(CONTINUED)
SIR CHARLES
I'm not one to brood about and all that -- but you must have noticed my attitude coming home this evening.

JEKYLL
Why, sir - I merely thought that -

SIR CHARLES
That amazing flight of fancy you put forth at dinner... I must confess it startled me -- and even though I'm a broad-minded man, myself -- it was a little shocking, too...

JEKYLL
Well, I'm sorry, Sir Charles -- because I assure you it wasn't a flight of fancy at all.

SIR CHARLES
You mean you actually were in earnest?

JEKYLL
Profoundly so, sir. In fact, I'm arranging to spend all my time at it --

SIR CHARLES
This is distressing, Harry --

JEKYLL
(puzzled at his attitude)
Why?

SIR CHARLES
It's absolutely hair-brained, in my opinion.

JEKYLL
(a little stung)
I'm sorry you feel that way. I've just been explaining it further to Bee. She understands.

SIR CHARLES
(stiffening - but in gentle reminder)
There are some things no gentlewoman should understand.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Oh, come now, sir. In this day and age we're surely getting beyond all that sort of --
(breaking off)
Besides, Bee and I are adults, sir - we're deep in love - and very close. That's why we see no need to wait. We want to be married as soon as possible. We both feel that --

SIR CHARLES
I thought we decided on February.

JEKYLL
But that's months away! We need each other now. I want her near me - with me - in all the work I'm going to --

SIR CHARLES
No, no, Harry - I can't discuss any change in the plans. After this evening, more than -

JEKYLL
But, Sir Charles --

SIR CHARLES
Harry! Restraint is wise and healthy in all matters... A sort of proving ground. I waited five years for Beatrix's mother.

JEKYLL
(with a wry smile)
If you'll forgive me, sir -- you were a very sturdy man.

SIR CHARLES
(laughing)
Well, I'm not asking that of you - but, come now, Harry. I've always wanted a son - and now you're going to be that. So listen to me, my boy. You're a coming man in your profession. I'm proud of you. But these ridiculous experiments won't get you anywhere. You must give them up. Develop your practise. Cultivate the circle in which you and Beatrix shall move. That's common sense, my boy.

(MORE)
SIR CHARLES (CONT'D)
(patting his shoulder)
There now. I've had my say. Let's get your night-cap, hm? Getting late.

He turns and starts back into drawing room.

OUT

TRUCKING SHOT - SIR CHARLES AND JEKYLL

SIR CHARLES
Oh, by the way, don't forget - I've taken a box for the opening concert at the Albert Hall -
(passes o.s. ahead of Jekyll)
You and John will join us, of course...

But Jekyll is hardly listening, he is moody and downcast, and almost resentful, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - EXT. SIR CHARLES' HOUSE

Lanyon and Jekyll are just coming down the steps and turning into the walk along the street as WE PAN AND TRUCK with them. Jekyll is silent and moody.

DR. LANYON
(noticing his mood)
What's up? You and the old boy cross swords?

JEKYLL
(dryly)
It seems that I should give up my research - and carry on with taking out little Reggie Smith's adenoids and giving Lady Gwendolyn St. Clair a sugar pill for her perennial self-induced hysteria - or else encounter the serious disapproval of Bee's father.

DR. LANYON
(laughing)
Oh, it can't be that bad, Harry. But you did cut up a bit rough at the Marley's, you know.

Jekyll stops, turning to him.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(a little sharply)
I'm not asking you to agree with me.
I just have a decision to make, that's all.

DR. LANYON
Now, look, Harry - you and I have been friends for years. I can't agree with your theories - but that needn't break up our friendship, you know. I haven't seen anything of you lately.
(taking his arm)
Come on - let's drop down to the club and play a rubber of whist. Do you good.

JEKYLL
(moodily)
I'll walk that far with you...

THEY WALK ON, AS WE

DISSOLVE TO:

87-113 OUT.

TRUCKING SHOT - JEKYLL AND LANYON - STREET

They are in another part of town, taking a short cut in a rather dingy section. At this point they cross the entrance to a narrow mews (alley) and WE HOLD as sounds of a struggle and cries come from its darkened recess.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Let me go, you -! Why you filthy -!
Help -!

Jekyll and Lanyon both look down the mews, then dart o.s. toward the sound.

GROUP SHOT - IN MEWS

Jekyll and Lanyon rush into SCENE to find a hulk of a gent struggling unpleasantly with young girl. The scene is lit by dim gas light. Jekyll pulls the man off the girl, who drops to the ground with a moan against a rubbish box or an old packing case. The gent starts to fight, then sees two against one, and streaks down the mews with Lanyon and Jekyll in pursuit, as WE PAN.

TWO SHOT - OTHER END OF MEWS

As the gent flies in and out of SCENE, Jekyll and Lanyon stop, as they watch him streak across the street.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Let him go. Get a cab. I'll see what's been done.

He hurries back into the mews.

TWO SHOT - JEKYLL AND GIRL

She is sitting on the rubbish box, straightening her hat and muttering to herself in comic tearfulness as Jekyll approaches into SCENE.

GIRL
(to herself)
A nice thing... when a girl can't... the big...

JEKYLL
(politely)
Did he hurt you?

GIRL
dusting off her dress - hardly noticing him) It'd take more than a bloke like that to --
(suddenly sees him for first time, impressed by his looks and attire, in almost childish admiration)
Oh..!
(straightening her hat)
I'll bet I look ever so untidy.

Jekyll can't help but smile, amused by her reaction. Then:

JEKYLL
You're sure you're not hurt?

GIRL
Why... I don't think so - I -
(stands - winces on one foot)
Oo!

JEKYLL
Ankle?

GIRL
Mm. Twisted.
(sways and catches his arm)
Do you mind?

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Of course not. An ankle can be very painful...

GIRL
You're ever so kind.
  (feeling her side)
Mm! Me side, too. He bashed a rib, he did!

JEKYLL
I shouldn't have stopped. I should have caught him, eh?

GIRL
Oh, no, I mean - I'm so glad you stopped - if you take my meaning.

JEKYLL
  (nodding ahead)
My friend's getting a cab. Can we drive you anywhere?

GIRL
You're ever so kind.

JEKYLL
Nonsense. Let's try it, shall we?
  (they start to walk toward end of mews as WE TRUCK WITH THEM. She limps)
That's the girl.

GIRL
  (smiling up at him)
A gent like you shouldn't be bothering yourself about me, now.

JEKYLL
What sort of a gent doesn't like to help a pretty girl? Hm?

He says this with casual politeness, but smiles down at her as he finishes.

GIRL
Oh, now!
  (straightening her hat, flustered)
And me with my hat all about me head!

Jekyll laughs, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)
She sits between them. Lanyon is not very pleased with her voluble presence or with the job of taking her home.

GIRL
... and so he asks me can he walk me home, he does. And I says yes. When a girl has to work late at nights, it's nice to have a bit of company to see you home...

JEKYLL
(pleasantly, as Lanyon makes no remark)
Naturally.

GIRL
(now all to Jekyll)
I know what's what. You have to if you're a barmaid. I like a bit of fun, as the saying goes. But when a bloke grabs you sudden-like with nasty notions in his head, it's time to put your foot down.
(grabbing her side, Leaning against Jekyll) I'm sorry to bother you two gents... ooo!

The cab slows to a stop.

As the cab stops, Jekyll gets out first.

JEKYLL
(holding his arms up to help girl)
Here you are.

As the girl gets down, she collapses on her ankle with a muffled cry of pain and Jekyll catches her.

GIRL
Ow! It hurts more now -!

JEKYLL
Here -

(CONTINUED)
With this, he picks her up.

DR. LANYON  
(slightly impatient)  
Can I give you a hand, Harry?

JEKYLL  
(cheerily)  
I think I can manage.

CONTINUED.

He carries the girl up the stoop to the door, as WE PAN. She takes a key from her purse and opens the door. They go inside.

BOOM SHOT - INT. BOARDING HOUSE - HALL AND STAIRS

GIRL  
(nodding upstairs)  
Second floor - first door on the right.  
(watching Jekyll's face as he carries her up)  
I'll bet I'm heavy...

JEKYLL  
Oh, no.

GIRL  
You're ever so strong, aren't you?

In the b.g., below a harridan of a landlady has poked her head out of the door, and is watching them.

CLOSE SHOT - LANDLADY

She looks up after them with a knowing smile, lifting an eyebrow and nodding her satisfaction at Jekyll's appearance.

FULL SHOT - GIRL'S DOOR - UPPER HALL

JEKYLL  
(coming to top of landing and door)  
Here?

GIRL  
Uh-huh.

She inserts a key and opens the door. Jekyll carries her in.
WE ARE SHOOTING over a bed, and Jekyll and the girl's figures are silhouetted in the door. He comes to the bed and puts her down.

GIRL
(taking off her cape or coat)
The light's by the door - if you've a match.

JEKYLL
Right.

He goes back to the door, and lights the gas jet.

It is the usual dingy rooming house chamber, appointed as of the era and the girl... cheap souvenirs - men's pictures (sailors and soldiers) tacked unframed on the walls, etc. Jekyll puts his hat and stick down on a chair, and then closes the door. WE PAN him over to her as she looks up at him, half shy, half excitedly expectant.

JEKYLL
(calmly)
You better let down your blouse.

GIRL
(a little "miffed" at the calm approach)
Why?

JEKYLL
(easily)
Don't you want me to have a look at you?

GIRL
(coyly)
I don't know. You're lookin', ain't you?

JEKYLL
But, your side. I thought you --

Then with a giggle, she quickly peels off her blouse, (or lets down her shirt-waist) revealing herself in a fluffy thin top slip of the period. She looks up at him, trying to "play up". She pulls her feet upon the bed, under her.

(CONTINUED)
GIRL
(softly)
You aren't half a fast one, aren't you?

Jekyll looks puzzled for a second, then bursts out laughing.

JEKYLL
(between chuckles)
I'm sorry. Let's both understand this, shall we? My friend and I are physicians.

GIRL
Physicians...?

JEKYLL
(nodding)
Doctors.

GIRL
Doctors?
(suddenly laughs delightedly at the situation)
Go on! I thought you were just a couple of toffs!

JEKYLL
(laughing, too)
No. Haven't the leisure.

GIRL
(throwing back her head, laughing)
Oh, dear me! -- And here I thought -!

They stop laughing and look at each other.

JEKYLL
(quickly, easily again)
Well, I'm glad to see you're not really hurt...

He smiles down at her, with a chiding look, then starts to turn away.

GIRL
(quickly)
Oh, but I am, Doctor - truly -

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(still kidding, turning back)
I better send you to the hospital, hm?

GIRL
(offering her side)
No, look - here - feel -

Jekyll adopts a mock serious manner and feels her side.

JEKYLL
Here -?

GIRL
("wincing")
O-o! Yes -

JEKYLL
Hm - I thought so - a transossis pectoralis...

GIRL
(puzzled, alarmed)
What's that mean?

JEKYLL
(into her eyes)
That means your eyes are twin pools of desire...

GIRL
(softly, slowly, charmed)
Aw, Doctor... that's neat. You can say the words, you can..!

JEKYLL
("surprised")
But doesn't this still hurt?

She looks down to see he is prodding her side.

GIRL
(quickly, wincing)
Hm? Oh - yes - o-o -!

JEKYLL
(straightening up, with a chuckle)
It'll be all right in the morning...

(CONTINUED)
She quickly kicks off her shoe, peels off her stocking, holds the garter in her hand, a little rubber-tape ringlet with a gew-gaw buckle.

GIRL
(as she does so, softly)
But look here – my ankle – don't you think you ought to look at that?

JEKYLL
(smiling, shaking his head)
No.
(then points to where garter has left a red mark above her knee)
But I'll tell you one thing, young lady. You wear that garter too tight. Bad. Stops the circulation.

The girl looks down and then looks up at him, pathetically happy that he is this solicituous about her at least. She rises and grabs his hands.

GIRL
There! You see now? You did find something. You are my doctor, aren't you?
(as he only smiles at her, then:)
I ought to pay you a fee...

JEKYLL
(a little caught)
I haven't presented any bill...

GIRL
(handing him garter)
How about this? To begin with...
(as he looks at it)
Not that it's enough.

JEKYLL
Some people don't pay half as much --

GIRL
It don't seem near enough to me -!

With this she puts her arms about his neck and kisses him. He half returns the embrace.
The door opens with a simultaneous knock, and Lanyon stands there.

DR. LANYON
Harry -? Is this -?
(seeing them break apart)
Oh... sorry -
(a little coldly)
Come along, will you? It's getting late.

He turns and we HEAR him walk down steps o.s.

He looks after Lanyon, frowning a little, then chuckles to himself and shakes his head. He picks up his hat and stick, walks toward the door. The girl follows him. He automatically puts garter in his pocket.

GIRL
(puzzled)
You - you ain't really goin' - just because he says that -

JEKYLL
No. But I have to go -

GIRL
But, look here - don't you understand?
I ain't no--

JEKYLL
(warmly)
I know that. You're a girl with her heart just where it ought to be - it's just a little too generous, that's all.
(patting her arm)
-- So because you're a nice pretty girl - just be a little smarter about the company you pick from now on. Hm - why not?

GIRL
Well, but -- You're here, ain't you?

JEKYLL
I shouldn't be, though. If you knew me, you'd know I really don't want to be. You see --

(CONTINUED)
The girl lifts her head quickly, stung.

GIRL
Oh! Well, I picks only them as wants my company. I'll tell you that!

Her lip starts to quiver. Whatever her carefree loves, she senses she is the woman scorned. Her eyes start to flash.

JEKYLL
(knowing it is useless to make her understand)
I'm sorry. It's my fault. I should have --

GIRL
Whatcha sorry about? I'm not!

JEKYLL
(one last try)
Come, now. Let's say we wore both foolish and it was all in fun - and wish each other luck the next time we take a drink, hm?

As he says this, he puts out his hand. She ignores it.

GIRL
(starts to laugh)
I suppose it was all in fun when you kissed me?

JEKYLL
(ruefully)
Yes. I have it coming to me, my dear.
(going out door)
But anyhow - good night and good luck. Always.

GIRL
(slamming door on him)
You wasn't all in fun then - I know that!

She starts laughing, tears of rage in her eyes.

129-133 OUT.

134 CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - EXT. DOOR - HALL

He hears her laughing.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Next time you look at a girl, make up your mind, mister!

(CONTINUED)
He shakes his head again, wondering how he got in the whole mess, and starts down the stairs.

CLOSE SHOT - GIRL - INT. ROOM

She hears his footsteps go away down the stairs. She turns and WE PAN her back into the room. She is puzzled and furious at the same time. She slumps down on the bed. Her expression falls. Then she wipes all thought of him from her mind and starts to whistle, taking off her other stocking as we

DISSOLVE TO:

TWO SHOT - JEKYLL AND LANYON - INT. CAB PROCESS

Lanyon is sitting quietly looking ahead. Jekyll is studying him, grinning.

JEKYLL
(finally)
Oh come now, John - don't get that stuffy look. The lady wasn't injured, and neither was I - nor anyone else.

DR. LANYON
I admit she might be a tempting little trick - in an off moment.

JEKYLL
What do you mean.. "off moment"?

DR. LANYON
(sardonically)
Yours. According to your theory, I imagine that graphic tableau I just witnessed was the momentary triumph of the evil in your soul over the good. Correct?

JEKYLL
(after a second's thought)
Why...yes. Not quite a triumph...
(with a serious little smile)
But it was an attack.
(then quickly)
- yet one that would have been repulsed without your presence, John, I assure you.

DR. LANYON
Wouldn't you run less personal risk if you confined your experiments to your laboratory?

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Well, the laboratory's where you'll find me from tonight on -
(looking ahead, almost to himself)
... until I get what I'm looking for...

Lanyon notices his determined look, shrugs with a little shake of his head, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

137 OUT.

137A FULL SHOT - INT. LABORATORY - LATER
Jekyll is standing by the two cages, his cape and hat still on. He peers at the occupants. His brow is furrowed.

137B CLOSE SHOT - HIS ANGLE, THE CAGES -
The rabbit and the rat are more or less exactly as when he put them in the cages earlier in the evening. Jekyll's hand comes into the rabbit's cage. The rabbit sniffs at it. As his hand approaches the rat, it tears around the cage wildly, then bites at his hand.

137C CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL
His face sets with determination. He throws off his cape and hat and WE PAN him to his work table. He starts mixing various potions, lighting burners, etc., getting out vials, and powders, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

NOTE: The following series of dissolves denote passage of time and the fury of incessant work on Jekyll's part.

137D (FORMERLY #88) CLOSE SHOT - POTION - INT. LAB
Jekyll's face is behind it, intense. Its bubbles die out. Jekyll's expression falls. Jekyll starts figuring ingredient combinations on a pad.

DISSOLVE TO:

137E (FORMERLY SCENE #89) CLOSE SHOT - PAD - INT. LAB
Jekyll's hand writes a formula, furiously. He scratches it out. Tears off sheet. Starts writing again.

DISSOLVE TO:
Two men are carrying a cot down the stairs under Poole's direction. Poole looks apprehensively at Jekyll, who is working at the table. Poole carries blankets and sheets.

He is in work clothes now, a smock on. He wears a growth of a couple of days' beard. He is trying another mixture.

He is pulling curtains aside to let in the morning light. We pan him as he picks up a tray of food, and carries it to Jekyll, who takes no notice. Poole puts it down with a sigh and withdraws.

LAB WE PAN up and Poole is looking at it. It is untouched. He crosses to where Jekyll is asleep in the cot, exhausted, some notes in his hand. Poole gently covers him up with a throw.

His expression is now more strained than ever. He is in his shirt-sleeves, with open neck - another growth of beard. He is mixing some stuff in crucible. He pulls it out quickly. Measures some out in a syringe, dumps it into a cooling vat. Then he goes quickly to cages with it as we pan.
CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - AT CAGES

He reaches o.s. into the rabbit's cage and administers syringe. Then repeats the action in the rat's cage. He watches, and suddenly his expression grows elated. He looks from one cage to another. He starts to put his bare hand into the rabbit's cage.

CLOSE SHOT - RABBIT - INT. CAGE

As Jekyll's hand enters slowly the rabbit is tearing about wildly. It suddenly backs up into a corner, and then lunges at Jekyll's hand.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

He withdraws his hand with a gleeful explanation. Tries it again a couple of times. Then he looks in rat's cage.

CLOSE SHOT - INT. RAT'S CAGE

The rat seems almost dead. Then it gets up, shakes itself, and as Jekyll's hand comes slowly into the cage, the rat sniffs it. Jekyll's hand lifts it up. It does not struggle.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

as he holds the rat, a look of triumph comes over his face. He strokes the rat, fondling it to be sure of the result. Then he quickly puts the rat back, and WE PAN HIM as he darts to the cabinet, takes out his leather vial case, brings it to the table, and starts pouring contents of the container below the retort into a new vial, his expression jubilantly excited, as we WIPE TO: [Section details]

FULL SHOT - INT. ALBERT HALL - BOX

O.s. we hear the symphony being played. Beatrix, Sir Charles and Lanyon are seated in a tier box as WE DOLLY IN CLOSE. Jekyll's empty chair is in evidence. Beatrix seems very unhappy. Sir Charles looks about at the empty chair, then looks at his watch. Beatrix notices this, as does Lanyon. They turn to each other.

CLOSE SHOT - LANYON AND BEATRIX

BEATRIX
(sotto voce)
I'm worried, John. It's not like him not to send any word.

(CONTINUED)
137U CONTINUED:

DR. LANYON
(reassuringly)
He'll be along.

DISSOLVE TO:

137V PAN SHOT - JEEKYLL - INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

It is dimly lit, quiet. WE PAN JEEYYLLL as he hurries past the entrance from the b.g. and rounds a corner. WE HOLD as he stops. A nurse is leading Mrs. Higgins past him. She is sobbing pathetically. Fenwick, the interne, is standing in the b.g., closing the door. Mrs. Higgins does not notice Jekyll. She goes by with the nurse. Jekyll's expression falls. He turns quickly to Fenwick who comes up to him.

JEKYLL
Look here. Higgins isn't -?

FENWICK
(as Jekyll stops)
Yes, sir. Just now. Cerebral hemorrhage.

Jekyll looks as though he'd been struck. He glances down at his case, as his anticipation leaves him. Without a word, he turns and WE PAN HIM back around the corner as we

DISSOLVE TO:

137W GROUP SHOT - EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

The nurse is condoling Mrs. Higgins as Jekyll comes out. Jekyll's carriage is waiting there. Jekyll is pre-occupied in gloom.

NURSE
(to the sobbing Mrs. Higgins)
There - there now -

MRS. HIGGINS
(seeing Jekyll)
Oh, Dr. Jekyll -!

JEKYLL
Oh... I'm sorry, Mrs. Higgins...

MRS. HIGGINS
(between sobs)
Maybe it's for best, sir. That - that wasn't my Sam back there. It - it was as if the Evil One had crept into his heart - poor Sam...

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(escorting her to carriage)
Hobson - take Mrs. Higgins wherever she wishes to go. I'll walk.

HOBSON
Yes, sir.

MRS. HIGGINS
(now in carriage)
Ht-Thank you, Dr. Jekyll...

JEKYLL
(patting her hand, absently)
Goodnight, Mrs. Higgins.....

He walks o.s. and the carriage starts up as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

137X (FORMER SC. #42) MED. SHOT - ENTRANCE TO WEST GATE - PARK

We are inside the park, SHOOTING OUT. Mr. Weller, a fat jovial park-keeper in visored hat, is just about to lock the gate as Jekyll appears.

MR. WELLER
Ah! Good evening, Dr. Jekyll. Just about to lock up!

Jekyll comes in and stands in thought a moment, as Mr. Weller locks the gate. Then Weller joins him and WE TRUCK WITH THEM as they walk.

MR. WELLER
(chattily)
I'll step along with you if you're going to the East Gate. Wonderful nights we're having - eh, sir?

JEKYLL
(suddenly)
Mr. Weller - supposing you had a balloon that would carry a man to Mars - and the pilot you'd picked out disappeared - would you get in the balloon yourself and cast off?
MR. WELLER
(enjoying this as a joke)
Well now - that's a difficult one.
But I think if I had a balloon as
would carry me there - and back,
mark you - I think I'd do it. Might
get me away from the mother-in-law
for a while!
(laughs uproariously)
How's that for an answer, Dr. Jekyll?

JEKYLL
(almost to himself -
with resolve)
Fair enough, Mr. Weller -- fair
enough....

DISSOLVE TO:

138 OUT.

139 FULL SHOT - INT. LAB - LATER

Jekyll is seated at his table, writing a letter. A full retort
of liquid is bubbling near him. His face is strained,
purposeful, his evening coat off, his hair a little
dishevelled. Jekyll looks up from his writing, examines the
content of the retort, turns the burner a little lower. Then
goes back to his writing.

140 CLOSE SHOT - PAGE OF NOTE.

JEKYLL'S HAND IS WRITING:
"because there is no other way to prove the true value of my
experiments....

(HIS PEN STARTS WRITING HERE)

"But remember, my darling, in case of my death...."

On this last word, with a crash of musical chord, we

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

140A CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX - INT. HER BEDROOM

She is asleep, the moonlight coming across her face through
the window o.s. Suddenly her eyes go wide, and she sits bolt
upright as WE PULL back. She looks around the room.

BEATRIX
(as though someone were in the room)
Yes --? What --?

(Continued)
She thinks for a second, then quickly gets out of bed, hurries to the closet as WE PAN and starts pulling out some attire, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

Beatrix, now dressed, tip-toes down the stairs and silently opens the door to the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

The burner is now off. Jekyll is pouring the contents, which have dripped from the retort into a container, from the container into a vial. It smokes and swirls strangely. He holds the vial a second. He looks at the letter to Beatrix, leaning in a prominent position on the table.

Holding the vial, he examines his face, feels his skin, turning his head. He starts to raise the vial to his lips. Then he gets another thought. WE PULL BACK AND PAN LEFT AND RIGHT IN LONG SHOTS as he puts vial back on table, runs to the drapes at the back of the lab, pulls them to, over the windows, then dashes up the stairs and locks the door. He comes down again, approaches the vial, slowly, picks it up. For a moment, he looks straight ahead into the CAMERA, as though into the future. Then down the vial with one long gulp. For a second, nothing happens. Then he grips his throat in a violent convulsion, he chokes, groans, and gags. He can hardly breathe. Slowly, his face starts to change into a haggard and horrible caricature of himself. He spins around a couple of times, then falls to the floor, writhing. THE CAMERA ZOOMS down into his body, and is blacked out, as we,

DISSOLVE TO:

These to show the tortured metamorphosis in the splitting of Jekyll's soul: In a spinning maelstrom of odd mechanical whirring sounds, rasping and cacophonous noises and odd shapes come the faces and voices of the following:

1. Heath's Voice: "I can't allow it, Jekyll."


3. Jekyll's Voice: "... and let it destroy itself in its own degradation."

(CONTINUED)
4. Courtney's Voice: "... I hesitate to say what the Medical Council would..."

5. Beatrix's Voice: "There's nothing evil in that, is there?"

6. Sir Charles' Voice: "things no gentlewoman should understand!

7. Bishop's Voice: "Come, come - my dear doctor - now you're invading my territory."

8. Girl's Voice: "... I'll add this for good measure."

It ends in a weird sighing moan and far away laughter, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

150 CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - FACE DOWN ON FLOOR

His back is to the CAMERA (or is it Jekyll?). We ask as WE PAN UP WITH HIM, his back like an animal's in a crouch. The top of his head is strangely elongated, his ears are pointed. As yet we do not see his face but FOLLOW HIM as he slowly shuffles, gasping and grunting to the mirror. There over his shoulder, we get a look at his face for the first time. It is hideous in its transformation into Evil, yet withal containing a strange fascinating Pan-like quality. At first he starts, as though an animal looking in the mirror for the first time. Then he peers closer. And he starts to laugh, slowly, softly at first, then mounting to loud yelps.

JEKYLL

(continuing)

Hypocrites! Fools! Blind men! Deny what's in your souls, will you? You can't deny that!
CONTINUED:

Then WE PAN HIM as he capers about the room, leaping and stretching and jumping up and down like a faun, laughing all the time. O.s. there is a knock on the door which he doesn't hear.

CLOSE SHOT - EXT. LAB - DOOR TOWARD HOUSE

Inside the laughter comes over the SCENE. Poole, in his dressing gown, is listening. He reacts to laughter, then starts banging on the door, trying to open it.

POOLE
(in great alarm)
Dr. Jekyll - Dr. Jekyll! What's happening, sir? Are you all right?

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - INT. LAB

He stops capering as he hears the banging on the door, alert as a wild animal.

JEKYLL
Eh? Who's there? Who is it?

POOLE'S VOICE
It's Poole, sir! Dr. Jekyll - is that you, sir?

The banging continues. Jekyll looks wildly about, then sees vials on the table. He hurriedly starts mixing them in another potion.

JEKYLL
Just a moment, now!

CLOSE SHOT - POOLE - EXT. LAB DOOR

When he hears the silence, he gets even more worried.

POOLE
Who is that in there? Dr. Jekyll - answer me, sir! Dr. Jekyll --!

He shoves his weight against the door, cannot budge it, then starts o.s. toward the house when he is called back by footsteps on the stairs. He waits a little warily, as they come toward the door. The door opens quickly. Dr. Jekyll stands there, his natural self. He is pale, perspiring, breathing heavily.

JEKYLL
(to try to be calm)
Yes, Poole.

(continues)
POOLE
(stammering)
Why, sir - I - I'm sorry, sir - I
heard a frightful noise - and a strange
voice - and - and I thought something
had happened, sir.

JEKYLL
No... it was quite - all right, Poole.
There was someone here. He - he was
a friend of mine. A - er - a... Mr.
Hyde. He was a bit - well, under the
weather - rather obstreperous. I got
him out by the back door.

POOLE
Oh, I see, sir.
(them, back to the
servant again)
Miss Beatrix is here, sir.

JEKYLL
(hit between the eyes)
Miss Beatrix.... alone?

POOLE
(re-assuringly)
I've shown her to the consulting
room, sir.

JEKYLL
Tell - tell Miss Beatrix I shall be
there at once.

POOLE
Very good, sir.

Jekyll closes the door, as Poole exits o.s.

FULL SHOT - LAB

Jekyll comes down the stairs in the b.g. He is stunned by
this announcement from Poole. Mechanically, dazed, he starts
putting on his tail coat. Then with a sudden rush of thought,
as WE PAN, he rushes to the mirror again, examines his face
to see if any of the awful evil is left. He feels his cheek,
his brow, his ear. He covers his face with his hand, in
revulsion at what he had seen earlier. Then he looks at
himself again.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(muttering through
his teeth some dim
remembered quotation)
"... if once this thing is born again,
Decapitate it - e're it fouls the
air..."

Then he quickly turns from the mirror, crosses and picks up
the letter he has written Beatrix, tears it into small pieces,
throws it in the waste-basket, and adjusting his coat, starts
up the stairs. Half way up he hesitates, then proceeds more
slowly, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - INT. JEKYLL'S CONSULTING ROOM - BEATRIX

The room is much as we would expect... a desk, consultation
chair, many shelves of medical books, a few standard
instruments in a case. Beatrix is seated, nervous and anxious.
She turns quickly, as Jekyll opens the door from the hall,
in the b.g. Jekyll's attitude is one of hesitancy at first,
as though awaiting some feared reaction from her.

BEATRIX
(quickly)
Then you're not -? Harry, what's the -?
(on this she is
starting over towards
him, then stops,
looking at him - his
attitude is tense,
strained as though
she knew something.
Then she gives him a
puzzled little smile,
feels her temple)
I can't explain why... but I had a
strange feeling you were going away -
without ever seeing me again ...
isn't that silly?
(she slowly sinks
down in a chair,
looks about the room, then
up at him with
an embarrassed,
nervous little laugh)
It - it was silly, wasn't it? Because
here you are - and here I am...

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL

(Feeling he must say
something)
I had to go to the hospital, Bee....
the man died.

BEATRIX

Oh, I'm sorry... maybe that's what I
felt. But it was just something that --
(then, with another
little laugh)
Why - I had no reason to come at
all!

She rises again, automatically. Jekyll takes her hand with a
sudden gesture.

JEKYLL

Oh, yes, Bee - yes!

BEATRIX

(with a soft smile)
You're glad I'm here then?

Jekyll sweeps her into his arms. Holds her almost desperately
close. In this gesture, her cape falls to the floor.

JEKYLL

Glad? I'd have come to you, I think -
if you hadn't -- I mean - tonight,
somehow, I missed you more than
ever...

BEATRIX

(her lips against his
cheek)
When I'm in this house, I won't let
you waste your nights in that stuffy
old laboratory... You know that,
don't you - hmmm...?

JEKYLL

(almost to himself)
You'll never be out of sight -!

He holds her for a second, then:

BEATRIX

(turning her face to
his)
I don't want to go home....

JEKYLL

Bee....

(Continued)
BEATRIX
You said it wasn't evil for us to --
please, don't send me away now....

He looks full in her eyes for a second, then they kiss passionately.

BEATRIX
(ecstatic)

Oh, my love --!

(then she stops, and
withdraws from him a
little, as her eyes

catch something o.s.
Jekyll turns too.

Beatrix's chin lifts
in defiance. Then,
quietly:)

Yes, Father....?

WE PAN OVER slowly to pick up Sir Charles standing in the
open door-way. Behind him in the hall is Poole, nervously
wringing his hands. Poole ducks o.s., as Sir Charles comes
slowly into the room, as WE PAN, and confronts Beatrix and
Jekyll. Without a word, he leans down, picks up Beatrix's
cape and hands it to her.

SIR CHARLES
(in a quiet, cold
voice to Jekyll)

I am very grateful for the anxiety
you caused us this evening --
(to Beatrix)
I was unable to sleep myself.

JEKYLL

Sir Charles, I asked Beatrix to come
here tonight --

BEATRIX
(reproving him)

Harry -- you --

JEKYLL
(gently)

Bee --
(to Sir Charles)

Because I --

SIR CHARLES
(to Jekyll)

Apparently you didn't consider our
talk the other evening very seriously?

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Sir Charles, I beg to believe that there was no --

SIR CHARLES
All I can believe is that your theories of behavior are not normal, Jekyll -- not fit. I might say not even --

BEATRIX
(interrupting quickly)
Father, I don't expect you to understand. I'm not ashamed.

SIR CHARLES
Then I shall be for you... because I do understand. You and I are leaving for the Continent tomorrow. We shall be catching the afternoon boat-train.

JEKYLL
(stunned)
The Continent? Oh, come, sir -- there's --

BEATRIX
(pleading now)
Oh, Father, please -!

JEKYLL
(trying to reason)
Sir Charles - you could avoid all of this misunderstanding if you'd set an early date for our marriage.

BEATRIX
Please, Father....

SIR CHARLES
The date remains as planned.
(to Jekyll)
And if you haven't abolished those unhealthy experiments of yours --
(as Jekyll starts to speak)
Oh, I know you're still working at them - why, we'll consider the engagement broken.

JEKYLL
swear to you, sir, I've finished entirely with everything that I -

(CONTINUED)
SIR CHARLES
That will await our return. Come, Beatrix.

BEATRIX
(to Jekyll)
Harry - if you don't wish me to go away - I shall refuse.

SIR CHARLES
(sternly)
Beatrix -!

BEATRIX
I mean it, Father.

She turns to Jekyll for an answer. He looks at her for a long time.

JEKYLL
(finally)
I don't want you to go away, Bee. But - even though you and I can't agree with him - your Father is only thinking of your happiness. I can't disrespect him in that. I can't ask you to.

There is a moment of silence. Beatrix sees that Jekyll means it.

SIR CHARLES
(with a relieved sigh, more gently now)
That's highly commendable, Harry.

Beatrix now tries to smile. She offers her hand to Jekyll.

BEATRIX
(fighting tears)
You - you'll see us off at the train?

JEKYLL
(taking her hand - nodding)
It better have two engines - or I'll try to hold it back.

BEATRIX
Try anyway.

She goes close to him, kisses his cheek swiftly, and with a little sob, turns and hurries out.
SIR CHARLES
(more kindly)
Restraint, my boy - restraint. It's the only strength of human existence.

JEKYLL
Goodnight, Sir Charles.

SIR CHARLES
Goodnight.

He turns and follows Beatrix. Jekyll looks after them, miserable, as we

FADE OUT:

159-161 OUT.

FADE IN:

162 FULL SHOT - EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE - DUSK

It is raining, a heavy driving rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

163 FULL SHOT - INT. JEKYLL'S LAB

Jekyll stands looking out of the back windows, leaning up against the wall. Poole enters from the stair landing and comes down carrying a tray on which is a letter and a glass of sherry wine. Jekyll does not even look around.

164 CLOSE SHOT - POOLE

At bottom of stair, he stops and looks at Jekyll o.s.

165 CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - POOLE'S ANGLE

He is moody and disconsolate, as he looks at the rain outside.

166 PAN SHOT - POOLE

He shakes his head, frowning, then smiles to himself as WE PAN HIM OVER to Jekyll.

POOLE
(gently)
How about a glass of sherry wine, sir?

JEKYLL
(without looking)
No, thank you, Poole - no sherry wine.

(CONTINUED)
POOLE
Well, would you consider a letter - ah - from Aix Les Bains?

Jekyll turns quickly, his face lighting up.

JEKYLL
(snatching up letter)
Poole, you blackguard! Would I?
(tears open letter,
Poole starting to move away with the tray)
And your sherry wine, too - what's more!

Poole comes back and gives glass to Jekyll. Jekyll starts reading letter avidly, holding wine in his hand. Poole moves o.s.

CLOSE SHOT - POOLE
As he comes to a desk, and starts straightening things up. He wants to talk, to cheer his master up.

POOLE
Miss Beatrix should be returning home in another week, shouldn't she, sir? Hobson told me they were expected.

He gets no answer from Jekyll o.s. He turns to look.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - POOLE'S ANGLE
Jekyll's expression is turning from interested delight to puzzlement. Then his face clouds entirely. He puts glass down on window-sill. It falls over with a tinkle and a splash. Jekyll quickly turns the page, anguished.

INSERT - BEATRIX'S LETTER - IN JEKYLL'S HAND
(LINES ARE FROM TOP OF PAGE)
"... did not write yesterday because I'm so distressed. Darling heart - Father - refuses to come home. We are leaving tomorrow for Italy - to be gone I don't know how long. Oh, my dearest, if you knew how I've tried to."

FULL SHOT - ROOM
Poole sees Jekyll's concern and rage, as Jekyll looks away from the letter. Poole advances to him, to pick up glass.

(CONTINUED)
POOLE
Not bad news, I hope, sir.

JEKYLL
(bitterly)
Miss Beatrix will be gone indefinitely - that's all.

POOLE
Oh, I'm sorry, sir. Sir Charles' health, no doubt.
(a pause, as Poole watches Jekyll slump down in a chair)
If you'll forgive me, sir - it distresses me to see you down this way. It's not right, sir. Might I suggest that you pick up and go out this evening for a bit of fun? They say there's a very entertaining musical comedy at the Gaiety -
(with a little cough)
- er - ah -, very daring, you know, sir -
Jekyll considers this a moment, looking at Poole. Then:

JEKYLL
(dryly)
I'm afraid that's not particularly becoming in my position, Poole -
(then with a sardonic chuckle)
Nor even wise, I might add....

He rubs his face in his hands.

POOLE
Another glass of sherry wine, sir?

JEKYLL
(face in his hands, wearily)
No thank you, Poole...

POOLE
Yes, sir.

Poole exits from scene, with tray and broken glass. We hear him go upstairs o.s. and close the door. Then Jekyll gets up with sudden impatience. WE PAN HIM as he walks about the room. He fiddles with a tube or two, straightening it absently. He finds a pipe on the table, knocks it out. He feels in his pocket for tobacco pouch. Doesn't find it. He walks over by the cabinet.
CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

He is looking for his pouch, when suddenly, his eyes catches something o.s.

CLOSE SHOT - IVY'S GARTER

It is still where Jekyll must have tossed it weeks ago. Its cheap little clasp, glistens in the lamplight.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

Fascinated, he slowly bends over and picks it up. He feels it in his hand. He thinks of the girl. Then he quickly throws it on the table. WE PAN HIM as he paces the length of the room again, nervously. This brings him opposite the mirror. He looks at himself then thinks, looks back at the garter, then over at a cabinet. Then he makes his decision, and hurries to the cabinet, pulling out some vials of powders and liquids from various pigeon-holes. As he hastily carries them to the lab table and sits himself down to mix them, we DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - FINISHED POTION

As Jekyll's hand picks it up WE PAN to his face. He hesitates a second, looks at the garter nearby, then with a desperate gesture he drains the potion. The same reaction sets in as before. In violent convulsions, his face starts to turn. He grips the sides of the chair in agony. WE PAN DOWN to his hand. It turns into an animal-like appendage. His four fingers seem to grow together a little bit at the base, and then separate in the middle, almost like the beginning of a cloven hoof. His neck becomes thick and shorter.

WE PAN UP to his face. It is worse than before. WE PAN DOWN to the other hand. The same process is happening here. He is gasping and writhing all the while. WE PAN UP again to his face. The transformation now becomes complete. It is worse in this second stage - more bestial than faun. His writhing stops. He rises, shakes his head - feels the change in his thoughts.

(NOTE: The question of each metamorphosis and its subsequent gradations according to makeup is open to debate so that all parties concerned in the production agree and are satisfied)

GIRL'S VOICE
(on track, whispering)
It's in your eyes - it's in your eyes...

He hurries over to the mirror to look. He is truly this Mr. Hyde now, whom he spoke about to Poole.

(continues)
HYDE
(into mirror, gleefully)
Yes, Mr. Hyde! Wonderful, Mr. Hyde!
It is! You are the modern Narcissus!
Your face reflects man's Eternity as
it was meant to be!

He leaps away from the mirror, stretches himself like an
animal in the middle of the room, thinks again.

GIRL'S VOICE
(whispering)
(with a low laugh) Caught, aren't
you? You're caught...

HYDE
(suddenly, exultantly)
No! I'm free! Free!

He capers about a second, then quickly takes his cape, stick
and hat from a hanger, and darts out the back door.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - EXT. BACK OF LAB

He takes a key out of his pocket, and locks the door. Then
he turns and looks about him. He takes off his hat and
stretches again in the rain, looking up into the elements.
Then he darts off into the darkness as we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - INT. ROOMING HOUSE HALL

We are SHOOTING TOWARD front door on which somebody is banging
furiously on the outside. The slatternly landlady hurriedly
comes down the steps, opens door. She jumps back with a
startled cry as Hyde barges in.

HYDE
(his eyes agleam)
Is she here? Is she in?

LANDLADY
(back up stairs a way)
Who? Who do you want?

HYDE
(pointing)
The dove - the little white dove
that nests in her warm loft up there?

LANDLADY
(as he starts up steps)
If it's Ivy Pearson you want - she -
she ain't in.

(CONTINUED)
176 CONTINUED:

HYDE
(thinking over the name)
(coming down)
Ivy, eh? Ivy...
(with a sly laugh
poking her with stick)
Clinging, no doubt, too....
(then, impatiently)
Come, come – you leaf of jaded lettuce! Where is she? Where does she work?

LANDLADY
At the Palace of Varieties!

HYDE
Ah! At the Palace of Varieties!
What a shallow hearth for the fire
of my lovely jewel!
(then, cocking his head to one side)
But – variety, eh? Variety! I like that!

With a caper, he pokes the landlady in her backside with his stick, and dashes out of the door.

177 CLOSE SHOT – CURB – EXT. IVY'S PLACE

Hyde comes out, gleeful at the prospect of finding Ivy. He comes abreast of an old blind man who is timidly tapping his stick on the curb, preparatory to crossing the street. Hyde takes his arm with exaggerated solicitation.

HYDE
Why, why! Let me give you a hand,
Uncle!

BLIND MAN
(with a happy smile)
Oh...thank you, sir!

WE TRUCK AHEAD OF THEM across the street. They weave their way past a couple of drays. Then, in the middle of the street, Hyde kicks the old man's stick out from under him.

HYDE
(laughing gleefully)
There you are, Uncle – safe and sound!

(CONTINUED)
The old man exclaims inarticulately - "Here - no - no -" and gropes about for his stick which Hyde flicks farther away along the cobbles with his own. A cart nearly runs the old man down, the driver pulling up with a jerk as the old man reels backwards. Hyde utters another happy laugh, and WE PAN HIM as he crosses the street and capers down the walk to where a cab is standing near the intersection of a neuse.

As he climbs into hansom, he taps the nodding driver with his stick.

**HYDE**

*Come, come - my dozing fungus -*

(as Cabbie wakes up quickly)

To the Palace of Varieties!

**CABBIE**

*Right, sir!*

**HYDE**

(wacking horse's right rump with cane)

Right, sir!

(then whacking left)

Left, sir!

(then whacking center)

And a bit down the middle, sir!

Naturally, the horse leaps to action during this as WE PAN CARRIAGE AWAY, AND

**DISSOLVE TO:**

It is the facade of the average cheap music hall of the period. Hyde leaps out of the cab as it comes to a stop. He looks at the place with eager interest, then turns to hand the Cabbie his fare. As the latter reaches down for the money, Hyde has the sudden caprice to pull him tumbling off his seat, rolling him on the pavement. Hyde throws the money on top of him and then pokes him with his stick.

**HYDE**

(capering about)

Whee! All the king's horses and all the king's men!

A couple of hangers-on in front rush up. A passer-by stops.

(CONTINUED)
1ST HANGER-ON
(as though to detain
Hyde)
Here, here, Guv'nor - what's the -?

Hyde turns and raises his stick, with a growl of rage. The
men jump back, scared at the expression of viciousness they
see. Then Hyde chuckles, and darts on into the music hall
box office, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - INT. PALACE OF VARIETIES

A smoke-filled Utopia with a bar at one end, a stage at the
other. Along the side, boxes with tables and chairs - and
tables and chairs ranging on an incline from the stage back
towards the bar. The "chairman" at his table down front is
conducting the proceedings on the stage, a row of plump
soubrettes in a song and dance ensemble to the tune of
"Champagne Charlie". WE SEE Hyde come in in the b.g.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE

He comes in, stands a moment, smelling the wind like an
expectant ram. A waiter approaches him, sees his quality
attire. Hyde hands him his ticket.

WAITER
Ah, yes, sir - Box F, sir.

WE PAN THEM through the tables and up some small steps around
in back of a box which Hyde enters. The waiter stands,
expecting an order, as Hyde's eyes dart about, savoring the
place. The waiter is now a little leery of Hyde's looks and
wants to please.

WAITER
A brandy and soda, sir?

HYDE
(with a grunt, nodding
his head)
Hmph.

The waiter exits. Hyde continues to sweep the room with his
look.

PAN SHOT - HYDE'S ANGLE - THE PLACE

Hyde's glance travels about slowly, enjoying each group. IT
HOLDS at a table where a young man is kissing the neck of
his girl friend. She pretends to repulse him.
CLOSE SHOT - HYDE

He likes this. He shifts happily in his chair. He looks toward the stage.

PAN SHOT - LINE OF SOUBRETTES - HYDE'S ANGLE

We travel down the line of hard-working young ladies. They lift their limbs in a sort of can-can.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE

This pleases him no end. He lifts his stick and rotates it like the limbs of the girls. The waiter appears with the brandy and soda, puts it down.

WAITER
(elaborately)
Yes, sir.

Hyde picks up the glass, starts to drink, and just then notices something o.s. His eyes light up.

EFFECT SHOT - HIS ANGLE - IVY

She is behind the bar, laughing and joking with two or three men. The reason Hyde can see her is that she is standing on a stool, reaching up for a bottle at the back of the bar, as she looks back at the men below. We cannot hear what she is saying, naturally.

TWO SHOT - HYDE AND WAITER

Hyde notices waiter's presence.

HYDE
(barking)
What are you waiting for?
(as waiter starts to stutter)
A tip, eh? Get out!

The waiter ducks quickly, and Hyde looks again toward Ivy o.s. WE PULL BACK to INCLUDE waiter as he rounds box and starts down steps.

WAITER
(grumbling)
Blighter!

Hyde swings his cane over the box in front of the waiter, tripping him.

(CONTINUED)
HYDE
(as he does so)
Eh?
(to waiter on floor)
Mind your tongue and send me a bottle
of champagne.
(gesturing o.s.)
Have her bring it - that girl up
there!

WAITER
(sullenly)
Ivy? Ivy ain't allowed to leave the
bar.

At this point, a fat little manager comes INTO SCENE.

HYDE
(with slow ominousness)
I said!

MANAGER
(very officious)
Here - here. What's all this here
about?

WAITER
This gent here wants champagne.

MANAGER
Champagne? Well, bring it, man -
bring it!

WAITER
But he wants Ivy to serve it -!

MANAGER
Of course, she'll serve it! Jump
now!
(turns to Hyde as
waiter slinks off)
Anything to oblige a gentleman, sir!

But Hyde takes no notice of him, as he keeps looking o.s. at
Ivy.

GROUP SHOT - AROUND IVY AT BAR

She is still on the stool, reaching up. The two men are
kidding her. She is playing up to them. Their eyes are
obviously on her ankles and lower limbs as they are revealed
by her skirt lifting a little when she stretches.

(CONTINUED)
1ST MAN
  (winking at the other)
No, we want the Old Par up there --!

IVY
This – up here –?

2ND MAN
  (nudging his companion)
No, no – up higher, Ivy love – the Red Label Walker –!

IVY
Higher, eh? You are a one!
  (drops down and pushes him playfully in the chest)
Your missus has got a pair of ankles. Go home and look at them!

By this time the waiter has come to bar.

WAITER
  (to Ivy)
There’s a gent in Box F what wants you to serve him and old Figg says you're to do it.

IVY
  (airily)
Oh, he does, eh? Well, tell him it ain't my business to --

WAITER
He wants a bottle of the boy.

IVY
  (happily surprised)
Oh! Bubbly! Why didn't you say so?

She takes a bottle of champagne from a box of cracked ice behind bar. Puts it on a tray.

1ST MAN
  (during this)
Hey, Ivy love – what about some fish and chips after the show?

2ND MAN
What about a dozen oysters and a pint of stout?

Ivy very meaningly puts a second glass on the tray.
CONTINUED: (2)

IVY

What about a glass of champagne?

She picks up tray with bottle and glasses and flounces down the bar and out, as the two men look after her.

CLOSE SHOT - CHAIRMAN

He turns to the crowd as another chorus of the song starts.

CHAIRMAN

(calling out)

Everybody now! All together! `Oh!
Champagne Charlie is my --!'

He leads the crowd as they all start to sing.

PAN SHOT - IVY

As she approaches box. She adopts a casual air, singing as she goes, pretending little interest in the man in the box o.s., as we pan her up the steps and around into the box. She puts down tray as Hyde looks at her avidly. She has not yet got a good look at him, only sensing his expensive attire, as she opens the bottle and sings at the same time. Then she turns as though to smile casually at the customer, and gets Hyde's full look, sees him for the first time, and stops singing, staring at him. Then she looks away, starts singing again, only not very happily now, and then pours only one glass, as she finally ceases singing entirely. The song stops, and there are applause and shouts o.s.

IVY

(wanting to get away)

That'll be half a quid, sir.

HYDE

(giving her a note)

Here's a sovereign, my dear... the change is yours.

IVY

(impressed)

Thank you, sir.

Yet she looks at him again and still decides to go. Hyde gets up quickly and touches her elbow.

HYDE

Oh, but now! You brought two glasses. You must have had the same thought as I. What a nice beginning, eh?

(pulls out chair and edges her into it)

Sit down, my dear - yes - sit down....

(CONTINUED)
He pours the other glass of wine for her.

IVY
(nervously, watching him)
I'll take just a sip. Then I'll have to go back because I'm --

HYDE
Nonsense - we've got all evening, little Ivy. I like your singing. You'll have to sing for me some more. Where did you get such a pretty voice....?

IVY
(fooling with glass)
Why - I dunno.... I just --

HYDE
Is it because of the pretty place it comes from -?
(starting to touch under her chin)
That's very lovely.... where it comes from....

Ivy quickly picks up her glass, to interfere with his gesture.

IVY
Well - good - good luck, sir.

HYDE
I make my own luck, my dear --
(lifting his glass to her)
And tonight I follow the rainbow....

IVY
(with a nervous laugh) You do talk, don't you?

HYDE
(leaning closer to her)
We'll follow it together, eh?

He holds her gaze for a second. Then:

IVY
(decisively)
I follow it right home, mister.
HYDE
To what end, my dear? That fetid stable you call home? You - with your young radiance -- are happy living in that rat-trap?

IVY
(pertly)
What do you expect? Buckingham Palace?

Hyde throws back his head and laughs.

HYDE
Touche', my dear. I like that!

IVY
(suddenly)
Here! How do you know where I live?

HYDE
(caught)
Why, I --
(then, easily)
I can only imagine. I'll warrant your wages here won't afford you a mansion in Kensington.

IVY
(as he leans closer)
`Struth - they don't!
(starting to rise)
Well, I must be off because --

HYDE
(holding her arm)
Why? You act frightened of me, little Ivy....
(rising with her, still holding her arm - softly)
You mustn't be frightened of me....

Ivy stares at him a second, almost in a spell because of his voice and touch. Then, she suddenly wrenches herself away.

IVY
(as she does so)
I ain't afraid of nobody - but leggo, you hear?

At this point, the first man who was at the bar, enters. He is quite tight and annoyed. He grabs Ivy's other arm.

1ST MAN
What's he doin', Ivy?

(CONTINUED)
IVY  
(wrenching away from  
him also)  
And you leggo, too:

As she ducks out of the box, she bumps into the second man at the bar, who has followed the first. The latter is quite drunk.

2ND MAN  
Hey! What's all this about?

HYDE  
(pointing to first  
man)  
He insulted the poor child! He mauled her!

1ST MAN  
Don't listen to --

2ND MAN  
(eyeing first)  
He did, eh?

HYDE  
You saw him -- he nearly broke her  
wrist! We were sitting here having a --

For answer the second man swings on the first and knocks him over the rail of the box and onto a table, beneath where sit four or five men and a couple of girls. The place goes in an uproar.

2ND MAN  
(leaning over rail,  
to first)  
You will, eh?

Hyde's eyes light up at the fracas. He shoves the second man over the low rail with a lightning movement, and stands laughing at the turmoil below.

FULL SHOT - FIGHT

It starts as one of the men swings on the first who has fallen.

AD LIB  
Here! What's the idea? Give it to  
him, Fred! Wh're you shovin'? Let  
him have it! You take that one! Etc.

The fight becomes general in the area below Hyde's box, as he watches gleefully. Women scream. Glasses and bottles crash.
CLOSE SHOT - HYDE

He jumps up and down at the rail, watching the fight like an animal, gleefully giggling as he sees the heavy punching and falling. At one point a man is backed up against the rail. Hyde puts his foot through and kicks him sprawling.

PAN SHOT - MANAGER

The fat little man comes hurrying into the fight, elbowing his way through.

MANAGER
(calling over his shoulder)
Fred - Joe -!
(to fighting crowd)
Here, here now - stop this! I'll stop it!

As he comes abreast of Hyde, Hyde's eyes gleam as he spies the Manager's. Then, with elaborate but quick prankishness, Hyde uses his stick like a billiard cue, shooting it on the rail, letting the manager have it right in the side of the eye, then jumps up and down with laughter as the manager goes down, and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

TWO SHOT - INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE

The manager is applying a cold towel and a piece of raw meat to his eye which is quite puffed. In the b.g. through the door, we see the activity of the place. Hyde watches him.

MANAGER
... frightful. We run a very orderly hall here. I don't understand what happened.

HYDE
It's that girl, Ivy... that barmaid. Girls like that always cause trouble. You should discharge her.

MANAGER
(surprised)
Ivy? Why, no! She brings half the customers in here --

HYDE
I said discharge her!
As the manager looks, Hyde takes a sheaf of bills from his wallet, and throws them on the desk. The manager picks them up, looks at Hyde.

**MANAGER**


**HYDE**

(starting to go)
At once, you hear?

**MANAGER**

Oh, yes, sir.

Hyde goes out, as the manager looks after him, guiltily putting the money in his pocket, as we

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**CLOSE SHOT - CAB - EXT. PALACE OF VARIETIES - LATER**

Hyde is sitting in the cab, staring o.s. like a gnome, waiting. His eyes light up, as we hear Ivy and the manager's voice o.s. We pan over to where Ivy is leaving the stage door of the place and yelling back at the manager in the b.g.

**IVY**

Who you pushin'?

**MANAGER**

Well, don't hang about here!

**IVY**

Who's hangin' about?

**MANAGER**

Then be off!

**IVY**

Good riddance!

He slams the door in her face and she comes toward the camera, flouncing her indignation. As she gets opposite the cab, Hyde steps out and confronts her.

**HYDE**

(solicitously)
I was afraid there would be trouble, little Ivy...

(Continued)
IVY
(flaring up at him)
Trouble? I was sacked, that's what -!

HYDE
I know. That's why I waited. I want to help you, my dear.

IVY
You done enough. It was on account of you! You started that row!

HYDE
Ha! A volcano inside - always ready to flare up. I like that.
(in the meantime he has taken out wallet and puts a wad of notes in her hand)
There now - to show my heart. We'll get along, you and I!
(guides her to cab and helps her in)
The rainbow is wide and long, little Ivy....

Ivy allows him to do this, fascinated as much by his easy manner as by the sudden wealth in her hands.

FULL SHOT - INT. CAB

Ivy gets in, followed quickly by Hyde, who shuts the door. But Ivy now feels imprisoned as Hyde sits close to her. She starts to rise, undecided, as though to get out.

IVY
Now, wait. Half a mo', mister --

HYDE
(quickly, holding her on seat)
No, no... you don't belong in there, anyhow -- serving cheap gin to cattle! You should be in a quiet, hidden palace - singing the ancient song of pleasure -- and surrounded by rare perfume and jewels -- a life that would put a queen of Babylon to shame --!

(Continued)
IVY
(fascinated more, but
doubtful)
G'arn -- who do you think you're
kiddin'?

HYDE
I mean it, my dear! From the moment
I saw you, I --

IVY
(practical)
And how'm I going to get all that?

HYDE
(patting her hand -
still holding money)
With this! More and more of this. It
was printed just for you --!
(he laughs wildly,
and she pulls away
from him a little -
he feels this)
Oh, don't let my looks frighten you,
little Ivy -!

IVY
(studying him)
Well, you ain't a museum piece,
exactly.....

HYDE
(enfolding her)
No, not my face - but you'll forget
that soon enough.....
(he moves toward her)
She suddenly decides against it all.

IVY
(trying to get away)
No! It's a rum go. That's what it
is! Let me out!

She tries to thrust him away.

HYDE
(becoming vicious
instantly)
Do you think I'd let you go now that
I've got you? You think I'd throw
away food after famine?

(CONTINUED)
IVY
(unable to take her eyes from his, in a small voice)
D-don't - you're hurting me...

HYDE
(grinning evilly)
I wouldn't hurt you because I love you - because I'm happy loving you -
(with a chuckle)
We're going to whirl away - in a burst of blinding darkness -- aren't we, little moonbeam?

IVY
(a mouse before a cobra)
I - I - don't know what you're talking about -

HYDE
(imitating her in a baby-talk voice)
Oh! She doesn't know what I'm talkin' about!

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE'S FACE
It starts to come closer toward the CAMERA

HYDE
(in a throaty low whisper)
But you'll find out... oh yes -- you'll find out...

His face moves right into the CAMERA with an awful leer, as we

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

CLOSE SHOT - BEATRIX'S FACE
She is wearing a puzzled frown. WE PULL BACK TO find her seated on the terrace at a table with Sir Charles outside of the "pump room" at Aix Les Bains. Sir Charles is opening some letters. In the b.g., others at other tables are reading newly-arrived mail. Beatrix turns the page of her letter.
"so your letter was forwarded to me here at the Conference. I cannot imagine why you have not heard from Harry, but when I get back to London I shall immediately look him up and --" 

SIR CHARLES
(opening another letter)
Hmph! Fellows and Smith. Probably the market's tumbled.
(then, as he glances at letter)
No! It's up. By Gad!
(then over to Beatrix, in a fine mood)
Well, what's your good news, my dear. What does Harry say this morning?

Casually, Beatrix tips the copy of the Times. so that it stands on her lap against the table.

BEATRIX
Oh, nothing much....

IT IS A LETTER. IT BEGINS:

To the Editor of the Times:- I recently walked through the West End of London. I have never seen such deplorable housing conditions in all my life. Surely, --

SIR CHARLES' VOICE
(with a chuckle)
Oh, come now - Nothing about wanting to know when you're coming home? Oh, no - I'll wager not!

BEATRIX
(trying to be bright)
He says he walked through the West End recently....
(reads)
I have never seen such deplorable housing conditions Surely, the City Council should find funds to --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BEATRIX (CONT'D)
(stops reading)
Well, he just goes on to say about 
the conditions. They must be pretty 
dreadful.

SIR CHARLES
Hmp! I like the sound of that. He's 
got his mind on practical problems. 
Yes, the Council should do something 
about it -   
(stops as he sees 
tears in her eyes)
Here, here - my dear - what's wrong?

BEATRIX
(quickly collecting 
herself)
Nothing. I - I guess I'm just not 
terribly interested in housing 
conditions.... at the moment.

She tries for control with a little laugh.

SIR CHARLES
You mean because a man doesn't cover 
the pages with sentimental drivel? 
Nonsense -   
(pats her hand, gently)
You women should learn to read between 
the lines...   
(picks up another 
letter - half to 
himself)
Yes. I like the tone of that letter. 
Perhaps we won't have to stay away 
as long as I thought....

Beatrix turns and looks at him with joyful expectance, as WE 
DOLLY TO A CLOSE SHOT OF HER, an 

DISSOLVE TO:
She is a different Ivy than we last saw. She seems to be down, dull, beaten, some of her native young impudence and freshness gone. She is playing a game of solitaire. She makes a move, and winces a little, feels her shoulder, then plays on dully, as WE DRAW BACK to show her new surroundings, a rather rich, gaudy and heavy parlor of the period. In the b.g. beyond folding doors thrown open, is the bedroom and dressing table. AS WE SWING AROUND we see the front door on a landing and then a few steps with rail descend into the parlor. The door opens and Ivy jumps up quickly, stiffening, then relaxes and tries to cover up as an older girl in a peignoir and slippers comes in.

IVY
(sitting down)
Oh, hello, Marcia.

MARCIA
(coming down steps)
Just stepped down the hall for a chin-chin...
(sits down opposite
Ivy as WE DOLLY IN
eyeing her, with a
casual drawl)
You jumped as though you sat on a hot stove.

IVY
(with a nervous laugh)
It's me nerves, I suppose.
(to change subject)
Want to play?

MARCIA
(picks up another
deck and shuffles,
as Ivy sweeps hers
up and does the same)
Oh, I say -
(laying out her cards)
My Freddie's got a young brother.
Just down from Oxford. A nice boy,
Freddie says, and he'd like to have him meet a nice girl. How about it?

IVY
(quickly, seeing
Marcia's motive)
No, Marcia - no - you know I ain't in any position to --

(CONTINUED)
MARIA
(coming right to the point)
I don't know what's wrong with you!
A smart, pretty young girl - with a goblin like this Hyde! Of all the --

IVY
(trying to pass it off)
Why, now - looks ain't everything -
you see --

MARIA
(piling it on)
Sitting here waiting for him all the time - like in a cage! Come on out with Freddie and me and the kid.
We'll go to the Empire and the Alhambra - where all the toffs go - where everybody's laughin' and gay --!

IVY
Oh, I'd like that - straight, I would.
But - but I can't, Marcia. I --

MARIA
(rising, going around to her)
You can't because you're afraid of him - that's why!

IVY
(very unconvincing)
I - I'm not afraid of nobody....!

MARIA
(pulls kimona off
Ivy's arm - vehement against Hyde,
indicating bruises)
These are the diamond bracelets he gives you, I suppose? Why if ever a man dared to lay a hand to me like that I'd --

But they both turn quickly as the door opens o.s. Ivy rises in panic. Marcia's jaw stiffens. She still holds the pack of cards in her hand.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE

He stands there a second in the open door, smiling his evil smile at them.
Marcia slowly lets Ivy's sleeve down and walks back around the other side of the table. Her defiance dwindles. Ivy stands terrified.

He closes the door and comes down the steps into the room. He takes off his hat and gloves and cape. He slowly walks over and confronts the two girls. He looks Marcia up and down.

**HYDE**
And who is our out-spoken visitor?

**IVY**
It's Marcia, sir - my friend - You've heard me speak about. We - we was just playing a -

**HYDE**
Ah, yes - Marcia. You know, Marcia, I've never been interested in you in the slightest - until now...

**MARCIA**
(trrying to be calm)
Well - I've got to be toddling, I guess...

**HYDE**
Oh, no. This could be interesting -- the three of us. Discussing friendly details...

**MARCIA**
(backing away)
I'll - I'll drop by again, Ivy.

She goes to foot of stairs for her wrap.

Hyde follows Marcia and helps her on with her wrap.

**HYDE**
But you must come when I'm here, Marcia. Your point of view differs from mine. It would be a delicious thrill to change it.

(over his shoulder)
Ivy found it that way - didn't we, my dear?

(Continued)
Ivy in b.g. says nothing. Hyde feels Marcia's shoulders. He puts on her wrap.

HYDE (continuing)
What nice material..

Marcia quickly pulls away and ascends the stairs.

MARCIA
Good - goodbye, Ivy.

IVY
Goodbye.

Marcia turns, gives a second look at Hyde, hurries out.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE
He looks after Marcia.

HYDE (chuckling softly)
Quite nice material....

Then he turns and looks o.s. at Ivy.

CLOSE SHOT - IVY
She stands frozen by the table, scared by his look now that they are left alone.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE
He softens into a demon-sweet tenderness. WE PAN HIM OVER to decanter on the side console, where he pours himself a straight drink during the following conversation:

HYDE (as he goes to side console)
Marcia is a pretty girl, isn't she?

CLOSE SHOT - IVY
IVY
Oh, yes, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE
HYDE (as he pours drink)
That's why you're scared, isn't it?
She is confused.

IVY
Why, no, sir - I -

He is looking in mirror now, holding his drink in one hand, smoothing his hair and tie with the other. Ivy can be seen in mirror in back of him.

HYDE
You're afraid I'll become interested in Marcia, aren't you?

IVY
(quickly)
Oh, no, sir - if you want to - why -
(she stops as Hyde turns quickly - we cannot see his face - then, her expression very strained)
Oh, yes, sir - of course, sir:

He throws down the drink and WE PAN HIM OVER to the table where Ivy is standing.

HYDE
What? You're not very clear.

IVY
Well, sir - I -

HYDE
(stroking her shoulder)
Poor child. I'm such a tease, aren't I? Such a tease....

IVY
Yes, sir.

HYDE
(with a pleasurable sigh)
- starts eating grapes from bowl)
What a lucky man - to be loved this way.

He sits down on the table, putting grape after grape into his mouth and snicking the skins across the room at random.

(CONTINUED)
HYDE
But, my dear - suppose I did have to leave you for awhile?

TWO SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE
Ivy sits down at the table again, her face averted from Hyde at this question, and starts to put the cards together with trembling hands.

IVY
(trying to hide her hope)
Leave, sir? When?

HYDE
I'm not saying when. I just say suppose.

IVY
Why, sir - I -

HYDE
Supposing I had to take a trip from time to time?

IVY
(unable to keep from looking at him with great expectance)
You mean - soon, sir?

HYDE
(letting her hang on eagerly)
Well, let me see...
(gently - touching her cheek)
Oh - to - to - you mustn't look so worried. It won't be for a long, long time.

IVY
(dully)
Oh... I see, sir.

HYDE
So we won't think about it now, will we?

IVY
N-no, sir.

(CONTINUED)
HYDE
But when I do - it will break your heart. Won't it?

IVY
Oh, yes, sir.

HYDE
(with a chuckle)
It'll be a knife in your heart. Won't it?

On this, he snicks a grape skin right into the curly hair about her temple. It sticks there. She tries to laugh, as she picks it out. Then she quickly gets up and exits from SCENE, taking cards with her as Hyde watches her.

CLOSE SHOT - IVY
As she comes to a cabinet and starts to put cards away, staying there to re-arrange things just for something to do.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE
He watches her, smiling, swinging one leg as he sits on the table, munching more grapes.

HYDE
And what would my little cherub like to do this evening?

CLOSE SHOT - IVY
She turns - a plea in her eyes.

IVY
Oh, sir! Could we go out, sir?

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE
HYDE
Out? You mean - gad about a bit? See the sights?

PAN SHOT - IVY
She comes over to him, hopeful of selling him the idea.

IVY
Oh, yes, sir. You'd like it, wouldn't you, sir?

HYDE
Well, now, that might be very pleasant - yes - let's see - where shall we go?

(Continued)
IVY
Oh, they say the Alhambra and such
places is ever so nice.

HYDE
They do? Who does?

IVY
Well, Marcia, sir. She says it's
ever so gay.

HYDE
Is that so?

IVY
Yes, sir. We can go, can't we, sir?
They say the entertainment is ever
such fun. And I - well, I haven't
been out in so long, I -

HYDE
You are getting somewhat pale, my
dear...

IVY
It's true, sir. Not that I'm complain
ing, you understand - but-

HYDE
(gently)
Oh, I know. You're just jumpy -
nervous - that's it.

IVY
Yes, sir. I -

HYDE
You have that - that cooped-up
feeling...

IVY
Oh, yes, sir. You do understand,
don't you? Then we'll -?

HYDE
(with a sudden idea)
I know! What about Albert Hall? To a
symphony, perhaps?

IVY
(puzzled)
Symphony, sir?

(continues)
HYDE
(with scorn)
Yes - where all the toffs go - when they're respectable. When they'd rather tell a girl her garter's too tight than to say what's really in their thoughts -!

IVY
(a little crestfallen)
Well, sir - I sort of hoped we could -
(stops, looks at him a little puzzled as the word "garter" rings in her past unconscious mind)
What makes you say -?

HYDE
.quickly - gaily)
So you want to go out, eh?

IVY
(thinking this his assent)
Oh, yes, sir! I'll go put on my things and -!

HYDE
(sweetly)
We're not going!

IVY
(turning back to him)
Sir -?

HYDE
(mimicking her)
Because the entertainment is ever so gay and nice right here!

He smiles at her evilly, chuckles a little. She turns away with a sudden desperate gesture, putting both hands over her brow.

HYDE
(gently)
Now we've got to think of what we'll do, don't we?
(as she says nothing)
Let's see shall we play cards? No, you're probably tired of cards --
(MORE)
HYDE (CONT'D)
(as she still stands,
her face covered)
You could read to me, couldn't you?
Milton's Paradise Lost would be nice —
but we haven't the book here — and
you don't know it from memory, do
you?
(suddenly)
Oh! I know. You remember what we
like!
(leaning over toward
her softly)
Sing to me...

Ivy turns slowly. Her eyes widen in horror. She starts to
break.

IVY
(with a sudden sob)
Oh, no — please, sir — not that —!

HYDE
Not in good voice —?

IVY
It isn't that, sir. It —

HYDE
(in sweet reproof)
Why! It's such a pretty song!

IVY
(writhing her hands,
starting to sob)
Oh, please, sir — not tonight!

HYDE
Sing it gaily!

IVY
I — I can't — truly —!

HYDE
(his tempo accelerating)
Then softly — with compassion...

IVY
Please, sir — if you'll just do me
the favor —

HYDE
With loving kindness even...

(CONTINUED)
IVY
(sobbing more - terrified now)
Don't ask me to - please, sir -!

HYDE
Then moodily. That's it - with deep mood!

IVY
Oh, sir - whatever you like - but for the love of -!

With a lightning-like movement, his gentle taunting turns to a fierce, vicious command as he pinches her chin between his thumb and fore-finger. His eyes widen in fury.

HYDE
I said sing!

IVY
(with almost a scream)
But, sir -!

HYDE
Sing it! You hear me?

Ivy slowly nods, looks about a little hysterically, backs away a little, as if to an accustomed position before him, and pathetically, between sobs, starts to sing a version of Champagne Charlie in which she substitutes the words "Champagne Ivy is my name..."

205D CLOSE SHOT - HYDE

He leans forward on the table, watching her with horrible, rising satisfaction, swaying slightly to the music.

HYDE
That's it! Smile when you sing! Be gay! Be happy!

205E CLOSE SHOT - IVY

As she sings, not looking at him, but everywhere else in the room that she can. As she finishes she just stands there and sobs.

205F TWO SHOT - HYDE AND IVY

HYDE
(as she finishes)
Bravo! Bravo! A prima donna is born!

(MORE)
HYDE (CONT'D)

Let's draw her carriage through the streets! Let's shower her with orchids!

With this he picks up a bunch of grapes and throws them at her. They smash against her breast, leaving a huge smear. He leaps over at her, as WE DOLLY IN CLOSE. His voice is now low and rampant with desire, as he enfolds her in his arms.

HYDE

Congratulations, my dear!... the world is yours! The moment is mine! -!

She tries to pull away from him, but he pulls her in to him savagely, and kisses her. She all but faints under it, and wilts in his arms, her whole body sagging. He looks down at her, pulls her arms about his neck, lifts her up, with a look o.s., as we

FADE OUT:

206 OUT.

207 FULL SHOT - EXT. BACK DOOR OF LAB - NIGHT

Hyde hurries into scene as WE DOLLY IN. He looks left and right, [...], then unlocks the door and ducks in.

208 FULL SHOT - INT. LAB

Hyde lights gas lamps, then takes off his cape and hat, then quickly goes to [...], picks out a vial, comes to table and pours contents into a glass. He looks about crazily for a second, then drinks it. He gets the same violent reaction as from the "outward" phase. He writhes, grips table, etc., but the change is much quicker than when he changes to Hyde. Now, before our eyes, he becomes Dr. Jekyll. He seems sagging, spent. He goes quickly to the mirror and looks at himself, as WE DOLLY IN. He peers at, feels, his face anxiously, then looks at his hands. Then he looks at himself in disgust, and covers his face with his hands. He paces about a bit, silently berating himself, his lips moving, his fist pounding the table. He takes the back-door key out of his pocket, looks at it, then over at the back-door. He makes a firm decision, goes quickly to a small gas smelter, lights it, puts in a chunk of lead, holds the key in his hand, waiting. Suddenly, there is a knock on the door, o.s., from house.

POOLE'S VOICE

Dr. Jekyll, sir?

JEKYLL

Oh - just a moment, Poole.
He hurries up the stairs, unlocks the front door, and Poole follows him down stairs. Poole has dressed only in trousers, coat and slippers.

POOLE
(relieved)
I saw the light. I'm so glad you're back, Dr. Jekyll. I was worried, sir. You'll pardon my appearance.

JEKYLL
I was called on an emergency. I stayed at the house.

POOLE
Yes, sir. Oh, Dr. Lanyon called twice today, sir - he said to tell you that Miss Beatrix and her father arrive home in the morning, sir.

JEKYLL
(starting)
In the morning?

POOLE
Yes, sir.
(smiling, kindly)
I was sure you'd wish to know, sir.

JEKYLL
(joy mixed with anxiety)
Yes... thank you, Poole... thank you.

POOLE
Could I fix you a bite of -?

JEKYLL
(quickly)
No... nothing, thank you... nothing...

POOLE
(starting upstairs)
Very good, sir.

JEKYLL
Oh, Poole - first thing tomorrow I want you to get me a special messenger from the district office. I'll give him an envelope to deliver.

POOLE
(going out door)
Yes, sir. Goodnight, sir.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Goodnight, Poole...

WE DOLLY INTO JEKYLL as he walks to the smelter. It is now molten hot and reflects on his face. He takes the key and drops it into the boiling lead.

INSERT - KEY

Dissolving into the molten lead. Jekyll watches it. A great relief comes over him, and he closes his eyes, lifting his head, as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

GROUP SHOT - INT. IVY'S PARLOR - DAY

Marcia is administering to Ivy's bruises on her shoulders. Ivy is sobbing, angry and scared. Freddie, Marcia's gentleman friend, stands by quite aghast.

MARCIA
(shaking her head)
... mmm - this is a bad one.

IVY
(wincing, between the sobbing)
He's a beast, he is -- a dirty beast --

FREDDIE
Rotten shame. Why don't you run away from the filthy beggar?

IVY
What's the use? I tried that once. He found me and -- why he'd kill me if I tried it again! Only last night he --

BUT SHE STOPS...

...terrified, and they all look toward the door as there is a knock on it.

MARCIA
(bracing herself)
Who is it?

MESSENGER'S VOICE
Special messenger - for Miss Ivy Pearson.

(CONTINUED)
MARCIA
(to Freddie)
Get it, Freddie.

Freddie nods and WE PAN HIM up the steps to the door, which he opens, showing messenger. Latter hands him the envelope.

FREDDIE
Any answer?

MESSENGER
No, guv'nor.

Freddie gives the messenger a coin, and comes down, handing the envelope to Ivy. She opens it, as they watch. She pulls out a sheaf of bank notes.

IVY
(in wonder)
Look here -!

MARCIA
(picking up and counting notes)
I say! Fifty pounds.
(looking in envelope)
But there's no letter with it. This from him...?

FREDDIE
The blighter must've sent it for what he's done.

IVY
Not him - the rotten skinflint - and he don't care nohow...

MARCIA
(finding a solution, practical)
Well - no matter who sent it, it's here. And it's more than enough to get you out of the country.

FREDDIE
Jolly good idea! I've got a friend in Paris who'll be only too glad to --

IVY
(jumping up suddenly, a little wildly)
No, no! Don't you see? It's a trick - one of his horrible cat-and-mouse tricks - just to torture me!

(MORE)
IVY (CONT'D)
(starts pacing floor,
holding sides of her
head with both hands)
That's what he hopes I'll do — use it to run away. I can just see his pig eyes thinkin' it up. He'll let me think I've almost got free and then — You don't know him, I tell you! I can't stand it any more, I can't! If I only could do it I'd go down to the river and --!
(slumps down in chair again and sobs)

MARCIA
It's her nerves, that's what. She ought to see a doctor.

FREDDIE
She ought to see one of thos mental fellers. I know a feller who cured the mater of the vapors or something. I'll go and get the address.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL AND BEATRIX - INT. HER DRAWING ROOM
Beatrix and Jekyll are seated on a couch. They are holding hands. He cannot take his eyes from her. Beatrix has been crying.

BEATRIX
... but you should have written me. I should be the first to know when you are ill. If I'd known you were that ill I'd have come home at once.

JEKYLL
But, Bee darling — don't you see? I knew that and I — I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to worry you...

Beatrix wipes away a last tear, and then puts her hand on his cheek.

BEATRIX
Oh, my poor lamb — your face looks so drawn...

Jekyll recaptures her hand.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(a little anxiously)
But when you look in my eyes - you see what you've always seen, don't you?

BEATRIX
(softly, smiling)
Yes... I carried that look all over the Continent - locked up inside of me.

JEKYLL
(almost like a vow)
It will always be there - always....
(then, enfolding her in his arms)
Oh, that's what I wanted to hear!
And now that you're back, I'll never let you go again. We've got to be married right away, Bee. I can't -- I can't wait all this time...

BEATRIX
(gently, pleased by his ardor)
Such a wonderful part of love -- to be needed that much...

JEKYLL
(seriously)
Need you? I need you more than -
(breaks off, passes hand over his brow)
While you've been gone - it's been -

BEATRIX
(ecstatically)
But it's all right now. No more goodbye's for you and me - ever -

JEKYLL
(with an excited laugh)
That's it! Just Hellos!

BEATRIX
Ever and ever. Hello, Dr. Jekyll.

JEKYLL
Oh, Bee --

They kiss, and then he holds her close. Then they turn as they hear a door closing o.s.
SIR CHARLES' VOICE (O.S.)

(cheery)
Where's my daughter, Hobson?

HOBSON'S VOICE (O.S.)

In the drawing room, sir.

Beatrix and Jekyll rise, Beatrix retains his hand and WE PAN THEM across the room as they meet Sir Charles entering.

SIR CHARLES

(Extending his hand)
Ah! Well, well, Harry....

JEKYLL

(as they shake hands)
I hope I'm welcome again, sir.

SIR CHARLES

Can't think of any reason why you shouldn't be. How've you been? Beatrix read me some of your letters.

Interesting.

BEATRIX

Father, Harry won't admit it. But because he was so upset, he's been very ill while we were away -

SIR CHARLES

Oh, I'm sorry, my boy - feeling fit again?

JEKYLL

(grinning)
With Bee back, sir? Well!

BEATRIX

(bluntly but calmly)
And this leads me to speak very plainly, Father. It's in my heart - and I must say it. I want to be married just as soon as possible.

SIR CHARLES

Now, my dear - you know I said that -

BEATRIX

Father, I respect you more than any girl could. But Harry and I - we've waited so long. And if you don't consent, I'll go away with him. I mean it this time. That's how much Harry and I are in love, Father... I'd even hurt you to safeguard it.

(Continued)
SIR CHARLES
(hardly believes his ears)
Beatrix...!

JEKYLL
(impulsively)
I swear, sir - you'll never have any regrets.

BEATRIX
It's my whole life, Father. Don't make me hurt you! Isn't my happiness reason enough?

SIR CHARLES
(after quite a pause, gently)
Your happiness is my life, my dear.
(with a smile, holding out his arms)
All right. Next month it shall be.

Beatrix goes into his arms with a glad cry. Sir Charles holds her a second, tries to hide a tear. He extends a hand to Jekyll.

SIR CHARLES
Come to dinner tomorrow, eh, Harry? I should like to make a formal announcement to our friends.

JEKYLL
(wringer his hand, inarticulate)
Oh, yes, sir - thank you, sir - thank you -!

DISSOLVE TO:

Jekyll is coming in, by his key.

JEKYLL
(calling, as he does so)
Poole - Poole -!

POOLE
(hurrying in)
Oh, yes sir!

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
Poole - look at me - I'm delirious -!

POOLE
What, sir?

JEKYLL
(flinging him his cape)
I should be put in a straight-jacket, Poole! Before I make everybody envious!
(putting his hat on Poole's head)
But instead I crown you King of the Gypsies - because you shall be the first to know! I'm going to be married, Poole.

POOLE
(his face lighting up)
Oh, splendid, sir. When, sir?

JEKYLL
Next month! Next month she'll be in this very house - Mrs. Henry Jekyll! And the walls will turn to cloud banks - and you'll be taking your orders from an angel!

POOLE
(removing hat)
I'm so very glad, sir.

JEKYLL
(as we PAN HIM to side door)
I must get the call list from the consulting room. You can take it to Sir Charles. He wants it for the invitations.

POOLE
(following him)
There's a patient here, sir - without appointment.

Jekyll opens the door to the consulting room.

Jekyll stops full in his tracks, as he sees Ivy sitting there. She rises from the chair, her strained and worried expression changing to child-like pleasure and surprise at seeing him.
IVY
Why - why it's you, sir!

POOLE
(behind Jekyll, in explanation)
This is Miss Pierson, sir.

JEKYLL
(strained)
Yes... yes, Poole. I'll give you the list later.

POOLE
Very good, sir.

He bows out. Ivy comes slowly toward him.

IVY
So you're the famous Dr. Jekyll? Now, who'd have thought we'd meet again like this?
(watches him as he makes no answer)
I was the one you and your friend took home that night - remember, sir?

JEKYLL
(nailed, but striving for calm)
Why - oh, yes - yes, of course..

IVY
Oh, I'm so glad it's you, sir! You were so kind and good to me that night! Maybe you can --

JEKYLL
What - ah - what brought you here, Miss Pierson?

Ivy is reminded of her plight. With a little sobbing murmur, she pulls off her coat and slips her shirtwaist off her shoulder, baring it to him and displaying streaks of welts and marks.

IVY
There, sir! That's what! Look at that!

(MORE)
IVY (CONT'D)
(as Jekyll makes no answer, only stares with hypnotized horror at the shoulder)
Pretty, ain't it? Did you ever see a thing like that before, sir?

JEKYLL
It's - it's horrible...
(then collecting himself, starts for desk)
I'll give you some lotion to soothe that.

But Ivy stops him quickly. She begins to break down more.

IVY
Lotion! It won't be lotions'll do the trick, sir! No! It's more than that, sir. I need help, I do! I can't stand it any more!
(as Jekyll can only look at her)
It's Hyde, sir - a man I know - Mr. Hyde, sir! It's him as done it, and more I can't tell you, sir. He ain't human, he ain't. He's a beast! He won't let me go, sir! And I'm afraid to - I'm afraid to run away....

During this he has slumped down on arm of chair. She continues to explain.

IVY
Marcia - she's my girl friend - and Freddie, Mr. Willoughby - he's her friend... they says it's my nerves - and they says as how you know about such things and could help me, sir.
(then sinking down on her knees, clinging to him)
But, oh sir - I can't bear up no more under it, sir. If - if you can do nothing for me, then give me some poison so I can kill myself....

She breaks down completely now and sobs on his lap.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(in agony - but
guarded, too)
Why didn't you seek help before? Why
didn't you go to the police?

IVY
(looking up at him)
I tell you I'm afraid, sir! You
don't know him, sir. A nice fine
gentleman like yourself wouldn't be
meeting such a person! He ain't a
man - he's a devil! He knows what
you're thinking about, he does!
Why, if he knows I've been here today,
I don't know what he'll do. It won't
be nothin' human, I can tell you!
Oh, please, sir - please help me.
Keep him off -!
(in a lower voice,
 hastily - pleading)
I'll do anything you ask, sir - I
ain't as bad as you might think -and -
and men say as I ain't a bad looker
when I'm more myself. You - you liked
me once a little, didn't you, sir?
And you're really such a fine kind
gentleman - honest - that night you
walked out of my place, I laughed at
you - but I didn't laugh after you'd
gone...
(averts her head,
 puts her cheek on
 his knee)
I kept wishin' you'd come back -
truly, I did...

For a moment, Jekyll stares at her head. And for a flash
second, he seems as though he is about to lean over and
embrace her with the strange look of Hyde battling for
supremacy in his expression. Then he contains himself and
lifts her up, as he stands too.

JEKYLL
I - I give you my word that you will
never be troubled by this man Hyde
again.

IVY
(sobbing anew)
But - but how do you know, sir? He'll
come back! He'll come back and kill
me, sir!

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
He'll not come back. I'll see to it.

IVY
But you don't know him, sir. He ain't human, he ain't!

JEKYLL
(very strong)
I've given you my word - and that I never break. You'll not see Hyde again!
(pause, as she looks at him)
You must believe me.

IVY
(fully convinced)
I believe you, sir. I believe you.

JEKYLL
You - you must go now.

IVY
Yes, sir. Yes, sir..... yes, sir.

She puts on her coat and goes to the door, then turns.

CLOSE SHOT - IVY - AT DOOR
She looks at Jekyll o.s., puzzled.

IVY
It's funny - but for a moment I thought -
(then she stops)
Well... goodbye, sir.

She exits.

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL
He reacts to her statement. WE PAN HIM to the mirror where he examines his face, as we

FADE OUT:

(CONTINUED)
FADE IN:

FULL SHOT - REGENT'S PARK - EARLY EVENING

It is still light, the shadows long. The birds are twittering. In the far b.g., through the trees, we see sheep dotting the greensward.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - PARK ENTRANCE

Mr. Weller, the Park Keeper, is idling about the entrance as Jekyll comes gaily into the Park. Jekyll is dressed for the evening, in tails, cape, silk hat and stick.

JEKYLL

(hailing him gaily)

Mr. Weller, Mr. Weller - good evening!

The Park Keeper falls in beside him as we TRUCK WITH THEM.

PARK KEEPER

Dr. Jekyll! The days keep beautifully long this time of the year.

JEKYLL

Beautiful - wonderful! How's little Annie's cough?

PAAK KEEPER

The medicine you gave her done the trick. She's only whooped twice in a week!

JEKYLL

Splendid, splendid!

PARK KEEPER

(looking Jekyll up and down)

You look much brighter yourself, sir - beggin' your pardon.

WE HOLD as Jekyll stops and turns to the Park Keeper.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
(indicating with stick)
Mr. Weller - across the park, in Sir Charles Emery's house - is a beautifully set dinner table. In exactly two hours -somewhere between the beautiful smoked salmon and the beautiful Camembert cheese - Sir Charles will arise and beautifully announce the coming marriage of myself to the most beautiful girl in this beautiful world!

PARK KEEPER
(grabbing his hand, pumping it)
Dr. Jekyll - my congratulations! And all the best to Mrs. Jekyll as is to be.

JEKYLL
From you, Mr. Weller- that's an omen for happiness.
(hand on Mr. Weller's shoulder, in a whisper)
You don't blame me if I hurry?

PARK KEEPER
(calling after him)
God speed, Dr. Jekyll!

JEKYLL
Thank you, Mr. Woller!

He exits o.s., as Mr. Weller beams after him.

FULL SHOT - PARK - JEKYLL
He walks through a lovely setting, happily swinging his cane.

TRUCKING SHOT - JEKYLL
He walks along, smiling to himself. He starts to whistle. He is whistling "Champagne Charlie"! He whistles it with great volume and vehemence. He suddenly realizes what he is whistling and stops it, a shadow crossing his face. Then he smiles again, starts whistling "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes", but before he realizes it, he is whistling "Champagne Charlie" again. He stops short in his tracks, as he realizes this. His hand passes over his brow. He tries to walk on, straightening his shoulders. He seems to feel faint. He looks about, a little confused, and WE PAN HIM as he goes to a round bench under a tree and sits down.
He seems to be trying to get his breath. He rings his finger around the edge of his collar. Then he contorts a little. His face suddenly becomes strained and panic-stricken. His hand goes to his throat. His face starts to contort more, the lines deepening. With horror, his glance goes to his hands. WE PAN DOWN. His hand, clutching the bench, is turning more horribly grotesque than we have ever seen it. WE PAN BACK UP. Jekyll is now nearing the change to Hyde! He looks at his other hand. WE PAN DOWN. It is the same as the other. WE PAN BACK UP to his face. It is almost that of Hyde. He is in convulsions.

**JEKYLL**

(with a last desperate cry)

Bee - Bee, darling -!

Then the writhings and gaspings, their course running quicker than before. And suddenly, he is Hyde! He looks about, craftily, viciously. A bird lights on the bench beside him. He flails his cane at it. It flies away. He thinks a second, getting his bearings in Evil. Then a thought strikes him. His eyes glint. He starts to sing "Champagne Charlie" in a horrible sing-song, swaying manner, and suddenly he gets up with an animal leap, and WE PAN HIM as he runs leaping across the green into the b.g., like a gorged buzzard racing for another piece of carrion, as we --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

She is quite tight, tipsily pouring champagne into a glass, humming indistinctly to herself. Then she gets an idea and WE PAN HER to mirror. She raises the glass.

**IVY**

(with hatred)

Here's hoping that Hyde rots wherever he is - and burns slow when the time comes!

(then softly, passionately)

And here's hoping that Dr. Jekyll thinks of his Ivy - like I know he'd like to... like Ivy thinks of him...

'cause he's an angel. Here's to my angel...

Her glass starts for her lips, when suddenly the door opens, reflected in the b.g. Hyde stands there, staring at her. Ivy turns with a gasp of horror and disbelief, drops the glass to the floor.
He comes slowly down the stairs, throwing his hat and stick on a table, eyeing the frozen Ivy all the while. He starts across to her.

HYDE
Surprised?

IVY
(shocked to soberness)
Why, sir - I -

HYDE
It couldn't be that you didn't expect to see me, could it?

IVY
Why, no, sir - I - I've been here waitin' for you, sir. I -

HYDE
But you're celebrating. What? Some new event - some change?

IVY
No, sir - I just thought I'd -

HYDE
(fury starting to win over sarcasm)
Drinking to calm your nerves, perhaps? It's your nerves, isn't it? Shouldn't you see a doctor?

IVY
Oh, no, sir.
(going to wine cooler)
Would you like some wine, sir? I'll get another glass and --

Hyde slaps the bottle from her hand.

HYDE
Jekyll's a good man. Dr. Henry Jekyll --

IVY
(now very startled)
Is - is he, sir? But I don't need any --

HYDE
A gentleman, too - different than any man you might know.
(MORE)
HYDE (CONT'D)
(mimicking)
"A nice fine gentleman like yourself wouldn't be meeting such a person -"
(as Ivy only stares at him)
"... I ain't a bad looker when I'm more myself..."
(as she starts to back away, he follows her)
He's the sort of man you get down on your knees to, isn't he? -- A sweet, dear, pure man you could believe and trust...
(suddenly grabs her wrist viciously)
He's a smug hypocritical coward, that's what he is!

IVY
You - you couldn't know Dr. Jekyll -- know him intimately. I detest him intimately -- from his lofty brain to the soles of his virtuous feet. And you -

HYDE
(mimicking)
"I'll do anything you ask, sir -"
(snarling again)
Well, you saw the respectable fool! Clutched his halo and held it straight, didn't he?

IVY
How - how'd you know all that?

HYDE
Why I know everything you say and everything you think.

IVY
Then you - you must be truly somethin' - the devil himself, then... because Dr. Jekyll wouldn't tell you. He ain't the kind that would -

HYDE
S-s-h! Would you keep a secret if I told you? Promise?

IVY
What -?
I am Dr. Jekyll. I'm the angel you want to love and adore.

No - no -

But you don't have to promise. Because it's such a beautiful secret that those who share it with me can't go on living.

What - what are you going to do?

How does one usually stop a person from living?

He makes a lunge at her, but she ducks from under him, wrenches away from his grasp and, screaming, runs across room, up the stair. Hyde gives a roar of glee and rage, leaps over balustrade and intercepts her, as WE PAN. WE PAN BACK as she runs screaming across the room, trying to get to a window. Hyde leaps back and grabs her as she reaches divan.

Hyde grabs her by the throat, bends her back.

Her voice chokes off.

Now! Now you've got what you've longed for!

Here - with your angel!
HYDE (CONT'D)
Embraced in the wings of your angel!
(as we hear Ivy choke and gasp o.s.)
Leda - loved by her swan!!

After a second there is silence. Hyde gets up gasping. He looks about, looks back at form below FRAME, and then WE PAN as he picks up his hat and stick and starts for the door. O.s. in the hall, we hear inaudible but growing murmurs.

An elderly woman and her husband, and a couple of other tenants are looking fearfully at Ivy's door. Marcia and Freddie, both in evening dress, are hurrying up the stairs.

WOMAN
(down to them)
Somethin's happened! He's latherin'
the hide off her!

FREDDIE
(to man above)
Come on - we better pop in and stop it!

At this moment, Hyde comes out the door on the run, stops as he sees them.

MAN
Hey, you - what've you been -?

He gets no further as Hyde brushes him aside with a roar, careens down the stairs to Freddie and Marcia.

WOMAN
Stop him, the dirty -!

Freddie tries to grapple with Hyde, but Hyde knocks him down with a blow from his cane, and as WE PAN, leaps over the balustrade with a laugh in time to avoid other tenants who come rushing up the stairs. In the b.g., below, he ducks out of the door.

Hyde comes out of the door, darts off down the street. A couple of passers-by turn around and look at him as he leaves the sidewalk, ducks across in front of a cab, hitting the horse with his cane so that it rears and plunges, and then disappears around a corner.

DISSOLVE TO:
GROUP SHOT – INT. IVY'S PARLOR

We are shooting over back of divan. Marcia, Freddie, and other tenants are looking horrified down at a constable who is kneeling over Ivy's body o.s. Marcia, hard Marcia, is sobbing. Freddie has his handkerchief to a bloody temple.

WOMAN
(in awe)
He done her in! How horrible!

CONSTABLE
(rising)
This here's the work of a friend!

MARCIA
(bursting out)
It was that Hyde did it, I tell you!

The constable turns, jumps to the window, opens it, starts blowing his whistle vigorously.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT – EXT. BACK JEKYLL'S LAB.

Hyde hurries into scene, looks about with triumphant little chuckles, as he fumbles in his pockets for the key. WE DOLLY IN. Then Hyde realizes he has destroyed the key. He tries the heavy door with his shoulder, tries again. He gives up, looks around, then WE PAN HIM as he darts along sidewalk to corner, turns, and disappears.

FULL SHOT – AT FRONT CORNER

Hyde comes running from back corner full tilt, and WE PAN HIM, after he peers around front corner of his house, along front of house to entrance and the door, in far b.g.

CLOSE SHOT – AT FRONT DOOR – HYDE

He pulls out the wire plunger bell, frantically, then bangs the heavy brass knocker on the door. He flies into a flurry of animal rage in his impatience. Then the door opens about a foot, held in that position by the heavy safety chain stretching from jamb to door on the inside, and Poole's startled face peers out. He withdraws a little at the man he sees.

HYDE
Come – open up, you fool! I'm a friend of Dr. Jekyll!

(CONTINUED)
POOLE
D-D-Doctor Jekyll isn't at home, sir...

Poole tries to close door but Hyde pushes his foot in, wedging it open.

HYDE
Well, that doesn't make any -!
(then recovering)
What difference does that make? He expects me! He told me to wait for him, you idiot! Let me in!

POOLE
(firmly)
I know all of Dr. Jekyll's friends -!

HYDE
Now look here - I'll have no insolent talk like -

POOLE
You'll have to come back later.

HYDE
You open up or I'll bash this door in!

POOLE
If you don't go away, I'll send for the police!

As he says this, he stamps on Hyde's foot. Hyde withdraws it, allowing Poole to slam the door closed. Then with an inarticulate growl, Hyde looks about him for something. WE PAN DOWN AND UP with him, as with superhuman strength, he wrenches a foot scraper embedded in the brick stoop. He is just about to use it to jimmy open the door between the handle and the jamb, when he does a "double take" and looks o.s.

231 LONG SHOT - BOBBIE - HYDE'S ANGLE

Far down at the corner, he is just emerging into view, strolling along the street at right angles to Hyde. He stops and leans against a light post, folding his arms for a rest.

232 BACK TO HYDE

He realizes his plan is futile. He softly lowers the foot scraper, tiptoes o.s.
He scurries out from entrance to his house, and down the street away from the bobbie.

Dissolve to:

The street is empty. In the far background, across the street, we see the skulking figure of Hyde, looking in the various shops as he hurries along.

He seems to be searching for a certain shop, passing a butcher's, a shoemaker's, a wine shop, a plumbing shop, notion store, etc., peering into each with a sort of desperation. Finally, o.s. ahead of him, he sees what he wants. His face lights up. He is just about to start for it, when he looks down the street o.s., from where we hear the sound of trotting hooves. He ducks into a dark recess, watches.

They trot down the street, looking this way and that.

He watches them o.s., as the sound of their horses' hooves disappears. Then we dolly and pan him as he hurries a few paces down the black street until he comes opposite a store window which reads: "Grundy & Co. Stationery Supplies". He peers in the window.

They are on display.

He tries the door of the shop; of course, it isn't open. He looks about, sees a newspaper rack - a heavy wooden standard - seizes it, raises it above his head and smashes the window with it. He reaches in and snags paper, ink bottle, pen. Envelopes and paper scatter over the walk. Almost immediately, a light goes on in back of the store as a door opens and a man and his wife and an older woman rush into the front part of store. Hyde is now scooting up the sidewalk toward the b.g. The store folk come out, in nightclothes, viewing the wreckage, spying Hyde darting up the street.

Old woman
(screaming)
There he goes —!
239 CONTINUED:

MAN
(still sleepy, running about in circles)
This ain't no place to rob...

YOUNGER WOMAN
(yelling)
But robbed it is -!
(calling up street)
Help - police!
(viewing shattered glass)
Ooo, the window - and just been cleaned, too!

DISOLVE TO:

240 FULL SHOT INT. FOYER - SIR CHARLES' HOME

The last of the guests are just taking their leave, men being helped on with their capes by a couple of footmen. Atmosphere is strained. Ad lib: (sotto voce) "A bit odd, isn't it... I've heard strange things about this young Jekyll... after all, that affair at the embassy... felt so sorry for poor Beatrix." WE PAN ACROSS this to pick up Sir Charles and Beatrix in the far b.g., bidding goodnight to a weezy old bloke. Lanyon is staying behind, hovering in the b.g.

241 GROUP SHOT - AROUND SIR CHARLES AND BEATRIX - DRAWING ROOM

UNCLE GEOFFREY
(the wheezy old bloke)
Goodnight, Charles.

SIR CHARLES
(keeping up appearances)
Goodnight, Geoffrey...

UNCLE GEOFFREY
(to Beatrix)
Sorry your young man was detained, my dear.

BEATRIX
(very strained)
So am I, Uncle Geoffrey. It must have been a matter of life or death -

UNCLE GEOFFREY
(uncomfortable, sensing strain)
Of course. These doctors... never can call their soul their own...

(CONTINUED)
He goes o.s. Lanyon, Sir Charles and Beatrix are all uncomfortable, as they watch him go. Hobson, the butler, appears coming from the b.g., wearing top coat and carrying his bowler.

HOBSON
(conscious of last people leaving in foyer, in a low voice)
I talked to Poole. Dr. Jekyll left the house at seven to come here. He's very worried, sir.

BEATRIX
(to Sir Charles)
There - you see, Father? There must be something more than what you -

SIR CHARLES
(looking at Beatrix, directly)
That is all, Hobson. Thank you.

HOBSON
(exiting o.s.)
Yes, sir.

WE DOLLY INTO GROUP as Hobson leaves. Sir Charles looks at Beatrix.

BEATRIX
(bursting out)
Father, darling - don't look that way -!

SIR CHARLES
(gently)
My dear - I forbid you to see that man again...

BEATRIX
(anguished)
I'll disobey you, Father... why I won't even have to disobey you! Harry will come to me. Don't make a scene out of this. You know there must be a reason why he wasn't here -!

DR. LANYON
(uncomfortable)
Sir Charles - if you'll excuse me - it's late and I rather think I'd better -

(CONTINUED)
BEATRIX
John - don't - we've nothing to hide
from you - from anybody. You're
Harry's friend - and mine -!

SIR CHARLES
(almost shouting)
Beatrix -!

BEATRIX
(her chin up)
Yes -?

SIR CHARLES
Please go to your room!

BEATRIX
Father, I -!

SIR CHARLES
(sternly)
You spoke yesterday of safeguarding
your happiness. You must admit you've
failed in that tonight. Now it's up
to me. Go to your room!

BEATRIX
(after a tense pause)
Very well, Father. But, tomorrow,
Harry will have an explanation. I
know that. And then I might be forced
to hurt you - very deeply....

With this, she turns, as WE PAN HER toward the stairs, and

DISSOLVE TO:

242 FULL SHOT - INT. HALL - LANYON'S HOUSE

Lanyon is just letting himself in with his key. Briggs, his
man, hurries in from the back of the house.

BRIGGS
Oh, yes sir -
(as he takes Lanyon's
hat, he picks up an
envelope from the
console)
There was a ring at the door a short
while ago, sir. I answered but there
was nobody there. I found this
envelope had been pushed under....

Lanyon takes it quickly, opens it. Two keys are inside, with
a note.
I am in frightful trouble. I beg you to do what I ask. Enclosed is the key to my laboratory, and one to the cabinet marked D. Go there at once and get the vials marked A M S and Z and bring them to your house. Remain there alone. At midnight a man will call for the package. Give it to him. In the name of Heaven - don't fail me.

Harry.

BACK TO LANYON AND BRIGGS

DR. LANYON
(after a second's thought - taking hat from Briggs)
I'm going out again.

BRIGGS
(following him to the door)
Very good, sir.

DR. LANYON
(at door)
And, oh yes - I won't need you any more tonight, Briggs. You may retire.

BRIGGS
(as Lanyon goes out)
Thank you, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - CABINET D - INT. JEKYLL'S LAB

WE PULL BACK just as Lanyon's hand is inserting the key. Poole is standing by him, puzzled by his mysterious attitude.

POOLE
Is Dr. Jekyll at the hospital? I could fetch him whatever he wishes, sir.

DR. LANYON
No...

(he selects from an array of vials those marked A, M, S, Z - looks at them puzzled - them to Poole)
You don't happen to know, I suppose - what Dr. Jekyll uses any of these vials for?

(CONTINUED)
POOLE
(loyally)
I'm sure it's for some of his recent experiments, sir.

Lanyon finds an empty vial case, starts putting in vials, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - EXT. LANYON'S HOUSE

He is just about to turn into the walk leading up to the front door when Hyde jumps out from behind the shadow of a bush. Lanyon steps back, startled. He holds vial case under his cloak.

HYDE
(impatiently)
Well, well - have you got it?

DR. LANYON
(gripping his stick)
I beg your pardon. What were you doing hiding behind that -

HYDE
(in feeble grin of explanation)
Just - just waiting for you, Dr. Lanyon. I'm the man from Dr. Jekyll - the package -
(then more like a dope fiend)
Where is it? I'll take it now.

DR. LANYON
Step into the house for a moment, please.

HYDE
No, no - there isn't time - there -!

DR. LANYON
(rather severely)
As Jekyll's friend, I have the right to ask you a few questions. Come, sir!

He starts on up the walk. Hyde looks after him wildly, as though he would like to kill him. Then he follows him. As they reach the door, we

DISSOLVE TO:
Lanyon has just removed his cape and hat in the hall. Hyde eyes the vial case anxiously, as they walk into the study and Lanyon goes behind his desk. He turns the lamp on the desk higher. Hyde keeps his cape on, hat in hand.

**HYDE**

(as they walk, gruff)

Now come, Lanyon - let's not waste time with a lot of prying questions. Give me the -

**DR. LANYON**

(turning quickly)

I resent your attitude, sir. You haven't even introduced yourself.

**HYDE**

(impatiently, twitching)

Hyde's the name. Mr. Hyde. But what difference does -?

**DR. LANYON**

Are you an acquaintance of Jekyll?

**HYDE**

Of course. I'm a friend - an old friend.  
(reaching out his hand, his voice rising)  
But if you even pretend to be his friend you'll forego your asinine amenities and let me have that before -

**DR. LANYON**

Where is Dr. Jekyll?

**HYDE**

(getting more and more impatient)

Oh, don't worry - he's alive - he -

**DR. LANYON**

What's the matter? Is he ill? Is -

**HYDE**

He'll be perfectly all right, I tell you!

**DR. LANYON**

(opening drawer in desk)

Very well, then. I'll go with you and see for myself..

(CONTINUED)
As he reaches in drawer, he takes his eyes off Hyde for a second. The latter leaps across and grabs the vial case from Lanyon's hand.

HYDE
(as he does so; with a snarl)
You pretentious fool -!

But his expression changes as Lanyon whips a revolver out of the drawer and covers him.

DR. LANYON
(evenly)
I warn you, Hyde. If you make one step toward the door I'll shoot you right between the eyes.

HYDE
(getting a trapped feeling)
Now wait a moment, Lanyon - I can't let you come with me - and I can't tell you any more than I've already -

DR. LANYON
Why not?

HYDE
Because - well -
(then shouting)
I warn you not to stick your nose into this! You better let me go, Lanyon! You can ask Jekyll all about it tomorrow if you want to!

DR. LANYON
You'll take me to Harry Jekyll this minute!

HYDE
(screaming his impotence)
For the last time, Lanyon - let me out of here - alone!

DR. LANYON
For the last time - no!

HYDE
(wildly)
All right then! Let it be on your own head!

(Continued)
With a wild laugh, he takes out the vials and starts mixing them. Lanyon watches this, puzzled, thinking him completely mad. When the potion is all mixed, Hyde picks up the glass and faces Lanyon. The potion boils and steams a little.

**HYDE**

Once more - will you let me take this glass and leave?

**DR. LANYON**

(tense, still with revolver)

No. This will be seen through to the end.

**HYDE**

You'd better think again, Lanyon. Do you want to live on as you have... lulled in your blissful cocoon of ignorance? Or do you want that safe peace of mind - your reason even - blasted by a sight that would shock the lowest fiend in the Inferno?

**DR. LANYON**

(getting an awful feeling, but game)

You can't persuade me with all that mad babbling! Whatever you're going to do - get on with it!

**HYDE**

Very well, Lanyon. But remember your vows to your profession. You'll see a secret you are sworn not to reveal...you who have sneered at the powers of science - you who have laughed at man's ability to dissect his own soul! Watch this, you pompous ass! Watch this!

HE HOLDS THE GLASS HIGH...

...then drains it. Immediately he goes into his gasping contortions, falls back into a chair. As the metamorphosis from Hyde to Jekyll takes place, Lanyon watches it in horror. With a final gasp, Jekyll finally leans back in his chair, exhausted.

FULL SHOT - ROOM - TABLEAU - WEIRD LIGHT

As Lanyon stands watching, transfixed, the gun falling to the desk.
CLOSE SHOT - LANYON

As he sinks into chair, opposite Jekyll.

DR. LANYON
(to himself)
Horrible...

CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL

He looks at Lanyon o.s., in mute appeal for a moment.

JEKYLL
(finally)
I warned you, John - even as Hyde, I warned you...

TWO SHOT - LANYON AND JEKYLL

DR. LANYON
You - you mean those experiments -
they -?

JEKYLL
(nodding)
Yes, John...

Lanyon gets up and starts pacing nervously, as Jekyll watches him.

DR. LANYON
It's sheer horror... I can't believe it...
(stops in front of Jekyll)
You see what you've done, don't you. You've gone beyond - you've tampered with - you've committed the supreme blasphemy!

JEKYLL
(in great anguish from here on)
I know - I know...

DR. LANYON
You must destroy the formula, do you hear?

JEKYLL
I've done that.

DR. LANYON
But you must destroy it from your mind! You must never take it again!

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
know - but this evening - on my way
to - on my way to Sir Charles'...
you see, I always thought I could
control it, John - but this evening -
the change - the change to this -
this monster Hyde - happened without
anything - without -

He stops, unable to go on, covers his face with his hands.

DR. LANYON
(in awe) I
T's diabolical...

JEKYLL
And it might happen again -
(lifts his face to
Lanyon, and pounds
chair arm with his
fist)
But I'll fight it! I'm going to fight it -!
(then stops with a
sudden remembrance,
his face growing
blank with a new
horror)
Oh -!

He rises suddenly, walks across the room.

DR. LANYON
(watching him)
What -?

JEKYLL
I'm a murderer, John. A murderer!
(looking about wildly)
I who wanted to serve the living!

DR. LANYON
You mean you actually -?

JEKYLL
Yes! Tonight! There was a girl - a
poor beaten girl that I - that he
knew... and I went to her - and choked
her to death -
(incredulously looking
at his hands)
- choked out her life with these -
no, not with these hands - not with
these hands -!

(CONTINUED)
He sinks down into a chair again, covering his face, trying to keep from hysteria. Lanyon walks to the fireplace, looks into the flames.

**DR. LANYON**  
Harry - Man cannot flaunt the Divinity of Man without being eternally damned...  
(turns to Jekyll, with quiet abruptness)  
- what about Beatrix? Have you thought of her?

**JEKYLL**  
(he looks up slowly, in a dull voice)  
I'll have to give her up, of course...  
(then, his hysteria mounting)  
I've known it all along - I'll have to face it now - now when I need her most - but I'll give her up! I promise I will!  
(now dropping to hoarse pleading)  
But John, after that I'll need more help than ever. You can help me. You must help me! I must win over this thing! I must -

He stops as he realizes that Lanyon is looking at him with a mixture of unrelenting condemnation and pity. He realizes he is up against the inevitable. He chokes, buries his face in his hands again, as we

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

**253 UPPER HALL - JEKYLL'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING**

Poole comes up the steps, carrying a morning paper and a tray of tea. As he walks, he reads the paper, uttering clucking noises and shaking his head. We PAN HIM to Jekyll's bedroom door. He opens it.

**254 FULL SHOT - INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM**

Jekyll, in his dressing gown, is leaning against the window, looking out as Poole enters. The bed is turned down but not slept in.

**255 CLOSE SHOT - POOLE**

As he enters, he looks at Jekyll o.s., and then at bed o.s.
134.

256 CLOSE SHOT - BED - POOLE'S ANGLE

It is just as he turned it down last night.

257 BACK TO POOLE

He looks from the bed to Jekyll o.s.

258 CLOSE SHOT - JECYLL

He feels Poole's hesitancy.

JEKYLL
(worn and haggard looking)
Just put the tray down, Poole.

259 PAN SHOT - POOLE - WITH TRAY

He walks over to the bedside table.

POOLE

Yes, sir.
(puts paper down with tray)
I don't know what things are coming to, sir. If you'll forgive me - there was the most ghastly murder in Diadem Court last evening. A poor girl was -

260 FULL SHOT - ROOM

JEKYLL
(suddenly shouting) P)
Oole! Will you get out?

POOL
(shocked and puzzled)
Oh, yes sir. Very good, sir.

Poole retires, yet stopping to look back at Jekyll with a worried look. When Poole has gone, Jekyll's eye goes to the paper. He can't help himself. He goes over and picks it up.

261 CLOSE SHOT - HEADLINE AND STORY - IN JECYLL'S HAND

GIRL MURDERED BY MONSTER Witnesses Tell of Beast Last evening a man known only as "Hyde" and "an evil monster" by tenants at --

262 BACK TO JECYLL

He throws the paper from him. He sits down on the bed, grabs the post, and raises his gaze upwards. He is in lonely anguish.

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL

(praying)
This I did not intend. I thought I
was serving You. I saw a light - but
I did not realize it led only to
Darkness. Forgive me. Help me to -

He cannot go on, knowing he has lost the right even to ask for help. His eyes close, and he leans his head against the post, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

263 FULL SHOT - JEKYLL - EXT. SIR CHARLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

He comes hesitantly along the walk, stick in hand, the lights from the house illuminating his drawn and agonized expression. His pace slackens as he turns in through the grilled iron gate as WE PAN and he walks toward the front door in the b.g.

264 CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - EXT. FRONT DOOR

He can hardly bring himself to pull the bell plunger. Suddenly he is aware of the dim sound of a piano o.s. He realizes that Beatrix is playing. WE PAN HIM as he walks down the front of the house to the end of the "side" garden.

265 FULL SHOT - FORMAL SIDE GARDEN

Jekyll comes around the corner of the house and walks across a small flagged veranda which leads from French windows of the drawing room to the flower garden. The garden centers about a small fountain and is set off with flower-bed patterns and marble benches.

266 266 CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - EXT. FRENCH DOORS

He peers through them in the b.g. We see Beatrix playing the piano, a sad and worried expression on her face. Back of her, and to one side, Sir Charles nods in a chair over a paper.

267 CLOSE SHOT - JEKYLL - REVERSE ANGLE

We are on his tortured countenance for a second as he looks o.s. at Beatrix. He half raises his hand as though to call her attention by the movement.
She suddenly sees him. She falters in her playing for a second. Jekyll puts his finger to his lips. She continues playing and finishes her piece very softly, watching Sir Charles over her shoulder, who by now is quite asleep. Then she gets up and hurries as quickly as possible without making any noise to the French doors, opens them, and comes out to Jekyll, closing the doors quietly.

BEATRIX  
(seeing his strained look)  
Harry - dearest -

JEKYLL  
(nodding toward garden)  
Will you come out - where we can talk?

She gives him a worried look, and then precedes him out into the garden.

As they come into SCENE, near a marble bench. He is greatly agitated. He doesn't know where to begin. Beatrix sits down on the bench. She indicates the place beside her.

BEATRIX  
Sit down, darling - what's happened?  
What's wrong?

Jekyll sits down, staring at the ground, wringing his hands. For a moment, there is silence between them.

JEKYLL  
(bursting out suddenly)  
Bee -- I - I've been thinking -- about us. I think your father's been right all along....

BEATRIX  
About what?

JEKYLL  
I - I don't think we should ever marry, that's all. I - I realized it, last night. And - and I think you ought to break it off.
BEATRIX
(slowly, unable to believe)
What are you trying to tell me, Harry?
You don't know what you're saying... look at me -!

JEKYLL
(his face averted)
Really, Bee --

BEATRIX
(pulling his shoulders around)
Look at me, darling -!

JEKYLL
I mean - no matter how perfect things seem at first - people make mistakes, sometimes.

BEATRIX
(tears welling in her eyes)
But, Harry...
(then, with the horrible thought)
Oh... I see. You don't want me. You don't love me any more. Is that it?
(stifling a sob)
Are you telling me you don't want me?

JEKYLL
(wildly, breaking)
Want you? I love you and want you more than --
(rises quickly, walks away)
But I'm giving you up, do you hear? I'm not worth even the sound of your name!

Beatrix gets up and hurries to him as WE PAN.

BEATRIX
Oh, my darling - what's wrong? Tell me!

JEKYLL
I've no right to you - I've thrown it away!

BEATRIX
Nothing's done that can't be --

(CONTINUED)
JEKYLL
But it's done! I've destroyed paradise -
Our paradise -

BEATRIX
(the mother now)
Oh - you are ill - tell me what's really wrong! Don't keep it pent up inside. You've always said we could discuss anything between us.

JEKYLL
There are things you can't voice in Heaven. Just believe me...
(turning his back to her)
You're giving me up, do you hear? Go - go inside - now - while I can't see you -!

BEATRIX
(turning him half to her)
Darling - it's all right. Just take me in your arms.

JEKYLL
Oh, don't my angel! Angel - Angel of Heaven, don't say any more -!

BEATRIX
(putting her arms around him)
There - there, darling - hold me close. Don't think of anything - of whatever it is - just hold me a minute.

JEKYLL
(pulling her hand from him)
No! No - I can't! I'd give my soul to -- but I have no soul!
(he clenches his fist and covers his face with the other hand, bowing his head)
I'm like -
(he pauses, searching for the word)
- like the living dead...!

Beatrix now enfolds him in her arms again. His head rests on her shoulder. His arms go around her, weakened for a moment in his anguish.
BEATRIX
(soothingly)
Oh, my poor dear suffering love. Be quiet... s-s-h-don't say any more.

JEKYLL
(sobbing)
Oh, Bee - my darling -!

BEATRIX
(softly)
Rest now... rest...

They are quiet for a second. Then Jekyll lifts his head quickly and starts as if to leave.

BEATRIX
(trying to hold him, panicky)
I won't let you go. You love me - I won't let you go.

JEKYLL
(his voice rising)
That's why I'm giving you up! Because I'll love you till the end of time!
(raising his gaze aloft, as he backs away, Beatrix staring after him aghast that he is going, that she can't hold him)
This is my proof! This is my penance!

He turns and walks hurriedly o.s.

BEATRIX
(starting after him, then stops)
Harry - come back - Harry --

She then breaks into violent sobs, falters, and sinks to the ground, prone.
Jekyll is hurrying toward the CAMERA. In the b.g., Beatrix is sobbing on the ground. WE PAN Jekyll as he comes around the side of the house and stops. O.s. he hears her sobbing, faintly. He is terribly tempted to go back. He half turns and looks. He cannot stand the sight of what he sees. He leans in weary torture against the side of the house, closing his eyes. Suddenly a look of horror comes over his face. He looks down at his hands. WE PAN DOWN to see his hand starting to change. WE PAN UP to Jekyll's face. He looks down at his other hand. His throat starts to constrict, his face to change.

JEKYLL
(wildly, looking up)
Oh - no - no - don't let me - save me - don't let me -!

But the metamorphosis is well on its way.

BEATRIX
Oh, you did come back... Oh, my darling....

For answer there is an ugly chuckle o.s. Hyde's hands come down into the frame and clutch her arms. Beatrix in puzzlement, and then in dawning horror reacts to the chuckle and the hands. In almost the same moment, Hyde lifts her up and she is face to face with him. For a second, she is frozen with fright, then screams as Hyde's face bends towards hers.

BEATRIX
(after her scream)
Father! Father...!

Hyde laughs wildly and starts to struggle with Beatrix.
He is coming out of the drawing room on a dead run. WE PAN HIM over to Beatrix and Hyde. Hyde drops Beatrix who faints and slips to the ground. Sir Charles makes a gallant lunge at Hyde, but Hyde sends him reeling against the wall. Then with a wild animal laugh he leaps for his hat and stick. Sir Charles, however, recovers in time to intercept his progress around the fountain.

SIR CHARLES
(calling)
Help! Hobson - call the police!
Help -!

Hyde raises his stick and lays it across Sir Charles' head. Sir Charles stumbles back and falls to the ground. Hyde leaps on top of him like a panther, and bashes the stick against Sir Charles' head three or four times in rapid succession. The stick breaks with a final sickening blow. In the b.g. Hobson and a footman come hurrying from the drawing room.

FOOTMAN
Here - what's going on -!

They spy Hyde and come after him. Hyde gets up and WE PAN HIM the length of the garden on the run. Hobson kneels beside Sir Charles' prostrate body as the footman gives chase after Hyde around the corner of the house.

Hyde comes running from the garden. He stops for a second and looks up the street.

A constable comes around the corner on the run, dimly discernible under a gas light.

He runs o.s. down the street in the opposite direction just as the footman appears and the constable comes running up.

FOOTMAN
(pointing in direction of Hyde)
There he goes! It's the monster!

The constable runs o.s. after Hyde, blowing his whistle.
FULL SHOT - MEWS

Hyde comes tearing down in toward camera. In a second, the constable appears after him. Another man or two, passers-by at the far entrance, take up the chase. Hyde leaps over a fence. When the constable arrives at fence, he blows his whistle again.

FULL SHOT - ANOTHER CONSTABLE - AT CORNER

He reacts to distant whistle, runs for it o.s.

LONG SHOT - HYDE - ANOTHER STREET

He runs past camera into b.g. A small group of idlers are standing at the corner. They block his progress and he bowls through them, knocking a couple down. Ad lib yells of surprise and anger.

REVERSE SHOT - STREET

The two constables come in chase, followed by more people.

1ST CONSTABLE
Stop that man!

GROUP SHOT - AT CORNER

As constables come running up.

1ST MAN
(pointing)
That way, constable!

WE PAN AND PICK UP Hyde, his cape flying, leaping down the street in the b.g. The rest give chase.

FULL PAN SHOT - HYDE - JEKYLL'S STREET

He comes flying along and darts up the walk to the house. O.s. comes the sound of the constable's whistle.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE - AT JEKYLL'S FRONT DOOR

He runs up the steps, vaults the balustrade and hurls his body sidewise through the waiting-room window at the side of the door.

FULL SHOT - INT. WAITING-ROOM

Hyde lands sprawling amidst the shattered glass. He scrambles up and leaps out into the foyer.
FULL SHOT - INT. FOYER - JEKYLL'S HOUSE

Hyde enters. Poole comes in from past camera.

POOLE
(recognizing Hyde)
Here, here - how did -?

But he gets no further as Hyde, with a roar, bowls him aside and ducks out the back door toward the lab. Poole hurries to the door, opens it. O.s. we hear crowd noises and whistles.

PAN EFFECT SHOT - HYDE

As he leaps across the bridge in the back courtyard to Jekyll's laboratory.

FULL SHOT - INT. SMALL HALL - INT. LAB BUILDING

Hyde comes through door from courtyard, closes door, locks it. Then he goes to door of lab, opens it, ducks inside, and we hear him lock this door.

EXT. COURTYARD

Poole and the constables come running across the bridge.

POOLE
He's gone into the laboratory!

WE PAN THEM to the first door. They find it locked.

1ST CONSTABLE
(putting shoulder to door)
Heave, Bill!

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE - INT. LAB

He is frantically looking for various vials to mix the potion. He upsets and breaks things in his fury.

DISSOLVE TO:

GROUP SHOT - EXT. GARDEN - SIR CHARLES' HOME

A constable, the footman, Hobson and Lanyon are leaning over Sir Charles' body. Lanyon is shaking his head woefully. The constable shows Lanyon half of a stick.

CLOSE SHOT - BROKEN STICK WITH ITS SILVER HEAD

CONSTABLE'S VOICE (O.S.)
This is the weapon what done it, Doctor.
GROUP SHOT AGAIN

DR. LANYON
(taking stick, then
after a second)
Yes... I was afraid so.
(rising)
Come - I think I can take you to
your man.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB

Hyde is feverishly mixing the potion, having to make some of
its ingredients not already prepared. O.s., there is a crash
of door bursting. Then hammering on the laboratory door.

FULL SHOT - INT. HALL OF LAB

The courtyard door is down. The constables and Poole are
hammering at the door of the lab.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE - INT. LAB

In his haste, he knocks over a large glass jar. It crashes.

BACK TO CONSTABLES AND POOLE - HALL

1ST CONSTABLE
(suddenly listening)
He's in there! Open up!
(then, as just silence
comes)
Come on, Bill!

Bill has run in with a crow-bar, and after two or three tries,
they break the door down.

PAN SHOT - POOLE AND CONSTABLES - INT. LAB

They come running down the stairs. As WE PAN WE PICK UP Jekyll
who is just staggering to his feet from the floor.

POOLE
(amazed)
Dr. Jekyll, sir! That frightful maniac
broke through the house and -

JEKYLX
I know. He struck me over the head.
(indicating, to
constable)
Quick, man! He went out by the back!

(CONTINUED)
The constables hurry to the back door, o.s.

**POOLE**
I didn't even know you were home, sir. Are you badly hurt?

**JEKYLL**
I'll - I'll be all right.

The two constables come from the back door.

**1ST CONSTABLE**
(to Jekyll)
This here door's locked.

**JEKYLL**
(impatiently, pointing up stairs)
Then you better get round through the front!

The two constables leap up the stairs, just as Lanyon, another constable and an inspector in plain clothes come hurrying in.

**DR. LANYON**
(looking at Jekyll below)
Wait!

**1ST CONSTABLE**
(explaining)
He ducked through the back and locked the door after him!

**DR. LANYON**
(in great strain)
No, he didn't! He's still down here.

They watch him, amazed, and follow down the steps to the lab proper. He approaches Jekyll. Jekyll looks at him, tired, wan. There are tears in Jekyll's eyes as he waits for the word by Lanyon. Lanyon, too, is greatly affected. He seems as though he can't say the word.

**DR. LANYON**
(finally gathers himself - pointing to Jekyll)
There - Heaven help him.

**POOLE**
(shocked)
Dr. Lanyon -!

(CONTINUED)
INSPECTOR
(Puzzled)
I know this gentleman. He's Dr. Jekyll.

DR. LANYON
(tears in his eyes now)
I know. Nevertheless, there's your man.

INSPECTOR
You can't be serious, Dr. Lanyon. I -

DR. LANYON
(suddenly pointing)
Watch -!

For Jekyll has already started to turn back to Hyde again. They all watch him in awe and horror as he goes through the metamorphosis.

CLOSE SHOT - POOLE
He backs away slowly.

CLOSE SHOT - CONSTABLES AND INSPECTOR
Their jaws are dropping.

CLOSE SHOT - LANYON
He looks away. He cannot stand it.

CLOSE SHOT - HYDE
For he is now almost completely Hyde. He comes out of his writhings as such. He looks about at the others, as though he has just seen them for the first time. He is more bestial and awful in physique and manner than we have ever seen him in the transformation. With a sudden yell he throws a huge jar at the officers, and ducks around the table. (NOTE: In the following ensuing struggle ad lib commands from the inspector should come at the proper time: "Grab him - hold him - don't let him get up those stairs - guard that door".... etc.) Hyde practically wrecks the lab in eluding his pursuers. He knocks them this way and that. He leaps across tables - up on shelves, pulling them down. He growls and snarls and laughs in glee every time he eludes them.

CLOSE SHOT - LANYON AND INSPECTOR
This during middle of fight. Lanyon sees the gun in the inspector's hand.
301 CONTINUED:

DR. LANYON
(pleading)
Shoot him, inspector - shoot him!
That would be his wish!

INSPECTOR
(grimly)
Must take him if we can!
(darting o.s.)
Hold him now!

302 FULL SHOT - GROUP

The constables seem just about to have Hyde cornered, when with another wild leap, he gets to a set of surgical instruments, and pulls out a large knife. With another yell, he makes a leap for freedom, brandishing his weapon. As he gets by the large apparatus on the table, the inspector lets him have it with the revolver. Hyde wheels, drops across the table, shattering some of the apparatus. They start crowding around him in silent awe, Poole crying with audible sobs.

POOLE
(like a plea)
Dr. Jekyll... Dr. Jekyll.....!

303 CLOSE SHOT - HYDE'S HEAD - PROFILE

There is a strange light on it. As if in answer to Poole's plea, the face starts slowly and mystically changing back to that of the handsome Jekyll - a face peaceful in death - as if in death - without struggle or torture - Jekyll was restored to himself for Eternity. WE PULL BACK SLOWLY for a tableau.

DR. LANYON
(line to come)

FADE OUT:

THE END