

ELIZABETH. Diary of Elizabeth Ann Jelkes. "I went to see the fiend."

### Scene 8

*Inside Mr. Hyde's room. Sudden change of light as the door turns around quickly. Hyde 3 stands at the door, his back pressed against it, as if he's just slammed it shut after his encounter with Utterson. Hyde 3 sees Elizabeth standing in the room.*

HYDE 3. What're you doing here? *(Springs to her, grabs her.)*  
Answer me! What brings you to my rooms?  
ELIZABETH. Your name is Hyde?  
HYDE 3. Who said? Tell me!  
ELIZABETH. My mother! My mother said this is where you live!  
HYDE 3. Who's your mother?  
ELIZABETH. You gave her money! For my sister, she plays in the street, you had an ... a —  
HYDE 3. We had a run-in.  
ELIZABETH. *(Nods.)* ... You gave her a cheque.  
HYDE 3. And it was cashed, the bank is prompt in its reports.  
ELIZABETH. My mother drank the money.  
HYDE 3. Your mother has her priorities straight. You haven't answered my question. Why do I find you in my rooms?  
ELIZABETH. I wanted to see the man who would do such a thing.  
HYDE 3. Trample a child and take a stick to her? You can see that in any house in London.  
ELIZABETH. Trample a child and pay for the privilege. *(Hyde 3 looks at her for a long moment, then he turns away.)*  
HYDE 3. Well, you've seen him, now go. *(Elizabeth keeps her eyes on him. After a beat, she starts to the door. Hyde 3's voice stops her.)*  
How'd you get in?  
ELIZABETH. Your landlord is a man, I'm a woman. *(Hyde 3 grins and turns to her.)*  
HYDE 3. Why didn't you come before? The cheque was cashed a

week ago.

ELIZABETH. I don't come back that often.

HYDE 3. Back?

ELIZABETH. Home. My family's house. I work near Charing Cross.

HYDE 3. Ohhh. Got on in the world, did we? Gutter girl who learned a trade and got a room above a shop? What are we, a milliner's assistant? Clerk in a sweets emporium? I'd say you were a governess, but you haven't the breeding. *(Elizabeth turns to go. Hyde three steps in front of her, blocking her way. Elizabeth tries to side-step Hyde 3. He blocks her again. Hyde 3 and Elizabeth are face to face. Out of the darkness, we can begin to discern the faces of the other actors, all but the one who plays Jekyll. Their eyes are closed. As the scene continues they occasionally mouth a word or phrase spoken by Hyde 3. Sometimes we even hear the words, at the level of a whisper.)*

The girl, your sister, is she well?

ELIZABETH. She's forgotten the encounter already. The only reason anyone remembers the occurrence is because of the cheque.

HYDE 3. I assure you, I did not pay willingly.

ELIZABETH. Some of the men from the street said they threatened you if you didn't.

HYDE 3. It was not their threat I feared; I could have killed them each and all. It was a gentleman showed me the error of my ways.

ELIZABETH. Could you not kill him too?

HYDE 3. Yes, but the police take note when a gentleman gets his. But you ... If you were found dead on the street tonight the constable who came across your corpse would as like sell it cheap as blow his whistle. Find yourself on a gurney being cut into bits, a penny a pound. *(Hyde 3, quick as lightning, pulls on the handle of his cane and unsheathes a blade, attached to the handle. He shoves it against Elizabeth's throat.)*

ELIZABETH. AHH!

HYDE 3. Don't say you're not afraid of me.

ELIZABETH. I am afraid.

HYDE 3. Then run.

ELIZABETH. What if the door is locked?

HYDE 3. Risk it, it's your only chance.

ELIZABETH. Do women always run from you?

HYDE 3. They never run.

ELIZABETH. Afraid to?

HYDE 3. Paid not to.  
 ELIZABETH. What else do you pay your women not to do?  
 HYDE 3. Say "no."  
 ELIZABETH. You're sad. You have to frighten women to keep them. You have to pay them not to go.  
 HYDE 3. What makes you so brave?  
 ELIZABETH. You'll never know me well enough to understand. *(Hyde 3 takes that in. He lowers the blade and slips it back into the cane. The faces of the other actors disappear into the darkness again.)*  
 HYDE 3. The door's not locked.  
 ELIZABETH. I knew that. You didn't slip the bolt. *(Elizabeth turns to go.)*  
 HYDE 3. Wait! I'm not always "at home" when friends come calling here. *(Takes out a card from his pocket, hands it to her.)* They know me at this house. If ever you have need. What's your name?  
 ELIZABETH. ... Elizabeth. Elizabeth —  
 HYDE 3. *(Stops her.)* No. Tell me more, and I'll know how to find you. *(Elizabeth remains for a moment. Then she opens the door, exits, and shuts the door behind her. Hyde 3's grin fades as ... the door is slid in front of Hyde. Lights change.)*

### Scene 9

*Dr. Jekyll's bedroom. Jekyll lurches downstage from the darkness and into a white glare of light. He screams.*

JEKYLL. AHHH!!! *(Poole rushes in with a candle.)*  
 POOLE. Dr. Jekyll? Are you all right?  
 JEKYLL. *(Disoriented.)* ... Poole...? I heard a scream.  
 POOLE. It was you, sir.  
 JEKYLL. What?  
 POOLE. It was your scream, sir, I heard all the way up to my room.  
 JEKYLL. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake ... what time is it?  
 POOLE. Past three, sir.  
 JEKYLL. In the morning?

POOLE. Doctor, have you not been to bed? You still got your clothes on.  
 JEKYLL. Must have fallen asleep before I had the chance to take them off. Did you hear me come in?  
 POOLE. Yes, sir.  
 JEKYLL. How long ago?  
 POOLE. An hour, not more. You came in from the laboratory. Do you not remember, sir?  
 JEKYLL. ... 'Course I do. Did I say anything in my sleep?  
 POOLE. You cried out as if you were calling someone.  
 JEKYLL. A name?  
 POOLE. Yes.  
 JEKYLL. What was it?  
 POOLE. ... Elizabeth. *(Jekyll looks around, still unsure. Finally, he dismisses it all.)*  
 JEKYLL. Nightmare. Bad dream is all. Go back to bed, Poole.  
 POOLE. Yes, sir. *(Poole exits. Jekyll comes downstage and stares off, as if trying to remember something.)*  
 JEKYLL. ... Elizabeth. *(Jekyll remains onstage as ... lights change. The door is repositioned.)*

### Scene 10

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

DR. LANYON. Notes from an interview between H.K. Lanyon, Ph.D. and Dr. X. "It was the dead of night and as usual I couldn't sleep, so I had gone downstairs to fix something when — " *(Jekyll enters the scene.)* Jekyll! Good God, do you know the time, man?  
 JEKYLL. I saw your lamp was lit. I assumed a Scotsman wouldn't waste good oil on empty rooms.  
 DR. LANYON. You look like the morgue. Sit, I'll get you a —  
 JEKYLL. No, nothing, Lanyon, please. I need to consult you about a patient.  
 DR. LANYON. You haven't been a practicing physician for years. Your preference, as I recall, is lecturing on the stupidity of your col-