

HYDE

Monster of Desire

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY DENIS MEIKLE
(based on the story by Robert Louis Stevenson)

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. CHELSEA STREET-SCENE. EVENING.

We open on a tree-lined street..

We TRACK forward along it, our viewpoint swinging back and forth, as we acknowledge the smiles and stares of passers-by; occasionally a hand appears in frame to (for example) examine the wares of a flower-seller, displayed at the side of the road.

It is evident that the scene is a subjective one, and that we are a gentleman out for a stroll.

Soon, we pause by an entrance-way set back between the trees - a sign overhead is emblazoned Cremorne Gardens, and we can see from the hive of activity within that it is (or was, at one time) an ornate 'pleasure gar den' (like the German bier gardens). There is one essential difference: the 'customers' seem mostly to be comprised of ladies of the night and their prospectives. We take in the scene for a time before our POV returns to the street. We walk a few paces, then stop.. Turn to look again at the Gardens. Hesitate.. Retrace our steps.. And enter its portals...

2. EXT. CREMORNE GARDENS. EVENING.

We are confronted by a vast open area filled with entertainers of all kind, from jugglers to 3-card tricksters, and music emanates from the dance-hall that is situated further back within the confines of the sprawling pleasure-park.

3. EXT. CREMORNE - CAFE. EVENING.

In a few moments, we have found a seat at a table in an alcove of hedgerows and, as we begin to take in our surroundings, a PAN to our left picks out a rosy-cheeked face with a handle-bar moustache. The face belongs to a WAITER, and he beams expectantly as he steps quickly in our direction.

WAITER

..Bottle of bubbly, sir? - Shipped in fresh this morning.

From the man's expression, we can see that we have agreed to his suggestion, but before he leaves to fetch the order, he leans a little closer-

WAITER

Would sir like me to.. rustle him up a bit of company? - Someone to pass a pleasant hour or two with? ..You just leave it to me, sir.

4. C.U. CAFE TABLE.

Evidently, we have agreed to this also, and we now observe our fingers, agitatedly tapping in time to the music of a Wurlitzer. After a beat, we look up again, and in front of us stands a bosomy TART in a low-cut red dress. She smiles knowingly, takes a seat, and promptly launches into a well-practised introduction..

5. EXT. CREMORNE - CAFE. EVENING. (RESUME)

TART

Hello, dear.. First time? - At these here Gardens, I mean--

Our hand pours two glasses of champagne.

Celebrating are we-? That's nice. What's the occasion? - Have a win on the nags? Just like Her Majesty, though I can't see her down the listers somehow, can you? I expect she has to send one of her footmen, now that John Brown is dead. Ooh, this is lovely stuff, ain't it? Whoops, spilled some. Its gone right down me front.. Wipe it off for me, there's a love.

The TART leans forward, exposing her cleavage. We offer her a handkerchief and she clasps hand and handkerchief - and presses them against her ample bosom..

MIX TO:

6. INT. CREMORNE DANCE-HALL.

--The TART's swaying posterior as she climbs the staircase ahead of us. This leads us to a corridor with many doors off. The TART turns and indicates a room at the far end. We follow - but spy a door off to our right that stands ajar.

We stop and peer inside: a young BOY is seated on the edge of a four-poster bed; he is no more than thirteen, and he stares at us with vacant eyes, as if waiting for someone. We push the door open and step inside the room. To the side of us, the TART is still hectoring:

7. INT. BROTHEL AREA.

TART

Not that one, love; that one's taken. 'Ere - you're not after tail o' that sort, are you?

The BOY looks up and the hand - our hand - beckons him over..

8. INT. BROTHEL ROOM.

NOW, the POV switches to inside the room. MAN and BOY are framed in the doorway - the MAN's face in deep shadow.

MAN

Tell me.. of your mother.

BOY

I have no mother, sir. I was sold, that she could buy ale and such.

MAN

This - is your life then?

BOY

I am fed and clothed, and have a place to rest my head. But I must earn my keep..

MAN

(lapsing into a Scots brogue)

And your *maither* .. Will you see her again?

BOY

I will, sir. And I will surely kill her.

9. C.U. MAN'S EYES.

In huge CLOSE UP, we see a tear trickle down the MAN's cheek - tenderly, he hugs the BOY to his chest and strokes his hair.

MAN

Poor Eddy.. My poor, poor Eddy.

10. C.U. BOY'S FACE.

The BOY looks quizzical.

BOY

If it please, sir - my name is Alfred .

11. INT. BROTHEL ROOM (RESUME).

The MAN ignores him.

MAN

Suffer the little children to come unto me.

The TART shakes her head.. Complaining loudly, she exits the scene, and with the MAN's face remaining in shadow, we PAN down to the boy's - glassy-eyed and bewildered - as he stands there locked in this strange embrace.. And we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

12. EXT. MAYFAIR STREET-SCENE. DAY.

A SCREEN CAPTION announces that we are in:

LONDON, in the late summer of 1885

CUT TO:

13. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. DAY.

A tradesman's carriage pulls up outside the home of DOCTOR HENRY JEKYLL in Berkeley Square; a large wooden container is unloaded - which by its shape, size, and the nature of the comments accompanying the delivery, is plainly a framed portrait of one of the occupants of the house.

1ST DELIVERY MAN

--Bet this one cost a bob or two.

2ND DELIVERY MAN

Money to burn - I'll wager it looks nothing like him.

The attendant DELIVERY MEN carry it up the steps, and ring the bell.

14. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. DAY.

The door is answered by the manservant, POOLE, and the two men doff their caps.

POOLE

(examining the case to make sure it's undamaged)

The Doctor would like it taken through to his study. Follow me please.

15. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY.

The MEN do as they are bid, and POOLE escorts them through the entrance hall towards the study.

CUT TO:

16. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. DAY.

In CLOSE UP, we see an ornament on a small table in the centre of the room; it is the figure of a scorpion, under a bowl-glass. We PULL FOCUS from the ornament to the door, as POOLE knocks. DOCTOR JEKYLL is within, but for now, he remains unseen.

JEKYLL

Come.

The door opens and POOLE enters.

POOLE

I'm sorry to disturb you, sir. Your portrait has arrived.

We PAN across to find JEKYLL seated behind a large desk framed by a wall of books - he is a slim and cultured man in his mid-forties and is poring over a mountain of paperwork. He barely looks up.

JEKYLL

Oh yes. Have them put it over there.

JEKYLL indicates to the opposite wall.

The MEN enter with the wooden case; we hold with them as they carry it across the room towards us and carefully site it against the wall. As they do so, Jekyll's wife, HETTY, appears in the doorway.

HETTY

Is that Mister Whistler's portrait of you?

JEKYLL

Mmm? - Yes.

HETTY

That's wonderful, my dear. I can't wait to see it.

JEKYLL

I hope it's worth the price of admission.

HETTY

I'm sure it will be. Pre-eminent men should always be depicted by pre-eminent artists. Where will you hang it?

JEKYLL

I thought the drawing-room - at last I have an excuse to consign that portrait of your father to the attic.

HETTY

But that was a wedding-gift, Henry.

JEKYLL

The wedding has been over for a long time, Hetty.. I'll deal with it in a day or two.

HETTY departs, and the DELIVERY MEN follow suit, ushered out by POOLE. After a beat, JEKYLL begins to take an interest in the arrival and rises from behind his desk. He comes into the foreground and with a curiosity inspired by pride, he starts to examine the casing..

17. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

POOLE enters the room, and crosses quickly towards a cupboard near the back door out to the yard. The cook - MRS FISHER - is clearing away the breakfast things.

POOLE

(turns briefly to MRS FISHER)

You know we're dining out tonight, don't you, Mrs Fisher?

POOLE lifts his eyes skyward.

..Dinner, and then the theatre.

MRS FISHER

(nods)

That'll make a pleasant change. If the master paid as much attention to the mistress as he does to those gin-sodden wretches of his down in Limehouse, this'd be a happier household altogether.

POOLE begins to search among the odd assortment of tools inside the cupboard, eventually extracting a crowbar and dusting it down.. He talks as he goes about his business:

POOLE

Where there's life there's hope, Mrs Fisher. Doctor Jekyll is coming near that age where he'll have to think of slowing down a bit. Maybe that will rekindle his desire for the domestic bliss you seem to think has eluded him these past years.

MRS FISHER

(indignantly)

I seem to think! - You know full well, things haven't been right above stairs for as long as anyone can remember.

POOLE

Surely not. It's not that long ago that the house was filled with good cheer - Mrs Jekyll on the pianoforte of a Sunday evening..

MRS FISHER

New Year's Eve, 1876. Nine years ago--

POOLE stops in his tracks and looks wistful.

--And what about when they were first wed? - before he was married to his precious charitypatients? There were comings and goings here every weekend.. Tea parties of an afternoon.. You won't have a word said against him, will you, Mister Poole? 1876 it was. Take my word.

POOLE

You remember it then?

MRS FISHER

'Course I remember it.

POOLE takes time out to amble over to where MRS FISHER is seated, and slowly approaches her from the rear..

POOLE

You remember the bottle of Napoleon that was 'accidentally' cleared away with the dinner things? - And how we had to dispose of it so no one would notice?

MRS FISHER

..Well - I don't remember that .

POOLE

No. You were too pickled to remember. D'you remember what happened after ?

POOLE's hand creeps around MRS FISHER's waist; he playfully pats her on the bottom.

MRS FISHER

Mister Poole! - Be gone with you!

The tone of disapproval gives way to a knowing smile. A twinkle appears in MRS FISHER's eye.

There's some kippers on the stove..

POOLE

(releases his hold)

I thought there might be. Back in a tick.

POOLE exits the room.

MRS FISHER

..Charity patients! Every hour the Good Lord sends. A suspicious body might think Doctor Jekyll had some great sin to atone for.. And still it's not forgiven.

18. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. DAY.

POOLE re-enters the room, carrying the crowbar. JEKYLL is crouching in front of the packing case.

POOLE

..Would you like me to uncork the bottle, Doctor? - I have the implement to hand.

JEKYLL

No - No, I'll do it.

POOLE

Very good, sir.

Without looking behind him, JEKYLL holds out his hand. POOLE gives him the crowbar and leaves. As soon as the door is closed, JEKYLL begins to prise at the casing. Within a few moments, he has detached the 'lid' and slid it to one side - the size of it obscuring his view of the painting for the time being. Still holding the crowbar, he now turns back to look at the portrait..

We do not see what he sees - but JEKYLL lets out a cry and involuntarily takes a step backwards. The crowbar swings down by his side as he does so, and comes into contact with the ornament on the table, smashing the glass..

19. C.S. JEKYLL.

We now see that JEKYLL's features are frozen in a look of horror. We PAN down to the figurine - the bowl covering the scorpion has been shattered, and shards of glass lie scattered all around..

VOICE-OVER

And what are you that live with Lucifer?

ABRUPT CUT TO:

20. C.S. MEPHISTO/IRVING.

MEPHISTO/IRVING

Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer, Conspired against our God with Lucifer..

21. INT. LYCEUM THEATRE. NIGHT.

We are attending a performance of *Faust*, in which HENRY IRVING plays the role of Mephistopheles. In the audience are JEKYLL, HETTY, SIR DANVERS CAREW (HETTY's father) and STUART LANYON - also a doctor and a friend and confidant of the Jekylls.

It is Act I , Scene III , and FAUSTUS - whose voice we heard previously - has entered into his pact with the Devil.

22. INT. LYCEUM THEATRE - STAGE. NIGHT.

FAUSTUS stands before Mephistopheles, one of the archangels of Hell, and IRVING is on stage in his fabled garb of crimson cape and cowl, accompanied by grim-faced ACOLYTES.

The audience sit in silent rapture..

23. M.S. MEPHISTO/IRVING.

MEPHISTO/IRVING

..And are for ever damned with Lucifer!

24. INT. LYCEUM. DRESS-CIRCLE.

From behind Jekyll's party, an audaciously-dressed MAN with flowing locks, and an orchid button-hole in his olive-green suit, turns to a companion:

MAN

Drama and critique at one and the same time.

The small group seated next to the MAN break into much ribald laughter. Others nearby are indignant - including LANYON and CAREW.

25. M.S. JEKYLL'S PARTY.

CAREW

Some aspiring playwright, no doubt - trying to make a name for himself.

HETTY leans indulgently towards her father.

HETTY

How right you are, father. That's Mr Wilde.

CAREW

And who, pray, is Mr Wilde?

HETTY

Only the talk of London. You must have heard of Oscar Wilde - his Chelsea tea-parties are all the rage--

CAREW

Thankfully, no. And I can only say that I hope his plays are better than his manners.

HETTY

--It's said that Prince Albert Victor himself is a regular visitor.

CAREW

(shaking his head)

These young Royals - they don't seem to have the same respect for tradition somehow; it's turning the monarchy into a laughing stock--

LANYON

(moderating)

Let's not forget Lola Montez, Sir Danvers - Not to mention Miss Langtry..

26. INT. LYCEUM. DRESS CIRCLE. (RESUME)

Remonstrations from a member of the audience brings the exchange to an end - but not before Irving's attention has been distracted; he catches sight of Wilde and sniffs contemptuously..

27. C.U. IRVING.

MEPHISTO/IRVING

--Why, this is hell .. nor am I out of it!

IRVING continues, amid audience laughter.

Thinkst thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss!

28. C.U. JEKYLL.

We close on Jekyll, as the sounds of the play fade to silence and he lapses deep into thought...

29. FLASHBACK (EFFECTS).

NOW, the shot switches abruptly into the semblance of a flashback - but whether the memory belongs to JEKYLL or some other remains unclear for the time being..

It is springtime, and we see the steeple of a tiny village church - the bells are ringing for Sunday service.. A BOY of eight or so walks to the church gates in the company of his MOTHER and FATHER; the father is greeted warmly by the MINISTER. (We gain the impression that he is, perhaps, an elder.) The scene changes to a summer evening: the BOY and his MOTHER have been working the fields. The cart is loaded with produce, and FATHER and BOY set out to the town. Evening draws on, and the cart halts outside of what appears to be an inn - the BOY is instructed to wait while his FATHER goes inside.

Time passes and darkness falls. The night air has turned cold. Fearful, the BOY decides to seek out his father. He approaches the building, but finds the doors and windows barred against him.. At the rear, one window shows a light through the broken shutters. He ventures over and peers in:

Several MEN are gathered around a wooden table - all of them drunk. Three of the MEN are holding a SERVING-GIRL pinned down, while a fourth ravishes her. The fourth man is the boy's FATHER.. In the midst of his frenzy, the FATHER spies the BOY at the window, and his once-benign features contort into a mask of hate..

We next see a bleak wind-swept heath under a dark sky - in the centre of which stands a forbidding, gabled house: the sign above the iron gates reads 'Ecklestoun Reformatory', and reveals it to be a boarding-school..

The BOY is older now, and stands in the room of a MAS TER, where he is about to be chastised for some unspecified sin. He is told to bend over the desk and a strap is produced.. The BOY grips the sides as the punishment is meted out, tears welling in his eyes.. When it is over, the MASTER is clearly excited - he locks the door. He turns back to the BOY and unbuckles his trouser-belt, and his young charge is too weak to put up any resistance.. We close on the BOY's face as his sobs turn to a cold rage..

A storm brews outside, and the BOY sits alone in a chemistry laboratory, apparently mixing a potion. The draft is administered into the 'nightcap' that has become a prelude to his regular debauch at the hands of the MASTER. He enters the room, where his persecutor is waiting for him, bed-clothes thrown back.. He begins to undress, and the storm lashes around the scene..

In the dead of night, the BOY rises from the bed and approaches a chest of drawers surmounted by a wash-hand basin. One of the drawers is opened, to reveal a cut-throat razor. The BOY takes it out of its case..

Morning, and the school is shrouded in cold winter light.. Colleagues hammer on the door of the room, eventually breaking it down. They find the MASTER sprawled over the bed - his face white, drained of all colour. The bed-sheets are saturated in blood: he has been castrated. As his compatriots stare in horror at the sight, some curious pupils crowd in behind them - including the BOY. He stares at the body, and at the now-empty mug on the table by the bed, and as he retreats from the scene, his mouth twists into a crooked smile of delight...

VOICE-OVER - FAUSTUS

The stars move still, time runs..

CUT TO:

30. INT. LYCEUM THEATRE - STAGE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

The "flashback" ends, and we return to the stage of the Lyceum - and a close-shot of FAUSTUS as he completes the lines..

FAUSTUS

..The clock will strike, the Devil will come - and Faustus must be damn'd!

MIX TO:

31. C.U. JEK YLL. (RESUME)

..We MIX from the face of DOCTOR FAUSTUS into that of JEK YLL, staring straight ahead..

CUT TO:

32. EXT. LYCEUM THEATRE. NIGHT.

We join JEK YLL and LANYON as they exit the Lyceum into the Strand; HETTY follows on behind with SIR DANVERS. We observe from the interested comments of several of those who

pass by that the theatre marquee announces the name of the next attraction as *The Bells* , by Leopold Lewis.

As JEKYLL and LANYON move into the foreground and don their gloves, HETTY bids her father goodnight in the background. HETTY approaches, and the two men turn to wave a last farewell to SIR DANVERS. The trio stroll through the departing crowd in the direction of a carriage-and-pair waiting nearby.

JEKYLL
(to HETTY)

I rather thought he'd be coming with us.

HETTY

You know father. He wants to drop into his club for a nightcap.

LANYON
(pointing back at the marquee)

I see Irving's recent success in the Americas is prompting him to revive old triumphs over here as well.

JEKYLL

On the strength of what we've just witnessed, I'd venture the guess that he wasn't about to be in receipt of any new ones.

HETTY
(taking LANYON's arm)

Ignore him, Stuart.. Henry expects too much of the modern theatre - people go out to be entertained nowadays, not to be lectured to.

JEKYLL

Since the venue in question was the Lyceum , I suppose I have to stand corrected. If there's one thing Irving is good at, it's playing to the gallery..

33. EXT. THE STRAND. NIGHT.

LANYON hails the waiting carriage.

HETTY

Henry, you can be such dull company at times.

LANYON

..The company is never dull when graced with the presence of one of the most accommodating hostesses in all London, my dear Mrs Jekyll.

JEKYLL and HETTY step on board and LANYON follows them in, closing the door.

34. INT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT.

HETTY

Flatterer!

LANYON

But of course. That way you might continue to invite me to supper once a month.

JEKYLL

I thought it was bridge that attracted you.

LANYON

Ah yes - but I play better on a full stomach. Or hadn't you noticed?

HETTY

..If you weren't such a confirmed bachelor, Stuart, you could have found a wife of your own to provide you with supper.

LANYON

The loss of one's liberty is poor exchange to guarantee a regular meal--

JEKYLL

--Especially when one's club can provide it at a fraction of the cost.

LANYON

(more serious now)

..Besides, there weren't two of you, Hetty - I'm bound to say I've always considered that Harry plucked the last rose of summer.

HETTY

How terribly endearing you are. But you men - you insist on having it both ways.

LANYON

Come now, Hetty - afford us some credit for being honest about it; we don't all hide our guilt like.. poor old Matthias in The Bells, for instance. At least most of us don't, do we, Harry?

HETTY

Maybe not. But I think, perhaps, that most of us harbour a secret or two, nonetheless.

LANYON

The proverbial skeleton in the cupboard, you mean?

HETTY

Mm - Tell you what, let's play a little game. We'll each of us tell the other a secret from our.. youth, say. Something we've kept hidden - that we wouldn't ordinarily admit to. Come on - you're big brave men. I'll start us off: when I was young and.. fancy-free, I used to wonder what it would be like to step out with someone.. second class, . Someone from the streets. A tradesman or.. worse! There was a time when I even went so far as to encourage--

JEKYLL

(interrupting fiercely)

Hetty - have some dignity!

HETTY

Well it's true! I used to dream of 'slumming' it with a big bruiser of a man--

JEKYLL

You make yourself out to be no better than a giggling schoolgirl.

HETTY

--Oh dear me. I don't suppose you ever had a secret desire, did you, Henry?

JEKYLL

No. I don't think I ever did, since you ask.

HETTY
(teasing)

But you, Stuart. You must have dreamed once..

LANYON
(blushing slightly)

Well--

We get the distinct impression that LANYON's dream was for HETTY to have become his wife rather than JEKYLL's.. But as he struggles against his natural desire to be honest about it, the carriage draws to a halt.

JEKYLL

We're here..

He turns knowingly to LANYON.

Saved from your fate.

35. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. NIGHT.

The carriage has arrived at Berkeley Square, but LANYON alights also and pays the driver off.

JEKYLL

Not going on?

LANYON

..No. I thought I might take the air.

JEKYLL

What air there is in London nowadays - A nightcap then?

LANYON

No.. thank you. Why don't you join me, Harry?

JEKYLL ponders, and turns to HETTY for approval.

HETTY

Don't tell me - men's talk.

JEKYLL
(smiles)

I'll only walk a little of the way.

LANYON

You're a remarkable woman, Hetty.

HETTY

Maybe you'd like to remind Henry of that fact once in a while. Goodnight, Stuart.

LANYON and JEKYLL turn to leave.

LANYON
(respectfully)

Goodnight, Mrs Jekyll.

The door has been opened by POOLE, and HETTY steps inside the house. The men set about their stroll.

36. EXT. NEW BOND STREET. NIGHT.

LANYON

..Are you still experiencing those bouts of melancholia you mentioned, Harry?

JEKYLL

I've felt better.

LANYON

..Time of life, old man - time of life. The flush of youth long past and all that.. You never had children, you and Hetty.

JEKYLL

This world is no place for children--

At this point, they pass a young BOY - of no more than seven or eight; he is standing at the side of the pavement, selling matches from a tray. JEKYLL glances at him fleetingly before continuing.

--War and deprivation are all one seems to hear about these days. 'Where we are is hell, and where hell is, there must we ever be.'

MATCH-BOY

Pipe-lights, sir? - Penny a box.

LANYON acknowledges the BOY, but shakes his head, and both men walk past him.

LANYON

I'm afraid war is the price for keeping order in the world.

JEKYLL

And what is deprivation the price for?

LANYON

Progress, my friend. The price of equality is stagnation - look at France; planning a great exhibition to celebrate.. what-? Mass-murder and mediocrity.

JEKYLL

It's all a matter of economics then. Life is a calculation on an abacus.

LANYON

Life is a risk, Harry, as you well know. And risk is always a calculation.

JEKYLL

I never was good at mathematics.

LANYON

I don't know. You seem to have done your sums right so far. Your life adds up very well.

JEKYLL

..I do hope so, Stuart. There would be a most terrible price to pay if I'd made an error.

LANYON halts and turns to JEKYLL.

LANYON

Harry - don't come any further. I want you to go home and.. spend some time with Hetty. She gets very lonely, you know - it would do you both some good. ..Goodnight, Harry.

LANYON departs, and JEKYLL is left standing alone in the street. He is aware of someone whistling a tune - a young voice, and the tune is the ballad, "My Love is like a Red Red Rose' ..

37. C.S. JEKYLL.

JEKYLL seems affected by a vague memory and turns to look over his shoulder, in the direction from which he has come..

CUT TO:

38. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - DRAWING-ROOM. NIGHT.

HETTY enters, and approaches a small table in the foreground where a tea-tray awaits. Behind her, we see the portrait of SIR DANVERS CAREW that is hung over the fireplace.

POOLE hovers in the doorway.

POOLE

Can I get you anything else, madam?

HETTY

No - thank you, Poole.

HETTY turns towards the portrait and smiles at the reassuring image, then a realisation dawns.

The Doctor should only be a--

POOLE

Very well, madam. Goodnight, madam.

HETTY

--Poole.. Have you not been asked to hang the new portrait in place of this one?

POOLE

(looking at the portrait)

No, Mrs Jekyll. I'm afraid the portrait is to be sent back. The master was most specific: a flaw, I understand.

HETTY

Have you seen it?

POOLE

No, madam - but I'm sure the defect is only a minor one.

HETTY

How unusual. And from one who came so highly recommended.. It begins to seem as though you can't rely on anything anymore.

CUT TO:

39. EXT. NEW BOND STREET. (RESUME)

SUBJECTIVE POV. We TRACK slowly along the street to where the MATCH-BOY can still be seen standing by the railings. The music is ominous - warning; it echoes of the melody we heard before, but with a more sinister undertow now..

The BOY has his back turned away from us, and as we approach, his swaying posture reveals that it is he who has been whistling the tune. We come to a halt behind him and he turns around, breaking off from the whistle as he does so.

MATCH-BOY

Pipe-lights, sir? - Penny a--

SHOCK CUT TO:

40. C.S. HYDE.

In extreme CLOSE UP, we see a pair of eyes - lit with the fires of hate..

41. M.S. MATCH-BOY.

The BOY's eyes widen in terror. He falls against the railings, and opens his mouth to scream. His hands fly up to protect his face and head - as a looming shadow overwhelms him...

FADE TO BLACK.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

42. INT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

UTTERSON

...Let me see if I understand you correctly, Henry. In the event of an unforeseen accident or other tragic circumstance befalling you - whereby you cannot be found, or fail to make contact with family and friends for a period of no less than one calendar month, you wish this.. Hyde.. to become the inheritor of one half of all of your capital assets - is that how you would like me to proceed?

JEKYLL, it appears, has been redrafting his will in favour of one, Edward Hyde, and wishes him to have power of attorney over his estate. UTTERSON, his solicitor, is more than a little perturbed by the unusual request.

JEKYLL

That is correct.

UTTERSON
(incredulous)

The same.. Hyde.. in whose name you have been leasing rooms in Soho for the past - what is it now? - twenty years?

JEKYLL
(nods)

The same.

UTTERSON

..And under such circumstance as I have just described, you also desire that the rental on those rooms in--

(checks his paperwork, then more snootily)
-- Greek Street.. be paid in perpetuity?

JEKYLL

I do.

There is a long silence as UTTERSON weighs up the request - JEKYLL is noticeably unforthcoming with any further details.

UTTERSON

Is something troubling you, Henry? - You're not thinking of leaving us, are you?

JEKYLL

No. It's just a precaution.

Another brief silence follows. UTTERSON smiles to break the stalemate and adopts a more conciliatory approach.

UTTERSON

Henry - I've looked after your interests for, well, twenty years.. I'm a man of the world; tempora mutantur.. I can be discreet.

JEKYLL

I assure you, John, I intend things to remain exactly as they are. But it's a wise man who plans for all eventualities.

UTTERSON

(reluctantly agreeing)

Very well.. However, I understand you've also arranged for Hyde to have a facility on your account. I raise the matter only for the sake of my own peace of mind, you understand; many eminent men make provision for their leisure hours - indeed aliases are not uncommon - but few do so with such (what shall we call it?) bravado .. You'll forgive me if I speak out of turn, Henry, but it's surely in the nature of the thing for equilibrium to be maintained--

JEKYLL

That's the general idea, yes.

UTTERSON

--It's just that this.. arrangement of yours does seem a trifle imprudent .

JEKYLL rises from the chair.

JEKYLL

Thank you, John. Your concern is noted.

UTTERSON

(chastised)

Oh - not at all. Consider it done, Henry. As ever, your.. secret is safe with me.

43. C.S. UTTERSON.

JEKYLL takes his leave, but we are left with the impression that UTTERSON's curiosity is not going to be satisfied that easily..

SLOW MIX TO:

44. INT. CHURCH. DAY.

It is Sunday, and the JEKYLLS are in church. With them is SIR DANVERS CAREW. JEKYLL glances at CAREW before his gaze switches to HETTY, as she joins in with the hymn.

CHORUS

And did those feet in ancient time/
Walk upon England's mountains green..

We close on JEKYLL as the singing fades to silence and he lapses deep into thought...

TRICK MIX TO:

45. FLASHBACK. (EFFECTS)

SUBJECTIVE POV. We are seated at a desk beside a high window, overlooking a courtyard. On the desk are several open books, and all around it is the apparatus of chemical experimentation. A calendar informs us of the date: 1863 - 22 years previous.

We rise from the desk and approach the window; a carriage has drawn up in the courtyard below and a beautiful woman alights - it is HETTY (at this point in time HETTY CAREW). She is greeted by SIR DANVERS, darker-haired now, and followed out from the entrance hall of the building by a coterie of junior staff. As HETTY embraces him, she casts a discreet glance up at the window.. A hand - our hand - is raised, unsurely, to wave; a long scar is revealed on the forearm..

HETTY smiles, and averts her gaze.

CUT TO:

46. INT. CHURCH. DAY. (RESUME)

JEKYLL is startled out of the day-dream; he seems troubled. He falters over the verse, which brings a glance of mild concern from HETTY. The singing wells to a crescendo-

CHORUS

I will not cease from Mental Fight /
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand/
Till we have built Jerusalem/
In England's green and pleasant land..

47. INT. CHURCH - VESTIBULE. DAY.

As they leave the church, JEKYLL halts briefly by the large Bible, open on a lectern by the door. A text for the day has been marked out for display;
it is Mark 8 , Verse 36 :

"What does a man gain by winning the whole world at the cost of his true self?"

-JEKYLL dabs at his forehead with a handkerchief. HETTY looks at him querulously - but he recovers his composure and smiles in reassurance. They exit the church..

48. EXT. CARRIAGE. DAY.

On the return journey, the JEKYL'S carriage stops en route outside the Carew home. SIR DANVERS bids them farewell, and JEKYLL watches as he mounts the steps to his front door-

49. FLASHBACK. (EFFECTS)

SUBJECTIVE POV. NOW, we see the same hand pluck a rose from a bush in the flourishing gardens of an elegant square. The only sound is the melody: 'My Love is like a Red Red Rose'. Clutching the rose, we walk to the door of a nearby mansion (the same house at which CAREW has just alighted). The bell is rung - the caller waits - the door opens.. (A younger) SIR DANVERS appears, his face a mask of fury. The music becomes more shrill. He rages (in silence) to camera, as we back away - then he grabs the rose and dashes it to pieces against the railings. We - the unseen caller - are dismissed with finality. We retreat into the shadows..

..But there is a last, lingering shot of the red petals, scattered on the steps...

VOICE-OVER..

"I have been here before--"

CUT TO:

50. INT. HOSPICE. DAY.

JEKYLL arrives at the East End hospice where he spends his Sunday in voluntary practise in aid of the slum poor. He removes his jacket as he walks briskly through a soup-kitchen. TURNER, a charity worker, is reading verse to a motley crew of the homeless and the underprivileged; we can now see that the voice (which has continued throughout) belongs to the him.

TURNER

--But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell, the sighing sound,
the lights around the shore.."

TURNER breaks off as JEKYLL enters.

JEKYLL

No Bible reading today?

TURNER

I like to vary their diet every once in a while. They say a change is as good as a rest. Mister Rossetti, sir - a fine modern poet, wouldn't you agree?

JEKYLL

A dangerous subversive, some might consider.

TURNER

Ah, but not you, Doctor.. Live and let live, that's your motto. I've always thought there was a bit of the anarchist lurking in you..

JEKYLL

(looking TURNER up and down)

Why? - Because I mix in bad company?

TURNER

(taking the jibe in good part)

Precisely so, sir - precisely so.

51. INT. HOSPICE - SURGERY. DAY.

JEKYLL puts on his ward-coat and collects what he needs for his rounds. Behind him, unseen, a small man has entered the Hospice and approaches TURNER.

This is MR POYNTER, a volunteer assistant to Dr Barnardo, who has been trying to persuade JEKYLL to use his influence with the Medical Council to help provide extra beds for yet another destitute childrens' hostel in the East End.

TURNER

Good day to you, Mister Poynter. Dr Jekyll's just about to begin his round of the wards.

POYNTER

Not a good time then, d'you think?

TURNER

Never be a better.

52. INT. HOSPICE - WARD. DAY.

JEKYLL is in the foreground, and POYNTER quietly manoeuvres himself to his side.

POYNTER

Doctor Jekyll - May I?

JEKYLL

(looking round)

Mister Poynter. Something I can do for you?

POYNTER

A matter of no small delicacy, Doctor, but you may recall that I've spoken to you of it in the past..

JEKYLL

(thinks for a moment)

Your.. childrens' ward.

POYNTER

(speaking quickly, as if he has limited time)

Indeed - an excellent memory, if I may say so. My.. 'childrens' ward' - or rather, our childrens' ward, if I may be so.. The good Doctor has found another warehouse just off the Mile End Road, which he wants to use specifically for the little ones of families who have come to our great city from abroad, seeking refuge. He's found an interpreter, and a nurse who also--

JEKYLL

(interjects)

--If only they knew, eh, Mister Poynter?

POYNTER

(suddenly moved)

..Oh, doctor, you should see them.

JEKYLL

I have seen them.

POYNTER

So many, so many..

POYNTER is visibly distressed.

..But of course, you know . For every one we provide a bed, ten more come clamouring at our door. It's becoming a flood - a deluge! Doctor Tom is picking them off the streets now - they fall where they've tried to sell their meagre wares: buttons, fly-papers..

JEKYLL

(nodding)

Barnardo is a good man. I take it you'd like me to impress upon my eminent colleagues the need for further financial assistance, yes?

POYNTER

I feel like a beggar myself, Doctor.

JEKYLL

(shakes his head)

"..And the greatest of these is charity." I'll do what I can to jog their memories,

Mister Poynter. I'll do what I can.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

53. INT. CAREW HOUSE - DINING-ROOM. NIGHT.

That same evening, JEKYLL and HETTY are attending a dinner party at the CAREW home. JEKYLL is trying to encourage some response for the plight of the homeless, and we join the dinner-table with him in the midst of his pleading.

JEKYLL

..These 'pogroms,' as they call them, are not sending us the odd political refugee; they're sending us whole families. And not in their dozens, but in their hundreds - if not their thousands .. People who cannot speak English, and therefore who cannot find work. And where do they end up? - More importantly, where do their children end up? - Out on the streets, begging for scraps to feed their brothers and sisters. And mothers and fathers. We have to help; we must help--

LADY DALBY

Surely there are enough beds in Great Ormond Street to cater for this.. need of yours?

JEKYLL

No. That's just the point--

HETTY whispers to JEKYLL, as MRS MATTHEWS rises to the challenge in her own distinctive way.

MRS MATTHEWS

I'm thinking of organising a small fete for next Saturday, to see if we couldn't improve the lot of the Chelsea Pensioners--

JEKYLL gives up and bends his ear to his wife.

HETTY

--Enough of these parochial concerns, Henry. This is a social occasion.

JEKYLL

Make small-talk, you mean.

HETTY

And why not? - They've been preached to once already today.

JEKYLL

Of course - I was forgetting. They've had to endure a whole hour of sermon by the Bishop, and on top of that, toss a coin or two into the poor-box. I should have appreciated that they've discharged their social obligations for another week.

HETTY

..I was thinking. Next weekend. We could go to Brighton - pretend we're lovers.

JEKYLL

Hetty! - It's indecent, that kind of talk.

HETTY

Don't be such a prude. How can two people who love each other do anything indecent in the eyes of God?

JEKYLL

..It's the eyes of society that concern me.

HETTY

Times are changing, Henry. Let society tend to itself for a day; it turns a blind enough eye to other things that displease it - isn't that what prompts this passion that you feel for your 'East End' practice?

JEKYLL

Exactly. If only I could make them see --

HETTY

The poor will always be with us. If only you could summon up some of that same passion in our marriage.

JEKYLL

(still preoccupied with his own thoughts.)

--But need they be the forgotten poor-?

HETTY

Well, I'm certainly the forgotten wife. Who said 'charity begins at home'?

JEKYLL

Sheridan. You wear your conscience on your sleeve, Hetty.. I know I'm a disappointment to you.

HETTY

Then maybe the sea air will do you some good.

MIX TO:

54. INT. CAREW HOUSE - DINING-ROOM. NIGHT.

Dinner is at an end. The women have retired to the drawing-room and the men are relaxing with cigars and brandy. The conversation has now turned to the state of the nation, and HENRY MATTHEWS (soon to become Home Secretary in Salisbury's government), mounts his hobby-horse.

MATTHEWS

..The place is crawling with anarchists. Last year, three bombs in the West End of London.. and one of those outside Scotland Yard-! And no sooner had we finished singing Auld Lang Syne, than we had three more: at the Tower of London; at Westminster Hall; even one at the House of Commons--

JEKYLL

You're forgetting the one on the Underground.

MATTHEWS

Four then.. And more since. And all the work of these.. Fenians.

JEKYLL

Civil unrest is just as much in foment among our own people--

MATTHEWS

Then there's all the immigration - the Irish, the Chinese, the Jews.. It's bringing crime, disease, a complete disregard for our customs and our way of life.. We go there to civilise these.. barbarians, and they come here to sow discontent. It brings the capital itself into disrepute. London is a magnificent city - the splendid

achievements of Wren and Nash could easily rival what that colonial johnnie..
Poe called 'the grandeur that was Rome.' But this 'open door' policy.. Liberals! -
Childers is a fool.

JEKYLL
(affronted)

I admire your taste in literature, Matthews, but I find I cannot admire your
politics. The trouble you speak of comes not from without, but from within us.
London is also a city of high virtue and low vice: the trim streets of Pimlico may
remain relatively unpolluted, but the open gutters of the East End run raw with
untreated sewage --

CAREW

I say..

JEKYLL

--Perfumed ladies may walk the floral paths of Hyde Park, but it's said that some
10,000 whores ply their trade in Whitechapel alone. And for all your fine talk
about civilising the barbarian, a man can still be hanged for stealing small
change from a shop-keeper, and any demand for subsistence wages is likely to
lead to nothing more substantial than a fast deportation to the colonies.. Is that
your Victorian ideal?

MATTHEWS

That sounds perilously like sedition, sir.

JEKYLL

Really? - How far we've come. Is it treason, now, to talk of justice ?

LANYON

Come, gentlemen - aren't we straying a little wide of the mark?

JEKYLL
(persisting)

Look around - what are we seeing? A fall-off in trade generally; a dramatic rise in
number among the unemployed. And what is the result? Poverty and division..
More children becoming homeless, driven to eke out a living on the streets -
where they are prey to the rich and the dissolute.. More children who are likely to
end, not in the work-house (though that's bad enough) but in the whore -house..

MATTHEWS

Haven't your Liberal friends just passed the Amendment Act to contain that sort
of thing?

JEKYLL

I think that had more to do with Mister Stead than the social conscience of the
Liberals - or the Tory Party, come to that.

CAREW

D'you mean that scurrilous piece of yellow journalism in the Gazette, Jekyll? -
Babylon indeed. They threw the blighter in jail; pity was, they let him out again.
(laughs)

LANYON
(diplomatically interjecting)

I hear tell the French are planning to build an enormous iron Tower, right in the
centre of Paris - apparently it's being designed to straddle the Champs de Mars--

MATTHEWS

(cutting across)

--If it's as successful as Napoleon's armies were at straddling the Channel, I wish them well..

LANYON

--They say it's to rise to a height of more than 1000 feet!

MATTHEWS

I think you'll find la nouvelle Republique has some way to go before she can match the achievements of British engineering, Lanyon.

ENFIELD

(changing the subject)

You know, Jekyll's mention of Hyde Park just now reminded me of a curious incident..

LANYON

Oh? - Curious in what way?

As ENFIELD launches into his story, CAREW excuses himself. He makes for the drawing-room, intent on having a quiet word with HETTY.

ENFIELD

..Well about a week or so ago - closer to ten days now I think of it - I was returning home along New Bond Street when I chanced upon a bit of a to-do. A crowd of passers-by were haranguing one particular individual who, it soon transpired, seemed to have taken quite a dislike to a poor match-boy--

LANYON

(suddenly alerted)

A match-boy, you say?

ENFIELD

Yes. And this felon had beaten the poor lad with his walking-stick - beaten him to the ground. A boy of no more than.. eight years. And his assailant a sturdy, upright fellow in his.. early twenties, I'd guess. And having beaten the lad almost senseless, the fellow then had the damned cheek to remonstrate with his accusers!

LANYON

When was this exactly?

ENFIELD

(deliberates with himself)

It was the Wednesday - yes, Wednesday. About half-past midnight. And he stood there, this blackguard, defiant, and with a kind of black sneering coolness about him. And having made his protest at being reprimanded for the deed - he simply walked on. Cool as you like.

MATTHEWS

And no one tried to apprehend him further?

ENFIELD

There was something not quite.. right about him, and though I'd readily confess to being not among the bravest of men, I'm prepared to come forward when the need arises. But this.. He gave me one look as he passed me by - and one look

only - but it was so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. It chills me now to think of it..

CUT TO:

55. INT. CAREW HOUSE - DRAWING-ROOM. NIGHT.

HETTY stands by the fire while LADY DALBY and MRS MATTHEWS chat on the sofa. CAREW collects a box of cigars and manoeuvres himself next to HETTY.

CAREW

(conspiratorially)

That young man seems to be cultivating some rather odd ideas, Hetty.

HETTY

What 'young man' is that, father?

CAREW

Why, Henry, of course. Of late, he's left me wondering if you couldn't have chosen more wisely, my dear. Stuart Lanyon, for instance.

HETTY

..Henry and I have been married for sixteen years, father - don't you think it's about time you got used to him..? Stuart's a dear, but so starched . And to think I tell everyone how progressive you are..

CAREW notices LADY DALBY and MRS MATTHEWS watching himself and HETTY. They smile politely. He clears his throat and returns to the dining-room.

56. INT. CAREW HOUSE - DINING-ROOM. NIGHT. (RESUME)

ENFIELD's tale is still under discussion, and now that place and time have been established, LANYON has remembered that he and JEKYLL had passed the boy in question moments before.

LANYON is quizzing JEKYLL.

LANYON

But you were there , Harry - surely you would have.. Did you see nothing?

JEKYLL

Nothing.

LANYON

Mm - You must have missed the affray by only a matter of minutes.

MATTHEWS

What an appalling and callous act. Why would anyone do such a thing to a young boy going about his lawful business?

JEKYLL appears puzzled by ENFIELD's tale; the door opens, and CAREW re-enters the room.

JEKYLL

(unthinking)

Perhaps they didn't like his whistling.

LANYON

Was he whistling? - I didn't notice. ..That's a bit rum of you, Jekyll.

JEKYLL

(collecting his thoughts)

I'm sorry.. But it seems to me that the true act of savagery is embraced by a society that can tolerate children begging on the streets to begin with.

MATTHEWS

(ignoring that)

Did you discover the identity of this rogue, Enfield?

ENFIELD

In the circumstances, I can't vouch for the veracity of the fellow's reply - but during the fracas, he gave his name as Hyde ..

MATTHEWS

He did? - Queer, to put your signature to a crime.

ENFIELD

My sentiments entirely - thus my remark that he may well have been less than generous with the truth. In point of fact, he almost took a pride in announcing it. Hyde. --And therein lies the coincidence of my tale..

CAREW appears to recognise the name.

CAREW

I knew a 'Hyde' once, I seem to remember.. A student perhaps..?

ENFIELD

--Not our man then, Sir Danvers.. All your students must be well into middle-age by now.

There is laughter all round.

57. EXT. CAREW HOUSE - TERRACE. NIGHT.

JEKYLL is pensively staring out at the night sky; HETTY approaches at his back and rests her head on his shoulder. They stand in silence for a time.

HETTY

..It's not too late, Henry. It's never too late. If only you could drop the pretence and be yourself. Let go for once.

JEKYLL

I.. do love you, Hetty. In my way.

HETTY

I know. But I've often wondered what exactly your 'way' was.

JEKYLL

It's just that--

HETTY

(turning JEKYLL's face to hers)

Let me come to you, Henry. Tonight?

JEKYLL

I - can't tonight. Something I must do.

HETTY

Another night then.

JEKYLL

Yes. Soon..

58. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. NIGHT.

JEKYLL is working late. While he ponders over some insoluble problem, his attention switches briefly to a chess-board that is within reach of the desk as an aid to concentration; he moves a white pawn in a distracted fashion. Rising from his chair, he takes a large volume from the bookshelf and sets it down in front of him.

59. C.S. JEKYLL'S HAND.

Seemingly without him realising it, JEKYLL's right hand reaches towards the chess-board. And a black pawn is moved to dispatch the white..

60. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. (RESUME)

JEKYLL opens the book, and is startled by a crude drawing scrawled over the entire page - a childish rendition of an erect penis. He turns over, to be confronted by more of the same. He slams the book shut and calls for his manservant.

Within a few moments, POOLE enters.

JEKYLL
(sharply)

Have any tradesmen been allowed into this room in the last week?

POOLE

Not that I--

JEKYLL

Anyone at all? - A French polisher perhaps; a stationer delivering some vellum?

POOLE

No, Doctor. It's not been my custom to allow anyone in--

JEKYLL

Dammit, man! Someone's been defacing my books - and with my own pen!
..What about the maid? What about Mrs Fisher?

POOLE
(staring in disbelief)

.. Your pen?

JEKYLL

My pen! My own pen..

POOLE

But.. you keep that pen locked away - in the drawer - don't you, sir?

JEKYLL
(realisation dawning)

Ordinarily, I--

POOLE
(diplomatically)

I thought.. you were the only person with a key to that desk, sir.

JEKYLL
(contrite)

I'm mistaken, obviously.. I'm sorry, Poole.

POOLE

..Is there anything I can fetch you, Doctor Jekyll?

JEKYLL shakes his head.

Then I'll say goodnight, sir.

POOLE exits the room.

Perplexed, JEKYLL pours himself a large brandy. He is about to down it when he hesitates, and stares deep into the glass--

TRICK MIX TO:

61. FLASHBACK. (EFFECTS)

SUBJECTIVE POV. --We are careering along a dingy street; the music betrays our sense of urgency as we enter a lodging- house, and climb the stairs to a private apartment. We move inside the darkened rooms, and unlock a door to an inner chamber - it is a makeshift laboratory: multi-coloured beakers of strange liquids bubble and steam on an unwieldy scaffolding of retort stands. Our trembling hands mix a compound from the contents of several of the beakers, and we hold it up before the light of a bunsen-burner. The emerald concoction foams in the glow of the flame. We up-end the glass into camera - and drink the contents..

The screen swirls dizzily...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

62. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. DAY.

We PAN along a bed, coming to rest on the face of the sleeping JEKYLL. He wakes as if from stupour, and opens his eyes without moving his head.

CUT TO:

63. C.S. EROTIC SCUPTURE.

SUBJECTIVE POV. - The object is blurred at first, but soon becomes clearer. It is a statuette of two lovers, carnally entwined.

64. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. DAY. (RESUME)

JEKYLL stares, disbelieving. He sits up in shock - fearful of confronting his surroundings.. He is in a low room, hung with tapestries and paintings of an erotic and violent nature: the trappings of the bordello are all around. JEKYLL realises the truth.. (n.b. This is *Hyde* 's room.)

There is an adjoining room, and JEKYLL opens the door. Inside, he is confronted by what appears to be a disused chemical laboratory - the same one as he had seen in his nightmare vision. NOW, however, the apparatus is covered in dust and cobwebs, and an atmosphere of decay hangs over everything.

JEKYLL dresses (in one of Hyde's suits) and makes it to the street without being observed.

65. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE - MEWS. DAY.

A similar good fortune accompanies JEKYLL to his home in Berkeley Square. He enters his laboratory by the side door.

66. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. DAY.

As soon as he is safe, JEKYLL undresses and dons a robe before burning the suit in his stove. Picking up a pen, he makes a notation in a personal diary.

JEKYLL

September 12th - a whole night lost. Discuss with Lanyon-?

He goes to a small safe partly-hidden among papers and other assorted paraphernalia on a nearby shelf and unlocks it. There is a receptacle within that has obviously been designed to hold several phials of a dark-coloured liquid, though one can be seen to be missing. JEKYLL seems disquieted by the revelation, but withdraws a phial.. We gain the impression that this cocktail has not seen the light of day for a very long time..

Without ceremony, JEKYLL drinks the contents. He waits for a beat.. Nothing happens. He breathes a sigh of relief, and visibly relaxed, he collapses into an armchair.

Suddenly, he notices that his phonograph machine is 'on.' He walks slowly over goes to the machine and places the stylus on the cylinder...

HYDE'S VOICE

Good morning, Doctor.. Such a useful gadget, wouldn't you agree? - Except I feel as though I'm talking to myself. But then, of course, I am , aren't I? - Doctor.. Jekyll . Such a nice, respectable-sounding name. It's always nice to meet an old friend - to see how they've prospered. You have prospered, haven't you, Henry ? - May I call you Henry, or would you rather we kept this on a more formal basis? (the tone becomes more threatening.)
..Alright then. You denied me life, Jekyll - denied me what was mine by right. Well, it's my turn now. And I mean to have it...

JEKYLL is trembling.. A bead of sweat breaks out on his forehead. The stylus has stuck on the final groove; the sentence "My turn now, and I mean to have it " plays over and over again..

We close on JEKYLL's face as he listens to the words, horrified at their import...

CUT TO:

67. INT. LANYON'S SURGERY. DAY.

JEKYLL is at LANYON's surgery in Harley Street. LANYON has just completed a physical examination of him and is scrutinising a test-slide under a microscope.

LANYON

I hardly need tell you you've been overdoing it, Jekyll: weakness, debilitation, low pulse rate - you need rest, man.

JEKYLL

So in your professional opinion, I've simply been burning the candle at both ends.

LANYON

I'm not an expert in mental health, Harry - though in my "professional opinion," you're not going mad, if that's what you think. But if it makes you happier, there is something. These.. blackouts you mention; in the course of your pharmacological work, is it possible you may have swallowed or come into contact with some toxic substance? An opiate perhaps?

JEKYLL

Why do you ask?

LANYON

You seem to be in the throes of a mild form of blood-poisoning, Harry. Nothing serious, but my tests indicate the presence of an intruder antigen that hasn't yet been neutralised. You have a parasite in your system.

JEKYLL

I doubt if he would see it that way.

LANYON

Mmm? - Who?

JEKYLL shakes his head.

LANYON

..This charity work, Harry - and conducting research of your own in addition, and at all hours of the night. Night after night. There must be other avenues you could pursue that would be less taxing of your time - and take less toll of your health.. You're a general practitioner; childbirth fever, for instance: one in two hundred mothers are still dying of it, according to the General Medical Council. More, oddly enough, on our own doorstep than in.. Wapping, say. You could offer that the benefit of your--

It has become plain to LANYON that JEKYLL is not listening. He pauses, takes stock, then moves to a cabinet near his desk.

I'm going to give you carbolic. And I'd like you to--

JEKYLL

No. I have my own remedy.. What I require is paraldehyde - three grammes. Can you oblige me, Stuart?

LANYON

Perhaps it's this.. 'remedy' of yours that's caused the problem in the first place.

JEKYLL

I don't doubt it. But three grammes should be sufficient to put the matter to rights.

LANYON

If I understand you correctly, you're asking me to raid the dispensary of St George's.

JEKYLL

I am.

LANYON

(more concerned now)

..Isn't that taking our friendship a little far, Harry?

JEKYLL

A little. But I've tried everywhere else. You are known to them there, and I am not.

LANYON

If you're conducting some sort of experiment on yourself.. think of Hetty.

JEKYLL

I am thinking of Hetty.

LANYON

Alright, Harry. Alright.. Write down what you want. But don't ask anything like this of me again for friendship's sake; the next time, I might be forced to choose.

WIPE TO:

68. INT. COUTTS (BANK). DAY.

JEKYLL enters, passes a withdrawal slip to one of the cashiers, and waits. After a few moments, the CASHIER returns looking mildly perturbed.

CASHIER

That account seems to be temporarily depleted of funds, sir. If you wish, I could transfer a small amount from your--

JEKYLL

--It has been my practise to keep a sum of at least two thousand pounds in that particular account - perhaps you might like to check it again..

CASHIER

Certainly, sir. As you wish, sir.

(obtains the ledger)

Let me see. No - it's as I indicated, Doctor Jekyll; the balance stands at three pounds, three shillings and, er.. threepence, three farthings.. Two thousand four hundred pounds was withdrawn just before close of business on Friday. By your.. associate.

JEKYLL

Associate?

CASHIER

Mister Hyde, sir.

JEKYLL

(stone-faced)

Yes.. of course. Forgive me - I do apologise. It must have slipped my mind.

CASHIER

Think nothing of it, Doctor. Would you like me to arrange for that transfer--

JEKYLL

No. No.. I'll attend to it at another time. Thank you.

JEKYLL turns on his heels and exits.

CASHIER

Can't see that partnership lasting very long.

69. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. DAY.

JEKYLL enters, and on a table is a small package, apparently delivered by messenger. Jekyll opens it up immediately, and inside is a bottle containing a crystalline substance. POOLE appears.

POOLE

Ah! - That's from Doctor Lanyon, sir.. And a Mister Poynter of Barnardos called by - most distressed that he couldn't speak to you in person - wanted to express his thanks for the donation you made to the new children's ward. He was quite

beside himself with gratitude.. If I may say so, you are a very charitable gentleman, Doctor Jekyll.

JEKYLL

(cognisant of what has occurred)

..So it would seem.

JEKYLL hurries downstairs to his laboratory..

FADE TO BLACK.

70. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

It is some days later; UTTERSON calls at JEKYLL's house with the redrafted documents - the door is answered by a solemn-looking POOLE.

UTTERSON

Ah, Poole - A few moments with Doctor Jekyll, if he's at home. He's not exactly expecting me, but--

POOLE

I'm very sorry, sir - the Doctor's taken to working nights in his laboratory. And I have strict orders that he is not to be disturbed.

UTTERSON

(impatiently)

Oh, come now. I have some important documents here. I'm sure the Doctor will--

POOLE

(firmly)

I'm very sorry, Mister Utterson.

UTTERSON

Oh. Er.. working nights , you say?

POOLE

That is correct.

UTTERSON

(thoughtful)

..I see. Very well. I'll.. call by another time then.

POOLE

Thank you, sir. I'm sorry.

The door is abruptly closed.

71. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE - MEWS. EARLY EVENING.

Before departing, the solicitor observes the small alleyway that runs adjacent to the house. He spots what appears to be a side door to the laboratory - and a FOOTMAN seated nearby, attending to domestic business.

UTTERSON

Bradshaw, isn't it?

The FOOTMAN stands to attention.

FOOTMAN

--Sir?

UTTERSON

I'm afraid I'm a little muddle-headed this afternoon, Bradshaw.. Am I correct in saying that this is the door that leads through to Doctor Jekyll's laboratory?

FOOTMAN

Uh - yes, sir. This door here, sir.

UTTERSON

I thought as much..
(noting the man's concern)

I have a.. delivery to organise on behalf of the Doctor. I didn't want to instruct my man in error.

FOOTMAN

Ah.. Yes. Well that's the door there, sir.

UTTERSON

Thank you.

UTTERSON smiles knowingly to himself; his astute lawyer's mind is beginning to work overtime.. As he stands pondering the discovery, the sounds of the music-hall become audible on the track--

Who were you with last night?/
Under the pale moonlight/
It wasn't your sister, it wasn't your ma--

MIX TO:

72. INT. PORTLAND ROOMS. EVENING.

UTTERSON is suppering at " Mott's " (the colloquial name for the Portland Rooms). The dining area is a mezzanine overlooking the dance-floor, and despite the earliness of the hour, it already buzzes with life thanks to a troupe of dancing girls onstage.

73. M.S. STAGE.

The chorus of the song is now picked up in various shots of the girls on stage, who are led by a male impersonator dressed in top-hat and tails.

74. INT. PORTLAND ROOMS. EVENING. (RESUME)

UTTERSON is clearly enjoying the entertainment on offer; his fingers tap on the papers that lie idly to one side of his table, which represent the new terms of JEKYLL's will. His gaze falls on them. He picks them up, and closely scrutinises the address of JEKYLL's rooms in Soho..

UTTERSON

(decisively)

If he be Hyde - then I shall be Seek ..

CUT TO:

75. EXT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT.

A thick fog has descended on the city.

UTTERSON arrives by carriage at the house in Greek Street (which is now seen to be the same one that figured in JEKYLL's flashback). He rings the bell and knocks at the door, which is opened by a woman of shabby-genteel appearance and care-worn face.

UTTERSON

Begging your pardon, ma'am. I'm looking for a Mister Hyde - I'm given to understand that he has lodgings here.

LANDLADY

Hyde, eh? There's a turn-up. Never rains but it pours.

UTTERSON

Forgive the dullness of my mind, dear lady. But what exactly--

LANDLADY

Twenty years he's kept rooms here. Bought and paid for. And not a single caller in all that time.. I don't recall ever seeing him me'sel, come to that. Strange eh? And two nights ago, up he turns and wishes me g'd evenin', as if nothing were amiss. As if he'd been doin' it every evenin' for the last twenty years. And tonight, he orders a cab to the Gardens. 'Off for a bit o' fun,' he says. 'Fun?' says I - 'Got some time to make up then, have we?' 'A lifetime,' he says. A lifetime. And laughs to hi'self. And gives me a quid - a quid .. (she stands shaking her head)

UTTERSON

The.. 'Gardens?'

LANDLADY

Cremorne Gardens - Langton Street.. You must know 'the Gardens.' 'Course they're not what they were. Many's the time I've walked along the King's Road on the arm of a young gent, and we've ended up dancing the night away in the Gardens. 'Course I was younger then. They were fun then - a proper Pleasure Garden. Now the pleasure's of a different sort. All tarts and dippers.. You planning on goin' there?

UTTERSON

(nodding)

Could you.. describe Mister Hyde for me? - We've never actually met you see.. Well, not as such.

LANDLADY

Describe him-? Devilish 'andsome, some might say. Real man-about-town. Can't describe him, though. And it's not for want of memory, for I declare I can see him now. It's just.. He was wearing a blue-check suit, if that's any help. If I was thirty years younger, I might fancy him me'sel.

UTTERSON

(mildly surprised)

Really? Thirty years, you surprise me.. You favour the sophisticated type then?

LANDLADY

Sophisticated? Hyde? Get away.. He's a rogue, that one. If you got tucked up with him, he'd steal the fillings out your teeth while you slept.. Still - might be worth it though, if you know what I mean.

UTTERSON

Well, thank you for your trouble.

LANDLADY

Think nothin' of it. Hyde.. you a friend of 'is then?

UTTERSON

I.. have an interest in him, you might say.
(nods to the waiting cabby)
I'll bid you goodnight.

LANDLADY
(in parting shot)
World's End, tell him.. Make sure you keep yer 'ands in yer pockets..

UTTERSON boards the cab.

..And yer pego, old son.

MIX TO:

76. EXT. CREMORNE GARDENS. NIG HT.

As UTTERSON enters the sprawling pleasure garden, his eyes and ears are assailed by strange sights and sounds, as if he has suddenly been transported to a different world..

All manner of customers are carousing freely, and the whole gamut of the 'lower orders' now appears out of the ever-thickening fog to confront him - including pimps, tarts and other forms of lowlife.

UTTERSON is beginning to find the whole experience a little unsettling; he heads towards a dance-hall complex in the very centre of the park, and finds himself a seat at a table in a quiet corner.

77. INT. CREMORNE GARDENS - DANCE-HALL. NIG HT.

Within a few moments, his attention is drawn to a MAN standing at the bar, his back towards him. The man is dressed in a blue-check suit, crowned by a billycock hat tilted to one side. But it is clear that UTTERSON also thinks he recognises the build and general demeanour of this particular 'swell'.

He approaches the bar and positions himself behind the MAN, who is currently engaged in conversation with a STREETGIRL.

HYDE
A man could sup at your table for a month and a day, and still not satisfy his appetites..

UTTERSON grins as if privy to a private joke, and taps the MAN on the shoulder.

UTTERSON
Mister.. Hyde?

HYDE stiffens but does not turn.

HYDE
Who wants him?

UTTERSON
My name is John Utterson. I'm.. a colleague of Henry Jekyll's.

Still, HYDE does not turn.

HYDE
What's that to me?

UTTERSON
(suddenly unsure of himself)
Then.. you do know Doctor Jekyll?

HYDE
I know him.

HYDE takes out a wallet and stuffs a five pound note down the front of the GIRL's bodice. She can hardly believe her luck.

STREETGIRL
--At this rate, I won't need to visit the jerryshop for a whole month!

UTTERSON
I - just thought we should meet. After all, we have a mutual acquaintance, as I've said.

HYDE
My association with Jekyll is my business.

Another note is thrust between the GIRL's thighs.

UTTERSON
Oh, indeed it is. Indeed it is.

UTTERSON goes to turn away, then reconsiders.

Would you allow me to see your face?

At this, HYDE half-turns to fix UTTERSON with a piercing stare; his features are striking not unhandsome - though there is something unsettling there; a cruel streak around the eyes and mouth. UTTERSON is quite taken aback by HYDE's appearance - but for a reason other than the one we have been led to expect..

...Doctor Jekyll, this plainly is not .

UTTERSON
(nodding appreciatively)
..Now I shall know you again.

HYDE
And I shall know you, lawyer. If I should ever need counsel at the bar.

CUT TO:

78. EXT. CREMORNE GARDENS. NIGHT.

As UTTERSON leaves the Gardens, and the fog swirls up around him to once more obscure the inhabitants of this strange nether-world, a vague fear causes him to look behind him.. No-one is following, but the sense of unease finds form in a latent memory.

UTTERSON
How did he know that I practised law..?

SLOW MIX TO:

79. INT. CREMORNE - DANCE-HALL. NIGHT. (RESUME)

HYDE sits in the company of the STREETGIRL; he is deep in thought and oblivious to her weak attempts to keep him amused. When he speaks, it is more to himself than his shop-worn companion.

HYDE

What would you do if you discovered that you were to die tomorrow, or the day after.. and you had all the money in the world?

STREETGIRL

I thought you were a lively one. Is that what it's all about then, dear? - You dying?

HYDE

I die with each new tomorrow.

The STREETGIRL is drunk and barely comprehending, but she is still capable of a touch of bar-room philosophy.

STREETGIRL

If I was you, I'd change my doctor.

Slowly, the revelation sinks in. HYDE turns to the STREETGIRL, a smile spreading over his face...

SLOW MIX TO:

80. EXT. LANYON HOUSE. MORNING.

We join DOCTOR LANYON as he sets out on the brisk walk to his morning surgery. He manages only a few paces before he is way laid by UTTERSON, who still seems to be troubled by the curious events of the previous evening.

UTTERSON

Doctor Lanyon?

LANYON

Yes.

UTTERSON

My name is Utterson, Doctor--

LANYON

Oh. You're Jekyll's solicitor, aren't you?

UTTERSON

I have that privilege, yes. Forgive me for waylaying you in such an unseemly fashion, Doctor, but it's.. Henry Jekyll about whom I wish to speak.

LANYON

Harry? - I'm afraid I haven't seen him for.. must be a week or more.

UTTERSON

Indeed.. Well that may have some bearing on the matter to which I refer. I was wondering if you'd come across an acquaintance of the Doctor's.. Hyde.

LANYON

Hyde, you say? - The man seems to be dogging Jekyll's footsteps..

UTTERSON

(nods sagely)

I incline to Cain's heresy, Doctor Lanyon; I believe in letting my brother go to the Devil in his own way. But in Henry Jekyll's case, I fear the Devil may have occasion to hurry the proceedings along..

LANYON

Oh? - And what particular devil do you have in mind?

UTTERSON

I consider myself justified in this instance if I betray a professional confidence, and I feel sure you'll understand why when I tell you that Jekyll recently obliged me to change the terms of his will.. making Hyde one half beneficiary of his estate - an estate whose estimated worth is currently in the region of a quarter of a million sterling.

LANYON

(clearly shocked)

..I think that's taking charity a little far, don't you?

UTTERSON

Mister Hyde does not seem to me to be the type of person to whom one might wish to be charitable, Doctor Lanyon.

LANYON

Out with it, Mister Utterson. What are you implying?

UTTERSON

..I had the grave misfortune of running into the gentleman - only last evening. And as a result, it does occur that our mutual friend, Jekyll, could be in some danger. If this Hyde suspects the existence of the will, I fear he may grow impatient to inherit.

LANYON

Why on earth would Jekyll be associating with a reprobate such as you describe?

UTTERSON

I must confess, I thought 'him' an alias at first. (You must forgive my suspicious turn of mind.) But I was clearly mistaken in that. Hyde is very real, and though I hesitate to say it, the thought does strike one that he may be.. an illegitimate heir, come back to claim his own--

LANYON

(dismissively)

--Jekyll? - Father to a bastard ? - I can't believe it..

UTTERSON

What then? - A blackmailer perhaps?

LANYON

My God, you've set the cat among the pigeons, Utterson. I'd heard Jekyll was working in his lab - some critical experiment according to.. But only last evening, I received a note from Mrs Jekyll asking me to call round, to try to flush him out - A matter of some urgency now, wouldn't you say..?

CUT TO:

81. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. AFTERNOON.

The front door opens and HETTY enters, having been out for the morning. As she does so, POOLE crosses the hallway towards the kitchen-stairs carrying a lunch-tray - the contents are clearly undisturbed. They exchange knowing glances.

HETTY

Untouched?

POOLE

It was still outside the door, Mrs Jekyll - just as I left it.

HETTY

He's been in there for four days, Poole. And he hasn't eaten a thing in all that time.

POOLE

I'm sorry, madam.

HETTY

Why should you be sorry? - It's no fault of yours; Henry's a fool to himself.

POOLE

I'm sorry for you , Mrs Jekyll.

HETTY is stuck for words; she is quite surprised and strangely touched by the remark. Regaining her composure, she waves POOLE away and goes into the drawing-room.

82. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - DRAWING-ROOM. AFTERNOON.

HETTY walks into the centre of the room and takes off her hat. She is about to remove her shawl when she becomes aware of something amiss.. Slowly, she turns to face the portrait of her father hung over the fireplace.

83. C.S. HETTY.

HETTY's mouth falls open in amazement at what she sees; there is an intake of breath.

84. C.S. PORTRAIT.

Sir Danvers' features have been scratched out with considerable venom and as we pan down, we see that a grotesque penis has been etched onto the figure. Beneath this, is scrawled the graffito: "Life is a fallacy - A phallus , see..?"

CUT TO:

85. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. AFTERNOON.

JEKYLL is at his desk, scribbling feverishly - to one side of the room, beakers of chemicals bubble and foam in their retort stands. He stops writing and picks up a phial of liquid that stands on the desk; we gain the impression that this particular batch of chemical has already been tested. JEKYLL stares at it despairingly before casting it into the grate, where it smashes to pieces..

JEKYLL walks over to the workbench and measures out a different quantity of the salt that Lanyon has procured for him, then he adds it to the mix that is bubbling on the stand. When the ensuing reaction dies down, he distils some of the liquid into a glass, and after taking a deep breath, he drinks the contents..

JEKYLL waits; nothing happens. He takes his pulse and checks his pocket-watch. Still nothing..

Now, JEKYLL leans against the desk. He wipes the perspiration from his brow and breathes a sigh of relief. He allows himself a faint smile. He nods, and adds a notation to his calculations..

Suddenly, we hear a voice...

HYDE'S VOICE

What's the matter, Jekyll, losing your grip?

JEKYLL grabs the side of the desk, struggling to comprehend the situation.

HYDE'S VOICE

..Did you think you could turn me off like a tap because it suited you? You are flesh of my flesh - without me, you could never have drawn breath..

In panic, JEKYLL covers his ears with his hands. ..He shakes his head violently from side to side, trying to rid himself of the voice of torment.

HYDE'S VOICE

But you thought to hide me from view, didn't you? - You thought to administer deceit and consign me to the dark. You had no authority over me - no sanction of life and death. I'm here again, Jekyll, and I like it here. This time, I intend to stay..

JEKYLL goes over to a large mirror on the wall; he stares at his image, as the voice continues..

HYDE'S VOICE

You're beginning to fear me, aren't you? - You're beginning to fear what you might be capable of, given the proper incentive ..

JEKYLL buries his face in his hands. He is sobbing to himself now.

HYDE'S VOICE

..As I recall, that's what it was all about, wasn't it? - Well, you're right to fear..

Slowly, JEKYLL raises his head and looks into the mirror. As the image in the mirror raises its head also, we briefly glimpse a different face..

We stay with JEKYLL as he stares, disbelieving..

HYDE'S VOICE

Your jurisdiction is ended..

SHOCK CUT TO:

86. C.S. HYDE'S EYES.

In extreme CLOSE UP, as before.

87. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. (RESUME)

HYDE'S VOICE

Look for me in the shadows - I am the thief in the night, come to steal your life away..

A shock courses through JEKYLL's body causing him to convulse. He raises his right hand; it shakes, as if with the palsy. He clutches the right side of his face - it is twitching and contorting, the flesh rippling, as though it was alive. Again, he looks in the mirror, his eyes filled with terror.

And he screams..

CUT TO:

88. INT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE. EVENING.

UTTERSON is seated at his office desk, working on his papers. We hear the outer door open and close, and UTTERSON looks up briefly (though he cannot see the lobby area), then continues to write.

UTTERSON

That you, Guest? - Forgotten something?

Faintly, we hear a voice begin to whistle 'My Love is like a Red Red Rose' . UTTERSON looks up again, but there is no movement in the outer office.

UTTERSON

A devotee of Rabbie Burns, eh? - I said, have you forgotten something?

We stay with UTTERSON, as we hear the door to his office open now. UTTERSON expresses surprise.

UTTERSON

Oh. I thought you were Guest.. Come to think of it, I suppose I was rather expecting you, in some curious way..

UTTERSON's expression becomes one of puzzlement.

What's happened to your face, man? (gasps) --What on Earth? - Oh, God. God..

UTTERSON knocks over the bottle of ink at his hand and begins to tremble violently. His breathing is laboured, as if he is in the throes of a seizure..

The ink spreads out across the papers on the desk, staining them deepest black. UTTERSON is gibbering and shaking, as a shadow first approaches - then slowly overwhelms him..

UTTERSON

Stay away..! Christ - Christ..!

..Into your hands, Lord, I commend my--

Finally, UTTERSON screams..

CUT TO:

89. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - DRAWING-ROOM. EVENING.

We pan down rapidly from the defaced portrait of Sir Danvers Carew to LANYON standing transfixed before it. HETTY is seated on the chaise-longue, head in hands.

LANYON

..Disappeared, you say?

LANYON turns to face HETTY.

HETTY

The back door out of the laboratory was wide open; who knows how long he's been gone..

LANYON

(indicating to the picture without looking)

And what about this.. vandalism?

HETTY

(shaking her head)

Someone harbouring a grudge maybe. The whole lab was in disarray - beakers smashed, chairs up-ended. God knows what went on down there.. I fear the worst, Stuart - the very worst.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

90. EXT. BLUEGATE FIELDS. NIGHT.

We TRACK along a grimy street at dead of night - we are in a dis eased dockside backwater known as Bluegate Fields in Limehouse: a brothel area and favoured haunt of seagoing men the world over. As we PAN around the cobbled street leading off into

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a warren of dark alleyways, HYDE enters the frame, and we follow him as he strides confidently among the watching low life of thieves, pimps and tarts. He halts, and breathes deep of the foetid air.

HYDE

I love night in the city. The lighted streets and the swinging gait of harlots.

HYDE's presence in the area is observed by three SAILORS. He comes upon a small square surrounded by a rookery of decaying buildings and approaches the open doorway of what is plainly a bawdy-house.

This is "ANNIES".

91. INT. "ANNIES" - HALLWAY. NIGHT.

ANNIE is reclining in a rocking-chair by the door - legs wide apart and her sagging breasts all-but exposed; she is smoking a pipe. Lazily, she lifts her eyelids and looks at HYDE, who stands in the yellow light of a single gas-lamp. He now appears to be significantly different: he is older, less dandy; the jowls droop, the eyes are narrower, the hair is slicked down carelessly - he wears a coat with an astrakhan collar over his shoulders, which he casts to one side.

HYDE

Hyde's my name. Hyde by name, hide by nature.

ANNIE

A quiet one, by the sound - given to taking his pleasures in private.

HYDE

And what pleasures can you offer me, you pustulate hag?

ANNIE

Quiet, but just as ill-mannered as the rest.

ANNIE lifts her petticoats to display her wares.

HYDE

(showing distaste)

So it's manners you want? - Well, let's start

Page 65 91. Cont.

with a room. What's your tariff of charge?

ANNIE

For a room? - Two shillings.

HYDE

(laughs)

One , more like. But I'm in generous mood..

HYDE takes out some gold coins, one of which he flicks between the woman's breasts.

Some ballast for you; they'll not be seeing milk again.. A room, then - at the top of the house. Now, how many manners can I forego for this? -And this?

Another two coins follow suit.

ANNIE

(fumbling gracelessly in her cleavage)

I was mistaken.. Your manners are dandy. At the top of the house it is.

ANNIE motions to her HUSBAND/MINDER (sitting in a dark corner of the lobby, behind HYDE) to 'vacate' an appropriate room. He shuffles off upstairs.

HYDE

I'll want food and drink - ale, and plenty of it. Perhaps a chicken or two..

ANNIE

And you'll be wanting company also. My girls are clean , if you take my meaning..

HYDE

The chicken, but not the pox, eh? - Fetch me someone young, and soft of flesh. And fresh; no bogus virgins if you please..

HYDE has now produced a five-pound note; he holds it out in a careless way, allowing ANNIE to take it from him.

ANNIE

A finny! ..Two of them, up from the country

Page 66 91. Cont.

only last week.

There is the sound of 'noises off', giggling and so forth.

HYDE
(distractedly)

..I have a weight to get off my spirit, and it may take some time..

ANNIE
Long as you like, sir. Long as you like.

Behind ANNIE, is a doorway covered by a curtain. Aware of the noise from within, HYDE leans across and parts the curtain with his cane, to reveal a concealed kitchen area.

92. INT. "ANNIES" - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

There is a wooden table in the centre of the room, and seated around it are seven 'GIRLS' in various states of undress - two are completely naked; the others are poorly-clad, careworn and dishevelled, and entirely unashamed in each other's company - but all still evince the sensual allure of youth. Only two are over twenty years old; the others are barely into their teens. A couple of them exchange amused glances, but all are equally impressed by the evident prosperity of this client.

HYDE
Ah! - A gaggle of tarts. Or is it a giggle ?

1ST TART
Whatever it is, it sounded like you'd just bought the lot of us.

HYDE
A bargain at twice the price.

There is a movement at the side of the door; an even younger girl, of eleven or twelve, sidles into view to catch a glimpse of the 'gentleman.'

HYDE
(clearly fascinated by this newcomer)

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What's your name, child?

SOPHIE

Sophie, sir.

HYDE

And mine is Eddy.

SOPHIE

Not.. the Prince ?

HYDE

A prince among men, to be sure. How would you like to walk on the arm of a prince?

93. INT. "ANNIES" - HALLWAY. NIGHT.

SOPHIE steps forward and takes HYDE's outstretched arm. He leads her towards the staircase.

HYDE

(to ANNIE)

Have a bath brought upstairs - I'll send for the others when I'm ready.

ANNIE

All of them?

HYDE

All of them. The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.. William Blake.

HYDE winks, and swiftly mounts the stairs.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

94. EXT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE. MORNING.

We pull back from the glass-panelled door bearing the legend J.G.Utterson - Solicitor to witness the early morning arrival of GUEST, UTTERSON's clerk.

95. INT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE. MORNING.

GUEST goes about his daily routine of depositing the mail in the in-tray and lighting the gas-fire, all the while commenting on what he's engaged in as he goes about his business..

GUEST

Good morning to you, Mister Utterson, and a fine morning it is. A fine morning and a fine day, to be sure - and a fine cup o' tea I'll be brewing in just two ticks, etc..

GUEST enters UTTERSON's private office. Suddenly, he stops short..

96. M.S. UTTERSON'S BODY.

UTTERSON lies backwards across his desk, his head hidden from view. Blood spatters the wall behind him, and mingles with the spilled ink on the desk. Papers are strewn all around.

GUEST's gaze falls on an object lying on the desk by UTTERSON's dead hand:

97. C.S. WALKING-STICK.

The blood-stained handle of a gentleman's walking stick, broken off at the shaft..

CUT TO:

98. INT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

The office is filled with policemen. Two porters remove the corpse, as INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN examines the heavy brass handle. He studies the inscription on the shaft - H.J. - as SERGEANT BURKE examines the contents of a nearby filing-cabinet.

SERGEANT

He did have a client with those initials - one, Henry Jekyll M.D. D.C.L. L.L.D. F.R.S.

NEWCOMEN

A doctor, eh?

SERGEANT

How d'you know?

NEWCOMEN

Oh, just an educated guess. If he's a doctor, he's not a very likely suspect. But the only lead we seem to have so far, eh, Sergeant? Is there an address for this doctor?

SERGEANT

Berkeley Square - very eminent.

NEWCOMEN

Berkeley Square it is then. Better straighten your tie, lad..

99. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - DRAWING-ROOM. AFTERNOON.

HETTY is overseeing the removal of the portrait when there is a knock at the door; POOLE attends to it, and soon re-enters with INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN in tow. POOLE introduces them.

NEWCOMEN

I'm here regarding a Mister John Utterson - your husband's solicitor, I believe, ma'am.

There is another knock at the door; NEWCOMEN is momentarily distracted.

..I'm afraid it's a very grave matter.

HETTY

I see. Please be seated, Inspector.

NEWCOMEN shakes his head, but as he is about to speak, the door opens again and LANYON enters.

LANYON

Any news, Hetty? - I came as soon as I could.

LANYON sees the Inspector.

--Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realise..

HETTY

This is Inspector - ?

NEWCOMEN

Newcomen, ma'am.

HETTY

Yes. Something about Mister Utterson, Stuart.

LANYON

(jumping the gun)

Utterson? - Damn the man; I can assure you, Inspector, that this business about Hyde is pure speculation. What in heaven's name has he told you?

NEWCOMEN

Unfortunately, he hasn't told me anything, sir. Mister Utterson is dead--

HETTY

Dead..?

NEWCOMEN

--He had his head bashed in - sometime last evening. Oh.. forgive me, ma'am.

LANYON

Good Lord.. I spoke to him only yesterday.

NEWCOMEN

What time would that have been, Mister..?

LANYON

Lanyon. Doctor Lanyon. In the morning, on my way to surgery. Murdered, you say? - Where?

NEWCOMEN

At his office. A bloody business.. Attacked without mercy - he didn't stand a chance. So what business about.. Hyde.. would that have been, sir?

LANYON

(looking at HETTY)

Hyde? Oh.. Mister Utterson had expressed some concern about.. an associate of the Doctor's. There was nothing more to it than that.

NEWCOMEN

Hyde - as in the park, sir?

LANYON nods.

..And what was the nature of his concern, if you don't mind my asking?

LANYON

I'm sorry, Inspector - I can't discuss that. It's a.. private matter. You'll have to ask Doctor Jekyll himself.

NEWCOMEN

Very good, sir. And might I be permitted to see the Doctor now, ma'am?

HETTY

He's not here..

NEWCOMEN

When do you expect him back, Mrs Jekyll?

HETTY

He's.. temporarily unavailable--

LANYON

(interjecting)

--Soon. Very soon. I can ask him to call on you, if you'd like.

NEWCOMEN

No need for that, Doctor Lanyon. I'll call by again in a day or two. ..And this Mister Hyde - where might I find him ?

LANYON

I've really no idea. He.. comes and goes.

NEWCOMEN

Regular will 'o the wisp, eh, sir?

LANYON

As you say, Inspector. Why should you want to see Mister Hyde?

NEWCOMEN

Oh I just thought that since I can't talk to the Doctor - from what you say, he might be the next best thing. But it seems neither of them are.. in proximity.

LANYON

No. I'm afraid not.

NEWCOMEN

Well then, I'll just have to wait, won't I, sir? I'm used to that. Police work requires patience.. and I'm a very patient man; just as well, eh? Good-day, madam - sir.

100. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. AFTERNOON.

LANYON accompanies the Inspector into the hallway. NEWCOMEN halts beside the cane-rack; he looks at the selection of walking-sticks, and notices that two of them are missing.

NEWCOMEN

These walking-sticks - they belong to Doctor Jekyll?

LANYON

As you can see, they're all monogrammed.

NEWCOMEN

And the two that are missing?

LANYON

(becoming defensive)

I.. imagine he has one of them with him.

NEWCOMEN

And the second?

LANYON

I really have no idea - I expect he loaned it to someone .

NEWCOMEN

Mm.. Well, that explains them being missing, sir - You're saying that Doctor Jekyll would have one himself, and some.. mystery man, the other. Mister Hyde perhaps..?

LANYON

That's how it appears. Is there some purpose behind this line of enquiry?

NEWCOMEN

I strongly suspect that one of these missing canes is already in our possession, Doctor - it was used to bludgeon poor Mister Utterson to death.

LANYON

Surely there's no question that Jekyll--

NEWCOMEN

--The question, Doctor Lanyon, is which one do we have? That belonging to Doctor Jekyll, or that loaned to.. Mister Hyde?

CUT TO:

101. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

NEWCOMEN exits and approaches his sergeant.

NEWCOMEN

Something queer there.. It seems we could be looking for two men - the mysterious Doctor H. Jekyll who, I am informed, has temporarily vanished from view, and an equally mysterious 'associate' of the good Doctor's called Hyde. As in the Park..

SERGEANT

'yde, eh? - Good name to 'ave for a criminal type. Think about it, sir. If you was doing a blag and an accomplice called out your name, anyone overhearing it would just think 'e was telling you to 'do a bunk' - 'ide, you know? ..Scarper - that'd be another good 'un. Or.. Leggit. 'yde, Scarper and Leggit; what a team - course you'd 'ave to make sure it was your surname that was called out. But the likes of us would be flummoxed good and proper if the villains were to adopt monickers like that..

NEWCOMEN

(facetiously)

We can be thankful you're on our side then, eh, sergeant?

MIX TO:

102. EXT. BLUEGATE FIELDS. EVENING.

The 1ST TART is scurrying along an alley to find fresh supplies for ANNIE's new customer. She is accosted by a PIMP, in the company of a 2ND TART destined for HYDE - the three SAILORS are lurking in the background.

PIMP

'E still up there, Dolly?

1ST TART

More ways than one.

She turns to address the 2ND TART.

'E's waitin' for you..

2ND TART

I'm comin', ain't I?

1ST TART

You be wary, dear. This one ain't no sailor, but wherever he's been, he's been there for a long time - and in solitary confinement, I'd say.. He done for me in an hour; I haven't a room he hasn't been in, and me nancy's fair red-raw from the strap..

PIMP

Off with yer.

The 1ST TART goes on her way, and the PIMP turns to the 2ND TART.

Now, remember - you get a good clock at what 'e's carryin'.

103. INT. "ANNIES" - HALLWAY. EVENING.

At the 'house', a transfor mation has taken place: ANNIE has sprung to life, and is dealing with the requests of her unexpected guest. Food and drink is being readied again as the 2ND TART enters.

ANNIE

Top o' the stairs. Last door. If you turn a good trick, 'e's a generous one.

The 2ND TART makes for the staircase, as ANNIE says under her breath--

'E 'as to be..

104. INT. "ANNIES" - STAIRCASE. EVENING.

The 2ND TART begins to climb the stairs towards the third-floor attic. From her expression, it is clear that she is used to a more up-market venue than this. As she climbs the rickety wooden steps, in this stinking stair-well of dirt, graffiti and peeling walls, we get our first real impression of "ANNIES" dockside brothel..

The 2ND TART halts on the landing and peers into one of the several darkened rooms, whose door is ajar. Three figures are huddled against a wall: a Lascar seaman is semi-comatose on a straw mattress - an opium-pipe clutched in his hand.. Beside him, an old hag is endeavouring to extract some small satisfaction from sniffing the ashes in the pipe. Further over, a second hag squats beside a latrine with a mop-and-bucket at her feet, and clutching a gin-bottle.

105. INT. "ANNIES" - DOSS-ROOM. EVENING.

The 2ND HAG looks up with bloodshot eyes sunk in famine-wasted features.

2ND HAG

--Want your pipes cleaning out, dearie? I'm your gal..

106. INT. "ANNIES" - STAIRCASE. EVENING. (RESUME)

The 2ND HAG cackles in a gin-sodden stupour, and the 2ND TART continues up. On the next landing, a door is suddenly thrown open behind her and a FAT WOMAN appears. The 2ND TART turns, startled, and the FAT WOMAN's moustached grin vanishes when she finds that she has not confronted a sailor. Behind her, in the room, the 2ND TART can see a young boy - of nine or ten - sitting quietly on the side of an old iron bed.

FAT WOMAN

--I expect you want 'im upstairs.

The 2ND TART nods.

FAT WOMAN
(looking skywards)

There's only one room up there. And from the sounds, you'd think it was Hell's doorway.. The FAT WOMAN closes the door abruptly.

107. INT. "ANNIES" - ATTIC ROOM. EVENING.

The 2ND TART enters a dingy attic room dominated by a huge four-poster bed. HYDE sits waiting in the shadows.. Without further ado, she stands in front of him and strips to her corselette. HYDE gets up and walks her to the bed.

HYDE
Good - come and join the chorus, my sweet.

HYDE throws back the coverlet.. In the bed are SOPHIE and a tiny CHINESE GIRL; the CHINESE GIRL lies face down, a criss-cross of fresh weals over her buttocks. They look up, their eyes wiser than their years. With a sudden movement, HYDE forces the 2ND TART across the foot of the bed. As the others look on, HYDE grabs hold of her hair with one hand and positions himself to mount her from behind. SOPHIE sits up and hands him the strap..

HYDE
Let us raise our voices and rejoice. A hymn to pleasure...

We PAN to the window and out across the skyline to the deep red of a setting sun. As we do, the music rises to a crescendo...

MIX TO:

108. INT. "ANNIES" - ATTIC ROOM. MORNING.

Daybreak. And the swell of music has settled down to a more passive melody. We TRACK back in through the same window to where HYDE now sits staring out at the river. His shirt is open to the waist, and his features are softened by the pale glow of the morning light. SOPHIE is washing HYDE's feet.

HYDE
The river runs; time flies; the seasons turn, one into the other. It's been an interesting few days. I've shown you life in this room; that's all there is of it - pleasure, pain, and the exercise of power. I trust it's been an education.

SOPHIE
You hate so much, and yet.. I think you like me a little.

HYDE
(looks her up and down)
You are the seed in the soil, little Sophie.. You can destroy them; you, and all those like you. Invest in yourself, cultivate influence, feed on their hypocrisy.. The rest will fall into place. Profess virtue - feign sincerity - depend on no-one, but be dependable - trust no-one, but invite trust - offer loyalty, but be true only to yourself. Those are the rules of the game. And if you play it well: not for you, the grim rewards of virtuous labour, the piety of reformers, the empty promise of the cleric that the meek shall inherit the earth.

SOPHIE
Are you leaving soon?

HYDE is pensive; he nods.

HYDE
This is where childhood ends, my princess of the streets. For both of us.

SOPHIE

..I never had nobody take an interest in me before. Can't you take me with you?

HYDE

The most important lesson: nothing is forever - I have an appointment with an old friend..

SOPHIE

I could love you, Eddy.

HYDE

Love? - Love is a harlot.

HYDE takes a fifty pound note from his wallet.

..Here - this is for you: the price of love. Use it wisely. Bide your time, and slip away under cover of night. From Seven Dials to St James's, the opportunities are endless. But be discerning - know your worth. Out there is your prince.. And I have acquainted you with the way to his heart.

CUT TO:

109. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Storm clouds gather as LANYON arrives at JEKYLL's home. Inside, he finds SIR DANVERS CAREW and HETTY awaiting him in the drawing-room.

CAREW

Ah - Lanyon! ..This business about Henry. We don't want word of anything leaking out if we can possibly avoid it - d'you agree?

LANYON nods assent.

LANYON

Of course, Sir Danvers.

CAREW

Good, fine - keep it 'in the family,' so to speak. I knew I could rely on you. Something to show you.. Want your opinion.

CAREW takes a heavy, bound volume from the table and hands it to LANYON

I discovered this in Jekyll's desk-drawer..

HETTY

(visibly upset)

Father, this is quite outrageous! Henry will be mortified when he finds out you've--

LANYON

(examines the spine of the book)

'.. Transcendental Medicine.'

CAREW

Take a look at the fly-leaf.

LANYON

'This book is the property of..'

HETTY

--Henry's been under a great deal of strain. He's a good man - a caring man..

LANYON

'..Edward Hyde !'

CAREW snorts in disapproval.

HETTY

..Some poor soul Henry's taken pity on, I shouldn't wonder--

LANYON

-- This is the man Utterson warned me about.

CAREW
(nodding)

Recognise the hand-writing..?

HETTY

(nb. speaking as the two men discuss the inscription)

..I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's not in Limehouse right now, attending to the woes of others.. Maybe he felt he needed some time to himself, to straighten things out.

LANYON

..If I didn't know better, I'd swear this was Jekyll 's hand-writing.

CAREW
(narrowing his eyes)

'..Warned you about,' you said?

LANYON

Apparently, Harry added a codicil to his will - leaving half of everything to..
(lowers his eyes to the inscription)

Aside, to HETTY.

I'm sorry, Hetty.

CAREW
(shaking his head in dismay)

What on earth could Jekyll have got himself involved in?

HETTY

No.. No! - D'you know what you're implying ?

LANYON glances at HETTY, but he and CAREW continue to act as if her opinion is very much secondary to their own.

CAREW

So. Blackmail, d'you think..?

LANYON idly turns the pages of the book and comes upon the obscene scribbles.

--Good God..!

CAREW
(drawing his own conclusions now)
Yes. I'll wager it's a bloody shirt-lifter.

Aside, to LANYON.

..No children , you see.

HETTY
(observing the whispers)
That's it, yes.. Prejudice and assumption. Think the worst , why don't you?

CAREW
(cutting HETTY short)
Wait! - Hyde ! Of course.. I remember now. He was a student at the Middlesex.. when I was senior lecturer there. Must be all of twenty years ago. A brilliant scholar - one of the great scientific minds of the century. But a degenerate. It was even rumoured that he had killed his own mother - the mother that bore him - poisoned her with aconite.. (taps his forehead) A worm in the skull, my boy.

HETTY looks vaguely troubled, but CAREW fails to notice as he remarks off-the-cuff:

You should remember, Hetty--

HETTY
Remember what father-? What fantastic notion are you proposing now?

CAREW
(to LANYON again)
He could be the blackguard who's blackmailing Henry Jekyll!

LANYON
Now that you've put a face to the name - yes. We must alert the police to the true facts.

HETTY
What facts? You saw the picture, Stuart; the man is probably one of Henry's charity cases who's got a little out of hand.. If Henry is in some kind of trouble, it has nothing to do with any blackmailer - and I will not allow a bunch of ignorant policemen to come trampling all over our lives!

LANYON
Hetty, you don't know what you're saying. We must inform the--

HETTY
(becoming irrational)
--You've always been jealous of Henry!

LANYON
(taken aback)
Jealous? - Whatever makes you think that?

HETTY
You know very well. Because of me ..

LANYON

I would never do anything to harm either of you.. I was thinking only of Harry's welfare.

HETTY

--By going to the police? - And dragging our name through the gutter.. The mob are already baying for 'blue' blood.

LANYON

I think that's something of an exaggeration.

HETTY

It's my husband that you're both so blithely thinking of throwing to the wolves!

CAREW

(indignant)

--You speak out of turn, madam. Have a care, before you find you say something you might come to regret. If your husband had any sense of decency whatsoever, this discussion - no, let's not mince words - this.. scene wouldn't even be taking place.. Your loyalty to Henry is admirable, my dear.. Inspiring.. But it's for your own sake as much as anyone's that we must lay this matter to rest. Now, please --

HETTY

..You're enjoying this - both of you. You're licking your lips at the prospect of Henry Jekyll falling from grace. Well I won't have it. I won't--!

HETTY flounces out of the room.

CAREW

(in a confidential tone)

--Don't worry, my boy.. Hetty's overwrought.. She'll come around.

CAREW takes a paper from his inside pocket.

There's something else - something I think we should keep to ourselves for the time being..

CAREW shows LANYON the 'letter of tenancy' for the rooms in Soho, also in the name of Edward Hyde.

LANYON

How did Jekyll come by this?

CAREW

How indeed?

ABRUPT CUT TO:

110. INSERT (EFFECTS). LIGHTNING.

There is a peal of thunder - a flash of lightning illuminates the sky.

111. EXT. BLUEGATE FIELDS. NIGHT.

A violent thunderstorm has broken as HYDE departs the brothel. As he ex ults in the downpour, he is followed by the PIMP and the three SAILORS, one of whom swigs from a bottle. He has gone only a short distance when he is waylaid by the group.

PIMP

You! .. Prince Eddy .

HYDE turns, but says nothing.

PIMP

That was my woman you 'ad in there. She told me all about it.. You didn't pay enough for what you done to 'er.

HYDE

I had so many - to which of the trollops are you referring?

PIMP

It don't matter - you didn't pay enough!

HYDE

How much more did you have in mind?

PIMP

How much more have you got?

HYDE

Less than your life is worth to you.

One of the SAILORS produces a billhook, while the others unsheath knives..

112. C.S. HYDE.

The lightning illuminates HYDE's face: there is a more bestial quality about his features now. His lips draw back in a snarl, and his nostrils flare. A blood-lust is in his eyes.

113. EXT. BLUEGATE FIELDS. NIGHT. (RESUME)

HYDE laughs, unsettling the men..

HYDE

I smell death.. He stands close by.

The PIMP lets out a yell and lunges forward, but HYDE deflects the blow with his cane and he misses his target. HYDE twists him around, and using the knife-arm, he slits the man's throat and dumps him head-first in an adjacent water-trough.

1ST SAILOR

You bastard ..

HYDE

Oh, indeed - but I imagine that you mean it as an insult.

The other three close in - but HYDE wrestles the billhook from the 1ST SAILOR, and thrusts it into his upper back - swinging him round on it and into the path of the 2ND SAILOR, who accidentally stabs him dead..

HYDE

The odds are a little better now.
(starts swaying rhythmically.)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor/
What shall we do with the drunken sailor/
What shall we do with the drunken sailor/
Earl-y in the morning..
...We'll wash the streets with his blood.

2ND SAILOR
(crosses himself)

Mother of God..

The two remaining SAILORS flee for their lives. HYDE plunges the hook into the man's body again, and hauls him to the side of the road like a lump of meat. He notices that his hands are covered in blood, and holds them out in front of him.

114. M.S. HYDE.

HYDE sluices his face in the mix of blood and rain as the lightning flashes above..

MIX TO:

115. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

HETTY is depressed by the continued absence of any news about her husband. POOLE enters, carrying an in vitation that appears to have come from Jekyll.

POOLE
(excitedly)

--By special messenger, ma'am - arrived this very moment.

As POOLE speaks, HETTY takes the note and reads it to herself.

"Dear Hetty - back in London after my recent absence. Cannot wait to see you. Meet me at 21 Langton Street this evening, around 8. We will dance till dawn. Your own - H."

HETTY is surprised, but relieved. The troubles of the past week are forgotten. She sends POOLE away and sweeps upstairs to the master bedroom, where she throws open the doors of a wardrobe and sifts through the dresses within, halting at a..

116. C.S. GOWN.

..beautiful red silk evening gown.

CUT TO:

117. EXT. CREMORNE GARDENS. EVENING.

The hansom-cab pulls up outside the entranceway to Cremorne Gardens:

HETTY
Cabby - are you sure this is the address?

CABBY
21 Langton. This is it alright, m'lady.

HETTY is taken aback, but she decides to proceed as instructed. She climbs down from the cab, and wraps her shawl tightly around her to lessen the impact of the dress.

118. INT. CREMORNE GARDENS - DANCE-HALL. EVENING.

Ignoring the bawdy approaches of various drunks, HETTY makes her way through the lively atmosphere of the Gardens to the two-storey dance-hall sited at the heart of the complex, and seats herself at a discreet table.

HETTY takes in her surroundings - she is shocked, yet fascinated by the explicit pictures that adorn the walls: these are scenes from classical Greek mythology - a Bacchanalia, Pan surrounded by wood nymphs, Apollo and Diana, Eros and Psyche..

In her distraction, HETTY fails to notice that she has caught the attention of a drunken admirer. The DRUNK makes an approach, which she resists.

DRUNK

My! - What a delightful figure you cut, if I may say so, my pretty. No handsome chaperone? - Worse! - No 'cup of good cheer..' Allow me, dear lady - Waiter..
Waiter!

119. C.S. DRUNK.

Suddenly, he begins to choke: he has been grabbed from behind by the collar of his shirt..

120. INT. CREMORNE - DANCE-HALL. EVENING. (RESUME)

A second man has wrenched the DRUNK from his seat and now forcefully dispatches him back from whence he came. HETTY is grateful. Her saviour turns..

121. C.S. HYDE.

It is HYDE - his profile more like that of a satyr now - Pan of the bacchanale come horribly to life. The band strikes up with:

You are my ho-ney, honeysuckle/
I am the bee..

HETTY is relieved, yet somehow.. fearful. But she feels bound to be polite.

122. M.S. HYDE/HETTY.

HYDE now seats himself beside HETTY, blocking her avenue of escape.

HETTY

I'm obliged to you - though I think he meant me no harm.

HYDE

Harm? But harm can so often be the outcome of what begins as a harmless indulgence.

HETTY

How very astute, Mister-? Thank you anyway.

HYDE

It was in my mind to look out for you, Mrs Jekyll. A glass of champagne..

HYDE produces an open bottle and two glasses. He proceeds to pour. HETTY is somewhat surprised, but pleasantly so.

HETTY

You know who I am? - Then you must know my husband..

HYDE

Oh yes. Henry and I are old friends. Drink.

HETTY

Then he is here. (sips the champagne)

HYDE

He is here.

HETTY

And did he send you to me?

HYDE

No. He sent you to me .

HETTY
I don't understand. You.. seem familiar . And yet.. (nervously continues to sip her
drink)

Who are you?

HYDE
It's been a time, Henrietta Carew. My name is Hyde. Edward Hyde.

HETTY
(drawing back suddenly)
Hyde..? Then, you're the one--

HYDE
The one? - And which one would that be?

HETTY
The one who has Henry in thrall. The one who is behind all this mischief-making..
Where is Henry-?

HYDE
Ah. For a moment, I thought you'd remembered me. A red dress for a red-letter
day. A tryst to times past. A saraband for lost love..

HETTY
How could I remember you? - We've never met, Mister Edward Hy-- (whispers) ..
Eddy ?

123. C.S. HYDE.

HYDE leans closer now. Like a spider to a fly.

HYDE
Eddy.. That's right, Hetty. A little older; a little wiser; a little less gauche .. I
should have thought to bring roses.. To remind.. To match the red dress. Drink-!

124. C.S. HETTY.

HETTY's face shows the first signs of recognition.

125. INSERT (EFFECTS). FLASHBACK.

We see glimpses of her recollection: memories that were contained in the flashbacks.
HETTY peers from behind a lace curtain at a young man who has come to court her.. From her
POV this time, we see him abused by her father.. The rose that he is holding is dashed to pieces on
a railing - the petals rain down in slow motion.. The young man is...

126. M.S. HYDE/HETTY. (RESUME)

HETTY gulps the drink, and HYDE tops up her glass.

HETTY
(emboldened)
After all this time. Now I know you. You're that.. boy .

HYDE
(nodding, amused)
That boy, yes. That toy , Hetty. That summer plaything..

HETTY
Is that what all this is about? - A stolen kiss..? A frolic in the park..? A--

HYDE

--Harmless indulgence.. yes. That, and more.

HETTY senses the danger now; her defence mechanism is to begin to appear more self-assured. But there is something else - a flightiness in her tone; a flirtatiousness in her demeanour.. As if she might actually be enjoying the risk she is running.

HETTY

And if I kiss you now, Edward Hyde , will my Henry be returned to me? - Is that the nature of your game?

HYDE

You think to kiss a prince and turn him into a frog? You did that once before.. " How, like a moth, the simple maid still plays about the flame ..!"

HETTY

(suddenly dizzy)

Oh.. Oh..

127. C.S. HYDE'S FACE.

We see from the evil light in HYDE's eyes that the drink has been drugged and is now taking effect.

HYDE

She swoons--! Ah.. love's young dream.

128. INT. CREMORNE - DANCE-HALL. EVENING. (RESUME)

HETTY falls in a sudden faint by HYDE's side. He shouts for a waiter.

HYDE

..An upstairs room, quick ly - my guest is feeling unwell.

129. INT. CREMORNE SUITE. EVENING.

HYDE carries the barely- conscious HETTY to one of the private rooms upstairs, kicks the door shut, and lays her out on a four-poster bed...

130. C.S. HETTY.

HETTY begins to toss and turn in the throes of a delirium-dream..

131. DREAM SEQUENCE (EFFECTS).

..As HETTY lapses into unconsciousness, familiar images crowd in on her - the sights and sounds of the revelry downstairs: the naked propositionings of the men, the reciprocal advances of the women, the lewd paintings decorating the walls..

..The tone darkens. The figures in the paintings become confused in her drugged mind with those of the dance-hall.. First, the Bacchanalia comes to life, peopled by the merry-makers of the Gardens. Soon, HETTY herself replaces Diana in the arms of Apollo - who now seems to be in the semblance of her husband, HENRY.. As the lovers entwine, begin to embrace, HETTY glimpses HYDE standing among the revellers - once, then twice. Each time nearer..

Now, those closest to her bear HYDE's face also.. She senses a change in her partner; his shoulders and body are different somehow. She stares at her Apollo, who returns her gaze, and realises to her horror that she is dancing with HYDE, instead of her husband..

The laughter freezes on HETTY's lips - her eyes widen in terror.

..HYDE closes on her naked form, leering.. HETTY screams...

132. C.S. HETTY'S FACE.

In huge close-up, Hetty's eyes open.

133. INT. CREMORNE SUITE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

The dream is over - HETTY has awakened on the bed in the early morning. We TRACK out fast to reveal that she is lying naked and spread-eagled across the crumpled bedclothes. We realise, as she does, that she has been viciously raped..

She begins to sob hysterically - the sobs turning to a howl of demented laughter as her mind goes into shock...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

134. INT. LANYON'S SURGERY. EVENING.

It is the end of the day, and LANYON descends the last flight of stairs leading from his surgery to the lobby. As he reaches the bottom of the steps, a figure emerges from the shadows.

It is a man in evening-dress, but the right-hand side of his face is obscured beneath a linen shawl wrapped tightly around his head. It is JEKYLL..

JEKYLL

Lanyon-!

LANYON is shaken by the apparition, but he seems to recognise the voice.

LANYON

Who the Devil? - Harry..?

JEKYLL nods, and motions LANYON back upstairs; he is agitated, and there is a sense of urgency about him. As they near the door of the surgery, JEKYLL speaks again:

JEKYLL

..I've never understood you taking premises that were three floors up.

LANYON

(trying to be light-hearted)

It's a therapy in itself. If my patients can climb these stairs, there can't be much wrong with them - and they invariably feel so much better on the way back down..

JEKYLL

--Especially when you've taken the weight off their wallets, eh?

Now at the door, LANYON turns to face the figure at his rear, who is still in shadow. He manages a sympathetic smile.

LANYON

I see you haven't lost your sense of humour; it is you, Harry..

As the two of them enter the waiting-room, JEKYLL crosses to the window, where he takes off his hat and allows the shawl to drape freely around his head. But the right-hand side of his face is kept turned away from LANYON.

LANYON strikes a match to light the gas-lamp.

JEKYLL

No! - No light..

LANYON

Harry, what in God's name is going on? - We thought-- I take it you know about Utterson?

JEKYLL nods.

Are you implicated in some way-? Are you the victim of a blackmail plot? - Something from your time at medical school, perhaps - some.. indiscretion? - Harry, I know about the room in Soho. Who is this.. Hyde? - What is he?

JEKYLL

(wearily)

I don't know.. I thought I did, but not any longer. The ghost of some old sin, perhaps; the cancer of some long-concealed disgrace. Punishment coming. Maybe for us all..

JEKYLL stares pensively out of the window at night falling across the London skyline.

He is spawned of this.. the dark underbelly of passion and pleasure. And greed, and the pursuit of evil. He is you and I, Stuart - laid bare of the trappings of civilised man.

LANYON

He's a malaise of the spirit more like. These are the ramblings of a mind at the point of collapse..

JEKYLL

That favour I asked you; you recall that you said, the next time you might have to choose?

LANYON

I do.

JEKYLL

..What if I'd committed some heinous crime - some appalling, unforgiveable sin. What then?

LANYON

It's not in you, Harry.

JEKYLL

What if it was.

LANYON

You'd have to convince me. But.. I'd try to understand - try to show compassion.

JEKYLL

(forlornly)

We'll see.

LANYON

This isn't like you, Jekyll. You've changed..

JEKYLL

More than that. Ironic, isn't it? - I seem to be slipping away..

LANYON

If it is Hyde who's behind this, it can only be a matter of time before the police catch up with him.

JEKYLL

..He is not alone, Stuart. Out there are a thousand Hydes. A hundred thousand. We keep them in check with our rules, our laws, our codes of conduct. But they are the progeny of our self-interest; like the Levite, we walk on the other side of the road - we turn away from what is delivered, bloody and screaming into our midst. The primitive is couching at the door, demanding entry..

LANYON

This is London, Harry. The cornerstone of the greatest empire the world has ever known. If Hyde is our man, there'll be nowhere for him to run. As God is my witness, he'll be hunted down to justice.

JEKYLL

Don't be too sure.. Your sense of propriety blinds you. He hides in plain sight..

LANYON catches a glimpse of JEKYLL's palsied face in the moonlight streaming in through the window.

LANYON

..What's wrong with your face?

JEKYLL

(matter-of-factly)

The mark of Cain.

LANYON

(frustrated)

--Dammit, Harry, confide in me! - What can I do to help?

JEKYLL

Nothing that you haven't already done.

LANYON

But what have I done..?

JEKYLL

(after a beat.)

That salt you acquired for me.. you recall? (another beat.) It didn't work. JEKYLL arranges the shawl as before, and turns to face LANYON.

..I'm going home now, Stuart. Home.. My wife is in need of me.

MIX TO:

135. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. MORNING.

A sombre DANVERS CAREW descends the stairway at a slow and purposeful pace, having just been at his daughter's bedside. His expression is a mixture of sorrow and rage. POOLE stands waiting with his hat and cloak.

CAREW

Where is your master?

POOLE

Still in his study, sir. With the Inspector.

CAREW casts a sideways glance towards the study, from where raised voices can be heard.

CAREW
(aside)

Drugged and degraded by a common lout.. while her husband tended the beggar-class. (venomously, to POOLE) If Mrs Jekyll does not make a full and swift recovery from her.. ordeal, Poole, you will very probably find yourself looking for a new post. In my experience, doctors who have been 'struck off' the medical register can rarely afford domestic staff.

POOLE
I understand, Sir Danvers. May I say--

CAREW

(impatiently)

No, you may not. But you can tell Jekyll I'll be at St George's.. Tell him I want to know the minute there's any change - good or bad. The very minute .

POOLE
Very good, sir.

CAREW strides towards the front door, than halts and turns back to POOLE.

CAREW
And Poole..

POOLE
Sir?

CAREW
You can tell him that I personally intend to institute proceedings at the GMC charging him with negligence and professional misconduct. He will live to regret this - as, I suspect, shall we..

CUT TO:

137. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. MORNING.

JEKYLL is sitting at his desk - the left-hand side of his face, heavily-bandaged. NEWCOMEN is pacing the room, toying with the broken head of the cane discovered at the scene of Utterson's murder.

NEWCOMEN
--So you went looking for Hyde, and ended up the victim of another assault - possibly at the hands of Hyde himself. And as a result of this said assault, you suffered a temporary loss of memory, is that what you're saying?

JEKYLL
Yes. Over and over.

NEWCOMEN
And in the meanwhile, your wife is the victim of a debaucher - having been enticed into the trap by someone using the initial 'H'.. Your initial, Doctor Henry Jekyll.. And what about the walking-stick--

JEKYLL
--Or 'H' for Hyde, Inspector.

NEWCOMEN

Ah yes, the mysterious Mister Hyde again. The murderer of Utterson - of whom we have been able to find no trace whatsoever. You must be cognisant of where the finger of suspicion is actually pointing, sir.

JEKYLL

I can't be held to account for the simplistic deductions of policemen. Perhaps you'd like to tell me why I would wish to violate my own wife - my own wife ! - in some den of iniquity in Chelsea?

NEWCOMEN

Yes, that has me puzzled. But since you seem to be the only person capable of running this man to ground, perhaps you'd like to tell me where we might find Mister Hyde?

JEKYLL

I.. can't tell you, Inspector. His movements are unpredictable.

NEWCOMEN

Or why such a man as you describe might want to 'do' for the likes of Mister Utterson?

JEKYLL

Perhaps.. he took exception to the amount he was charged.
(suddenly contrite) --I'm sorry. Gallows humour.

NEWCOMEN

I don't consider this a topic for amusement, Doctor. This was cold-blooded murder of the most vicious and brutal kind, and whoever was responsible is going to find themselves on the end of a rope - make no mistake. That's what we call gallows humour, sir..

JEKYLL is suitably humbled.

From now on, I'd like you to keep us informed of your movements, Doctor. In fact, I insist. Good day to you.

JEKYLL follows him to the study-door.

138. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. MORNING.

Hesitant, POOLE approaches the distraught JEKYLL, who barely acknowledges him.

JEKYLL

--Sir Danvers?

POOLE

Understandably upset, sir.

JEKYLL nods.

..Not a man I'd voluntarily make an enemy of, Doctor Jekyll - A man of some temper, if you don't mind my saying so.

139. M.S. JEKYLL.

JEKYLL's hand rubs at his bandaged left temple, as if he is suffering a headache.

140. INSERT (EFFECTS). FLASHBACK.

There is an almost subliminal series of shots from one of the early flashbacks : The young SIR DANVERS rages to camera.. He grabs the rose and dashes it to pieces.. The petals fall in slow-motion..

141. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - HALLWAY. (RESUME)

POOLE appears concerned.

POOLE

Are you unwell, Doctor..?

JEKYLL struggles to speak.

Sir Danvers will be at St George's Hospital for the rest of the day. He asked that he be informed of any..

JEKYLL moves unsteadily off in the direction of his laboratory.

POOLE

He also told me-- Doctor! Doctor Jekyll..!

142. INT. HOSPITAL - CAREW'S OFFICE. DAY.

At the hospital, CAREW is in his office, studying a text-book on personality disorders.

An ORDERLY knocks and enters.

ORDERLY

Begging your pardon, sir, but there's someone to see you. A Doctor.. Jekyll.

CAREW

Jekyll? - Send him in, man.

ORDERLY

He said he'd wait for you downstairs, sir.. In the.. post-mortem room.

CAREW

(suddenly furious)

In the..? - What in God's name is he playing at now?

ORDERLY

Shall I see to him, sir?

CAREW

No. No, I'll see to him..

143. INT. HOSPITAL - POST-MORTEM ROOM. DAY.

Fearing the worst, CAREW charges down to the lab. He flings open the door and halts in front of the dissecting table.

CAREW

--Jekyll!

The man has his back to him, but immediately turns to reveal himself as HYDE ..

CAREW stops short, realising his mistake.

Who the hell are you? - What's your business here? ..Do I know you?

144. M.S. HYDE'S HAND.

Without warning, HYDE marches over to where CAREW is standing. He throws aside his cloak and we pan down to his hand - holding a long-bladed knife..

145. INT. HOSPITAL - POST-MORTEM ROOM. (RESUME)

There is a hint of recognition in CAREW's eyes, then he, too, sees the knife in HYDE's hand.

CAREW

What's that you're hold--

HYDE plunges the knife low and deep into the man's abdomen; CAREW is silenced - his mouth opened wide in shock. With a single sweep of the knife, HYDE slices upwards to bring the blade out of the torso at the throat. A great gout of blood splashes onto the wall, and CAREW falls backwards onto the table - but he is dead before his body comes to rest.

HYDE slips the knife in side his cloak and strides triumphantly from the scene, whistling to himself as he goes...

CUT TO:

146. INT. HOSPITAL - POST-MORTEM ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

The police are now at the hospital in force. While NEWCOMEN waits nearby, a SURGEON examines the body in preparation for a post-mortem.

NEWCOMEN

Looks like someone's done your job for you - and on his own dissecting-table as well.

SURGEON

Yes - but rarely while the subject is still alive, Inspector.

The Acting Chief Commissioner, MAJOR HENRY SMITH, arrives to be appraised of the situation. NEWCOMEN ushers his sergeant out of the room.

MAJOR SMITH

Unbelievable - simply unbelievable. The place looks like a battlefield.. What is this city coming to?

NEWCOMEN

'Morning, Major. According to the orderly who granted him admission, the man who requested an audience with the.. deceased - and who, in all probability, subsequently carried out the crime - gave his name as Doctor Jekyll .

MAJOR SMITH

Jekyll? - Your suspect for the murder of that solicitor? But.. weren't they related?

NEWCOMEN

The father-in-law, I understand.

MAJOR SMITH

(increasingly bemused)

And I'm informed that only last evening, the wife of this Jekyll was also attacked - raped and brutalised at that.. 'funfair.'

NEWCOMEN

So we believe. But she hasn't been able to give us any other information. Her mind.. (taps his forehead.)

MAJOR SMITH

So - a campaign of terror against the family and friends of Doctor Jekyll, eh? And what of this man, Hyde, I keep hearing about?

NEWCOMEN

No trace of him. But if you ask my opinion, I think we're being led a wild goose-chase over 'Hyde'.. There's more to the good Doctor than meets the eye.

MAJOR SMITH

You'd prefer to consider two savage murders in one week the work of an eminent physician - a man of Jekyll's standing - than that of some butcher from the back-streets? Exactly how far were you thinking of rising in the ranks of the police, Newcomen?

NEWCOMEN

I really think you ought to see Doctor Jekyll for yourself, Major. There's something queer there. Something damned queer, I'm certain of it. Even if Hyde is the killer, what ties him to Jekyll..? Surely there's no crime without motive?

MAJOR SMITH gives this some thought.

MAJOR SMITH

A grudge perhaps? - Some imagined sleight..?

NEWCOMEN remains unconvinced.

..Alright. Arrange it.

He turns to leave, and NEWCOMEN accompanies him.

147. INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR. LATE AFTERNOON.

MAJOR SMITH

..Make a good yarn for my cousin all this. It gets more like one of his 'shilling shockers' with every passing day.

NEWCOMEN

And who would he be, sir? - Your cousin?

MAJOR SMITH

Mm? - Stevenson. The author.. Treasure Island and such.

NEWCOMEN

I didn't realise.

MAJOR SMITH

One doesn't exactly boast about a Bohemian in the family, Inspector.

As MAJOR SMITH walks on, NEWCOMEN is joined by his Sergeant again.

NEWCOMEN

All he seems concerned about is providing his 'cousin' with material for his books.

SERGEANT

Oh. What cousin's that?

NEWCOMEN
Have you read Treasure Island , Sergeant?

SERGEANT
.. His cousin's Long John Silver?

NEWCOMEN
(exasperated)
In a manner of speaking. Haven't you noticed the resemblance?

SERGEANT
(enjoying the joke)
Pieces of eight. Pieces of eight..

CUT TO:

148. C.S. POST-MORTEM SCALPEL.

The knife that was used by Hyde in the murder of Carew lies on top of Jekyll's desk, still heavily blood-stained..

We hear loud banging on a door..

149. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. EVENING.

At the same time, LANYON bangs his fist down hard on the desk.

LANYON
Jekyll, if you know where Hyde is, you must give him up!

JEKYLL
Oh, God, Lanyon - what have I done? I can't stop him.. I can't give him up!

LANYON
--Don't you realise, man? - Half the police in the City are out, intent on his capture.

JEKYLL
..It's of no consequence - he has only let me back so that he can savour my agony..

The door swings open suddenly, and MAJOR SMITH and INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN make an unannounced entrance - with POOLE at the rear.

POOLE
(blustering)
I'm sorry, sir--

JEKYLL rises from his chair, as both he and LANYON look towards the door.

MAJOR SMITH
Forgive us, Doctor, but this is a matter of some urgency. I am Major Smith, Acting Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police - I believe Inspector Newcomen is known to you.

As the introductions are exchanged, LANYON sweeps the knife to the edge of the desk along with some papers and knocks them all off the side. He looks down, and bends to retrieve the items.

MAJOR SMITH

Not us making you nervous, is it, Mister - ?

LANYON

Lanyon - Doctor Stuart Lanyon. An inveterate clumsiness.. Incurable, I'm afraid--

150. C.S. LANYON/SCALPEL.

LANYON buries the knife among the papers and rolls them into a bundle. He rises, clutching them.

151. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - STUDY. EVENING. (RESUME)

NEWCOMEN eyes LANYON suspiciously, but MAJOR SMITH is oblivious to the possibility of anything amiss.

MAJOR SMITH

--Like crime, Doctor Lanyon - hard as we may try to eradicate it. But since the death of Charles Gordon, the criminal class seems to have been fired with a new sense of bravado.

LANYON

..Yes, a national tragedy. If you gentlemen will excuse me - duty calls.

LANYON turns to Jekyll.

I'll drop by again later, Jekyll, when I've finished my rounds. Gentlemen..

LANYON exits with the incriminating evidence.

MAJOR SMITH

Well, Doctor Jekyll - I won't beat about the bush; I'd say we have a veritable crime-wave on our hands. Utterson, head pummelled like a melon; Danvers Carew - your own father-in-law - gutted like a kipper.. All roads lead here. I don't suggest for a moment that you carried out these atrocities yourself - indeed, that would be unthinkable. But I'm informed by my Inspector that you know who did. And that you alone know who did. I speak of Hyde. It seems you are the only one who can lead us to him..

JEKYLL

He is known to you already.

MAJOR SMITH

You talk in riddles, sir.. While he indulged his lewd depravity in secret, he was a threat only to himself. But now he bites at the very heart of society. -Whatever possessed you to allow such a creature into your life?

JEKYLL

I owe him a debt.

MAJOR SMITH

(unconvinced)

A matter of honour, then.. But the debt is discharged, surely? - He is raining havoc on your house.. He is leaving a trail of horror across London. You must help us, Doctor - or your own position may become untenable..

JEKYLL

I will bring him to book. I give you my word.

MAJOR SMITH

Then pray do so - I'd hate to think we'd been given encouragement to run in circles. I give you 24 hours to make a choice, Doctor. Hyde.. or you. Goodnight to you, sir.

152. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. EVENING.

MAJOR SMITH and NEWCOMEN exit.

MAJOR SMITH

Put a watch on the house - round the clock.

MIX TO:

153. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. NIGHT.

Two 'beat' POLICEMEN meet each other at the corner of a street leading into Berkeley Square. They are both rubbing their hands against the cold, and as they approach, they stare in the direction of the JEKYLL house. Their idle gaze soon turns to one of mutual curiosity.

There is a light in one of the upper windows, and the shadow of a figure, who appears to be dancing, can clearly be seen against the curtains..

154. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

JEKYLL goes up to HETTY's bedroom. On entering the room, he finds his wife naked - arms outstretched, pirouetting by the window. He stares at HETTY, his features a mixture of sorrow and.. excitement. He has never seen her in such a state of abandon.

HETTY

Does it shame you that a man desired me? - Am I repellent in your eyes..? A guinea for the lot , sir - a guinea, and I'll do anything you ask..

JEKYLL

--You'd best cover yourself. I'll fetch you a nightcap..

HETTY

Hold me, Henry. Hold me in your arms--

JEKYLL

I'm sorry, I--

HETTY

(making light of the rejection)

Please yourself - there are plenty of others. Plenty of others..

JEKYLL turns and leaves the room.

HETTY's mood changes suddenly; the trauma returns; she begins to sob in barely-controlled hysteria.

HETTY

--Don't turn away from me, Henry.. Don't cast me aside. It's my body that was violated - my body! It's not yourself you should feel sorry for - it's me! Henry.. for pity's sake.

HETTY begins to rock back and forth, half-dancing and half-grieving - as if she is trapped somewhere between sorrow and sensual delirium.

HETTY

(quietly sobbing)

My body.. taken against my will and used by another. If only you could understand..

The door to the room opens and closes. HETTY looks round again, the faint glimmer of a smile touching her lips--

155. C.S. HYDE'S FACE.

HYDE stands by the door, stock-still and watching - like a cat about to pounce.. His eyes blaze with a strange and terrible fire.

HYDE

He understands. Only too well.

156. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT. (RESUME)

As HYDE slowly begins to approach, something stirs in HETTY's mind. She grabs a chemise from the bed and holds it against herself.

HYDE

..O my love's like a red red rose, that's newly sprung in June .

HETTY's face is frozen in confusion.

HYDE

It seems you need a doctor - a good doctor.. The good Doctor Jekyll, perhaps; his bedside manner is second to none, I'm told..

HETTY, unsure now, begins to back away.

Come now. We're old friends, you and I. You can tell an old friend.. How does he love thee? - Let me count the ways...

HYDE playfully holds up his hand, as if to count on his fingers. He shakes his head sadly, unable even to reach one "way". He springs at HETTY and clasps his hand over her mouth - he wrestles her onto the bed..

That flaccid fool! That vacillating fop with his milk- white flesh and secret dreams! - 'I pluck the rose. And love it more than tongue can speak - then the good minute goes.' ..But you wanted someone to aspire to, didn't you? Someone to bring you social standing.. Lady Henrietta Jekyll - the dream of a whore! And yet.. he has had you as you always wanted. He has attended your needs. But not as a doctor. " How like a moth, the simple maid still plays about the flame.. "

157. C.S. HYDE.

HYDE closes on HETTY, as the revelation dawns..

HYDE

He has a birth mark on his thigh, doesn't he? - Just like mine.. He has a scalpel-scar on his right arm, doesn't he? - Just like mine! "We could go to Brighton for the weekend -pretend we're lovers.." The pretence is over, Hetty.. Even the grand mansions of Berkeley Square are linked to the sewers.. You're in your husband 's arms -- As you should always have been..

HYDE moves to rape HETTY.

One more time, for old time's sake.. Imagine yourself with.. 'Harry Jekyll' - this is how he loves in his dreams...

158. C.S. HETTY.

HETTY screams to bring the house down.

159. C.S. HYDE.

HYDE's face contorts with rage..

HYDE

The time for pleasure is ended. The time for pain is about to begin--

160. M.S. HYDE/HETTY.

HYDE strangles HETTY using her own hair.

HYDE

A last embrace.. as the brief illusion that is life slips helplessly from your grasp.

161. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

LANYON, approaching the house some yards away, is halted in his tracks. The two constables, on their round tour of the square, stare at each other and instinctively turn back towards the JEKYLL house..

162. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT. (RESUME)

Having strangled HETTY, HYDE scatters the flowers from a vase on her body..

HETTY's screams have brought POOLE rushing to the rescue, but as he enters the room, HYDE bludgeons him to the ground from behind and runs downstairs to the front door, unseen by the other servants.

163. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

On his way out, HYDE runs into LANYON, who is now about to call. They struggle, briefly, and LANYON catches a glimpse of his face.. HYDE breaks free and escapes.

The two police constables arrive, to be confronted by the perplexed LANYON.

1ST CONSTABLE

We 'eard screamin', sir--

LANYON looks fearfully up at the bedroom window.

1ST CONSTABLE

(urging his companion to the door)

Jack-!

As the 2ND CONSTABLE is about to bang on the door, it is thrown open - and the blood-spattered POOLE appears on the doorstep.

The three men stare wide-eyed at the apparition.

LANYON

Poole! - Your mistress.. what's happened?

POOLE

--Murdered, Doctor. Murdered!

1ST CONSTABLE

Did you see the man what done it?

POOLE
(to LANYON)

Oh, Doctor.. I think it was the master .

LANYON is aghast; he turns to the constable.

LANYON
He's mistaken. I saw him. If you come with me, I can take you to the man you want.

1ST CONSTABLE
You stay with this 'un, Jack.

164. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT.

A carriage draws up at the lodging-house. Waving aside the protests of the LANDLADY, LANYON and the CONSTABLE make their way up to the room on the second floor. The CONSTABLE bangs on the door. When it is opened, JEKYLL is standing there..

LANYON is uncomprehending.

1ST CONSTABLE
Is this the man you saw, sir?

After a beat, LANYON shakes his head.

1ST CONSTABLE
(to JEKYLL)
Is there anyone else here?

JEKYLL
You're welcome to search..

LANYON
I'm sorry, constable. I, too, seem to have been mistaken.. This is not the man, Hyde.

1ST CONSTABLE
Not to worry, sir. These things happen in the heat of the moment, 'specially where murder's concerned. I better get back--

JEKYLL
--Murder?

LANYON
(ushering the CONSTABLE away and JEKYLL inside)
Yes. You may still have time to apprehend the fellow.. Thankyou, constable.

The CONSTABLE beats a retreat while LANYON remains behind, intent on an explanation.

He enters behind JEKYLL and closes the door.

JEKYLL
Hetty-?

LANYON nods; JEKYLL sighs in utter despair.

Twice tonight, you have refused to give me up.. What can I say?

LANYON
(shaking his head)

Your respite is only temporary, Jekyll. Hyde may mean more to you than your own wife. But not to me.

JEKYLL
You saw him didn't you? - I know.

LANYON
Yes. Only for a moment. I grappled with him, but he had the strength of a devil--
(suddenly realising) How could you possibly know that?

JEKYLL
..He is here - in this room.

LANYON
Wha--?

LANYON looks fearfully around him.

JEKYLL
He stands before you. -- *I am Edward Hyde.*

LANYON
No. You cannot continue this charade. I will not allow you to sacrifice your good name on the altar of this villain's crimes. Hyde is a callous and cold-blooded brute - I saw him! - And the man I saw was--

JEKYLL is turned away from LANYON. He rips off the bandage that covers the right side of his face and turns that side towards LANYON..

165. C.S. JEKYLL/HYDE.
..The features are those of HYDE...

166. C.S. LANYON.
LANYON gasps in fright, stumbling against the leg of a chair.

167. C.S. JEKYLL/HYDE. (RESUME)
JEKYLL now turns full-face towards LANYON, and the left-hand side of his face is normal.

The HYDE-half hangs dormant.. the effect is like a stroke victim - one half of the face animated; the other, lifeless and dead.

168. C.S. LANYON. (RESUME)
LANYON lowers himself into a chair, barely able to speak..

LANYON
Christ Jesus, Harry.. What have you done?

169. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)
JEKYLL turns the HYDE-face away from LANYON again and begins to speak:

JEKYLL

Now.. you'd like me to tell you about Hyde..

JEKYLL steels himself.

Edward Hyde (you'll forgive me if I refer to him in the third-person) was a poor wretch of a child - abused by a swine of a father, and abandoned by a weak, uncaring mother..

170. FLASHBACK. (EFFECTS)

The scene flashes back twenty years.. As JEKYLL tells his story, we are given glimpses of HYDE's childhood - the scenes are those we saw during JEKYLL's reverie at the Lyceum Theatre: The sanctimonious father...The gang-rape, and the boy sent off to boarding-school...The systematic abuse by the master...His murder...And the flight of the young assassin...

171. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

JEKYLL

Despite it all, he grew to be a young man of great promise, devoting himself to the study of a whole new area of biochemistry - only to find opportunity dashed at every turn, while his dreams of a better life were stifled and snuffed out by a society that proved to be as self-centred and shallow as the parents who had turned their backs on him..

172. FLASHBACK. (EFFECTS)

NOW , we glimpse the other flashbacks as well. But this time, we see -- It is HYDE who is smitten by Hetty...Who comes calling on her with red roses... Who is sent packing by her father...And who downs the designer-drug as a result...

173. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

JEKYLL

..But Hyde was touched by genius, and through his experiments, he had found a way to alter the attributes of the physical being - like a chameleon. He used the knowledge he acquired to give himself a second chance.. in the body of another man. And he gave that man the name of Henry Jekyll . As Jekyll, he - I - took up where the outcast, Hyde, had been forced to leave off. I studied medicine in his place -- I married the girl he loved -- I became well- to-do and well-respected..

174. FLASHBACK. (EFFECTS)

As JEKYLL talks, a new flashback is introduced -- It is spring time.. and we are strolling through a botanical garden with the young HETTY at our side. She is toying with a parasol and laughing gaily - behind her, can be seen the glass-and- gilt of the Crystal Palace.

We dissolve to one of the interior attractions: a Hall of Mir rors. HETTY is ushering us inside. We protest, but soon acquiesce.. A montage of shots follow, in which HETTY is seen in different poses in the various dis torting-glasses. We, the suitor, are only half-glimpsed throughout..

JEKYLL'S VOICE-OVER

The man you know is only the essence of what he once was - separated out by what you might consider alchemy. The aggressions, the lusts - the animal in me.. all these were filtered away, like silt.

HETTY halts before a full -length mirror and takes our arm. Now, the POV changes from subjective to objective , and at last we see HETTY on the arm of HENRY JEKYLL, twenty years younger. She gazes at their joint re flections (for the moment, unseen); he stares only at her. His

expression is solemn - fixed - fearful almost. Eventually, JEKYLL turns to face the glass, and we turn with him, to view the image also.

HETTY is smiling (as we saw her), but by her side in the mirror is the figure of EDWARD HYDE ...

JEKYLL'S VOICE-OVER

--And from that day forward, Edward Hyde and all the foul traits that were associated with him ceased to exist.. He vanished - like the stain of breath upon a mirror..

175. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

We return to JEKYLL, his story almost at an end.

JEKYLL

..You see, Lanyon, in the euphoria that had accompanied his discovery, he had seriously miscalculated the effect of the experiment: instead of simply creating a more acceptable guise for himself, as he had planned, he had created - released - another personality as well.. Me. And once the genie was out of the bottle, power over the self was lost to him, and he was denied the ability to pop the cork back in again.. Until now.

LANYON

Now.. this process has reversed itself.

JEKYLL
(nodding)

How? - Why? I don't know.. I told you of the blackouts I had experienced.. The years must have diluted its potency, and he was finally able to return of his own accord; as you can see, it's weakening.. He wants me back. Soon, it will have no power at all.. and I will be the one who is cast aside, while he - Hyde - takes up the lease on this tenement of flesh that both of us share. He intends to destroy me, Stuart - as I once tried to destroy him..

JEKYLL replaces the bandages over his Hyde-self.

LANYON

Surely you can take the drug again? Increase the dosage?

JEKYLL shakes his head.

JEKYLL

I've tried. But the salt you obtained for me failed to reproduce the effect, so I'm forced to the conclusion that the original batch was impure, somehow. What is happening is beyond imagining, Stuart.. We're not talking about a reversion to type - Utterson, Carew.. others. The intervening years have taken their toll - the years in which he was unjustly imprisoned in a void of darkness. For if Harry Jekyll is the good, the pure - the decent half of this infinitely complex personality we call 'man,' then the creature who now calls himself Hyde is exactly the opposite. He, too, is me - but he is all the cravings I never appeased, all the rage I never found vent for.. Hyde is my evil self, come back to haunt me..

LANYON

This is an abomination. What's to be done?

JEKYLL

..The very drug that created me, he now uses to hide from justice - in this body. But you, Stuart - you can bring the horror to an end.

LANYON

How?

JEKYLL

..By preventing him from reaching safety.

LANYON

Madness.. Madness.

JEKYLL

There is a way. He comes to me while I sleep or when I am weakened; I intend to swallow a draft to keep me awake, and him at bay - at least until tomorrow evening..

JEKYLL points to a small cabinet behind LANYON.

..In that cabinet by the door is the phial of the drug that he keeps here. At last light, I intend to return to my laboratory, and smash the remaining phials--

LANYON

But from what you say, that would be suicide for you.. I can't be a party to that.

JEKYLL

You must. If you really want to help me, and preserve everything that I've achieved, the world must know that Hyde exists . He dare not show his face until he knows I am condemned for his crimes, then I will simply disappear, and he will live on in my place.. With that phial in your possession, his life will be in your hands.

Hesitantly, LANYON opens the cabinet and removes the phial of liquid. He turns back to JEKYLL.

JEKYLL

..Go! - Make your preparations. You mustn't sit with me; you mustn't see . A new province of knowledge would be laid at your feet, but your sight would be blasted by a vision born of Hell itself! ..If you are successful, we will not meet again in this life. God grant that you will be merciful to him - I cannot say me ; I deserve no such leniency. Go-- JEKYLL looks away. LANYON bids his friend a silent farewell and leaves..

MIX TO:

176. EXT. JEKYLL HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The same two CONSTABLES are once more on patrol outside the JEKYLL house.

At a discreet distance, JEKYLL watches the police undetected. When he feels it is safe to do so, he enters by the back door.

177. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. LATE AFTERNOON.

Once he is inside his laboratory, JEKYLL speedily removes the bandages from his face and begins to smash all the distillation equipment. This done, he proceeds to the wall-safe--

SHOCK CUT TO:

178. C.S. JEKYLL/HYDE.

The HYDE -eye suddenly opens - the features of the HYDE-face become animated.. The left-hand side of JEKYLL's face is now an independent living being..

179. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. (RESUME)

JEKYLL takes the phials of drug from the safe and overturns the tray, smashing them all. He appears to be racked by a sudden pain..

When he is done, he spies the chess-board from his study on a pedestal by the door - the white king in checkmate to the black queen.. He overturns the board, scattering the pieces.

Suddenly, his strength begins to fail him. JEKYLL makes for a poisons cabinet and takes out a bottle of arsenic that he has set aside.. He uncorks it, and with faltering voice, he begins to recite the words of the hymn--

JEKYLL

Bring me my bow of burning gold/Bring me my arrows of de-- sire ..!

180. C.S. JEKYLL/HYDE.

As JEKYLL places the bottle to his lips, his mouth seals shut , the flesh liquiefying..

JEKYLL drops the bottle and bends to retrieve it - and the pupils of his eyes roll up into his head, blinding him. He claws at his face and his fingers sink into the soft flesh.. his whole head has now become pliable - his features disassembling.. and rearranging themselves at will..

181. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. (RESUME)

JEKYLL reels helplessly around the lab - the skin and musculature of his face loosening and sagging as it reconstructs itself. The creature with in is engaged in a titanic struggle with the stimulant that JEKYLL has ingested to keep awake..

With a scream of agony, he finally collapses onto a chaise-longue..

..The muscles form - the skin knots and tightens - the teeth buckle and settle..

182. C.S. HYDE.

The new visage solidifies defiantly, as if it has won the fight - but only just .. Now, more hideous than before, HYDE grins in triumph...

HYDE

..Bring me my chariot of fire!

HYDE jumps to his feet.

183. INT. JEKYLL HOUSE - LABORATORY. (RESUME)

Exultant, HYDE dresses himself in Jekyll's hat and cloak and after surveying the wreckage of the lab, he decides to makes for Soho.

CUT TO:

184. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT.

On reaching his rooms, HYDE finds the door barred against him, and a note pinned to it. Puzzled, he reads the message:

185. C.S. NOTE.

"To the murderer of Henry Jekyll - If you value your liberty, meet me at the home of Danvers Carew at 9 o'clock sharp. Lanyon."

186. INT. SOHO ROOMING-HOUSE. NIGHT. (RESUME)

HYDE flies into a rage - he batters at the door.. The LANDLADY appears to investigate the commotion. HYDE rushes down the stairs and out to the street, brushing her aside as if she were a small child as he hastens on his way..

187. INT. CAREW HOUSE. NIGHT.

Arriving at the now-deserted Carew mansion, HYDE enters and makes his way to the morning-room.

All the furniture is shrouded in dust-sheets, and when HYDE enters the morning-room, staring warily around him, only a fire blazing in the hearth is evidence of any sign of life..

LANYON steps forward from the flickering shadows; he is visibly shocked by HYDE's appearance.

LANYON

May God have mercy..

Realising that LANYON is alone, HYDE relaxes his guard. He stays by the doorway, observing LANYON in silence through reptilian eyes.

HYDE

Strike your bargain, Lanyon. Time is short.

LANYON

Shorter than you realise.. Word will soon be on its way to the police that you've killed Henry Jekyll - since you are here, I can now assume that to be true. But I am prepared to perjure myself to the effect in any event. I do you, and he, a last service: I will hold back for an hour as to your whereabouts.

HYDE

..Keep your public-school sense of fair play. Tell them what you like; I will simply become Jekyll again and brand you a liar!

LANYON takes out the phial and holds it forth.

LANYON

..Not this time - you've done for poor Harry enough..

HYDE hisses venomously.

HYDE

If you are a true friend to Jekyll, you will give me the phial and let me on my way - I am the keeper of his soul..

LANYON

You are a damned thing. Take my offer, or I will send you back to the fires that spawned you..

HYDE

(conciliatory, but approaching now..)

Am I not just as much the friend you 'loved' as that part of him that was mirror to your own impotent virtue?

LANYON

No. You are not a part of Jekyll.. You are a counterfeit. And you are beyond my powers to be merciful.

HYDE

(philosophically)

Ah - Hetty. Still, my one mistake..

HYDE is now within striking distance of LANYON.

LANYON

..How dare you. You're not fit even to utter her name--

HYDE

So sorry, Lanyon. I was forgetting you wanted to fuck her yourself.

LANYON

You despicable savage--

HYDE

(in uncontrollable rage)

--Haud yur weisht, ya schemin' bastard! The wumman wuz mine! - MINE!

LANYON shrinks back.

HYDE composes himself again, and suddenly seems to resign himself to his fate.

..You high-minded fool. Fire with fire then, Lanyon. Come - let us have an end to it--

HYDE lunges at the phial, and manages to grab it. They fight, overturning furniture. In the mele, a chair is knocked into the grate, and a dust-sheet catches fire. HYDE turns on LANYON and overpowers him - begins to choke him. In panic, LANYON cries out to JEKYLL ..

HYDE is suddenly convulsed; his grip slackens, and LANYON manages to break free. He top ples a flaming dresser in Hyde's path and makes for the door.

The room is now ablaze. Trapped by a ring of fire, HYDE climbs out of the window - but seeing no way down, he shins up a drainpipe towards the roof..

188. EXT. CAREW HOUSE. NIGHT.

LANYON has now made it to the street. He stops to look behind at the blaze and sees HYDE clambering up the drainpipe. He calls to a POLICEMAN nearby.

LANYON

Quick - the murderer of Carew is on the roof!

The POLICEMAN blows his whistle to summon help - and two PASSERS-BY take up the call to arms.

1ST PASSER-BY

D'you hear that? 'e said it's the bloke what done for that surgeon fella.. That's 'im up there.. Go and get 'elp.

2ND PASSER-BY

(looking up)

Blimey! - Looks like a toff as well.

189. INT. PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

The door bursts open and the 2ND PASSER-BY stands in the entranceway.

2ND PASSER-BY

Carew's murderer - the butcher of St George's Hospital - he's trying to get away across the rooftops!

The CROWD in the pub rise almost as one and surge towards the door.

190. EXT. PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT. As they pour out into the street to give chase..

The 2ND PASSER-BY rejoins his companion.

1ST PASSER-BY

--Tell 'em all: get what they can to use as weapons. We've gotta bring him down.

A mob forms, and pursues HYDE as he flees over the rooftops.

191. EXT. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT.

From his vantage-point high above his tormentors, HYDE spots a foolproof escape route - he turns to the MOB and yells his defiance.

HYDE

Away wi' ye, ya scum! He takes out the phial - laughs in the face of the crowd - and swallows the contents.

192. C.S. HYDE.

Suddenly, HYDE stops short, racked with pain. He coughs up some blood.. Crazy with terror now, he realises that the potion has not worked. He shakes his head in disbelief, as a fleeting memory comes back to him:

JEKYLL'S VOICE

With that phial in your possession, his life will be in your hands..

HYDE stares at the phial-- Immediately, he realises.. Poison .

193. EXT. ROOFTOPS. NIGHT. (RESUME)

HYDE staggers to the edge of the parapet, his face becoming maleable again - altering - strobing back and forth between the twin imprisoned souls..

HYDE

--Damn you to Hell , Jekyll!

HYDE lets out a scream, and topples over the edge of the building to his death on the pavement.

194. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

The crowd gather around the corpse, whose face is smashed beyond recognition.. LANYON pushes his way to the front.

1ST PASSER-BY

Who was he?

POLICEMAN
(to LANYON)

Did you know him, sir?

LANYON

Vaguely..

POLICEMAN

A gentleman, by the look of him.

LANYON

Who knows, constable - Who knows who any of us really are..

The 1ST PASSER-BY is not listening; he continues with his own commentary.

1ST PASSER-BY

A rum 'un, whoever 'e was..

LANYON smiles sadly.

LANYON

The evil that men do lives after them/The good is oft interred with their bones..

Standing at the side of one of those who make up the crowd is SOPHIE..

195. C.S. SOPHIE.

SOPHIE stares transfixed at the dead body of HYDE. She is better dressed now and her young face shows traces of make-up. The manner in which she is held in the embrace of a well-to-do tradesman indicates to us that she is on the way 'up'..

The lesson has been learned...

SLOW MIX TO:

196. EXT. GALLERY. NIGHT.

--A shop-fascia, which reads Mayfair Galleries - Fine Art Restorations .

MIX TO:

197. INT. GALLERY. NIGHT.

We TRACK into the darkened interior and through the rows of paintings that either await attention or have already been treated, and are now mounted on easels. We come to rest on the gilt name-plate of a large portrait standing alone at the back of the room: Henry Jekyll M.D.

198. C.S. PORTRAIT.

After a beat, we TRACK out again and tilt upwards ..until the figure in the picture fills the screen ...and we can see his face.

It is the face of Edward Hyde .

A CAPTION fills the screen as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

--and only the CAPTION remains:

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone,
Say - Could that lad be I?"

- Robert Louis Stevenson.

END TITLES