

CLASSIC
a story with
timeless appeal

Drama



The Strange Case of
Dr. Jekyll
and
Mr. Hyde

Robert Louis Stevenson's
classic tale of good and evil

ADAPTED BY THE EDITORS OF *SCOPE* | ART BY DAVID PALUMBO

**TURN
THE
PAGE**
to
perform
this
spine-
tingling
story.



CHARACTERS

Circle the character you will play.

*Starred characters are major roles.

***NARRATORS 1 AND 2 (N1, N2)**

***MR. GABRIEL UTTERSON**, a lawyer

MRS. REBECCA ENFIELD, Mr. Utterson's cousin

MR. EDWARD HYDE, an ugly, beastlike man

***DR. HENRY JEKYLL**, a successful scientist

MR. POOLE, Jekyll's butler

MRS. BATES, MR. BATES, DR. LANYON, friends of Dr. Jekyll

ALL GUESTS, to be read by the whole class

MISS NANCY HAWKINS, a young woman

INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN, a detective



AS YOU READ, THINK ABOUT:

Who is responsible for Mr. Hyde's behavior?

SETTING: LONDON, ENGLAND, 1880s

ACT I Scene 1

N1: Mr. Utterson walks with his cousin Rebecca Enfield.

ENFIELD: I cherish our Sunday walks, Gabriel.

UTTERSON: Indeed, they are the jewel of my week.

N2: They approach a filthy-looking two-story building. It stands out on an otherwise charming block.

N1: The building has no windows. The **dilapidated** door lacks a knocker.

ENFIELD: Have you ever noticed this building?

UTTERSON: Why, yes, actually. It's the back door into—

ENFIELD (distractedly): I saw the strangest thing here the other day.

UTTERSON: Oh? And what was that?

ENFIELD: A small man was charging down the sidewalk, and a little girl was walking in the opposite direction. Well, the man just trampled right over her!

UTTERSON: How awful!

ENFIELD: It was. The poor girl was sprawled on the ground, crying. I comforted her while others grabbed the **scoundrel** and held him until the girl's parents arrived. She wasn't hurt, thankfully. But we told the man he must pay for his crime or we would make his name stink across London!

UTTERSON: Did he?

ENFIELD: Yes. He went into that ugly building and came back with a check for 100 pounds.

UTTERSON: *That* building? You are sure?

ENFIELD: Positive. But the strangest thing was the way he looked. I can't describe it, but . . . he

chilled me to the bone.

UTTERSON: Do you recall his name?

ENFIELD: Hyde—Mr. Edward Hyde. But the check had another name on it, a Dr. Henry Jekyll.

UTTERSON: Oh, dear.

ENFIELD: What's wrong?

UTTERSON: Jekyll is one of my clients—and an old friend. He has a laboratory in his house, and that door is a back entrance to it. What sort of trouble is he mixed up in?

Scene 2

N2: In his study, Utterson removes a file from his safe.

UTTERSON (reading): "The Last Will and Testament of Dr. Henry Jekyll."

N1: Utterson begins pacing.

UTTERSON (reading): "In case of the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll, all his possessions shall pass into the hands of his friend . . . Edward Hyde." *(to himself)* I knew I'd heard that name before. Why would Jekyll leave all his belongings to this awful Hyde?

N2: Utterson reaches for his coat.

UTTERSON: Well, if he be Mr. Hyde, I shall be Mr. Seek.

Scene 3

N1: Utterson stands outside the **decrepit** building, waiting for Hyde. A small man approaches.

UTTERSON: Mr. Hyde? I am Mr. Utterson—

HYDE: Never heard of you.

N2: Hyde begins fiddling with the lock.

UTTERSON: Why are you hiding your face?

N1: Hyde slowly turns toward Utterson.

N2: Utterson gasps at the ghastly sight.

HYDE: How do you know my name?

UTTERSON: We, uh, have friends in common.



An English pound is a form of currency, like the American dollar.

HYDE: Ha! I have no friends.

UTTERTON: What about Dr. Jekyll?

HYDE: Jekyll never told you about me, you stinking liar!

N1: With a savage laugh, Hyde flings open the door, hurries in, and slams it shut.

Scene 4

N2: A week later, Utterson attends a dinner party at Dr. Jekyll's elegant townhouse.

N1: Jekyll's butler, Poole, takes Utterson's coat.

UTTERTON: Poole, do you happen to know a friend of Dr. Jekyll's named Hyde?

POOLE: Why, yes, sir.

UTTERTON: The other day, I saw him enter the doctor's laboratory through the back door.

POOLE: Mr. Hyde has his own key, sir.

UTTERTON: Dr. Jekyll must have a lot of trust in him.

POOLE: Yes, sir. We all have orders to obey Mr. Hyde.

N2: Dr. Jekyll walks in.

JEKYLL: Utterson, my dear man! So good to see you. Come, we're all waiting.

Scene 5

N1: Jekyll and his guests are eating and talking in a candlelit dining room.

JEKYLL: . . . and so, I'm proud to announce that Dr. Jekyll's Home for Orphans and Runaways will open within the month.

ALL GUESTS: (applause)

MRS. BATES: Bravo, Henry! You continue to outdo yourself in your charity work.

MR. BATES: Not to mention your volunteering at church.

LANYON: Very admirable. But Henry, you must also tell us about your latest experiments. What are you working on in the lab?

JEKYLL: I wouldn't want to bore everyone.

MRS. BATES: Don't be ridiculous. We're fascinated.

MR. BATES: Come now, what's London's most brilliant scientist up to?

JEKYLL: Well, it's, ah, complicated. But . . .

N2: Jekyll thinks for a moment, then lifts a chicken leg from his plate and holds it up.

JEKYLL: Chicken has two kinds of meat—right?



The idea for this tale came to Robert Louis Stevenson (above) in a dream. The story was wildly popular—*Divergent* kind of popular—when it came out in 1886.

LANYON: Sure, light meat and dark meat.

MRS. BATES: Hardly groundbreaking research, Henry.

ALL GUESTS: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

JEKYLL: Bear with me, friends. The chicken, a single creature, contains both light and dark. Have you ever considered that humans might be the same?

LANYON: A rather *fowl* comparison, Jekyll!

ALL GUESTS: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MR. BATES: I hope you're not going to serve *us* for dinner next time.

ALL GUESTS: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

JEKYLL: No, I am studying the human mind—human nature, actually. Within each person, there is light and dark. It's a delicate balance.

LANYON: I'm not sure I follow you, Henry, but this chicken is delicious.

JEKYLL (with a smile): I'm so glad.

N1: Jekyll bites into his chicken leg.

N2: The merry dinner continues. Utterson, seated next to Jekyll, leans over and whispers.

UTTERTON: Jekyll, we must discuss your will.

JEKYLL: Again?

UTTERTON: I have heard some rather . . . **abominable** rumors about that Mr. Hyde.

JEKYLL: I will not change my will.

UTTERTON: Jekyll, you can trust me. I can help you. Whatever you owe this Hyde—

JEKYLL: My dear Utterson, put your good heart at rest. The moment I choose, I can get rid of Mr. Hyde. Now, please, this is a private matter.

UTTERTON: I suppose you are right.

JEKYLL: Listen, Hyde told me you saw him. I fear he was rude. But I have great interest in the poor man. Promise to look after him, just as my will says?

UTTERTON (reluctantly): All right, I promise.

ACT II Scene 1

N1: A year has passed.

N2: At a police station, a young woman speaks to a detective.



NEWCOMEN: What happened first?

HAWKINS: I was sitting by my window. It was a foggy night, but peaceful. In the moonlight, I saw Sir Carew coming down the block. Then I saw . . . the other man.

NEWCOMEN: Hyde?

HAWKINS (*shivering*): Yes. I knew immediately it was Mr. Hyde. I had seen him before, and he has a face you don't forget. There's something . . . disturbing about it.

NEWCOMEN: Please, go on.

HAWKINS: Well, suddenly, Hyde became very angry. He started stamping his feet. Then he started beating Sir Carew with his cane, furiously—like a wild beast! Carew fell, and Hyde kept hitting him. Then the cane split and Hyde ran off. I called the police immediately, but I—I was too late. (*choking back tears*) Oh, it was awful, Inspector!

NEWCOMEN: Thank you, Miss Hawkins. You've done very well. You may go.

N1: Miss Hawkins leaves. Utterson enters.

NEWCOMEN: Ah, Mr. Utterson. Thank you for coming. I suppose you have heard that there has been a murder? Sir Danvers Carew, the politician.

UTTERSON: Very tragic.

NEWCOMEN: I called you in because Sir Carew had your business card in his pocket.

UTTERSON: Yes, Sir Carew was my client.

NEWCOMEN: Do you also happen to know a Mr. Hyde?

UTTERSON: Hyde?! I've . . . heard of him.

NEWCOMEN: An eyewitness claims it was Hyde who murdered Sir Carew. We also found the murder weapon, or half of it, anyway. (*holding up the broken cane*) What's wrong, Mr. Utterson? You look white as a sheet.

UTTERSON: I . . . I . . . Have you found this Mr. Hyde?

NEWCOMEN: Not yet, but we will.

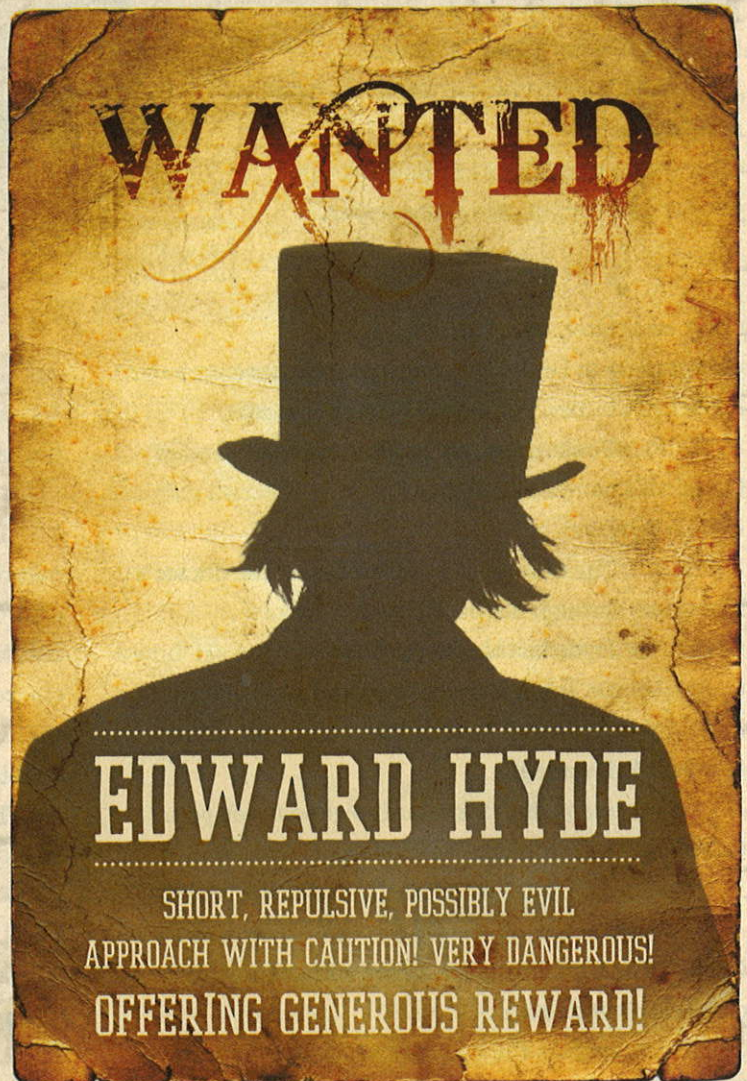
Scene 2

N2: Later that day, Utterson bursts into Jekyll's office.

UTTERSON: Have you heard about Sir Carew?

JEKYLL: Yes. Awful business.

UTTERSON: Henry, the police showed me the murder



weapon. I know you gave Hyde that cane, because I gave it to you as a gift years ago! Now where is he?

JEKYLL: He's gone. Look, I've received a letter from him just today. (*pointing at a letter*) He apologizes for any trouble and promises never to be heard from again.

UTTERSON: Well. That is some relief.

N1: On his way out, Utterson sees Poole.

UTTERSON: Poole, I know Dr. Jekyll received a letter today. Do you recall what the messenger looked like?

POOLE: Why, I'm sorry, Mr. Utterson, but I'm positive we've had no deliveries today.

Scene 3

N2: A few weeks pass.

N1: Utterson is once again walking with Mrs. Enfield.