

**UTTERSON:** The police are offering a **substantial** reward for Mr. Hyde, but the man seems to have vanished. Strangely, so too has Dr. Jekyll. He has not hosted a dinner party in weeks.

**N2:** They pass by Jekyll's house.

**ENFIELD:** Look, up in the window: Isn't that Dr. Jekyll?

**UTTERSON:** Yes! That's his laboratory window. (*calling up*) Henry! It's been so long. How are you?

**JEKYLL:** Oh, I am very low, Utterson.

**UTTERSON:** You stay indoors too much. Come out and walk with us.

**JEKYLL:** I'd like to, but—no, it's impossible. You see—oh, oh no!

**N1:** A look of terror passes across Jekyll's face.

**JEKYLL:** Not again! NOOOOOOOO!

**N2:** Jekyll slams the window shut.

**UTTERSON** (*shouting at the window*): Henry?! Let us in! Let us help you!

**ENFIELD** (*gently*): It seems he doesn't want to be bothered. Perhaps we should leave him.

**N1:** Utterson nods reluctantly, and they walk away.

## Scene 4

**N2:** The next night, Poole shows up at Utterson's front door.

**UTTERSON:** Poole, what brings you here? Is Jekyll ill?

**POOLE:** Something has gone wrong. You must come!

**N1:** It's a wild, cold night. Poole and Utterson hurry through the streets, their footsteps echoing in the wind.

**N2:** Once inside Dr. Jekyll's house, Poole leads Utterson to the laboratory door.

**POOLE:** Mr. Utterson here to see you, Doctor!

**JEKYLL** (*in a strange voice*): Tell him I cannot see anyone!

**POOLE** (*whispering*): That is not Jekyll's voice.

**JEKYLL:** Agghhhh!

**POOLE:** Hurry, we must get in there!

**N1:** Poole fetches an axe and hands it to Utterson.

**UTTERSON:** Henry, please, let us in!

**N2:** Silence.

**UTTERSON** (*muttering*): God forgive me.

**N1:** It takes five swings to break through the thick door.

**N2:** The lab is a **chaotic** mess, with broken glass and scientific devices strewn about.

**N1:** In the middle stands none other than Mr. Hyde. He holds a vial of blood-red liquid.

**HYDE:** Get out!

**UTTERSON:** What have you done with Dr. Jekyll?

**HYDE** (*with a sinister voice*): Ha! Very well, then. Watch!

**N2:** He drinks the liquid in one gulp.

**HYDE:** Ahhhhh!

**N1:** Hyde staggers and collapses.

**N2:** Suddenly his face seems to melt—then swell. He grows in height. His wrinkled gray skin becomes pink and smooth.

**N1:** And there, before Utterson and Poole, lies Dr. Jekyll.

**POOLE:** What is the meaning of this?!

**JEKYLL** (*weakly*): Utterson. Here, this letter will explain.

**N2:** Jekyll pulls an envelope from his jacket. Then his eyes close.

**UTTERSON** (*shaking Jekyll*): Henry!

**JEKYLL** (*voice offstage*): Dear Utterson: In all of us, there is both good and evil. I wondered: What if I could separate myself in two? My evil side could enjoy itself, and my good side could be free of corruption.

**N1:** Utterson lifts Jekyll's wrist, trying to find a pulse.

**JEKYLL** (*voice offstage*): I created a potion that transformed me into an embodiment of my evil side. As Hyde, I felt pure, happy—free of the laws of morality.

**N2:** Utterson puts his ear to Jekyll's chest.

**JEKYLL** (*voice offstage*): But when Hyde murdered Carew, I vowed never to transform again. For a while, all was well. Then my dark side grew stronger. I started turning into Hyde uncontrollably. Worse, I was running out of the potion that would stop me from changing.

**N1:** With tears in his eyes, Utterson looks at Poole and shakes his head.

**JEKYLL** (*voice offstage*): I've learned that you can't eliminate evil. So tonight, I've taken all the potion I have left, and it will likely kill me. So I will stop writing now. This is the end of the unhappy life of Henry Jekyll. ●



The late 1880s, when this tale was written, were a time of amazing scientific discovery. Some people feared the consequences of interfering with the natural world. How does this story reflect those fears?





# Confessions of a Former Hazer

The summer I felt like a real-life Jekyll and Hyde  
(without the whole murder thing) **By Courtney Davidson**

**A**sk my friends and they'll tell you: I am kind, considerate, and generous. I am not a spiteful person. I am not a bully, and I am not a monster. But when I was 15, I did something that I regret to this day: I became a hazer.

At my summer camp, the seniors ruled. Being a senior was great. To become a senior, though, you had to be a junior first, and that was dreadful.

By tradition, the seniors tormented the juniors. When I was a junior, the seniors spit chewed-up food on us, then ordered us to clean it off with our bare hands. They yelled at us, insulting us until we cried. Before the all-camp dance, they smeared dyed-green oatmeal all over our faces—and they wouldn't let us wipe it off. I remember having to face the boy I liked with nasty green chunks

dripping down my face and splattered all over my fancy dress. I felt hurt and small.

So why did I turn around the following summer and do to the juniors the same horrible things that had been done to me? I could have refused to participate. In fact, I was a leader; I might have persuaded the other seniors to change this awful hazing tradition.

But I didn't.

Hazing is the process of initiating new members of a group through humiliating, difficult, or even dangerous tasks. You might associate hazing with college fraternities or the military, but in fact hazing is much more widespread. Experts estimate that 1.5 million high school students are hazed every year—on sports teams, in clubs, and even in church groups. Now, kids in middle school and even younger kids are getting hazed.

Unlike bullying, which is done primarily by individuals, hazing is all about groups. It's supposed to create powerful bonds. The idea is that if a group of people experience something terrible together, they will become closer. But in fact, hazing can be extremely traumatic—even deadly. At

least 100 kids have died in hazing-related rituals since 1970. Today, 44 states have anti-hazing laws.

Looking back, I think I felt that since I was hazed, it was only fair that the younger girls should be hazed too. I blamed the tradition. I blamed the friends who stood beside me. Now, I realize I can blame only myself. The way I treated the juniors wasn't out of a desire to build togetherness. It was out of spite. I was angry that I had been powerless the previous summer, and I wanted my power back. But hazing the juniors didn't make me powerful, and it didn't take away the pain I felt from being hazed. It just turned me into something ugly.

Nine years later, it's hard to believe I behaved so cruelly. It's like I became a different person. But I am the one who has to live with what I did forever.



## WRITING CONTEST

In the film *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix*, based on J. K. Rowling's book, Sirius Black says, "We've all got both light and dark inside us. What matters is the part we choose to act on. That's who we really are." Would Davidson agree? Would Dr. Jekyll? Explain. Send your response to **JEKYLL CONTEST**. Five winners will get *Man Made Boy* by Jon Skovron.

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