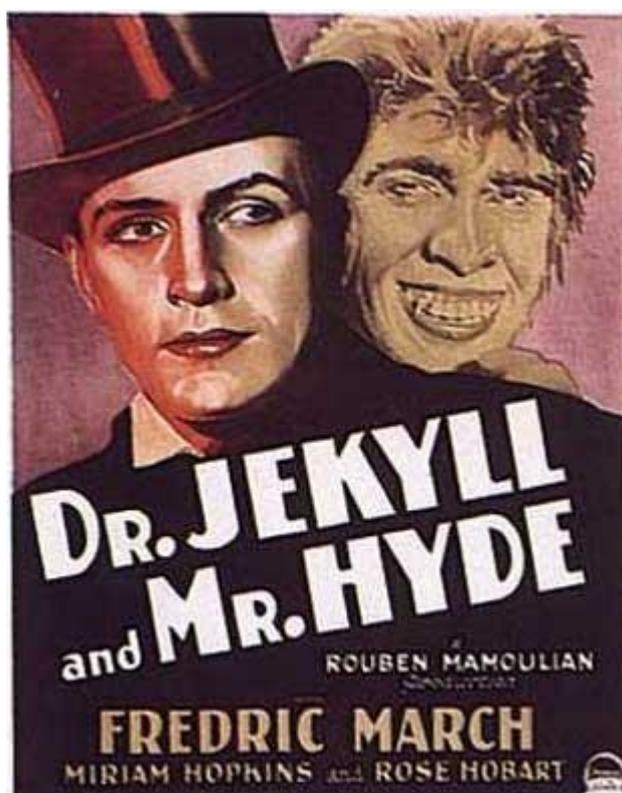




# Jekyll & Hyde: The Hidden Self

An adaptation of the classic R.L. Stevenson  
horror story by Valerie Goodwin



# Jekyll & Hyde

## Notes on the Work:

- According to Wendy Moore, author of *The Knife Man*, Dr. Jekyll's house was modeled after the home of famous eighteenth century anatomist and surgeon John Hunter. Hunter, always in need of cadavers for his research, was deeply involved in the Resurrectionist business, employing body-snatchers to dig up graves (often entire graveyards) in search of corpses. His house was designed to receive high society at the front and stolen bodies at the back, reflected in the dualist nature of Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde and his surroundings. At the time of writing the book, Stevenson was possibly being treated with the fungus ergot at a local hospital. While ergot has been known to induce psychoactive experiences, there is no factual basis that ergot was an influence on Stevenson or the book. Stevenson was a broadly gifted artist, almost every one of his literary works broke ground in a new genre, including the psychological thriller.
- Stevenson's death in 1894, eight years after finishing the story, happened while he was straining to open a bottle of wine in his kitchen. He suddenly exclaimed that his face had changed appearance. Collapsing on the ground, he was dead within six hours of a burst blood vessel in the brain. It remains a curious thematical link between the last episode in Stevenson's life and the transformations he wrote about in his book.
- According to Paul M. Gahlinger, M.D., Ph.D., "Robert Louis Stevenson used cocaine for inspiration, and is said to have written *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in a single six-day and night binge" (Gahlinger, 2001). If this is based on factual evidence, or is merely speculation, is unclear.
- At Makar's Court in Edinburgh there is a museum dedicated to Stevenson, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott. Among the exhibits is a large chest of drawers, one of the few surviving pieces known to have been made by the notorious Deacon Brodie, a famous citizen of Edinburgh who led a double life as a cabinetmaker by day and a house-breaker by night. This chest was in Stevenson's room when he was young, and bears a strong resemblance to the press in Doctor Jekyll's cabinet.

This novel has become a central concept in Western culture of the inner conflict of humanity's sense of good and evil. It has also been noted as "one of the best guidebooks of the Victorian era because of its piercing description of the fundamental dichotomy of the 19th century outward respectability and inward lust" as it had a tendency for social hypocrisy.

Various direct influences have been suggested for Stevenson's interest in the mental condition that separates the sinful from moral self. Among them are the Biblical text of Romans (7:20 "Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."); the split life in the 1780s of Edinburgh city councillor Deacon William Brodie, master craftsman by day, burglar by night; and James Hogg's novel *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (1824), in which a young man falls under the spell of the devil.

Literary genres which critics have applied as a framework for interpreting the novel include religious allegory, fable, detective story, sensation fiction, science fiction, doppelgänger literature, Scottish devil tales, Gothic novel.

Stevenson never says exactly what Hyde takes pleasure in on his nightly forays, saying generally that it is something of an evil and lustful nature, and thus in the context of the times, abhorrent to Victorian religious morality. However scientists in the closing decades of the 19th century, within a post-Darwinian perspective, were also beginning to examine various biological influences on human morality, including drug and alcohol addiction, homosexuality, multiple personality disorder, and regressive animality.

Jekyll's inner division has been viewed by some critics as analogous to schisms existing in British society. Divisions include the social divisions of class, the internal divisions within the Scottish identity, the political divisions between Ireland and England, and the divisions between religious and secular forces. In early Autumn of 1885 Stevenson's thoughts turned to the idea of the duality of man's nature, and how to incorporate the interplay of good and evil into a story. One night he had a dream, and on waking had the idea for two or three scenes that would appear in *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. "In the small hours of one morning," says Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.' I had awakened him at the first transformation scene."

Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's step-son, remembers "I don't believe that there was ever such a literary feat before as the writing of *Dr. Jekyll*. I remember the first reading as if it was yesterday. Louis came downstairs in a fever; read nearly half the book aloud; and then, while we were still gasping, he was away again, and busy writing. I doubt if the first draft took so long as three days."

As was the custom, Mrs. Stevenson would read the draft and offer her criticisms in the margins. Louis was confined to bed at the time from a haemorrhage, and she left her comments with the manuscript and Louis in the bedroom. She said in effect the story was really an allegory, but Louis was writing it just as a story. After a while Louis called her back into the bedroom and pointed to a pile of ashes: he had burnt the manuscript in fear that he would try to salvage it, and in the process forcing himself to start over from scratch writing an allegorical story as she had suggested. Scholars debate if he really burnt his manuscript or not. Other scholars suggest her criticism was not about allegory, but about inappropriate sexual content. Whatever the case, there is no direct factual evidence for the burning of the manuscript, but it remains an integral part of the history of the novel.

Stevenson re-wrote the story again in three days.

## CAST LIST

<b>Utterson:</b>	Jekyll's lawyer and friend
<b>Poole</b>	Jekyll's butler in Harley Street/Craig Lea Drive
<b>Maggie</b>	Servant girl
<b>Bridie</b>	Another servant
<b>Dr Henry Jekyll</b>	Tall, upright, well built, solid
<b>Edward Hyde</b>	Small, rat like, 'somehow inhuman'
<b>Enfield</b>	Nephew of Utterson
<b>Dr Lanyon</b>	Friend and associate of Jekyll
<b>'Girl'</b>	A victim of Hyde
<b>Sir Danvers Carew</b>	respected MP and victim of Hyde
<b>Mrs Grigson</b>	Hyde's landlady in Whitechapel/ The Grass Market
<b>Inspector Broad</b>	Of Scotland Yard
<b>Various lowlifes, servants, etc</b>	

**Possible doubling: Actor 1 plays Utterson**

**Actor 2 plays Jekyll and Broad**

**Actor 3( female?) plays Hyde and Maggie and 'girl' and Enfield**

**Actor 4 ( female?) plays Mrs Grigson,Lanyon,Poole and Bridie**

### **Set:**

Various doors, at least three, all with big keyholes, varying in appearance from shabby to ornate and respectable

Stiff-backed armchairs, velvet or otherwise, Victorian in appearance, a freestanding mirror full length Victorian; a lab bench with test tubes and flasks and chemicals and powders in glass jars, a desk covered in papers.

## ACT ONE – SCENE ONE – THE DOOR

- Utterson:** *(Raps his cane on the shabbiest door)* This door, you say?
- Enfield:** Aye.
- Utterson:** But this is the door to... *(Trails off. A long pause. He turns to go)*
- Enfield:** Yes? What's behind that door?
- Utterson:** *(evasively)* What indeed? *(He surveys Enfield, and the other doors with a thoughtful air)* Any door in this street. What do they conceal? Who can judge a house by its door, or the events unfolding within, by the externals.
- Enfield:** Uncle, I see you are determined to evade the point as usual.
- Utterson:** Well, well. As you say. As a lawyer these thirty years I have become used to hearing many strange tales. But this one of yours is a new and altogether more inexplicable one. You say you saw him enter this very door?
- Enfield:** Yes. And what's more, with a key.
- Utterson:** *(Cannot conceal his amazement on hearing that)* But - surely? *(recovering himself)* At what time was this?
- Enfield:** At half past three, of a foggy morning last week... last Monday. I had been called out, as we doctors are, and was coming home from the place at the end of the world- as it seemed, for all the world was asleep. Nothing to be seen but lamps, with blackness and cold between. I got into that state of mind when one listens and listens, and longs for the sight of a policeman. It was then I - *(stops and interrupts himself)* But why shouldn't he have a key? Do you know who lives here?
- Utterson:** *(Thoughtfully)* Do I know who lives here? A very good question. Do any of us know who anyone really is? Or what they are capable of? Their inner secrets?
- Enfield:** Uncle, please! I have told you all I know of the case, and yet you will not return the favour.
- Utterson:** You said the mob brought the man here, and forced him to pay compensation for his crime.
- Enfield:** Yes. They would take no less than one hundred pounds. But really it chills the blood to recall how he trampled over that child, simply walked over her unheedingly and crushed her face against the cobbles: her screams, and his total indifference!
- Utterson:** He came here, and came out with the money, in a matter of.. ten minutes at the most, I think you said?
- Enfield:** Five, I would guess. He returned with ten pounds in cash, and a cheque for the remainder.
- Utterson:** A cheque? In whose name? Who had signed the cheque? Did you see the name? *(Utterson grabs the lapels of his nephew, then recovers his composure)* I beg your pardon nephew.
- Enfield:** Won't you trust me Uncle? I know you have a personal interest in the case, and Dr Jekyll is your friend and your client, but-
- Utterson:** Dr Jekyll? You don't mean... it was his name? On the cheque? *(he mops his brow with a large handkerchief)* But why would he want to pay for the crimes of... of... what was the blackguard's name again?
- Enfield:** Mr Hyde. I wondered that myself. I recognised the name 'Jekyll' when I heard the girl's father grasp the cheque, and read it, with

the same amazement I felt myself. Everyone knows dear Dr Jekyll, and of his kindness to the poor and deprived, of his many charitable works, his... generosity. I told myself this fiend Hyde must have become Jekyll's latest project.

**Utterson:** Yes, his latest philanthropic project. No doubt the mysterious Mr Edward Hyde has persuaded the good Doctor of his possibility for change.

**Enfield:** Edward? Edward Hyde? You know the man?

**Utterson:** What? Why do you say that?

**Enfield:** How did you know his first name? I never told you.

**Utterson:** *(caught out)* I... I... may have heard of him. Some other... misdemeanours, other crimes. I am a lawyer, and we hear many things. He is... infamous, in the circles in which I... *(trails off)* But nephew, I feel I may well have to unburden myself to you ere long. This... case is... possibly... one which... will baffle even the greatest minds in our city: my thoughts are in a maze.

**Enfield:** Uncle, you seem much affected. Come, let us sit down. Or should I knock, and seek aid? A brandy might settle your nerves.

**Utterson:** Not on this door! Do not knock on this door, nephew. Who knows what is behind it.

### **Song here – 'Hidden secrets - behind the mask'**

Smile on my face  
Like Janus, like masks  
I'm alone with myself  
I change with the light  
Hiding away running from reality  
Who am I now  
A shadow in this game

Feel my vibrations  
While shaking my mind  
Changing my face  
Which one is mine  
Excited by the strength  
Drunk with the freedom  
Makes me totally blind  
Hypnotise .Traumatise  
Morph into me  
Split in my mind

I can't resist the voices  
Tempted by the choices  
Like a diamond  
Sparkling and shining  
All my hours of torment  
Don't stop this feeling  
Change with the light  
Change with the night

Be my double  
Change with the light  
Change with the night  
What's wrong or right?  
How can I learn control again  
I will never be the same again  
Never let this feeling go

## ACT ONE - SCENE TWO – DR JEKYLL'S DIARY

*Dr Jekyll enters, and addresses the audience as he mixes up the potion.*

**Jekyll:** From an early age, I kept a diary, in which I recorded my daily struggle against the Evil which forces us to stray from the path of the righteous and the Christian teachings of the Church. My reading of the Bible and the sermons I listened to- with horror-informed me of the Hell awaiting me if I did not drive out this Evil. 'Root it out!' I heard of the Black side of each of us, and the good immortal soul. How I longed to rid myself of my Evil Half, and to be wholly pure, with no blemish. If only I could find a way to separate out the unholy part of myself, and be saved!

*There is a knocking on the 'laboratory' door, from the upstage side: the person knocking is unseen.*

**Jekyll:** Who's there?

**Utterson:** It is I... Gabriel Utterson.

**Jekyll:** Oh... wait, wait, dear friend. Wait one moment. *(he bustles about and hides the potion, then opens the door).*

**Utterson:** I beg your pardon Henry. You are engaged in your, erm, experiments... your work... I will leave you.

**Jekyll:** I am always ready to see you, dear Gabriel. Come in, come in man. What will you have? Wine? Spirits?

*He begins mixing up a brandy and soda or similar.*

**Utterson:** Are you quite sure it is convenient? *(He accepts the glass.)* What is it you are working on this time? We rarely seem to see you these last six months.

**Jekyll:** Oh, the usual 'nonsense', you know.

**Utterson:** My dear fellow: it was not I that called it that. And I'm sure Lanyon never meant -

**Jekyll:** Lanyon is a fool, and a blind fool at that. If he only knew what I have discovered - what I have proved!

**Utterson:** Well? And what have you discovered?

**Jekyll:** *(evasively)* Ah. Well, as you say, Lanyon never meant to anger me. There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *(chuckles, weirdly)* Mysteries. Science discovers new things every day, new secrets, the workings of the mind. Dr Freud. The divided self. 'If a house be

divided against itself, that house cannot stand.' St Mark, chapter 3. Verse 25.

**Uttersson:** Ah... some more of your philosophy on the duality of human nature, is it? I must say, most of it went over my head.

**Jekyll:** It's the curse of mankind. Cain and Abel, the warring impulses of Good and ill in the one form. The one body, but polar twins. Opposites.

**Uttersson:** I seem to recall you were contemplating some chemical compound which might... *(he trails off)*

**Jekyll:** It seems you were listening after all.

*Knocking is heard from another part of the house.*

**Uttersson:** Oh - you were expecting a visitor?

**Jekyll:** Not I.

**Uttersson:** Possibly - Mr Hyde?

**Jekyll:** *(reacts violently)* What? How do you know about him? Have you... seen him?

**Uttersson:** I have not. But, look here Henry...

**Jekyll:** No doubt you have heard of his ... doings. And you are about to warn me of him. You will tell me to have nothing to do with him, and to avoid his company. Well Gabriel, I can promise you, that I, Henry Jekyll, will never be standing in the same room with him *(weird laugh)*

*Door is tapped on softly and Mr Poole enters, the butler.*

**Poole:** Oh - beg pardon, Dr Jekyll, and Mr Utterson: there's a young woman, much distressed, wishes to speak to you, Sir.

**Jekyll:** Dear me, Poole, I have a guest, as you can see. Please ask her to come back tomorrow morning. And here - give her this.

*He fetches a small purse with coins in from a drawer.*

**Poole:** But Sir, I already gave her the... the... usual amount. She says no money will make amends Sir.

**Girl:** *(bursting in)* I'm ruined. Ruined I am! He told me I was to seek here for him - he told me to ask for you and you'd make it right!

**Jekyll:** My dear young woman, I can only offer you... offer you my sympathies, and... and a lifetime's annuity, which I hope... and here is a payment which will serve as this month's portion... I regret...

**Girl:** *(to Utterson)* Here- I know you: you're the legal man, the lawyer- Mr Utterson? If you draw up a legal paper and he signs it and you witness it, then...

**Uttersson:** Come to my office in the morning. Off you go now: before I change my mind.

**Poole:** Come along Miss.

**Girl:** There's no amount of money can wipe away the memory. Do you hear? Where is he? Where's that - monster?

**Jekyll:** He told you I'd make it right, and I will. I always keep my word.

**Girl:** I don't see how you can. Can you turn back the clock? Have you a magic wand?

**Poole:** Come on now, you're upsetting the gentlemen.

**Girl:** Oh dear, we can't have that, can we. *(to Jekyll)* What's he to you anyway? Why should you do his dirty work? I want to see him!

**Jekyll:** You won't see him here. You'll never find him where I am. I tell you I won't be in the same room with him.

**Girl:** I don't blame you. He's deformed - an inhuman monster!

**Utterson:** Deformed you say - how so? Physically?

**Girl:** If you'd seen him, you wouldn't ask. He's not right. He makes me sick, with... a cold horror! And what he did to me...

**Jekyll:** Enough of this now. Poole, take her to the kitchens and give her brandy.

*Poole hustles her out.*

**Girl:** Doctor Jekyll, I kiss your hand Sir. Thanks be to God there are such good men as yourself, to make the world a better place. If only all men were as good and pure as you Sir.

*They leave. Jekyll pours out two more drinks with shaking hand and gives one to Utterson.*

**Utterson:** And it is to this man that you intend to leave your fortune.

**Jekyll:** Do I take that to mean you opened the envelope I entrusted to your care, to be opened in the event of my death, or disappearance?

**Utterson:** It was the word 'disappearance' which gave me permission to do so. You are obviously in great danger: in fear of your very life, from such a fellow as this.

**Jekyll:** I can assure you absolutely that Mr Hyde will never want me dead. He relies upon me. Totally. I tell you he values my life as he does his own. But seriously Gabriel - I wish you had not opened that envelope. I am... disappointed in you. I thought I could rely on you to respect my wishes.

**Utterson:** You can rely on me. But I will not stand idly by and see you... blackmailed, or worse.

**Jekyll:** Blackmailed? For what crime? For what sin may Dr Henry Jekyll be blackmailed? My soul is spotless, dear Gabriel.

**Utterson:** What hold does he have over you?

**Jekyll:** You would be better to ask 'what hold do I have over him?' But listen Gabriel: I want your solemn promise now.

**Utterson:** What must I do?

**Jekyll:** When I am no longer here to watch out for him, you must see that Hyde gets what I left him in my will. You must do this for my sake. And if you knew all, you would do it, I know. But you must trust me, and you must promise. And one thing I will tell you, to put your mind at rest: if I chose to do so, I could get rid of Hyde. Yes, really, I swear it. I have the power to ensure he would never be seen again. So, please, give me your hand on this promise.

**Utterson:** *(reluctantly)* Very well. *(They shake hands)*

*Lights dim.*

### **ACT ONE - SCENE THREE – OUTSIDE IN THE STREET**

*Fog is in the air. A clock chimes eleven.*

**Narrator:** That next night saw the first fog of the season. A great chocolate coloured pall lowered over heaven, and the wind routed and challenged these embattled vapours, so that even as he stood watch over the door in the cobbled alley Mr Utterson beheld a bewildering multiplicity of degrees and hues of darkness. One moment utter dark; then a glow of rich lurid brown, like a conflagration, and then again a shaft of haggard light glancing in between the swirling wreaths. Out of the dim roar of the city he was aware of an odd light footstep drawing near. With a shudder of precognition, he drew back into the shadows, and watched the approach with a quickening pulse.

**Utterson:** *(stopping Hyde as he is about to open the door with his key)* Mr Hyde, I think?

**Hyde:** *(hissing)* That is my name. What do you want?

**Utterson:** I am old friend of Dr Jekyll's. My name is Utterson, Gabriel Utterson. I see you are going in... I thought we might go in together.

**Hyde:** *(still turned away)* You will not find Dr Jekyll here: he is from home. *(he unlocks the door, then pauses)* How did you know me?

**Utterson:** Why, I will tell you. But - first, may I see your face?

*A pause, then Hyde turns and we see his face lit under the lamp. Chords of organ music.*

**Utterson:** *(shocked)* Now I shall certainly know you again. It may be useful.

**Hyde:** Indeed it may. And you shall have my address: 42/4, The Grassmarket. You may need to contact me, at some future date, Mr Utterson. And now you will tell me how you knew me.

**Utterson:** By description.

**Hyde:** Whose?

**Utterson:** We have friends in common.

**Hyde:** *(laughs unpleasantly)* And who might they be?

**Utterson:** Dr Jekyll, for instance.

**Hyde:** *(sudden flash of anger and cruelty)* He never told you. I did not think you were a liar.

*He leaves Utterson and enters 'the house' via the shabby door. Utterson is left trying to get his bearings, and weakly staggering away, with backward glances, and mopping his brow*

**Utterson:** Was there ever such ugliness? Why, the sweat is running off me. Something... wrong there. He seemed hardly human. Like a troglodyte. Could it be the foulness within, the soul that has transfigured the flesh? Reminds me of the old verse.

I do not like thee Dr Fell  
The reason why I cannot tell  
But this I know, I know it well  
I do not like thee, Dr Fell.

### **Song: Deformity - The beast within**

Touch Of Evil  
In the night, you come to me  
You know I want your Touch of Evil  
In the night you set me free  
I can't resist this Touch of Evil  
Arousing me now with a sense of desire  
Possessing my soul till my senses are fire  
A dark angel of sin  
Preying deep from within

Come draw me in  
I'm so afraid  
But I still feed the flame  
Ecstasy controls me

In the night, I will come  
You know I want your Touch of Evil  
In the night please set me free  
I can't resist this Touch of Evil  
Trapping me in this web of wicked deceit  
Luring down in a spiral tempting and sweet  
A dark angel of sin  
Preying deep from within

You draw me in  
I'm so afraid  
But I still feed the flame  
You're possessing me

*He crosses the stage to the more well kept and 'posh' of the doors. He knocks:  
it is answered by Poole.*

**Utterson:** Is Dr Jekyll at home, Poole?

**Poole:** I will go and see Sir. Will you come in, and wait?

**Utterson:** I saw Mr Hyde go in by the old dissecting room door, Poole.

**Poole:** Mr Hyde has a key, sir.

**Utterson:** Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man.

**Poole:** He does indeed, Sir. All the servants are instructed to obey him.

**Utterson:** I don't recall meeting him here..

**Poole:** That may be Sir. He never dines here. He mostly comes and goes by the laboratory, and keeps to those rooms. Please will you wait, while I go to my master?

*He leaves.*

**Utterson:** (*shivers*) By God, I feel a chill! My mind misgives me. Surely poor Henry is in deep waters. Henry had his wild youth, to be sure. A long while ago, now... He had suppressed and conquered those dark leanings. But old sin, like a cancer of concealed disgrace, is casting a shadow on him. Very likely this Hyde has his black secrets - if ever I read Satan's signature, it is on the face of your new friend, oh my dear Henry! It makes my flesh creep to think of this... creature at Henry's bedside in the early hours! And the danger of it. If he suspects of the existence of the will, he may be impatient to inherit. I must do all I can to save Henry - if he will let me. If he will only let me.

*Poole returns*

**Poole:** My Master is not at home Sir.

**Utterson:** And Mr Hyde?

**Poole:** (*bows*) Mr Hyde is in his usual rooms, Sir.

*Utterson leaves, with barely a good night.*

### **Monologue from Jekyll on Hyde:**

On his stature, his growth, his descent into greater depravities. The most racking pangs succeeded: a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea, and a horror of the spirit that cannot be exceeded at the hour of birth or death. Then these agonies began swiftly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in my sensations, something indescribably new and, from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body: within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a current of disordered sensual images running like a millrace.

I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil: and the thought braced me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations: and in the act, I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

The night however, was far gone into the morning - the morning, black as it was, was nearly ripe for the conception of the day: I stole through the corridors, a stranger in my own house: and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

The evil side of my nature, to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposed. In the course of my life - a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted.

And hence Edward Hyde was so much smaller, slighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written plainly on the face of the other. Evil - the lethal side of man - had left on that body an imprint of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly idol in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This, too, was myself.

**Song: This too was myself**

I know this face  
It is my own  
This face in the mirror  
My inner self is shown  
The sleeper wakes at last  
Hungry from his fast  
Who am I now?  
Who was I then?  
Will I be myself again?

Sleep and dreams  
Cries and screams  
Potions and chains  
Losses and gains

Friendless at last  
Dark is my way  
See the shapes that wind  
Revealing my true mind  
There will be time for waking  
There will be time for taking  
Lost to the past  
Hiding from day  
Who will I be?

Parasites in blood  
Symbiosis: fear  
Suicide and masks  
One becomes two

What has begun?  
Where will it end?  
A canker in the mind.  
What ending will I find?  
The beast I've made is suicide  
The twin of me I hid inside  
Flesh will eat my soul  
A cancer that I stole  
Who will I be?

**Hyde:** The lower side of me, so long indulged, so recently chained down, began to growl for licence.

**Jekyll:** To cast in my lot with Jekyll, was to die to those appetites which I had long secretly indulged and had of late begun to pamper... I was not unlike any tempted and trembling sinner: and it fell out with me, as with so many others, that I chose the better part - and was found wanting in the strength to keep to it. Yes, I preferred the elderly doctor, surrounded by friends and cherishing honest hopes: and bade farewell to the leaping impulses and secret pleasures, that I had enjoyed in the disguise of Hyde...

**Hyde:** For two months, I was true to my determination: for two months, I led a life of such severity as I had never before attained to. But I began to be tortured with throes and longings, as of Hyde struggling after freedom: and at last, in an hour of moral weakness, I once again compounded and swallowed the transforming draught.

**Jekyll:** My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring.