

## **Jekyll and Hyde Audition Pieces**

### **Dr Stevenson**

I was the first woman they had ever admitted to their hospital. They were polite of course - but I knew they were judging me. That they wanted me to fail. In addition to which. . . well, the whole strange affair of Doctor Jekyll was one of my first very serious cases. It started barely weeks after they'd put me in charge of my first ward.

*(Stevenson is examining the Girl)*

Nothing broken. . . no other bleeding that I can see. I think she's mostly just scared. . . Any witnesses? Was there anybody else there who might have seen who attacked you? Can you give us the information we might need to make sure this doesn't happen to someone else?

Just a wash and dress please, Matron. Try and keep her quiet - and find her something clean to put on, if you can.

*(Later, Utterson mentions Jekyll to Stevenson)*

Not the Doctor Jekyll, sir? I've read several of his recent papers - on the roots of identity. I think they're. . . extraordinary. *(Sudden change from her admiration of a colleague)* Why on earth would you think the signature on the cheque might be Henry Jekyll's, Mister Utterson?

### **The Matron**

Doctor, she seems to be saying that somebody walked on her. Trampled her I think she said. Is this him, the gentleman that saw you being hurt? Shhh, lie still, the doctor means can anybody corroborate? Oh, well done Doctor, top marks.

**The Matron as Mrs Poole** *(The change is a vista so the audience know the Matron is being Mrs Poole)*

That's right my girlie. Jumps up and down on him like he was some sort of dreadful little ape, can you believe it? so she faints - the housemaid - she comes round - the police gets called, they find the body - all sort of mangled, it was, blood everywhere - and of course they say, do you recognise him. D'you mean the old one, she says - and they say yes - and she says sorry, no idea, well not with his face in that condition, officer - and so they say what about the other one, what about this little ape person so called, did you recognise his face - and oh yes she says, all of us girls round here know him. Never liked him myself. he gives me the creeps that Mr Hyde.

## **The Girl**

There was one person. A gentleman. 'E saw what happened. Why don't you ask him? Bet 'e don't tell you though. Ask him about the corner. Gets cold, standing on the corner of a night, don't it? Don't you shush me! 'ang on. You've only gone and got it the wrong way round, ain't yer - I was coming round that way. So the, er, little one or whatever must 'ave been coming round opposite. D'y'see?

Screaming? too bloody right I was. He was all bloody over me. Just like I said Doctor. 'E had this face, see and it was all sort of. When 'e looked at you. It made you feel you was all sort of - like you was really cold. And there was this crowd, miss, this whole crowd right round us - 'E had these eyes miss, but 'e didn't have a face. He must 'ave. Ev'rybody 'as a face!

## **Dr Jekyll/Mr Hyde**

### **Dr Jekyll** (*urbane charming*)

I see your point my dear Utterson, honestly I do - but I'm not at all sure that we're any of us capable of being defined by appearance. One has a duty to shine the light of enquiry onto a particular question - the war between the differing elements of a single nature. I believe that others will come after us - that they will outstrip our current state of knowledge - and that one day we will come to understand that not only do two basic and conflicting natures contend in every field of human consciousness, but that man will ultimately be known to contain multitudes - and that every mind - every body - will one day be known as a polity of multifarious, incongruous and quite possibly independent citizens.

**Mr Hyde** (*The particular voice, stance, manner will be developed in the rehearsal process but please have a go, bearing in mind Bartlett's notes on the character in the audition notice*)

What do you want? You won't find Doctor Jekyll in, he's away from home. Utterson, why don't you have my address. It's 14 Meard Street, Soho. Just in case you ever need to contact me in a hurry. . . .over anything legal. How did you know me by the way?

(*Sudden anger, then laughter*) Doctor Jekyll never mentioned me! Oh, Mister Utterson, I did not think you would have lied - See you in Soho - sir -

**Jekyll as Hyde** (*Again these moments of transition are to be developed in rehearsal*)

(*Jekyll is now fully Hyde. His body and voice weirdly childish. High on the violence. Very dangerous*)

How was I to get home to my drugs. . .Edward Hyde had been described you see - by that housekeeper - and I was being hunted. Oh yes, hunted, by the police, by women - my own bloody servants would have shopped me given half a chance. And then. . . .I thought of Doctor Lanyon! Good old kind respectable Doctor Lanyon. Somebody bring me a pen.

*(A terrifying snarl. An impression of great violence)*

I said someone bring me a pen.

**The Gentlemen** *(One of these gentlemen has to be a Jekyll double at one point in the play)*

### **Mr Enfield**

One figure was a man - a little man, stumping along at rather a good walk - coming round a corner - and the other was this girl here - running - I might say - at that time of night - and in that part of town. And then the two of them arrived simultaneously in front of this funny old black door. Actually Utterson, you know this door - we passed it the last time we were out, er. . .walking together. You remember - a rather sordid, disdained sort of back door it was. Distinctly. . .neglected. No bell or knocker anywhere. You remarked on it.

### **Mr Utterson**

*(Snappish)* No, evidently you don't see, Doctor! However, I shall attempt to explain. I keep in my safe a copy of the aforementioned Henry Jekyll's will - a will which he had recently asked me to alter by inserting a final clause that, in the event of his decease or disappearance, his entire estate - entire estate, please note - will pass into the hands of his friend, Mr Edward Hyde.

Sorry, I haven't been sleeping too well. Customarily I am of Cain's heresy - let your brother go to the devil after his own way - all that malarkey. . .but, after Enfield's story, doctor - well I found I kept on seeing this girl. At night. Girls actually. . . being trodden on. By that creature of Henry's.

### **Dr Lanyon**

It was midnight, miss. The note I had received made me already suspect that my former colleague might be insane - the victim, possibly of some fairly advanced cerebral disease - but all he asked me to do was to obtain supplies, then answer the door to a

messenger. I equipped myself appropriately (he has a gun) and let him in. In that moment I remembered that I took the oath as well. To tread with care, in all matters of life and death. To not play God.

### **Inspector Newcombe**

*(Finding the murder weapon)* I'm afraid this is it sir. So, the housemaid was right. . .white hairs, miss, mixed in with bits of, well you can see. Now, don't you worry Mr Utterson, sir. With that cane I reckon we've got 'I'm in our sights. We'll get some 'andbills out with a description straight away. . . get the paper working up a drawing

### **Guest**

Mister Guest, miss, I works as one of Mister Utterson's clerks, and I have this, well I have this hobby, miss. Graphology - how you does your handwriting. Now let me see. D'you see boys and girls - and Mister Utterson, sir. Lots of what we graphologists calls in the business identicalities - check out that 'E' check out his 'Rs' . . only, do you see? The two hands are differently sloped. This one dresses to the left so to speak - that one to the right. But otherwise the two of them might be twins.