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No. 15

# Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hy

OR

## A MIS-SPENT LIFE

A Drama in Four Acts

Adapted and Arranged from Robert Louis Stevenson's Novel

BY

LUELLA FOREPAUGH and GEORGE F. FISH

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LUELLA FOREPAUGH AND GEORGE F. FISH

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OR

307

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*A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS*

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED FROM ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S NOVEL.

BY

**LUELLA FOREPAUGH AND GEORGE F. FISH**

TOGETHER WITH ORIGINAL BUSINESS, PLOTS, STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AS  
SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED AT FOREPAUGH'S THEATRE,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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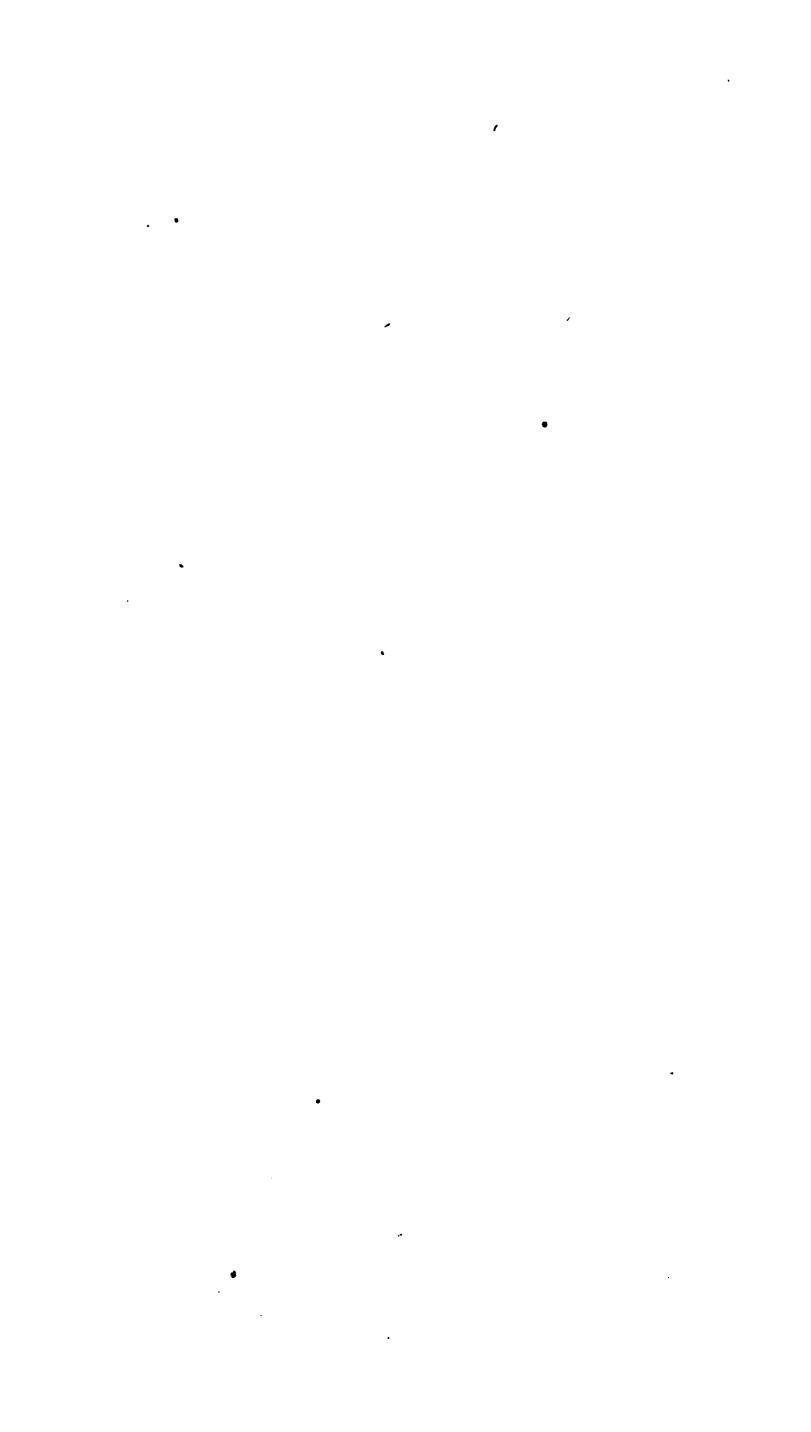
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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

<b>DR. JEKYLL</b> .....	
<b>MR. HYDE</b> .....	
<b>J. C. UTTERSON, ESQ.</b> .....	A lawyer of Chancery Lane
<b>REV. EDWARD LEIGH</b> .....	Vicar, and father of Alice.
<b>DOCTOR LANYON</b> .....	Of Cavendish Square.
<b>INSPECTOR NEWCOMEN</b> .....	Of the Scotland Yard Force
<b>PCOLE</b> .....	Butler of Dr. Jekyll.
<b>GUEST</b> .....	Mr. Utterson's clerk.
<b>MC SWEENEY</b> .....	A policeman.
<b>WILSON</b> .....	A detective.
<b>JAMES</b> .....	Footman to Lady Durswell.
<b>BIDDY</b> .....	A cook.
<b>ALICE LEIGH</b> .....	The vicar's daughter.

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## SYNOPSIS.

### ACT I.

Garden view of the Vicarage and Church. Evil against good. Evening at the Vicarage. Strange story of the villainous Hyde. The peculiar will. Pedantry *vs.* Progression. The warning. The evening service. The love of Alice and Dr. Jekyll. Faust and Marguerite. The transformation of the moral and physical man. The attack. Rescue. The murderer. Dr. Jekyll's secret.

PICTURE.

QUICK CURTAIN.

### ACT II.

Room at Mr. Utterson's. The tell-tale weapon. Utterson's suspicions aroused. Detectives at bay. Dr. Jekyll's remorse. The old clerk's discovery. A murderer's autograph. Alice's trust. Physical cowardice and moral shame. Utterson's promise. A dark past. A new future. SCENE 2.—The Vicarage. The Vicarage watched. The "bobby" and the cook. Detectives inside and outside. Appearance of Hyde. "Who are you?" Baffled again. "What is the matter?" Appearance of Dr. Jekyll. The dual lives.

PICTURE.

SLOW CURTAIN.

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## DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

3

### ACT III.

**SCENE 1.**—Room at Mr. Utterson's. The examination of the witnesses. "What relation exists between Dr. Jekyll and the murderer?" Redoubling the guard. Alice's despair. **SCENE 2.**—Dr. Lanyon's office. Dr. Lanyon mystified. A remarkable letter. The midnight visitor. Dr. Lanyon's portico. The crouching figure. The potent drug. A terrible revelation. Dr. Lanyon's prostration and metamorphosis of Hyde.

PICTURE.

QUICK CURTAIN.

### ACT IV.

**SCENE 1.**—Room at Mr. Utterson's. Darker and deeper. Light on the subject. Penetrating the mystery. "Is it Jekyll or Hyde?" **SCENE 2.**—Dr. Jekyll's laboratory. The pardon. To-morrow. The last struggle for supremacy. Retribution.

SLOW CURTAIN.

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### NOTE.

Transitions of Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde and Mr. Hyde to Dr. Jekyll are accomplished as follows :

Dr. Jekyll is played straight, and is dressed in full black suit with Prince Albert coat, wears dark wig with long hair ; wig is so arranged that it can be brought over so part of the hair can be brought over the eyes. Prince Albert coat is made with pleat down back, centre. The pleat will vary from four to five inches at the collar to about eighteen inches at the tails.

The first change at the end of the first act from Dr. Jekyll :—At commencement of change the footlights are half lowered, making stage partially dark. Dr. Jekyll writhes as though in physical pain ; assumes crouching position ; during this with one hand he pulls portion of the wig which is brought forward and falls in a tangled mass over his forehead and eyes, at the same time with other hand he releases button or hook which releases pleat and causes coat to hang like loose gown, thus concealing the fact that the character is standing in crouching posi-

tion. Green medium calcium is invariably used for Hyde. (See gas plot.) The character of Jekyll is played natural, without effect, and as easy as possible. Mr. Hyde is a dwarf; speaks in jerky manner, and aspirates his words.

The change in the third act—from Hyde to Jekyll—is simply the reverse of this. After taking the drug in Lanyon's office, Hyde rolls on floor in agony, getting behind and back of table. When change is complete Jekyll rises from behind table with face to audience, at the same time lights are raised.

All other changes are made off stage in like manner.

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### PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT I.—Bench R.; settee L.; small table L. 1; bell off L. 3 (ring at rise). Rustic chair at back C. Organ in church at cue. Walking stick, cigars, and matchbox for JEKYLL. Candlestick lit, R. 2. Cigar for UTTERSON.

ACT II.—Table L. 1; desk R. 2; walking stick of Act I. on writing-pad on table; chairs R. and L. of table L. Scene 2.—Dark change; set same as Act I.—Notebook for NEWCOMEN; documents for GUEST; written letter for JEKYLL; two letters for POOLE; dark lantern for MCSWEENEY, lantern to be lit; glass of wine for ALICE; dark lantern, lit, for WILSON; bunch of keys for HYDE; candle and stick, lit, L. 1, for JEKYLL, and step-ladder, L. 1, for McSweeney.

ACT III.—Lighted lamp; pistol on table L. 2; put arm-chair at change R.; clock strikes 12 at cue and knock; fireplace R., lit; graduated glass on table L. (Dark change and set to vision scene.) Box matches for LANYON; drawer for business; bottle of red tincture and powder for business; graduated glass to break on table L.; dark lantern for NEWCOMEN; cloth to cover drawer; knocker on door C., outside; handcuffs for NEWCOMEN.

ACT IV. Same as Act II.—Leather furniture; letter for ALICE; written large envelope and papers on table L. 1; small envelope in large one for business, written papers for business, for POOLE. Scene 2.—Dark change.—Arm-chair and footstool L.; table R.; glass of

## DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

3

red liquid on table; phial; mirror L. on small table L.; chimes and organ off L., at cue; lock on door C.; goblet on table; documents for JEKYLL; letter on table. Laboratory scene.—Bottles on table R., colored liquids in bottles; wood crash C. to break; dressing-gown on JEKYLL. Organ and chimes start at cue, "who had injured me."

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### GAS PLOT.

**ACT I.**—House lights out; foot and borders three-quarters up at rise; at ALICE'S entrance work gradually down to half and remain so until end of act. Green calcium from R. 1 on HYDE at cue, "too late, Hyde is here." Church drop illuminated all through act.

**ACT II.**—Scene 1.—Full up all through; house out; everything out for change. Scene 2.—House out; foots and borders half up till DR. JEKYLL comes on with candle, up three-quarters. Green calcium on HYDE from R. 1 when he enters from R. 1.

**ACT III.**—Scene 1.—House lights out; full up all through; everything out for change. Scene 2.—House lights out; borders out; foots down; when DR. LANYON turns up lamp, foots three-quarters up at cue. . . . Foots out. Lighting back of screen drop on MR. HYDE; when DR. LANYON comes on with lamp back of screen, light bunch L. 3 E.; when DR. LANYON opens door, white calcium on him from R. 3 E.; green medium from fireplace R. 2 E. on HYDE as he enters from L. 2 E., until he changes to DR. JEKYLL, then calcium out and foots up three-quarters. Picture—second curtain.—Bunch L. 3 E. lights when DR. LANYON comes on with lamp; lightning R. 3 E.

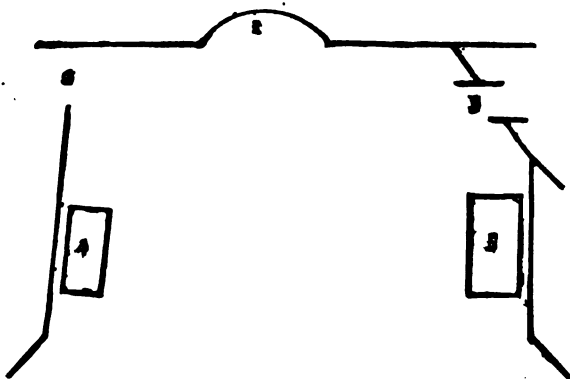
**ACT IV.**—Scene 1.—House lights out; foots and 1st and 2d borders up full; all out for change. Scene 2.—House lights out; borders out; foots half up; green medium from R. 1 E. on MR. HYDE at cue "Hyde is here" the third time.

### CURTAIN.

## SCENE PLOT.

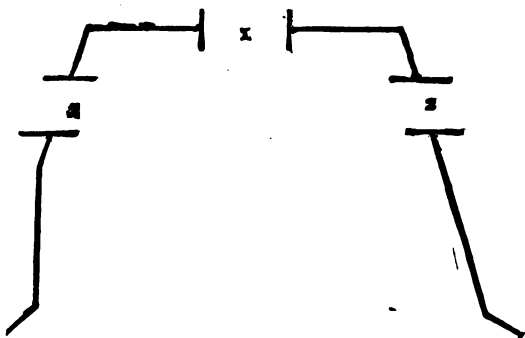
ACT I., Scene I.

Church drop.



1. Arbor. 2. Fence. 3. Fence wall. 4. Set house. 5. Set house steps and upper window.

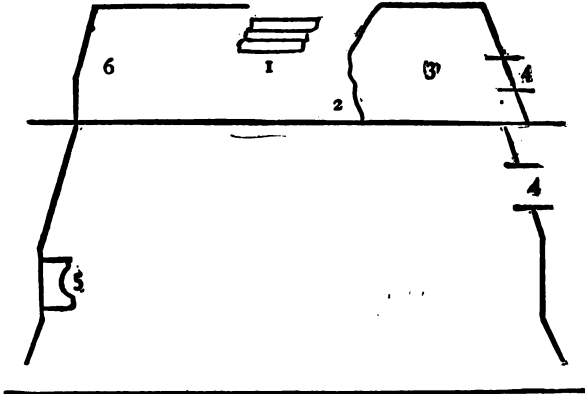
ACT II., Scene I.



SCENE I.—Centre arch. 2. Door. Plain interior.

SCENE 2.—Same as Act I., Scene 1.

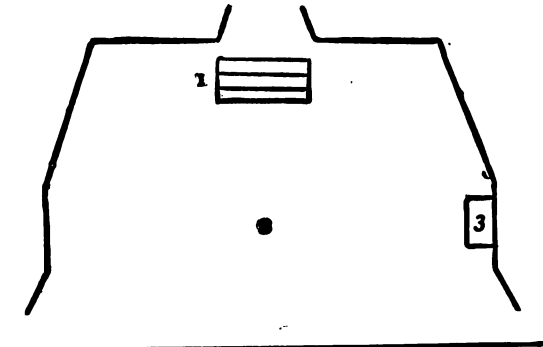
ACT III., Scene 2.  
Set house.



SCENE 1.—Same as Act II., Scene 2.

SCENE 2.—1. Steps. 2. Gauze drop. 3. Passageway of corridor raised on platform. 4. Door. 5. Fireplace. 6. Wood wings.

ACT IV., Scene 2.  
Breakaway Doors.



SCENE 1.—Same as Act II., Scene 2.

SCENE 2.—1. Steps. 2. Laboratory. 3. Bookcase.

Subject to Change.



# DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*Garden view of the Vicarage and Church. Set house with steps and portico set obliquely from R. 1 E. to R. 3 E. Practical doors in house-fence crossing stage at back, covered with creeping plants. Arbor over gate in C. of fence. Set house L. 2 E. and L. 3 E., with portico and steps. Stone or brick wall from house L. to fence at back running obliquely. Practical door in wall. Bell by side of door. Rustic bench large enough for three people to sit on, down stage R. Rustic chair L. opposite first entrance. Rustic chair and table L. at back. Church at back on drop. Choir boys heard singing hymns or organ playing before curtain rises when bell on wall rings.*

*Enter, from house L., POOLE. He comes down steps and goes to door in wall.*

POOLE. There's ringing at the back entrance. I don't see why they don't give us a little peace on Sundays. Come in. (*enter JAMES; POOLE goes R.*) The Doctor's life is not a bed of roses. (*to JAMES*) Well, what do you want?

JAMES. (C.) I want to see Dr. Jekyll.

POOLE. (R.) You can't see him. Don't you know that this is Sunday? And don't you know any different than coming here at the back door—

JAMES. I rang twice at the front door and couldn't get any answer. The case is an urgent one and I was told not to return until I had delivered my message.

POOLE. He is in the Vicarage. (*indicates house R.*)



partaking of his usual meal, and I'm not going to disturb him. You can give me your message and I will give it to him when he comes back. What is it?

JAMES. Lady Durswell presents her compliments and wishes to see Dr. Jekyll at once.

POOLE. All right, I'll tell him as soon as he comes out.

JAMES. Thank you. (*exit door in wall; be sure and close door*)

POOLE. It seems to me that Dr. Jekyll is the most sought after doctor in the city. (*about going up steps house L., thinks a moment*) I think that I'll go to the Vicarage and take a quiet cup of tea with Maria. (*comes to R.; exits back of Vicarage*)

*Enter VICAR from house R., crosses to L.; sits in rustic chair. UTTERSON follows him from house, comes down R., sits on bench.*

UTTERSON. (*first few words are spoken before either enter*) Come, let's smoke our cigars in the open air and talk over the times when we enjoyed long walks and an evening at the theatre. Ah, those were happy days!

VICAR. And why should they not be as happy now, away from temptation, in our quiet peaceful homes, where we do good to mankind?

UTTERSON. I'm inclined to Cain's heresy: I let my brother go to the devil in his own way.

VICAR. Tut—tut—(*deprecatingly*)

UTTERSON. It is true I don't mind helping a poor sinking devil occasionally, but I have lost all sentimentality—all romance—and will doubtless die a dried-up, shrivelled-up, matter-of-fact lawyer.

VICAR. In any extremity we should be inclined rather to help than to approve. Yours is hardly a Christian feeling, Mr. Utterson, but then I shall not reproach you, for a man must accept his friendly circle ready made for him, from the hands of opportunity, and what we have spoken of reminds me of a very odd story. What should you say if I told you that not very long ago I beheld the most horrible dastardly spectacle words can describe?

UTTERSON. Indeed, and what was it?

VICAR. I was coming about four o'clock in the morning from a visit to one of my sick parishioners, and my way led through a part of the town where there were

literally nothing to be seen but lamps. I passed through street after street until I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman, and at once I saw two figures: one was a little man, who was stumbling along eastward at a good walk, the other a little girl, running as fast as she could across the street. The child was about eight or ten. (*gets up and comes to* UTTERSON R.) Well, sir, the two ran into one another, naturally, at the corner, and then came the horrible part, for the man trampled the child under his feet with a fiendish joy. I took hold of my gentleman. He made no resistance, but he gave me one look that brought out the perspiration. (*down to* UTTERSON *and sits next to him*) The child's screams brought its parents on the scene. We told the man we should make such a scandal of this that his name would ring from one end of London to the other. "If you wish to make capital out of this accident, I am naturally helpless; name your figures," said he. Well, we screwed up to a hundred pounds for the child's family.

UTTERSON. And did he pay it?

VICAR. Indeed, he did. He took us through by-streets and alleys until we came to an old house with one door, no windows and not a sign of habitation. "Wait here," he said, and disappeared through the door.

UTTERSON. (*smiles*) And that was the last you saw of him?

VICAR. Not so, for he came out directly with a check for ninety pounds and ten pounds in gold.

UTTERSON. And the check was a forgery, of course?

VICAR. So I thought, and he seemed to know it, so he said quickly, "Set your minds at rest and I will stay with you while you cash the check."

UTTERSON. What? Was not the devil afraid of daylight?

VICAR. Together we went to the child's father's and waited till nine o'clock, when we went to the bank, where the check was cashed and not a question asked.

UTTERSON. What was the man like?

VICAR. He is not easy to describe; he was a fellow nobody would have anything to do with. There was something wrong about his appearance—something downright detestable. I never saw a man I disliked so. He must be deformed, although I could not specify the point, yet

he lives in my memory so vividly that I can see him this moment.

UTTERSON. Do you remember the name of the signer of that check?

VICAR. I shall never forget it—it was Edward Hyde. (*organ*)

UTTERSON. (*with a start*) Edward Hyde! (*gets up quickly, goes C.*)

VICAR. Do you know him?

UTTERSON. (C.) Never saw the man in my life. (*turning to VICAR*) Will you do me a favor? Never refer to this again.

VICAR. (*rises*) With all my heart! I shall shake hands on that, Utterson. (*they shake hands*) I must now prepare for evening service, my lambs are waiting for me. (*enters Vicarage*)

UTTERSON. Strange coincidence! When Henry Jekyll made his will he inserted a clause that in case of his disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months, all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his friend and benefactor, Edward Hyde, and that the said Edward Hyde was to step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay and free from questions, (*sits L. I.*) free from all burden of obligation beyond the payment of a few small sums to different members of his household. I refused to lend assistance in the making of the will, for I thought it madness. I now begin to feel it a disgrace. Formerly it was ignorance that stayed my indignation, now it is knowledge. It was bad enough when the name was but a name that I could learn no more of, but now that name appears clothed in raiment most hideous. (*rises*) What relationship can exist between this coward who finds delight in torturing little children and Dr. Jekyll, a man respected by all? I must learn more of this Hyde. If any man can solve this mystery it is Lanyon. I'll—(*turning up, sees LANYON, who enters from L. U. E. R. behind fence, comes through arbor C. and down*) Speak of the devil and he comes!

LANYON. Good-evening, Mr. Utterson.

UTTERSON. (L. C.) What brings you to the Vicarage?

LANYON. (R. C.) I wanted to see the Vicar, and you know that Alice looks so pale with two physicians to look after her—

UTTERSON. Then Jekyll is here? Yes, I fancy, J-e-k-y-l-l is getting dangerous, eh? (*poking him in the ribs*)

LANYON. Exactly; that is one reason of my visit here to-day.

UTTERSON. I suppose, Lanyon, that you and I are the two oldest friends Jekyll has. (*poking him in the ribs, saying*) Yes, I fancy Jekyll is getting dangerous, eh?

LANYON. (*laughing*) I wish the friends were younger, but I suppose we *are* and what of that. I see little of him now. (*crosses R. to bench*)

UTTERSON. Indeed, I thought you had a bond of common interest? (*sits on bench R.*)

LANYON. Yes, but it is more than two years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to grow wrong—wrong in mind—and though of course I continued to take an interest in him for the sake of Auld Lang Syne, I see but little of him now. Such unscientific balderdash would have estranged Damon and Pythias. (*sits on bench*)

UTTERSON. Did you ever come across a protégé of his—one Hyde? (*music, plaintive*)

LANYON. Hyde? Hyde? No, never heard of him.

*Enter JEKYLL from Vicarage, is followed by POOLE who crosses into house L., brings JEKYLL'S overcoat and hat from there and hands them to JEKYLL.*

JEKYLL. (*C., calling as he enters*) Utterson! Utterson! Hello, Lanyon, it's a long time since we met—getting a little gray.

LANYON. Yes, we are subject to these changes—we must take warning in time. (*JEKYLL puts on coat, POOLE exits L. When POOLE enters with coat, hat and stick he places hat and stick on table R. of door and goes to JEKYLL, who is C., and assists him to put on coat and then exits*) It is quite a while since we met. (*UTTERSON laughs, crosses; sits L. I.*)

JEKYLL. That is not my fault, it is yours.

LANYON. (*rises*) Where is the Vicar, I desire to speak to him.

JEKYLL. (*goes to table up L. for hat and stick*) He is in the house with Alice and the boys as usual on Sunday.

LANYON. (*goes to house R.*) Will I see you on my return, Doctor?

JEKYLL. No, I am called away professionally. Good-bye to you, Lanyon. (LANYON exits R. D.) Well, Utterson, are you going to remain here? (*picks up hat and stick and comes down*)

UTTERSON. I have been waiting to speak to you, Henry. You know that will of yours?

JEKYLL. (*comes down C.*) My dear Utterson, you are unfortunate in having such a client as myself. I never saw a man so distressed as you are about my will, unless it is that Lanyon at what he calls my scientific heresies. Oh, he's a good fellow—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him, but he is a hide-bound pedant for all of that, an ignorant blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any one than in Lanyon. (*at bench R. lighting cigar*)

UTTERSON. You know I never approved of it.

JEKYLL. My will? Yes, certainly, I know that; you have told me that before.

UTTERSON. Well, I tell you so again. I have been hearing something of your Hyde.

JEKYLL. (*starts for a moment, then with an effort controls himself*) I do not care to hear more. That is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop. (*goes C.*)

UTTERSON. What I heard was abominable.

JEKYLL. It can make no change; you do not understand the position, Utterson, which is a painful one, but it is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking.

UTTERSON. (*rises and crosses to JEKYLL*) Henry, you know me, I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of it and no doubt I can get you out of it.

JEKYLL. My good Utterson, this is very kind of you, and I cannot find words to thank you. I believe you, truly. I would trust you before any man alive, but indeed it is not what you fancy; it is not as bad as that, and just to put your good heart to rest, I will tell you that the moment I choose I can rid myself of Mr. Hyde.

UTTERSON. (L. C.) I hope so for your own good.

JEKYLL. (C.) I thank you, and give you my hand on it. (*extends hand, which UTTERSON clasps*) I will add one word, Utterson, and I hope you will take it in good part. This is a private matter, and I beg you to leave it as such; but as you have touched upon business and for the *last* time, there is one point I want you to understand.

I do sincerely take a great—a very great interest in Hyde, and if I am taken away I want you to promise you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would if you knew all, and it will be a weight off my mind if you will promise.

UTTERSON. I can't pretend that I shall ever like him.

JEKYLL. I don't ask that you should like him ; I only ask for justice. I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here.

UTTERSON. (*sighing*) Well, I promise.

JEKYLL. (*placing L. hand on shoulder, shaking head*) There, I knew you would. (*shakes UTTERSON'S hand with both his*) I cannot find words to express my thanks.

*Enter POOLE from house L., remains on steps.*

POOLE. The carriage is at the door, sir.

JEKYLL. Very well. (*exit POOLE L.*) Come, Utterson, I'll have the coachman drive you to your house. (*takes UTTERSON'S arm and they exit into house L.*)

*Enter LANYON and ALICE from Vicarage R.*

LANYON. (*to C.*) How comes it, Alice, that you have all those boys here ?

ALICE. (*going to R. corner*) Oh, papa loves boys and so you see on Sundays occasionally I make them stay to tea. Will you not stay and take tea with us, Dr. Lanyon ?

LANYON. That is impossible.

ALICE. (*comes up to R. of LANYON*) It is kind of you to pay us this visit ; we see very little of you lately.

LANYON. It is upon this subject that I wish to speak. Will you forego the service and devote a few minutes to me this evening ?

ALICE. (*C.*) With pleasure, if papa has no objections. (*bells are heard*)

*Enter VICAR from house R.*

LANYON. (*L. C. to VICAR*) I have asked Alice to forego the evening service ; she is not well, and the air will do her good.

VICAR. You are her medical adviser ; she has but to obey you. Shall I see you after the service ?

LANYON. I am afraid not.

VICAR. Well, don't be too long a stranger to the pew.

Good-bye. (*shakes hands with LANYON. Exit L. C. Organ. ALICE and LANYON go up also. VICAR turns and looks backward once more. Bus. of LANYON raising his hat. VICAR exits into church. ALICE and LANYON come down R.*)

LANYON. You do not see Dr. Jekyll often ?

ALICE. No, not often, for he always goes out doing good to his fellow beings.

LANYON. The doctor has a warm heart.

ALICE. A warm heart indeed, which beats for everybody. (*sits on bench R.*)

LANYON. You seem to take a great interest in Dr. Jekyll. (*aside*) I fear my advice comes too late.

ALICE. I do, and if it is upon this subject you wish to speak to me, and I strongly suspect it is, for I am no longer a child, we will go no further.

LANYON. (*R.*) It is upon this subject, but I fear I am too late.

ALICE. You are. We understand each other.

LANYON. Perfectly ?

ALICE. (*rises and crosses to C.*) No, but just as well.

LANYON. Well, Alice, think of the disparity in your ages, you are but twenty, while he—

ALICE. No matter, I answer with Desdemona, "I saw his visage in his mind." (*laughs heartily*)

LANYON. If it has gone as far as that I will say no more. I am too old to advise a woman in the matter of the heart, and too sensible not to hold my tongue. I do not like Henry Jekyll for reasons I cannot myself comprehend. I sincerely hope that he will make you an excellent husband, for he has a noble nature. God bless you, Alice. (*kisses her on forehead, goes up to C., lifts his hat and exits L. C. ALICE crosses R. as DOCTOR goes up. ALICE at bench R., back to audience. She sits on arm of bench, seemingly reflects for a few moments before speaking*)

ALICE. He does not like Dr. Jekyll, yet admits that he has a noble nature and a kind heart. How can he explain such contradictions ? It is only a spleen of the dear old doctor that we must try to dispel. Henry can do it ; he has such a great command over his fellowmen. He is so gentle, so kind. From a child I have been daring, wilful, high-spirited, but now I cannot often understand myself. Since I have met Henry Jekyll my whole nature seems to have undergone a change. (*Up R. C. B.*)

*Enter JEKYLL from door in wall, takes off and puts hat on table up L. ALICE comes down C.*

JEKYLL. Alone? (*reproachfully*) And not in church?

ALICE. Dr. Lanyon asked me to stay and entertain him.

JEKYLL. Oh, that pedant! Were you not bored? He's so dull. (*laughs; goes to C.*)

ALICE. How is it that two such brilliants should feel so bitter towards each other?

JEKYLL. There are things you would not understand.

ALICE. Not understand, Henry; you say that? You who taught me the mysteries of your science—how to extract poison from flowers—how to make those about me happy—how to love and be loved? (*goes R. to bench*)

JEKYLL. (*following ALICE R., seated on bench*) Better I had not, Alice; there are two natures in every man,—one of good and one of evil. He who has them under such control that the good always balances the bad is indeed blessed.

ALICE. Such is your nature, Henry, and for that I love you.

JEKYLL. You look through loving eyes, and are thus prejudiced; were I such a man as you say, with the power to raise my fellowmen, life would indeed be less unbearable.

ALICE. Love rules all things, the good as well as the bad.

JEKYLL. Not the bad, Alice, for there is no such thing as the entirely evil. There must be some good, some affection in everything. Love alone rules all things,—the earth, the sky, the sea, everything that has the garb of life. Love is supreme. (*during this he gets up and takes off his overcoat*)

ALICE. Such shall be ours. (*she rises, kisses him and goes up R. and picks flowers*)

JEKYLL. What are you doing?

ALICE. Imitating Marguerite.

JEKYLL. (*aside*) My God! I feel the change approaching. I must leave here at once and go to my cabinet. (*starts to go L., then pauses and returns for coat*)

ALICE. Where are you going?

JEKYLL. Only to my room for a moment. (*lights gradually down*)



ALICE. Very well, don't be long. (*goes to extreme R. U.*)

JEKYLL. (*starts towards door of house, having coat over his arm and cane in hand. In C. he drops cane and coat and staggers*) Too late—too late! (*appears to be in intense agony—writhe and changes into HYDE. When change is complete, throw green calcium light on HYDE who is C. of stage in crouching position*)

ALICE. (*who has been working with flowers at extreme end during change bus.*) How dark it has grown. I must go in. (*turns R. towards house, sees HYDE, starts and utters exclamation*) Who are you? What do you want?

HYDE. You! (*advances towards her*)

ALICE. (*retreating from R. C. to R.*) Leave this place at once, or I'll call for help! Dr. Jekyll! Dr. Jekyll!!

HYDE. Don't call him—I hate him—I'll kill him if he comes.

ALICE. (*calling*) Dr. Jekyll! Dr. Jekyll! (*HYDE, catching her by the waist, is about to dash her to the ground, when VICAR enters from church and throws HYDE L. ALICE runs up stage screaming. HYDE picks up cane and strikes VICAR on head. VICAR falls L. of C. HYDE continues striking him after he falls, then springs upon him, seizes him by the throat, all the time laughing with fiendish glee. Voices heard approaching. HYDE exits into house L.*)

POOLE. (*enters Vicarage with UTTERSON, all stand in consternation. UTTERSON C.*) I thought I heard Miss Alice's voice. Why there she is, is she dead?

ALICE. (*who, during this has fainted and comes to, rushes up to C. calling for help*) Father! Father! Father! Murdered!

UTTERSON. What! Murdered!

JEKYLL. (*who enters back, changed to JEKYLL again. To ALICE, last speech through D. in wall.*) By whom?

VICAR. (*raises hand—faintly*) By Hyde! (*ALICE is on floor with VICAR'S head in her lap; she is mourning. JEKYLL C. in great agony. POOLE R., UTTERSON by ALICE*)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

**SCENE I.**—*Plain chamber boxed C. D. D. L. 2. (set in such a manner that everything moves off R. and L. 2. E., and shows the Vicarage as in Act I). Writing table L. 2. Chairs L. 2, paper on table. Small desk R. 2, with chair.*

**UTTERSON** *discovered L. of desk. NEWCOMEN stands with broken stick at rise.*

**NEWCOMEN.** (C.) This will makes a deal of noise. Mr. Utterson, perhaps you can help us find our man. Now no one saw this Mr. Hyde but Miss Alice, and she and this broken stick are the only things found by the body of the Vicar in the garden. (*hands it to UTTERSON*)

**UTTERSON.** (*aside*) Great Heavens! The one I gave Jekyll!

**NEWCOMEN.** Will this lead to anything?

**UTTERSON.** (*rises, crosses to table L.*) No—(*bus. aside; puts cane on table*)

**NEWCOMEN.** We have traced him to an old house in Soho. I saw his old housekeeper, an old hag, who told me that he was not at home, but that he had been, not over an hour ago. She also said that his habits were irregular. It has been nearly two months since she has seen him until yesterday. We searched his rooms which had every sign of being recently and hurriedly ransacked.

**UTTERSON.** And what did you find?

**NEWCOMEN.** Clothes lay on the floor with their pockets turned inside out, drawers stood open, and on the hearth lay a pile of gray ashes as though many papers had been burned. From the ashes I discovered the burnt end of a bank book which had resisted the action of the fire. We thought we had him, as money is life to him, but we watched the bank without result.

**UTTERSON.** And is that all you have so far discovered?

**NEWCOMEN.** Yes, but the landlady, the old hag, seems to know a good deal. We are pumping her, and she will no doubt tell all.

**UTTERSON.** Do not be too sure; you will not find your task an easy one.

NEWCOMEN. Is this Hyde of small stature?

UTTERSON. Particularly small; wicked is what Miss Alice calls him. He has but few familiars. Few have seen him; his family cannot be traced; he has never been photographed, and the few that have seen him, and could describe him, differ widely except on one point. They all seem to agree that he is deformed.

NEWCOMEN. And that's the point I'll catch him on, no matter how many disguises he may assume. Unless he is the devil himself, I have him on the hip—the hunch, I should say. (UTTERSON *smiles and crosses R.*) When may I have an interview with the lady?

UTTERSON. To-day, if she is well enough. She wants to see you, so you had better remain until she comes. She is here with me, for, after the tragedy, as her father's oldest friend, I insisted upon her making her home with me.

*Enter GUEST at back.*

GUEST. Dr. Jekyll desires to see you.

UTTERSON. (to GUEST) Show him in. (to NEWCOMEN) Will you kindly remain down in my office and I'll see you?

NEWCOMEN. Certainly. (*exits R.*)

*Enter JEKYLL, C. D. L.*

UTTERSON. (R.) Why, Henry! Do you feel better?

JEKYLL. (C.) In body—yes.

UTTERSON. In mind?

JEKYLL. (*shakes his head*) There I'm ill—I'm ill.

UTTERSON. (*leans against chair at desk*) One word, Henry. The Vicar was my client, and so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. You are not hiding that fellow, are you?

JEKYLL. I swear before God I will never rest eyes on him again. I bind my honor to you that I am done with him in this world. It is all at an end! And, indeed, he does not want my help. You do not know him as I do. He is safe; take my word, he will never be heard of.

UTTERSON. You seem pretty sure of him, and I hope for your sake you are right. If it comes to a trial, and your name is mentioned—

JEKYLL. I'm quite sure of him. I have grounds for

certainty that I can't share with anyone, but there is one thing on which you may advise me; I have—I have received a letter, and I am at a loss whether to show it to the police or not. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson—I have such confidence in you.

UTTERSON. You fear that it might lead to his destruction?

JEKYLL. No, I do not care what becomes of Hyde. I am done with him, but I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed.

UTTERSON. (*unwillingly*) Well, let me see the letter. (JEKYLL hands him the letter; he opens it and reads) "Dear Friend Jekyll: You have been my friend and benefactor, and unworthy I have been. You need labor under no alarm for my safety, as I have means to escape on which I can place sure dependence.—Yours, Edward Hyde." Have you the envelope?

JEKYLL. I burned it before I thought much about it, but it had no postmark; the note was handed in.

UTTERSON. Shall I keep it?

JEKYLL. Do as you think best. I wish you to judge for me entirely. I have lost confidence in myself.

UTTERSON. Well, I will consider, and now one word more, Henry. It was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about the disappearance? (*he nods as if not liking to speak*) I knew it—he meant to murder you—you have had a fine escape.

JEKYLL. I have had what is more to the purpose. I have had a lesson. Oh, God! what a lesson I have had. (*bus.*) You must allow me to go my own dark way. I have brought on myself a punishment and a danger I cannot name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the chief of sufferers, too. I could not think that this world contained a place of suffering and terror so unmanly. You can do but one thing, Utterson, to lighten my destiny, and that is to respect my silence. (*exit C. D. L.*)

*Enter GUEST, C. R.*

GUEST. These documents require your assistance and attention. (*lays them on table L.*)

UTTERSON. (*crosses to GUEST L. C.*) Guest, you are my confidential clerk and, I might say, old friend. From you I have kept very few secrets.

GUEST. I hope I have always proven worthy.

UTTERSON. (*points to chair at L. of table*) Sit down, Guest, sit down. This is a sad business about the Vicar.

GUEST. (*sits L.*) Yes, it has elicited a great deal of public feeling. This man Hyde, of course, was mad.

UTTERSON. I have a document here in his own handwriting. I should like to hear your views on it. It is an ugly business at best, but there it is. (*hands it to him; crosses R.*) It is quite in your way, a murderer's autograph.

GUEST. (*studies hand*) No, sir; not mad! But it is an odd hand.

UTTERSON. And by all accounts an odd writer.

*Enter POOLE, C. D., with letter.*

POOLE. This letter is from Dr. Jekyll, (*hands it to UTTERSON*) and it should have been delivered yesterday. (*is going up C.*)

UTTERSON. By the way, Poole, there was a letter handed in at Dr. Jekyll's to-day—what was the messenger like?

POOLE. (C. D.) No, sir; nothing came by messenger to-day—only by post, and only circulars at that.

UTTERSON. (*bus. of JEKYLL having told falsehood*) You are certain?

POOLE. Yes, I am quite certain.

UTTERSON. (L. C.) That will do, Poole. (*exit POOLE C. D. L.*)

GUEST. Is that letter from Dr. Jekyll, sir? I thought I knew the writing—anything private?

UTTERSON. Only an invitation to dinner.

GUEST. (*lays them on desk side by side to compare them*) It is a very interesting autograph.

UTTERSON. Why did you compare them, Guest?

GUEST. (*rises, crosses to UTTERSON, shows letters*) Well, sir, there is a singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical, only differently sloped. (*UTTERSON compares them*)

UTTERSON. Rather quaint.

GUEST. It is as you say—rather quaint. (*goes up C.*)

UTTERSON. (*crosses R., then turns and speaks to GUEST*) I wouldn't speak of this to anyone.

GUEST. No, sir—I understand. (*exit C. R.*)

UTTERSON. (*R., examines letter*) My God! What can this mean? Henry Jekyll forges for a murderer!

Then there is a mystery between these two men and I am determined to unravel it. (*enter ALICE D. L. 2*) Why have you left your room?

ALICE. Oh, I could not remain there. It is unbearable. What news is there?

UTTERSON. (R. C.) Nothing as yet. One thousand pounds is offered, but as yet no claim.

ALICE. Does no one know anything or hear anything? Has Dr. Jekyll heard nothing? I have not seen him.

UTTERSON. He has just been here, and has gone out but a few minutes. He gave us a little information that may lead to unravelling the mystery.

ALICE. God bless him! I knew he could not rest until he had given me comfort.

UTTERSON. (*goes with Alice to L. 2*) You are worn out, my child, and had better return to your room, and rest assured that I will do all in my power to bring the assassin to justice.

ALICE. Do so, Mr. Utterson. He was your truest friend; avenge my kind, poor old father. (*exit, D. L. 2*)

UTTERSON. (*goes slowly to table L. with HYDE'S letter in his hand*) Easier said than done, my child. (*picks up stick, and looking at it, continues speech*) This is but another case added to the many mysteries in criminal history. (*crosses to R. 1 E. and exit*)

*Enter JEKYLL C. D. L.*

JEKYLL. I have been to my rooms in Soho and destroyed all my papers. I am safe in spite of Utterson's suspicions. Then why does this heaviness hang over my heart? Why does my conscience accuse me still? The deed was not mine—it was Hyde's. Hyde, who gloats over his crimes with light-heartedness. Am I responsible for Hyde's actions? I, who stand aghast before this horrible deed of violence? Courage, Henry, courage! It is not too late. My future will be devoted to my better self. Away, dark past! Come, future, with Alice at my side. There's a better life in store for me.

*Enter ALICE, L. 2.*

ALICE. I was told that you were here, Henry, and came to thank you.

JEKYLL. For what?

ALICE. For handing the murderer to justice. It was so kind and brave of you.

JEKYLL. The murderer to justice? What in the name of Heaven are you speaking of? I do not understand.

ALICE. I see you do not want to. You want to leave the honors to others. Mr. Utterson told me all.

JEKYLL. Oh, Alice, can you not let the matter rest! Others will fight for you and your rights.

ALICE. Do all you can to bring the murderer to justice. (*embraces him*)

JEKYLL. To seek revenge is unchristianlike and out of the province of a woman.

ALICE. You say that, Harry, because you are different from other men, but in this case it is not.

JEKYLL. To forgive is godly.

ALICE. But I am human, and I am determined to unravel this mystery and bring the murderer to justice. I will never rest until I see him standing on the scaffold. "An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth." (*crosses R.*)

JEKYLL. O God! (*kneels on floor*) Mercy, for God's sake!

ALICE. Henry, rise—this goes too far!

JEKYLL. (*rises. Faintly*) You are right—I have gone too far. He is not worthy of my compassion. (*sits L.*)

ALICE. (*goes to him, JEKYLL does not notice her. Aside*) Poor Henry—he is ill! (*aloud*) I'll go and get some refreshments. I'll be back in a moment. (*exit L. 2*)

JEKYLL. Another step and I am lost. She hunts the murderer of her father, and he stands before her—speaks of revenge and his own breath answers her. (*goes C.*) Oh, God! Hold me not answerable for the actions of this demon. Look into my heart; you will find it as pure as when I walked by my mother's side through thy house. (*starts*) My prayer is unanswered—the words re-echo in my ears—my eyes wander—ha—(*business of looking into vacancy C.*) What do I see! Hyde is captured! He is dragged through the streets to the tribunal! How the throng hoot and cheer—he begs for mercy—now a snowy-haired old gentleman lifts his face to heaven and demands justice—he is condemned—taken to the scaffold—now the noose is placed around his neck—Oh, horrible! horrible! (*drops into chair with his face in his arms on table—holds it there for an instant, then rises resolutely*) But what have I to fear? I am not Hyde! I am Jekyll!

For how long, though? The fiend may come upon me at any moment. I must have a friend—one whom I can trust—who, when I am Hyde, can furnish me with drugs to make me Jekyll again. Who? (*bus. of striking hands*) Lanyon! I will bind him by his professional honor to secrecy. There is not a moment to be lost. (*turns up C. and takes hat*) Farewell, Alice! Since the murderer of your father must be punished, your Henry is lost to you forever. Farewell, Alice. Perhaps a long and sad farewell forever. (*exit R. 1*)

*Enter ALICE L. 2 with glass of wine.*

ALICE. Here, Henry, is the most refreshing drink. (*looks about*) What! Gone? Poor Henry, I fear he was too ill to stay! (*puts glass on table L.*)

*Enter NEWCOMEN and UTTERSON R. 1 E.*

UTTERSON. Here, Alice, is the gentleman you wish to see,—Mr. Newcomen, chief of detectives.

NEWCOMEN. (R.) At your service, madam.

ALICE. (C.) And do you think we are on the right track of the murderer?

UTTERSON. (R. C.) He proposes to watch the Vicarage to-night, where he is sure to catch him. (*change ready*)

ALICE. And why there?

NEWCOMEN. There are well grounded precedents for the old adage, that a criminal always returns to the scene of his folly. I have told Mr. Utterson my views, and he strongly agrees with me.

ALICE. Are you going to the Vicarage as well, Mr. Utterson?

UTTERSON. Yes.

ALICE. Then take me with you.

UTTERSON. That is impossible.

ALICE. Oh, just think of the misery and anxiety, remaining here while you are away. Believe me, Mr. Utterson, I will be strong. The Vicarage was my home, and there the spirit of my father dwells.

NEWCOMEN. I think you had better let the lady go, Mr. Utterson. She may be of some use to us, as she is the only one who has seen this Hyde.

UTTERSON. All right, I will permit you to go if you promise not to leave my side.

ALICE. I'll promise. (*going L.*) I will join you in a



moment. (*exit D. L. 2 E. Re-enter at once with hat and exit with NEWCOMEN*)

UTTERSON. Come, let's go. We must be early into this mystery. (*speaking in door, exits after them. Lights go down*)

SCENE II.—*Same as Act I. The Vicarage. MCSWEENEY, a policeman, with dark lantern, enters R. 3 E. behind Vicarage.*

MCSWEENEY. (*crossing stage, looking about with lantern*) I'll have that Hyde if he comes here. I'll collar the devil. Now I wonder where Biddy is. She always remembered me on bakin' days, and she'll be after bringing me one of those nice pies. I thought I heard the door creak. Ah—there she comes.

*Enter BIDDY from house L.*

BIDDY. (*frightened, starts*) Is that you, Pat?

MCSWEENEY. (C.) Begorra, if it ain't I'll be after being a ghost.

BIDDY. (L. C.) Don't spake of ghosts, Pat. They're haunting me in my dreams and I can't get rid of them.

MCSWEENEY. Send for me, Biddy, send for me,—I'll drive them away. (*points, she looks up, he steals a kiss*)

BIDDY. Oh say—go away, Pat—you're a dangerous chap. You talk just loike them story books. I loike you, Pat.

MCSWEENEY. So do I loike you, Biddy. I say, Biddy, have you got any more of thim pies?

BIDDY. Shure I have, Pat. I'll go in and get one, and we'll sit on the steps and have a cozy chat.

MCSWEENEY. And we can have a cozy chat in the kitchen as well?

BIDDY. But if the master or Poole should catch you, I should be after losing my place.

MCSWEENEY. Oh, but the pantry is big enough to hide a policeman in.

BIDDY. But if Poole or the master catches you, say you came in for a glass of water.

MCSWEENEY. All right, Biddy, a policeman can always do justice to a glass of—water. (*going to house L. with*

BIDDY "*and is afraid of no man*" bus., and exit into house with BIDDY)

*Enter another policeman from R. U. E., comes down through arbor C., throws light from lamp after MCSWEENEY R. 3 E.*

WILSON. There goes McSweeney with the cook. He's got an easy job of it. He'll watch the inside of the house while I watch the outside. He'll do justice to the pantry as long as there is anything in it. (*whistle heard*) That's the Inspector.

*Enter NEWCOMEN, UTTERSON and ALICE R. 3 E.*

NEWCOMEN. (L. C.) That's right, Wilson; hold that bull's eye up and you'll scare away our game. Where's McSweeney? (ALICE C., UTTERSON R.)

WILSON. (L. corner) He's in the house, well taken care of by the cook.

NEWCOMEN. Why not take him into custody at once, Mr. Utterson?

UTTERSON. I have reasons, very grave reasons to wait. I want to be sure he has no accomplices. Is there any chance for his escape? (*comes down, and looks off R. 1 E.*)

NEWCOMEN. That's impossible.

UTTERSON. What's that object coming along the path?

ALICE. Oh, that's that horrible creature. (*ALL retire up stage*)

UTTERSON. You go into the house, Alice. Now for our man. (*ALL stand back. ALICE enters the Vicarage*)

*Enter HYDE R. 1 E., crosses to C. NEWCOMEN and UTTERSON behind Vicarage.*

HYDE. (*laughs*) A woman just now offered me a box of matches. I struck her in the face and she fled. (*laughs*) I love to torture women and children because they are so helpless. (*laughs*) This is the place I killed that preacher chap. (*smiles*) It serves him right for spoiling my fun that night and making me pay 100£ for trampling on that brat. What a jolly night I had,—I'll go in and drink on it. (*turns as if he hears some one behind him*) It's no one! It's no one! That goodie-goodie Dr. Jekyll, how I hate him! I'll kill him some day!—I'm so cold!—I'm always freezing!—I know what I'll do. I'll go into the house and write blasphemies all over his pious books. (*takes out keys and blows the end of key to clean it and places it in lock*)

UTTERSON. (*comes down and touches him on the shoulder*) Hyde, I believe.

HYDE. That's my name—what do you want?

UTTERSON. I just came to see Dr. Jekyll, and meeting you so opportunely I thought you might admit me.

HYDE. (*leaves door to L. C.*) You will not find him—the doctor is not at home.

UTTERSON. Will you let me see your face? (*HYDE hesitates, then makes a lunge at him with face towards him. As he makes this move, he takes off his hat*)

HYDE. (L. C.) Who told you my name?

UTTERSON. Dr. Jekyll.

HYDE. You lie. He didn't tell you.

UTTERSON. Come, you must be more civil.

HYDE. (*who has crossed to door and quickly opened it*) Go to the devil! (*exits into house, slamming door*)

*Enter ALICE from Vicarage. NEWCOMEN enters, goes to L. C.*

NEWCOMEN. That's exactly where I'll send you, my man! (*crosses to steps of house after him*)

ALICE. (R.) Quick, officers, before he does injury to Dr. Jekyll.

UTTERSON. We have him now, he cannot escape us. (*remains R. C.*)

ALICE. He will kill him! He told me so! I fear for him! I fear for Henry!

UTTERSON. Hush, child, he will do no more injury to anyone. We have him safe. (*ALL rush for door in house L.*)

*JEKYLL enters from door in L. house. He has a lighted candle in his hand when he appears at door.*

ALICE. Thank God, he is here!

JEKYLL. What's the matter? (*with light, surprised.*)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE.

*JEKYLL with ALICE on his R. NEWCOMEN enters house.*

*UTTERSON R. in surprise. MCSWEENEY appears at upper window. WILSON R. at B. MCSWEENEY and WILSON flashing lights.*

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act II., Scene I.*

**NEWCOMEN** is discovered seated L. of L. table. **UTTERSON** seated R. of table. **MCSWEENEY** C., standing up L. of C., **WILSON** R.

**NEWCOMEN.** (L. of L. table) What can you expect, Mr. **Uttersson**, when you are dealing with a parcel of idiots? Now that idiot there (*pointing to MCSWEENEY*) insists that Hyde did not get out the back door.

**MCSWEENEY.** (C.) Neither did he! (*very positive*)

**NEWCOMEN.** Then where did he get out?

**MCSWEENEY.** Out of his skin for all I know.

**NEWCOMEN.** Not out of the house—perhaps he's there still, you fool. If you had taken my advice you would have put the handcuffs on him immediately, Mr. **Uttersson**.

**UTTERSON.** (R. of L. table) I had reasons, very grave reasons, for not doing so, which I cannot name.

**NEWCOMEN.** And you see the results. (*to MCSWEENEY*) Well, did you see him?

**MCSWEENEY.** Sure and I did, and I followed him, and all of a sudden who did I see coming toward me but Dr. **Jekyll**.

**NEWCOMEN and UTTERSON.** (*start*) Dr. **Jekyll**?

**MCSWEENEY.** Then I thought that Hyde had gone upstairs, so up I rushed, and be the powers, I think he went out of the window when you saw me looking for him.

**NEWCOMEN.** This man has been on the force for twenty years, and were I not certain that he did not touch intoxicating drinks, I should say he was drunk or crazy.

**MCSWEENEY.** See here, Inspector, I've a family to support, but by the powers, I'll not stand this. No, sir, I'm neither drunk nor crazy, and if you suspend me the next moment, I'll say I saw Dr. **Jekyll** coming out of his laboratory. (*crosses to WILSON R. POOLE and WILSON laughing*)

**NEWCOMEN.** (*smiles to UTTERSON and touches temple*) Crazy as a loon. Now, Mr. **Poole**, when the bell sounded, where were you?

**POOLE.** (*coming down C.*) On the ground floor, sir, looking for the servants.

**NEWCOMEN.** Ah! And where were you, **McSweeney**?

**MCSWEENEY.** In the kitchen, sor, watchin'—

*Enter ALICE D. L. 2, listens.*

NEWCOMEN. (*imitating brogue*) In the kitchen, sor, watchin'—more likely in the kitchen hiding. Poole, does Hyde have access to the house?

POOLE. He often comes and goes by the back door, and we have orders from Dr. Jekyll not to take any notice of him.

NEWCOMEN. (*rises*) Hyde has free access to Dr. Jekyll's house. (*crosses to C.*) What relationship exists between Dr. Jekyll and the murderer?

UTTERSON. (*rises quickly and stands R. of table*) I think I can explain that. Dr. Jekyll has been operating on this poor specimen of humanity, but after the murder it was of course a daring thing to do. (*POOLE crosses to MCS.*)

NEWCOMEN. (R. C.) I shall have to see further into this, Mr. Utterson. I shall have to double the guard on Dr. Jekyll's house.

ALICE. (*comes forward*) Mr. Utterson, may I speak a word with you privately?

UTTERSON. Certainly. (*to NEWCOMEN*) Will you kindly take your men to my office on the next floor? I will send for you when I want you.

NEWCOMEN. Certainly, Mr. Utterson. (*exit R. 1, followed by WILSON*)

MC SWEENEY. I tell you I saw him, don't you think I have eyes? (*previous gag purposely left out*)

POOLE. (*crossing to R. 1.*) Yes, you have cross-eyes. (*exit R. 1. E.*)

MC SWEENEY. Begorra! they'll be trying to make me believe I'm dead next. (*exit*)

ALICE. (C.) What is this I hear? Hyde has free access to Dr. Jekyll's house. (*UTTERSON inclines his head*) He, the slayer of his bride's father, protected by Dr. Jekyll?

UTTERSON. (L. C.) So it seems. (*ready change*)

ALICE. You say so and yet take no action in the matter, and that is no doubt the reason he fell on his knees and begged for pardon. Henry Jekyll hiding the murderer of my father! It is my father for whom I mourn! My God! This is terrible! The very thought will drive me mad—frantic! (*crosses to R.*) I know what I'll do. (*crossing up to D. L.*) I'll go to him and tell him to choose between a murderer's companionship and mine.

UTTERSON. (*crosses R.*) You will not find him, Alice. He has not been seen for days.

ALICE. No matter, I will see him if I have to search from one end of the city to the other. If I have to see all London in a blaze, I will see into this at any cost. (*exit, much excited, L. 2*)

UTTERSON. (*at desk R.*) Poor Alice, let her rave and storm; she'll be calmer when it's over.

*Enter NEWCOMEN hurriedly from R. 1.*

NEWCOMEN. Good news, Mr. Utterson. Mr. Hyde has been seen driving in a hansom cab. We are on his track again, and this time we'll find him. (*exit rapidly R. 1 E.*)

UTTERSON. Don't be too sure of that man. (*meditating*) If I had not seen this man myself I should certainly say it was all a myth. Who says we are a prosaic nation, and all the stories of the Arabian Nights are fiction? This is certainly cloaked with wonderful reality.

SCENE II.—*Plain chamber boxed in 3, and instead of using flats at back, use gauze drop, with large bookcase painted thereon, transparent, back this with exterior house with steps to lead up to C. Leave table of Scene I., L. 2. Take off desk and chairs of Scene I. and put arm-chair in their place R. 2. Table and two chairs, L. 2.; arm-chair R.; revolver on table L.; a fireplace R. 3. Have as much room as possible between transparency and house at back. Set fireplace R. 3, and all back off L. C., before ringing up on act.*

*Enter SERVANT with lamp burning from L. 3 E., putting it on table L. Enter LANYON, L. 3.*

LANYON. Go to the carriage; under the seat you will find a drawer, bring it here. (*exit SERVANT, L. 3 E. LANYON takes off overcoat and hat, then speaks*) Well, Dr. Jekyll, I have done your bidding. (*enter SERVANT with drawer. LANYON places it on chair L. 2, and hands SERVANT coat and hat*) You may retire. I shall not need you again to-night. (*exit SERVANT L. 3 E.*) Had I not dined with Henry Jekyll yesterday, I should say he was mad this morning when I received this registered letter. (*sits in chair R., takes out letter and reads*)  
 "Dr. Lanyon, you are my oldest friend, and I call upon

you for aid. My life, my honor, my reason, are all at your mercy, and if you fail me to-night I am lost. I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night; to take a cab, and with this letter in your hand for consultation, drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has my orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is to be forced, and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed door, press letter E, on the left hand, breaking the lock if it is shut, and to draw out, with all its contents as it stands, the fourth drawer from the top. This drawer I beg of you carry back with you to your house exactly as it stands. At midnight I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hands a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hand the drawer you have brought with you from my cabinet. Think of me at this hour, laboring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can imagine. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save your friend, Henry Jekyll." (*goes to table L., takes pistol and examines it*) Now to examine my revolver before I receive the messenger of my fanciful colleague. (*puts it in his hip pocket. Clock strikes twelve off stage. Just after clock strikes, rap is heard outside.*) He has come. (*taking lamp from table L. 2, exit D. L. 3*) Lights down in front and up at back of transparency, showing HYDE still rapping on door of house. LANYON opens and appears, holding lamp in door. The wind is supposed to blow the lamp out) Do you come from Dr. Jekyll?

HYDE. Yes.

LANYON. Come in, sir. (*just as HYDE is stepping in door, NEWCOMEN appears from R. and throws light from dark lantern on HYDE'S face. HYDE gives him an ugly look, and steps through the door and closes it quickly. Lights down back of transparency and up one half of footlights. Enter LANYON with lamp (out) L. 3 E.; puts lamp on table L. 2. Enter HYDE, breathing very hard. HYDE enters just as LANYON is about to light lamp with an already ignited match. HYDE'S speech and action is so sudden that LANYON drops match without lighting lamp and goes to R.*)

HYDE. Have you got it? (*bus. of grabbing LANYON'S arm in excitement*)

LANYON. Come, sir, you forget that I have not had the

pleasure of your acquaintance? Be seated, if you please.

HYDE. I beg pardon, Dr. Lanyon, my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I came here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Jekyll, and I understood—*(bus., of being exhausted; puts hand to throat)* I understood a drawer—

LANYON. There it is, sir. *(points to chair L.)*

HYDE. *(looks at drawer in chair and then rushes to it frantically; bus. of putting hand to heart. Facial bus. and takes cloth that covers drawer, then smiles at LANYON with relief and sobs)* Have you a graduated glass?

LANYON. Yes. *(takes it from mantel R. 3, and gives it to HYDE)*

HYDE. Thank you. Now, Dr. Lanyon, watch my mixture. *(smiles, then turns to drawer on chair, from which he takes a small bottle with red tincture and empties part of it into glass and puts bottle back in drawer)* See how it brightens! It will grow darker! *(takes powder and puts it in glass)* This powder changes the purple into light green. *(as he puts in last powder)* The last ingredient, moral power, how I hate it! *(turns to LANYON)* Will you be wise? Will you be guided? Will you suffer me to take this glass into my hands and go forth from your house without further parley? Speak, for it shall be done as you decide. You shall be left as you are, neither richer nor wiser; or if you choose, a new province of knowledge and power shall be laid open to you *here*, in this room, upon the instant, and your sight will be blasted by prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan.

LANYON. *(startled, recovers himself)* Sir, you speak enigmas, but I have gone too far to pause before I see the end.

HYDE. 'Tis well. And now swear, by your professional honor, that this will remain your heart's secret until your dying day. Swear it!

LANYON. I swear it.

HYDE. *(laughs)* And now, Dr. Lanyon, you who have grovelled in the ditch of unbelief, you who so long have been bound to the most narrow and material views; you who have denied the virtues of transcendental medicine; you who have derided your superiors—behold! *(puts glass to mouth—out with all gas lights—drops glass*



*which should break, changes to JEKYL—lights full up—JEKYL stands C. smiling at LANYON sarcastically, who stands dumfounded R.)*

LANYON. Great heavens! Henry Jekyll! (*falls in arm-chair R.*)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE.

*Lights all out in front of transparency and all up back of it, JEKYL discovered coming from D. C. and exits R. By the flashes of lightning is seen UTTERSON with umbrella raised taking JEKYL'S arm, while NEWCOMEN and WILSON look after them, exhibiting astonishment.*

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act II. Work basket or fancy box on desk R. for ALICE. Large sealed envelope enclosed on table L. with other papers and writing materials.*

ALICE *discovered at desk R. reading letter.* UTTERSON *L. of table L. examining papers.*

ALICE. (*R. reading*) "My dear Alice, you must not be surprised nor should you doubt my affection, if my doors are always closed to you."

UTTERSON. That is exactly what he wrote me when I had been trying to see him for four months.

ALICE. What do you think is the matter? Do you think he is ill?

UTTERSON. Perhaps your coldness has driven him to this.

ALICE. (*rises to C.*) How could I do otherwise? Why should he give me no explanation concerning Hyde? Think of it—my future husband—but instead he shuts himself up as a wronged and injured saint.

UTTERSON. That's true! That's true!

ALICE. Well, Dr. Henry Jekyll, if you can be proud, so can I, and I swear that until you clear your name of every vestige of suspicion, so not a speck remains, we must be strangers. (*crosses R.*)

UTTERSON. My dear child, you take the matter too seriously. I have no doubt that everything will come out to your satisfaction. I wish I could give you better comfort but the death of my old friend, Dr. Lanyon, has quite unhinged me.

ALICE. Poor dear Dr. Lanyon. (*to desk R.*) Have you heard the cause of his death?

UTTERSON. It is said some sudden shock paralyzed his

powers, from the effects of which he never recovered. I have his papers here. (*taking up large envelope*) I haven't examined them yet. I'll do so now. (*taking up large envelope, reads*) "For the hand of J. C. Utterson alone. In case of his predecease, to be destroyed unopened." I have lost one friend, and if this should cost me another! (*breaks seal and takes out small envelope—reading*) "Not to be opened until the death or disappearance of Dr. Jekyll." (*rising, much excited*) Again, as in that mad will, it says disappearance.

POOLE *enters, much excited.*

POOLE. Good-evening, Miss Alice. Mr. Utterson!

UTTERSON. Bless me, Poole—what ails you?

ALICE. You look as though you had seen a ghost.

POOLE. (C.) Ah, Miss Alice. Ah, Mr. Utterson, there is something wrong.

ALICE. Is the Doctor ill?

UTTERSON. (*offers chair, which POOLE does not use. Brings chair from table to C.*) Come, sit down, Poole, compose yourself and tell us plainly what it is.

POOLE. (C. *standing*) You know the Doctor's ways, sir, and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in his cabinet, and I don't like it—I hope I may die if I like it. Mr. Utterson, I'm afraid.

ALICE. (*coming closer to him and laying hand on his shoulder*) My good man, be explicit—what are you afraid of?

POOLE. I've been afraid for more than a week, and I can't stand it any longer.

UTTERSON. There is something seriously amiss here.

ALICE. Try and tell us what it is.

POOLE. (C.) Well, then, I think there has been foul play.

UTTERSON. Foul play?

ALICE. (*sitting at desk*) What can the man mean?

UTTERSON. (*at table L.*) Why do you think there has been foul play?

POOLE. Well, sir, whatever is in the cabinet walks all day and the better part of the night. It's an ill conscience that creature has got for it gets no rest—an enemy to rest—and it moans and weeps like a woman, and the voice is changed. (UTTERSON *makes discouraging gestures with head. Sits L.*) Do you think I do not know Dr. Jekyll's

voice? Have I been twenty years in my master's service not to know his voice? No, sir, it's my opinion that the master was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out to God. And what's in that cabinet, and why it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven.

UTTERSON. This is strange talk, Poole! It doesn't commend itself to reason. Why, suppose it were as you said? Suppose Dr. Jekyll to have been as you said—*(ALICE starts violently)*—murdered, what would induce the murderer to stay in the cabinet? No, it won't hold water.

POOLE. (C.) Whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, it has been walking the floor all this week, and weeping like a lost soul, and crying for some sort of drug, I cannot bring to mind. It was sometimes the way of the master to write his order and throw it on the stairs. Well, we've had nothing but papers for the last week, and closed doors, and the very meals left on the steps to be smuggled in when no one was looking. Well, sir, every day, sometimes twice or three times a day, I have had orders and complaints, and have been sent to all the wholesale chemists in town. When I would bring the stuff back there would be another paper telling me to take the stuff away again, that it was impure, and an order on a different firm. This drug is wanted very bad, sir, whatever for.

UTTERSON. Have you any of those papers?

POOLE. (C.) Why, yes, somewhere. *(searching through his papers and pockets, at last finds one)* Here's one. (L. C.)

UTTERSON. *(takes paper, unfolds and reads)* "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw, and assures them that their last sample was impure and quite useless for his present purpose. Dr. J. purchased a large quantity from Messrs. Maw some time ago, and now begs them to search with the most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. cannot be described. For God's sake, send me some of the last?" How did you come to open it?

POOLE. The man at Maw's was very angry and threw it back to me as so much dust.

UTTERSON. This is undoubtedly the Doctor's handwriting. How could you doubt his existence?

POOLE. I don't care; I've seen it.

ALICE. (*rising*) Seen what?

POOLE. (*crosses from L. C. to R. C.*) It—the thing—he—him—it was this way: I came in suddenly from the garden; it seems he had slipped out to look for the drug or whatever it is, for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the end of the garden digging among the crates. He looked up as I came in and gave a kind of a cry, and whiffed up the stairs into the cabinet. It was only a moment I saw him, but my hair stood on my head like quills. If that be my master he has a mask on his face, and why did he cry out like a rat and run from me?

UTTERSON. I begin to see daylight. (*crossing to C.*) Your master is evidently seized with one of those maladies which torture and deform the body, hence the alteration in his voice; hence the mask and avoidance of his friends; hence the eagerness for the drug by which he hopes to get ultimate help. (*change ready*)

ALICE. God grant that you may not be deceived.

POOLE. Amen to that! But that was not my master. Do you think after twenty years' service I do not know my master, when I see him every morning of my life. No sir, that thing in mask was not my master. God knows what it was, but not Dr. Jekyll. Why, my master was tall and straight—a fine built man, while—(*impressively*)—this man was a dwarf. (UTTERSON and ALICE utter low exclamations as though with one thought, then look at POOLE) In my opinion there has been murder done. (*exclamation from ALICE*)

UTTERSON. If you say that, Poole, much as I would like to respect your master's feelings, I shall consider it my duty to go with you, and, if necessary, to break in the door. (POOLE goes up to C. D.)

ALICE. And I will go with you.

UTTERSON. You may on one condition; that you remain calm.

ALICE. You need have no fear of me. The experiences of the last few weeks have made a changed woman of me. (*goes to D. L. 2*) I will be ready in a moment. (*exit for hat*)

UTTERSON. (*going to desk R. takes up hat*) She can stay with the housekeeper while Poole and I investigate the matter. (*re-enter ALICE. POOLE exits C. Putting ALICE off C. D.*) And now to find out whether Jekyll or Hyde. (*all lights out*)

**SCENE II.**—*Representing physician's laboratory ; light boxing ; flat in 3, with door C., locked with sliding bolt, so arranged as to allow it to be broken when locked. Fake mirror to break on pedestal, with arm-chair and footstool behind it, L. of table R., and chair with bottles and skulls ; a tumbler filled with red liquid, and small phial on table.*

*JEKYLL discovered at L. of table R.*

**JEKYLL.** I have ransacked London for the drug in vain, which proves beyond a doubt that the drug was impure at the first, and it was the unknown impurity which lent sufficiency to the draught and was the cause of all my misery. Half an hour after I have taken my last drug, I shall sink into the terrible creature that is within me. This then, short of a miracle, is the last time Henry Jekyll can see his own face or think his own thoughts. I am losing my original self and becoming more and more incorporated with my worst nature. There was a time when I could tell the feeling that heralded the coming of Hyde, but all that is changed now. I go to sleep as Jekyll and get up as Hyde. Those papers for Mr. Utterson, I hope he will get them before that ape of a Hyde destroys them through malicious joy and hatred towards me. Will he die on the gallows, or will he have courage to swallow this poison? (*showing phial. With a start looking at wrist*) What's this I feel. The demon is coming. Hyde is— (*rises, rushes to mirror L., looking into it and sinks into arm-chair*) Not yet, thank God, not yet! Alone I stand, despised and hated by all. If I could only have a friend to help me ; a dog to lick my hand, to comfort me— but to die all alone— (*knock at C. Alarm*) What's that! Has my hour arrived? (*crosses to table R.*) Can it be my pursuers? (*takes up bottle of poison, takes out cork*) Who's there?

**ALICE.** (*outside*) 'Tis I—your Alice!

**JEKYLL.** Oh, joy, 'tis she! And yet I dare not see her but I can hear her voice.

**ALICE.** Open the door, Henry!

**JEKYLL.** Have I not one draught left by which I can obtain a brief assistance of my better self. Oh, if I could only stand her existence I would die in peace.

**ALICE.** Please open the door, Henry.

JEKYLL. I will, upon one condition, that you will promise to leave me as soon as I bid you.

ALICE. I swear.

JEKYLL. Come, friend. (*taking up glass*) I never clutched you with half as much joy before. (*drinks all—puts on dressing-gown, goes to C. D. and opens it*)

ALICE *enters and comes down one or two steps to R. of C., looks at JEKYLL.*

ALICE. (*with sympathy*) Why, this is not Jekyll!

JEKYLL. (*wild and turning to glass quickly*) How so? (*sees face in mirror, sinks into arm-chair*) True, sickness has laid me very low. (*chimes*)

ALICE. (*kneeling in front of him*) Why don't you let me nurse you?

JEKYLL. That's impossible, besides it's not a bodily ailment, but the mind—I'll soon recover—

ALICE. And then we'll be united never more to part.

JEKYLL. When I am well we'll marry and be happy. I dreamed last night we were married and in Heaven. There were green lawns and sparkling waters there as here. We saw the stars quite near and we were so happy and your face was as white as marble.

ALICE. How beautiful!

JEKYLL. Then all at once a voice said: (*rises*) "How can you be so happy when you know there are other poor souls miserable below, pleading for mercy." It struck me as a warning and when I awoke I pardoned all on earth who had injured me. (*chimes heard and starts*)

ALICE. (*rises*) And so will I! (*raises her face towards Heaven*) May all who have injured me find pardon there as I forgive them!

JEKYLL. (*embraces her*) May all who have injured me find pardon there as I forgive them here. God bless you for that prayer, Alice, I feel so happy that, like a child I could cry for joy. You must leave me now; we'll meet again.

ALICE. When? To-morrow? (*on his R.*)

JEKYLL. Perhaps.

ALICE. Then I will say good-bye! (*starts to go*)

JEKYLL. Alice!

ALICE. (*in his arms*) Henry!

JEKYLL. My darling!

ALICE. Husband!

JEKYLL. Farewell!

ALICE. No, not farewell—only good-bye, until to-morrow. (JEKYLL goes with ALICE to C. D., exit ALICE C.)

JEKYLL. (locks door and comes down C.) Until to-morrow—to-morrow—on which no sun shall ever rise for me; but now my soul is clear I can die in peace. (chimes) Ah, those chimes remind me of that terrible night. (on one knee C.) O God, look into my heart and forgive my sins,—you were right—I was wrong to tempt you! (rises and with hands to Heaven. Lights down) Ah, I must pray—pray to keep away the demon. (making change) Ah, the fiend is coming—yes, Hyde is here. (green lights on, organ playing) Stop that damned organ, it offends my ears. (going to table R., takes up goblet) Ha, ha, ha! (loud rapping outside and MR. UTTERSON demands admittance and as the scene goes on makes it louder) They've come for me. (HYDE jumps on chair beside table and, taking bottle, breaks another with it till table is clear, being careful to have poison in hand) They're going to take me to the gallows—(uncorks bottle)—but Hyde don't die on the gallows—he-he-he-ha! I've killed two people already—here goes for the third—Jekyll—I've always told you I'd kill him—(drinks poison and falls C. quivering—dies. Door broken open and enter UTTERSON and POOLE, UTTERSON goes L., POOLE R. at back of HYDE. Looks at HYDE in astonishment)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.

FOR RECALL.—POOLE with head bowed. UTTERSON standing by table, opens envelope—looking at papers,—looks at HYDE, still quivering in the throes of death.

CURTAIN.

## The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

## June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

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# The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents

# Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents

# The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males & 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

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ew comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The  
"Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays  
nales. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain  
one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors.  
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about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also,  
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comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and  
in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experi-

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## MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touch-  
6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes mod-  
¾ hours.

iful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, uny  
ng and original plot and is essentially modern in th  
ory concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a  
laughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a y  
her father's employ and had stolen a large sum o  
ds, when suddenly all traces of the young man ar  
ts some old friends who are trying in almost wast  
through motives benevolent, she determines to sink  
dity in that of a refined but humble little Irish wa  
re in want. She not only carries her scheme to succe  
at finds romance and much tense and lively advent  
incognito, aside from capturing the young man who  
he story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic  
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