

DR JEKYLL AND MRS HYDE

an original screenplay

by

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Memorial Films Ltd.,
Aspen House,
25 Dover Street,
London W.1.

19.1.77

01-491 7621

FOREWORD

DR JEKYLL and MRS HYDE, though predominantly a comedy, is also a love story, a study in narcissism and an exposé, in funny terms, of the hypocritical Victorian attitude towards women. Dr Jekyll, though outwardly respectable, is an adventurer. His alter-ego, Mrs Hyde, the only woman he can really love represents everything a Victorian lady should not be.

Stylistically, the film will be shot in muted colours, with the pictorial effect of John Huston's 'Moby Dick'. The joint scenes between the two characters will be achieved through a mirror device. Jekyll's reflection will be that of Mrs Hyde and vice versa; and so for the scenes together, one will either walk into the mirror image of the image of the room or step out of the mirror image into the real room. It will be noticed that as the character of Mrs Hyde takes over, Jekyll's image becomes smaller and fainter.

The film will have an international cast observing the convention that American stars can perfectly well play English characters (i.e. Spencer Tracy in Metro's DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE).

The relationship between Dr Jekyll and Utterson is one of hero worship on the part of Utterson. A parallel would be Watson's attachment to Holmes. Mrs Hyde's outrageous modes of dress and behaviour cause understandable shock to her contemporaries. To many of them she seems as horrifying as the Mr Hyde in the original Stevenson story.

1 INT. DOCTOR HENRY JEKYLL'S LIVING ROOM

It is a very functional Victorian bachelor gentleman's living quarters.

OLIVER POOLE pours himself a glass of white wine. POOLE is about sixty, something of a tippler, and exudes benign eccentricity.

POOLE

(straight into camera)

My name is Oliver Poole. Cheers!
(sips on wine)

In my position as butler to the Jekyll family, I have known Henry Jekyll, man and boy, for forty years. Even as a child, he was filled with enormous curiosity and a spirit of adventure.

His parents, now deceased, for reasons of health, were an example to us all, and young Henry received the finest preparation for life at one of our leading public schools.

(BLACK AND WHITE STILL OF IVY LEAGUE PUBLIC SCHOOL)

POOLE (V.O.)

It was here at Charterhouse that he learned what it was to be an English gentleman.

2 INT. LARGE GYMNASIUM

Very stark. (Still black and white). Half is filled with boys in dark shirts and white shorts; the other half contains an equal number of boys in white shirts and dark shorts. The MASTER stands on the podium, whistle in hand.

MASTER

Gentlemen, as all of you know, the object of the game of 'Throbbings' is for each team to get into the place where the other team is. If, after six days, there is no

decision, the match will be declared void
and recommenced the next day.

MASTER blows whistle and the boys hurl themselves at each
other in a general mess.

3 INT. HEADMASTER'S STUDY

The YOUNG JEKYLL, bandaged, is seated.

POOLE (V.O.)
Here too, he was warned of the grave
mortal dangers that confront young men.

HEADMASTER
Jekyll, I thought it was time I had
a bit of a chat with you. You will
probably have noticed that all of the
pupils here are boys.

JEKYLL
Yes, sir.

HEADMASTER
Some boys are different from other boys.
There are good boys and there are bad
boys. Bad boys do things, if you get
my meaning, Jekyll. They play tricks
with themselves, and I would just like
to warn you, Jekyll, that Science has
proven that boys who play tricks with
themselves end up in the mad house and
even go blind!

JEKYLL
Yes, sir.

HEADMASTER turns and crashes violently through the French
windows ...

4 EXT. RUGBY FOOTBALL FIELD

The game is in progress.

POOLE (V.O.)
And most important of all, Henry Jekyll
ran into his life-long friend, John
Utterson.

Shot of JEKYLL pursuing UTTERSON who has the ball. JEKYLL
tackles him. UTTERSON's shorts fall to his knees. JEKYLL's
face is embedded in UTTERSON's bare backside. (This is simply
intended as a visual joke and has no homosexual overtones)

(FREEZE FRAME)

MAIN TITLE sequence over

5 EXT. JEKYLL AND UTTERSON ROWING IN SKIFFS

6 EXT. RUNNING THROUGH WOODS

7 EXT. SWIMMING IN RIVER

8 INT. BOXING

9 INT. WRESTLING

10 EXT. PLAYING TENNIS

11 EXT. RIDING BICYCLES

12 THROWING PAPER DARTS AT EACH OTHER IN THE CLASSROOM OVER
THE TITLE SEQUENCE (STILL IN BLACK AND WHITE) WE HEAR "A
VERY ROMANTIC SONG" ...

"Boys will be boys"

This whole sequence should be an accurate parody of the
"Raindrops Keep Falling on my Head" scene from 'Butch
Cassidy and the Sundance Kid' (Newman & Ross)

(First Verse)

Boys will be boys
And what a boy enjoys
Is playing games and making war
The way his father did before
Boys will be boys, will be boys

(Second Verse)

Henry and John don't need anyone
Honour father, love thy mother,
Just keep playing with each other
Boys will be boy, will be boys.

(ROOM SERVICE: 'BRING ME UP A LYRICIST')

The song ends on a romantic two-shot of JEKYLL AND UTTERSON.

13 EXT. PUNT ON RIVER

JEKYLL reclines languidly. UTTERSON is operating the pole.
(Possibly on the last note of song, UTTERSON and pole remain
embedded in the river, while JEKYLL floats on.)

POOLE (V.O.)
To this day, Henry Jekyll and John
Uttersson remain very close.

14 INT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE (COLOUR FOOTAGE FROM NOW ON)

Door reads 'John Uttersson, Solicitor & Commissioner for
Oaths'. DR JEKYLL is an extremely handsome man and one might
guess a bit of a womaniser. JOHN UTTERSON is a slightly
quieter version of JEKYLL. He is seated behind his desk
poring over JEKYLL's Tax Returns.

JEKYLL
How does it look, John?

UTTERSON
I've done my best Henry. Do you
realise that out of every pound you
earn, six pence is swallowed up by
the Government? It's criminal!

JEKYLL
Do you think my tax returns will
hold water?

UTTERSON
There's just one item I may find a
little difficult to justify - a claim
for two hundred pounds for 7,474 mice.
Revenue may query that one.

JEKYLL
They're essential to my research, John.

UTTERSON
Well, last year they did judge your
gorilla deductible.

15 INT. LABORATORY

Laboratory is situated at the end of the garden. It is filled
with period scientific equipment and features many caged
animals, the most prominent of which is CLAUDE, the gorilla.
JEKYLL is standing at his work bench, which is strewn with
crucibles and many coloured vials, experimenting with a number
of spotted mice. He pours one of the potions into a small
feeding trough.

16 INT. LIVING ROOM

DISSOLVE TO Interior of JEKYLL's living room where POOLE
is looking after MARY WALLS. An attractive young lady who
fancies herself as the future Mrs Hyde.

MARY
How long do you think the doctor
will be, Poole?

POOLE
I cannot say Miss Walls. A
scientist does not recognize time.

MARY
I'm so excited about his new
appointment.

POOLE
Gynaecologist to Her Majesty?
It is indeed a tremendous
opening.

MARY
I imagine now he has achieved
this position he will be looking
forward to settling down.

POOLE
I don't follow you madam.

MARY
Well you know, wife, family,
children, cosy home.

Reaction shot of POOLE dismayed.

MARY
Now let's get these flowers
arranged.

POOLE
Miss Walls, the Doctor is not
fond of flowers. He is perfectly
happy with his cacti.

MARY
Oh nonsense Poole, what this
house needs is the feminine touch.
Now, let's have the roses over
here.

She gestures towards desk.

POOLE
The doctor likes his desk
uncluttered.

MARY
I am not cluttering it, I am
decorating it.

POOLE
Yes, madam.

He shoves the roses clumsily into a waiting vase and
plonks it on the desk.

MARY
No, Poole, they need arranging.

She goes over and flutters about with the roses, stands
back and admires the arrangement.

MARY
No, Poole, that's not quite right,
we'll have to get rid of the curtains
they clash with the flowers.

DISSOLVE

16A EXT. GARDEN DAY

JEKYLL coming home from laboratory towards French windows.
He enters.

16B INT. LIVING ROOM

His living room has been transformed into a floral display.
There are vases of flowers everywhere. POOLE looks slightly
embarrassed.

JEKYLL
Sorry to keep you Mary.
Good God what's all this?

POOLE
(discreetly)
I'll leave you two alone.

MARY
Henry, I just thought I'd make
everything a little bit more
homely.

JEKYLL
What've you done with my cacti?

MARY
They're so ugly Henry, such awful
prickly things.

JEKYLL
I'm an awfully prickly thing.

MARY
No, Henry, underneath it all
is a cuddly little teddy bear.

POOLE re-enters.

JEKYLL
Yes.

POOLE
Her Majesty desires to see you
most urgently.

JEKYLL
Right. Will you show Miss Walls
to her carriage and pop along to
the Apothecary and get me this

list of preparations.
(aside to Poole)
This damned woman is determined
to marry me.

MARY
Goodbye darling.

DISSOLVE

17 INT. HALLWAY OF THE PALACE

USHER
Her Majesty will see you now,
sir.

USHER leads JEKYLL to a doorway and knocks respectfully.

VICTORIA
(from within)
What is it?

USHER
Dr Jekyll to see you, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
Show him in.

18 INT. QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIVING ROOM

VICTORIA
We are delighted to see you, Dr
Jekyll.

JEKYLL
It is my pleasure, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
To be brief, Dr Jekyll. You
remember that medicament that you
gave to me a few days ago for my
cramps, what was the substance?

JEKYLL
Tincture of Cannabis Sativa ...
an extract of a tropical plant.

VICTORIA
It gave me great relief from my
pains and for a few hours, I felt
removed from the burdens of the
monarchy. I felt well, how shall
I put it, high and mighty. Would
you be so good as to give me
another dose?

JEKYLL
By all means, Your Majesty. I
too, find the sensation extremely
pleasurable.
(takes small vial
from his doctor's bag)
Might I suggest you mix it with a
little Malvern water.

VICTORIA
Thank you. Albert disapproved.
He was of the opinion that anything
that causes one pleasure must be
damaging, but then I persuaded him
to try a little and he burst into
wild and joyous German song and
dance ... and I don't know whether
I should tell you this or not, Doctor,
but the two of us entered together ...
How can I put it delicately?...

JEKYLL
Conjugal bliss, Your Majesty?

VICTORIA
The fuck of a lifetime, Doctor.

19 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

JEKYLL is peering at a spotted mouse through a microscope.
POOLE enters.

JEKYLL
Did you manage to get all that stuff
from the Apothecary, Poole?

POOLE
In actuality, sir, there is a
nationwide shortage of ground

madrogora root, but seeing as it was you, sir, they gave me the quantity you desired.

JEKYLL
Excellent!

POOLE
Your scotch and water is on the table, sir.

JEKYLL
Thank you, Poole.

POOLE exits. JEKYLL pours himself a scotch and water.

JEKYLL
Hello, Claude ...

GORILLA roars.

It's good to see you too ... now if you will excuse me, I have a little work to do.

JEKYLL gives a mouse a pill. The mouse turns green.

DISSOLVE TO

20 EXT. GOLF COURSE

JECKYLL, UTTERSON, RONALD LANYON and FREDDIE DINGWELL are approaching the first tee, followed by caddies. LANYON is a blustering, self-righteous, Victorian hypocrite and cheat. Deeply envious of JEKYLL and his appointment as the Queen's gynaecologist. DINGWELL is a somewhat reticent and nervous figure. LANYON'S CADDY is a minute figure struggling under a huge bag of clubs.

LANYON
Get a move on, lad, we haven't got all day.

CADDY
Sorry, Dr Lanyon.

They reach the tee and start taking practice swings.

LANYON
Still messing around with those spotted mice, Henry?

JEKYLL
Yes, the genetic experiments are going well.

LANYON
Damn waste of time!

JEKYLL
Perhaps like you Ronald, I should devote my time to rich elderly widows?

UTTERSON
What shall we play for?

LANYON
What about a guinea a hole?

JEKYLL
Fine by me. Alright for you Lord Dingwell.

DINGWELL
Absolutely.

LANYON
(teeing up)
And I warn you, I know this course backwards.

He hits a very low drive that hits the ladies' teebox and rebounds and hits his CADDY who falls to the ground.

LANYON
Get up boy, and give me a spoon. And don't fidget when I'm swinging.

JEKYLL
I think it's still your shot, Ronald.

LANYON
No, you two go ahead ... I want to look at this lie.

As JEKYLL, UTTERSON and DINGWELL drive off, LANYON adjusts his ball to a more favourable position and hits it.

21 EXT. FAIRWAY

JEKYLL, UTTERSON, LANYON and DINGWELL walking down.

UTTERSON
Damn attractive girl, that Mary.

JEKYLL
She and I are well aware of that.

LANYON
When do you think you are getting married?

JEKYLL
I'm not ... I'm not even engaged yet.

DINGWELL
I'd move quickly before someone snaps her up.

LANYON
(lining up shot)
Mary would do you a world of good, Jekyll. Give you a good solid base. If I didn't have my dear Janet, I'd be all over the place.

LANYON
(hits a ball into tree ... turns to Caddy)
Why didn't you warn me about the wind!

22 EXT. GREEN JEKYLL, UTTERSON AND DINGWELL

LANYON is not in sight.

JEKYLL
When and if I find a woman of real intelligence, the perhaps I might marry.

UTTERSON
(lines up and putts)
Intelligence is all very well, Henry, but my little Claire has something else ... a warmth ... a tenderness ... I know she'll make me a marvellous wife.

JEKYLL
I'm sure she's an expert in Household Management.

LANYON arrives.

Ah, there you are, Ronald.

LANYON
Damn squirrel ate my ball. Hole void, eh? Rule 23. You know what they say Henry, behind every great man there has been a woman.

JEKYLL
(putting)
And behind every mediocre man, there's been a silly bitch.
(holes 30 yard putt)

Reaction shot of furious LANYON.

DISSOLVE

25 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

CLAUDE the gorilla.

JEKYLL
Claude, you may be about to witness something strange, but do not be alarmed.

He carefully measures and mixes up various potions. He takes off his jacket and sits down in a chair opposite a large mirror and quaffs the concoction. On swallowing the substance he goes into a most exaggerated form of the traditional transference scene ... clutching his head, moaning, staggering about the laboratory, rolling on the floor, swinging from the

rafters, and finally ends up seated in the chair again, his hands still covering his face ... he very slowly lowers his hands and looks up into the mirror ... he is exactly as he was before.

JEKYLL

Shit!

He lights a cigar and pours himself a large brandy ... crosses his legs ... puffs on the cigar and takes a relaxed swig of the brandy. Suddenly his shirt buttons pop open ... he looks up again into the mirror and now sees an enchanting vision, a voluptuous lady, extremely sexy, cigar and brandy still in hand. MRS HYDE has arrived. She gets up and examines herself more carefully in the mirror ... touches the places of her body that anyone would touch under the circumstances ... is pleased and reassured. She wanders around the laboratory, testing her walk and puffing nonchalantly on the cigar. She passes the gorilla cage.

MRS HYDE

How do you like me, Claude?

CLAUDE claps.

MRS HYDE

Have a banana ... Now what do I need?

She takes a tape measure and measures herself ... Bust, waist, hips, inside leg and feet ... She notes all these measurements down in a book ... She raises a glass of brandy into the mirror.

MRS HYDE

Your health, Dr Jekyll. Here's to us. Now, let's see if your antidote works.

She takes one last self-admiring look in the mirror.

God, I'm so beautiful. I can scarcely bear to see me go.

She quaffs the potion. Reaction shot of CLAUDE applauding.

26 INT. JEKYLL'S STUDY

He is writing down notes in his diary. POOLE enters with champagne.

JEKYLL

I want you to join me in a little celebration, Poole.

POOLE

(uncorking champagne)
A successful experiment, sir?

JEKYLL

Greatest experience of my life, Poole. I have seen the most intelligent and beautiful woman in this Universe.

POOLE

Congratulations, sir. Cheers.
Might I enquire as to the lady's name, sir?

JEKYLL

Her name? Ah yes, certainly ... she must have a name. She's a strangely elusive creature, Poole. Now what shall she be called. Do you care for Lydia, Poole?

POOLE

It has a certain mystery, sir.

JEKYLL

Well, that happens to be her name. Pray, raise your glass to Lydia Hyde.

POOLE

To Lydia Hyde! Is she a young lady, sir?

JEKYLL

You could say she's an exact contemporary of mine. You'll meet her very shortly.

POOLE

I can't say how happy I am, sir,
that at last you have found a
woman you deem worthy of your
interest.

JEKYLL
She's truly remarkable, Poole.
I wish to have you look after her
as if she were me. She's to have
access to the house and my labora-
tory, and be so good as to carry
out her every instruction.

POOLE
Shall I prepare the spare bedroom,
sir?

JEKYLL
That will not be necessary.

POOLE
(knowingly)
I understand you completely, sir.

27 INT. UTTERSON'S OFFICE

UTTERSON is seated with a client, TEDDY BEAMISH, a somewhat
florid and debauched young man.

UTTERSON
As I see it, your wife has absolutely
no grounds for divorce under the 1837
Act, which is still current.

JEKYLL enters.

JEKYLL
I'm sorry, I didn't know you
were with a client.

UTTERSON
You know Teddy Bemish?

JEKYLL
Yes, of course. From the Club.

BEAMISH
Sit down, Henry. John's just
sorting out my bloody divorce
thing.

JEKYLL sits.

JEKYLL
Are you sure you don't mind.

BEAMISH
Of course not.

UTTERSON
Now, Teddy, your admitted adultery
is irrelevant, furthermore you have
not beaten her.

BEAMISH
Well, I did tell you about the
cricket bat.

UTTERSON
You have not beaten her in a cruel
and violent manner. These are the
key words contained in the law.

BEAMISH
No, I was too pissed at the time
to catch her.

UTTERSON
There is no evidence of bestiality
on your part. Oh, there is one thing
her lawyers might bring up, a rather
delicate matter, sir. Is it your
habit to sodomise your wife?

BEAMISH
Bugger her? I haven't frigged her
in years.

UTTERSON
Might I enquire then why you oppose
the divorce?

BEAMISH
She's got all the money.

UTTERSON

(stiffly)

I think you'll find the law is on your side. Good day!

BEAMISH exits.

JEKYLL

What a nasty little sod!

UTTERSON

I know Henry ... it's just my job to enforce the law as it stands.

JEKYLL

Well, now John, you can do something for me and incidentally a woman for a change.

UTTERSON

That's what?

JEKYLL

A small business matter, John, want to change my will.

UTTERSON

Certainly, what aspect in particular?

JEKYLL

The whole damn thing. I wish to leave my entire estate to a certain Mrs Lydia Hyde.

UTTERSON

Mrs Lydia Hyde. I've never heard of the lady.

JEKYLL

She's new to me too, John. I have only know her few hours.

UTTERSON

And you want to leave her everything?

JEKYLL

Emphatically! In the event of my death or disappearance, the entire estate is to go to this lady.

UTTERSON

Are you on drugs, Henry. What's this talk of disappearance? As your friend I can't possibly write that into a will.

JEKYLL

As my lawyer, you'll have to, John. People sometimes disappear don't they?

UTTERSON

Well, I find it most unusual and disconcerting, Henry.

JEKYLL

I think you'll find her a most unusual and disconcerting woman.

UTTERSON

And where does this Mrs Hyde reside?

JEKYLL

Ah, at the moment she is staying with me.

UTTERSON

Isn't that a little indiscreet. Suppose the Queen finds out.

JEKYLL

I hope to find her separate accommodation tomorrow. Please be so good as to draft me a new will immediately.

UTTERSON

And you insist on 'disappearance'.

JEKYLL

I insist, John. Good evening.

UTTERSON

So be it, Henry, but I do it under protest.

DISSOLVE TO

28 INT. JEKYLL'S DINING ROOM DAY

JEKYLL is eating his breakfast kippers.

JEKYLL
Poole, we need to do some shopping
this morning.

POOLE
Very good, sir.

JEKYLL
Do you know of a good place to get
hold of ready made ladies' clothing?

POOLE
What sort of clothes, sir?

JEKYLL
Well, you know, whatever they wear -
underwear, dresses, night-gowns, the
lot ...

POOLE
Well, the better class of ladies'
clothes is made to order, sir.

JEKYLL
Haven't got time for that. You see,
Mrs Hyde hasn't got any.

POOLE
None at all, sir?

JEKYLL
Not a stitch. She is bereft.

POOLE
I understand that Watling's in
Knightsbridge have a good reputation.
Might I suggest that it would be
better for Mrs Hyde to do the shopping?

JEKYLL
Don't you think the staff at Watling's
might look down their noses at a naked
lady?

POOLE
Might I enquire as to how she lost her
clothes?

JEKYLL
This will seem odd to you, Poole.
Mrs Hyde has not lost her clothes,
she's yet to gain them.

POOLE
I understand, sir.

JEKYLL
Do you?

POOLE
Not at all, sir.

JEKYLL
Let's go.

29 INT. WATLING'S STORE KNIGHTSBRIDGE

It is a small smart fashion shop. Very traditional. The
MALE ASSISTANT is simultaneously pompous and obsequious.

JEKYLL
I want the entire wardrobe.

ASSISTANT
Of course, sir. Might I enquire what
size the Lady wears.

JEKYLL consults his notebook.

JEKYLL
Her bust measurements are 36 inches ...
waist 22 inches ... hips are 36 inches ...

ASSISTANT
And her waist to ankle, sir?

JEKYLL
Waist to ankle? Uh, I'm afraid I've only
got her inside leg measurement and that's
28 inches.

ASSISTANT
Her inside leg, sir.

JEKYLL
Yes, her crotch to her ankle.

ASSISTANT
Woman's attire is not measured in terms
of inside legs, sir. Waist to ankle is
the norm.

JEKYLL
Well, just use your common sense.
Poole, how many inches would you say
there were between the lady's crotch
and her waist?

POOLE
From my experience, sir, about
the length of a hand. The late
Mrs Poole's crotch, God rest her
soul, was a mere
(he measures his
left hand with
his right hand)
this distance from her navel?

JEKYLL
So add six inches to her inside
leg and you've got her waist to
ankle.

ASSISTANT
That'll be 34 inches. Now, where
shall we start?

JEKYLL
I'll start at the bottom and work
our way up. Could I see your
knickers?

ASSISTANT produces selection.

Yes, they seem a little staid and
unadventurous.

ASSISTANT
We cater only for respectable women, sir.

POOLE is trying on an assortment of bonnets.

POOLE
This is rather a saucy little number,
sir. It gives one a certain 'je
ne sais quoi'.

ASSISTANT
I'll show you La Toute Toilette.
Is the lady an equestrienne?

POOLE
She is the most superb horsewoman
the world has ever seen.

JEKYLL
(aside to Poole)
You haven't met her, damn you.

POOLE
For a lady to gain your respect,
sir, I'm sure she is adept at
everything.
(to Assistant)
She is also a most superb ice-skater
and balloonist.

JEKYLL
I'd like a good selection of stockings,
nightgowns, several pairs of shoes,
size six.

POOLE is now holding some extravagant crinoline in front of
himself.

POOLE
This is a rather fetching little
ensemble, sir.

ASSISTANT
And I might suggest a breakfast gown,
a luncheon outfit and of course, some
tea attire, and the lady will doubtless
require a selection of evening gowns.

JEKYLL

You make it sound as if women spend their whole time changing clothes.

ASSISTANT

They do indeed, sir. Refined ladies find it a most agreeable way to pass the time.

POOLE

Mrs Hyde is also a most extraordinary nauguess.

JEKYLL

What's that?

POOLE

A swimmer sir. She cleaves the water like an otter.

JEKYLL

Poole, as you seem to know so much more about Mrs Hyde than I do, I suggest you make the entire selection and I'll go and find some underwear.

30 EXT. SOHO STREET

JEKYLL comes up to "Ye Olde Naughty Knicker Shoppe" with a sign reading 'Be twenty one or be gone'. He enters rather sheepishly.

31 INT. NAUGHTY KNICKER SHOPPE

It has the same intimidating aspects of today's 'adult' bookshops. In addition to the display of skimpy continental items of underwear that are pinned to the walls, there are also shelves of books about flogging all firmly sealed. There is a sign saying 'Exchange at half price'. There is also a sign pointing to a back room behind a partition which reads 'THIS WAY FOR THAT WAY'. In one corner of the shop are a series of coin operated peepholes with the legend 'Poses Plastiques'. Various Victorian equivalents of men in mackintoshes are shuffling around fingering the wares. JEKYLL approaches a peephole and inserts a coin and peers in. A nude lady in a somewhat improper position and obviously extremely bored revolves slowly on a pedestal, occasionally swatting flies with her fan. The PROPRIETOR approaches JEKYLL from behind.

PROPRIETOR

Can I help you sir?

JEKYLL

I'm looking for some underwear.

PROPRIETOR

Of course, sir. What did you have in mind?

JEKYLL

Well, something rather saucy.
(he fingers various items)

PROPRIETOR

Of course, if you'd prefer some of the real stuff, just step behind here with me and I'll show you a few eye-openers.

He indicates the back part of the Shoppe. Nervously JEKYLL goes back with him to the hard core porn section.

JEKYLL

Yes, well I rather fancy those knickers and suspender belts.

PROPRIETOR

These bras are a bit of alright, aren't they, sir.

JEKYLL

Yes, I think they'll suit me well.

PROPRIETOR

If you'd like to step into the cubicle and try them on.

JEKYLL

No, no, they're not for me ... just a friend.

PROPRIETOR

I understand sir, that'll be six sovereigns.

JEKYLL pays.

How about some boots and whips?

JEKYLL

No thanks.

PROPRIETOR returns to his position at the front of the Shoppe.
A MAN appears from the back in high heeled black boots, a whip, bra, black stockings and suspender belt.

MAN

Are you James Pettigrew?

PROPRIETOR

Yes.

MAN

I must ask you to accompany me.

PROPRIETOR

Get out of here, you old pervert.

MAN

(producing warrant
card from his bra)

I'm a plainclothes police officer.

JEKYLL exits surreptitiously hiding his face.

32 EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE

UTTERSON knocking at the door looking solemn. Door is opened
by POOLE in a yellow bonnet, obviously tipsy.

POOLE

Ah ... Mr Stutterbum.

UTTERSON

It's Utterson. What on earth are
you doing in that ridiculous hat?

POOLE

A little too flowery do you think?

UTTERSON

Is your master in?

POOLE

I expect him momentarily. Would
you like to live in the waiting
room, sir?

33 EXT. JEKYLL'S LIVING ROOM

UTTERSON

Have you met Dr. Jekyll's new lady
friend, Poole?

POOLE

Not as yet, sir, but I had the
pleasure of selecting her clothes
this morning. There are some lovely
little lacy numbers I'm sure you'd
appreciate, sir ... decorous, but
with a hint of the unknown. The
kind I imagine your fiancée would
espouse.

Enter JEKYLL.

JEKYLL

Hello, John. I trust Poole has
made you at home.

UTTERSON

He seems to be obsessed by my
fiancée's clothes. He's obviously
drunk.

JEKYLL

Probably over-tired. We had a
rather hectic morning.

UTTERSON

So Poole was telling me. Now, Henry,
I've brought along this wretched will,
but I must advise you against such a
document.

(aside to Jekyll)

Has this woman got some kind of hold
over you?

JEKYLL

Mrs Hyde is extremely intelligent
and my closest companion.

POOLE
A superb concert pianist.

UTTERSON
Of course, I can't prevent your signing it.

JEKYLL
Let me have the document.

UTTERSON hands it over and JEKYLL signs.

Poole, will you witness this deed.

POOLE
Of course, sir.

UTTERSON
Before you sign, Poole, I insist you take off that hat. It may not be illegal to witness a solemn document in a yellow bonnet, but it's certainly against the spirit of the law.

POOLE
Whatever you say, sir.
(removes bonnet
and sighs)

UTTERSON retrieves the document and all three move out into the hallway.

34 INT. HALLWAY

UTTERSON
And might I enquire as to when I shall meet your new found friend, Henry?

JEKYLL
My dear John, I do believe you're jealous. You shall meet her very soon. Poole, will you show Mr Utterson out. Good day, John.

JEKYLL shakes UTTERSON's hand and rushes upstairs. UTTERSON looks bemused.

UTTERSON
Have you noticed any change in your master, Poole?

POOLE
He seems like a new man, sir.

35 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

The main feature of which is a large double four poster. JEKYLL is untying boxes of clothes and pulling out very demure petticoats, crinolines and shawls. He lays out an ensemble on the bed and unwraps a brown paper parcel containing the skimpy results of his visit to the Naughty Knicker Shoppe. They lie in startling contrast to the very proper clothes displayed by their side. There is a knock on the door.

JEKYLL
What is it?

POOLE (V.O.)
I was just returning the bonnet, sir.

JEKYLL
Well, keep it for the moment, Poole. It suits you. And give Claude his lunch.

POOLE (V.O.)
At once, sir.

JEKYLL gets the potion out of his case. He undoes his shirt buttons. Swallows the potion.

36 INT. STAIRWAY

POOLE going downstairs. He hears an enormous clattering and banging from the upstairs bedroom. He looks upward, takes a swig from a hip flask and continues downstairs.

37 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

MRS HYDE is now there.

MRS HYDE
(surveying the array
of clothes)

Jesus Christ! The man has no taste!

She rifles through the various crinolines and essentially feminine garments that POOLE has selected. She holds them against herself and looks in the mirror with obvious distaste.

It's all so frilly and feminine in the wrong way. There must be a way of dressing that doesn't make one look like a doll.

(she picks up the boots)

The boots are alright.

She rifles through some more clothing and comes across a dress.

MRS HYDE

I might be able to make something of this.

She holds the dress against herself, reaches for some scissors and begins to snip it up the side and take about a foot and a half off its length.

DISSOLVE

38 INT. JEKYLL'S LIVING ROOM

POOLE enters through French windows. MRS HYDE enters carrying DR JEKYLL's bag. She has transformed the rather proper dress into a very saucy midi skirt that is slit up the side and looks ravishing. Also she is carrying a cloak.

MRS HYDE

Ah, Poole.

POOLE

(admiringly)

Mrs Hyde?

MRS HYDE

Yes, thank you for all the shopping you did for me this morning.

POOLE

I trust everything met with your satisfaction?

MRS HYDE

I fear our tastes do not exactly coincide, but thank you for your efforts.

POOLE

It was a pleasure, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE

I'm going out for a while.

POOLE

Yes, Mrs Hyde. Shall I call you a carriage?

MRS HYDE

I think I'll cycle.

(puts several fivers in her blouse)

POOLE

I'm afraid we have no ladies' bicycles.

MRS HYDE

Then I'll use Dr Jekyll's.

POOLE

(wistfully)

Didn't you even like the blue bonnet?

MRS HYDE

Yes, it had a certain 'Je ne sais quoi'.

39 EXT. LONDON STREET

MRS HYDE's first excursion as a woman. Her appearance and demeanour cause a mixture of shock and admiration. TWO WORKMEN whistle enthusiastically. YOUNG MAN doffs his hat. A very disapproving NANNY is pushing a pram along, she looks with disgust at the leggy MRS HYDE failing to notice that she is steering her charge towards the steps of the house that lead down to a cellar. NANNY and baby crash violently down. She stops at a newspaper seller.

SELLER

That'll be a halfpenny, my lady.

Instinctively she reaches inside her breast pocket, but there are only fivers there.

MRS HYDE
I'm terribly sorry, I seem to have no change.

SELLER
Have this one on me, it's a pleasure to do business with a lady as pretty as you.

He hands her a copy of the newspaper.

She cycles off.

40 EXT. LONDON PARK

MRS HYDE is seated on a bench with the newspaper. She reads the headline 'Is Jack The Ripper A Woman?', and turns to the property section. There are numerous ads for 'bachelor flats'. At last she finds 'SOHO STUDIO FLAT SUITABLE FRENCH AND ENGLISH. GRECIAN CULTURES ALSO WELCOME.'

An elegant UPPER CLASS MAN approaches and sits on the bench.

MAN
Hello.

MRS HYDE
Good day.

MAN
Smashing weather we're having.

MRS HYDE
It is nice.

MAN
May I introduce myself?

MRS HYDE
If you wish.

MAN
Well I won't give you my real name but you may have heard of me as Jack the Ripper.

MRS HYDE
I bet you say that to all the girls.

DISSOLVE TO

41 EXT. SOHO STREET

It is a somewhat run down, gaslit street frequented by prostitutes and drunks. One of whom is lying against the railings. MRS HYDE parks her cycle and takes cloak from the basket on her cycle to cover her somewhat risqué midi dress. She knocks on the door of No. 10. It is answered by MR KEMBERTON, a seedy lustful character.

KEMBERTON
Good day.

MRS HYDE
I saw an advertisement for a studio flat. My name is Mrs Hyde.

KEMBERTON
Oh yes, Come in.

42 INT. HALLWAY TO STUDIO

MRS HYDE
Are you the owner of the property?

KEMBERTON
No, I just manage it for the Church Commissioners. Now if you'd like to see the accommodation.

He leads her upstairs.

43 INT. STUDIO FLAT

A large airy room with a skylight and prominent windows facing the street.

MRS HYDE
I like it ... especially the large bed.

KEMBERTON
(opening cupboard)
As you'll see, there's ample cupboard
space.

A number of strange devices including whips tumble out.

Ah ha, just a few nick-nacks left
by the former tenant.

MRS HYDE
What was he? An animal trainer?

KEMBERTON
It was a she, missus. How shall I
put it ... she was what we call a fille
de joie.

MRS HYDE
A prostitute.

KEMBERTON
Yes, she was getting on a bit and fell
behind with her rent.

MRS HYDE
How much was that?

KEMBERTON
Twenty guineas a week.

MRS HYDE
Isn't that very high?

KEMBERTON
Well, in her prime she did have ...
forgive the double entendre, a very
high turnover ... but of course, for
a lady like you it would be a much
lesser sum.

MRS HYDE
You mean the Church charges more
for prostitutes.

KEMBERTON
Oh yes.

MRS HYDE
And then chucks them out when they're
past it?

KEMBERTON
That's about the sum of it.

MRS HYDE
Well, I'll take the place ... could
you give it all a coat of white
paint?

KEMBERTON
Might I enquire if the lady has any
references?

MRS HYDE
I have here a letter of introduction
from Dr. Henry Jekyll.

KEMBERTON
The Queen's gynaecologist?

MRS HYDE
Yes, I have an arrangement with him.

KEMBERTON
Say no more.

MRS HYDE
And where might I find the previous
tenant?

KEMBERTON
Lucy Radlow? At this time, she'll
be at the Cat and Whiskers, drowning
her sorrows, poor soul.

44 INT. CAT AND WHISKERS PUBLIC HOUSE

Decorative mirrors, sawdust on the floor and tankards hanging
around the bar. Seedy and sodden clientele. MRS HYDE goes up
to bar and talks to LANDLORD.

MRS HYDE
Where could I find Lucy Radlow?

LANDLORD
That old whore? She's over in the corner,
ma'am. The one with the large pick gin
and the tits to match.

She pays for drinks, joins LUCY RADLOW in the corner. LUCY RADLOW is a buxom whore, somewhat past her prime but still attractive.

MRS HYDE
Lucy Radlow?

LUCY
Yeah, what do you want? If you're
one of those social workers, you
can shove your Bible up your arse.

MRS HYDE
Pink gin?

LUCY
Ta!

MRS HYDE
I've just taken over your old flat,
and I was wondering if you'd
like to come back?

LUCY
Come back ... why?

MRS HYDE
To look after the place when I'm
away. I'll pay you a salary of
course.

LUCY
How much?

MRS HYDE
Five guineas a week.

LUCY
And there's nothing else I have to
do?

MRS HYDE
Nothing.

LUCY
You're a bloody Christian!

DISSOLVE TO

45 INT. SOHO FLAT

LUCY RADLOW and MRS HYDE are drinking champagne. LUCY is well into her life story.

LUCY
Yes, i first got into it about twelve.
I was a late starter ... you know, six
pence for a feel. I've tried other
jobs, mind you. Maid servant, sewing,
char girl, working at the printing
works, but there was no way you could
make money, not as a woman, that is.
Mind you, I don't regret it. I meet
all sorts, I can tell you that. I've
had the highest in the land. Doctors,
lawyers, cabinet ministers, and a
number of times I've paid the clergy
in lieu of rent ... Jeeesus!

MRS HYDE
You've entertained a lot of the so-
called upper classes?

LUCY
Hundreds. If they did to their wives
what they do to me, their wives would
be a lot happier.

MRS HYDE
You never met a Lord Dingwell, did
you? I know him and his wife.

LUCY
Oi! Ding-dong? He was one of my
regulars. Christ, he was an odd
one. Used to crawl around on the
floor pretending he was a mouse.
'Stomp on me, Lucy' he'd say, 'I'm
a mouse'. I'd stomp on him alright.

He gave me a guinea for that. They're
fucking mad, men!

MRS HYDE
I know exactly what they're like,
which reminds me, I've got to change
for the evening.

46 EXT. LONDON STREET NIGHT

Carriage is hurtling along at great speed.

47 EXT. LONDON STREET NIGHT

JEKYLL is walking along.

48 INT. CARRIAGE LANYON

LANYON
Come on driver I've got an appointment.

49 EXT. LONDON STREET

OLD LADY is crossing the street. The carriage bears down
on her and knocks her over. We hear LANYON shout 'Driver,
don't stop'. Small crowd including a BLIND MAN with a
white cane, gather round the stricken body. JEKYLL approaches
and administers medicinal brandy. The OLD LADY is not
seriously hurt.

JEKYLL
Did anyone witness the accident?

PASSERBY
No, I just heard the carriage and
a scream.

BLIND MAN steps forward.

BLIND MAN
I think I can fill in a few details.

JEKYLL
Yes?

BLIND MAN
I heard a carriage travelling at
approximately thirty miles an hour
in a northerly direction. A caucasian
female, approximately 150 pounds,
height five foot three was crossing
the road. The carriage hit the
aforesaid and drove on without stopping.
I think I can identify the gentleman
in charge of the carriage.

JEKYLL
But surely you are blind?

BLIND MAN
We see with our ears, sir. When I
heard the words 'Driver, don't stop',
I could immediately identify the
perpetrator.

JEKYLL
How is that and who was he?

BLIND MAN
Dr Ronald Layton. He used to treat
me for short sightedness before my
money ran out.

50 INT. BOODLES SNOOKER ROOM

A private gentleman's club with dark brown furniture where
old men are entitled to read 'The Times' and cough in peace.

LORD DINGWELL is ordering a drink from a very elderly waiter
who would stand little chance against a snail.

LORD DINGWELL
Haines, a double Scotch as quick
as you can.

HAINES
Right away Lord Dingwell.
(he totters off)

JEKYLL ENTERS.

JEKYLL
Good evening, Dingwell. How's the wife?

LORD DINGWELL

Good evening, Doctor. Well you know
comme ci comme ca. In fact rather
more ci than ca.

JEKYLL moves to a snooker table where LANYON is impatiently
chalking his cue. UTTERSON is also there.

LANYON
Where the hell have you been, Henry.
John and I have been here half an hour.

JEKYLL
I was delayed. An old lady had been
knocked down by a carriage.

LANYON
Bloody women pedestrians! Double
or quits on the golf, eh? You
break.

JEKYLL starts a game.

51 INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE

MRS HYDE is stunningly attired in clothes of her own design.
They happen to show a great deal of leg. She is reading
The Times which has headlines about fresh disasters in the
Crimean War. The GENTLEMAN opposite her is also reading
the newspaper but his attention wanders constantly to MRS
HYDE's legs. After a short while, MRS HYDE stands up.

MRS HYDE
If you are so interested, you might
as well see the whole damn lot!

She pulls up her skirt. The train enters a tunnel.

52 EXT. LITTLE COUNTRY STATION

LANYON is waiting with a hansom open carriage. MRS HYDE
goes over to him.

MRS HYDE
Hello Ronald, or rather Dr Lanyon
I presume?

LANYON
Yes.

MRS HYDE
My name is Lydia Hyde. Dr Jekyll
sends his apologies, but he is
avoidably detained in London.

LANYON
Messing around with his mice, I
suppose. I'm delighted to meet
you, Mrs Hyde.

He assists MRS HYDE into the carriage with somewhat more
attention to her bottom than is necessary for her composure.

53 EXT. AN ENORMOUS COUNTRY HOUSE

Carriage draws up in the driveway. LANYON helps MRS HYDE
out.

LANYON
Welcome to my humble abode.

A SERVANT takes her case.

54 INT. HALLWAY

Marbled and grand. Oil paintings of Lanyon's ancestors line
the walls. GRANITE, the butler, a very handsome man is in
attendance. MRS HYDE eyes him with undisguised sexual
directness. He is somewhat embarrassed.

LANYON
Granite will show you to your room.
We're all downstairs having a pre-
prandial libation. Have you any
special preference ... Sherry?
Madeira?

MRS HYDE
A large scotch, please.

GRANITE
This way, madam.

55 INT. LANYON'S DRAWING ROOM

All the guests are assembled drinking politely. They are

LORD and LADY SHACKLES, CLAIRE BINGHAM, MARY WALLS, LORD and LADY DINGWELL, UTTERSON and MRS HYDE.

MARY
I thought that Henry was coming down with you?

MRS HYDE
Oh no, we're not inseparable you know. He probably favoured a night on the town with one of the girls.

Reaction shot of MARY looking disgusted.

LORD SHACKLES
Now what's the government going to do about these bloody strikes, Dingwell?

MARY
It's ghastly! Did you read about the poor policeman who had his toe broken?

MRS HYDE
Twelve workers were shot as well.

LORD DINGWELL
That's not the point, Mrs Hyde. Those men were deliberately defying the law, eh John?

UTTERSON
Technically, certainly.

LORD SHACKLES
This country stands or falls by its industry, Mrs Hyde and if I have any more damn strikes down my mines, I'll sack 'em all and bring in outsiders. There's plenty of people in this world who'd give their eye teeth for five shillings a week and a roof over their head.

During this little speech, the chimney has started to smoke rather heavily.

LANYON
What's the matter with the fire?

BUTLER
I'll see to it, sire.

Goes over and looks up chimney and a SMALL BOY falls on top of him.

MRS HYDE
(going and picking him up)
Are you alright?

BOY
I think so, miss.

MRS HYDE
Come upstairs and I'll see if you've been burnt.

Exits with the BOY.

LANYON
Damn kid said he'd be finished by six.

56 INT. MRS HYDE'S BEDROOM

She is bandaging the boy's arm.

MRS HYDE
How old are you, lad?

BOY
Eight, madam.

MRS HYDE
And you make a living cleaning chimneys?

BOY
Yes, madam. I'm lucky ... Frank, that's my brother, he's down the mines. I'd hate to work underground.

MRS HYDE
Here's ten shillings.

BOY

God bless you, madam.

57 DINING ROOM

A large table in centre of room. The meal is in its last stages. The guests help themselves to strawberries, etc. Several servants hover discreetly around the room. MRS HYDE is still eyeballing GRANITE appreciatively.

MRS HYDE

You really employ eight year old boys to go up your chimneys!

LANYON

We tried ten year olds, but they just wouldn't fit.

MRS HYDE

And how's our precious Crimea war going, Dingwell?

LORD DINGWELL

Not very well, but Raglan and Cardigan are working on a new secret weapon.

LANYON

What is it?

LORD DINGWELL

Very hush, hush. Code name - Operation Light Brigade.

MRS HYDE

What you need is a few more women out there. Where would you be without Florence Nightingale?

LORD SHACKLES

A woman's place is in the home. I admire the good lady, but she's merely the exception that proves the rule.

MRS HYDE

That's the most idiotic cliché I've ever heard. If a rule has an exception, then it's not a rule.

GRANITE is serving her some strawberries. She discreetly feels him up and the strawberries spill all over the table.

LANYON

I think it's about time the ladies retired to powder their noses.

MRS HYDE

Oh really! Do you have some psychic instinct into the state of our bladders?

JANET

My husband merely means it's time to leave the gentlemen alone for a while.

MRS HYDE

If he wants to get rid of us, why doesn't he damn well say so!

MARY

Unlike some of us present, he has manners.

LANYON

My dear Mrs Hyde, we are not trying to get rid of you, we would merely like you to leave. It's an age-old convention. There's Madeira and Port in the withdrawing room.

MRS HYDE

(picking up bottle)

I'll stick to scotch, thanks.

EXIT LADIES.

LANYON

What an appalling woman!

UTTERSON

Outspoken, yes.

LORD DINGWELL

You sound almost as if you condone Mrs Hyde's behaviour.

UTTERSON
Well, let's put it this way, she's
very attractive and I rather enjoyed
her speaking her mind.

58 INT. WITHDRAWING ROOM

MRS HYDE
I'm sorry if I offended any of you
ladies. It's just I resent being
shoved out of the room for no reason.

MARY
It's just a custom, Mrs Hyde.

LADY DINGWELL
And a damn stupid custom, too. I
agree with you Lydia. I mean, what
do they talk about when we are out
of the room?

LADY SHACKLES
You know ... men's talk. Business,
politics, war.

MRS HYDE
Rubbish! For starters, they'll be
saying how appallingly I behaved and
how could the great Dr Jekyll take
up with such a woman. Then they'll
all have a few brandies and start
telling dirty stories.

CLAIRE
I'm sure my dear John would do no
such thing. He's a very proper man.

MRS HYDE
At this moment, I would imagine he's
half-way through his farting joke.

LADY DINGWELL
Farting joke?

MRS HYDE
Yes ... you see, there were these
two couples in a train carriage.
Suddenly, one of the men farts
violently. The other man turns to
him and says 'My dear sir, how dare
you fart in front of my wife.' To
which the first man retorts ...

59 INT. DINING ROOM

UTTERSON
'I am sorry ... I had no idea it was
her turn'.

General laughter.

60 INT. WITHDRAWING ROOM

MARY
I don't find that very amusing.

LADY DINGWELL
Well, I do. As you seem to know
so much about men, Lydia, perhaps
you could tell me what's wrong with
my husband. He seems to have lost
all interest in what we might call
nocturnal adventures.

MRS HYDE
I think he's repressed, Lady Dingwell.
Have you ever tried telling him he's
a mouse and jumping on him?

LADY DINGWELL
No ... how stupid of me.

MRS HYDE
You'd be surprised what effects it
might have.

CLAIRE
Mrs Hyde, you are obviously mad!

MRS HYDE
Indeed! You're getting married to
John, am I correct?

CLAIRE
Next May.

MRS HYDE
Have you ever had sex with him?

CLAIRE
Of course not.

MRS HYDE
Then how do you know whether you're
going to like it when you enter the
sacred bonds?

CLAIRE
I am a Christian, Mrs Hyde and I
have faith.

MRS HYDE
Well, in certain cases, I assure you,
the Lord will not provide.

LADY DINGWELL laughs and takes a scotch.

LADY DINGWELL
What stage will the men be at now?

MRS HYDE
Three-quarters pissed and Ronald
might be getting around to his
limericks.

MRS LANYON
My husband tell a joke?

MRS HYDE
There was a young Bishop from Birmingham
Who frigged the young girls whilst
confirming them,
Midst roars of applause ...

61 INT. DINING ROOM

LANYON
He pulled down his drawers,
And placed the episcopal sperm in them.

General laughter.

LANYON
Shall we join the ladies?

The men mop their generally sweaty faces, adjust their ties
and move out of the Dining Room towards the Withdrawing Room.
As they totter along, they hear a faintly muffled song,
they look puzzled.

UTTERSON
I know that tune!

LORD SHACKLES
I'm sure I've heard it somewhere.

62 INT. WITHDRAWING ROOM

The MEN enter. All the women, except MARY, have linked arms,
are dancing and singing an authentic blue Rugby song. (Yet
to be chosen pending expert advice). The MEN look stunned.
Song ends.

LANYON
What the bloody hell are you doing?

MRS HYDE
Oh, nothing, Dr Lanyon ... just
women's talk.

FADE ON LANYON'S livid reaction.

63 INT. MRS HYDE'S BEDROOM

MRS HYDE in an attractive nightgown is admiring herself
in a stand mirror. She smooths the fabric against her body.
The whole mood is one of subtle auto eroticism. As she is
peering at her own beauty, JEKYLL's face pops round the corner
of the mirror image. Rather in the manner of a Peeping Tom.

JEKYLL
(very nicely)
Darling. Now perhaps if you
could just undo those top two
buttons?

MRS HYDE complies.

JEKYLL
That's better. What do you mean

by touching up the butler at dinner?

MRS HYDE
I just find him attractive.

JEKYLL
He is a servant, Lydia.

MRS HYDE
Then you will be happy to know
that I think your friend Ronald
fancies me.

JEKYLL
I know damn well he does.

MRS HYDE
Why don't we try a little experiment?

64 INT. CORRIDOR NIGHT

LANYON is creeping along with a candle, wearing a night gown. He knocks gently on MRS HYDE's door. There is no answer. He enters.

65 INT. MRS HYDE'S BEDROOM

LANYON advances towards the bed.

LANYON
I was just wondering if you
needed anything.

There is a low murmured response. LANYON touches the sleeping figure on the shoulder.

LANYON
You know, you're very beautiful.

JEKYLL
(for it is he)
Ronald, I didn't know you cared.

LANYON
Good God! I must have strayed
into the wrong room.

JEKYLL
Quite.

LANYON
I wasn't expecting you here.

JEKYLL
I just popped down to see Lydia.

LANYON
Well, I'll see you at breakfast,
Henry.

JEKYLL
I may have to get back to London,
but give my love to your wife. Her
door is third on the right.

LANYON exits in some embarrassment. JEKYLL laughs.

66 EXT. HOUSE NIGHT HELD IN LONG SHOT

One light is left on. The following conversation between LORD and LADY DINGWELL is heard while the CAMERA remains on the single lighted window.

LADY DINGWELL (V.O.)
Freddy?

LORD DINGWELL (V.O.)
Yes, dear?

LADY DINGWELL (V.O.)
You are a mouse!

LORD DINGWELL (V.O.)
You're drunk. I'm a what?

LADY DINGWELL (V.O.)
You are a mouse and I'd like to
jump on you.

LORD DINGWELL (V.O.)
You are so right, Ruth, I am a mouse
and would you? Could you, please
jump on me?

The single remaining light goes out. We hear distant thumping

and cries 'I'm a mouse' ... 'I'm a naughty mouse'.

67 EXT. TENNIS COURT DAY

Guests are assembled watching a game between LANYON and UTTERSON.

MRS HYDE
Did Henry pop in to see you last night?

MARY
Of course not. He was in London.

MRS HYDE
How rude of him. He paid me a brief visit. You know, just in and out.

MARY
Have you no shame whatsoever?

MRS HYDE
No, aren't I lucky?

MARY moves away in fury. CLAIRE is seated in a garden chair watching game.

CLAIRE
Good shot, John!

LADY DINGWELL
(to Mrs Hyde)
Thanks for the advice my dear.

MRS HYDE
Advice?

LADY DINGWELL
Call him a mouse and he becomes a tiger. How did you know?

MRS HYDE
Just call it feminine intuition.

LANYON calls 'Out' and wins the final point on the questionable call. UTTERSON and LANYON shake hands. CLAIRE embraces UTTERSON.

CLAIRE
You were superb, John.

MRS HYDE
Anyone care to give me a game?

LANYON
But none of the ladies are dressed for tennis.

MRS HYDE
I'd like to take you on, Ronald.

UTTERSON
With all due respect, Mrs Hyde, I fear it would be a bit of a mismatch. He played for Varsity, you know.

MRS HYDE
Well ... i you could just show me how to hold the racquet.

UTTERSON does so.

I see ... and the object is to get the ball off the net?

UTTERSON
Preferably out of reach of your opponent.

MRS HYDE
Seems simple enough. Come on!

She throws off her shoes and skirt and goes on to the court.

MARY
(disgusted,
to Lady Dingwell)
I told you se was mad.

LANYON
(spinning racquet)
Rough or smooth?

MRS HYDE
Smooth.

LANYON
Smooth it is. Your serve.

MRS HYDE
And I have to get it between the
four white lines?

UTTERSON
That's right.

MRS HYDE bounces the ball several times and aces LANYON
with a thunder-bolt service.

MRS HYDE
Beginner's luck.
(aces him again)

On the third service, LANYON manages to get it back ... MRS
HYDE smashed the field return into the far corner.

MRS HYDE
I think I'm beginning to get the
hang of it.

MRS HYDE aces him again ... 'Your serve'.

UTTERSON
Love fifteen.

We see a series of shots of MRS HYDE winning each.

Game set and match to Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE leaps over the net to shake hands with LANYON.

LANYON
You must be on one of Henry's drugs.

BUTLER arrives on the scene.

BUTLER
I have an urgent telegraph for
Dr Jekyll.

MRS HYDE
I'd better take that.

MRS HYDE takes telegraph and reads it.

LANYON
It's for Dr Jekyll, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE
And only I know where to find him.
Please excuse me, I must return
to London.

She picks up her shoes and skirt and runs into the house.

68 INT. HALLWAY JEKYLL'S HOUSE

MRS HYDE enters front door.

POOLE
Ah, Mrs Hyde. Have you any idea
where the Doctor might be? The
Queen is desperate to see him.

MRS HYDE
He'll be here in a moment.

MRS HYDE rushes upstairs.

69 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

MRS HYDE swallows potion.

70 INT. DRAWING ROOM

POOLE drinking. DR JEKYLL enters.

JEKYLL
Poole?

POOLE
Thank God you're here, sir. There
is a carriage outside.

71 INT. QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM

She is in bed, groaning loudly and surrounded by NURSES

and DOCTORS but is obviously displeased with them.

VICTORIA
Why can't you doctors do anything
about the pain? Where's Jekyll?

JEKYLL pushes his way through the crowd.

JEKYLL
Here, Your Majesty. I fear I was
out of town. Just take a sip of this.

He is about to proffer her medicine when he notices his fingers
are still painted red and hastily puts on gloves. QUEEN sips
medicine.

VICTORIA
That's better. Your potions are most
effective.

OTHER DOCTOR
And most unorthodox!

JEKYLL
And now, if Her Majesty will be so
good as to open her legs a little.

VICTORIA
We do not wish to open our legs.

JEKYLL
I am afraid we shall have to open
our legs.

VICTORIA
We do not HAVE to do anything!

JEKYLL
It will only prolong the pain, Your
Majesty.

He gives her another sip of his medicine.

VICTORIA
Very well, Dr Jekyll ... We now declare
these legs well and truly open!

72 INT. VICTORIA'S BEDROOM

Baby being weighed on scales by a NURSE.

VICTORIA
(sleepily)
Is it a boy or a girl, Dr Jekyll?

JEKYLL
Your Majesty ... it's a healthy
seven pound Prince.

73 INT. JEKYLL'S SURGERY

JEKYLL is rubbing off the red nail polish.

JEKYLL
Damn stupid stuff!

POOLE enters bearing a drink which he hands to JEKYLL.

POOLE
Mrs Hyde seems to have slipped out.
Did she have an enjoyable weekend,
sir?

JEKYLL
Indeed she did. But I'm not sure
Dr Lanyon will extend her another
invitation.

POOLE
Why is that, sir?

JEKYLL
She holds some extreme views and
is not afraid to express them.

POOLE
There is nothing that frustrates
a man as much as an intelligent
women. You are very fortunate, sir.

JEKYLL
Me, fortunate?

POOLE
To attain such an extraordinary

female, sir.

JEKYLL
(sighing slightly)
Attain her? Yes, Poole, that's the most
frustrating thing about it all.

74 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

JEKYLL is asleep, dreaming restlessly.

75 DREAM SEQUENCE A MAZE

JEKYLL is on a tricycle pursuing MRS HYDE, who appears to glide as if on skates. She is dressed only in a cloak. No matter how hard he pedals, he can never catch up. At times they are within inches of contact; she glides towards him, her arms outstretched, but always at the last moment veers off to the left or right on one of the maze's many paths. The scene should convey a subtle eroticism. Eventually the two meet and he holds her gently by the hand.

76 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

JEKYLL is holding POOLE's hand. POOLE has brought breakfast.

JEKYLL
Thank you Poole. That will be all.

POOLE
I'm very pleased to hear it, sir.

POOLE exits. JEKYLL turns to bedroom mirror and sees MRS HYDE reflected there. He walks through mirror into the reflected image of his bedroom, and joins MRS HYDE.

JEKYLL
I had a damn frustrating dream
about you last night.

MRS HYDE
Oh really, I had one about your
friend, John.

JEKYLL
What do you mean you had a dream,
it was me who was asleep.

MRS HYDE
Oh, aren't we women allowed to
dream too?

JEKYLL
Well, you might have had the decency
to dream about me. One weekend in
the country and you're already being
mentally unfaithful with my best
friend.

MRS HYDE
And how's your sweet, demure Mary
Walls?

JEKYLL
You know perfectly well that that's
all over ... and if I catch you
dreaming about John again, I'll just
wake up.

MRS HYDE
You're very possessive, Henry.

JEKYLL
Of course I am, damn it. I love you.

MRS HYDE
And I love you, Henry. Come on, give
me a kiss.

JEKYLL kisses MRS HYDE.

77 INT. SOHO STUDIO

Now all painted white.

LUCY
Looks lovely, doesn't it? You'd
never know it was a whore house
now.

MRS HYDE
It's not a whore house now, Lucy.

LUCY
Of course not, dear, but old habits

die hard as the nun said to the cardinal.

MRS HYDE

Tell me, Lucy, what are the worst parts of your profession?

LUCY

It's the disease really. That and the beatings up.

MRS HYDE

Why don't we start a clinic? Tell all your friends that they can come here once a week for a check-up and treatment, if necessary.

LUCY

They can't afford that, Mrs Hyde, and besides, where could we get a doctor?

MRS HYDE

I am a doctor, dear, and the treatment will be free. It seems that your colleagues must be taught some sort of self-defence. We could give classes.

LUCY

Good God, Mrs Hyde! You've got some strange ideas. How do you protect yourself from some drunken sailor with a knife in his hands.

78 INT. LARGE HALL

DRUNKEN SAILOR advancing on MRS HYDE with a knife in his hand. She kung-fu's him neatly out of the way. PULL BACK to show LUCY RADLOW and SIX TARTS watching.

MRS HYDE

Your turn, Lucy.

LUCY squares up to a very powerful MALE OPPONENT.

MAN

You don't stand a chance, darling.

LUCY

You'd be surprised.

MAN

Balls!

LUCY

Exactly!

Her flying drop kick hits him squarely in the testicles. The half dozen TARTS confronted by their MALE SPARRING PARTNERS line up as if in a formation team.

MRS HYDE

On your marks - get set - go!

In complete unison the TARTS hurl their OPPONENTS over their shoulders.

79 EXT. FIELD

There is a very small spectators' stand positioned. In the distance we can see a large array of cannons. QUEEN VICTORIA accompanied by ALBERT, JEKYLL, LORD DINGWELL and various GENERALS.

VICTORIA

Of course you know my husband Dr Jekyll?

DR JEKYLL

Guttag, mein prinz.

VICTORIA

I thought perhaps a man of your enquiring mind, Jekyll, might be interested in our new secret weapon.

JEKYLL

Thank you, Your Majesty. So, Freddy, this is your masterplan for the Crimean War?

LORD DINGWELL

Yes, this will give the Russians something to think about. Operation Light Brigade.

VICTORIA
Well, let's see how it works.

80 SHOT OF A LARGE HEAVING CANVAS BAG WITH THE INITIALS H.M.L.B.
The bag is large enough to contain several men on horseback.
Over this is a rudimentary crane with wires leading to the
Royal Stand, connected to a lever thereon.

81 SHOT OF GROUP

LORD DINGWELL
If Your Majesty would be so good
as to pull the lever.

VICTORIA does so, unveiling the men on horseback with their
lances ready. They charge off.

LORD DINGWELL
The basic idea is for the number of
brave and extremely stupid men to
ride into the jaws of death.

The CANNONS start firing.

82 SHOT OF HORSEMEN being felled by gunfire.

VICTORIA
They don't seem to be doing too
well.

ALBERT
If at first succeed you don't,
again try, try.

VICTORIA
Almost right, darling.

83 SHOT OF MEN being carried by on stretchers.

LORD DINGWELL
Ah, well, this is just a prototype.
On the day we'll have at least five
hundred.

DISSOLVE TO

84 EXT. SOHO STUDIO

UTTERSON is about to enter but he sees an open-air fruit
stall and buys a couple of bananas and some oranges.

85 INT. SOHO STUDIO

There is a knock at the door.

MRS HYDE
Come in.

UTTERSON enters.

Ah, John ... do come in and make
yourself at home. This is Lucy
Radlow.

UTTERSON
I was ... uh ... just passing by
and ... uh ... thought I'd pop in.

MRS HYDE
But I thought your offices were in
the Temple.

UTTERSON
Yes, but I ... uh ... often come to
Soho to pick up a bit of fruit.

MRS HYDE
Sit down. What can I do for you,
John?

UTTERSON
Oh, nothing. As I said I was just
picking up a bit of fruit ... here's
some fruit.

MRS HYDE
Yes, well, perhaps you could do
something for me?

UTTERSON
I'd be delighted.

MRS HYDE

I'm thinking of starting a newspaper for women.

UTTERSON

Good idea. Sort of, uh, cooking tips and household management. Claire wrote a very good piece the other day about flower arranging.

MRS HYDE

I don't think my newspaper will appeal to your fiancée. I presume that I will need to form a limited company?

UTTERSON

Yes, and, um, register the title.

MRS HYDE

It will be called 'Women Only' and we'll be dealing with day to day issues like wars, abortion, corruption and women's legal status.

UTTERSON

It sounds, if I may say so, a rather unappetizing combination. Does Dr. Jekyll approve of this enterprise?

MRS HYDE

It's nothing to do with him.

UTTERSON

Well, I'll set up a limited company for you and draw all the necessary papers. Will there be any other directors?

MRS HYDE

Just me and Lucy, of the same address.

UTTERSON

Is she a journalist by trade?

MRS HYDE

She knows a lot about men.

UTTERSON gets up to leave ignoring his bit of fruit.

You've forgotten your fruit, John.

UTTERSON

Of course, the only thing I came here for. I'll pop by with the documents tomorrow, and save you the trouble of coming to my office.

MRS HYDE

You're very kind John. God, look at the time. I really must fly.

86 INT. JEKYLL'S CONSULTING ROOM

Three or four WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE are waiting.

LORD SHACKLES

I've been here an hour and a half now. It's quite disgraceful. That Hyde woman is having a bad effect on him.

POOLE

(looking harassed)
I cannot understand it, sir, the Doctor is a most punctual man.

87 JEKYLL'S BATHROOM

There is a mirror at the bottom end of the bath which is misted up with steam. MRS HYDE is taking a luxurious warm bath and applying some expensive unguent to her face. We see the blurred face of JEKYLL in the mirror.

JEKYLL

Wipe the glass. I can scarcely see you.

MRS HYDE gets out of the bath and wraps a towel around herself. She wipes the mirror and we see JEKYLL also clad in a towel. JEKYLL comes through the mirror and confronts her.

MRS HYDE

I'm not really sure what to do
with my hair, Henry. Should I wear
it up or down?

JEKYLL
It's not your hair, it's my hair
and I don't give a shit what you
do with it.

MRS HYDE
I just want to look nice for you,
Henry.

JEKYLL
You're becoming quite impossible.
I've got some very important patients
downstairs.

MRS HYDE
I am sorry, Henry. I had some rather
vital business to attend to, with John.

JEKYLL
You mean starting that bloody newspaper
with that old whore friend of yours.
It's my money you'll be wasting. Who's
going to read a lot of self-righteous
drivel about votes for women and the
down-trodden working classes?

MRS HYDE
The down-trodden working classes, for
a start.

JEKYLL
They can't even read!

MRS HYDE
And I expect you think that's a
good thing.

JEKYLL
It's merely a fact. Remember, Lydia,
I have the power to make you cease
to exist.

MRS HYDE
I'm too strong a part of you,
Henry.

JEKYLL
You're very sure of yourself, aren't
you.

MRS HYDE
I'm very sure of ourselves.

DR JEKYLL
Give us a kiss then.

MRS HYDE
That's all you ever think about.

JEKYLL
It's not, now for Christ's sake, kiss
me.

MRS HYDE
What about your patients Henry?

JEKYLL
Oh, damn them.

MRS HYDE quaffs the potion.

88 INT. CONSULTING ROOM

JEKYLL enters in a hurry still wearing MRS HYDE's ear-rings.

JEKYLL
Ladies and gentlemen. Lord Shackles.
I do apologise.

LORD SHACKLES
What in God's name are you doing
with those things on your ears?

JEKYLL realises his error, feels ear-rings.

JEKYLL
Ah ... er ... it's a new form of
oriental treatment ... acupuncture.

89 INT. SMALL PRINTING WORKS

The staff is entirely female. LUCY and MRS HYDE watch as the block comes down. The newspaper is entitled 'Women Only'. On the front page there is a vicious caricature of Lord Raglan and Lord Cardigan with a banner headline that reads 'WANTED FOR THE MURDER OF 420 MEN ... LORD CARDIGAN AND LORD RAGLAN ... LAST SEEN IN THE CRIMEA'. UTTERSON comes rushing up with a copy of the newspaper.

UTTERSON
Mrs Hyde, you realise this is treason!

MRS HYDE
What?

UTTERSON
I haven't had time to read the contents but this cover alone suggests that two of our most respected officers are criminals.

MRS HYDE
Who else was responsible for the deaths of the men of the Light Brigade?

UTTERSON
There is a logic to your argument, Mrs Hyde, but I can assure you that the law will take a different view.

MRS HYDE
Do you think those two idiots will have the guts to sue me? It will only draw more attention to their ineptitude.

UTTERSON
With a bit of luck, the gentlemen will never sue your newspaper.

MRS HYDE
I don't want to worry you John, but the other contents are far more controversial.

LUCY
Yes, we have a bash, alright!

90 LORD DINGWELL'S SITTING ROOM

LADY DINGWELL is reading to her husband from 'Women Only'.

LADY DINGWELL
Stupidity is no defence against murder. Are these two gentlemen who directed the Charge of the Light Brigade going to plead insanity? What are you going to do about this, Freddy?

LORD DINGWELL
What any man does when confronted with the babblings of an hysterical woman ... nothing. I mean, who's going to read this miserable little rag.

LADY DINGWELL
I am.

91 LORD SHACKLES' SITTING ROOM

LORD SHACKLES is reading from 'Women Only'.

LORD SHACKLES
'Not only do the miners have a right to strike, they have a duty to strike. It's high time the working people of this country realised their true power'. Burn this rubbish, Beatrice.

LADY SHACKLES
But I haven't read it yet.

LORD SHACKLES
Nor shall you. And make certain that the servants see no copies of this scurrilous filth!

92 CLAIRE BINGHAM'S SITTING ROOM

CLAIRE is reading to UTTERSON from 'Women Only'.

CLAIRE
She sees the whole institution of marriage as a farce, and a wife as little more than a lowly paid

prostitute, with somewhat less opportunity. And you helped her start up this newspaper!

UTTERSON
Just doing Henry a favour.

CLAIRE
But I believe in marriage, John. I just want to be your wife and bring up your children. I don't want the vote and all that rubbish. I know my place, John.

UTTERSON
I rather like a woman who speaks her mind.

CLAIRE
Well you shall see one! If you have any further dealing with that Mrs Hyde, our engagement is off!

UTTERSON
Off, is it? Oh well, off it is.

93 INT. JEKYLL'S KITCHEN

POOLE and COOK are reading 'Women Only'.

POOLE
This is a good bit. She says that domestic servants are little more than slaves, grossly underpaid and should exercise their right to strike.

COOK
Ah, but Dr Jekyll has always been good to us.

POOLE
(helping himself to a drink)
True, Doris, but it's the principle of the thing.

94 INT. LANYON'S SITTING ROOM

LANYON reading 'Women Only'.

LANYON
'Dr. Lanyon then left the old lady for dead in the street...'

JANET
Did you really do that?

LANYON
The story is a gross distortion. It's true she bumped into me, but her condition was beyond repair.

JANET
But say it had been Queen Victoria in the same condition, would you have acted in the same way?

LANYON
My dear Janet, you are attempting to use your mind, which is always a dangerous thing. Why not concern yourself with something with which you are adept, such as buying a new hat.

95 INT. QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION ROOM

ALBERT is present.

VICTORIA
Dr. Jekyll, rumours have reached our ears that you are consorting with a certain lady.

JEKYLL
A Mrs Lydia Hyde, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
And that you are keeping her, in of all places, Soho.

JEKYLL
In a manner of speaking, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
We also understand that she has published some kind of radical magazine.

JEKYLL
Yes, Your Majesty.

VICTORIA
I hardly think it is the position of a woman to be in charge of a business.

JEKYLL
With respect, Your Majesty, you yourself make a fine job of running the country.

VICTORIA
I may have the body of a frail woman but I have the heart and mind of a man.

JEKYLL
So, Your Majesty, does Mrs Hyde.

VICTORIA
If you value your job, Dr Jekyll, I suggest you disassociate yourself from this female.

JEKYLL
I can not promise that, Your Majesty, but I pledge that we will never be seen together, we lead very separate lives.

VICTORIA
Albert will show you to the door.

96 INT. PALACE HALLWAY

ALBERT
My wife by your connection with this Frau Hyde most disturbed is, it will cost you your job.

JEKYLL
So I understand, Your Highness.

ALBERT
You must understand, she is, wie sagst one, a little Victorian.

97 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

JEKYLL seated at desk. POOLE enters.

POOLE
Dr. Lanyon to see you sir.

LANYON enters flourishing 'Women Only'. POOLE exits.

LANYON
Have you read these libellous charges made against me?

JEKYLL
Oh, you mean that time you had a hit and run and left an old lady in the street?

LANYON
There was nothing further to be done ... the woman was dying. And tell me, Henry, how did your beloved Mrs Hyde get hold of this information? It could only have come from you.

JEKYLL
I can assure you, I told her nothing. She says there were witnesses, remember.

LANYON
Just a few oafs and ruffians. Your attitude, Henry, is consistent with only one thing.

JEKYLL
And what is that?

LANYON
You're on those stupid drugs of yours, aren't you?

JEKYLL
None of your damn business, Ronald.
Good day!

LANYON
I'm going to teach that woman a
bloody good lesson.

JEKYLL
I look forward to it.

LANYON exits and POOLE enters.

POOLE
I'm sorry, sir. I almost forgot.
Here's a fresh consignment from
the Apothecary.

JEKYLL
Exactly the same as before?

POOLE
So he assured me, sir.

JEKYLL undoes the various parcels.

98 INT. SOHO STUDIO

MRS HYDE is painting 'Votes for Women' posters. There is a
knock on the door.

MRS HYDE
Come in.

LANYON enters.

LANYON
Mrs Hyde, I have just sought legal
advice, and have been told, should
I sue you and your wretched news-
paper, I would undoubtedly receive
substantial damages.

MRS HYDE
But the story is true, Dr. Lanyon.

LANYON
And the greater the truth, the greater
the libel. I am in a position to have
your publication closed down completely,
but I am a gentleman and am willing
to arrive at a reasonable compromise.

MRS HYDE
Please expand your thoughts.

LANYON
(looking around Studio)
I must say you have a delightful place
here. I am especially taken with
the Georgian bed.

MRS HYDE
It has its charm.

LANYON
So spacious ...

MRS HYDE
(seductively)
Room enough certainly to thrash out
a compromise.

LANYON
My thoughts entirely.

MRS HYDE
(more provocatively)
Would you like a drink, Ronald.

LANYON
Perhaps a little something.

MRS HYDE pours him a large drink.

MRS HYDE
Don't you find it a little warm
in here?

LANYON
A little close, perhaps.

MRS HYDE opens the window.

MRS HYDE

If you will excuse me for a moment, Ronald. I'd like to slip into something cooler.

LANYON
Of course ... naturally.

MRS HYDE exits to Changing Room. LANYON takes a large gulp of drink, undoes his ties, takes off his jacket and waistcoat. Goes over the bed and pats the mattress approvingly. He removes his trousers and shoes. He sits down in a chair and continues drinking. MRS HYDE re-enters in a most attractive night-gown.

Lascivious reaction from LANYON.

MRS HYDE
Ronald, you must be so bored hearing this, but I must say you have a most magnificent physique.

LANYON
(with blushing confidence)
Though I say it myself I do have a certain animal magnetism.

MRS HYDE
(moving towards him)
I think now's the time to get on with the details of the arrangement.

LANYON
The sooner the better.

MRS HYDE
Why don't we start with position No. 46.

LANYON
46 eh? What's that?

MRS HYDE
When I bend over your knee and you raise your right hand as if to hit me.

LANYON excited at the prospect of a spanking session.

LANYON
(chuckling excitedly)
Spanking good idea.

MRS HYDE lays herself across LANYON's bent knee.

MRS HYDE
Now hit me as hard as you can.

LANYON's right hand comes down but is swiftly seized by MRS HYDE in a karate hold, which deftly flips LANYON over her shoulder and out of the open window.

99 EXT. SOHO STREET NIGHT

LANYON lands in an Open Cab. The horses bolt and the cab careens speedily down the street. The BLIND MAN, passing, doffs his cap.

BLIND MAN
Good evening, Dr Lanyon.

100 INT. STUDIO FLAT

MRS HYDE is shutting the window. She takes LANYON's clothes and puts them in her doctor's bag.

101 EXT. SOHO STREET

UTTERSON rings Studio bell.

UTTERSON
Could I see Mrs Hyde?

MR KEMBERTON
I believe she's upstairs with a gentleman friend.

UTTERSON looks downcast.

MR KEMBERTON
At least she was an hour ago and I haven't seen him leave.

UTTERSON
Oh well, I'll see her for a moment, in any case.

102 INT. STUDIO FLAT

Knock at door.

MRS HYDE
(now fully clothed again)
Come in.

UTTERSON enters.

UTTERSON
Are you alone, Lydia?

MRS HYDE
Yes.

UTTERSON
Mr Kemberton said there was a gentleman with you.

MRS HYDE
There was a man, John, not a gentleman. You know, a certain Dr Lanyon.

UTTERSON
Did you agree to publish a retraction?

MRS HYDE
His terms were unacceptable.

UTTERSON
You could lose a lot of money, Lydia.

MRS HYDE
There are certain things I value more.

UTTERSON
Well, I see there's no persuading you. On another topic, I was wondering if by any chance Henry would mind very much, if I took you out to dinner and the theatre one evening.

MRS HYDE
What I do is none of Henry's business. I'd be delighted, but what would Claire have to say.

UTTERSON
I am beginning to find Claire a little tedious.

MRS HYDE
How about tomorrow night?

UTTERSON
I'll pick you up at eight o'clock.

103 EXT. LONDON STREET NIGHT

A quiet residential tree lined road.
LANYON is climbing up a ladder still in his underclothes, attempting to reach his bedroom window on the first floor.
A POLICEMAN approaches.

POLICEMAN
What are you doing?

LANYON
Ah, good evening, officer. I ... er ... just ... er ... fell out of my window.

POLICEMAN
Who might you be?

LANYON
Dr Ronald Lanyon. Owner of this property.

LANYON climbs down.

POLICEMAN
Have you any identification?

LANYON
Well, not on me.

POLICEMAN
Is there anyone else in the house.

LANYON
Well, yes ... my wife of course

but I wouldn't want to disturb her
at this hour.

POLICEMAN
I'm afraid we're going to have to,
sir.

We see the BLIND MAN approaching.

LANYON
Ah, there's someone who knows me.
One of my patients. Good evening,
Ned. This policeman here wants
to know who I am.

BLIND MAN
And who are you, sir?

LANYON
Your doctor, Ned. You know me.

BLIND MAN
Hold on a minute.

He feels LANYON's face with his hands and pokes him
uncomfortably all over with his stick.

BLIND MAN
I've never seen this man before in
my life, Officer.

104 INT. BOODLES CLUB CORRIDOR

HAINES is in attendance. LANYON limps in.

HAINES
Good morning, Doctor. The new
automatic shoe polisher you ordered
has arrived from the Americas.

LANYON
Excellent ... what's its name again?

HAINES
(opening a small cupboard
where a black man is seated)
Sambo, sir.

105 INT. BOODLES CLUB LOUNGE

JEKYLL is seated, His doctor's bag by his side.
LANYON enters.

JEKYLL
Morning, Ronald.

LANYON
Ah ... Henry.

JEKYLL
Sit down, have a drink.

LANYON sits with extreme care and winces ...

JEKYLL
Anything wrong, Ronald?

LANYON
Just my back's playing up a bit.

JEKYLL
(pouring a scotch)
I understand you had a word with
Mrs Hyde last night?

LANYON
Yes.

JEKYLL
Bottoms up!

LANYON
Cheers. Yes, I've given that
lady friend of yours a stiff
talking to. I think I should
tell you, Henry, your 'amorata'
is little better than a harlot.
You know, she tried to seduce me.

JEKYLL
Well, you're a fine figure of a
man, Ronald.

LANYON
I am also the father of six and

perfectly happily married.

JEKYLL
Of course. I trust you put her
in her place.

LANYON
In no uncertain terms. I told
her what I thought of her and
left immediately.

JEKYLL
Yes ... Mrs Hyde told me that you
departed somewhat abruptly.

LANYON
You've spoken to her?

JEKYLL
Yes ... and such was the speed of
your exit, I believe you left some
articles behind. She asked me to
give them to you.

He opens doctor's bag and pulls out suit, shirt and tie.
LANYON reacts.

JEKYLL
These are your clothes, aren't
they, Ronald?

LANYON
For God's sake. Don't let anyone
see.

JEKYLL
I thought you might just like your
wallet and keys.

LANYON
Has Mrs Hyde told anyone else of
this?

JEKYLL
Not that I know of, but you know
how women gossip, especially about
trivial things.

LANYON
She's got to be stopped. Is there
anything you could do, Henry? I
mean, the whole thing was perfectly
innocent, but Janet might not under-
stand.

JEKYLL
I think I could persuade her to keep
quiet about it ... this is, of course,
if you agree to drop the libel suit.

LANYON
Consider it done!

JEKYLL
That's two suits you've dropped in
the space of twenty-four hours, Ronald.

LANYON
(forced laughter)
Hah ... ha ... ha!

JEKYLL
I'll give her the news.

JEKYLL exits. LANYON takes a large snort of Scotch.

LANYON
I'll see that damn woman hanged!

106 INT. CANDLELIT RESTAURANT

UTTERSON and MRS HYDE are sitting in a private booth with
velvet drapes. The meal is at a close.

Signs of a lot of champagne having been drunk.

UTTERSON
You're sure Henry will have no
objection to us being together like
this? I hate to do anything behind
his back.

MRS HYDE
Henry is fully aware of where I am
and what we're doing.

UTTERSON

Ever since school, we've been the closest of friends. I don't know if you'll understand this, Lydia, but there can be a very strong bond between two men.

MRS HYDE

Well, I know that men feel more comfortable with their own sex.

UTTERSON

I know t sounds ridiculous. I almost worshipped Henry at school. He had and has, such a brilliant mind, Lydia.

MRS HYDE

... and a beautiful body. Let's face it, John, you were and are in love with him.

UTTERSON

I wouldn't say that.

MRS HYDE

You wouldn't say that, but that's what you feel. I can understand a romantic relationship between two men.

UTTERSON

Lydia, I can assure you, there was nothing, well, you know ... sexual.

MRS HYDE

I merely said romantic.

UTTERSON

I suppose that's true, in a way ... but that's nothing to compare with the feeling I have for you.

(he hesitates)

God, I need a drink to say this.

(he gulps down a

brandy too fast and

in a hoarse croak says)

I love you.

MRS HYDE

You and Henry are the only men I care about.

UTTERSON

Well thank you, Lydia. You know, you could drink me under the table.

107 INT. JEKYLL'S DINING ROOM

He is seated at an empty table looking hung over. He shouts.

JEKYLL

Poole!

POOLE

Yes, sir?

JEKYLL

Where's my breakfast?

POOLE

There will be no breakfast today, sir.

JEKYLL

No breakfast? I've got a hell of a hangover.

POOLE

Cook and I are on strike, sir.

JEKYLL

On strike?

POOLE

You instructed me to obey Mrs. Hyde's every wish, Dr. Jekyll. I was merely following your orders.

JEKYLL

Do you mean you want more money, Poole?

POOLE

Not at all sir. We are merely demonstrating our solidarity with our brothers and sisters in domestic service who are underpaid.

JEKYLL
Goddamn the woman!

POOLE
I could bend the rules a little and teach you how to boil an egg, sir.

POOLE exits.

JEKYLL looks into the dining room mirror and sees MRS. HYDE reflected there.

JEKYLL
Come here.

MRS. HYDE emerges from the mirror.

JEKYLL
I've had enough of this. The Queen's about to sack me, you've spent the whole evening pouring champagne down my throat, talking sweet nothings with John and I've got your hangover and now there's no bloody breakfast.

MRS HYDE
Alright, Henry, I'll make you breakfast.

JEKYLL
Well, that's very nice of you. Perhaps you can do just that. Oh shit ... then I wouldn't be here to eat it. Oh no, I'm not changing into you again.

MRS HYDE
But Henry, I've got such a lot to do. You realise I am still a virgin.

JEKYLL
Not for want of trying. I suppose you're thinking of seducing John.

MRS HYDE
Well, he's certainly the most attractive of all your friends. Would you prefer Dr Lanyon sprawled all over me?

JEKYLL
Will you get it into your head, he wouldn't be all over you, he'd be all over me. You are me. I created you. You only exist as an extension of my personality and goddamn it, I love you ... or me ... or whoever it is.

MRS HYDE
If you love me, you should give me my freedom.

JEKYLL
But you abuse your freedom. You keep me hanging around for hours. Like all women you have no sense of time. How can I get on with my work when for all I know you maybe necking with John in the back of a carriage.

MRS HYDE
Well, what are your plans for today?

JEKYLL
With this bloody hangover ... nothing.

MRS HYDE
Then give it to me and I promise to be back by midnight.

JEKYLL
That's a promise?

MRS HYDE
(kissing him)
If not, I'll turn into a pumpkin.

JEKYLL
And I'll cut down on the drinking.

108 EXT. LONDON STREET

MRS HYDE is marching with a group of very tired and dishevelled workers, carrying placards such as 'WE HAVE A RIGHT TO WORK'. 'A LIVING WAGE' 'NO MORE WOMEN AND CHILDREN DOWN THE MINES' MRS HYDE carries one saying 'LORD SHACKLES IS A MONSTER' The group approaches the House of Commons and is stopped by two policemen.

POLICEMAN
What is it?

MRS HYDE
These men have walked three hundred miles to present a petition to their M.P.

POLICEMAN
And who might that be?

MAN
Sir Nigel Pemberton.

2ND POLICEMAN
Can all of you swim?

MRS HYDE
Why?

2ND POLICEMAN
Sir Nigel is taking the waters at Baden-Baden.

MRS HYDE
In that case we'll see the Home Secretary.

POLICEMAN
He's taking the whiskey at Boodles.
I suggest you good people walk home and have a nice cup of tea.

MRS HYDE
(to leader of workers)
I'll see that your voice is heard.
(she scribbles a note)
In the meantime, take this note to this address and a man called Poole will give you food and sustenance.

LEADER
God bless you.

PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photograph of MRS HYDE.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Could you show a little more leg, please.

109 EXT. JEKYL'S HOUSE

LEADER rings the door bell. POOLE answers, looks at the note and ushers them in.

100 INT. PRINTING WORKS

MRS HYDE
I'm taking the afternoon off. Save the contraception piece for next week and give more space to the miners march today and the abortion articles.

LUCY
Can't I put in that bit I wrote on Lord Shackles?

MRS HYDE
The fact that Lord Shackles has a penchant for enemas is scarcely an important social issue.

111 EXT. LAKE LONDON PARK DAY

It is an idyllic scene. UTTERSON is gently rowing MRS HYDE in a small punt. MRS HYDE is lolling back with a parasol over her head. The whole scene should echo the schoolboy scene between UTTERSON and JEKYL.

UTTERSON takes one last poke and lays down pole.

UTTERSON
So good to see you relaxing for a while. You always seem to be on the go. I hope you won't find this objectionable but I've never seen you look so beautiful and if I may say so, feminine!

MRS HYDE
I have no objection to the word feminine.

UTTERSON
Might I ... might I kiss you, Lydia?

MRS HYDE
(in Jekyll's voice)
Of course you may.

She sweeps the parasol in front of her face ... we see that they are a man's hands holding the parasol. UTTERSON falls into the water. MRS HYDE, or rather DR. JEKYLL dives overboard and swims furiously to the shore. UTTERSON looking, naturally, startled.

112 EXT. PARK

JEKYLL in ill-fitting feminine attire dodges from bush to bush trying to avoid passing NANNIES with prams and STROLLING COUPLES! He eventually creeps towards the gate.

113 EXT. LONDON STREET

JEKYLL holds his hat against his face and waves down a hansom cab.

JEKYLL
(in attempted feminine voice)
10 Berkeley Square, please.

He climbs into the cab.

CABBIE
Lovely weather we're having, miss.

JEKYLL
Beautiful. Could you get a move on. I'm rather wet. I fell in the lake.

114 EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE

He climbs down still holding his hat over his face and fumbles for some money in his purse. He looks furtively around the street and is about to open the front door when he thinks better of it and instead climbs over the garden wall and lets himself into the laboratory.

115 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

CLAUDE, THE GORILLA laughing.

JEKYLL
There's nothing remotely funny about the situation, Claude. I can't understand it, the dose was identical.

He opens cupboard where he has a suit of clothes and starts to take off his soaking costume.

116 INT. JEKYLL'S DRAWING ROOM

JEKYLL enters through French windows. POOLE and a group of MINERS in a very merry state.

POOLE
(in fine form)
And here he is ... the kindest master that ever lived. Raise your glasses gentlemen, to a kindly, generous gentleman, Dr. Henry Jekyll.

JEKYLL
Who on earth are your friends, Poole?

POOLE
Fellow brothers, sir. Unified with me and Cook in the endless struggle against capitalism. These me, sir, climbed thousands of miles down into the depths of the earth to hew coal. Without these men, the mighty wheels of industry would grind to a halt.

JEKYLL
And would you please do the same,
Poole.

LEADER OF MINERS
Dr. Jekyll ... it was Mrs. Hyde who
invited us here.

POOLE
The only drink they knew was beer,
but I think I can say with justifiable
pride, that I have educated their
tastes to some of the finest wines
in your cellar.

2ND MAN
Bloody good stuff this Bodjoley!

JEKYLL
Well, make yourselves at home.

He exits through French windows.

117 EXT. JEKYLL'S STREET

UTTERSON is walking towards house. He is passed by the
group of MINERS waving half full bottles of wine and singing
'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' ... UTTERSON looks a little
puzzled. He rings doorbell.

UTTERSON
Poole, have you see Mrs Hyde?

POOLE
Indeed I have, sir. Most beautiful
woman that ever was born.

UTTERSON
Thank God for that. Where did you
see her?

POOLE
I've seen her drifting over the lawn
like the most exotic butterfly ... I've
seen her scale stairs in a single bound.
I've seen her succour strong men ...

UTTERSON
Poole, where is she now?

POOLE
I haven't the faintest idea.

UTTERSON
Is your master in?

POOLE
He's in the laboratory, sir, discovering
if I'm not mistaken, the secret of
eternal life.

118 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

JEKYLL is puzzling over his notes and drugs. There is a
knock.

JEKYLL
Who is it?

UTTERSON (V.O.)
It's me ... John. Henry, have you
any idea where Lydia might have got
to?

119 EXT. OUTSIDE LABORATORY

JEKYLL opens door, steps out and locks it behind him.

JEKYLL
No ... why?

UTTERSON
The most extraordinary thing happened.
I was out with her on a boat and she
suddenly stood up, dived overboard and
swam for the shore.

JEKYLL
Sounds perfectly natural to me.

UTTERSON
Fully clothed ... and for no apparent
reason?

JEKYLL

Were you trying to kiss her?

UTTERSON

Yes.

JEKYLL and UTTERSON walk through the garden towards the French windows.

JEKYLL

Reason enough. Well, if she returns, I'll let her know you called.

UTTERSON

Are you expecting her then?

JEKYLL

I'm not quite sure what I'm expecting.

120 INT. DRAWING ROOM

POOLE is piling up empty bottles and glasses on a tea trolley. JEKYLL and UTTERSON enter.

JEKYLL

I had a rather hard day, John. I'll turn in early. Poole, before you are arrested for being drunk in charge of a tea trolley, would you show Mr. Utterson out. One other thing, Poole, are you still on strike?

POOLE

It ends at midnight tonight, sir.

JEKYLL

Then be so good as to bring me breakfast in bed at eight o'clock. Good night, John.

121 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

He is in pyjamas, gets into bed and turns out the light and goes to sleep.

122 EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO DAY

123 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

POOLE enters. He places breakfast tray on the table. Opens the curtains, taps the shoulder of the sleeping figure gently.

POOLE

Good morning, sir.

MS HYDE looks round sleepily.

POOLE

Ah, Mrs. Hyde. I was expecting the doctor.

MRS HYDE

So was I. He must have slipped out.

POOLE

Well, madam. Breakfast is ready.

MRS HYDE

(getting out of bed)
Thank you, Poole.

POOLE

And may I say how becoming you look in the Doctor's pajamas?

MRS HYDE

Thank you, Poole. I wonder if you would be so good as to retrieve my clothes from the laboratory. I left them there last night. They might need ironing.

POOLE

Say no more, madam.

124 JEKYLL'S STUDY

MRS HYDE is examining JEKYLL's notes, totting up figures and drawing equations. She is wearing JEKYLL's dressing gown. POOLE enters with her clothes.

POOLE

Cook and I have done our best,
Mrs. Hyde, but I fear your outfit
has shrunk a little.

125 INT. JEKYLL'S BEDROOM

MRS HYDE's clothes have shrunk considerably and she looks a little grotesque. She takes out shirt, shoes, tie, socks, suit and packs them into JEKYLL's Doctor's bag. She pauses on her way out to look at shaving mirror.

MRS HYDE
What can I do, Henry ... I've no
idea what's going on.

JEKYLL
Nor me.

MRS HYDE
No we're both absolutely certain we
are taking the exact mixture as
before.

JEKYLL
I've double checked everything.

MRS HYDE
Me too.

JEKYLL
The only theory is that we may be
developing a resistance to the drug.

MRS HYDE
You mean we should double the dose?

JEKYLL
It's not very scientific but it's
all I can think of.

MRS HYDE
Is it alright by you if I go and
collect some clothes that fit?

JEKYLL
Not much I can do to stop you ...
Be quick about it.

126 INT. SOHO STUDIO

MRS HYDE is completing dressing in a costume that fits her.
Knock at door.

MRS HYDE
Come in.

UTTERSON enters.

UTTERSON
Lydia, thank God you're here.

MRS HYDE
Hello, John.

UTTERSON
Have you any explanation? Why did
you have to do it?

MRS HYDE
Oh, you know what we women are,
John, impulsive.

UTTERSON
Can I talk to you for a minute?

MRS HYDE
I'm sorry, John. I must attend to
Henry urgently.

UTTERSON
Is he ill?

MRS HYDE
Let's just say he's not his usual self.

127 INT. APOTHECARY SHOP

APOTHECARY
Mrs Hyde, this is four times the
amount Dr Jekyll usually orders.

MRS HYDE
Dr Jekyll needs it urgently. Have
them delivered immediately.

APOTHECARY
Very well, Mrs Hyde, but this will
practically clear me out, so tell
Dr Jekyll it will be a few weeks
before I can let him have any more.

MRS HYDE
I will ... and you assure me all the
ingredients are one hundred percent
pure?

APOTHECARY
Absolutely, madam.

128 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

MRS HYDE is mixing up a double dosage of the compound.

MRS HYDE
Wish me luck, Claude!

She swallows the dose and looks steadfastly into the mirror
... absolutely nothing happens.

MRS HYDE
As we ladies say ... fuck.

129 JEKYLL'S LIVING ROOM

POOLE
(agitated)
Have you any idea when the Doctor
will be back, Mrs Hyde? What can I
tell his patients. There have been
several urgent calls today, including
one from Her Majesty.

MRS HYDE
He's gone away, Poole. Where, I
cannot say.

POOLE
Did the Doctor indicate how long he
might be gone? He didn't even ask me
to pack.

MRS HYDE
As far as I know, he has absolutely
no idea when he'll be back.

POOLE
His patients are becoming most impatient.

130 MONTAGE SCENE with the old fashioned device of the leaves
of a diary flipping by.

131 EXT. JEKYLL'S FRONT DOOR

Familiar people (LORD SHACKLES, LADY DINGWELL etc.)
arriving at JEKYLL's door. POOLE shrugging his shoulders.

132 INT. CLOSE UP OF QUEEN VICTORIA

VICTORIA
Well, wherever he is, he's sacked!

133 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

MRS HYDE gulping down mixture to no effect.

134 JEKYLL'S DRAWING ROOM

POOLE poring himself a stiff drink.

135 INT. BOODLES CLUB

LANYON
But he's been gone for eight weeks
and in the event of Henry's dis-
appearance, she gets the entire
estate, does she not?

UTTERSON
Yes, but I'm sure there's a rational
explanation.

LANYON
My dear John, you're infatuated.
The woman has clearly done away
with him.

UTTERSON
She would do no such thing.

LANYON

Well, I'm going to do my duty as a friend and a citizen.

136 INT. POLICE STATION

Silent shot of LANYON talking to CHIEF INSPECTOR WHICKER.

137 INT. JEKYLL'S DRAWING ROOM

UTTERSON
I couldn't stop him, Lydia. The police will be on their way any moment. Are you sure you told me the complete truth?

MRS HYDE
I have never lied to you, John. Believe me, I want to see Henry back more than anyone in the world, and now you must excuse me.

MRS HYDE exits.

UTTERSON
Only you have known him longer than I. Have you any ideas, Poole?

POOLE
Only that God moves in mysterious ways ...

138 INT. JEKYLL'S LABORATORY

MRS HYDE is looking at an apothecary's bottle. DR JEKYLL's indistinct image is reflected there.

MRS HYDE
The police are on their way.

JEKYLL
I know.

MRS HYDE
I'm sorry, Henry, but my part of you seems to be stronger than yours. What can I do?

JEKYLL
Lydia, I know this may be dangerous, but just try taking the whole damn lot.

MRS HYDE prepares an enormous concoction of all the remaining ingredients.

MRS HYDE
This may be goodbye, Henry ...

She raises the first of many glasses to her lips.

139 EXT. JEKYLL'S HOUSE

At the door are CHIEF INSPECTOR WHICKER and THREE POLICEMEN. POOLE opens front door.

WHICKER
(showing identification)
Inspector Whicker of Scotland Yard. I'd like to see Mrs Hyde.

POOLE
She's in the laboratory at the moment, sir.

WHICKER and POLICEMEN enter.

WHICKER
I have a warrant for her arrest.

UTTERSON
What's the charge?

WHICKER
The suspected murder of Dr Henry Jekyll!

UTTERSON
I am a lawyer. You must allow me to represent Mrs Hyde in this matter.

WHICKER
You may be a lawyer, sir, but you are also a material witness for the prosecution. Now, where's this laboratory?

141 EXT. LABORATORY

WHICKER
(to Poole)
Open up!

142 INT. LABORATORY

The Group enters and is confronted by the sight of MRS HYDE completely berserk in a still more exaggerated form from the first transformation scene. She is swing from the rafters, crawling along the floor, CLAUDE, the GORILLA, is in a great state of excitement, beating his chest and pounding the bars of his cage. MRS HYDE is totally out of control.

WHICKER
Arrest that woman!

The THREE POLICEMEN move towards the still hyperactive MRS HYDE. She tosses them off with great ease.

UTTERSON
Lydia, control yourself!

POOLE
(to Whicker)
She is a tempestuous lady, isn't she? Might I suggest this net?

He opens a trunk. WHICKER pulls out this enormous net originally used to transport CLAUDE. The THREE POLICEMEN advance cautiously with the net and eventually ensnare MRS HYDE.

WHICKER
Take this madwoman down to the station.

One of the POLICEMEN hangs the netted bundle over his back. All exit save for POOLE who takes one lingering look at the bundle.

POOLE
You know, Mrs Hyde, you're so beautiful when you're angry.

143 INT. WOMEN'S PRISON

MRS HYDE is now calm and being led along corridor of cells by TWO LADY WARDERS. As she passes one cell, filled with prisoners, one of them recognises her.

PRISONER
It's Lydia Hyde!

ANOTHER PRISONER
They've got Mrs Hyde!

A murmuring spreads along the corridor, growing to a roar of approval. THE PRISONERS banging on their cell bars, shouting things like 'Good for you, Lydia ... Don't let them get you down ... We're all with you, Lydia ... They're just trying to stop your newspaper.'

MRS HYDE is led into a cell on her own, the sparse contents of which she surveys. The door slams shut.

144 EXT. JEKYLL'S GARDEN

POLICEMEN with dogs are covering the grounds in search of any trace of a body. The POLICE are equipped with a primitive telephone system i.e. paper cartons and a piece of string. INSPECTOR WHICKER and P.C. BELL are about eight feet apart with their backs to each other. POOLE is in between them.

WHICKER
(talking into carton
to P.C. Bell)
Come in Roger One. Any sign of the body? Over.

P.C. BELL
Roger One. It's rather a bad line. Could you repeat. Over.

WHICKER
Roger One. I can't hear you. Please repeat.

P.C. BELL
Roger One. I'm sorry sir, still not receiving you. Please repeat.

POOLE
He's asking you if there's any sign

of the body.

P.C. BELL
No sign of a body, sir.

WHICKER
Can't hear you this end.

POOLE moves over to WHICKER.

POOLE
He says there's no sign of a body,
Inspector.

WHICKER
Do you mind keeping out of this,
Mr Poole. This is a serious
investigation. Come in Roger One.
Any sign of a body? Over.

145 INT. WOMEN'S PRISON

UTTERSON and SIR WILLIAM BRANNIGAN Q.C. approach the cell
conducted by LADY WARDEN.

LADY WARDEN
Two gentlemen to see you, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE
Oh John, how good of you to come.
Make yourself at home.

UTTERSON
I'd like you to meet Sir William
Brannigan, Q.C., one of our most
eminent silks. As you know, I shall
be unable to act for you in this case
as I am a material witness for the
Crown, however, I have persuaded
Sir William to defend you.

MRS HYDE
Glad to meet you, Sir William. I
appreciate it.

UTTERSON
Sir William was at school with the
Judge. Belongs to the same Club
and knows his little idiosyncrasies.
You couldn't have a better man.

MRS HYDE
I don't need a man, John. I'll
present my own defence.

UTTERSON
Really, Lydia, this is most unwise.
For all your efforts to change it,
this remains a man's world. And I
must warn you, the Chief Prosecutor
is most formidable in Court.

MRS HYDE
John, do you believe that I am innocent?

UTTERSON
Absolutely!

MRS HYDE
Then justice will prevail. Good
day, John. Thank you for coming.

SIR WILLIAM and UTTERSON are let out by GUARD. They walk
down corridor.

SIR WILLIAM
Justice will prevail! The woman
obviously knows nothing about the law!

146 INT. COURT ROOM

BAILIFF
Silence in the Court. Pray, rise
for His Worship Judge Foggarty!

In the Courtroom we recognise DR. and MRS LANYON, UTTERSON,
LORD and LADY DINGWELL, POOLE and LUCY RADLOW. JUDGE
FOGGARTY sits down. Court Room adjusts itself.

BAILIFF
Lead in the prisoner.

MRS HYDE enters, very dignified, escorted by COURT OFFICIAL.
There is excited murmuring in the Court.

JUDGE
(gavelling)
Silence in the Court!

MRS HYDE is placed in the dock.

BAILIFF
Lydia Hyde, you stand accused of
the wilful murder of Dr Henry Jekyll.
How do you plead?

MRS HYDE
Not guilty, My Lord.

JUDGE
I note the presence of the Chief
Prosecutor, Sir Hubert Gridiron,
but I fail to detect any lawyers
for the defence.

MRS HYDE
I am defending myself, Your Worship.

JUDGE
Is it not for lack of funds that you are
not represented? You are entitled
to free representation.

MRS HYDE
It is my wish to defend myself.

JUDGE
I find it a most unusual and irre-
sponsible course of action.

MRS HYDE
I protest, Your Honour. You are
planting in the minds of the jury
that I am an irresponsible woman.

JUDGE
Very well then, the Jurors will ignore
the word 'irresponsible'. I trust you
have no objection to the word 'woman'?

MRS HYDE
No, Your Honour

JUDGE
Sir Hubert Gridiron will open for
the prosecution.

GRIDIRON
Your Worship, ladies and gentlemen
of the jury, my distinguished
colleagues and I have a relatively
simple case to present. A case in
which a highly intelligent and
conniving female won the favour of a
distinguished man and for monetary
gain did away with him. We shall
show incontrovertably through the
testimony of witnesses that the
accused, Lydia Hyde, had motive,
opportunity and alas, success in her
evil plan to murder her unwitting
benefactor, and thus acquire his
entire fortune. Call John Utterson.

BAILIFF
John Utterson.

UTTERSON takes the witness box. BAILIFF holds up Bible.

BAILIFF
Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth,
so help you God?

UTTERSON
I swear.

GRIDIRON
Mr Utterson, is it true that on the
morning of April 14th of this year,
Dr Henry Jekyll came to you with
regard to his will?

UTTERSON
That's true, sir.

GRIDIRON
And what was his request?

UTTERSON

Well, uh, mainly that in the event of his death, or disappearance, his entire estate should be left to Lydia Hyde.

GRIDIRON
And what was your reaction?

UTTERSON
I counselled most strongly against it. Especially the use of the word 'disappearance'.

GRIDIRON
And now the Doctor has disappeared?

UTTERSON
For the moment, yes.

GRIDIRON
For some ten weeks ... was it the Doctor's wont to disappear?

UTTERSON
No, he was a most meticulous man.

MRS HYDE
Objection, Your Honour!

JUDGE
(wearily)
To what, Mrs Hyde?

MRS HYDE
To the word 'was'. It implies that Dr Jekyll is no longer alive.

GRIDIRON
Would Mrs Hyde agree that the Doctor is no longer with us?

MRS HYDE
At the moment, yes.

GRIDIRON
(with oily smile to Judge)
I think the accused is playing with words in the same callous fashion that she played with the life of a fellow human being. Mr Utterson you subsequently met Mrs Hyde and came to know her reasonably well?

UTTERSON
Yes, sir.

GRIDIRON
And what is your impression of her? Independent? Ambitious?

UTTERSON
Those, certainly?

MRS HYDE
You're leading the witness!

GRIDIRON
I'll rephrase that. What is your impression of Mrs Hyde now?

UTTERSON
Well, she is indeed a fiercely independent woman, a woman with strong ideas and ideals. But to me she has always been fair, gentle and kind.

GRIDIRON
Mr Utterson, do I detect a little of the same affliction that mortally affected the deceased?

MRS HYDE
Your Honour, I cannot allow the word 'deceased' when no death has been established and no body found.

GRIDIRON
The distinction between 'deceased' and vanished from the face of the earth seems trivial. Your Honour, members of the Jury, I merely meant Dr Jekyll has disappeared. A disappearance about which he himself

has his own forebodings as evinced by the change of his will. Thank you, Mr Utterson.

JUDGE

Have you any questions, Mrs Hyde?

MRS HYDE

Yes, Mr Utterson, have I, at any time through our acquaintance, shown the slightest malice towards Dr Jekyll?

UTTERSON

None whatsoever.

MRS HYDE

You are Dr Jekyll's closest friend. Did he at any time hint that he feared for his life?

UTTERSON

No, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE

Do you believe for one moment that I would kill him?

UTTERSON

No, Mrs Hyde.

146A INT. LORD AND LADY DINGWELL'S LIVING ROOM

LADY DINGWELL

I think she's going very well.

LORD DINGWELL

But how is she going to get round the will business and where's Henry?

146B INT. COURT ROOM

INSPECTOR WHICKER being examined by PROSECUTOR.

GRIDIRON

And when you entered the laboratory, what was Mrs Hyde's state?

WHICKER

Hysterical. Demented. I've never seen anything like it.

GRIDIRON

It took three men and a net to pin her down?

WHICKER

That's right, sir.

GRIDIRON

She's a powerful woman, then?

WHICKER

She fought like a demon, sir.

GRIDIRON

Would you say she was capable of killing?

WHICKER

In that state, more than capable.

MRS HYDE

Inspector Whicker, I congratulate you and your three sturdy constables on the skill with which you captured one frail female. Is it true that you and the men, under your command have been conducting an extensive search for the past week for the body of Dr Jekyll?

WHICKER

That's true, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE

Have you, your men or your dogs found any trace of a body?

WHICKER

None whatsoever, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE

Have your searches revealed anything that might be described as a murder weapon?

WHICKER
No, Mrs Hyde.

MRS HYDE
Any signs in his house or my house
of a struggle?

WHICKER
Only those which were consistent with
out attempt to capture you, my lady.

CUT TO PPOLE on witness stand.

GRIDIRON
And you were instructed to obey
Mrs Hyde completely as if she were
your master.

POOLE
Yes, sir.

GRIDIRON
And she had access to the house
and laboratory?

POOLE
Yes, sir.

GRIDIRON
Did Dr Jekyll in any of your long
experience of him give such freedom
to any person?

POOLE
Only myself, sir.

GRIDIRON
Can you think of any reason why
your master should have put such
complete faith in Mrs Hyde?

POOLE
Merely that she is a remarkable
woman and he loved her.

GRIDIRON
Has your master ever disappeared
for any considerable length of time
without informing you?

POOLE
He has every right to go away if
he wishes.

GRIDIRON
Just answer the question. Has
he ever gone away without informing
you.

POOLE
No, sir.

GRIDIRON
That will be all.

MRS HYDE
Poole, you were constantly in Dr
Jekyll's house.

POOLE
Yes, ma'am.

MRS HYDE
Did you ever hear any indication of
myself and Dr Jekyll arguing or
fighting?

POOLE
No, ma'am.

MRS HYDE
Did you notice any evidence of
hostility between me and the Doctor?

POOLE
Only when me and Cook went on strike,
ma'am.

MRS HYDE
Would you say that the Doctor and
myself were on generally friendly
relations?

POOLE
Most friendly, ma'am. If I may say

so, he worshipped you, as well indeed he should, for you are a woman of extraordinary merit, a lady of compassion and understanding, a person of whom I can truly say ...

GRIDIRON

I find these personal eulogies of little evidential merit, Your Honour.

JUDGE

Objection sustained.

MRS HYDE

Thank you, Poole. You're a good man.

JUDGE

Court will adjourn until ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

147 INT. CELL

MRS HYDE

Get this note to Poole urgently.

LUCY

Right, and I've a nice piece to tell you about the Judge.

148 INT. COURT ROOM

GRIDIRON

When you first met Mrs Hyde at your country house, what was your impression?

LANYON

She was clearly deranged. Her behaviour was rude and eccentric.

GRIDIRON

In what way, Dr. Lanyon?

LANYON

She induced the ladies present to sing bawdy songs, and drink Scotch.

MRS HYDE

Dr. Lanyon, is it not true my newspaper published a damaging report about yourself?

LANYON

Yes, indeed ... a most infamous article.

MRS HYDE

And is this not the real reason that you are prejudiced against me.

LANYON

I am not prejudiced against you ... I am merely reporting the facts.

JUDGE

And that, Dr. Lanyon, is all we are here to establish.

Shot of MARY WELLS in the Gallery.

MARY

Murderess!

JUDGE

Silence in the Court. Whilst agreeing with your sentiments, I must ask for silence. This hearing will resume after the luncheon recess.

149 INT. APOTHECARY SHOP

POOLE is talking with the MANAGER. A SHIFTY ASSISTANT is also there.

MANAGER

I'm sorry Mr Poole, they may be Mrs Hyde's explicit instructions but I told her some weeks ago that we were right out of supplies.

MANAGER retreats into back as SHIFTY ASSISTANT beckons.

ASSISTANT

Psst ... you know that first assignment the doctor ordered.

POOLE

Yes.

ASSISTANT

There was something wrong with it.
Mr Peyton didn't want to mention it.

POOLE

What was wrong?

ASSISTANT

Well, the Magragora root had some
kind of fungus on it. Mr Peyton
was so upset he locked the rest
back there.

POOLE

Then can you get it ... it's most
urgent.

ASSISTANT

'Fraid not, governor ... as it was
useless, I sold it to some blind
peddler.

POOLE

But why should he want it?

ASSISTANT

Oh, he's a pusher ... mainly to kids,
you know what they're like today ...
anything for kicks. Clever bugger
sold a packet of dandruff last week ...
passed it off as Cocaine.

POOLE

And where might I find this person?

ASSISTANT

He usually hangs around Rawley Steet.

150 INT. COURT ROOM

MRS HYDE is in the dock.

GRIDIRON

Mrs Hyde, did you stand to gain a
considerable amount of money on the
death or disappearance of Dr Jekyll?

MRS HYDE

Yes, sir.

GRIDIRON

You are the publisher, are you
not, of 'Woman's Weekly'.

MRS HYDE

Yes, sir.

GRIDIRON

In this newspaper you have called
for the right of all women to have
legal abortions?

MRS HYDE

Yes, sir.

GRIDIRON

You have shown, therefore, no concern
for the value of human life.

MRS HYDE

There is a difference, sir, between
an unwanted four week old foetus
and a grown human being.

GRIDIRON

A difference of which I would prefer
God to be the judge. You have called,
have you not, for strikes?

MRS HYDE

Certainly.

GRIDIRON

And thus shown a total disregard
for the law.

MRS HYDE

For the law as it stands, yes.

GRIDIRON

You are being tried, Mrs Hyde, on

the merits of the law as it stands.
There cannot be any other law.
You have demonstrated, Mrs Hyde, a
complete contempt for our system
as it stands, and would go to any lengths,
I would suggest, to overthrow it.

MRS HYDE
I have never murdered anyone, Sir
Hubert.

GRIDIRON
That I will leave for the jury to
decide.

Shot of UTTERSON in despair.

151 EXT. RAWLEY STREET

POOLE approaches BLIND MAN in the street.

POOLE
A friend of mine tells me you might
have some substances.

BLIND MAN
What kind of substances?

POOLE
Well, you know ... the hard stuff.

BLIND MAN
What about a nice little packet of
cocaine?

POOLE
No, I already have some dandruff ...
that it ... I was wondering if you
had any ground madragora root left.

BLIND MAN
Well, I might have a bit at my place.

POOLE
Let's go then.

BLIND MAN
Follow me.

BLIND MAN proceeds taping his stick in front of him.
POOLE follows.

152 INT. COURT ROOM

MRS HYDE
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury.
It is true that I desire certain
reforms that may be unpopular
with the establishment. I am truly
grateful to Dr Henry Jekyll for
everything that he has done for me.
If I knew were he was, believe me
I would tell you. I canonly reiterate
the fact that no body has been found
and no body ever will be found. I didn't
murder Henry Jekyll. He was my dearest
friend.

JUDGE
Doesn't the lady mean 'is'.

LANYON laughs.

LANYON
Good point, Judge.

153 EXT. LONDON STREET

POOLE and BLIND MAN proceeding along.

POOLE
For God's sake man, hurry up. This
is urgent.

BLIND MAN breaks into a very speedy run still tapping the
ground in front of him with his stick. POOLE gives pursuit
gasping for breath. BLIND MAN knows exactly where he's
going and dodges through traffic and pedestrians. POOLE
has great difficulty in keeping up.

154 INT. COURT ROOM

The JUDGE's summing up.

JUDGE

You've heard, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the defence and the prosecution. The accused, an admitted friend of prostitutes ...

MRS HYDE
(jumping to her feet)
You too, sir, have consorted with these unfortunate women.

JUDGE
I share, with Mr Gladstone, a concern for these degenerate ladies and have done my utmost to reform them ...

MRS HYDE
Including, if I am not mistaken, hanging naked from a rafter and being whipped.

JUDGE
Strike that from the record! The jury will ignore that last remark. Mrs Hyde, you are clearly demented.

LUCY
No she's not, you dirty old sod. I used to get a guinea for that.

JUDGE
Remove that woman from the Court!

LUCY RADLOW is dragged struggling from the Court.

JUDGE
Any more remarks of that kind, Mrs Hyde and you will be held in contempt of Court.

155 INT. BLIND MAN'S SMALL OPIUM DEN

FIVE FIGURES in a drugged stupor are lying on cushions and passing a pipe from one to the other. The atmosphere is extremely seedy. BLIND MAN and a heavily panting POOLE enter.

BLIND MAN
Take a seat. I'll look for the stuff.

POOLE, rather warily, sits on a cushion between two of the opium smokers, ARTHUR and BERT. He is embarrassed and lost for words. Eventually, he breaks the silence.

POOLE
Lovely weather for the time of year.

ARTHUR
(in stupefied voice)
A farting ant can outstare the sun.

POOLE
Yes, there's a lot of truth in that.

ARTHUR
Truth is like a three legged goat.

POOLE
Similar - certainly.

BERT passes the pipe to POOLE.

BERT
Four ways.

POOLE
I beg your pardon?

BERT
Grummets and spindles all shall be revealed.

POOLE hesitates but finally takes a puff and passes the pipe on to ARTHUR. His eyes finally glaze. The BLIND MAN re-enters with a package.

BLIND MAN
That'll be ten guineas.

POOLE staggers to his feet and pays out.

POOLE
May the Lord sit in your feet.

He exits unsteadily.

156 INT. COURT ROOM

JUDGE

To conclude, this lady stood to gain a great deal from the death or disappearance of Dr Henry Jekyll. It is up to you to judge the merits of the case. Far be it for me to infer that she is a demented mad woman bent on destruction of everything we hold sacred. I leave it to you, members of the jury, to decide on the facts as presented.

BAILIFF

The jury will retire and consider their decision.

157 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COURT ROOM

UTTERSON

That's the most disgraceful, unfair summation I've ever heard.

LANYON

I thought he put the facts forth fairly clearly.

158 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

JUDGE FOGERTY and CLERK OF COURT are present.

JUDGE

What the hell is keeping them. They've been out 15 minutes.

CLERK

I'm sure they won't be long, sir.

A KNOCK on the door. ANOTHER CLERK enters.

SECOND CLERK

The jury are ready to deliver their verdict.

JUDGE

Get my black cap ready then.

159 INT. CELL NEAR COURT ROOM

POOLE approaches the GUARD.

POOLE

Let me in, would you please?

GUARD

Can't do that, sir.

POOLE

They are about to deliver the verdict. I'm her doctor. I must have the smelling salts ready.

GUARD

How do I know those are smelling salts, sir?

POOLE

You can sniff them yourself, if you like.

GUARD takes the proffered vial and sniffs suspiciously. He falls slowly to the ground with some difficulty. POOLE hauls him up by the keys and unlocks the door.

MRS HYDE

Good work, Poole. Did you get everything I wanted?

POOLE

Yes, my dear, and more. You know the first consignment the doctor ordered, Mrs Hyde?

MRS HYDE

Yes.

POOLE

Well, there was something wrong.

MRS HYDE

What?

POOLE

They didn't want to admit it, but the madragora root was contaminated with some strange fungus. They were ashamed to tell the Doctor because they pride themselves upon pure ingredients.

MRS HYDE
Did they have any more of this impure madragora?

POOLE
A little, and I thought it wise to bring it along with the remaining ingredients.

MRS HYDE
I think you know what's going on, Poole.

POOLE
Well, what do you take me for for? Some old drunk?

MRS HYDE
Quickly, take off your clothes.

POOLE
I thought you'd never ask.

160 INT. COURT ROOM

The JURORS are returning.

BAILIFF
Call the Defendant.

MRS HYDE (POOLE in drag) moves majestically towards the stand. (Shot in rear view)

BAILIFF
Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a decision?

CHIEF JUROR
Yes, sir.

BAILIFF
Do you find Mrs Hyde guilty or not guilty of the wilful murder of Dr Henry Jekyll?

JUROR
Guilty, m'lord.

HENRY JEKYLL enters in POOLE's clothes which fit him ill amid a great furore from the Court.

JEKYLL
Stop this. My name is Henry Jekyll. I am alive and well and will witness John Utterson, Ronald Lanyon, Lord and Lady Dingwell and your Honour to boot. I have been away and you have tortured this innocent woman for no good reason save that she chose to question the values of your society. I demand that she be set free.

UPROAR IN COURT. JUDGE hammers with gavel. Cries of 'Order in Court'. Silence is eventually restored.

JUDGE
Where have you been?

JEKYLL
None of your bloody business or anybody else's. I shall go where I want and do what I want. Now kindly release this woman whom you have so unjustly persecuted. She's guilty of no crime. Free her.

Loud shouts from the Gallery from 'Women;s Only' supporters bearing banners 'Let Her Go'.

JUDGE
I declare this woman completely innocent. She shall be taken from this place and hung by the neck... Oh I mean, let her go.

161 EXT. COURT

A crowd wait excitedly outside the doors. JEKYLL escorts POOLE through the crowds helped by POLICEMEN to a waiting carriage. POOLE hides his face in his hands.

JEKYLL
Take this lady to 10 Berkeley Square
please.

POOLE enters carriage and takes off wig and veil.
JEKYLL rejoins UTTERSON.

UTTERSON
Thank God for that ... but where have
you been?

JEKYLL
As I've said, it's none of anybody's
business. I want one thing of you,
John. Look after Lydia, she needs
a man.

UTTERSON
What about you, Henry?

During the following JEKYLL's voice starts to rise gradually
as the potion begins to wear off and MRS HYDE begins to take
over again. JEKYLL fights against it as much as he can but
it is obvious the take over will be soon.

JEKYLL
I don't know what I'm doing or where
I'm going, but I shall be away for a
long time. We're friends, John, aren't
we?

UTTERSON
Always.

JEKYLL
Then trust me. I must go.

UTTERSON
When will I see you again?

JEKYLL
Always and possibly never.

162 INT. JEKYLL'S LIVING ROOM

POOLE is finishing the wine from the first scene.

POOLE
John Utterson and Lydia Hyde were
married on 17th November. I, who
retained a small portion of the
mixture, acted as bridesmaid.

163 EXT. CHURCH STEPS

UTTERSON and MRS HYDE emerge from the church portals to be
greeted by cries from a small crowd gathered outside. These
include all the characters we have met so far, LORD and LADY
DINGWELL, LANYON, the BLIND MAN etc. They throw confetti.
CLOSE UP of POOLE in drag in yellow bonnet.

POOLE (V.O.)
I always thought the yellow bonnet
suited me.

164 INT. BRIDAL SUITE

UTTERSON and MRS HYDE are in their night attire holding hands.
They get in bed together. UTTERSON makes his first amorous
move. MRS HYDE looks towards the dresser where there are
photographs of her and JEKYLL.

ZOOM slowly into them, They turn to camera and say
simultaneously:

Be gentle with us, John.

FREEZE frame ... END.

CREDITS ROLL OVER 'Boys will be girls, will be girls'.