

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

Ivy: here's hoping that hyde rots... wherever he is. Burn slow when the time comes. Here's hopin that dr. jekyll thinks of his Ivy... as I know he'd like to. As his Ivy thinks of him. Because he's an angel. Here's to my angel.

Dr.: surprised? Couldn't be that you didn't expect to see me?

Ivy: No. I've been... I've been waiting for you.

Dr.: But you've been celebrating. Is there some new event, some change?

Ivy: No. no, I just thought...

Dr.: You've just been drinking to calm your nerves, huh? It is your nerves, isn't it? Perhaps you should see a doctor.

Ivy: No. no, I don't need a doctor. Would you like to have some wine, sir? I'll get you another glass.

Dr.: Dr. Jekyll's a good man. Yes, Dr. Henry Jekyll.

Ivy: Is he?

Dr.: Yes. Yes. And a fine gentleman too. Different than any man you might know. Yes. Yes. "A nice, fine gentleman like yourself, sir, wouldn't be knowing such a person." No. "I ain't such a bad looker, sir, when I'm more myself." Yes. He's the kind of man you can get down on your knees to, isn't he? A sweet, dear, pure man that you can trust and believe. He's a smug, hypocritical coward that's what he is.

Ivy: You couldn't know him.

Dr.: I know him intimately. And I detest him intimately... from his lofty brain to the soles of his virtuous feet. And you, you... "I'll do anything you ask, sir." Well, you saw him, didn't you? You saw the respectable fool. Clutched his halo and held it straight, didn't he.

Ivy: How do you know all that?

Dr.: I know everything you do and think.

Ivy: Dr. Jekyll wouldn't tell you. He ain't the kind of...

Dr.: And as you were leaving the room, you turned at the door, didn't you? And you said, "For a moment, I thought..." What did you think? What did you think? Did you think Dr. Jekyll was falling in love with you? You with you cheap little dreams? Or did

you think, perhaps...that in him, you saw a bit of me, Hyde? Oh, but it confuses you, doesn't it? It isn't quite clear, is it?

Ivy: Oh... what are you going to do?

Dr.: Something so simple. I'm going to put an end to all that confusion.

Ivy: Please, sir. Oh, no. Please, no.

Dr.: Yes, dance. Dance and dream. Dream that you're Mrs. Henry Jekyll of Harley Street...dancing with your own butler and six foot men. Dream they've all turned into white mice and crawled into an eternal pumpkin.