

A nightmarish HOSPITAL ward - or is it a PRISON?  
MUSIC under JEKYLL and DANVERS.

DANVERS

He's beyond help, Henry.

And ANOTHER FIGURE, silent - a third man, a  
PATIENT - restrained to a metal bed in front of the  
white curtain, stares with strange eyes at a fixed point in  
front of him. He seems to listen, but we cannot know if  
he hears...

JEKYLL

Sir Danvers, he still has a soul - as pure and as good as yours or mine. But he's trapped in  
a dark and terrible world. Madness is the cruellest of all prisons. There must be a way to  
help him.

DANVERS

Death will help him, Henry.

JEKYLL

(dead still)

My theories convince me there is a better solution.

DANVERS

Your theories are more dangerous than he is. Your colleagues say you are trespassing on  
hallowed ground when you experiment with the human mind.

JEKYLL

My colleagues are cowards, afraid of what they don't understand. How can we call  
ourselves civilized, if we are not prepared to help him, and every wretched soul like him?

DANVERS

I admire your tenacity, Henry, but I question your philosophy. You're a gifted man. Use  
your gifts wisely.