

Scene 3

Carew, Jeckyll, Student

(A cadaver is wheeled in on a gurney by an orderly/student. The audience may glimpse yellow skin, blood and viscera. Sir Danvers Carew, the florid and domineering chief surgeon of the hospital, steps forward.)

SIR DANVERS CAREW The brain, as you can see, gentlemen, is small, albeit distended and deformed, emblematic of the woman's moral decay and sensual rapaciousness, her intellectual spheres noticeably dwarfed in comparison with those devoted primarily to the pursuits of lust and degradation. Her neck and throat, the area with which the dog took issue, has been bitten, the salient point being the evidence of ripping. The face, though once possessing a not unattractive visage, has also been chewed upon. Thus disfigured there is no need to gaze upon it further. Her breasts, however, remain exemplary. Her sex is swollen, as one might suspect even without observation. But observe it we shall. For that, more than the brain, is the true heart of the feminine soul. In this creature's case - the case of a diseased and depraved streetwalker - the engorged nature of her vaginal canal divined its own end and signed her death warrant. That concludes - (Jekyll enters.)

JEKYLL. Rot.

SIR DANVERS CAREW Who's that?

JEKYLL. Rot, bad science and evil-mindedness.

SIR DANVERS CAREW Dr. Jekyll, I am chief surgeon of this hosp-

JEKYLL. Sir Danvers, you say the woman's brain is small. Of course it's small, she's been dead three days with no hydration, it's shrunk! As any of ours would shrink in similar circumstances, as your brain would shrink, if further shrinkage were possible. As for some parts of her brain being dwarfed, as you put it, that's because the body was obviously improperly stored, in a tilted position, causing what blood remained in the head to gather on one side, thus bloating the tissue. As for what you call "her sex,"

it's swollen because the woman was raped, and the "canine tears" around her neck are not the result of teeth, but rather a clumsy attempt to mask a murder by making it look like the attack of a dog. I'll wager those are from boot nails or a cobble pick. As for the rest, including your assumption as to the location of her soul, I leave to a higher knowledge. Now cover her. (The orderly steps forward and covers the body folly.) If you want lurid depictions, Sir Danvers, buy a postcard from a Frenchman. Uekyll and Sir Danvers Carew glare at each other, in a stand-off Beat.)

STUDENT. ... Uhm, Sir Danvers, is class dismissed?

SIR DANVERS CAREW. (Barely controlling his rage.) Due to the interruption of my lecture, the whore shall be dissected tomorrow. (To Jekyll.) Jekyll, I shall see to you in quicker order. (Pushes past the student.) Out of my way!!! (Sir Danvers exits. Jekyll remains, shaken by his own outburst. After a moment, he notices the surgical student staring at him.)

JEKYLL. I apologize for my outburst, but it was long in coming. As physicians, you will be presented with cases in which the choice is between what you can do and what you should do.

STUDENT. How does one tell the difference?

JEKYLL. What you can do is determined by your learning, your expertise, your reputation, and the power society bestows upon you in recognition of these gifts.

STUDENT. And what you should do, what's that determined by?

JEKYLL. Your character.

STUDENT. Don't you mean the soul, sir? You do believe in a soul, don't you, Dr. Jekyll?

JEKYLL. I believe we give names to things we cannot comprehend. There is a part of the mind we cannot study because we cannot see it, feel it, but there our deepest dreams and desires live. Call that a soul if you like. It doesn't care what name you give it.

STUDENT. But if the soul is a -

JEKYLL. These are questions for the college chaplain. Go to him. He has little enough business as it is.