

Another Case of J & H

Adapted from Jekyll and Hyde comedy sketch from 11/1941 Jack Benny Radio Show updated with additional original material by Carol Anthony C. 2018 - FINAL

NARRATOR:

Our story begins in DR. JEKYLLS' office in the early morning. We find his two assistants seated at their desks. [SFX: MUSIC and fade}

ASSISTANT I:

[SFX Phone rings] [speaks in sweet mellifluous voice}

Hello, DR. JEKYLL's office. [pause] I'm sorry he's not here but I expect him back any minute. May I take a message? [pause] Very well, I'll tell him. Goodbye.

ASSISTANT II:

[phone rings] [raspy crotchety voice]

Hello, Mr Hyde's office. Yeah this is his assistant. No, he isn't in and if you want 'em heaven help ya. What? Good Bye yourself!

ASSISTANT I:

Gee, I hope DR. JEKYLL is himself today and not that horrible Mr. Hyde.

ASSISTANT II:

Well I hope he is Mr. Hyde so he'll think I'm beautiful.

ASSISTANT I:

Oh, here he comes now.

DR. JEKYLL: [singing to himself)

Oh, good morning Ms Jones, are there any messages?

ASSISTANT !:

Good morning DR. JEKYLL, yes. Mr. Allen called. He said he wouldn't be able to pay his bill this month.

DR. JEKYLL:

Mr. Allen? Well you tell Fred not to worry about it. Any time at all will suit me. You see, the poor man doesn't make that much money on the radio. He gets paid by the laugh you know. Anyway, Ms Jones, don't press him for the money.

ASSISTANT I:

All right Dr. Jekyll.

DR. JEKYLL:

In fact, why don't you just tear up the bill. See how sweet I am, folks before I take the drug?

ASSISTANT !:

And by the way Doctor, there's a patient in the waiting room. She's very anxious to see you.

DR. JEKYLL:

Very well, send her in. [door opens and closes]

Ah good morning young lady.

MACBETH:

Good morning Doctor. My name is MACBETH. Grouch MACBETH.

DR. JEKYLL:

Well, sit down Ms. MACBETH. Now--What seems to be the trouble?

MACBETH:

Doctor, I do hope you can help me. You see, I have a terrible problem. I walk in my sleep.

DR. JEKYLL:

I see. How often does this occur?

MACBETH:

Every night. Every night I walk in my sleep.

DR. JEKYLL:

Well, where do you live?

MACBETH:

All over! My husband is starting to get suspicious.

DR. JEKYLL:

Well, let me see what I can do. Why don't we start by saying "Ah"

MACBETH:

'Ahhhhhhhhh' [timidly and nervously]

DR. JEKYLL:

No, I mean "Ahhh" Like this "Ahgggh".

MACBETH:

Ahhhhh!!! [like an opera singer trying to break a glass or chandelier]

DR. JEKYLL:

Okay that's better. Let's try it again. Now-- repeat after me. (Mimicking the rhythm of chorus from Song "Don't You Just Know It"):

Ah Ah Ah Ah

MACBETH:

Ah-Ah-Ah-Ah

DR. JEKYLL:

Hey – Oh

MACBETH:

Hey-Oh

DR. JEKYLL:

Kooba, Kooba, Kooba, Kooba,

MACBETH:

Kooba, Kooba, Kooba, Kooba

DR. JEKYLL;

Ah Ah Ah Ah

MACBETH:

Ah Ah Ah Ah

DR. JEKYLL:

Ah ha ha ha (raise the pitch slightly)

MACBETH:

Ha ha ha ha

DR. JEKYLL:

Hey-Oh

MACBETH;

Hey- Oh

DR. JEKYLL:

Close enough. Now take one powder a day; you'll be a new man before you know it.

MACBETH:

But I'm a woman!

DR. JEKYLL:

Well, the change will do you good. Now be sure to pay in cash on your way out. Next patient please.

MACBETH:

Thank you doctor, I'll never forget you for this!

DR. JEKYLL:

Yes, well, do your best.

[SFX Door Slams]

[SFX Creepy Scene Change Music]

DR. JEKYLL:

Oh, Ms Jones, I gave the last of my powders to Lady MACBETH. Could you bring in another box from the medicine chest. I'll just pour myself a glass of water.
[sfx water running from faucet]

ASSISTANT I:

Your powders?

DR. JEKYLL:

Yes, my powders.

ASSISTANT I:

Oh no DR. JEKYLL, please don't take the powders. You know what they do to you.

DR. JEKYLL:

Now now, Ms. Jones.

ASSISTANT I:

Please, please DR. JEKYLL, anything but the powders!

DR. JEKYLL:

Quiet Ms. Jones [sfx stirring powders in a glass]

[sfx swallowing, gulping, transforming]

ASSISTANT I:

Oh DR. JEKYLL, DR. JEKYLL, please please stop!

[sfx: vocal sounds of Jekyll turning into Hyde, heavy breathing, coyote sounds]

ASSISTANT I:

Now why did you do that?

DR. JEKYLL:

[in raspy gravelly voice] It's all right Ms. Jones [makes three growling sounds followed by a blood-curdling laugh]

ASSISTANT I:

Oh how could you DR. JEKYLL!

HYDE:

It's Mr Hyde to you! Now get back to your desk you worm! Where's my other Assistant?

ASSISTANT II:

Here I am! [in a raspy voice]

HYDE:

Oh you are, are you? Where 've you been!?

ASSISTANT II:

None of your business!

HYDE:

Take a memo to that Fred Allen. [sfx typewriter sounds]
To whom it may concern, you bum. Come up with the
money you owe me or I'll have you arrested and all your
assets liquidated by sundown tomorrow! Very truly
yours, Edward Hyde.

Now then, who's my next patient?

ASSISTANT II:

Says his name is 'Dracula'.

HYDE: Hmm. That name doesn't ring a bell.

[sfx Bell Tolling 3 X)

JEKYLL:

Ah yes, now I remember. The COUNT-- I met him at
the American Dental Association Convention in
Vladivostok.

ASSISTANT I:

DR. JEKYLL, you're back!

JEKYLL:

Oh, so I am.

JEKYLL:

So, COUNT, what brings you here?

COUNT:

Doctor, I have a terrible affliction!

I don't know who to turn to. My very existence has become pure torture—agony. I wish I were dead!

JEKYLL:

I see, but-- aren't you already dead?

COUNT:

Yes, but It's worse than that!

JEKYLL:

Carry on then.

COUNT:

I woke up yesterday at midnight and as I levitated myself out of my coffin, I realized I could see my face in the mirror--- that's never happened before. And it can only mean one thing!

JEKYLL:

Oh my, that does sound serious. Your whole livelihood could be at stake.

COUNT:

Aaaah (winces in horror) Please Doctor!

JEKYLL:

Sorry, COUNT. How long has this been going on?

COUNT:

Ever since I took this powder that my pharmacist recommended.

JEKYLL:

Really? Who is your pharmacist?

COUNT:

Her name is MACBETH. She's been the family chemist for years. I trust her implicitly, but after taking these powders she prescribed, I'm beside myself!

JEKYLL:

Now now, pull yourself together Count. These things are often no more than a minor chemical imbalance. You probably just need to sleep it off. Or perhaps, it's a matter of taking a different dosage of the poison, I mean potion, uh, powders. I've seen these tablets work wonders for zombies. You'll be a new woman before you can say Dorian Gray.

COUNT:

But I'm a man!

JEKYLL:

Well I can't help that. Drink this.

COUNT:

[sfx :Gulp Gulp Gulp, Gargles] Ahhh. How do I look?

JEKYLL:

Here's a mirror!

[sfx cracks]

JEKYLL:

Splendid, Why you look absolutely stunning!

COUNT:

Really? Oh my [laughs, delighted] [pause] Oh—No--no, don't you see? I mean--- this is not my face. This is-- This is---Your Face! I'm You!

ASSISTANT II:

Now you've done it!

COUNT:

Ohhhh (breaking down) I can't go back to Transylvania like this!! Can't you do anything?

JEKYLL:

Don't worry, COUNT! I've been looking for a third man for the practice for years. Someone with your keen sense of pathology. I've just scratched the surface of modern medicine, but with your history and this poison—I mean these powders—[loud whisper] COUNT, we could make a fortune together!

COUNT:

You really think so?

JEKYLL:

I'd stake your--- my life (laughs nervously)——well you know what I mean! Now, what do you say Count?

COUNT:

Cheers!

[Clinking glasses and sounds of fizzing, bubbles
morphing into cauldron-like sounds]

[End of Scene Music: Love Potion No. 9]