

## **THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY**

by Oscar Wilde

adapted by Paul Stebbings

### **Act I**

A cast of four (the 'Credit crunch' version).

One actor to play Dorian Gray  
One actor to play Lord Henry Wooten  
One actress to play Sybil Vane and the servant: Leaf  
One actor to play Basil Hallwood  
Basil and Henry to share the Impresario

Opening

#### **Music Cue 1 : The Overture - Diana**

**Curtains open**

*4 actors wearing full head masks with featureless faces.*

*Each actor holds two character masks on sticks.*

*They advance towards the audience moving in unison – with each step the faces they present change. The music reaches its climax.*

*The IMPRESARIO breaks the final pose. The others exit with the masks*

IMP: Ladies and Gentlemen!  
Good evening and welcome. I suggest you go home. Go on, tear up your tickets and get out. Why? Why, you ask? Because the work you are about to witness, for which you all bought tickets, is, in the words of England's greatest lawyer, "A perverted story", "A revolting piece of disgusting immorality". Oh, so that's the reason you bought a ticket, eh? Does your mother know you're here? No, I bet she doesn't. Well, perhaps I could be persuaded not to tell her, for a fee. Madam, is that your husband, or just a bit of rough you keep on the side? Oh yes, we all have our dirty little secrets. So, anyone leaving? No?

Hehehe, I like it! We know where we stand then, eh?  
Right then, lets get on with it. Murder – and yes, worse  
than murder! 'Ere we go!  
Scene one. The town house of a certain gentleman in  
Belgrave Square, London. 1892. The flash-forward scene.  
Call me perverse, but I like to start at the back end.

*(He picks up the door lying on the floor. Enter LEAF. She holds door  
and begins to knock. Exit IMP.)*

Leaf: Master Dorian! Master Dorian! Help! Police! Somebody  
fetch a policeman. Master Dorian!

*(A policeman enters)*

Policeman: What's all this fuss, Mrs Leaf? You'll wake half London.

Leaf: Oh Officer. It's my Master Dorian Gray. I heard a scream  
and ran to his room but the door is locked.

Policeman: A scream!

Leaf: A howl, like a beast, like dyin', officer, like the dyin' of an  
animal. Something terrible has happened to him Officer. I  
fear it!

Policeman: Steady yourself, Mrs Leaf. How can you be sure it is your  
Master in there?

Leaf: The door's locked from the inside, Sir. There is but one  
key and my master has it. I heard him shouting and  
thrashing about.

Policeman: Was there someone else in there with him?

Leaf: No, no. He was talking to himself. Why do you stand  
there, you lump. Break down that door! Oh heavens!  
Poor Master Dorian!

*(They break door open. They run in and rush to the body on  
the floor. Both Freeze)*

Leaf: *[Out to audience ]* Hanging on the wall is a splendid  
portrait of my master as I had last seen him in all the  
wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the  
floor is a dead man in with a knife in his heart. He is  
wrinkled and withered. But from the ring on his finger, I  
know him to be Master: Dorian Gray.

*Leaf and the policeman freeze. Enter IMP.*

IMP: Yes, my lovelies, tonight our humble little theatre will perform for you a version of this vile and degrading story that sent its author Oscar Wilde to prison and to an early death. *[he snaps his fingers and Leaf and servant unfreeze and strike the door]* The Picture of Dorian Gray Ladies and Gentlemen. We shall journey from the heights of polite society to the depths of depravity. And trust me, we can sink really low. Judge for yourselves whether we open the gates to the delights of the world or the flames of Hell. But enough of this chatter. You want sensation, sin. On with the show! *(claps)* Scene two the studio of Mr. Basil Hallward, artist. *(Exits)*.

**\*\* Music Cue 2 : Diana**

*A silent scene with music: Dorian has appeared on a pedestal upstage and is posing for a portrait. Basil stands in front of an easel painting. Dorian yawns - he is tired of standing. Basil notices, crosses to Dorian, helps him off the pedestal. Dorian exits. Basil watches him, then crosses to look at the painting.*

Leaf: Lord Henry Wootten to see you Sir!

*(enter Henry, he sneaks a look at the picture)*

Henry: Basil.

Basil: Henry!

Henry: Aah! It's your best work, Basil. The best thing you have ever painted. You have ever done. You must certainly exhibit it at The Royal Academy.

Basil: I don't think I shall send it anywhere.

Henry: You're mad, absolutely mad. You simply must exhibit this masterpiece.

Basil: *(With feeling)* I cannot. I will not.

Henry: What strange folk you painters are! You do everything possible to get a reputation and then you throw it away. It's silly of you. Basil - there's only one thing worse than being talked about and that's not being talked about.

Basil: I know you will laugh at me but I can't exhibit the painting. I have put too much of myself in it.

Henry: Too much of yourself in it! Basil you are so vain. Your model is an Adonis and you, well – you are an intellect. A thinking man is all nose and wrinkled forehead. Professors, lawyers, teachers, are all horribly ugly. Your delightful friend is some brainless beautiful creature. My dear Basil, you are not the least like him.

Basil: You don't understand me, Henry, of course I am not like him. I should be sorry to be blessed with such beauty. The ugly and the stupid have the best of this world. They know neither victory nor defeat. Your rank and money, Henry, my brains and talent – such as they are – Dorian Gray's good looks – we shall all suffer from what the Gods have given us, suffer terribly.

Henry: Dorian Gray, is that his name?

Basil: Yes, I did not wish to tell it to you.

Henry: So we near the truth and the real reason you will not exhibit Dorian Gray's portrait.

Basil: Henry, every portrait that is painted with feeling is the portrait of the artist not the model. It is the painter who reveals himself. I am afraid that I have revealed the secret of my ...of my own soul.

Henry: (Laughs) And what is that?

Basil: I will tell you but I am afraid you will hardly believe it.

Henry: I can believe anything – if it is quite incredible or impossible.

Basil: The story is simply this. Two months ago I was invited to a house party at Lady Brandon's.

**\*\* Music Cue 3 : Diana**

After I had been in the room for about ten minutes talking to over dressed old ladies and tedious academics, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half round and saw Dorian Gray for the first time. I knew I had come face to face with someone who would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I grew afraid and turned to quit the room. It is not conscience that made me do so; it was cowardice.

Henry: Conscience and cowardice are really the same things.

Basil: I don't believe that, Henry. Whatever it was, I struggled to the door and then stumbled into my hostess, Lady Brandon. *[performs LADY BRANDON - possibly by taking a picture from another easel – this could be done with the two frames.]* You are not going to run away so soon, Mr Hallward. - You know her shrill horrid voice.

Henry: Yes, she is a peacock in everything but her beauty.

Basil: I could not get rid of her. *[as Brandon ]:* Let me introduce you to Sir Humpty-Dumpty. Afghan frontier. Russian intrigues. Wife was killed by an elephant. Ah, let me introduce you to Mr. Dorian Gray. His mother and I engaged to be married to the same man on different days, I mean, to different men on the same day, silly me! Heeheehee. What does he do? Oh, he doesn't do anything. Charming. Dear Mr Gray. - Suddenly I found my self face to face with the young man whose beauty had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was mad of me. I knew I had to speak to him, but that if I did, I would never leave him until either he or I were dead.

Henry: And how often do you see him?

Basil: Every day. I could not be happy unless I saw him every day.

Henry: You worship him!

Basil: I do. That is my secret

Henry: How extraordinary! I didn't think you cared for anything but your painting, your art.

Basil: He is all my art to me now.

Henry: Basil, this is quite wonderful. I must see Dorian Gray.

Basil: (On a roll) If only you knew what Dorian is to me. Henry, this portrait is the best thing I have ever done. And why is it so? Because, while I was painting it, Dorian Gray leaned across to look at the work and as he did so his lips touched my hand.

Henry: Does Dorian Gray... like you?

Basil: He likes me. I know he likes me But often he is horribly thoughtless and seems to take real delight in giving me

pain. Then I feel like a flower to put on his coat; a decoration to toss away when it has faded.

Henry: Perhaps you will tire of him. There is no doubt that genius lasts longer than beauty.

Basil: Henry, don't talk like that! You can't feel what I feel for Dorian. You change too often.

Henry: Ah my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. Those who are faithful know nothing important of love, it is the faithless, the betrayers who know love's deep tragedy.

Basil: Please leave, Henry before Dorian comes back in.

Henry: Why?

Basil: I don't want you to meet him. Dorian Gray is my dearest friend. He has a simple and beautiful nature. Don't try to influence him. Don't take away from me the one person that makes life absolutely lovely to me and that gives my art its charm. Mind, Henry, I trust you.

Henry: What nonsense you talk!

*enter Dorian*

Dorian: Basil I am tired. I absolutely refuse to pose for you any more today. I don't want a portrait of myself. *[Sees Lord Henry]* Oh, I beg your pardon, Basil, I didn't know you had anyone with you.

Basil: This is Lord Henry Wootten –an old Oxford friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a capital model you are. Now you have spoiled everything.

Henry: You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr Gray.

Basil: I want to finish this picture today. Would it be awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?

Henry: Am I to go Mr Gray?

Dorian: Oh please don't Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods and I can't bear it when he sulks. It's so boring. You have to talk to me.

Henry: Basil?

Basil: Oh, if Dorian says you should stay then you must. What Dorian wants Dorian must have. It is the Law.

Henry: *[About to leave ]* Oh, I'm so sorry, Basil, I just remembered. I have to go. I am meeting a man at my club.

Basil: I am so sorry!

Dorian: If Lord Henry goes, I shall go, too. You never open your lips when you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing still on a platform and looking ....nice. I insist that he stays, Basil.

Basil: Stay, Henry, for my sake.

Henry: No, my appointment!

Basil: I beg you to stay.

Henry: But what about my man at the club?

Basil: Forget about your man Henry. Dorian, get up on the platform and don't listen to a word Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence on all his friends. Except me.

*Dorian steps onto dais. Basil busies himself with brushes.*

Dorian: Are you really so bad an influence, Lord Henry?

Henry: There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr Gray. All influence is immoral.

Dorian: Why?

Henry: Because to influence a person is to give him one's own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts or burn with his natural passions.

#### **\*\* Music Cue 4 : DIANA**

He becomes an echo of someone else's music, an actor of a part that has not been written for him. But the aim of life is self development – to realise one's nature perfectly. They have forgotten that the highest duty is not to others but to yourself. I believe that if only one man were to live out his life fully and completely, give form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream - I believe that then the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all about the self

denial that spoils our lives. We would return to the Greek ideal, or something even finer and richer - a new philosophy of life, of feeling! But the courage has gone out of our race. Self-denial poisons us. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to give in into it. Resist temptation and your soul grows sick with longing for the things you has forbidden yourself. You, Mr Gray, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white innocence, you have passions that make you afraid, thoughts that fill you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose memory might stain your cheek with shame. *[Music crescendo ]*

Dorian: Stop! *[Music stops. Dorian pushes Henry away. Gasping ]*  
You touch some secret chord with in me. I am walking in fire, walking in fire! .....(pause – Henry smiles with satisfaction) Basil, I’m tired of standing.

Basil: I’m so sorry. When I’m painting, I can think of nothing else. You were so wonderfully still with a marvellous expression on your face. I suppose Henry has been paying you compliments. You mustn’t believe a word he says.

Dorian: I don’t believe anything he has told me.

Henry: You know you believe it all.

Dorian: I can’t breathe in here. I must go.

Henry: Oh no. If you go you will quite spoil Basil’s painting.

Dorian: What does that matter?

**\*\* Music Cue 5 : DIANA**

Henry: It should matter everything to you.

Henry: Because he has captured your youth, and youth is the One thing worth having. You smile? Now, you charm the world. But will it always be so? Will you still smile when the gods have taken away your beauty? Time is jealous of you. Soon you will grow wrinkled and ugly, hollow-cheeked and dull-eyed. We degenerate into hideous puppets haunted by the memory of the passions we never experienced. Youth! Youth! There is nothing in the world but youth.

Dorian: When I find that I am growing old I shall kill myself.



Basil: It is quite finished. On this canvas you will remain young forever.

Henry: *[Goes over to the painting. ]* My dear fellow, it is magnificent! My congratulations. Mr Gray, come look at yourself.

*Dorian looks at painting, smiles, then bursts into tears.*

Basil: What's the matter? Don't you like it?

Henry: Of course he likes it. Who wouldn't like it! It is one of the greatest things in modern art.

Dorian: How sad it is! I shall grow old and horrible and dreadful.

**\*\* Music Cue 6 : DIANA**

But this picture will remain always young. If only it was the other way! If only I could be forever young and the picture grow old. For this I would give everything! Let the painting age not I. Yes there is nothing in the world I would not give for that, even my own soul!

Henry: *[Laughing ]* I doubt it that Basil would be happy with that arrangement.

Basil: I would be most upset.

Dorian: I believe you would, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. How long will you like me? Until I have my first wrinkle?!

Basil: Dorian, Dorian, don't talk like that. I shall never have another friend like you. Surely you are not jealous of a painting?

Dorian: I am jealous, of course I am. Why should it keep what I must lose? See how it smiles at me, mocks me even now! Why did you paint it Basil? Why?

Basil: This is your fault, Henry! Your doing!

Henry: Really? Me?

Basil: Yes! And you know it.

Henry: It's the real Dorian Gray. That is all.

Basil: It is not! You should have gone away when I asked you.

Henry: I stayed when you asked me.

Basil: You are my two best friends....but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I've ever done. But I won't let a painting come between us. I will destroy it.

*He takes a large palette knife from his pocket and lunges at the painting. Dorian flings himself across the room and tears the knife from his hand.*

Dorian: Basil don't! It would be murder!

**\*\* Music Cue 7 : DIANA**

Basil: I am glad you like my work at last, Dorian. I never thought you would.

Dorian: Like? Like it? I am in love with it! It is part of myself.

Basil: Well, as soon as you are dry and varnished, you can take yourself home and do what you like with yourself.

Henry: What absurd fellows you are, both of you! You better give me the picture, Basil. This silly boy doesn't want it and I do.

Dorian: If Basil doesn't let me have it I will never speak to him again. And I am not a silly boy.

Basil: The picture is yours Dorian, I gave it you before it existed.

Henry: You know you are a little silly, Dorian, and that you like to be reminded that you are young.

Dorian: That is something I have learnt only this morning, in this room.

Henry: There you see, you have only lived since this morning. Now I hate arguments except upon the stage. They are more real. Let's go to the theatre tonight. There's bound to be something on.

Dorian: I would adore to go to the theatre with you, Lord Henry. You will you come too, Basil?

Basil: I can't really. I have too much work to do.

Henry: Then Dorian and I will go together.

Dorian: I should like that awfully.

Basil: I will stay with the real Dorian.

Dorian: Am I really like that?

Basil: Yes, you are just like that.

Dorian: How wonderful, Basil.

Henry: Tonight we shall have to put on our depressing dress clothes. Fashion is so tiresome these days. The only colour left in modern life is sin.

Basil: Do not corrupt him with your cleverness. Dorian is an innocent boy. An angel.

Henry: Which Dorian, Basil? Which one?

**\*\* Music Cue 8 : DIANA**

*Music, during the scene change Basil holds up the picture downstage. As he looks at it Dorian steps behind it and they waltz with the picture between them, Basil gives the picture to Dorian, stops dancing and exits. Dorian admires the painting, places it back on the easel and exits.*

*Scene change – The Theatre.*

IMP: (*Entering*) Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to one of the finest theatres in the East End of London. All right there may not be very many fine theatres in the East End of London but this is the finest of them. And after what you've paid for a ticket what do you expect? You get the show you deserve and we get the public we deserve. Tonight an evening of entertainment featuring performing dogs, juggling dwarves – no the dogs don't juggle the dwarves – oh never mind.. And when you've laughed, fit to cry, sentimental melodies, high melodrama and to top it all the bard himself, William Shakespeare. Ooh – come on- William Shakespeare – OOOH- I can't hear you William Shakespeare! OOH!! What a bunch of monkeys. Shakespeare is too good for you. But we need him to turn this zoo to place of art that might attract a better audience than you lot of beggars. Why this evening we have a gentleman who parted with a whole golden guinea for the best seat in the house. (*Enter Dorian*) Nicely dressed too not like you lot – is he with you? Does he

always dress like this? Were these trousers cheap mate?  
I hope they were. Whew! (To Dorian, evening Sir, or My  
Lord – who knows?

Dorian: Mister actually....

IMP: Don't tell me your name, Sir, I like to dream. My Lord will  
do. We don't get many here – not surprising really – what  
draws you here?

DORIAN: I was wandering and saw the name of Shakespeare  
outside your humble theatre. I am cultivating myself. I am  
told it becomes me.

IMP: Oh yes, My Lord, it becomes you very well. Sit down, sir,  
oh be seated as they say. We begin promptly once the  
audience have had their beer – are you drunk enough for  
Shakespeare? He is – look at 'im. Ga ga. Oh well, we  
make more money at the bar than on the door. On with  
the show! My Lord, we have to start with something to  
keep the monkeys quiet, the Shakespeare is on straight  
after.

Dorian: Excellent. I am learning to delight in all new sensation.

IMP: Well this is sensational, My Lord, I assure you. So now  
My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen, put your hands together  
for the cockney nightingale, the lovely Miss Sibyl Vane.

*Enter Sibyl Vane, dressed virginally. Sybyl nods to the "orchestra" ie  
Andrew to start the music*

**\*\* Music Cue 9 : ANDREW.**

*She sings "The Boy I Love is up in the Gallery".  
The IMP joins second verse and gets the audience doing actions to the  
song.*

Sibyl: And now I shall recite some beautiful lines from that great  
tragedy Romeo and Juliet.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life.

[*Juliet*] Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face  
Else would a maiden blush be paint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight.

Dorian: *[Throws her a rose]* How beautifully you speak.  
Shakespeare would cry to hear your voice.

Sibyl: Oh Romeo. Although I joy in thee  
I have no joy of this contract tonight  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden  
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say „It lightens". Sweet Good night!  
This bud of love by summer's opening breath  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

IMP: *[interrupts]* Sibyl! Sibyl, your public!

Sibyl: *[To IMP]* What devil art thou that torments me thus?

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love is deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.  
A thousand times good night!

*She bows.*

Dorian: *[applauds, to audience]* Bravo, Bravo... Even though you  
are poor, even though you stink, you still appreciate good  
art!

IMP: *[To Dorian]* Sir, do not insult my customers! They love my  
Sibyl. They're just a bit rough, that's all. *[To audience]*  
You love Sibyl, don't you? Don't you, Gentlemen? Say,  
Yes, we love you, Sibyl!" Come on, you can do better  
than that! Come on: „We love Sibyl!" *[etc. To Dorian]*  
See, Sir? They're not animals. They may be dressed like  
animals. They might smell like animals, but they're just  
poor. *[To Dorian]* Now, kind Sir, why don't you come and  
join us on the stage? Don't be shy. If you would like to  
escort Miss Vane to her dressing room you can tell her  
exactly how much you appreciated her performance this  
evening. In private. And less of that from you lot. I know  
what's going through your horrible minds! Pure as an  
innocent angel is my Sibyl. And Prince Charming is a  
gentleman. They're going to talk about Shakespeare.

Dorian: *[Gets on stage]* May I introduce myself? My name is...

Sibyl: *[stops him]* Shhh! Prince Charming!

Dorian: Prince Charming, why yes of course!

IMP: May I introduce your highness. This is Miss Sibyl Vane. Her mother is a drunkard, her father disappeared in Australia. She doesn't even own the clothes she is wearing. She is 50 pounds in debt and that's just to me. And as for her brother, he smokes opium and ran away to sea.

Dorian: *[interrupts]* Silence! The artist is the only thing I care about. What is it to me where she comes from? From her little head to her little feet, she is absolutely and entirely divine. Every night of my life I will come to see her act and every night she will be more marvellous.

IMP: Well, I better leave you two alone then. *[holds out hand for money]*

*Dorian lifts Sibyl up onto a pedestal.*

Sibyl: Good night, sweet prince. May flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Dorian: You are an artist. The creator of beautiful things! You reveal your art so perfectly, that the artist disappears. When I kiss you, I embrace art. *(Kiss and twirl)*

**\*\* Music Cue 11 : ANDREW**

*they exit. Close curtains. Enter IMP*

IMP: Oi, who let them in? The house 'aint open yet! Sorry ladies and gents, you've caught me wiv me pants down! *(To woman in the audience)* Don't worry love, it's just an expression. Don't I scrub up well though, eh? Last night my Sybil worked her magic, and tonight Prince Charming and his fine friends have booked the royal box. So you lot had better behave yourselves. *(Spits into hands and smooths down hair)*. What? Bit of spit and polish never 'urt anyone. *(To audience member)* You should try it mate! *(exits)*

*Henry and Dorian enter through the curtains.*

Henry: I watch him with a subtle sense of pleasure. How different he is now from the shy frightened boy I met in Basil's studio. His nature has developed like a flower bearing blossoms of scarlet flame. His soul has crept out of its secret hiding place and met desire.

(Enter Basil.)

Dorian: Sybil is the only thing I care about

Henry: So that is the reason you never dine with me now. I thought you must have some curious romance at hand.

Dorian: Well I can't help going to see Sybil play. I get hungry for her presence. When I think of the wonderful soul, hidden away in that little ivory body. I am filled with wonder. Tonight she is Juliet. Tomorrow she is Ophelia.

Basil: When is she Sybil Vane?

Dorian: Never.

Henry: I congratulate you.

Dorian: (*To Basil*) How horrid you are.

Basil: I can't believe it, Dorian! You can't get married! Not to an actress!

Dorian: Why not? She is a genius!

Henry: My dear boy, no woman is a genius. Women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say but they say it charmingly.

Basil: Brilliant and true. What can you possibly see in this...woman? Dorian, you mustn't be married - you're far too sensible.

Henry: Dorian is far too wise not to do foolish things now and then, my dear Basil.

Basil: Marriage is hardly a thing that one can do now and then, Henry.

Henry: Except in America, of course.

Basil: But think of your position, your family... this girl is... beneath you, Dorian! She's after your money.

Dorian: But Basil! I worship her. She knows nothing of my position; she doesn't even know my name. She calls me Prince Charming. I tell you she has genius. She is absolutely and entirely divine. When we are married I will buy a theatre in the West End of London. I will bring her out properly. She will make the world as mad as she has made me.

Henry: That would be impossible, my dear boy.

Basil: I hope this girl is good, Dorian, not some vile creature who will degrade your nature and ruin your intellect.

Dorian: Oh, she is better than good, Basil! She is beautiful. And that's all that matters, according to Henry - her trust makes me faithful - her belief makes me good - when I hold Sibyl Vane's hand I forget all about Henry and his theories.

Henry: Pleasure is the only thing worth having a theory about.

Dorian: Shall we take our seats? The entertainment is about to begin. Gentlemen! A little polite applause for the lovely Miss Sybil Vane.

**(DIANA OPENS CURTAIN)**

*(Dorian Basil and Henry enter as the curtains open and take their place in the theatre box. Lord Henry exits into wings, does Music Cue and returns with a glass of champagne) The entertainment is about to begin. Gentlemen! A little polite applause, for the lovely Miss Sibyl Vane.*

**\*\* Music Cue 12 : ANDREW**

*[Cheers. Enter Sibyl. Sibyl starts acting, but it is quite clear that she is acting very badly]*

Sibyl: Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou.....

Dorian: *[prompts]* Romeo!

Sibyl: Oh Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou... Juliet.

Dorian: *[prompts again ]* Romeo!

Sibyl: Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.



Dorian: Her voice is exquisite.

Henry: But the tone is absolutely false.

Basil: It's the wrong colour.

Sibyl: What's in a name! That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet;

Dorian: I am horribly disappointed.

Henry: But she looks charming. It cannot be denied.

Basil: But her acting is terrible.

Sibyl: Oh Romeo, Romeo, were he not Romeo called.  
Oh Romeo, doff thy name;  
and for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

Dorian: Absurdly artificial.

Basil: It's simply bad art.

Henry: She's a complete failure! This is a pile of crap!

Sibyl: Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face...

Dorian: Stop! In the name of heaven! *[He runs towards the stage]*  
Sibyl! What are you doing? Have you gone mad?

Sibyl: You should have understood. But you understand now,  
don't you? From now on, I shall never act well again.

Dorian: If you don't act you don't exist.

Sibyl: Before I knew you acting was the one reality of my life. It  
was only on the stage that I lived. I knew nothing but  
shadows and I thought them all real. I was Rosalind for a  
night, or Juliet, or Portia. The joys of Beatrice were mine  
or the sorrows of Cordelia. I believed in everything. The  
painted scenery was my world - the crowds, those  
grinning faces, I thought they were angels. And then you  
came, my beautiful prince, you freed my soul from prison.  
You taught me what love really means. You are more to  
me than all art can ever be. How can I pretend to be in  
love anymore on this horrid vulgar stage when my  
passion for you burns me like fire. You heard them  
laughing. How can they understand a love like ours? I'm

tired of shadows. Tonight for the first time I realised that the words I spoke were unreal, not my words, not what I wanted to say. I hate the stage. Take me away from all this, my prince, my love!

Dorian: You little fool! You have destroyed my love. Killed it. How could you embarrass me in front of my friends? I brought them here tonight to see a great artist, a genius. Someone who gave substance to the dreams of great poets. I realize now that you are shallow and stupid - a clown - a ridiculous third-rate actress with a pretty face that I fell for. I wish I had never laid eyes on you.

Sibyl: You aren't serious! You're playing. *[She laughs]* You're acting - my Prince Charming - this is a joke, an act.

Dorian: Acting! I leave that to you. You're so good at it - when it pleases you! You used to fire my imagination. Now you don't even stir my curiosity... *[She approaches him]* Don't touch me! I must go. I don't wish to be unkind but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me. *[He walks away]*

Sibyl: Please! Please! Don't leave me! *[she is kneeling, holding on to his leg]* I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. Forgive me for tonight! Stay with your friends! I will act better. I will be good again. I was a fool. If only you had not kissed me, if we had not kissed each other. My love for you has made me lose my senses. I'll never do it again, I will be an artist! I can! A pure artist! I will be the sweetest of Juliets that ever died on stage! Oh, my love! Don't leave me, don't leave me!

Dorian: *[he kicks her, she falls to the floor with a scream]* It's too late, Sibyl. It's over. Good-bye!

*Basil and Henry applaud. Henry throws her a coin and all three exit tipping their hats to Sybil as they go.*

*Enter IMP.*

Imp *(Appears as a head around the edge of the curtains).*  
All right, curtain down. Clear the stage. Lights down. Save the gas.

**\*\* Music Cue 15 : SYDNEY**

Goodnight Syb. *(Exits)*  
*Sibyl is left alone in a dark theatre*

Sibyl: Farewell! God knows when we shall met again  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone  
Come, vial! (*[She picks up a razor and plays with it and with the rose Dorian has given her ]*)  
What if this mixture do not work at all?  
O, if I wake shall I not be distraught  
Environéd with all those hideous fears  
And madly play with my forefathers' joints  
And in this rage with some great kinsmans' bone  
As with as club dash out my desperate brains?

**\*\* Music Cue 16 : MATT**

O look - me thinks I see my Romeo's face.  
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!  
Here's to my love.  
Here's drink - I drink to thee!  
*[She cuts her throat with the razor, collapses ]*

*End of Act I.*

## Act II

*Lord Henry, Dorian and Basil enter in front of the curtains as if returning from their night at the theatre. Ad lib lines about the previous evening. Lord Henry taps a champagne bottle and they sing a chorus of 'The Boy I Love is up in the Gallery'. Drunken laughter. Lord Henry exits dsl, Basil dsr. Dorian enters through the centre as the curtains open.*

*Dorian's study*

### **\*\* Music Cue 17 : DIANA**

*Dorian reclines on the chaise and falls asleep holding a rose. Sybil appears holding the razor she killed herself with and wearing a sinister blank character mask. She crosses to the real Dorian sleeping on the chaise longue, exchanges the rose in his hand for the razor and exits. Dorian wakes with a start, is horrified by the razor, rushes to the painting, uncovers it and sees the change in it.*

Dorian: Why is your face so cruel? Your whole expression has altered - as if I had done some dreadful thing - it is horrible. What does it mean? ... Yes, yes ... I remember perfectly ... Basil Hallward's studio, the day the picture was finished. I uttered a mad wish that I would always remain young and the portrait grow old, that my own beauty might be immortal and the face on the canvas bear the burden of my passion and my sin. Surely my wish has not been fulfilled. Such things are impossible! And yet, there is the picture before me. - Your wicked smile, and there, there, a wrinkle, a wrinkle by the eye! Cruelty! Have I been cruel? **It was the girl's fault, not mine!** She disappointed me. And yet the thought of her lying at my feet sobbing like a little child fills me with infinite regret. But no! **I have suffered also.** And besides - women are better suited to bear sorrow than men. They live on their emotions. Lord Henry told me that. And Lord Henry knows what women are. Why do you trouble me with Sybil Vane? She is nothing to me now. *[to picture]* Why are you watching me with your beautiful cruel face and your wicked smile? You've taught me to love my own beauty. Will you now teach me to hate my own soul? (Pause covers painting takes up mirror). Oh (sighs with pleasure). How can I hate myself? What is good is beautiful so what is beautiful must be good! I will resist temptation! I will not see Lord Henry or listen to his subtle poisonous theories. Yes yes yes... Because I am beautifully right and just and good, I will go back to Sibyl

Vane. I will marry her and try to love her again. Yes. It is my duty to do so. (sigh) It is my nature.

*[enter Henry]*

Henry: My dear boy, I must see you.

Dorian: Lord Henry!

Henry: I am so sorry for it all Dorian. But you must not think too much about it.

Dorian: Do you mean about Sibyl Vane?

Henry: Yes of course. It was dreadful from one point of view, but it was not your fault.

Dorian: I was brutal Henry, perfectly brutal, but it has taught me to know myself better.

Henry: Ah! I'm so glad you take it that way. I was afraid I might find you tearing out your beautiful hair.

Dorian: I have gone through all that. I am perfectly happy now. I know what conscience is. Don't sneer at it Henry. I want to be good.

Henry: I congratulate you! But how are you going to begin?

Dorian: By marrying Sibyl Vane.

Henry: Marrying Sibyl Vane? But my dear Dorian haven't you read the papers?

Dorian: What do you mean?

Henry: Sibyl Vane is dead.

Dorian: Dead? Sibyl dead? It's not true! It's a horrible lie! How dare you say that?

Henry: It's quite true. It's in all the morning papers.

Dorian: Henry, Henry it's terrible. You don't know the danger I'm in. Now there's no one to make me good. She would have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her.

Henry: My dear boy, the only way a woman could ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all

possible interest in life. Your marriage would have been an absolute failure.

Dorian: I suppose it would. You are perfectly right.

Henry: Dorian, you must come to the opera with me. Everybody will be there.

Dorian: You are certainly my best friend. No one has ever understood me like you have.

Henry: We are only at the beginning of our friendship Dorian. Good bye. I shall see you tonight.

**\*\* Music Cue 18 : MATT**

*[Exit Henry]*

Dorian: *[crossing to the picture and uncovering it]*  
So you are watching me? Well I shall take a real pleasure in watching you.

LEAF: Mr. Basil Hallward is here, Sir.

Dorian: Show him in, Leaf.

LEAF: Yes Sir.

*[Enter Basil]*

Basil: Dorian, my dear boy, how are you?

Dorian: Basil! You look quite red in the face. Have you been running from your creditors? Sit down, old man, and Leaf will bring you some tea. Henry and I have decided to go to the opera tonight. Will you join us?

Basil: The opera? You're thinking of going to the opera? Before the girl you loved has even the quiet of the grave to sleep in? Why, man, there are horrors in store for that little white body of hers!

Dorian: *[Covering his ears]* I won't hear it. You must not tell me about these things. What's past is past.

Basil: You call yesterday the past?

Dorian: What's time to do with it? I don't need years to get rid of an emotion. If you had come at, say, five o'clock, you would have found me in tears. When Henry called, I was

in a terrible state. But a man who is master of himself can end a sorrow as quickly as he can invent a pleasure.

Basil: Dorian, this is horrible! You talk as if you had no heart - no pity in you. This is all Henry's influence, I see that.

Dorian: I owe a great deal to Henry, Basil. More than I owe to you. You only taught me to love myself.

Basil: Well, I'm punished for that, Dorian.

Dorian: I don't know what you want anymore, Basil.

Basil: I want the Dorian I used to paint.

Dorian: Oh, how like a sympathetic person! You come here to console me. That is charming. You find me consoled and you are furious. We used to be so happy together. Don't quarrel with me, Basil. I am what I am. There is nothing more to be said. You must do me a drawing of Sybil, Basil. I should like to have more of her than just the memory of just a few kisses.

Basil: I will try and do something, Dorian, if it will please you. But you must come and model for me again. I can't do anything without you.

Dorian: I can never model for you again, Basil. It is impossible.

Basil: But my dear boy, what nonsense! Don't you like what I did of you? Why have you hidden it away? Let me look at it. It is disgraceful to cover it up like this. *[Moves towards the painting]*

Dorian: Basil, you must not look at it.

Basil: Not look at my own work? But it's the best thing I've ever done. You are not serious. Why shouldn't I look at it?

Dorian: If you try to look at it, Basil, on my word of honour I will not speak to you again as long as I live. I will give you no explanation but remember - if you touch that picture, everything is over between us.

Basil: Dorian! I beg you...

Dorian: Don't speak!

Basil: I quite understand why only you should see the painting. It betrays a terrible secret.

Dorian: Secret, what secret?

Basil: Dorian from the moment I met you, you have dominated my soul. I have worshipped you with far more romance of feeling than a man usually gives to a friend. Somehow, I have never loved a woman. I suppose I never had time.

**\*\* Music Cue 19 : ANDREW**

From the moment I met you, your beauty had the most extraordinary influence over me. I quite admit that I adored you madly, extravagantly, absurdly. Your perfect face made the world seem wonderful to my eyes and as I painted your picture I knew that every fleck of paint, every brush stroke would reveal my love. It was all very wrong and foolish. It is all wrong and foolish still.

Dorian: And? Is that all?

Basil: All, Dorian? All? You don't know what it has cost me to tell you all this. My confession...

Dorian: You told me that you like me a bit - a bit too much. You call that a confession? It's hardly even a compliment.

Basil: What else did you expect? Why do you hide the picture? What have you seen in it?

Dorian: Basil, there is nothing else to see. And you mustn't talk about love. It's foolish. You and I are friends, Basil, nothing more, nothing less, and we must always remain so.

Basil: You have got Henry!

Dorian: Oh, Henry! He spends all day saying the incredible, and all night doing the improbable. Just the kind of life I'd like to lead. But if I were ever in trouble, Basil, real trouble I would not come to Henry, I would come to you.

Basil: Then you will model for me again?

Dorian: Never, Basil. There is something fatal about a portrait. It has a life of its own. I will come and have tea with you. That will be just as pleasant.

Basil: Pleasanter for you, I'm afraid. I'm sorry you won't let me look at the picture once again but I quite understand. Good bye. *Exit Basil.*



Dorian: Leaf! Leaf!

*Enter Leaf*

Leaf: Master Dorian?

Dorian: Why were you so quick to answer my call? You weren't standing outside the door, were you?

Leaf: Of course not, Sir. I was just bringing you the morning paper. *[Hands him the paper]* Terrible story on the front page, Sir. Some poor little actress killed herself. Slit her throat with a razor. Dreadful. They say she had her heart broken by a prince.

Dorian: Get out of here! *[Leaf exits, he shouts after her]* I never want to see another newspaper in this house!

Dorian: Leaf!

*Enter Leaf.*

Leaf: Master Dorian?

Dorian: Leaf! Do you have the key to the study door?

Leaf: It's never locked, Master Dorian.

Dorian: I know that! But do you have the key, Leaf?

Leaf: I suppose I could lay me hands on it. Why ever would you want to lock this room?

Dorian: **Because I desire it!**

**\*\* Music Cue 20 : Andrew**

And whatever I desire I must have.

Leaf: But how will I clean the room when the door is locked Sir?

Dorian: Do not dust, disturb, clean or touch anything in this room. Indeed from now on, I don't want anyone to come in here. Do you understand, Leaf?

Leaf: Very well, Master Dorian.

*exit Leaf*

Dorian: *[to the picture]* Yes, that was an ugly little scene, wasn't it?

**Curtains close and \*\* Music Cue 21: ANDREW**

IMP: *(Enters to music – waits til it finishes)*. Surprise, surprise I'm back! Yes, thought I was gone and that you got a more cultured performance. Well tough – 'ere I am. More than you deserve I can tell you – look at you weepin' and wailin' for poor Sybil – Sentimental bollocks if you ask me – still I'm here because Time is passing – that's right the years slip by – a little grey hair, a little wrinkle and little paunch about the belly – oh yes happens to us all but not Dorian no not Doran Gray – only the picture ages but you can't see that can you – that is his dirty little secret.

*Enter Henry and Dorian*

Dorian: (To audience) Hello... Good evening... Your Grace...! Good evening Henry!

Henry: Ah, Dorian! Tonight I must take you somewhere new. It is a type of hospital where we cure not just the body but the soul by the means of the senses and the senses by the means of the soul.

**Open curtains.**

Honoured guests, the City of God is closed to us. Its gates are guarded by ignorance, and to pass into heaven we have to surrender all in our nature that is most divine. It is enough that our fathers believed in God and good. Humanity has exhausted its faith. We cannot go back to the saint. There is far more to be learned from the sinner.  
*(Lord Henry exits sr)*

**\*\* Music Cue 22 : MATT**

*Lord Henry and the two prostitutes dressed as Geisha girls enter and sing 'Three Little maids' followed by a movement sequence including Dorian.*

Henry: Courage has gone out of our race. Self-denial poisons us. The only way to get rid of temptation is to give into it. Resist temptation and your soul grows sick with longing for the things you have forbidden yourself.

We must teach man to concentrate upon the moments of life that are themselves but a moment. We must recreate life and save it from harsh Puritanism. We must never

accept any theory that involves the sacrifice of passionate experience. Indeed, experience itself is all.

*The scene of debauchery dissolves - Henry and the Geishas strike props and exit.*

Dorian: I am sick with that ennui; that boredom; that tedium vitae that comes to those to whom life gives everything.

*Scene change to Dorian's study. The picture frame on the easel is set centre stage. There is a loud knock at the door.*

Dorian: Who is it?

Basil: It's Basil, Dorian. Why have you locked the study door?

*Dorian gets up and lets in Basil.*

Basil: Good evening, Dorian.

Dorian: Basil! What brings you here at this hour?

Basil: I'm on my way to the station. I'm leaving for Paris on the night train. I won't be back for some time. I had to see you before I went.

Dorian: I'm charmed, Basil. Can I get you a drink? Hock and Seltzer?

Basil: No thank you. I can't stay for long.

Dorian: What a way for a famous painter to travel! Have you got no baggage?

Basil: Of course not. I sent my luggage on ahead. Look, my dear fellow, I want to speak to you seriously.

Dorian: Seriously?

Basil: Don't frown at me like that. Oh, you make it so difficult, Dorian.

Dorian: What is all this about, Basil? I hope it is not about myself. I'm tired of myself tonight. I want to be someone else.

Basil: It is about yourself.

Dorian: Oh, dear.

Basil: Dorian! I think you should know that the most dreadful things are said about you in London - things that I could hardly repeat to you.

Dorian: I love scandals about other people, but scandals about myself don't interest me. They're so predictable.

Basil: They must interest you, Dorian. You don't want people to talk of you as something vile and degraded. Of course, I don't believe these rumours at all. At least I can't believe them when I see you, Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's face. *[He takes Dorian's hands]* But I see you so seldom now and I hear all these hideous things that people whisper about you.

Dorian: Whispering!

Basil: Don't shrug like that! You have such an influence, Dorian. Let it be for good, not evil! They say that you corrupt everyone you meet. That wretched boy in the Royal guards who committed suicide. Sir Henry Ashton who had to leave England. Why is your friendship so fatal to young men?

Dorian: Basil, this is absurd. I am incapable of anything of the kind. You know me.

Basil: Know you? I wonder, do I know you? Before I could answer that I should have to see your soul.

Dorian: To see my soul?!

Basil: Yes, to see your soul. But only God can do that.

Dorian: *[Laughing mockingly]* You shall see it yourself, tonight. I shall show you my soul.

Basil: This is blasphemy, Dorian. You must not say things like that. They are horrible and they don't mean anything.

Dorian: You think so?

Basil: I know so. And as for what I said tonight, I've said it for your own good. You know I have always been devoted to you. *(Goes to touch him)*.

Dorian: Don't touch me! Finish what you have to say... I'm waiting,

Basil: Simply tell me that these horrible charges made against you are absolutely untrue, from beginning to end, and I will believe you. Deny them, Dorian, deny them. Oh, God, can't you see what I'm going through?

Dorian: You are asking to see my soul, Basil. Insisting, in fact! Very well, I will show you the thing you fancy only God can see.

Basil: You are mad, Dorian. Or playing a part.

Dorian: Mad? Mad? I'll show you madness!

**\*\* Music Cue 23 : DIANA**

*He pulls off the cover from the painting. Basil gasps in horror.*

Basil: What have you done to my picture?

Dorian: I haven't touched it Basil.

Basil: Then who has done this?

Dorian: No one Basil. No one but yourself. Read the signature, man.

Basil: What does this mean? Why has it changed?

Dorian: Years ago, when I was a boy, you met me, devoted yourself to me, flattered me and taught me to be vain with my good looks. One day you introduced me to a friend of yours who explained to me the wonder of youth. And you finished a portrait of me that revealed the wonder of beauty.

Basil: But there is no beauty in this painting Dorian. Why has it changed?

Dorian: In a mad moment that I don't know even now whether I regret or not, I made a wish. Perhaps you would call it a prayer. If only it was the other way. If only I could be forever young and the picture grow old. For this I would give everything. Yes, I would give my soul for that!

Basil: No! The thing is impossible. The room is damp. The mildew has got into the canvas. The paints had some wretched mineral poison in them. I tell you the thing is impossible.

Dorian: Ah, what is impossible?

Basil: You told me you had destroyed it.

Dorian: I was wrong. It has destroyed me.

Basil: I can't believe this is my picture.

Dorian: Can't you see your romance in it?

Basil: My romance, as you call it...

Dorian: As you called it!

Basil: There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. This is the face of a devil!

Dorian: It is the face of my soul.

Basil: Christ! What a thing I must have worshipped!

Dorian: Each of us has heaven and hell in him, Basil.

Basil: If it is true, if this foulness and horror, this leprosy of sin has come from within, if this is what you have done with your life -why, you must be even worse than people say you are!

**\*\* Music Cue 24 : ANDREW**

Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson! We must pray. Your prayer was answered once, the prayer of your repentance will also be answered.

Dorian: It is too late, Basil.

Basil: It's never too late, Dorian. „Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow."

Dorian: Those words mean nothing to me now.

*Dorian strangles Basil with the painting cover.*

Dorian: Leaf! Leaf!

Leaf: Yes, Master Dorian?

Dorian: Here' take this guinea and buy me nitric acid, a saw and a butcher's knife.

Leaf: But it's the middle of the night, sir.

Dorian: Oh so it is, so it is. Then tomorrow, first thing.

Leaf: Whatever for, Sir?

Dorian: Whatever for? For whatever I like! Perhaps I want to cut up a dead body and dissolve it in acid? Do you think that?

Leaf: Of course not, Sir, I would never....

Dorian: Good. Good. How very good, dear old, excellent, Leaf. You are like a mother to me, you know. When my own mother died, the scandal, the scandal, the loneliness, the shame – you have been a mother to me Leaf, a mother (crying).

Leaf: Yes, Master Dorian, thank you Master Dorian. There, there, (stroking his head). You're a good boy, Sir. A grand lad. A fine master. There, Sir, there, there. Have me 'anky.

Dorian: And you will help?

Leaf: Of course I will, Master Dorian. Anything for you, Sir. (He gently pushes her away and she exits with a loving look).

*Leaf exits*

**\*\* Music Cue 25 : ANDREW**

Dorian: Aah, Paris, Basil! You lucky man. You will be the toast of the town. Your exhibition will be a great success. All Paris will be at your feet. How horribly white your long hands look! Basil, you must take care of yourself, you look like some dreadful wax image. **You don't know what you have made me suffer.** Whatever my life is, you have had more to do with the making or the marring of it than poor Henry ever has. That must please you, I suppose. Oh, Basil, every year, every month almost, men are hanged in England for what you have made me do. There is madness in the air, some red star has come too close to the earth.

*He drags Basil's body offstage.  
Enter Impresario.*

IMP: Woah, what a smell – flesh and bone burnt away with acid – then the bowels – don't we all stink when you gets beneath the skin. Well some of us stink inside and out! Dorian bathes in a rosewater bath prepared by doting,

innocent Old Leaf. But then our Dahling Dorian needs a bit of rough – to forget, so he hops in a cab and heads east, to meet with an old friend, a lover, if love was a word that Dorian could use about anyone except himself. Here she is. Mad Cat they call her, not because she is mad mind, but because she sells madness. The white paste of madness – opium. Evenin' Mad Cat.

Mad Cat: Yeh piss off! Sell his own grandmother that one. All I sell is dreams – wot's wrong with that – and ere comes one of my customers. The Lovely Dorian Gray, not changed a whisker since I knew him in the bloom of my youth – a bloom long gone. Oh he made my heart flutter – still does. But he comes 'ere to my stinkin' shack to slow his heart down with sweet dreams. I know when the black mood strikes his soul – not that you see it in his face – no but you hear it in his sighs – as if his heart was wrinkled. You'll not see a wrinkle on his face. Never. Damned angel. Ello Darlin Saint Dorian.

Dorian: Saint? Then, I am the patron Saint of sinners.

Mad Cat: It's my sin to love you. (*Dorian pushes her away. She spits at him*).

Dorian: I am sick of women who love me; women who hate me are far more interesting. (*He gives her money and she hands him a pipe without comment*).

Mad Cat: More human garbage – a sailor, stinking of his rotten ship. Rats won't go near 'im. What's he to you. Just another sailor on his way down to being a beggar and dying in the gutter. But what if I told you his name was.....

Sailor: Jim Vane.

Mad Cat: That's it Sybil Vane's brother. It's her death that did this to him, grief killed their mother's too. All the fault of that Lord that broke his sister's heart. Every day he swears revenge but how, on who...? So he takes to rum and then the opium. Sad! Sad! Makes me laugh!

Dorian : (exits den) We are all of us are lying in the gutter, but some of us are looking up at the stars.

Mad Cat: (To Dorian) We're so proud to have you 'ere tonight, lover boy.

Dorian: For God's sake don't talk to me! What do you want? Money? Here it is. Don't ever talk to me again.



Mad Cat: There goes the Devil's bargain!

Dorian: Curse you, don't call me that!

Mad Cat: Prince Charming is that what you would like to be called?

Dorian: Yes. I am Prince Charming!

Sailor: Him! Him! You! Prince Charming! *(He leaps for Dorian's throat).*

Dorian: What do you want? *(Sailor takes a knife and puts it to Dorian's throat).*

Sailor: Keep quiet, if you stir I kill you.

Dorian: You're mad, what have I done to you.

Sailor: You wrecked the life of my sister,

**\*\* Music Cue 26 : MATT**

Sybil Vane. And Sibyl was my sister. She killed herself. Her death was your doing. I swore I would kill you in return. I have searched for you for years but I had nothing but the pet name she used to call you and the colour of your hair. I heard it tonight. Make your peace with God, for tonight you are going to die.

Dorian: I never knew her. You are mad.

Sailor: Get on your knees, I give you one minute to pray. Tonight I board ship for India and I must do my revenge first. One minute, that's all.

Dorian: Stop, stop. How long is it since your sister died? Quick, tell me.

Sailor: Eighteen years. Why ask? What do years matter?

Dorian: Eighteen years? Set me under the lamp, look, look at my face!

Sailor: My God, my God.

Dorian: How old am I, twenty one – twenty two...?

Sailor:       *(Dropping knife and kneeling)* My God, my God, I could  
'ave murdered you.... Forgive me, Sir, you are too young.  
I was deceived. This damn den, this damned opium...

Dorian:       You had better go back to your ship, and put that damn  
knife away.

*(Sailor runs off)*

Mad Cat:     (Laughs) What a fool, he should have killed you, slit your  
pretty throat. You've never changed have you? You may  
look like an angel but you're as bad as bad.

**\*\* Music Cue 27 : MATT**

Dorian:       (Runs) No!! I am good, good. I am good. I will be good.

*(Church is established – Handel's I KNOW THAT REDEEMER LIVETH etc)*

*(Lord Henry enters, approaches the choirboy kisses her/him and  
he/she runs off)*

Henry:       *[taking in the atmosphere ]* Ah, how exquisite. It is all a  
lie, but it is so artistic.

Dorian:       This is not art Henry. What does it profit a man if he gains  
the whole world, but loses his own soul?

Henry:       Ah, how delightful. And as for the Church, I cannot  
conceive anything better for the culture of a country than  
the presence of a body of men whose duty it is to believe  
in the supernatural and to perform daily miracles.

Dorian:       You mock at everything Henry. I wish I'd never asked you  
here. I've done too many dreadful things in my life. I'll  
begin my good actions today.

Henry:       Oh, your moral superiority is quite vulgar.

Dorian:       I want to be better; I am going to be better. Tell me what  
is going on in town?

Henry:       They are still discussing poor Basil's disappearance.

Dorian:       Perhaps Basil is dead.

Henry:       If he is dead, I don't want to think about him. Death is the  
only thing that terrifies me. Death and vulgarity are the  
only two facts that one cannot explain away.

Dorian: Did it ever occur to you that Basil was murdered?

Henry: Why should he be murdered? He never wore a watch and he was not clever enough to have enemies. Basil was really rather dull. He only interested me once and that was when he told me years ago that he had a wild adoration for you.

Dorian: I was very fond of Basil.

Henry: Dorian, tell me how you have kept your youth. I am only ten years older than you are and I am wrinkled, old and yellow. You have never looked more charming than you do tonight. I wish you would tell me your secret. To get back my youth I would do anything in the world - except take up exercise or get up early. Or become a Catholic. I wish I could change places with you, Dorian. The world has cried out against us both but it has worshipped you. Life has been your art.

Dorian: You don't know everything about me, Henry. I think that if you did, even you would turn from me. You laugh. Don't laugh.

Henry: We will always be friends.

Dorian: Yet you poisoned me with your ideas once. I should not forgive you that. It was evil. I told you I'm going to be good.

Henry: You are much too delightful to do that. Besides, it's no use. You and I are what we are. Come round tomorrow. I am going riding at eleven. The park is quite lovely now. You haven't given up riding, have you?

Dorian: I may come round at eleven. Good-bye, Henry.

*Exit Henry SR singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth".*

*Scene change – the painting and easel are placed DSL.*

Dorian: You're mistaken Henry. I will be good.

**\*\* Music Cue 28 : ANDREW**

My life will become pure. I will be a saint. But this murder, Is it to dog me all my life? Am I really to confess my sins and be put to death? No, There is only one piece of evidence against me. You! But perhaps by my good intentions I have already restored to you some of my

beauty, some of my innocence.... WHAT! Your eyes grow colder. The lines on your face deepen. Blood fills the canvas. You dare to betray me? You gave me pleasure once. To watch you changing and growing old. Now you keep me awake at night like a bad conscience.

*The ghostly figures of Basil and Sybil appear hand in hand DSL. Basil carries the cloth he was strangled with and Sybil carries the razor. Each wears a sinister character mask.*

Yes, you are my conscience.

*Sybil and Basil take the painting from the easel and advance centre stage. They kneel before Dorian presenting the painting to him.*

Why have I kept you so long? You have been like a conscience to me, and I will destroy you. [*Taking the razor offered by Sybil*]. I have killed the painter and now I will kill the painter's work. I will kill the past and when that is dead I will be free.

*He plunges the razor into the picture. Basil and Sybil step forward lift the picture and Dorian bursts through the frame as he falls to his knees. All freeze for a moment. Dorian's outstretched arm drops the razor. Basil and Sybil drop to the floor.*

**THE END**