

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY

a literary adaptation from
Oscar Wilde's play

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

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CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

LORD HENRY WOTTON

BASIL HALLWARD

VICTOR – THE BUTLER

DORIAN GRAY

MR. ISAACS

SYBIL VANE

JAMES VANE

WOMAN IN A CAPTIVATING DRESS

OPIUM SELLER

ALAN CAMPBELL

DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH

GEOFFREY CLOUSTON

HEAD KEEPER

HETTY

ACT I

SCENE 1

Basil Hallward's study. Lord Henry Wootton and Basil.

Lord Henry. It's your best work yet, Basil, the best thing you have ever done. You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor.

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

Lord Henry. Not send it anywhere? What strange types you artists are! You do anything in the world to get a reputation and then, as soon as you have one, you want to throw it away. You are being silly – there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about and that is not being talked about.

Basil. I know you'll laugh at me but I really can't exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into this painting.

Lord Henry. Too much of yourself! My dear man, I really can't see any resemblance between you and this young Adonis who looks as if he were made of ivory and rose leaves. Don't flatter yourself Basil, you are not like him at all.

Basil. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I'd be sorry to look like him. To be distinctive, physically or intellectually, is a danger.

Lord Henry. And why is that?

Basil. All distinction is fatal. You have your class, nobility and wealth, Harry; I have my intelligence and my art; Dorian Gray has his good looks – we'll all suffer for the gifts we have received, suffer terribly.

Lord Henry. Dorian Gray? Is that his name?

Basil. Yes, that's his name. I didn't intend to say it to you. When I like people immensely, I never reveal their names. I have grown to love secrecy. I suppose you think I'm very foolish?

Lord Henry. Not at all. You have forgotten that I'm married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. But, I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit the picture of Dorian Gray. I want the true reason.

Basil. Harry, every portrait that's painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the model. The model is simply an accident, an occasion. The reason I'll not exhibit this picture is that I'm afraid I have shown in it the secret of my own soul.

Lord Henry. And what's that?

Basil. Perhaps you'll hardly believe it.

Lord Henry. I can believe anything, provided that it's quite incredible.

Basil. The story's simply this. Two months ago I was at a dinner party given by Lady Brandon. After I had been there for only ten minutes I suddenly realised that someone was looking at me. I knew that I was face to face with someone whose personality was so fascinating that, if I allowed, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul. I walked with difficulty towards the door. There I came across Lady Brandon who didn't let me go because she wanted absolutely to introduce me to her friends, and then suddenly I found myself face to face with young Dorian. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him.

Lord Henry. And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderful young man? Quickly?

Basil. Poor Lady Brandon. It was something like... Charming boy. For the rest, I have forgotten what he does. Oh yes, he plays the piano. Or is it the violin? The truth was, neither of us could stop laughing and we became friends at once.

Lord Henry. Laughter's not a bad beginning for a friendship, and it's certainly the best ending for one.

Basil. You don't understand what friendship is, or what enmity is.

Lord Henry. I choose my friends for their good looks and my enemies for their good intelligence. But tell me more about Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?

Basil. Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day.

Lord Henry. Perhaps you'll be tired sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there's no doubt that genius lasts longer than beauty.

Basil. Harry, don't talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me.

Lord Henry. Then why won't you exhibit his portrait?

Basil. Because my heart will never be put under the microscope of the world.

Lord Henry. I'm looking forward to meeting him!

Basil. I don't want you to meet him.

The Butler enters.

Butler. Mr. Dorian Gray has arrived, sir.

Lord Henry *(to Basil)*. Too late, you have to introduce me now.

Basil. Ask Mr. Gray to wait, please. *(To Lord Henry.)* Dorian Gray is my dearest friend. He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Don't ruin him. Your influence would be terrible. My life as an artist depends on him. Harry, I trust you.

Lord Henry. Oh, what nonsense you talk.

Dorian Gray enters.

Basil *(to Dorian)*. This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old friend of mine from Oxford.

Lord Henry. It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Gray.

Basil. Harry, I want to finish this picture today. Would you think it very rude of me if I asked you to go away?

Lord Henry. Shall I to go, Mr. Gray?

Dorian. Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his miserable moods and I can't tolerate him when he's miserable and then he never speaks while he is painting, and it's very boring to stand on a platform trying to look pleasant.

Basil. If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay. Dorian's wishes are laws for everybody except himself. *(To Dorian.)* And now, Dorian, don't move around too much or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends with the exception of me.

Dorian poses. Basil begins to paint.

Dorian. Do you really have a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?

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

Dorian. Why?

Lord Henry. Because to influence a person is to give them one's own soul. People are afraid of themselves nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty one owes to oneself. They don't think natural thoughts, or burn with natural passions.

Basil. Dorian, turn your head a little more to the right, like a good boy.

Lord Henry. The only way to get rid of a temptation is to submit to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing. You, Mr. Gray, with your rose-white boyhood have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, dreams whose mere memory might blush your cheek with shame...

Dorian. Stop! You confuse me. I don't know what to say. There's an answer to you, but I can't find it. Don't speak. Let me think. Or, better, let me try not to think.

Pause.

Basil. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has made you assume the most wonderful expression. Continue like that.

Lord Henry. You have a wonderful beautiful face, Mr. Gray. And beauty is of the great truths of the world, like sunlight, or spring-time.

Dorian smiles.

Lord Henry. You smile?... The gods have been good to you, Mr. Gray. But what the gods give they quickly take away. You have only a few years in which to live a real, perfect, and full life. When your youth goes away, there are no more triumphs for you. You will suffer horribly... Ah! Realise your youth while you have it. Live! Live the wonderful life that's in you! Let nothing be lost. Always look for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing... The world belongs to you for a season. Youth! Youth! There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!

Basil (*putting down his paintbrush*). Gentlemen.

Dorian. Is it really finished?

Basil. It's completely finished.

Lord Henry. My dear man, I congratulate you. It's the finest portrait of modern times.

Basil (*to Dorian*). Don't you like it?

Dorian. How sad it is. How sad it is! I'll grow old and horrible. But this picture will remain always young. If it were only the opposite way! If it were I who were to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old. For that, for that I'd give everything. I'd give my soul for that!

Lord Henry. It would be rather hard for your work.

Basil. I should object very strongly.

Dorian. I believe you would, Basil. You like art better than your friends. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle. Lord Henry is right – youth is the only thing worth having. Why did you paint it? It will laugh at me some day – laugh at me horribly!

Basil. This is your fault, Harry.

Lord Henry. It's the real Dorian Gray - that is all.

Basil. Between you both you have made me hate the best piece of work I have ever done and so I will destroy it. (*Basil takes a pallet knife from his wallet.*) Isn't it just canvas and colour?

Basil goes towards the canvas with the knife.

Dorian. Don't, Basil! It would be murder.

Basil puts down the knife.

Basil. I'm pleased you appreciate my work at last, Dorian.

Dorian. Appreciate it? Basil, I'm in love with it. It is part of myself.

Lord Henry. Enough. I don't like scenes, except on the stage. Let us go to the theatre tonight. I'm sure there's something interesting, somewhere.

Dorian. I should like to come to the theatre with you.

Lord Henry. You will come too, Basil, won't you?

Basil. I can't, really.

Lord Henry. I shall wait for you outside, Dorian. Have a good night, Basil.

Lord Henry exits.

Basil (*to Dorian*). Don't go. Stop and dine with me.

Dorian. I have promised Lord Henry to go with him.

Basil. He won't like you more for keeping your promises. He doesn't keep his. Look, he has gone without you.

Dorian. I must go, Basil.

Lord Henry and Dorian exit. Basil puts his head in his hands.

SCENE 2

*Street. Dorian runs after Lord Henry.
He is stopped by Mr. Isaacs who is showing theatre posters.*

Mr. Isaacs. Sir, I have a box for the exquisite tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet'. For just one night I'll give you the incomparable Miss Sybil Vane as the tragic heroine.

Dorian. I have an appointment somewhere else.

Mr. Isaacs. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. Live your life to the full, sir. See Sybil Vane! Do it for Shakespeare! (*With a low voice.*) Otherwise I'm bankrupt. Again...

Dorian. Will it last long?

Mr. Isaacs. It is only a two hours' show – but, for you, fifty minutes. Anyway, the man you were following has gone.

Dorian looks around. Lord Henry has disappeared from view.

Mr. Isaacs. Come, sir. Take a box...

SCENE 3

*Royal Theatre. Dorian, Mr. Isaacs and Sybil. As soon as Dorian is seated,
Sybil interprets Juliet on stage to her attentive audience.*

Sybil/Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
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.
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's "Montague"? It is neither hand, nor foot,
nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
belonging to a man. O be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
by any other word would smell as sweet.

Dorian goes backstage.

Dorian. Excuse me, can I talk to Sybil Vane?

Mr. Isaacs. Who could resist the temptation of meeting the legendary Miss Sybil Vane? (*To Sybil.*) Sybil!

Sybil. Yes, Mr. Isaacs?

Mr. Isaacs. A gentleman would like to see you. (*To Dorian.*) Here she is sir. Isn't she virtuous? Isn't she an artist from the top of her head to her toes? Isn't she Juliet offstage as well as on?

Mr. Isaacs exits.

Sybil. My Lord...

Dorian. Oh... But I'm no Lord...

Sybil. You're right; you look more like a prince. I must call you Prince Charming. (*Pause.*) Were you going to tell me something?

Dorian (*embarrassed*). Yes... indeed. I would like to say that you were marvellous as Juliet. You are gorgeous. Now I see you closely and I... I... I can't be but amazed by your beauty.

Sybil. Thank you.

Dorian. I don't know what has happened to me, but I have felt the need to meet you tonight.

Sybil. I shall wait for you tomorrow, too.

Dorian. I'll certainly be in the audience to applaud. Goodnight, Miss Sybil.

Sybil. Goodnight, sweet prince.

Dorian. "Parting is such sweet sorrow...".

Sybil. "That I shall say good night till it be morrow".

They both laugh. Dorian kisses her hand.

SCENE 4

At Lord Henry's house. Lord Henry and Dorian.

Dorian. I am in love.

Lord Henry. With whom?

Dorian. With an actress.

Lord Henry. That's rather common.

Dorian. You wouldn't say that if you saw her, Harry. I have known her for only three days but I'm already in love. Her name is Sybil Vane.

Lord Henry. I have never heard of her.

Dorian. No one has. But one day people will. She's a genius.

Lord Henry. So, tell me about your genius.

Dorian. Her voice - I have never heard such a voice. It has the wild passion of violins. You know how a voice can affect one. Your voice Harry, and the voice of Sybil Vane are two things that I'll never forget. Now that I have met her, I could not live without her. She's everything in my life. Ordinary women never appeal to one's imagination. But an actress! Why didn't you tell me that an actress is the only person who's worth loving?

Lord Henry. Because I have loved so many of them! When one is in love, one always begins by deceiving one's self, and one always ends by deceiving others. That is what the world calls a romance.

Dorian. She knows nothing of life. She lives with her brother, a sailor who's like a father and a mother to her when he's not at sea. Every night I go to see her, and every night she's more beautiful.

Lord Henry. That's the reason, I suppose, that you never have dinner with me now. But Dorian, you will tonight won't you?

Dorian. Tonight she'll be Imogen, and tomorrow night she will be Juliet.

Lord Henry. When will she be Sybil Vane?

Dorian. Never.

Lord Henry. I congratulate you.

Dorian. She's all the heroines of the world in one. She's more than an individual. My God, Harry, I worship her!

Lord Henry. And what do you propose to do?

Dorian. I propose to marry her. I'm engaged to her. Harry, I want you and Basil to come with me tomorrow and see her. You have to meet her. She's playing Juliet again.

Lord Henry. Engaged? We will certainly go and see your Juliet, then.

SCENE 5

Street. Sybil and James.

Sybil. Everything's ready, Jim. *(She passes him a suitcase.)* I hope you'll be content with your life on the sea. You'll come back very rich, like you have always wanted.

James. I'd like to make some money to take you off the stage. I hate it.

Sybil. Oh, Jim! I'll be fine. Don't worry.

James. I'm not very comfortable leaving you here alone. Especially now that I know a man's courting you.

Sybil. Oh, he's a perfect gentleman. He's always very polite to me. He appears to be rich, and the flowers he sends are lovely.

James. But you don't know his name.

Sybil. I don't need to. I call him Prince Charming and the name's perfect for him.

James. Prince Charming! Oh, you foolish child.

Sybil. Don't be angry with me, my dear brother. He hasn't yet revealed his real name to me... He's probably a member of the aristocracy. I'm very happy today. Ah! Let me be happy forever!

James. Sybil, you're too young to fall in love.

Sybil. I am 17! I am not too young. Why don't we go and walk in the park?

James. No, I'm too shabby. Only smart people go to the park. Like your "Prince". I am afraid that this story won't end well.

Sybil. Stop it, Jim! You mustn't say a word against him. One day you'll meet him - when you come back from Australia. You'll love him too. Everybody loves him... I love him.

James. But you're poor compared with him.

Sybil. Poor? What does poverty mean when you have love? When poverty creeps in at the door, love flies in through the window. He is a gentleman. A prince. What more do you want?

James. He wants to enslave you.

Sybil. I shake at the thought of being free.

James. Sybil, you are crazy for him.

Sybil. Dear Jim, you talk like you were a hundred years old. One day you'll be in love too. Look! There he is!

James. Who?

Sybil. Prince Charming

James. Let me see. Which one is he? Point him out. I must see him.

Sybil. He's gone; I wish you had seen him.

James. I wish I had too, if only to be sure that if he ever harmed you, I could hunt him down and kill him.

Sybil. Oh, don't be so serious, Jim. I don't want to argue with you. I know you would never harm anyone I love, would you?

James. I imagine not. At least while you love him, and he loves you.

Sybil. I'll love him for ever!

James. And he?

Sybil. Forever, too!

James. He had better.

Sybil. When will I see you again?

James. When I'm rich. Farewell.

James leaves and Sybil waves goodbye to him.

SCENE 6

Royal Theatre. Mr. Isaacs, Sybil, Dorian, Lord Henry and Basil. Mr. Isaacs is standing next to Sybil. Dorian is joined by Lord Henry and Basil.

Mr. Isaacs. His lordship's back. And he has two rich friends with him. They have come to see your Juliet.

Sybil. No, they have come to see me.

Sybil turns to face her onstage audience.

Dorian. There she is! There she is!

Basil. Oh, she is quite beautiful.

Lord Henry. Let's hope that your wonderful girl will enchant me.

Dorian. When she acts you'll forget everything. These common rough people with their vulgar faces and brutal gestures become different when she's on stage. She spiritualises them, and they feel that they are of the same flesh and blood as herself.

Lord Henry. The same flesh and blood as herself! Oh, I hope not!

Basil. Don't listen to him, Dorian. I understand what you mean.

Lights fade slightly. Sybil performs dreadfully.

Sybil/Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
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.
'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's "Montague"? It is neither hand, nor foot,
nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
belonging to a man. O be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose
by any other word would smell as sweet.

Booing and catcalls follow. Sybil turns her back on the audience.

Mr. Isaacs. What happened? You have ruined me!

Sybil. I have given them the truth.

Mr. Isaacs. I'll give you the truth, my girl. You'll never work for me again.

Mr. Isaacs exits.

Dorian. I'm very sorry that I have made you waste an evening, Harry. I apologise to both of you.

Basil. My dear Dorian, I think Miss Vane was ill. We'll come back another night.

Dorian. I wish she was ill. But to me she seems to be callous and cold. She is completely different. Last night she was a great artist. This evening she is just a common, mediocre actress.

Basil. Dorian, don't talk like that about someone you love. Love is a thing much more wonderful than art.

Lord Henry. They are both simply forms of imitation. But let's go. Dorian, you mustn't stay here any longer. Come to the club with Basil and myself. We'll smoke cigarettes and drink to the beauty of Sybil Vane. She is beautiful. What more do you want?

Dorian. Go away, Harry! I want to be alone. Basil, you must go, too. Can't you see that my heart's breaking?

Lord Henry. Basil, let's go.

Lord Henry and Basil depart. Dorian approaches Sybil.

Sybil. How badly I acted tonight, Dorian!

Dorian. Horribly! It was dreadful. Are you ill? You have no idea what I suffered.

Sybil. Dorian, you should have understood. But you understand now, don't you?

Dorian. Understand what! You made yourself ridiculous. My friends were bored. I was bored.

Sybil. Dorian, Dorian! Before I knew you, acting was the only thing that gave me emotion. You came – oh, my beautiful love! – and you freed my soul. Tonight, for the first time I have understood that there is something else besides the stage, that the words that I spoke were unreal, not my words,

not what I wanted to say. You have made me understand what love really is. My love! Prince Charming! You are more to me than all art can ever be. Take me away, Dorian - take me away with you!

Dorian. You have killed my love! Without your art you are nothing. I would have made you famous and you would have borne my name. What are you now? A third-rate actress with a pretty face.

Sybil. Dorian, you are not serious, are you? You are acting.

Dorian. Acting! I leave that to you. That is your job.

Sybil. It was foolish of me. Don't leave me, don't leave me!

Dorian. I don't wish to be impolite, but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me.

SCENE 7

Dorian's house. Dorian and the Butler.

Dorian. That will be all, thank you Victor.

He approaches the picture and stares at it. He turns back, takes up a mirror from the table and he looks at himself anxiously.

Dorian. What does it mean? Who touched my picture? Victor? *(He rubs his eyes, comes close to the picture, and examines it again.)* No, it's not possible! Something has changed... The eyes, yes, they're evil, there's a cruel light in them.

Voiceover. If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that, I would give everything! I would give my soul for that.

Dorian *(holding up a mirror to compare).* Oh my God it was me! I had made a wish that I remain young and let the portrait grow old instead of me. No, this can't be, these things aren't possible, I'm just tired... I have let myself to be influenced by Lord Henry's poisonous words... I think I'll never listen to him again... I must write to Sybil, I'll ask her to forgive me. Yes, this is what I must do. Poor child! I was selfish and cruel to her. It's necessary now for me to ask her forgiveness. Mistakes can be corrected. Our life together will be beautiful and pure.

The Butler enters.

Butler. Did you call sir?

Dorian. No, Victor, it was nothing. Good night.

Butler. Good night, sir.

The Butler exits.

SCENE 8

*Dorian's house. Dorian, Lord Henry, the Butler.
The following day. Dorian is asleep with his head laid on the table.
On the table a letter and on the floor are creased papers.
The butler brings him a tray with tea and letters. Dorian wakes up.*

Dorian. What time is it, Victor?

Butler. A quarter past one, sir.

Dorian. How late it is! *(Dorian takes a pile of letters sent to him and places Sybil's one on the tray. Looking at the letters he has received.)* Who has written to me? Lady Brandon. Lady Agatha. Oh, Lord Henry has written to me! *(Dorian discards Lord Henry's letter without reading it.)* He's the last person that I wish to hear from; or see.

Knocking from offstage and cries from Lord Henry to enter.

Lord Henry. Dorian! Dorian!

Dorian. It's him! *(To himself.)* I'll say goodbye to him and tell him never to return. The truth is, I can't tolerate him...

Butler. Sir...

Lord Henry *(enters passing Victor who was announcing him).* My dear boy, I must see you. Let me in at once. I can't tolerate your silence... I'm so sorry for what happened, Dorian, but you must not think about it too much.

Dorian. Do you mean think about Sybil Vane?

Lord Henry. Yes, of course. It's dreadful from one point of view, but it wasn't your fault. Tell me, did you go and see her backstage, after the play was over?

Dorian. Yes.

Lord Henry. I was sure you did. Did you argue with her?

Dorian. I was brutal, Harry – perhaps too much. But it's all right now. I have thought about what happened... I now know myself better.

Lord Henry. Ah, Dorian, I'm so glad you think that way! I was afraid I'd find you deep in remorse, and pulling out your beautiful hair.

Dorian. I was like that. But I'm perfectly happy now. I want to be good. I can't support the idea of my soul being horrible.

Lord Henry. I congratulate you. But how are you going to begin?

Dorian. By marrying Sybil Vane.

Lord Henry. Marrying Sybil... But, my dear Dorian... Didn't you get my letter? I wrote to you this morning to give you the news immediately.

Dorian. Your letter. Oh yes. I have not read it yet.

Lord Henry. Then you don't know?

Dorian. What are you talking about?

Lord Henry. Dorian, my letter – don't be frightened – was to tell you that... Sybil Vane is dead.

Dorian. Dead! Sybil dead! It's not true! It's a horrible lie! How dare you say such a thing?

Lord Henry. It's true, Dorian. It's in all the morning papers. They found her lying dead on the floor of the dressing room. She appears to have swallowed something. Something they use at theatres. There'll be an inquest... I hope you won't be involved in it.

Dorian. I murdered her. I have murdered Sybil Vane, just as surely as if I had cut her little throat. I promised I would go back to her. I would have married her... And now she is dead. My God, Harry, you don't know the pain I am in. She did that because of what I am.

Lord Henry. If you had married this girl you would have been unhappy and you would have made her unhappy.

Dorian. She is dead, Harry... Why is it I cannot feel this tragedy as much as I want to... Why cannot I cry one tear? Am I heartless? It seems to be like the tragic ending to a tragedy, in which I took a great part but have not been wounded.

Lord Henry. And she has played her last part. The girl never really lived, and so she has never really died. And now, I prescribe an evening at the Opera. Patti is singing and everyone is sure to be there. I shall see you before nine-thirty?

Dorian. Perhaps.

Lord Henry exit. Dorian goes to examine the picture once more.

Dorian. The time has come. To make a choice. Yes, eternal youth, infinite passion, subtle and secret pleasures, wild joys and wilder sins – I shall have them all. And the portrait shall carry the burden of the shame...

Voiceover. And the portrait shall bear the burden of the shame...

He smiles and heads for the door, with his Opera hat in his hand.

SCENE 9

Dorian's house. Victor, Dorian and Basil. As soon as he enters at home.

Dorian. Victor! I told you to put this picture in the attic before I came back! Victor! (*Reading the newspaper.*) Inquest on actress's death. An inquest was held this morning by Mr. Danby, the District Coroner, regarding the body of Sybil Vane, a young actress recently engaged at the Royal Theatre. A verdict of death by misadventure was returned. Considerable sympathy... What a horrible thing! I'll ignore it.

Throws the newspaper away. Knocking on the door.

Dorian. Who's there now?

Basil. I must talk with you. I know you've been to the opera... Have you flirted with other women, while the girl you loved awaits her grave? Save a thought for her tortured soul!

Dorian. Basil, stop! I won't hear it! What's done is done. What's past is past.

Basil. You call yesterday "the past"?

Dorian. What has the actual passing of time got to do with it? It's only superficial people who require years to get rid of an emotion. A man who is master of himself can end a sorrow as easily as he can experience a pleasure.

Basil. Dorian, this is horrible! Something has changed you completely. When you used to come down to my studio to sit for the picture you were simple, natural and affectionate. Now you talk as if you have no heart, no pity in you. It's all Harry's influence. I can see that.

Dorian. I owe a lot to Harry, Basil, more than I owe to you. You only taught me how to cultivate vanity.

Basil. Well, I was punished for that, Dorian – or shall be some day.

Dorian. I know that you're better than he is. You're not stronger – you're afraid of life – but you're better. Don't punish me, Basil. I am what I am. There's nothing more to be said.

Basil. Well, Dorian, I won't speak to you again about this horrible thing, after today's conversation. You must come and sit for me again. I can't continue without you...

Dorian. I can never sit for you again, Basil. It's impossible.

Basil. My dear boy, what nonsense! Are you saying you don't like what I did? Where is it? Anyway, where is it? Let me look at it. Why have you covered it?

Dorian. A strong light was shining on it.

Basil. Strong? Not at all my dear, it's in a magnificent place. Let me see it.

The young man runs between the painter and the picture.

Dorian. Basil. I don't want you to see it.

Basil. Don't look at my picture! You don't talk seriously. Why shouldn't I look at it?

Dorian. Remember, if you touch this curtain, it's all over between us.

Basil. But what has happened? Of course I won't look at it if you don't want me to. But it's really absurd that you keep my work hidden.

Dorian. You told me you would never exhibit it. However, have you changed your mind?

Basil. You see Dorian... From the very moment I met you, you became to me the incarnation of the invisible ideal that obsesses artists. I worshipped you; I became jealous. I wanted to have you entirely for myself and I wouldn't allow anyone to see your portrait. And then, after that the picture left my study and I freed myself of its presence, I thought I had been too silly and stupidly possessive. But I'd never have thought I couldn't see it anymore.

Dorian. It is true Basil, I don't want you to see it.

Basil. All right. I won't insist. You don't have to get angry with me.

Knocking on the door.

Dorian. I've just remembered that I'm expecting an important visitor.

Basil. More important than myself.

Dorian. No, of course not.

Basil. I'll go now. I'm sorry you won't allow me to look at my painting, a little patience. I perfectly understand your feelings. Goodbye, Dorian.

Basil leaves.

SCENE 10

Dorian's house. Dorian and the Butler.

Dorian. Victor, remove this picture immediately and put it in the attic. I don't wish anyone to see it.

Butler. Very good sir. This parcel has arrived for you from Lord Henry.

Dorian takes in his hands a parcel with a card.

Dorian (*reading the card*). "I am sure you'll like it, Harry." (*He opens the parcel.*) A book? What is he trying to teach me again? (*He reads the introduction.*) "A novel without a plot and only one character". Hmmm.

He sits down and begins reading.

While continuing to read, he stands up, walks and then sits down again.

Dorian. The main character looks like me! And what he can do on paper, I'll do in my life. I want to experience everything. I want to surround myself of the best things that life can offer. (*He stands up.*) Lord Henry was right! I shall live! I shall always look for new sensations. But Lord Henry was wrong however – the world doesn't belong to me for just one season, but for eternity! Eternal youth! Eternal beauty! (*Looking at the picture.*) Which is more horrible, the signs of sin or the signs of age?

He laughs and puts on a mask. A woman in a captivating dress enters.

Dorian. Call me Prince Charming! (*He kisses her with passion.*) Life itself is the first and the greatest, of the arts!

The woman exits.

Dorian. I want to see more!

The Butler comes in with jewels and helps Dorian to put on a jacket covered with pearls.

Dorian. I shall wear every item of clothing that history has fashioned. Precious stones: chrysoberyl, cymophane, chrysolites, topazes, emeralds and

pearls, pearls, pearls. (*Looking at his jacket.*) I'll possess every jewel that was crafted! I want to now more!

The woman in a captivating dress enters with small bottles in her hands.

Dorian. Frankincense make you mystical, ambergris stirs your passions, magnolia colours your imagination; and to finish – aloe expels melancholy from the soul. I want to feel more!

An Opium Seller arrives and hands him a narghilè.

Dorian. No limits!

Far eastern music. The woman brings in a drum and Dorian, smoking, begins to tap a rhythm. The woman dances.

Dorian. Bring me all the music of the world. I want to hear more! And more! And more!

ACT II

SCENE 1

*Street and Dorian's house. Dorian, Basil. Dorian walks in the street.
Basil enters. They collide.*

Basil. Dorian! What an extraordinary piece of luck. I just called at your house. I'm going to Paris on the midnight train, and even if we haven't seen each other for long time, I particularly wanted to say goodbye to you before I left. I thought it was you. Didn't you recognise me?

Dorian. In this fog, my dear Basil? I'm sorry that you're going away, as I have not seen you for years... But I suppose you'll be back soon?

Basil. No, I intend to rent a studio in Paris, and lock myself up till I have finished a great masterpiece I have in my head. However, it wasn't about myself I wanted to talk. Here we are at your door. Let me come in for a moment.

Dorian. I would be pleased... But won't you miss your train?

Basil. I have a lot of time.

Dorian opens door and they enter his house.

Dorian. Well... How many years have passed since the last time? Ten, fifteen years... I have lost count, but I hope you don't want to talk about anything serious. Nothing is serious these days. At least nothing should be.

Basil. You should know that it is entirely for your own sake that I'm speaking. I think it's right you should know that most dreadful things are being said about you in London. Of course, I don't believe these rumours at all. At least, I can't believe them when I think of you. Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's face. With your pure, bright innocent face and your marvellous untroubled youth – I can't believe anything you are accused of doing.

Dorian. I love scandals about other people, but scandals about myself don't interest me.

Basil. There was that unfortunate boy in the guards who committed suicide. You were his great friend. There was Henry Ashton who had to leave England using a false name. You and he were inseparable. And what about Adrian Singleton and his dreadful fall from grace? Alan Campbell will not hear your name mentioned in his presence.

Dorian. And I would not notice his presence if it were mentioned.

Basil. Dorian, that's not the question. Do I know you? I wonder, do I know you? Before I can answer that, I'd have to see your soul.

Dorian. To see my soul!

Basil. Yes, I'd like to see your soul. But only God can do that.

Dorian (*laughing*). You'll see it yourself, tonight. Come: it's your own handwork. You have chattered enough about corruption. Now you'll look at it, face to face. You'll see the thing that you think only God can see.

Basil. Dorian, this is blasphemy!

Dorian. You think so? Come upstairs, Basil. I keep... Let's say... A kind of "diary" of my life, from day to day, and it can never leave the room where it is.

Basil. I'll come with you, Dorian; if you wish me to. I see I have missed my train. It isn't a problem. I can leave tomorrow.

Dorian and Basil walk towards the picture.

Dorian. Do you insist on knowing, Basil?

Basil. Yes.

Dorian. I'm delighted. You're the only man in the world who's entitled to know everything about me.

They stand in front of the picture covered with a curtain.

Dorian. So you think that it's only God who sees the souls, Basil?

Dorian tears the curtain open, revealing the picture.

Basil. I... I... What does this mean?

Dorian. Years ago, I made a wish; perhaps you'd call it a prayer.

Basil. I remember! Oh, how well I remember it! No! No, this isn't possible... It's a problem of dampness. You see, there's mould on the canvas. I... I think this is the reason.

Dorian. What's the matter, Basil? Can't you see your invisible ideal in it anymore?

Basil. My ideal, as you called it...

Dorian. As you called it.

Basil. There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. You were to me such an ideal as I'll never meet again. But now it has the eyes of a devil.

Dorian. Each of us has Heaven and Hell in him, Basil.

Basil. My God, if it's true and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even than those who talk against you! (*Basil turns his back to the picture and sits down.*) Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson! Pray. Pray. What was it that one was taught to say in one's childhood?

Dorian. It's too late, Basil.

Basil. It's never too late, Dorian.

Dorian. Your words mean nothing to me now.

Basil prays. Dorian's look switches abruptly from one of despair to contempt. He stares around and spots the knife. He moves slowly towards it but accelerates when Basil, who has seen none of this, starts to stand. Dorian stabs Basil as he starts to rise. Basil collapses as Dorian cries.

Dorian. It's too late. Too late! Too late! Far too late!

SCENE 2

Dorian's house. Dorian and Alan Campbell, and then the Butler.

Alan. I don't want to have anything to do with it. I don't care what shame it will give you.

Dorian. Think of the position I'm in. Look at the matter purely from the scientific point of view. You don't ask where the dead things you experiment on come from. And so don't enquire now. I have told you too much as it is. But I beg you to do this. We were friends once, Alan.

Alan. Don't speak about those days, Dorian; they're dead.

Dorian. The dead continue to exist for a while. The man upstairs won't, for instance, go away. Alan! If you don't come to my assistance I'm ruined. Why, they'll hang me. Don't you understand? They'll hang me for what I have done.

Alan. I absolutely refuse. It is insane of you to ask me.

Dorian. I beg you, Alan.

Alan. It's useless.

Dorian takes a piece of paper from his pocket, folds it and hands it to Alan.

Dorian. I'm sorry for you, Alan, but you leave me no alternative. I imagine this information will interest many people. I have written a letter already. Here it is. Do you see the address? If you don't help me, I must send it. You are scientific, you know about chemistry. Who the man is, why he died, how he died are of no concern to you. You must destroy him so that nothing is left.

Alan. I can't do it.

Dorian. You must. You have no choice.

Alan. Is there a fire in the room upstairs?

Dorian. Yes.

Alan. I'll have to go home and get some things from the laboratory.

Dorian. No, Alan, you must not leave the house. Write on a sheet of note-paper what you want and my servant will take a cab and bring the things back to you. Here.

Alan writes something down on a piece of paper.

Dorian. You have saved my life.

Alan. Your life? Good heavens! What a life that is! You have gone from corruption to corruption and now it has culminated in crime.

Dorian. Ah, Alan, I wish you had a tiny part of the pity for me that I have for you.

The Butler enters.

Dorian. Victor, kindly order a cab to collect these items from Mr. Campbell's house and bring them here. Then go down to Richmond and purchase as many orchids as you can find. It's a lovely day and Richmond is such a pretty place.

Butler. At what time should I be back, sir?

Dorian (*aside*). How long will your work take, Alan?

Alan. It'll take about five hours.

Dorian. Don't be back before half past seven.

Butler. Very good, sir.

SCENE 3

The Opium Den. Dorian enters.

An Opium Seller, with a lantern in his hand, approaches Dorian.

Opium Seller. Do you want the best opium, sir? In a good pipe?

Dorian. The best you have. And quick.

Opium Seller. You'll give me sovereigns?

He throws down money.

Opium Seller. There goes the devil's bargain.

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.

Opium Seller. Oh yes. You prefer to be called Prince Charming, don't you? But you have never been very charming to me have you?

James Vane jumps to his feet.

Opium Seller. That's right. Run back to your castle, Prince Charming. We're much too common for you.

James blocks Dorian's way.

James. So you're Prince Charming.

James grabs Dorian by the throat. They struggle. James produces a pistol.

Dorian. What do you want? Who the devil are you?

James. Keep quiet. If you move, I shoot you.

Dorian. You're mad. What have I done to you?

James. You wrecked the life of Sybil Vane and Sybil Vane was my sister. She killed herself. I know it. Her death is your fault. I swore I'd kill you in return. For years I have sought you. I had no clue, no trace. I knew nothing of you but that name she used to call you. Prince Charming. Make your peace with God, Prince Charming, because tonight you're going to die.

Dorian. I never knew her. I have never heard of her. You're mad.

James. You had better confess your sin, for as sure as I'm James Vane, you're going to die. Down on your knees! I'll give you one minute to make your peace with God – no more.

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

James. Eighteen years. Why do you ask me? What do years matter?

Dorian (*laughing*). Eighteen years! Eighteen years! Look at my face.

James steers Dorian towards the light and studies him.

James. My God! And I would have murdered you!

Dorian. You have been on the brink of committing a terrible crime, my man. Let this be a warning to you not to take vengeance into your own hands.

James. Forgive me, sir. I was deceived. A chance word I heard in this damned place set me on the wrong path.

Dorian. I'd put that pistol away or you may get into trouble.

Dorian exits.

Opium Seller. Why didn't you kill him? You fool! You should have killed him. He has lots of money and he's the worst person I have ever met.

James. He's not the man I am looking for and I want no man's money. I want a man's life. The man whose life I want must be nearly forty now. This one was little more than a boy. Thank God, I have not got his blood on my hands.

Opium Seller. Little more than a boy! Why, man, I have been providing for opium to Prince Charming for eighteen years at least.

James. You lie!

Opium Seller. Before God, I'm telling the truth.

James. Before God?

Opium Seller. Strike me speechless, if it isn't so. He's the worst that comes here. They say he has sold himself to the devil for a pretty face.

James. Do you swear this?

Opium Seller. Of course, do you think I would forget the man that ruined me?

James runs after Dorian.

James. Come back here, Prince Charming! Where are you?

James gazes around wildly.

SCENE 4

*The Duchess living room. Lord Henry, Duchess, Dorian, James.
Behind the window James Vane appears, spying Dorian.
When Lord Henry enters, James disappears.*

Lord Henry. You are flirting disgracefully with him.

Duchess. Would you prefer me to flirt more gracefully, Lord Henry?

Dorian (*to Lord Henry*). I have been telling the Duchess about your plan for re-christening everything. It is a delightful idea.

Lord Henry. It is a sad truth, but we have lost the faculty for giving lovely names to things. I hate vulgar realism. The man who calls a spade a spade should be compelled to use one.

Duchess. But I don't want to be re-christened. I am quite satisfied with my name, and I am sure Mr. Gray should be also.

Lord Henry. My dear Gladys, I would not alter either name.

Dorian. Careful Duchess; Harry is rarely sincere.

Lord Henry. I give the truths of tomorrow.

Duchess. I prefer the lies of today.

Lord Henry. You disarm me Gladys.

Duchess. You confuse me.

Lord Henry. Let us talk of some other topic.

Dorian. Yes, something off the top of your head.

Duchess. Do you remember that hat I wore at Lady Hillstone's? You don't, but it is nice of you to pretend that you do. Well, my maid made that hat. Out of nothing. All good hats are made out of nothing.

Lord Henry. Like all good reputations, Gladys.

Duchess. What do you say to that, Mr. Gray?

Dorian. I always agree with Harry, Duchess.

Duchess. And does his philosophy make you happy?

Dorian. Who wants happiness? I search for pleasure.

Duchess. And find it, Mr. Gray?

Dorian. Often. Too often.

Duchess. I am searching for pleasure, too, and if I don't go and dress I shall have none this evening.

Dorian. Let me get you some orchids, Duchess.

He goes to the pots in front of the windows.

Lord Henry. You are flirting with him... You had better take care. He is very fascinating.

Duchess. If he were not, there would be no battle.

The face of James Vane appears at the window.

Dorian sees James and falls back in a faint.

Lord Henry and the Duchess run to him. James retreats out of sight.

Dorian. He's here, Harry! He's here!

Duchess. Who is here?

Dorian. Am I safe here, Harry?

Lord Henry. Dorian, you merely fainted. You have overtired yourself.

Duchess. You'd better not come to the shooting party tomorrow.

Dorian. No, I will come. I must. I can not be alone.

SCENE 5

Woods. Dorian, Geoffrey, Head Keeper, Lord Henry.

Dorian. Have you had good sport, Geoffrey?

Geoffrey. Not very good, Dorian. I think most of the birds have escaped. I hope it will be better after lunch, when we go to new ground.

Dorian. I wonder, have you seen...

Geoffrey. A hare! One moment, Dorian.

Geoffrey aims gun in offstage direction.

Dorian. Don't shoot it, Geoffrey! Let it live.

Geoffrey. Dorian, what nonsense! Now, where's the beast?

Geoffrey pursues the hare offstage.

Immediate gunfire. Cry of human agony. Geoffrey returns instantly.

Geoffrey. Good heavens! I have hit a man! What the devil was the man doing in front of the guns! Stop shooting there! A man's hurt.

Lord Henry exits, heading towards the accident.

The Head Keeper rushes from other side of stage.

Head Keeper. Where is he, sir? Where is he?

Geoffrey. There. Why on earth don't you keep your men back? Spoiled my shooting for the day.

Head Keeper goes towards the accident. Lord Henry re-enters.

Lord Henry. Dorian, I should tell them that the shooting is stopped for today. It wouldn't look good to continue.

Dorian. I wish it were stopped forever, Harry. The whole thing is hideous and cruel. Is the man...?

Lord Henry. I am afraid so. He got shot in his chest. He must have died instantaneously. Come, let's return to the house.

Dorian. It's a bad omen, Harry. A very bad omen.

Lord Henry. What is? Oh, this accident, I suppose. My dear fellow, it can't be helped. It was the man's own fault. Why was he in front of the guns? Besides, it's nothing to us. It is rather awkward for Geoffrey, of course. It isn't good to shoot persons. It makes people think that you're a wild shooter. And Geoffrey isn't; he shoots very well. But it's no use talking about the matter.

Dorian. Was the poor fellow married? Did he have any family dependent on him? If so, I wouldn't like them to be left needing help, and will send them any amount of money that you think necessary.

He provides money. Head Keeper returns.

Head Keeper. Excuse me, sir. No one recognises the man. He appears to be a sailor, sir.

Dorian. A sailor? Did you say a sailor?

Head Keeper. Yes, sir. He looks as if he was a sailor; with tattoos on both arms, and that kind of thing.

Dorian. Was there anything found on him? Anything that would tell us his name?

Head Keeper. Some money, sir – not much, and a pistol. But there was no name of any kind. A decent-looking man, sir, but rough-like. A sailor, we think. Here he comes.

All present remove hats. A group enters, carrying the body of James Vane. Dorian lifts the cloth that covers James' body. A cry of joy comes from his lips. He freezes for a few moments, weeping and laughing.

Lord Henry. Why, Dorian, what's the matter?

Dorian. Nothing, Harry. My problems have solved themselves.

Lord Henry. Come, let's leave.

They exit.

SCENE 6

*Street. Lord Henry, Dorian, Hetty.
Enter Hetty, one of the village girls. Having put his hat back on,
Dorian raises it again to her.*

Dorian. Good afternoon.

Hetty. My lord...

Dorian. Please I'm nothing of the kind. My name is Dorian.

Hetty. You are sad sir.

Dorian. I could never be sad with anyone as pretty as you. What's your name?

Hetty. Hetty, if you please.

Dorian. Hetty, will you give me the pleasure of walking with me?

Hetty. Yes, sir.

Dorian. Aren't you afraid to walk with a strange gentleman? You should know that I am very wicked.

Hetty. That can't be true. Wicked people are always very old and very ugly and you are young and beautiful. So you are good.

Dorian and Hetty move off in a different direction. Lord Henry enter.

Lord Henry. Where on earth are you going, Dorian?

SCENE 7

Dorian's house. Lord Henry and Dorian.

Lord Henry. You don't need to tell me that you are going to be good. You are quite perfect as you are. Pray, don't change.

Dorian. No, Harry. I have done too many dreadful things in my life. I'm not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday.

Lord Henry. Oh yes and where were you yesterday?

Dorian. I was in the country.

Lord Henry. My dear boy, anybody can be good in the country.

Dorian. It's not a story I could tell anyone else. I spared somebody. It sounds vain but I think you understand what I mean. Yesterday I was in the countryside with Hetty, you saw her yourself, didn't you? She's so beautiful, and like Sybil Vane. I think it was that fact which first attracted me to her. She was simply a girl from the village. But I really loved her. I'm quite sure that I loved her. We should have gone away together this morning at dawn. But suddenly I decided to leave her as pure as I had found her.

Lord Henry. You gave her good advice, and broke her heart, but I can end the romance for you.

Dorian. Harry, you are horrible! Of course, she cried, and all that. But there is no disgrace for her.

Lord Henry. From a moral point of view, I can't say that I think a lot about your reformation. Besides, how do you know that Hetty isn't floating at this moment in some star-lit water pond, with lovely water-lilies round her, like Ophelia?

Dorian. Harry! You laugh at everything. Don't say the first good thing I have done for years is a kind of sin. Let's change the subject... What's happening in town?

Lord Henry. The people are still discussing poor Basil's disappearance.

Dorian. I'd have thought they'd be tired of that by now.

Lord Henry. My dear boy, they have only been talking about it for six weeks. They have been very fortunate lately, however. They have had my own divorce case and Alan Campbell's suicide.

Dorian. Alan Campbell's what...?

Lord Henry. He committed suicide. He vanished from view. His death was as unspectacular as everything that preceded it.

Dorian. What do you think has happened to Basil?

Lord Henry. I don't have any idea. If Basil has decided to hide himself, it is no business of mine. If he's dead, I don't want to think about him.

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

Lord Henry. Why would he have been murdered? He wasn't 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 you were the dominant motive of his art.

Dorian. What would you say, Harry, if I told you that I had murdered Basil?

Lord Henry. I would say, my dear, that you were posing as a character that doesn't suit you. All crime is vulgar, just as all vulgarity is crime... Crime belongs exclusively to the lower classes. Do you want a drink?

*The Butler enters with aperitif, then exits.
Dorian drinks. Lord Henry hesitates.*

Lord Henry. By the way, Dorian, "what does it profit a man if he gets the whole world and loses..." – how does the quote run? – "lose his own soul"?

Dorian. Why do you ask me, Harry?

Lord Henry. My dear fellow, I asked you because I thought you might be able to give me an answer. Have some more.

The Butler enters again and tops up Dorian's glass.

Lord Henry. What an exquisite life you have had! Tell me Dorian, how have you kept your youth? It seems to me you are still the young Apollo. You have drunk deeply of everything, nothing has been denied to you... Yet it has not marred you. You are the same.

Dorian. Yes, life has been exquisite but I am not the same, Harry.

Lord Henry. There's something in your voice that is wonderful. It has more expression than I have heard in it for a long time.

Dorian. It's because I'm going to be good. I'm a little changed, already.

Lord Henry. You won't change for me, Dorian. You and I will always be friends.

Dorian. But you poisoned me with a book once. I should not forgive you for that. Harry, promise that you'll never lend that book again to anyone. It does harm.

Lord Henry. My dear boy, you are really beginning to moralise. The books that the world calls immoral are books that show the world its own sins. You and I are what we are, and will be what we will be.

Dorian. I don't believe that is true Harry. I can change. I will. I'm afraid I must never see you again. Goodbye, Harry.

Dorian exits.

Lord Henry. Dorian? Dorian...

Lord Henry takes a large drink.

SCENE 8

Dorian enters his house.

Sybil's voice. "Prince Charming! My love"!

Dorian stands up abruptly from his chair and looks around.

James' voice. Dorian! "You'd be better if you confess your sin".

Basil's voice. "Dorian! Show me your soul"!

Dorian. Stop it! *(He covers his ears.)*

Basil's voice. "Let me see the picture, Dorian"!

Sybil's voice. "My beautiful love! You have freed my soul from prison".

James' voice. "You destroyed the life of my sister Sybil...".

Lord Henry's voice. "You are perfect as you are, Dorian. Pray, don't change".

Basil's voice. "Why don't you want to show me my picture"!

Dorian runs upstairs in the attic where the picture has been hidden.

Dorian. Shut up! *(He covers his ears.)* I'm tired! I'm tired of the voices in my head! Tired of Harry. Tired of London... Tired of fame. It was only a moment's madness. Crime is vulgar and I am everything but vulgar. I have saved an innocent life and I'll never try to destroy anyone's innocence

again. I long for the purity of my childhood. A new life! That's what I want. Perhaps if my life becomes pure, evil expressions will be cancelled from the portrait. Yes, I will be good. (*He pulls the cover open and looks at the picture.*) Still loathsome! You are unjust! Must I be haunted forever by my past? You bring melancholy to my passions; you harm my moments of joy! Like a conscience. Yes, you have been a conscience. I will destroy you!

He picks up a knife and stabs the picture.

He steps into the frame with the knife, a terrible cry is heard.

Dorian falls down with the knife in his hand. The canvas returns to be as Basil painted it. The Butler enters and lifts up the real Dorian Gray who has suddenly become older.

THE END

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The Picture of Dorian Gray



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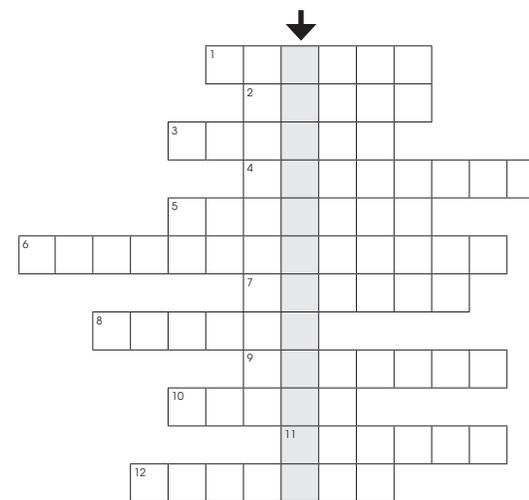
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1. PUZZLE

What has Dorian Gray always pursued?

Find the missing words in the sentences below, quoted from the text and write them in the puzzle.

1. Basil never while he is painting.
2. Lord Henry doesn't like scenes, except on the
3. Dorian his picture with a curtain.
4. Dorian is accused of doing things.
5. Dorian doesn't want to be forever by his past.
6. Lord Henry says that people are discussing Basil's
7. Lord Henry says that Basil wasn't enough to have enemies.
8. Dorian says that basil only taught him to cultivate
9. Dorian sends Victor to some items from Mr. Campbell's house.
10. The Seller asks Dorian sovereigns.
11. Alan Campbell makes experiments on dead.....
12. Sybil Vane's is a sailor.



Now read the column under the arrow and you'll find the solution.

Solution:

2. SYNONYMS

What is the theme in "The Picture of Dorian Gray"?

In the list below there are 13 adjectives, quoted from the text. Find their corresponding synonyms in box (A), then match adjectives and synonyms and write them on the corresponding broken lines.

BOX (A)

EMBARASSED - HAPPY - CROSS - NEAR - RAGGED - GUILTY
 COURTEOUS - AWFUL - DIFFERENT - APPEALING
 ATTRACTIVE - CORRUPT - EGOISTIC

ADJECTIVES

1. ASHAMED
2. SHABBY
3. CHARMING
4. IMMORAL
5. DISTINCTIVE
6. COMFORTABLE
7. ANGRY
8. INTERESTING
9. POLITE
10. CLOSE
11. DREADFUL
12. SELFISH
13. REMORSE

SYNONYMS

--- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---
 --- ○ ---

Now write the letters in the circles on the broken lines below and you'll find the solution.

Solution: THE ASSOCIATION OF AND

3. LETTERS AND NUMBERS

What does Basil see in Dorian Gray's portrait?

In each sentence in box (A), quoted from the text, there is a missing word. Find it in box (B) to complete the sentence.

Example: ① *Mistakes* can be corrected = **I**

SENTENCES BOX (A)

- ① can be corrected.
- 2 women never appeal to ones imagination.
- 3 Life itself is the first and the greatest of the
- 4 The only way to get rid of a is to submit to it.
- 5 lasts longer than beauty.
- 6 I can believe anything, provided that it's quite
- 7 There is absolutely nothing in the world but
- 8 To be physically or intellectually, is a danger.
- 9 What does mean when you have love?
- 10 All is vulgar, just as all vulgarity is crime.
- 11 Love is a thing much more than art.
- 12 Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's
- 13 Each of us has and hell in him.
- 14 What the gods give they take away.

BOX (B)

- S** GENIUS
B YOUTH
E FACE
I MISTAKES
D WONDERFUL
E POVERTY
N ORDINARY
A HEAVEN
L DISTINCTIVE
I INCREDIBLE
V ARTS
I CRIME
L QUICKLY
I TEMPTATION

Now match letters and numbers in box (C) to find the solution.

BOX (C)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
I													

Solution: HIS.....

4. GRID

A good message from Mr. Isaacs.

In the list below there are 15 verbs, quoted from the text. Find them in the grid, horizontally, vertically, diagonally and backwards. The remaining letters will give you the solution.

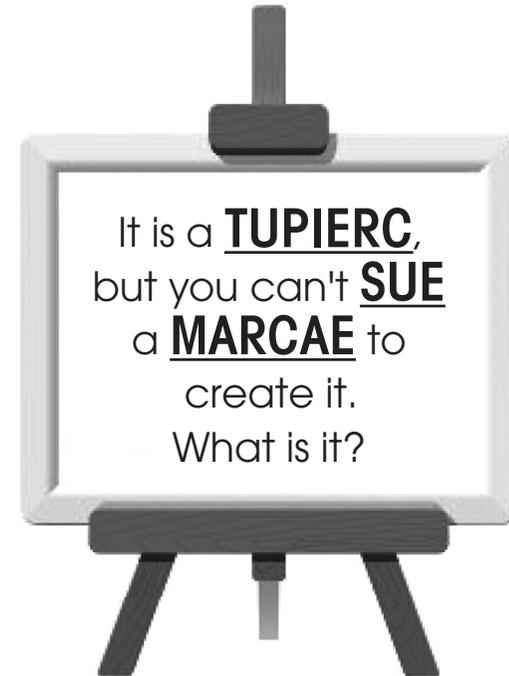
- | | | |
|-------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1. APPLAUD | 6. DESTROY | 11. REVEAL |
| 2. APPROACH | 7. EXHIBIT | 12. SUPPOSE |
| 3. ASSUME | 8. EXPLAIN | 13. SWALLOW |
| 4. BRING | 9. HARM | 14. TOLERATE |
| 5. CONFUSE | 10. INTRODUCE | 15. WORK |



Solution:

5. A SPOT OF RELAXATION

A riddle with anagrams!



It is a GNWIRAD!

Read the riddle written in the easel then anagram the underlined words and write them on the broken lines below.

Solution: IT IS A _____ BUT YOU CAN'T _____ A _____ TO CREATE IT. IT'S A _____ !