

DORIAN GRAY

TRANSEDUCA SCRIPT

JAIME CALVET

OPENING – MUSIC

A DESTROYED STAGE APPEARS, AS IF THE PLAY HAD ALREADY ENDED.

MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY AND EVERYTHING SLOWLY GOES BACK TO ITS PLACE.

TIME REWINDS, AND WE GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

DORIAN: *(SPEAKING TO THE PORTRAIT)*

Do you think you know my story? Many people say they do. They say I was the most handsome man in England. They say my youth inspired admiration... and envy. But beauty never comes alone. It always brings something with it. I didn't know that. Or perhaps... I didn't want to know. Or maybe you didn't want to warn me. It all began very simply. A painter named Basil Hallward found his greatest inspiration in me. He said that, by looking at me, he could paint more than just my face, and that is how you come into existence. Then Henry appeared. A friend. He never forced me to do anything. He only spoke. And I discovered that words can change a life forever.

Sibyl. She was different. While everyone admired my face... she seemed to look beyond it. Maybe that's why... she was the only person who could truly have saved me. And yet... she didn't. Or perhaps I was the one who didn't want to be saved. One by one, they all came into my life. Basil, with his kindness. Henry, with his ideas. Sibyl, with her innocence. And I... I was only a young man who was scared. Afraid of losing the only thing the world seemed to value about me. My youth. My beauty.

What you are about to witness is not just a story about beauty. It is a story about vanity. About influence. About the power of our choices. And about a question we should all ask ourselves...

If you could stay young forever... what would you be willing to give in return?

(He smiles faintly.)

The play is about to begin. Watch carefully. Because sometimes... monsters do not look like monsters. Sometimes... They are extraordinarily beautiful.

(Music.)

SCENE 1. THE PORTRAIT

DORIAN: Aren't you finished yet, Basil? I've been standing still for hours! Seriously, Basil, I'm so bored. When you said you wanted to paint a portrait of me, I didn't think it would take this long... Are you finished yet?

(Basil throws the paintbrush at Dorian's head, startling him)

DORIAN: Owww! Why did you do that? Yes, I know. I know art takes time. But I don't want to spend the whole day sitting here doing nothing.

HENRY: My dear Dorian, I agree. Don't move, or Basil will kill you.

DORIAN: I've been here for hours. I hope the portrait is worth it.

HENRY: Oh, come on! You know Basil is the best painter in England! I am sure the portrait will be amazing.

DORIAN: I just hope I don't look ugly...

DORIAN: Finally!

(The portrait appears.)

HENRY: You're, you're...

DORIAN: Handsome! Beautiful! Perfect!

HENRY: Yes, you are! But you'd better enjoy that beauty, because in twenty... thirty years...

DORIAN: What? What will happen in twenty or thirty years?

HENRY: You'll be old... and your beauty... will be gone. So enjoy life while you can, don't you think? Which reminds me... Why don't we celebrate now that the portrait is finally finished? Come on, Basil, Dorian, let's go out for a drink!

(Basil answers offstage.)

HENRY: All right, suit yourself. Basil is not coming.

DORIAN: I really do look handsome in this portrait... Don't you think? I wish this could last forever. I wish I would never grow old. And never become old, weak, and ugly... I wish I could keep looking like this forever. I wish the portrait would grow old... instead of me.

HENRY: Dorian! Come on! What are you doing? Please, don't tell me you're talking to your portrait.

DORIAN: Yes, I am! It's so beautiful... I just can't help it.

SCENE 2. GOING OUT

A PROJECTION OF THE MOON APPEARS IN THE BACKGROUND. THE WHITE FABRICS TRANSFORM INTO A DARK, DEEP BLUE NIGHT.

DORIAN: Thank you for taking me out tonight, Henry.

HENRY: We won't be young forever. We can't waste our time, Dorian. Let's enjoy the night!

DORIAN: You're right

HENRY: One day, you'll wish you could come back to this moment, when you're young, handsome, full of energy... and ready to fall in love.

DORIAN: Fall in love?

HENRY: Yes. This is the perfect time to fall in love. Once, twice, three times... even fifty times if necessary. Which reminds me... I know exactly where to take you.

(Henry exists. Dorian speaks to the portrait.)

DORIAN: You're still smiling. You're still happy. And you still have no idea what the future has in store for you, young Dorian. That smile will not be enough. Happiness cannot compare to being in love. Prepare your heart, because you are about to experience the most real feeling of your life

(Music show)

ANNOUNCER (OFFSTAGE): Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the show of the century. Please prepare to welcome a unique, wonderful, and incredibly talented performer... Sibyl!

(The music suddenly becomes distant, as if the rest of the world had disappeared.)

DORIAN: She's beautiful!

*A beautiful young woman enters the stage. She is wearing a white dress covered with blue and yellow brushstrokes, inspired by **The Starry Night**. It is SIBYL. She begins to sing. DORIAN cannot take his eyes off her. She captivates DORIAN'S heart.*

Verse 1

Take my hand, don't let go,
You're the light I want to know.
Every smile, every part,
Paints a picture in my heart.

Chorus

Paint my heart with colors bright,
Blue for dreams and gold for light.
Every brushstroke, every line,
Makes your heart belong to mine.

Paint the sky, paint the sea,
Paint a world with you and me.
If the colors fade away,
Love will never lose its way.

Verse 2

Every morning starts anew,
Like a canvas touched by you.
Every moment that we share,
Leaves a little color there.

Bridge

No perfect frame, no perfect art,
Love is made with an open heart.
One small brush, one simple line,
Your forever next to mine.

DORIAN: Henry! Wait for me! I'll be back in a minute. I think I've just seen the most beautiful person in the world.

Final Chorus SIBYL + DORIAN

Paint my heart with colors bright,
Blue for dreams and gold for light.
Every brushstroke, every line,
Makes your heart belong to mine.

Paint my heart and let it stay,
Never wash the colors away.
When the picture's finally done,
We'll be shining like the sun.

DORIAN: Hello!

SIBYL: Yes?

DORIAN: I just wanted to tell you that you were amazing, wonderful. Truly special. Congratulations on your performance.

SIBYL: Thank you very much. That's very kind of you.

(DORIAN is silent, staring at her.)

SIBYL: Is everything all right?

DORIAN: *(Coming back to reality.)* Yes, I'm sorry. I haven't even introduced myself. How rude of me. My name is Dorian... Dorian Gray.

(As he says his name, an echo repeats it across the theatre, as if it were travelling through all of London.)

SIBYL: My name is Sibyl.

DORIAN: That's a beautiful name. It suits your beauty perfectly.

SIBYL: Thank you, Mr. GRAY. *(She starts to leave.)*

DORIAN: Dorian. Please, call me Dorian.

SIBYL: Sorry?

DORIAN: You're going to make me feel old. Besides... I'm already your biggest admirer. "Dorian" is enough.

(She smiles.)

DORIAN: Would you like to have dinner with me tonight... Sibyl?

SIBYL: Tonight? I don't know if I can. My brother probably won't like the idea. He's very protective of me.

DORIAN: What does he have to protect you from? You're a free woman. You're free to decide who you want to spend time with, aren't you?

SIBYL: Of course. He only wants to keep me safe. The world is full of bad people, and someone could hurt me.

DORIAN: He's absolutely right. But look at me. Do you really think this is the face of someone who could hurt you?

(He gently takes her hand and places it against his cheek. She softly touches his face. Their eyes meet.)

SIBYL: Someone like you could never hurt me... could you?

DORIAN: Never.

SIBYL: Then... I suppose one dinner can't hurt.

SCENE 3. – PORTRAIT'S ROOM

(IN THE DARK.)

SIBYL: Dorian! I can't see anything, and I hate the dark.

DORIAN: I want to show you something.

SIBYL: This house is huge. We've been walking around in the dark for ages.

DORIAN: Are you ready?

SIBYL: I've been ready for a while.

DORIAN: Ready?... All set? Then... open your eyes.

(He reveals the portrait.)

SIBYL: WOW! Is this the famous portrait you never stop talking about? You were right, it's amazing. You... look amazing... and this house is beautiful. You're so lucky, Dorian.

DORIAN: No. The lucky part was finding you.

(THEY SMILE.)

SIBYL: It's very beautiful, but I prefer the real Dorian.

(She hugs him.)

DORIAN: Really?

SIBYL: Of course.

DORIAN: We've been together for three months...

SIBYL: Three wonderful months. The happiest months of my life.

DORIAN: The happiest months of my life too. But I didn't bring you here just to see this portrait. I think it's time for the next step.

SIBYL: humm

(DORIAN kneels in front of her.) (SIBYL is looking to the other side, absent-minded)

DORIAN: SIBYL... will you...

SIBYL: humm... ?

DORIAN: ...marry...

SIBYL: humm hum...

DORIAN: ...me?

SIBYL: Of course I will!

(She hugs him tightly.)

DORIAN: Careful. I'm as delicate as my portrait.

(They look at it.)

SIBYL: *(Laughing.)* Sorry... You make me so happy... I'm so glad I met you that day. You're the love of my life. We'll live together in this beautiful house, and we'll have lots of children. They'll run through these hallways all day.

DORIAN: So many?

SIBYL: Ten will be enough.

DORIAN: Ten?! One or two sounds better to me...

SIBYL: I'm so happy. I have to go to the theatre. I'm performing tonight.

(She exits.)

DORIAN: I'll be there, my love.

(DORIAN speaks to the portrait.)

DORIAN: Why are you looking at me like that? I know I am young... but I love Sibyl. I want to marry her. Why shouldn't I?

(Pause.)

Or should I..?

Henry always says marriage is a prison... That a man is only truly free as long as he belongs to no one. What if he's right? What if I'm making a mistake?

(Pause. He smiles.)

No... That's ridiculous. I love her. And I'm going to marry her. Although... Sometimes I think Henry has too much influence over me. I've never been happier. Not even when Basil painted me... Not even the first time I saw this portrait.

(He hesitates.)

But, I do wonder what James will think. We all know how protective he is. Sometimes... he scares me.

(SIBYL appears in writing a letter to James. Dorian is writing a letter to Henry.)

SIBYL: Dear James

DORIAN: Dear Henry

SIBYL: I want you to be the first

DORIAN: to hear this wonderful news.

BOTH: I'm getting married.

SIBYL: I know you probably don't agree with my decision

DORIAN: Because of your opinion about marriage

SIBYL: Because you are very protective

DORIAN: But I hope

SIBYL: You'll change your mind when you meet Dorian. He is

DORIAN: perfect for me. I love her with all of my heart and I want you

SIBYL: To meet him.

DORIAN: I am sure you'll appreciate her.

SIBYL: Tonight, I am performing at the theatre.

DORIAN: She is an artist.

BOTH: I'm asking you to come.

SIBYL: I can't wait for you to meet him.

BOTH: With affection.

DORIAN: Dorian.

SIBYL: Sibyl.

(To the audience.)

DORIAN: I'm sure he'll be happy for me. Now it's time to hear my future wife sing.

SCENE 4. THE THEATRE

(Henry and Dorian are at the theater)

HENRY: So... your future wife.

DORIAN: Yes. What's wrong with that?

HENRY: Honestly, I never thought you'd settle down so young.

DORIAN: Don't say it like that. She's a wonderful woman. She makes me happy. And, as you always say... she makes me feel young.

HENRY: If you say so.

DORIAN: You don't think I should marry her..., do you?

HENRY: Marriage? Absolutely not. You're far too young. If you marry now, you'll waste the best years of your life. You'll have children, responsibilities... and you'll stop enjoying yourself.

DORIAN: It won't be like that.

HENRY: Everyone says the same thing. Then come the responsibilities, the excuses, the children, keeping your wife happy... and goodbye, freedom.

DORIAN: Well, that sounds like a wonderful life to me.

HENRY: Don't get angry. I was only teasing you so we could laugh about it. If this woman makes you happy, then I have nothing to say.

DORIAN: Really?

HENRY: Yes.

DORIAN: Thank you, Henry. You're my best friend.

HENRY: I thought Basil was your best friend.

DORIAN: Basil doesn't talk much. You do. You make me think. You make me question everything.

(THE SHOW STARTS.)

ANNOUNCER (OFFSTAGE): Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the show of the century. Please prepare to welcome a unique, wonderful, and incredibly talented performer... Sibyl!

(SIBYL'S song begins. Her voice is heard in the distance. HENRY and DORIAN watch her, completely captivated.)

DORIAN: What do you think?

HENRY: Well... I'm not impressed

DORIAN: Don't keep it to yourself. I know you're thinking something. Say it.

HENRY: Do you really want me to be honest?

DORIAN: Always.

HENRY: That's the woman you want to marry?

DORIAN: Yes.

HENRY: Forever?

DORIAN: What's wrong?

HENRY: Look carefully.

DORIAN: I am.

HENRY: No. You're looking at her, but you're not really seeing her. Look at her clothes. Look at her hair. It's obvious her family has no money. And honestly... she isn't even that beautiful.

DORIAN: I don't care. I have enough money for both of us.

HENRY: Money can buy everything... except good taste.

DORIAN: She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

HENRY: Love is blind. *(He laughs.)* You need to meet more women. See the world, my friend.

DORIAN: I only want her.

HENRY: Wrong! The world is full of beautiful women. Why give everything to one woman who's so... ordinary? She's the first woman you've ever met.

DORIAN: I love her, and that's enough.

HENRY: Today. But what about ten years from now? In twenty? Passion fades. Beauty fades. Youth fades. Y.O.L.O: you only live once! Think about it, my friend.

(He exits. DORIAN walks toward the portrait.)

DORIAN: What do I do? What if Henry is right? What if this is a mistake? What if I waste my whole life with a woman I no longer love? Will I still love her when she's old? And what about me? What if she stops loving me when I'm old?

(A shadow of JAMES, SIBYL'S brother, appears.)

DORIAN: James! You've always thought I wasn't good enough for your sister. Well, you can relax. I'm not going to marry her. That way you'll both continue to be a poor little family

DORIAN: You heard me.

(JAMES punches him.)

DORIAN: Ah! You're crazy! My nose! I'm bleeding! You're a savage! You know what? I'm not wasting another second with you. Goodbye... Forever.

(DORIAN leaves, holding his nose. JAMES remains motionless, consumed with rage.)

SCENE 5.

AFTER THE PERFORMANCE

(SIBYL suddenly appears, running onto the stage.)

SIBYL: Wait, Dorian! Can't you hear me? I've been calling your name for ages. Why did you leave without saying goodbye? We could have gone home together.

(Pause.)

What's wrong? Wasn't Henry coming tonight?

DORIAN: He came.

SIBYL: And where is he?

DORIAN: He left before the performance ended.

SIBYL: Didn't he like the show?

DORIAN: No.

SIBYL: Well... I guess you can't please everyone.

DORIAN: Neither did I.

(Silence.)

SIBYL: What... what do you mean?

DORIAN: I expected more from you.

SIBYL: But... I sang just like I always do.

DORIAN: Exactly. Just like you always do. The first time I saw you, I thought you were extraordinary. Today, I only saw... an ordinary actress.

SIBYL: I don't understand. I gave everything I had. I did it for you.

DORIAN: Well, it wasn't enough.

SIBYL: Dorian...

DORIAN: I was wrong about you.

SIBYL: You can't say that. You told me you loved me. You asked me to marry you.

DORIAN: And now I'm telling you there won't be a wedding.

SIBYL: What?

DORIAN: I've changed my mind.

SIBYL: Why? What have I done?

DORIAN: Nothing. That's exactly the problem. You're not special. You're not extraordinary. You're... just like any other woman. And I... I deserve more.

SIBYL: That's not you speaking. Someone has filled your head with those ideas. It was Henry, wasn't it? Henry put those ideas into your head.

DORIAN (*avoiding her gaze*): Don't bring Henry into this. It's my decision.

SIBYL: No. Yesterday you wanted to spend the rest of your life with me. Today you can't even look me in the eye.

DORIAN: It's over.

SIBYL: Dorian, please... I love you.

DORIAN: I don't. I don't love you anymore. And I'm not going to marry you. There's nothing left to say.

SIBYL: Dorian... Don't do this to me...

DORIAN: Don't follow me.

(DORIAN leaves without looking back. SIBYL is now alone on the stage. For a few moments she tries to hold back her tears, but finally breaks down as the lights slowly fade to black.)

SCENE 6.

THE DEATH AT THE BRIDGE

(Dorian enters the stage with his hand over his nose. He tries to clean it, but when he removes his hands, his nose is completely normal.)

DORIAN: What happened? My nose is fine. I need a mirror.

(He looks into a mirror.)

I'm not bleeding anymore... where's the blood?

(He approaches the portrait and sees that the portrait has a bloodied nose.)

This can't be... What's happened? ... Why is the portrait bleeding?... It can't be. You've changed. Your face is different. You look evil.

(Pause.)

VOICE OFFSTAGE: *I wish the portrait would grow old... instead of me.*

DORIAN: Wait... What if...? It's becoming me? What if it reflects what's inside me? What I did to Sibyl... I humiliated her. I destroyed her. This face... is mine. Not on the outside. On the inside. I have to see her. I have to beg her for forgiveness. I'm still in time.

(He hurriedly grabs his coat. There is a knock at the door. He lunges, quickly covers the portrait with a cloth, and opens the door.)

(HENRY enters.)

DORIAN: Henry, this isn't a good time! I have to go.

HENRY: Wait. I have to tell you something. Something has happened, and you need to know.

DORIAN: Can it wait? I have to go and see my future wife. I was a monster to her.

HENRY: I'm afraid you can't. She's precisely the person I need to talk to you about.

DORIAN: I know you don't like her. I know you want me to meet other women. But I love her. Only her. And no matter what you say, my friend, that won't change. She's everything to me... and I've been an idiot.

HENRY: Dorian! They found Sibyl's body in the river.

DORIAN: WHAT?

HENRY: The police think she jumped off the bridge.

DORIAN: No...

HENRY: I'm sorry.

DORIAN: No... It can't be...

HENRY: Yes. She's dead.

DORIAN: Did... did she take her own life?

HENRY: It seems so. Some people saw her crying in the street. Then she walked to the bridge... And she jumped.

DORIAN: My God... Sibyl...I killed her.

HENRY: No. She made that choice. Don't blame yourself. She was too fragile.

DORIAN: What are you saying? I'm responsible for all of this! I was cruel to her. I destroyed her.

HENRY: Life is full of tragedies, Dorian. But your life isn't over.

(He places a reassuring hand on DORIAN's shoulder.)

You're young. You have your whole life ahead of you. You'll meet someone else. Someone richer. More beautiful. Smarter. Life goes on and the world belongs to you.

DORIAN: What if she was the love of my life?

HENRY: Love comes and goes. Don't turn her into a saint. She wasn't that extraordinary. She was just another woman. There'll be others in your life. You'll meet wonderful people. Far more wonderful than she was. Trust me. Time heals all wounds.

DORIAN: But she's dead... And I'll never be able to forgive myself... or ask her to forgive me.

HENRY: Time will pass, and the pain will pass with it. The only thing that will never come back is your youth. Come on! Worry ages you. Don't waste your life.

DORIAN: Maybe you're right.

HENRY: Of course I am. She would have wanted you to go on living your life. Now, take a bath, get dressed... We're going out for a drink. Tomorrow everything will seem much brighter.

DORIAN: All right.

HENRY: Which reminds me! One more thing. Sibyl's brother. James. They say he's looking for you. He's sworn he'll kill you.

DORIAN: What?

HENRY: Don't worry. He's a drunk. He talks more than he acts. Just... try not to run into him.

(Pause. He looks at the cloth covering the portrait.)

By the way... Why have you covered the portrait? It was magnificent.

(HENRY walks toward it to uncover it. DORIAN quickly steps in front of him.)

DORIAN: NO!

(Silence.)

No... I don't want to look at it. It distracts me too much.

HENRY *(laughing)*: You're unbelievably vain. See you later.

(HENRY exits.)

(DORIAN speaks to the portrait. He slowly removes the cloth covering the portrait. He stares at it in horror.)

DORIAN: No... No one can ever see you. No one. Ever.

(He covers the portrait again. He remains motionless in front of it as the lights slowly fade.)

SCENE 7. 20 YEARS LATER

(BASIL enters.)

BASIL: Dorian.

(They look at each other.)

Twenty years... and you haven't changed.

DORIAN: Basil, welcome to my house. I'm glad to see you. You look... older.

BASIL: And you look exactly the same. It's as if time has no power over you.

DORIAN: Does that surprise you? I take good care of myself. What surprises me is all of you. Every time I see you, you have more grey hair, more wrinkles... You look like you could be my grandfather.

(He laughs.)

I'm joking. You look great.

BASIL: You look like the same young man I painted. Come on... tell me. What's your secret?

DORIAN: Simple. Don't make any more mistakes. For example, don't get married. Don't have children. I still can't understand how you ended up getting married... or Henry. HENRY? Married?!

BASIL: That's right. And you? Sorry... I still can't get over the fact that time hasn't touched you.

DORIAN: Basil, you never used to talk this much.

BASIL: I'm amazed, Dorian.

DORIAN: And I'm amazed to see you again after so many years, my friend.

BASIL: Henry asked me to give you this.

(He hands him a letter.)

DORIAN: *"What do you say we do what we used to do? A good dinner, a few drinks... and forget, for one night, that time exists."*

DORIAN: Old Henry. He'll never change. I'll be there. Are you coming too, Basil? We'll make a toast as if we were twenty again.

BASIL: That will be easier for you than for Henry.

DORIAN: Well... didn't you come here to talk? For years you've looked at me with that expression... as if you were trying to find the young Dorian. Well, he's gone.

BASIL: Do you remember Sibyl? I found this in a box at my old house.

(He hands DORIAN a portrait of SIBYL.)

DORIAN: Sibyl? Twenty years have passed. She's dead. Nothing I do will ever bring her back. What do you expect me to do? Spend the rest of my life feeling guilty?

BASIL: Of course not... but...

DORIAN: I've moved on. And I'm not going to apologize for existing.

BASIL *(looking at the portrait):* Why is your portrait covered? Did you stop liking it?

DORIAN: Ah! So that's why you're here. The portrait... Do you think that just because we haven't spoken in twenty years, I don't deserve to keep it? Do you want it back? Very well. Look at it. But remember... YOU were the one who painted it.

(He uncovers the portrait. BASIL is horrified.)

Do you see? That's me! That monster... THAT MONSTER HAS MY FACE! And it all began because of you... Because of that cursed portrait! Don't look at me like that! Don't judge me! You have no right!

BASIL: DORIAN... I didn't paint that horror. I never painted anything so terrible. We have to get it out of here.

(BASIL walks toward the portrait to take it down.) (They fight. At the end, BASIL is dead.)

DORIAN: NO!

(In a sudden impulse, he grabs a knife from the table and stabs BASIL.)

(Complete silence. BASIL falls to the floor.)

DORIAN: What have I done? My God... No one can see this. No one can know. No one.

VOICE OFFSTAGE: *No one can see this... No one can know... No one.*

DORIAN *(dragging BASIL'S body with difficulty):* Come on, Basil...

(Pause. He struggles to catch his breath.)

You always said that art demanded sacrifice... I suppose you never imagined this would be the last one.

(He manages to hide the body and covers it with a cloth.)

That's it... No one will ever find you. No one will know you came. No one will know what happened tonight. You just have to disappear... Disappear forever.

(Pause. He looks at the place where he has hidden the body.)

Rest in peace, Basil... I only wish I could do the same.

SCENE 8.

HENRY

HENRY: My goodness, Dorian! Twenty years... and you still look exactly the same. It's unbelievable.

DORIAN: I'm glad to see you, my friend.

HENRY: So am I. Look at me... I'm getting old, while you... you're still...

DORIAN: Enough. I simply take good care of myself.

HENRY: Dorian, are you all right? You look pale. Are you feeling okay?

DORIAN (*forcing a smile*): Perfectly. I've never been better.

HENRY: That's true. Then the plan is still on. Tonight... Drinks, music, party! Just like the old days.

DORIAN: Yes.

SCENE 9. THE TAVERN

(HENRY and DORIAN are sitting at a table. A waiter approaches.)

HENRY: Two whiskies please! So, Dorian... tell me, what have you been up to lately? Found anyone worth falling in love with?

DORIAN (*with an ironic smile*): Love? No, thank you. You were the one who taught me that love eventually becomes a prison. Although, strangely enough... the first person to break his own rules was you. You got married.

HENRY (*laughing*): Even cynics can make mistakes.

DORIAN: Now you're the respectable man... and I'm still the bachelor.

HENRY: Which reminds me! Speaking of old friends...Have you seen Basil lately? I've tried to find him several times, but no one knows where he is.

DORIAN (*avoiding his gaze*): No. Not for a long time. The last time I saw him was about two weeks ago.

HENRY: Neither has his wife. And that's what's so strange. Basil would never disappear without saying a word. I'm starting to worry.

DORIAN: I'm sure he's...

(*He hesitates.*)

....painting somewhere in the middle of nowhere. You know what he is like.

HENRY: But Basil would never disappear without telling someone.. Something isn't right.

(*DORIAN suddenly stands up.*)

DORIAN: I'm going to get another round.

(*He walks toward the bar. Suddenly he freezes. He has spotted JAMES sitting at the back of the tavern. He turns deathly pale.*)

HENRY: Dorian? What's wrong?

DORIAN (*in a very low voice*): Don't look. Don't turn around. The man in the green jacket.

HENRY: What about him?

DORIAN: That's James. Sibyl's brother.

HENRY: Are you sure?

DORIAN: Absolutely. I'm sure it's him.

HENRY: Calm down.

DORIAN: What if he recognizes me?

HENRY: He won't.

DORIAN: He swore he'd kill me. You told me that yourself.

HENRY: Yes. But think for a moment. Twenty years have passed. He's old. You're not. Why would he think you're the same man? How could he possibly believe you're the same Dorian Gray?

DORIAN: What if he finds out?

HENRY: Look at yourself. You still have the face of a young man. No one in their right mind would think you're the man who knew his sister.

DORIAN: I'm not taking this risk.

HENRY: Dorian...You're letting fear control your life. You look like a frightened child.

DORIAN *(without taking his eyes off JAMES):* I'd rather look like a coward...than end up dead.

(DORIAN hurriedly leaves the tavern. HENRY watches JAMES for a few moments, unable to understand his friend's reaction. He takes a sip of whisky as the lights slowly fade.)

SCENE 10. STREET. NIGHT.

DORIAN walks quickly down a dark street. He keeps looking over his shoulder. He is convinced that someone is following him.

DORIAN: There's no one...No one is following me. I'm imagining it. Yes...

That's it. It's just my nerves. I'm just being paranoid. *(Footsteps are heard. DORIAN freezes.)*No... Again. *(The footsteps come closer. He looks around desperately and hides.)**(JAMES enters. He is holding a knife and carefully scans the street.)*

DORIAN *(in a whisper):* My God...He's carrying a knife. He's come looking for me.

(A noise is heard on the other side of the street. JAMES turns toward the sound and quickly exits in that direction.)

(DORIAN waits a few seconds before coming out of his hiding place.)

DORIAN: I was so close to dying... All of this... All of this is my fault. Basil is dead. Sibyl is dead too. Now James wants revenge.

(Pause.)

What have I become? I thought that as long as the portrait grew old instead of me... my actions would have no consequences. I thought I could do anything. Hurt people. Lie. Destroy lives. And never pay the price. What a fool I've been. Every decision... Every word...has brought me to this moment.*(Pause.)* No. This has to end. I can still change. I can still become a better person. Maybe it's not too late. Maybe...if I start doing good...if I stop thinking only about myself...if I try to repair the damage I've caused... Maybe there's still something good left inside me.

(Pause. He looks at the audience.)

Tell me...What would you do? How do you become a good person... after spending so many years being someone else? Is it enough to help others? To give money to those who need it? To ask for forgiveness? Or should I stay away from Henry... before he finishes destroying what little is left of me?*(Long pause.)* I don't know. But I do know one thing. If I keep living the way I have until now...I won't survive much longer.

(He slowly walks away as the lights fade to black.)

SCENE 11.

GOOD DEEDS

MUSIC AND THE SOUND OF TIME PASSING.

DORIAN PERFORMS GOOD DEEDS TO TRY TO REMOVE THE STAIN ON HIS LIFE.

MOVEMENT ON STAGE RE-ENACTS MANY MOMENTS OF DORIAN'S LIFE.

WE INVITE A COUPLE OF AUDIENCE MEMBERS ONTO THE STAGE TO ACT OUT THE SCENE, EACH PLAYING A DIFFERENT CHARACTER.

NEXT, WE'LL ASK THREE DIFFERENT AUDIENCE MEMBERS TO SUGGEST GOOD DEEDS. FOR EXAMPLE:

- **COULD YOU HELP ME CROSS THE STREET?**
- **COULD YOU HELP ME CARRY THESE BAGS?**
- **COULD YOU HELP ME FIND MY WAY?**

SCENE 12. THE PORTRAIT

Five years later.

DORIAN enters holding several letters.

DORIAN: Another letter from Henry. Will he never get tired of writing to me? He's been sending me these letters for five years. Five years trying to make us friends again. What does he want now?

"Dear Dorian:

I may be getting older every day, but at least I haven't become as boring as you have. I still go to parties, drink, laugh, and enjoy all the pleasures life has to offer. Why don't you come with me tonight? I miss the Dorian I once knew. You still have the face of a young man; stop behaving like an old one.

I'll come and pick you up tonight.

With affection,

Henry."

(He tears up the letter.)

He understands nothing. We're not that Dorian Gray anymore. *(Looking at the covered portrait.)* We've changed. I've changed. I've left that life behind. Now I help other people. I'm a good person. I think about someone other than myself. I've fought to save my soul.*(Pause.)* Five years... I've spent the past five years doing good deeds. It's time. The time has come to look at the portrait. I'm sure it has changed by now and become that beautiful young DORIAN GRAY once again. The time has come to see whether goodness has finally defeated that monstrosity.

(He walks toward the covered portrait. He takes a deep breath and removes the cloth.)

(He steps back in horror.)

No...

No...

No...

(The portrait is even more ghastly. The skin is blackened and rotten. The eyes are completely dark, and blood drips from its mouth.)

DORIAN: Why?I don't understand!!I've done everything I could! I've helped people! I've tried to be good! Why are you still a monster?)

(Silence. Slowly, the ghost of SIBYL appears.)

SIBYL *(with a calm, almost compassionate voice):* Because you never changed for others...You only changed for yourself. You never truly did anything for anyone else. It's nothing more than a bad deed covered with faded paint.

DORIAN: It can't be...Sibyl...How can this be happening? Have I completely lost my mind? You...You're dead.

SIBYL: That's right. And yet...here I am.

DORIAN: No...This can't be real. I'm dreaming. It's this portrait. It has destroyed everything human that was left in me.

SIBYL: No, Dorian. For the first time, you're finally seeing what you've been running away from for so many years. You've grown old inside...but you've learned nothing. You still have the most beautiful face I've ever seen...but the darkest and ugliest soul. Look at the portrait. It never lied to you. It always showed you the truth...and you chose to ignore it.

DORIAN: What else could I have done? I've tried everything.

SIBYL: You gave up because it became difficult. It wasn't enough. You've caused so much pain...and you're still unable to see it.

DORIAN: But I've helped people! I've given money to the poor! I've saved a child! I've left behind the parties... the alcohol...

SIBYL: Yes. But you never did it for them. You did it for yourself. You wanted to save your soul. You wanted to regain your beauty. You wanted to free yourself from your guilt. You never stopped thinking about yourself. Even your kindness... was selfish.

(Pause.)

Do you remember when I once called you "my prince"? I believed you were one. I thought a prince fought monsters. But the monster was never out there. It was always inside you.

(She slowly hands him the knife DORIAN used to kill BASIL.)

With this very blade you murdered your best friend. If you truly want to destroy the monster... you already know where to find it. *(SIBYL slowly disappears. DORIAN is left alone, holding the knife.)*

DORIAN: Everything has been useless... The portrait is still a monster. Maybe...maybe Sibyl was right. I've spent my life doing only what I wanted. I loved when it suited me. I hurt people whenever I felt like it. I used people...as if they existed only for me.

(Pause.)

What if...that monster...is me?

(A voice comes from the portrait.)

THE PORTRAIT: And who do you think you are?

DORIAN *(startled)*: Who said that? Who's there?

THE PORTRAIT: Look at me. I am you. And you are me.

DORIAN: No! You're the monster.

THE PORTRAIT: Me? I never forced you to do anything. I never wielded the knife. I never broke a heart. I never lied. You did.

DORIAN: Enough! Who are you?

THE PORTRAIT: I am your fear. The fear of growing old. Fear of losing your beauty. Fear of no longer being admired. And you should thank me. Because of me, you never had wrinkles. You never felt the weight of the passing years. I gave you eternal youth. Wasn't that exactly what you wished for?

DORIAN: No! You didn't give me anything. You stole everything from me. You stole my chance to live a normal life. I should have grown old like every other man. I should have grown old like everyone else.

THE PORTRAIT: Don't blame me. Don't blame your wish. Don't blame Henry, or Basil or Sibyl. Blame yourself.

(Silence.)

DORIAN *(with a desperate scream)*: NO!

(He throws himself at the portrait and stabs it with all his strength. The lights change. Chaos erupts on stage. DORIAN destroys everything around him.)

SCENE 13. DORIAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

(Henry enters from outside.)

HENRY: Dorian? Dorian!?

(He enters.) Where are you? I can't see anything... Where on earth is the light? (He finds a lamp and lights it.)

(The light reveals a horrifying scene. Lying on the floor is the body of an old man, consumed by age. Hanging on the wall once again is DORIAN'S portrait, beautiful and young, exactly as BASIL painted it.)

HENRY: What...? Who is this man? *(He looks around.)* Dorian? Where are you?

(Pause. He slowly approaches the body.) No... It can't be...

(He looks at the body closely, horrified.) ...Dorian?

(HENRY falls to his knees. A long silence follows as the lights slowly fade.)

SCENE 14. FINALE

DORIAN:

At the beginning, I told you this was my story. Now you know how it ends. *(To the audience.)* I was a handsome young man. And I thought beauty was a gift. Then I believed it was a right. And in the end, I turned it into an obsession. I had a friend who saw nothing but art in me. Another taught me to chase pleasure. And a woman who loved me... when I was still capable of loving. But I confused youth with happiness. I confused desire with freedom. And I confused beauty... with a person's worth. I wanted to stop time. I wanted to avoid the consequences of my actions. I wanted someone else to bear the burden of my sins. And for many years... it worked. My face stayed young... while my soul grew old in silence. But no one can escape from themselves.

(Pause.) Now there is no beauty left. Only a story... and this portrait. A story that makes you ask yourselves something when you go home. What is it that truly makes us beautiful? The face we show the world... or the person we are when no one is

watching? Because time will always defeat beauty... but it can never defeat a good heart.

(Pause. He smiles peacefully.) My name was Dorian Gray.

THE END