

*NOTE: There are internal cuts in this scene for audition purposes. Please refer to this edited scene rather than the full script.*

BASIL

I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said against you in London.

DORIAN

I don't wish to know anything about them. I love scandals about other people, but scandals about myself don't interest me.

BASIL

They must interest you, Dorian. Mind you, I can't believe these rumours at all when I see you. Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man's face. People talk sometimes of secret vices - there are no such things. If a man has a vice, it shows itself in the lines of his mouth, the droop of his eyelids, the moulding of his hands even. But you, Dorian, with your pure, bright, innocent face - I can't believe anything against you. And yet I see you very seldom, and when I hear all the hideous things that people are whispering about you, I don't know what to say. Why is it, Dorian, that a man like the Duke of Berwick leaves the room when you enter it? Why is your friendship so fatal to young men? There was that boy in the Guards who committed suicide - you were his great friend. There was Sir Henry Ashton, who had to leave England with a tarnished name - you and he were inseparable. What about Adrian Singleton and his dreadful end? What about the young Duke of Perth - what sort of life has he got now?

DORIAN

Stop, Basil. You're talking about things of which you know nothing.

BASIL

Dorian, one has a right to judge a man by the effect he has over his friends. You seem to have filled yours with a madness for pleasure. And there's worse behind. There are other stories - stories that you've been creeping at dawn out of dreadful houses and slinking in disguise into the foulest dens in London. When I first heard them I laughed, said that it was absurd - that I knew you thoroughly, and that you were incapable of anything of the kind. Know you? I wonder, do I know you? Before I could answer that, I should have to see your soul.

DORIAN

To see my soul...

BASIL

Yes, but only God can do that.

DORIAN

*(Decisively)* You shall see it yourself, tonight. Why shouldn't you look at it? It's your own handiwork. Come - you have chattered enough about corruption, now you shall look on my soul face to face. Yes, you shall see the thing that you fancy only God can see.

BASIL

This is blasphemy, Dorian - you mustn't say things like that.

DORIAN

You think so?

BASIL

I know so. As for what I said to you tonight, I said it for your good. You know I have always been a staunch friend to you. *(He reaches to touch DORIAN)*

DORIAN

Don't touch me.

BASIL

Dorian, if you tell me that these horrible charges are absolutely untrue from beginning to end, I shall believe you...

DORIAN

Come upstairs, Basil. I keep a diary of my life from day to day, and it never leaves the room in which it is written. I shall show it to you.

BASIL

If you wish it, but don't ask me to read anything tonight. All I want is a plain answer to my question.

DORIAN

That shall be given to you upstairs. You will not have to read long.