

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

BASIL

Let's sit down, Dorian. And just answer me one question. Have you noticed in the picture something curious? - something that probably at first didn't strike you, but that revealed itself to you suddenly?

DORIAN

Basil...

BASIL

I see you did. Don't speak. Wait till you hear what I have to say. It is quite true that I have worshipped you with far more romance of feeling than a man usually gives to a friend. Somehow, I had never loved a woman. Well, from the moment I met you, your personality had the most extraordinary influence over me. I quite admit that I adored you madly, extravagantly, absurdly. I grew jealous of everyone to whom you spoke. I wanted to have you all to myself. I was only happy when I was with you. When you were away from me you were still present in my art... Of course I never let you know anything about this. You would not have understood it. I hardly understood it myself. I only knew that I had seen perfection face to face, and that the world had become wonderful to my eyes - too wonderful, perhaps, for in such mad worships there is peril... I determined to paint a portrait of you. As I worked at it, every flake and film of colour seemed to me to reveal my secret. I grew afraid that others would know of my idolatry. I felt, Dorian, that I had told too much. It was then that I resolved never to allow the picture to be exhibited. You must not be angry with me, Dorian, for what I've told you. As I said to Harry once, you are made to be worshipped. It's extraordinary to me, Dorian, that you should have seen this in the portrait.

DORIAN

I saw something in it, something that seemed to me very curious.

BASIL

Well, you don't mind my looking at the thing now?

DORIAN

You must not ask me that again, Basil.

BASIL

Perhaps you're right. Well, good-bye, Dorian. I don't suppose I shall often see you again. You don't know what it cost me to tell you all that I have told you.

DORIAN

My dear Basil, what have you told me? Simply that you felt that you admired me too much. That's not even a compliment.

BASIL

It was not intended as a compliment. It was a confession. Now that I've made it, something seems to have gone out of me. Perhaps one should never put one's worship into words.

DORIAN

It was a very disappointing confession. But you mustn't talk about worship. It's foolish. You and I are friends, Basil, and we must always remain so.

BASIL

You will sit to me again?

DORIAN

I can't explain it to you, Basil, but I must never sit to you again. There is something fatal about a portrait. It has a life of its own. I will come and have tea with you. That will be just as pleasant.

BASIL

Pleasanter for you, I'm afraid. Good-bye.

*BASIL exits.*