

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

*A house of ill repute – part brothel, part opium den. A SAILOR is sprawled over a table with his head buried in his arms. A PROSTITUTE calls out to DORIAN as he begins to exit.*

PROSTITUTE

*(Mockingly)* Evening, Prince Charming.

*The SAILOR raises his head from the table.*

DORIAN

For God's sake don't talk to me. What do you want, money? Here it is.

*DORIAN throws money and continues to exit. One of the PERFORMERS shouts...*

CROSS-DRESSED PERFORMER

*(Laughing)* There goes the devil's bargain!

DORIAN

Don't call me that.

*DORIAN exits. The PROSTITUTE calls out after him.*

PROSTITUTE

Prince Charming – that's what you like to be called, ain't it?

*As they laugh, the SAILOR, who we now recognize as JAMES VANE, jumps to his feet and follows DORIAN outside. A dark, foggy street, with one street light off to the side. The music from inside continues faintly in the background. JAMES pulls a gun on DORIAN.*

DORIAN

What do you want?

JAMES

Keep quiet. If you stir, I shoot you.

DORIAN

What have I done to you?

JAMES

You wrecked the life of my sister, Sibyl Vane. She killed herself, and I swore I would kill you in return. For years I've looked for you with no clue, no trace. I didn't know anything about you but the pet name she used to call you.

DORIAN

I never heard of her! You're mad...

JAMES

*(Putting the gun to DORIAN's head)* Down on your knees! You'd better confess your sin, for you're going to die.

DORIAN

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

JAMES

Eighteen years. Why, what do years matter?

DORIAN

Eighteen years... Set me under the lamp and look at my face!

*JAMES drags him to the light where he sees DORIAN's youthful face. JAMES lets go of DORIAN and retreats at the thought of what he almost did.*

JAMES

My God, and I would have murdered you...

DORIAN

*(Brushing himself off and beginning to move away)* Let this be a warning to you not to take vengeance into your own hands.

JAMES

Forgive me, sir, a chance word set me on the wrong track.

DORIAN

You had better go home and put that pistol away, or you may get into trouble.

*DORIAN disappears into the dark. The PROSTITUTE and a CROSS-DRESSED PERFORMER from inside laugh in the doorway behind JAMES.*

CROSS-DRESSED PERFORMER

You fool, you should have killed him. He has lots of money, and he's as bad as bad.

JAMES

I want no man's money, I want a man's life. The man I'm looking for must be nearly forty now. This one is little more than a boy.

PROSTITUTE

*(Cackling)* Little more than a boy! Why, it's eighteen years since Prince Charming made me what I am.

JAMES

*(Not understanding how this could be)* You lie!

PROSTITUTE

Strike me dumb if it ain't so. He's the worst one that comes here. They say he's sold himself to the devil for a pretty face. He hasn't changed much. I have though.

*They continue to laugh as they turn back into the brothel, JAMES staring into the dark.*