

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

DORIAN

About half past eight I passed by an absurd little theatre with gaudy play-bills. I went in and paid a whole guinea for the stage-box. What do you think the play was, Harry?

HARRY

I should think "The Idiot Boy, or Dumb but Innocent."

DORIAN

It was "Romeo and Juliet." Romeo was an elderly gentleman with corked eyebrows, a husky tragedy voice, and a figure like a beer-barrel. But Juliet! Harry, imagine a girl, hardly seventeen years of age, with a little flower-like face, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen in my life. You said to me once that pathos left you unmoved, but that beauty, mere beauty, could fill your eyes with tears. I tell you, Harry, I could hardly see this girl for the mist of tears that came across me. And her voice... *(Intimately and vulnerably)* You know how a voice can stir one. When I close my eyes, I hear your voice and the voice of Sibyl Vane, and each of them says something different. *(Asking HARRY for guidance)* I don't know which to follow.

*The question hangs in the air for an uncomfortable pause as HARRY struggles to decide how to answer it, but his fear wins out and he turns away, missing his chance.*

DORIAN (Cont.)

I love her, Harry, I do.