Spring 2018

The Picture of Dorian Gray: An Immersive Experience

Natalie Love
Otterbein University, natalie.love@otterbein.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/stu_honor

Part of the Dramatic Literature, Criticism and Theory Commons

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/stu_honor/58

This Honors Paper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Research & Creative Work at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Thesis Projects by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact shickey@otterbein.edu.
The Picture of Dorian Gray: An Immersive Experience

Natalie Love
HNRS 4500
Dr. Jessie Glover
5 April 2018
Acknowledgements

Thank you to Dr. Jessie Glover for her endless resources and ideas, as well as her positivity and excitement for this theatrical exploration. Thank you to Dr. Patricia Frick for her never-ending passion for the gothic. Thank you to Chris Kirk and Kristen Cooperkline for all of the departmental support they provided, especially through the summer. Thank you to my incredibly dedicated cast members who were always so willing to try new things: Colin Robertson, Kara Jobe, Jeremy Hurr, Christian Heinemann, Bradford Chaklos, Isabel Billinghurst, Abigail Isom, and Abby Kress. A special thank you must be given to my assistant in this project, Mikayla Burr, for her thoughts, knowledge, and wonderful prop abilities. I’d also like to thank Emily Bubeck and Julianne Graffeo for their support and feedback with my read-through as well as Christopher Marth, Benjamin Folts, Elise Woods, and Christopher Smith for helping me bring my first draft to life. Thank you to Dr. Acker and Dr. Steigman for their help in shaping this project. Last, a huge thank you to everyone who attended my work.
Abstract

This project studied the effects of immersive theatre on an audience using a script adapted from *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde. This project explored how to best adapt a literary work into a performance piece, and rather than creating a traditional piece of theatre, creating an immersive work. The process included research in literature, new work creation, and theatre devising as well as the rehearsals and preparation necessary for the production. Using a small cast of Otterbein performance students, the piece was performed four times in one day with different audience groups in so that I could study how individuals reacted to immersive elements as well as how the audience group affected both the performance and their own experience. This study hypothesized a more intimate audience relationship to the work and received feedback from the piece in the form of written feedback cards and an online survey. Through this feedback, I found that immersive theatre developed a stronger sense of accountability within the audience members, and that this theatrical style can be both immersive as well as ostracizing depending on the willingness to participate and the temperament of each individual audience member.
## Contents

- Introduction ................................................................. 4
- Research ........................................................................... 5
- Process ........................................................................... 15
- Conclusion ....................................................................... 26
- Appendix A ................................................................. 29
- Appendix B ....................................................................... 52
- Appendix C ....................................................................... 53
- Appendix D ....................................................................... 54
- Works Cited ....................................................................... 55
Introduction

Theatre has been a passion of mine ever since I was a child. I love what can be explored through theatrical methods such as dance, acting, and song. The limitless nature of discovery in the theatre caused me to wonder what methods best convey an idea to an audience. On many occasions, plays have meaning, but are written to have the meaning as secondary to the audience’s enjoyment. Was there a theatrical style which could truly involve the audience in the themes of the piece? If so, how would that affect an audience member in contrast to traditional theatrical styles? I knew that options needed to be explored and that Otterbein could provide this opportunity.

While studying theatre history in my sophomore year, we were approaching the modern theatre era when I discovered that theatre is still evolving. The past few decades have been filled with big musicals and plays, but there has also been new experimentation. The one that grabbed my attention for its uniqueness was immersive theatre. This style uses space and movement as well as audience interaction to portray story. I was awestruck and inspired to make art from that moment, and that’s where the seeds were planted for this project. Through studying the immersive style and its common features, I began to develop a plan, but I needed a story. I played with the idea of writing an original story, but developing creative works is not a goal of mine. Instead, I had the urge to adapt. I chose The Picture of Dorian Gray for my project which led to a passionate period of discovery in turning this iconic novel into an immersive experience. I hypothesized that this new theatrical experience would leave audience members feeling more connected to the work and accountable for the actions of the story.

Through the process, I discovered how immersive experiences are developed as opposed to traditional stage shows. In addition, I frequently needed to adjust and evolve my methods of
thinking to best promote the new work. After a period of refining, planning, and rehearsing, I produced an immersive experience utilizing three performance spaces and small audience groups. The show was performed four times and the audiences were so incredibly different. They provided ample feedback on the work and my hypothesis was ultimately correct. I knew this project had to be done, especially at Otterbein University. Otterbein is blessed to have such a wonderfully professional theatre program, as well as eager students who want to try new things and push the boundaries of what performance can be. If Otterbein tries these different styles, they open up a realm of learning possibilities to theatre students and new material for audience goers. This new material would have the potential to open the minds of the audience members and expose them to ideas and situations they have not faced before. The Department of Theatre and Dance has been improving in supporting student-produced work that tests the waters, but perhaps a show should be done like this in the mainstage season.

Research

When studying the newest movements of theatre, one cannot miss shows such as Sleep No More. This iconic, game-changing piece has been running since 2011 in New York City inside of an old hotel, where guests are taken through five floors that demonstrate a 1930’s adaptation of the Shakespearean play, Macbeth. The audience members go through mazes and watch scenes of action in small groups while wearing masks. This is in a large part for the purpose of making the audience an other. By making them less human looking, they are more distanced from the fellow audience members and more focused on the story. They also are given a different form of viewing the piece through the eye holes of the mask. Not all of these elements are required of immersive theatre, but they serve as inspiration to many and receive critical and audience praise alike.
Immersive theatre has become a popular theatrical style and some believe it will be defined as the theatre of the twenty-first century (Sakellaridou). The techniques of immersive theatre utilize nontraditional theatre spaces with characters who advance a story and incorporate audience interaction. There is a range of audience interaction in this style. Some performances require minimal interaction, but instead have a closer, more intimate spectatorship. Others push the audience members to truly participate and feel something by putting them in unconventional situations. From the viewpoint of one theatre reporter researching immersive theatre, Diep Tran, “Sometimes ticket-buyers become voyeurs with a close-up view of the action; at other times the audience has an active hand in dictating the action, choosing the narrative they want to see or the characters they want to follow around for a night. But the motive is consistent: to give agency so audiences can, to borrow a phrase, choose their own adventure” (Tran). The common thread is that all immersive theatre puts the spectator in a sort of “experience machine”,

... in which all the various cogs and pulleys of performance – scenography, choreography, dramaturgy, and so on – coalesce around a central aim: to place audience members in a thematically cohesive environment that resources their sensuous, imaginative and explorative capabilities as productive and involving aspects of a theatre aesthetic. (Alston 2)

This is a play on the thought experiment proposed by philosopher Robert Nozick, also referred to as an experience machine, where one is submerged in a tank and the brain is given artificial desired experiences (Alston 2). This experience machine is also a method of disproving the hedonism theory of well-being which proposes well-being is based on pleasure and that the goal is to achieve a life with more pleasure than pain (Tiberius). Even though the experience machine could guarantee a life of pleasure to the subject,
those who were asked if they would participate said no (Tiberius). This proved that pleasure is not the ultimate goal, and that people still craved all kinds of experience. In regard to my project, this experiment is important in two respects. The novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* critiques the ideals of hedonism and the downfalls of following such a theory, and immersive theatre is explained as an example of this tank, so by creating this immersive experience, I explored a temporary experience machine that spectators said yes to, while also critiquing their very participation through the play. Immersive theatre is a luxurious style with intimate moments of discovery, but the experience is ultimately fake. The performance is put on for the spectators, and they are agreeing to be a part of it for a pleasurable experience. Of course, few audience members will have this background knowledge, but it is an interesting component of my study which added to the dramaturgical development.

Immersive theatre is much like a haunted house or reenactment site in their spectator-performer relationship, and this same interaction is not new in the theatre world either. One theatre scholar, Rose Biggin, defines immersive theatre as “. . . a genre of theatrical work in which audience configurations might be expected, but in which immersive experience itself can only be allowed for, not guaranteed” (Biggin 1). This is a broad definition of a theatrical experience, but very few scholars feel comfortable putting any definition behind the recent movement. Biggens elaborates to describe three types of immersion in narrative, “spatial immersion, the response to setting; temporal immersion, the response to plot; and emotional immersion, the response to character” (Biggin 117). Immersive theatre is especially capable at creating spatial immersion. Being thrust into a theatrical world as an audience member creates an unconventional space that the audience member must accept and respond to. The other two types
of immersion are not specific to theatre, and can be found in literature, art, and even video games. The narrative is “a mode of representation that is situated in a specific discourse context or occasion for telling” and “. . . focuses on a structured time course of particularized events” (Biggin 115). This idea of being absorbed in space and a narrative is the goal of immersive theatre, but there are many ways to accomplish this goal with untraditional performance spaces, close proximity to the action of the piece, and opportunities for dialogue or action with the actors. For now, artists are still molding what immersive theatre is, and what it can be.

Immersive theatre has a rich development in various cultures. The argument could be made that interaction in the theatre includes traditional African theatre, Pre-colonial Mayan theatre, and medieval mummer’s plays. For example, traditional African theatre, specifically communal performances, required stage and participant interaction while also heightening the importance of movement (Ukaegbu). Traditional Mayan theatre is also heavily based in movement in order to symbolize Mayan cosmetology and portray ritual (Burelle). England’s mummer’s plays were inspired by folk stories and were presented in untraditional performance spaces, even in front of peoples’ houses, and there was often the incorporation of masks (Vaught). Though there were many contributors, the idea of tearing down the fourth wall gained speed in the 1960’s (Neher). The fourth wall is an imaginary wall that separates the performers from the audience and was established with the advances in theatrical lighting during the naturalistic movement in the nineteenth century (Neher). It was adopted by theatres around the world and became the most normal practice. This wall completely separates the audience from the action and decreases the effect of the audience on the performance as well as the performance on the audience.
The more intimate setting used by immersive theatre gives the actors the opportunity to be real with a small group of people. New York’s Third Rail Projects’ actor, co-founder, and co-artistic director Tom Pearson states “It’s very cinematic. When the screen is right there in front of your face, it picks up everything. It’s the same when you’re in a room with someone” (Tran). Most notably, “The forebears of immersive theatre include Augusto Boal’s Theatre of the Oppressed and Richard Schechner’s Performance Group (in the latter’s production of *Dionysus in 69*, the audience participated in a bacchanal with the actors, where dancing and orgiastic interplay were part of the fun)” (Tran). These late twentieth-century performances tended to be a response to the same-ness of traditional theatre, posed many questions, and were frequently risqué in material.

Why do so many performance styles promote interaction? Theatre scholar Adam Alston argues that they promote introspection and states,

... it is not art objects that take precedence so much as the affective consequences of an audience’s own engagement in seeking, finding, unearthing, touching, liaising, communicating, exchanging, stumbling, meandering and so on, each geared toward the promotion of peculiarly intense or profound experiences that arise from the audience’s investment of energy – for instance, by walking, interacting, dancing and even running – in excess of that involved in sedentary, end-on theatre scenarios. (Alston 8)

By encouraging a spectator to take on a role in the piece and to play a part in a sense, immersive theatre inspires a sense of reflectivity and even liability once consequences begin to arise. Compared to a seated theatrical experience, one is given the opportunity to
delve and experience more within the piece. This encourages physical and emotional response to the piece. This conflicts with traditional theatre where the spectator sits and reflects on the action before them only. In immersive theatre, “They are asked to respond not only to performance, but their role in performance, which is to be taken up and run with” (Alston 9).

Immersive theatre is not a perfected art form. There are issues of mobility and long periods of standing which affect the accessibility if the immersive piece has a walk-through component. Pieces that are being produced professionally don’t have these options like elevators and chairs because they utilized old buildings or the rooms are too small for chairs to take up space. This is why many immersive companies inform ticket buyers of standing time during time of purchase. Third Rail Projects, for example, has a large set of stairs to enter the building and utilizes the multiple floors throughout the piece. The piece is set in an old Mental Institution connected to a Church, so the construction was not to their choosing. Many immersive companies are relatively new, so making a building is not an option, nor would most of them want to. The untraditional space utilization is part of the atmosphere. Though these setbacks ring true, immersive theatre is not a perfect style and is continuing to be formed and molded to what it will eventually be remembered and defined as.

Many people become anxiety-ridden once they are put on the spot in front of an audience, so how does immersive theatre continue to draw in participants? Theatre scholar Erick Neher asserts,

First, the theatrical space is decentralized, so any interaction you have with a performer is generally not in front of an intimidating audience and may even be in a private one-on-one setting. Second, the interactions are fairly controlled. You
may be asked a simple question, or instructed to hold an object, but rarely are you put on the spot or asked to improvise in a way that feels central to the show’s momentum. (Neher)

These practices enable the audience member to feel that they are on a personalized journey rather than dealing with the pressures of improvising a situation in front of hundreds. Immersive adaptations do have pathways created for the audience and limitations are put in place for the well-being of the production and the audience. That said, allowing the audience to participate can result in some audience members attempting to steal the focus of the show. These hecklers must be responded to quickly in order to save the other audience members’ experience of the piece, but they must be dealt with in a way that keeps the piece intact. The actors must stay in character and the piece cannot stop. The spectators are guests to the world, and though they are sometimes free to explore a different path or choose their story, they are still confined to the piece produced before them (Carlson 24).

By exploring these possibilities within the work I developed, I discovered what the audience experiences within themselves as well as about the piece happening around them. I utilized proximity of a small audience to the action of the piece, untraditional space usage, and audience interactions within this project. These opportunities for exploration promoted audience willingness to walk through the piece and truly let it envelop them for an hour. The chance to aid a character or help transition to a different scene also thrust liability upon various members of the audience. This was especially prominent in regards to the deaths within *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

*The Picture of Dorian Gray* follows the life and ultimate self-destruction of the title character after he sells his soul to retain his youth and beauty. His soul is captured within his
own portrait and becomes more horrific and vulgar as the character’s actions turn more hedonistic and morally corrupt. By the end of the novel, Dorian has caused the downfall of most of his companions and decides to destroy the corrupted painting. Unknown to him, his actions will cause his own death, and the reader is left with Dorian’s body being discovered by servants. The novel was written in 1889 by celebrated playwright, Oscar Wilde, and was highly controversial due to its frank references to Satan, drug usage, prostitution, and especially the homosexual relationships between men; the main point of the novel, however, was that the sins described were a part of the corruption of the central character (Drew). Wilde was born in Dublin, Ireland but made London, England his home after being rejected by a former childhood sweetheart who instead married iconic novelist, Bram Stoker. He was a major spokesperson of the Aesthetic Movement. This movement asserted that art should be made for the sake of art instead of the traditional practice of using art as a religious or educational tool. This aestheticism left room to deviate from societal standards and pressures. One example was the sudden recognition of Japanese art and culture as beautiful and worthy of praise instead of being viewed as vulgar or sacrilegious in comparison to traditional English culture. This movement was also a response to the Industrial Revolution in England as art and craftsmanship were being replaced by mass produced products.

Within the novel, aestheticism is both critiqued and praised; homosexuality is lifted and condemned. Wilde uses the novel to explore contradictions and morality and what is important to uphold in life. His experience in writing plays leads to a dialogue based, satirical approach to making these commentaries. Wilde is used to demonstrating events through mixtures of dialogue and action because those are able to be performed. A spectator cannot see the inner monologue of a character unless they vocalize it. The most the actor could portray without words would be
the emotion behind the thoughts translated through their physicality. Wilde had this knowledge and it influenced his lack of inner thought portrayal within the novel. It also influenced his decision to make witty humor a repeated component. When one reads a book, they do not always look for humor to lift the mood because they can put down the book whenever they feel overwhelmed. In a show, the play must maintain a balance of entertainment and thought provocation from the spectator, and Wilde chose to do this through humor. This also makes sense with most of his works being comedies. With this comedic satire, Wilde is able to comment on the aristocrats of Victorian England and call them out for their flamboyant, hypocritical behavior.

Victorian England is also recognized for its developing dichotomy between Church and Science. All landholding citizens were expected to uphold the moral standards of the Church of England, but simultaneously, there were emerging scientific discoveries disproving previously held religious beliefs. For example, Charles Darwin’s Theory of Evolution was one of the major discoveries from this time period and began to put doubt into peoples’ minds about biblical stories such as Genesis. Wilde was one who refused to be held by traditional religious beliefs and frequently mocked the religious and the rich in his works. In spite of this, Wilde still held up a persona in order to be accepted by society. In the public eyes, he was married to Constance Lloyd and had two children with her. In secret, Wilde was homosexual and keeping up an affair with Lord Alfred Douglas. Unfortunately for Wilde, the Lord’s father was the Marquis of Queensbury and had ample proof of the affair. At the time, sodomy was illegal in England. Queensbury’s lawyers “decided on a strategy of portraying Wilde as a depraved older man who habitually depraved naïve youths into a life of vicious homosexuality” and used Wilde’s homoerotic references in his works against him in court. Wilde was charged with sodomy and
gross indecency and was sentenced to two years in prison where he had to perform hard labor under terrible conditions. He was sick through most of his stay in prison and died just upon release at the age of forty-six in 1900.

An immersive experience could merge well with the gothic narrative due to the melodramatic nature of the piece. When one is led to be up close and personal with extreme events, one is more likely to place them upon themselves. Gothic narrative is already prominent in the world of theatre. One prominent example of Victorian Literature that is frequently put on the stage is Robert Louis Stevenson’s *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde*. One of the most popular stage adaptations of this work was the Tony-nominated Broadway musical, *Jekyll & Hyde*, where the doctor expresses his struggle to control his mind and body through songs like “This is the Moment.” The number is incredibly dramatic and leads to Dr. Jekyll taking his own body altering concoction and sealing his fate to become Mr. Hyde. The intense physicality described in the novel is perfect for the stage because the stage gives the opportunity to be unnatural, but also believable and genuine. The character is no longer a monster created in your mind when you read the novel, but a man on stage in front of you. Though Jekyll’s experiment is a work of fiction, seeing it performed gives the spectator the opportunity to see and empathize with the characters and what they go through in these dire circumstances. Immersive theatre is the next step in this connection with the audience. By leading them to witness these extreme events and participate in the story, they are, thereby, led to feel even more. In the scope of the project I produced, some felt responsible for certain events, some blamed the characters for not listening to them, and some just left with an internal feeling of melancholy. Together, these reactions show that the piece affected each spectator and that they were left with a feeling they would need to process instead of the normative brushing off the impact of the performance.
The first portion of my work on *The Picture of Dorian Gray: An Immersive Experience* began with reading the novel. I read the novel in high school for my own enjoyment and it had always stuck with me. When I decided on this project, I read the novel again and took notes throughout. I noted character traits, story arc, important dialogue, props, and settings. I found *The Picture of Dorian Gray* to be the optimal novel for theatrical adaptation for many reasons. First, Oscar Wilde was originally a playwright, so his writing is very rooted in dramatic structure for the stage. For the most part, he uses dialogue and action to tell the story, such as the detailed description of Basil’s murder and the extensive dialogue illuminating the ever-changing state of Dorian and Sybil Vane’s relationship. Second, the piece also has an intense link to theatre due to the novel being inspired by the legend of *Faust*. *Faust* is the most popular inspiration in stories of men selling their souls and is a highly successful and classic play with dozens of re-imaginings in genres of theatre in large part due to its shocking, yet relatable nature. The struggles of morality, vanity, and corruption are themes that anyone can relate with, so the hope in my project was that some of the audience members may internalize the conflict and experience a certain emotion or reaction. I was especially hoping for a sympathetic response towards Dorian, mixed with a level of accountability for the events happening around them. If the project is able to achieve accountability from the audience, then this implies a different audience-to-actor or audience-to-story relationship through the utilization of immersive elements. Third, the novel is a work of Victorian literature, which tends to translate well to stage productions based on their theatricality and melodramatic nature. I was not able to incorporate every gothic element, such as the weather or a changing painting, but dialogue and action-based moments were able to be incorporated. On a practical note, many of the pieces from the
Victorian period are in the public domain, which eliminates any copyright complications that may have arisen. My hypothesis that this piece would do well as theatre proved to be correct as time went on, and many of my fellow theatre artisans expressed a large amount of intrigue and interest.

Next in my process was preparation work for the adaptation and directing aspect of my project. I made discoveries about the script I wished to create as well as the ensemble-based immersive nature that would be the final product. I used several different preparation methods: root action analysis which is commonly taught at Otterbein, Elinor Fuch’s *Visit to a Small Planet: Some Questions to Ask a Play*, and Davis Robinson’s *A Practical Guide to Ensemble Devising*’s process for full-length pieces. Root Action analysis simply takes the structure of the piece and evaluates the strongest directorial choices. For example, in theatre the inciting incident is always where the conflict begins between the protagonist and antagonist. I used this strategy in my analysis of the novel in order to find the way to best structure the script while also staying true to the intent of the novel. This was also where I discovered that the main antagonist to the main character Dorian was the portrait of himself. Theatre does not always embrace conflicts between the animate and inanimate, so I had to play with the conflicts between characters in order to demonstrate this destructive relationship. I especially chose to focus on the hedonistic beliefs of Lord Henry and the pure intents of Basil Hallward, both of whom are friends to Dorian. I made sure they were central to the rising action and climax, both of which are central to root action analysis. By showing the effects of these conflicting views on Dorian, I hoped to show the corrupting influence of the painting.

Elinor Fuch’s method trains the director to step outside of the world of the play and look from far away in order to get a full picture of the atmosphere of the piece. This strategy was most
helpful from a directorial perspective as the findings fueled many of my setting, costume, and mood choices once in the space. This method was especially helpful at deciding on which performance space to use for each particular moment, as I was not using a traditional performance space. I knew at this point that I would be using the third floor of Towers Hall and I knew the Philomatheon room would be especially creepy for the darker, grittier scenes. I also used a brighter room used as a dance studio and the small hallway connecting the two rooms.

The ensemble-devising method gave practical advice on how to treat my rehearsal process and how to create the best product with new works. This inspired an intense level of collaboration with my actors so that we were essentially creating the execution of the piece together. They influenced my decisions on blocking, character development, and even script edits as we rehearsed. I knew that they would signal when they loved or hated something, and I worked to help them communicate what worked and what did not and how we could make changes that benefitted the production. All three of these methods were incredibly helpful and different with devising my final product.

Another surprise preparation was when I had the opportunity to attend a different adaptation of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* done by a Columbus theatre company, Olympic Theatre Productions. The performance was awful in every respect of the word, but it informed what I did not want to do within my performance. The main component I wanted to avoid was the company’s method of dealing with surprise. During the course of the show, a tea cart lost a wheel and all of the tea set fell on the floor and shattered. The tea set was referenced within the dialogue so the actors needed to improvise in order to save the moment. Initially, they were handling it well. The butler character apologized for his mistake and began to pick things up and the actor playing Basil attempted to clean the mess with him, but when the tea set was mentioned
again the butler character began to makes jokes about the situation and handed Basil a broken tea
cup. I knew once this happened that this could be a trap in improvisation. Playing with
immersive theatre leaves room for spontaneity and creation, but I wanted to avoid improvisation
that changes the genre of the piece or makes the work into a joke. This piece is very important to
me and to have my work invalidated by a moment like that would be disheartening. When I
finalized my cast, I made sure to have a discussion about the improvisation that would be
appropriate and how the character must be maintained throughout.

Through this evaluation process, I developed a clear outline for the piece I wanted to
create and I wrote the script. I found that to best translate the story written by Wilde into an
immersive experience, I had to stay true to his written word. This entailed only using the
dialogue he had written himself within the novel. This is not a new idea, as many adaptations are
based in this principle. In some ways, this was more difficult than expected. Wilde wrote for
Victorian England, so his writing is very excessive and aesthetic, though I made myself write his
prose word for word and comma for comma. This re-typing took approximately twelve hours of
work as I also had to cut any dialogue that did not advance the plot of the story while also
making blocking notes, or descriptions of the action, for scenes without dialogue. The novel is
incredibly dialogue-heavy in the first half of the piece, but loses most of the dialogue as the
c character Dorian becomes more villainous. Even the climactic ending has no dialogue; Dorian
attempts to cut the painting and the scene instead results in Dorian accidentally killing himself.
Though the blocking notes in the script would work for this stage of my process, I knew a large
amount of trial and error would go into finding a translatable blocking plan in the space. I
thought I could have Dorian face the portrait and drag a knife through what I originally thought
would be canvas. One example of a major cut I made from the novel was actually a character.
Dorian flirts with a woman near the end of a novel that is very similar to him in temperament and desire. She is a wonderfully written character, but the two characters never do anything other than banter. He has a change of heart due to the death of his ex-fiancée’s brother and decides to be a better person, so she does not affect the storyline in any way. Deciding to cut her was disappointing because the theatre world runs short on well-written female characters, and if given more time for this work in rehearsals and run time, I would have kept her.

Before I completed my first draft, Dr. Glover advised a reading for the work I had completed thus far. In theatre, a reading is a small gathering in which a draft of the script is read by actors in front of a small audience in order to receive feedback. This way I would know whether the language was working and how long the piece was showing itself to be. This incomplete draft was thirty-two pages and went to the end of Chapter Thirteen in the novel, about two-thirds in. I asked permission of the theatre department to use four of the performance majors for the reading and I took on Mikayla Burr, a fellow BA Theatre student a year below me, to be my dramaturge. This role made her an assistant to me in editing my script as well as doing further research on Victorian England and what some of the terminology that is no longer used in the script meant. My reading cast consisted of Kara Jobe, Benjamin Folts, Christopher Smith, and Christopher Marth as roles within the play and Mikayla read blocking notes. The reading was attended by Dr. Glover, Dr. Frick, and two classmates of mine, Emily Bubeck, and Julianne Graffeo, who were focusing in directing and dramaturgy. The feedback was incredibly positive which was helpful in building confidence for the piece. The audience also pointed out lines which came off as more striking than others. One that seemed to catch the attention of Emily Bubeck in particular was Sybil Vane’s line, “I shudder at the thought of being free.” The reading was the most helpful in gauging the length of the piece as well as what cuts could be made.
Sometimes things are written beautifully, but do not sound as lovely or are not as beneficial to a spoken work. The unfortunate realization from the reading was that the piece was running incredibly too long, especially for only having completed two-thirds of the novel.

Once I completed the first draft of the script, it was forty-three pages and I reached the end of my junior year. This meant that I was about to spend my summer in another state doing an internship that would leave me little to no time to work on my project. What I did have time for during the summer was making arrangements for my production with the theatre department. The theatre department prioritizes mainstage productions casting and rehearsal needs, and student work must be sensitive to the mainstage needs, so reserving the space and cast was incredibly important. This was also true due to what would be a short rehearsal period. I knew I wanted cast members from the performance classes at Otterbein because they would have at least one year of training and would know how to work with directors. I also needed people who were willing to try something new. The process would involve experimentation and nontraditional theatre practices, which could make some actors uncomfortable. If I was unable to get a cast as excited about my project as I was, there was a fear that the work would suffer. In addition, the style of immersive theatre needs the rehearsal space to also be the performance space in order so that the actors are used to what they can interact with. This became most important for the hallway usage because the space was so confined. Because the rehearsal process was so short, having the performance space the entire time was vital.

We established the dates I was allowed to use for rehearsals and the performance, the spaces I was permitted to use, and the performance majors I could use for my cast. Casting the right people was crucial because as well as having specified gender requirements, the technical ability and attitude of the actors can positively or negatively impact the rehearsal process as well
as the performance. Casting went well save one role. The first student I asked to participate was on my list, but that was because they had not yet informed the theatre department that they were not returning to school. The second had conflicts and politely turned down the role. The third agreed to fill the role but was taken out of my piece to fill a role in a mainstage production, *The Adding Machine*, at the last minute. I technically ended up with my fourth choice for this role, but this actor put in an immense amount of work and did very well for the part. My final cast was comprised of eight roles, four men and five women. The theatre department had given me eight rehearsal sessions to work with, which is an incredibly small amount for a full-length piece. Though I felt confident we could accomplish a satisfactory amount of work before our performance, I was nervous about having enough time for line memorization and letting things sit and flesh out in the piece.

My cast included Colin Roberston as Dorian Gray, Bradford Chaklos as Lord Henry, Jeremy Hurr as Basil Hallward, Kara Jobe as Sybil Vane, Christian Heinemann as James Vane, Abigail Isom as Alan Campbell, IsabelBillinghurst as Thornton, and Abby Kress as the prostitute. Isom, Billinghurst, and Kress also served as guides for the performance and led the story as well as the audience participation. They arrived to the first rehearsal on September 8th with an immense amount of energy and excitement which fueled my passion for my project even more. Mikayla also attended most rehearsals to aid me with a second eye. We began with a read-through of the script which revealed that it was still too long for the time slot I had planned for. This meant I would be spending the night making major cuts.

In regards to cuts, I tried to focus on decorative dialogue, that is to say, dialogue that does not advance the plot of the story. This process was slightly painful as I felt the dialogue helped shape the characters, but I learned that this tool is for the actors. The audience will see a figure
 onstage representing a character, so they don’t need the additional wording to get a sense of who each character is. This was especially prominent with the character Lord Henry. This character loves to hear his own voice and give unneeded, and frequently incorrect, advice. Lord Henry preaches hedonism and uses beautiful aesthetic wording to get to his points. This is incredibly helpful in the novel because it paints a specific image in your head of who Lord Henry is. In action, the actor can use posture and facial expression while he still uses some of the dialogue to convey the very same idea. Later in the process, cuts were made out of necessity in shortening the length of the piece and I had to condense some of my favorite scenes including Dorian’s blackmail of his former friend, Alan. This scene is crucial because it is how Dorian is able to get away with the murder of his friend, Basil. This scene had an intense power dynamic that I felt got stronger the longer you watched it, but this scene only needed certain pieces in regards to storytelling, so I sacrificed the effect to shorten our run time. I had to cut some of Dorian’s failed persuasion techniques, as he tries many before he decides on blackmail, as well as Alan’s refusal to give in to these earlier methods of persuasion. This process was difficult because these scenes helped tell the story, but I needed to find and remove specific lines that were less helpful in moving the story forward without damaging the flow of the dialogue.

Our rehearsals were shared between Towers 310 and the Philomathean Room because we were utilizing both spaces within the course of the piece, with audience moving from space to space with the actors. Getting into rehearsals solidified how the travel paths would work, as I planned out certain traveling, but it is difficult to truly understand these patterns until you have actors in the space. Some scenes were placed in Towers 310 as it is an open, sunny space. Scenes in this room included the first scene in Basil’s painting studio and other scenes in Dorian’s front room. The Philomathean room was used to symbolize the grittier darker parts of London as well
as where Dorian chooses to hide the painting as it becomes more horrific. The hallway between the two rooms was also utilized as the in between and the outdoors. I knew I wanted this from original planning, but there was one scene that was moved from Towers 310 into the hallway after being unsatisfied with the effect of the scene. This was the scene in which Lord Henry is hunting on Dorian’s estate and accidently shoots a man. Other than this, few complete scenes happened in the hallway, but many took advantage of the narrow hallway in going from the nice scenes to the not as nice scenes.

On our sixth rehearsal, we ran the piece as a whole for the first time with Dr. Glover in attendance. Not only was it beneficial to have our first audience member, but Dr. Glover was expecting, so we experienced the need for a chair in a production which required one hour of standing and walking. I knew this would be a possibility as some audience members may not be able to stand for the hour and ten minute production for health reasons. Within the course of the production, it was the guides’ responsibility to accommodate those members of the audience. Our next audience members came for our first dress rehearsal. This is the first rehearsal where all technical elements, including costumes, are put into the run of the show. This rehearsal had one audience member in the traditional sense, but we also had an alumnus of Otterbein’s Theatre Department Facetime in to watch the run. Adding the audience gave the actors the opportunity to prepare for the close proximity. They made some comments afterwards that being so close was unsettling at first because you could see them watching you. They grew more comfortable with it during the dress and appreciated the opportunity to gauge reactions, even if they did not react in return.

The performances were scheduled the following day with slots at 2pm, 3:15pm, 4:30pm, and 5:45pm. Audience members had to contact me to reserve their spots, as I had capped each
performance to twelve audience members. I posted signs on the doors of both Towers stairwells asking audience members to wait on the first floor to be escorted to the third floor for the show. During preparation work for the production, a lightbulb exploded from the ceiling of the Philomathean room. There was shattered glass on the floor, not in the space we used, but in areas we walked through. I called the Otterbein Police Department and they swiftly contacted ABM to clean the glass and we were still able to start on time. This goes to show that anything can happen with live performance. As the audience members arrived, I would check them in and send the groups up the stairs. My guides would give a short speech to introduce the project and its immersive nature as well as establish basic rules such as no photography. Then the guides would lead them through the scenes. I chose to sit through many of the scenes through the performances or in some cases to watch the audience responses from outside the room. I also provided pizza for my cast since they did not have a clear dinner break. I discovered many things through the performances and the four audiences were very different in levels of response, which showed the range of possibilities in reaction from the audience.

All of our performances were sold out for this project. Each audience was 14-15 people depending on if there was a special request made to me or not, and the guides herded them towards the action. At first, each audience group had trouble understanding their role. They were used to watching. Only one group had someone truly embrace the proximity element from the beginning, and he decided to sit about five feet from where the characters talked. The rest of the audience stayed ten to fifteen feet away in spite of the guides standing closer. By the time the movement started through the hallway, the audience was forced to stand incredibly close to the performers. The hallway so filled with people created an almost claustrophobic atmosphere that added to the tense moments. Only one group vocalized throughout the piece. Whenever they
were unsatisfied with a choice Dorian made, whether it be his breaking up with Sybil or his murdering Basil, there were audible gasps and “no’s” abound. The most interesting difference in audience groups was with the ending of the piece. Dorian grabbed a paintbrush and stabs the handle “through” the painting, drags it down, and then falls to his knees and dies. The remaining guide asked an audience member to cover the body with a sheet, and then she leaves. The play ends with an audience moment. The groups were so used to receiving a clear ending from a performer that they did not know how to handle this. One group applauded, two quietly left the room, and the final group stayed to look at the scene for at least two minutes in complete silence before they exited. These differing responses are exciting to me, because it shows that an immersive piece can impact everyone differently even if their experience is not as unique as others’. When they all left the room, the guides were waiting for them to thank them for attending and to request that they fill out a feedback card.

The feedback was acquired in the form of a written survey and then there was a follow-up survey for audience members who provided an email. All audience members filled out the initial survey. Almost none of the audience members had been to an immersive experience or read the novel, so I was giving them an entirely new experience through this project. Most of the feedback described an intense feeling of liability for the happenings of the play. One audience member stated, “I felt involved and responsible and that my actions mattered. The theme that was most prevalent for me is that we are culpable, even as witnesses.” Another stated, “I felt like an intrusion on private moments. I felt like I shouldn’t be hearing some of the things yet I wanted to hear more.” Out of the seven audience members that filled out the online survey, six said they felt implicated in the story even though five of them were unfamiliar with the novel before this experience.
The immersive experience that seemed to be the most striking was the decision to have audience members cover the bodies with white sheets. With response such as. “I was told to lay the shroud/sheet on Dorian Gray. I felt a huge responsibility to honor him, his death, his life, and the work of art I was both seeing and participating in . . . I felt a responsibility to do the action with a gravitas worthy of the stakes I'd felt in the action. It made the death and the entire experience even more visceral.” and “I was brought by Isabel to cover Christian's body. And honestly, it kind of made me uncomfortable because I knew people were watching and she asked me to say a prayer to him. But that also makes sense because I was covering a body.” One audience member felt the need to play along whereas the other felt singled out. I attribute this being due to individual levels of comfort. Many people are accustomed to a certain level of normality and comfort even when they are warned that an experience will stray from tradition. By thrusting the strange upon them, the audience member must make a choice, not always a conscious choice, on whether to play along with the new game or to instead feel uncomfortable and judged. By accepting the experience as it comes at you, one is going to have the opportunity to feel the effects of the piece.

**Conclusion**

Theatre is always evolving in structure and style. History teaches us that one can perform most anywhere as long as they can convey the story whether they are in a traditional proscenium theatre, outdoors, or in this project’s case, two classrooms and a hallway. By continuing to explore how stories can be told, there are more options in how to evolve theatre and performance. Shows on Broadway tend to prioritize the spectacle of theatre and focus on technical elements and star power in order to make more money from the audience. Smaller theatre spaces tend to focus on story-telling and entertaining the spectator. Immersive does what
the name implies. When someone leaves an immersive performance, they should have felt connected and involved in the work presented around them. The production of Wilde’s work left audience members feeling accountable and sympathetic, and many pointed out a difference in attitude to how they traditionally viewed theatre. This modern theatre style is continuing to gain momentum, and it should. Viewers deserve the opportunity to be enveloped in a work that they may not otherwise connect to, and what is more worth the cost of theatre tickets than receiving the opportunity to be part of the action?

This is not to say other theatre styles should take a backseat to immersive theatre. Immersive styles can make some people uncomfortable. Being the focus of the audience’s attention, even just for a moment, can make the audience-participant uncomfortable, and so can having to wear a strange mask like in Sleep No More, or covering a performer’s body with a sheet. There are also issues of access in regards to lack of elevators and long periods of standing. This piece utilized chair access and also had access to an elevator. Along with the piece utilizing one floor, this improved the access of the event. Though these setbacks ring true, immersive theatre is not a perfect style and is continuing to be formed and molded to what it will eventually be remembered and defined as.

Ultimately, immersive theatre is a wonderful exploration in how to make an audience experience a show rather than just view it. Traditional theatres have much to learn from immersive techniques if they want to truly capture an audience’s attention. Even if a show is not entirely immersive, one could use a nontraditional space to enhance the effect of the setting on the audience or could bring the audience closer to the action to thin the fourth wall. These techniques can strengthen the effect of a performance and further exploration could lead to even
more opportunities for theatrical growth. Immersive theatre is pushing performance in a new
direction that people want to be a part of, and from it, so much can be learned.
Appendix A

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Written by Oscar Wilde
Adapted by Natalie Love

Characters
Basil Hallward - a painter
Lord Henry Wotton - an aristocrat and philosopher
Offstage voice (Basil’s Butler)
Dorian Gray - an aristocrat
Sybil Vane - a poor actress
James Vane - Sibyl’s brother, a young sailor
Alan Campbell - a past friend of Dorian, a scientific man
Prostitute - an experienced sex worker, has a history with Dorian
Thornton - works on Dorian’s estate as gamekeeper
Guides - characters meant to help guide the audience through the show, characters are up for interpretation and may change through the piece

Scene 1

Basil’s Studio, a portrait sits in the middle of the room. BASIL and LORD HENRY are sitting.

LORD HENRY. It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done. You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar.

BASIL. I don’t think I shall send it anywhere. No: I won’t send it anywhere.

LORD HENRY. Not send it anywhere? My dear fellow, why? A portrait like this would set you far above all the young men in England, and make the old men quite jealous, if old men are ever capable of any emotion.

BASIL. I know you will laugh at me, but I really can’t exhibit it. I have put too much of myself into it.

LORD HENRY. Too much of yourself in it! Upon my word, Basil, I didn’t know you were so vain; and I really can’t see any resemblance between you, with your rugged strong face and your coal-black hair, and this young Adonis, who looks as if he was made out of ivory and rose leaves. Don’t flatter yourself, Basil: you are not in the least like him.
BASIL. You don’t understand me, Harry. Of course I am not like him. I know that perfectly well. Indeed, I should be sorry to look like him. It is better not to be different than one’s fellows. Your rank and wealth, Harry; my brains, such as they are - my art, whatever it may be worth; Dorian Gray’s good looks - we shall all suffer for what the gods have given us, suffer terribly.

LORD HENRY. Dorian Gray? Is that his name?

BASIL. Yes, that is his name. I didn’t intend to tell it to you.

LORD HENRY. But why not?

BASIL. Oh, I can’t explain. When I like people immensely I never tell their names to anyone. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it?

LORD HENRY. Not at all, not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a life of deception absolutely necessary for both parties.

BASIL. I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry. I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is merely a pose.

LORD HENRY. Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know. I want you to explain to me why you won’t exhibit Dorian Gray’s picture. I want the real reason.

BASIL. The story is simply this. Two months ago I went to a crush at Lady Brandon’s. Well after I had been in the room about ten minutes, I suddenly became conscious that someone was looking at me. I turned halfway round, and I saw Dorian Gray for the first time. When our eyes met, I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with someone whose mere personality was fascinating that, if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole soul, my very art itself. I grew afraid and turned to quit the room. There, of course, I stumbled against Lady Brandon. ‘You are not going to run away so soon, Mr. Hallward?’ she screamed out. You know her curiously shrill voice?

LORD HENRY. Yes; she is a peacock in everything but beauty.

BASIL. I could not get rid of her. She spoke of me as her dearest friend. I had only met her once before. Suddenly I found myself face to face with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was reckless of me, but I asked Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless, after all. It was simply inevitable. We would have spoken to each other without any introduction. I am sure of that. Dorian told me so afterwards. He, too, felt that we were destined to know each other.

LORD HENRY. How often do you see him?

BASIL. Every day. I couldn’t be happy if I didn’t see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me.

LORD HENRY. How extraordinary! I never thought you would care for anything but your art.
BASIL. He is all my art to me now. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the face of Dorian Gray will someday be to me. It is not merely that I paint from him, draw from him, sketch from him. Of course I have done all that. But he is much more to me than a model or a sitter. His personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner of art, an entirely new mode of style. The merely visible presence of this lad - for he seems to me little more than a lad, though he is really over twenty - his merely visible presence - ah! Harry! If only you knew what Dorian Gray is to me!

LORD HENRY. Basil, this is extraordinary! I must see Dorian Gray.

BASIL. Harry, Dorian Gray is to me simply a motive in art. You might see nothing in him. I see everything in him. That is all.

LORD HENRY. Then why won’t you exhibit his portrait?

BASIL. Because, without intending it, I have put into it some expression of all this curious artistic idolatry, of which, of course, I have never cared to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But the world might guess it; and I will not bare my soul to their shallow prying eyes.

LORD HENRY. Tell me, is Dorian Gray very fond of you?

BASIL. He likes me. Pause.

I know he likes me. Of course I flatter him dreadfully. As a rule, he is charming to me, and we sit in the studio and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, he is horribly thoughtless, and seems to take a real delight in giving me pain.

LORD HENRY. Perhaps you will tire sooner than he will. It is a sad thing to think of, but there is no doubt that Genius lasts longer than Beauty. Someday you will look at your friend, and he will seem to you to be a little out of drawing, or you won’t like his tone of color. The next time he calls, you will be perfectly cold and indifferent. It will be a great pity, for it will alter you. What you have told me is quite a romance, a romance of art one might call it, and the worst of having a romance of any kind is that it leaves one so unromantic.

BASIL. Harry, don’t talk like that. As long as I live, the personality of Dorian Gray will dominate me. You can’t feel what I feel. You change too often.

LORD HENRY. Ah, my dear Basil, that is exactly why I can feel it. It is the faithless who know love’s tragedies.

BASIL. I don’t want you to meet him.

OFFSTAGE VOICE. Dorian Gray is here, sir.

LORD HENRY. You must introduce me now.

BASIL. Dorian Gray is my dearest friend. He has a simple and beautiful nature. Don’t spoil him. Don’t try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. Mind, Harry, I trust you.

LORD HENRY. What nonsense you talk!

DORIAN enters with piano music.
DORIAN. You must lend me these, Basil. I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming.

BASIL. That entirely depends on how you sit today, Dorian.

DORIAN. Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don’t want a life-sized portrait of myself. I beg your pardon, Basil, but I didn’t know you had anyone with you.

BASIL. This is Lord Henry Wotton, Dorian, an old Oxford friend of mine. I have just been telling him what a capitol sitter you were, and now you have spoiled everything.

LORD HENRY. You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you, Mr Gray.

BASIL. Harry, I want to finish this picture today. Would you think it awfully rude of me if I asked you to go away?

LORD HENRY. Am I to go, Mr Gray?

DORIAN. Oh, please don’t Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods; and I can’t bear him when he sulks.

BASIL. If Dorian wishes it, of course you must stay. Dorian’s whims are laws to everybody, except himself.

LORD HENRY. You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans. Goodbye, Mr Gray.

DORIAN. Basil, if Lord Henry goes I shall go too. You never open your lips while you are painting, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I insist upon it.

BASIL. Stay, Harry, to oblige Dorian, and to oblige me. It is quite true, I never talk when I am working, and never listen either, and it must be dreadfully tedious for my unfortunate sitters. I beg you to stay.

LORD HENRY. But what about my man at the Orleans?

BASIL. (laughs) I don’t think there will be any difficulty about that. And now, Dorian, get up on the platform, and don’t move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself.

DORIAN. Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?

LORD HENRY. There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr Gray. All influence is immoral - immoral from the scientific point of view.

DORIAN. Why?

LORD HENRY. Because to influence a person is to give him one’s own soul. He does not think his natural thoughts, or burn with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. His sins, if there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He becomes an echo of someone else’s music. People are afraid of themselves, nowadays. They have forgotten the highest of all duties, the duty that one owes to oneself. The terror of society, which is the basis of morals, and terror of God, which is the secret of religion - these are the two things that govern us. And yet -

BASIL. Just turn your head a little more to the right, Dorian, like a good boy.
LORD HENRY. And yet, I believe that if one man were to live out his life fully and completely, were to give it form to every feeling, expression to every thought, reality to every dream - I believe that the world would gain such a fresh impulse of joy that we would forget all the maladies of medievalism, and return to something finer, richer. You, Mr Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame -

DORIAN. Stop! Stop! You bewilder me. I don’t know what to say. There is some answer to you, but I cannot find it. Don’t speak. Let me think. Or rather, let me try not to think.

Long pause.

Basil, I am tired of standing. The air is stifling here.

BASIL. My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting, I can’t think of anything else. But you never been better. You were perfectly still. And I have caught the effect I wanted - the half-parted lips and the bright look in the eyes. I have got to work up this background. I have never been in better form for painting than I am today. This is going to be my masterpiece. It is my masterpiece as it stands.

DORIAN moves to flowers. LORD HENRY follows.

LORD HENRY. You are quite right to do that. Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the sense but the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know. Let us move. If you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. You really must not allow yourself to become sunburnt. It would be unbecoming.

DORIAN. What can it matter?

LORD HENRY. It should matter everything to you, Mr Gray. You have the most marvelous youth, and youth is the one thing worth having.

DORIAN. I don’t feel that, Lord Henry.

LORD HENRY. No, you don’t feel it now. Someday, when you are old and wrinkled and ugly, when thought have seared your forehead with its lines, you will feel it, you will feel it terribly. To me, Beauty is the wonder of wonders. It is only shallow people who do not judge by appearances. Yes, Mr Gray, the gods have been good to you. But what the gods give they quickly take away.

BASIL. It is quite finished.

LORD HENRY. (Moves to portrait) My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly. It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr Gray, come over and look at it yourself.

DORIAN. Is it really finished?

BASIL. Quite finished, and you have sat splendidly today. I am awfully obliged to you.

LORD HENRY. That is entirely due to me. Isn’t it, Mr Gray?

DORIAN moves to the portrait.

Long pause.
BASIL. Don’t you like it?

LORD HENRY. Of course he likes it, who wouldn’t like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you anything you like to ask for it. I must have it.

BASIL. It is not my property, Harry.

LORD HENRY. Whose property is it?

BASIL. Dorian’s of course.

LORD HENRY. He is a very lucky fellow.

DORIAN. How sad it is! How sad it is! I shall grow old, and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. It will never be older than this particular day of June . . . If it were only the other way! If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that - for that - I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!

LORD HENRY. (laughing) You would hardly care for such an arrangement, Basil. It would be rather hard lines on your work.

BASIL. I should object very strongly, Harry.

DORIAN. I believe you would, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. I am less to you than your ivory Hermes or your silver Faun. You will like them always. How long will you like me? Till I have my first wrinkle, I suppose. Youth is the only thing worth having. When I find that I am growing old, I shall kill myself.

BASIL. Dorian! Don’t talk like that. I have never had such a friend as you, and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things, are you? You who are finer than any of them?

DORIAN. I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portrait you have painted of me. Why should it keep what I must lose? Oh, if it were only the other way! If the picture could change, and I could be always what I am now! Why did you paint it? It will mock me someday - mock me horribly!

BASIL. This is your doing, Harry.

LORD HENRY. It is the real Dorian Gray - that is all.

BASIL. It is not.

LORD HENRY. If it is not, what have I to do with it?

BASIL. You should have gone away when I asked you.

LORD HENRY. I stayed when you asked me.

BASIL. Harry, I can’t quarrel with my two best friends at once, but between you both you have made me hate the finest piece of work I have ever done, and I will destroy it. I will not let it come across our three lives and mar them.

BASIL tries to take the painting

DORIAN jumps in front of BASIL.
DORIAN. Don’t, Basil, don’t! It would be murder!

BASIL. I’m glad you appreciate my work at last, Dorian. I never thought you would.

DORIAN. Appreciate it? I am in love with it, Basil. It is part of myself. I feel that.

BASIL. Well, as soon as you are dry, you shall be varnished, and framed, and sent home. Then you can do what you like with yourself.

LORD HENRY. You had much better let me have it, Basil. This silly boy doesn’t really want it, and I really do.

DORIAN. If you let anyone have it but me, Basil, I shall never forgive you! And I don’t allow people to call me a silly boy.

BASIL. You know the picture is yours, Dorian. I gave it to you before it existed.

LORD HENRY. And you know you have been a little silly, Mr Gray, and that you don’t really object to being reminded that you are extremely young.

DORIAN. I should have objected very strongly this morning, Lord Henry.

LORD HENRY. Ah! This morning! You have lived since then. Let us go to the theatre tonight. There is sure to be something on, somewhere.

DORIAN. I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry.

LORD HENRY. Then you shall come, and you will come too, Basil, won’t you?

BASIL. I can’t really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do.

LORD HENRY. Well then you and I will go alone, Mr Gray.

DORIAN. I should like that awfully.

BASIL. Don’t go to the theatre tonight, Dorian. Stop and dine with me.

DORIAN. I can’t, Basil. I have promised Lord Henry Wotton to go with him.

BASIL. He won’t like you the better for keeping your promises. He always breaks his own. I beg you not to go.

DORIAN. I must go, Basil.

BASIL. Very well. It is rather late, and as you have to dress, you had better lose no time.

Goodbye, Harry. Goodbye, Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come tomorrow. And... Harry!

LORD HENRY. Yes, Basil?

BASIL. Remember what I asked you this morning.

LORD HENRY. I have forgotten it.

BASIL. I trust you.

LORD HENRY. I wish I could trust myself. Come Mr Gray.

LORD HENRY and DORIAN exit.
Scene 2

DORIAN and LORD HENRY

LORD HENRY. Never marry a woman with straw colored hair, Dorian.

DORIAN. Why, Harry?

LORD HENRY. Because they are so sentimental.

DORIAN. But I like sentimental people.

LORD HENRY. Never marry at all, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired; women, because they are curious: both are disappointed.

DORIAN. I don’t think I am likely to marry, Harry. I am too much in love. That is one of your aphorisms. I am putting it into practice, as I do everything that you say.

LORD HENRY. Who are you in love with?

DORIAN. With an actress.

LORD HENRY. That is a rather commonplace debut.

DORIAN. You would not say so if you saw her, Harry.

LORD HENRY. Who is she?

DORIAN. Her name is Sibyl Vane.

LORD HENRY. Never heard of her. How long have you known her?

DORIAN. About three weeks.

LORD HENRY. And where did you come across her?

DORIAN. I will tell you, Harry; but you mustn’t be unsympathetic about it. After all, it never would have happened if I had not met you. Well... one evening about seven o’clock, I determined to go out in search of some adventure. I don’t know what I expected, but I went out and wandered eastward, soon losing my way in a labyrinth of grimy streets and black, grassless squares. About half-past eight I passed by an absurd little theatre, with great flaring gas jets and gaudy playbills. You will laugh at me, I know, but I really went in and paid a whole guinea for the stage-box. This play was good enough for us, Harry. It was Romeo and Juliet. Romeo was a stout 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, a small Greek head with coils of plaided dark brown hair, eyes that were violet wells of passion, lips that were like the petals of a rose. And her voice - I never heard such a voice. Why should I not love her, Harry? I do love her. Night after night I go to see her play. I have seen her in every age and in every costume. Harry! Why didn’t you tell me that the only thing worth loving is an actress?

LORD HENRY. Because I have loved so many of them, Dorian.

DORIAN. I wish now I had not told you about Sybil Vane.

LORD HENRY. You could not have helped telling me, Dorian. All through your life you will tell me everything you do.
DORIAN. Yes, Harry, I believe that is true. You have a curious influence over me. If I ever did a crime, I would come and confess it to you. You would understand me.

LORD HENRY. People like you - the willful sunbeams of life - don’t commit crimes, Dorian. Now tell me, what are your actual relations with Sybil Vane?

DORIAN. Harry! Sybil Vane is sacred!

LORD HENRY. It is only the sacred things that are worth touching, Dorian. But why should you be annoyed? I suppose she will belong to you someday. You know her, at any rate, I suppose?

DORIAN. Of course I know her. I first spoke to her on the third night. She had been playing Rosalind. I could not help going round. Oh, she was so shy, and so gentle. There is something of a child about her. Her eyes opened wide in exquisite wonder when I told her what I thought of her performance, and she seemed rather unconscious of her power. I think we were both rather nervous. She said she must call me Prince Charming.

LORD HENRY. That is the reason, I suppose, that you never dine with me now. I thought you must have some curious romance on hand. You have; but it’s not quite what I expected.

DORIAN. My dear Harry, we either lunch or sup together every day, and I have been to the opera with you several times. I can’t help going to see Sibyl play, even if it’s only for a single act. I get hungry for her presence.

LORD HENRY. You can dine with me tonight, Dorian, can’t you?

DORIAN. Tonight she is Rosalind, and tomorrow night she will be Juliet.

LORD HENRY. When is she Sybil Vane?

DORIAN. Never.

LORD HENRY. I congratulate you!

DORIAN. How horrid you are! She is all the great heroines of the world in one. She is more than an individual. I love her, and I must make her love me. My God, Harry, how I worship her!

LORD HENRY. And what do you propose to do?

DORIAN. I want you and Basil to come with me some night and hear her act. I have not the slightest fear of the result. You are certain to acknowledge her genius. Then I shall take a West End theatre and bring her out properly. She will make the world as mad as she has made me! Today is Tuesday. Let us fix tomorrow. She plays Juliet tomorrow. And now I am off. Rosalind is waiting for me. Don’t forget about tomorrow. Goodbye.

DORIAN exits.

**Scene 3**

*SYBIL and JAMES enter*

JAMES. I want you to go with me for a walk, Sibyl. I don’t suppose I shall ever see this horrid London again. I am sure I don’t want to.
SIBYL. Oh Jim, that will be nice! I was afraid you were going to say goodbye to some of your friends. It is very sweet of you to let me have your last afternoon. Where shall we go? Let us go to the Park.

JAMES. I am too shabby. Only swell people go to the Park.

SIBYL. Nonsense, Jim.

JAMES. Very well. Come Sybil.

Pause.

SIBYL. Do say something.

JAMES. What do you want me to say?

SYBIL. Oh, that you will be a good boy, and not forget us.

JAMES. You are more likely to forget me, than I am to forget you, Sybil.

SYBIL. What do you mean, Jim?

JAMES. You have a new friend, I hear. Who is he? Why have you not told me about him? He means you no good.

SYBIL. Stop, Jim! You must not say anything against him. I love him.

JAMES. Why you don’t even know his name. Who is he? I have a right to know.

SYBIL. He is called Prince Charming. Don’t you like the name? Oh! You silly boy! You should never forget it. If you only saw him, you would think him the most wonderful person in the world. Someday you will meet him: when you come back from Australia. Everybody likes him, and I... I love him. I wish you could come to the theatre tonight. He is going to be there, and I am to play Juliet! To have him sitting there! To play for his delight! I am afraid I may frighten the company, frighten or enthrall them. To be in love is to surpass oneself. Prince Charming, my wonderful lover, my god of graces. But I am poor beside him. Poor? What does that matter?

JAMES. He is a gentleman.

SYBIL. A prince! What more do you want?

JAMES. He wants to enslave you.

SYBIL. I shudder at the thought of being free.

JAMES. I want you to beware of him.

SYBIL. To see him is to worship him, to know him is to trust him.

JAMES. Sybil, you are mad about him.

SYBIL. You dear old Jim, you talk as if you were a hundred. Someday you will be in love yourself. Then you will know what it is. Don’t look so sulky. Surely you should be glad to think that, though you are going away, you leave me happier than I have ever been before. Life has been very hard for us both, terribly hard and difficult. But it will be different now. You are going to a new world, and I have found one.

DORIAN crosses the space quickly, far away from the pair. SIBYL notices.
SIBYL. There he is!
JAMES. Who?
SIBYL. Prince Charming.
JAMES. Show him to me. Which is he? Point him out. I must see him!
SIBYL. He is gone. I wish you had seen him.
JAMES. I wish I had, for as sure as there is a God in heaven, if he ever does you any wrong, I shall kill him.
SIBYL. Come away, Jim; come away. You are foolish, Jim, utterly foolish; a bad-tempered boy, that is all. How can you say such horrible things? You don’t know what you are talking about. You are simply jealous and unkind. Ah! I wish you would fall in love. Love makes people good, and what you said was wicked.
JAMES. I am sixteen, and I know what I am about. Mother is no help to you. She doesn’t understand how to look after you. I wish now that I was not going to Australia at all. I have a great mind to chuck the whole thing up. I would if my articles hadn’t been signed.
SIBYL. Oh, don’t be so serious, Jim. You are like one of the heroes of those silly melodramas mother used to be so fond of acting in. I am not going to quarrel with you. I have seen him, and oh! To see him is perfect happiness. We won’t quarrel. I know you would never harm anyone I love, would you?
JAMES. Not as long as you love him, I suppose.
SIBYL. I shall love him forever!
JAMES. And he?
SIBYL. Forever too!
JAMES. He had better.

SIBYL and JAMES exit.

Scene 4
BASIL and LORD HENRY are sitting.

LORD HENRY. I suppose you have heard the news, Basil?
BASIL. No, Harry. What is it? Nothing about politics, I hope?
LORD HENRY. Dorian Gray is engaged to be married.
BASIL. Dorian engaged to be married! Impossible!
LORD HENRY. It is perfectly true.
BASIL. To whom?
LORD HENRY. To some little actress or other.
BASIL. I can’t believe it. Dorian is far too sensible.
LOD HENRY. Dorian is far too wise not to do foolish things now and then, my dear Basil.

BASIL. Marriage is hardly a thing that one can do now and then, Harry.

LOD HENRY. Except in America. But I didn’t say he was married. I said he was engaged to be married. There is a great difference.

DORIAN enters.

But here is Dorian himself. He will tell you more than I can.

DORIAN. My dear Harry, my dear Basil, you must both congratulate me! I have never been so happy. Of course it is sudden: all really delightful things are. And yet it seems to me to be the one thing I have been looking for all my life.

BASIL. I hope you will always be very happy, Dorian, but I don’t quite forgive you for not letting me know of your engagement. You let Harry know.

LOD HENRY. And I don’t forgive you for being late to dinner.

DORIAN. There is really not much to tell. What happened was simply this. After I left you yesterday evening, Harry, I dressed and went down at eight o’clock to the theatre. Sibyl was playing Rosalind. Of course the scenery was dreadful, and Orlando absurd. But Sibyl! You should have seen her! When she came on in her boy’s clothes she was simply wonderful. After the performance was over I went behind, and spoke to her. As we were sitting together, suddenly there came into her eyes a look that I had never seen there before. My lips moved towards her. We kissed each other. I can’t describe to you what I felt at that moment. It seemed to me that all my life had been narrowed to one perfect point of rose-colored joy. Of course our engagement is a dead secret. She has not even told her own mother. I don’t know what my guardians will say. Lord Radley is sure to be furious. I don’t care. I shall be of age in less than a year, and then I can do what I like.

LOD HENRY. Have you seen her today?

DORIAN. I left her in the forest of Arden, I shall find her in an orchard in Verona. When you see Sibyl Vane you will feel that the man who could wrong her would be a beast, a beast without a heart. I love Sibyl Vane. Her trust makes me faithful, her belief makes me good. When I am with her, I regret all that you have taught me. I am changed, and the mere touch of Sibyl Vane’s hand makes me forget you and all your wrong, fascinating, poisonous, delightful theories.

LOD HENRY. And those are . . . ?

DORIAN. Oh, your theories about life, your theories about love, your theories about pleasure. All of your theories, in fact, Harry.

LOD HENRY. Pleasure is the only thing worth having a theory about. Pleasure is Nature’s test, her sign of approval. When we are happy we are always good, but when we are good we are not always happy.

DORIAN. I know what pleasure is. It is to adore someone. You must admit, Harry, that women give to men the very gold of their lives.
LORD HENRY. Possibly, but they always want it back in such invariably small change. That is the worry. Women, as some witty Frenchman once put it, inspire us with the desire to do masterpieces, and always prevent us from carrying them out.

DORIAN. Harry, you are dreadful! I don’t know why I like you so much.

LORD HENRY. You will always like me, Dorian. I represent to you all of the sins you have never had the courage to commit.

DORIAN. What nonsense you talk, Harry! Let us go to the theatre.

LORD HENRY. Let us go.

LORD HENRY and DORIAN exit.

BASIL slowly gets up and follows.

Scene 5

DORIAN, LORD HENRY, AND BASIL enter the theatre. It is very dirty and rundown.

LORD HENRY. What a place to find one’s divinity in!

DORIAN. Yes! It was here that I found her, and she is divine beyond all living things. These common, rough people, with their coarse faces and brutal gestures, become quite different when she is on the stage. They sit silently and watch her. They weep and laugh as she wills them to do. She makes them as responsive as a violin. She spiritualizes them, and one feels that they are of the same flesh and blood as oneself.

LORD HENRY. The same flesh and blood as oneself! Oh, I hope not!

BASIL. Don’t pay any attention to him, Dorian. I understand what you mean, and I believe in this girl. Anyone you love must be marvelous, and any girl that has the effect you describe must be fine and noble. The gods made Sibyl Vane for you. Without her you would have been incomplete.

DORIAN. Thanks, Basil. I knew that you would understand me. Harry is so cynical, he terrifies me.

SIBYL enters.

LORD HENRY. Charming! Charming!

SIBYL. (said without any emotion) Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch And palm to palm is holy palmer’s kiss -

Time passes. LORD HENRY, BASIL, AND DORIAN grow in disappointment as the show goes on.

(said melodramatically) Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face, Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek. For that which thou hast heard me speak tonight -

More time passes. The audience gets rowdy.

(said like high school Shakespeare) Although I joy in thee,
Love

I have no joy of this contract tonight;
It is too rash, to unadvised, to sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, ‘It lightens.’ Sweet good-night!
This bud of love by summer’s opening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet -

LORD HENRY. She is quite beautiful, Dorian, but she can’t act. Let us go.

DORIAN. I am going to see this through. I am awfully sorry that I have made you waste an
evening, Harry. I apologize to you both.

BASIL. My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane was ill. We will come some other night.

DORIAN. I wish she were ill, but she seems to me to be simply callous and cold. She has
entirely altered. Last night she was a great artist. This evening she is merely a
commonplace, mediocre actress.

BASIL. Don’t talk like that about anyone you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than
Art.

LORD HENRY. They are both simply forms of imitation. But do let us go. Dorian, you must not
stay here any longer. It is not good for one’s morals to see bad acting. Besides, I don’t
suppose you will want your wife to act. So what does it matter if she plays Juliet like a
wooden doll? She is very lovely, and if she knows as little about life as she does about
acting, she will be a delightful experience. Good heavens, my dear boy, don’t look so
tragic! Come to the club with Basil and myself. We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the
beauty of Sibyl Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?

DORIAN. Go away, Harry, I want to be alone! Basil, you must go. Ah! Can’t you see that my
heart is breaking?

LORD HENRY. Let us go, Basil.

BASIL and LORD HENRY exit. DORIAN runs to SYBIL.

SYBIL. (happily) How badly I acted tonight, Dorian!

DORIAN. Horribly! Horribly! It was dreadful. Are you ill? You have no idea what it was. You
have no idea what I suffered.

SYBIL. Dorian, Dorian, you should have understood. But you understand now, don’t you?

DORIAN. Understand what?

SYBIL. Why I was so bad tonight. Why I shall always be bad. Why I shall never act well again.

DORIAN. You are ill, I suppose. When you are ill you shouldn’t act. You make yourself
ridiculous. My friends were bored. I was bored.

SYBIL. Dorian, before I knew you, acting was the one reality of my life. It was only in the
theatre that I lived. You came - Oh my beautiful love! - and you freed my soul from
prison. You taught me what reality really is. Tonight, for the first time in my life, I saw
through the hollowness, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which I had
always played. When I came on tonight, I could not understand how it was that
everything had gone from me. I thought that I was going to be wonderful. I found that I
could do nothing. Suddenly it dawned on my soul what it all meant. I heard them hissing, and I smiled. What could they know of love such as ours? Take me away, Dorian, take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might mimic a passion that I do not feel, but I cannot mimic one that burns me like fire. Oh, Dorian, you understand now what it signifies? Even if I could do it, it would be profanation for me to play at being in love. You have made me see that.

DORIAN. You have killed my love.

SYBIL reaches for DORIAN. He shudders.

Yes, you have killed my love. You used to stir my imagination. Now you don’t even stir my curiosity. You simply produce no effects. I loved you because you were marvelous, because you had genius and intellect, because you realize the dreams of great poets and gave shape and substance to the shadows of art. You have thrown it all away. You are shallow and stupid. My God! How mad I was to love you! What a fool I have been! You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name. You don’t know what you were to me, once. Why, once . . . oh, I can’t bear to think of it! I wish I had never laid eyes upon you! You have spoiled the romance of my life. How little you can know of love, if you say it mars your art! Without your art you are nothing. I would have made you famous, splendid, magnificent. The world would have worshiped you, and you would have borne my name. What are you now? A third rate actress with a pretty face.

SYBIL. You are not serious, Dorian? You are acting.

DORIAN. Acting! I leave that to you. You do it so well.

SYBIL reaches for DORIAN again. He wrenches himself away.

Don’t touch me!

SYBIL. (whispers) Dorian, Dorian, don’t leave me. I am sorry I didn’t act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I will try. I think I should never have known it if you had not kissed me - if we had not kissed each other. Kiss me again, my love. Don’t go away from me. I couldn’t bear it. My brother . . . no; nevermind. He didn’t mean it. Can’t you forgive me for tonight? I will work so hard and try to improve. After all, it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. I should have shown myself more of an artist. It was foolish of me; and yet I couldn’t help it. Oh, don’t leave me, don’t leave me.

SYBIL sobs.

DORIAN. I’m going. I don’t wish to be unkind, but I can’t see you again. You have disappointed me.

DORIAN exits to his room. He studies his portrait and notices changes. He grabs a mirror and sees no changes in his own face. DORIAN covers the portrait.

DORIAN. How horrible! Sybil Vane . . .

**Scene 6**

DORIAN sitting in his room.
LORD HENRY. *(offstage)* My dear boy, I must see you. Let me in at once. I can’t bear you shutting yourself up like this.

DORIAN hesitates. DORIAN lets LORD HENRY enter.

I am so sorry for it all, Dorian, but you must not think too much about it.

DORIAN. Do you mean about Sybil Vane?

LORD HENRY. Yes, of course. It is dreadful, from one point of view, but it was not your fault.

DORIAN. I have got through all that. I am perfectly happy now. I know what conscious is, to begin with. It is not what you told me it was. It is the divinest thing in us. Don’t sneer at it, Harry, any more - at least not before me. I want to be good. I can’t bear the idea of my soul being hideous.

LORD HENRY. A very charming artistic basis for ethics, Dorian! I congratulate you on it. But how are you going to begin?

DORIAN. By marrying Sibyl Vane.

LORD HENRY. Marrying Sibyl Vane! But, my dear Dorian -

DORIAN. Yes, Harry, I know what you are going to say. Something dreadful about marriage. Don’t say it. Don’t ever say things of that kind to me again. Two days ago I asked Sibyl to marry me. I am not going to break my word to her. She is to be my wife.

LORD HENRY. Your wife! Dorian! You know nothing then?

DORIAN. What do you mean?

LORD HENRY. Dorian, Sibyl Vane is dead.

DORIAN. Dead! Sibyl dead! It is not true! It is a horrible lie! How dare you say it?

LORD HENRY. It is quite true, Dorian. It is in all the morning papers. There will have to be an inquest, of course, and you must not be mixed up in it. I suppose they don’t know your name at the theatre? If they don’t it is all right. Did anyone see you going round to her room? That is an important point.

DORIAN. Harry, did you say an inquest? Did Sibyl -?

LORD HENRY. I have no doubt it was not an accident, Dorian, though it must be put in that way to the public. It seems that as she was leaving the theatre with her mother, about half-past twelve or so, she said she had forgotten something upstairs. They waited some time for her, but she did not come down again. They ultimately found her lying dead on the floor of her dressing-room. She had swallowed something by mistake, some dreadful thing they use at theatres. I don’t know what it was, but it either had prussic acid or white lead in it. I should fancy it was prussic acid, as she seems to have died instantaneously.

DORIAN. Harry, it is terrible!

LORD HENRY. Yes; it is very tragic, of course, but you must not get yourself mixed up in it. She looked such a child, and seemed to know so little about acting. Dorian, you mustn’t let this thing get on your nerves. You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look in at the Opera. You can come to my sister’s box. She has got some smart women with her.
DORIAN. So I have murdered Sibyl Vane, murdered her as surely as if I had cut her little throat with a knife. Yet the roses are not less lovely for all that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden. And tonight I am to dine with you, and then go on to the Opera, and sup somewhere, I suppose, afterwards. How extraordinarily dramatic life is! If I had read all this in a book, Harry, I think I would have wept over it. I said I would go back to her. I felt I had done wrong. And now she is dead. My God! My God! Harry, what shall I do? You don’t know the danger I am in, and there is nothing to keep me straight. She would have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her.

LORD HENRY. Someone has killed herself for love of you. I wish that I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me in love with love for the rest of my life. But really Dorian, how different Sibyl Vane must have been from all the women one meets! There is something to me quite beautiful about her death.

DORIAN. I was terribly cruel to her. You forget that.

LORD HENRY. I am sure you were splendid. I have never seen you really and absolutely angry, but I can fancy how delightful you looked. You said to me that Sibyl Vane represented to you all the heroines of romance - mourn for Ophelia, if you like. Put ashes on your head because Cordelia was strangled. But don’t waste your tears over Sibyl Vane. She was less real than they are.

Long pause.

DORIAN. You have explained me to myself, Harry. I felt all that you have said, but somehow I was afraid of it, and I could not express it to myself. How well you know me! But we will not talk again of what has happened. It has been a marvelous experience. That is all. I wonder if life has still in store for me anything as marvelous. I think I shall join you at the Opera, Harry. I feel too tired to eat anything. What is the number of your sister’s box?

LORD HENRY. Twenty-seven, I believe. It is on the grand tier. You will see her name on the door. But I am sorry you won’t come and dine.

DORIAN. I don’t feel up to it, but I am awfully obliged to you for all that you have said to me. You are certainly my best friend. No one has ever understood me as you have.

LORD HENRY. We are only at the beginning of our friendship, Dorian. Goodbye. I shall see you before nine-thirty I hope.

LORD HENRY exits. DORIAN rises and reveals the portrait again. He stares for a long time, then covers it again.

Scene 8

Years pass. Dorian passes through various forms of decadence including opium, women, music, parties, perfume, & jewels. His appearance does not change.

BASIL enters

BASIL. Dorian! What an extraordinary piece of luck! I am off to Paris by the midnight train, and I particularly wanted to see you before I left.
DORIAN. I’m sorry you are going away, as I have not seen you for ages. But I suppose you will be back soon?

BASIL. No; I am going to be out of England for six months. I intend to take a studio in Paris, and shut myself up until I have finished a great picture I have in my head. However, it wasn’t about myself that I wanted to talk. I have something to say to you.

DORIAN. I shall be charmed, but you won’t miss your train?

BASIL. I have heaps of time. The train doesn’t go until twelve-fifteen and it is only just eleven. You see, I shan’t have any delay about luggage, as I have sent on my heavy things, and I can easily get to Victoria in twenty minutes.

DORIAN. What a way for a fashionable painter to travel. Come in! And mind you, don’t talk about anything serious. Nothing is serious nowadays. At least nothing should be.

BASIL. I want to speak to you seriously. Don’t frown like that. You make it so much more difficult for me. I think it right that you should know that the most dreadful things are being said about 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. Every gentleman is interested in his good name. Mind you, I don’t believe these rumors at all. At least, I can’t believe them when I see you. Sin is a thing that writes itself across a man’s face. It cannot be concealed. And yet I see you very seldom. Why is it, Dorian, that a man like the Duke of Berwick leaves the room of a club when you enter it? Why is your friendship so fatal to young men? There was that wretched boy in the Guards who committed suicide. What about the young Duke of Perth? What sort of life has he got now?

DORIAN. Stop, Basil. You are talking about things of which you know nothing. You ask me why Berwick leaves a room when I enter it. It is because I know everything about his life, not because he knows anything about mine. I know how people chatter in England. And what sort of lives do these people, who pose as being moral, lead themselves? My dear fellow, you forget that we are in the native land of the hypocrite.

BASIL. Dorian that is not the question. One has a right to judge of a man by the effect he has over his friends. Yours seem to lose all sense of honor, of goodness, of purity. You have filled them with a madness for pleasure. I know you and Harry are inseparable. Surely for that reason, if for none other, you should not have made his sister’s name a byword.

DORIAN. Take care, Basil. You go too far.

BASIL. I must speak, and you must listen. When you met Lady Gwendolyn, not a breath of scandal had ever touched her. Is there a single decent woman in London now who would drive with her in the Park? Why, even her children are not allowed to live with her. They say you corrupt everyone with who you become intimate. I don’t know whether it is so or not. 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, to see your soul. But only God can do that.
DORIAN. \textit{(laughs)} You shall see it yourself, tonight! Come: it is your own handiwork. Why shouldn’t you look at it? You can tell the whole world about it afterwards, if you choose. Nobody would believe you. You have chattered enough about corruption. Now you shall look on it face to face. Yes, I shall show you my soul. You shall see the thing that you fancy only God can see.

BASIL. This is blasphemy, Dorian! You must not say things like that. They are horrible, and they don’t mean anything. You must give me some answer to these horrible charges that are made against you. If you tell me that they are absolutely untrue from beginning to end, I will believe you. Deny them, Dorian, deny them! Can’t you see what I am going through?

DORIAN. 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. You will not have to read long. You insist on knowing, Basil?

BASIL. Yes.

DORIAN. I am delighted. You are the one man in the world who is entitled to know everything about me. You have had more to do with my life than you think. Draw that curtain back, and you shall see me.

BASIL. You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part.

DORIAN. You won’t? Then I must do it myself.

\textit{DORIAN flings the curtain away to reveal the portrait, now horribly disfigured and demonic. BASIL cries out.}

BASIL. What does this mean?

DORIAN. Years ago, when I was a boy, you met me, flattered me, and taught me to be vain of my good looks. One day you introduced me to a friend of yours, who explained to me the wonder of youth, and you finished the portrait of me that revealed to me the wonder of beauty. In a mad moment, that, even now, I don’t know whether I regret it or not, I made a wish. Perhaps you would call it a prayer . . .

BASIL. I remember it! Oh, how well I remember it! No! The thing is impossible. The room is damp. Mildew has got into the canvas. The paints I used had some wretched mineral poison in them. I tell you the thing is impossible.

DORIAN. Ah, what is impossible?

BASIL. You told me you had destroyed it.

DORIAN. I was wrong. It has destroyed me.

BASIL. I don’t believe it is my picture.

DORIAN. Can’t you see your ideal in it?

BASIL. There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. This is the face of a satyr.
DORIAN. It is the face of my soul.

BASIL. Christ! What a thing I must have worshipped! It has the eyes of a devil.

DORIAN. Each of us has Heaven and Hell in us, Basil!

BASIL. My God! If it is true, and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even than those who talk against you fancy you to be. Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson! Pray, Dorian, pray. What is it that one was taught to say in one’s boyhood? ‘Lead us not into temptation. Forgive us our sin. Wash away our iniquities.’ Let us say that together.

DORIAN. Those words mean nothing to me now.

BASIL. Hush! Don’t say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don’t you see that accursed thing leering at us?

They both look at the portrait. After a moment, DORIAN kills BASIL.

DORIAN exits.

Scene 9

DORIAN is pacing in his room. The portrait is covered once again. The body of Basil is covered with a sheet. ALAN enters.

DORIAN. Alan! This is kind of you. I thank you for coming.

ALAN. I had intended never to enter your house again, Gray. But you said it was a matter of life and death.

DORIAN. Yes, it is a matter of life and death, Alan, and to more than one person. Alan, in this house, in a room to which no one but myself has access, there is a dead man. Who the man is, why he died, how he died, are matters that do not concern you. What you have to do is this -

ALAN. Stop, Gray. I don’t want to know anything further. Whether what you have told me is true or not true, doesn’t concern me. I entirely decline to be mixed up in your life. Keep your horrible secrets to yourself. They don’t interest me anymore.

DORIAN. You are the one man who is able to save me. Alan, you are scientific. You know about chemistry, and things of that kind. You have made experiments. What you have got to do is destroy that thing - to destroy it so that not a vestige of it will be left. Nobody saw this person come into the house. Indeed, at the present moment he is supposed to be in Paris. He will not be missed for months. When he is missed, there must be no trace of him found here. You, Alan, you must change him, and everything that belongs to him, into a handful of ashes that I may scatter in the air.

ALAN. You are mad, Dorian.

DORIAN. Ah! I was waiting for you to call me Dorian.

ALAN. You are mad, I tell you - mad to imagine that I would raise a finger to help you, mad to make this monstrous confession. I will have nothing to do with this matter, whatever it is.
Love 50

Do you think I am going to peril my reputation for you? What is it to me what Devil’s work you are up to?

DORIAN. It was suicide, Alan.

ALAN. I am glad of that. But who drove him to it? You, I should fancy.

DORIAN. Do you still refuse to do this for me?

ALAN. Of course I refuse. I will have absolutely nothing to do with it. I don’t care what shame comes on you. You deserve it all. I should not be sorry to see you disgraced, publicly disgraced. How dare you ask me, of all men in this world, to mix myself up in this horror? I should have thought you knew more about peoples’ characters. You have come to the wrong man. Go to some of your friends. Don’t come to me.

DORIAN. Alan, it was murder. I killed him. You don’t know what he had made me suffer.

ALAN. Murder! Good God, Dorian, is that what you have come to? I shall not inform upon you. It is not my business. Besides, without my stirring in the matter, you are certain to be arrested. Nobody ever commits a crime without doing something stupid. But I will have nothing to do with it.

DORIAN. You must have something to do with it. Wait, wait a moment; listen to me. Only listen, Alan. All I ask of you is to perform a certain scientific experiment. You go to hospitals and dead-houses, and the horrors that you do there don’t affect you. What I want you to do is merely what you have often done before. And, remember, it is the only piece of evidence against me. If it discovered, I am lost; and it is sure to be discovered unless you help me.

ALAN. I have no desire to help you. You forget that. I am simply indifferent to the whole thing.

DORIAN. Alan, I entreat you. Think of the position I am in. Just before you came I almost fainted with terror. I beg of you to do this. We were friends once, Alan.

ALAN. Don’t speak of those days, Dorian: they are dead.

DORIAN. The dead linger sometimes. The man upstairs will not go away. Alan! If you don’t come to my assistance I am ruined. Why, they will hang me, Alan! Don’t you understand? They will hang me for what I have done!

ALAN. There is no good in prolonging this scene. I absolutely refuse to do anything in this matter. It is insane of you to ask me.

DORIAN. You refuse?

ALAN. Yes.

Pause.

DORIAN grabs a piece of paper and writes on it. After carefully reading what he has written, he carefully folds the paper and places it next to ALAN. DORIAN stands and turns his back to ALAN. ALAN unfolds the paper and reads it to himself in horror. DORIAN crosses to ALAN and puts his hand on the other’s shoulder.
DORIAN. I am so sorry for you, Alan, but you leave me no alternative. I have a letter written already. You see the address. If you don’t help me, I must send it. You know what the result will be. But you are going to help me. It is impossible to refuse now. I tried to spare you. You were stern, harsh, offensive. You treated me as no man has ever dared to treat me. I bore it all. Now it is time for me to dictate terms.

Pause.

Come, Alan, you must decide at once.

ALAN. I cannot do it.

DORIAN. You must. You have no choice. Don’t delay.

ALAN. You are infamous, absolutely infamous!

DORIAN. Hush, Alan: you have saved my life.

ALAN. Your life? Good heavens! What a life that is! You have gone from corruption to corruption, and now you have culminated in crime. In doing what I am going to do, what you force me to do, it is not of your life that I am thinking.

DORIAN. Ah, Alan, I wish you had a thousandth part of the pity for me that I have for you.

Now, Alan, there is not a moment to be lost. How long will your experiment take, Alan?

ALAN. It will take about five hours.

DORIAN walks to the door but stops.

DORIAN. I don’t think I can look, Alan.

ALAN. It’s nothing to me. I don’t require you. Leave me now.

DORIAN quickly exits.

Scene 10

A back alley in the east side of London with an opium den. Multiple women are standing outside looking for customers. DORIAN enters. A mysterious, rugged figure is sitting against the wall. It is JAMES.

DORIAN. I am going to the other place.

JAMES. On the wharf?

DORIAN. Yes.

JAMES. The mad-cat is sure to be there. They won’t have her in this place now.

DORIAN. I am sick of women who love one. Women who hate one are much more interesting. Besides, the stuff is better.

JAMES. Much the same.

DORIAN. I like it better. Come and have something to drink. I must have something.

JAMES. I don’t want anything.

DORIAN. Never mind.
One of the women (PROSTITUTE) approach DORIAN.

PROSTITUTE. We are very proud tonight.

DORIAN. For God’s sake don’t talk to me. What do you want? Money? Here it is.

DORIAN throws some coins.

Don’t ever talk to me again.

PROSTITUTE picks up the coins.

DORIAN begins to exit.

PROSTITUTE. There goes the devil’s bargain!

DORIAN. Curse you! Don’t call me that.

PROSTITUTE. Prince Charming is what you like to be called, ain’t it?

JAMES turns and goes after DORIAN. JAMES catches up and shoves DORIAN against a wall.

DORIAN. What do you want?

JAMES. Keep quiet. If you stir, I shoot you.

DORIAN. You are mad. What have I done to you?

JAMES. You wrecked the life of Sibyl Vane and Sibyl Vane was my sister. She killed herself. I know it. Her death is at your door. I swore I would kill you in return. For years I have sought you. I had no clue, no trace. The person who could have described you was dead. I knew nothing of you but the pet name she used to call you. I heard it tonight by chance. Make your peace with God, for tonight you are going to die.

DORIAN. I never knew her. I never heard of her. You are mad.

JAMES. You had better confess your sin, for as sure as I am James Vane, you are going to die. Down on your knees! I give you one minute to make your peace - no more. I go on board tonight for India, and I must do my job first. One minute. That’s all.

DORIAN. Stop, how long ago is it since your sister died? Quick, tell me.

JAMES. Eighteen years. Why do you ask me? What do years matter?

DORIAN. Eighteen years. (Laughs) Eighteen years! Set me under the lamp and look at my face!

JAMES does this. After a moment, JAMES lets go and steps away.

JAMES. My God! My God! And I would have murdered you!

DORIAN. You have been on the brink of committing a terrible crime, my man. Let this be a warning to you not to take vengeance into your own hands.

JAMES. Forgive me, sir, I was deceived. A chance word I heard set me on the wrong track.

DORIAN. You had better go home, or you may get into trouble.

DORIAN exits. PROSTITUTE enters.
PROSTITUTE. Why didn’t you kill him? I knew you were following him when you rushed off. You fool! You should have killed him. He has lots of money, and he’s as bad as bad.

JAMES. He is not the man I am looking for, and I want no man’s money. I want a man’s life. The man whose life I want must be nearly forty now. This one is little more than a boy. Thank God I have not got his blood upon my hands.

PROSTITUTE. (Laughs) Little more than a boy! Why, man, it’s nigh on eighteen years since Prince Charming made me what I am.

JAMES. You lie!

PROSTITUTE. Before God I am telling the truth.

JAMES. Before God?

PROSTITUTE. Strike me dumb if it ain’t so. He is the worst one that comes here. They say he has sold himself to the devil for a pretty face.

JAMES. You swear this?

PROSTITUTE. I swear it. But don’t give me away to him. I am afraid of him. Let me have some money for my night’s lodging.

JAMES rushes after DORIAN for a moment before realizing he is long gone. JAMES turns back and sees the PROSTITUTE has disappeared.

Scene 11

LORD HENRY is hunting at DORIAN’s estate. DORIAN is following.

DORIAN. Have you had good sport, Harry?

LORD HENRY. Not very good, Dorian. I think most of the birds have gone to the open. I dare say it will be better after lunch when we get to new ground.

There is the sound of nearby rustling. LORD HENRY points his weapon towards the noise.

DORIAN. Don’t shoot it. Let it live.

LORD HENRY. What nonsense, Dorian!

LORD HENRY fires. A man’s scream is heard.

Good heavens! I have hit a beater! What an ass the man was to get in front of the guns!

THORNTON runs to LORD HENRY.

THORNTON. Where, sir? Where is he?

LORD HENRY. Here. Why on earth don’t you keep your men back?

LORD HENRY leads the THORNTON to the hidden man. LORD HENRY looks at the man and walks back to DORIAN.

Dorian, shooting is over for the day. It would not look well to go on.
DORIAN. I wish it were stopped forever, Harry. The whole thing is hideous and cruel. Is the man . . .?

LORD HENRY. I am afraid so. He got the whole charge of shot in his chest. He must have died almost instantaneously. Come; let us go home.

DORIAN. It is a bad omen, Harry. A very bad omen.

LORD HENRY. What is? Oh, this accident I suppose. My dear fellow, it can’t be helped. It was the man’s own fault. Why did he get in front of the guns? Besides, it is nothing to us.

DORIAN. It is a bad omen, Harry. I feel as if something horrible were going to happen to some of us. To myself, perhaps.

LORD HENRY. There is no such thing as an omen. Destiny does not send us heralds. She is too wise or too cruel for that. Besides, what on earth could happen to you, Dorian? You have everything in the world that a man could want. There is no one who would not be delighted to change places with you.

DORIAN. There is no one with whom I would not change places, Harry. Don’t laugh like that. I am telling you the truth. The wretched peasant who has just died is better off than I am. My own personality has become a burden to me. I want to escape, to go away, to forget. I think I shall send a wire to have the yacht got ready. On a yacht one is safe.

LORD HENRY. Safe from what, Dorian? You are in some trouble. Why not tell me what it is? You know I would help you.

DORIAN. I can’t tell you, Harry. And I dare say it is only a fancy of mine. This unfortunate accident has upset me. I have a horrible presentiment that something of the kind may happen to me.

LORD HENRY. What nonsense!

DORIAN. I hope it is, but I can’t help feeling it.

THORNTON walks up to DORIAN as LORD HENRY exits.

DORIAN. Was the poor fellow married? Had he any people dependent on him? If so, I should not like them to be left in want, and will send them any sum of money you may think necessary.

THORNTON. We don’t know who he is, sir. That is what I took the liberty of coming to you about.

DORIAN. Don’t know who he is? What do you mean? Isn’t he one of your men?

THORNTON. No, sir. Never saw him before. Seems like a sailor, sir.

DORIAN. A sailor? Did you say a sailor?

THORNTON. Yes, sir. He looks as if he had been a sort of sailor; tattooed on both arms, and that kind of thing.

DORIAN. Was there anything found on him? Anything that would tell his name?

THORNTON. Some money, sir - not much, and a six-shooter. There was no name of any kind. A decent-looking man, sir, but rough-like. A sort-of sailor, we think.
DORIAN. Where is the body? Quick! I must see it at once.

THORNTON points to the place of the hidden man. DORIAN crosses to the body now covered in a sheet, removes the sheet from the face, and takes a long look. The body is JAMES’. DORIAN shows signs of relief.

Scene 12

DORIAN and HENRY are sitting in DORIAN’s room.

LORD HENRY. There is no use your telling me that you are going to be good. You are quite perfect. Pray, don’t change.

DORIAN. No, Harry. I have done too many dreadful things in my life. I am not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday.

LORD HENRY. Where were you yesterday?

DORIAN. In the country, Harry. I was staying at a little inn by myself.

LORD HENRY. My dear boy, anybody can be good in the country. There are no temptations there.

DORIAN. I have a new ideal, Harry. I am going to alter. I think I have altered.

LORD HENRY. You have not yet told me what your good action was. Or did you say you had done more than one?

DORIAN. I can tell you, Harry. It is not a story I could tell to anyone else. I spared somebody. She was quite beautiful, and wonderfully like Sibyl Vane. I think it was that which first attracted me to her. You remember Sibyl, don’t you? How long ago that seems! Well, Hetty was not one of our own class, of course. She was simply a girl in a village. But I really loved her. We were to have gone away together this morning at dawn. Suddenly I determined to leave her as flower-like as I had found her.

LORD HENRY. I should think the novelty of the emotion must have given you a thrill of real pleasure, Dorian. But I can finish your idyll for you. You gave her good advice and broke her heart. That was the beginning of your reformation.

DORIAN. Harry! You are horrible! You mustn’t say these dreadful things. Hetty’s heart is not broken. Of course she cried, and all that. But there is no disgrace upon her.

LORD HENRY. My dear Dorian, you have the most curiously boyish moods. Do you think this girl will ever be really contented now with anyone of her own rank? I suppose she will be married someday to a rough carter or a grinning ploughman. Well, the fact of having met you, and loved you, will teach her to despise her husband, and she will be wretched. From a moral point of view, I cannot say that I think much of your great renunciation. Even as a beginning, it is poor. Besides, how do you know that Hetty isn’t floating at the present moment in some starlit millpond, with lovely water lilies round her, like Ophelia?

DORIAN. I can’t bear this, Harry! You mock at everything and then suggest the most serious tragedies. I know I was right in acting as I did. Don’t let us talk about it any more, and don’t try to persuade me that the first good action I have done for years, the first little bit of self-sacrifice I have ever known, is really a sort of sin. I want to be better. I am going
to be better. Tell me something about yourself. What is going on in town? I have not been to the club for days.

LORD HENRY. The people are still discussing poor Basil’s disappearance.

DORIAN. I should have thought they got tired of that by this time.

LORD HENRY. My dear boy, they have only been talking about it for six weeks, and the British public are really not equal to the mental strain of having more than one topic every three months. They have been very fortunate lately, however. They have had my own divorce-case, and Alan Campbell’s suicide. Now they have got the mysterious disappearance of an artist.

DORIAN. What do you think has happened to Basil?

LORD HENRY. I have not the slightest idea. If Basil chooses to hide himself, it is no business of mine. If he is dead, I don’t want to think about him.

LORD HENRY. Let us have music, Dorian. You must play Chopin to me. The man with whom my wife ran away played Chopin exquisitely. Poor Victoria! I was very fond of her. The house is rather lonely without her. Of course married life is merely a habit, a bad habit.

DORIAN. Harry, did it ever occur to you that Basil was murdered?

LORD HENRY. Basil was very popular and always wore a Waterbury watch. Why should he have been murdered? He was not clever enough to have enemies.

DORIAN. But don’t people say that he was murdered?

LORD HENRY. Oh, some of the papers do. It does not seem to me to be at all probable. I know there are dreadful places in Paris, but Basil was not the sort of man to have gone to them. He had no curiosity. It was his chief defect.

DORIAN. What would you say, Harry, if I told you that I had murdered Basil?

LORD HENRY. I would say, my dear fellow, that you are posing for a character that doesn’t suit you. It is not in you, Dorian, to commit a murder. Crime belongs exclusively to the lower orders. I don’t blame them in the smallest degree. I should fancy that crime was to them what art is to us, simply a method of procuring extraordinary sensations.

DORIAN. A method of procuring sensations? Do you think then, that a man who has once committed a murder could possibly do the same crime again? Don’t tell me that.

LORD HENRY. Oh, anything becomes a pleasure if one does it too often. That is one of the most important secrets of life. I should fancy, however, that murder is always a mistake. One should never do anything that one cannot talk about after dinner. But let us pass from poor Basil.

DORIAN. I am not the same, Harry.

LORD HENRY. Yes you are the same. I wonder what the rest of your life will be. I wish I could change places with you, Dorian. The world has always worshipped you. It will always worship you. I am so glad that you have never done anything, never carved a statue, or painted a picture, or produced anything outside of yourself! Life has been your art. You have set yourself to music. Your days are your sonnets.
DORIAN. Yes, life has been exquisite, but I am not going to have the same life, Harry. And you must not say these extravagant things to me. You don’t know everything about me. I think that if you did, even you would turn from me. You laugh. Don’t laugh.

LORD HENRY. You cannot change to me, Dorian. You and I will always be friends.

DORIAN. Yet you poisoned me once. I should not forgive that. Harry, it does harm.

LORD HENRY. My dear boy, you are really beginning to moralize. You will soon be going about like the converted, the revivalist, warning people against all the sins of which you have grown tired.

    *LORD HENRY begins to leave.*

    You are much too delightful to do that. Besides, it is no use. You and I are what we are, and will be what we will be.

DORIAN. Goodnight, Harry.

    *LORD HENRY exits.*

    Long pause.

    DORIAN tries to destroy the painting before falling and remaining still. The painting is not marked.

The End
Appendix B

Rehearsal Schedule

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Purpose</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Week 1</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri. 9/8</td>
<td>7p-8:30p</td>
<td>Read-through entire piece</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>8:30p-10:30p</td>
<td>Stage scene 1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat. 9/9</td>
<td>1p-4p</td>
<td>Stage scenes 2, 4, &amp; 6</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4p-5p</td>
<td>Work scene 1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun. 9/10</td>
<td></td>
<td>Day off</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Week 2</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon. 9/11</td>
<td>7p-10:30p</td>
<td>Stage scenes 3, 5, 8 &amp; 10</td>
<td>Philomathean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues. 9/12</td>
<td>7p-10:30p</td>
<td>Work scenes 1-8</td>
<td>Philomathean</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Room</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weds. 9/13</td>
<td>7p-10:30p</td>
<td>Stage scenes 9, 11, &amp; 12</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs. 9/14</td>
<td>7p-10:30p</td>
<td>Work Show</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philo</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&amp; Philo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri. 9/15</td>
<td>7p-10:30p</td>
<td>Run Show</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philo</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&amp; Philo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat. 9/16</td>
<td>1p-5p</td>
<td>Tech/Dress</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&amp; Philo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun. 9/17</td>
<td>2p GO</td>
<td>Performances</td>
<td>Towers 310</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>&amp; Philo</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Appendix C

**Feedback!**

What are your initial thoughts after viewing this project?

What did you notice about this style of theatre that surprised you?

Would you like to provide an email address to provide additional feedback that can be used in my research?
Appendix D

The Picture of Dorian Gray Feedback Survey

Email address*

This form is collecting email addresses. Change settings

Had you ever been to an immersive theatre experience before?

What resonated with you about the piece? Are there any picture or themes that have stuck with you through the week?

Were you asked to participate? If so, how did it make you feel to be singled out from the group?

Did you feel implicated in the story?

Yes

No

Other…

What did you feel was your function as an audience member?

Are you familiar with the Wilde novel?

Yes

No

Other…

What did the piece highlight from the novel? Themes? Characters?

What parts of the piece did you notice took more effort to follow/understand?

Were there any moments in which you thought you didn't know enough?
Works Cited


