

The Phantom of the Opera
Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics: Charles Hart + Richard Stilgoe
Book: Andrew Lloyd Webber + Richard Stilgoe
Premiere: Thursday, October 9, 1986

THE STAGE OF THE PARIS OPERA, 1905

(The contents of the opera house is being auctioned off. An AUCTIONEER, PORTERS, BIDDERS, and RAOUL, seventy now, but still bright of eye. The action commences with a blow from the AUCTIONEER's gavel)

AUCTIONEER

Sold. Your number, sir? Thank you.

Lot 663, then, ladies and gentlemen: a poster for this house's production of "Hannibal" by Chalumeau.

PORTER

Showing here.

AUCTIONEER

Do I have ten francs? Five then. Five I am bid. Six, seven. Against you, sir, seven. Eight. Eight once. Selling twice.

Sold, to Raoul, Vicomte de Chagny.

Lot 664: a wooden pistol and three human skulls from the 1831 production of "Robert le Diable" by Meyerbeer. Ten francs for this. Ten, thank you. Ten francs still. Fifteen, thank you, sir Fifteen I am bid. Going at fifteen. Your number, sir?

665, ladies and gentlemen: a papier-mache musical box, in the shape of a barrel-organ. Attached, the figure of a monkey in Persian robes playing the cymbals. This item, discovered in the vaults of the theatre, still in working order.

PORTER (holding it up)

Showing here. (He sets it in motion)

AUCTIONEER

My I start at twenty francs? Fifteen, then? Fifteen I am bid.

(the bidding continues. RAOUL. eventually buys the box for thirty francs)

Sold, for thirty francs to the Vicomte de Chagny. Thank you, sir.

(The box is handed across to RAOUL. He studies it, as attention focuses on him for a moment)

RAOUL (quietly, half to himself, half to the box)

A collector's piece indeed . . .
every detail exactly as she said . . .

She often spoke of you, my friend

Your velvet lining, and your figurine of lead...

Will you still play,
when all the rest of us are dead?

(Attention returns to the AUCTIONEER, as he resumes)

AUCTIONEER

Lot 666, then: a chandelier in pieces. Some of you may recall the strange affair of the Phantom of the Opera: a mystery never fully explained. We are told ladies and gentlemen, that this is the very chandelier which figures in the famous disaster. Our workshops have restored it and fitted up parts of it with wiring for the new electric light, so that we may get a hint of what it may look like when re-assembled. Perhaps we may frighten away the ghost of so many years ago with a little illumination, gentlemen?

(The AUCTIONEER switches on the chandelier There is an enormous flash, and the OVERTURE begins. During the overture the opera house is restored to its earlier grandeur. The chandelier immense and glittering, rises magically from the stage, finally hovering high above the stalls)

ACT 1

Scene 1

REHEARSALS FOR "HANNIBAL" BY CHALUMEAU

(We have reached the great choral scene in which HANNIBAL and his army return to save Carthage from the Roman invasion under Scipio. HANNIBAL is UBALDO PIANGI; ELISSA, Queen of Carthage (his mistress) is CARLOTTA GUIDICELLI. The two leading SLAVE GIRLS are played by MEG GIRY and CHRISTINE DAAE. MME. GIRY is the ballet mistress. M. REYER, the repetiteur, is in charge.

We join the opera towards the end of ELISSA's (CARLOTTA's) great aria. She is alone, holding a pre. from the approaching HANNIBAL, a bleeding severed head)

CARLOTTA (at the climax of an extravagant cade)

This trophy from our saviours, from the enslaving force of Rome!

(A STAGE HAND carries a ladder across the stage. OTHERS are seen still constructing parts of the scenery)

GIRLS' CHORUS

With feasting and dancing and song,
tonight in celebration
we greet the victorious throng,
returned to bring salvation!

MEN'S CHORUS

The trumpets of Carthage resound !
Hear, Romans, now and tremble!
Hark to our step on the ground!

ALL

Hear the drums - Hannibal comes!

(PIANGI enters, as HANNIBAL)

PIANGI (HANNIBAL)

Sad to return to find the land we love threatened once more by Roma's far-reaching grasp.

REYER (interrupting him)

Signor . . . if you please: "Rome". We say "Rome' not "Roma"

PIANGI

Si, si, Rome, not Roma. Is very hard for me. (practising) Rome . . . Rome . . .

(Enter LEFEVRE, the retiring manager of the Opera, with M. FIRMIN and M. ANDRE, to whom he has just sold it)

REYER (to PIANGI)

Once again, then, if you please, Signor: "Sad to return . . ."

LEFEVRE (to ANDRE and FIRMIN)

This way, gentlemen, this way. Rehearsals, as you see, are under way, for a new production of Chalumeau's "Hannibal".

(seeing a hiatus in the rehearsal, LEFEVRE attempts to attract attention.)

LEFEVRE

Ladies and gentlemen, some of you may already, perhaps, have met M. Andre and M. Firmin ...

(the new managers are politely bowing, when REYER interrupts)

REYER

I'm sorry, M. Lefevre, we are rehearsing. If you wouldn't mind waiting a moment?

LEFEVRE

My apologies, M. Reyer. Proceed, proceed ...

REYER

Thank you, monsieur (turning back to PIANGI). "Sad to return..." Signor ...

LEFEVRE (sotto voce to ANDRE and FIRMIN)

M. Reyer, our chief repetiteur. Rather a tyrant, I'm afraid.

(the rehearsal continues)

PIANGI (HANNIBAL)

Sad to return to find the land we love
threatened once more by
Rome's far-reaching grasp.
Tomorrow we shall break
the chains of Rome.
Tonight, rejoice - your army has
come home.

(BALLET GIRLS begin their dance. LEFEVRE, ANDRE and FIRMIN stand centr-stage watching the ballet. They are in the way. The ballet continues under the following dialogue.)

LEFEVRE (indicating PIANGI)

Signor Piangi, our principal tenor. He does play so opposite La Carlotta.

GIRY (exasperated by their presence, bangs her cane angrily on the stage)

Gentlemen, please! If you would kindly move to one side?

LEFEVRE

My apologies, Mme. Giry.

(leading ANDRE and FIRMIN aside)

Mme. Giry, our ballet mistress. I don't mind confessing, M. Firmin, I shan't be sorry to be rid of the whole blessed business.

FIRMIN

I keep asking you, monsieur, why
exactly are you retiring?

LEFEVRE (ignoring this, calls his attention to the continuing ballet)

We take a particular pride here in the excellence of our ballets.

(MEG becomes prominent among the dancers)

ANDRE

Who's that girl, Lefevre?

LEFEVRE

Her? Meg Giry, Madame Giry's daughter. Promising dancer, M. Andre, most promising.

(CHRISTINE becomes prominent. She has absent-mindedly fallen out-of-step)

GIRY (spotting her, bangs her cane again)

You! Christine Daae! Concentrate, girl!

MEG (quietly, to CHRISTINE)

Christine . . . What's the matter?

FIRMIN (to LEFEVRE)

Daae? Curious name.

LEFEVRE

Swedish.

ANDRE

Any relation to the violinist?

LEFEVRE

His daughter, I believe. Always has her head in the clouds, I'm afraid.

(The ballet continues to its climax and ends. The CHORUS resumes)

CHORUS

Bid welcome to Hannibal's guests –
the elephants of Carthage!

As guides on our conquering quests,

Dido sends

Hannibal's friends!

(the ELEPHANT, a life-sized mechanical replica, enters. PIANGI is lifted, in triumph, onto its back)

CARLOTTA (ELISSA)

Once more to my
welcoming arms
my love returns
in splendour!

PIANGI (HANNIBAL)

Once more to those
sweetest of charms
my heart and soul
surrender!

CHORUS

The trumpeting elephants sound
hear, Romans, now and tremble!

Hark to their step on the ground

hear the drums!

Hannibal comes!

(At the end of the chorus LEFEVRE claps his hands for silence. The elephant is led off. Two stage-hands are revealed operating it from within)

LEFEVRE

Ladies and gentlemen - Madame Giry, thank you - may I have your attention, please? As you know, for some weeks there have been rumours of my Imminent retirement. I can now tell you that these were all true and it is my pleasure to introduce to you the two gentlemen who now own the Opera Populaire, M. Richard Firmin and M. Gilles Andre.

(Polite applause. Some bowing. CARLOTTA makes her presence felt)

Gentlemen, Signora Carlotta Giudicelli, our leading soprano for five seasons now.

ANDRE

Of course, of course. I have experienced all your greatest roles, Signora.

LEFEVRE

And Signor Ubaldo Piangi.

FIRMIN

An honour, Signor.

ANDRE

If I remember rightly, Elissa has a rather fine aria in Act Three of "Hannibal". I wonder, Signora, if, as a personal favour, you would oblige us with a private rendition? (Somewhat acerbic). Unless, of course, M. Reyer objects . . .

CARLOTTA

My manager commands . . .
M. Reyer?

REYER

My diva commands. Will two bars be sufficient introduction?

FIRMIN

Two bars will be quite sufficient

REYER (ensuring that CARLOTTA is ready)

Signora?

CARLOTTA

Maestro.

(The introduction is played on the piano)

CARLOTTA

Think of me,
think of me fondly,
when we've said
goodbye.
Remember me
once in a while –
please promise me
you'll try.

When you find
that, once
again, you long
to take your heart . . .

(As CARLOTTA is singing a backdrop crashes to the floor cutting her off from half the cast)

MEG/BALLET GIRLS/CHORUS

He's here:
the Phantom of the Opera . . .
He is with us . . .
It's the ghost . . .

PIANGI (looking up, furiously)

You idiots!

(He rushes over to CARLOTTA)

Cara! Cara! Are you hurt?

LEFEVRE

Signora! Are you all right? Buquet! Where is Buquet ?

PIANGI

Is no one concerned for our prima donna?

LEFEVRE

Get that man down here !
(to ANDRE and FIRMIN)
Chief of the flies. He's responsible for this.

(The drop is raised high enough to reveal upstage an old stagehand, JOSEPH BUQUET, holding a length of rope, which looks almost like a noose)

LEFEVRE

Buquet! For God's sake, man, what's going on up there?

BUQUET

Please monsieur
don't look at me:
as God's my witness,
I was not at my post.

Please monsieur
there's no one there:
and if there is, well
then, it must be a ghost . . .

MEG (looking up)

He's there; the Phantom of the Opera ...

ANDRE

Good heavens!
Will you show a little courtesy?

FIRMIN (to MEG and the OTHERS)

Mademoiselle, please!

ANDRE (to CARLOTTA)

These things do happen.

CARLOTTA

Si! These things do happen! Well, until you stop these
things happening, this thing does not happen!

Ubaldo! Andiamo!

(PIANGI dutifully fetches her furs from the wings)

PIANGI

Amateurs !

LEFEVRE

I don't think there's much more to assist you, gentlemen. Good luck. If you need me, I shall be in Frankfurt .

(He leaves. The COMPANY looks anxiously at the NEW MANAGERS)

ANDRE

La Carlotta will be back.

GIRY

You think so, messieurs? I have a message, sir, from the Opera Ghost.

(The GIRLS twitter and twirl in fear)

FIRMIN

God in Heaven, you're all obsessed!

GIRY

He merely welcomes you to his opera house and commands you to continue to leave Box Five empty for his use and reminds you that his salary is due.

FIRMIN

His salary?

GIRY

Monsieur Lefevre paid him twenty thousand francs a month. Perhaps you can afford more, with the Vicomte de Chagny as your patron.

(Reaction to this from the BALLET GIRLS. CHRISTINE takes hold of MEG nervously)

ANDRE (to GIRY)

Madame, I had hoped to have made that announcement myself.

GIRY (to FIRMIN)

Will the Vicomte be at the performance tonight, monsieur?

FIRMIN

In our box.

ANDRE

Madame, who is the understudy for this role?

REYER

There is no understudy, monsieur - the production is new.

MEG

Christine Daae could sing it, sir.

FIRMIN

The chorus girl ?

MEG (to FIRMIN)

She's been taking lessons from a great teacher

ANDRE

From whom ?

CHRISTINE (uneasily)

I don't know, sir . . .

FIRMIN

Oh, not you as well!

(turning to ANDRE)

Can you believe it? A full house - and we have to cancel !

GIRY

Let her sing for you, monsieur. She has been well taught.

REYER (after a pause)

From the beginning of the aria then, mam'selle.

CHRISTINE

Think of me
think of me fondly,
when we've said goodbye.
Remember me
once in a while -
please promise me
you'll try.

FIRMIN

Andre, this is doing nothing for my nerves.

ANDRE
Don't fret, Firmin.

CHRISTINE
When you find
that, once
again, you long
to take your heart back
and be free -
if you
ever find
a moment,
spare a thought
for me

(Transformation to the Gala. CHRISTINE is
revealed in full costume)

We never said
our love
was evergreen,
or as unchanging
as the sea -
but if
you can still
remember
stop and think
of me . . .

Think of all the things
we've shared and seen -
don't think about the things
which might have been . . .

Think of me,
think of me waking,
silent and
resigned.

Imagine me,
trying too hard
to put you
from my mind.

Recall those days
look back
on all those times,
think of the things
we'll never do -
there will
never be
a day, when
I won't think
of you . .

(Applause, bravos. Prominent among the bravos, those
of the young RAOUL in the MANAGERS' box)

RAOUL
Can it be?
Can it be Christine?

Bravo!

(he raises his opera-glasses)

What a change!
You're really
not a bit
the gawkish girl
that once you were...

(lowering his opera-glasses)

She may
not remember
me, but
I remember
her...

CHRISTINE
We never said
our love
was evergreen,
or as unchanging
as the sea -
but please
promise me,
that sometimes
you will think
of me!

Scene 2
AFTER THE GALA

(The curtain closes upstage. BALLET GIRLS, from the wings gush around CHRISTINE who hands each a flower from her bouquet. REYER stiffly gives his approval)

GIRY (to CHRISTINE)
Yes, you did well. He will be pleased.
(to the DANCERS)
And you! You were a disgrace tonight! Such ronds de jambe! Such temps de cuisine!
Here we rehearse. Now!
(She emphasizes this with her cane.
The BALLET GIRLS settle into rehearsal upstage, GIRY keeping time with her stick. Variations on this continue throughout the scene)

(CHRISTINE moves slowly, downstage, away from the DANCERS as her dressing room becomes visible. Unseen by her, MEG also moves away and follows her. As CHRISTINE is about to open the dressing room door, she hears the PHANTOM's voice out of nowhere)

PHANTOM'S VOICE
Bravi, bravi, bravissimi . . .

(CHRISTINE is bewildered by the voice. MEG, following, has not heard it. CHRISTINE turns in surprise, and is relieved to see her)

MEG

Where in the world
have you been hiding?
Really, you were
perfect!

I only wish
I knew your secret!
Who is this new
tutor?

CHRISTINE (abstracted, entering the dressing room)

Father once spoke
of an angel . . .
I used to dream he'd
appear . . .

Now as I sing,
I can sense him . . .
And I know
he's here . . .
(trance-like)

Here in this room
he calls me softly . . .
somewhere inside . . .
hiding . . .

Somehow I know
he's always with me . . .
he - the unseen
genius . . .

MEG (uneasily)
Christine, you must have
been dreaming . . .
stories like this can't
come true . . .

Christine, you're talking
in riddles . . .
and it's not
like you . . .

CHRISTINE (not hearing her, ecstatic)

Angel of Music!
Guide
and guardian!
Grant to me your
glory!

MEG (to herself)
Who is this angel?
This . . .

BOTH
Angel of Music!
Hide no longer!
Secret and strange
angel . . .

CHRISTINE (darkly)

He's with me, even now . . .

MEG (bewildered)
Your hands are cold . . .

CHRISTINE;
All around me . . .

MEG
Your face, Christine,
it's white . . .

CHRISTINE
It frightens me . . .

MEG
Don't be frightened . . .

(THEY look at each other The moment is broken
by the arrival of GIRY)

GIRY
Meg Giry. Are you a dancer? Then come and
practice.

(MEG leaves and joins the DANCERS)
My dear, I was asked to give you this.

(She hands CHRISTINE a note, and exits.
CHRISTINE opens it and reads)

CHRISTINE
A red scarf . . . the attic . . . Little Lotte . . .

Scene 3
CHRISTINE 'S DRESSING ROOM

(Meanwhile RAOUL ANDRE, FIRMIN, and MME.
FIRMIN are seen making their way towards the dressing
room, the MANAGERS in high spirits, bearing
champagne)

ANDRE
A tour de force! No other way to describe it!

FIRMIN
What a relief ! Not a single refund!

MME. FIRMIN
Greedy.

ANDRE
Richard, I think we've made quite a discovery in Miss
Daae!

FIRMIN (to RAOUL, indicating CHRISTINE 'S
dressing room)
Here we are, Monsieur le Vicomte.

RAOUL
Gentlemen if you wouldn't mind. This is one visit I

should prefer to make unaccompanied.

(He takes the champagne from FIRMIN)

ANDRE

As you wish, monsieur.

(They bow and move off)

FIRMIN

They appear to have met before . . .

(RAOUL knocks at the door and enters)

RAOUL

Christine Daae, where is your scarf?

CHRISTINE

Monsieur?

RAOUL

You can't have lost it. After all the trouble I took.

I was just fourteen and soaked to the skin . . .

CHRISTINE

Because you had run into the sea to fetch my scarf.

Oh, Raoul. So it is you!

RAOUL

Christine.

(They embrace and laugh. She moves away and sits at her dressing table)

RAOUL

"Little Lotte let her mind wander . . ."

CHRISTINE

You remember that, too . . .

RAOUL (continuing)

". . . Little Lotte thought: Am I fonder of dolls . . ."

BOTH (CHRISTINE joining in)

". . . or of goblins, of shoes . . ."

CHRISTINE

". . . or of riddles. of frocks . . ."

RAOUL

Those picnics in the attic . . .

". . . or of chocolates . . ."

CHRISTINE

Father playing the violin . . .

RAOUL

As we read to each other dark stories of the North . . .

CHRISTINE

"NoQwhat I love best, Lotte said,
is when I'm asleep in my bed,
and the Angel of Music sings songs in my
head!"

BOTH

". . . the Angel of Music sings song in my
head!"

CHRISTINE (turning in her chair to look at him)
Father said, "When I'm in heaven, child, I will send the
Angel of Music to you". Well, father is dead, Raoul, and
I have been visited by the Angel of Music.

RAOUL

No doubt of it. And now we'll go to supper!

CHRISTINE

No, Raoul, the Angel of Music is very strict.

RAOUL

I shan't keep you up late!

CHRISTINE

No, Raoul . . .

RAOUL

You must change. I must get my hat. Two minutes Little
Lotte.

(He hurries out)

CHRISTINE (calling after him)

Raoul!

(quietly picking up her hand mirror)

Things have changed, Raoul.

(Tremulous music. CHRISTINE hears the
PHANTOM'S voice, seemingly from behind her dressing
room mirror)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Insolent boy!
This slave
of fashion
basking in your
glory!

Ignorant fool!
This brave
young suitor,
sharing in my
triumph!

CHRISTINE (spell-bound)

Angel! I hear you!
Speak -

I listen . . .
stay by my side,
guide me!

Angel, my soul was weak -
forgive me . . .
enter at last,
Master!

PHANTOM'S VOICE
Flattering child,
you shall know me,
see why in shadow
I hide!

Look at your face
in the mirror -
I am there
inside!

(The figure of the PHANTOM becomes discernible
behind the mirror)

CHRISTINE (ecstatic)
Angel of Music!
Guide and guardian!
Grant to me your
glory!

Angel of Music!
Hide no longer!
Come to me, strange
angel...

PHANTOM'S VOICE
I am your Angel ...
Come to me: Angel of Music ...

(CHRISTINE walks towards the glowing,
shimmering glass. Meanwhile, RAOUL has
returned. He hears the voices and is puzzled. He
tries the door It is locked)

RAOUL
Whose is that voice . . . ?
Who is that in there . . . ?

(Inside the room the mirror opens. Behind it, in
an inferno of white light, stands the PHANTOM.
He reaches forward and takes CHRISTINE firmly,
but not fiercely, by the wrist. His touch is cold,
and CHRISTINE gasps)

PHANTOM
I am your Angel of Music . . .
Come to me: Angel of Music . . .

(CHRISTINE disappears through the mirror,
which closes behind her The door of the dressing
room suddenly unlocks and swings open, and
RAOUL enters to find the room empty)

RAOUL
Christine! Angel!

Scene 4
THE LABYRINTH UNDERGROUND

(The PHANTOM and CHRISTINE take their strange journey to the PHANTOM'S lair. Candles rise from the stage. We see CHRISTINE and the PHANTOM in a boat which moves slowly across the misty waters of the underground lake)

CHRISTINE
In sleep
he sang to me,
in dreams
he came . . .
that voice
which calls to me
and speaks
my name . . .

And do
I dream again?
For now
I find
the Phantom of the Opera
is there -
inside my mind . . .

PHANTOM
Sing once
again with me
our strange
duet . . .
My power
over you
grows stronger
yet . . .

And though
you turn from me,
to glance
behind,
the Phantom of the Opera
is there -
inside your mind . . .

CHRISTINE
Those who
have seen your face
draw back
in fear . . .
I am
the mask you wear . . .

PHANTOM

It's me
they hear . . .

BOTH

Your/my spirit
and your/my voice,
in one
combined:
the Phantom of the Opera
is thereQ
inside your/my mind . . .

OFFSTAGE VOICES

He's there,
the Phantom of the Opera . . .
Beware
the Phantom of the Opera . . .

PHANTOM

In all
your fantasies,
you always
knew
that man
and mystery . . .

CHRISTINE

. . . were both
in you . . .

BOTH

And in
this labyrinth,
where night
is blind,
the Phantom of the Opera
is there/hereQ
inside your/my mind . . .

Sing, my Angel of Music!

CHRISTINE

He's there,
the Phantom of the Opera . . .

(She begins to vocalise strangely, her song becoming
more and more extravagant.)

Scene 5

BEYOND THE LAKE THE NEXT MORNING

(Finally they arrive in the PHANTOM'S lair. Downstage
the candles in the lake lift up revealing giant
candelabrum outlining the space. The boat turns into a
bed. There is a huge pipe organ. The PHANTOM sits at
the organ and takes over the accompaniment)

PHANTOM

I have brought you
to the seat of sweet
music's throne . . .
to this kingdom

where all must pay
homage to music . . .
music . . .

You have come here,
for one purpose,
and one alone . . .
Since the moment
I first heard you sing,
I have needed
you with me,
to serve me, to sing,
for my music . . .
my music . . .

(changing mood)

Night-time sharpens,
heightens each sensation . . .
Darkness stirs and
wakes imagination . . .
Silently the senses
abandon their defences . . .

Slowly, gently
night unfurls its splendour . . .
Grasp it, sense it -
tremulous and tender . . .
Turn your face away
from the garish light of day,
turn your thoughts away
from cold, unfeeling light -
and listen to
the music of the night . . .

Close your eyes
and surrender to your
darkest dreams!
Purge your thoughts
of the life
you knew before!
Close your eyes,
let your spirit
start to soar!
And you'll live
as you've never
lived before . . .

Softly, deftly,
music shall surround you . . .
Feel it, hear it,
closing in around you . . .
Open up your mind,
let your fantasies unwind,
in this darkness which
you know you cannot fight -
the darkness of
the music of the night . . .

Let your mind
start a journey through a
strange new world!

Leave all thoughts
of the world
you knew before!
Let your soul
Take you where you
long to be !
Only then
can you belong
to me . . .

Floating, falling,
sweet intoxication!
Touch me, trust me
savour each sensation!
Let the dream begin,
let your darker side give in
to the power of the music that I write -
the power of the music of the night . . .

(During all this, the PHANTOM has conditioned CHRISTINE to the coldness of his touch and her fingers are brave enough to stray to his mask and caress it, with no hint of removing it. The PHANTOM leads her to a large mirror from which he removes a dust cover and in which we see the image of CHRISTINE, a perfect wax-face impression, wearing a wedding gown. CHRISTINE moves slowly towards it when suddenly the image thrusts its hands through the mirror towards her She faints. The PHANTOM catches her and carries her to the bed, where he lays her down.)

PHANTOM
You alone can make my song take flight -
help me make the music of the night . . .

Scene 6

THE NEXT MORNING

(As the light brightens, we see the PHANTOM seated at the organ playing with furious concentration. He breaks off occasionally to write the music down. There is a musical box in the shape of a barrel organ beside the bed. Mysteriously, it plays as CHRISTINE wakes up. The music keeps her in a half-trance)

CHRISTINE
I remember
there was mist . . .
swirling mist
upon a vast, glassy lake . . .

There were candles
all around
and on the lake there
was a boat,
and in the boat
there was a man . . .

(She rises and approaches the PHANTOM who does not see her As she reaches for his mask, he turns, almost catching her. This happens several times)

Who was that shape
in the shadows?
Whose is the face
in the mask?

(She finally succeeds in tearing the mask from his face.
The PHANTOM springs up and rounds on her furiously.
She clearly sees his face. The audience does not, as he is
standing in profile and in shadow)

PHANTOM
Damn you!
You little prying
Pandora!
You little demon -
is this what you wanted to see?

Curse you!
You little Iying
Delilah!
You little viper!
now you cannot ever be free!

Damn you . . .
Curse you . . .

(a pause)

Stranger
than you dreamt it -
can you even
dare to look
or bear to
think of me:
this loathsome
gargoyle, who
burns in hell, but secretly
yearns for heaven,
secretly . . .
secretly . . .

But, Christine . . .

Fear can
Turn to love - you'll
learn to see, to
find the man
behind the
monster: this . . .
repulsive
carcass, who
seems a beast, but secretly
dreams of beauty,
secretly . . .
secretly . . .

Oh, Christine . . .

(He holds out his hand for the mask, which she gives to
him. He puts it on, turning towards the audience as he
sings):

Come we must return -
those two fools
who run my theatre
will be missing you.

(The lair sinks into the floor as the PHANTOM and
CHRISTINE leave)

Scene 7

BACKSTAGE

(BUQUET mysteriously appears, a length of fabric
serving as a cloak, and a piece of rope as the Punjab
lasso. He is showing off to the BALLETT GIRLS)

BUQUET

Like yellow parchment
is his skin . . .
a great black hole served as the
nose that never grew . . .

(Demonstrating his method of self-defence against the
Punjab lasso, he inserts his hand between his neck and
the noose, and then pulls the rope taut. With a mixture of
horror and delight, the BALLETT GIRLS applaud this
demonstration)

(explaining to them)

You must be always
on your guard,
or he will catch you with his
magical lasso!

(A trap opens up centre stage casting a shadow of the
PHANTOM as he emerges. The GIRLS, linking hands,
run off terrified. The PHANTOM, leading CHRISTINE,
fixes his stare on BUQUET. Sweeping his cape around
CHRISTINE, he exits with her But before they go GIRY
has entered, observing. She turns on BUQUET)

GIRY

Those who speak
of what they know
find, too late, that prudent
silence is wise.
Joseph Buquet,
hold your tongue
he will burn you with the
heat of his eyes . . .

Scene 8

THE MANAGERS' OFFICE

(Desk, chairs, papers. FIRMIN is scornfully eyeing a
newspaper article)

FIRMIN

"Mystery
after gala night,"
if says, "Mystery
of soprano's flight!"

"Mystified

baffled Surete say,
we are mystified -
we suspect foul play!"

(He lowers the paper)

Bad news on
soprano scene -
first Carlotta,
now Christine!
Still, at least
the seats get sold
gossip's worth
its weight in gold . . .

What a way to
run a business!
Spare me these
unending trials!
Half your cast disappears,
but the crowd still cheers!
Opera!
To hell with Gluck and Handel -
It's a scandal that'll
pack 'em in the aisles!

(ANDRE bursts in, in a temper)

ANDRE
Damnable!
Will they all walk out?
This is damnable!

FIRMIN
Andre, please don't shout . . .

It's publicity!
And the take is vast!
Free publicity!

ANDRE
But we have no cast . . .

FIRMIN (calmly)
But Andre,
have you seen the queue?

(He has been sorting mail on his desk. Finding the two
letters from the PHANTOM):

Oh, it seems
you've got one too . . .

(He hands the letter to ANDRE, who opens it and reads):

ANDRE
"Dear Andre
what a charming gala!
Christine enjoyed a great success!
We were hardly bereft
when Carlotta left -
otherwise

the chorus was entrancing,
but the dancing was a
lamentable mess!"

FIRMIN (reading his)
"Dear Firmin,
just a brief reminder:
my salary has not been paid.
Send it care of the ghost,
by return of postQ
P.T.O.:
No-one likes a debtor,
so it's better if my
orders are obeyed!"

FIRMIN/ANDRE
Who would have the gall
to send this?
Someone with a puerile brain!

FIRMIN (examining both letters)
These are both signed "O.G." . . .

ANDRE
Who the hell is he?

BOTH (immediately realizing)
Opera ghost!

FIRMIN (unamused)
It's really not amusing!

ANDRE
He's abusing
our position!

FIRMIN
In addition
he wants money!

ANDRE
He's a funny
sort of spectre . . .

BOTH
. . . to expect a
large retainer!
Nothing plainer -
he is clearly quite insane!

(They are interrupted by the arrival of RAOUL, who
brandishes another of the PHANTOM'S notes)

RAOUL
Where is she?

ANDRE
You mean Carlotta?

RAOUL
I mean Miss Daac -
where is she?

FIRMIN

Well, how should we know?

RAOUL

I want an answer -

I take it that you sent me this note?

FIRMIN

What's all this nonsense?

ANDRE

Of course not!

FIRMIN

Don't look at us!

RAOUL

She's not with you, then?

FIRMIN

Of course not!

ANDRE

We're in the dark . . .

RAOUL

Monsieur, don't argue -

Isn't this the

letter you wrote?

FIRMIN

And what is it, that we're
meant to have wrote?

(Realizing his mistake)

Written !

(RAOUL hands the note to ANDRE, who reads it)

ANDRE

"Do not fear for Miss Daae.

The Angel of Music

has her under his wing.

Make no attempt to see her again."

(The MANAGERS look mystified)

RAOUL

If you didn't write it, who did?

(CARLOTTA bursts in. She too has a letter, which has
cheered her no more than the others)

CARLOTTA

Where is he?

ANDRE

Ah, welcome back!

CARLOTTA

Your precious patron -

where is he?

RAOUL

What is it now?

CARLOTTA (to RAOUL)

I have your letter -
a letter which I
rather resent!

FIRMIN (to RAOUL)

And did you send it?

RAOUL

Of course not!

ANDRE

As if he would!

CARLOTTA

You didn't send it?

RAOUL

Of course not!

FIRMIN

What's going on . . . ?

CARLOTTA (to RAOUL)

You dare to tell me,
that this is not the
letter you sent ? !

RAOUL

And what is it that I'm
meant to have sent?

(RAOUL takes the letter and reads it)

"Your days
at the Opera Populaire are numbered.
Christine Daae
will be singing on your behalf tonight.
Be prepared
for a great misfortune,
should you attempt
to take her place."

(The MANAGERS are beginning to tire of the intrigue)

ANDRE/FIRMIN

Far too many
notes for my taste -
and most of them
about Christine!
All we've heard since we came
is Miss Daae's name . . .

(GIRY suddenly appears, accompanied by MEG)

GIRY

Miss Daae has returned.

FIRMIN (drily)
I trust her midnight oil
is well and truly burned.

ANDRE
Where precisely is she now?

GIRY
I thought it best
that she went home . . .

MEG
She needed rest.

RAOUL
May I see her?

GIRY
No, monsieur,
she will see no-one.

CARLOTTA
Will she sing?
Will she sing?

GIRY
Here, I have a note . . .

RAOUL/CARLOTTA/ANDRE
Let me see it!

FIRMIN (snatching it)
Please!

FIRMIN (Opens the letter and reads. The PHANTOM'S
voice gradually takes over)
"Gentlemen, I have now sent you several notes of the
most amiable nature, detailing how my theatre is to be
run. You have not followed my instructions.
I shall give you one last chance . . ."

PHANTOM'S VOICE (taking over)
Christine Daae has returned to you,
and I am anxious her career
should progress.
In the new production of "Il Muto",
you will therefore cast Carlotta
as the Pageboy, and put Miss Daae
in the role of Countess.
The role which Miss Daae plays
calls for charm and appeal.
The role of the Pageboy is silent -
which makes my casting,
in a word
ideal.

I shall watch the performance from my normal seat in
Box Five, which will be kept empty for me. Should
these commands be ignored, a disaster beyond your
imagination will occur.

FIRMIN (taking over)
"I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant, O.G."

CARLOTTA
Christine!

ANDRE
Whatever next . . . ?

CARLOTTA
It's all a ploy to help Christine!

FIRMIN
This is insane . . .

CARLOTTA
I know who sent this:
(pointing an accusing finger)
The Vicomte - her lover!

RAOUL (ironical)
Indeed?
(to the OTHERS)
Can you believe this?

ANDRE (to CARLOTTA, in protest)
Signora!

CARLOTTA (half to the MANAGERS, half to herself)
O traditori!

FIRMIN (to CARLOTTA)
This is a joke!

ANDRE
This changes nothing!

CARLOTTA
O mentitori!

FIRMIN
Signora!

ANDRE
You are our star!

FIRMIN
And always will be!

ANDRE
Signora . . .

FIRMIN
The man is mad!

ANDRE
We don't take orders!

FIRMIN (announcing it to EVERYONE)
Miss Daae will be playing
the Pageboy - the silent role . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Carlotta will be playing
the lead!

CARLOTTA (waxing melodramatic)
It's useless trying to
appease me!
You're only saying this
to please me!
Signori, e vero?
Non, non, non voglio udire !
Lasciatemi morire!
O padre mio!
Dio!

GIRY
Who scorn his word,
beware to those . . .

CARLOTTA (to MANAGERS)
You have reviled me!

GIRY
The angel sees,
the angel knows . . .

RAOUL
Why did Christine
fly from my arms . . .?

CARLOTTA
You have rebuked me!

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Signora, pardon us . . .

CARLOTTA
You have replaced me!

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Please, Signora,
we beseech you . . .

GIRY
This hour shall see
your darkest fears . . .

MEG/RAOUL
I must see her . . .

CARLOTTA
Abbandonata!
Deseredata!
O, sventurata!

GIRY
The angel knows,
the angel hears . . .

RAOUL
Where did she go . . .?

CARLOTTA
Abbandonata!
Disgraziata!

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Signora, sing for us!
Don't be a martyr . . .

RAOUL/GIRY/MEG
What new surprises
lie in store . . . ?

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Our star . . . !

CARLOTTA
Non vo' cantar!

(ALL look at CARLOTTA, as the MANAGERS approach
her lovingly)

ANDRE
Your public needs you!

FIRMIN
We need you, too!

CARLOTTA (unassuaged)
Would you not
rather have your
precious little
ingenue?

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Signora, no!
the world wants you!

(The MANAGERS adopt their most persuasive attitudes)

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Prima donna
first lady of the stage!
Your devotees
are on their knees
to implore you !

ANDRE
Can you bow out
when they're shouting
your name?

FIRMIN
Think of how they all
adore you!

BOTH
Prima donna,
enchant us once again!

ANDRE
Think of your muse . . .

FIRMIN
And of the queues
round the theatre!

BOTH
Can you deny us the triumph
in store?
Sing, prima donna, once more!

(CARLOTTA registers her acceptance as the
MANAGERS continue to cajole and the OTHERS reflect
variously on the situation)

RAOUL
Christine spoke of an angel . . .

CARLOTTA (to herself, in triumph)
Prima donna
your song shall live again!

ANDRE/FIRMIN (to CARLOTTA)
Think of your public!

CARLOTTA
You took a snub
but there's a public
who needs you!

GIRY (referring to CHRISTINE)
She has heard the voice
of the angel of music . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN (to CARLOTTA)
Those who hear your voice
liken you to an angel!

CARLOTTA
Think of their cry
of undying
support !

RAOUL
Is this her angel of music . . . ?

ANDRE (to FIRMIN)
We get our opera . . .

FIRMIN (to ANDRE)
She gets her limelight!

CARLOTTA
Follow where the limelight
leads you!

MEG
Is this ghost
an angel or a madman . . . ?

RAOUL
Angel or madman . . . ?

ANDRE/FIRMIN (aside)
Leading ladies are a trial!

GIRY
Heaven help you,
those who doubt . . .

CARLOTTA
You'll sing again,
and to unending
ovation!

RAOUL
Orders! Warnings!
Lunatic demands!

GIRY
This miscasting
will invite damnation . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Tears . . . oaths . . .
Lunatic demands
are regular occurrences!

MEG
Bliss or damnation?
Which has claimed her . . . ?

CARLOTTA
Think how you'll shine
in that final encore!
Sing, prima donna,
once more!

GIRY
Oh fools, to have flouted his warnings!

RAOUL
Surely, for her sake . . .

MEG
Surely he'll strike back . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Surely there'll be further scenes -
worse than this!

GIRY
Think, before
these demands are rejected!

RAOUL
. . . I must see
these demands are rejected!

MEG
. . . if his threats
and demands are rejected!

ANDRE/FIRMIN

Who'd believe a diva
happy to relieve a chorus girl,
who's gone and slept with the patron?
Raoul and the soubrette,
entwined in love's duet!
Although he may demur,
he must have been with her!

MEG/RAOUL
Christine must be protected!

CARLOTTA
O, fortunata!
Non ancor
abbandonata!

ANDRE/FIRMIN
You'd never get away
with all this in a play,
but if it's loudly sung
and in a foreign tongue
it's just the sort of story
audiences adore,
in fact a perfect opera!

RAOUL
His game is over!

GIRY
This is a game
you cannot hope to win!

RAOUL
And in Box Five
a new game will begin . . .

GIRY
For, if his curse is on this opera . . .

MEG
But if his curse is on this opera . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Prima donna
the world is at your feet!
A nation waits,
and how it hates
to be cheated!

CARLOTTA
The stress that falls upon a
famous prima donna!
Terrible diseases,
coughs and colds and sneezes!
Still, the driest throat
will reach the highest note,
in search of perfect
opera!

MEG/GIRY
. . . then I fear the outcome . . .

RAOUL
Christine plays the Pageboy,
Carlotta plays the Countess . . .

GIRY
. . . should you dare to . .

MEG
. . . when you once again . . .

ALL
Light up the stage
with that age old
rapport!
Sing, prima donna,
once more!

PHANTOM'S VOICE
So, it is to be war between us! If these demands are not
met, a disaster beyond your imagination will occur!

ALL
Once more!

Scene 9

A PERFORMANCE OF 'IL MUTO' BY ALBRIZZIO
(During the overture RAOUL, ANDRE and FIRMIN take
their respective seats - RAOUL in Box Five, the
MANAGERS in a box opposite)

RAOUL
Gentlemen, if you would care to take your seats? I shall
be sitting in Box Five.

ANDRE
Do you really think that's wise, monsieur?

RAOUL
My dear Andre, there would appear to be no seats
available, other than Box Five . . .

(The front cloth rises to reveal an 18th Century salon, a
canopied bed centre-stage. The COUNTESS is played by
CARLOTTA. SERAFIMO, the page boy, is disguised as
her maid and is played by CHRISTINE. At this point they
are hidden behind the drapes of the bed, which are drawn.

In the room are TWO EPICENE MEN: one a
HAIRDRESSER and one a JEWELLER. The
JEWELLER is attended by MEG. There is also an OLDER
WOMAN, the COUNTESS' confidante. All a part from
MEG are gossiping with relish aboutt he COUNTESS'
current liaison with SERAFIMO)

CONFIDANTE
They say that this youth
has set my Lady's
heart aflame!

1ST FOP

His Lordship sure
would die of shock!

2ND FOP

His Lordship is
a laughing-stock!

CONFIDANTE

Should he suspect her
God protect her!

ALL THREE

Shame! Shame! Shame!

This faithless lady's
bound for Hades!
Shame! Shame! Shame!

(The canopy drapes part and we see the COUNTESS
kissing SERAFIMO passionately. As the recitative
begins, the lights and music dim on stage, and our
attention turns to the MANAGERS in their box)

IN THE BOX

: ANDRE

Nothing like the old operas!

FIRMIN

Or the old scenery . . .

ANDRE

The old singers . . .

FIRMIN

The old audience . . .

ANDRE

And every seat sold!

FIRMIN

Hardly a disaster beyond all imagination!

(They chuckle and nod to RAOUL in the opposite box.
He acknowledges them)

ON STAGE

COUNTESS

Serafimo - your disguise is perfect.

(A knock at the door)

Who can this be?

DON ATTILIO

Gentle wife, admit your loving
husband.

ATTENTION BACK ON STAGE

(The COUNTESS admits DON ATTILIO. He is an old fool)

DON ATTILIO

My love - I am called to England on affairs of State, and must leave you with your new maid. (Aside) Though I'd happily take the maid with me.

COUNTESS (aside)

The old fool's leaving!

DON ATTILIO (aside)

I suspect my young bride is untrue to me. I shall not leave, but shall hide over there to observe her!

DON ATTILIO (to COUNTESS)

Addio!

COUNTESS

Addio!

BOTH (to each other)

Addio!

(He goes, pretending to leave, then hides and watches the action)

COUNTESS (CARLOTTA)

Serafimo - away with this pretence!

(She rips off SERAFIMO'S skirt to reveal his manly breeches)

You cannot speak, but kiss me in my husband's absence!

Poor fool, he makes me laugh!

Haha,

Haha! etc.

Time I tried to get a better better half !

COUNTESS AND CHORUS

Poor fool, he doesn't know!

Hoho,

Hoho! etc.

If he knew the truth, he'd never, ever go!

(Suddenly from nowhere, we hear the voice of the PHANTOM)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Did I not instruct that Box Five was to be kept empty?

MEG (terrified)

He's here: the Phantom of the Opera . . .

(General reaction of bewilderment.

CHRISTINE looks fearfully about her)

CHRISTINE

It's him . . . I know it . . . it's him . . .

CARLOTTA (Finding a scapegoat in CHRISTINE, hisses at her)

Your part is silent, little toad!

(But the PHANTOM has heard her)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

A toad, madame? Perhaps it is you
who are the toad . . .

(Again general unease. CARLOTTA and the
CONDUCTOR confer and pick up from the opening of the
scene)

CARLOTTA (As the COUNTESS)

Serafimo, away with this pretence!
You cannot speak, but kiss me in my croak!

(Instead of singing she emits a great croak like a toad. A
stunned silence. CARLOTTA is as amazed as anyone but
regains herself and continues. More perturbing,
however, is a new sound: the PHANTOM is laughing -
quietly at first, then more and more hysterically)

CARLOTTA (as the COUNTESS)

Poor fool, he makes me laugh -
Hahahahaha!
Croak, croak, croak,
croak, croak, croak, etc.

(As before. The PHANTOM'S laughter rises. The
croaking continues as the chandelier's lights blink on
and off. The PHANTOM'S laughter, by this time
overpowering, now crescendos into a great cry):

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Behold! She is singing to bring down the
chandelier!

(CARLOTTA looks tearfully up at the MANAGERS ' box
and shakes her head)

CARLOTTA

Non posso piu . . .
I cannot . . . I cannot go on . . .

PIANGI (rushing on)

Cara, cara . . . I'm here . . .
is all right . . . Come . . . I'm here . . .

(ANDRE and FIRMIN hurry out of the box onto the
stage. PIANGI ushers the now sobbing CARLOTTA
offstage, while the MANAGERS tackle the audience)

FIRMIN

Ladies and gentlemen, the performance will
continue in ten minutes' time . . .

(He addresses Box Five, keeping one eye on the
chandelier as it returns to normal)

. . . when the role of the Countess will be sung by Miss
Christine Daae.

ANDRE (improvising)

In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen, we shall be giving you the ballet from Act Three of tonight's opera.

(to the CONDUCTOR)

Maestro - the ballet - now!

(The MANAGERS leave, the stage is cleared and music starts again. The BALLET GIRLS enter as a sylvan glade flies in. They begin the Dance of the Country Nymphs. Upstage, behind the drop, a series of threatening shadows of the PHANTOM. MEG is aware of them and dances out of step. When this culminates in one gigantic, oppressive, bat-like shadow, the garotted body of JOSEPH BUQUET falls onto the stage, causing the sylvan glade to fly out. Pandemonium.)

CHRISTINE (calling for help)

Raoul! Raoul!

(RAOUL runs on stage and embraces her)

RAOUL (to CHRISTINE, leading her away)

Christine, come with me . . .

CHRISTINE

No. . . to the roof. We'll be safe there.

(CHRISTINE and RAOUL hurry off)

FIRMIN (Attempting to placate the audience as STAGE-HANDS and POLICEMEN crowd onto the stage)

Ladies and gentlemen, please remain in your seats. Do not panic. It was an accident . . . simply an accident . . .

Scene 10

THE ROOF OF THE OPERA HOUSE

(A statue of 'La Victoire Ailee' - the same as that which tops the proscenium. It is twilight. CHRISTINE and RAOUL rush on)

RAOUL

Why have you brought us here?

CHRISTINE

Don't take me back there!

RAOUL

We must return!

CHRISTINE

He'll kill me!

RAOUL

Be still now . . .

CHRISTINE

His eyes will find me there!

RAOUL

Christine, don't say that . . .

CHRISTINE
Those eyes that burn!

RAOUL
Don't even think it . . .

CHRISTINE
And if he has to kill
a thousand men -

RAOUL
Forget this waking nightmare . . .

CHRISTINE
The Phantom of the Opera will kill . . .

RAOUL
This phantom is a fable . . .
Believe me . . .

CHRISTINE
. . . and kill again!

RAOUL
There is no Phantom of the Opera . . .

CHRISTINE
My God, who is this man . . .

RAOUL
My God, who is this man . . .

CHRISTINE
. . . who hunts to kill . . .?

RAOUL
. . . this mask of death . . .?

CHRISTINE
I can't escape from him . . .

RAOUL
Whose is this voice you hear . . .

CHRISTINE
. . . I never will!

RAOUL
. . . with every breath . . .?

BOTH
And in this
labyrinth,
where night is blind
the Phantom of the Opera
is here:
inside your/my mind . . .

RAOUL
There is no Phantom of the Opera . . .

CHRISTINE

Raoul, I've been there -
to his world of
unending night . . .
To a world where
the daylight dissolves
into darkness . . .
darkness . . .

Raoul, I've seen him!
Can I ever
forget that sight?
Can I ever
escape from that face?
So distorted,
deformed, it
was hardly a face,
in that darkness . . .
darkness . . .

(trancelike, then becoming more and more ecstatic)

But his voice
filled my spirit
with a strange, sweet sound . . .
In that night
there was music
in my mind . . .
And through music
my soul began
to soar!
And I heard
as I'd never
heard before . . .

RAOUL

What you heard
was a dream
and nothing more . . .

CHRISTINE

Yet in his eyes
all the sadness
of the world . . .
Those pleading eyes,
that both threaten
and adore . . .

RAOUL (comforting)

Christine . . .
Christine . . .

PHANTOM (unseen, a ghostly echo of RAOUL's words)

Christine . . .

CHRISTINE

What was that?

(A moment, as their eyes meet. The mood changes.)

RAOUL

No more talk
of darkness,
Forget these
wide-eyed fears.
I'm here,
nothing can harm you -
my words will
warm and calm you.

Let me be
your freedom,
let daylight
dry -your tears.
I'm here,
with you, beside you,
to guard you
and to guide you . . .

CHRISTINE

Say you love me
every
waking moment,
turn my head
with talk of summertime . . .

Say you need me
with you,
now and always . . .
promise me that all
you say is true -
that's all I ask
of you . . .

RAOUL

Let me be
your shelter,
let me
be your light.
You're safe:
No-one will find you
your fears are
far behind you . . .

CHRISTINE

All I want
is freedom,
a world with
no more night . . .
and you
always beside me
to hold me
and to hide me . . .

RAOUL

Then say you'll share with
me one
love, one lifetime . . .
Let me lead you
from your solitude . . .

Say you need me
with you
here, beside you . . .
anywhere you go,
let me go too -
Christine,
that's all I ask
of you . . .

CHRISTINE
Say you'll share with
me one
love, one lifetime . . .
say the word
and I will follow you . . .

BOTH
Share each day with
me, each
night, each morning . . .

CHRISTINE
Say you love me . . .

RAOUL
You know I do . . .

BOTH
Love me -
that's all I ask
of you . . .

(They kiss)

Anywhere you go
let me go too . . .
Love me -
that's all I ask
of you . .

(CHRISTINE starts from her reverie)

CHRISTINE
I must go -
they'll wonder where I am . . .
wait for me, Raoul!

RAOUL
Christine, I love you!

CHRISTINE;
Order your fine horses!
Be with them at the door!

RAOUL
And soon you'll be beside me!

CHRISTINE
You'll guard me, and you'll guide me . . .

(They hurry off. The PHANTOM emerges from

behind the statue)

PHANTOM

I gave you my music . . .
made your song take wing . . .
and now, how you've
repaid me:
denied me
and betrayed me . . .
He was bound to love you
when he heard you sing . . .

Christine ...

Christine ...

RAOUL/CHRISTINE (offstage)

Say you'll share with
me one
love, one lifetime . . .
say the word
and I will follow you . . .

Share each day with
me, each
night, each morning . . .

PHANTOM

You will curse the day
you did not do
all that the Phantom asked
of you . . .!

(As the roof of the opera house disappears, the opera curtain closes and the PRINCIPALS in 'Il Muto' appear through it for their bows, CHRISTINE conspicuously dressed in CARLOTTA'S costume. simultaneously, we hear the maniacal laughter of the PHANTOM and see him high above the stage, perilously rocking the chandelier. The lights of the chandelier begin flickering and, at a great cry from him, it descends, swinging more and more madly over the orchestra pit)

PHANTOM

Go! !

(The chandelier falls to the stage at CHRISTINE'S feet)

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

Scene 1

THE STAIRCASE OF THE OPERA HOUSE

(A gauze half conceals the tableau of guests at the opera ball. The guests (whom we cannot yet see clearly) are in fancy dress: a peacock, a lion, a

dragon, Mephistopheles, a highwayman, a clown, knights, ladies, an executioner. M. ANDRE enters. He is dressed as a skeleton in an opera cape. Almost immediately M. FIRMIN arrives. He is also dressed as a skeleton in an opera cape. The two skeletons see each other and approach nervously)

ANDRE
M'sieur Firmin?

FIRMIN
M'sieur Andre?

(Each raises his mask to the other. They recognise each other.)

FIRMIN
Dear Andre
what a splendid party!

ANDRE
The prologue
to a bright new year!

FIRMIN
Quite a night!
I'm impressed!

FIRMIN
Well, one does
one's best . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN (raising their glasses)
Here's to us!

FIRMIN
I must say, all the same, that
it's a shame that 'Phantom'
fellow isn't here!

(The gauze lifts fully to reveal the staircase of the opera house. The opera ball begins. Among the GUESTS are four carrying strange percussion instruments: a monkey with cymbals, a toy soldier with a drum, a triangle, bells. Together they play weirdly throughout)

CHORUS
Masquerade!
Paper faces on parade . . .
Masquerade!
Hide your face,
so the world will
never find you!

Masquerade!
Every face a different shade . . .
Masquerade!
Look around -
there's another
mask behind you!

Flash of mauve . . .
Splash of puce . . .
Fool and king . . .
Ghoul and goose . . .
Green and black . . .
Queen and priest . . .
Trace of rouge . . .
Face of beast . . .

Faces . . .
Take your turn, take a ride
on the merry-go-round . . .
in an inhuman race . . .

Eye of gold . . .
Thigh of blue . . .
True is false . . .
Who is who . . .?
Curl of lip . . .
Swirl of gown . . .
Ace of hearts . . .
Face of clown . . .

Faces . . .
Drink it in, drink it up,
till you've drowned
in the light . . .
in the sound . . .

RAOUL/CHRISTINE
But who can name the face . . .?

ALL
Masquerade!
Grinning yellows,
spinning reds . . .
Masquerade!
Take your fill -
let the spectacle
astound you!

Masquerade!
Burning glances,
turning heads . . .
Masquerade!
Stop and stare
at the sea of smiles
around you!

Masquerade!
Seething shadows
breathing lies . . .
Masquerade!
You can fool
any friend who
ever knew you!

Masquerade!
Leering satyrs,
peering eyes . . .
Masquerade!
Run and hide -

but a face will
still pursue you!

(The ENSEMBLE activity becomes background, as
ANDRE, FIRMIN, MEG, GIRY, PIANGI and CARLOTTA
come to the fore, glasses in hand)

GIRY
What a night

MEG
What a crowd!

ANDRE
Makes you glad!

FIRMIN
Makes you proud!
All the creme
de la creme!

CARLOTTA
Watching us watching them!

MEG/GIRY
And all our fears
are in the past!

ANDRE
Six months...

PIANGI
Of relief!

CARLOTTA
Of delight!

ANDRE/FIRMIN
Of Elysian peace!

MEG/GIRY
And we can breathe at last!

CARLOTTA
No more notes!

PIANGI
No more ghost!

GIRY
Here's a health!

ANDRE
Here's a toast:
to a prosperous year!

FIRMIN
To the new chandelier!

PIANGI/CARLOTTA
And may its
splendour never fade!

FIRMIN
Six months!

GIRY
What a joy!

MEG
What a change!

FIRMIN/ANDRE
What a blessed release!

ANDRE
And what a masquerade!

(They clink glasses and move off RAOUL and
CHRISTINE emerge. She is admiring a new acquisition:
an engagement ring from RAOUL, which she has
attached to a gold chain around her neck.)

CHRISTINE
Think of it!
A secret engagement!
Look - your future bride!
Just think of it!

RAOUL
But why is it secret?
What have we to hide?

CHRISTINE
Please, let's not fight . . .

RAOUL
Christine, you're free!

CHRISTINE
Wait till the time is right . . .

RAOUL
When will that be?
It's an engagement,
not a crime!

Christine,
What are you
afraid of?

CHRISTINE
Let's not argue . . .

RAOUL
Let's not argue . . .

CHRISTINE
Please pretend . . .

RAOUL
I can only hope I'll . . .

CHRISTINE
You will . . .

BOTH

. . . understand
in time . . .

(Dance section, in which CHRISTINE, almost coquettish almost jittery, goes from man to man. But too many of her partners seem to be replicas of the PHANTOM, and each spins her with increasing force. Eventually RAOUL rescues her and holds her tightly. He whirls her back into the dance, as the music heads towards its climax.)

ALL
Masquerade!
Paper faces on parade!
Masquerade!
Hide your face,
so the world will
never find you!

Masquerade!
Every face a different shade!
Masquerade!
Look around -
There's another
mask behind you!

Masquerade!
Burning glances,
turning heads . . .
Masquerade!
Stop and stare
at the sea of smiles
around you!

Masquerade!
Grinning yellows,
spinning reds . . .
Masquerade!
Take your fill -
let the spectacle
astound you!

(At the height of the activity a grotesque figure suddenly appears at the top of the staircase. Dressed all in crimson, with a death's head visible inside the hood of his robe, the PHANTOM has come to the party. With dreadful wooden steps he descends the stairs and takes the centre of the stage)

PHANTOM
Why so silent, good messieurs?
Did you think that I had left you for good?
Have you missed me, good messieurs?
I have written you an opera!

(He takes from under his robe an enormous bound manuscript)

Here I bring the finished score -
"Don Juan Triumphant" !

(He throws it to ANDRE)

I advise you
to comply -
my instructions
should be clear -
Remember
there are worse things
than a shattered chandelier . . .

(CHRISTINE, mesmerized, approaches as the
PHANTOM beckons her. He reaches out, grasps the
chain that holds the secret engagement ring, and rips it
from her throat)

Your chains are still mine -
you will sing for me!

(ALL cower in suspense as the music crescendos, until
suddenly, his figure evaporates)

Scene 2
BACKSTAGE

(GIRY is hurrying across. RAOUL appears and calls
after her)

RAOUL
Madame Girya. Madame Girya . . .

GIRY
Monsieur, don't ask me - I know no more than
anyone else.

(She moves off again. He stops her)

RAOUL
That's not true. You've seen something, haven't
you ?

GIRY (uneasily)
I don't know what I've seen . . . Please don't ask me,
monsieur . . .

RAOUL (desperately)
Madame, for all our sakes . . .

GIRY (She has glanced nervously about her and
suddenly deciding to trust him, cuts in):
Very well. It was years ago. There was a travelling
fair in the city. Tumblers, conjurors, human
oddities . . .

RAOUL
Go on . . .

GIRY (trance-like, as she retraces the past)
And there was . . . I shall never forget him: a man . .

Locked in a cage . . .

RAOUL

In a cage . . . ?

GIRY

A prodigy, monsieur! Scholar, architect, musician .

RAOUL (piecing together the jigsaw)

A composer . . .

GIRY

And an inventor too, monsieur. They boasted he had once built for the Shah of Persia, a maze of mirrors . . .

RAOUL (mystified and impatient, cuts in)

Who was this man . . . ?

GIRY (with a shudder)

A freak of nature . . .
more monster
than man . . .

RAOUL (a murmur)

Deformed . . . ?

GIRY

From birth, it seemed . . .

RAOUL

My God . . .

GIRY

And then . . . he went missing. He escaped.

RAOUL

Go on.

GIRY

They never found him
it was said he
had died . . .

RAOUL (darkly)

But he didn't die, did he?

GIRY

The world forgot him,
but I never can . . .
For in this darkness
I have seen him again . . .

RAOUL

And so our
Phantom's this man . . .

GIRY (starts from her daze and turns to go)

I have said too much, monsieur.

(She moves off into the surrounding blackness)

And there have been too many accidents . . .

RAOUL (ironical)
Accidents?!

GIRY
Too many . . .

(And, before he can question her further, she has disappeared)

RAOUL (running after her)
Madame Giry . . .!

Scene 3
THE MANAGERS ' OFFICE

(The PHANTOM'S score lies open on the desk.
ANDRE is impatiently flicking through it)

ANDRE
Ludicrous!
Have you seen the score?

FIRMIN (entering)
Simply ludicrous!

ANDRE
It's the final straw!

FIRMIN
This is lunacy!
Well, you know my views . . .

ANDRE
Utter lunacy!

FIRMIN
But we daren't refuse . . .

ANDRE (groans)
Not another
chandelier . . .

FIRMIN
Look, my friend, what
we have here . . .

(He has two notes from the PHANTOM, one of which he hands to ANDRE, who opens it and reads):

ANDRE
"Dear Andre,
Re my orchestrations:
We need another first bassoon.
Get a player with tone -
and that third trombone
has to go!
The man could not be deafer,
so please preferably one
who plays in tune!"

FIRMIN (reading his letter)

"Dear Firmin,

vis a vis my opera:

some chorus-members must be sacked.

If you could, find out which

has a sense of pitch -

wisely, though,

I've managed to assign a

rather minor role to those

who cannot act! "

(They are interrupted by the arrival of CARLOTTA and
PIANGI both furiously brandishing similar notes)

CARLOTTA

Outrage!

FIRMIN

What is it now?

CARLOTTA

This whole affair is

an outrage!

FIRMIN

Signora, please . . .

ANDRE

Now what's the matter?

CARLOTTA

Have you seen

the size of my part?

ANDRE

Signora, listen . . .

PIANGI

It's an insult!

FIRMIN

Not you as well!

PIANGI

Just look at this -

it's an insult!

FIRMIN

Please, understand . . .

ANDRE

Signor! Signora!

CARLOTTA

The things I have

to do for my art!

PIANGI (stabbing a finger at the open score)

If you .an call

this gibberish "art" !

(RAOUL and CHRISTINE enter: CARLOTTA bristles)

CARLOTTA (dryly)
Ah! Here's our little flower!

FIRMIN
Ah Miss Daae
quite the lady
of the hour!

ANDRE (explaining)
You have
secured the largest role
in this "Don Juan".

CARLOTTA (half to herself)
Christine Daae?
She doesn't have
the voice!

FIRMIN (hearing this, to CARLOTTA)
Signora, please!

RAOUL (to the MANAGERS)
Then I take it
you're agreeing.

CARLOTTA (aside)
She's behind this . . .

ANDRE
It appears we have
no choice.

CARLOTTA (unable to contain herself any longer,
points accusingly)
She's the one
behind this!
Christine Daae!

CHRISTINE (who has been silent till now, incensed at
this)
How dare you!

CARLOTTA
I'm not a fool!

CHRISTINE
You evil woman!
How dare you!

CARLOTTA
You think I'm blind?

CHRISTINE
This isn't my fault!
I don't want any
part in this plot!

FIRMIN
Miss Daae, surely . . .

ANDRE

But why not?

PIANGI (baffled, to CARLOTTA)
What does she say?

FIRMIN (reasonably)
It's your decision -

(Suddenly rounding on her)

But why not?

CARLOTTA (to PIANGI)
She's backing out!

ANDRE
You have a duty!

CHRISTINE
I cannot sing it,
duty or not!

RAOUL (comforting)
Christine . . .
Christine . . .
You don't have to . . .
they can't make you . . .

(MEG and GIRY arrive, the latter bearing another note
from the PHANTOM)

GIRY
Please, monsieur:
another note.

(The MANAGERS gesture: "read it". As she reads, ALL
react variously, as they are singled out)

GIRY
"Fondest greetings
to you all !
A few instructions
just before
rehearsal starts:
Carlotta must be
taught to act . . . ,"

(The PHANTOM'S voice gradually takes over
from her)

PHANTOM'S VOICE
. . . not her normal trick
of strutting round the stage.
Our Don Juan must
lose some weight -
it's not healthy in
a man of Piangi's age.
And my managers
must learn
that their place is in
an office, not the arts.

As for Miss Christine Daae . . .
No doubt she'll
do her best - it's
true her voice is
good. She knows, though,
should she wish to excel
she has much still
to learn, if pride will
let her
return to me, her
teacher,
her teacher . . .

Your obedient friend . . .
(The PHANTOM'S voice fades out and GIRY takes over)

GIRY
". . . and Angel . . ."

(Attention now focuses on RAOUL whose eyes are
suddenly bright with a new thought)

RAOUL
We have all been
blind - and yet the
answer is staring us
in the face . . .
This could be the
chance to ensnare our
clever friend . . .

ANDRE
We're listening . . .

FIRMIN
Go on.

RAOUL
We shall play his
game - perform his
work - but remember we
hold the ace . . .
For, if Miss Daae
sings, he is certain
to attend . . .

ANDRE (carried along by the idea)
We make certain
the doors are barred . . .

FIRMIN (likewise)
We make certain
our men are there . . .

RAOUL
We make certain
they're armed . . .

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN (savouring their victory)
The curtain falls -
his reign will end!

(ALL have been listening intently. GIRY is the first to express a reaction. CHRISTINE remains silent and withdrawn)

GIRY
Madness!

ANDRE
I'm not so sure . . .

FIRMIN
Not if it works . . .

GIRY
This is madness!

ANDRE
The tide will turn!

GIRY
Monsieur, believe me -
there is no way of
turning the tide!

FIRMIN (to GIRY)
You stick to ballet!

RAOUL (rounding on GIRY)
Then help us!

GIRY
Monsieur, I can't . . .

RAOUL
Instead of warning us . . .

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN
Help us!

GIRY
I wish I could . . .

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN
Don't make excuses!

RAOUL
Or could it be that
you're on his side?

GIRY (to RAOUL)
Monsieur, believe me,
I intend no ill . . .

(to ANDRE and FIRMIN)

But messieurs, be careful -
we have seen him kill . . .

ANDRE/FIRMIN (to GIRY)
We say he'll fall
and fall he will!

CARLOTTA
She's the one behind this!
Christine!
This is all her doing!

PIANGI
This is the truth!
Christine Daae!

RAOUL
This is his undoing!

ANDRE/FIRMIN (to RAOUL)
If you succeed
you free us all -
this so called "angel"
has to fall!

RAOUL
Angel of music,
fear my fury -
Here is where you fall!

GIRY (to RAOUL)
Hear my warning!
Fear his fury!

CARLOTTA
What glory can
she hope to gain?
It's clear to all
the girl's insane!

.ANDRE (to FIRMIN)
Christine sings
We'll get our man . . .

PIANGI
She is crazy!
She is raving!

FIRMIN (to ANDRE)
If Christine helps
us in this plan . . .

RAOUL
Say your prayers,
black angel of death!

CHRISTINE (vainly pleading amidst the tumult)
Please don't . . .

ANDRE (to FIRMIN)
If Christine won't,
then no-one can . . .

GIRY (to RAOUL)
Monsieur, I beg you,
do not do this . . .

PIANGI/CARLOTTA
Gran Dio!

Che imbroglio!

ANDRE/FIRMIN
This will seal his fate!

CHRISTINE (bursting through the hubbub with a
great cry)
If you don't stop,
I'll go mad! ! !

(to RAOUL, pleading)

Raoul, I'm frightened -
don't make me do this . . .
Raoul, it scares me -
don't put me through this
ordeal by fire . . .
he'll take me, I know . . .
we'll be parted for ever . . .
he won't let me go . . .

What I once used to dream
I now dread . . .
if he finds me, it won't
ever end . . .
and he'll always be there,
singing songs in my head . . .
he'll always be there,
singing songs in my head . . .

(ALL stare at her)

CARLOTTA
She's mad . . .

RAOUL (to CHRISTINE)
You said yourself
he was nothing
but a man . . .

Yet while he lives,
he will haunt us
till we're dead . . .

(CHRISTINE turns away unhappily)

CHRISTINE
Twisted every way,
what answer can I give?
Am I to risk my life,
to win the chance to live?
Can I betray the man
who once inspired my voice?
Do I become his prey?
Do I have any choice?

He kills without a thought,
he murders all that's good . . .
I know I can't refuse
and yet, I wish I could . . .
Oh God - if I agree,
what horrors wait for me

in this, the Phantom's opera . . . ?

RAOUL (to CHRISTINE, very tenderly)

Christine, Christine,
don't think that I don't care -
but every hope
and every prayer
rests on you now . . .

(CHRISTINE, overcome by her conflicting emotions
turns away and hurries out. RAOUL strides forward and
addresses an imaginary PHANTOM)

RAOUL

So, it is to be war between us! But this time, clever
friend, the disaster will be yours!

(As lights fade, ATTENDANTS stretch a red, velvet rope
across the downstage area. OTHERS bring on gilt chairs.
CARLOTTA PIANGI and GIRY move downstage to take
their places for the next scene)

Scene 4

A REHEARSAL FOR DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT

(REYER supervises the learning of the new piece from
the piano. Present are PIANGI, CHRISTINE,
CARLOTTA, GIRY and CHORUS)

CHORUS

Hide our sword now wounded knight!
Your vainglorious gasconnade
brought you to your final fight
for your pride, high price you've paid!

CHRISTINE

Silken couch and hay-filled barn
both have been his battlefield.

PIANGI (wrong)

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

REYER (stopping him)

No, no, no! Chorus, please.

Don Juan, Signor Piangi - here is the phrase.

(He demonstrates it)

"Those who tangle with Don Juan . . ."
If you please?

PIANGI (still wrong)

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

REYER

No, no. Nearly - but no.
"Those who tan, tan, tan . . ."

PIANGI (still wrong)

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

CARLOTTA (to the OTHERS)
His way is better. At least he make it sound like music!

GIRY (to CARLOTTA)
Signora - would you speak that way in the presence of the composer?

CARLOTTA (deaf to the implications of this remark)
The composer is not here. And if he were here, I would . . .

GIRY (cutting in, ominous)
Are you certain of that, Signora . . . ?

REYER
So, once again - after seven.

(He gives the note and counts in)
Five, six, seven . . .

PIANGI (wrong again)
Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

(Gradually EVERYONE starts either to talk or to practice the phrase simultaneously)

CARLOTTA
Ah, piu non posso! What does it matter what notes we sing?

GIRY
Have patience, Signora.

CARLOTTA
No-one will know if it is right or if it is wrong.
No-one will care if it is right, or if it is wrong.

CARLOTTA (mocking)
Those who tangle
with Don Juan!

PIANGI (trying again)
Those who tan . . . tan . . .

(to CHRISTINE)
Is right?

CHRISTINE (to PIANGI)
Not quite, Signor:
Those who tan . . . tan . . .

REYER (attempting to restore order)
Ladies . . . Signor Piangi . . . if you please . . .

(REYER thumps the piano keys, then leaves the piano, and attempts to attract attention using signals. At the height of the mayhem, the piano suddenly begins to demonstrate the music unaided. It plays with great force and rhythm. ALL fall silent and freeze then suddenly start to sing the piece robotically and accurately. As they continue to sing, CHRISTINE moves away from the

group.)

ALL EXCEPT CHRISTINE

Poor young maiden! For the thrill
on your tongue of stolen sweets
you will have to pay the bill -
tangled in the winding sheets!

(As the ENSEMBLE becomes background, CHRISTINE,
transfixed, sings independently):

CHRISTINE

In sleep
he sang to me,
in dreams
he came . . .
that voice
which calls to me
and speaks
my name . . .

(The scene begins to change. Trance-like, CHRISTINE
moves slowly upstage. We hear the distant sound of
bells)

Little Lotte
thought of everything and nothing . . .
Her Father promised her
that he would send her the Angel of Music . . .
Her father promised her . . .
Her father promised her . . .

Scene 5

A GRAVEYARD

(A mausoleum with hanging moss. In the centre a
pyramid of skulls in front of a cross.)

CHRISTINE

You were once
my one companion . . .
you were all
that mattered . . .
You were once
a friend and father -
then my world
was shattered . . .

Wishing you were
somehow here again . . .
wishing you were
somehow near . . .
Sometimes it seemed
if I just dreamed,
somehow you would
be here . . .

Wishing I could
hear your voice again . . .
knowing that I
never would . . .

Dreaming of you
won't help me to do
all that you dreamed
I could . . .

Passing bells
and sculpted angels,
cold and monumental,
seem, for you,
the wrong companions -
you were warm and gentle . . .

Too many years
fighting back tears . . .
Why can't the past
just die . . .?

Wishing you were
somehow here again . . .
knowing we must
say goodbye . . .
Try to forgive . . .
teach me to live . . .
give me the strength
to try . . .

No more memories,
no more silent tears . . .
No more gazing across
the wasted years . . .
Help me say
goodbye.

(The PHANTOM emerges from behind the cross)

PHANTOM (very soft and enticing)
Wandering child . . .
so lost . . .
so helpless . . .
yearning for my
guidance . . .

(Bewildered, CHRISTINE looks up, and murmurs
breathlessly):

CHRISTINE
Angel . . . or father . . .
friend . . . or
Phantom . . . ?
Who is it there,
staring . . . ?

PHANTOM (more and more hypnotic)
Have you
forgotten your Angel . . . ?

CHRISTINE
Angel . . . oh, speak . . .
What endless
longings
echo in this
whisper . . . !

(RAOUL appears in the shadows and watches for a moment transfixed)

PHANTOM (now drawing CHRISTINE towards him)
Too long you've wandered
in winter . . .

RAOUL (to himself a murmur)
Once again
she is his . . .

PHANTOM
Far from my
far-reaching gaze . . .

RAOUL
Once again
she returns . . .

CHRISTINE (increasingly mesmerized)
Wildly my mind
beats against you . . .

PHANTOM
You resist . . .

PHANTOM/CHRISTINE
Yet your/the soul
obeys . . .

RAOUL
. . . to the arms
of her angel . . .
angel or demon . . .
still he calls her . . .
luring her back, from the grave . . .
angel or dark seducer . . .?
Who are you, strange
angel . . .?

PHANTOM
Angel of Music!
You denied me,
turning from true beauty . . .
Angel of Music!
Do not shun me . . .
Come to your strange
Angel . . .

CHRISTINE
Angel of Music!
I denied you,
turning from true beauty . . .
Angel of Music!
My protector . . .
Come to me, strange
Angel . . .

(CHRISTINE moves towards the figure of the
PHANTOM)

PHANTOM (beckoning her)
I am your Angel of Music . . .
Come to me: Angel of Music . . .

RAOUL (suddenly calling out)
Angel of darkness!
Cease this torment!

(Inexorably the PHANTOM continues to beckon
CHRISTINE)

PHANTOM
I am your Angel of Music . . .
Come to me: Angel of Music . . .

RAOUL (in desperation)
Christine! Christine listen to me!
Whatever you may believe, this man . . .
this thing . . . is not your father!

(to the PHANTOM)

Let her go! For God's sake, let her go! Christine !

(Coming out of her trance CHRISTINE turns and
mouths the words):

CHRISTINE
Raoul . . .

(She turns to RAOUL who embraces her protectively.
The PHANTOM freezes for a moment and then suddenly
seizes a pike upon which is impaled a skull. At a
movement from him a flash of fire streaks from the
gaping mouth of the skull and lands at RAOUL's feet)

PHANTOM
Bravo, monsieur!
Such spirited words!

(Another fireball)

RAOUL
More tricks, monsieur?

PHANTOM
Let's see, monsieur
how far you dare go!

(Another fireball)

RAOUL
More deception? More violence?

CHRISTINE (to RAOUL)
Raoul, no . . .

(RAOUL has begun to walk slowly and resolutely
towards the PHANTOM the fireballs always landing
just ahead of him)

PHANTOM

That's right, that's right,
monsieurQ
keep walking this way!

(Two more fireballs)

RAOUL
You can't win her love by making her your prisoner.

CHRISTINE
Raoul, don't . . .

RAOUL (to CHRISTINE)
Stay back!

PHANTOM
I'm here, I'm here,
monsieur:
the angel of death!
Come on, come on,
monsieur
Don't stop, don't stop!

(Three more fireballs.
RAOUL is almost at the PHANTOM's feet. A
confrontation is imminent when CHRISTINE
suddenly rushes across to RAOUL)

CHRISTINE
Raoul! Come back . . .

(She pulls him away)

PHANTOM
Don't go!

(As they are exiting, the PHANTOM declaims
in fury):

So be it! Now let it be war upon you both!

(At a gesture from the PHANTOM, there is a flash of
lighting and the stage erupts into flame)

Scene 6
BEFORE THE PREMIERE

THE OPERA HOUSE ON THE NIGHT OF THE
PREMIERE OF "DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT"
(The orchestra is tuning. A whistle soundsQthe
CHIEF FIRE OFFICER is reviewing two FIRE
MARSHALLS in tin helmets. A worklight on a
stand illuminates them. Also present are RAOUL,
ANDRE and FIRMIN, supervising the proceedings, and a
MARKSMAN, at present hidden in the pit)

CHIEF
You understand your instructions?

FIREMEN (severally)
Sir!

CHIEF

When you hear the whistle, take up your positions.
I shall then instruct you to secure the doors. It is
essential that all doors are properly secured.

FIRMIN'

Are we doing the right thing, Andre?

ANDRE

Have you got a better idea?

CHIEF

Monsieur le Vicomte, am I to give the order?

RAOUL

Give the order.

(The CHIEF blows his whistle. The FIREMEN fan
out, leaving RAOUL, the CHIEF and the
MANAGERS on stage)

RAOUL (to the MARKSMAN)

You in the pit - do you have a clear view of this
box?

MARKSMAN (appearing from the pit)

Yes, sir.

RAOUL

Remember, when the time comes, shoot. Only if
you have to - but shoot. To kill.

MARKSMAN

How will I know, sir?

RAOUL

You'll know.

FIRMIN

Monsieur le Vicomte, are you confident that this
will work? Will Miss Daae sing?

RAOUL

Don't worry, Firmin. Andre?

ANDRE

We're in your hands, sir.

CHIEF

My men are now in position, sir.

RAOUL

Go ahead, then.

(Sounding his whistle again, the CHIEF shouts
into the auditorium):

CHIEF

Are the doors secure?

(Exit doors are slammed all over the building, The FIREMEN answering one by one: "Secure."
The orchestra falls silent. Very quietly from nowhere, we hear the VOICE of the PHANTOM)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

I'm here: The Phantom of the Opera . . .

(ALL look around apprehensively. FIREMEN start to run in the direction of the VOICE)

PHANTOM'S VOICE (from somewhere else)

I'm here: The Phantom of the Opera . . .

(Again, they follow the VOICE. This happens several times, the PHANTOM'S VOICE darting more and more bewilderingly from place to place. Finally it is heard from Box Five, and in the confusion the MARKSMAN fires a shot. RAOUL rounds on the MARKSMAN furiously)

RAOUL

Idiot! You'll kill someone. I said: only when the times comes!

MARKSMAN

But, Monsieur le Vicomte . . .

(The PHANTOM'S VOICE cuts in, filling the building. All look up)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

No "buts"! For once, Monsieur le Vicomte is right . . .

Seal my
fate tonight - I
hate to have to
cut the fun short
but the joke's
wearing thin . . .
Let the audience in . . .
Let my opera begin!

Scene 7

"DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT"

(The set of the final scene of "Don Juan TRIUMPHANT" A huge hall with an arch. Behind the arch, which has curtains, is a bed. A fine table, laid for two. PASSARINO, DON JUAN'S servant, is directing the STAFF as they make the room ready. They are a crowd of sixteenth century ruffians and hoydens, proud of their master's reputation as a libertine)

CHORUS

Here the sire may serve the dam,
here the master takes his meat!
Here the sacrificial lamb
utters one despairing bleat!

CARLOTTA AND CHORUS

Poor young maiden! For the thrill
on your tongue of stolen sweets
you will have to pay the bill -
tangled in the winding sheets!

Serve the meal and serve the maid!
Serve the master so that, when
tables, plans and maids are laid,
Don Juan triumphs once again!

(SIGNOR PIANGI, as Don Juan, emerges from behind the arch. MEG, a gypsy dancer pirouettes coquettishly for him. He throws her a purse. She catches it and leaves)

DON JUAN
Passarino, faithful friend,
once again recite the plan.

PASSARINO
Your young guest believes I'm you -
I, the master, you, the man.

DON JUAN
When you met you wore my cloak,
with my scarf you hid your face.
She believes she dines with me,
in her master's borrowed place!
Furtively, we'll scoff and quaff,
stealing what, in truth, is mine.
When it's late and modesty
starts to mellow, with the wine . . .

PASSARINO
You come home! I use your voice -
slam the door like crack of doom!

DON JUAN
I shall say: "come - hide with me!
Where, oh, where? Of course - my room!"

PASSARINO
Poor thing hasn't got a chance!

DON JUAN
Here's my hat, my cloak and sword.
Conquest is assured,
if I do not forget myself and laugh . . .

(DON JUAN puts on PASSARINO's cloak and goes into the curtained alcove where the bed awaits. Although we do not yet know it, the Punjab Lasso has done its work, and SIGNOR PIANGI is no more. When next we see DON JUAN, it will be the PHANTOM. Meanwhile, we hear AMINTA (CHRISTINE) singing happily in the distance)

AMINTA (CHRISTINE - offstage, entering)
". . . no thoughts
within her head,
but thoughts of joy!
No dreams
within her heart

but dreams of love!"

PASSARINO (onstage)
Master?

DON JUAN (PHANTOM - behind the curtain)
Passarino - go away!
For the trap is set and waits for its prey . . .

(PASSARINO leaves. CHRISTINE (AMINTA) enters. She takes off her cloak and sits down. Looks about her. No-one. She starts on an apple. The PHANTOM, disguised as DON JUAN pretending to be PASSARINO, emerges. He now wears PASSARINO's robe, the cowl of which hides his face. His first words startle her)

DON JUAN (PHANTOM)
You have come here
in pursuit of
your deepest urge,
in pursuit of
that wish,
which till now
has been silent,
silent . . .

I have brought you,
that our passions
may fuse and merge -
in your mind
you've already
succumbed to me
dropped all defences
completely succumbed to me -
now you are here with me:
no second thoughts,
you've decided,
decided . . .

Past the point
of no return -
no backward glances:
the games we've played
till now are at
an end . . .
Past all thought
of "if" or "when" -
no use resisting:
abandon thought,
and let the dream
descend . . .

What raging fire
shall flood the soul?
What rich desire
unlocks its door?
What sweet seduction
lies before
us . . .?

Past the point

of no return,
the final threshold -
what warm,
unspoken secrets
will we learn?
Beyond the point
of no return . . .

AMINTA (CHRISTINE)

You have brought me
to that moment
where words run dry,
to that moment
where speech
disappears
into silence,
silence . . .

I have come here,
hardly knowing
the reason why . . .
In my mind,
I've already
imagined our
bodies entwining
defenceless and silent -
and now I am
here with you:
no second thoughts,

I've decided,
decided . . .

Past the point
of no return -
no going back now:
our passion-play
has now, at last,
begun . . .
Past all thought
of right or wrong -
one final question:
how long should we
two wait, before
we're one . . .?

When will the blood
begin to race
the sleeping bud
burst into bloom?
When will the flames,
at last, consume
us . . .?

BOTH

Past the point
of no return
the final threshold -
the bridge
is crossed, so stand
and watch it burn . . .

We've passed the point
of no return . . .

(By now the audience and the POLICE have realised that SIGNOR PIANGI is dead behind the curtain, and it is the PHANTOM who sings in his place. CHRISTINE knows it too. As final confirmation, the PHANTOM sings):

PHANTOM
Say you'll share with
me one
love, one lifetime . . .
Lead me, save me
from my solitude . . .

(He takes from his finger a ring and holds it out to her. Slowly she takes it and puts it on her finger.)

Say you want me
with you,
here beside you . . .
Anywhere you go
let me go too -
Christine
that's all I ask of . . .

(We never reach the word 'you', for CHRISTINE quite calmly reveals the PHANTOM'S face to the audience. As the FORCES OF LAW close in on the horrifying skull, the PHANTOM sweeps his cloak around her and vanishes.)

MEG pulls the curtain upstage, revealing PIANGI'S body garotted, propped against the bed, his head gruesomely tilted to one side. She screams.)

TRANSFORMATION TO:

REVERSE VIEW OF THE STAGE
(POLICE, STAGEHANDS, etc. rush onto the stage in confusion. Also: ANDRE, FIRMIN, RAOUL, GIRY, CARLOTTA and MEG)

CARLOTTA
What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo!

ANDRE
Oh, my God . . . my God . . .

FIRMIN
We're ruined, Andre - ruined!

GIRY (to RAOUL)
Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me!

CARLOTTA (rushing over to PIANGI's body)
Oh, my darling, my darling . . . who has done this ...?

(hysterical, attacking ANDRE)

You! Why did you let this happen?

(She breaks down, as PIANGI's body is carried off on a stretcher)

GIRY

Monsieur le Vicomte, I know where they are.

RAOUL

But can I trust you?

GIRY

You must. But remember: your hand at the level of your eyes!

RAOUL

But why . . . ?

GIRY

Why? The Punjab lasso, monsieur. First Buquet. Now Piangi.

MEG (holding up her hand)

Like this, monsieur. I'll come with you.

GIRY

No, Meg! No, you stay here!

(to RAOUL)

Come with me, monsieur. Hurry, or we shall be too late . . .

Scene 8

THE LABYRINTH UNDERGROUND

(Meanwhile, down below, we see the PHANTOM and CHRISTINE in the boat, crossing the underground lake)

PHANTOM (furiously propelling the boat onwards)

Down once more
to the dungeon
of my black despair!
Down we plunge
to the prison
of my mind!
Down that path
into darkness
deep as hell!

(He rounds on her, bitterly)

Why, you ask,
was I bound and chained
in this cold and dismal place?
Not for any
mortal sin, but the
wickedness of
my abhorrent face!

(He hears the offstage voices of the pursuing MOB)

MOB (offstage)
Track down this murderer!
He must be found!

PHANTOM (moving off again)
Hounded out by
everyone!
Met with hatred
everywhere!
No kind word from
anyone!
No compassion
anywhere!

Christine, Christine . . .
Why, why . . . ?

(RAOUL and GIRY appear above. They make their way
down, meeting a pack of rats. GIRY screams and lowers
her guard. The rats and the RATCATCHER pass them.
GIRY raises her hand again)

GIRY
Your hand at the level of your eyes!

RAOUL
. . . at the level of your eyes . . .

MOB (offstage)
Your hand at the level of your eyes!

GIRY
He lives across the lake, monsieur. This is as far as
I dare go.

RAOUL
Madame Girya, thank you.

(She turns to go back up the slope. RAOUL looks at the
water. He removes his coat and plunges in. The MOB
appears at the top of the slope. They come
down to the lake edge, their torches flickering.)

MOB
Track down this
murderer -
He must be found!
Hunt out this
animal,
who runs to ground!
Too long he's
preyed on us -
but now we know:
the Phantom of the Opera
is there
deep down below . . .

He's here: the Phantom of the Opera . . .

(They turn back up the slope. Perhaps there is another

way in. The gate to the lair descends, as the rest of the lair appears.)

Scene 9

BEYOND THE LAKE

(The dummy of CHRISTINE sits crumpled on a large throne. The PHANTOM drags CHRISTINE roughly out of the boat. She frees herself and backs away as he stares blackly out front. Braving her terror, she addresses him fiercely).

CHRISTINE

Have you gorged yourself
at last, in your
lust for blood?

(no reply)

Am I now to be
prey to your
lust for flesh?

PHANTOM (Coldly)

That fate, which
condemns me
to wallow in blood
has also
denied me
the joys of the flesh . . .
this face -
the infection
which poisons our love . . .

(He takes the bridal veil from the dummy, and moves slowly towards her)

This face,
which earned
a mother's fear
and loathing . . .
A mask,
my first
unfeeling scrap
of clothing . . .

(He places the veil on her head)

Pity comes
too late -
turn around
and face your fate:
an eternity of this
before your eyes!

(They are almost touching. She looks calmly and coldly into his face)

CHRISTINE

This haunted face
holds no horror
for me now . . .

It's in your soul
that the true
distortion lies . . .

(The PHANTOM suddenly senses RAOUL'S presence.
Behind the portcullis, RAOUL climbs out of the water)

PHANTOM

Wait! I think, my dear,
we have a guest!

(to RAOUL)

Sir, this is indeed
an unparalleled delight!
I had rather hoped
that you would come.
And now my wish comes true -
you have truly made my night!

RAOUL (pleading, grasping the bars of the gate)
Free her!
Do what you like
only free her!
Have you no pity?

PHANTOM (to CHRISTINE, dryly)
Your lover makes
a passionate plea!

CHRISTINE
Please, Raoul, it's useless . . .

RAOUL
I love her!
Does that mean nothing?
I love her!
Show some compassion . . .

PHANTOM (snarls furiously at RAOUL)
The world showed no
compassion to me!

RAOUL
Christine . . .
Christine . . .

(to PHANTOM)

Let me see her . . .

PHANTOM (drily)
Be my guest, sir . .

(He gestures, and the fence rises. RAOUL enters)

Monsieur, I
bid you welcome!
Did you think that
I would harm her?
Why should I make

her pay
for the sins which
are yours?

(So saying, he takes the Punjab lasso and, before RAOUL has a chance to move, catches him by the neck. The end of the rope, of which the PHANTOM has let go, remains magically suspended in mid-air)

(taunting)
Order your fine horses now!
Raise up your hand to the level of your eyes!
Nothing can save you now -
except perhaps Christine . . .

(He turns to her)

Start a new life with me -
Buy his freedom with your love!
Refuse me, and you send your lover to his
death!
This is the choice -
This is the point of no return!

CHRISTINE (to the PHANTOM)
The tears I might have shed
for your dark fate
grow cold, and turn to tears
of hate . . .

RAOUL (despairing)
Christine, forgive
me please forgive me . . .
I did it all
for you, and all for
nothing . . .

CHRISTINE (looking at the PHANTOM but to
herself)
Farewell
my fallen idol
and false friend . . .
One by one
I've watched
illusions shattered . . .

PHANTOM
Past all hope
of cries for help:
no point in fighting -

RAOUL
Either way
you choose,
he has to win . . .

PHANTOM
For either way
you choose,
you cannot win!

So, do you end

your days with me,
or do you send
him to his grave?

RAOUL (to PHANTOM)
Why make her lie
to you, to save
me?

CHRISTINE
Angel of Music . . .

PHANTOM
Past the point
of no return -

RAOUL
For pity's sake,
Christine, say no!

CHRISTINE
. . . why this torment?

PHANTOM
. . . the final threshold . . .

RAOUL
Don't throw your life
away for my sake . . .

CHRISTINE
When will you see
reason . . .?

PHANTOM
His life is now the prize
which you must earn!

RAOUL
I fought so hard
to free you . . .

CHRISTINE
Angel of Music . . .

PHANTOM
You've passed the point
of no return . . .

CHRISTINE
. . . you deceived me -
I gave my mind
blindly . . .

PHANTOM (to CHRISTINE)
You try my patience -
make your choice!

(She reflects for a moment, then with resolution moves
slowly towards the PHANTOM)

CHRISTINE (quietly at first, then with growing

emotion)
Pitiful creature
of darkness . . .
What kind of life
have you known . . .?

God give me courage
to show you
you are not
alone . . .

(Now calmly facing him, she kisses him long and full on the lips. The embrace lasts a long time. RAOUL watches in horror and wonder.

The PHANTOM takes a lighted candle and holds it above RAOUL's head. A tense moment. But the suspended rope suddenly falls harmlessly - the PHANTOM has burned the thread by which the noose was held. Resigned, he addresses RAOUL, as we hear the offstage voices of the approaching MOB)

MOB
Some:
Track down this
murderer -
he must be found!
Hunt out this
animal,
who runs to ground!

Too long he's
preyed on us -
but now we know:
the Phantom of the Opera
is there
deep down below . .

Others:
Who is this monster,
this murdering beast?
Revenge for Piangi!
Revenge for Buquet!
This creature
must never go free . . .

PHANTOM
Take her - forget me - forget all of this . . .
Leave me alone - forget all you've seen . . .
Go now - don't let them find you!
Take the boat - leave me here - go now,
don't wait . . .
Just take her and go - before it's too late . . .
Go . . .
Go now - go now and leave me!

(RAOUL and CHRISTINE move off towards the boat.
The PHANTOM looks mockingly at his mask. The
musical box starts up magically, and he listens to it)

Masquerade . . .
Paper faces on parade . . .

Masquerade . . .
Hide your face
so the world will
never find you . . .

(CHRISTINE re-enters and walks slowly towards him.
She takes off her ring and gives it to the PHANTOM)

PHANTOM
Christine, I love you . . .

(She hurries off The PHANTOM puts the ring on his
finger)

CHRISTINE (In the distance, to RAOUL, as the boat
pulls away in the shadow)
Say you'll share with
me, one
love, one lifetime . . .
say the word
and I will follow you . .

RAOUL
Share each day with me . . .

CHRISTINE
. . . each night . . .

BOTH
. . . each morning . . .

PHANTOM (looking after her)
You alone
can make my song take flight -
it's over now, the music of the night . . .

(The PHANTOM walks slowly towards the throne. He
takes his place on it, sitting on his cloak.

The MOB including MEG, appears above, climbing
down the portcullis. As the MOB enters the lair, the
PHANTOM wraps his cloak around himself and
disappears.

MEG crosses to the throne and picks up his mask in her
small hand)

END OF ACT 2