

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 BALLETT 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