

The PHANTOM of the OPERA



Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

Lyrics by Charles Hart

Additional Lyrics by Richard Stilgoe



THE REALLY USEFUL GROUP

Book by Richard Stilgoe & Andrew Lloyd Webber

Orchestrations by David Cullen & Andrew Lloyd Webber

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1. Act I / Prologue

The stage of the Paris Opera, 1905.

The contents of the Opera House are being auctioned off. An AUCTIONEER, PORTERS 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, six, do I see seven? Seven. Against you, sir, seven. Eight. Eight once. Selling twice. Sold,

[gavel down]

....to Raoul, Vicomte de Chagny. Thank you very much. Lot 664 then ladies and gentlemen: 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 I am bid. Ten francs still. Fifteen, thank you sir. Fifteen I am bid. Going at fifteen.

[gavel down]

Your number, Sir? Lot 665, ladies and gentlemen: a papier-maché 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, ladies and gentlemen.

PORTER: [bolding it up] Showing here.

[He sets it in motion]





AUCTIONEER: May I commence at twenty francs? Oh come, come, ladies and gentlemen. Fifteen, then? Fifteen I am bid, thank you. Yes, twenty from you sir, thank you very much.

GIRY: Twenty-five.

AUCTIONEER: Twenty-five on my left, thank you madam. Twenty-five I am bid. Thirty? Selling at thirty francs, then. Thirty once, thirty twice, sold for thirty francs.

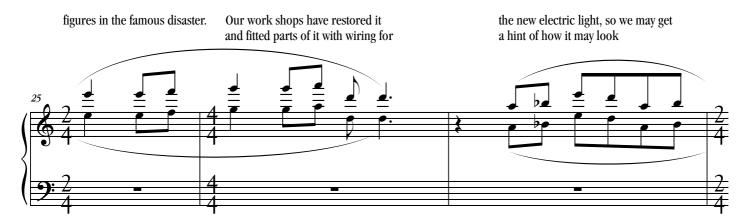
To the Vicomte de Chagny. Thank you once again, sir.

RAOUL: Boy.

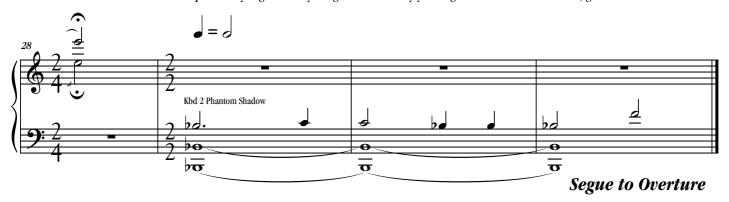
[The box is handed across to RAOUL. He studies it as attention focuses on him for a moment]







when re-assembled. Perhaps we may frighten away the ghost of so many years ago with a little illumination, gentlemen.





2. Act I / Overture

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 orchestra.













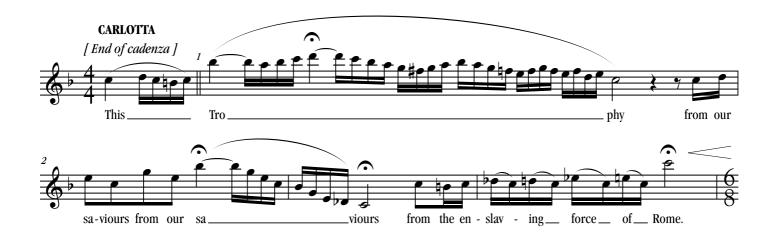


3. Act I / Scene 1 (Hannibal)

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 GIUDICELLI. 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 present from the approaching HANNIBAL; a bleeding severed head.



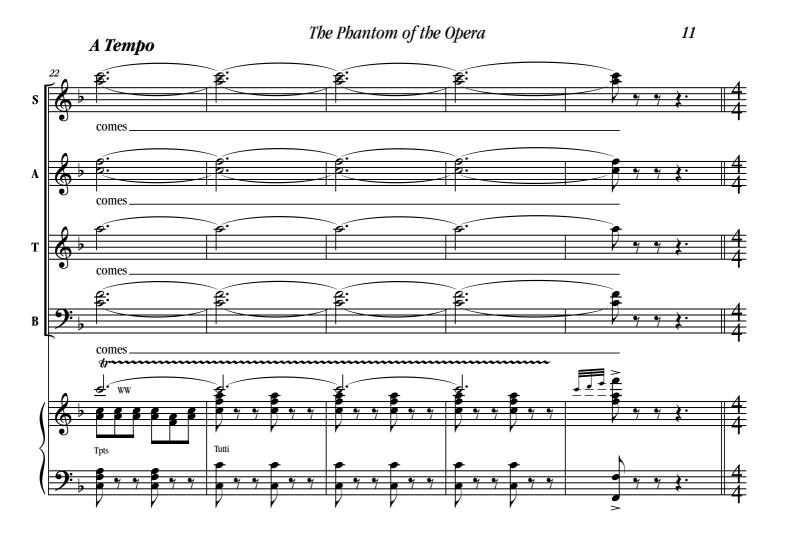


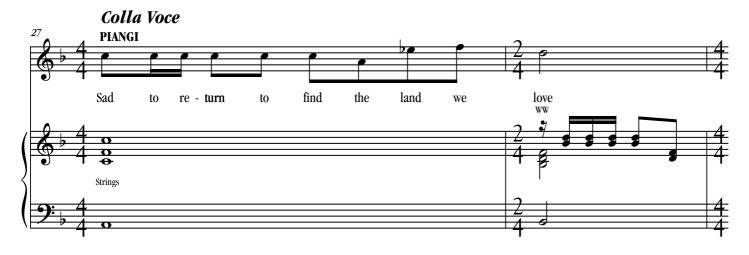






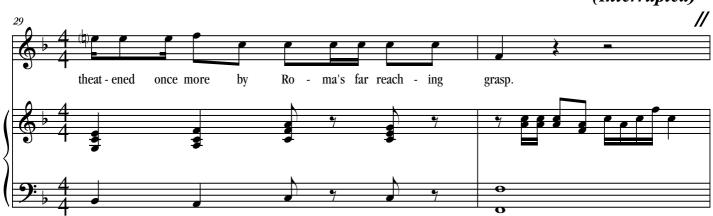












REYER: [entering from off stage, interrupting him] No, no, no...Signor...if you please: "Rome". We say "Rome", not "Roma".

[A STAGEHAND carries a ladder across the stage. OTHERS are seen still constructing parts of the scenery. Hammering and shouting is heard]

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

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

[Sensing 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: [Bowing apologetically] 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]





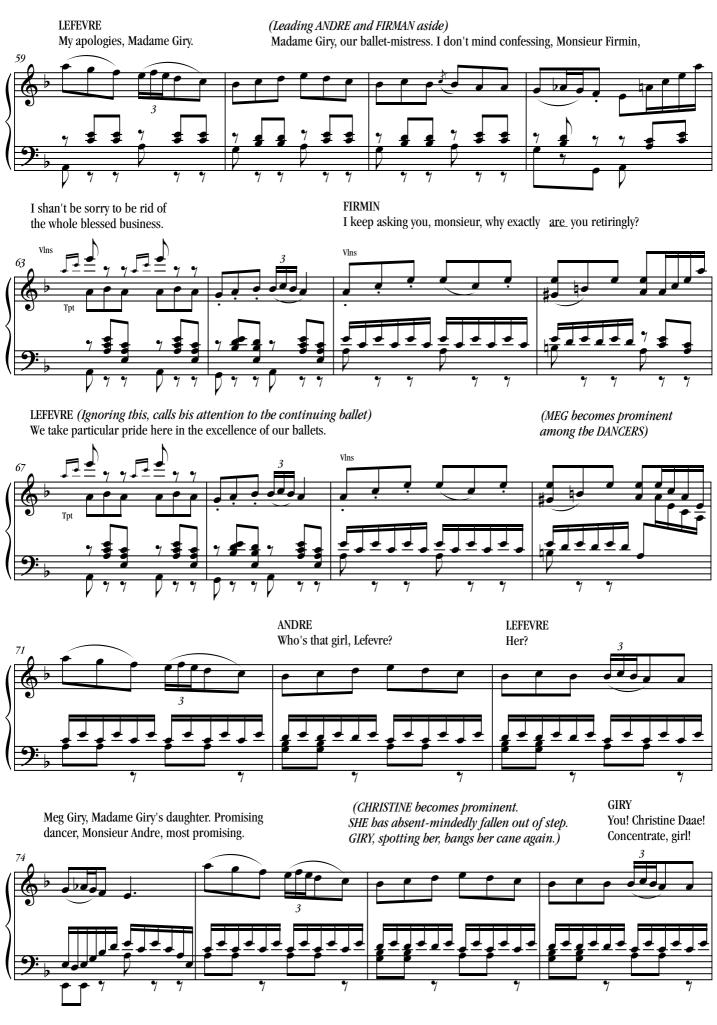
[The BALLET GIRLS begin their dance.

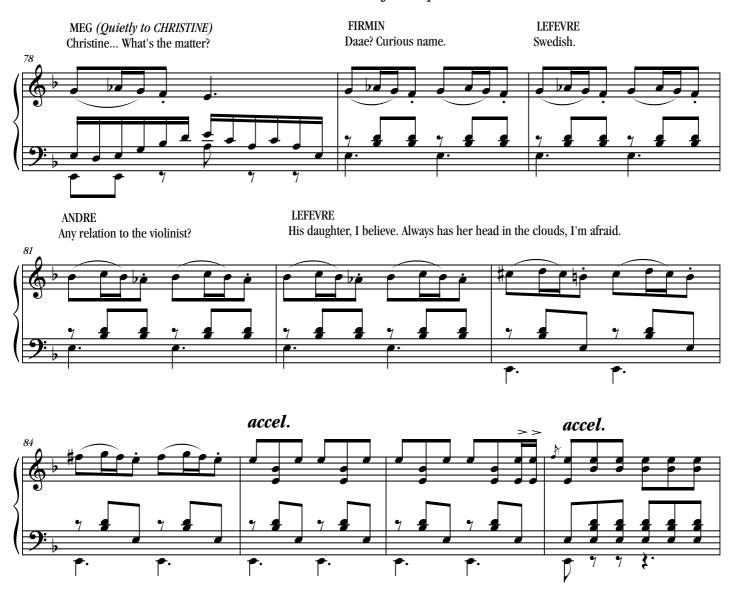
LEFEVRE, ANDRE and FIRMIN stand centre-stage, watching the ballet.
THEY are in the way. The ballet continues under the following dialogue]











(The ballet continues to it's climax and ends. The CHORUS resumes)













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 you to the two gentleman who now own the Opera Populaire: Monsieur Richard Firmin and Monsieur Giles Andre.

[Polite applause. Some bowing. CARLOTTA makes her presence felt.]

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

[Polite bow from ANDRE and FIRMIN.]

ANDRE: Of course, of course, I have experienced all your greatest roles, signora.

LEFEVRE: And Signor Unaldo Piangi.

[Another bow.]

FIRMIN: An honour, Signor.

PIANGI: Piaceri.

ANDRE: /keen to impress/ 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 ascerbic/ Unless, of course, Monsieur Reyer objects ...

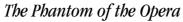
CARLOTTA: [flattered] My manager commands ... Monsieur Reyer?

REYER: /a polite bow to CARLOTTA/ My DIVA commands. Will two bars be sufficient introduction?

FIRMIN: Two bars will be quite sufficient.

REYER: /ensuring that CARLOTTA is ready/ Signora?









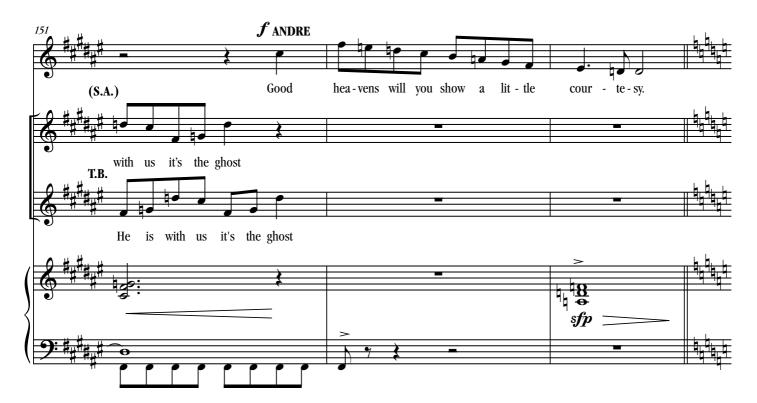




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[As CARLOTTA is singing, a backdrop crashes to the stage, cutting her off from half the cast]







[Under Vamp]

FIRMIN: Madmoiselle please.

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

PIANGI: Is no-one concerned for our Prima Donna?

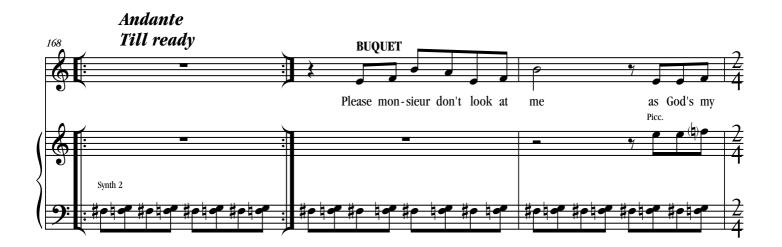
LEFEVRE : Get that man down here!

[To ANDRE and FIRMIN]

Buquet, Chief of the flys. He's responsible for this.

[The drop is raised 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?







ANDRE: These things DO happen...

CARLOTTA: These things DO happen? You have been here five minutes, what do you know?

Si, these things do happen - all the time. For the past three years these things DO happen.

[To LEFEVRE] And did you stop them happening? No!

[To FIRMIN and ANDRE] And you...You're as bad as him "These things do happen!" Well, until you stop these things happening, THIS thing does not happen! Ubaldo! Andiamo!

PIANGI: Amateurs!

[PIANGI and CARLOTTA sweep out]

LEFEVRE: [After a pause] I don't think there's much more I can do 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, commands that you 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: [Ignoring bim, to FIRMIN] Will the Vicomte be at the performance this evening, monsieur?

FIRMIN: In our box.

ANDRE: Madame, who is the understudy for the role?

REYER: There is no understudy, monsieur...the production is new.

MEG: Christine Daae could sing it, sir.

FIRMIN: The chorus girl?

[EVERYONE glares at her, but she continues tentatively]

MEG: She's been taking lessons from a great teacher.

ANDRE: [To CHRISTINE] 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.

ANDRE: Very well.

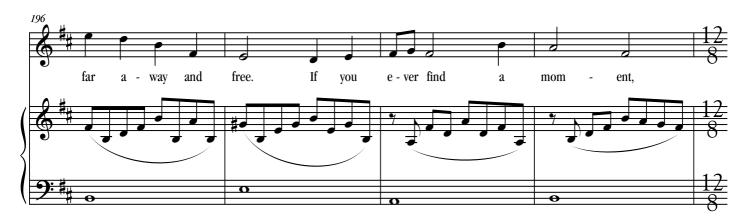
REYER: [After a pause] From the beginning of the aria then, mam'selle. Gentlemen.



4. Act I / Scene 1 (Think of Me)







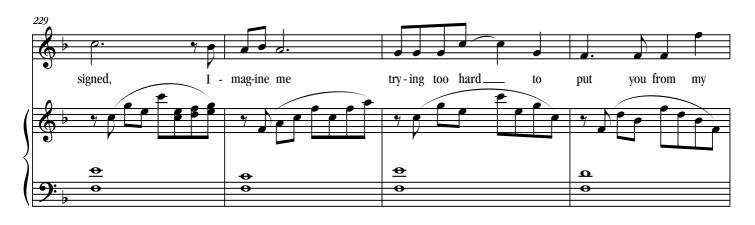
[Lights dim and the surroundings dissolve, as we are transported to...] THE GALA

CHRISTINE is revealed in full stage costume. She is now accompanied by an orchestra. Stage boxes have appeared on either side.

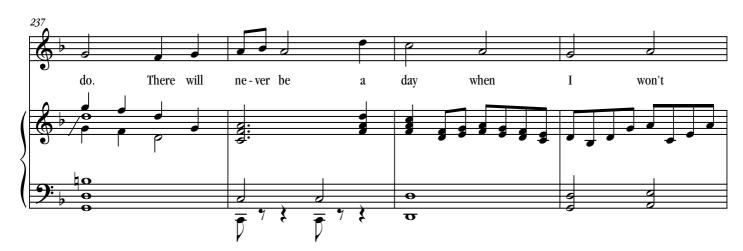










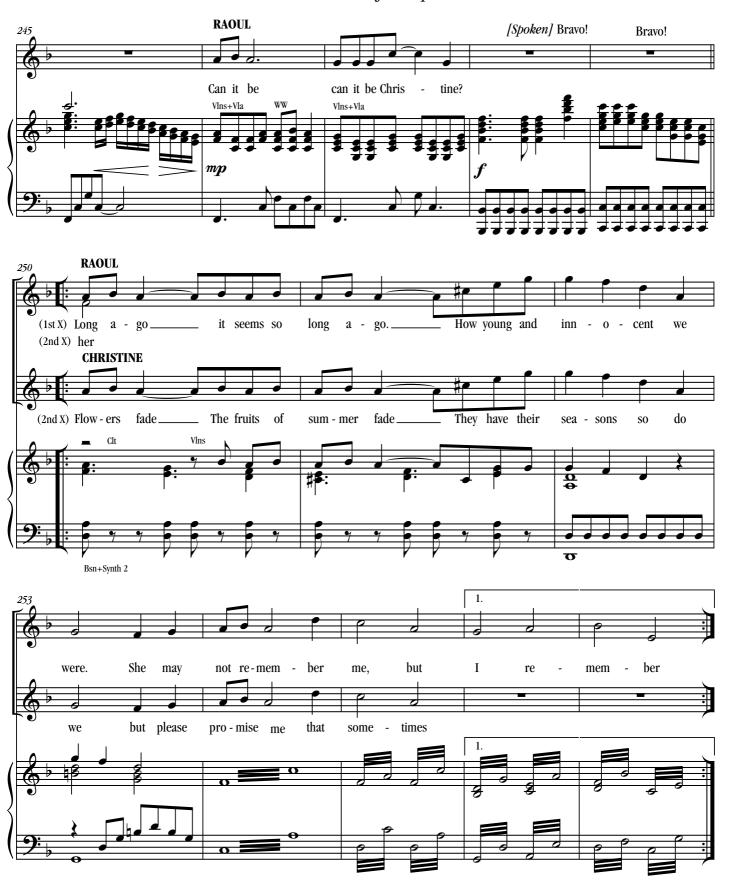


[Applause, bravos. Prominent among the bravos, those of the young RAOUL in the MANAGERS box]



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4. Act I / Scene 1 (Think of Me)







5. Act I / Scene 2 (Backstage)

AFTER THE GALA

Reverse view of the stage.

The applause continues and we see CHRISTINE, from behind, taking her bows.

The house curtains close upstage and BALLET GIRLS, from the wings,

gush around CHRISTINE. REYER stiffly gives his approval. GIRY also appears.

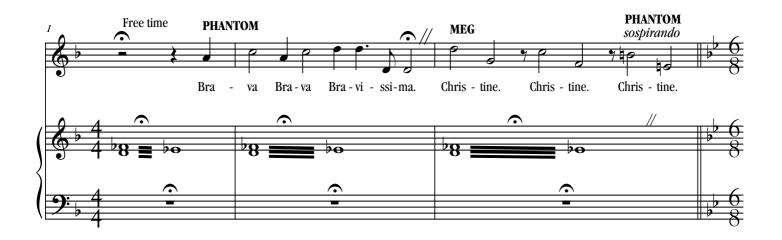
GIRY: [To CHRISTINE] Yes, you did well. He will be pleased.

[To the DANCERS] And you! You were a disgrace tonight! Such temps de cuisse! Such rondes de jambe! Come... we rehearse. NOW!

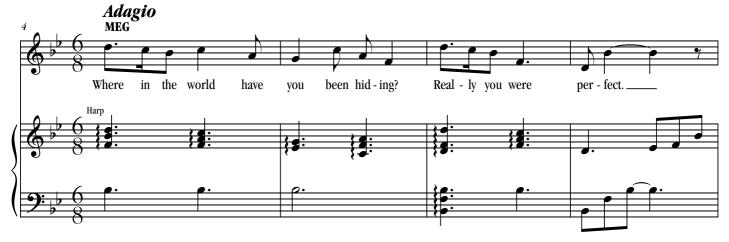
[SHE emphasizes this with her cane. The BALLET GIRLS settle into rehearsal upstage, GIRY keeping time with her stick. Variations of this continue throughout the scene.

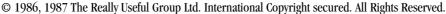
CHRISTINE moves slowly downstage, away from the DANCERS, as her dressing room becomes visible. Unseen by her, MEG also moves away and follows her.

As CHRISTINE is about to reach the dressing room door, SHE hears the PHANTOM'S voice out of nowhere]



[CHRISTINE is bewildered by the voice]





















[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 rejoins the DANCERS]

My dear, I was asked to give you this.

[GIRY bands CHRISTINE a letter and leaves. CHRISTINE opens the letter and reads]



CHRISTINE: [still in her daze] "A red scarf"..."the attic"..."Little Lotte"...

[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 : [Exiting] They appear to have met before...

[RAOUL knocks at the door and enters]

RAOUL: Christine Daae, where is your red 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!

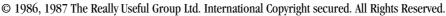
RAOUL: Christine.

[They embrace and laugh. She moves away and sits at her dressing table]



6. Act I / Scene 4 (Dressing Room)











1ST TIME CHRISTINE : [spoken]

Father said, ...I will send Well, Father "When I am in the Angel of is deed Raos

"When I am in the Angel of is dead, Raoul ...have been heaven, child... Music to you". and I... visited by...

2ND TIME ...the Angel of Music. RAOUL : [spoken] "No doubt of it

Meno mosso and now we... ...go to supper! [cue to cut off]



CHRISTINE: [Firmly] No, Raoul, the Angel of Music is very strict.

RAOUL: I shan't keep you up late!

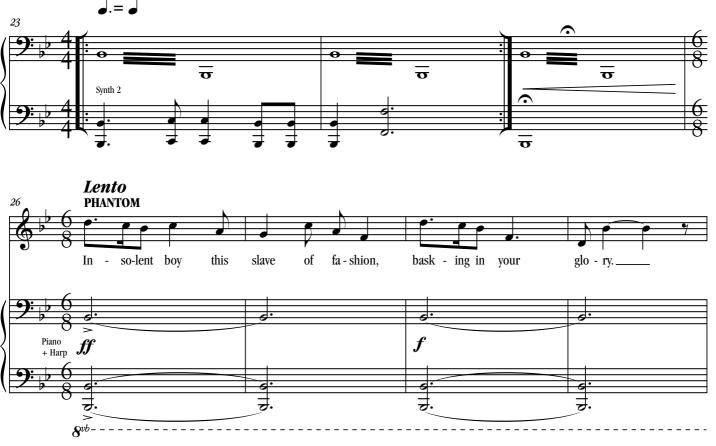
CHRISTINE: No, Raoul....Things have changed.

RAOUL: YOU must change. I must get my hat. Two minutes.... Little Lotte.

[He hurries out]

CHRISTINE: [Calling] 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]

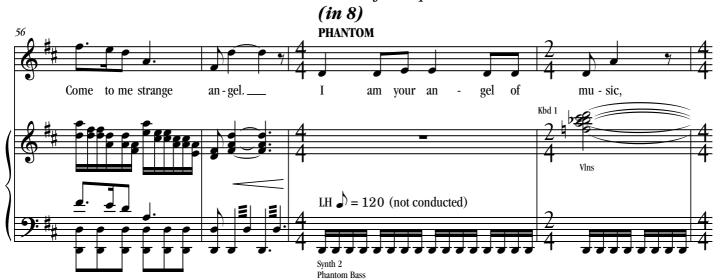






6. Act I / Scene 4 (Dressing Room)





[CHRISTINE walks towards the glowing, shimmering glass. Meanwhile, RAOUL has returned. He hears the voices and is puzzled. He trys the door. It is locked]



[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]







[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: [Shouting, as the scene dissolves] Christine!

[Blackout]

Angel!



7. Act I / Scene 5

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber Lyrics by Charles Hart Additional Lyrics by Richard Stilgoe and Mike Batt

THE LABYRINTH UNDERGROUND

Subterranean gloom, through which we can discern the PHANTOM leading CHRISTINE through the darkness, deeper and deeper below the opera house, towards the PHANTOM's lair.

Disappearing first into a trap door in the stage, THEY then almost immediately reappear high above the stage, descending by an immense zigzagging walkway.

Candles rise from the stage, and we see CHRISTINE and the PHANTOM in a boat which moves slowly across the misty waters of an underground lake.











































[SHE begins to vocalise strangely, her song climbing higher and higher in pitch. As SHE reaches her final climactic note, we arrive in the PHANTOM's lair. Downstage the candles in the lake have lifted to reveal giant candelabras outlining the space.

The boat turns into a bed, occupying the centre of the stage, which is otherwise dominated by a huge pipe organ on one side and an even larger mirror on the other, the latter covered by a dust-sheet.

The PHANTOM sits at the organ and takes over the accompaniment]























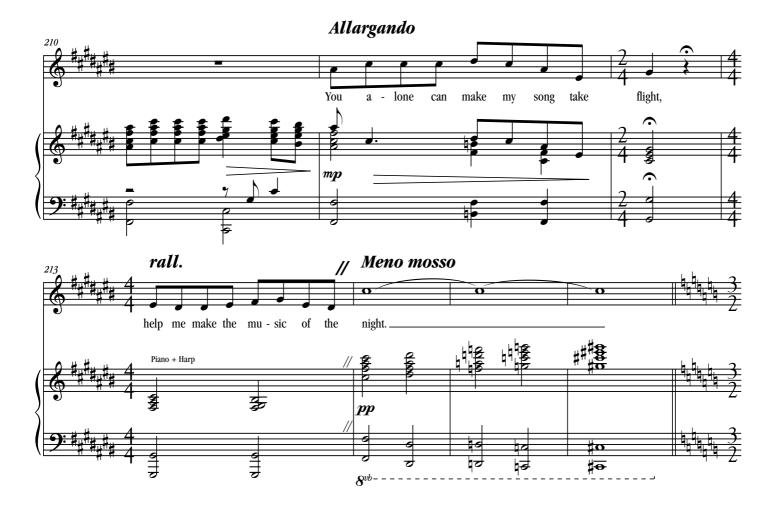




[During all this, the PHANTOM has conditioned CHRISTINE to the coldness of his touch and her fingers are brave enough to stray to his mask and caress it, with no hint of removing it.

The PHANTOM leads her to the mirror from which he removes the dustcover 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 it's hands through the mirror towards her. She faints. The PHANTOM catches her and carries her to the bed, where he lays her down]





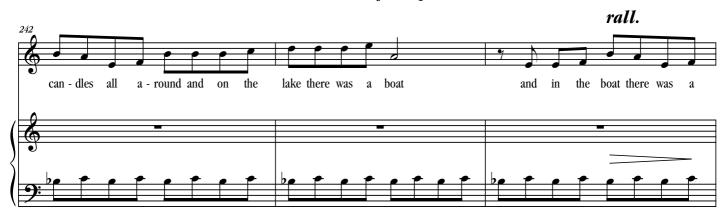
THE NEXT MORNING.

The PHANTOM, in his Mandarin costume, is composing.

CHRISTINE lies on the bed under gauze. As the light brightens, we see him seated at the organ, playing with furious concentration. There is a music box, in the shape of a barrel organ, beside the bed. Mysteriously, its lid lifts as CHRISTINE wakes up. The music keeps her in a half trance.







SHE rises during the musical interlude and approaches him from behind. As SHE reaches for his mask, HE turns, almost catching HER. This is repeated until finally SHE pulls 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.







[HE becomes calm and addresses HER at first with irony, then more warmly.]





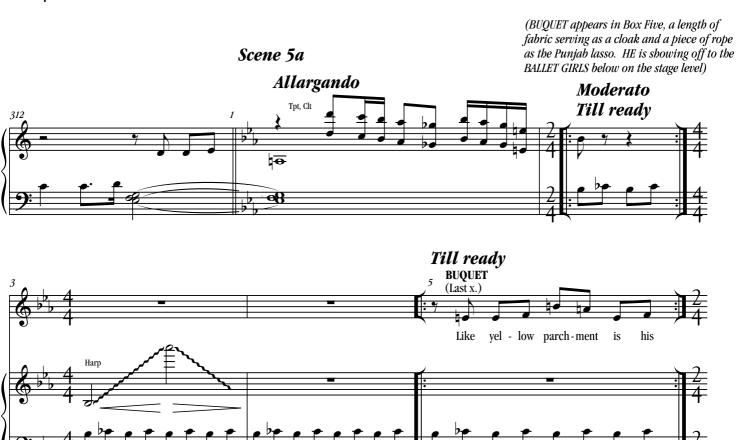




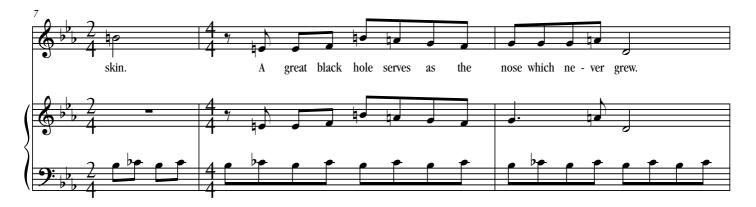
The lair sinks into the floor as the PHANTOM and CHRISTINE exit.



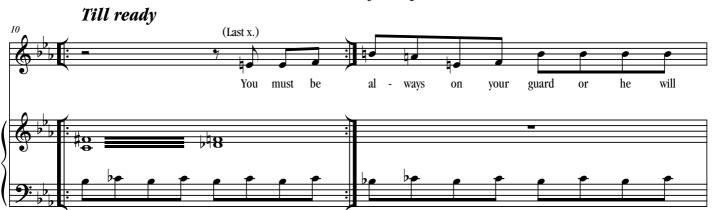




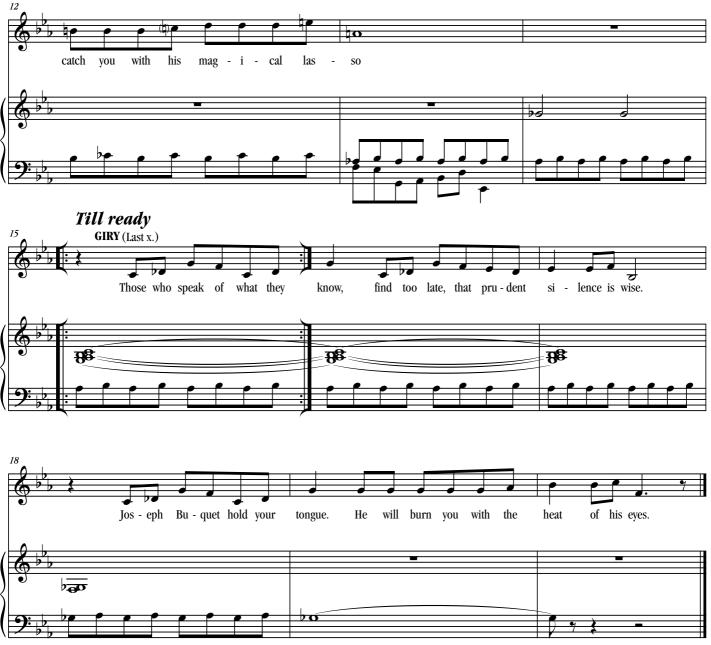
(Demonstrating his method of self-defence against the Punjab lasso, HE inserts his hand between his neck and the noose, and then pulls the rope taught. With a mixture of horror and delight, the BALLET GIRLS applaud this demonstration)







[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, THEY exeunt. But before they go, GIRY has entered, observing. SHE turns on BUQUET]



Dead Segue



8. Act I / Scene 6 (The Manager's Office)

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE. Desks, chairs, papers. FIRMIN is scornfully eyeing a newspaper article.

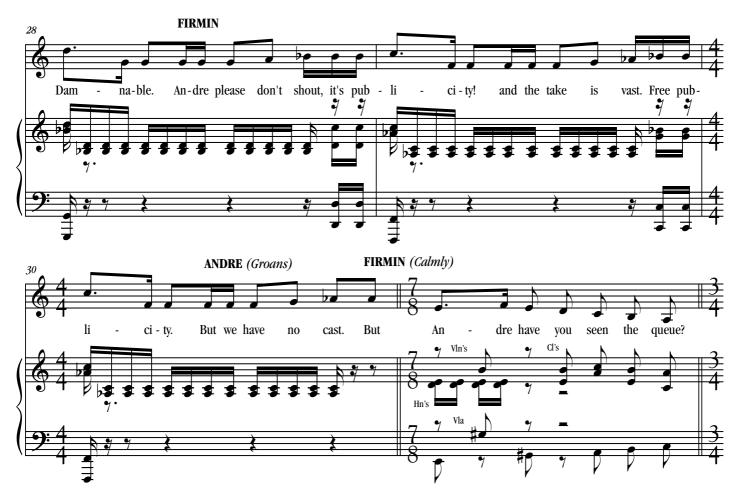


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8. Act I / Scene 6

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[HE has been sorting mail on his desk. Finding the two letters from the PHANTOM, FIRMIN hands the letter to ANDRE who opens it and reads]

































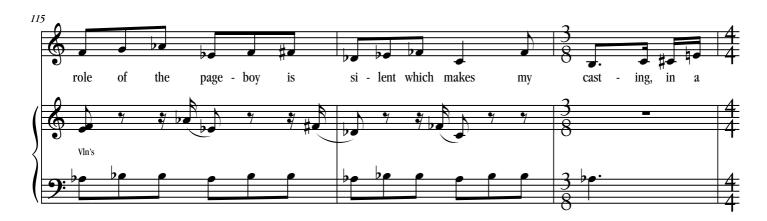


FIRMIN: [Opens letter and reads. Dissolve into PHANTOM's voice]
Gentlemen, I have now sent you several notes of the most ambiable nature, detailing how my theatre is to be run. You have not followed my instructions. I shall give you one last chance.



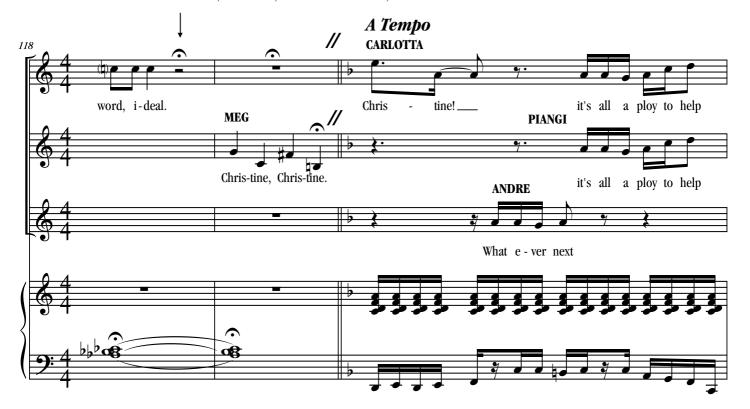






PHANTOM: I shall watch the performance from my normal seat in box five, which will be kept empty for me. Should these commands be ignored, a disaster beyond your imagination will occur.

FIRMIN: "I remain, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, O.G."



















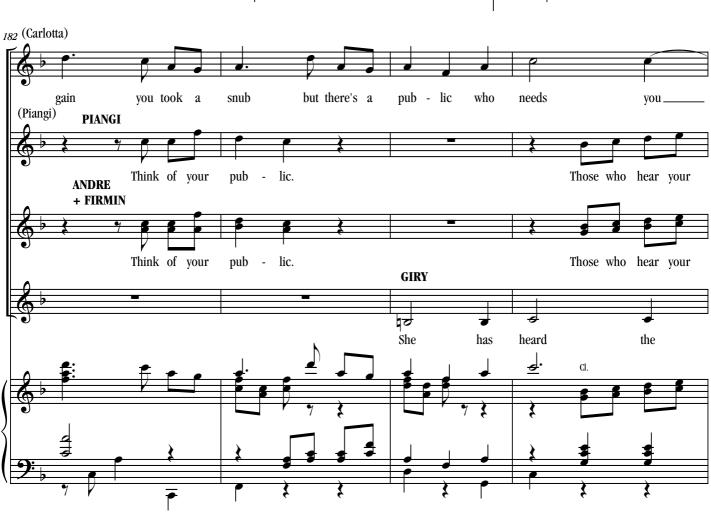












96

₁₇₈ (Piangi)

(Andre)

(Firmin)

(Raoul)

spoke

of

an

Poch. rall























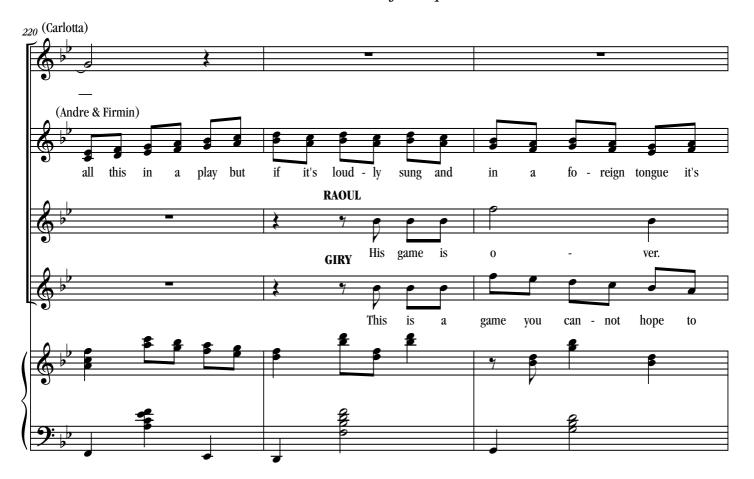


















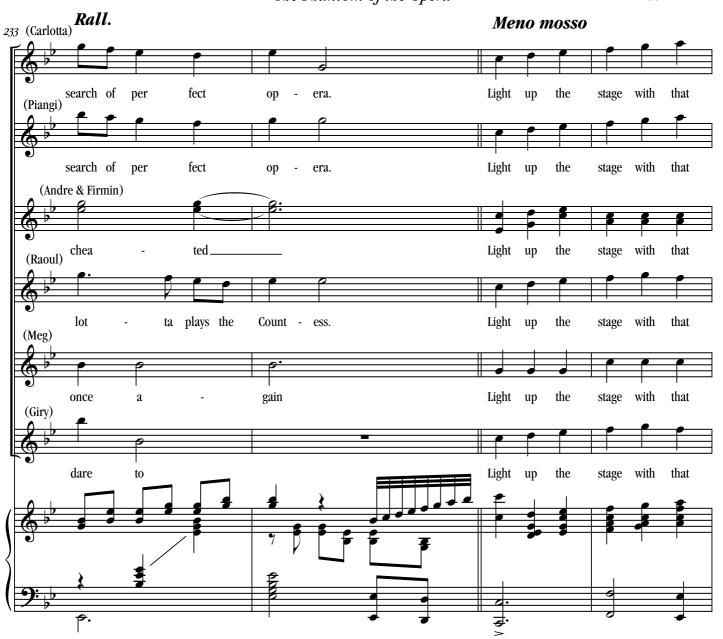






















9. Act I / Scene 7 (Il Muto)

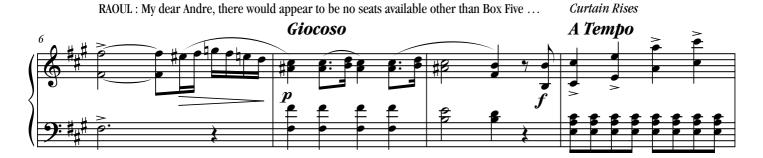
Overture to "Il Muto"

Stage of the opera house. The red house curtains are in. 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?









A Performance of "Il Muto"

The house curtains part to reveal an 18th Century salon, a canopied bed centre stage. The COUNTESS is played by CARLOTTA. SERAFIMO, the pageboy, is disguised as her maid and is played by CHRISTINE.

In the room are TWO EPICINE MEN: one a HAIRDRESSER and one a JEWELLER. The JEWELLER is attended by MEG. There is also an OLDER WOMAN, the COUNTESS' CONFIDANTE. ALL, apart from MEG, are gossiping with relish about the COUNTESS' current liaison with SERAFIMO.





[THEY laugh conspiratorially. As the recitative begins, the lights and music dim on stage and our attention turns to the MANAGERS in their box]

[Note from H/P: any additional singing from the chorus comes from offstage]











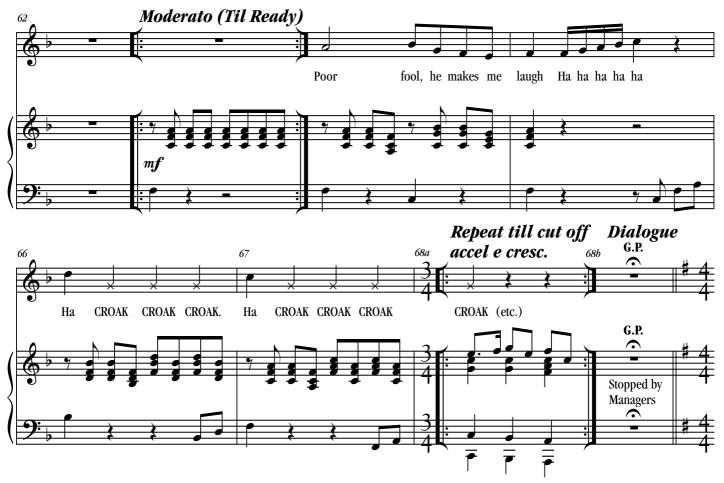


[Instead of singing, SHE emits a great croak, like a toad.

A stunned silence.

CARLOTTA is as amazed as anyone, but regains berself and continues.

More perturbing, however, is a new sound: the PHANTOM is laughing - quietly at first, then more and more hysterically]



[As before. This time a growing wave of consternation from the audience. 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 pi ... I cannot ... I cannot go on ...

PIANGI: Cara, cara ... I'm here....It's all right.... Come.... I'm here....

[ANDRE and FIRMIN rush out of the box onto the stage. ANDRE ushers the now sobbing

CARLOTTA into the hands of REYER, who leads her off, while FIRMIN addresses the audience]

FIRMIN: Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize. 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.

CHRISTINE: Raoul!

RAOUL: Don't worry! I'm with you.



ANDRE: [Improvising] Yes, well--In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen, we shall be giving you the ballet from Act Three of tonight's opera.

[To the CONDUCTOR]

Maestro--bring the ballet forward. The ballet--now!

[The MANAGERS leave, the stage is cleared and music starts again.

The BALLET GIRLS, who have been upstage, move down as a sylvan glade flies in.

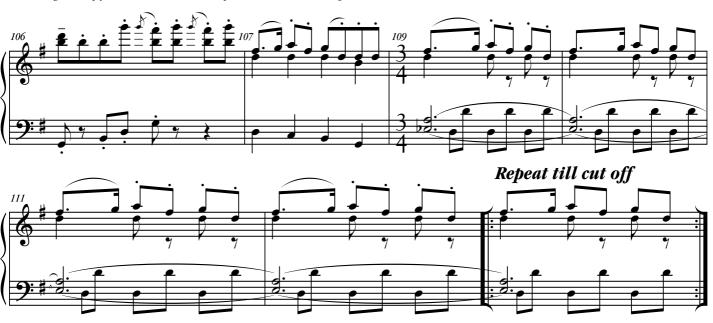
THEY begin the dance of the country nymphs.]







When that culminates in one gigantic, oppressive, bat-like shadow, the body of JOSEPH BUQUET falls on the stage, causing the sylvan glade to fly out. RAOUL rushes out of his box. Silence. Then pandemonium.



Dead Segue next scene (1 bar)



10. Act I / Scene 8 (The Roof)

The Roof Of The Opera House

A buge statue of 'La Victoire Ailee'-

the same as that which tops the proscenium. It is twilight.

A panorama of stars, roofs, street lamps and spires visible in the distance.

Light spills from a stairwell leading down into the opera house and from this RAOUL and CHRISTINE rush on,

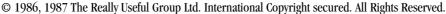
SHE in an incoherent frenzy of blind terror, HE constantly interjecting in an attempt to calm ber.

[CHRISTINE and RAOUL burry off]

FIRMIN: [Attempting to placate the audience, as STAGE-

HANDS, POLICEMEN etc., crowd onto the stage]
Ladies and gentlemen, please remain in your seats.
Do not panic. It was an accident ... Simply an accident ...







RAOUL : Christine, come with me. CHRISTINE : We must go up to the roof. We'll be safe there.







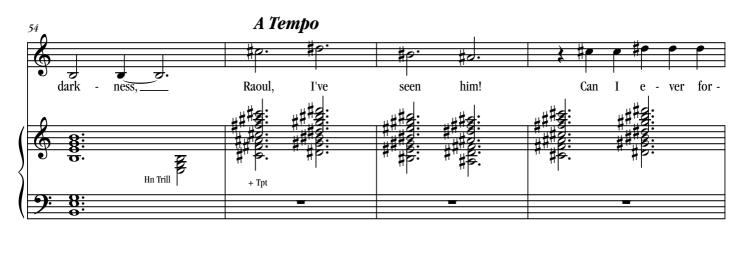


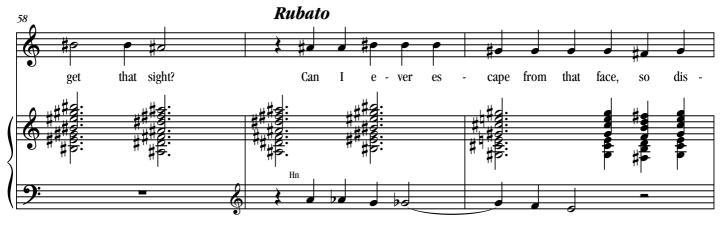


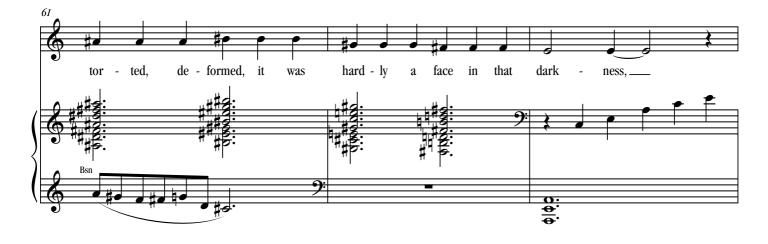


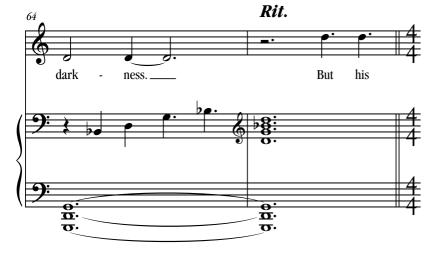










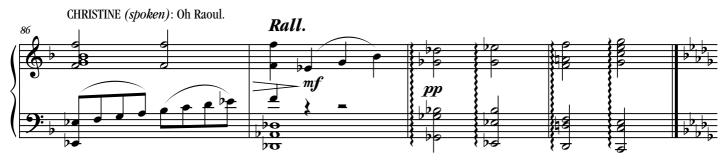










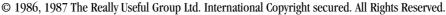


Dead segue



11. Act I / Scene 8 (All I Ask of You)

















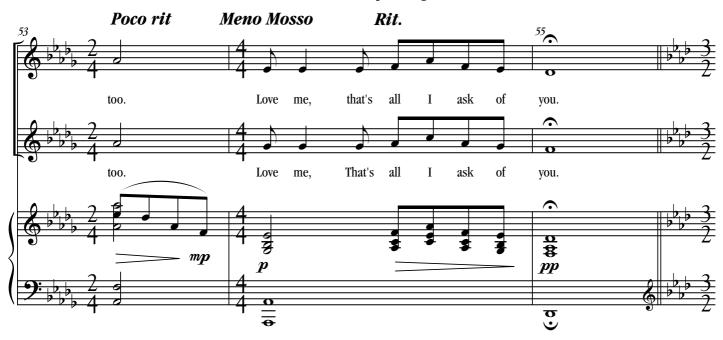






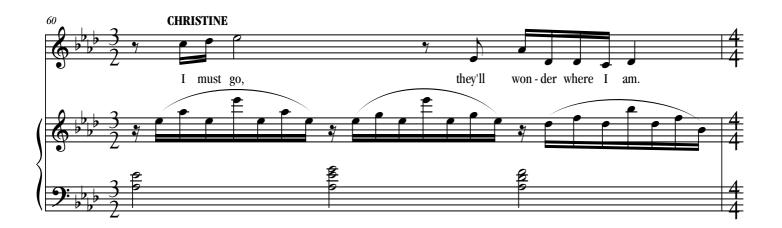






[They kiss. Suddenly, we hear offstage, the distant sound of a street barrel-organ. CHRISTINE starts from her reverie]

















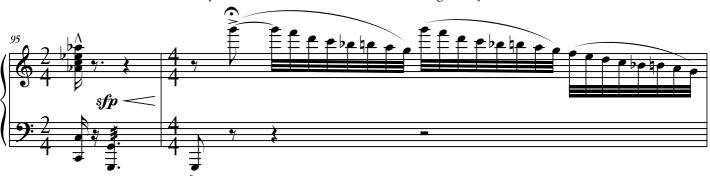
dakota



[Phantom starts shaking chandelier]



[Phantom causes chandelier to come crashing down.]





END OF ACT ONE



12. Act II / Entr'acte













13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)

THE STAIRCASE OF THE OPERA.

<u>dakota</u>

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, Mephistophilis, a highwayman, a clown, knights, ladies, Louis I - XVI, Napoleon, an executioner. Enter M. ANDRE. 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.



13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)





















13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)





13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)





13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)







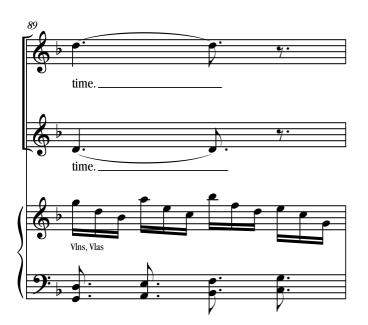
[THEY clink glasses and move off. RAOUL and CHRISTINE emerge. SHE is admiring a new aquisition: an engagement ring from RAOUL, which SHE has attached to a gold chain around her neck.]











[Orchestral chorus in which CHRISTINE, balf coquettish, balf jittery, goes from MAN to MAN. But too many of ber partners seem to be replicas of the PHANTOM, and each spins ber with increasing force. Eventually, RAOUL rescues ber and bolds ber tightly.

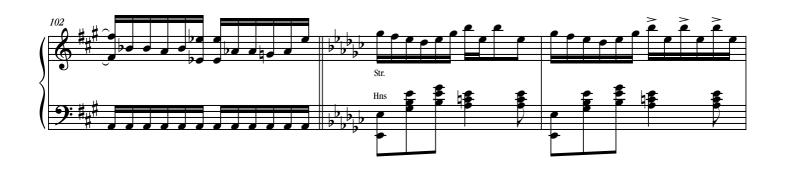
HE whirls her back into the dance as the music heads towards it's climax.]



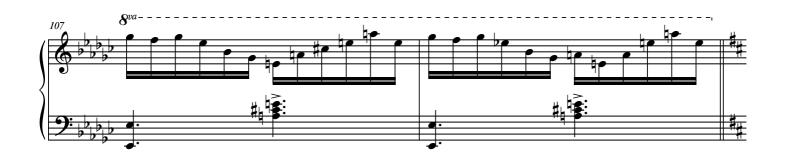




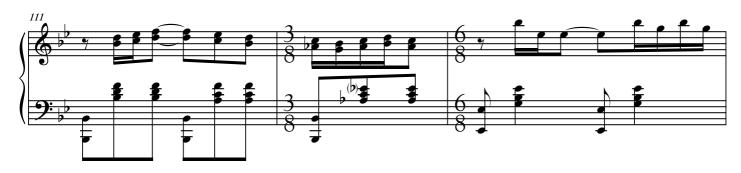












dakota

13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)













13. Act II / Scene 1 (Masquerade)



[At the height of the activity, a GROTESQUE FIGURE suddenly appears at the top of the staircase, ten feet tall, dressed all in crimson, with a death's head. The PHANTOM has come to the party. HE descends the stairs and takes the centre of the stage]



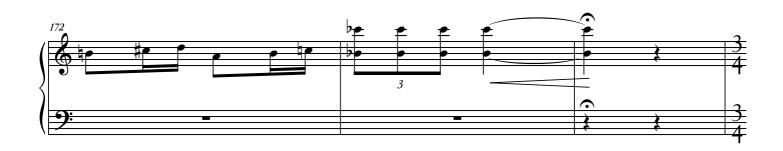




[CHRISTINE mesmerized, approaches as the PHANTOM beckons her. HE reaches out, grasps the chain that holds the secret engagement ring, and rips it from her throat. HE holds it aloft.]











Stop On Cue:

RAOUL: (spoken) Madame for all our sakes.



BACKSTAGE

Giry is burrying through the gloom. RAOUL appears and calls after ber.

RAOUL: Madame Giry.... Madame Giry....

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

[SHE moves off again. He stops ber]

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.... [cue to continue music]

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, conjurers, 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....?

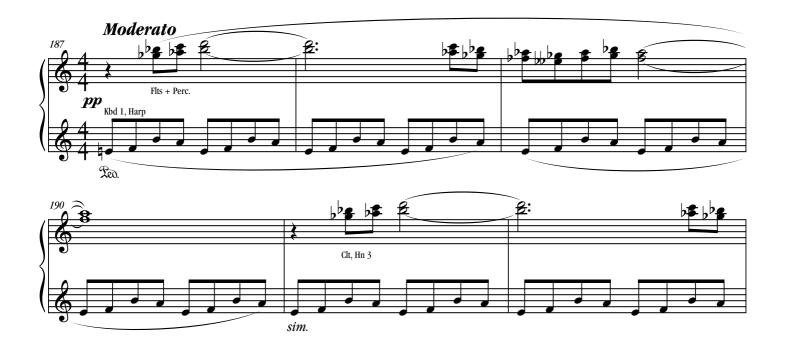
GIRY: Oh, a prodigy, Monsieur! Scholar, architect, musician....

RAOUL: [Thinking aloud] A composer....

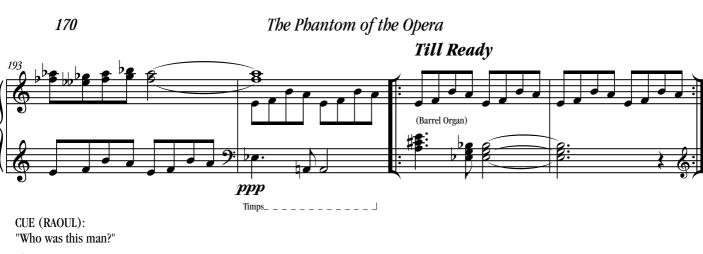
GIRY: And an inventor, too, Monsieur.

They boasted he had once built for the Shah of Persia a maze of mirrors....

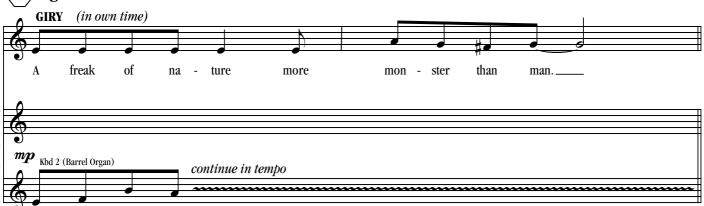
RAOUL: [Mystified and impatient, cuts in] Who was this man....?





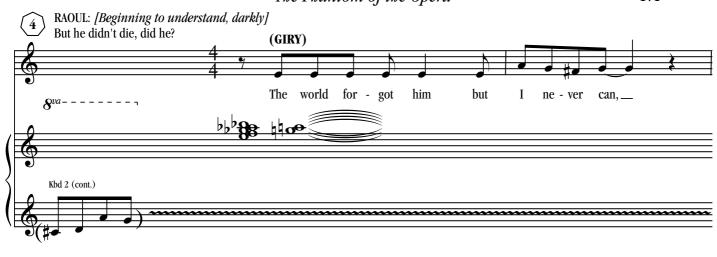


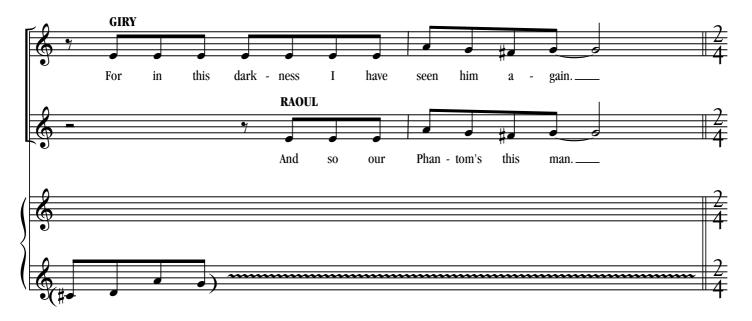




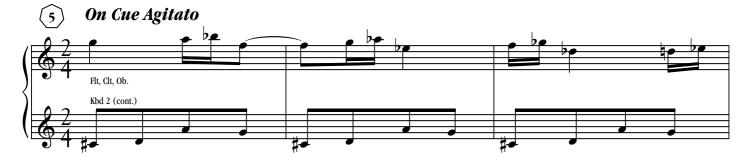








GIRY: I have said too much, Monsieur, too much and there... RAOUL: No! Wait!



GIRY: ...have been too many accidents.



[And before HE can question HER further, SHE has disappeared]

RAOUL: Accidents?

[Running after HER]

Madame Giry...!



14. Act II / Scene 2

THE MANAGERS' OFFICE

[The PHANTOM's score lies open on the desk. ANDRE is impatiently flicking through it. FIRMIN is sorting through papers, letters etc.]



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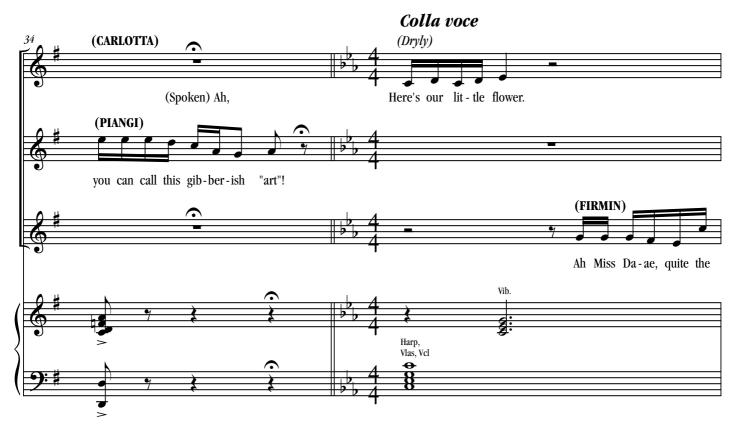








[RAOUL and CHRISTINE enter. CARLOTTA bristles





















[V/O fades out, GIRY takes over]

GIRY: "And Angel".

[All look at CHRISTINE]

CHRISTINE: [Quietly] I can't.... I won't do it....

[A pause. Attention focuses on RAOUL, whose eyes are suddenly bright with a new thought]



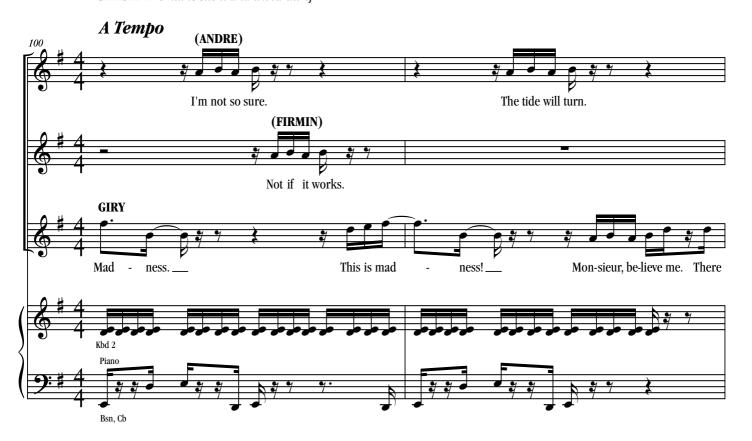




RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN [Savouring their Victory]



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





















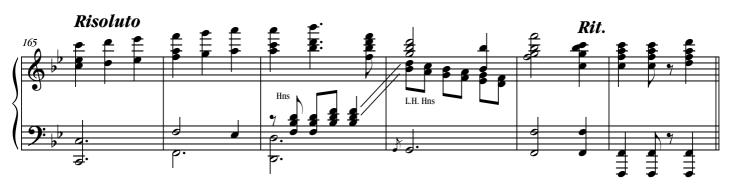




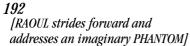


[CHRISTINE, overcome by her conflicting emotions, turns away and hurries out]

RAOUL: [calling after ber] Christine!









[As light fades, 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]

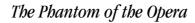


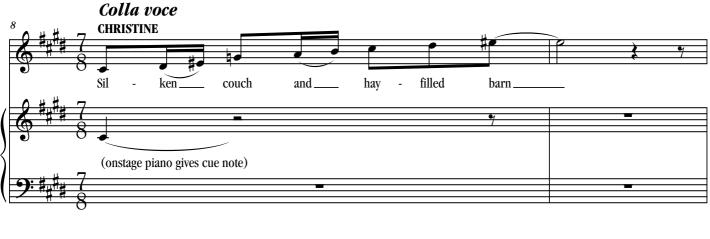
15. Act II / Scene 3

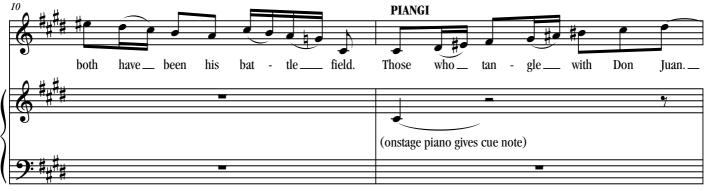
A MUSIC CALL FOR "DON JUAN".

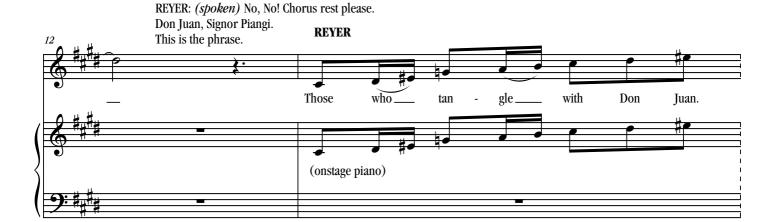
REYER supervises the learning of the new piece from the piano. Present are PIANGI, CHRISTINE, CARLOTTA, GIRY and CHORUS

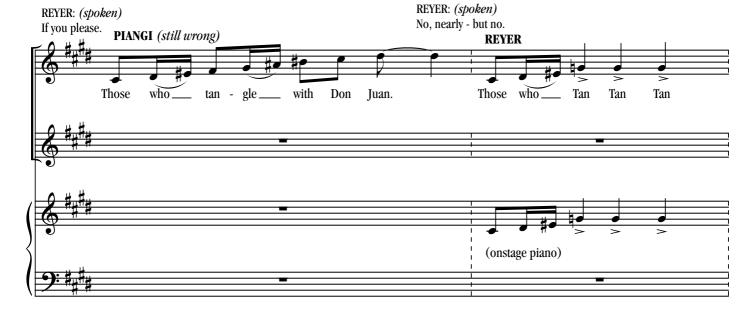














194



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, if you please. Signor Piangi - after seven.

[HE gives the note and counts in]

Five, six, seven....



[CARLOTTA talks through this, and gradually EVERYONE starts either to talk, or to practice the phrase simultaneously]

CARLOTTA: PIANGI: REYER:
Ah, piu non posso! [Trying again] [Attempting
What does it matter THOSE WHO Tan.... Tan.... to restore order]

what notes we sing? [To CHRISTINE] Ladies....

Is right? Signor Piangi....

GIRY : if you please....
Signora, have CHRISTINE :

patience. [To PIANGI]

Not quite Signor: [REYER thumps CARLOTTA: "THOSE WHO TAN.... TAN...." the piano keys,

No-one will know then leaves the

if it is right or [PIANGI looks piano and wrong! No-one miserably at attempts to will CARE if it CARLOTTA. GIRY attract attention is right or wrong! catches CHRISTINE's eye] using signals]



PIANGI:

[To CARLOTTA]

I do my best....

but I do not understand.

CARLOTTA: Don't listen

to them, caro.

PIANGI:

Here is no beauty.... no music....

CARLOTTA: [Mocking]

"THOSE WHO TANGLE WITH DON JUAN!"

[Screams]

Cessate! Cessate! Mi torturate I'anima!! GIRY:

[To CHRISTINE]

You sing the part well,

mam'selle.

CHRISTINE:

Thank you.

REYER:

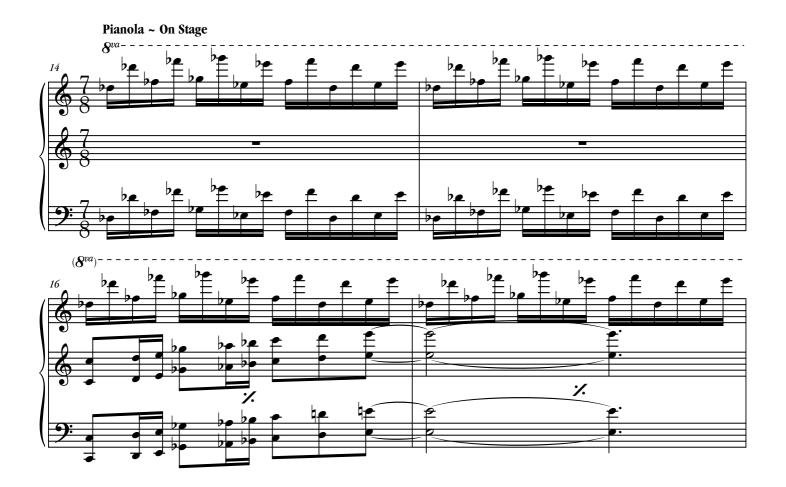
Settle down, now....

settle down....(etc.)

GIRY: I am sure that you will do more than

justice to the role.

[At the height of the maybem, 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]

















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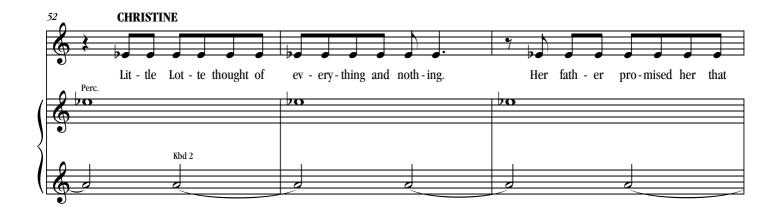
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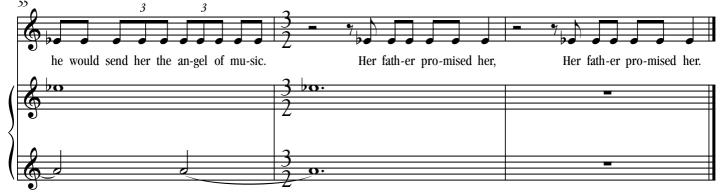
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[As the ensemble becomes background, CHRISTINE, transfixed by the ghostly figure, sings independently]









Segue Scene 4 as one



16. Act II / Scene 4

A GRAVEYARD.

A mausoleum with banging moss. It is dusk.



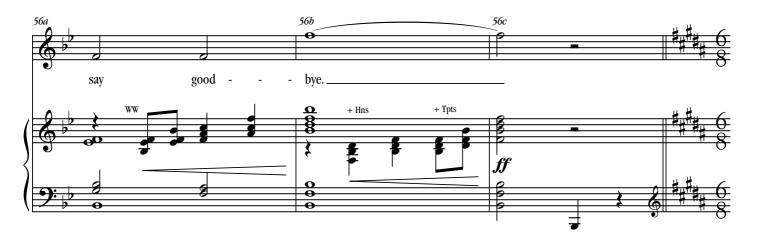










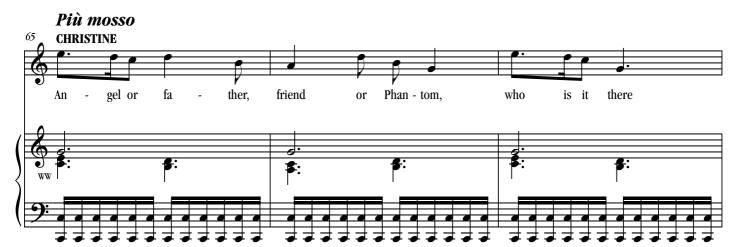


[The figure of the PHANTOM emerges from behind the cross. HE watches from the shadows]





[Bewildered, CHRISTINE looks up, and murmurs breathlessly]









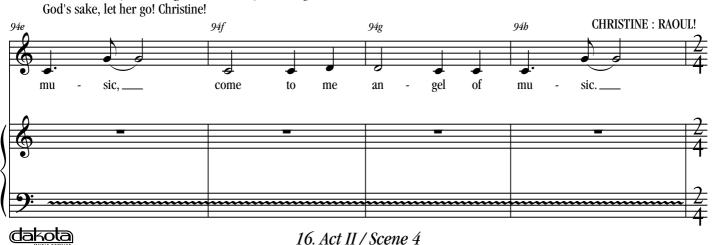


[CHRISTINE moves towards the figure of the PHANTOM]

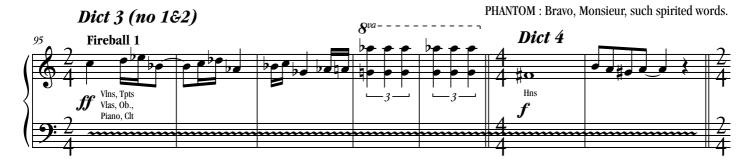


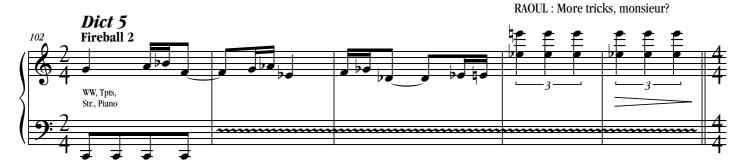






[She runs to RAOUL, who embraces her protectively. The PHANTOM freezes for a moment and then to new music, suddenly seizes a pike, upon which is impaled a skull. At a movement from him, a flash of fire streaks from the gaping mouth of the skull and lands at RAOUL's feet]





[RAOUL has begun to walk, slowly and resolutely, towards the PHANTOM, the fireballs always landing just ahead of him]

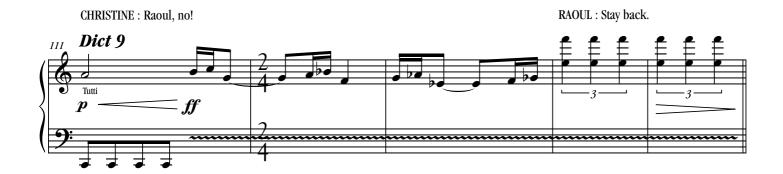
RAOUL: More deception, more violence?

PHANTOM: Let's see Monsieur how far you dare go.

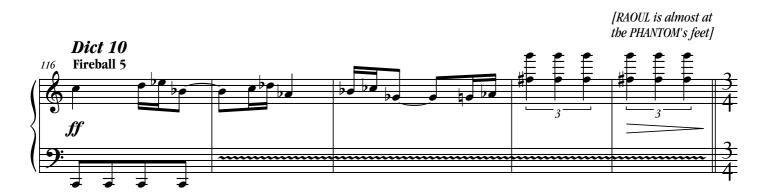
PHANTOM: That's right, that's right keep walking this way.

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

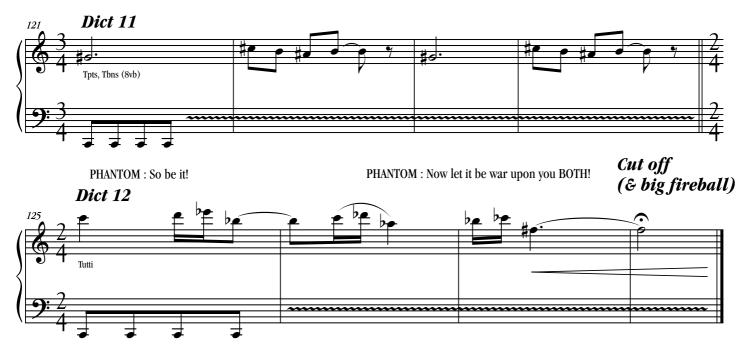








PHANTOM: I'm here. I'm here the angel of death. Come on, come on, monsieur, don't stop.



[And with this, HE causes a wall of flame to shoot from the ground. Simultaneously a flash of lightning.

BLACKOUT.

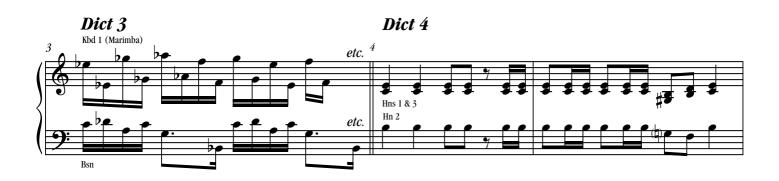
We immediately hear the oboe 'A' of the next scene.]

THE STAGE OF THE OPERA HOUSE BEFORE THE PREMIER OF "DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT"

An oboe sounds an 'A' and the ORCHESTRA begins to tune. A whistle sounds - the CHIEF FIRE OFFICER is reviewing TWO FIRE MARSHALS in tin belmets. A worklight on a stand illuminates them.

The ORCHESTRA continues to tune and warm up throughout the scene. Also present are RAOUL, ANDRE and FIRMIN, supervising the proceedings, and a MARKSMAN, at present hidden in the pit.







Till 2nd Police Whistle Then Stop.



CHIEF: You understand your instructions?

FIREMAN: [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: [To Andre] 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. The orchestra has now completed tuning and individual players can be heard practising fragments of the "DON_JUAN" score.]

RAOUL: [To the MARKSMAN, from Box Five] 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.

[The MARKSMAN repositions himself to improve his view.]

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.]

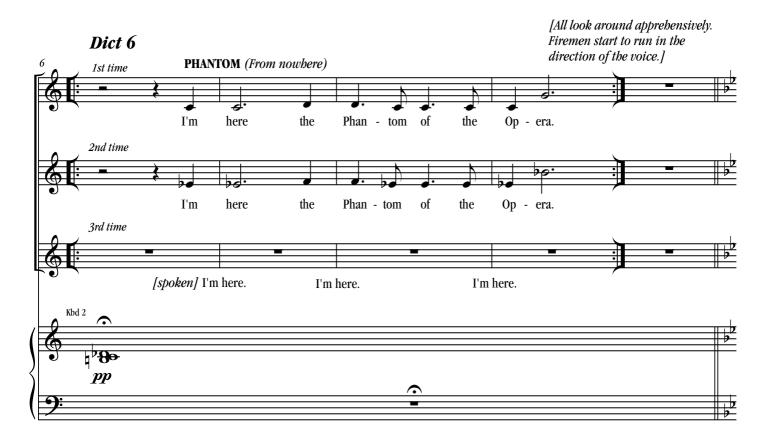
CHIEF: Are the doors secure?

[Exit doors are slammed all over the building, the FIREMAN answering one by one : "Secure!" etc.

The orchestra falls silent.

A short pause as we hear the echo of the last door.]





[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]

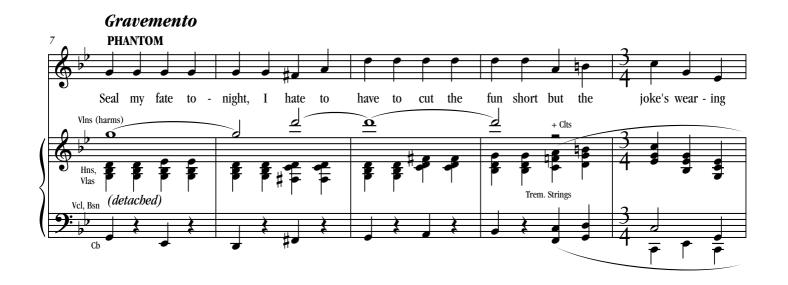
RAOUL: Idiot! You'll kill someone.

I said: Only when the time comes!

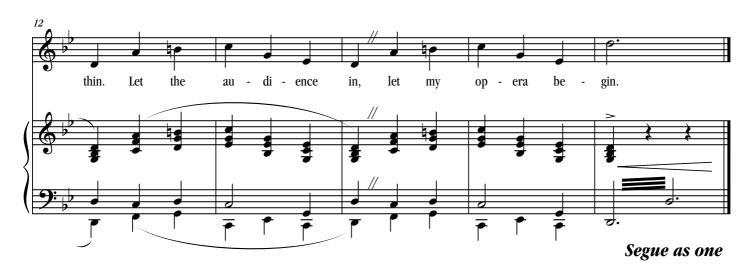
MARKSMAN: But Monsieur le Vicomte....

[The PHANTOM's VOICE cuts in, filling the building. All look up]

PHANTOM's VOICE: No "buts"! For once, Monsieur le Vicomte is right....

























[SIGNOR PIANGI, as DON JUAN, emerges from behind the arch. HE clicks his fingers. MEG, a gypsy dancer, follows en deshabille. SHE pirouettes coquettisbly for him. HE throws her a purse. SHE catches it, kisses him and leaves.]







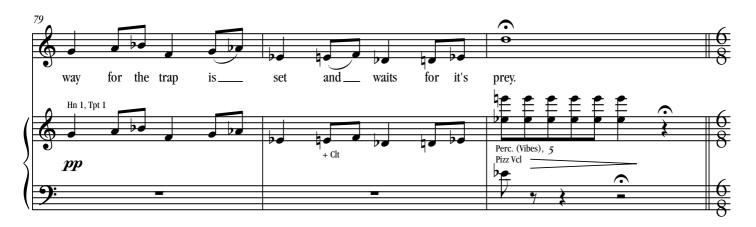




[Laughing, DON JUAN puts on PASSARINO's clothes and goes into the curtained alcove where the bed awaits. Although we do not know it yet, the Punjab Lasso has done it's work and SIGNOR PIANGI is no more. When next we see DON JUAN, it will be the PHANTOM.

Meanwhile we bear AMINTA (CHRISTINE) singing happily in the distance]



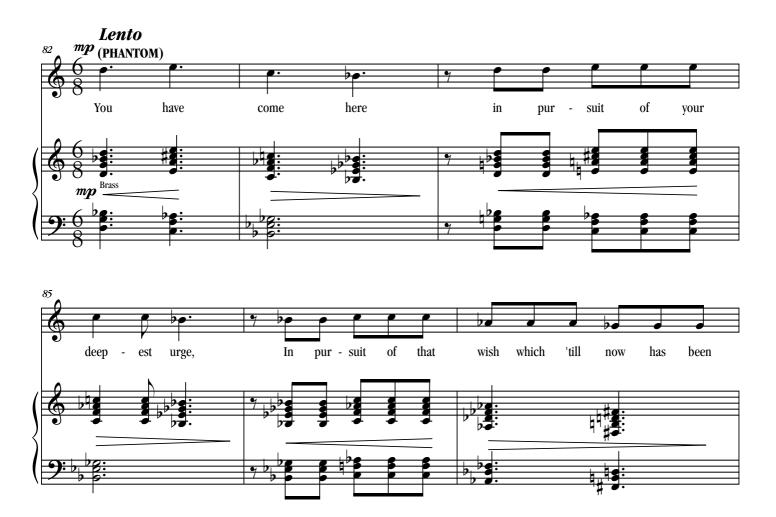


[PASSARINO exits.

AMINTA enters. A pretty, adventurous girl, or SHE would not be here. SHE takes off her cloak and sits down. Looks about her. No-one. SHE starts on a leg of chicken.

The PHANTOM, disguised as DON JUAN pretending to be PASSARINO, emerges. He now wears one of the servant's robes, the cowl of which hides his face.

His first words startle ber.]

























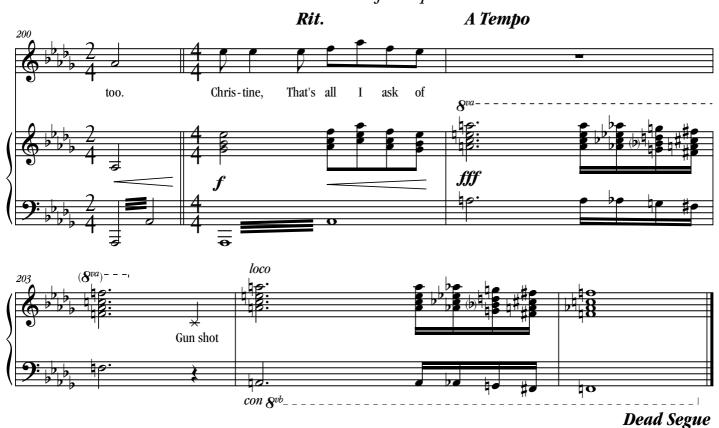




[By now the audience and the SECURITY MEN have realised that SIGNOR PIANGI is dead behind the curtain, and it is the PHANTOM who sings in his place. CHRISTINE knows it too. As final confirmation, the PHANTOM sings:]







[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 garrotted body, propped against the bed, his head gruesomely tilted to one side. SHE screams]



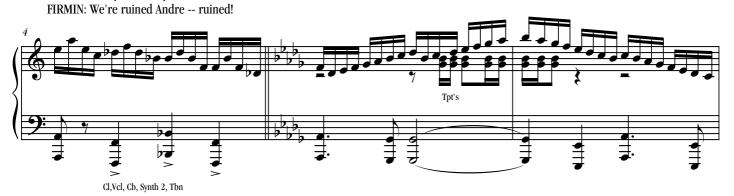
ON STAGE

Same as the previous scene, but in reverse view, with the house curtains, upstage, closed. POLICEMEN, STAGEHANDS etc. rush onto the stage in confusion.

Also: ANDRE, FIRMIN, RAOUL, GIRY, CARLOTTA and MEG.

Allegro Vivace

ANDRE: Oh my God... my God...



CARLOTTA: What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo! Oh my darling, my darling. Who has done this...? [Hysterical, attacking ANDRE]
You! Why did you let this happen?



GIRY: [To RAOUL] Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me! I know where they are!





RAOUL: And can I trust you?

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

MEG: Like this, Monsieur...

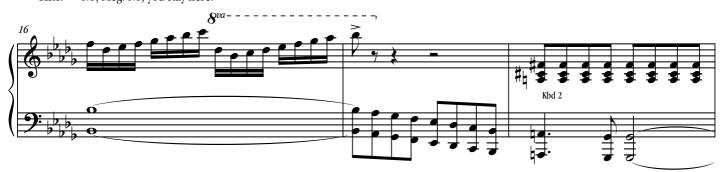


RAOUL: But why?

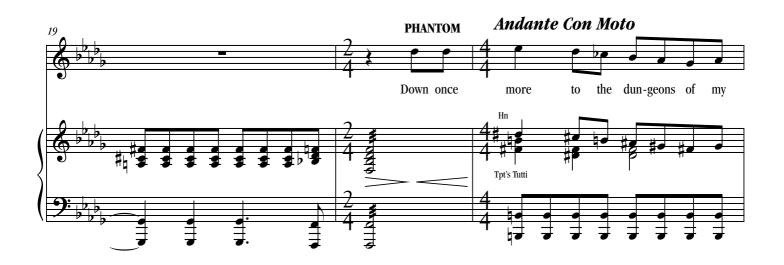
GIRY: The Punjab Lasso, Monsieur. First Buquet, now Piangi.

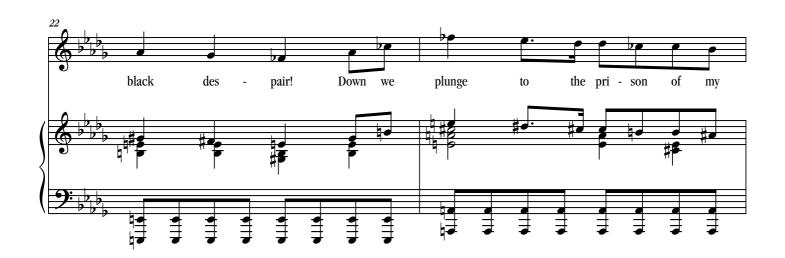
MEG: I'll come with you...

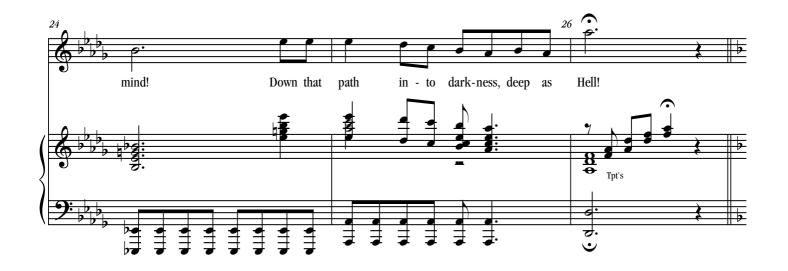
GIRY: No, Meg! No, you stay here!



GIRY: [To RAOUL] Come with me, monsieur, do as I say. But hurry or we shall be too late...









[HE rounds on HER, bitterly.
A great outburst of rhetorical self-pity]







[THEY hold their hands up. Just as well, for a noose descends over RAOUL and HE is able to free himself]



[This taunting chorus continues as THEY make their way down. THEY meet a pack of rats.

GIRY screams and lowers her guard. The rats and the RATCATCHER pass them. GIRY raises her hand.]

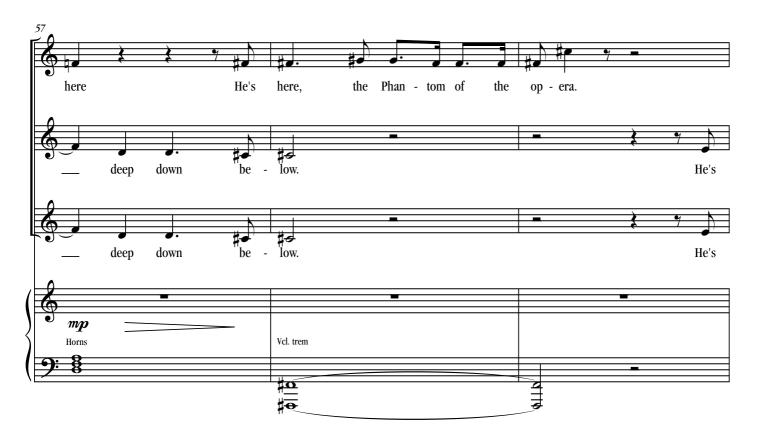
GIRY: He lives across the lake, Monsieur. This is as far as I dare go.

RAOUL: Madame Giry, thank you.

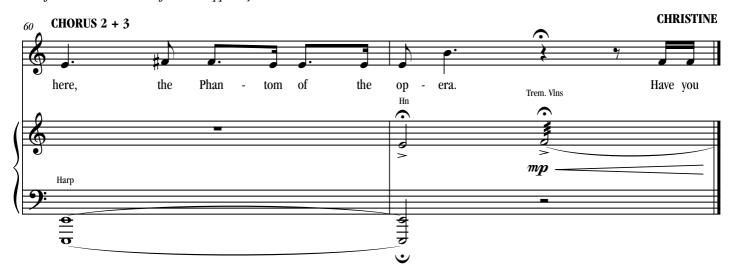
[SHE turns to go back up the slope. RAOUL looks at the water. HE removes his coat and plunges in. The MOB appears at the top of the slope. THEY come down to the lake edge, their torches flickering]







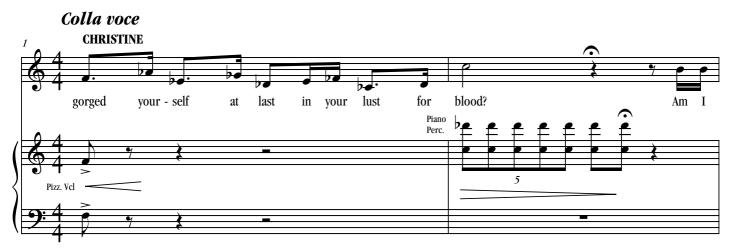
[THEY turn back up the slope. Perhaps there is another way in. The gate to the lair rises from the floor, shutting the boat from view as the rest of the lair appears]

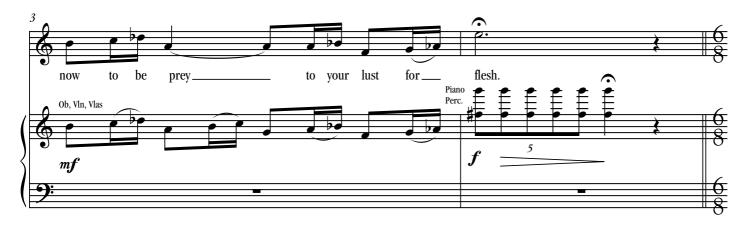


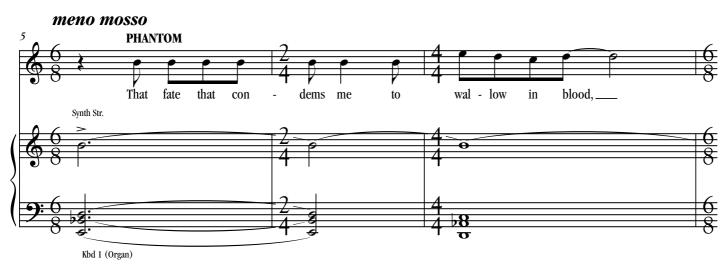


THE PHANTOM'S LAIR

The wax doll of CHRISTINE sits crumpled on a large throne. The PHANTOM enters dragging CHRISTINE roughly. SHE is wearing a white wedding dress, HE is carrying a bridal veil. SHE frees herself and backs away as HE stares blackly out front. Braving her terror, SHE addresses him fiercely.







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[A stunned silence. It is broken, as the PHANTOM suddenly senses RAOUL's presence.]









[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.]















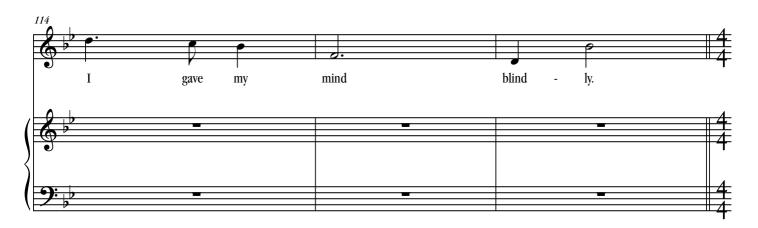




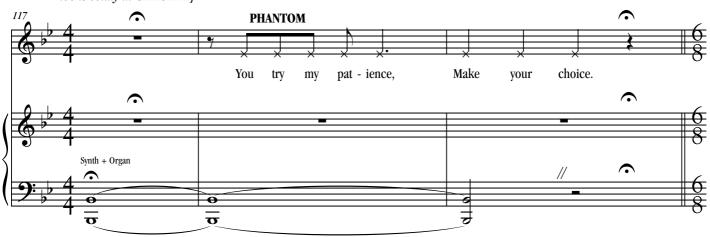




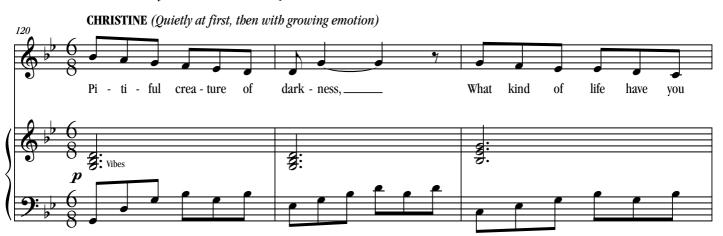




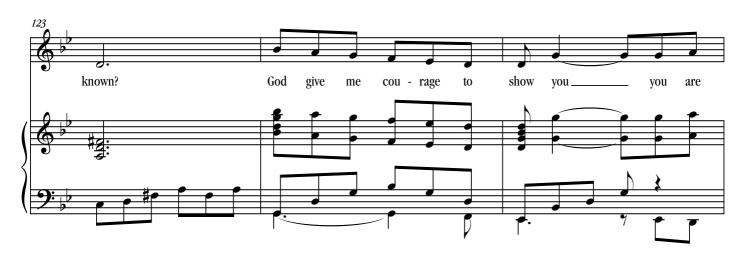
[A pause, The PHANTOM looks coldly at CHRISTINE]

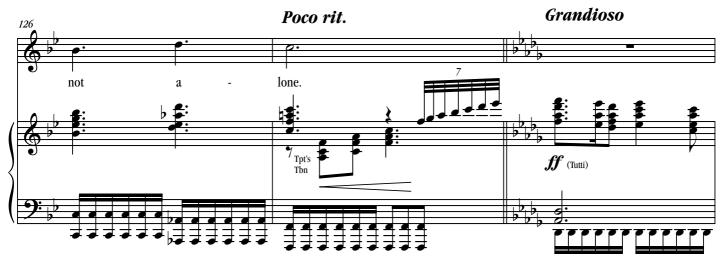


[She reflects for a moment, then with resolution moves slowly towards the PHANTOM]

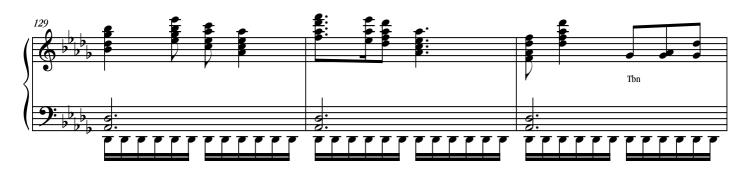


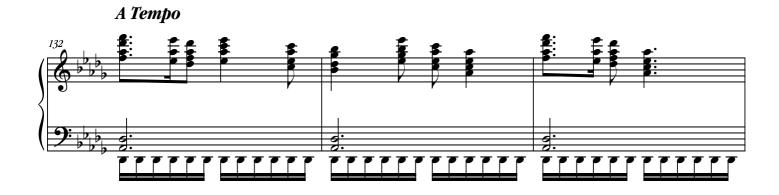






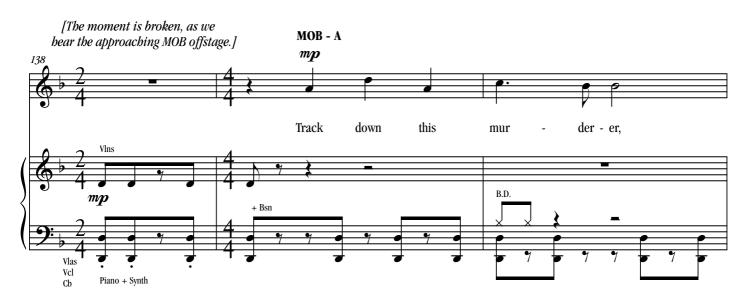
[Now calmly facing HIM, SHE kisses bim long and full on the lips. The embrace lasts a long time. RAOUL watches in borror and wonder.]











[The PHANTOM takes a lit candle and holds it above RAOUL's head. A tense moment. But the suspended rope suddenly falls harmlessly - the PHANTOM has burnt the thread by which the noose was held. Resigned, HE addresses RAOUL]

















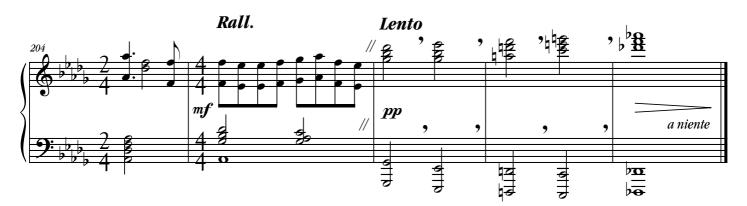












The PHANTOM walks slowly towards the throne and sits on it, gathering his cloak around him. At the same time, the MOB - including MEG - appears above, climbing down the portcullis. By the time THEY have reached the bottom and entered the lair, the PHANTOM has entirely covered himself with the cloak.

MEG crosses to the throne and, tentatively but courageously, pulls the cloak away revealing empty air. The PHANTOM has vanished, leaving only his white mask. In wonder, SHE reaches out and picks up the mask in her small hand.

CURTAIN

End of Opera



21. Playout











