Love Never Dies
Updated November 20th 2009

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics by Glenn Slater

NB This version is only to be used for the libretto that accompanies the commercial CD recording. It is not approved for production use.
Version history

20th November 2009 (this version)
* Created specifically for the printed libretto to accompany the commercial CD recording.
* This version has been formed using the script from the 11th September, coupled with the revised stage directions that will appear in the next full version of the show libretto.
* Do not use this version of the libretto for production rehearsal!

11th September 2009
* Matches Vocal Score dated 4th September 2009
* Matches Album as of September 11th 2009
* Lyric change in Act 1 Sc 1 (She looks for sympathy...etc)

9th August 2009
* Matches Vocal Score dated 31st May 2009
ACT I

PROLOGUE

The sound of seagulls cawing forlornly as the tide rolls relentlessly in. Lights slowly rise to reveal the boardwalk at Coney Island, in winter.

Against a dull grey sky, we see the abandoned frames of Coney’s famous attractions: a skeletal roller coaster...a frost-covered Ferris wheel...a decrepit steeplechase track. They rise behind a weathered wooden fence pasted with old and tattered show posters, advertising the now-forgotten performers who once delighted millions.

A woman enters, wrapped in a ragged coat. She is not old, but has clearly been ill-used by Time. She stops to gaze at the posters.

WOMAN

“Phantasma. City of Wonders.”...Mr. Y Presents...Marvels, astonishments...human prodigies. The Ooh La La Girl, five performances daily....Christine Daaé, the soprano of the century. Gone. All gone...

As she trails off, a voice addresses her.

FLECK

Yes...there’s nothing left. Nothing but ghosts. But I knew you’d come back...Madame Giry.

As the voice speaks, its source unfolds itself from the seaside debris: another woman, ageless and odd, with a pale face, sunken eyes, and a bizarre manner.

MADAME GIRY

You...still here.

FLECK

Of course we’re still here. The freaks, the monstrous, the bizarre...Where else could we
exist but here? And after the tragedy...after
the master disappeared with the child...after
the fire that consumed everything...

MADAME GIRY
His dream. Our dream...

FLECK
Remember how it was? Remember?
(crooning, half-mad)
CONYE ISLE...
GLISTENING AND GLIMMERING!
RISING BRIGHT,
DRENCHED WITH LIGHT...

As she sings, ghostly fireworks
explode overhead.

FLECK
SEE IT SMILE,
BECKONING AND SHIMMERING!
ALL AGLEAM...
LIKE A DREAM...!

FLECK/MADAME GIRY
EVERY FANTASY SET FREE!
SODOM RISING BY THE SEA!

The dilapidated seaside world
begins to transform before our
eyes, bursting into light and
color.

MADAME GIRY
CONYE ISLE!
MIRACLE ON MIRACLE!
SPEED AND SOUND
ALL AROUND.
MILE BY MILE,
LOUD AND LEWD AND LYRICAL.
THRILL ON THRILL,
NEVER STILL.
ALL AMERICA WAS THERE,
BEGGAR NEXT TO BILLIONAIRE!

IN THEY CAME,
CHASING SENSATION AND ROMANCE...
EYES AFLAME,
DESPERATE FOR PLEASURES YET UNKNOWN.
NIGHT AND DAY,
POURING IN BY THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS!
SWEPT AWAY,
AS THEIR EV'RY DESIRE WAS MADE REAL!
The sound of the sea remains for a few moments, then the Coney Island Waltz slowly starts up.

A vision of the past manifests itself – Coney Island in its hey-day. At the height of the reverie:

FLECK
THAT’S THE PLACE THAT YOU RUINED, YOU FOOL!

GIRY
(shocked out of her reverie)
Wh..what? What do you mean?

FLECK
THAT’S THE WORLD YOU DESTROYED WITH YOUR GREED!

MADAME GIRY
It wasn’t my fault! I couldn’t have known...!

FLECK
DON’T YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED BACK THEN, WHEN WE...EVEN WE!...DARED TO WALK AMONG MEN!

(whispered, softly, gently)
WHEN EVEN A PHANTOM COULD DREAM HIS DARK DREAMS ONCE AGAIN...

Suddenly, ragtime music sweeps up, obliterating the two women from the future...
SCENE 1
OUTSIDE PHANTASMA

THE BOARDWALK, CONEY ISLAND, CIRCA 1907.

The grounds of an ornate amusement park, thronged with delighted holiday-makers.

Bystander 1
HURRY UP!

Bystander 2
YOU WON’T BELIEVE IT!

Bystander 3
TAKE A LOOK WHAT’S OVER HERE!

Bystander 4
WHO IMAGINED JUST HOW BIG THE PLACE WOULD BE?

Bystanders 2 & 3
THE MAN CALLED MR. Y
PUT IT UP IN JUST A YEAR!

All Bystanders
IT’S A LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN BY THE SEA!

More onlookers enter, gazing around in amazement.

Onlooker 1
LOOK, THERE’S RESTAURANTS--!

Onlooker 2
A MIDWAY!

Onlooker 3
A GIGANTIC CONCERT HALL!

Bystander 1
THE BIGGEST FUNHOUSE EVER SEEN!

Onlooker 4
A VOLCANO THAT ERUPTS EACH DAY AT THREE!

Bystander 2
WONDERS BROUGHT FROM ‘ROUND THE WORLD!

Onlookers 1 & 2
THE SEASON’S JUST BEGUN,
BUT MR. Y HAS GOT IT ALL!

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Bystander 1
CRYSTAL FOUNTAINS!

Bystander 2
GRAND PAVILIONS!

Bystanders 3 & 4
HELL, IT MUSTA COST HIM MILLIONS!

Bystanders/Onlookers
IT’S A LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN BY THE SEA!

The crowd gets bigger, and more festive.

Onlooker 1
Over here!

Crowd (all)
THE SIGHTS! THE SOUNDS! THE LIGHTS! THE SMELLS!
THE WONDER WHEELS! THE CAROUSELS!
THE GARDENS AND ARCADES,
THE MARBLE COLONNADES!

Crowd 1
THE RIDES!

(Echoing)
THE RIDES!

Crowd 2
THE SHOWS!

(Echoing)
THE SHOWS!

Crowd 1
THE GAMES OF CHANCE!
THE RUSH!

(Echoing)
THE RUSH!

Crowd 2
THE WHIRL!

(Echoing)
THE WHIRL!

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THE SHEER ROMANCE!

AND THE RUMOURS...

WHAT ABOUT ‘EM?

THINGS SO ODD YOU DAREN’T DOUBT ‘EM...

FREAKS AND MONSTERS...

ABERRATIONS...

WEIRD MECHANICAL CREATIONS...

AND THE GENIUS WHO DESIGNED IT WEARS A MASK!

(whispers)
A mask! A mask!

BUT WHAT’S BEHIND IT?

WHAT’S BEHIND IT?

WHAT’S BEHIND IT?

WHAT’S BEHIND IT?

WHAT’S BEHIND IT?

WHAT’S BEHIND IT?

The crowd erupts in a burst of excitement, fanning out through the park, chattering and pointing.

FANCY BALLROOMS!
PASSERBY 2

VAULTED SPACES!

ONLOOKERS 1&2

SHOOT-THE-CHUTES AND STEEPLECHASES!

ONLOOKER 3 & 4

A CASINO!

SPECTATORS

A MUSEUM!

PASSERSBY

LOOK! A ROMAN COLOSSEUM!

Bystander 1

AND A CONCERT HALL THAT’S BIGGER THAN THE MET!

ALL BYSTANDERS

(first singly, then building to the full group)

WHAT’S INSIDE IT?
WHAT’S INSIDE IT?
WHAT’S INSIDE IT?
WHAT’S INSIDE IT?

The façade of the amusement park bleeds through whilst the ensemble freeze, and we see, behind the vast posters, MEG and two other chorines, peeking through a hole and surveying the crowd.

MEG

JESUS, WHAT A CROWD.

SHOWGIRL 1

NERVOUS?

MEG

JUST A BIT.

SHOWGIRL 1

KID, LOOK WHO YOU ARE!

SHOWGIRL 2

THE HEADLINE ACT!

SHOWGIRL 1

A MAJOR STAR!

SHOWGIRL 2

YOU’RE ALREADY A HIT.
(to Showgirl 1)
Got a match?

MEG
(to herself)
WONDER WHAT HE’LL THINK...

SHOWGIRL 1
(to Showgirl 2)
The boss?

MEG
..IF HE’S EVEN HERE.

SHOWGIRL 1
HONEY, PLEASE...HE’S HERE.

SHOWGIRL 2
AND IN JUST TWO DAYS,
HE’LL BE THERE TOSSING YOU BOUQUETS
AT OUR GALA PREMIERE.

Picture it--!

SHOWGIRL 1
The cream of Manhattan!

SHOWGIRL 2
Celebrities! Millionaires!

SHOWGIRL 1
Watching you!

MEG
(in a private reverie)
I’LL BE WAITING IN THE WING,
WOUND UP TIGHTER THAN A SPRING,
AS THE HOUSE BEGINS TO DIM.
AND I’LL PRACTICE EV’RY LINE,
HOping DESPERATELY TO SHINE--
SHINING ONLY FOR HIM.

SHOWGIRLS
JUST IMAGINE HOW THEY’LL CHEER
AT THE MOMENT YOU APPEAR--

MEG
STEPPING OUT BEFORE THE SCRIM...!
LET ‘EM WHOOP AND LET ‘EM CALL,
I WON’T HEAR THE CROWD AT ALL--

SHOWGIRLS
NO, IT’S ONLY FOR HIM.
MEG  
(suddenly self-conscious)  
TELL ME HOW I LOOK.

SHOWGIRL 2  
Fine.

MEG  
(worried)  
Just fine?

(sings)  
WHAT ABOUT MY HAIR?

SHOWGIRL 2  
BEAUTIFUL.

MEG  
YOU SWEAR?

SHOWGIRL 1  
(sings)  
TRUST ME, ONCE THE BOSS  
SEES HOW YOU PUT THAT SONG ACROSS—

SHOWGIRL 2  
HELL, HE AIN’T GOT A PRAYER.

MEG  
(hopefully)  
You mean it?

SHOWGIRLS  
YOU’LL STEP OUT INTO THE LIGHT—

SHOWGIRL 1  
LOOKING LOVELY!

SHOWGIRL 2  
BURNING BRIGHT!

SHOWGIRLS  
ALL VITALITY AND VIM!

MEG  
(losing herself in the vision)  
AH-AHH...!  
AND I’LL RAPTURously FLOAT  
THROUGH THE MELODY HE WROTE,  
SINGING ONLY FOR HIM.
SHOWGIRLS

AND BEFORE THE MUSIC DIES,
UP THE AUDIENCE WILL RISE,
NEARLY BURSTING AT THE BRIM!
AND YOU’LL STAND THERE IN THE GLOW...

MEG

(wistful)
AND PERHAPS, AT LAST HE’LL KNOW...

Another showgirl peeks out the stage door.

SHOWGIRL 3

Girls! Hurry up! We’re on!

And as the company begin to move again and
the girls rush to make an entrance, the
gates to PHANTASMA swing open and the girls
come out, now, in the company of the
speciality acts -- MS FLECK, as an
aerialist, GANGLE, the barker, and the
strongman SQUELCH.

Bystander 1

Where is she?

Onlooker 1

Look! There!

Onlooker 2

In the center!

Passerby 1

Just like in the posters!

Passerby 2

It’s the Ooh La La Girl!

Onlooker 3 & 4

Meg Giry!

Meg

WELCOME EACH AND EVERYONE
TO OUR FIRMAMENT OF FUN!

SHOWGIRLS

A BUFFET OF BALLYHOO!

MEG & SHOWGIRLS

IT’S WHERE CONEY COMES TO PLAY
AND IT’S OPENING TODAY!
MEG

AND IT’S ONLY FOR YOU!

SHOWGIRL 1

AND YOU!

SHOWGIRL 2

AND YOU!

SHOWGIRL 3

AND YOU!

SHOWGIRLS & MEG
ENTERTAINMENT DAY AND NIGHT,
SURE TO DAZZLE AND DELIGHT!

MEG

AND OF COURSE WE’LL BE THERE TOO!

SHOWGIRLS
(waving and flirting with the crowd)
Yoo hoo!

SHOWGIRLS & MEG
WE’RE SO HAPPY THAT YOU’RE HERE,
FOR THE SEASON’S BIG PREMIERE!
AND IT’S ONLY FOR YOU!

MEG does a little curtsey to the
audience and runs off. As the
SHOWGIRLS continue to dance, the
stage revolves again so that we’re
backstage.

GANGLE
Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Meg Giry, the Ooh La La
Girl! Five shows daily, only here at Phantasma.
(Begins to cross fade to Meg)
And now, the aerial exoticism of the fabulous Miss
Fleck – half bird, half woman, all for only 10
cents a ticket...

MADAME GIRY is waiting there, and
MEG runs over to her.

MEG
How was I? Tell me!

MADAME GIRY
Delightful, Meg. Just perfect. And I say that
not only as your mother...but as your producer.
MEG
Was he watching?

MADAME GIRY
I’m sure he was. I’m sure he’ll have much to say about how much you’ve progressed.

(They begin to exit. Then she pauses offhandedly)

MADAME GIRY (cont’d)
By the way, it seems you have an admirer. A certain Mr. Thompson.

MEG
(hesitantly)
Is he important?

They exit as the stage darkens, until...
SCENE 2
THE AERIE.

In the darkness, the glowing figure of beautiful woman suddenly appears. She is ravishing, breathtaking, alive. Behind her circles a man in a mask – THE PHANTOM.

He embraces her from behind, and their bodies entwine, but at the height of the ecstatic moment, we realize that the woman is not in fact real...but a cleverly devised automaton.

THE PHANTOM pulls back, breaking the spell. The lights rise, revealing the Phantom’s workroom.

PHANTOM
(to the automaton)
TEN LONG YEARS,
LIVING A MERE FAÇADE OF LIFE.
TEN LONG YEARS,
WASTING MY TIME ON SMOKE AND NOISE.
IN MY MIND,
I HEAR MELODIES PURE AND UNEARTHLY,
BUT I FIND,
I CAN’T GIVE THEM A VOICE WITHOUT YOU!
MY CHRISTINE...!
MY CHRISTINE...!
LOST AND GONE...
LOST AND GONE...

THE DAY STARTS.
THE DAY ENDS.
TIME CRAWLS BY.
NIGHT STEALS IN, PACING THE FLOOR.
THE MOMENTS CREEP,
YET I CAN’T BEAR TO SLEEP
'TIL I HEAR YOU SING...

AND WEEKS PASS.
AND MONTHS PASS.
SEASONS FLY.
STILL YOU DON’T WALK THROUGH THE DOOR.
AND IN A HAZE,
I COUNT THE SILENT DAYS
'TIL I HEAR YOU SING
ONCE MORE.
AND SOMETIMES,  
AT NIGHT TIME,  
I DREAM THAT YOU ARE THERE--  
BUT WAKE HOLDING NOTHING  
BUT THE EMPTY AIR...

AND YEARS COME.  
AND YEARS GO.  
TIME RUNS DRY.  
STILL I ACHE, DOWN TO THE CORE.  
MY BROKEN SOUL  
CAN'T BE ALIVE AND WHOLE,  
'TIL I HEAR YOU SING  
ONCE MORE.

AND MUSIC--  
YOUR MUSIC!--  
IT TEASES AT MY EAR.  
I TURN--AND IT FADES AWAY  
AND YOU'RE NOT HERE!

LET HOPES PASS,  
LET DREAMS PASS!  
LET THEM DIE!  
WITHOUT YOU, WHAT ARE THEY FOR?  
I'LL ALWAYS FEEL  
NO MORE THAN HALFWAY REAL,  
'TIL I HEAR YOU SING  
ONCE MORE!

Gently and lovingly, he covers up the lifeless mannequin. Suddenly, MEG and MADAME GIRY burst in. MEG rushes over to him.

MEG  
TELL ME, DID YOU WATCH?  
TELL ME THAT YOU SAW!  
DID YOU HEAR THE CROWD?  
THE WAY THEY CHEERED?  
I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD--  
DID YOU LIKE THE NEW ROUTINE?  
WAS IT PASSABLE, I MEAN?  
I CAN CHANGE A THING OR TWO,  
WHAT SHOULD I DO?  
NO, DON'T SAY IT--I CAN GUESS,  
BUT I PROMISE, I'LL PROGRESS--

(distracted)  
Yes, of course. Whatever you feel is best...

MEG  
DID THE COSTUME LOOK OK?
TOO REVEALING, WOULD YOU SAY?
PEOPLE SEEMED TO LIKE THE VIEW.

MADAME GIRY
Meg, please!

MEG
I COULD SHOW A BIT MORE SKIN--
THAT WOULD SURELY BRING 'EM IN--

MADAME GIRY
(exploding)
Meg!

MEG stops, wary.

MADAME GIRY (cont’d)
(tight, seething)
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THE MASTER'S AT WORK?
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT HIS MIND'S SOMEWHERE ELSE?
CAN'T YOU SEE
THAT OBVIOUSLY
HE'S THINKING OF THINGS MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU.

PHANTOM
(warningly)
Careful, Madame. You’re forgetting yourself.

MADAME GIRY
DON'T YOU SEE HE FORGOT WHAT THIS IS?
OP'NING DAY, BIG DEAL, WHAT'S THE FUSS?
OUR SUCCESS
MEANS NAUGHT, I GUESS,
COMPIRED TO THE THINGS THAT THE MASTER MUST DO.

PHANTOM
That’s quite enough!

MADAME GIRY rips the cover off of
the mannequin.

MADAME GIRY
(contemptuously)
CHRISTINE! CHRISTINE!

MEG
(disappointed)
...CHRISTINE.

MADAME GIRY
Without another word, MEG turns and exits.

MADAME GIRY (cont’d)
(once Meg is gone)
IN PAREE,
WHEN THE MOB SURROUNDED YOU,
WHO WAS THERE?
WE WERE THERE!
WHERE WAS SHE,
WHEN THE LAWMEN HOUNDED YOU?
GONE, LONG GONE.
WE STAYED ON.
WHO CONCEALED YOU SAFE AWAY?
SMUGGLED YOU UP TO CALAIS?
FOUND A FREIGHTER OUT OF FRANCE--

PHANTOM
(assertive)
I DON’T SEE THE PROBLEM.
THIS IS ANCIENT HIST’RY.

MADAME GIRY
AND ONCE HERE,
WHEN THE SIDESHOW HIRED YOU,
WHO STOOD BY?
MEG AND I.
WHILE THEY KEPT YOU ON DISPLAY,
WHO KEPT WORKING NIGHT AND DAY?
WHO GAVE YOU THEIR VERY LIVES?

AND WHO HELPED YOU BUY THAT SIDESHOW?
WHO HELPED YOU FINANCE YOUR SCHEME?
WHO WOULDN'T QUIT
'TIL YOUR ACT WAS A HIT,
AND YOUR HIT COULD BECOME YOUR DREAM?

WHO PLIED THE POLITICIANS?
LURED INVESTORS AND THE PRESS?
NO, NOT HER!

AND WHO STAYED WITH YOU,
HELPED YOU AND ADVISED YOU?
WE STAYED WITH YOU,
LOVED AND IDOLIZED YOU!
SHE BETRAYED YOU,
SHUNNED YOU AND DESPISED YOU!

SHE CHOSE RAOUl, CHOSE HIS BEAUTY AND YOUTH!
IT’S LONG PAST TIME YOU FACED UP TO--!

PHANTOM
Enough!
(coldly)
YOU’LL BE REPaid, AS I PROMISED YOU WOULD.
NOW, IF YOU’VE ANYTHING ELSE LEFT TO SAY...?

Without another word, GIRY exits.
For a moment, THE PHANTOM is
thrown. Then he turns back to the
automaton, almost as if for
support.

PHANTOM (cont’d)
OH CHRISTINE!
MY CHRISTINE!
YES, YOU FLED FROM MY FACE ONCE BEFORE,
BUT CHRISTINE,
WHAT WE SHARED, EVEN YOU CAN'T IGNORE,
MY CHRISTINE!
I’LL BE NO LONGER DENIED!
I’LL HAVE YOU BACK BY MY SIDE,
MY SWEET CHRISTINE!

He breaks off, overcome. Then,
back in control of himself:

(sings)
AND COME WHAT MAY,
I SWEAR SOMEHOW, SOME WAY,
I WILL HEAR YOU SING ONCE MORE!

He fades into the shadows. We
hear the vulgar strains of a cheap
brass band...
SCENE 3
PIER 69

MANHATTAN. OUTSIDE THE CUSTOM-HOUSE GATES.

...And we are suddenly dockside at the disembarking of a massive ocean liner. A little welcome band sits nearby, playing loudly.

Reporters, photographers, well-wishers and gawkers form an aisle to greet the disembarking passengers.

A latecomer rushes in.

LATECOMER
Has the Persephone docked yet?

ONLOOKER 1
Yeah, the passengers are going through customs now.

ONLOOKER 2
Here they come!

The first passengers come through the gate: a portly lady wearing an enormous plumed hat, escorted by a dapper gentleman.

REPORTER 1
It’s Mrs. Astor!

PHOTOGRAPHER 1
Hey, Mrs. Astor! Over here!

MRS. ASTOR turns, and flashbulbs go off.

REPORTER 2
How was your trip?

REPORTER 3
Is that the latest Paris style?

She blows them a kiss and is escorted to her waiting carriage.

The crowd is already looking past her.
ONLOOKER 2
Look, there’s Colonel Vanderbilt!

REPORTER 1
Hey, Colonel, enjoyed those French Pastries, didja?

COLONEL VANDERBILT
(smiles broadly)
There’s nothing there we don’t have bigger and better over here, I assure you.

PHOTOGRAPHER 2
Thanks, Colonel!

The colonel smiles indulgently, pats his ample waistline lightly as the flashbulbs go off, then moves on.

REPORTER 2
Over there, that’s Oscar Hammerstein, ain’t it?

PHOTOGRAPHER 1
Hey, Mr. H., Over here, this way!

HAMMERSTEIN approaches the press line.

REPORTER 3
How was Europe?

ONLOOKER 1
Hey, there she is!

HAMMERSTEIN is forgotten. All eyes turn. Suddenly, framed in the gateway, clutching the hand of a young boy, stands CHRISTINE DAAÉ. She is nearly obscured by veils and a cloche hat, but she is gorgeous, iconic -- every inch a star.

There is a moment of awed silence as the onlookers take in this vision...then pandemonium.

Flashbulbs explode, as the crowd surges around her.

REPORTERS & PHOTOGRAPHERS
Christine Daaé! Christine Daaé! Over here! This way!
CHRISTINE, still silent, pulls the boy closer, protectively, then--

RAOUL

Her name is Madame de Chagny! Stand aside! Stand aside, please!

Her husband appears. Dapper and handsome, brusque, irate.

RAOUL (cont’d)

No pictures, do you hear? No pictures of my wife, no pictures of the boy!

But he is ignored in the frenzy.

REPORTER 1

Hey Christine, why Coney Island?

REPORTER 2

Your first concert in years, why ain’tcha singin’ at the Met?

RAOUL

The Vicomtesse has been engaged by the well-known impresario-

REPORTER 3

Well-known?!

REPORTER 1

No one’s ever seen the guy!

REPORTER 1

How’d he lure the great Christine Daaé over here, anyways?

REPORTER 2

It’s the money, right?

REPORTER 3

All that American moolah!

REPORTER 1

Hey Christine, whatcha gonna sing, “Yankee Doodle Moolah?”

The crowd guffaws.

RAOUL

(heatedly)

My wife is an artist, Sir--!
REPORTER 2
Yeah, and her art is payin’ off your gambling debts, is what they’re sayin’ in France.

REPORTER 3
Is it true you left your entire fortune on a roulette table in Monte Carlo?

RAOUL
Why, you insolent jackal! How dare you---

GUSTAVE
Father-

RAOUL
(snapping)
Not now, Gustave!

REPORTER 1
Hey kid, how does it feel to have a famous mother?

REPORTER 2
This your first time in America?

REPORTER 3
What do plan to do here at Coney?

GUSTAVE
(shy)
I... want to learn how to swim.

The crowd hoots and laughs, and the boy shrinks back against CHRISTINE.

RAOUL
I said, leave the child alone!

(he looks around anxiously)
For God’s sake, didn’t this Mr. Y send someone to receive us?

Suddenly animated, the boy steps forward.

GUSTAVE
(pointing)
MOTHER, LOOK...!
RIGHT OVER THERE...
ACROSS THE SQUARE...
WHAT IS IT?

All eyes turn as a strange carriage appears, fancifully designed. The horses appear to be mechanical, and the driver’s face seems to be completely obscured.

ONLOOKERS
(muttering amongst themselves)
What on earth could it be? I’ve never seen such a thing before in my life! Damn strange, that’s what it is! The most peculiar conveyance! Etc.

Suddenly the doors of the carriage open, revealing...a completely empty interior.

And then, three figures extricate themselves from the empty space. They bow in unison at the crowd, then approach CHRISTINE and family with bizarre yet oddly beautiful motions.

SQUELCH

ARE YOU READY TO BEGIN?
ARE YOU READY TO GET ON?
YOU’RE ABOUT TO START OUT
ON THE JOURNEY OF YOUR LIVES.

With a flourish, he reaches behind GUSTAVE’s ear and pulls out a colored handkerchief, which he then lets go.

RAOUL
(bewildered, outraged)
Is this some kind of joke?

ONLOOKER 1
No, it’s a publicity stunt for that freakshow on Coney!

REPORTER 1
It’s a front page feature, is what it is! You getting this, Smitty?
PHOTOGRAPHER 1
(snapping pictures)
You betcha!

The thin one speaks next.

GANGLE
IF YOU’RE READY, THEN GET IN.
ONCE YOU’RE IN, THEN WE’LL GET GONE.
AND WHO KNOWS, ONCE IT GOES,
WHERE YOU’LL BE WHEN IT ARRIVES?

With one fluid motion, he removes
RAOUL’s top hat...and suddenly
makes it vanish into thin air.

RAOUL
This is outrageous!

ONLOOKER 2
It’s amazing!

ONLOOKER 3
Brilliant!

ONLOOKER 4
I’m tellin’ ya, that Mr. Y is an absolute
genius!

GANGLE and SQUELCH flank the
family and walk them towards the
carriage as the bird-like FLECK beckons
them forward.

FLECK
IT’S A FUNHOUSE WHERE THE MIRRORS
ALL REFLECT WHAT’S REAL.

FLECK & GANGLE
(whispered)
AND REALITY’S AS TWISTED
AS THE MIRRORS REVEAL.

FLECK, GANGLE & SQUELCH
AND THE FUN IS FINDING OUT
WHAT THE MIRRORS SHOW...

The group is now at the door of
the carriage. CHRISTINE is led
inside, then RAOUL, protesting.
RAOUL
This is unacceptable, do you hear me? I will be taking this up with your employer! Whoever he is!

Only GUSTAVE, the boy, remains outside the carriage.

GUSTAVE
(excited)
EVERYTHING
AND EVERYONE--
IT’S ALL JUST HOW I DREAMED...
ALL THE FREAKS,
AND ALL THE FUN,
EXACTLY HOW I DREAMED...
AND PHANTASMA STILL AWAITS...
WONDER WHAT’S BEHIND IT’S GATES...

The boy climbs in. Silently, the carriage rolls off as onlookers watch, speechless, until it disappears.

The welcome band bursts back into song.

REPORTER 1
That was somethin’, wasn’t it?

ONLOOKER 1
I was hoping she’d sing. Caruso sang half of Pagliacci for us when he got off the boat.

REPORTER 2
Eh, I bet she ain’t got it no more, not like the old days. Sure, she’s pitch perfect...but empty inside. Like the flame went out or somethin’.

Someone points to the arrival gates.

ONLOOKER 2
Look! It’s the Rockefellers!

The band keeps playing as we transition to...
SCENE 4
THE HOTEL

A HOTEL SUITE. EVENING.

RAOUl, CHRISTINE, and GUSTAVE settle into a spacious hotel suite.

There is a huge window with ornate drapes, a chaise, some chairs and tables, and a piano upon which rests some sheet music.

As the family enters, GUSTAVE runs to the piano and snatches an object from it. He sits with his back to us, preoccupied with his find.

RAOUl immediately goes to the table and pours himself a brandy.

RAOUl
WHAT A DREADFUL TOWN!
WHAT A VULGAR PLACE!
WHAT AN AWFUL MISTAKE TO HAVE COME HERE!
TO BE ON DISPLAY
IN THAT SHAMELESS WAY
FOR THE CRUDE, COMMON, LOWER-CLASS SCUM HERE.
HOW DO THEY DARE TO TREAT US SO!

GUSTAVE
FATHER DEAR,
COME PLAY WITH ME,
COME HERE AND SEE
THIS TOY I’VE GOT—

RAOUl takes a slug of brandy, slams down his glass.

RAOUl
WHAT A SNUB, AT MOST,
FROM OUR SO-CALLED HOST—
DID HE THINK SENDING FREAKS WOULD BE FUNNY?
COULD THE FOOL HAVE THOUGHT
THAT OUR PRIDE WAS BOUGHT
BY HIS FILthy AMERICAN MONEY?
WHAT A PARCE!
WHAT AN OUTRIGHT SLAP IN THE FACE—
IT’S AN UTTER DISGRACE—
I’VE GOT A MIND TO PACK AND GO,
NEVER YOU MIND THE DEBTS WE OWE-
WHO WOULD BELIEVE WE’VE SUNK THIS LOW?

GUSTAVE

FATHER, PLEASE,
COME PLAY WITH ME—

RAOUL

PLEASE TELL THE BOY THE ANSWER’S NO!

In the moment of silence that
follows, CHRISTINE idly plays a
few notes from the sheet music on
the piano.

RAOUL (cont’d)
(through gritted teeth)
Must you make that racket?

CHRISTINE
It’s the aria I’m to sing tomorrow.

RAOUL
It hurts my head.

CHRISTINE
PLEASE LET’S NOT FIGHT, DEAR...
I’M SURE THAT NO ONE INTENDED A SLIGHT, DEAR...

RAOUL
DON’T YOU PATRONIZE ME,
IT’S YOUR FAULT WE CAME HERE.

CHRISTINE
WE NEED THE MONEY, THAT’S ALL.
THAT’S WHY THINGS HAVEN’T BEEN RIGHT, DEAR...

RAOUL
WHY DOESN’T IT SURPRISE ME
THAT I GET THE BLAME HERE?

CHRISTINE
LET’S LEAVE TONIGHT, DEAR...
IF THAT WOULD SERVE TO EASE YOUR TROUBLED MIND...
LEAVE THE HURT BEHIND.

His anger subsides as she soothes him.
Then:

GUSTAVE

FATHER DEAR,
COME OVER HERE,
AND LOOK AT WHAT THEY GAVE TO ME.
WIND IT UP, AND FATHER, SEE--
LOOK, IT PLAYS A MELODY

The wind-up toy plays the same little tune that the marching band played at the dockside... until RAOUl, unable to bear it, smashes it down.

RAOUl

I need some air.

He moves to the door.

CHRISTINE
Raoul, please...!

RAOUl
(turns at door. Roughly)
Please what?

CHRISTINE
Nothing. Only...Raoul, don’t drink any more.

He hesitates a moment, then leaves, slamming the door behind him.

GUSTAVE
(crestfallen)
FATHER NEVER PLAYS WITH ME, DOESN’T HE LOVE ME?

CHRISTINE

LOVE'S A CURIOUS THING, IT OFTEN COMES DISGUISED.
LOOK AT LOVE THE WRONG WAY, IT GOES UNRECOGNIZED...
SO LOOK WITH YOUR HEART, AND NOT WITH YOUR EYES.
THE HEART UNDERSTANDS.
THE HEART NEVER LIES.
BELIEVE WHAT IT FEELS, AND TRUST WHAT IT SHOWS.
LOOK WITH YOUR HEART-- THE HEART ALWAYS KNOWS.

LOVE IS NOT ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL, NOT AT THE START...

SO OPEN YOUR ARMS, AND CLOSE YOUR EYES TIGHT, LOOK WITH YOUR HEART,
AND WHEN IT FINDS LOVE,
YOUR HEART WILL BE RIGHT.

(suddenly serious)
LEARN FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS...
MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET.
LOVE YOU MISUNDERSTAND
IS LOVE THAT YOU'LL REGRET...

She trails off...lost, perhaps, in
memory. After a long moment:

GUSTAVE
Mother...?
(prompting her)
LOOK WITH YOUR HEART...
AND NOT WITH YOUR EYES...
THE HEART CAN’T BE FOOLLED,

CHRISTINE
THE HEART IS TOO WISE.

GUSTAVE
FORGET WHAT YOU THINK--

CHRISTINE
IGNORE WHAT YOU HEAR--

GUSTAVE & CHRISTINE
LOOK WITH YOUR HEART!
IT ALWAYS SEES CLEAR.

GUSTAVE
LOVE IS NOT ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL,
NOT AT THE START...

CHRISTINE
BUT OPEN YOUR ARMS...
AND CLOSE YOUR EYES TIGHT...
LOOK WITH YOUR HEART...
AND WHEN IT FINDS LOVE...
YOUR HEART WILL BE RIGHT.

GUSTAVE exits, attended by a nanny.
As the music continues under, she
hums the melody to herself as she
picks the toy up off the floor
where the boy has left it. She winds
it and lets it play. Instead of the
marching band music, the toy plays
a different melody.

She freezes. Then whirls around.
And CHRISTINE and THE PHANTOM gaze at one another for the first time in ten years. A long, lingering gaze. Then:

CHRISTINE
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU’D BE HERE.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG.
THIS WHOLE ARRANGEMENT BEARS YOUR STAMP.
YOU’RE IN EACH MEASURE OF THAT SONG.
HOW DARE YOU TRY AND CLAIM ME NOW!
HOW DARE YOU COME INVADE MY LIFE!

PHANTOM
OH, CHRISTINE...
MY CHRISTINE...!
IN THAT TIME WHEN THE WORLD THOUGHT ME DEAD,
MY CHRISTINE,
ON THE NIGHT JUST BEFORE YOU WERE WED,
AH, CHRISTINE!
YOU CAME AND FOUND WHERE I HID,
DON’T YOU DENY THAT YOU DID,
THAT LONG AGO NIGHT..!

CHRISTINE
(remembering)
THAT NIGHT...

PHANTOM
ONCE, THERE WAS A NIGHT,
BENEATH A MOONLESS SKY,
TOO DARK TO SEE A THING,
TOO DARK TO EVEN TRY—

CHRISTINE
I STOLE TO YOUR SIDE
TO TELL YOU I MUST GO.
I COULDN’T SEE YOUR FACE,
BUT SENSED YOU EVEN SO.
AND I TOUCHED YOU—

PHANTOM
AND I FELT YOU—

CHRISTINE & PHANTOM
AND I HEARD THOSE RAVISHING REFRAINS...

CHRISTINE
THE MUSIC OF YOUR PULSE—

PHANTOM
THE SINGING IN YOUR VEINS—
AND I HELD YOU—

CHRISTINE

AND I TOUCHED YOU—

PHANTOM

AND EMBRACED YOU—

CHRISTINE

AND I FELT YOU—

PHANTOM

AND WITH EV’RY BREATH AND EV’RY SIGH—

CHRISTINE

I FELT NO LONGER SCARED...

PHANTOM

I FELT NO LONGER SHY...

CHRISTINE & PHANTOM

AT LAST, OUR FEELINGS BARED,
BENEATH THE MOONLESS SKY.

CHRISTINE

AND, BLIND IN THE DARK,
AS SOUL GAZED INTO SOUL,
I LOOKED INTO YOUR HEART,
AND SAW YOU PURE AND WHOLE.

PHANTOM

CLOaked UNDER THE NIGHT,
WITH NOTHING TO SUPPRESS,
A WOMAN AND A MAN,
NO MORE AND YET...NO LESS.
AND I KISSED YOU—

CHRISTINE

AND CAressed YOU—

PHANTOM & CHRISTINE

AND THE WORLD AROUND US FELLED AWAY.
WE SAID THINGS IN THE DARK
WE NEVER DARED TO SAY.

PHANTOM

AND I CAUGHT YOU—

CHRISTINE

AND I KISSED YOU—
PHANTOM
AND I TOOK YOU—

CHRISTINE
AND CARESSSED YOU—

PHANTOM & CHRISTINE
WITH A NEED TO URGENT TO DENY.
AND NOTHING MATTERED THEN,
EXCEPT FOR YOU AND I,
AGAIN AND THEN AGAIN,
BENEATH THE MOONLESS SKY.

PHANTOM
AND WHEN IT WAS DONE,
BEFORE THE SUN COULD RISE,
ASHAMED OF WHAT I WAS,
AFRAID TO SEE YOUR EYES,
I STOOD WHILE YOU SLEPT,
AND WHISPERED A GOODBYE.
AND SLIPPED INTO THE DARK
BENEATH THE MOONLESS SKY.

CHRISTINE
AND I LOVED YOU.
YES, I LOVED YOU!
I'D HAVE FOLLOWED ANYWHERE YOU LED.
I WOKE TO SWEAR MY LOVE,
AND FOUND YOU GONE INSTEAD.

AND I LOVED YOU!

PHANTOM
OH, I LOVED YOU!

CHRISTINE
AND I LEFT YOU!

PHANTOM
HOW I LOVED YOU!

CHRISTINE
AND I HAD TO--
BOTH OF US KNEW WHY...

CHRISTINE
WE BOTH KNEW WHY...

PHANTOM & CHRISTINE
AND YET I WON’T REGRET,
FROM NOW UNTIL I DIE,
THE NIGHT I CAN’T FORGET
BENEATH THE MOONLESS SKY.

PHANTOM

AND NOW?

CHRISTINE

HOW CAN YOU TALK OF NOW?
FOR US—
(she breaks off)
THERE IS NO NOW.

She sweeps out onto the balcony,
and he follows. Together, against
the night sky, with the world at
their feet...and yet irreparably
apart.

(sings)
ONCE UPON ANOTHER TIME,
OUR STORY HAD ONLY BEGUN.
YOU CHOSE TO TURN THE PAGE,
AND I MADE CHOICES TOO.
ONCE UPON THAT OTHER TIME,
WE DID WHAT WE THOUGHT MUST BE DONE.
AND NOW, WE HAVE NO CHOICE.
WE DO WHAT WE MUST DO...
WE LOVE.
WE LIVE.
WE GIVE WHAT WE CAN GIVE.
AND TAKE WHAT LITTLE WE DESERVE.

PHANTOM

ONCE UPON ANOTHER TIME,
I KNEW HOW OUR STORY WOULD END,
AND MAYBE I WAS WRONG,
BUT NOW THE MOMENT'S GONE.
WERE IT STILL THAT OTHER TIME,
I'D MAKE TIME ITSELF SOMEHOW BEND!
BUT NOW I'M NOT THAT STRONG,
AND TIME KEEPS MOVING ON...

PHANTOM & CHRISTINE

WE LOVE.
WE LIVE.
WE GIVE WHAT WE CAN GIVE.
AND TAKE WHAT LITTLE WE DESERVE.
WE LOVE.
WE LIVE.
WE GIVE WHAT WE CAN GIVE.
AND TAKE WHAT LITTLE WE DESERVE...
ONCE UPON ANOTHER TIME.

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Group Ltd.
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GUSTAVE runs in wildly, breaking the mood, and buries his face in his mother’s dress.

GUSTAVE
(apprehensive)
MOTHER, PLEASE -- I’M SCARED!
WHAT A DREAM -- AN AWFUL DREAM!
SOMEONE STRANGE AND MAD,
SEIZING ME, AND DROWNING ME...

The boy, sensing another presence in the room, turns from his mother to look, and sees THE PHANTOM.

CHRISTINE
Shh...Gustave, it’s all right.
(sings)
COME AND MEET A FRIEND OF MINE...

PHANTOM
(with a courtly flourish)
WELCOME TO MY WORLD, MY FRIEND.

CHRISTINE
Gustave, this is...Mr. Y.

GUSTAVE
(eyes widening)
This place...is yours?

PHANTOM
Every inch of it.

(leaning closer, conspiratorially)
TELL ME WHERE YOU’D LIKE TO GO...
TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE...
I CAN GRANT ANY WISH...

GUSTAVE
(shyly)
COULD YOU SHOW ME, IF YOU PLEASE,
ALL THE ISLAND’S MYSTERIES?
ALL THAT’S STRANGE AND WILD AND DARK
IN THE SHADOWS OF THE PARK?

PHANTOM
You shall see it all tomorrow. I promise.

And suddenly, he vanishes!

CHRISTINE
Back to sleep now, Gustave.
GUSTAVE

Yes, Mother.

He exits to the bedroom. Alone, CHRISTINE begins to undress in front of the mirror. She gazes at her own reflection...seeing herself as she was ten years ago. The wistful moment is shattered as we transition to the next scene.
SCENE 5
BACKSTAGE

BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE. THE NEXT DAY.
MEG and the other dancers are rehearsing their big number. We see them upstage, from the back, going through their routine.

DANCE CAPTAIN
And 5, 6..a 5, 6, 7, 8!

MEG & SHOWGIRLS
BATHING BEAUTY
ON THE BEACH,
BATHING BEAUTY,
SAY HELLO!
WHAT A CUTIE!
WHAT A PEACH!
BATHING BEAUTY!
WATCH HER GO!

STAGE MANAGER
(from onstage)
All right, Meg, take five. Girls, take it one more time.

MEG & SHOWGIRLS
(under dialogue)
BATHING BEAUTY
ON THE BEACH,
BATHING BEAUTY,
SAY HELLO!
WHAT A CUTIE!
WHAT A PEACH!
BATHING BEAUTY!
WATCH HER GO!

POsing UNDER HER PARASOL
SHE IS WHATCHA CALL A REAL SPECTACLE.
PRIM AND PROPER,
WITH CLASS AND POISE,
BUT SHE’S GOT THE BOYS APOPLECTICAL!

BATHING BEAUTY
ON THE BEACH,
SEE HER PRACTIC’LLY GLOW!
WEARING A SMILE
AND GIVING CONEY ISLAND
A BATHING BEAUT OF A SHOW!
WEARING A SMILE
AND GIVING CONEY ISLAND
A BATHING BEAUT OF A SHOW!

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MEG finds MADAME GIRY waiting for her.

MADAME GIRY

Very nice, Meg.

MEG

(anxiously)
Do you think so, Mother? really?

MADAME GIRY

(smiling)
You’ve come a long way since the beginning of
the season.

MEG

Does he agree? It’s been three months, he never
comes to see the show. Even a word from him,
just one...

MADAME GIRY

You may get more than that.
(leaning closer)
He has been composing again, late at night.
Not this cheap vaudeville trash. Something
glorious.

MEG

(not daring to hope)
...for me?

MADAME GIRY

Continue to work hard. Make yourself useful to
him.

MADAME GIRY exits. Once she’s
gone MEG practically vibrates with
happiness. She is in her own private
world as CHRISTINE and GUSTAVE
enter.

GUSTAVE

Mother!

CHRISTINE

(laughing)
Patience, Gustave! First I must find the stage
manager, my dressing room, the musical director-

GUSTAVE

And then we’ll go look for our friend? And go see
the island?

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CHRISTINE
I’m sure he’ll send for you when he’s ready.
(to the oblivious Meg)
Excuse me, Miss, would you mind--

MEG stops short, looks up, stares.

MEG
HEAVEN HELP ME, COULD IT BE--?
NO, IT COULDN’T POSSIBLY--

CHRISTINE
SORRY, DO I--?

MEG
YES, I THINK YOU DO!

CHRISTINE
HAVE WE--?

MEG
GO ON, TAKE A GUESS!

CHRISTINE
WAIT -- IT CAN’T BE!-- IS IT--?

MEG
YES!

CHRISTINE
OH MY GOD, I CAN’T BELIEVE IT’S YOU!

MEG
LOOK AT YOU, CHRISTINE!
REGAL AS A QUEEN, AND BEAUTIFUL!

CHRISTINE
MEG, AND YOU AS WELL!
I COULD HARDLY TELL IT’S YOU--!

They embrace.

MEG & CHRISTINE
MY DEAR OLD FRIEND!
CAN’T BELIEVE YOU’RE HERE OLD FRIEND!

CHRISTINE
AFTER ALL THIS TIME!

MEG
SO GLAD YOU CAME!
Love Never Dies

CHRISTINE
YOU LOOK...SUBLIME!

MEG
YOU LOOK THE SAME!

MEG & CHRISTINE
MY SWEET OLD FRIEND,
NEVER THOUGHT WE’D MEET, OLD FRIEND!

CHRISTINE
LOOK AT YOU, A STAR!

MEG
AND YOU A WIFE!

MEG & CHRISTINE
AND ISN’T LIFE
A SPLENDID THING?

CHRISTINE
AND HERE WE ARE--

MEG
TO SEE THE SIGHTS?

CHRISTINE
AND SING.

MEG
(taken aback)
To...sing?

CHRISTINE
And of course as a treat for my son. Meg, meet
Gustave...

MEG
(ignoring the boy)
Who hired you to sing here?

RAOUL enters and walks, stunned
toward MEG...

RAOUL
YOU!

...and right past her, astonished
at another figure who has just appeared.
MADAME GIRY
(stunned)
IT CAN’T BE YOU!

RAOUL
IS THIS A JEST?

MADAME GIRY
HOW CAN THIS BE?

RAOUL
WE’VE COME TO WORK.

MADAME GIRY
AT WHOSE REQUEST?

RAOUL
(producing an envelope)
THE CONTRACT’S HERE.

MADAME GIRY
(snatching it from him.)
I WANT TO SEE.
(opens, skims)
MY GOD, THE PRICE.

RAOUL
IT’S RATHER HIGH.

MADAME GIRY
WHY, IT’S ABSURD!

RAOUL
OH YES, I KNOW.
INFORM YOUR BOSS
THAT, BY THE BY,
THE FEE GOES UP,
OR ELSE WE GO.

RAOUL & MADAME GIRY
MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,
HERE’S HOW THINGS APPEAR, OLD FRIEND—

MADAME GIRY
HE WHO PAYS THE BILL—

RAOUL
TIMES TWO OR THREE.

MADAME GIRY
BE SURE HE WILL.
RAOUL

AND HANDSOMELY.

RAOUL & MADAME GIRY

AND DEAR OLD FRIEND,

NOW THAT WE ARE CLEAR, OLD FRIEND—

MADAME GIRY

THAT’S ALL VERY WELL,

BUT ‘TIL YOU’RE GONE

YOU’LL WAIT UPON

MY BOSS’S WHIM.

RAOUL

AH YES, YOUR BOSS--

AND WHO IS THAT?

MADAME GIRY

IT’S HIM.

The focus turns back to MEG and

CHRISTINE.

MEG

SORRY, DID I HEAR YOU RIGHT?

HERE TO SING?

CHRISTINE

TOMORROW NIGHT.

MEG

I’M AFRAID THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.

YOU CAN’T BE PERFORMING.

CHRISTINE

WHY?

MEG

MAINLY, DEAR, ‘CAUSE SO AM I.

I’M IN FACT THE STAR, FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE!

WHAT ARE YOU TO SING?

CHRISTINE

JUST ONE LITTLE THING-- AN ARIA.

MEG

(reeling)

No...

CHRISTINE

PLEASE, YOU NEEDN’T FRET,

I’M SURE YOU WILL GET YOUR DUE...
Back to MADAME GIRY and RAOUl.

RAOUL

HIM!

MADAME GIRY

THAT’S WHAT I SAID.

RAOUL

YOU WORK FOR HIM!

MADAME GIRY

NOW SO DO YOU.

RAOUL

AND MY POOR WIFE--
WE THOUGHT HIM DEAD!
SHE’LL BE APPALLED!

MADAME GIRY

UNLESS SHE KNEW.

RAOUL is thunderstruck. He storms over to CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE

DARLING...PLEASE...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

RAOUL seizes her roughly.

RAOUL

TELL ME NOW! THAT MUSIC!
WHO WAS IT’S CREATOR?

CHRISTINE

DARLING, PLEASE...DON’T SQUEEZE SO TIGHT.

RAOUL

SOMETHING’S GOING ON HERE--
I’LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER...

As they confer, MEG and MADAME GIRY have their own whispered colloquy:

MEG

(sotto voce)

DID YOU KNOW?

MEG

(sotto voce)

HOW COULD I KNOW?

MADAME GIRY

WHY WOULD THEY COME?
MEG
(sotto voce)
WHY WON’T THEY GO?

All four catch each others’ eyes
and immediately regain their
social graces.

MEG/GIRY/CHRISTINE/RAOUL
MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS!
DEAR OLD FRIENDS!
CAN’T BELIEVE YOU’RE HERE,
SUCH GOOD FRIENDS!
OLD FRIENDS!

MADAME GIRY
SPEAKING AS YOUR HOST—

MEG
AS AN ARTISTE—

CHRISTINE
WHAT A SURPRISE—

RAOUL
TO SAY THE LEAST.

MEG/GIRY/CHRISTINE/RAOUL
YES, DEAR OLD FRIEND,
THAT’S A HAPPY TEAR, OLD FRIEND!
I CAN’T CONCEAL,
TRY THOUGH I MAY,
THE WAY I FEEL
SO WHY PRETEND?
I’M SURE IT’S CLEAR,
TO SUCH A DEAR OLD FRIEND!

MADAME GIRY
(sotto voce to Christine)
YOU MUSTN’T STAY!

CHRISTINE
(sotto voce to Madame Giry)
WHY WOULD I LEAVE?

RAOUL
(sotto voce to Meg)
WHY ARE WE HERE?

MEG
(sotto voce to Raoul)
DON’T PLAY NAIVE!
MEG/GIRY/CHRISTINE/RAOUL

WHAT DEAR OLD FRIENDS!
DON’T WE ALL REVERE OLD FRIENDS!

RAOUL

NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED.

MEG

AND NEVER WILL.

GIRY/CHRISTINE

JUST REARRANGED.

MEG/GIRY/CHRISTINE/RAOUL

AND YET WE’RE STILL
SUCH GRAND OLD FRIENDS,
SUCH DEVOTED AND OLD FRIENDS!
WORDS COULD NOT SUGGEST
WHAT’S IN MY HEART--
AND FOR THE REST,
WHY EVEN START?

YOU’RE DEAR OLD FRIENDS,
SO MUCH MORE THAN MERE
OLD FRIENDS!
BACK AGAIN AT LAST,

EVERYONE,
ISN’T THIS GREAT!
WON’T THIS BE FUN!
WITH DEAR OLD FRIENDS—
UTTERLY SINCERE OLD FRIENDS!

MEG
(to CHRISTINE, smiling, with venom)
HONEY, BREAK A LEG.

RAOUL
(overly polite, to Giry)
MADAME, GOOD DAY.

MADAME GIRY
(pointedly, to Raoul)
ENJOY YOUR STAY.

CHRISTINE
(with too much charm)
HOPE IT EXTENDS.

MEG/GIRY/CHRISTINE/RAOUL

SO GLAD YOU’RE HERE
OUR LOVELY DEAR OLD FRIENDS!
OLD FRIENDS!
As CHRISTINE and RAOUL turn to leave, she calls out to her child:

CHRISTINE

GUSTAVE?

The boy has vanished.

(a bit more insistently)

GUSTAVE...?

(puzzled)

GUSTAVE...?

RAOUL

(irritated)

Must we always be chasing after the boy? I promise you, when I find him--

CHRISTINE

(too quickly)

No!

They all turn to look at her.

CHRISTINE (cont’d)

I’ll look for him.

RAOUL and GIRY exit. CHRISTINE waits until they are gone, then wordlessly races off in the other direction.

Only MEG is left. The STAGE MANAGER enters and rushes past her, followed by a gaggle of girls.

STAGE MANAGER

Breaks over, Meg. Back to work.

MEG

And 5, 6, 7, 8!

MEG doesn’t move. We see her mind working.

SHOWGIRLS

BATHING BEAUTY

ON THE BEACH,

BATHING BEAUTY,

SAY HELLO!
WHAT A CUTIE!
WHAT A PEACH!
BATHING BEAUTY!
WATCH HER GO!

Finally, she turns and exits.
SCENE 6
THE AERIE

Behind a scrim we are aware of the TRIO of FLECK, SQUELCH, and GANGLE, leading the boy GUSTAVE in a circular pattern as they appear to be climbing up, up, up through an impossibly high series of staircases until they arrive at the AERIE.

The TRIO lead GUSTAVE high above.

GUSTAVE
Who are you? Where are you taking me?

FLECK
I am Miss Fleck.

SQUELCH
The Mighty Squelch.

GANGLE
Dr. Gangle.

TRIO
At your service.

FLECK
And...his.

GANGLE
COME ALONG AND FOLLOW US,

FLECK
COME AND FOLLOW FASTER.

SQUELCH
COME ALONG AND FOLLOW US,

TRIO
COME AND MEET THE MASTER.

TRIO
HURRY UP AND FOLLOW US,
HURRY IF YOU CARE TO...
SOON THE DARK WILL SWALLOW US,
FOLLOW IF YOU DARE TO...!

They arrive now at the top of the Park in a place of mannequins, masks, and where, in a corner, THE PHANTOM is at work on a bizarre table, out of which seems to grow half a human being with five arms. This is a
magical construct of THE PHANTOM’s, designed
to produce his music.

GUSTAVE

(looking around)
Is this where Mr Y lives?

GANGLE

This is where he works.

FLECK

Step lively, child.

SQUELCH

He is waiting.

GUSTAVE

(gazing about, enchanted)
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

The PHANTOM ceases his working on one of the
musical contraptions.

PHANTOM

THIS IS MY REALM, ILLUSION’S DOMAIN,
WHERE MUSIC AND BEAUTY AND ARTIFICE REIGN.

(speaks)
Go, look around while I finish my work.

GUSTAVE is drawn, is if by some
mysterious yearning, to a piano nearby.

GUSTAVE

May I...?

GUSTAVE begins to play. A simple
yet eerie tune.

PHANTOM (cont’d)

(intrigued)
What’s this?

JUST A SONG IN MY HEAD...

PHANTOM

Go on...

GUSTAVE begins the tune again.

GUSTAVE

I THINK IT’S BEAUTIFUL.
BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL NOTES.
BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL SOUNDS,
DON'T YOU AGREE?
IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

PHANTOM

(mesmerized)
This boy...

GUSTAVE

SO VERY BEAUTIFUL!

PHANTOM

This music...

GUSTAVE

MUSIC THAT COMES UNCONTROLLED...

PHANTOM

He plays like me...

GUSTAVE

HAUNTING AND LOVELY AND BOLD...

PHANTOM

HE'S JUST TEN YEARS OLD...

The PHANTOM listens, enraptured,
as the boy's melody becomes richer
and more impassioned. And then,
suddenly:

TEN YEARS OLD!
(thunderstruck)
My God!
(with mounting excitement)
My God!

Suddenly, THE PHANTOM signals to the TRIO,
and MS FLECK runs to a lever and pulls down
a beautiful prototype of the half bird/half
creature she performs in her act. She,
herself, is transformed by its beauty, as is
the boy.

Pulling GUSTAVE off the piano
bench, THE PHANTOM questions him.

PHANTOM (cont’d)

(sings)
HAVE YOU EVER YEARNED TO GO
PAST THE WORLD YOU THINK YOU KNOW?
BEEN IN THRALL
TO THE CALL
Love Never Dies

OF THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH?

HAVE YOU LET IT DRAW YOU IN,
PAST THE PLACE WHERE DREAMS BEGIN?
FELT THE FULL
BREATHLESS PULL
OF THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH?

WHEN THE DARK UNFOLDS ITS WINGS,
DO YOU SENSE THE STRANGEST THINGS?
THINGS NO-ONE WOULD EVER GUESS?
THINGS MERE WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS?

GUSTAVE

(hypnotized)
YES!

Now, THE PHANTOM signals to GANGLE, who pulls above the piano, a cloth from a chandelier that is made almost entirely of beautiful heads. As if by magic, the heads sing an ethereal accompaniment as the boy watches in wonder. The PHANTOM signals now to SQUELCH, who brings from the background a magnificent figure of a warrior, and when the boy is close, the figure seems to come to life frighteningly, but the boy continues to be both brave and utterly enchanted by the fabulous creatures everywhere.

PHANTOM

DO YOU FIND YOURSELF BEGUILED
BY THE DANGEROUS AND WILD?
DO YOU FEED
ON THE NEED
FOR THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH?

HAVE YOU FELT YOUR SENSES SURGE
AND SURRENDERED TO THE URGE?
AND BEEN HOOKED
AS YOU LOOKED
AT THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH?

WHEN YOU STARE BEHIND THE NIGHT,
CAN YOU GLIMPSE ITS PRIMAL MIGHT,
MIGHT YOU HUNGER TO POSSESS?
HUNGER THAT YOU CAN’T REPRESS?

GUSTAVE

(in ecstasy)
Yes!
(sings)
IT SEEMS SO BEAUTIFUL!
SO STRANGE YET BEAUTIFUL!
EVERYTHING’S JUST AS YOU SAY!

PHANTOM
AND HE’S SO BEAUTIFUL...
PERHAPS TOO BEAUTIFUL.
WHAT I SUSPECT CANNOT BE...
AND YET SOMEHOW WE BOTH SEE
THE VERY SAME WAY!

Now GUSTAVE takes the lead, pulling THE
PHANTOM to him in excitement.

GUSTAVE
IS THERE MUSIC IN YOUR HEAD?
HAVE YOU FOLLOWED WHERE IT LED?
AND BEEN GRACED
WITH A TASTE
OF THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH?

DOES IT FILL YOUR EVERY SENSE?
IS IT TERRIBLY INTENSE?
TELL ME YOU
NEED IT TOO,
NEED THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH!

Ecstatic, the boy and THE PHANTOM look with
amazement at each other and sing together.

PHANTOM & GUSTAVE
WHEN IT LIFTS ITS VOICE AND SINGS,
DON’T YOU FEEL AMAZING THINGS?
THINGS YOU KNOW YOU CAN’T CONFESSION?
THINGS YOU THIRST FOR NONETHLESS?

The boy lies on the piano reaching up to
the magical singing heads as THE PHANTOM
stares at him in disbelief.

GUSTAVE
IT’S ALL SO BEAUTIFUL!

PHANTOM
Can it be?

GUSTAVE
ALMOST TOO BEAUTIFUL!

PHANTOM & GUSTAVE
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

And yet another wondrous sight...
GUSTAVE

Heavenly!

PHANTOM

TO HIM, IT’S BEAUTIFUL--
MY WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL!

GUSTAVE

HOW CAN THIS BE WHAT IT SEEMS?

PHANTOM & GUSTAVE

ALL OF MY MOST SECRET DREAMS,
SOMEHOW SET FREE!

PHANTOM

YOU CAN FEEL IT...

Yes...

GUSTAVE

COME CLOSER...

Yes!

PHANTOM

YOU’VE NO FEAR OF THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH...

PHANTOM

YOU CAN FACE IT,

Yes...!

GUSTAVE

YOU CAN TAKE IT,

Yes...!

PHANTOM

YOU SEE THROUGH TO THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH!
TO THE SPLENDOUR!

GUSTAVE

AND THE SPLENDOUR!

PHANTOM

AND THE GLORY!

GUSTAVE

GLORY!

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PHANTOM
TO THE TRUTH OF THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH

GUSTAVE
THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH!

The PHANTOM spreads his arms to embrace the child.

PHANTOM
YOU’LL ACCEPT IT!

Yes!

GUSTAVE
YOU’LL EMBRACE IT!

Yes!

PHANTOM
LET ME SHOW YOU THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH

GUSTAVE
THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH!

PHANTOM
TO THE SPLENDOUR!

GUSTAVE
SPLENDOUR!

PHANTOM
AND THE GLORY!

GUSTAVE
AND THE GLORY!

PHANTOM
TO THE TRUTH OF THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH!

GUSTAVE
THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH!

PHANTOM
YOU’LL ACCEPT IT!

Yes!

GUSTAVE
YOU’LL EMBRACE IT!
GUSTAVE

Yes!

As GUSTAVE comes face to face with him, THE PHANTOM pulls away the mask.

PHANTOM
LET ME SHOW YOU THE BEAUTY UNDER--

GUSTAVE beholds THE PHANTOM’s face, and screams in terror. The moment is shattered.

The PHANTOM turns quickly away, hiding his face. GUSTAVE turns and runs...

...straight into the arms of CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE
Gustave! It’s all right! It’s me!
(horrified)
Gustave!

GUSTAVE pulls away, and we can see that he is petrified.

CHRISTINE (cont’d)
(to Trio)
Please, take him away.

FLECK takes the boy by the hand, and, with the other two, leads GUSTAVE away.

Now THE PHANTOM and CHRISTINE are alone. He has put his mask back on.

CHRISTINE (cont’d)
I’m so sorry. Please, forgive him. He meant no harm.

PHANTOM
(stepping towards her, intense)
HOW COULD YOU THINK I WOULDN’T GUESS?

CHRISTINE
What do you mean...?

PHANTOM
HOW COULD YOU THINK I WOULDN’T KNOW?
CHRISTINE

(panicked)
Oh no...!

PHANTOM

(pressing her)
DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO CONFESS?

CHRISTINE

(backing away)
Please, don’t make me...

PHANTOM

(grabbing her, brutal)
I WANT THE TRUTH, RIGHT NOW, IF SO...!

CHRISTINE pulls away, looks him full in the face.

CHRISTINE

ONCE UPON ANOTHER TIME,
YOU WENT OFF AND LEFT ME ALONE.
BUT THAT'S NOT ALL YOU DID...
YOU LEFT ME WITH A SON.

EVER SINCE THAT OTHER TIME,
I WISH, HOW I WISH, YOU'D HAVE KNOWN!
I KEPT THE SECRET HID--
THE SECRET MY MARRIAGE FORBID--
WHAT ELSE COULD I HAVE DONE?

JUST LOVE...

PHANTOM

(in wonder)
A SON...

CHRISTINE

JUST LIVE...

PHANTOM

MY SON...!

CHRISTINE

JUST GIVE WHAT I COULD GIVE,
AND TAKE WHAT LITTLE I DESERVE...

PHANTOM

My own flesh and blood.
(in anguish)
And even he recoils in horror from me. Just like his mother.
CHRISTINE

FORGIVE ME...
I BEG YOU...
IF YOU CAN.
I'VE BROUGHT YOU NOTHING BUT WOE.
TOMORROW NIGHT,
I'LL SING WITH ALL MY MIGHT...
SING FOR YOU AGAIN...

Then we’ll go.

She turns and is gone. The
PHANTOM watches her vanish. Then,
lost in thought:

PHANTOM
FROM OUT OF UGLINESS, SUCH LIGHT!
FROM OUT OF DARKNESS, SUCH A FLAME!
IN HIM MY WRONGNESS IS MADE RIGHT...
AND YET HE LOATHES ME, JUST THE SAME...
SO LET HIM SHUN ME IN DISGUST!
LET HIM FLEE THIS CURSED FACE!
IF I MUST HIDE FROM HIM, I MUST...
YET SHALL HE BE MY SAVING GRACE...

FOR CHRISTINE-
MY CHRISTINE-
IF IT’S TRUE I'VE NO REASON TO LIVE,
THEN, CHRISTINE...
THEN OUR BOY SHALL HAVE ALL I CAN GIVE
AH, CHRISTINE!
ALL I CREATE ON THIS EARTH,
ALL THAT I'LL NEVER BE WORTH,
ALL SHALL BE HIS!

In triumph, he turns, and vanishes upstage.
Suddenly, out of the depths of the edges of
the Aerie comes MADAME GIRY - twisted,
furious. She has seen it all. Behind her, in
the shadows, is MEG.

MADAME GIRY
TEN LONG YEARS, AND HE CASTS US ASIDE!
TEN WHOLE YEARS, THIS IS HOW WE'RE REPAID!
TEN DARK YEARS OF TOIL AND TEARS
AND NOW WHAT WE WORKED FOR WILL GO TO THAT CHILD!

ALL OUR HOPES WERE AT LAST IN OUR GRASP!
ALL THE DREAMS AND THE PLANS THAT WE LAID!
EVERYTHING IS VANISHING-
AND WE GET DISCARDED, REJECTED, REVILED!
ALL OF THE BONDS IN BETWEEN US, NOW TORN!
ALL OF THE LOVE THAT WE GAVE HIM, FORSWORN!

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ALL WOULD BE OURS—
IF THAT BASTARD HAD NEVER BEEN BORN!

In a rage, she seizes the nearest thing at hand -- the small coat of GUSTAVE, and with one gesture, she rips it in two. She storms out.

In the fading light, MEG picks up a half of the coat, looks down the stairs where her mother has just disappeared, and in the fading light, stares out at the audience.

CURTAIN
ACT II

SCENE 1
THE BAR

Inside a desolate and decrepit bar at the end of the Coney Island Pier. A long grimy mirror runs along the back wall of the bar, reflecting the empty room.

RAOUL sits alone on a bar stool, still in his rumpled clothes from the night before, several empty glasses in front of him. He has evidently been there all night.

RAOUL
One more.

BARMAN
Aww, buddy, don’tcha think you had enough? It’s practically morning already.

RAOUL
One more, I said!

BARMAN
All right, all right.
(pouring a drink)
My shift is over anyway, so let’s settle the bill, ok?

RAOUL dumps a handful of change on the bar.

(continues)
Jeez, you’re in a bad way, ain’tcha. Worse than most that end up here.

A door behind the bar opens.

(continues)
Here’s the morning shift. Maybe he’ll know what to do with you.

He grabs his coat and exits as another bartender enters; the new bartender immediately turns his back on RAOUL.

RAOUL
Yes, what to do with me. That’s the question,
isn’t it. That’s always been the question, ever the since the beginning...

(sings)
SHE LOOKS FOR SYMPATHY,
I GIVE HER SORROW.
SHE ASKS FOR HONESTY,
I’VE NONE TO BORROW.
SHE NEEDS MY TENDER KISS,
SHE BEGS IT OF ME!
I GIVE HER UGLINESS.
WHY DOES SHE LOVE ME?

SHE YEARNS FOR HIGHER THINGS,
THINGS I CAN’T GIVE HER.
THE RUSH THAT MUSIC BRINGS,
I CAN’T DELIVER.
AND EVEN WHEN SHE SINGS,
AND SOARS ABOVE ME,
I TRY TO CLIP HER WINGS--
WHY DOES SHE LOVE ME?

(turns to the figure behind the bar)
ONE MORE DRINK, SIR...
THAT’S WHAT I NEED, DON’T YOU THINK, SIR?

(turns away)
LEAVE THE HURT BEHIND...

The bartender lifts his head, and for the first time we see his face, reflected in the mirror. It’s THE PHANTOM.

RAOUL (cont’d)
(roughly)
Didn’t you hear me? Another drink!

Without a word, he pours a glass and shoves it in front of RAOUL. RAOUL, oblivious, reaches for the glass, and drinks.

RAOUL (cont’d)
SHE WANTS THE MAN I WAS,
HUSBAND AND FATHER.
AT LEAST, SHE THINKS SHE DOES.
SHE NEEDN’T BOTHER.
BENEATH THIS MASK I WEAR,
THERE’S NOTHING OF ME.
JUST HORROR, SHAME, DESPAIR.
WHY DOES SHE LOVE ME?
HOW 'BOUT YOU, SIR?  
TELL ME, WHAT AM I TO DO SIR...?  
LEAVE THE HURT BEHIND...  

Suddenly, the door flies open. MEG enters in a bathing costume. Her hair is wet, and she is wrapped in a towel.

MEG  

MORNING, BERNIE!  
COFFEE, PLEASE!  
HURRY UP, BEFORE I FREEZE!  
I’LL JUST TAKE IT BLACK—

MEG stops dead in her tracks.  
RAOUl, startled, turns.

The PHANTOM, also startled, whirls around to hide his face. During the following exchange he takes the opportunity to vanish.

MEG (cont’d)  
Mother said I’d find you here.

RAOUl  
(stands, with an attempt at dignity)  
Miss Giry.

MEG  
Do you know where we are?

RAOUl  
Hell, I imagine?

MEG  
Around here, they call it “Suicide Hall”. It’s where people end up when they don’t know where else to go. The hopeless...the desperate. A good place to step off the side of the pier and quietly vanish.

RAOUl  
(drily)  
You seem to be a regular.

MEG  
(simply)  
Me? I come here to swim.

(sings)  
THIS TOWN IS COARSE, AND COLD, AND MEAN.
IT’S HARD TO KEEP YOUR CONSCIENCE CLEAN.  
FACELESS IN THE CROWD,  
ANYTHING’S ALLOWED.

AND SO I COME AT DAWN EACH DAY,  
COME TO WASH IT ALL AWAY...  
SINK INTO THE SEA,  
BLUE AND COOL AND KIND,  
LET IT SET ME FREE...  
LET THE PAST UNWIND...  
LEAVE THE HURT BEHIND.

(speaks, music continues under)  
You should never have come to America. It’s not a place for people like you and Christine. It’s too easy to forget who you are and where you belong. That’s why Mother says you must leave here. Now. Take your wife and the boy and go.

RAOUL  
Leave? But what about tonight? The concert? The money? Am I to just run away? From him?

MEG  
(nodding)  
And when the sun rises tomorrow, we can all start again. Clean.

(sings)  
SAIL ACROSS THE SEA...  
PUT US OUT OF MIND...  
CLOSE YOUR EYES AND FLEE...  
LET YOURSELF STAY BLIND...  
LEAVE THIS PLACE BEHIND.

MEG turns, and runs off.

RAOUL  
Miss Giry!  
(calling after her)  
I’m not afraid of him! I’ve bested him before!  
And if he ever had the courage to meet me face to face, man to man—

He turns to re-enter the bar...only to find himself face-to-face with THE PHANTOM.

RAOUL (cont’d)  
No...it can’t be!

PHANTOM  
Not afraid of me, you say?

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RAOUL

(staggering a bit)
Stay back! Or I’ll kill you, I promise you.

PHANTOM

Of course. As you say, you’ve beaten me before. But that was a long time ago, Vicomte. And we were playing a different game.

(sings)
LOOK AT YOU,
DEEP IN DEBT,
STINKING DRUNK,
PITIFUL.
SHALL WE TWO
MAKE A BET,
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST?

RAOUL

LOOK AT YOU,
FOUL AS SIN...
HIDEOUS!
HORRIBLE!
CALL THE STAKES,
DEAL ME IN,
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST!

PHANTOM

OUR CHRISTINE
SHALL CHOOSE
TONIGHT,

RAOUL

LET HER CHOOSE.

PHANTOM

IS SHE YOURS
OR MINE?

RAOUL

DRAW THE LINE.

PHANTOM

IF SHE SINGS,
YOU LOSE
TONIGHT.

RAOUL

I WON’T LOSE!

PHANTOM

YOU LEAVE FROM
HERE—
RAOUL
(speaking)
Fine!

PHANTOM
DISAPPEAR!

RAOUL
Fine!
(singing)
AND IF SHE WON’T--
IF I WIN?

PHANTOM
ALL YOUR DEBTS--
WIPE AWAY.

RAOUL
VERY WELL...
LET’S BEGIN.

PHANTOM/RAOUL
(Shaking hands)
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

PHANTOM
OUR OLD GAME,
IT’S BEEN CHANGED.
EVERY THROW
RISKIER,
ALL THE RULES,
REARRANGED,
FATE HAS REDESIGNED MOST.

CUT THE DECK,
LET US PLAY.
YOU AND I,
ONCE AGAIN.
IN THE END,
EITHER WAY--
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

RAOUL
(simultaneous with above)
YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE ODDS.
YOU THINK YOU’RE IN CONTROL.
YOU THINK YOU’VE FIXED THE DICE.
WELL I WILL GLADLY ROLL.
I’LL BET AGAINST THE HOUSE,
I’LL EVEN DOUBLE DOWN--
FORTUNE’S ON MY SIDE.
I WON HER LONG AGO,
I WON HER FROM YOU THEN,
I WAGER EVEN NOW,
I’LL WIN HER BACK AGAIN.
AND WHEN THE GAME IS DONE...
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

PHANTOM/RAOUL

NOW CHRISTINE
SHALL CHOOSE AT LAST--
IS SHE YOURS OR MINE?

RAOUL

WE’VE A SON--
OUR BOND’S SECURE.

PHANTOM

ARE YOU SURE?

RAOUL

(faltering)
Wh..

PHANTOM

ARE YOU SO SURE?

RAOUL

What you do mean?

PHANTOM

SUCH A CHILD...
STRANGE TO SEE...
DIFFERENT...
MUSICAL...
IS HE MORE
YOU OR ME?
WHICH ONE DO YOU FIND MOST?

RAOUL

(blanching)
You lie!

PHANTOM

DEAL THE CARDS,
LET THEM FALL.
CHOOSE YOUR HAND,
TRY YOUR BEST.
HE WHO WINS,
WINS IT ALL

RAOUL

(simultaneously with the above)
I CALL YOUR BLUFF!
THE GAME IS ON!
AND WE WILL SEE
WHO WINS OUT,
ONCE AND FOR ALL
WINS IT ALL

PHANTOM/RAOUL
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST!

PHANTOM
DEAL THE CARDS,
LET THEM FALL.
CHOOSE YOUR HAND,
TRY YOUR BEST.
HE WHO WINS,
WINS IT ALL...

RAOUL
(simultaneously with the above)
I CALL YOUR BLUFF!
The game is on!
AND WE WILL SEE
WHO WINS OUT,
ONCE AND FOR ALL
WINS IT ALL...

RAOUL/PHANTOM
(whispered, half-spoken)
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

PHANTOM
She walks--you leave together. Pockets full.
Debts paid.
She sings, you leave alone.

He pushes RAOUL away...and
vanishes. From the empty air, a
whisper:

(menacing)
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST....

RAOUL stares at the empty place
where a man had just stood. Then,
realizing the enormity of the bet
he has just made:

RAOUL
My God...what have I done. Look at me...and
the concert is only hours away...

He stumbles off the pier towards
the beach, as the first beachgoers
of the day begin arriving on the sand.
SCENE 2
ON THE BEACH

BEACHGOERS GROUP 1
IT'S THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON
AND THERE Ain'T A SINGLE CLOUD!
WHAT A DAY TO LEAVE THE CITY ON A SPREE!
AWAY FROM ALL THE HUSTLE AND THE BUSTLE AND THE CROWD,
ON A LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN BY THE SEA!

Another group of beachgoers appears. Then another.

BEACHGOERS GROUP 2
IT'S THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON
TO INDULGE IN SIMPLE JOYS!

BEACHGOERS GROUP 1
FORGET THE FACT’RY AND THE SLUM!

BEACHGOERS GROUP 2
TO BE RESTED AND RELAXED AND FANCY-FREE!

BEACHGOERS GROUP 1
ONE DAY MORE THEN BACK TO WORK...

BEACHGOERS GROUP 1 & 2
TO FLEE FROM ALL THE BOTHER AND THE HASSLE AND THE NOISE—

BEACHGOING MAN
WITH YOUR LADY—

BEACHGOING GIRL
AND YOUR FELLA—

BEACHGOING COUPLE
AND YOUR KIDS
AND YOUR UMBRELLA—

BEACHGOERS GROUPS 1 & 2
ON A LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN BY THE SEA!

The beach is now packed, and still they keep coming.

BEACHGOERS GROUP 3
THE SURF!
THE SAND!
THE BREEZE!
THE FOOD!
THE PEACE AND CALM,
THE RESTFUL MOOD!
AMID THE SEA AND SPRAY,
THE CITY FALLS AWAY...

BEACHGOERS GROUPS 1 & 2

THE SUN!

BEACHGOERS GROUP 3

THE SUN!

BEACHGOERS GROUPS 1 & 2

THE SKIN!

BEACHGOERS GROUP 3

THE SKIN!

BEACHGOERS GROUPS 1 & 2

THE SALTY AIR.

ALL BEACHGOERS

THE MILES OF BEACH,
WITH ROOM TO SPARE.

GROUP 1

AND THE PRETZELS—

GROUP 2

AND THE CUSTARD—

GROUP 3

AND THE GIRLS—

GROUP 1

THE FRANKS—

GROUP 2

THE MUSTARD—

GROUP 3

AND THE TAFFY—

GROUP 1

AND THE LOTION—

GROUP 2

AND THE PIER—

GROUP 3

THE BEER—

GROUP 1

THE OCEAN—

GROUP 3
AND THE OYSTERS—
GROUP 1
AND THE PICKLES—
GROUP 2
AND THE KNOCKWURST--
GROUP 3
AND THE STEAMERS--
ALL
IT’S A LITTLE SLICE OF HEAVEN BY THE SEA!

GROUP 1
WHAT A TREAT TO GET AWAY
FROM THE FRANTIC URBAN FRAY,
ALL THE FLUSTER AND THE FUSS--

GROUP 1 & 2
TO THIS PLACID LITTLE BEACH
FAR BEYOND THE CITY’S REACH,
AND IT’S ONLY FOR US!

GROUP 1, 2 & 3
WHAT A JOY TO CONVALESCCE
FROM THE CITY’S WILD EXCESS,
AND FORGET IT ALL LIKE THUS!
ON THIS SHELTERED LITTLE SLICE
OF A SEASIDE PARADISE--
IT’S THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON,
SO RELAX AND HAVE A BEER!
HURRY UP, THE SUMMER’S ALMOST OVER--!

Suddenly, there’s a commotion.
The crowd parts, as a shadow
descends. A hot-air balloon lands
amidst the throngs on the beach.

CROWD
(an excited hubbub)
Look! What’s that? It’s going to land! What is
it? I’ve never seen such a thing in my life!

Inside: the strange TRIO, in their
oddly formal costumes. They
address the astonished crowd.

SQUELCH

LADIES...GENTS!

GANGLE

YOU, GOOD SIR...
FLECK
AND YOU, MY FRIEND!

TRIO
EVERYONE...

GANGLE
TIME FOR FUN.

SQUELCH
HERE TONIGHT—

GANGLE
RINGING IN THE SEASON’S END –

FLECK
MR. Y’S
LAST SURPRISE.

TRIO
STARTING SOON UPON OUR STAGE,
THE PERFORMANCE OF THE AGE!

SQUELCH
WONDERS AND ASTONISHMENTS
FOR YOUR DELECTATION!

GANGLE
MARVELOUS AUTOMATONS
OF HIS OWN CREATION!

SQUELCH
PLUS A FINALE TO SWEEP YOU AWAY...!

FLECK/SQUELCH
BROUGHT FROM PAREE TO PERFORM JUST ONE DAY...!

TRIO
COME SEE THE BREATHTAKING CHRISTINE DAAÉ!

The beachgoers gather their things and hurry off the beach, to the theater.

The TRIO steps forward. The perspective shifts, and we are looking at the stage inside the theatre at Phantasma.
SCENE 3
ONSTAGE AT PHANTASMA

SQUELCH
Ladies and gentlemen...Mr. Y is pleased to present to you his final surprise of the season...

GANGLE
A command performance by Christine Daaé, the most heavenly diva of this or any age...

FLECK
But first, for those of you whose taste is a little more earthbound...

SQUELCH
The Sweetheart of the Midway...

GANGLE
The Ooh La La Girl...

FLECK
The incomparable

ALL THREE
Meg Giry!

A gaily painted vaudeville olio flies down: a stylized “vaudeville” version of the beach.

Bathing-suited chorus girls run on and take their places.
A flourish...and MEG GIRY is revealed.

MEG
I TOOK A LITTLE TRIP TO CONEY ISLAND,
TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THE CITY SPRAWL.
I COULDN'T BEAR TO CHOOSE WHICH BATHING SUIT TO USE,
SO GOODNESS ME, I GUESS I BROUGHT 'EM ALL!
BUT WHEN AT LAST I GOT TO CONEY ISLAND
AND FOUND MYSELF A SPOT UPON THE SAND,
I NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE—THERE WAS NO PLACE TO CHANGE—

GIRLS
Uh oh!

MEG
AND SO I ASKED MY FRIENDS TO LEND A HAND.
(speaks)
Girls?

The girls strategically hold up towels, so that only MEG’s head, shoulders and legs are exposed.

GIRLS

AHHH!

MEG tosses away her blouse.

GIRLS (cont’d)

OOOOOH!

MEG tosses away her skirt.

GIRLS (cont’d)

BATHING BEAUTY,
TAKE A LOOK AT YOU!

They drop the towels, revealing MEG in a bathing costume.

They go into a dance, with MEG at the center.

GIRLS (cont’d)

BATHING BEAUTY,
ON THE BEACH,
BATHING BEAUTY,
SAY HELLO!
WHAT A CUTIE!
WHAT A PEACH!
BATHING BEAUTY!
WATCH HER GO!
POsing UNDER HER PARASOL,
SHE IS WHATCHA CALL
A REAL SPECTACLE.
PRIM AND PROPER, WITH CLASS AND POISE,

GIRLS AND MEG

BUT SHE'S GOT THE BOYS
APOPLECTICAL!
BATHING BEAUTY
ON THE BEACH,
SEE HER PRACTIC'LY GLOW!
WEARING A SMILE AND
GIVING CONEY ISLAND
A BATHING BEAUT OF A SHOW!

The towels go up.
GIRLS (cont’d)

BATHING BEAUTY,
ON THE BEACH!

MEG

Stripes!

The towels drop, revealing MEG in a striped suit.

GIRLS

WHAT A CUTIE,
WHAT A PEACH!

The towels go up.

MEG

Spots!

The towels drop revealing MEG in a polka dotted suit.

GIRLS

BATHING BEAUTY!
BATHING BEAUTY!

The towels go up.

MEG

Checks!

GIRLS

(going down the line, puzzled)
Checks?
Checks? Checks?
Checks? Checks?

MEG

(with a big innocent smile)
Oops!

The girls pop out round parasols and open them.

GIRLS

BATHING BEAUTY
ON THE BEACH,
SEE HER PRACTIC'LY GLOW!
TAKIN' THE SUN IN
'TIL ALL THE BOYS ARE RUNNIN'!
ROLLIN' IN CLOVER,
AND GETTIN' TAN ALL OVER!
WEARING A SMILE AND
GIVING CONEY ISLAND
A BATHING BEAUT OF A SHOW!
BATHING BEAUTY, SAY

MEG

“HELLO!”

Applause as MEG waves at the audience and runs off.

GANGLE
Ladies and Gentlemen, Miss Meg Giry, the Ooh La La Girl! In just a few moments, Christine Daaé, the world’s most celebrated songbird, will be making her American debut here at Phantasma... But first, performing feats of miraculous muscular strength...the Mighty Squeich!
SCENE 4
MEG’S DRESSING ROOM

Meg’s dressing room. MADAME GIRY paces the floor, awaiting MEG’s arrival. Finally MEG sweeps in, wrapped in a dressing gown, bubbling with excitement.

MEG
MOTHER, DID YOU WATCH?
EVERYTHING IS SOLVED!
MOTHER, CAN’T YOU TELL,
THE NEW ROUTINE——
IT WENT SO WELL!

I WAS WORRIED, JUST A TOUCH,
THAT IT MIGHT’VE BEEN TOO MUCH,
JUST A BIT, WELL, RATHER FREE—-
BUT JUST LISTEN TO THAT CROWD!
WHY, THEY’VE NEVER BEEN SO LOUD—-
SCREAMING ONLY FOR ME!

MADAME GIRY

MEG
AND THE MASTER MUST HAVE HEARD
EVERY NOTE AND EVERY WORD—
MOTHER, TELL ME, DID HE SEE?

MADAME GIRY
Meg, stop it—

MEG
EVEN HE WILL NOW CONCEDE,
I’M THE ONLY ONE HE’LL NEED—
(suddenly noticing MADAME GIRY’s expression)
Mother...what’s wrong?

MADAME GIRY
MEG, SWEET FOOL, YOU DID ALL THAT YOU COULD.
CHARMING, BRIGHT -- AND YET STILL NOT ENOUGH...

MEG
(panicking)
Wh-what do you mean—

MADAME GIRY
HOW YOU DANCED!
THEY’RE ALL ENTRANCED!
YES, ALL BUT THE ONE WHOSE ENTRANCEMENT WE Sought.
MEG

He wasn’t there--?

MADAME GIRY
WHERE, POOR GIRL, DO YOU THINK THAT HE WAS?
YES, THAT’S RIGHT, IN WITH HER ALL ALONG!

MEG
With Christine...!

MADAME GIRY
DREAMING OF
THEIR SON, THEIR LOVE—
TOO SMITTEN TO SPARE YOU ONE MOMENT OF THOUGHT.

MEG
(almost hysterically)
But you said—

MADAME GIRY
ALL THAT YOU GAVE HIM, IT’S ALL BEEN A WASTE.

MEG
You’re wrong...

MADAME GIRY
ALL THAT YOU’VE DONE, IT HAS ALL BEEN ERASED...

MEG
Don’t say that!

MADAME GIRY
NOW HE HAS THEM...
(sadly)
AS FOR US...WE HAVE BOTH BEEN REPLACED.

MADAME GIRY exits, with an air of finality.

MEG
(a howl of despair)
Noooo!

MEG flings herself into the chair at her dressing table, weeping.
SCENE 5
CHRISTINE’S DRESSING ROOM

Christine’s dressing room. She too sits at her dressing table, getting ready for her performance. GUSTAVE stands at her side, fascinated by her dressing routine.

She gives herself one last pat of powder.

CHRISTINE
Gustave, could you hand me those earrings? The diamond ones on the left...

GUSTAVE obediently passes the earrings to her, and she puts them on. The finishing touch.

CHRISTINE (cont’d)
There! How do I look?

GUSTAVE
(in awe)
YOU LOOK SO BEAUTIFUL!
SO VERY BEAUTIFUL!
LIKE A QUEEN IN A BOOK...

CHRISTINE
(affectonately)
YOU, TOO, ARE BEAUTIFUL!
SO VERY BEAUTIFUL!
ONCE THIS PERFORMANCE IS THROUGH,
WE’LL SPEND SOME TIME, JUST US TWO...
WON’T THAT BE FUN?

A knock at the door, which opens.

GUSTAVE
Father! Doesn’t Mother look lovely tonight?

RAOUL enters. He seems to have undergone a transformation. Impeccably dressed, dapper and handsome, RAOUL’s visage bears no trace of his customary scowl.

RAOUL
Indeed she does. As lovely as she looked the very first time I came to her dressing-room door.

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CHRISTINE
(clearly touched)
And look at you, Raoul. You look just like that handsome boy in the opera box, the one who would always toss me a single red rose...

RAOUL
(kneeling down to face Gustave. Kindly)
PLEASE, GUSTAVE,
IF YOU DON’T MIND,
WOULD YOU WAIT OUTSIDE A WHILE...?

GUSTAVE
May I go exploring? By myself?

CHRISTINE
YES, BUT STAY BACKSTAGE, MY DEAR...
WHEN I’M FINISHED, MEET ME HERE.

GUSTAVE
(already out the door)
I will...!

He exits.

RAOUL
SINCE OUR WEDDING DAY,
THINGS HAVE GONE...ASTRAY.

CHRISTINE
Raoul—

RAOUL
(over her objections, but gently)
I’M NOT PROUD OF THE WAY THAT I’VE ACTED.

CHRISTINE
We’ve both been—

RAOUL
(not letting himself be interrupted)
THE DEMANDS I’VE MADE,
ALL THE HOPES MISLAID—
I’M AWARE OF THE PRICE THEY’VE EXACTED...
THOUGH I’VE NO RIGHT TO ASK YOU TO,
THERE’S ONE THING MORE I’D HAVE YOU DO,
IF YOU LOVE ME AS I LOVE YOU...

CHRISTINE
Anything, darling...
(collecting himself)
DON’T SING THE SONG, DEAR.

CHRISTINE
What? But, Raoul—!

RAOUL
YOU HAVE TO KNOW SOMETHING’S TERRIBLY WRONG, DEAR...

CHRISTINE
(taken aback)
BUT I HAVE TO DO THIS--
IT’S WHAT WE AGREED TO.

RAOUL
THAT HELL-SPAWNED DEMON
HE’S HAD US PLAYING HIS GAME ALL ALONG, DEAR...

CHRISTINE
LET ME JUST GET THROUGH THIS—
LISTEN, PLEASE...I NEED TO.

RAOUL
YOU NEED SO MUCH, IT’S TRUE--
AND I’VE DENIED YOU.
YOU NEED THE MAN YOU KNEW
BACK HERE BESIDE YOU.
YOU’LL HAVE HIM BACK, I VOW!
JUST ASK IT OF ME!
BUT WE MUST LEAVE HERE NOW,
IF YOU STILL LOVE ME...

CHRISTINE
(swayed, despite herself)
Do you mean it, Raoul? Truly?

RAOUL
I’ve booked a passage for three to Cherbourg on
the Atlantic Queen. It leaves in an hour, we’ll
have just enough time. I beg you...let’s be on
it, for both our sakes...and the child’s.
(sings)
LEAVE THIS PLACE BEHIND.

He withdraws, closing the door
behind him. CHRISTINE gazes at
the spot where he stood.

Suddenly, THE PHANTOM materializes
from the shadows behind her. He
places her hands on her throat,
and she freezes in sudden fear --
he could snap her neck in an
instant. Instead, he is placing
a jewelled necklace on her...the
same jewelled necklace we saw on
the throat of that automaton.

PHANTOM
HE KNOWS HIS LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH...
HE KNOWS HE ISN’T WHAT YOU NEED.
HE KNOWS YOU’RE MADE OF FINER STUFF
I THINK ON THAT, WE’RE ALL AGREED.
IT’S TIME TO LEAVE HIM IN THE DUST,
IT’S TIME TO BE WHO YOU SHOULD BE,
IT’S TIME TO DO NOW AS YOU MUST
AND SET THE MUSIC IN YOU FREE...!

IN MOMENTS, MERE MOMENTS,
DRUMS WILL ROLL.
THERE YOU’LL STAND, JUST LIKE BEFORE.
The CROWD WILL HUSH,
AND THEN IN ONE SWEET RUSH,
I WILL HEAR YOU SING ONCE MORE!

AND MUSIC,
OUR MUSIC,
WILL SWELL AND THEN UNWIND,
LIKE TWO STRANDS OF MELODY
AT LAST ENTWINED!

FULFIL US! COMPLETE US!
MAKE US WHOLE!
SEAL OUR BOND FOREVERMORE!
TONIGHT, FOR ME,
EMBRACE YOUR DESTINY!
LET ME HEAR YOU SING ONCE MORE!

He disappears into the shadows,
leaving her shaken.

The STAGE MANAGER knocks on the
door, opens it.

STAGE MANAGER
Miss Daaé, it’s time...

CHRISTINE
TWISTED EVERY WAY,
WHAT ANSWER CAN I GIVE?

I KNOW I CAN’T REFUSE
AND YET I WISH I COULD,
OH GOD...
RAOUL

CHRISTINE, CHRISTINE,
DON’T THINK THAT I DON’T CARE

PHANTOM

BUT EVERY HOPE AND EVERY PRAYER
RESTS ON YOU NOW.

As if in a trance, CHRISTINE steps out onto the stage. The curtain is drawn, but she can feel the electric presence of the audience on the other side. Stage hands are busy around her, but she is oblivious to them.

The orchestra is tuning up. We can feel her tension.
SCENE 6
BACKSTAGE/ONSTAGE AT PHANTASMA

In the wings, GUSTAVE appears, wandering carelessly, oblivious to the drama unfolding around him, watching the backstage action. As he walks, he VOCALIZES WORDLESSLY TO HIMSELF.

STAGE MANAGER
Ready on the rail?

STAGE HAND 1
Ready on the rail!

He wanders past RAOUL, who waits in the wings, watching CHRISTINE intently.

RAOUL
WILL SHE SING?
WILL SHE FLEE?
WHAT IS SHE THINKING NOW?
IS IT HIM?
IS IT ME?
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

STAGE MANAGER
Ready on the floor?

STAGE HAND 2
Ready on the floor!

GUSTAVE passes THE PHANTOM, waiting in the opposite wing, ready to savour his triumph.

RAOUL
WILL SHE STAY?
WILL SHE GO?
DOES SHE KNOW EVEN NOW?
PLEASE, CHRISTINE,
STOP THE SHOW--
DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

PHANTOM
(simultaneously)
OBEY YOUR HEART,
AND SING FOR ME!

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YOU WANT IT SO,
STAY AND BE MINE
ETERNALLY
DEVIL TAKE THE
HINDMOST.

RAOUL/PHANTOM

NOW IT’S TIME,
SO MAKE YOUR CHOICE!
DO IT FOR OUR SON!

PHANTOM

USE YOUR HEAD!

RAOUL

NO TIME TO WAIT!

RAOUL/PHANTOM

HESITATE,
WE’RE ALL UNDONE!

STAGE MANAGER

Ready in the pit?

STAGE HAND 3

Ready in the pit!

GUSTAVE, weaves his way past MADAME GIRY, who paces nervously.

RAOUL

WILL SHE STAY?
WILL SHE GO?
DOES SHE KNOW
EVEN NOW?
PLEASE CHRISTINE,
STOP THE SHOW,
DEVIL TAKE THE
HINDMOST!

PHANTOM
(simult.)

OBEY YOUR HEART,
AND SING FOR ME
AND SING FOR ME,
YOU, ME, THE CHILD,
ETERNALLY,
DEVIL TAKE THE
HINDMOST!

MADAME GIRY
(simult.)

PERHAPS SHE WON’T GO ON,
Perhaps she’ll lose her nerve,
Perhaps her voice won’t serve
And she will fail him now.
And then my child and I,
We’ll get what we deserve...
Devil take the hindmost.

**RAOUL**

Will she stay?
Will she go?
Does she know
Even now?
Please Christine,
Stop the show,
Devil take the hindmost!

**PHANTOM**
(simult.)

Obey your heart,
And sing for me
And sing for me,
You, me, the child,
Eternally,
Devil take the hindmost!

**MADAME GIRY**
(simult.)

Perhaps she won’t go on,
Perhaps she’ll lose her nerve,
Perhaps her voice won’t serve
And she will fail him now.
And then my child and I,
We’ll get what we deserve...
Devil take the hindmost.

**RAOUL/PHANTOM/GIRY**

Now it’s time!
No turning back!
All is on the line!
Here it is,
The final dance!
One last chance
To get what’s mine!

Gustave circles around backstage,
past Giry, past the Phantom, past
Raoul...coming to a stop when a
familiar face steps into the
wings. MEG.

Giry slides next to the Phantom.
GIRY

(in a low voice)
I hope Christine is worthy of you. I hope her singing makes up for what your blindness has done to Meg and me.

In the opposite wing, MEG smiles and puts an arm around the boy.

MEG

...DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

The orchestra quiets, then is silent.

STAGE MANAGER

And...curtain.

The curtain opens, and CHRISTINE steps out and faces the audience. Silence. The orchestra plays CHRISTINE’s cue...and she falters, torn.

Then, decisively, she steps forward...and sings the song THE PHANTOM has written for her.

CHRISTINE

WHO KNOWS WHEN LOVE BEGINS?
WHO KNOWS WHAT MAKES IT START?
ONE DAY IT'S SIMPLY THERE,
ALIVE INSIDE IN YOUR HEART.
IT SLIPS INTO YOUR THOUGHTS,
IT INFILTRATES YOUR SOUL,
IT TAKES YOU BY SURPRISE,
THEN SEIZES FULL CONTROL.
TRY TO DENY IT,
AND TRY TO PROTEST,
BUT LOVE WON'T LET YOU GO
ONCE YOU'VE BEEN POSSESSED.

LOVE NEVER DIES.
LOVE NEVER FAINTS.
ONCE IT HAS SPOKEN,
LOVE IS YOURS.
LOVE NEVER FADES.
LOVE NEVER ALTERS.
HEARTS MAY GET BROKEN,
LOVE ENDURES...
HEARTS MAY GET BROKEN,
LOVE ENDURES.
AND SOON AS YOU SUBMIT,
SURRENDER FLESH AND BONE,
THAT LOVE TAKES ON A LIFE
MUCH BIGGER THAN YOUR OWN.
IT USES YOU AT WHIM
AND DRIVES YOU TO DESPAIR.
AND FORCES YOU TO FEEL
MORE JOY THAN YOU CAN BEAR.
LOVE GIVES YOU PLEASURE,
AND LOVE BRINGS YOU PAIN!
AND YET, WHEN BOTH ARE GONE,
LOVE WILL STILL REMAIN.

ONCE IT HAS SPOKEN,
LOVE IS YOURS.

With great dignity, RAOUL turns
and exits. CHRISTINE sees him
leave, and breaks off, wanting to
reach out to him, unable to do so.
She turns back to the audience--an
audience that has no idea of what
has just transpired.

With great difficulty, she gathers
herself and continues.

LOVE NEVER DIES,
LOVE NEVER ALTERS,
HEARTS MAY GET BROKEN,
LOVE ENDURES...
HEARTS MAY GET BROKEN,

Then, finding courage in the
decision she has made, she gathers
her all and sings with every fiber
of her body.

LOVE NEVER DIES!
LOVE WILL CONTINUE!
LOVE KEEPS ON BEATING
WHEN YOU'RE GONE!
LOVE NEVER DIES
ONCE IT IS IN YOU!
LIFE MAY BE FLEETING,
LOVE LIVES ON...
LIFE MAY BE FLEETING,
LOVE LIVES ON.

Alone on stage, drained, CHRISTINE
accepts the tumultuous applause,
the rain of garlands, the shouts
and whoops.
SCENE 7
CHRISTINE’S DRESSING ROOM

CHRISTINE rushes into her dressing room. THE PHANTOM is there, waiting for her.

PHANTOM

AH CHRISTINE!
MY CHRISTINE!
WHAT A TRIUMPH YOU GIVE ME TONIGHT!
MY CHRISTINE!
ALL THE DARK, SILENT YEARS NOW SET RIGHT!
AH, CHRISTINE!

CHRISTINE

THE SONG WAS BEAUTIFUL.
IT SOUNDED BEAUTIFUL!
EVERY NOTE, EVERY WORD.
AND IT FELT BEAUTIFUL,
AND I FELT BEAUTIFUL!

PHANTOM/CHRISTINE

LOST IN THE MUSIC ONCE MORE,
FEELING IT RISE UP AND SOAR,
ALIVE ONCE AGAIN!

On the dressing table, she sees a single red rose...and a letter. She opens the letter and reads.

CHRISTINE (cont’d)

My dearest wife...

RAOUL appears upstage, in a pool of light, and sings the words she is reading...

RAOUL

“LITTLE LOTTE,
I BEG YOU, FORGIVE ME...”

CHRISTINE

Raoul, no!

RAOUL

(continuing)
“LITTLE LOTTE,
AH, WHAT FOOLS WE ONCE WERE...”

RAOUL/CHRISTINE

(Christine joining in)
“...LONG AGO,
IN OUR YOUTH..."

CHRISTINE

"...IN PARIS,
AT THE OPERA"

RAOUL
(speaking over the above)
Romantic idiots...

CHRISTINE
"THOSE TWO PEOPLE ARE GONE."

She continues reading the letter.

RAOUL/CHRISTINE
"NOW I MUST GO, OUR CHOICES ARE MADE.
THE OPERA IS DONE, THE LAST NOTES HAVE BEEN PLAYED.

RAOUL
"MAY YOUR ANGEL OF MUSIC WATCH OVER YOU NOW
AND GIVE YOU WHAT I WISH I GAVE YOU SOMEHOW...
YOURS IN REGRET..."

RAOUL turns and begins to exit.

CHRISTINE
"RAOUL."

She breaks off, and RAOUL vanishes.
CHRISTINE remains lost in thought.
Then, with a start...

CHRISTINE (cont’d)
GUSTAVE...

PHANTOM
(tensing)
What is it?

CHRISTINE
(suddenly anxious)
GUSTAVE...

PHANTOM
What’s wrong?

CHRISTINE
(in panic)
GUSTAVE!
(tensing)
What’s wrong?

CHRISTINE
He should be here! He was meant to be here!

PHANTOM
(intense)
IT’S THAT IDIOT RAOUL!
WHY, I’LL KILL THAT DRUNKEN FOOL!
THAT HE’D DARE TAKE THIS CHILD—
A CHILD THAT ISN’T HIS!

(spoken)
Mr. Squelch!

MR. SQUELCH appears instantaneously.

SQUELCH
Sir...?

PHANTOM
(assertive)
SEAL THE PORT! BLOCKADE EACH ROAD!
CALL IN EVERY FAVOUR THAT I’M OWED!
I’LL BE DAMNED IF HE LEAVES THIS ISLE!

SQUELCH
THE VICOMTE DE CHAGNY LEFT HERE IN A CARRIAGE.
SAW WITH MY OWN EYES, SIR,
THERE WAS NO-ONE WITH HIM.

THE PHANTOM seizes SQUELCH by the
shirtfront, and pulls him within an
inch of his face.

PHANTOM
(through clenched teeth)
ARE YOU QUITE CERTAIN HE LEFT HERE ALONE?

SQUELCH
(nodding)
SIR, WAS THERE ANYONE ELSE HERE BACKSTAGE?

PHANTOM

YES...
YES!

MADAME GIRY, SHE WAS HERE!
WITH HER VICIOUS LITTLE SNEER,
AND THAT COMMENT SHE MADE—
THE UNGRATEFUL, BACK-BITING SNAKE!
SHE’S BEEN GREEDY, YES INDEED--
SHE’LL GET HERS NOW, GUARANTEED!

GO NOW, QUICKLY, BRING HER ROUND!
BRING THE BOY BACK SAFE AND SOUND--
THEN I’LL TEAR HER LIMB FROM LIMB!

GANGLE appears in the doorway,
pushing MADAME GIRY in front of
him.

MADAME GIRY
(outraged)
What is the meaning of this? How dare your
minions manhandle me in this fashion? I demand
an answer!

PHANTOM
(seizing her roughly)
The boy, woman! What have you done with him?

MADAME GIRY
The boy? You think I took the boy? Why would I
do such a thing?
(scathing)
Do you think I don’t know who he is?

(sings)
ALL THESE YEARS,
WHO HAS BEEN FAITHFUL MORE THAN I?
NO-ONE!

PHANTOM
(warningly)
Giry...

MADAME GIRY
ALL THESE YEARS,
HOW CAN YOU THINK I’D HURT THAT CHILD?

PHANTOM
MY PATIENCE IS RUNNING DRY...

MADAME GIRY
ALL THESE YEARS,
I’VE BEEN MOTHER TO YOU AND CHRISTINE,
AS MUCH AS MY DAUGHTER...

PHANTOM
Enough!
MADAME GIRY
(pointedly)
DO YOU THINK
I DON’T KNOW HOW IT HURTS
TO SEE ONE’S OWN CHILD BROUGHT TO HARM?

PHANTOM
(in a frenzy, howling)
GUSTAVE!  GUSTAVE!  GUSTAVE...
(then he slumps, hopeless)

FLECK materializes from the shadows.

FLECK
(quietly)
Sir...?

(sings)
I JUST PASSED MEG’S DRESSING ROOM...
IT WAS EMPTY AS A TOMB...
BUT HER MIRROR WAS SMASHED,
ALL IN PIECES ON THE FLOOR.

PHANTOM
(looks up)
Meg...?

MADAME GIRY
(blanching)
Oh my God...

FLECK
THEN I SAW HER DOWN THE HALL,
PULLING SOMEONE PALE AND SMALL,
AND SHE LOOKED ALL ABOUT,
AND THEN SCURRIED OUT THE DOOR.

MADAME GIRY
GOD, I LEFT HER SO DISTRAUGHT!
(panicked, to the Phantom)
PLEASE, WHO KNOWS JUST WHAT SHE THOUGHT?
(half spoken)
I’M AFRAID SHE’S COME UNDONE.
BUT SHE WON’T HURT HIM...
MEG WOULD NEVER HURT HIM...
HOW COULD SHE HURT HIM...?

THE PHANTOM has gone very still.

PHANTOM
(suddenly, decisively)
I know where she’s gone. But we must hurry!
MADAME GIRY
In that crowd? There are millions of people out there..!

CHRISTINE
Gustave, my poor Gustave...!

PHANTOM
(suddenly decisive)
There’s no time to waste...!

CHRISTINE
Gustave!

The theatre dissolves into the madhouse
that is Coney Island at night...
SCENE 8
THE STREETS OF CONEY ISLAND

Mobs of people everywhere, a vast hallucinatory circus. The PHANTOM, CHRISTINE, GIRY and the rest whirl about as if in a fog, lost in the crush of humanity.

CHRISTINE
Gustave! Gustave!

PHANTOM
You there, stop!

A small figure is seen being pulled along. The PHANTOM forces his way through the crowd, puts a hand on the figure’s shoulder...but when the figure turns, it is a leering, laughing dwarf....

CHRISTINE
That’s not him...

MADAME GIRY
Meg!

PHANTOM
I think I see them, this way!

Another small figure is seen, hand in hand with a young woman... surely this must be them!

CHRISTINE
(seizing the child)
Gustave, is that—?

But when CHRISTINE grabs the figure and turns it around, it’s only a girl and her mother...

(crushed)
I’m so sorry...

MADAME GIRY
Meg, please, it’s OK!

PHANTOM
To the pier now, hurry!
The impressionistic barrage of sounds and faces intensifies...
then suddenly, in a great rush...silence
SCENE 9
THE PIER

Dissolve to the desolate pier.
MEG enters, pulling GUSTAVE along.
He squirms, but she holds him in
a vise-like grip.

GUSTAVE

PLEASE, MISS GIRY...
I WANT TO GO BACK...
I WANT MY MOTHER...

MEG
(in a cracked and broken voice)
THE WORLD IS HARD, THE WORLD IS MEAN,
IT’S HARD TO KEEP YOUR CONSCIENCE CLEAN...

GUSTAVE
Please...you’re hurting me.

MEG
(ignoring him)
THE SEA IS CALM, THE SEA IS GRAY,
IT WASHES EVERYTHING AWAY...

She has brought him to the very
edge of the pier. Dark water
churns below.

GUSTAVE
I can’t swim...

MEG
Don’t worry, it’s almost over...
(sings)
SINK INTO THE DEEP...
BLUE AND COOL AND KIND...
THEN DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP...
LET THE PAST UNWIND--
LEAVE THE HURT BEHIND...

Suddenly:

CHRISTINE

Gustave!

The PHANTOM, CHRISTINE, and GIRY
have arrived. At the sound of his
mother’s voice, GUSTAVE looks up.
GUSTAVE

Mother...?

MEG

No, I’m not done yet...

The PHANTOM waves the others back, and he strides purposefully toward MEG.

PHANTOM

Let go of the boy, now!

He moves closer and closer. Then:

MEG pulls out the gun and points it at THE PHANTOM. The child wriggles free and runs to CHRISTINE.

MEG

(wildly)

NOT ANOTHER STEP!

THE PHANTOM stops.

PHANTOM

(through clenched teeth)

Let go of him, girl, or I promise you——

MEG

(wheeling on him, gun pointed)

NOT ANOTHER WORD!

The PHANTOM takes a step back.

MEG (cont’d)

ALWAYS WONDERED HOW
TO MAKE YOU WATCH——
WELL WATCH ME NOW!

(plaintive)

I TOOK A LITTLE TRIP TO CONEY ISLAND.
I TOOK A LITTLE TRIP, BECAUSE OF YOU.
I DID AS MOTHER SAID,
AND FOLLOWED WHERE YOU LED
AND TRIED TO DO WHAT LITTLE I COULD DO.

WELL, HERE’S THE WAY IT WORKS ON CONEY ISLAND——
THEY MAKE YOU PAY FOR EVERY LITTLE CRUMB.
I GAVE WHAT THEY WOULD TAKE,
I GAVE IT FOR YOUR SAKE,
NOW LOOK AT ME AND SEE WHAT I’VE BECOME.

(with self-loathing)
BATHING BEAUTY,
ON THE BEACH...
BATHING BEAUTY,
IN HER DRESSING ROOM...
BATHING BEAUTY,
IN THE DARK,
ON THEIR LAPS,
IN THEIR ARMS,
IN THEIR BEDS—

MADAME GIRY

(in horror)
Meg, my little Meg—

PHANTOM

What are you saying?

MEG

WHO HELPED YOU RAISE THE MONEY?
WHO HELPED THE PERMITS COME THROUGH?
WHO GREASED THE WHEELS
OF YOUR HIGH-FLYING DEALS,
BOUGHT YOU TIME WHEN THE BILLS CAME DUE?

WHO SWAYED THE LOCAL BOSSES?
CURRIED FAVOR WITH THE PRESS?
(pointing gun at Madame Giry)
NO, NOT HER!

AND WHO KEPT SINGING,
DESP’RATE FOR YOUR FAVOR?
WHO KEPT DANCING,
HOPING YOU WOULD SAVE HER?
WHO KEPT DYING,
AND THIS IS WHAT YOU GAVE HER!

(gestures with the gun; all flinch, except the Phantom)

NOW THAT I’VE GOT YOUR ATTENTION AT LAST...
HERE’S THE BIG FINISH, AND THEN YOU CAN GO...

She lowers her gaze, and puts
the gun to her own head.

PHANTOM

(softly, with rising intensity)
GIVE ME THE GUN, MEG...
GIVE ME THE HURT AND THE PAIN AND THE GUN, MEG...
GIVE ME THE BLAME FOR NOT SEEING THE THINGS
THAT YOU’VE DONE, MEG...
GIVE ME THE GUN, MEG...
GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO SEE YOU CLEAR AT LAST...

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MEG
(wanting to believe)
SEE ME CLEAR AT LAST...

PHANTOM
YOU FEEL UGLY, YOU FEEL USED,
YOU FEEL BROKEN, YOU FEEL BRUISED,
AH, BUT ME,
I CAN SEE
ALL THE BEAUTY UNDERNEATH...

MEG
(waverering)
YES...

PHANTOM
(inching closer to her)
YOU’VE BEEN ROBBED OF LOVE AND PRIDE,
BEEN IGNORED AND PUSHED ASIDE--
EVEN SO,
I STILL KNOW
THERE IS BEAUTY UNDERNEATH...

MEG
(mesmerized, going slack)
YES....!

PHANTOM
(moving still closer)
DIAMONDS NEVER SPARKLE BRIGHT
IF THEY AREN’T SET JUST RIGHT...
BEAUTY SOMETIMES GOES UNSEEN...
WE CAN’T ALL BE LIKE CHRISTINE—

MEG
(suddenly angry)
CHRISTINE!
CHRISTINE!
ALWAYS CHRISTINE!

She points at CHRISTINE with the
gun. And suddenly--it goes off,
with a shockingly loud crack.

Everyone freezes.

Then CHRISTINE begins to fall.

MEG
No...! I didn’t mean to...!

MADAME GIRY stands frozen, in
shock.

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GUSTAVE

MOTHER DEAR,
SAY SOMETHING,
SAY ANYTHING!

PHANTOM

Giry! Go get help! Go!

MADAME GIRY jars herself into motion, runs off.

THE PHANTOM kneels next to CHRISTINE, who is cradled by her son.

GUSTAVE

WHERE’S PAPA?
HE SHOULD BE HERE!
(spoken)
Where’s Papa?

CHRISTINE

Your father — your real father —

GUSTAVE looks up at THE PHANTOM,
eyes wide. Tentatively, the PHANTOM reaches out to console him. GUSTAVE instinctively recoils.

CHRISTINE (cont’d)

LOOK WITH YOUR HEART.
AND NOT WITH YOUR EYES.
THE HEART UNDERSTANDS.
THE HEART NEVER LIES.
BELIEVE WHAT IT FEELS,
AND TRUST WHAT IT SHOWS,
LOOK WITH YOUR HEART.
THE HEART ALWAYS KNOWS.

LOVE’S NOT ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL,
NOT AT THE START...

She falters. GUSTAVE picks up the melody.

GUSTAVE

SO OPEN YOUR ARMS...

CHRISTINE

AND CLOSE YOUR EYES TIGHT...
GUSTAVE
LOOK WITH YOUR HEART...

CHRISTINE
AND WHEN YOU FIND LOVE...

She breaks off...and swoons. She is fading quickly.

GUSTAVE
No!

GUSTAVE sobs, and THE PHANTOM takes her from him.

PHANTOM
ONCE UPON ANOTHER TIME,
OUR STORY HAD ONLY BEGUN...
I HAD A TASTE OF JOY...
THE MOST I EVER KNEW...

NOW THERE ISN’T ANY TIME,
AND SOMEHOW OUR STORY IS DONE...
AND WHAT ABOUT THE BOY...
WHAT AM I TO DO?

CHRISTINE
JUST LOVE...
JUST LIVE...
AND GIVE WHAT YOU CAN GIVE...
AND TAKE THE LOVE THAT YOU DESERVE...

CHRISTINE/PHANTOM
JUST LOVE...
JUST LIVE...

CHRISTINE
AND GIVE—

She breaks off, unable to continue.

PHANTOM
I’LL GIVE ALL THAT I HAVE...
AND TAKE WHAT LITTLE I DESERVE.

CHRISTINE
COME CLOSER,
I BEG YOU...
CLOSER STILL...

REMEMBER...
LOVE NEVER DIES...
KISS ME ONE LAST TIME...

The music swells. They kiss. And then...THE PHANTOM pulls away from CHRISTINE’s lifeless lips.

THE PHANTOM lays her body gently in the sand. He looks across her lifeless form at GUSTAVE, who looks back at him.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

Then, GUSTAVE reaches out. He places one hand on the PHANTOM’s mask.

THE PHANTOM stays still... And in a gesture of tender acceptance, the boy removes the mask and gazes unflinchingly at the PHANTOM’s ruined face. Father and son look into one another’s eyes...

CURTAIN