

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

by  
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Adapted from the musical

Book  
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Based on the Novel  
by  
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THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

NOTE: All sung dialogue will be italicized.

EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - DAY

A bleak, forbidding sky stretches out before us. Snow trickles down, crowning the statue of Apollo which caps the dome of the OPERA POPULAIRE. We PAN DOWN, revealing the grand façade.

The Opera Populaire is monument to a culture of grandeur that has since vanished. It has been abandoned, left to suffer the ruin of time. Age has covered the dome in rust and cracked the marble pylons.

A legend appears:

PARIS, 1925

As we move up the filthy steps to the front door, we hear the SLAM OF AN AUCTIONEER'S GAVEL.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)

Sold! Your number sir?

(beat)

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

PORTER (O.S.)

Showing here.

We enter through the main doors...

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER - DAY

A once-majestic staircase in ruins. The ornate statuary seem to lament the sad state of their surroundings.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)

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

We travel up the grand staircase and into the:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The auditorium is only a ghost of what it must have originally been. Tarps are draped over some of the molding, and what lies exposed is rendered dull by dust and cobweb. With the gaslight no longer functional, the only illumination is provided by a few lanterns.

The main floor of the auditorium is mostly cleared. Exposed in the center of the auditorium is a large object draped in a dirty tarp. A word is printed on it in black letters: CHANDELIER.

A podium stands on the stage. The stage itself is cluttered with a great assortment of opera memorabilia: statues, posters, backdrops. A spindly and unnervingly eerie AUCTIONEER, who would seem more suited to being an undertaker, leads the proceedings from behind the podium. Close by, a PORTER displays the poster for "Hannibal" by Chalumeau. The auctioneer slams down his gavel with a BANG.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to Raoul, Vicomte de Chagny!

(a brief pause)

Thank you very much, sir.

Some chairs have been arranged in a few rows, occupied by a meager group of long-faced ATTENDEES. Among these is the man who purchased the poster: RAOUL DE CHAGNY. He's around seventy and is the worse for wear, but still there's a clear intelligence in his eyes.

AUCTIONEER

(announcing the next lot)

Lot 664: a wooden pistol and three human skulls from the 1831 production of "Robert le Diable" by Meyerbeer.

The porter produces the morbid object:

PORTER

Showing here.

AUCTIONEER

Ten francs for this. Ten, thank you.  
Ten francs still. Fifteen, thank you  
sir. Fifteen I am bid. Going at  
fifteen. Your number sir? Thank you.

(moving on)

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

The porter has produced the musical box, a work of striking  
beauty and craftsmanship. Raoul's eyes glass over at the  
sight of the object.

PORTER

(holding it up)

Showing here.

The porter sets it in motion, and it plays a SIMPLE,  
HAUNTING MELODY.

AUCTIONEER

Starting at twenty francs? Fifteen  
then? Fifteen I am bid.

Raoul raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER

Twenty, sir.

A MAN raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER

Twenty-five, thank you sir.

Once more, Raoul raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER

Thirty I am bid.  
(looking around)  
Thirty-five?

Silence.

AUCTIONEER

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

The porter brings the box over to Raoul. Raoul studies it, captivated.

RAOUL (V.O.)

*A collector's piece, indeed... Every detail exactly as she said. She often spoke of you, my friend... your velvet lining, and your figurine of lead...*

His eyes darken.

RAOUL (V.O.)

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

Raoul motions for the porter to take it away. Attention returns to the auctioneer.

AUCTIONEER

Lot 666, then: a chandelier in pieces.

We move to the large object lying in the center of the floor. A porter pulls the tarp back slightly, displaying some glittering crystal and metal underneath.

AUCTIONEER

Some of you may recall the strange affair of the Phantom of the Opera: a mystery never fully explained. We are told, ladies and gentlemen, that this is the very chandelier which figures in the famous disaster. Our workshops have restored it and wired up parts of it with new electric light so that we may get a hint of what it may look like when reassembled.

Raoul looks on with apprehension.

AUCTIONEER

(ominous)

Perhaps we may frighten away the  
ghosts of so many years ago with a  
little illumination, gentlemen?

The auctioneer switches on the chandelier and the porters  
tear the tarp off. With an ENORMOUS FLASH the OVERTURE  
begins. The MAIN TITLES begin.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

During the overture, the opera house is restored to its  
earlier grandeur as we are whisked back through the ages of  
time.

The tarps covering the molding are whisked away, the dust  
vanishes, and the glint of gold returns to this opulent and  
slightly threatening environment. The chandelier, immense  
and glittering, rises magically from the floor, finally  
reaching its seat high above the stalls.

But as we revel in its glory, a disturbing undercurrent  
becomes more and more clear - the satyrs and nymphs that  
dance across the walls and proscenium are perhaps a bit too  
predatory, too violent for comfort.

On the final crashing note of the overture, the TITLES END  
and we...

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

CARLOTTA GIUDICELLI (the Opera Populaire's leading  
soprano), stands, dressed in full regalia as Elissa,  
princess of Carthage, holding a GRUESOME SEVERED HEAD.

A legend appears:

PARIS, 1881.

CARLOTTA

(piercing)  
*This trophy from our saviours, from  
the enslaving force of Rome!*

We PULL BACK to reveal that she is singing to an empty house - this is only a rehearsal.

The stage is set as the ancient city of Carthage - stone columns, grand statues, etc. The CHORUS enters from the wings, costumed as the soldiers and guardians of the Carthaginian army.

GIRL'S CHORUS  
*With feasting and dancing and song,  
tonight in celebration we greet the  
victorious throng, returned to bring  
salvation!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER - DAY

LEFEVRE, the manager of the Opera Populaire enthusiastically (perhaps too enthusiastically) runs down the stairs of the grand staircase.

Down below, waiting for him, are RICHARD FIRMIN, tall with a businesslike demeanor, and GILLES ANDRE, friendly and charming. They greet Lefevre with smiles.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

The rehearsal continues.

MEN'S CHORUS  
*The trumpets of Carthage resound! Ye  
Romans bow and tremble! Hark to our  
step on the ground!*

ALL  
*Hear the drums - Hannibal comes!*

PIANGI, the opera's heavysset leading tenor, emerges, costumed as Hannibal.

PIANGI  
*Sad to return to find the land we love*

*threatened once more by Roma's far-reaching grasp.*

REYER, the repetiteur, interrupts.

REYER

Signor... if you please; "Rome". We say "Rome", not "Roma."

PIANGI

Si, si, Rommme, not Roma. Is very hard for me.

(practicing)

Rommme, Rommme.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - WINGS

Lefevre guides Andre and Firmin through the wings, explaining away the chaos of the last minute costume changes and set modifications.

LEFEVRE

As you can see, gentlemen, rehearsals are under way for a new production of Chalumeau's "Hannibal".

They stumble right out onto the stage.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

Lefevre senses a hiatus in the rehearsal, and eagerly tries to get attention:

LEFEVRE

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

The managers begin bowing, but Reyer interrupts.

REYER

(polite, but firm)

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

LEFEVRE

My apologies, Monsieur Reyer. Proceed.

REYER

Thank you, monsieur.

(to Piangi)

"Sad to return...", Signor.

LEFEVRE

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

The rehearsal picks up, and Piangi strains to get his pronunciation right:

PIANGI

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

LEFEVRE

(indicating Piangi)

Our leading tenor, Signor Piangi. He plays so well opposite La Carlotta.

The ballet girls begin their dance. Andre and Firmin stand center stage, clearly in the way. Annoyed, the stern ballet mistress, MADAME GIRY, BANGS her cane on the stage.

GIRY

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

Lefevre quickly ushers Andre and Firmin to the side of the stage.

LEFEVRE

My apologies, Madame Giry.

(to Andre and Firmin)

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

FIRMIN

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

LEFEVRE

(ignoring him)

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

MEG, a very young but pretty girl, has become prominent  
among the dancers.

ANDRE

Who's that girl, Lefevre?

LEFEVRE

Her? Meg Giry, Madame Giry's daughter.  
Promising dancer, Monsieur Andre. Most  
promising.

CHRISTINE DAAE (dark-haired, beautiful, and in her early  
20s) absent-mindedly falls out of step.

GIRY

(bangs her cane)

Christine Daae! Concentrate, girl!

FIRMIN

Daae? Curious name.

LEFEVRE

Swedish.

ANDRE

Any relation to the violinist?

LEFEVRE

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

As the ballet reaches its climax and ends, the CHORUS  
resumes:

CHORUS

*Bid welcome to Hannibal's guests: the  
elephants of Carthage! As guides on  
our conquering quests, Dido sends  
Hannibal's friends!*

We've reached the grand finale of the number. The dancers and chorus move to their positions and strike their poses as a giant mechanical ELEPHANT is wheeled on stage. PIANGI scrambles to climb on its back, but can't quite make it.

CHORUS

*The trumpets of Carthage resound! Hear  
Romans now and tremble! Hark to their  
step on the ground! Hear the drums!  
Hannibal comes!*

The note holds in the air for a few seconds, Piangi dangling precariously off the side of the elephant.

Then the rehearsal breaks off and everyone scatters. The mechanical elephant is wheeled off the stage, revealing some STAGE-HANDS operating it from within.

Lefevre claps his hands for silence.

LEFEVRE

Ladies and gentlemen -

Nobody pays him any attention. He turns to Giry for aid.

LEFEVRE

Madame Giry -

Madame Giry SLAMS her cane against the floor, and everybody shuts up. She nods to Lefevre.

LEFEVRE

Thank you.

(to everyone else)

May I have your attention please?

(pause)

As you know, for some weeks there have been rumors of my imminent retirement. I can now tell you that these were all true, and it is my pleasure to introduce to you to the two gentlemen who now own the Opera Populaire, Monsieur Richard Firmin and Monsieur Gilles Andre.

There's some polite applause from the cast and staff.

Carlotta makes her presence felt.

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

Her introduction elicits STRAINED APPLAUSE from the chorus.  
Ignoring it, she stretches her hand out to the managers.  
Andre, elated, kisses it without a second thought. Firmin  
is less impressed.

ANDRE  
A great pleasure, Signora. I have  
experienced all of your greatest  
roles.

LEFEVRE  
And Signor Ubaldo Piangi.

Piangi steps forward to greater APPLAUSE.

FIRMIN  
An honor, signor.

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

CARLOTTA  
My manager commands... M. Reyer?

REYER  
My diva commands. Will two bars be  
sufficient introduction?

FIRMIN  
(curt)  
Two bars will be quite sufficient.

Carlotta takes a dramatic stance.

REYER

Signora?

CARLOTTA

Maestro.

The introduction is played lightly on piano.

CARLOTTA

(waxing melodramatic)

*Think of me, think of me fondly, when  
we've said goodbye. Remember me every  
so often - promise me you'll try.*

Up in the flies, a DARK SHADOW is cast on a wall.

CARLOTTA

*On that day, that not so distant day,  
when you are far away and -*

She doesn't finish. A BACKDROP CRASHES to the stage, cutting her off from half the cast. A few in the cast SCREAM, and the rest break into nervous WHISPERS. Some stage members guard themselves with the sign of the cross.

PIANGI

(running over)

Idiots!

(to Carlotta)

Cara! Cara! Are you hurt?

In the flies, the shadow vanishes.

LEFEVRE

Signora, are you all right? Buquet!

Where is Buquet?!

(to Andre and Firmin)

Chief of the flies. He's responsible  
for this.

BUQUET appears and begins pulling the backdrop up again.

LEFEVRE

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

BUQUET

*Please monsieur, don't look at me! As God's my witness, I was not at my post! Please monsieur, there's no-one there!*

(mysterious)

*And if there is, well then it must be a ghost!*

Meg and Christine huddle together in the wings.

MEG

(looking up)

*He's here, the Phantom of the Opera...*

Andre rounds on Meg:

ANDRE

Good heavens! Will you show a little courtesy?

FIRMIN

Mademoiselle, please!

ANDRE

(to Carlotta)

Signora, these things do happen.

Carlotta stares blankly at them.

CARLOTTA

(furious)

"These things do happen?" You have only been her for five minutes! What would you know? "These things do happen!" Si! Si! All the time these things do happen!

(to Lefevre)

For the past three years these things do happen, and did you stop them from happening? No!

(to Andre and Firmin)

And you, you are as bad as him.

"These things do happen!" Until you stop these things from happening, this thing does not happen!

(to Piangi)

Ubaldo! Andiamo!

PIANGI

Amateurs.

They exit quickly, Piangi following like a dog on a leash. Reyer has a fit as Lefevre shuffles nervously.

LEFEVRE

(in a hurry)

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.

Lefevre runs out. The company turns to the new managers, who are left overwhelmed by the quick sequence of events.

ANDRE

(trying to seem confident)

La Carlotta will be back.

Madame Giry appears from the wings, carrying a NOTE, outlined entirely in black.

GIRY

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

The ballet girls WHISPER and CHATTER at the mention.

FIRMIN

Opera Ghost?! You're all obsessed!

GIRY

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

Firmin tears the note out of her hands and opens it.

FIRMIN

(astonished)

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.

Christine recognizes the name.

ANDRE

Madame, I had hoped to make that announcement myself.

GIRY

Will the Vicomte be at the performance tonight, monsieur?

FIRMIN

(nods)

In our box.

ANDRE

Madame, who is the understudy for the role?

Reyer shakes his head:

REYER

There is no understudy, monsieur. The production is new.

MEG

(coming forward)

Christine Daae could sing it, sir.

All eyes are on Christine, who shrinks in the spotlight.

FIRMIN

The chorus girl!?

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!  
(to Andre, dismayed)  
Can you believe it? A full house and  
we shall have to cancel!

A MURMUR arises from the cast and Reyer puts his head in his hands.

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

ANDRE  
Very well.

Reyer SIGHS.

REYER  
From the beginning of the aria then,  
mamselle.

Christine steps forward as the piano begins the accompaniment.

CHRISTINE  
(nervously)  
*Think of me, think of me fondly, when  
we've said goodbye.*

FIRMIN  
(aside)  
This is doing nothing for my nerves.

ANDRE  
Don't fret, Firmin.

But something happens - Christine's demeanor changes. As she continues, she begins to sing with confidence, vigor, and strength. The managers are stunned.

CHRISTINE

*Remember me every so often - promise me you'll try. On that day, that not so distant day, when you are far away and free, if you ever find a moment, spare a thought for me...*

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF "HANNIBAL." Christine is dressed in full costume as Elissa (the same costume Carlotta wore in the rehearsal).

The CONDUCTOR leads a full orchestra, and the PROMPTER is in his box. It's a glorious evening with all the ARISTOCRACY of Paris in attendance. Even the statuary that frame the proscenium seem to be smiling.

Up in their box, the managers and their new patron, the youthful RAOUL DE CHAGNY (now handsome and in his early 20s) enjoy the performance. Raoul's eyes are fastened to the stage, full of wonder and memory.

CHRISTINE

*And though it's clear, though it was always clear, that this was never meant to be, if you happen to remember, stop and think of me... Think of August when the trees were green - don't think about the way things might have been... Think of me, think of me waking, silent and resigned. Imagine me, trying too hard to put you from my mind. Think of me, please say you'll think of me, whatever else you choose to do - there will never be a day when I won't think of you...*

In Box Five, a SHADOW moves.

The audience bursts into mid-aria APPLAUSE and BRAVOS. Prominent among the bravos are those of Raoul, who applauds with immense enthusiasm.

RAOUL

*Can it be? Can it be Christine?*

He leaps to his feet.

RAOUL

Brava!

Somewhat embarrassed at his enthusiasm (Firmin and Andre staring at him, amused), he sits back down.

RAOUL

(nostalgic)

*Long ago, it seems so long ago - how young and innocent we were! She may not remember me, but I remember her...*

Christine continues her performance:

CHRISTINE

*Flowers fade, the fruits of Summer fade - they have their season, so do we... But please promise me that sometimes, you will think...*

She moves into a masterful CADENZA that shakes the rafters of the opera house. It's ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

CHRISTINE

(cont.)

*...of me!*

There's a pregnant pause, but then the APPLAUSE booms and the audience leaps to its feet. Roses begin to collect on the stage. Christine offers a humble smile in response.

The shadow has vanished from Box Five, leaving an empty chair. On the opposite side of the auditorium, Raoul and the managers applaud wildly.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE

Christine walks offstage, carrying bouquets of flowers. As the ballet girls gather around her, she hands each of them a flower. Madame Giry meets her and offers a rare smile.

GIRY

You did well... he will be pleased.

Giry rounds on the ballet girls:

GIRY

And you! You were a disgrace! Such  
ronds de jambe! Such temps de cuisse!  
Here, we rehearse. Now!

Giry SLAMS her cane on the ground, and the girls scramble into position, beginning their exercises.

Christine moves away from the girls, somewhat in a daze.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

As she walks down the hall. Christine hears the Phantom's hypnotic VOICE:

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Brava! Brava! Bravissima!*

Christine looks up, mesmerized by the sound. Suddenly, a hand reaches out of the shadows and grabs Christine's arm. Christine whips around to see the Meg.

MEG

(enthusiastic)

*Where in the world have you been  
hiding? Really, you were perfect! I  
only wish I knew your secret! Who is  
this great tutor?*

Christine smiles nervously, and the two begin to walk through the backstage corridors:

CHRISTINE

(abstracted)

*Father once spoke of an angel... I  
used to dream he'd appear... Now, as  
I sing, I can sense him... and I know  
he's here...*

They have reached Christine's unimpressive dressing room door.

CHRISTINE

*Here in this room he calls me softly,  
somewhere inside, hiding... Somehow  
I know he's always with me... He -  
the unseen genius...*

Christine opens the door and they enter.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM

A meager dressing room. The few gaslights are barely sufficient for lighting. A gigantic full-length mirror stands against the wall, dominating the room.

MEG

(uneasily)

*Christine, you must have been  
dreaming - stories like this can't  
come true... Christine, you're  
talking in riddles, and it's not like  
you...*

CHRISTINE

(ecstatic)

*Angel of Music! Guide and Guardian!  
Grant to me your glory!*

MEG

(joining Christine)

*Who is this angel? This...*

BOTH

*Angel of Music, hide no longer! Secret  
and strange angel...*

Christine turns pale.

CHRISTINE

(darkly)

*He's with me, even now...*

MEG

(bewildered)

*Your hands are cold!*

CHRISTINE  
*All around me...*

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

CHRISTINE  
*It frightens me...*

MEG  
*Don't be frightened!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

Raoul and the managers travel through the corridor. Andre carries champagne.

ANDRE  
A tour de force! No other way to  
describe it!  
(to Firmin)  
I think we've made quite a discovery  
in Miss Daae!

They've arrived at Christine's dressing room.

FIRMIN  
(to Raoul)  
Here we are, Monsieur le Vicomte.

RAOUL  
Gentlemen, if you wouldn't mind, this  
is one visit I would prefer to make  
unaccompanied.

Raoul takes the champagne out of Andre's hands.

ANDRE  
As you wish, monsieur.

RAOUL  
Thank you.

He heads in the dressing room as the managers watch.

FIRMIN

(to Andre)  
It seems they have met before...

Andre nods.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM

Christine sits at her table, clothed in a white dressing gown.

RAOUL (O.S.)  
Christine Daae, where is your scarf?

Christine turns to see Raoul standing there, champagne in hand.

CHRISTINE  
Monsieur?

RAOUL  
(feigning disappointment)  
You can't have lost it, especially after all the trouble I took. I was only fourteen and soaked to the skin -

CHRISTINE  
Because you had run into the sea to fetch my scarf! Raoul, so it is you!

RAOUL  
*"Little Lotte let her mind wander..."*

CHRISTINE  
You remember that too...

RAOUL  
*"Little Lotte thought: am I fonder of dolls..."*

BOTH  
(Christine joining in)  
*"...or of goblins or shoes..."*

CHRISTINE  
*"...or of riddles or frocks..."*

RAOUL

Those picnics in the attic...  
"...or of chocolates..."

CHRISTINE

Father playing the violin...

RAOUL

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

Christine turns away and stares at her reflection in the  
desk mirror, lost in memory.

CHRISTINE

"No, what I love best, Lotte said is  
when I'm asleep in my bed, and the  
Angel of Music sings songs in my  
head..."

Raoul caresses her shoulders, joining in:

RAOUL/CHRISTINE

"...the Angel of Music sings songs in  
my head..."

Christine stirs from her thoughtful state and turns to  
Raoul.

CHRISTINE

(excitedly)

Father said, "When I'm in heaven,  
child, I will send you the Angel of  
Music to you."

Raoul nods.

CHRISTINE

Well, now father is dead, Raoul, and  
I have been visited by the Angel of  
Music!

RAOUL

(not comprehending her  
sincerity)

Indeed. And now, we'll go to supper!

CHRISTINE

(serious)

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

RAOUL

I shan't keep you up late!

CHRISTINE

No... Raoul...

RAOUL

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

He rushes out the door. Christine vainly calls after him:

CHRISTINE

Raoul!

But the door SHUTS and he's gone. She sits down and looks at her reflection in the dressing table mirror as TREMULOUS MUSIC builds to a crescendo.

CHRISTINE

(to herself)

Things have changed, Raoul.

As the tremulous music reaches its peak, THE PHANTOM'S VOICE BOOMS FROM EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, startling Christine.

PHANTOM (O.S.)

(furious)

*Insolent boy! This slave of fashion,  
basking in your glory! Ignorant fool,  
this brave young suitor, sharing in my  
triumph!*

Christine is both frightened and fascinated by the voice.

CHRISTINE

(meekly)

*Angel! I hear you! Speak - I listen...  
Stay by my side, guide me! Angel my  
soul was weak - forgive me... Enter at  
last, master!*

PHANTOM (O.S.)

(softening)

*Flattering child, you shall know me,  
see why in shadow I hide! Look at your  
face in the mirror - I am there  
inside!*

She turns to stare at the mirror. Miraculously, a figure gradually becomes discernible in the mirror, until THE PHANTOM is fully revealed. He stands dressed in elegant formal attire, a fedora on his head, a cape on his shoulders, and an elegant white mask obscuring the right side of his face.

CHRISTINE

*Angel of Music! Guide and guardian!  
Grant to me your glory! Angel of  
Music, hide no longer! Come to me,  
strange angel!*

The Phantom beckons Christine toward the mirror:

PHANTOM

*I am your Angel of Music! Come to me:  
Angel of Music!*

EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

Raoul has returned, hat in hand. He tries the door, but it's locked. He hears the voices inside.

RAOUL

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

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM

Christine has heard Raoul, and she turns to look at the door. The Phantom continues to beckon, even as Raoul BANGS against the door in the background.

PHANTOM

*I am your Angel of Music! Come to me:  
Angel of Music!*

She turns to face the Phantom once again. The glass separating the Phantom and Christine slides away and the Phantom stretches his hand towards Christine. Christine places her hand in his, and the Phantom draws her through.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE

Raoul continues to try the door. All of a sudden, it unlocks and swings open.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM

Raoul stares at the empty room.

RAOUL  
(puzzled)  
Christine? Angel?

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS

The Phantom leads Christine through the seemingly endless series of stone tunnels and stairways that rest beneath the Opera Populaire. The Phantom's lantern cuts through the oppressive darkness, casting eerie shadows on the crumbling stone walls.

CHRISTINE  
*In sleep he sang to me, in dreams he came... That voice which calls to me and speaks my name... And do I dream again? For now I find the Phantom of the Opera is there - inside my mind...*

They begin descending a set of stone ramps, going ever downward.

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

Christine looks back up the way they came.

PHANTOM

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

And through this they have reached the:

INT. CATACOMBS - UNDERGROUND LAKE

The lowest level of the catacombs - a black underground lake, covered by a light mist. A few candelabra on the bank give enough light to see an ornate gondola. The Phantom guides Christine to sit in the boat, then pushes off through the misty waters.

CHRISTINE

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

PHANTOM

*It's me they hear...*

Twisted candelabra hang off the large pillars that support the ceiling. Combined with the swirling mist, the effect is positively ethereal.

BOTH

*Your/my spirit and your/my voice in  
one combined: the Phantom of the Opera  
is there - inside your/my mind...*

EERIE VOICES are heard, as if the lake itself were singing:

EERIE VOICES

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

PHANTOM

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

CHRISTINE

(taking over)  
...were both in you...

They have reached a magnificent stone arch framing a large iron portcullis. Beyond the gate is the shimmering light of candles in darkness. The portcullis lifts, as if of its own accord, and they float into...

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR

The Phantom's lair, a giant palace of stone built right into the catacombs. The lair's décor consists almost entirely of shades of black and silver, and with hundreds of candles providing points of light, the effect is not unlike stars set against a black sky.

A massive pipe organ dominates the far wall, resting in a giant alcove like a perverse church altar.

PHANTOM/CHRISTINE  
*And in this labyrinth where night is  
blind, the Phantom of the Opera is  
there/here - inside your/my mind...*

The boat has reached an ornate dock just on the other side of the portcullis, which closes behind them. The Phantom guides Christine out of the boat.

PHANTOM  
Sing, my Angel of Music!

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

PHANTOM  
Sing!

As commanded, Christine begins to VOCALIZE STRANGELY, her song becoming more and more extravagant. The Phantom revels in the sound.

PHANTOM  
(seductive and commanding)  
Sing... sing for me...

The Phantom gently removes his hat and cloak, placing them on an immense silver throne.

PHANTOM

(a powerful cry)

Sing my Angel of Music! Sing for me!

And as she reaches the high note, the music drops out and her voice ECHOES around the lair. The Phantom moves towards the organ as he sings:

PHANTOM

*I have brought you to the seat of  
sweet music's throne... to this  
kingdom where all must pay homage to  
music... music...*

The organ has a composition resting on it, unfinished. The Phantom sits down and joins the accompaniment on the organ. Christine looks on, captivated.

PHANTOM

*You have come here for one purpose,  
and one alone...*

He ceases playing, overcome with emotion.

PHANTOM

*Since the moment I first heard you  
sing, I have needed you with me,  
to serve me, to sing for my music...  
My music...*

He caresses his music, lost in the moment. The candlelight plays across his mask.

PHANTOM

(gently)

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

The Phantom rises and goes to Christine.

PHANTOM

*Slowly, gently, night unfurls its*

*splendour... Grasp it, sense it -  
tremulous and tender...*

The Phantom, with the gentlest and slightest touch, turns her head away from him.

PHANTOM

*Turn your face away from the garish  
light of day, turn your thoughts away  
from cold, unfeeling light -*

He turns her back to him, bringing her so close their lips almost touch. Just as they might kiss the Phantom pulls away, drawing Christine's attention to the world around her.

PHANTOM

*And listen to the music of the  
night... Close your eyes for your eyes  
will only tell the truth, and the  
truth isn't what you want to see...*

The Phantom stands in shadow, almost entirely blending into the darkness aside from his white mask.

PHANTOM

*(quietly)  
In the dark, it is easy to pretend  
that the truth is what it ought to  
be...*

The Phantom moves out of the shadow, beckoning Christine onward.

PHANTOM

*(moving onwards)  
Softly, deftly, music shall caress  
you... Feel it, hear it, secretly  
possess you... Open up your mind, let  
your fantasies unwind, in this darkness  
which you know you cannot fight - the  
darkness of the music of the night...  
(more intensely)  
Let your mind start a journey through  
a strange new world! Leave all  
thoughts of the world you knew before!  
Let your soul take you where you long*

*to be!*

*(softening)*

*Only then can you belong to me...*

For the first time, the Phantom touches Christine with confidence. She responds, and her hand is brave enough to stray to his mask and caress it without any hint of removing it.

PHANTOM

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

Christine follows the Phantom to a grandiose mirror, obscured by a dark black curtain. In one fluid movement, the Phantom tears the curtain away.

Standing in the frame of the mirror (the mirror has been shattered, and shards of shattered mirror creep out from the frame's edges) is an effigy of Christine dressed in a wedding gown, a perfect wax-face impression. In the darkness, it creates the uncanny illusion of an actual mirror image.

The Phantom motions for Christine to approach it. In a daze, Christine reaches out to it. But before she can touch it, the mannequin of Christine loses balance and tumbles forward, its arms outstretched towards Christine. Christine faints - it's all just too bizarre. As she falls to the ground, the Phantom catches her.

He carries her through a doorway into:

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR - BEDROOM

A small chamber, decorated in a Persian style. Like the rest of the lair, it too is illuminated only by candlelight. The Phantom lays her down on a large Turkish bed.

PHANTOM

*You alone can make my song take*

*flight... Help me make the music of  
the night....*

As he stands over her, taking her in, we FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE

A lantern basks everything in a reddish glow, making the collection of assorted props seem threatening. Buquet, with a piece of cloth as a cape and a length of rope as a lasso, entertains a huddle of ballet girls:

BUQUET

*Like yellow parchment is his skin...  
A great black hole serves as the nose  
that never grew...*

He holds up the lasso.

BUQUET

The Punjab lasso!

Demonstrating his method of self defense against the Punjab lasso, he inserts his hand between his neck and noose, and then pulls the rope taut. With a mixture of horror and delight, the ballet girls APPLAUD the demonstration.

BUQUET

(explaining)

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

Madame Giry emerges from the shadows, startling the ballet girls.

GIRY

*Those who speak of what they know  
find, too late, that prudent silence  
is wise.*

She approaches Buquet, the lantern light reflecting in her eyes.

GIRY

*Joseph Buquet, hold your tongue - he  
will burn you with the heat of his  
eyes...*

CUT TO:

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR - BEDROOM

CLOSE UP on the MUSIC BOX from the prologue; its HAUNTING TUNE plays. Christine, asleep on the settee, is awakened by the sound. Disoriented, she rises.

CHRISTINE

(trance-like)

*I remember there was mist... Swirling  
mist upon a vast, glassy lake...  
There were candles all around and on  
the lake there was a boat...*

She exits the bedroom into...

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR

The Phantom is seated at his organ, dressed in an elegant silk nightgown of Eastern origin.

CHRISTINE

*...and in the boat there was a man...*

The Phantom, furiously scratching out the notes of his composition with a feather quill, fails to notice Christine. She approaches the Phantom, unsure at first, but grows more and more confident.

CHRISTINE

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

She reaches for his mask and tears it from his face. The Phantom leaps up from the organ and rounds on her furiously. She clearly sees his face (but we do not, for he stands in profile and shadow for the remainder of the

scene) and recoils in horror at the sight.

PHANTOM

(enraged)

*Damn you! You little prying Pandora!  
You little demon -*

She runs up against the wall, trying to escape him. She's not fast enough; the Phantom grabs her arm and whips her around to face him.

PHANTOM

*Is this what you wanted to see?*

She manages to tear herself away but the Phantom pursues her:

PHANTOM

*Curse you! You little lying Delilah!  
You little viper!*

Christine stumbles and falls to the ground.

PHANTOM

(despairing)

*Now you cannot ever be free! Damn you!  
Curse you!*

Christine is in tears, unable to bring herself to look at him. The Phantom, seeing her so, is disgusted with himself and turns away.

PHANTOM

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

A glimmer of hope surfaces in his eyes. Covering the disfigured side of his face with his hand, he slowly brings himself towards Christine.

PHANTOM

(pleading)

*But Christine...  
Fear can turn to love - you'll learn*

*to see, to find the man behind the monster: this... repulsive carcass, who seems a beast, but secretly dreams of beauty...*

His eyes wander to the effigy of Christine.

PHANTOM

*Secretly... secretly...*

Christine turns to look at him, tears wet on her cheeks. The Phantom reaches to touch her, in the process allowing his face to be exposed. She turns away, and he pulls back in shame.

PHANTOM

*(barely a whisper)*

*Oh, Christine...*

Christine sees the discarded mask. She picks it up and offers it to the Phantom with an outstretched arm. The Phantom, seeing this, stares at her with both surprise and a deep appreciation. He takes it slowly, then, turning away, puts it on.

His confidence restored, he stands.

PHANTOM

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

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - MANAGER'S OFFICE

A CLOSE-UP of a newspaper headline: "MYSTERY AFTER GALA NIGHT!" PULL BACK to reveal Firmin at his desk, reading. He tosses the paper on the desk with disgust.

FIRMIN

*"Mystery after gala night," it says, "Mystery of soprano's flight!" "Mystified," baffled Surete say, "We are mystified - we suspect foul play!"*

*Bad news on soprano scene - first  
Carlotta, now Christine!  
(changing attitude)  
Still, at least the seats get sold...  
Gossip's worth its weight in gold!*

He steps out from behind the desk and examines himself in a mirror.

FIRMIN

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

Andre bursts into the room, visibly distressed.

ANDRE

*(shouting)  
Damnable! Will they all walk out? This  
is damnable!*

FIRMIN

*(taken aback)  
Andre, please don't shout... It's  
publicity, and the take is vast! Free  
publicity!*

ANDRE

*But we have no cast...*

FIRMIN

*But Andre, have you seen the queue?*

Firmin goes over to the desk and produces two letters, both of which are recognizably lined in black.

FIRMIN

*(looking at the letters)  
Oh, it seems you've got one too...*

He hands the letter to Andre, who opens it and reads.

ANDRE

*"Dear Andre, what a charming gala!"*

*Christine enjoyed a great success! We were hardly bereft when Carlotta left - otherwise, the chorus was entrancing, but the dancing was a lamentable mess!"*

FIRMIN

*(reading his)*

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

They're clearly offended by the letters.

BOTH

*Who would have the gall to send this?  
Someone with a puerile brain!*

FIRMIN

*(examining both letters)*

*These are both signed "O.G."...*

ANDRE

*Who the hell is he?!*

BOTH

*(immediately realizing)*

*Opera Ghost!*

FIRMIN

*It's really not amusing!*

ANDRE

*He's abusing our position!*

FIRMIN

*In addition, he wants money!*

ANDRE

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

BOTH

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

With that, Raoul bursts into the room, brandishing another of the Phantom's notes.

RAOUL  
(furious)  
*Where is she?*

ANDRE  
*You mean Carlotta?*

RAOUL  
*I mean Miss Daae - where is she?*

FIRMIN  
*Well, how should we know?*

RAOUL  
*I want an answer!*  
(holds up note)  
*I take it that you sent me this note!*

FIRMIN  
*What's all this nonsense?*

ANDRE  
*Of course not!*

FIRMIN  
*Don't look at us!*

RAOUL  
*She's not with you then?*

FIRMIN  
*Of course not!*

ANDRE  
*We're in the dark!*

RAOUL  
*Monsieur, don't argue! Isn't this the letter you wrote?*

FIRMIN  
*And what is it, that we're meant to have wrote?*  
(realizing his mistake)

Written!

Raoul hands the note to Andre, who reads it.

ANDRE

*"Do not fear for Miss Daae. The Angel  
of Music has her under his wing. Make  
no attempt to see her again."*

The managers are mystified.

RAOUL

If you didn't write it, who did?

They are just about to head out of the office when Carlotta and Piangi suddenly burst in. Carlotta is also holding a letter from the Phantom, and it has cheered her no more than the others.

CARLOTTA

*Where is he?*

ANDRE

*Ah, welcome back!*

CARLOTTA

*Your precious patron -*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

*Where is he?*

RAOUL

*What is it now?*

CARLOTTA

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

FIRMIN

*(to Raoul)*

*And did you send it?*

RAOUL

*Of course not!*

ANDRE

*As if he would!*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI  
*You didn't send it?*

RAOUL  
*Of course not!*

FIRMIN  
*What's going on...?*

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

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

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

The managers are beginning to tire of the intrigue, and attempt to move everyone out of the office.

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

They run straight into Madame Giry and Meg.

GIRY  
*Miss Daae has returned.*

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

ANDRE  
*Where precisely is she now?*

GIRY

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

MEG  
*She needed rest.*

RAOUL  
*May I see her?*

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

CARLOTTA/PIANGI  
*Will she sing? Will she sing?*

Giry holds up another of the Phantom's notes.

GIRY  
*Here, I have a note...*

RAOUL/CARLOTTA/PIANGI/ANDRE  
*Let me see it!*

FIRMIN  
(snatching it)  
Please!

Firmin opens the letter and reads. The Phantom's voice gradually takes over:

FIRMIN  
"Gentlemen, I have now sent you several notes of the most amiable nature, detailing how my theatre is to be run. You have not followed my instructions. I shall give you one last chance..."

We INTERCUT with:

INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR

We move through the lair, traveling past the candles to a shadowy alcove where the Phantom sits bent over a desk. Behind him stands a wall of old tomes and manuscripts, some of which lie strewn about on the table. In the reddish

illumination of a few candles, his hand scratches out a note in black ink with a long feather quill.

PHANTOM'S VOICE (V.O.)

...shall give you one last chance...

(taking over entirely)

*Christine Daae has returned to you, and I am anxious her career should progress. In the new production of "Il Muto" you will therefore cast Carlotta as the pageboy, and put Miss Daae in the role of countess. The role which Miss Daae plays calls for charm and appeal. The role of the pageboy is silent - which makes my casting, in a word, ideal.*

The Phantom, the candlelight dancing across his mask, carefully seals the letter in a black-bordered envelope with blood-red wax.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

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

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - MANAGER'S OFFICE

FIRMIN

(taking over)

"I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, O.G."

Carlotta breaks the silence.

CARLOTTA

*Christine!*

ANDRE

*Whatever next...?*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

*It's all a ploy to help Christine!*

FIRMIN

*This is insane...*

CARLOTTA

*I know who sent this: the Vicomte, her  
lover!*

RAOUL

(sarcastic)

*Indeed?*

(to the others)

*Can you believe this?*

ANDRE

(to Carlotta)

*Signora!*

Carlotta bursts out of the office and into...

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER

Carlotta moves around the upper floor of the foyer,  
throwing herself into hysterics as only a diva truly can.  
The rest chase after her, each one reacting to the recent  
events in his or her own way.

CARLOTTA

*O traditori!*

FIRMIN

*This is a joke!*

ANDRE

*This changes nothing!*

CARLOTTA

*O mentitori!*

FIRMIN

*Signora!*

ANDRE

*You are our star!*

FIRMIN

*And always will be!*

ANDRE

*Signora...*

FIRMIN

*The man is mad!*

ANDRE

*We don't take orders!*

Firmin stops Carlotta in her tracks, putting forth a new idea:

FIRMIN

*Miss Daae will be playing the  
Pageboy - the silent role...*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Carlotta will be playing the lead!*

Carlotta will hear none of it and continues tearing onward.

CARLOTTA

*It's useless trying to appease me!*

PIANGI

*Appease her!*

CARLOTTA

*You're only saying this to please me!*

PIANGI

*To please her!*

CARLOTTA

*Signori, e vero? Non, non, non voglio  
udire! Lasciatemi morire!*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

*O padre mio! Dio!*

GIRY

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

CARLOTTA

*You have reviled me!*

GIRY

*The angel sees, the angel knows...*

RAOUL

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

CARLOTTA

*You have rebuked me!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Signora, pardon us...*

CARLOTTA

*You have replaced me!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Please, signora, we beseech you...*

GIRY

*This hour shall see your darkest fears...*

RAOUL

*I must see her...*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

*Abbandonata! Deseredata! O, sventurata!*

GIRY

*The angel knows, the angel hears...*

RAOUL

*Where did she go...?*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

*Abbandonata! Disgraziata!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Signora, sing for us! Don't be a martyr!*

RAOUL/GIRY/MEG

*What new surprises lie in store...?*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Our star...!*

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

*You go too far!*

In the height of the all the tumult, Carlotta suddenly collapses into despair, throwing herself into Piangi's arms.

ANDRE

*Your public needs you!*

FIRMIN

*We need you too!*

She raises her head, but does not look at the managers.

CARLOTTA

*Would you not rather have your precious little ingénue?*

The managers adopt their most persuasive attitudes.

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Signora, no! The world wants you!  
Prima donna, first lady of the stage!  
Your devotees are on their knees to  
implore you!*

ANDRE

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

FIRMIN

*Think of how they all adore you!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Prima donna, enchant us once again!*

ANDRE

*Think of your muse...*

FIRMIN

*And of the queues round the theatre!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Can you deny us the triumph in store?*

ANDRE/FIRMIN/PIANGI

*Sing, prima donna, once more!*

Raoul has remained back, behind the crowd.

RAOUL

*Christine spoke of an angel...*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM

Later. Carlotta is preparing herself for the big night, surrounded by a sea of flowers.

CARLOTTA

*Prima donna, your song shall live again! You took a snub, but there's a public who needs you! Think of their cry of undying support!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER

Raoul examines the Phantom's notes.

RAOUL

*Is this her angel of music...?*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

As the stage for "Il Muto" is being assembled, Andre and Firmin congratulate themselves on how everything seems to be working out:

ANDRE

*We get our opera...*

FIRMIN

*She gets her limelight!*

CARLOTTA (V.O.)

*Follow where the limelight leads you!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Leading ladies are a trial!*

RAOUL (V.O.)

*Angel or madman...?*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE

Carlotta admires herself in the mirror as her costume is assembled by a pair of DRESSERS.

CARLOTTA

*Prima donna, your song shall never  
die! You'll sing again, and to  
unending ovation!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CORRIDOR

Raoul walks through the corridors outside Christine's dressing room, holding the numerous notes from the Phantom.

RAOUL

*Orders! Warnings! Lunatic demands!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM

Carlotta is singing to herself in the mirror, reveling in her own glory.

ANDRE/FIRMIN (V.O.)

*Tears... oaths... lunatic demands are  
regular occurrences!*

CARLOTTA

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

RAOUL (V.O.)

*Surely, for her sake...*

ANDRE/FIRMIN (V.O.)

*Surely there'll be further scenes -  
worse than this!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CORRIDOR

Raoul makes his way towards Box Five.

RAOUL

*I must see these demands are rejected!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

The backdrops are in place and a large canopied bed is rolled on the stage. Andre and Firmin begin moving off from the stage, further backstage.

ANDRE/FIRMIN

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

CARLOTTA (V.O.)

*O fortunata! Non ancor abbandonata!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

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

RAOUL (V.O)

*His game is over!*

GIRY (V.O)

*This is a game you cannot hope to win!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BOX FIVE

Raoul looks out on an empty auditorium, the stage being prepared in the background.

RAOUL

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

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM

In her humble dressing room, Christine, dressed for her role as the Pageboy, stares at her reflection in the mirror.

GIRY/MEG (V.O.)

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

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE

Carlotta emerges from her dressing room, ready to perform. She walks down the backstage corridor, pompous and full, accompanied by her Piangi and the managers.

ANDRE/FIRMIN

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

CARLOTTA/PIANGI

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

GIRY/MEG

*...then I fear the outcome should you dare to...*

ALL

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

During this, a note with a black border has appeared in Girya's path in the wings. Girya picks it up, and as she reads it, we hear the PHANTOM'S VOICE shout its contents:

PHANTOM (V.O.)

(a furious cry)

*So, it is to be war between us? If these demands are not met, a disaster beyond your imagination will occur!*

She looks back towards the ensemble, concerned.

ALL

*Once more!*

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

It's packed. The curtain is closed, gas lights are on.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER

Raoul and the managers meet.

RAOUL

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

ANDRE

Do you really think that's wise, monsieur?

RAOUL

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

The managers watch Raoul walk away, a hint of concern written on their faces.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The OVERTURE to "Il Muto" begins. The curtain opens, revealing a giant 18th Century salon and a large canopied bed center stage. Carlotta is the Countess, and Christine the Pageboy, Serafimo (in disguise as a maid). Both are hidden behind the canopy.

In the room are a HAIRDRESSER and a JEWELER. The jeweler is attended by Meg, and there is also an older woman, the Countess' CONFIDANTE. All, apart from Meg, gossip with relish about the Countess' current liaison with Serafimo.

CONFIDANTE

*They say that this youth has set my  
lady's heart aflame!*

JEWELER

*His lordship, sure, would die of  
shock!*

HAIRDRESSER

*His lordship is a laughing-stock!*

CONFIDANTE

*Should he suspect her, God protect  
her!*

ALL THREE

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

The canopy drapes part and we see the Countess kissing Serafimo passionately. As the audience LAUGHS, we focus on the managers' box:

FIRMIN

*So much for a disaster beyond  
imagination!*

Andre and Firmin nod to Raoul in the opposite box, who nods back in response. Our focus turns back to the stage:

CARLOTTA

*Serafimo, your disguise is perfect.*

There is a KNOCK at the door.

CARLOTTA

*Who can this be?*

PIANGI enters as Don Attilo - he is an old fool.

PIANGI

*Gentle wife, admit your loving  
husband.*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FLIES

Joseph Buquet looks down on the performance.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

PIANGI

*My love, I am called to England on  
affairs of state, and must leave you  
with your new maid.*

(aside)

Though I'd happily take the maid with  
me.

CARLOTTA

(aside)

The old fool's leaving!

We see the shadow moving through the rafters once more.

PIANGI

(aside)

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

(indicates a corner of the set)

*...to observe her!*

(to Countess)

*Addio!*

CARLOTTA

*Addio!*

BOTH

*Addio!*

Piangi moves to hide in the corner of the set, watching the  
events with interest.

CARLOTTA

*Serafimo - away with this pretence!*

Carlotta tears the maid outfit off of Christine's Pageboy,  
causing the audience to LAUGH.

CARLOTTA

*You cannot speak but kiss me in my  
husband's absence. Poor fool, he makes*

*me laugh! Haha, haha! Time I tried to  
get a better, better half!*

CARLOTTA/CHORUS

*Poor fool, he doesn't know! Hoho,  
hoho! If he knew the truth, he'd never,  
ever go!*

Suddenly, from nowhere, we hear the thunderous voice of the Phantom:

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)

(booming)

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

The performance is interrupted entirely as the voice thunders around. Bewildered, the audience WHISPERS.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - WINGS

Giry is anxious.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

On stage, Christine looks around fearfully.

CHRISTINE

(a whisper)

It's him...

Carlotta, finding a scapegoat in Christine, hisses at her:

CARLOTTA

Your part is silent, little toad!

But the Phantom has heard her...

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)

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

Again, general unease. Carlotta attempts to act as if nothing happened:

CARLOTTA  
(to Reyer)  
Maestro, da capo, per favore?

The orchestration picks up from the beginning.

CARLOTTA  
*Serafimo, away with this pretence! You  
cannot speak, but kiss me in my -*

Instead of singing, she emits a great CROAK, like a toad. Stunned silence. Carlotta, as amazed as anyone, regains herself and continues.

CARLOTTA  
*Poor fool, he makes me laugh -  
Hahahahaha!*

But then she emits CROAK after CROAK; she can't stop. Even more perturbing is the PHANTOM'S LAUGHTER, which starts quietly at first, but grows ever louder. As it does, the lights of the opera house begin flickering on and off, plunging the house in and out of waves of darkness.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

Carlotta SCREAMS and breaks down:

CARLOTTA  
(frantic)  
Non posso piu... I cannot... I cannot  
go on...

Carlotta rushes offstage, sobbing as the curtain SWIFTLY CLOSES. As Andre rushes out of the manager's box, Firmin calls out:

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

The lights slowly return to normal. Firmin's gaze flickers over to Box Five and gives Raoul a stern look. Raoul acknowledges Firmin's stare and steps out of the box.

FIRMIN

...when the role the role of the  
countess will be sung by Madmoiselle  
Christine Daae.

Great APPLAUSE fills the auditorium. Andre, slightly  
frazzled, emerges from behind the stage curtain.

ANDRE

In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen,  
we shall be giving you the ballet from  
Act...

He forgets precisely where he's going with it. He nervously  
flips through his program, trying to find the right  
section. He finally finds it:

ANDRE

...Three of tonight's opera!  
(to Reyer)  
Maestro, the ballet... now!

The conductor looks as if he's about to have a heart attack  
as he flips through his score.

ANDRE

(to audience)  
Thank you!

Andre disappears behind the curtain, which opens a few  
moments later. The set is only half-changed and cast and  
crew are rushing about; in short, it is chaos. As a sylvan  
glade flies in, the ballet girls attempt to begin the  
"Dance of the Country Nymphs."

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FLIES

We INTERCUT with the pastoral and elegant dance below.

Set pieces are still being moved. Joseph Buquet looks down  
from one of the ramps, supervising the progress. As one set  
piece moves up, THE PHANTOM IS REVEALED STANDING ON THE  
CATWALK, his cold eyes focused on Buquet. Buquet turns and  
bolts.

Buquet keeps running. He looks back; nothing. He relaxes a  
little bit, begins looking around. Where did the Phantom

go? Buquet turns behind him, and the Phantom looks back at him, face-to-face. Buquet stumbles back, accidentally knocking a limelight out of place.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

The swinging light casts the Phantom's shadow across the backdrop, a gigantic, oppressive shape. GASPS fill the theatre.

Meg is aware of the shadow, and in her nervousness she dances out of step, attempting to sneak a look above her.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FLIES

Buquet turns to run once again, but the Phantom is too quick for him: With a CRACK the Punjab lasso leaps through the air and seizes Buquet by the throat. Buquet desperately gasps for air as the Phantom tightens the lasso.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

The BODY OF JOSEPH BUQUET plummets down from above. He swings, grotesquely suspended. Pandemonium breaks out.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FLIES

The Phantom disappears into the shadows.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The managers stand up in their box, aghast at what has just occurred.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - WINGS

Christine rushes through the chaos. Raoul, coming from the opposite direction, eagerly looks for her.

RAOUL  
(calling out)  
Christine! Christine!

She sees him.

CHRISTINE  
Raoul!

Christine flings herself into Raoul's arms.

RAOUL  
Come with me!

CHRISTINE  
No - we're not safe here!

She pulls him with her, away from the crowd.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

Firmin calls out from his box, in a frantic effort to placate the audience.

FIRMIN  
Ladies and gentlemen, please do not  
panic! It was an accident! Simply an  
accident!

EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The cold rooftop of the Opera Populaire, full of shadows except for small skylights that pour light into some small areas. Gargoyles and statues look out on the panoramic view of Paris.

Christine and Raoul burst out into the night. Christine is quite shaken:

RAOUL  
*Why have you brought us here?*

CHRISTINE  
*Don't take me back there!*

RAOUL  
*We must return!*

CHRISTINE  
*He'll kill you!*

RAOUL  
*Be still now...*

CHRISTINE  
*His eyes will find us there!*

RAOUL  
*Christine, don't say that!*

CHRISTINE  
*Those eyes that burn!*

RAOUL  
*Don't even think it...*

CHRISTINE  
*And if he has to kill a thousand  
men...*

RAOUL  
*Forget this waking nightmare -*

CHRISTINE  
*The Phantom of the Opera will kill...*

RAOUL  
*This Phantom is a fable... believe  
me...*

CHRISTINE  
*...and kill again!*

Raoul grabs her and looks into her eyes.

RAOUL  
*There is no Phantom of the Opera...*

She shakes her head and turns away in despair.

CHRISTINE

*My God, who is this man...*

RAOUL

*My God, who is this man...*

CHRISTINE

*...who hunts to kill...?*

RAOUL

*...this mask of death...?*

CHRISTINE

*I can't escape from him...*

RAOUL

*Whose is this voice you hear...*

CHRISTINE

*...I never will!*

RAOUL

*...with every breath!*

CHRISTINE/RAOUL

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

RAOUL

*There is no Phantom of the Opera...*

Christine turns to Raoul with absolute sincerity.

CHRISTINE

*Raoul, I've been there - to his world  
of unending night... to a world where  
the daylight dissolves into  
darkness... darkness... Raoul, I've  
seen him! Can I ever forget that  
sight? Can I ever escape from that  
face? So distorted, deformed, it was  
hardly a face, in that darkness...  
darkness...*

Raoul doesn't quite know what to make of her words. She pulls away and walks to the edge of the roof, looking out at the night sky.

CHRISTINE

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

Raoul approaches her and softly touches her on the  
shoulder.

RAOUL

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

But she doesn't respond.

CHRISTINE

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

RAOUL

(comforting)  
*Christine... Christine...*

The Phantom's voice is heard, a ghostly echo:

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Christine...*

CHRISTINE

What was that?

Their eyes meet and the mood softens.

RAOUL

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

Raoul holds Christine in a tight embrace.

RAOUL

*Let me be your freedom, let daylight*

*dry your tears. I'm here, with you,  
beside you, to guard you and to guide  
you...*

Christine breaks from the embrace, gazing into Raoul's eyes.

CHRISTINE

*Say you love me every waking moment,  
turn my head with talk of summertime...  
Say you need me with you, now and  
always... promise me that all you say  
is true - that's all I ask of you...*

Gently, Raoul guides Christine away from the roof's edge.

RAOUL

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

Christine pulls away from Raoul, turning to look out on the panorama of Paris.

CHRISTINE

*All I want is freedom, a world with no  
more night...*

*(turning back to Raoul)*

*and you always beside me, to hold me  
and to hide me...*

RAOUL

*(following after her)*

*Then say you'll share with me one love,  
one lifetime... Let me lead you from  
your solitude... Say you need me with  
you here, beside you...*

*(grasping her hands)*

*Anywhere you go, let me go too -  
Christine, that's all I ask of you...*

CHRISTINE

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

BOTH

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

CHRISTINE

*Say you love me...*

RAOUL

*You know I do...*

BOTH

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

They kiss, at first chastely, then more and more passionately. They finally break away:

BOTH

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

They kiss once more. Christine breaks away as realization hits her:

CHRISTINE

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

RAOUL

*Christine, I love you!*

CHRISTINE

*Order your fine horses! Be with them  
at the door!*

RAOUL

*And soon, you'll be beside me!*

CHRISTINE

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

They hurry off the roof. As they do, we focus on a DARK SILHOUETTE hidden among the statues. It emerges from the darkness - the Phantom has been watching.

PHANTOM

(quiet and plaintive)

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

The Phantom slumps against a statue. In the distance he hears:

CHRISTINE/RAOUL (O.S.)  
*Say you'll share with me one love, one  
lifetime... Say the word and I will  
follow you... Share each day with me,  
each night, each morning...*

The Phantom's face contorts in anger as he cries out to the dark sky, dangling treacherously from the statues:

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

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The audience APPLAUDS as the curtains open and the cast of "Il Muto" take their bows, Christine dressed conspicuously in Carlotta's costume. Raoul stands in the wings, a comforting smile on his face.

Simultaneously, the MANIACAL LAUGHTER of the Phantom begins filling the auditorium, and the lights again begin flickering.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - DOME

The chandelier begins rocking violently.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

SCREAMS fill the theater as the audience becomes aware of

the swinging chandelier. They try to escape, scrambling over the seats and each other. It's madness.

As the members of the cast desert the stage, Christine stays glued to the spot, staring up at the chandelier. Raoul rushes onto the stage.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - DOME

The Phantom is just visible in the darkness behind the chandelier, his eyes intently focused on the stage.

PHANTOM

Go!!!

The chandelier breaks free of its fastenings and plummets downward.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The chandelier falls from above, crashing into the stalls with a FLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS SKY - NIGHT

The statue of Apollo against a beautiful night sky, full of MAGNIFICENT FIREWORKS.

A legend appears:

SIX MONTHS LATER

We PAN DOWN to reveal the Opera Populaire. It is the night of the BAL MASQUE, an unparalleled celebration in full swing.

EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

Banners on the torchlit façade proclaim the grand event.

A large crowd of ONLOOKERS watches as magnificently COSTUMED GUESTS pass by and make their way up to the main entrance. The stairs are lined with ORNAMENTED GUARDSMEN.

At the entrance, Firmin and Andre, ridiculously costumed, greet the guests as they enter. They each take champagne from a tray, raise their masks and LAUGH.

FIRMIN

*Dear Andre, what a splendid party!*

ANDRE

*A prologue to a bright new year!*

FIRMIN

*Quite a night! I'm impressed!*

ANDRE

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

They clink their glasses together.

BOTH

*Here's to us!*

FIRMIN

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

We follow them through the main entrance, into:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER

The foyer was stunning before, but now it is a wild, extravagant, and surreal visual feast. The gaslights are low and candles are lit everywhere, basking everything in a red glow.

The GUESTS revel in their own magnificence, indulging in the debauchery that their anonymity allows them. The costumes are both beautiful and bizarre - a peacock, a lion, a dragon, Mephistopheles, a highwayman, a clown, knights, ladies, an executioner. The guests travel up and down the staircase in a dizzying spectacle.

GUESTS

*Masquerade! Paper faces on parade...  
Masquerade! Hide your face, so the  
world will never find you! Masquerade!  
Every face a different shade...  
Masquerade! Look around - there's  
another mask behind you!*

We move throughout the foyer, traveling upstairs and down, passing by the groups of revelers that drink and dance with each other.

GUESTS

*Flash of mauve... Splash of puce...  
Fool and king... Ghoul and goose...  
Green and black... Queen and priest...  
Trace of rouge... Face of beast...  
Faces... Take your turn, take a ride  
on the merry-go-round in an inhuman  
race... Eye of gold... Thigh of blue...  
True is false... Who is who...? Curl  
of lip... Swirl of gown... Ace of  
hearts... Face of clown... Faces...  
Drink it in, drink it up, till you've  
drowned in the light, in the sound...*

Christine and Raoul, both costumed and each wearing masks, have arrived at the ball.

RAOUL/CHRISTINE

*But who can name the face...?*

Our attention turns back to the staircase, where the revelers parade into the...

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The auditorium has been transformed into a giant dance floor, with all the seats removed. Some of the wealthier guests watch the madness from the boxes above.

Up in the dome, a glorious new chandelier hangs high above the dance.

GUESTS

*Masquerade! Grinning yellows, spinning  
reds... Masquerade! Take your fill -  
let the spectacle astound you!  
Masquerade! Burning glances, turning  
heads... Masquerade! Stop and stare at  
the sea of smiles around you!  
Masquerade! Seething shadows, breathing  
lies... Masquerade! You can fool any  
friend who ever knew you! Masquerade!  
Leering satyrs, peering eyes...  
Masquerade! Run and hide - but a face  
will still pursue you!*

The ensemble activity becomes background we turn to, ANDRE, FIRMIN, MEG, MADAME GIRY, PIANGI and CARLOTTA, watching from one of the boxes. They all have glasses in hand.

GIRY

*What a night!*

MEG

*What a crowd!*

ANDRE

*Makes you glad!*

FIRMIN

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

CARLOTTA

*Watching us watching them!*

MEG/GIRY

*And all our fears are in the past!*

ANDRE

*Six months...*

PIANGI

*Of relief!*

CARLOTTA

*Of delight!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Of Elysian peace!*

MEG/GIRY  
*And we can breathe at last!*

CARLOTTA  
*No more notes!*

PIANGI  
*No more ghost!*

GIRY  
*Here's a health!*

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

FIRMIN  
*To the new chandelier!*

PIANGI/CARLOTTA  
*And may its splendour never fade!*

FIRMIN  
*Six months!*

GIRY  
*What a joy!*

MEG  
*What a change!*

FIRMIN/ANDRE  
*What a blessed release!*

ANDRE  
*And what a masquerade!*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER

Raoul and Christine, hidden off to the side of the upper foyer, share an intimate moment: Christine is admiring a new engagement ring from Raoul, which hangs on a gold chain around her neck. She pushes her mask up onto her forehead, exposing her face.

CHRISTINE

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

RAOUL

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

CHRISTINE

*Please, let's not fight...*

RAOUL

*Christine, you're free!*

CHRISTINE

*Wait till the time is right...*

RAOUL

*When will that be? It's an engagement,  
not a crime! Christine, what are you  
afraid of?*

CHRISTINE

*Let's not argue...*

Christine takes him by the arm to lead him out to the  
auditorium hall.

RAOUL

*Let's not argue...*

CHRISTINE

*Please pretend...*

RAOUL

*I only hope I'll...*

CHRISTINE

*You will...*

BOTH

*...understand in time...*

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

They are swept up into the midst of a large, intense dance on the foyer floor. Christine is furiously whirled from partner to partner, each one increasingly more reminiscent of the Phantom. Terrified and disoriented, she spins in the sea of masks, searching for someone in the crowd...

Suddenly, Raoul reaches out and grabs her. Her fear washes away and a smile returns to her face. He swings her back into the dance as the music rolls on. As the dance climaxes, everyone joins together and rushes out to the...

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - FOYER

In a final rousing chorus, everyone dances down the staircase.

ALL

*Masquerade! Paper faces on parade!  
Masquerade! Hide your face, so the  
world will never find you! Masquerade!  
Every face a different shade!  
Masquerade! Look around - there's  
another mask behind you! Masquerade!  
Burning glances, turning heads...  
Masquerade! Stop and stare at the sea  
of smiles around you! Masquerade!  
Grinning yellows, spinning reds...  
Masquerade! Take your fill - let the  
spectacle astound you!*

On that note, the lights magically dim. GASPS fill the foyer.

A grotesque figure has made an appearance at the top of the staircase. It is the Phantom. He is robed entirely in deep crimson, a long red train following behind him. His mask, a gruesome skull frozen in its perpetual grin, allows only for a glimpse of intense eyes within the sockets. He descends with dreadful wooden steps.

PHANTOM

(mocking)

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

From the folds of his robe he produces an enormous bound manuscript.

PHANTOM

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

He hurls the manuscript down on the stairs.

PHANTOM

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

The Phantom turns to Christine. He beckons with a firm hand and she obeys, moving slowly towards him.

Raoul stands alone, mystified by her reaction. Raoul glances at Madame Girya. There's a strange look on Girya's face - a look of recognition.

Christine and the Phantom reach each other. There is a moment of tension as the Phantom's hand travels to Christine's secret engagement ring and holds it, appraising it for a moment. The crowd GASPS as THE PHANTOM TEARS IT FROM HER THROAT.

PHANTOM

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

And with that, the Phantom gathers his cloak around him. An astonishing thing happens: THE PHANTOM'S ROBES MAGICALLY CRUMBLE INTO A HEAP as if the figure within them evaporated. The Phantom has vanished.

Raoul gently comforts Christine in his arms, but his attention is elsewhere. He looks at the Phantom's discarded skull mask, mocking him with its perpetual grin. Then he turns to look at Madame Girya, who quickly disappears into the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

The lights are dim. Giry walks briskly through the shadows. Raoul, still in costume, is not far behind.

RAOUL  
Madame Giry! Madame Giry!

She turns to look at him.

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

She tries to move off. He stops her.

RAOUL  
(aggressive)  
That's not true! You've seen  
something.

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

RAOUL  
Madame, for all our sakes!

She pauses for a second, considers his request. She looks anxiously around her.

GIRY  
(relenting)  
Very well.  
(pause)  
It was years ago. There was a  
traveling fair in the city. Tumblers,  
conjurers, human oddities...

Behind her, as she recites the tale, we see APPARITIONS of the things she describes.

RAOUL  
Go on...

GIRY

And there was - I shall never forget  
him - a man, locked in a cage...

*The apparition reveals a poor soul, the PHANTOM, chained in  
a cage, with a bag over his head.*

RAOUL

In a cage...?

GIRY

A prodigy, monsieur! Scholar,  
architect, musician...

RAOUL

(piecing it together)

A composer...

GIRY

And an inventor too, monsieur. They  
boasted he had once built for the  
Shah of Persia a maze of mirrors... He  
was a freak of nature, more monster  
than man...

*The apparition shows the bag being torn off of the man's  
head, revealing something (but it's hidden from our view)  
that causes the VIEWERS to recoil.*

RAOUL

(a murmur)

Deformed...?

GIRY

From birth, it seemed...

RAOUL

My God...

The apparition fades away.

GIRY

He went missing. He escaped. They  
never found him... It was said he had  
died.

RAOUL

(darkly)  
But he didn't die, did he?

GIRY  
I have said too much, monsieur.  
(pausing)  
And there have been too many  
accidents... Too many.

RAOUL  
Accidents?!

GIRY  
Too many...

Before he can question her further, she disappears. He follows after her.

RAOUL  
Madame Giry!

With dramatic strings rising in the background, we

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - MANAGERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Andre and Firmin are in the office, eagerly looking over the score for "Don Juan Triumphant." Nearby, Carlotta and Piangi scour copies of the score. It has been a late night - they're all still dressed in their costumes.

ANDRE  
*Ludicrous! Have seen the score?*

FIRMIN  
*Simply ludicrous!*

ANDRE  
*It's the final straw!*

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

ANDRE

*Utter lunacy!*

FIRMIN

*But we daren't refuse...*

Carlotta suddenly moves from reading the score and turns to the managers.

CARLOTTA

*Outrage!*

Firmin's patience is wearing thin.

FIRMIN

*What is it now?*

CARLOTTA

*This whole affair is an outrage!*

Firmin approaches Carlotta.

FIRMIN

*Signora, please...*

ANDRE

*Now what's the matter?*

CARLOTTA

*Have you seen the size of my part?*

ANDRE

*Signora, listen...*

Piangi interjects.

PIANGI

*It's an insult!*

FIRMIN

*Not you as well!*

PIANGI

*Just look at this - it's an insult!*

FIRMIN

*Please understand...*

ANDRE  
*Signor! Signora!*

CARLOTTA  
*The things I have to do for my art!*

Piangi tosses the score on the managers' desk with disgust.

PIANGI  
*If you can call this gibberish "art"!*

Carlotta laughs. At that moment, the door to the office opens and Christine and Raoul enter. Carlotta sneers.

CARLOTTA  
*Ah! Here's our little flower!*

FIRMIN  
*Ah, Miss Daae, quite the lady of the hour.*

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

CARLOTTA  
*Christine Daae? She doesn't have the voice!*

FIRMIN  
(fed up)  
*Signora, please!*

RAOUL  
(to the managers)  
*Then I take it you're agreeing?*

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

ANDRE  
*It appears we have no choice.*

Carlotta explodes at Christine.

CARLOTTA

*She's the one behind this! Christine  
Daae!*

Christine doesn't back down, going head to head with Carlotta.

CHRISTINE

*How dare you!*

CARLOTTA

*I'm not a fool!*

CHRISTINE

*You evil woman! How dare you!*

CARLOTTA

*You think I'm blind?*

CHRISTINE

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

The managers are worried by the revelation that their opera may be without a star. They surround her.

FIRMIN

*Miss Daae, surely...*

ANDRE

*But why not?*

PIANGI

*(to Carlotta)  
What does she say?*

FIRMIN

*It's your decision - but why not?*

CARLOTTA

*(to Piangi)  
She's backing out!*

ANDRE

*You have a duty!*

CHRISTINE

*I cannot sing it, duty or not!*

Giry enters, bearing a note.

GIRY

*Please, monsieur: Another note.*

Firmin GROANS and motions for her to read it.

GIRY

(reading)

*"Fondest greetings to you all! A few instructions just before rehearsal starts..."*

The Phantom's voice gradually takes over.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

*...Carlotta must be taught to act - not her normal trick of strutting round the stage.*

Carlotta, insulted, looks on with contempt.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

*Our Don Juan must lose some weight - it's not healthy in a man of Piangi's age.*

Piangi becomes noticeably self-conscious.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

*And my managers must learn that their place is in an office, not the arts.*

The managers, offended, fume in silence.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

*As for Miss Christine Daae...*

Christine turns pale.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

*No doubt she'll do her best - it's true her voice is good. She knows, though, should she wish to excel, she*

*has much still to learn, if pride will  
let her return to me, her teacher, her  
teacher...  
Your obedient friend...*

Giry's voice takes over again:

GIRY  
*"...and Angel..."*

A new thought occurs to Raoul:

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

ANDRE  
*We're listening...*

FIRMIN  
*Go on.*

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

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

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

RAOUL  
*We make certain they're armed...*

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

All have been listening intently. Christine remains silent and withdrawn from the group. Giry is the first to express a reaction.

GIRY

*Madness!*

ANDRE

*I'm not so sure...*

FIRMIN

*Not if it works...*

GIRY

*This is madness!*

ANDRE

*The tide will turn!*

GIRY

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

FIRMIN

(to Giry)

*You stick to ballet!*

RAOUL

(rounding on Giry)

*Then help us!*

GIRY

*Monsieur, I can't...*

RAOUL

*Instead of warning us...*

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN

*...help us!*

GIRY

*I wish I could...*

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN

*Don't make excuses!*

RAOUL

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

GIRY

*(to Raoul)*

*Monsieur, believe me, I intend no ill...*

*(to Andre and Firmin)*

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

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*(to Giry)*

*We say he'll fall and fall he will!*

CARLOTTA

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

PIANGI

*This is the truth! Christine Daae!*

RAOUL

*This is his undoing!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*(to Raoul)*

*If you succeed, you free us all...  
This so-called "Phantom" has to fall!*

RAOUL

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

GIRY

*(to Raoul)*

*Hear my warning! Fear his fury!*

CARLOTTA

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

ANDRE

*(to Firmin)*

*If Christine sings we'll get our  
man...*

PIANGI

*She is crazy! She is raving!*

FIRMIN

(to Andre)

*If Christine helps us in this plan...*

RAOUL

*Say your prayers, black angel of death!*

Christine vainly pleads amongst the tumult:

CHRISTINE

*Please don't...*

ANDRE

(to Firmin)

*If Christine won't, then no-one can...*

GIRY

(to Raoul)

*Monsieur, I beg you, do not do this...*

PIANGI/CARLOTTA

*Gran dio! Che imbroglio!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN

*This will seal his fate!*

Christine finally bursts through the clamor with a great cry:

CHRISTINE

*If you don't stop, I'll go mad!*

She runs out of the room.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

Christine cries against a wall. Raoul appears at one end of the corridor and slowly approaches. She looks up at him, distraught:

CHRISTINE

*Raoul, I'm frightened - don't make me*

*do this... Raoul, it scares me - don't put me through this ordeal by fire... he'll take me, I know... we'll be parted forever... he won't let me go... What I once used to dream I now dread... If he finds me, it won't ever end and he'll always be there, singing songs in my head... he'll always be there, singing songs in my head...*

Raoul, moved, attempts to be of some comfort:

RAOUL

*You said yourself he was nothing but a man... Yet while he lives, he will haunt us till we're dead...*

CHRISTINE

*(turns away unhappily)*

*Twisted every way, what answer can I give? Am I to risk my life, to win the chance to live? Can I betray the man who once inspired my voice? Do I become his prey? Do I have any choice? He kills without a thought, he murders all that's good... I know I can't refuse and yet, I wish I could... Oh God - if I agree, what horrors wait for me in this, the Phantom's opera...?*

Raoul takes Christine into an embrace.

RAOUL

*(very tenderly)*

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

Christine, breaks out of his hold, looking deep into his eyes. She shakes her head and runs away, leaving him alone in the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The company is rehearsing the score of the Phantom's "Don Juan Triumphant" on the stage. Reyer accompanies from a piano, and is clearly unenthusiastic about the score. Among the chorus are also Piangi, Christine, Carlotta. Giry, Firmin, Andre, and Raoul watch from the wings.

CHORUS

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

Reyer nods, thankful that rehearsal is over.

REYER

Good. Same time tomorrow, then.

The ensemble gets up and loudly rumbles away. Reyer picks up his score and walks off, shaking his head.

As Carlotta walks past the managers and Raoul, she makes herself heard:

CARLOTTA

No one will know if this music is right or wrong. No one will care if this music is right or wrong.

Giry stops her.

GIRY

Would you speak that way in the presence of the composer?

CARLOTTA

The composer is not here. And if he were here, I would...

GIRY

(ominous)

Are you certain of that, Signora...?

Giry's remark hangs in the air. Carlotta looks around herself uncomfortably, then struts off in a hurry.

To the side of the stage, Christine gathers a cloak around herself and begins to walk away, alone.

Firmin turns to Andre:

FIRMIN  
Are we doing the right thing?

ANDRE  
Have you got a better idea?

FIRMIN  
(to Raoul)  
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, monsieur.

Raoul nods to them, just managing to see Christine leave.

EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Christine, dressed in a heavy hood, steps out of the door of her small house in Paris. Just outside of her doorstep is a CARRIAGE waiting for her. She gets inside, and the vehicle starts off into the dark streets of Paris.

In a dark alley, Raoul watches the carriage pull out into the streets, concern (and suspicion) written on his face. He moves back, to another carriage. He looks up to the DRIVER:

RAOUL  
Don't lose that carriage.

He gets inside.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - SUNSET

Christine's carriage rattles on.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

The carriage thunders on through dark, menacing woods. Christine sits in the carriage, alone, the hood somewhat concealing her face.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

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

EXT. GRAVEYARD - TWILIGHT

And as the music swells, the carriage reaches a vast cemetery that sprawls out on a massive hill. The graveyard is full of skulls and stone angels and ivy, and with the sun just hidden behind the horizon, all are made into dark silhouettes.

A BELL TOLLS in the distance. Christine gets out of the carriage, opens the gate and begins to walk among the tombs.

CHRISTINE

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

Snow begins to fall.

CHRISTINE

*You were once my one companion... You were all that mattered... You were once a friend and father - then my world was shattered... Wishing you were somehow here again, wishing you were somehow near... Sometimes it seemed if I just dreamed, somehow you would be here... Wishing I could hear your voice again... knowing that I never would... Dreaming of you won't help me*

*to do all that you dreamed I could...*

She pulls her cloak tight against her body.

CHRISTINE

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

Suddenly she pauses on her walk, and sees in the shadow of the statues an APPARITION:

*Young Christine, appearing alone and out of place in the middle of the cemetery row dances in the snow. More of the apparition appears: as Josef Daae plays the violin by a fire. It's warm and comfortable, and the two seem very happy in each other's company.*

Christine moved by the memory. Bowing her head, she wills herself to head onwards as the apparition fades away.

CHRISTINE

*Too many years fighting back tears...  
Why can't the past just die...? Wishing  
you were somehow here again... knowing  
we must say goodbye...  
Try to forgive, teach me to live, give  
me the strength to try... No more  
memories, no more silent tears... No  
more gazing across the wasted years...*

Her father's grave is small - a tombstone adorned with a statue of a violin. She lays herself by the grave, tears streaming down her cheeks. The last bit of light has disappeared from the sky and moonlight illuminates the graveyard.

CHRISTINE

*Help me say goodbye... Help me say  
goodbye...*

Suddenly, the STRAINS OF A GHOSTLY VIOLIN are heard throughout the cemetery. Christine looks up, bewildered.

PHANTOM (O.S.)

(soft and enticing)  
*Wandering child, so lost, so helpless,  
yearning for my guidance...*

Christine murmurs breathlessly as she stands and turns:

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

On a massive mausoleum stands the Phantom, partially obscured in shadow.

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

CHRISTINE  
*Angel... oh speak... what endless  
longings echo in this whisper...!*

The Phantom beckons Christine towards him, and she obeys, walking towards him through the lightly falling snow.

PHANTOM  
*Too long you've wandered in Winter...*

Raoul appears in the shadows. He watches for a moment, transfixed.

RAOUL  
(to himself)  
*Once again she is his...*

PHANTOM  
*Far from my far-reaching gaze...*

RAOUL  
*Once again she returns...*

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

PHANTOM  
*You resist...*

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

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

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

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

Christine has almost reached the mausoleum, and the Phantom beckons her onward:

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

Raoul rushes forward.

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

RAOUL  
*Angel of darkness, cease this torment!*

He runs to Christine.

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

Christine breaks out of the spell:

CHRISTINE

Raoul...

She and Raoul embrace, then look up at the mausoleum: the Phantom has vanished. The Phantom's voice suddenly echoes around the graveyard:

PHANTOM (O.S.)

Bravo, monsieur! Such spirited words!

A chilling LAUGH follows. Then the Phantom's voice comes from another point in the graveyard.

PHANTOM (O.S.)

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

Raoul's attention is pulled towards the voice, and he moves away from Christine.

CHRISTINE

Raoul, don't...

Her plea goes unheard. Suddenly, again, from another corner of the graveyard:

PHANTOM (O.S.)

(mocking)

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

Raoul aims his revolver towards the other side of the graveyard. But then again:

PHANTOM (O.S.)

*I'm here!*

And from another place:

PHANTOM (O.S.)

*I'm here!*

And again:

PHANTOM (O.S.)

*I'm here!*

Raoul sees the Phantom's black shape dart between statues,

fires a SHOT. It smashes into a nearby tomb, sending stone flying.

RAOUL  
(calling out)  
You can't win her love by making her  
your prisoner!

Again, another flash in another area. Raoul fires again, and misses. Christine runs to Raoul, trying to pull him away, but he shrugs her off.

RAOUL  
(to Christine)  
Stay back!

He moves further into the graveyard. Another flash of the flies by, another shot, another miss.

PHANTOM (O.S.)  
(mocking)  
Come on, monsieur! Don't stop, don't  
stop!

Raoul is agitated. He turns anxiously around the graveyard. Again, another flash. Raoul furiously fires shot after shot, until all that comes out of the gun are CLICKS. With each shot, he has missed. He moves further into the graveyard, but Christine stops him.

CHRISTINE  
(pleading)  
No! Please...

Raoul stares into Christine's eyes for a moment. He looks back at the graveyard with frustration, but relents. He and Christine run from the cemetery. The Phantom watches from the shadows, devastated.

PHANTOM  
(barely a whisper)  
Don't go...

As they run away, the Phantom's eyes turn to searing hate.

PHANTOM  
(a sorrowful cry)

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

And as he turns away, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

It is opening night, just before the performance of "Don Juan Triumphant." Posters hail the performance of this new work.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

It's opening night madness. Last minute costume correction and line rehearsals, etc.

We turn our attention away from them and toward Raoul and the CHIEF OF POLICE and the POLICEMEN, who are holding a conversation on the stage.

CHIEF

(to policemen)

You understand your instructions?

POLICE

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.

RAOUL

(grimly)

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

POLICEMEN

How will we know, sir?

RAOUL  
You'll know.  
(to the chief)  
Give the order.

The chief blows his whistle, and the men disperse. Raoul looks up, around the theatre.

RAOUL  
(softly, to himself)  
This time, clever friend, the disaster  
will be yours.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The auditorium is full of people awaiting the performance of "Don Juan Triumphant." The orchestra is poised to begin. The policemen are at their doors.

With a nod of the baton, the conductor starts up the OVERTURE to "Don Juan Triumphant." It is harsh and dissonant - a cacophony of sound. The audience members don't respond well to its strange, clashing melodies.

The curtain parts, revealing a massive set: a Moorish hall dominated by a giant arch. Beneath the arch is an alcove, obscured by crimson curtains. A table is set downstage, with a bench in front. The atmosphere is mysterious and erotic, with reds and blacks in abundance.

PASSARINO, Don Juan's servant, is directing the STAFF as they make the room ready. They are bawdy and drunken - reveling in their master's reputation as a libertine.

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

CARLOTTA AND CHORUS  
*Poor young maiden! For the thrill on*

*your tongue of stolen sweets you will  
have to pay the bill - tangled in the  
winding sheets! Serve the meal and  
serve the maid! Serve the master so  
that, when tables, plans and maids  
are laid, Don Juan triumphs once  
again!*

The servants leave Passarino alone on the stage. Piangi, as Don Juan, emerges from behind the curtained arch. He is dressed in the exact same costume we saw the Phantom wearing earlier. Meg also emerges from the arch, and she pirouettes coquettishly for him.

PIANGI

*Passarino, faithful friend, once again  
recite the plan.*

PASSARINO

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

PIANGI

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

PASSARINO

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

PIANGI

*I shall cry: "Come hide with me! Where  
oh where? Of course - my room!"*

PASSARINO

*Poor thing hasn't got a chance!*

PIANGI

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

Piangi puts on Passarino's cloak and goes into the alcove where the bed awaits, closing the curtain behind him. However, he is NOT ALONE.

Back out on stage, we hear CHRISTINE singing in the distance as she emerges from the wings:

CHRISTINE

*No thoughts within her head but  
thoughts of joy! No dreams within her  
heart but dreams of love!*

She sits down on the bench and picks up an apple.

PASSARINO

*Master?*

But it is the Phantom's voice that responds, not Piangi's.

PHANTOM (O.S.)

*Passarino - go away, for the trap is  
set and waits for its prey...*

Passarino exits, and the Phantom emerges from behind the curtain, dressed in Piangi's robe. The cowl hangs low over his face, hiding all from view but his mouth. He shuts the curtain behind him, then turns to Christine.

PHANTOM

*You have come here in pursuit of your  
deepest urge, in pursuit of that wish,  
which till now has been silent,  
silent... I have brought you, that  
our passions may fuse and merge - in  
your mind you've already succumbed to  
me dropped all defences completely  
succumbed to me - now you are here  
with me: no second thoughts, you've  
decided, decided...*

The Phantom moves behind Christine on the bench; she is paralyzed by this new development. He caresses her shoulders - she tenses.

PHANTOM

*Past the point of no return - no*

*backward glances: the games we've  
played till now are at an end...*

The Phantom removes the apple from Christine's hand.

PHANTOM

*Past all thought of "if" or "when" -  
no use resisting: abandon thought, and  
let the dream descend...*

The Phantom pulls Christine up from the bench and  
forcefully pulls her upstage.

PHANTOM

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

The Phantom releases Christine - she massages her wrist.

PHANTOM

*Past the point of no return, the final  
threshold - what warm, unspoken  
secrets will we learn beyond the point  
of no return...*

Christine remains silent, confused and conflicted.  
Christine nervously looks around - nobody senses that  
anything is wrong, even Raoul in the box above. She gathers  
herself and continues the scene:

CHRISTINE

*You have brought me to that moment  
where words run dry, to that moment  
where speech disappears into silence,  
silence... I have come here, hardly  
knowing the reason why... In my mind,  
I've already imagined our bodies  
entwining, defenseless and silent -  
and now I am here with you: no second  
thoughts, I've decided, decided...*

As Christine sings, she gains more and more strength,  
approaching the Phantom with more intensity.

CHRISTINE

*Past the point of no return - no going back now: our passion-play has now, at last, begun... Past all thought of right or wrong... One final question: how long should we two wait, before we're one...? When will the blood begin to race, the sleeping bud burst into bloom? When will the flames, at last, consume us...?*

Christine can't take it any longer. She turns to run from the stage, but the Phantom grabs her and forcibly pulls her towards him. She tries to get away, but he is too strong.

CHRISTINE/PHANTOM

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

Christine forcefully tears back his hood, revealing him to the audience. GASPS fill the theatre as the Phantom gently lets Christine go. The two stand still, isolated on the stage.

In the box, Raoul becomes quite shaken. He quickly motions for the policemen to fulfill their orders and they move into position, flooding the wings of the stage.

PHANTOM

(plaintive)

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

The Phantom takes a SILVER RING off of his finger and places it on Christine's - this is meant to be a proposal. She looks on, entreating him to stop with her eyes.

PHANTOM

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

He goes to kiss her, but he never reaches the word "you", for Christine quite calmly removes his mask. The horrifying

skull that passes for a face is revealed to the audience, which SCREAMS. Christine tries to run, but the Phantom, furious, pulls her back towards him.

The forces of law converge on the stage. The Phantom gestures and the LIGHTS GO OUT.

In his box, Raoul vainly tries to see what's happening on stage.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

The LIGHTS FLICKER BACK ON, revealing a stage full of policemen, but no Phantom.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - AUDITORIUM

The audience GASPS. Raoul runs out of his box.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - STAGE

Chaos. Meg pulls the curtain back upstage, revealing Piangi's garroted body grotesquely hanging there. She SCREAMS. Carlotta runs on, and seeing Piangi, bursts into violent SOBS. At the same time, Andre and Firmin rush in and see the chaos.

CARLOTTA

What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo!

ANDRE

Oh my God... my God...

FIRMIN

We're ruined, Andre - ruined!

Raoul has appeared in the wings and looks on, stunned and horrified. Giry rushes to Raoul and takes him by the hand.

GIRY

(desperately)

Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me!

Carlotta is caressing Piangi's dead body.

CARLOTTA

Oh my darling, my darling... who has  
done this...?

(rounding on Andre)

You! Why did you let this happen?!

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

Raoul stops Girya from pulling him any further. Meg runs  
behind them, anxious to be a part of what's going on.

GIRYA

Monsieur le Vicomte, I know where  
they are!

RAOUL

(cautious)

But can I trust you?

GIRYA

(pulling him onwards)

You must! Hurry or we shall be too  
late!

INT. THE CATACOMBS - THE LAKE

The Phantom is furiously propelling the boat onward, with  
Christine laying inside. This journey is much more furious,  
much less beautiful than we remember it. imprisonment

PHANTOM

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

The Phantom rounds on Christine:

PHANTOM

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

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - BACKSTAGE

A mob has begun to build from the STAGEHANDS and POLICE. Torches are grabbed as they begin to mass, traveling through the corridors.

MOB

*Track down this murderer! He must be found! Hunt out this animal, who runs to ground!*

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR

The Phantom guides the boat to shore.

PHANTOM

*Hounded out by everyone! Met with hatred everywhere! No kind words from anyone! No compassion anywhere!*

The Phantom pulls her out of the boat.

PHANTOM

*Christine, Christine... why, why...?*

INT. CATACOMBS - LAKE

Raoul and Giry have made their way to the lake.

GIRY

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

RAOUL

Madame Giry, thank you.

She disappears. Raoul removes his coat and dives in.

INT. OPERA POPULAIRE - CELLARS

The mob huge - it is now a massive force running through the cellars of the opera house.

MOB

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

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR

Christine, now dressed in the wedding dress, is torn from the bedroom by the Phantom (no longer dressed in Piangi's robe). The mannequin of Christine, stripped of its clothing, lies bizarrely strewn across the silver throne.

CHRISTINE

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

The Phantom makes no reply.

CHRISTINE

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

PHANTOM

*(coldly)*

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

He takes the bridal veil and approaches Christine with it. Christine turns away.

PHANTOM

*(mournfully)*

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

In rage and madness he turns on Christine and tears her around, forcibly placing the veil on her head.

PHANTOM

*Pity comes too late - turnn around and*

*face your fate: an eternity of this  
before your eyes!*

Christine breaks the stare.

CHRISTINE

This haunted face holds no horror for  
me now... It's in your soul that the  
true distortion lies...

The Phantom suddenly senses Raoul's presence. Behind the  
portcullis, Raoul climbs out of the water.

PHANTOM

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

*(to Raoul)*

*Sir, this is indeed an unparalleled  
delight! I had rather hoped that you  
would come.*

The Phantom approaches his silver throne. He tosses the  
mannequin off of the throne with disdain, then takes his  
seat.

PHANTOM

*And now my wish comes true - you have  
truly made my night!*

RAOUL

*(pleading)*

*Free her! Do what you like, only free  
her! Have you no pity?*

PHANTOM

*(to Christine, dryly)*

*Your lover makes a passionate plea!*

CHRISTINE

*(desperate)*

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

RAOUL

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

PHANTOM

(snarling)  
*The world showed no compassion to me!*

RAOUL  
*Christine... Christine... Let me see her...*

PHANTOM  
(dryly)  
*Be my guest, sir...*

The Phantom gestures, and the portcullis rises. Raoul enters the lair, stumbling through the water, as the portcullis closes behind him with a CLANG. He runs to Christine and they embrace.

The Phantom still sitting in the throne, just stares. Raoul, furious, breaks his embrace with Christine and approaches the Phantom, who mocks him:

PHANTOM  
*Monsieur, I bid you welcome! Did you think that I would harm her? Why should I make her pay for the sins which are yours?*

At that moment, the Phantom gestures. A METAL CAGE springs up from the floor around Raoul, trapping him. Spikes spring out of the edges of the cage, leaving Raoul with barely any room to move. Christine SCREAMS and runs to the cage, trying to get him out.

PHANTOM  
(taunting)  
*Order your fine horses now! Order your men to secure the doors! Nothing can save you now - except perhaps Christine...*

The Phantom runs towards Christine and grabs her violently, tearing her from the cage.

PHANTOM  
*Start a new life with me... Buy his freedom with your love! Refuse me, and you send your lover to his death! This is the choice - this is the point of*

*no return!*

Christine looks back with tears in her eyes.

CHRISTINE

(bitterly)

*The tears I might have shed for your  
dark fate grow cold, and turn to tears  
of hate...*

With that, she tears the veil off of her head and throws it to the ground.

RAOUL

(despairing)

*Christine, forgive me, please forgive  
me... I did it all for you, and all  
for nothing...*

CHRISTINE

(towards the Phantom but to  
herself as well)

*Farewell my fallen idol and false  
friend...*

The Phantom moves away. Christine pursues him, trying to plead with him.

PHANTOM

*Too late for turning back, too late  
for prayers and useless pity...*

CHRISTINE

*One by one, I've watched illusions  
shattered...*

PHANTOM

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

RAOUL

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

PHANTOM

*For either way you choose, you cannot  
win!*

(turning to Christine)  
*So, do you end your days with me, or  
do you send him to his grave?*

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

Angered, the Phantom rushes towards Raoul, but Christine holds him back.

CHRISTINE  
*Angel of Music...*

PHANTOM  
(shaking her off)  
*Past the point of no return -*

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

CHRISTINE  
*...why this torment?*

PHANTOM  
*...the final threshold...*

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

CHRISTINE  
*When will you see reason...?*

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

RAOUL  
*I fought so hard to free you...*

CHRISTINE  
*Angel of Music...*

PHANTOM  
*You've passed the point of no*

*return...*

Christine throws herself at the Phantom's feet in despair.

CHRISTINE

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

There's a moment of tense silence. The Phantom raises himself to his full height.

PHANTOM

You try my patience.

He turns away.

PHANTOM

Make your choice!

Christine reflects for a moment, then with resolution moves slowly towards the Phantom.

CHRISTINE

*(with growing emotion)  
Pitiful creature of darkness... What  
kind of life have you known...? God  
give me courage to show you you are  
not alone...*

Christine takes an unexpected move: tears streaming down her cheeks, she turns him around and kisses him long and full on the lips. The embrace lasts a long time. Raoul watches in horror and wonder.

She pulls back from the Phantom, who is stunned and shocked. Christine's sacrifice is too much for him to bear.

Then the Phantom moves. Slowly and resolutely, he walks towards Raoul. There's a moment of tension as the two stare at each other. Christine looks on with horror.

And then the Phantom gestures - the cage disappears back into the ground.

THE MOB (O.S.)

*Track down this murderer - he must be  
found! Hunt out this animal, who runs*

*to ground! Too long he's preyed on us -  
but now we know: the Phantom of the  
Opera is there deep down below...Who  
is this monster, this murdering beast?  
Revenge for Piangi! Revenge for  
Buquet! This creature must never go  
free...*

The Phantom backs away. He flinches with sadness as Christine runs to Raoul, but turns away.

PHANTOM

(to Raoul)

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

(screaming in despair)

Go... Go now - go now and leave me!

With that, the Phantom hurls himself into the bedroom.

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR - BEDROOM

The Phantom stares and listens to the MONKEY MUSICAL BOX, which plays its HAUNTING TUNE.

PHANTOM

(to the music box)

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

He looks over - Christine has entered the room. She stands to the side, staring sympathetically at this poor wretch of a man. She walks over, taking the Phantom's ring off of her finger. She hands it to him and the Phantom reaches, outstretching his hand to touch hers. They hold there.

PHANTOM

*Christine, I love you...*

He breaks the touch and motions for her to leave, turning away. She reluctantly turns and disappears. We stay on the

Phantom, who stares at the ring with utter sorrow. We hear, in the distance, a faint echo:

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
*Say you'll share with me, one love,  
one lifetime...*

RAOUL (O.S.)  
*Say the word and I will follow you...*

INT. THE PHANTOM'S LAIR

The Phantom emerges from the bedroom to see Christine and Raoul in the boat, leaving. But she's looking back at the Phantom. It's as if she's singing to him.

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

As they disappear from view, the Phantom outstretches his hand to say goodbye.

PHANTOM  
*You alone can make my song take  
flight -  
(with more confidence)  
It's over now, the music of the  
night...*

He moves towards his throne, picking up Christine's discarded veil off the floor. He seats himself on the throne, pulling up his cloak around him. With one last sad look at the world he's leaving behind, he pulls the cloak up over his head.

Meanwhile, the mob arrives at the lair - led by Meg Giry. Everyone in the mob suddenly hesitates at the entrance. Meg boldly crosses to the throne and cautiously but courageously, she pulls the cloak away.

The cloak falls away, revealing nothing but air. The Phantom has vanished, leaving nothing but his white mask. In wonder, Meg reaches out and touches the mask with her small hand.

FADE OUT