THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Script

recursos

CHARACTERS

CARLOTTA

CHRISTINE DAAÉ

DEATH

ERIK (THE PHANTOM)

MIFROID

MONCHARMIN

NADIR

RAOUL DE CHAGNY

ACT I

VOICE: *"The evening began well. The chandelier was back in place, with new ropes. All Paris was at the Opera House. Everybody wanted to hear Christine Daaé's voice again. People also knew about the love story between Christine Daaé and Raoul, the Vicomte de Chagny. There were no secrets about love in Paris! People watched the Comte and the Vicomte in the orchestra stalls with interest. Young men from families like the de Chagnys do not marry opera singers. When Christine came onto the stage, her face was white and she looked afraid. But she sang like an angel!"*

(The conductor appears on stage, raises his baton, and the music begins. During the performance, a fabric illusion is performed: Death appears, first hiding and then revealing Christine Daaé. Before the music ends, everyone is puzzled because Christine Daaé is nowhere to be seen. She seems to have vanished from the stage. Raoul, astonished, climbs onto the stage from the stalls, looking for her.)

RAOUL: Christine! Christine! Where is she?

(Raoul grabs the conductor tightly.)

MONCHARMIN: I don't know, sir. I'm as surprised as you are.

RAOUL: Christine! Christine!

(Raoul searches the entire stage, but Christine is nowhere to be found. Suddenly, a whistle pierces the silence, and Mifroid enters the stage.)

MONCHARMIN: Inspector Mifroid, were you watching the performance?

MIFROID: Raoul de Chagny, please come with me.

RAOUL: Sir, Christine Daaé has disappeared! There's no time to lose!

MIFROID: And you, Monsieur Moncharmin, are the owner of this theatre, are you not?

MONCHARMIN: Yes, sir. I bought this theatre at the beginning of the month, and I regret it more with every passing day. I am truly tired of all the mysteries that surround these walls.

MIFROID: I want every exit in the theatre sealed: doors, windows... everything.

MONCHARMIN: Sir, I cannot hold the audience here against their will...

MIFROID: I am ordering you to close the theatre completely. Have I made myself clear?

MONCHARMIN: Yes, sir.

(Moncharmin locks all the exits to the theatre and exits the stage.) (Costume change: Carlotta.)

MIFROID: We must find Miss Christine as soon as possible.

RAOUL: I know exactly who has Christine!

MIFROID: Raoul, are you somehow involved in all this?

RAOUL: Not me. I want to save Christine.

MIFROID: Then who?

RAOUL: The Voice!

MIFROID: Excuse me... what do you mean?

RAOUL: I shall tell you everything, from the beginning.

MIFROID: You will have to explain everything in great detail, Vicomte. Where shall we begin?

RAOUL: It all began with Carlotta's agony and screams.

(Raoul and Mifroid leave the stage while, on the other side of the stage, Carlotta enters wearing a sleep mask, followed by Christine. Carlotta screams and curses her physical affliction.)

CARLOTTA: You are fortunate to be my understudy for tonight's performance, but don't imagine for one moment that you will take my place, my dear. To be me, you would need my body, my voice, my beauty, my talent... Well, there is something you must do. Ah! What agony! My stomach! First my voice starts cracking... and now my stomach! You will speak to Moncharmin and tell him to cancel tonight's performance.

CHRISTINE: We cannot cancel the performance. The new director of the theatre, Monsieur Moncharmin, cannot afford any more losses.

CARLOTTA: This is ridiculous! I am the leading lady!

CHRISTINE: Of course. No one could ever take your place. I'm sure you'll recover soon. We all hope you'll feel better soon.

CARLOTTA: My stomach! Damn it! Leave me alone and get yourself ready, girl. Or are you not going to rehearse either? Now get out of here!

CHRISTINE: But... Do you need me to bring you anything else? I can help you...

CARLOTTA: I told you to get out!

CHRISTINE: Yes, ma'am.

(Christine exits.)

CARLOTTA: Nadir? Nadir! Where the devil has that Persian got to?

(The Persian enters, stumbling over several set pieces, but eventually manages to regain his composure.)

NADIR: What do you require, madam?

CARLOTTA: Bring me more tea.

NADIR: Yes, ma'am.

(Nadir brings her the tea and fills her glass. Suddenly, Nadir accidentally spills tea on Carlotta.)

CARLOTTA: You fool! You're burning me!

NADIR: I'm so sorry! I truly am! Please, let me clean it for you!

CARLOTTA: But... you idiot! How dare you touch me? Get out of here!

(The Persian exits, apologizing profusely, while Carlotta continues berating him as though he were still standing before her.)

CARLOTTA: What do you think of the girl? Do you think Christine will do well? I hope the little brat doesn't completely ruin the performance... Pour me some more tea.

CARLOTTA: Nadir?

(The Death enters, takes the tea, and pours her another cup.)

CARLOTTA: I said, pour me some more tea! Ah, much better. My throat gets so dry. Now, as I was saying, I cannot remain ill for very long, because the quality of this theatre cannot be allowed to suffer because of that girl...

(The Death sets down the tea and draws a new teapot from beneath its robes, preparing to serve Carlotta.)

CARLOTTA: More tea. At last, you're taking care of me. Now leave me alone. I need to rest.

(The Death exits.)

CARLOTTA: Well, at least this time you weren't clumsy enough to break anything.

(Carlotta breaks into a violent coughing fit and grows weaker by the moment. Christine rushes in to help her. Carlotta and Christine exit the stage as Raoul and Mifroid enter.)

MIFROID: I heard that she became seriously ill a few months ago and nearly lost her life. Do you think someone was trying to poison her?

RAOUL: The Voice didn't want her to sing at the theatre again. The Voice wanted Christine to be the star.

MIFROID: When was the first time you met Christine?

RAOUL: We are... childhood friends. At first, she didn't remember me...

(Raoul and Mifroid exit. Christine enters. She is taking voice lessons.)

THE VOICE: Christine!

(Christine becomes frightened.)

THE VOICE: Christine!

CHRISTINE: Is that you?

THE VOICE: Tonight... is your night.

CHRISTINE: I don't know if I can! I don't know if I can do it!

THE VOICE: Of course you can!

CHRISTINE: When can I see you?

THE VOICE: Christine... I am always with you. I am your voice.

CHRISTINE: May I ask you a question?

(Christine moves downstage.)

THE VOICE: Christine... I know what you're going to ask me. Please, take the script.

(Christine picks up the script. A red rose falls from its pages.)

CHRISTINE: Another one for me?

(Christine places the rose in a vase with the others.)

THE VOICE: Whenever you have doubts, remember... everything is in the script. That will give you the strength to carry on.

CHRISTINE: But how can I face them all? How can I possibly be good enough?

THE VOICE: Remember... everything is in the script.

CHRISTINE: When I step onto the stage, everyone will look at me... everyone will be watching me.

THE VOICE: Remember... everything is in the script.

RAOUL (OFF): Christine?

CHRISTINE: Who's there?

(Christine adjusts her dress, but receives no answer. She approaches the wing and opens the door.)

RAOUL: Christine!

CHRISTINE: Artists usually meet their admirers after the performance, not before...

(Raoul gestures with his hands, as if to say, "Don't you remember me?)

CHRISTINE: Very well, since you insist, I'll give you an autograph.

RAOUL: Christine Daaé...

CHRISTINE: No, no, that's not how it works. You don't give me my name; we already know that. You have to give me yours, for the dedication. Ah! I don't have any paper... Will your hand do? “From Christine Daaé, to my dear...” What's your name?

RAOUL: Raoul...

CHRISTINE: Raoul...

RAOUL: ...de Chagny.

CHRISTINE: ...de...

(Christine suddenly realizes who he is. Her eyes widen as she stares into Raoul's face.)

CHRISTINE: Raoul?

RAOUL: Christine!

(They embrace warmly, then quickly pull apart, embarrassed.)

CHRISTINE: How did you get here? When did you arrive?

RAOUL: This morning!

CHRISTINE: Oh my goodness!

RAOUL: What?

CHRISTINE: Are you going to see me perform tonight? Oh, how embarrassing! Now I'm even more nervous. But I'm so happy you came. And, well... I'm going to be the leading lady, too! Oh! I don't know how it's going to go, or what will happen on stage. I might even make a mistake in the end, and...

RAOUL: Christine! Christine!

(Raoul takes Christine gently by the arms to calm her. They remain silent, and the tension between them is palpable. Suddenly, the vase of roses falls to the floor. Christine pulls away from Raoul and kneels down to pick them up.)

CHRISTINE: My roses! Oh... you must leave now. I have to get ready.

RAOUL: Let me help you.

CHRISTINE: No, it's fine. I'll pick them up.

RAOUL: Is this the script? Am I privileged enough to have a look? Ha-ha! Just kidding. I don't want to know the ending before the performance... What's this?

(***Raoul holds up the last page of the script. The words "Everything is in the script" are written in blood.)***

RAOUL: Is this blood?

(Christine takes the script and moves downstage. Suddenly, a distant scream echoes through the theatre.)

CHRISTINE: What?

RAOUL: What's going on?

(Moncharmin enters.)

MONCHARMIN: A tragedy! A disaster for my business!

CHRISTINE: What happened?

MONCHARMIN: Joseph Buquet, the stagehand. He's dead!

RAOUL: How could this have happened?

MONCHARMIN: The dancers found him backstage, behind those wings.

RAOUL: You mean Joseph Buquet is back there?

(Raoul points to one of the stage wings.)

MONCHARMIN: Unfortunately, I'm afraid so. Come with me. Christine, stay here. You must not see this.

(Raoul and Moncharmin lift the stage wing slightly, revealing two legs floating in the air.)

MONCHARMIN: The authorities are on their way.

(They both cover the crime scene again.)

CHRISTINE: How terrible! Why?

MONCHARMIN: Joseph tried to follow him!

RAOUL: Who could have committed such an atrocity?

MONCHARMIN: Him!

RAOUL: Him? Who is he?

CHRISTINE: The Voice!

RAOUL: But... who is the Voice?

CHRISTINE: The Phantom of the Opera!

ACT II

(Mifroid observes a seat among the audience. Raoul also goes down into the audience.)

MIFROID: Is that the seat?

RAOUL: Yes, that's the one.

MIFROID: Seat number five?

RAOUL: That is the Phantom's seat...

MIFROID: Please go and find Moncharmin.

(Suddenly, all the lights in the theatre go out.)

MIFROID: Everyone, please remain calm! The lights have gone out, that's all!

(Mifroid takes out a lantern and shines on the Phantom's seat.)

(A faint whisper begins to echo through the theatre, slowly growing into the Phantom's voice.)

MIFROID: What the devil?! Was that you? Did you say something?

(A section of the stage lights up, revealing a toy carousel, which begins to move. Mifroid steps onto the stage and examines the carousel, but finds nothing unusual. Suddenly, Raoul and Moncharmin enter as the lights come back on.)

MONCHARMIN: My apologies, Inspector. We've had a power cut. We don't know what could have caused it.

(Mifroid feels slightly dizzy.)

RAOUL: Are you feeling all right, Inspector?

MIFROID: Yes... I thought I heard a voice. I believe it came from some clever fellow in the audience.

MONCHARMIN: You wanted to ask me something, Inspector. Is that right?

MIFROID: Yes. Tell me about the money envelope.

MONCHARMIN: The Phantom demanded his monthly payment from us.

MIFROID: How much money are we talking about?

MONCHARMIN: Two hundred and forty thousand francs!

MIFROID: And you agreed to pay him that sum every month?

MONCHARMIN: At first, I wouldn't give him a single franc, but the Phantom always found a way to collect the money.

MIFROID: Explain.

MONCHARMIN: Wait here for a moment!

(Moncharmin goes down into the audience and selects two volunteers.)

MIFROID: Tick-tock, Monsieur Moncharmin. Christine Daaé is in danger!

(They come up onto the stage and introduce themselves.)

MONCHARMIN: Antonio, hold this box. Rocío, take the Phantom of the Opera's monthly payment.

MIFROID: Are we doing magic tricks now?

MONCHARMIN: Mifroid, if we didn't pay the Phantom, he always found a way to collect. Rocío, put the money in the box. Antonio, take the box over to that table. Now come back here, Antonio. Rocío, go and get the box and give it to the Inspector. Inspector Mifroid, open the box!

(Mifroid shows the box. The money is gone.)

MIFROID: It seems we have a couple of little thieves among us...

(Mifroid begins putting handcuffs on the volunteers.)

MONCHARMIN: They're not the thieves! The Phantom took the money!

(A sudden loud bang echoes through the theatre.)

MIFROID: All right, you may go. Thank you for your assistance.

MONCHARMIN: I had no choice. At first, I refused to give him any money. But...

MIFROID: But?

MONCHARMIN: Something terrible would happen.

MIFROID: You're losing money because of this damned Phantom. You're losing a seat — seat number five — because of this creature!

RAOUL: Mifroid!

MIFROID: Vicomte?

RAOUL: You weren't there that night... when the chandelier fell. Carlotta was very, very angry. She got out of bed at once and did not finish her breakfast. That day, Carlotta insisted on performing despite her poor health. Armand Moncharmin took his place in seat number five. He was not afraid of ghosts. Of course not. Moncharmin was still naive. He was too new to believe in the Phantom. Armand saw some red roses lying on the floor in front of seat number five. The performance began. Carlotta sang and sang, and nothing happened. Then she began a

beautiful love song. And she lost her voice. It was the noise of a toad! People began to talk and laugh.

MONCHARMIN: I remember I put my head in my hands. And I swear I heard someone laughing right next to my ear.

RAOUL: And then... it happened. The famous chandelier, with its thousand lights, broke free from its ropes and crashed down onto the people below.

RAOUL: That was a terrible night for the Paris Opera House. One woman was killed by the chandelier, and many people were hurt. The Opera House closed for two weeks. And Carlotta never sang again.

MONCHARMIN: Monsieur Mifroid, I have some matters to attend to, if you'll excuse me...

MIFROID: Of course. I'd like to ask Mr. Raoul a few questions.

(Moncharmin exits.)

RAOUL: What do you want to know?

MIFROID: Have you ever seen the Phantom?

RAOUL: Yes. I'll tell you everything. It was the night of the masquerade ball...

(Mifroid and Raoul exit. Christine enters, wearing a beautiful gown for the masquerade and a mask. She picks up a red rose and pins it on her dress. Raoul enters.)

RAOUL: Christine! You look incredible!

CHRISTINE: Raoul, you look wonderful too!

RAOUL: Really? Do you think I can live up to the Phantom?

CHRISTINE: Raoul, please don't joke about that.

RAOUL: Oh, come on... it's obvious that everything this man does is just a magic trick.

CHRISTINE: Magic? No, impossible...

RAOUL: Let me help you put out the candles. But I'll use my fingers.

CHRISTINE: Raoul! No, be careful!

(Raoul cries out in pain after burning his finger. His glowing finger is revealed, but then we discover it was all a joke — he is wearing a fake finger.)

RAOUL: You see? It was all an illusion, just a trick... magic.

CHRISTINE: He doesn't perform magic.

RAOUL: Believe me, it's all a trick. Besides, he told you... ‘Everything is in the script.'

(Raoul imitates him in a silly, exaggerated manner. Christine smiles.)

CHRISTINE: Silly, don't do that... your shirt is all crooked.

(Christine straightens his buttons. Raoul takes her by the arms. They move closer to each other and kiss.)

CHRISTINE: No! Not here... this is his home!

RAOUL: Christine, we can't keep running from someone who doesn't exist.

CHRISTINE: He does exist. He's coming to the ball tonight.

RAOUL: Is he coming? Then let's go! I can't wait to meet him!

(Raoul takes Christine's hand, and they begin to exit.)

CHRISTINE: Wait!

(Christine hugs him tightly.)

CHRISTINE: Promise me you won't do anything foolish.

RAOUL: I'm not afraid of him...

CHRISTINE: Promise me!

RAOUL: I promise!

(Raoul kisses Christine, and they both exit. Unaware that she has dropped the rose, Christine leaves it behind on the floor. The lights slowly dim until the stage is almost completely dark.)

(The Phantom emerges from the shadows. He has been listening all along. Slowly, he approaches the rose lying on the floor and picks it up. The carousel slowly begins to turn again.)

THE PHANTOM: Everything is in the script.

(The Phantom crushes the rose in his hands, then throws it to the ground. He disappears into the shadows.)

ACT III

(Christine and Raoul enter. A few seconds later, Moncharmin enters. All three are wearing masquerade costumes and masks. Raoul and Christine have their masks raised.)

RAOUL: Are you the Phantom? Answer my question!

MONCHARMIN: Hey, hey... calm down. I'm Moncharmin. (He removes his mask.) I suggest you put your masks back on. If the Phantom appears, it would be better if he didn't know who we are either. (The three of them put their masks back on.) Miss Christine, may I have this dance?

CHRISTINE: Of course! You'll have to wait your turn... (She smiles at Raoul.)

(Moncharmin and Christine dance. Raoul remains uneasy, constantly looking around, watching for any sign of the Phantom.)

MONCHARMIN: Miss Christine, tomorrow you'll be the leading lady in Orpheus and Eurydice. You'll dance with Death... Are you ready?

CHRISTINE: I'll do my very best, Monsieur Moncharmin... I just hope Erik doesn't do anything terrible.

(Raoul joins the dance, gently taking Christine from Moncharmin. Moncharmin steps aside.)

RAOUL: Is Erik the Phantom's name?

CHRISTINE: Yes... that's his name.

RAOUL: I knew he was human. He couldn't possibly be a ghost. As I've always said, it's all an illusion — just a magician performing cheap tricks. As soon as he arrives, I'll rip off his mask. I want to see the face of that bastard.

CHRISTINE: I don't want you to do that, Raoul. Please.

RAOUL: Why are you always defending him?

CHRISTINE: The Voice told me that he's had a deformity on his face since he was a child. I think he was born with it. Even if we weren't at this masquerade, he would still be wearing a mask.

THE VOICE: Do you have a problem with my face, Raoul?

(The Phantom enters and offers his hand to Christine. Moncharmin and Raoul glare at him angrily.)

RAOUL: Are you the Phantom? Are you the one who's making Christine's life a living hell?

(Moncharmin intervenes, holding Raoul back.)

MONCHARMIN: We don't know if it's him... and even if it is, there's nothing we can do right now.

RAOUL: Are you afraid of this...?

(The Phantom remains completely unfazed, his hand still extended. Christine looks both frightened and strangely happy.)

THE PHANTOM: It is impolite to refuse a dance.

(Christine hesitates, but finally accepts the Phantom's invitation. The two begin to dance.)

RAOUL: Christine!

MONCHARMIN: Let's see what he does. As long as he stays in sight, he can't do anything to us. Now that he's distracted... I'll go find something to hit him with.

(Moncharmin exits.)

CHRISTINE: Erik, you're in danger here.

THE PHANTOM: What does that matter, my dear Christine? I only follow the script.

CHRISTINE: Why me? Why have you always helped me?

THE PHANTOM: Isn't it obvious, little one?

CHRISTINE: My father always helped me. He always protected me. Are you my angel?

THE PHANTOM: If you want me to be your angel, I will be.

(They continue dancing until they reach the set. The Phantom moves behind Christine and embraces her.)

THE PHANTOM: So, they're just tricks... are they, Vicomte?

(Suddenly, white smoke fills the stage.)

THE PHANTOM: Tell me, Raoul... What's in a name? A rose would still smell as sweet if we called it by another name. But in this house... there are names that open doors.

(The theatre goes completely dark. When the lights come back on, Christine is lying on the floor. Erik is nowhere to be seen. Raoul rushes to her aid.)

RAOUL: Christine, are you all right?

CHRISTINE: Yes... where is he?

RAOUL: I don't know... it was so strange. He was... you were... How is that possible?

(Moncharmin enters wielding a wooden prop sword, shouting and swinging it desperately.)

MONCHARMIN: Where are you? You are mine now! Thief! You've stolen my money! Where are you hiding?

RAOUL: He's gone... You really thought you could defeat him with that? Come on, let's get out of here.

(The three of them exit the stage. Mifroid enters and examines the set.)

MIFROID: There must be some explanation for that strange disappearance you told me about.

(Raoul enters.)

RAOUL: That's what I used to think, that there was an explanation for everything. But allow me to tell you, Inspector... I'm not so sure anymore.

MIFROID: What did the ghost say to you before disappearing?

RAOUL: They're just tricks... Are they?

MIFROID: No, I mean what he said afterwards.

RAOUL: Mmm... What's in a name? A rose would still smell as sweet if we called it by another name. But in this house... there are names that open doors.

MIFROID: Riddles in the shadows. I must go and file my report. If you think of anything, don't hesitate to call me.

RAOUL: Of course. Thank you, Inspector.

(Mifroid exits.)

RAOUL: What's in a name? A rose...

(Raoul picks up one of Christine's roses.)

RAOUL: Where are you, my dear Christine?

(Raoul collapses into a chair, overwhelmed with emotion.)

RAOUL: What's in a name? A rose... A rose... by another name. Where have I heard that before? Wait!

(Raoul goes to the bookcase and begins reading the titles.)

RAOUL: My only love was born from my only hatred. A name... Rose... Juliet! Yes!

(He continues searching through the books until he finally finds the one he is looking for. He places his hand on it and pulls it out. A hidden mechanism clicks, and the secret door slowly opens.)

RAOUL: Romeo and Juliet!

(Raoul looks around cautiously, then finally gathers the courage to enter.)

(The scene shifts to Erik's chambers. The Phantom enters carrying Christine in his arms. He gently sets her down in the chair.)

CHRISTINE: Where am I?

THE PHANTOM: You are in my chambers.

CHRISTINE: What am I doing here? Why are you holding me captive?

THE PHANTOM: You are not a prisoner. You may leave whenever you wish.

CHRISTINE: I must go!

(Christine feels faint. The Phantom catches her just before she falls.)

THE PHANTOM: Before you leave, you need to rest for a while.

CHRISTINE: No, I want to leave immediately.

THE PHANTOM: Very well, but before you leave, I want you to know that everything I have here in my chambers belongs to you. Everything is yours.

CHRISTINE: And why would I need anything of yours?

THE PHANTOM: Because, in a way, you always have. You've learned from my voice, from my belongings, from my lessons. Everything you have now — the star you've become — is, of course, thanks to your own hard work. But you've always worked with the tools I gave you.

(Christine remains silent, with her back to the Phantom.)

THE PHANTOM: Even the smallest details.

(Erik offers her one last rose. Christine turns around and gently caresses his mask. Erik places his hand on her face. She tries to remove his mask, but Erik recoils violently.)

THE PHANTOM: No! Why did you want to see me? Do you seek the opposite of beauty? Do you wish to gaze upon a monster? You should never have done that! Why?

(The Phantom snatches the rose from her hand.)

THE PHANTOM: You're right. You should leave. Go back to him. He doesn't wear a mask.

(Erik turns away from her. Christine hesitates, then gently places her hand on his back.)

CHRISTINE: I've learned from your voice, from your things, from your lessons... You've helped me so much. Let me help you.

THE PHANTOM: Help me?

CHRISTINE: Yes.

(Christine slowly approaches. Erik takes a step back, bewildered.)

THE PHANTOM: You shouldn't come any closer.

CHRISTINE: I'm not afraid anymore.

(Christine gently places a hand on his back. Erik remains motionless.)

THE PHANTOM: Christine...

(She leans closer and kisses him on the forehead. Silence.)

THE PHANTOM: Why?

CHRISTINE: Because there are things that are not in the script.

(Erik lowers his head, completely overcome with emotion.)

THE PHANTOM: No one... no one has ever kissed me before.

RAOUL: Kiss?

(Raoul enters.)

RAOUL: Christine, get away from that monster! Did he force you to kiss him?

CHRISTINE: Raoul, no, he didn't...

(Raoul punches Erik, knocking him to the ground.)

CHRISTINE: No!

(Christine helps Erik to his feet and gently readjust his mask.)

RAOUL: Get away from that man!

(Christine steps between them and pulls Raoul away.)

CHRISTINE: Yes, that's what you said. A man. A man just like us. He's not a ghost. He's a human being. You were right, Raoul.

RAOUL: That doesn't excuse him for all the atrocities he's committed. Let's put an end to this!

CHRISTINE: Raoul!

ERIK: You're right. We have to put an end to this.

(Erik opens a chest and pulls out two pistols.)

ERIK: Let's have a duel.

CHRISTINE: No, no! This is foolish! You can't settle it like this, not this way!

RAOUL: I agree. Let fate decide who lives. May God have mercy on our souls, and may He choose the one who is worthy to remain by your side.

(Erik hands Raoul a pistol.)

ERIK: Christine, you must give the signal by touching our shoulders. We cannot wait for a judge. You will have to be our referee.

(Raoul takes the pistol, and the two men stand back-to-back, preparing for the duel. Christine walks around them and, with her back to the audience, touches each duelist on the shoulder.)

ERIK: When Miss Christine removes her hands from our shoulders, we shall take ten steps, turn, and fire. Are we both agreed? I am.

RAOUL: I agree.

ERIK: Whenever you're ready, Christine.

(Christine keeps her hands on their shoulders. She struggles with the decision, but finally lets go. Both duelists take their steps while Christine walks backwards towards the back of the stage. Both men turn and fire. A tense silence follows. After a moment, Erik slowly collapses to the ground. Christine runs over and kneels beside him. Raoul looks bewildered.)

(Raoul approaches the pistol Erik dropped. He examines it carefully.)

RAOUL: Wait... this gun?!

CHRISTINE: Erik!

RAOUL: This is a blank-firing pistol! It's fake!

CHRISTINE: Erik! Why?

(Christine embraces Erik.)

CHRISTINE: Why?

ERIK: Because... everything is in the script...

(The Phantom slowly fades away with one final breath. Christine cries beside him. Raoul approaches and kneels down, placing his hand over Erik's heart. The lights slowly fade to black.)

VOICE: *"His name was Erik. That was not his real name, of course. He was born in France. He was a famous builder. He was a very clever, very dangerous man. He could seem to be in two or three places at the same time. He could do many clever things with ropes, mirrors, and secret doors. He helped to build the Opera House. He built secret passages underground and his secret house on the lake. He could not live in the outside world because of his terribly disfigured face. He lived this strange life — half man, half phantom. But in the end, he was a man. He wanted a woman's love... Nobody in Paris ever saw Raoul and Christine again. Perhaps they took a train north and lived a quiet, happy life together there. Perhaps Christine's wonderful voice is still singing somewhere in the cold, beautiful mountains of Norway. Who knows?"*

THE END