

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Written by

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&
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Lyrics by

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Based on the stage musical by
Andrew Lloyd Webber

And the Novel by
Gaston Leroux

1 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - (1919) - DAY

We have faded into black and white film, grainy and bleak. Establishing shot of the opera house (matte shot). It is raining. The air is dank, the building grey and crumbling. There is very little activity in front. A once glorious monument shunned by the modern world.

A 1919 version of a very rich man's car pulls up in front of the theatre an aristocrats family crest on the door - liveried chauffeur, a dark figure in the passengers compartment, accompanied by a nurse/nun.

CUT TO:

a custom made, beautifully crafted, caned wheelchair is extricated from the car.

CUT TO:

the hand made boot prints of the dark figure as they are adjusted into the foot rests of the wheelchair.

CUT TO:

BACK OF NURSE ... as she pushes the wheelchair toward the entrance. CAMERA goes past them and becomes their POV as we moved toward the theatre. We MOVE closer; we take in statues with limbs missing, the great chipped pillars. A lackluster sign reads "Public Auction". We continue to close in; the stairs leading up to the main entrance are filthy. The place seems abandoned. We HEAR the noise of traffic; klaxons, horses but, as we MOVE closer toward the open main doors we then HEAR the AUCTIONEER'S GAVEL.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)

Sold. Your number, sir? Thank
you.

2 INT. FOYER - DAY

In one movement, the camera glides through the main entrance into the deserted hall revealing the vast, cracked stairway leading up to the various levels of the foyer, scarred by a fire long ago. There is rubbish everywhere. dust floats through the shafts of grey light coming through the broken windows.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)
 Lot 663, then, ladies and
 gentlemen: a poster for this
 house's production of *Hannibal* by
 Chalumeau.

PORTER (O.S.)
 Showing here.

We continue to move through a set of doors ...

3 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Also ravaged by a fire long ago ... into the stalls of the auditorium. The seats are torn, even uprooted and piled on top of each other. Shafts of daylight cut through the darkness from the traps in the leaking ceiling. At the far end of the stalls in a clear space, we see a DOZEN PEOPLE grouped around the PORTLY AUCTIONEER on an improvised podium. Next to the AUCTIONEER stands a PORTER holding the poster for *Hannibal*: a diva holding a severed head.

The bidders are mainly seedy, dusty men in heavy coats; junk dealers. There is one old woman, Mme. Giry, who stands a little apart. She is dressed in black, her hat covered in black veiling like a widow. Her years as a dancer and Ballet Mistress assist her elegant and perfect posture.

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

The blow of the gavel echoes around the space. The AUCTIONEER unsuccessfully tries to cover his disdain for the JUNK DEALER.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 ...to Monsieur Deferre. Thank you
 very much, sir.

The contents of the opera house are being auctioned off. We see statues, some covered with huge canvases. There are boxes, trunks, props and opera memorabilia. MME. GIRY remains stoic - mysterious; barely needing the black cane by her side. She turns to see whose POV she is.

RAOUL, the Vicomte de Chagny in the wheelchair, guided by his NURSES/NUN. Although fifteen years younger than MME. GIRY, he does not enjoy her good health. He seems small and fatigued in his beautifully tailored clothes, a cashmere throw around his barely functioning legs.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Lot 664: a wooden pistol and three human skulls from the 1831 production of *Robert le Diable* by Meyerbeer. Ten francs for this. Ten, thank you. Ten still. Fifteen, thank you. Fifteen I am bid. Going at fifteen.

MME. GIRY watches as RAOUL approaches in his wheelchair. He looks up and sees her. There is much unsaid between them, bearers of dark secrets. The GAVEL ECHOES AGAIN around the hall.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Your number sir? 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, ladies and gentlemen.

PORTER

(Holding it up)
Showing here.
(He sets it in motion)

The simple, yet haunting tune plays as both RAOUL and MME. GIRY stare at the musical box. It has great meaning for them both.

AUCTIONEER

May I commence at fifteen francs?

MME. GIRY raises her hand.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Fifteen, thank you.

The NURSE raises her hand.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Yes, twenty from you, sir, thank
 you very much.

MME. GIRY
 Twenty-five.

AUCTIONEER
 Twenty-five on my left, thank you
 madam, Twenty-five I am bid.

Again, the NURSE raises her hand.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Thirty.

MME. GIRY stares at RAOUL, her expression seems to soften.
 She realizes how much this means to the sickly man.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Selling at thirty francs, then.

MME. GIRY looks away.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
 Thirty once, thirty twice...
 (GAVEL DOWN)
 Sold for thirty francs. To the
 Vicomte de Chagny. Thank you sir.

The box is handed to RAOUL. He thanks MME. GIRY with his
 eyes, then studies the paper mache monkey.

RAOUL (V.O.)
 A collector's piece indeed...
 every detail exactly as she said...
 will you still play, when all the
 rest of us are dead...?

5 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

We CUT BACK to the AUCTIONEER as he resumes:

AUCTIONEER
 Lot 666 then, a chandelier in
 pieces.

All attention turns to a mammoth chandelier resting on the floor of the auditorium covered in canvas. Eerie music creeps in. MME. GIRY and RAOUL can barely look to each other.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

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 repaired it and wired parts of it for the new electric light. Perhaps we can frighten away the ghost of so many years ago with a little illumination. Gentlemen.

The PORTERS whip off the canvas. The AUCTIONEER switches on the chandelier by igniting a huge battery. There is an enormous flash and the thunderous organ overture begins. The CHANDELIER, immense and glittering, begins to rise above the stalls. At the same time, a gust of wind whips up the dust and rubbish of the auditorium, almost blowing away time. CAMERA MOVES into RAOUL's eyes and we realize that the story we are about to see is in his mind.

6

INT. AUDITORIUM - (1919-1870) - DAY

As the chandelier rises, we intercut with the faces of MME. GIRY and RAOUL. The years are falling away: their features and skin are clearing, their eyes are brightening. We realize the film is GAINING COLOUR all the time. The gas lights all along the stage come on.

The red velvet seats are restored, the marble and the statues gleam, the paint glistens. The winds of time are restoring the once magnificent theatre. The chandelier is still rising, rising. We are now in FULL TECHNICOLOR. The date 1870. FULL ORCHESTRA JOINS ORGAN: We INTERCUT the chandelier rising with:

7 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - DAY (1870)

Establishing shot (matte) of the theatre in 1870. There is a huge activity in front of the main entrance. People queuing, milling about, staring at the vast posters for *Hannibal'* starring LA CARLOTTA, the reigning diva. There are TICKET TOUTS, STREET TRADERS, BICYCLES, PEOPLE OF ALL CLASSES. LEFEVRE, the retiring manager, arrives with M. FIRMIN and M. ANDRE, the new owners, in their carriage. They are overdressed, overfed and quite full of themselves.

9 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

The following montage introduces the thriving world backstage and our stock company of players. Occasionally, we see LEFEVRE, ANDRE and FIRMIN walking through. CARPENTERS and PAINTERS are preparing sections of the set in the SCENERY DOCKS. A SMALL PERSON in costume steals bread from a GYPSY and runs off. A piece of the set is rolled past on castors. Behind it TWO TUMBLERS are practicing their tricks. A bevy of BALLETT GIRLS run through and up some stairs, watched closely by ANDRE and FIRMIN being shown around by LEFEVRE. Below the stairway a COSTUMED COUPLE are kissing. Above near the door an OLD MAN is sitting fast asleep. We see the COSTUME SHOPS, WIGMAKERS, PROPS, REHEARSAL HALLS, etc. The whole population of the opera house is in movement; MUSICIANS, SINGERS, DANCERS, STAGEHANDS.

10 INT. ORCHESTRA PIT - DAY

The MUSICIANS are grumbling into the ORCHESTRA PIT.

11 INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

We see a group of SPEAR CARRIERS eating a meal around a pot. They throw food out to the DOGS waiting at the door. TWO DOGS chase each other down the corridor and crash through a half-open door watched by JOSEPH BUQUET, a sinister scene shifter in overalls. He leers as he peers through a hole in the wall; unaware of him, the youngest BALLETT GIRLS are getting changed. SEAMSTRESSES and WIGMAKERS work. GROOMS tend horses. STAGEHANDS and CARPENTERS share a bottle in the crowded BACKSTAGE AREA. BUQUET follows as a few BALLETT GIRLS, including MEG GIRY - MME. GIRY's daughter - and CHRISTINE DAAE, push past him to join other girls being assembled by MME. GIRY, the severe ballet mistress, in the BACKSTAGE AREA. They are obviously late. The two young women are beautiful and innocent.

12 INT. STAGE - FLIES - DAY

We cut to a flat rising through the ropes and pulleys of the FLIES to pick up BUQUET on a ramp as a CAT runs from him, high above the stage of the opera house.

13 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

This entire montage of the coming to life of the 1870 Opera Populaire has been continually INTERCUT with shots of the HUGE CHANDELIER continuing to rise. Now it finds its destination, centered high above the magnificent theatre, surrounded by a painted ceiling.

14 INT. STAGE - DAY

OVERTURE ENDS as CARLOTTA's PIERCING HIGH NOTE (O.S.) crowns the moment and we CUT TO: CLOSE-UP of a dummy's severed head, mouth wide-open. CARLOTTA, in full voice, full glory and full bosom, with the rest of the COMPANY, is in mid-rehearsal for the elaborate new Meyerbeer-like production of *Hannibal*. Too much armour, fabric, glitz - all over-designed.

CARLOTTA

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

She is holding the severed head while her MAID and SEAMSTRESS still work on her over-designed costume. The set is still under construction, PAINTERS re-touching. STAGEHANDS walk through with ladders. CARPENTERS are hammering. The conductor, M. REYER, strongly resembling Lizst, is directing her from the orchestra pit. MME. GIRY sends her BALLET GIRLS on stage. MEG and CHRISTINE among them. They are scantily and provocatively dressed.

GIRL'S CHORUS

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

The MEN'S CHORUS enters. Now the full cast is marching and singing triumphantly.

15 INT. BELOW STAGE - DAY

We INTERCUT with the horse-driven gears below stage.

16 INT. STABLES

As the JUBILANT CHORUS rings through the entire building, FIRMIN and ANDRE excitedly rush to greet a newly arriving carriage with the DE CHAGNY family crest on the side.

RAOUL (early twenties), dashing and handsome, stands in the open carriage bringing his FINE WHITE HORSES to a halt - his LIVERIED MANSERVANT jumps from his standing position on the back of the carriage as RAOUL leaps off to be fawned on and admired by the obsequious FIRMIN and ANDRE.

17 INT. STAGE - DAY

MEN'S CHORUS

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

The MEN'S CHORUS goes backstage, changes helmets and circles back to give the appearance of a larger army. PIANGI, a puffed pigeon of a baritone, enters as HANNIBAL.

PIANGI

*Sad to return to find the land we
love threatened once more by Roma's
far-reaching grasp.*

REYER

(TO ORCHESTRA)

Er, er, gentlemen, gentlemen, er...

18 INT. STAGE (ANOTHER ANGLE) - DAY

LEFEVRE leads FIRMIN and ANDRE toward the stage. They continue to fawn over RAOUL.

LEFEVRE

*This way. Rehearsals, as you see,
are under way for a new production
of Chalueau's Hannibal.*

The cast and stagehands turn to look at them.

REYER

Monsieur Lefevre, I am rehearsing!

LEFEVRE

Monsieur Reyer, Madam Giry, ladies and gentlemen, thank you - may I have your attention, please? As you know, for some weeks there have been rumours of my imminent retirement. I can now tell you that these were all true and... it is my pleasure to introduce to you the two gentlemen who now own the Opera Populaire: Monsieur Richard Firmin and Monsieur Gilles Andre. I'm sure you've read of their recent fortune in the junk business

ANDRE

Scrap metal actually.

During this, we have cut to a moving POV from high up in the FLIES. We see people on the stage below. SOMEONE is watching. DARK SHADOWS move. Polite applause. Some bowing. We CUT back to the STAGE.

FIRMIN

And we're deeply honoured to introduce our new patron.

ANDRE

(beside himself)

The Vicomte de Chagny!!!

This is big news... ooohs, aahs, applause, bowing. CHRISTINE unseen by RAOUL, goes pale.

ANDRE

(to FIRMIN)

You know I still can't believe we managed to get him. It's such a coup for us my dear.

CHRISTINE

(to MEG)

It's Raoul...!

Meg turns, looks at her.

CHRISTINE

Before my father died... at the house by the sea... I guess you could say we were childhood sweethearts... He called me "Little Lotte".

MEG

Oh Christine... he's so handsome!

MME. GIRY shushes them as RAOUL, still unaware of CHRISTINE, embarrassed by the impressed, overly adoring crowd, speaks.

RAOUL

My parents and I are honoured to support all the arts, especially the world renowned Opera Populaire.

Carlotta moves forward aggressively.

LEFEVRE

Vicomte, Gentlemen, Signora Carlitta Guidicelli, our leading soprano for five seasons now.

Polite bow from ANDRE and FIRMIN. We can sense CARLOTTA is not popular with her co-workers and performers.

Carlotta curtsies.

MAID/SEAMSTRESS

Brava! Brava!

Seeing that CARLOTTA is flirting with RAOUL, PIANGI asserts himself.

LEFEVRE

And Signor Ubaldo Piangi.

Another bow.

RAOUL

An honour, signor... I believe
I'm keeping you for your rehearsal.
I will be here this evening to
share your great triumph.

(to REYER)

My apologies Monsieur.

More excited reactions as RAOUL dashes off with LEFEVRE.

19

INT. STAGE - DAY

REYER

(with attitude)

Thank you, Monsieur Le Vicomte.

(to PIANGI)

Er, once more, if you please,
signor.

The rehearsal continues.

CARLOTTA

(to MAID)

He love me. He love me.

ANDRE

(to RAOUL)

Thank you, sir, thank you indeed
for the wonderful words, so
inspiring and encouraging.
Everyone's going to great
encouragement from that. We'll do
our very best, I promise...

CHRISTINE and MEG still in the midst of the waiting BALLET
GIRLS.

CHRISTINE

(blowing off her
disappointment)

He wouldn't recognize me...

MEG

He didn't see you.

MME. GIRY

If you please.

The BALLET CORPS, including MEG and CHRISTINE, dressed scantily as slave girls, begin their dance, sure to be a crowd pleaser. ANDRE and FIRMIN move closer - they are almost hanging over MME. GIRY, leering at the ballet girls.

MME. GIRY
(to FIRMIN)
Monsieur.

MME. GIRY
We take a particular pride here in the excellence of our ballets, Messrs.

ANDRE
I see why. Especially that little blonde angel?
(indicating MEG)

MME. GIRY
My daughter: Meg Giry.

ANDRE has an "oops" moment as FIRMIN leers on... CHRISTINE becomes prominent among the DANCERS.

FIRMIN
And that exceptional beauty? No relation, I trust?

MME. GIRY
Christine Daae. Promising talent. Monsieur Firmin, very promising.

ANDRE
Daae, did you say? No relation to the famous Swedish violinist?

MME. GIRY
His only child... orphaned at seven when she came to live and trained in the ballet dormitories...

They admire Christine's dancing and revealing costume.

FIRMIN
(salivating)
An orphan, you say...?

MME. GIRY

I think of her as a daughter also.
Gentlemen, if you would kindly
stand to one side?

They turn their attention to a flirtatious, toothy BALLET TART, as the ballet continues to its climax and ends. The CHORUS resumes.

CHORUS

Hannibal's friends!

CARLOTTA is getting angry. The ELEPHANT, a life-size, mechanical replica, is wheeled on. PIANGI is lifted (not easily) in triumph onto its back. The elephant's trunk suddenly rears and almost hits him. The trunk falls back down. PIANGI almost falls off. CARLOTTA steams because the new managers pay no attention to her.

CHORUS

*The trumpeting elephants sound -
hear, Romans, now and tremble!
Hark to their step on the ground -
hear the drums! Hannibal comes!*

Furious, CARLOTTA almost screams her final note in their faces.

CARLOTTA

All that they want is the dancing!

20

INT. STAGE - DAY

ANDRE, suddenly aware of CARLOTTA's rage, elbows FIRMIN, who is all over the BALLET TART, and they applaud loudly. LEFEVRE returns to join them as TWO STAGEHANDS are revealed operating the ELEPHANT from within.

LEFEVRE

(to the company)
Well, the Vicomte is very excited
about tonight's gala!

CARLOTTA

As, ah-ha-ha. Allora, allora,
allora.

CARLOTTA

I hope he is excited by dancing girls as your new managers...
because I will not be singing!!!

She seeps up grandly, followed by PIANGI and her entourage.

ANDRE

Lefevre... what do we do?

LEFEVRE

Grovel. Grovel - grovel.

ANDRE

Right

ANDRE and FIRMIN dash across the stage.

FIRMIN

Signora please.

CARLOTTA

See you later because I'm going
now. It is finished.

FIRMIN

World renowned artist and great
beauty...

She slows down.

ANDRE

Principessa! Bella diva...

CARLOTTA

Si, si, si...

FIRMIN

Goddess of song!

CARLOTTA

Evello.

ANDRE

(an idea)

Monsieur Reyer... isn't there a rather marvelous aria for Elissa in Act Three of *Hannibal*? Perhaps the Signora...

CARLOTTA

(petulant)

Yes, yes, yes! Ma, no! Because I have not my costume for Act Three. Because somebody not finish it!

She glares at the Russian COSTUME DESIGNER.

CARLOTTA

And, I hate my hat!

FIRMIN

But I wonder, signora, if as a personal favour if, you would oblige us with a private rendition? Unless, of course, Monsieur Reyer objects...

CARLOTTA

(flattered)

If my managers command.

FIRMIN

(to CARLOTTA)

Ah.

REYER

(a sarcastic bow to
CARLOTTA)

My diva commands.

CARLOTTA

Yes I do. Everybody, very quiet.
Sshhh!

ANDRE

(starting to realize what
they've gotten into)

Monsieur, why exactly are you retiring?

LEFEVRE
 (coughing and lying)
 My health.

ANDRE
 I see.

CARLOTTA
 (to CHORUS)
 Sshh, sshh. You as well!

REYER
 Signora?

CARLOTTA
 Maestro.

The introduction is played on the piano. CARLOTTA is performing solely for FIRMIN and ANDRE's benefit, who are relieved and pretend to hang on every word.

CARLOTTA (CONT'D)
*Think of me, think of me fondly,
 when we've said goodbye. Remember
 me once in a while - please promise
 me you'll try.*

During this we INTERCUT between the stage and POV's from the FLIES. We see the ropes starting to twitch and the pulleys slowly loosening. There is a movement, a shadow on the ramp.

CARLOTTA (CONT'D)
*When you find, that once again you
 long to take your heart back and be
 free. If you...*

MEG screams. In the flies, a pulley suddenly gives. BUQUET comes out of a shadow a look of horror on his face. He rushes forward.

21 INT. STAGE ROOF - FLIES - DAY

The camera is plunging towards the stage. The ropes and pulleys are whirring madly and the counterweights shooting up towards FLIES. The counterweights hit the ramp knocking BUQUET off his feet and grabbing a rope, he also plummets downwards.

22 INT. STAGE - DAY

Camera still plunges towards CARLOTTA's head. The backdrop crashes an inch behind her.

PIANGI

Idiot! Oh my God, signora...
 (to PERFORMERS)
 Lift it up! Lift it up!

Meanwhile, MME. Giry looks up. She alone sees a WHITE ENVELOPE RIMMED IN BLACK fall out of the darkness above. It lands at her feet. She picks it up. She knows who it is from.

MEG

(to CHRISTINE)
 He's here... the Phantom of the
 Opera...

LEFEVRE

Signora! Are you all right?

The drop is raised high enough to reveal upstage JOSEPH BUQUET, holding a length of rope, which looks almost like a noose.

LEFEVRE (CONT'D)

Buquet! For God's sake, man,
 what's going on there?

BUQUET

(spoken)
 Please, Monsieur, don't look at me:
 as God's my judge, I wasn't at my
 post. Please, Monsieur, there's no
 one there: or if there is, well
 then, it must be a ghost...

He smirks unpleasantly.

CARLOTTA's entourage try to calm her.

ANDRE

(to CARLOTTA)
 Signora, please... These things do
 happen...

CARLOTTA

For the past years these things do happen.

(to LEFEVRE)

And did you stop them from happening? No!

(to FIRMIN and ANDRE)

And you two - you're as bad as him. "These things do happen!" Ma... until you stop these things from happening, this thing does not happen! Ubaldo! Andiamo! Bring my doggy and my boxy

PIANGI

Amateurs!

CARLOTTA

Bye-bye and ciao.

CARLOTTA

Now you see. Bye-bye, I'm really leaving.

CARLOTTA storms out, seeping up her fluffy lapdog. She is followed by PIANGI and her retinue (SEAMSTRESS, HAIRDRESSER, MAID). PIANGI is caught by his cape but undoes it.

LEFEVRE

(after a pause)

Gentlemen. Good luck. If you need me I should be in Australia!

He leaves. The COMPANY looks anxiously at the NEW MANAGERS. FIRMIN looks accusingly at ANDRE.

ANDRE

(weakly to REYER)

Signora Guidicelli, she will be coming back, won't she?

MME. GIRY

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

She reveals the letter with the black border. The GIRLS twitter and twirl in fear.

FIRMIN

Oh God in heaven, you're all
obsessed!

MME. GIRY

He welcomes you to his opera house-

FIRMIN

His opera house?

MME. GIRY

- and commands that you continue to
leave Box Five empty for his use
and reminds you that his salary is
due.

FIRMIN

His salary?

MME. GIRY

Well, Monsieur Lefevre paid him
twenty thousand francs a month.

FIRMIN

Twenty thousand francs?

MME. GIRY

Perhaps you can afford more, with
the Vicomte de Chagny as your
patron?

Reaction to this from the BALLET GIRLS. CHRISTINE, we see,
is comforting MEG.

FIRMIN

(to MME. GIRY)

Madame, I had hoped to make that
announcement public tonight
when the Vicomte was to join us at
the gala. Obviously we shall now
have to cancel as it appears we
have lost our star!

ANDRE

(the optimist)

Yeah, but surely there should be a,
um...

SINGER
 (to ANDRE)
 Understudy!

ANDRE
 ...understudy?

REYER
 (a cry)
 Understudy? There is no understudy
 for "La Carlotta"!

FIRMIN
 (to ANDRE)
 A full house, Andre. We shall have
 to refund a full house!

Pause.

MME. GIRY
 Christine Daae could sing it, sir.

All attention turns to CHRISTINE.

ANDRE
 What, a chorus girl? Don't be
 silly.

MME. GIRY
 She has been taking lessons from a
 great teacher.

CHRISTINE looks terrified. The older BALLET GIRLS are
 glaring at her.

POV from the FLIES. Someone is still watching.

ANDRE
 (to CHRISTINE)
 Who?

CHRISTINE
 (uneasily)
 I don't know his name, Monsieur.

MME. GIRY knows.

MME. GIRY

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

ANDRE

All right.

(to CHRISTINE)

Come on, don't be shy... Come on.
Come along. Just, just...

REYER

(after a pause)

From the beginning of the aria
then, mam'selle.

The entire company watches as Christine nervously move centre stage:

FIRMIN

Andre, this is doing nothing for my
nerves.

ANDRE

Oh, she's very pretty.

Reyer gives Christine two bars then:

CHRISTINE

*Think of me, think of me fondly,
when we've said goodbye. Remember
me once in a while - please promise
me you'll try.*

Again, here, we see the stage from high up in the flies. The Phantom's POV. Someone is watching.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*When you find that, once again, you
long to take your heart back and be
free if you ever find a moment
spare a thought for me...*

As she sings, we see everyone's reactions; REYER, MME. GIRY and MEG encouraging, ANDRE and FIRMIN beginning to smile, the STAGEHANDS, CHIPPIES and PAINTERS downing tools to listen, and some of the older BALLET GIRLS gnashing their teeth. Other STAGEHANDS and PERFORMERS appear in the wings to listen to CHRISTINE. The entire population of the opera house is spellbound by CHRISTINE's voice.

23 INT. STAGE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The magic, glamour and majesty of a gala performance. We are moving around CHRISTINE and , as we move behind her, the light changes. we come around the other side to reveal the packed gala auditorium. REYER is conducting a full orchestra, the gas lights are flickering.

CHRISTINE is revealed in a dazzling white costume backed by a lavish Meyerbeer-like set (moon, stars, moving clouds, a waterfall) and WHITE HORSES adorned with white wings, tended by two boys - turbaned with silver masks.

CHRISTINE

*We never said our love was
evergreen, or as unchanging as the
sea - but if you can still remember
stop and think of me... Think of
all the things we've shared and
seen - don't think about the way
things might have been... Think of
me, think of me waking silent and
resigned.*

24 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

We see dozens of opera glasses raised to watch CHRISTINE.

25 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

CHRISTINE

*Imagine me, trying too hard to put
you from my mind*

Camera travels from CHRISTINE to REYER - down past the musicians, through the orchestra pit...

26 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - PHANTOM'S LAIR - NIGHT

Down through the underbelly of the stage. Down, down, ever downward - into the very bowels of the ancient stone structure which is part of the canals and locks, symbiotic with the Seine river. Somewhere in the rippling watery light - a DARK CREATURE of the night thrills to her voice - he is hidden by shadows, but we know he's there.

27 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

CHRISTINE

Recall those days, look back on all those times, think of the things, we'll never do. There will never be a day when I won't think of you...

28 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

During this, we see the audience. The men in tailcoats and gloves, the women in dazzling gowns and jewellery. The whole of the French aristocracy is here in the boxes, the stalls and circles. In THE ROYAL BOX sit EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON III, THE EMPRESS and THEIR ENTOURAGE.

In another, we see FIRMIN, ANDRE and young RAOUL. They are all delighted, looking at the audience and CHRISTINE on stage. THE EMPEROR claps in mid-aria, giving permission to the rest of the glittering crowd. Applause, bravos. Prominent among the bravos, those of young RAOUL in Box Five. He leaps up.

RAOUL

Can it be? Can it be Christine?
(shouting)
Bravo!

We follow him as he leaves the box.

29 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOX FIVE - NIGHT

RAOUL rushes out of the box, past MME. GIRY who has been standing near it. As she closes the door, we see the number on the door: Box Five. She watches him run toward the stairs.

30 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

The foyers are empty apart from a few guards at ease and the USHERETTES waiting.

RAOUL

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

We INTERCUT this with CHRISTINE on stage:

31 INT. STAGE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

CHRISTINE

*Flowers fade, the fruits of summer
fade. They have their seasons. So
do we. But please promise me that
sometimes you will think...*

(cadenza)

...of me!

There is a pause. Camera circles CHRISTINE's face and then cranes to reveal the huge audience waiting. Then, we see the EMPEROR applauding and, suddenly the whole house erupts. This continues over:

ANDRE

(to CHRISTINE)

Brava! Magnifica! Stupenda!

REYER

(to CHRISTINE)

Bravo.

32 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

A MAID, CARLOTTA's maid, runs out of a door into the courtyard toward a waiting closed carriage. CARLOTTA leans into the window. The MAID reports CHRISTINE's triumph. CARLOTTA collapses back into the carriage against PIANGI. He tries to console her but she slaps him.

33 INT. BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The audience is crowding into the backstage corridors. Among them, RAOUL trying to find CHRISTINE. There is a crush on the stairs leading up to the dressing rooms, a mixture of ARISTOCRATS (some flirting with the BALLET GIRLS), STAGEHANDS and SINGERS. Bottles of champagne are popping, flowers are being delivered. RAOUL is trying to fight his way through. Camera follows MEG, also looking for CHRISTINE, she moves into...

34 INT. BACKSTAGE - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...a deserted part of the building. Eerie. Meg goes out of shot and the camera goes down a small STONE STAIRWAY. It leads to a small set of doors. We go through to find...

35 INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

...CHRISTINE, in costume, kneeling in a tiny chapel. She is lighting a candle which she places in front of a plaque. Fixed to the plaque is a daguerreotype of her FATHER. There is a sculpted violin in front. (NB. Her FATHER should vaguely resemble the PHANTOM when disguised). We notice that there are plaques all along the wall, each with a little sculpture describing the profession of the deceased member of the Opera Populaire: ballet shoes, instruments, etc. CHRISTINE kneels to pray. She hears:

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)
Brava, Brava, Bravissima...

And a phrase on the violin. CHRISTINE looks up, drawn to the sound.

36 INT. BACKSTAGE - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MEG is still searching for CHRISTINE.

MEG
Christine... Christine...

She sees the little stairway leading to the chapel.

37 INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)
Christine...

But MEG has arrived in the chapel, giving CHRISTINE a start.

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

CHRISTINE
(slowly)
Meg... When your mother brought me
here to live...

38 INT. OPERA POPULAIRE, FOYER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Dark. Empty. A seven-year old CHRISTINE, accompanied by MME. Giry, arrives at the Opera House. They are both in black. Someone is watching from the shadows.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
Whenever I would come here alone to
light a candle for my father...

39 INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Young CHRISTINE on her knees lighting the candle in the chapel. When she hears a haunting voice.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
A voice from above...

CAMERA TRAVELS above the small chapel to see a shape of a shadow singing to CHRISTINE through an elaborate filigreed grill.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
And in my dreams... he was always
there

40 INT. BALLET DORM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

THE YOUNG CHRISTINE sleeps in the BALLET DORM - the bed next to YOUNG MEG's. She wakes to a MAGICAL VOICE. She is enthralled and inspired. CAMERA TRAVELS through a small round window that leads...

41 EXT. OPERA ROOF - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

...to the MAGNIFICENT STATUES ON THE ROOF that overlooks all of Paris. The dark silhouette sings and plays the violin...

CHRISTINE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
You see... When my father lay
dying...

42 INT. SMALL BEDROOM/SEASIDE COTTAGE FLASHBACK - DAWN

CHRISTINE's FATHER dying in his small bed, whispering to the YOUNG CHRISTINE. A YOUNGER MME. GIRY catches sadly, from a distance.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
 He told me I would be protected by
 an Angel... an Angel of Music...

43 INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

MEG
 Christine... do you believe? ...Do
 you think the spirit of your father
 is coaching you?

CHRISTINE
 Who else, Meg? Who...???
 (Distracted)
*Father once spoke of an angel... I
 used to dream he'd appear... Now,
 as I sing, I can sense him... and
 I know he's here...*
 (trance-like)
*Here in this room he calls me
 softly... somewhere inside...
 hiding... Somehow, I know he's
 always with me... He - the unseen
 genius...*

MEG moves toward her and begins to lead her out of the
 chapel.

MEG
*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...*

44 INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

[This is actually part of the stage] Me is leading CHRISTINE
 down the corridor.

CHRISTINE
 (not hearing her,
 ecstatic)
*Angel of Music! Guide and
 guardian! Grant to me your glory!*

We see the rafters above them.

MEG
Who is this angel?

45 INT. STAGE - FLIES - NIGHT

Flies raise and lower as BUQUET, busy securing ropes, watches them, lecherously. They are unaware of his presence.

46 INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

BOTH
*Angel of Music! Hide no longer!
 Secret and strange angel...*

CHRISTINE
 (darkly)
He's with me even now...

MEG
 (bewildered)
Your hands are cold...

CHRISTINE
All around me...

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

CHRISTINE
It frightens me...

MEG
Don't be frightened...

47 INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

They arrive in the corridor and find an adoring crowd of FANS. They move through the crowd toward CHRISTINE's dressing room amid bravos and flowers... RAOUL sees them but cannot reach them. Meanwhile, FIRMIN and ANDRE are trying to make their way toward CHRISTINE, in high spirits, bearing champagne, and fawned over by the TOOTHY BALLET TART and an equally available CHORUS GIRL.

ANDRE
*A tour de force! No other way to
 describe it!*

FIRMIN

What a relief! Not a single
refund.

ANDRE

(to FIRMIN)

You know it's opera tradition to
drink champagne from your star's
slipper.

FIRMIN

I've never been one for tradition.

He grabs the bottle from ANDRE and swigs from it.

48 INT. CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

MME. GIRY ushers CHRISTINE into the room. It is filled with
flowers.

MME. GIRY (CONT'D)

(to CHRISTINE)

You did very well, my dear. He is
pleased with you.

She hands CHRISTINE a SINGLE RED rose with a black ribbon
obviously from HIM.

49 INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RAOUL finally joins ANDRE and FIRMIN near the dressing room.

FIRMIN

Ah, Vicomte, I think we've made
quite a discovery with Miss Daae!

ANDRE

Perhaps we can present her to you,
dear Vicomte.

RAOUL

Gentlemen, if you wouldn't mind.
This is one visit I should prefer
to make unaccompanied..

He takes the champagne from FIRMIN.

RAOUL
But thank you.

They bow and move off.

FIRMIN
It would appear they've met
before...

ANDRE
Yes.

50 INT. BACKSTAGE - CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTINE is sitting at her mirror. It is surrounded by roses. There are candles around her. RAOUL enters:

RAOUL
(spoken)
"Little Lotte let her mind
wander..."

CHRISTINE is puzzled.

RAOUL
"Little Lotte thought: am I fonder
of dolls... or of goblins... of
shoes..."

CHRISTINE
Raoul.

RAOUL
"...Or of riddles, of
frocks..."

CARLOTTA
Those picnics in the attic...

RAOUL
"...Or of chocolates..."

CHRISTINE
Father playing the violin...

RAOUL
As we read to each other dark
stories of the North...

They embrace and laugh.

CHRISTINE

"No - What I love best, Lottie
said, is when I'm asleep in my bed,
(sung)
*And the angel of music sings songs
in my head!"*

BOTH

*"...The Angel of Music sings songs
in my head!"*

CHRISTINE

(turning in her chair to
look at RAOUL)
Father said, "When I'm in heaven,
child, I will send the Angel of
Music to you." Well, father is
dead, Raoul, and I have been
visited by the Angel of Music.

RAOUL

No doubt of it. And now we go to
supper!

CHRISTINE

(firmly)
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'll order my
carriage. Two minutes - Little
Lotte.

He hurries out, closing the door.

CHRISTINE

(calling after him)
Raoul! No, wait!

57 EXT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We are close on her DRESSING ROOM DOOR - A PERFECTLY GLOVED HAND turns the key in the outside door. Removing the key, the hand disappears. CAMERA TRACKS to find MME. GIRY watching from the shadows.

58 INT. CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Unaware of this, and while thunderous music swells, CHRISTINE has started changing into her dressing gown. Tremulous music. CHRISTINE turns and hears the PHANTOM'S VOICE, seemingly through the timbers of the theatre.

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)
*Insolent boy! This slave of
fashion, basking in your glory!
Ignorant fool! This brave, young
suitor, sharing in my triumph!*

59 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The angry sound of the PHANTOM'S voice is heard by some; MEG, MME. GIRY, BUQUET.

60 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Dark. Empty.

60A INT. AUDITORIUM - STAGE - NIGHT

Shots showing the opera house closed down for the night; the LAMPLIGHTERS extinguishing the lights along the stage, doors closing etc...

61 INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - SAME

Dark. Empty.

62

INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME

CHRISTINE

(spellbound)

*Angel! I hear you! speak - I
listen... stay by my side, guide
me! Angel, my soul was weak -
forgive me... Enter at last,
Master!*

PHANTOM'S VOICE

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

Very dimly, behind the mirror, we begin to glimpse the white of the PHANTOM'S mask over CHRISTINE'S reflection. Slowly, through the following, the shape becomes more and more defined.

CHRISTINE

(ecstatic)

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

PHANTOM

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

CHRISTINE, mesmerized in a Svengali/Trilby-like hypnotic trance, is drawn towards the glass.

63

INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RAOUL has returned. He hears the voices and is puzzled. He tries the door. It is locked.

RAOUL

(spoken)

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

64 INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Inside the room, the PHANTOM beckons to CHRISTINE from inside the mirror. She is in such a TRANCE, all we see is like a dream. He extends his hand through the mirror.

PHANTOM
I am your Angel of Music...

RAOUL
Christine! Christine!

PHANTOM
Come to me: Angel of Music...

Spellbound, CHRISTINE magically takes his hand and glides through the mirror.

65 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Led by the PHANTOM, CHRISTINE has stepped into the PHANTOM's world. We are in CHRISTINE's mind now, and we experience his world from her POV. This is not the same way this world would look when MEG and the lynch mob at the end of the film see it. In her mind, it's all magic. The narrow HALLWAY they enter first is SHIMMERING, REFLECTIVE and lit by TORCHES held by HUMAN HANDS.

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

66 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

CHRISTINE and the PHANTOM are moving down a voluptuous, spiral staircase down into the belly of the building. The walls here are covered with huge opera posters. The PHANTOM carries a torch.

CHRISTINE
*And do I dream again? For now I
find the Phantom of the Opera is
there - inside my mind...*

68 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/UNDERGROUND TUNNELS/RAMPS - NIGHT

The PHANTOM is leading CHRISTINE, dressed in white, on the black horse. The architecture is steadily becoming more voluptuous and fantastic as they descend. Open-mouthed gargoyles stare from the walls.

PHANTOM

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

69 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/STAIRCASE/LAGOON - NIGHT

They arrive at the top of a wide staircase which leads straight down to the lagoon and a moored boat. The PHANTOM leads the horse down the staircase.

PHANTOM

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

The PHANTOM and CHRISTINE step into the boat and set off.

70 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/UNDERGROUND CANAL - NIGHT

The boat, guided by the PHANTOM, is gliding along the canal. Gargoyles and torches along the walls.

CHRISTINE

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

PHANTOM

It's me they hear...

BOTH

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

The gargoyles seem to sing as CHRISTINE stares at them.

71 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/LOCK/PHANTOM'S LAIR

They seem to have reached a wall, the end of the canal. The PHANTOM turns to CHRISTINE.

And we realize the water level is slowly descending, that we have reached a lock, one of the PHANTOM's devices.

CHRISTINE

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

PHANTOM

Sing for me! Sing, my angel of music... Sing, my angel... Sing my angel! Sing for me! (etc.)

She begins to vocalize strangely, her song climbing higher and higher in pitch. The water and the boat descend as her voice ascends. A curtain of water parts.

72 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - PHANTOM'S LAIR - NIGHT

The PHANTOM's lair is revealed to us. It is a fantastic grotto shaped like a harbour. As she reaches her final climatic note, candles magically rise through the water, ALREADY ALIGHT. The boat glides through the harbour.

Behind it a portcullis descends and a curtain closes in front of it. The lair surrounds the harbour. On one side we see the PHANTOM's pipe organ; all around are huge mirrors covered in dust sheets. We will also notice the PHANTOM's model of the opera house. The PHANTOM steps onto the shore, leaving CHRISTINE in the boat. He begins to light candles.

PHANTOM

I have brought you to the seat of sweet music's throne... to this kingdom where all must pay homage to music... music... You have come here, for one purpose, and one alone... Since the moment I first heard you sing, I have needed you with me, to serve me, to sing, for my music... my music...

The PHANTOM begins to lead the boat gently by a rope around the lair. He is lighting candles as he does so.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

(Changing mood)

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

The PHANTOM lights more candles revealing more of the lair. With the rope, he continues gently to guide CHRISTINE and the boat from the shore. She is in a trance. Mesmerized and hypnotized by this stunning, sexual master.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Slowly, gently night unfurls its splendour... Grasp it, sense it - tremulous and tender... Turn your face away from the garish light of day, turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling light - and listen to the music of the night. Close your eyes and surrender to your darkest dreams! Purge your thoughts of the life you knew before! Close your eyes, let your spirit start to soar! And you'll live as you've never lived before...

The PHANTOM has stepped into the water and walks toward the boat and CHRISTINE. This is highly sexual. She is completely in his spell.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you... Hear it, feel it secretly possess you... Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind in this darkness that you know you cannot fight - the darkness of the music of the night...

He lifts CHRISTINE out of the boat, her arms are around his neck, and is carrying her toward the shore. Their faces are very close. His love for her has consumed him.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

*Let your mind start a journey
through a strange, new world!
Leave all thoughts of the life you
knew before! Let your soul take
you where you long to be! Only
then can you belong to me...*

They reach the shore and the PHANTOM carries her toward a carved staircase. He lets her caress his mask, his hand reaches out to her face, travels down her neck and breasts. He carries her up the staircase which leads to a second grotto.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

*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...*

73

INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR/BEDROOM - NIGHT

They step through into the second grotto. It is dominated by a huge bed in the shape of a black swan. The PHANTOM puts her down. She turns and is confronted by an AUTOMAT. This one is a life-sized duplicate of herself in a wedding gown, surrounded by a mirror. It's too bizarre. CHRISTINE faints and falls back where he lays her down, tenderly and sensuously.

PHANTOM

*You alone can make my song take
flight - help me make the music of
the night...*

The PHANTOM has slowly been drawing a series of sheer curtains around the bed until, as the music resolves, the curtains obscure both him and CHRISTINE and we...

FADE TO BLACK

74 INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Out of the blackness steps MEG GIRY. She is looking for CHRISTINE. The building is deserted, shadows everywhere. MEG is a tiny figure in the darkness, vulnerable and frightened.

MEG
(whispers)
Christine...

75 INT. THEATRE - SAME

Dark. Empty.

76 INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

MEG steps into the dressing room. The gas light has been turned down low. She moves toward the dressing table covered in flowers. Next to it, we see her reflection in the full-length mirror. Suddenly, the gas light goes out. The room is plunged into darkness. Startled, she turns to the mirror and glimpses a shadow behind her reflection. Her hand reaches up, she steps to one side and suddenly the panel NEXT to the mirror swivels silently and gathers her through to the other side (i.e. we see the mechanics of what seemed at first magic). MEG has found CHRISTINE's route to the PHANTOM's world.

77 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MEG comes into shot and sees the dressing room on the other side of the mirror. Shadows seem to follow. It is dark, damp and dangerous. A rat scampers through. A shadow appears directly behind MEG. A hand reaches out and grabs her shoulder. MEG turns in terror. It is her mother, MME. GIRY.

78 INT. BALLET GIRL'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Ten minutes later, BUQUET, showing off, is aping the PHANTOM, to the BALLET GIRLS (older ones included), who are dressed for bed. A length of fabric serves as his cloak and a piece of rope as the Punjab lasso. The toothy older BALLET TART and her CHORUS GIRL buddy, arrive home after a wild night with her bosses.

BUQUET

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

Demonstrating the PHANTOM's method, he lassoes one of the girls. With a mixture of horror and delight, the BALLET GIRLS applaud this demonstration. BUQUET is clearly enjoying this.

BUQUET (CONT'D)

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

Behind BUQUET, MME. GIRY has entered with MEG.

MME. GIRY

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

She takes the noose from his hand, drops it around his head, and inserts his hand between the rope and his neck.

MME. GIRY (CONT'D)

*Joseph Buquet, hold your tongue -
keep your hand at the level of your
eyes...*

She pulls the rope taut. BUQUET's hand saves him from being strangled.

79

INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR/LATER THAT NIGHT

The PHANTOM is seated at the organ, playing with furious concentration. He breaks off occasionally to write the music down. He stills wears his evening trousers, but a loose velvet robe hangs open, revealing his well developed physique.

CHRISTINE is asleep. Beside the bed there is the musical box; THE MONKEY AND THE BARREL ORGAN. Mysteriously, it plays as CHRISTINE wakes up. The music keeps her in a half-trance as she steps out of the bed and walks toward the mouth of the grotto.

CHRISTINE

*I remember there was mist...
swirling mist upon a vast, glassy
Lake... there were candles all
around and on the lake there was a
boat, and in the boat there was a
man...*

She sees the PHANTOM sitting at his organ. His mask and hair perfect, bare chested in the flowing robe, he is once again a strong sexual presence CHRISTINE is attracted to. He is trying to finish a melody ("POINT OF NO RETURN"). As she approaches, she takes over the melody and, vocalizing, finds a solution to it. He then plays the middle section as she listens. She is behind him, very close. Together they complete the song, musically as one. The melody continues on the violin as the PHANTOM notates it on his score.

CHRISTINE

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

She lovingly caresses his face. He responds deeply to her touch. Almost like a lover, removing a veil, CHRISTINE takes off the mask. The PHANTOM springs up, throwing her violently to the ground and turns on her furiously. We see only a flash of his rotting face. In his wrath, he runs to the huge mirrors around the lair, tearing off the dust covers. CHRISTINE is surrounded by a hundred reflections of the PHANTOM.

PHANTOM

*Damn you! You little prying
Pandora! You little demon - is
this what you wanted to see? Curse
you! You little lying Delilah!
You little viper - now you cannot
ever be free!*

(weakening)

Damn you... curse you...

(a pause)

*Stranger than you dreamt it... can
you even dare to look or bear to
think of me: this loathsome
gargoyle, who burns in bell, but*

(MORE)

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*secretly yearns for heaven,
 secretly... Christine...*

CHRISTINE is near tears. Her heart is moved by this poor man.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*Fear can turn to love - you'll
 learn to see, to find the man
 behind the monster, this...
 repulsive carcass, who seems a
 beast, but secretly dreams of
 beauty, secretly... secretly...
 Oh, Christine...*

Pitifully, he holds out his hand for the mask, and filled with sympathy, she gives it to him. He puts on the mask.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*Come we must return - those two
 fools who run my theatre will be
 missing you.*

80 INT./EXT. ROOF (MEG'S POV) - NIGHT

...sees the spectre of the Phantom leading Christine across the roof.

81 INT. BALLET GIRL'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

MEG
*He's there - the Phantom of the
 Opera!*

The other BALLET GIRLS scream. MME. GIRY claps her hands to order the girls to bed.

MME. GIRY
 Au lit! Au lit!

82 INT. BACKSTAGE/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MME. GIRY locks the doors of the dormitory. She looks up and sees at the top of a staircase, CHRISTINE, backlit by the moon, still deep in a trance. CHRISTINE walks down towards her and almost faints into MME. GIRY's arms as she reaches her. MME. GIRY leads her away. Unknown to both, BUQUET has

been watching them. And unknown to BUQUET, from the doorway above, the PHANTOM has been watching him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE / BACK TO 1919
(BLACK AND WHITE GRAINY FOOTAGE AGAIN)

The NURSE/NUN and the LIVERIED CHAUFFEUR assist the frail RAOUL into the back of his elegant car. As the NURSE and DRIVER get seated, RAOUL looks up to see MME. GIRY leaving the theatre. As his car moves away slowly, they both look to each other - two old friends that have shared many dark secrets - who know they will probably never see each other again. With great effort, RAOUL makes a chivalrous gesture. He raises his silk top hat and places it over his heart.

MME. GIRY is moved, and does a tiny, elegant curtsy. RAOUL leaving his hat off, rests back in the expensive leather seat. His mind once again fills with haunted dreams of the past. He looks in the SIDE MIRROR.

His POV. The old, SCARRED THEATRE disappearing in the distance. CAMERA moves in closer to his EYES as rear view BLACK AND WHITE SIDE MIRROR fills the screen and it ONCE AGAIN bursts into COLOUR and we are:

84 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - 1870 - MORNING

FIRMIN walks hurriedly toward the theatre, carrying a newspaper, LARGE QUEUES outside the theatre. Everybody wants a ticket.

86A INT. GRAND FOYER - DAY

Passing CLEANERS with mops, FIRMIN enters, reading:

FIRMIN

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

*(he lowers the paper)
Bad news on soprano scene - first
Carlotta, now Christine! Still at
(MORE)*

FIRMIN (CONT'D)

*least the seats get sold - gossip's
worth its weight in gold...*

He strides towards ANDRE's office at the other end.

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 - Have a
scandal and you're sure to have a
hint!*

ANDRE bursts out of his office, in a temper, confronting
FIRMIN in the busy corridor.

ANDRE

*Damnably? will they all walk out?
this is damnably!*

FIRMIN

*Andre, please don't shout... it's
publicity! And the take is vast!
Free publicity!*

ANDRE

*(groans)
But we have no cast...*

FIRMIN

*(calmly)
But, Andre, have you seen the
queue?*

FIRMIN is now leading him back to his office ANDRE produces a
black bordered letter.

FIRMIN (CONT'D)

Oh, it seems you've got one too...

As they march in. ANDRE opens the letter and reads:

ANDRE

*"Dear Andre, what a charming gala!
Christine was, in a word, sublime.
We were hardly bereft when Carlotta
left - on that note, the diva's a
disaster, must you cast her when
she's seasons past her prime?"*

Meanwhile, FIRMIN has picked up another letter from his desk.
It also has a black border. He reads it out:

FIRMIN

*"Dear Firmin, just a quick
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!"*

BOTH

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

FIRMIN

*(studying both notes)
These are both signed "O.G."...*

ANDRE

Who the hell is he?

BOTH

*(immediately realizing)
"Opera ghost!"*

And back down the corridor.

FIRMIN

It's nothing short of shocking

ANDRE

He's mocking our position

FIRMIN

In addition he wants money!

ANDRE

What a funny aberration...

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

They are interrupted by the arrival from the stairs of RAOUL,
who brandishes another of the PHANTOM's notes.

RAOUL
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 - 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!

All three start off back towards FIRMIN's office.

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 mangers look mystified.

RAOUL

*Well, if you didn't write it, who
did?*

90

INT. GRAND FOYER - DAY

They are just about to go into FIRMIN's office when CARLOTTA, closely followed by PIANGI and her retinue (SEAMSTRESS, MAID, HAIRDRESSER) explodes into the foyer and heads up the grand staircase. She, too, has a letter, which has cheered her no more than the others.

CARLOTTA

Where is he?

ANDRE

*(delighted)
Ah, welcome back!*

CARLOTTA

Your precious patron - where is he?

RAOUL

What is it now?

They all go toward FIRMIN's office, as CARLOTTA confronts RAOUL.

91

INT. GRAND FOYER - DAY

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 AND PIANGI

You didn't send it?

RAOUL

Of course not!

FIRMIN

What's going on...?

CARLOTTA

(to RAOUL)

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

RAOUL

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

RAOUL takes the letter and reads it:

RAOUL

*"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. They escort CARLOTTA toward the grand staircase. EVERYONE has followed them.

ANDRE AND 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...*

And walk straight into MME. GIRY accompanied by MEG.

MME. GIRY
Miss Daae has returned.

FIRMIN
 (looking at RAOUL)
*I hope no worse for wear as we're
 concerned*

ANDRE
Where precisely is she now?

MME. GIRY
*I thought it best that she was
 alone...*

MEG
She needed rest...

RAOUL
May I see her?

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

CARLOTTA AND PIANGI
Will she sing? Will she sing?

ANDRE and FIRMIN try to escape up the stairs. EVERYONE follows.

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

They all groan.

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

FIRMIN
 (snatching it)
Please!

He 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:

94

INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR - DAY

The PHANTOM's model of the Opera Populaire. We see in particular the stage of the opera house with the set for *Il Muto*. Figurines, exact reproductions of the cast, IN WAX, CARLOTTA and CHRISTINE included, populate the stage.

The PHANTOM's hand, in a white glove, comes into shot. It removes the head from the CHRISTINE figurine and swaps it with that of CARLOTTA's.

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (taking over)
Christine Daae has returned to you, and I am anxious her career should progress. In the new production of Il Muto, you will therefore cast Carlotta as the pageboy, and put Miss Daae in the role of Countess. The role which Miss Daae plays calls for charm and appeal, the role of the Pageboy is silent - which makes my casting, in a word, ideal.

We also see Box Five within the model:

PHANTOM (O.S.)
 I shall watch the performance from my normal seat in Box Five, which
 (MORE)

PHANTOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 will be kept empty for me. Should
 these commands be ignored, a
 disaster beyond your imagination
 will occur...

The PHANTOM's hand taps the miniature chandelier of the model
 opera house. We INTERCUT this with:

95 INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

The real chandelier tinkles as if disturbed by a gust of
 wind.

95A INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME

Workers look up and react to tinkling chandelier.

96 INT. GRAND FOYER - DAY

EVERYONE looks up as if they heard the distant sound of the
 chandelier.

FIRMIN
 (taking over)
 "...I remain, Gentlemen, Your
 obedient servant, O.G."

CARLOTTA
Christine

CARLOTTA barrels towards the grand staircase. EVERYONE
 follows.

ANDRE
Whatever next...?

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

FIRMIN
This is insane...

CARLOTTA plunges down the stairs followed by EVERYONE.

CARLOTTA
I know who sent this:
 (pointing an accusing
 (MORE)

CARLOTTA (CONT'D)

finger)
The Vicomte - her lover!

RAOUL

(ironical)
Indeed?
 (to the others)
Can you believe this?

FIRMIN

(to Carlotta, in protest)
Signora!

She heads for the DOORS TO THE THEATRE.

98 INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

AS EVERYONE races down the corridor, other SINGERS, DANCERS, HAIR and MAKEUP ARTISTS appear out of the dressing rooms to watch.

CARLOTTA

(half to the MANAGERS,
 half to herself)
O traditori!

ANDRE

This changes nothing!

CARLOTTA

O mentitori!

FIRMIN

Signora!

99 INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

And they all arrive in CARLOTTA's dressing room. She is like a whirlwind: trunks and cases appear, dresses, boas, wigs, furs, shoes, fly through the air into the trunks. She is packing to leave.

ANDRE

You are our star!

FIRMIN

And always will be!

ANDRE

Signora...

FIRMIN

The man is mad!

ANDRE

We don't take orders!

FIRMIN

(announcing it to
everyone)

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

ANDRE AND FIRMIN

Carlotta will be playing the lead!

CARLOTTA

(waxing melodramatic)
*it's useless trying to
appease me... you're only
saying this to please me! I
will not listen! You thus
insult the honour of your
prima donna? Padre mio!
Dio!*

PIANGI

*... appease her ... to please
... her ... padre mio! ...
dio!*

Who scorn his word, beware to those... The angel sees, the
angel knows

You have reviled me!

You have rebuked me!

Signora, pardon us...?

You have replaced me!

Please, Signora, we beseech you...

This hour shall see your darkest fears...

Signora, sing for us!

Don't be a martyr

What new surprises lie in store?

Our star...!

Would you please give this to Miss Daae?

105 INT. FOYER - DAY

ANDRE and FIRMIN steal behind her, close the doors and stand with their backs to them. All look at CARLOTTA, as the MANAGERS approach her lovingly.

ANDRE

Your public needs you!

FIRMIN

We need you, too!

CARLOTTA

(unassuaged)

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

ANDRE AND FIRMIN

Signora, no! the world wants you!

106 INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CARLOTTA is preparing for the evening performance of *Il Muto*. She is surrounded by her SEAMSTRESS, WIGMAKER, MAID and PIANGI.

Through the following, she is strapped into her corset, bosoms heaving, perfume, powdered, wigs and beauty spots are applied. Most importantly, she is constantly spraying her throat from a crystal bottle. Meanwhile, ANDRE and FIRMIN fawn magnificently; they have brought her bonbons, oysters, huge flowers, another nasty little dog. PIANGI groans. They drink champagne from her slipper, FIRMIN a little disgusted by this, and grovel like pros.

ANDRE AND FIRMIN

*Prima Donna, First Lady of the
stage! Your devotees are on their
knees to implore you!*

We INTERCUT this with:

107 INT. BACKSTAGE/DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

...RAOUL searching for CHRISTINE. We also intercut with:

108 INT. BACKSTAGE/HUMBLE DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

MME. GIRY is preparing a very nervous CHRISTINE as the PAGEBOY. MEG is with them.

109 INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

ANDRE

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

FIRMIN

Think of how they all adore you!

BOTH

Prima Donna, enchant us once again!

ANDRE

Think of your muse...

FIRMIN

*And of the queues round the
theatre!*

BOTH

*Can you deny us the triumph in
store!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN/PIANGI

Sing, Prima Donna, once more!

110 INT. BACKSTAGE/CORRIDORS - NIGHT

We continue intercutting with RAOUL searching for CHRISTINE.

RAOUL

Christine spoke of an angel...

111 INT. BACKSTAGE/CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CARLOTTA
 (to herself in triumph)
*Prima Donna, your song shall live
 again!*

ANDRE/FIRMIN/PIANGI
 (to CARLOTTA)
Think of your public!

CARLOTTA
*You took a snub, but there's a
 public who needs you!*

MME. GIRY
 (referring to CHRISTINE)
*She has heard the voice of the
 angel of music...*

ANDRE/FIRMIN/PIANGI
 (to CARLOTTA)
*Those who hear your voice liken you
 to an angel!*

CARLOTTA
*Think of their cry of undying
 support!*

CONTINUE INTERCUTS (CONTINUOUS MUSIC)

112 INT. BACKSTAGE - DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RAOUL is making his way to Box Five.

113 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

CARLOTTA, followed by her RETINUE and ANDRE and FIRMIN, PIANGI now carrying two little dogs, is now moving toward the wings. She travels past the COSTUME and PROP SHOPS, the SCENERY DOCKS, while ANDRE and FIRMIN encourage other SINGERS and DANCERS to follow and SING her praises. CARLOTTA is continuously spraying her mouth with the little crystal bottle.

114 INT. STAGE - PIT - FLIES - NIGHT

Shots which show the theatre coming to life for the evening performance; MUSICIANS arriving in the PIT; BUQUET directing operations up in the FLIES; the huge bed of *Il Muto* being wheeled on stage.

 ANDRE
 (to FIRMIN)
 We get our opera...

 FIRMIN
 (to ANDRE)
 She gets her limelight!

115 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

BALLET GIRLS and the CHORUS dress. PROPS are readied. MEG and MME. GIRY attend CHRISTINE. (All INTERCUT with CARLOTTA and COMPANY getting ready.)

 CARLOTTA
 *Follow where the limelight leads
 you!*

 ANDRE AND FIRMIN
 (aside)
 Leading ladies are a trial!

 CARLOTTA
 *Prima Donna, your song shall never
 die!*

 PIANGI
 When she sing, we see heaven!

 CARLOTTA
 *You'll sing again, and to unending
 ovation!*

 RAOUL
 *Orders! Warnings! Lunatic
 demands!*

ANDRE AND FIRMIN
*Lunatic demands are regular
occurrences*

CARLOTTA
*Think how you'll shine in that
final encore!*

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

RAOUL
*... I must see these demands are
rejected!*

ANDRE AND 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!*

ANDRE AND 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!*

MME. GIRY
*For, if his curse is on the
opera...*

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

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

ALL

Light up the stage with that age-old rapport! Sing, Prima Donna, once more!

116 INT. WINGS/STAGE - NIGHT

CARLOTTA and her RETINUE, ANDRE and FIRMIN, have arrived on the edge of the opera stage. They are now accompanied by other SINGERS, DANCERS, STAGEHANDS. The huge set beckons as the music rises and EVERYONE'S eye are on CARLOTTA.

THE OVERTURE TO *Il Muto*

117 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

We see the stage of the opera house. The red house curtains are in. The house is packed.

119 INT. WINGS/STAGE - NIGHT

The PERFORMERS waiting for the opera to begin. Meanwhile, in the wings, the PHANTOM'S hand comes into shot. Unseen by all, it reaches for CARLOTTA'S throat spray and swaps it for an identical crystal flask. The overture comes to an end...

120 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The curtains rise for the beginning of the opera.

A PERFORMANCE OF *Il Muto*

121 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The set is an eighteenth century salon, a canopied bed centre stage. The COUNTESS is played by CARLOTTA. SERAFIMO, the pageboy, is disguised as her maid and is played by CHRISTINE. At this point, they are hidden behind the drapes of the bed, which are drawn. We see them waiting for their cue. CARLOTTA yanks the cap on CHRISTINE'S head, trying to cover part of her face. In the room are TWO EPICENE MEN: one a HAIRDRESSER and one a JEWELLER. The JEWELLER is attended by MEG dressed as a MAID. There is also an OLDER WOMAN, the COUNTESS'S CONFIDANTE. ALL, apart from MEG, are gossiping with relish about the COUNTESS'S current liaison with SERAFIMO.

CONFIDANTE

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

1ST FOP

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

2ND FOP

His Lordship is a laughing-stock!

CONFIDANTE

*Should he suspect her, God protect
her!*

ALL THREE

(INSINCERELY)

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

The AUDIENCE is amused as the canopy drapes part and we see the COUNTESS kissing SERAFIMO passionately. As the recitative begins, the lights and the music dim on stage, and our attention turns to the MANAGERS in their box.

122

INT. AUDITORIUM/MANAGERS' BOX - NIGHT ON STAGE

COUNTESS

*Serafimo! Your disguise is
perfect!*

(a knock on the door)

Why, who can this be?

DON ATTILIO

(outside)

*Gentle wife, admit your loving
husband.*

ANDRE and FIRMIN chuckle and nod to RAOUL in the opposite box. He acknowledges them.

ANDRE

(to FIRMIN)

*Now that's exactly something the
public loves.*

123 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The COUNTESS admits PIANGI as DON ATTILIO, an old fool.

DON ATTILIO

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

(aside)

*Though I'd happily take the maid
with me.*

COUNTESS

(ASIDE)

The old fool is leaving!

ANDRE

(to FIRMIN)

*It's the Countess de Cherbourg!
She's invited us to her salon, you
know.*

FIRMIN

(to ANDRE)

*Nothing like that ever happened to
us in the junk business.*

ANDRE

(to FIRMIN)

Scrap metal.

COUNTESS (CARLOTTA)

Serafimo - away with this pretence!

She rips off SERAFIMO's skirt to reveal his manly breeches.

COUNTESS (CONT'D)

*You cannot speak, but kiss me in my
husband's absence! Poor fool, he
makes me laugh! Hahaha haha! Time
I tried to get a better better
half!*

COUNTESS/CHORUS

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

Suddenly, from nowhere, we hear the VOICE of the PHANTOM.

PHANTOM'S VOICE (O.S.)
*Did I not instruct that Box Five
 was to be kept empty?*

MEG
 (terrified, whispered)
*He's here, the Phantom of the
 Opera...*

And high above the stage, on a catwalk running along the top of the proscenium arch, we can make out the shadowy figure of the PHANTOM. General reaction of bewilderment. EVERYONE stops. AUDIENCE reaction. CHRISTINE looks fearfully about her.

CHRISTINE
It's him.

CARLOTTA
 (finding a scapegoat in
 CHRISTINE, hisses at her)
Your part is silent, little toad!

She walks off stage into the WINGS. There, her MAID hands her throat spray. CARLOTTA sprays herself liberally. But the PHANTOM has heard her last remark.

PHANTOM (O.S.)
 A toad, madame? Perhaps it is you
 who are the toad...

Again general unease, this time turning to alarm. CARLOTTA comes back on stage.

CARLOTTA
 (to MAID)
 Why you spray on my chin all the
 time, huh?

CARLOTTA
 (to REYER in the pit)
 Maestro... da capo... Per favore...
Serafimo, away with this pretence!
*You cannot speak, but kiss me in my
 husband's croak...*

Instead of singing, she emits a great croak, like a toad. A stunned silence. CARLOTTA is as amazed as anyone, but regains herself and continues. More perturbing, however, is a new sound: the PHANTOM is laughing - quietly at first, then more and more hysterically. The entire AUDIENCE howls.

REYER

(to ORCHESTRA)

Gentlemen, please, please. Now, come along.

CARLOTTA

Poor fool, he makes me laugh!
Haha, haha, croak, croak, croak.

STAGEHAND

She's lost her voice.

As before, the PHANTOM's laughter rises. The croaking continues as the chandelier's lights flicker on and off. The PHANTOM's laughter, by this time overpowering, now crescendos into a great cry.

124 INT. AUDITORIUM DOME - NIGHT

Unseen by the audience, the PHANTOM is in the dark belfry of the opera house dome.

And with this, he toys perilously with the chandelier.

124A INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The AUDIENCE gasps.

124B INT. AUDITORIUM DOME - NIGHT

BUQUET appears from a trap door. He sees the PHANTOM. The PHANTOM sees him. BUQUET disappears in terror.

125 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

CARLOTTA looks tearfully up at the MANAGER's box and shakes her head.

ANDRE and FIRMIN hurry onto the stage. PIANGI ushers the now sobbing CARLOTTA off stage, while the MANAGERS tackle the audience, the chandelier still swaying wildly.

FIRMIN

Er Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize. Er, the performance will continue in ten minutes' time...

He addresses Box Five which is now EMPTY, keeping one eye on the chandelier as it returns to normal.

FIRMIN (CONT'D)

When the role of the Countess will be played by Miss Daae. Thank you.
(to CHRISTINE)
Go, go, hurry up, hurry up.

FIRMIN

(to AUDIENCE)
Until then, we would crave your indulgence for a few moments.

Meanwhile, we see BACKSTAGE the STAGEHANDS working frantically lowering the curtain and changing the set.

ANDRE

(improvising)
Meanwhile, ladies and gentlemen, we shall be giving you the ballet from Act Three of tonight's opera.

REYER

What?!

ANDRE

(to REYER)
Er, maestro...
(stutters)
...the, the, the ballet - bring it forward please.

The MANAGERS leave, the stage is cleared fast and the music starts up again. The BALLETT GIRLS enter as a sylvan glade flies in. They begin the Dance of the Country SHEPHERDESSES complete with swings, a shepherd and a real sheep.

We INTERCUT the Dance with the events up in the flies. The flats from the previous scene continue to move up. BUQUET is

supervising from the main ramp. As one flat rises out of shot, he sees the PHANTOM on another ramp. The PHANTOM grabs a rope and leaps across towards BUQUET. We see this from both the stage below and through POV's of the stage way below us. BUQUET runs down his ramp chased by the PHANTOM who has used the ropes to swing across from ramp to ramp. Continue INTERCUTS with:

127 INT. CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

MME. GIRY helps CHRISTINE into CARLOTTA's costume.

128 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

MEG is aware of the events above her head and dances out of step.

129 INT. CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

CHRISTINE notices the SINGLE RED ROSE with the BLACK RIBBON.

130 INT. STAGE - FLIES - NIGHT

Finally, BUQUET turns to run from the PHANTOM but a rope like a flash catches him by the neck. Then very fast, we see the PHANTOM leap off the ramp holding a rope. BUQUET is suddenly raised straight off his feet, the noose around his neck; a pulley whirls madly; the PHANTOM lands on a lower ramp, releases the rope. BUQUET plummets.

131 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The garrotted body of JOSEPH BOQUET falls on the stage with a sickening thud (or stays suspended on centre stage) causing the sylvan glade to fly out. Pandemonium.

132 INT. BACKSTAGE/WINGS - NIGHT

CHRISTINE is running through the backstage terrified. RAOUL runs towards her, she grabs him. She still grasps the PHANTOM's rose.

133 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Firmin is attempting the impossible:

FIRMIN
 (trying to placate the
 audience)
 Ladies and gentlemen, please remain
 in your seats. Er, do not panic.
 It is simply an accident... an
 accident...

134 INT. BACKSTAGE/IRON STAIRCASE - NIGHT

CHRISTINE is leading RAOUL up a spiralling iron staircase
 which leads vertiginously out onto the roof. CHRISTINE is
 racing up, in a frenzy of terror.

RAOUL
Why have you brought us here?

CHRISTINE
We can't go back there!

RAOUL
We must return!

CHRISTINE
*He'll kill you! 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 and kill again!*

(to herself)

*My god, who is this man who
hunts to kill...? I can't
escape from him... I never
will!*

RAOUL

*This phantom is a fable...
Believe me, there is no
Phantom of the Opera...*

(to himself)

*My god, who is this man this
mask of death...? Whose is
this voice you hear with
every breath...?*

BOTH

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

RAOUL

There is no Phantom of the Opera...

135 INT./EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

They emerge onto the roof. The huge statue of "La Victoire Ailee", vast gargoyles dominate and look out over a surreal panorama of Paris.

CHRISTINE

*(calming a little bit but
intense)*

*Raoul, I've been there - to his
world of unending night... to a
world with 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...*

And we realize the PHANTOM is right there with them on the roof. He watches from the top of a statue. We INTERCUT continuously between the lovers and him.

CHRISTINE

*(trance-like, then
becoming more and more
ecstatic)*

*But his voice filled my spirit with
(MORE)*

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

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

RAOUL

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

CHRISTINE

*(still abstracted)
Yet in his eyes all the sadness of
the world, those pleading eyes that
both threaten and adore...*

CHRISTINE is spellbound by the PHANTOM's rose. The PHANTOM sees and hears this. He leans back, moved.

RAOUL

*(irritated)
Christine... Christine...*

PHANTOM

*(unseen, a ghostly echo of
love)
Christine...*

RAOUL takes the rose from her.

RAOUL

*(almost interrupting)
No more talk of darkness, forget
these wide-eyed fears. I'm here:
nothing can harm you - my words
will warm and calm you. Let me be
your freedom, let daylight dry your
tears.*

Snowflakes begin to fall on the opera roof. And, as the snow slowly covers the roof and the statues, we INTERCUT between the lovers, their shadows, and the PHANTOM and his shadow to the point where the PHANTOM's shadow replaces RAOUL's.

RAOUL

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

CHRISTINE

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

RAOUL

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

The lovers move perilously close to the edge of the roof.

CHRISTINE

*All I want is freedom, a world with
no more night... and you, always
beside me, to hold me and to hide
me...*

A shadow. Perhaps the PHANTOM will send them to their deaths?

RAOUL

*Then say you'll share with me one
love, one lifetime... let me lead
you from your solitude...*

The PHANTOM silently mouths RAOUL's words of love, his heart broken.

RAOUL (CONT'D)

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

CHRISTINE

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

BOTH

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

CHRISTINE

Say you love me...

RAOUL

You know I do...

BOTH

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

They kiss. The PHANTOM is watching, heartbroken. Their intertwining shadows are next to him and in the snow.

BOTH

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

CHRISTINE starts from her reverie.

CHRISTINE

(moving off)

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

RAOUL

(following)

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 disappear down the iron staircase back into the opera house. The PHANTOM has emerged from behind a statue where he casts a vast shadow in the fresh snow. CHRISTINE has dropped his RED ROSE with the BLACK RIBBON in the snow.

PHANTOM
 (very 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...*

He sinks to his knees holding the RED ROSE.

137 INT./EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The PHANTOM hears the lovers' duet fading away below...

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

He sinks to his knees as he crushes the rose in his hands.

PHANTOM
 (with sudden and
 terrifying fury)
*You will curse the day you did not
 do all that the Phantom asked of
 you...!*

CAMERA pulls higher and higher.

FADE TO BLACK

138 FADE INTO: EXT./INT. PARIS STREET CAR - DAY - 1919
(BLACK AND WHITE)

RAOUL's car stops in traffic. RAOUL comes out of his memories to notice...

RAOUL's POV. A young couple, deeply in love, look longingly in the windows of an elegant jewellery store. RAOUL remembers his own young love as the couple moves along, revealing a dazzling display of expensive jewels.

CAMERA moves closer and closer to the RINGS, and as it zero's into the FLASHY GEMS, hit by the late afternoon light, SCREEN fills out of focus, EYE-POPPING brilliance which DISSOLVES into INCANDESCENT FIREWORKS in SPECTACULAR TECHNICOLOR.

139 EXT. PARIS SKY 1870 - NIGHT

CAMERA moves down to include the OPERA POPULAIRE. A spectacular explosion of fireworks in the starry sky. We descend to reveal (MATTE) a glittering opera house. It is New Year's Eve; the night of the Gala Masked Ball.

140 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

Watched by a LARGE CROWD OF ONLOOKERS held back by GENDARMES, the magnificently COSTUMED GUESTS step out of their CARRIAGES and make their way up to the main entrance. (Note: the Ball has a colour theme: Black and White/Silver and Gold).

The stairs are lined with GUARDSMEN. PHOTOGRAPHERS take pictures of the GUESTS. The flash powder bursts. The ONLOOKERS applaud the most lavish costumes. With its torchlight facade, the whole building glitters.

142 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

FIRMIN and ANDRE greet guests as they mount the steps and take champagne from a silver tray.

FIRMIN
 (to ANDRE)
 Monsieur Andre.

ANDRE
 Monsieur Firmin.

FIRMIN

Dear Andre, what a splendid party!

ANDRE

The prologue to a bright New Year!

FIRMIN

Quite a night! I'm impressed!

ANDRE

Well, one does one's best...

They are joined by the TOOTHsome BALLET TART, spilling out of her bodice and an equally SEXY GIRL from the CHORUS.

BOTH

(raising their glasses)

Here's to us!

ANDRE

The toast for the city!

FIRMIN

What a pity that Phantom can't be here.

We follow them as they walk into...

143 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

...and CRANE up to reveal the spectacular opera Ball in full swing. This sequence is more of a promenade than a dance, the GUESTS revelling in their own magnificence. For all this, there is a strangely eerie aspect to the crowd, too many PHANTOM LOOK-ALIKES and SKELETONS for comfort. There is a general movement up and down the central horseshoe staircase; a grandiose spectacle with the music.

CHORUS

Masquerade! Paper faces on parade!

Masquerade! Hide your face, so the world will never find you!

Masquerade! Every face a different shade... Masquerade! Look around - there's another mask behind you!

The CAMERA picks out individual GUESTS.

CHORUS

(variously)

*Flash of mauve... Splash of
puce... Fool and king... Ghoul
and goose... Green and black...
Queen and priest... Trace and
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...*

We see FIRMIN and ANDRE toasting each other.

CHORUS (CONT'D)

*Faces... drink it in, drink it up,
till you've drowned in the light...
in the sound...*

RAOUL and CHRISTINE have arrived in the foyer. A PHANTOM
LOOK-ALIKE whizzes past.

MASKED COUPLE

But who can name the face...

ALL

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

CARLOTTA and PIANGI make a grand entrance, joined by ANDRE, FIRMIN, MEG, MME. GIRY, glasses in hand.

CARLOTTA
What a night!

PIANGI
What a crowd!

ANDRE
Makes you glad!

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

They have been joined by RAOUL and CHRISTINE. We can see CARLOTTA does not appreciate CHRISTINE's costume.

CARLOTTA
...Watching us, watching them!

RAOUL
(to CHRISTINE)
And all our fears are in the past!

ANDRE is leading them through the foyer toward the auditorium.

ANDRE
Three months...

PIANGI
...of relief!

CARLOTTA
...of delight!

ANDRE
...of Elysian peace!

FIRMIN
And we can breathe at last!

CARLOTTA
No more notes!

PIANGI
No more ghosts!

144 INT. GRAND FOYER - NIGHT

They have arrived in the festively decorated auditorium.

RAOUL
Here's a health!

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

FIRMIN
To our friends who are here.

CARLOTTA AND PIANGI
And may our splendour never fade!

FIRMIN
Three months!

CARLOTTA
What a joy!

PIANGI
What a change!

ANDRE AND FIRMIN
What a blessed release!

ANDRE leading them back into the foyer.

ANDRE
And what a masquerade!

INTERCUTS TO...

145 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The WORKERS enjoy their own party.

146 INT. STABLES - NIGHT

The WORKERS enjoy their own drunken dance.

147 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

RAOUL and CHRISTINE, however have found a corner to share a moment alone together. CHRISTINE is admiring a new acquisition an engagement ring from RAOUL which she has attached to a gold chain around her neck.

CHRISTINE

Think of it!

(Spoken)

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

RAOUL

But why is it secret? What have we to hide? You promised me.

CHRISTINE

(nervously)

No, Raoul. Please don't. They'll see...

RAOUL

Well, then let them see. It's an engagement, not a crime! *Christine what are you afraid of?*

CHRISTINE/RAOUL

Let's not argue...

CHRISTINE takes him by the arm.

CHRISTINE/RAOUL

Please pretend...

RAOUL

I can only hope I'll...

CHRISTINE

You will...

BOTH

...understand in time...

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

She pulls him into the dance to find the GUESTS in the midst of a frenzied waltz. CHRISTINE and RAOUL join the dance which becomes increasingly intense. As she spins, we see her POV, flashes of skull-like faces. The camera swoops down and over the GUESTS, spins within them and around them. The GUESTS are dancing up the horseshoe staircase into the upper foyers. CHRISTINE is dancing excitedly, but she keeps on glimpsing the vision of the fearful masks. She stops and leans on RAOUL's arm as the GUESTS march majestically back down either side of the staircase, converging in the centre, and down into the main foyer. RAOUL and CHRISTINE remain upstairs. The movement of the GUESTS is magnificent and a little eerie.

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!*

But, at the height of the activity, MEG looks up and suddenly sees the terrifying reflection of the HUGE RED PHANTOM in the mirrored doors of the loge. She SCREAMS. A GROTESQUE FIGURE suddenly appears on the upper balcony, seven feet tall, dressed all in crimson, with a death's head. The PHANTOM has come to the party. CHRISTINE and RAOUL, standing the other end of the balcony, are mesmerized. All are stunned and silent.

PHANTOM

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

He brandishes an enormous bound manuscript.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*Here I bring the finished score -
 "Don Juan triumphant"!*

And he throws it to Andre down below. Some pages fly.
 Besides MUSIC there are COSTUME and SET SKETCHES and
 PAINTINGS.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*Fondest greetings to you all, a few
 instructions just before rehearsal
 starts: Carlotta must be taught to
 act...*

CARLOTTA fumes.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*...Not her normal trick of
 strutting round the stage.
 (looking down at Piangi)*

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

PIANGI fumes.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
 (to the managers)
*And my managers must learn that
 their place is in an office - not
 the arts!*

ANDRE and FIRMIN fume.

He has reached the top of the grand staircase. On the same
 level, but far on the other side, stand RAOUL and CHRISTINE.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
*As for our star, Miss Christine
 Daae...*
 (slow and sinister)
*No doubt she'll do her best - it's
 true her voice is good. She knows,
 (MORE)*

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

*though, should she wish to excel,
she has much still to learn, if
pride will let her return to me,
her teacher, her teacher...*

Magically, the lights dim, isolating the PHANTOM and CHRISTINE. Spellbound, the guests below watch as CHRISTINE and the PHANTOM descend their respective staircases, united by their music, moving ever closer towards each other until they arrive face to face on the mezzanine. She is mesmerized by him. The PHANTOM reaches out, grasps the chain that holds the secret engagement ring, and rips it from CHRISTINE's throat. RAOUL jumps between them. The PHANTOM turns on him furiously.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

(to CHRISTINE)

*Your chains are still mine - you
belong to me!*

There is a FLASH AND A CLOUD OF SMOKE. The PHANTOM has disappeared down a trap door in the centre of the mezzanine. But RAOUL has seen the door in the smoke. In an instant, he leaps in after the PHANTOM as FIRMIN quips to ANDRE...

149 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/TRAP - NIGHT

The trap door snaps shut above him. RAOUL has landed in a box, a painted magic box and the walls are closing in on him. Just when it seems they may crush him, they fall away. RAOUL is in almost total darkness in a BRILLIANT and FIENDISHLY DESIGNED MAZE.

150 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/MAZE - NIGHT

We can make out a DEMONIC LABYRINTH. RAOUL catches a glimpse of a red cloak. He races after it, only to face A MIRROR. Shafts of light seep through cracks in the brickwork of the corridor. In each of these, RAOUL sees the red cloak whip through.

RAOUL is catching up. ANOTHER MIRROR. He turns a corner, the PHANTOM is standing in front of him. RAOUL reaches him and touches the PHANTOM's shoulder. The PHANTOM swivels. RAOUL is staring at the MANNEQUIN OF THE RED DEATH PHANTOM. He is unaware, however, that the noose of the Punjab Lasso is now hovering behind him. A hand reaches out and pulls RAOUL violently out of the way. The lasso whips harmlessly through

the empty air. RAOUL turns to see who has saved him, MME. GIRY.

151 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/NARROW CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MME. GIRY is hurrying RAOUL through a more illuminated part of the corridor. Small gas lamps flicker in the gloom.

RAOUL
Madame Giry... Wait...!

MME. GIRY
Please, Monsieur, I know no more than anyone else.

RAOUL
That's not true.

MME. GIRY
(uneasily)
Monsieur, don't ask... There have been too many accidents.

RAOUL
Accidents? Please, Madame Giry, for all our sakes...

They have reached a door MME. GIRY stops and looks at RAOUL. She looks back down the corridor. She is very frightened. But decides to tell him.

MME. GIRY
Very well.

She quickly opens the door.

152 INT. MME. GIRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

This is MME. Giry's little flat within the opera house. The furniture is tatty but there are posters of performances, ballet and opera memorabilia all around, the memories of her years at the Opera Populaire. She double-locks the door. RAOUL listens as MME. GIRY nervously begins telling her story.

MME. GIRY

It was years ago. There was a travelling fair in the city. Gypsies. I was very young.

RAOUL

Go on...

We are closing in on an old SEPIA PHOTOGRAPH of MME. GIRY as a twelve year old girl...

153

EXT. /INT. FAIR - NIGHT (SEPIA) - FLASHBACK

...and see YOUNG GIRY accompanied by a dozen giggling BALLETT GIRLS and escorted by a BALLETT MISTRESS moving through a fair in a park under the shadow (MATTE) of the old opera house. (It is currently being renovated and is covered in scaffolding.)

The FAIR is a shabby, grimy affair, teeming with loutish, leering MEN, WHORES, GYPSIES and DRUNKS who pester the BALLETT GIRLS as they walk past. The tents and the banners proclaiming the various attractions flap in an eerie wind.

The general impression is one of innocence walking through a grotesque kind of hell. A LIVE MONKEY in PERSIAN dress plays tin cymbals as he scampers through the carnival delighting the young girls.

In one tent, they see a FORTUNE TELLER, a horrid TOOTHLESS WOMAN beckoning CLIENTS. A banner announces the "INCREDIBLE MAN-WOMAN".

In another tent, a flap is raised to reveal SIAMESE TWINS. YOUNG GIRY turns and sees a CONTORTIONIST, his back arched right back and his face, upside down, between his legs. He is laughing. They pass some horrible FREAKS abused by a huge, bearded OWNER with a bull-whip. Outside, FIRE EATERS, spit fire into the air. Some of the BALLETT GIRLS are enjoying themselves. Not YOUNG GIRY; the place is grotesque, a nightmare. They approach one particular banner; "THE DEVIL'S CHILD" it announces. The MONKEY disappears under this banner as the vicious OWNER waves them to come in. His smile is disgusting. The BALLETT GIRLS drag in YOUNG GIRY.

Inside, other CLIENTS are waiting. The BALLETT GIRLS push to the front. YOUNG GIRY sees a cage. Inside, his head covered in a sack, a nine-year old BOY is completing a beautifully

delicate housing for a model monkey (a cruder version of the monkey we have already seen on the music box and who dances LIVE around him). The OWNER cracks his whip and is shouting at the BOY through the cage. The BOY is tied by ropes like a dog. He is obviously terrified, scrambling into the corner of his cage. The OWNER, letting fly with the whip, has entered the cage. He kicks the BOY's model and rips the sack off his head. We see the BOY's hand rise to his face, but the OWNER is still whipping him. Pathetically, the BOY's hands descend from his face. We do not see it. Instead, we see a look of shock and immense pity on YOUNG GIRY's face. Some of the BALLET GIRLS are giggling insensitively.

The CLIENTS throw coins which land on the straw floor of the cage. We see the BOY crawl through the straw to retrieve the sack which he pulls back over his head.

YOUNG GIRY emerges from the tent and is hurried on by the other BALLET GIRLS and their MISTRESS. But YOUNG GIRY lingers. She looks back at the tent. Something draws her to it. She peers in, past the flapping canvas, and sees, inside the tent, the OWNER kicks the BOY out of the way and picks the money off the floor of the cage. The LIVE MONKEY shrieks. Suddenly, the BOY, with a Punjab Lasso fashioned with the ropes that bound him, strangles the OWNER. YOUNG GIRY watches the BOY garrotte his torturer. The evil man falls dead. The BOY looks up and sees YOUNG GIRY, just as a client coming into the tent screams. He frees himself and runs out of the tent. The two young people look at each other. Behind them, DOZENS OF PEOPLE arrive in the tent. YOUNG GIRY and the BOY hide in the shadows, breathless and terrified. He is clutching the CRUDE TOY MONKEY.

POLICEMEN with lanterns and GYPSIES with torches are closing in through the fair. She could turn him in but quickly, YOUNG GIRY tugs open a trap door at the foot of the opera house wall. She jumps in and the BOY leaps in after her, carrying his MONKEY AUTOMAT. The trap slams shut as POLICEMEN and GYPSIES run past them above.

154

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

YOUNG GIRY and the BOY jump into the tiny chapel. There is a second of gratitude in the YOUNG BOY's eyes but the aggressive shouting and running above forces YOUNG GIRY to push him into the safety of the bowels of the theatre. As he disappears into his new subterranean home, YOUNG GIRY kneels to pray.

END OF FLASHBACK (SEPIA SEQUENCE ENDS - BACK TO COLOUR)

155 INT. MME. GIRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

And we are back with MME. GIRY in her room with RAOUL.

MME. GIRY

He has known nothing else of life since then, except this Opera House. It was his playground and now his artistic domain... He's a genius! He's an architect and designer, he's a composer and a magician... A genius, Monsieur.

RAOUL

But, clearly, Madame Giry... genius has turned to madness.

166 INT./EXT. RAOUL/CAR - 1919 - BLACK AND WHITE - DUSK

RAOUL still in his car, breaks from his reverie to see his destination. His POV in the distance, A LEGENDARY OLD CEMETERY, in the fading light. HAUNTING MUSIC begins as we dissolve to:

167 INT. BALLET DORMITORY - 1870 - DAWN

AS THE FIRST RAY OF DAWN comes through CHRISTINE's transom window. CHRISTINE, in a robe, having not slept all night, makes a decision. She slowly opens the dressing room door.

168 INT. DORMITORY CORRIDOR - DAWN

RAOUL sleeps in a chair outside her door, his sword across his lap. CHRISTINE quietly tip-toes past him: careful not to wake him.

169 INT. STABLES - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

As the HAUNTING music builds, she quickly wakes one of the SLEEPING, DRUNKEN STABLE HANDS. But SOMEONE watches from the shadows, as CHRISTINE gives the STABLEMAN some money and leaves quickly.

STABLEMAN

Where to, mademoiselle?

CHRISTINE
The cemetery.

170 INT. VAST COSTUME DEPARTMENT - DAY

Empty at dawn. CHRISTINE finds a black velvet dress and throws off her robe as her eyes focus on a vase of DARK RED ROSES.

171 INT. STABLES - DAY

The weary, bleary eyed, hungover STABLEMAN hitches horses to a carriage. As he finishes... THE DARK SHADOW moves swiftly and with one blow knocks him unconscious. As the STABLEMAN falls to the stable floor...

172 INT. DORMITORY CORRIDOR - DAY

RAOUL, outside CHRISTINE's door. Almost like a premonition, wakes.

173 INT. STABLES - SAME

CHRISTINE, dressed in a black velvet dress and cape, carrying the RED ROSES, gets in the OPEN CARRIAGE. She is unaware that the DRIVER, swathed in his black cloak, is not the STABLEMAN.

174 INT. DORMITORY (OR EXT. ROOFTOP) - DAY

RAOUL, holding his sword, hears the sound of the horse's hooves on the cobbled streets and rushes to the window. He sees CHRISTINE's carriage disappearing into the grey dawn as snowflakes begin to fall.

175 INT. STABLES - DAY

RAOUL dashes into the stables to find the STABLEMAN starting to come to. He leaps bareback onto a WHITE STALLION.

176 EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

The OPEN CARRIAGE races down the snow-covered streets. It is cold and foggy. The horses hooves beat on the cobblestones, their nostrils smoke. The DRIVER swathed in black drives them on. CHRISTINE sits in the back, the wind presses her veil to her face like a mask.

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

176A EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

Raoul with sword riding white charger.

177 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A sweeping shot of the huge LEGENDARY CEMETERY shrouded in mist. CLOSE on a bell tolling. We WIDEN to find CHRISTINE, bearing the bouquet of red roses, gliding past towering MAUSOLEUMS and CROSSES. Great GARGOYLES and ANGELS stare down at her. In the distance, the carriage and horses disappear into the fog.

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*

In the distance, we see a large mausoleum on a ridge. CHRISTINE is clearly moving toward it. We see her through the passing statues and crosses. She lowers her hood and veil.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
*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...*

CHRISTINE is unaware of the LONG DARK SHADOWS sweeping across the snow towards her.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
*Wishing I could hear your voice
 again... knowing that I never
 (MORE)*

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*would... Dreaming of you won't
help me to do all that you dreamed
I could... Passing bells and
sculpted angels cold and monumental
seem, for you, the wrong companions
- you were warm and gentle.*

CHRISTINE is arriving at the foot of the mausoleum steps.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*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...*

The camera swoops down and up over CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*No more memories, no more silent
tears... no more gazing across the
wasted years... Help me say
goodbye. Help me say goodbye.*

She kneels down and lays the red roses on the snow-covered steps. High above her, the gates at the top of the steps begin to open. We HEAR the PHANTOM'S VOICE from deep within the candlelit crypt.

PHANTOM (O.S.)

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

Bewildered, CHRISTINE looks up. She sees that the mausoleum's inner gates are open; a strange glow emanates from the interior. Light spills down the steps. She murmurs breathlessly:

CHRISTINE

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

PHANTOM (O.S.)
 (more and more hypnotic)
Have you forgotten your Angel...?

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

She rises slowly, drawn to the light above her.

PHANTOM (O.S.)
*Too long you've wandered in
 winter... far from my fathering
 gaze...*

CHRISTINE is slowly ascending the steps towards the inner doors and light.

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

PHANTOM (O.S.)
You resist...

CHRISTINE
*...yet the soul obeys...
 Angel of Music I denied
 you... turning from true
 beauty... Angel of Music!
 My protector Come to me
 strange Angel...*

PHANTOM
*yet the soul obeys... Angel
 of Music! You denied me...
 turning from true beauty...
 Angel of Music! Do not shun
 me... Come to your strange
 Angel...*

We have begun to discern a dark form within the light of the mausoleum.

PHANTOM (O.S.)
 (beckoning her)
*I am your Angel of Music... Come
 to me: Angel of Music...*

178 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

But, just as CHRISTINE reaches the last few steps, RAOUL, on the magnificent white charger, leaps over the wall of the cemetery with a great cry.

Inexorably, the PHANTOM continues to beckon CHRISTINE.

CHRISTINE is now at the entrance to the mausoleum. RAOUL meanwhile is galloping and jumping through the crosses and over the monuments. Snow and dirt fly.

RAOUL
(shouting)
*Whatever you believe, this man...
this thing... is not your father!*

Coming out of her trance, CHRISTINE turns:

CHRISTINE
Raoul...

And sees RAOUL arriving on the white charger. At last, the PHANTOM appears up on the top of the mausoleum behind the huge stone cross.

The PHANTOM flies at RAOUL, his sword drawn. What ensues is a spectacular fight through the cemetery. RAOUL fights desperately, managing to match the PHANTOM in swordplay, displaying bravery, skill and courage... Christine screams as the PHANTOM forces RAOUL back. The PHANTOM laughs as he slashes at RAOUL, cutting him on the shoulder. But RAOUL is a fine swordsman and fights on, parrying the PHANTOM's blows and gradually forcing the PHANTOM back, the PHANTOM falls against the stone side of the mausoleum. RAOUL is close to having the opportunity to run the PHANTOM through with his sword. He looks into the PHANTOM's eyes - they burn with hatred.

CHRISTINE
No!! Raoul... no... Not like this.

RAOUL looks to CHRISTINE for a split second. RAOUL remounts his horse and sweeps CHRISTINE up onto the saddle beside him.

PHANTOM
Now, let it be war upon you both!

As they ride off, we notice a trail of blood red rose petals scattered in the snow. WE DISSOLVE TO:

179 EXT. SAME CEMETERY - 1919 - DUSK (BLACK AND WHITE)

RAOUL reaches for the spot on his arm where the memory of the OLD WOUND still exists. He looks up to see a LEGION OF

GENDARME MARCHING PAST. As he watches them march away, we stay with their BACKS as they MORPH INTO.

180 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

180 EXT. OPERA POPULAIRE - NIGHT

GENDARMES from 1870 (BACK TO COLOUR) They hurry up the OPEN STEPS, past large posters announcing "GRAND PREMIERE - DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT!"

181 INT. STABLES/BACKSTAGE - SAME

More GENDARMES enter the backstage area via the stables, shouldering weapons. They march through the chaotic preparations for the show as REYER rehearses PIANGI and CARLOTTA.

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 are certain the doors are barred...

FIRMIN

(likewise)

We are certain the police are there... we are certain they're armed...

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

RAOUL notices CHRISTINE watching from the wings. Her look; accusation and fear. She turns and runs from him.

RAOUL follows to...

181A THE CHAPEL (OR THE WINGS-NEED TO REHEARSE) - CONTINUOUS

Where he finds her kneeling near her father's memorial. Candles burn on the altar, bathing her in a soft light.

CHRISTINE
 (spoken)
 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.
 (sung)
And he'll always be there, singing songs in my head... He'll always be there, singing songs in my head...

RAOUL
 (to CHRISTINE)
You said yourself he was nothing but a man... Yet while he lives, he will haunt us 'till we're dead...

CHRISTINE turns away, unhappily.

CHRISTINE
Twisted every way, what answer can I give? Am I to risk my life, to win the chance to live? Can I betray the man who once inspired my voice? Do I become his prey? Do I have any choice? He kills without a thought, he murders all that's
 (MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

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

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

CHRISTINE, overcome by her conflicting emotions, buries her head in her hands. We see the picture of CHRISTINE'S FATHER on his memorial. RAOUL takes her hand and kisses her as we dissolve through CANDLE FLAME TO...

155A INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR - NIGHT

Surrounded by drawings and paintings of CHRISTINE, the PHANTOM sings of loneliness and unrequited love.

155B INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR - CONTINUOUS

By candlelight, the PHANTOM prepares for his finale: we see INTIMATE extreme CLOSE-UPS of his elaborate MAQUILLAGE. Without revealing what he looks like underneath, WE SEE THE BLACK WIG secured from the back. THE MASK in place. STILL FROM THE BACK... Elaborate stage makeup covers what the mask doesn't.

PHANTOM (V.O.)

Seal my fate tonight - I hate to have to cut the fun short, but the joke's wearing thin... Let the audience in... Let my opera begin!

He rises now. Ready for his "PREMIERE"... As he passes his MINIATURE THEATRE with the MINIATURE SET he has designed for "Don Juan"... He snatches CHRISTINE'S figure into his grasp.

PHANTOM

Let the audience in...!

He throws one of his many CANDLES into the SMALL STAGE and it bursts into FLAME. The other WAX FIGURES MELT.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Let my opera begin!!!

Camera moves into THE MOLTEN FIGURES ... as we DISSOLVE TO:

183 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Painted FLAMES on red velvet curtains of the real theatre. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal ... The AUDIENCE are taking their seats for the premiere of "Don Juan Triumphant".

184 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

MONTAGE to show that the armed SOLDIERS and GENDARMES have taken over the building. Supervised by RAOUL, ANDRE and FIRMIN, all exits from the opera house are barred and sealed as the last of the audience filters into the auditorium.

185 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The AUDIENCE is locked in. SOLDIERS guard all exits. Backstage, STAGEHANDS, SINGERS and DANCERS are preparing for the impending performance, watched by the SOLDIERS. (Just another chance for young people to flirt - especially TOOTHY TART and SEXY CHORUS GIRL.)

186 INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, the ORCHESTRA has been tuning up. REYER takes his bow on his podium to polite applause. He raises his baton. The overture begins.

It is incredibly dissonant, a cacophony of sound; the AUDIENCE has never heard anything like it before. People are horrified, consult their programmes, cough and whisper, fidget uncomfortably. SOMEONE tries to leave but the doors are locked. REYER, pained by the music he is forced to conduct, stuffs cotton plugs into his ears. The RED CURTAIN rises.

187 INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The awesome set, modern and severe, is dominated by two Moorish pillars with stairs supporting a high balcony. Below, a pit of silk flames. Scrims hang from the flies. CHORUS, including MEG as a gypsy whore and CARLOTTA as a hag, and DANCERS(EIGHT MEN/EIGHT WOMEN), dressed in gypsy peasant, lusty style. The atmosphere is dark and erotic. MEG disappears into DON JUAN's bedroom (part of the inn on stage).

CHORUS

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

CARLOTTA moves centre stage dressed and made-up like a whorish hag: tatty clothes, bad wig, a wart with hair growing from it. However, she is still the reigning diva of the Opera Populaire and makes the most of her bit part.

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!*

MEG is supposed to enter from the inn with a purse of money earned from DON JUAN. But, CARLOTTA, milks her only moment ("AGAIN!") for as long as possible, keeping MEG half-coming and half-going. Finally, CARLOTTA finishes and MEG skips across the stage as SIGNOR PINAGI as DON JUAN appears from the inn and grabs his servant.

DON JUAN (PIANGI)

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

PASSARINO

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

DON JUAN (PIANGI)

*When you met, you wore my cloak,
she could not have seen your face.
She believes she dines with me in
her master's borrowed place!
Furtively, we'll scoff and quaff,
stealing what, in truth, is mine.
When it's late and modesty starts
to mellow, with the wine...*

PASSARINO

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

DON JUAN (PIANGI)

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

PASSARINO

Poor thing hasn't got a chance!

DON JUAN (PIANGI)

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

Laughing, DON JUAN puts on PASSARINO's clothes, wrapping the cloak around him and covering his head with the hood. (NOTE: more Goya than Grim Reaper). He strides upstage and disappears behind the scrims. BUT HE IS NOT ALONE. When we next see DON JUAN, it will be the PHANTOM. Meanwhile, a sensual gypsy-girl, AMINTA (CHRISTINE), enters.

AMINTA (CHRISTINE)

*"...no thoughts within her head,
but thoughts of joy! no dreams
within her heart, but dreams of
love!"*

PASSARINO

Master?

DON JUAN replies upstage:

DON JUAN (PHANTOM)

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

PASSARINO exits.

The PHANTOM, disguised as DON JUAN pretending to be PASSARINO, is standing downstage. He now wears PIANGI's robe, his face hidden by the cowl. The scrims lift as he moves downstage toward CHRISTINE. CHORUS and DANCERS leave the stage.

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 is now half-way towards CHRISTINE. The
SILHOUETTES of MALE DANCERS appear behind him. Moving
erotically in shadow and silhouette.

PHANTOM

*Past the point of no return - no
backward glances: our games of make-
believe are at an end... Past all
thought of "if" or "when" - no use
resisting: abandon thought and let
the dream descend... What raging
fire shall flood the soul? What
rich desire unlocks its door? What
sweet seduction lies before us?
Past the point of no return, the
final threshold - what warm
unspoken secrets will we learn
beyond the point of no return...*

The PHANTOM has arrived downstage right. The MALE DANCERS
disappear. He slowly begins to ascend the stairs leading up
to the balcony. CHRISTINE, downstage left, now sings alone.

CHRISTINE

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

The SILHOUETTES of VOLUPTUOUS FEMALE DANCERS appear behind her, moving erotically in shadow.

CHRISTINE

*Past the point of no return - no
going back now: Our passion-play
has now, at last, begun...*

She starts up the stairs on her side.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*Past all thought of right or wrong -
one final question: how long should
we two wait, before we're one...?*

Both CHRISTINE and the PHANTOM are on the balcony. Slowly they walk toward each other.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

*When will the blood begin to race,
the sleeping bud burst into bloom?
When will the flames at last
consume us...?*

188 INT. WINGS/STAGE - NIGHT

The pillars of the set swivel isolating CHRISTINE and the PHANTOM from the ground. The PHANTOM's trap is sprung. RAOUL and soldiers appear in the WINGS. There is no way of reaching the balcony. The PHANTOM and CHRISTINE are face to face.

BOTH

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

Very slowly, the entire set starts to REVOLVE. Up on the set balcony, the PHANTOM is holding and caressing CHRISTINE.

PHANTOM

*Say you'll share with me one love,
one lifetime... Lead me, save me
from my solitude... Say you want
me with you here beside you...*

(MORE)

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

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

We never reach the word "you", for CHRISTINE quite calmly removes the PHANTOM's cowl, mask and wig. For the first time, everyone sees the whole of the PHANTOM's horrifying skull. At the same time, the REVOLVE has revealed PIANGI hanging by the neck from the set. Screams.

POLICEMEN, STAGEHANDS, rush onto the stage in confusion. Also: ANDRE, FIRMIN, RAOUL, MME. GIRY. CARLOTTA and MEG. Screams and gunshots. The PHANTOM CUTS one of the many massive TASSELLED ROPES that are part of the set design.

189 INT. STAGE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

THE HUGE CHANDELIER CRASHES TO THE STALLS BELOW. Mass DEVASTATION and PANDEMONIUM... the theatre bursts into flame. The AUDIENCE stampedes for the doors.

190 INT. WINGS/STAGE - NIGHT

Very fast: the PHANTOM grabs CHRISTINE and jumps from the balcony into the fire below. In the confusion, a scrim catches fire. PIANGI is cut down from his gibbet.

ANDRE

Oh my God!

FIRMIN

We're ruined, Andre - ruined!

191 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/UNDERGROUND LOCK - NIGHT

The PHANTOM has CHRISTINE in the boat. The lock which leads down to the PHANTOM's lair descends, revealing the portcullis and the lagoon.

PHANTOM

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

*(He pauses for a moment,
rounding on her bitterly)
Why, you ask, was I bound and
chained in this cold and dismal
place? Not for any mortal sin, but*

(MORE)

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

*the wickedness of my abhorrent
face!*

192 INT. STAGE/AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

MONTAGE of shots showing the chaos in the opera house.
GENDARMES and BACKSTAGE CREW trying to put out the fire.

193 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Through the smoke, SOLDIERS and STAGEHANDS are rushing down
corridors, up and down staircases.

CHORUS

*Track down this murderer! He must
be found! Track down this
murderer! He must be found*

194 INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR - NIGHT

The portcullis comes down behind the boat. The curtain
closes. The PHANTOM guides the boat to the shore.

PHANTOM

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

He drags CHRISTINE out of the boat and throws her to the ground.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Christine, Christine, why, why...?

195 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RAOUL and MME. GIRY are making their way down the corridor.

195A INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - NIGHT

RAOUL and MME. GIRY follow the staircase down past the
stables.

195B INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - CORRIDOR/BRIDGE - NIGHT

A pack of rats slithers over RAOUL and MME. GIRY's feet. She
raised her hands again.

MME. GIRY

*Your hand at the level of your
eyes!*

RAOUL

...at the level of your eyes...

The gargoyles seem to sing mockingly:

VOICE (O.S.)

*Your hand at the level of your
eyes...*

MME. GIRY

This is as far as I dare go.

They have reached a bridge which stretches out into the gloom. It has no sides. RAOUL rips off his tailcoat and neckwear. The shoulder wound begins to bleed through his white shirt.

RAOUL

Thank you.

She makes the sign of a cross and goes. RAOUL gingerly steps onto the bridge. Half-way across, the stones under his feet suddenly give way. RAOUL plummets downward. He falls and falls through the darkness...

196 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/UNDERGROUND CANAL - NIGHT

RAOUL lands in the water of the canal. (Poss. POV INTO WATER?) Twisting and turning, he drops down into the murky depths. He re-surfaces gasping for air. He looks up and, to his horror, a grill is descending towards him.

197 INT. BACKSTAGE/FLIES/CORRIDORS - NIGHT

MONTAGE of shots showing the chaos still reigning in the opera house. Smoke and flames everywhere. SOLDIERS rush through the backstage areas past panicking DANCERS and SINGERS.

198 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD/UNDERGROUND CANAL - NIGHT

RAOUL cannot find any escape from the grill which is now pushing his head down into the water. His fingers clutch the ironwork and disappear into the depths. He is going to die.

We see him struggling underwater with the grill above. He swims desperately to find a way out.

Suddenly, an iron wall appears in the gloom. Next to it, fixed to the brick wall of the canal, RAOUL finds a gear. He wrenches it down. Above, we see the water level subside. RAOUL has found the gear of the PHANTOM's lock. His head reappears above the water.

199 INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR - NIGHT

CHRISTINE rounds fiercely on the PHANTOM. The PHANTOM tears her dress off, the costume from "Don Juan".

CHRISTINE

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

(no reply)

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

PHANTOM

(coldly)

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

He takes the bridal veil from her MANNEQUIN and moves slowly toward her. She turns away.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

(very quietly and darkly)

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

And places the veil on her head.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

*Pity comes too late - turn around
and face your fate:*

He turns her round.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

An eternity of this before your eyes!

CHRISTINE rips the veil from her head and throws it to the ground. She then proceeds to tear the canvas covers off the mirrors surrounding them, revealing hundreds of reflections of her and PHANTOM.

CHRISTINE

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

200

INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR - NIGHT

A stunned silence. Meanwhile, the curtains which hide the portcullis have parted to reveal RAOUL behind, knee deep in water. The PHANTOM turns:

PHANTOM

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

CHRISTINE

*(seeing Raoul, stunned)
Raoul...!*

PHANTOM

*(to RAOUL, with a mock-courteous bow)
...this is indeed an unparalleled delight! I had rather hoped that you would come. And now, my wish comes true - you have truly made my night!*

CHRISTINE

*(to PHANTOM)
Let me go.*

RAOUL

*(pleading, grasping the bars of the gate)
Free her! do what you like, only free her! have you no pity?*

PHANTOM
 (to CHRISTINE dryly)
Your lover makes a passionate plea!

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

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

PHANTOM
 (snarls furiously at
 RAOUL)
*The world showed no compassion to
 me!*

RAOUL
Christine... Christine...
 (to the PHANTOM)
Let me see her.

PHANTOM
 (dry again)
Be my guest, sir...

The Phantom pulls a lever and the portcullis rises enough to allow RAOUL to stagger in.

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

Like lightning, the Punjab Lasso cracks through the air and, before RAOUL has a chance to move, catches him by the neck. He is jerked high into the air and down onto a stool. All the PHANTOM has to do is kick the stool away.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)
 (taunting)
*Order your fine horses now! Raise
 up your hand to the level of your
 eyes! Nothing can save you now -
 except perhaps Christine -*

He turns to her and thrusts the veil and wedding gown into her hands.

PHANTOM (CONT'D)

Start a new life with me - buy his freedom with your love! Refuse me, and you send your lover to his death! This is the choice - this is the point of no return!

CHRISTINE

(to the PHANTOM)

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

Looking at RAOUL, she places the veil on her head and begins putting on the wedding gown. ALL THREE pause for a moment. RAOUL breaks the moment with:

RAOUL

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

CHRISTINE

(looking at the PHANTOM
but to herself)

Farewell, my fallen idol and false friend... We had such hopes, and now those hopes are shattered...

PHANTOM

(to CHRISTINE)

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

RAOUL

Say you love him, and my life is over!

PHANTOM

All hope of cries for help: no point in fighting... For either way you choose, You cannot win!

RAOUL

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

PHANTOM

*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?

PHANTOM

Past the point of no return -

CHRISTINE

Angel of Music...

RAOUL

For pity's sake, Christine say no!

CHRISTINE

...Who deserved this?

PHANTOM

...the final threshold...

RAOUL

*Don't throw your life away for my
sake!*

PHANTOM

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

CHRISTINE

Why do you curse mercy?

RAOUL

I fought so hard to free you...

CHRISTINE

Angel of Music...

PHANTOM

*You've passed the point of no
return...*

CHRISTINE

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

A pause. The PHANTOM looks coldly at CHRISTINE. She is now standing in her wedding gown.

PHANTOM

*You try my patience - Make your
choice!*

He holds up the ring he tore from her neck. It is on the stem of a RED ROSE with BLACK RIBBON.

CHRISTINE

*(quietly at first, then
with growing emotion)
Pitiful creature of darkness...
what kind of life have you
known...? God give me courage to
show you you are not alone!*

She calmly puts the ring on her finger and kisses him full on the lips. She pulls away, tears streaming down her cheeks. The PHANTOM is stunned. Then, she leans toward him and embraces him again. But this time the kiss is long and deep. A lover's kiss. As it ends, they look straight into each other's eyes. The PHANTOM is crying, devastated. He has never known human love. CHRISTINE's gesture - her sacrifice and at the same time commitment - are too much for this tragic man to bear. Suddenly, he moves. The rope suspending RAOUL falls harmlessly to the ground. He addresses RAOUL as he jerks the lever which raises the portcullis.

CHORUS

*(out of shot)
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...*

PHANTOM

*Take her - forget me - forget all
of this... Leave me alone - forget
all you've seen... Go now - don't
let them find you! Take the
boat - swear to me, never to tell
the secret you know of the angel in
hell - go... go now... go now and
leave me!*

And he runs up into the BLACK SWAN bedroom.

We INTERCUT with:

201 INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MEG is leading the torch-carrying MOB down into the PHANTOM'S lair.

201B INT. PHANTOM'S WORLD - CORRIDOR/BRIDGE - NIGHT

Flaming timbers and hot coals fall from the opera house above into the underground canal. They are getting closer and closer.

202 INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phantom looks at the monkey musical box and listens.

PHANTOM

*(to the musical box)
Masquerade... Paper faces on
parade... Masquerade... Hide your
face, so the world will never find
you...*

PHANTOM

*(whispered)
Christine, I love you...*

She stands before him and we think she's going to stay but instead she takes off her ring and places it on his finger. She hurries off. The PHANTOM stares at the ring on his finger. We stay on him as her hears:

CHRISTINE
 (in the distance)
*Say you'll share with me one love,
 one lifetime*

RAOUL
*Say the word, and I will follow
 you...*

203 INT. PHANTOM'S LAIR/CANAL - NIGHT

The PHANTOM comes out of the bedroom and sees, through the descending grill, the boat disappearing into the darkness of the underground canal. CHRISTINE is looking back at him. She seems to be singing for him.

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

She disappears still looking at him.

PHANTOM
 (looking after her)
*You alone can make my song take
 flight - it's over now, the music
 of the night..."*

He smashes all the mirrors around the lair and sets fire to his world. He turns and sees the MOB with their torches approaching along the CANAL. The PHANTOM walks slowly towards his throne and sits on it, gathering his cloak around him, surrounded by shattered images and the burning lair.

The MOB stops at the portcullis. MEG dives down into the water and comes up the other side. The PHANTOM has entirely covered himself with the cloak. MEG crosses to the throne and, tentatively but courageously, pulls the cloak away revealing empty air. The PHANTOM has vanished, leaving only his WHITE MASK. In wonder, she reaches out and picks up the mask in her small hand.

CAMERA moves into the BLACK EYE HOLE OF THE MASK as we DISSOLVE to RAOUL'S EYE... 1919 (BLACK AND WHITE)

204 EXT. CEMETERY 1919 - DUSK

CAMERA widens to see the NURSE and DRIVER wheeling RAOUL through. They stop. With great effort and the assistance of

his companions RAOUL stands and slowly takes a few steps to a MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT. EMBEDDED in the MARBLE is an oval PORTRAIT OF CHRISTINE at her peak. The stone reads:
CHRISTINE: THE COUNTESS OF CHANGY. BELOVED WIFE AND MOTHER.

RAOUL shakes off his companions as he takes the MONKEY and slowly places it amid the beautiful flowers at her grave. He begins to turn away, when something catches his eye. Although the film remains BLACK AND WHITE - IN VIVID COLOR A SINGLE RED ROSE lies at the foot of the monument, with a BLACK RIBBON. RAOUL's face pales as the mystery continues... for as the camera ZOOMS SLOWLY to the RED ROSE... we see THE RING that CHRISTINE gave the PHANTOM years ago. IT SPARKLES ON THE STEM.

THE END