

Angel of Music

Andrew Lloyd Webber

AFTER THE GALA

(The curtain closes upstage. BALLET GIRLS, from the wings gush around CHRISTINE who hands each a flower from her bouquet. REYER stiffly gives his approval)

GIRY (to CHRISTINE)

Yes, you did well. He will be pleased.

(to the DANCERS)

And you! You were a disgrace tonight! Such ronds de jambe! Such temps de cuisse!

Here we rehearse. Now!

(She emphasizes this with her cane.

The BALLET GIRLS settle into rehearsal upstage, GLRY keeping time with her stick. Variations on this continue throughout the scene)

(CHRISTINE moves slowly, downstage, away from the DANCERS as her dressing room becomes visible.

Unseen by her, MEG also moves away and follows her.

As CHRISTINE is about to open the dressing room door, she hears the PHANTOM's voice out of nowhere)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Bravi, bravi, bravissimi . . .

(CHRISTINE is bewildered by the voice. MEG, following, has not heard it. CHRISTINE turns in surprise, and is relieved to see her)

MEG

Where in the world
have you been hiding?
Really, you were
perfect!

I only wish
I knew your secret!
Who is this new
tutor?

CHRISTINE (abstracted, entering the dressing room)

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 (uneasily)

Christine, you must have
been dreaming . . .

stories like this can't
come true . . .

Christine, you're talking

in riddles . . .
and it's not
like you . . .
CHRISTINE (not hearing her, ecstatic)
Angel of Music!
Guide
and guardian!
Grant to me your
glory!
MEG (to herself)
Who is this angel?
This . . .
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 . . .
(THEY look at each other The moment is broken
by the arrival of GIRY)
GIRY
Meg Giry. Are you a dancer? Then come and
practice.
(MEG leaves and joins the DANCERS)
My dear, I was asked to give you this.
(She hands CHRISTINE a note, and exits.
CHRISTINE opens it and reads)
CHRISTINE
A red scarf . . . the attic . . . Little Lotte .