

Andrew Lloyd Webber "Dear Old Friend"

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Meg:

Heaven help me, could it be--?

No, it couldn't possibly-

Christine:

Sorry, do I--?

Meg:

Yes, I think you do!

Christine:

Have we--?

Meg:

Go on, take a guess!

Christine:

Wait - it can't be! Is it--?

Meg:

Yes!

Christine:

Oh my god, I can't believe it's you!

Meg:

Look at you, Christine!

Regal as a queen, and beautiful!

Christine:

Meg, and you as well!

I could hardly tell it's you--!

(They embrace.)

Meg and Christine:

My dear old friend!

Can't believe you're here old friend!

Christine:

After all this time!

Meg:
So glad you came!

Christine:
You look... sublime!

Meg:
You look the same!

Meg and Christine:
My sweet old friend,
Never thought we'd meet, old friend!

Christine:
Look at you, a star!

Meg:
And you a wife!

Meg and Christine:
And isn't life a splendid thing?

Christine:
And here we are--

Meg:
Too see the sights!

Christine:
And sing.

Meg (taken aback):
To... sing?

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

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

(Raoul enters and walks, stunned, toward Meg...)

Raoul:
You!

(... and right past her, astonished at another figure who
has just appeared.)

Madame Giry (stunned):
It can't be you!

Raoul:
Is this a jest?

Madame Giry:
How can this be?

Raoul:
We've come to work.

Madame Giry:
At whose request?

Raoul (producing an envelope):
The contract's here.

Madame Giry (snatching it from him):
I want to see! (opens, skims)
My god, the price.

Raoul:
It's rather high.

Madame Giry:
Why, it's absurd!

Raoul:
Oh yes, I know.
Inform your boss that,
By the by,
The fee goes up,
Or else we go.

Raoul and Madame Giry:
My dear old friend,
Here's how things appear, old friend-

Madame Giry:
He who pays the bill-

Raoul:
Times two or three.

Madame Giry:
Be sure he will.

Raoul:
And handsomely.

Raoul and Madame Giry:
And dear old friend,

Now that we are clear, old friend-

Madame Girya:
That's all very well,
But 'till you're gone you'll wait upon my boss's whim.

Raoul:
Ah yes, your boss--
And who is that?

Madame Girya:
It's him.

(The focus turns back to Meg and Christine.)

Meg:
Sorry, did I hear you right?
Here to sing?

Christine:
Tomorrow night.

Meg:
I'm afraid there must be some mistake.
You can't be performing.

Christine:
Why?

Meg:
Mainly, dear, 'cause so am I.
I'm in fact the star, for heaven's sake!
What are you to sing?

Christine:
Just one little thing - an aria.

Meg (reeling):
No...

Christine:
Please, you needn't fret,
I'm sure you will get your due...

(Back to Madame Girya and Raoul.)

Raoul:
Him!

Madame Girya:
That's what I said.

Raoul:
You work for him!

Madame Girya:
Now so do you.

Raoul:
And my poor wife--
We thought him dead!
She'll be appalled!

Madame Girya:
Unless she knew.

(Raoul is thunderstruck. He storms over to Christine.)

Christine:
Darling... please... are you all right?

(Raoul seizes her roughly.)

Raoul:
Tell me now! That music!
Who was its creator?

Christine:
Darling, please... don't squeeze so tight.

Raoul:
Something's going on here--
I'll deal with you later...

(As they confer, Meg and Madame Girya have their own
whispered colloquy.)

Meg (sotto voice):
Did you know?

Madame Girya (sotto voice):
How could I know?
Why would they come?

Meg (sotto voice):
Why won't they go?

(All four catch each others' eyes and immediately
regain their social graces.)

Meg and Madame Girya:
My dear old friends!

Can't believe you're here, old friends!

Christine and Raoul (simultaneously with Meg and Madame Giry):

Dear old friends!
Such good friends!

Madame Giry:
Speaking as your host-

Meg:
As an artiste-

Christine:
What a surprise-

Raoul:
To say the least-

All four:
Yes, dear old friend,
That's a happy tear, old friend!
I can't conceal,
Try though I may,
The way I feel,
So why pretend?
I'm sure it's clear, to such a dear old friend!

Madame Giry (sotto voice to Christine):
You mustn't stay!

Christine (sotto voice to Madame Giry):
Why would I leave?

Raoul (sotto voice to Meg):
Why are we here?

Meg (sotto voice to Raoul):
Don't play naive!

All four:
What dear old friends!
Don't we all revere old friends!

Raoul:
Nothing has been changed.

Meg:
And never will.

Madame Giry and Christine:

Just rearranged.

All four:

And yet we're still such grand old friends,
Such devoted and old friends!
Words could not suggest what's in my heart--
And for the rest?
Why even start?

You're dear old friends (dear old friends!),
So much more than mere old friends! (such true
friends!)
Old friends back again at last (back again),
With everyone (everyone),
Isn't this great! (god it's great!)
Won't this be fun! (so much fun!)
With dear old friends--
Utterly sincere old friends!

Meg (to Christine, smiling, with venom):
Honey, break a leg.

Raoul (overly polite, to Madame Giry):
Madame, good day.

Madame Giry (pointedly to Raoul):
Enjoy your stay.

Christine (with too much charm):
Hope it extends.

All four:
So glad you're here our lovely dear old friends!
Old friends!

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