

Andrew Lloyd Webber "Gustave! Gustave!"

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C: Gustave, Gustave, Gustave.

P: What's wrong?

C: Gustave!

P: What's wrong?!

C: He should of been here. He was meant to be here!

P: It's that idiot Raoul. Why, I'll kill that drunken fool!

That he dare touch that child. A child that isn't his. Mr. Squelch?!

M: Sir?

P: Seal the portlock, hade each road. Call in every favor that I'm owed. I'll be damned if he leaves this isle!

M: The condition he left here in a carriage, saw with my own eyes, sir. There was no one with him.

P: Are you quite certain he left here alone?

M: Sir, was there anyone else here backstage?

P: Yes, yes. Madam Giry, she was here, with her vicious little sneer and that comment she made. The ungreatful back biting snake. She's been greedy indeed. She'll get her's now guaranteed! Go now quickly. Bring her round. Bring the boy back safe and sound. Then I'll tear her limb from limb.

MG: What is the meaning of this? How dare you meanians handle me in this fashion. I command an answer.

P: The boy, woman. What have you done with him?

MG: The boy? You think I took the boy? Why would I do such a thing? You think I don't know who he is? All these years, who has been faithful more than I? No one!

P: Giry

MG: All these years, who could you think I'd hurt that child--

P: My patience is running dry--

MG: All these years, I've been mother to you and Christine as much as my daughter--

P: Enough!

MG: Do you think I don't know how it hurts to see one's child far too off?

P: Gustave, Gustave, Gustave.

F: Sir? I just passed Meg's dressing room. It was empty as a tomb, but her mirror was smashed all in pieces on

the floor.

P: Meg?

MG: oh my god

F: And I saw her down the hall, pulling someone pale and small. And she looked all about and then scurried out the door. MG: God I left her, so distraught. Please who knows just what she thought. I'm afraid she's come undone. But she won't hurt him. Meg would never hurt him. How could she hurt him?

P: I know where they've gone, but we must hurry!

MG: In that crowd? There are millions of people out there.

C: Gustave! My poor Gustave.

P: There's no time to wait

C: Gustave!

(Crowd making noise)

C: Gustave, Gustave!

P: You there, stop!

C: It's not him.

MG: Meg.

P: I think I see them! This way!

C: Gustave! Is that... I'm so sorry.

MG: Meg, please.

P: To the pier!

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