Andrew Lloyd Webber "Poor Fool"

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COUNTESS (CARLOTTA)

Poor fool, he makes me laugh!

Ha ha Ha ha Ha! (Ect.)

Time I tried to get a better, better~half!

COUNTESS AND CHORUS
Poor fool, he doesn't know!
Ho ho Ho ho Ho! (etc.)

If he knew the truth, he'd never, ever~go!

(Suddenly from nowhere, we hear the voice of the PHANTOM)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Did I not instruct that Box Five was to be kept empty?

MEG (terrified)

He's here: the Phantom of the Opera . . .

CHRISTINE

It's him . . . I know it . . . it's him . . .

CARLOTTA

Your part is silent, little toad!

(But the PHANTOM has heard her)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

A toad, madame? Perhaps it is you who are the toad . . .

CARLOTTA (As the COUNTESS)

Serafimo, away with this pretence!

You cannot speak, but kiss me in my *croak*!

(Instead of singing she emits a great croak like a toad.

Δ

stunned silence. The PHANTOM is laughing - quietly at first, then more and more hysterically)

CARLOTTA (as the COUNTESS)

Poor fool, he makes me laugh -Hahahahaha! Croak, croak, croak, croak, croak, etc.

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

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Behold! She is singing to bring down the chandelier!

(CARLOTTA looks tearfully up at the MANAGERS ' box and shakes her head)

CARLOTTA

Non posso piu . . . I cannot . . . I cannot go on . . .

FIRMIN

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

(He addresses Box Five, keeping one eye on the chandelier as it returns to normal)
. . . when the role of the Countess will be sung by Miss Christine Daae.

ANDRE

In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen, we shall be giving you the ballet from Act Three of tonight's opera. (to the CONDUCTOR)

Maestro - the ballet - now!

(The BALLET GIRLS enter as a sylvan glade flies in. They begin the Dance of the Country Nymphs. Upstage, behind the drop, a series of threatening shadows of the PHANTOM. MEG is aware of them and dances out of step. When this culminates in one gigantic, oppressive, bat-like shadow, the garotted body

of JOSEPH BUQUET falls onto the stage, causing the sylvan glade to fly out. Pandemonium.)

A LARGE SHRILL SCREAM ENSUES

CHRISTINE (calling for help)
Raoul! Raoul!

RAOUL

Christine, come with me . . .

CHRISTINE

No. . . to the roof. We'll be safe there.

FIRMIN (Attempting to placate the audience)
Ladies and gentlemen, please remain in your seats. Do
not panic. It was an accident . . . simply an accident .

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