

Phantom Of The Opera "Little Lotte/the Mirror"

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Raoul:(Spoken)

Little Lotte, let her mind wander. Little Lotte thought,
"Am I fonder of dolls or of goblins or of shoes?"

Christine:(Spoken)

Raoul.

Raoul:(Spoken)

Or of riddles or frocks?

Christine:(Spoken)

Those Picnics in the attic.

Raoul:(Spoken)

Or of chocolates.

Christine:(Spoken)

father playing the violin

Raoul:(Spoken)

As we read to each other, dark stories of the north

Christine:(Spoken)

No, "What I loved best," Lottie Said, "was when I'm
asleep in my bed."

(Sung)

And the angel of music sings songs in my head

Christine and Raoul:

The angel of music sings songs in my head.

Raoul:(Spoken)

You sang like an angel tonight.

Christine:(Spoken)

Father said "When I am 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:(Spoken)

Oh, no doubt of it. And now, we go to supper.

Christine:(Spoken; stern)
No, Raoul, the angel of music is very strict.

Raoul:(Spoken; playful)
Well I shant keep you too late. (Laughs)
Christine:(Spoken; stern)
Raoul, No.

Raoul:(Spoken; ignoring her)
You must change. I'll order my carriage. Two minutes,
Little Lotte.

Christine:(Spoken)
No, Raoul, wait!

(Raoul closes the door and the Phantom locks it. All of the lights in the scene go out and the candles blow out. Christine finishes changing, and sees the candles go out. She runs to the door and the Phantom starts singing)

Phantom: (sudden loudness at first)
Insolent boy/this slave of fashion/basking in your
glory/Ignorant fool/this brave young suitor, sharing in
my triumph!

Christine: (bewildered)
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:
Flattering child, you shall know me/See why in shadow I
hide/Look at your face in the mirror/I am there inside

Christine:
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 walks towards PHANTOM in a trance; mist
fills the floor)

Raoul:(Spoken)
Whose is that voice? Who is that in there?
(Christine still walking)

Phantom:
I am your angel of music

(gloved hand [phantom's] comes out of opened mirror;
Christine reaches for it)

Raoul:(Spoken)
Christine! Christine!

Phantom:
Come to me, angel of music
(Christine grasps Phantom's hand)

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