

## Phantom Of The Opera "Think Of Me"

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Carlotta:

Think of me

Think of me fondly when we've said goodbye

Remember me once in a while, please promise me

you'll try

When you find that once again you long to take your  
heart back and be free...

(a piece of scenery falls and knocks Carlotta over,  
pinning her to the stage.)

Monsieur Reyer: (Screams) Oh, my god, Signora!

Carlotta: (screams)

I hate you!

Lift it up!

Meg:

He's here, The Phantom of the Opera.

Lefevre: (Spoken)

Signora, are you alright? Buquet, for God's sake, man,  
what is going on up there?

Buquet: (Spoken)

Please monsieur don't look at me. As God's my judge, I  
wasn't at my post. Please monsieur, there's no one  
there. Or if there is, well then... it must be a ghost.

Andre: (Spoken)

Signora, these things do happen.

Carlotta: (Spoken to Monsieur Leferve)

For the past three years, "these things do happen."

And did you stop them from happening? No! (To Andre  
and Firmin) And you two! You are as bad as him!

"These things do happen." UGH! Until you stop these  
things from happening, this thing does not happen!

Ubaldo! Andiamo! Bring my doggy and my boxy!

Piangi: (Spoken)

Amateurs.

Carlotta: (Spoken)

Now you see, bye-bye, I'm really leaving

Lefevre:(Spoken)

Gentlemen, good luck. If you need me, I shall be in Australia.

Andre: (Spoken)

Signora Giudecceli, she will be coming back won't she?

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

You think so monsieur? I have a message, sir, from the opera ghost.

Firmin:(Spoken)

Oh, God in heaven, you're all obsessed.

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

He welcomes you to his opera house-

Firmin:(Spoken)

"His" opera house?

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

And commands that you continue to leave box five empty for his use and reminds you that his salary is due.

Firmin:(Spoken)

His salary?

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

Well, Monsieur Lefevre used to give him 20,000 francs a month.

Firmin:(Spoken)

20,000 francs?!

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

Perhaps you can afford more with the Vicomte as your patron?

Firmin:(Spoken)

Madame, I had hoped to make that announcement public tonight when the Vicomte was to join us for the gala. But obviously,(rips the note in two)we shall now have to cancel as it appears we have lost our star!

Andre: (Spoken)

Surely there must be an...understudy!

Reyer: (Spoken)

Understudy?

There is no understudy for La Carlotta!

Firmin: (Spoken)

A full house, Andre! We shall have to refund a full house!

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

Christine Daae could sing it, Sir.

Andre:(Spoken)

What, a chorus girl? Don't be silly!

Madame Giry:(Spoken)

She has been taking lessons from a great teacher.

Andre:(Spoken)

Who?

Christine:(Spoken)

I don't know his name monsieur.

Madame Giry: (Spoken)

Let her sing for you, monsieur. She has been well taught.

Andre: (Spoken)

All right.

Come on.

Don't be shy.

Just...

Just...

Reyer: (Spoken)

From the beginning of the aria then please mademoiselle.

Firmin:(Spoken)

Andre, this is doing nothing for my nerves.

Andre:(Spoken)

Well, she's very pretty.

Christine:

Think of me

Think of me fondly when we've said goodbye

Remember me once in a while, please promise me

you'll try

When you find that once again you long to take your  
heart back and be free  
If you ever find a moment spare a thought for me.

We never said our love was evergreen  
Or as unchanging as the sea.  
But if you can still remember  
Stop and think of me.

Think of all the things we've shared and seen,  
Don't think about the way things might have been.

Think of me,  
Think of me waking, silent and resigned.  
Imagine me  
Trying too hard to put you from my mind.  
Recall those days, look back on all those times,  
Think of the things we'll never do.  
There will never be a day when I won't think of you!

Raoul:  
Can it be?  
Can it be Christine?  
(Spoken)  
Bravo!  
(sung)  
Long ago,  
It seems so long ago,  
How young and innocent we were  
She may not remember me,  
But I remember her.

Christine:  
Flowers fade, The fruits of summer fade,  
They have their seasons, so do we.  
But please promise me that sometimes  
You will think...  
(christine Vocalizes an assortment of notes)  
Of me!

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