

Phantom Of The Opera

"Why So Silent"

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At the height of the activity a grotesque figure suddenly appears at the top of the staircase. Dressed all in crimson, with a death's head visible inside the hood of his robe, the PHANTOM has come to the party. With dreadful wooden steps he descends the stairs and takes the centre of the stage)

PHANTOM
Why so silent, good messieurs?
Did you think that I had left you for good?
Have you missed me, good messieurs?
I have written you an opera!
(He takes from under his robe an enormous bound manuscript)
Here I bring the finished score -
"Don Juan Triumphant" !
(He throws it to ANDRE)
I advise you
to comply -
my instructions
should be clear -
Remember
there are worse things
than a shattered chandelier . . .
(CHRISTINE, mesmerized, approaches as the PHANTOM beckons her. He reaches out, grasps the chain that holds the secret engagement ring, and rips it from her throat)
Your chains are still mine -
you will sing for me!
(ALL cower in suspense as the music crescendos, until suddenly, his figure evaporates)

BACKSTAGE
(GIRY is hurrying across. RAOUL appears and calls after her)

RAOUL
Madame Giry. Madame Giry . . .
GIRY
Monsieur, don't ask me - I know no more than

anyone else.

(She moves off again. He stops her)

RAOUL

That's not true. You've seen something, haven't you ?

GIRY (uneasily)

I don't know what I've seen . . . Please don't ask me, monsieur . . .

RAOUL (desperately)

Madame, for all our sakes . . .

GIRY (She has glanced nervously about her and suddenly deciding to trust him, cuts in):

Very well. It was years ago. There was a travelling fair in the city. Tumblers, conjurors, human oddities . . .

RAOUL

Go on . . .

GIRY (trance-like, as she retraces the past)

And there was . . . I shall never forget him: a man . . . locked in a cage . . .

RAOUL

In a cage . . . ?

GIRY

A prodigy, monsieur! Scholar, architect, musician .

RAOUL (piecing together the jigsaw)

A composer . . .

GIRY

And an inventor too, monsieur. They boasted he had once built for the Shah of Persia, a maze of mirrors . . .

RAOUL (mystified and impatient, cuts in)

Who was this man . . . ?

GIRY (with a shudder)

A freak of nature . . .

more monster

than man . . .

RAOUL (a murmur)

Deformed . . . ?

GIRY

From birth, it seemed . . .

RAOUL

My God . . .

GIRY

And then . . . he went missing. He escaped.

RAOUL

Go on.

GIRY

They never found him

it was said he

had died . . .

RAOUL (darkly)

But he didn't die, did he?

GIRY

The world forgot him,

but I never can . . .

For in this darkness

I have seen him again . . .

RAOUL

And so our

Phantom's this man . . .

GIRY (starts from her daze and turns to go)

I have said too much, monsieur.

(She moves off into the surrounding blackness)

And there have been too many accidents . . .

RAOUL (ironical)

Accidents?!

GIRY

Too many . . .

(And, before he can question her further, she has

disappeared)

RAOUL (running after her)

Madame Giry . .

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