

Various Artists

"Madame Girys Tale / The Fairground"

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[Everything is spoken]

RAOUL

Madame Girys, wait. . .

GIRY

Please, Monsieur - I know no more than anyone else.

RAOUL

That's not true.

GIRY (uneasily)

Please, Monsieur, don't ask, there have been too many accidents . . .

RAOUL (ironical)

Accidents?!

Please, Madame Girys, for all our sakes . . .

GIRY

Very well. It was years ago. There was a traveling fair in the city. The gypsies.

I was very young, studying to be a ballerina.

One of many living in the dormitories of the opera house.

Scary woman: See the wonder from the East!

Cruel man. Come. Come. Come inside. Come and see
The Devil's Child.

Cruel man.

You damn demon!(Beats)

Villain! (beats)

Ne'er do-well! (Beats)

Libertine! (Beats)

Dangerous! (Beats)

Hideous! (Beats)

Monstrous! (Beats)

BEAST! (Beats very hard)

Cruel Man. Behold, Mesdames and messieurs, the Devil's Child!

Man: Murder!

Policeman: Which way?!

Man: That way! That way!

Policeman: He's getting away!

GIRY: (Narrating the story)

I hid him from the world, and its cruelties.

Young Giry. If you stay in here, you are safe.

Young Erik. Thank you so much, young lady.

GIRY:

He has known nothing else of life since then except this opera house.

I called him Erik.

It was his playground and now his artistic domain, he's a genius.

He's an architect and designer,
he's a composer and a magician. A genius,
Monsieur!

ROUL: But clearly, Madame Giry, genius has turned to madness.

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