

# Angel of Music

Andrew Lloyd Webber

AFTER THE GALA

(The curtain closes upstage. BALLET GIRLS, from the wings gush around CHRISTINE who hands each a flower from her bouquet. REYER stiffly gives his approval)

GIRY (to CHRISTINE)

Yes, you did well. He will be pleased.

(to the DANCERS)

And you! You were a disgrace tonight! Such ronds de jambe! Such temps de cuisse!

Here we rehearse. Now!

(She emphasizes this with her cane.)

The BALLET GIRLS settle into rehearsal upstage, GLRY keeping time with her stick. Variations on this continue throughout the scene)

(CHRISTINE moves slowly, downstage, away from the DANCERS as her dressing room becomes visible.

Unseen by her, MEG also moves away and follows her.

As CHRISTINE is about to open the dressing room door, she hears the PHANTOM's voice out of nowhere)

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Bravi, bravi, bravissimi . . .

(CHRISTINE is bewildered by the voice. MEG, following, has not heard it. CHRISTINE turns in surprise, and is relieved to see her)

MEG

Where in the world  
have you been hiding?  
Really, you were  
perfect!

I only wish  
I knew your secret!  
Who is this new  
tutor?

CHRISTINE (abstracted, entering the dressing room)

Father once spoke

of an angel . . .

I used to dream he'd  
appear . . .

Now as I sing,  
I can sense him . . .

And I know  
he's here . . .

(trance-like)

Here in this room  
he calls me softly . . .  
somewhere inside . . .  
hiding . . .

Somehow I know  
he's always with me . . .

he - the unseen  
genius . . .

MEG (uneasily)

Christine, you must have  
been dreaming . . .

stories like this can't  
come true . . .

Christine, you're talking

in riddles . . .  
and it's not  
like you . . .  
CHRISTINE (not hearing her, ecstatic)  
Angel of Music!  
Guide  
and guardian!  
Grant to me your  
glory!  
MEG (to herself)  
Who is this angel?  
This . . .  
BOTH  
Angel of Music!  
Hide no longer!  
Secret and strange  
angel . . .  
CHRISTINE (darkly)  
He's with me, even now . . .  
MEG (bewildered)  
Your hands are cold . . .  
CHRISTINE;  
All around me . . .  
MEG  
Your face, Christine,  
it's white . . .  
CHRISTINE  
It frightens me . . .  
MEG  
Don't be frightened . . .  
(THEY look at each other The moment is broken  
by the arrival of GIRY)  
GIRY  
Meg Giry. Are you a dancer? Then come and  
practice.  
(MEG leaves and joins the DANCERS)  
My dear, I was asked to give you this.  
(She hands CHRISTINE a note, and exits.  
CHRISTINE opens it and reads)  
CHRISTINE  
A red scarf . . . the attic . . . Little Lotte .