

**THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**

Screenplay by  
JAMES WELDAY

Based on the Novel by  
GASTON LEROUX

In the Public Domain

Based on a true story...

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FADE IN:

**INT. GASTON'S ROOM - DAY - 1909**

Through the window pane, the Parisian skyline sparkles.

Scribbling heard.

An open pocket watch lays on a desk, ticking away.

Notes, newspapers, diagrams and blueprints of the Palais Garnier litter the room. **"News of a ghost haunt the Paris Opera"** reads a headline.

Beside the watch, a faceless MAN (GASTON) writes his manuscript.

His eyes fall on the watch, realizing the time.

Quickly shuffles his papers, a small note pad into a bag, and is out the door.

**INT./EXT. GASTON'S CARRIAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Gaston's carriage ride is bumpy, but the destination before him is breathtaking -- the imposing PALAIS GARNIER.

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - PARIS OPERA - MOMENTS LATER**

MERCIER, the Opera manager, early 50's, halts his pacing when he spies Gaston hastily approaching. They shake hands.

MERCIER

Ah. Monsieur Leroux. Today's the day.

GASTON

My apologies--

MERCIER

The Fire Marshall finally signed off on your permission to go below.

GASTON

Splendid. It will be worthwhile.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

As they cross, Gaston gazes upon the surrounding beauty.

GASTON

The size of this place still astounds me. Like an island to itself.

MERCIER

I've seen many opera houses. Never found it's equal. Ah--

Pulls a key from his pocket, as they stop at an anonymous door. Mercier unlocks it.

Inside, a staircase leads down into the darkness.

Gaston retrieves a nearby gas lantern. Mercier nods, beckoning Gaston to follow.

**INT. LOWER CELLARS - MOMENTS LATER**

A match is lit, the lantern glows.

Lantern in hand, Gaston squints to see. Mercier looks apprehensive.

MERCIER

Are you quite sure you want to venture down further?

GASTON

I'm here to see the lake.

MERCIER

We've seen the lake. Nothing has ever been found.

GASTON

Does the darkness frighten you?

MERCIER

Only the rumors, Monsieur...

GASTON

This ended quite some time ago. I'm merely here to report it.

MERCIER

Regardless. I dare not take another step. Come find me when you are finished.

Gaston peers over his shoulder.

GASTON  
Where shall I--

Mercier is already running up the steps.

Gaston turns, descending deeper below.

**INT. FIFTH CELLAR - LATER**

Lantern light bounces off ancient, wet scattered debris.  
No one has been down here in ages.

From his pocket, Gaston unfolds a map, detailing the  
underground cellars. Apprehensively, he keeps moving.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAKE - LATER**

Gaston coughs, waving the lantern in all directions, stops--

His mouth agape at what is ahead.

Somewhere, an angelic voice rises. A woman's.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - PARIS OPERA - NIGHT - 1890**

The woman's heavenly voice washes over the awed faces of the  
audience -- belting out the final trio of Faust.

The auditorium is breathtaking. Four tiers of boxes create a  
u-shape that surround the ground floor. High above, an ornate  
chandelier hangs.

There's a sense of newness in the air. A few excited,  
blushing whispers are exchanged.

AUDIENCE MEMBER  
Unfortunate for Miss Carlotta that  
she took ill. Thankful for us...

They share a giggle.

The orchestra comes crashing in--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. CELLAR HALLWAY - SAME**

CRASH! A haggard man trips over his feet in the dark, stands, desperately running for his life. Something is following him.

JOSEPH BUQUET (V.O.)  
By the footlights, he was there...

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - SAME**

Young MEG GIRY leads a group of running ballerina's. Giggling, they peer over their shoulders.

**INT. UNDER THE STAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

The running man, JOSEPH BUQUET points, as the same frightened young ballerina's gather. He speaks in a quiet, steady voice.

JOSEPH BUQUET  
He has a death's head for a face.  
He's extraordinarily thin, his  
dress-coat hangs on a skeleton  
frame. His eyes, two black holes,  
rest in a dead man's skull. His  
skin...

**INT. CELLAR HALLWAY - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Buquet catches hold of a corner, gasping. Looks behind him.

JOSEPH BUQUET (V.O.)  
...which is stretched across his  
bones like a drumhead, is not  
white, but a dirty yellow...

An empty hallway. Knows he has to keep moving.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - SAME**

MEG  
It's the ghost! He's here!

They push themselves into a dressing room to hide--

**INT. LA SORELLI'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

--shoving past SORRELLI, the lead ballet dancer, as they huddle into the nearest corner. Sorrelli has been preparing her hand-written notes.

SORRELLI

I'm trying to go over notes for the departing mana--! You've seem him? Tell me!

They speak all at once. JAMMES gossips the loudest.

JAMMES

As plainly as I see you now!

MEG

Hush! Ma says the ghost doesn't like being talked about.

**INT. RAOUL'S BOX - AUDITORIUM - SAME**

PHILIPPE GEORGES COMTE DE CHANGY, 41, peers over the audience with mild interest, turns to his brother beside him.

RAOUL, 21, doesn't sense his brother's eyes. His attention is focused only on the woman singing.

Raoul is boyishly good-looking, and carries a strong, yet shy, kindly demeanor.

He's trying to place the young woman on-stage. It clicks.

RAOUL

Christine...

**INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

There, on the stage is CHRISTINE DAAE, 20.

Breathtaking in every aspect. Blonde, beautiful Scandinavian features. A fragility that can't be placed.

**INT. LA SORELLI'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME**

Little Meg pushes Jaames away, to Sorrelli.

MEG  
Joseph Buquet told us...he'd do  
better to hold his tongue. That's  
Ma's opinion.

SORRELLI  
Why would she say so?

Meg tenses.

MEG  
Because...because...nothing...

Sorrelli and the others surround Meg, anticipating.

MEG  
Because of the private box! Happy?

They swoon with excitement.

BALLERINAS (OVERLAP)  
The ghost has a box? Which?! Tell  
us!!

MEG  
Not so loud! It's Box 5...

**INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME**

Over the audience, we fly toward the darkened box on the  
grand tier. Nothing suggests an occupant or movement.

MEG (V.O.)  
...the one on the grand tier. Next  
to the stage-box, on the left.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOX 5 - SAME**

Meg's Mother, the box keeper MADAME GIRY stands watch. A  
calm, knowing look in her eye.

MEG (V.O.)  
Ma has charge of it. There are  
orders to never sell it. No one  
occupies it except the ghost.

**INT. LA SORELLI'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME**

BALLERINA

What does your mother say he looks like? The death's head?

A cryptic shake of the head.

MEG

That's just it. All this talk of a death's head and his head of fire is nonsense. Ma has never seen him, she's heard him only.

**INT. BOX 5 - SAME**

Possibly empty, looking down on the stage.

**INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Christine reaches her crescendo, the life lifting from her.

The audience hold their breath--

Raoul in his box--

Her final note is magnificent. Everyone feels the sea change.

Then, it's over.

In SLOW-MOTION, the giddy audience rise, ready to applaud.

Raoul stands.

An explosion of applause. Deafening cheering, clapping.

Christine blinks, overwhelmed. A tear lines her cheek.

From the wings, the cast gather to share their admiration. Smiles all around.

Christine feels the attention with conflicted eyes. A dream coming true, yet--

Subtly glances to the boxes. Raoul is there.

They make eye contact. Her footing fails--



Like a rag doll, her body pulls out from under her--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. BETWEEN SETS - SAME**

A set piece and a discarded scene from "Roi de Lahore".

With the applause echoing maniacally down here, Buquet stops, panting as he squeezes his eyes shut. Not young like he used--

A CORD-LIKE NOOSE SUDDENLY RIPS ROUND HIS NECK.

HE'S VIOLENTLY JERKED OFF HIS FEET.

Buquet's eyes bulge out in horror.

**INT. STAGE - SAME**

Christine lands in the arms of nearby singers, fatigue and perspiration etched across her face.

A commotion gathers around her.

**INT. RAOUL'S BOX - SAME**

Raoul goes pale. While chatting with others, Phillipe senses--

PHILLIPE  
What's the matter?

RAOUL  
Don't you see she's fainting? Let's  
go.

Out of the box, Raoul leads.

**INT. LA SORELLI'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The door BANGS! The girls shriek! A disheartened little voice on other side.

JAMMES MOTHER (O.S.)  
Cecile! Cecile! Are you there?

JAMMES  
It's Ma's voice.

Jammes crosses to the door. Her MOTHER bursts in, sobbing. Behind her, in the hallway, echoing voices.

JAMMES MOTHER  
It's awful...Joseph...Buquet...

MEG  
What about him?

**INT. BETWEEN SETS - SAME**

Buquet dangles lifelessly by the neck.

A shadow moves about.

The noose snaps. Buquet flops to the floor with an ugly thud.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul pushes through the wall of scene-shifters, chorus girls, etc, all shouting "Daae! Daae!"

Amused, Phillipe is close on his heels as they reach the dressing room door. A STAGEHAND halts them. Raoul peers past.

Christine is sprawled on the couch, a THEATRE DOCTOR and MAID caring for her. Surrounding them are a gaggle of concerned opera personnel.

PHILLIPE  
What are you doing?

Ignoring, Raoul turns to the Stagehand.

RAOUL  
I'm the Vicomte de Chagny. I know  
Ms. Daae.

The Stagehand sees his nobility, gives him a wave.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Raoul takes in the moment. The Theatre Doctor regards him.

RAOUL  
Don't you think these gentlemen had  
better clear the room? There's no  
breathing room here.

THEATER DOCTOR

Please, would you please excuse us?

The room empties, save for the Doctor and the Maid, who stares at Raoul with wide-eyed astonishment.

At the door, Philippe smiles before stepping away.

Christine sighs, emitting a small groan. Opens her eyes, turns to a smiling Raoul, and stops, blinking absentmindedly.

CHRISTINE

Monsieur, who are you?

On bent knee, he takes her limp hand, and kisses it.

RAOUL

Mademoiselle, I am the little boy  
who went into the sea to rescue  
your scarf.

Collectively, they laugh at him. Knowing it's at his expense, Raoul rises.

RAOUL

Since you are pleased not to  
recognize me, I should like to say  
something to you in private.  
Something very important.

CHRISTINE

When I'm better, do you mind?  
You've been very kind.

The Doctor steps in.

THEATER DOCTOR

Yes, you must go. Leave me to  
attend the mademoiselle.

Christine stands with unexpected energy, wiping at her eyes.

CHRISTINE

Thank you, doctor. I should like to  
be alone now. Please, all of you,  
leave me.

Quickly glances at a baffled Raoul. With a bow, he leaves.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Now empty. The crowd has moved on.

The door opens. The Maid comes out, carrying bundles, followed by the Doctor. Raoul pulls him aside.

RAOUL  
How is she?

THEATER DOCTOR  
She's not herself tonight. She is usually so gentle.

With a nod, he shakes The Doctor's hand, leaving Raoul alone.

The hallway is silent, only the gas lamps soothingly hum.

Has an idea. Takes a step, holds his knuckle to knock--

VOICE (O.S.)  
Christine, you must love me!

The voice booms, startling Raoul. Searches about for its source -- feels the door.

A long silence. Christine's voice trembles in reply.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
How can you say that when I sing only for you?

Raoul is paralyzed with dread.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME**

VOICE (O.S.)  
Are you very tired?

Christine is crestfallen as she circles, sensing the voice.

CHRISTINE  
Tonight. I gave you my soul.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Your soul is a beautiful thing, my child. No emperor ever received such a gift. The angels wept tonight.

CHRISTINE  
It's been too long. Show yourself at last.

VOICE  
I am always with you. Soon...

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - SAME**

Eyes downcast, Raoul steps into the shadow of a dark corner.

He's about to leave in defeat when--

The door opens. Christine appears, dressed for the evening's party. Closes the door behind her, and passes him.

Hidden in the dark, his eyes don't follow. They remain fixated on the door.

Raoul steps from the shadow and cautiously opens the door.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Shutting the door behind him, Raoul twists the lock tight, sensing out the gloom.

RAOUL  
Why do you hide?

Nothing. Digs in his pocket, finds a match. Strikes it, the flame illuminates. He swings it about, his breath deafening.

Goes to work--

Lights the lamp. Opens the closet, rummages through the cupboards, feels the walls, peers under the couch.

Stands. Again, nothing.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul closes the door, and proceeds down the hallway, pocketing his trembling hands the best he can.

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER**

The farewell party for the departing managers. The company is dressed to the nine's, mingling about.

Like a beautiful perfume, Christine's triumphant gala performance is still sensed in the air.

Meg and the ballerinas run about, gossiping inconspicuously about what they've seen and Buquet's death.

Sorrelli stands aside, champagne glass in hand, nervously preparing her speech. Her gaze is fixated across the room.

There, the retiring managers M. DEBINNE and M. POLIGNY smile cheerfully, almost relieved, as they make small talk with the new managers ARMAND MONCHARMIN and FIRMIN RICHARD.

Their attention falls to the room's center -- Christine, being showered with attention and congratulations.

RICHARD

You were saving Ms. Daae's performance for tonight? She's exquisite.

M. POLIGNY

The opposite, monsieur. She sounded like a rusted hinge when she arrived. Whomever trains her has accomplished quite a feat.

On the crowd's edge, a confused Raoul observes Christine.

Feeling eyes, he turns. A tall man in a black felt hat with dark eyes meet his gaze -- this is THE PERSIAN.

He nods a silent greeting. Raoul looks away.

M. DEBINNE

Be mindful, though. La Carlotta will not take to such news. No doubt she's already heard the notices from her sick bed.

Richard and Moncharmin share a glance. The retiring managers see it, and smile sarcastically.

M. POLIGNY

Be humble, gentlemen. Welcome to the opera world.

MONCHARMIN

We know. Drama amongst the company is never anything new.

Now it's M. Debinne and M. Poligny's turn to share a glance.

M. DEBINNE

Well, the ink's dry so it's no longer our problem, but--

M. POLIGNY

Do you think--?

M. DEBINNE  
Gentlemen, if you'll accompany us  
back to the office. We'll explain  
further...

Moncharmin and Richard side-eye each other with suspicion,  
but follow anyway.

As they vanish, a scream echoes above the conversation.

JAMMES (O.S.)  
The Opera Ghost!

Moncharmin turns, hoping to catch a glimpse through the  
commotion.

A shadowy figure, adorning a death's head mask, is surrounded  
by drunken well-wishers.

Raoul sees the figure too.

Christine doesn't react, continuing to socialize.

Moncharmin rubbernecks, but someone passes. Before long--

The figure is gone.

Moncharmin blinks in surprise, continues on.

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

The retiring managers pour drinks for Moncharmin and Richard.

M. POLIGNY  
There is a ghost that haunts this  
opera.

Moncharmin and Richard hold their drinks, comically.

M. DEBINNE  
He's quite serious.

Richard and Moncharmin start laughing, down their drinks.

M. Poligny reaches into the desk drawer, hands over a  
document.

M. POLIGNY  
The lease.

Richard and Moncharmin begin flipping through.

M. POLIGNY

To paraphrase Clause 98, which says  
the privilege can be withdrawn if  
the manager infringes the  
conditions stipulated in the lease.

Confused, they read. The clause itself is written in black  
ink. At the bottom, a childish pen has added in red ink.

RICHARD

(reading)

"5. Or if the manager, in any  
month, delay for more than a  
fortnight the payment of allowance  
which he shall me to the...Opera  
ghost, an allowance of 20,000  
francs a month, say, 240,000 francs  
a year."

No one speaks. Richard cracks a smile, leafing the pages.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Is that all?

M. DEBINNE

Also -- Box 5 on the grand tier  
shall be placed at the disposal of  
the Opera ghost for every  
performance.

Disgusted, Richard laughs, as he pours himself another drink.

Moncharmin, however, feels the weight of this threat.

**INT. BETWEEN SETS - SAME**

A medic covers the corpse of Buquet. He's lifted away on a  
stretcher.

MONCHARMIN (V.O.)

What happens if the box is sold?

**INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME**

The medics slowly carry the stretcher through.

M. DEBINNE (V.O.)

This ghost has rules, you must  
learn to live in harmony with him.



**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - SAME**

At the entrance, the commissary of police and constables wait for the stretcher to arrive.

A funereal hush has fallen over the party.

M. DEBINNE (V.O.)  
This is his domain. The faster you  
accept that--

The crowd parts as the stretcher passes. The company and other guests, Raoul among them, look on in confused horror.

M. DEBINNE (V.O.)  
--the better it will be for all.

The stretcher disappears out the front, into the night air.

**EXT. DE CHAGNY ESTATE - DAY**

Phillipe and Raoul take breakfast overlooking their vast estate. Raoul sits in frustration.

PHILLIPE  
Still?

RAOUL  
I've written to her. Sent her  
notices to see me. She refuses.

**INT. RAOUL'S BEDROOM - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - DAY**

Phillipe helps Raoul into his uniform.

RAOUL  
She hasn't sung since her gala  
performance.

PHILLIPE  
Remember your obligation to the  
expedition--

RAOUL  
Yes, yes--

PHILLIPE  
It's curious, though. In my  
circles, word is she's refused  
every invitation.

RAOUL  
Your gossiping friends...

PHILLIPE  
Maybe. Her refusal is her answer,  
brother.

A sobering beat.

RAOUL  
She didn't recognize me that night,  
Phillipe. What has happened?

**INT. MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - DAY**

Christine sits in thought. Her adopted bed-ridden mother,  
MAMMA VALERIUS, an overweight joy of a person, is close by.

**INT. FOYER - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - MORNING**

Raoul crosses when a SERVANT hands him an envelope.

SERVANT  
This just arrived.

Raoul takes it, moves to the large window for privacy,  
tearing it open.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
"Monsieur, I have not forgotten the  
little boy who went into the sea to  
rescue my scarf. I felt I must  
write to you today, when I am going  
to Perros..."

**INT. BRITTANY EXPRESS - DAY**

Raoul sits in his compartment, enjoying the countryside.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
"Tomorrow is the anniversary of the  
death of my poor father, whom you  
knew and who was very fond of you.  
He is buried there, with his  
violin..."

**EXT. SETTING SUN INN - PERROS-GUIREC - DAY**

Bags in hand, Raoul is escorted into the small inn. The coast is in the background. A flurry of snow in the sky.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
 "...in the graveyard of the little church, at the bottom of the slope where we used to play as children."

**EXT. PERROS-GUIREC BEACH - DAY**

CRASH! A wave smooths over the sand, creating that sizzling sound. Raoul peers out over the water, finding--

Two ghostly figures amongst the surf.

A YOUNG RAOUL running after the scarf in the water, while a YOUNG CHRISTINE watches after. Nervous, yet thrilled.

Over his shoulder, a voice breaks the spell.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
 So you have come. He told me I should find you here.

Christine. He smiles as they meet, keeping a polite distance.

RAOUL  
 Who?

CHRISTINE  
 My poor father, of course.

He smiles sadly.

RAOUL  
 Did your father tell you that I love you and that--?

She bursts out laughing, unsure of how else to react.

CHRISTINE  
 Apologies. Me? You are dreaming, my friend!

Coming off as too eager, Raoul turns away in embarrassment.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
 I did not send for you to tell me such things.  
 (MORE)

CHRISTINE(cont'd)

(comforting)

Come now. I thought you would remember our games here...I--maybe I was wrong to write you. This anniversary and your sudden appearance in my dressing room the other night, reminded me of the time long past and made me write you as the little girl I was then.

Faces her, his expression hardened.

RAOUL

When you saw me in your dressing room, was that the first time you noticed me?

She shakes her head.

CHRISTINE

I had often seen you in your brother's box and on the stage.

RAOUL

So, why then...when you saw me in your room, reminding you of your retrieved scarf, did you answer me as if you didn't know me?

CHRISTINE

What are you implyin--?

RAOUL

Tell me about this man to whom you said 'I sing only for you'?

CHRISTINE

You were spying behind the door--?

RAOUL

Who is he?!

Distraught, she runs, down the coast.

Raoul looks on, immediately regretful.

**EXT. CHURCHYARD - PERROS - LATER**

Raoul wipes away fresh powder of snow from Daae's tombstone. Speaks a silent prayer.

Breathing in the air, he peers about. Periodically, red roses bloom out of the fresh powder. Etherial beauty.

Something else blooms there--

Discarded skeletons and skulls by the hundred lay in a heap against the church wall.

His haunted eyes don't pull away, failing to notice Christine suddenly beside him, gazing at her father's stone.

As he reacts, she quickly places a gloved hand to his mouth.

CHRISTINE

Just listen-- I've decided to tell you something very serious. Do you remember the legend of the Angel of Music?

He nods. She removes her hand.

RAOUL

The fairy tale your father told us. He said 'when I'm in heaven--'

CHRISTINE

'--I will send him to you.'  
My father's in heaven and I have been visited by the Angel of Music.

RAOUL

I have no doubt. Christine, no human being can sing as you did the other evening.

CHRISTINE

He comes in my dressing room. This is who you heard. Imagine my astonishment when you told me that you could hear him too.

RAOUL

But there was no one there. After you left, I found no one--

CHRISTINE

So you see! Well...

RAOUL

Christine, listen. I-I think somebody is making game of you--

CHRISTINE

You're wrong. He was there-- you don't understand-- leave me be!

**INT. RAOUL'S ROOM - SETTING SUN INN - PERROS - NIGHT**

Bitter and sleepless, Raoul stares out the open window.

Below, a door latching closed catches his gaze. A hooded figure in white trudges away through the snow.

**EXT. SETTING SUN INN - PERROS - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul pulls on his coat as he exits the inn, in pursuit.

**EXT. ROAD - PERROS - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul's boots crunch loudly in the hard snow, making no effort to deafen them, as he attempts to get the attention of the hooded figure.

**EXT. CHURCHYARD - PERROS - MOMENTS LATER**

The church steeple looms large over the graveyard.

The hooded figure pushes the gates open, proceeding inside. Raoul jogs in after, short of breath, keeping a distance.

The crosses atop the tombstones cast long shadows on such a clear night. The heap of bones by the church wall keep watch.

The hooded figure kneels down at a tombstone, removes the hood. Christine. She makes the sign of the cross, and prays.

From the church, the clock strikes midnight. Raoul looks up as the strokes count. Waiting breathlessly.

The last stroke, then silence again.

Christine casts her gaze up, arms open in ecstasy.

Raoul beholds this, confused.

A skull among the bone heap watches.

Then--

Music echoes. Beautiful, awe-inspiring music.

"The Resurrection of Lazarus."

Both hear it. Raoul is dumbfounded.

RAOUL  
...could it be true?

The music ceases, as suddenly as it began, the wind cracking.

A chuckle, somewhere--

With a shudder, Raoul's eyes dart to the heap.

Behind, Christine has risen, and is walking toward the gate in a haze. She hasn't noticed Raoul.

He sees her leave, but is stopped when--

Crack, crack--

SOMETHING rolls to his feet. Air catches in his throat--

A skull.

Raoul's breath deepens. Another skull, then another--

THEN--

Gliding along the wall, a shadow forms from the heap.

Are his eyes deceiving him? His feet are planted in terror.

The shadow floats to the church doors, before vanishing.

Raoul's heart stops--

The doors are shoved open! The shadow reappears, entering.

Raoul gives chase--

**INT. CHURCH - PERROS - CONTINUOUS**

Moonbeams shoot through the stain glass windows.

The shadow glides with Raoul in pursuit. At the altar, he catches up, taking hold of the shadow.

Raoul peers down. He's holding a portion of cloak. Looks up--

RAOUL  
Face me!

A death's head stares at him with scorching eyes!

Raoul screams in terror!

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK. Distant voices.

FLASH IMAGE. The church floor, snow fluttering through the open doors.

MAN (O.S.)  
He's here! Mademoiselle, come quick!

BLACK. Footsteps crack under a stone surface.

FLASH IMAGE. On the steps of the altar, lays a bloodied, bruised Raoul, eyes half-lidded as he's discovered.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
Raoul--!

CUT TO BLACK:

Christine's screams echo in the darkness.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOX 5 - DAY**

Moncharmin and Richard approach, push the door open and sigh.

**INT. BOX 5 - MOMENTS LATER**

They turn over the furniture, lift seat covers. Nothing.

MONCHARMIN  
It's only a box. Nothing distinguishes it from any other. Nothing that suggests a ghost.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
"So, it is to be war between us?!"

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Richard paces furiously as he reads a new letter in red ink, in a clumsy hand. Moncharmin nervously shakes his head.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
(reading)  
"If you still care for peace, here is my ultimatum...leave Box 5 be."  
(MORE)



RICHARD(cont'd)

"The part of Margarita shall be sung tonight by Christine Daae. Never mind about Carlotta, she will be ill.

"My loyal box-keeper Madame Giry will continue her functions and see that you deliver a letter of reply to me at once.

"Send a letter of reply that you accept, as did your predecessors, the terms of lease relating to my monthly allowance."

They turn in unison, facing M. Giry as she stands at attention. Richard shakes his head in disbelief, finishing--

RICHARD

"If you refuse, you will give 'Faust' tonight in a house with a curse upon it. Take my advice, and be warned in time. O.G.."

Richard balls the letter up.

MONCHARMIN

How do you explain this, Madame Giry?

MADAME GIRY

These are my duties, monsieur.

RICHARD

Your duties are to your employers, Madame!

A knock at the door. MERCIER, the acting manager, whom Gaston met at the beginning, enters.

RICHARD  
Leave us!

MONCHARMIN  
Yes?

MERCIER

Lachenel would like to see one of you gentleman.

MONCHARMIN

Who is Lachenel?

MERCIER

He is your stud-groom. Apparently one of our horses has been stolen--

RICHARD

This is nonsense--!

MADAME GIRY  
 Monsieur, I'm afraid this may be  
 the work of the Opera Gh--

Richard looks ready to burst. Madame Giry emits a small cry as Richard seizes her arm, sending her out the door.

The door slams in her face--

LATER

Richard slams down a shot glass, sighing heavily. Moncharmin observes.

RICHARD  
 Those people are making fools of  
 us, Armand! It'll be "Faust"  
 tonight.

Richard swallows hard, disbelieving his own words.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Let us watch the performance from  
 Box 5 on the grand tier. It's the  
 only way we'll know.

MONCHARMIN  
 What of Carlotta?

TINKLE, TINKLE, TINKLE!! A bell rings furiously--

**INT. CARLOTTA'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Carlotta takes breakfast in bed, surrounded in poor "opulence". Mid-bite, she rings her servant bell, screaming.

CARLOTTA  
 Bring me my post! Bring me my post!

Her MAID enters, carrying a stack of envelopes. Carlotta snatches them, happily flipping through.

CARLOTTA  
 Fan...fan...fa--

She stops, holds one up -- an anonymous envelope written with red ink in a clumsy hand. It reads, "**Carlotta**".

Carlotta tears it open, unfolds the letter. It reads--

**"If you appear tonight, you must be prepared for a great misfortune at the moment you open your mouth to sing...a misfortune worse than death..."**

She thrusts herself from bed, begins pacing by the window, re-reading. The Maid is at a loss.

MAID

Madame, may I be of assist--?

CARLOTTA

(in Spanish)

Stop speaking, you cow!

The Maid shrinks away.

Carlotta gazes out the window, fear overwhelming her.

Across the street, a parked hearse. Pointing out the window, she collapses, sobbing dramatic, inconsolable tears.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. CARLOTTA'S DRESSING ROOM - PARIS OPERA - NIGHT**

The opposite of the last scene now.

Surrounded by her entourage of makeup artists, wardrobe, and gaudy friends, Carlotta sings two or three notes, warming-up.

Wiping away a layer of misplaced lipstick, she arrogantly screams to the room.

CARLOTTA

It's Christine, she's done this!  
She's plotting against me! She  
wants to take what I've worked my  
entire life to achieve in one  
masterstroke, no!

MAKEUP ARTIST

No, she mustn't!

CARLOTTA FRIEND

We'll be out there! You will have  
the biggest applause!

A door knock.

CARLOTTA

Entrer!

Mercier pops his head in.

MERCIER

Madame, the managers wished me to  
check on you. Are you well?

Carlotta turns sharply to him, insulted.

CARLOTTA

I am perfectly well! If I were  
dying, I would still sing  
Margarita!

Shaking his head, Mercier leaves. Anxiety builds in her as  
she crosses to the vanity mirror.

CARLOTTA

What has this world come to?

There, front and center, is another anonymous envelope,  
penned in red ink, in a familiar hand.

It reads **"Carlotta"**.

She's frozen. Turns coyly, rips it open. The letter reads--

**"You have a bad cold. If you are wise, you will see it is  
madness to try to sing tonight."**

Carlotta takes a deep breath. Somewhere, deep inside, she  
finds her courage.

**EXT. PARIS OPERA - NIGHT**

Finely-dressed crowds step from luxurious carriages.

The displayed poster is for tonight's performance of "Faust".

**INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME**

The theater is full. Carlotta's friends are in the audience.

**INT. BOX 5 - SAME**

Richard and Moncharmin sit cautiously, awaiting any mishap.

The chandelier lights come out, everything--

FADES TO BLACK:

**INT. STAGE - SAME**

Facing the red velvet curtain. As it parts, the orchestra plays. Past the footlights, the audience claps.

"Faust" begins.

**INT. STAGE - LATER**

Tenor CAROLUS FONTA sings his first appeal to the actor portraying Dr. Faust.

**INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME**

Raoul shifts through the flood of crew and cast, searching. He looks bruised and somewhat ill, catching double-takes from passerby's.

By the wings, Christine awaits her cue, wearing her boy's wardrobe. Raoul is beside her, unsure of his feelings or what to say. She doesn't turn, but whispers harshly.

CHRISTINE

Please leave, I'm begging you...

RAOUL

You fled Perros like a thief in the night before I was even conscious.

She shakes her head, feeling eyes on her.

CHRISTINE

You mustn't speak to me, Raoul. If you love me just a little, do this for me. My life depends upon it...

Raoul is dumbstruck. She side-eyes him, speaking low.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

I will never forget you.

RAOUL

What are you--?

Carlotta approaches, followed by her entourage, performing last minute touches. Spies Christine.

CARLOTTA

You! This is a night you won't soon forget.

Christine bites her tongue, maintaining a pleasing smile.

Carlotta turns to Raoul, romantically winks, holding out her palm to be kissed.

CARLOTTA

Ahh, the Comte de Chagny. What a pleasure...

He takes her hand, gives it a small shake, before strolling away without a word. She turns back to Christine.

CARLOTTA

The audience gave you a quiet reception in the first act.

CHRISTINE

Only from your friends out there...

Carlotta ignores her, peering toward Raoul.

CARLOTTA

He needs a woman like me to show him the pleasures of life. Not you, boy.

Carolus Fonta finishes, the audience applauds, as he steps backstage, breathing deep. Greets the ladies as he passes.

The STAGE MANAGER runs to Carlotta.

STAGE MANAGER

You're ready?

In a low tone, she mutters her mantra.

CARLOTTA

Be fearless...

Poses like a diva and takes the stage.

**INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

The audience applauds enthusiastically as Carlotta makes her entrance. She faux smiles like the star she is.

**INT. RAOUL'S BOX - SAME**

Raoul takes a seat, disheartened.

**INT. BOX 5 - SAME**

Richard and Moncharmin stand and applaud, sharing a nervous glance.

RICHARD  
Our ghost is late.

MONCHARMIN  
Yes. It's not a bad house for a house with a curse upon it.

**INT. STAGE - SAME**

Carlotta basks in the adoration, then peers to her friends in the audience.

MOMENTS LATER

Mid-act. Carlotta sings before a kneeling Faust. Her Margarita is magnificent. Undoubtedly, a thing of beauty.

**INT. BOX 5 - SAME**

Moncharmin and Richard's attention is rapt--

**INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME**

Even Christine is impressed--

**INT. UNDER THE STAGE - SAME**

A movement of shadow approaches the footlights.

**INT. STAGE - SAME**

The actor playing Faust, on bended knee.

ACTOR PLAYING FAUST  
(singing)  
"Let me gaze on the form before me.  
While from yonder ether blue. Look  
how the star of eve, bright and  
tender, lingers o'er me. To love  
thy beauty too!"

CARLOTTA AS MARGARITA

(singing)

"Oh how strange! Like a spell does  
the evening bind me! And a deep  
languid charm, I feel without  
alarm. With it's melody entwind me  
and all my heart subdue-- C-OACK!!!

The audience exchange glances, in confused horror.

Carlotta's face falls. It sounded like a toad.

A pin drop could be heard.

Backstage, everyone has stopped. Christine looks on in shock.

**INT. BOX 5 - SAME**

Richard and Moncharmin have gone pale. Behind--

Breathing. The ghost is near.

They dare not turn. Under his breath, toward Carlotta--

RICHARD

Well, go on...

**INT. STAGE - SAME**

Carlotta's confidence has waned. Bravely, she attempts a second time, filling the house with song.

CARLOTTA AS MARGARITA

(singing)

"I feel without alarm. I feel  
without alarm--CO-ACK!!!

(beat)

"With its melody entwind me--CO-  
ACK!

(finally)

"And all my heart -- CO-ACK!

She bursts into humiliating, terrified sobs. The audience bursts into a tumultuous chorus of voices, then -- laughter.

**INT. BOX 5 - SAME**

The manager's mouths are agape. Behind, a cackling.

A shadow slowly floats between them, whispering.



THE GHOST  
She is singing tonight to bring the  
chandelier down...

In unison, the manager's gaze to the ceiling.  
The grand chandelier sways--  
Slow at first, then faster and faster.  
The lights dim, on and off--  
Everyone looks up. Hearts stop--  
Christine. Raoul. Carlotta. Madame Giry. The managers.  
Audience members slowly rise in their seats--  
A mounting laughter begins echoing--  
Mouths agape, eyes heavenward--  
Backstage, the giant donkey wheel containing the rope  
buckles, then shifts suddenly--  
All feel the impending disaster--  
THEN--  
A woman opens her mouth to scream--  
Too late--  
The donkey wheel GIVES--  
SPINNING out of control--  
THE CHANDELIER COMES DOWN ON THE AUDIENCE!  
Barely a second passes before--  
Glass and debris EXPLODE onto the audience.  
Everywhere, people scatter for the exits. Some trample over  
each other -- every man for himself.  
Horrific pandemonium.  
Raoul can't turn from the disaster. Finds Christine's eyes  
meeting his. Suddenly, she's vanishes.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul pushes people aside to catch up to Christine. Ahead, he catches a fleeting glimpse of her turning the corner.

Her dressing room door shuts just as he makes the corner. Shoves the door open, flies in--

RAOUL  
Christine--!

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is empty. Just out of his peripheral, the reflection vibrates in the mirror, then slows.

He doesn't see.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul steps out, baffled and alone among the fleeing crowd.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER**

Silent, contemplative. Firefighters, medics and volunteers work around the chandelier to save any survivors.

Shell-shocked, Moncharmin and Richard assist in the rescue.

The auditorium is empty save for Opera personnel.

The Persian observes with horror as he takes it all in from afar. Tilts his head to the Grand Tier -- Box 5.

**EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY**

A wet newspaper lays in the street, the headline reading--

**"OPERA NIGHT DISASTER. NUMBERS WOUNDED, 1 DEAD.  
CARLOTTA TAKES ILL. DAAE MISSING"**

A boot steps on the paper, crossing.

**INT. SITTING ROOM - MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - DAY**

Portraits adorn the walls. Professor Valerius, Old Papa Daae. Young Christine.

RAOUL (V.O.)  
It's been two weeks, and still no  
word.

Curtains pulled tight, daylight cuts a line across the floor.

Raoul, sleepless, stands by a seated Mamma Valerius, dressed in her nightgown and braided hair. She is not decent to receive visitors, but judging by her empathic eyes, he's an exception.

RAOUL  
I want only to know that she's  
safe.

Surprisingly, she smiles brightly. Reaches out with both hands and guides him to the chair facing her.

MAMMA VALERIUS  
She is with her good genius!

RAOUL  
What?

MAMMA VALERIUS  
Why, the Angel of Music!  
(a finger to her lips)  
But you must not tell anybody.

Blankly, he nods.

RAOUL  
You can rely on me.

MAMMA VALERIUS  
I know I can. Give me your hands,  
as when you brought me the story of  
little Lotte, that Daddy Daae used  
to tell you. I am very fond of you.  
Christine is very fond of you.

Raoul's having trouble putting his thoughts together.

MAMMA VALERIUS (CONT'D)  
She spoke of you every day. She  
told me you made her a proposal!

She laughs wholeheartedly. Flushed, Raoul rises, and paces.

MAMMA VALERIUS  
Come now. If you're angry with me  
for laughing, I beg your pardon.  
After all, it's not your fault.  
(MORE)

MAMMA VALERIUS(cont'd)

(off his expression)

Did you think that Christine was free?

He pauses mid-step.

RAOUL

She's engaged to be married?

MAMMA VALERIUS

Why, no! You know as well as I do that Christine couldn't marry even if she wanted to.

RAOUL

I don't know anything--why?

MAMMA VALERIUS

The Angel of Music, of course!

This is all becoming too strange--

RAOUL

I don't follow...

MAMMA VALERIUS

He forbids her. Please sit--he forbids it without forbidding her. He tells her, if she got married, she would never hear him again. He would go away forever.

Raoul doesn't know what to say.

MAMMA VALERIUS

So you understand, she can't let her Angel of Music go. It's quite natural. She didn't mention this when she met you at Perros? She went with her good genius.

RAOUL

What...?

MAMMA VALERIUS

He arranged to meet her down there in the Churchyard at Perros, by Daae's grave. He promised to play the "Resurrection of Lazarus" on her father's violin--

RAOUL

Where does he live?

Shaking her head, staring blankly at him.

MAMMA VALERIUS  
In Heaven. Honestly, I don't  
understand your doubt, monsieur.

RAOUL  
How long has she known this  
"genius"?

MAMMA VALERIUS  
It's been three months since he  
began to give her lessons.

RAOUL  
And where, pray?

MAMMA VALERIUS  
Not here. It would be impossible in  
this little flat. The whole house  
would hear them. No! Her dressing  
room whereas--

Raoul's cluttered mind is processing--

RAOUL  
At the Opera...

MAMMA VALERIUS  
--at eight o'clock in the morning,  
when there's no one about, you see!

He's already out the door before Mamma Valerius notices.

MAMMA VALERIUS  
Monsieur, are you not a little off  
your head?

**EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT**

Hands in his pockets, Raoul walks in a haze. The night is  
freezing, and quite deserted. He's not aware of much--

A WHIP CRACKS! A carriage nearly collides with Raoul's face.

He jolts from his stupor, looks about, alarmed. The brush  
with death awakens him to his surroundings.

The carriage vanishes.

The cold rushes back. He stamps his feet to stay warm.

Click, clack, click, clack--

He turns. Another carriage rounds the corner, at a walking pace.

As it nears, Raoul glimpses a woman inside leaning her head out the open window. Could it--?

RAOUL  
Christine!!

He frantically gives chase.

The woman doesn't reply. Her companion is a shadowed outline.

The carriage picks up pace. The window is pulled up.

RAOUL (CONT'D)  
Christine...!

The cold slows him up. He trips and falls face first onto the cobbled pavement. Doesn't matter. He stands to pursue, but--

The carriage has disappeared without a trace.

**INT. RAOUL'S ROOM - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - DAY**

Raoul's Servant, thin envelope in hand, finds his master in bed, staring out the window in exhaustion, wearing the previous night's clothes.

SERVANT  
Monsieur, this just arri--

Raoul snatches it. It's caked in mud, un-stamped, in pencil, yet written in an elegant hand, "**To be handed to M le Victome Raoul de Chagny.**" followed by the address.

He tears it open.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
"Dear. Go to the masked ball at the Opera on the night after tomorrow. At twelve o'clock, be in the little room..."

LATER

He stares out the window, the letter left on the bed.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
 "...behind the chimney of the big  
 crush room."

**INT. DRESS SHOP - DAY**

Alongside a TAILOR, Raoul studies his reflection as he tries on his costume -- a white domino.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
 "Don't mention this appointment to  
 a living soul. Wear a white domino  
 and see that you are well masked."

The tailor places the mask over his face. Thick, long lace hangs down.

CHRISTINE'S LETTER (V.O.)  
 "As you love me, do not let  
 yourself be recognized. Christine."

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - NIGHT**

AN EXPLOSION OF COLOR, MUSIC, AND ODDITY.

The Masquerade is more bohemian than your ordinary ball. Everywhere, there are masked faces, dancing, drinking, random debauchery. Each costume more extreme than the next.

Hastily climbing the crowded staircase, is a masked Raoul in his domino costume. Peers at the enormous clock -- 11:55 PM.

**INT. CRUSH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul maneuvers through the festive crowd, offering him food, drink and a dance as he passes. He ignores them all. Unlike the party guests, he moves with purpose.

On the far end of the room, he leans against the door post, waiting. His mask hides away all emotion.

Through the crowd, a black domino emerges cautiously, short in stature, also masked, toward him. Preparing to ignore yet another guest, the domino's fingertips squeeze his.

RAOUL  
 Is that you, Christi--?

The domino raises a finger to her lips and turns, right into the center of the crowd. Raoul trails at a distance, maintaining his pace.

As they walk, the faceless Raoul studies the faceless Christine, love in his eyes.

A scream erupts--

PARTY-GOERS (O.S.)  
--red death...touch me not!

Curious, blurred faces step backward in horror, separating Raoul from Christine. Raoul curiously turns.

The surrounding crowd of party-goers split, making way--

Dressed all in scarlet, a ghastly figure stands before them.

A huge hat with large feathers sits atop a death's head. An immense red cloak trails along the floor -- like a king's.

Embroidered on his cloak, in gold letters --

**"Touch me not! I am Red Death stalking abroad!"**

Raoul stops in his tracks. Has forgotten of Christine.

Red Death stalks forward, as a DRUNKEN GUEST approaches, touching its arm.

Violently, a skeletal palm seizes the drunken man's wrist, twisting it with superhuman strength.

Red Death releases, leaving the Drunken Guest withering at his feet.

Raoul doesn't budge, his eyes fixed on the approaching figure. Once he gets a closer view--

*In the Church at Perros, the Death's Head stares down at a terrified Raoul.*

BACK TO SCENE.

Raoul holds back a scream. The Red Death stares curiously at him as they cross paths.

Confidence finds Raoul, as he readies to lunge--

A hand pulls him back.

Raoul turns.



Christine, beckoning him away. Raoul glances back as they hasten toward the door.

Her eyes dart to the receding Red Death, spying--

Amongst the crowd, Red Death has paused to observe the fleeing dominoes.

Someone blurs her view, passing -- Red Death has vanished.

Her pace quickens--

**INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Christine and Raoul climb the stairs. This area is deserted.

**INT. PRIVATE BOX CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Comes to a landing, she stares at the row of identical doors, chooses one, and pulls Raoul in.

**INT. BOX - CONTINUOUS**

They yank the door shut, holding their breath.

CHRISTINE

On no account are you to show  
yourself.

Raoul pulls his mask off. Christine doesn't remove hers.

RAOUL

Take yours off--

Christine bolts to the partition, and listens. He hears nothing. They wait an extra moment, before--

Christine turns the knob and opens the door ajar, peering out. The corridor and staircase are empty.

RAOUL

I don't see a thi--

On the top step, a red foot appears, then another. Soon the whole of Red Death emerges, descending the staircase.

Raoul's breathing hastens, pushing at Christine to get past.

RAOUL

He won't escape me again!

She quietly closes the door.

CHRISTINE  
Who shall not escape you?

RAOUL  
The man who hides behind that  
hideous mask of death. He was  
there, in Perros...Red Death.

He tries to pass once more. Christine holds him back.

RAOUL  
Your Angel of Death.

CHRISTINE  
You musn't. In the name of our  
love, no.

Raoul swipes her hand away.

RAOUL  
You lie, madam. What a poor fellow  
I must be to let you mock and flout  
me as you have. You gave me every  
reason for hope in Perros, when all  
you've done is deceive me.

Her eyes narrow, insulted.

CHRISTINE  
You'll beg my pardon one day for  
those ugly words, and I shall  
forgive you.  
(beat)  
I came to tell you tonight but you  
would not believe me now. You've  
lost faith in me.

Raoul furrows his brow. His patience is waning.

RAOUL  
You can tell me. You're free. Free  
to go about Paris. Come here to the  
ball. What have you been doing this  
past fortnight? What is this tale  
of the Angel of Music that you've  
been telling Mamma Valerius?  
Someone's been playing on your  
innocence, Christine. I was an  
eyewitness to it at Perros. You're  
sensible. What is this farce?

Christine removes her mask, revealing a tear-stained face. The joyous Christine isn't there, only a hardened, tired one.

CHRISTINE  
It's a tragedy.

RAOUL  
What has happened?

Wiping away a tear, she composes herself. Returns the mask to her face, hiding from the world, and heads out.

CHRISTINE  
Some day perhaps...

He makes to follow. She turns, gesturing him to stay.

CHRISTINE  
No...

**INT. PRIVATE BOX CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

The door opens, a masked Raoul peers out. The festivities have made their way up here. Christine is at crowd's edge, disappearing amongst the blur of faces.

Raoul strides, not sure where he's headed. Keeps a cautious eye as he crosses toward the stairs.

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER**

Masked faces parading everywhere. Raoul descends the staircase, passing a passed-out Richard and Moncharmin.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul finds himself before Christine's dressing room door. Thinks a beat, then knocks. No answer.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He steps in. It's empty, darkened, save for the low burning gas jet. Takes in the space, listening.

Out of the corner of his eye, a shape -- and gasps!

His own reflection stares at him in the mirror.

Echoed footsteps approach.

He quickly ducks to the inner room, separated by a curtain for concealment. Holds his breath.

With a sigh, Christine enters, flinging the mask on the desk.

CHRISTINE  
(murmuring)  
...poor Erik.

Raoul's heart stops, processing the name for the first time. He's about to react, when--

Distant singing.

Simultaneously, they raise their eyes to the heavens.

The voice sings the Wedding night song from 'Romeo and Juliet'.

Raoul can't deny it's beautiful, gazes to Christine. She's smiling through her dark, haunted features.

CHRISTINE  
I am here, Erik. But you are late.

The voice bounces off the walls, appearing to move throughout the room, centering around Christine.

She stretches her arms out, as she did at the churchyard in Perros.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(singing)  
"Fate links thee to me forever and  
a day..."

The voice moves again, toward the back of the room.

Christine follows it, possessed.

Raoul is transfixed. Tries to speak. His mouth is dry.

With the remainder of his bravery, rips the curtain back and steps into the room proper.

RAOUL  
Christine, stop!

Christine doesn't notice as she steps toward the mirror, the voice leading her.

Reaching out, her reflected finger touches the real Christine. She makes eye contact with herself, and smiles.

The finger disappears into the mirror, then her arm--  
 Raoul reaches to grab the disappearing Christine--  
 A growl.

He's flung back by an icy blast. Recovering, he looks back.  
 Christine is gone, not a trace.

RAOUL  
 No, no, no, no!!!

Raoul rushes the mirror, smashing and banging it with all his  
 might. Nothing.

Overexerted, he falls against the mirror, his face pressed  
 into the glass.

RAOUL  
 No, no...Christine...

The voice fades into the ether, still singing.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 "Fate links thee to me forever and  
 a day..."

**INT. SITTING ROOM - MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - DAY**

The next day.

Raoul stares, exhausted and transfixed, wearing last night's  
 clothes. A SERVANT offers him tea. He ignores it.

His gaze is fixed on -- Christine, as she tends to a bedded  
 Mamma Valerius, knitting with her pillows propped up.

Color has returned to Christine's cheeks and looks no worse  
 for wear as she meets his gaze.

MAMMA VALERIUS  
 Well, Monsieur de Chagny, don't you  
 know our Christine? Her good genius  
 has sent her back to us. Her Angel  
 of Music.

Christine offers her hand. He doesn't move.

CHRISTINE

Mamma, you promised me! You know there is no such thing as the Angel of Music.

MAMMA VALERIUS

Pray then child, who gave you lessons for three months?

CHRISTINE

This possibly couldn't interest, Monsieur de Chagny--

Raoul's bloodshot eyes don't leave hers.

RAOUL

On the contrary, anything that concerns you interests me to an extent which you will one day understand. I do not deny that my surprise equals my pleasure at finding you with your adopted mother after what happened yesterday.

Christine doesn't know what to say.

RAOUL (CONT'D)

I have been your friend for far too long not to be alarmed with the deeds that will certainly end by making you its victim, Christine.

Taken aback, Mamma Valerius climbs out of bed, runs to Christine's side.

MAMMA VALERIUS

Is Christine in danger?

RAOUL

Yes, madame.

MAMMA VALERIUS

Tell me everything!

RAOUL

Her Angel of Music is abusing her good faith.

CHRISTINE

Raoul--!

MAMMA VALERIUS

She said herself there was no Angel of Music--

Christine grabs hold of Mamma Valerius, tears flowing.

CHRISTINE  
Don't believe him, Mummy!

MAMMA VALERIUS  
Then tell me you'll never  
leave me again!

RAOUL  
That's what you must promise,  
Christine! That is the only thing  
you can do to reassure us.

Christine pauses.

RAOUL (CONT'D)  
We won't ask a single question of  
the past, if you promise us to  
remain under our protection in the  
future.

Christine shakes her head in disbelief.

CHRISTINE  
I am the mistress of my own  
actions! You have no right to  
control them! As to what I have  
done the last fortnight, there is  
only one man in the world who has  
the right to demand an account of  
me -- my husband!

Raoul notices something on her finger--

CHRISTINE  
Well, I have no husband and I never  
mean to marry!

He reaches to seize her hand -- she snaps it back sharply.  
The glint of dull gold catches Mamma Valerius' attention.

RAOUL  
You have no husband, yet you wear a  
wedding ring!

CHRISTINE  
It's a gift. Nothing more.

RAOUL  
As you have no husband, the ring  
can only have been given by one who  
hopes to make you his wife.

(re: the ring)

(MORE)

RAOUL(cont'd)

That is a promise, one that has  
been accepted.

MAMMA VALERIUS

That's what I said!

RAOUL

And what did she answer?

MAMMA VALERIUS

Well--

CHRISTINE

What I chose!

Raoul pauses and sits, letting all this sink in.

RAOUL

I saw your ecstasy at the  
sound of the voice,  
Christine. Your ecstasy!

CHRISTINE

This is the second time you  
have listened--

RAOUL

You're under a very dangerous spell  
and it seems you're aware of the  
imposter. You said yourself, 'there  
is no Angel of Music'! If that's  
so, why did you follow him? "Poor  
Erik". Those are your words! Who is  
he?

CHRISTINE

(coldly)

Monsieur de Chagny, you shall never  
know. Do not ask. Do you want to be  
killed?

RAOUL

Perhaps...

Christine falls to her knees at his lap, clasping his hands.

CHRISTINE

Forget the man's voice. Swear to  
me. Swear that you will make no  
attempt to find out.

He stares at her with pity. She kisses his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY**

Raoul and Christine walk side by side through the cramped  
daytime activity of the Opera.



Costumers sewing, set makers building, dancers rehearsing -- all pause, curtsying or bowing to Christine, the reigning star.

RAOUL  
Since Carlotta's incident, you're a queen to these people.

Christine smiles sadly.

CHRISTINE  
She hasn't been seen in public since. Carlotta didn't deserve such treatment.

They walk in silence.

RAOUL  
I have some news for you...the Polar expedition has been pushed three weeks. I shan't be going.

Christine halts, bows her head and fidgets with the plain ring around her finger.

CHRISTINE  
That is a folly. For us both.

She steps ahead, he follows. They pass the enormous painted backdrop of a garden at night.

Raoul wistfully observes the facade.

RAOUL  
I only wish to see you out of harm's way.

**INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

They step into the magnificence of the auditorium. Cleaners and staff maintain the seats and dust the velvet curtains.

Raoul peers up -- the new chandelier hangs in all its grandeur.

RAOUL  
If only marriage were an option--

CHRISTINE  
Be happy I sing for you, but--  
(a thought)  
A secret engagement will do!

She smiles and clasps his hands with her's, dancing merrily. He allows himself to feel joy. Two children playing at love.

Raoul spies in their path -- an open trap door.

He pulls her back as they approach the edge. She emits a short cry.

They collapse, out of breath, peering into the darkness.

Raoul pauses a moment, hypnotized.

RAOUL

You've shown me the upper part of your empire...but what of the lower part?

CHRISTINE

It's not mine to show...

RAOUL

He lives down there--

The trap-door SHUTS with an echoed thud. They jolt back, sharing a long look.

RAOUL

Perhaps it was he.

She gets to her feet.

CHRISTINE

It's the trap-door shutters. They must spend their time somehow-- he can't open and shut the trap-doors and work at the same time.

RAOUL

Or not. Just suppose-- What is he working at?

He stands also, clapping the dust off his hands.

RAOUL

Are you afraid of him?

She steps back, defensively wrapping her arms around her waist.

CHRISTINE

No, of course not...

Raoul stands tall, sure of himself.

RAOUL

I will remove you from his power,  
Christine, I swear it. I shall hide  
you in the darkest corner of the  
world, where he cannot find you.

Like a lost child, she falls into his arms, allowing herself  
to be vulnerable.

CHRISTINE

You swear it?

Christine pauses, then nods. A decision has been made. She  
takes his hand, leading him away.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

We need to speak...elsewhere.

**INT. BACKSTAGE STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

They ascend high into the Opera's enormous rafters.

Christine periodically peers over her shoulder, but only  
finds Raoul smiling at her. They disappear higher.

A shadow appears on the wall, following--

**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Raoul and Christine step onto the expansive lead roof. The  
view of Paris at their feet is breathtaking.

They sit under the gigantic statue of Apollo's Lyre. Headed  
tilted back, Christine observes a wisp of white cloud lift  
into the evening sky.

CHRISTINE

I'm afraid -- if I refuse to go  
with you, you must carry me off by  
force.

RAOUL

Are you afraid you'll change your  
mind? He's only a spectre--

Christine shakes her head, whispering.

CHRISTINE

He's no ghost. He's a demon...I am afraid of going back to live with him in the ground.

RAOUL

What compels you?

CHRISTINE

If I don't...terrible misfortunes may happen. I have a day left, Raoul. If I don't go, he'll drag me with him underground. Throw himself on his knees, with his death's head, and tell me he loves me through his tears...I-I can't see those tears flow.

Raoul pulls her close.

RAOUL

Let us leave tonight! I can--

CHRISTINE

No, no! It would be too cruel. Tomorrow evening, he shall hear me sing one last time. Fetch me in my dressing room after the performance. If I go back this time, I may never return.

Spying from afar, still, a long, grotesque sigh stretches--

Christine tensely stands, a questioning glare. Raoul follows her gaze.

RAOUL

I heard nothing.

CHRISTINE

We're in no danger here. We're at home here in the sky. Like a bird.

RAOUL

Christine--

CHRISTINE

The first time I saw him, I thought he was going to die. I've seen him.

Raoul lets this sink in.

RAOUL  
How have you seen him?

Christine stares ahead--

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Christine brushes her hair at the vanity.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
I had heard him speak at first, for  
three months, without seeing him.  
His voice was beautiful, other-  
worldly...

A distant voice moans. She stops, curiously peering about.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)**

Steps out, expecting someone. It's empty.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
Mamma Valerius said it must have  
been the Angel of Music, whom my  
father had promised to send me.

The voice returns in her dressing room. Christine steps back.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
The voice assured me...

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Another day. Christine sings to her own reflection.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
He agreed to give me lessons in my  
dressing room, I never failed to  
keep the appointments.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)**

Christine awakens, staring into the darkness.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
 I feared a sort of witchcraft  
 behind all of this. But Mamma  
 Valerius reassured me to the  
 contrary. Only she, myself and the  
 voice knew of this. By his order.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
 No one knew my progress. Even I  
 would doubt myself. The voice did  
 not. He knew.

Like a breath, the invisible voice whispers in her ear.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Wait and see, my dear. We shall  
 astonish Paris before long.

Christine works up to a high note. Higher and higher, until--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. STAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

HER FINAL NOTE EXPLODES.

Christine's gala performance. The night we met her.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
 The voice was right.

Next to Phillipe, Raoul is astonished. The audience below are  
 taken away by her ethereal voice.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
 I don't know why Carlotta was not  
 at the theatre that night, nor why  
 I was chosen to sing in her stead.  
 But I sang with a rapture.

Everyone rises, delivering a thunderous applause.

Box 5 is a dark, empty void.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
 I felt...for a moment as if my soul  
 were leaving my body.

Christine feels the admiration with conflicted eyes.

A dream coming true. Yet--

Subtly glances up to the boxes -- to Raoul.

They make eye contact.

Her footing fails her.

Like a rag doll, her body pulls out from under her--

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

A handful of men carry Christine to her dressing room.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

Christine sighs, letting out a small groan. Open her eyes to a smiling Raoul, and stops, blinking absentmindedly.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
I learned the voice had another  
attribute. Jealousy.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

CHRISTINE  
He had told me if I must bestow my  
heart on Earth, he shall return to  
heaven.

Raoul stares in disbelief.

CHRISTINE  
It was said in such an accent of  
human sorrow, I should have known I  
was the victim of my deluded  
senses.

RAOUL  
Christine--

CHRISTINE  
The faith...the faith in the voice,  
with the memory of my father, was  
so closely mingled, remained  
undisturbed. I feared I would never  
hear it again.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

CHRISTINE  
Monsieur, who are you?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
You were there. He was there also.

On bent knee, he takes her limp hand, and kisses it.

RAOUL  
Mademoiselle, I am the little boy  
who went into the sea--

VOICE (O.S.)  
You love him, that boy!

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAYS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

Christine frantically circles the room, dropping to her knees and she sobs. The booming voice all around her.

VOICE (O.S.)  
I have given you everything! You  
are unworthy of me!

CHRISTINE  
Yes, yes you have...I am worthy. I  
am! I need to see my father in  
Perros. I shall ask Raoul de Chagny  
to go with me. Please...trust  
me...please...

A hesitant beat.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Do as you please. I shall be at  
Perros too.

**EXT. CHURCHYARD - PERROS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Enchanted, Christine walks to her father's grave, a shadow moving with her. 'The Resurrection of Lazarus' is played somewhere on a violin.

VOICE (V.O.)  
If you are still worthy of me, if  
you have not lied to me, I will  
play on your father's violin...



**EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Christine walks alone amongst a crowd, feeling eyes on her.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)  
I was no longer mistress of myself.  
I had become his thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

CHAOS! Seconds after the chandelier disaster. Some flee for safety, others rescue any surviving victims--

The stage is a mess of horror-stricken on-lookers.

Christine gawks at Raoul's box. He's numb, but safe, spying her from among the crowd. He dashes to her aide.

Something comes over Christine, she rushes away.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

Christine breathlessly shoves the door open, steps inside.

CHRISTINE  
Manifest yourself, please! Are you  
safe?

Silence.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

Raoul pushes people aside to catch up to Christine. Ahead, he catches a fleeting glimpse of her turning the corner.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME (FLASHBACK)**

CHRISTINE  
Please, I'm begging--

Somewhere, a magnificent wail reverberates. A violin accompanies, then singing.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Come! And believe in me! Whoso hath  
believed in me shall never die!

The spell has been cast.

Christine glances down -- her feet are levitating off the floor. Tilts her head--

HER POV glides toward her reflection in the mirror. The entirety of the room stretches at length.

She looks like an angel, submitting to heaven.

Her calm eyes shutter, allowing to be taken away.

Approaching close enough to touch her own reflection--

She passes through the reflection, into the--

DARKNESS

Christine is in the final throws of estsacy. The violin has faded. Senses returning, she peers about -- and gasps!

**INT. PASSAGEWAY BEHIND THE MIRROR - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)**

Darkness. Cobwebbed, ancient steps descend into the earth.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME (FLASHBACK)**

The room is empty. Just out of Raoul's peripheral, the reflection vibrates in the mirror, then slows.

**INT. PASSAGEWAY BEHIND THE MIRROR - SAME (FLASHBACK)**

Her eyes adjusting to the gloom, finding nothing to decipher--

Except--

A faint red glimmer low against the wall.

Curiosity leading, she steps forward--

Not sensing the dark figure against the wall behind her.

Hypnotized, she reaches out to touch the red light--

A gloved hand reaches out, slightly grazing her wrist.

She screams, twisting around--

The scream echoes.

The dark figure is there -- not letting go. Too frightened, she doesn't resist.

Another gloved hand wraps around her waist--

Leading her away.

**INT. PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

Further down, the red glimmer grows -- it's a lantern, laid on the stony ground.

CHRISTINE'S POV -- the swinging lantern create ghastly shapes along the walls.

Dreamlike glimpses of the figure leading her into the depths. A cloak, a hat, a black gloved hand -- not letting go.

The figure turns -- he has no face, only piercing eyes in the surrounding darkness.

**INT. CELLARS - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

Christine is lifted onto the back of a white shape. Her runs her fingers through the hair. A horse.

CHRISTINE  
(sleepy)  
Where is the voice...?

The figure pulls the horse, leading them further below.

As they travel, Christine peacefully takes in glimpses of the cellars. Ancient catacombs, lost to history.

**INT. CIRCULAR STAIRWAY - CELLARS - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)**

The figure turns to her, the void of his face intriguing her.

A blue light slowly envelops them. Christine lifts her head over the horse's back, finding--

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAKE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)**

Stretching into the infinite. The blue light reflects off the bank, where a small boat is fastened to an iron on the wharf.

The figure pulls Christine down. As he does, he senses something in a dark corner.

At first, it appears to be nothing, but the figure knows better -- a man stands there, watching vigilantly.

Ignoring, the figure delicately places Christine into the boat.

CLOP, CLOP, CLOP, the horse disappears up a stairwell.

She peers up to the figure as he raises a large oar, pushing the boat away from shore.

His eyes never leave hers.

They glide silently across the blue lake, toward the unknown.

DISSOLVE TO:

Christine's half-lidded eyes regard a curious sight as they drift. From a hole in the low ceiling above, moonlight and a glimpse of stars. There is still a world outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

The boat glides to a stop on a new shore.

Christine opens her eyes. At that moment, she is lifted in the air and spun around, the sensation overtaking her--

FLASH TO WHITE:

Christine is laid gently on a beautiful velvet couch. As she feels her dream concluding, she bolts up suddenly--

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

She lays in the center of an elegant room, decorated in furniture, flowers and candles. It's beautiful, normal -- yet slightly odd.

She gasps, taking in--

The figure watching her. In the candlelight, he's not a faceless man, only one obscured by the black mask he wears.

Neither speak, only share a long, wordless gaze.

When he finally does speak, it's gentle, reassuring and immediately apparent to her.

VOICE

Don't be afraid, Christine. There is no danger here...

Her eyes well in confusion.

CHRISTINE

The voice...

In an instant, she's on her feet, rushing to claw at his mask. His hands gently seize her wrists, their faces close.

VOICE

...as long as you do not touch the mask. Please...

Holding her glance, he returns her to the couch. His pained eyes can't take her glance any longer.

He drops to his knees, kissing the hem of her dress.

Christine's tears stream now, not understanding.

VOICE

It's true. I'm not an angel, nor a genius. Nor even a ghost. I beg your forgiveness -- I am only Erik.

Christine pushes past him, searching for the door.

CHRISTINE

I don't want to know this any longer. Give me my liberty, I beg you!

Erik pulls her close.

ERIK

I love you! I've loved you this many months. You have given me life...

Pulling his hands to his chest, words escape him. From the black void, he begins to sing. Small and warm, her angel.

Christine can't resist, falls into a submissive sleep-like stupor, dropping into his arms.

He carries her toward a nearby door.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS  
(FLASHBACK)**

Simply decorated. Erik brings her onto the bed, singing. His voice descends away as she falls into a deep sleep.

FADE TO BLACK:

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Christine's wakes with a start. The passage of time is unclear.

She's alone, but doesn't feel free.

Stepping off the bed, she takes in her surroundings. A door leads to a bathroom, where items have been brought for her to refresh herself.

On the Louis-Phillipe chest, a note, written in red ink. Christine picks it up to read--

**"My dear Christine, you need have no concern as to your fate. You have no better nor more respectful friend in the world than myself."**

What has she done? Turns her head in alarm, a decision made.

Rounds the room, anxiously feeling the walls. There is no escape. Keeps feeling, not noticing--

Erik standing in an obscured open door.

Christine peers into his eyes, her expression a mixture of tears and laughter.

CHRISTINE  
Take off the mask.

ERIK  
You know that's not possible. I've prepared lunch. Come.

He steps aside, gesturing toward the dining room.

**INT. DINING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)**

From the drawing room, Christine comes to a small table with a lovely spread. Erik gestures toward a chair, she sits. He pushes it in for her, and begins serving her.

Christine notice a glass full of Tokay.

ERIK  
I brought that from the Konigsberg  
cellars.

She doesn't answer, takes a sip. It's good. She awkwardly  
begins eating, notices he's not partaking.

CHRISTINE  
You don't eat?

He doesn't answer.

CHRISTINE  
What is your nationality? Erik is a  
Scandinavian name, yes?

ERIK  
(sadly)  
I have no name, nor a country. The  
name I had was taken by accident.

LATER

The meal completed, Erik offers his hand. She pulls back with  
a cry -- it's frail and bony.

Pained, Erik hides his hands away.

ERIK  
Forgive me!

Moving on, Erik steps toward a door and opens it.

ERIK  
This is my room, if you care to see  
it.

Christine steps inside without hesitation.

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)**

Like a mortuary chamber. Black curtains hang from the wall.  
The furniture is upholstered in black.

Stunned, Christine doesn't notice -- she's focused on the  
open black coffin in the middle of the room.

ERIK

That is where I sleep. One has to  
get used to everything in life,  
even to eternity.

Not able to bare it any longer, she turns away.

On the back wall, an enormous organ. With pause, she  
approaches. An open music book covered in red notes is on the  
display.

With a glance toward the observing Erik, Christine flips to  
the front page, "**Don Juan Triumphant.**"

ERIK

I compose sometimes. I began this  
twenty years ago. When I have  
finished, I shall take it away with  
me in that coffin and never wake  
again.

CHRISTINE

You must work at it as seldom as  
you can.

His eyes twinkle through the mask. A smile, perhaps?

CHRISTINE

Will you play something out of your  
"Don Juan Triumphant"?

ERIK

I can play Mozart, if you like, but  
my Don Juan burns and yet, it is  
not struck by fire from heaven.

He pulls the music book from her hand -- a subtle threat.

ERIK

You must never ask me, my dear.

She doesn't speak. Her mind reels. Many questions, so much  
doubt, but why -- ?

Erik returns the music book to the display.

As he does, a thought overtakes her, a sense of needing to  
know. A desperate need--

To know the face of the voice.



In one fell swoop, Christine swiftly tears the mask away from Erik's face--

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

With frightened tears, Christine relives her memory. She covers her eyes, unable to speak. Raoul comforts her.

A distant wail is heard. A superhuman cry of grief and rage. Just as they turn--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

The wailing cries of grief and rage echo.

Blurred, frantic -- tearing curtains, the organ seat is thrown aside, a lovely figure falls, grasping a black mask.

Things become clear as the unmasked Eric stalks--

CHRISTINE POV -- Erik's face is visible, exposed for the first time.

A death's head can't describe it.

It's a living skull. Four black holes are where his eyes, nose and mouth reside.

His raging eyes burn as he paces through the shadows, before--

He SHOVES her against the wall, grabbing at her hair, inches from her face.

There's more than ire in his voice -- there's sadness.

ERIK	CHRISTINE
You want to see?! Feast your eyes, glut your soul on my cursed ugliness! You were not content to hear the voice, eh?	No, no...stop...

She sinks to her knees. He towers over her.

CHRISTINE  
Please...

ERIK  
 From what? I am Don Juan  
 Triumphant! No--!

Christine crawls away, Erik twists her around to face him,  
 wringing bony fingers through her hair.

ERIK  
 You think there's another mask  
 under this one?!

Seizes her delicate fingers, nails tearing at his face--

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 Your hands! Give me your hands!!  
 Tear it off as you did the other!

Her nails tear into his face -- realizes. He flings her away,  
 collapsing by her side in agony.

Christine remains motionless, worn.

He stares dazed at the ceiling, his voice a whisper.

ERIK  
 Christine. As long as you thought  
 me handsome, you would come back.  
 But now that you know...I shall  
 have to keep you here...

Sobbing hard, Erik slowly pulls himself up, toward the organ  
 seat. Drags it to the organ, then slumps down.

Staring at his "Don Juan Triumphant", he's devastated.  
 Touches the organ keys, and begins to play.

The music is like a long, magnificent sob.

Christine rises, hearing the music, feeling his pain.  
 Retrieves the black mask from the ground, studying it.

She makes a decision -- for herself.

CHRISTINE  
 Erik. You are the most unhappy and  
 sublime of men.

He stops playing, his back to her, the organ fading.

CHRISTINE

If I ever again shiver when I look at you, it will be because I am thinking of the splendor of your genius.

Erik turns slightly, still concealing his face.

CHRISTINE

I will come back. When you mean for me to leave.

Christine offers his mask. He takes it, and puts it back on.

The masked face returns, his piercing eyes stare at her. He kisses the hem of her dress. Quietly, she closes her eyes.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

Christine is exhausted from her recounting. Raoul doesn't speak, lost in thought.

CHRISTINE

It went on for a fortnight. A fortnight during which I lied to him. They were as hideous as the monster who inspired them, but they were the price of my liberty.

A masked Erik overhears nearby, hanging his head.

Raoul senses him, but doesn't move to investigate.

CHRISTINE

Gradually, I gave him such confidence that he ventured to take me walking on the banks of the lake, row me in the boat on those leaden waters.

(beat)

Toward the end of my captivity, he took me to the surface, through the gates that lead to the Rue Scribe. A carriage waited...

**EXT. RUE SCRIBE STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Erik offers his hand to Christine by a waiting carriage. Taking it, she steps in.

*On the Paris street, Raoul frantically pursues the carriage, to no avail.*

BACK TO SCENE.

Raoul takes her hand, guiltily.

RAOUL

Forgive me. I doubted your love.

CHRISTINE

Do you doubt it still? Each of my visits to Erik increased my horror of him. I had hoped they would calm him, instead they made him mad with love.

Raoul peers into her terrified eyes.

CHRISTINE

I'm frightened. I'm so frightened.

He kisses her passionately, she holds him tight. They stand together, as she anxiously studies every shadow.

CHRISTINE

Please let us away. I've been away too long.

They run to the door, and disappear.

Erik steps from the shadow of Apollo's Lyre, peers over the roof's edge, down over the beauty of Paris.

He's no longer a ghost, but a man, feeling the very real pain of heartbreak.

**INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Christine leads Raoul further down, peering behind warily.

They come to a landing, down a deserted passageway.

A shape blocks their path. Christine cries out--

It's The Persian, looking behind them as he points.

THE PERSIAN

No, not this way.

They're both stunned, unsure.

THE PERSIAN  
Quick! Go away quickly.

Christine pulls Raoul away, toward the other direction. The Persian watches after them, keeping a guarded eye.

**INT. VARIOUS HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS**

Raoul peers behind him as they maneuver past stagehands.

RAOUL  
Who is that man?

CHRISTINE  
He's the Persian.

RAOUL  
What's he doing here?

CHRISTINE  
I don't know. He's always here.

RAOUL  
You're making me run away for the first time in my life. He was up there, I know it.

CHRISTINE  
Now you're sounding like me--

RAOUL  
You've made your mind to go. We need to leave at once. He may have heard us--

CHRISTINE  
He's working on his Don Juan Triumphant. He's not thinking of us.

He stops her.

RAOUL  
Yet you keep looking behind you.

Ignoring him, she realizes they've ended up at her dressing room door.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

They step in. She falls into a chair, he crosses to the mirror to investigate its magic.

CHRISTINE  
We're safer here than anywhere.

RAOUL  
You heard him through the walls.  
Can't he therefore hear us?  
Suppose we try to repeat your  
movements?

CHRISTINE  
It's too dangerous. He's not simply  
a man, he's a genius. He knows  
things which nobody in the world  
knows.

RAOUL  
You're making a ghost of him again.

CHRISTINE  
He's flesh and blood--

Raoul bends a knee before her.

RAOUL  
He is. Nothing more. Are you still  
resolved to run away from him?

CHRISTINE  
(nodding)  
Tomorrow.

RAOUL  
Yes. Twelve tomorrow night. I shall  
keep my promise, whatever happens.

Christine smiles, feeling safe. As she wipes away a tear --  
only then does she notice.

CHRISTINE  
Where is it...where is--

Bolts from the chair, knocking it over, starts frantically  
searching the floor, shocking Raoul.

RAOUL  
What is it?!

Holds up her palm. The ring is missing.

CHRISTINE

We have to find it! We have to!  
It was the price of my liberty.

She tosses clothes, searches under her vanity, realizing--

CHRISTINE

On the roof. It must have slipped  
from my finger. We need to go back!

She bolts for the door. He seizes her, holding her shoulders.

RAOUL

Let us leave now!

CHRISTINE

No, no! Tomorrow! Please!

Raoul is pained. There's no consoling her--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. RAOUL'S ROOM - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - NIGHT**

In the dark, a perturbed Raoul throws his coat on a chair, flops on the bed, flush with intrusive thoughts.

It's quiet.

He turns slightly, bolts onto his elbow to see--

Two staring eyes, like blazing coals, at the foot of his bed.

In a cold sweat, his trembling hands search the bedside table, grab at the matches. A candle is lit.

Once the match lights the flint, the staring eyes vanish--

Hunting, he stands, throwing open his closet, flinging the curtains back -- nothing.

Backing toward the bed, he studies the room, slowly grasping the candle. With a blow, the candle is extinguished--

Eyes reappear through the smoke--

Raoul jolts, groping a hand into the table drawer--

RAOUL

Erik, is that you?!

RAOUL'S POV -- the eyes line up perfectly with the French doors leading to the balcony.

Behind the eyes, a translucent shadow is on the balcony.

Not deterred, he silently pulls a revolver--

Takes aim--

--between the two eyes.

His hand grips the trigger, ready to fire.

BLAST!!! CRASH!

The flash emit off Raoul's fierce eyes.

The noise deafens the silence of the house.

The two eyes vanish.

Wild footsteps thunder just outside the room.

Startled, Raoul aims to fire a second time.

The door flies open, servants with lamps pour in, Philippe following.

PHILLIPE

What is it?!

Dazed, Raoul isn't immediately conscious of his actions, swinging the revolver back to the balcony window.

RAOUL

I think I have been dreaming. I fired at two stars that kept me from dream--

Philippe crosses, seizes the revolver, pulling his brother's face close--

PHILLIPE

What are you raving about?! Are you ill? For God's sake, what happened?

Raoul recognizes his brother. The light of sanity returns.

RAOUL

I'm not raving. Let go of me!

Pushes Philippe away, takes the lamp from a servant, throws open the window, and steps outside.



**EXT. BALCONY - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Empty. He yanks at the door, observing the window. The bullet pierced through at a man's height.

Kneels with the lamp to investigate--

A puddle of blood, and a trail leaving the site.

RAOUL

That's good! A ghost who bleeds is less dangerous.

Philippe approaches, warily--

PHILLIPE

What are you--?!

RAOUL

You see the blood! I thought I had been dreaming and fired at two stars--Erik's eyes!

PHILLIPE

Have you gone mad?

RAOUL

What? You would do better to help me find Erik! I'm not mad!

**INT. RAOUL'S ROOM - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - CONTINUOUS**

Philippe steps inside, dismissing the servants with a wave. The brothers are alone.

PHILLIPE

Who is this Erik?

RAOUL

My rival. And if he's not dead, it's a pity.

PHILLIPE

What has become of you? You're not departing for the Arctic-- this Christine Daae has tainted your--

RAOUL

Leave her out of this!

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - SAME**

The argument penetrates outside the bedroom. Servants gather around, shushing each other to listen. Glimpses are caught--

RAOUL (O.S.)  
I love her! I shall carry Christine  
Daae off tonight--!

**EXT. DE CHAGNY ESTATE - DAY**

Philippe reads the daily "Epoque" over breakfast. Raoul comes and sits gloomily. The paper is slapped onto the table.

PHILLIPE  
Ah. Read that.

Raoul flips to the front, reads aloud.

RAOUL  
"The latest news in Faubourng is that there is a promise of marriage between Mademoiselle Christine Daae and Monsieur le Vicomte Raoul de Chagny. If the gossips are to be believed, Count Philippe has sworn that, for the first time on record, the Chagnys should not keep their promise. The two brothers are said to adore each other, but the count is curiously mistaken if he imagines brotherly love will triumph over love pure--"

Slams the paper down, shaking the dishes.

PHILLIPE  
You are making this family look ridiculous. She is beneath you. This little girl has turned your head with her ghost stories.

Raoul stands, quietly.

RAOUL  
Goodbye, Philippe.

PHILLIPE  
Your mind is quite clear? You are going tonight? With her?  
(MORE)

PHILLIPE(cont'd)

Surely you will not do anything so foolish? Mind you, I shall know how to prevent you.

Raoul crosses toward the house, leaving his brother behind.

A curtain of darkness fades over the moment.

CUT FROM BLACK:

**INT. RAOUL'S ROOM - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - DAY**

Raoul frantically packs, spying the bullet hole in the window.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - SAME**

Christine reaches for her belongings, packing also.

**EXT. CARRIAGE STATION - DAY**

Raoul speaks with a COACHMEN before an elegant barouche.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - DAY**

Christine holds a photo of Papa Daae, enjoying the Parisian skyline at dusk, contemplating--

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Masked, Erik turns, sensing -- Christine?

Returns to his "Don Juan Triumphant". Dabs a mark on the final page, and sighs, closing the book.

"Don Juan Triumphant" is finished.

**INT. CARRIAGE - DAY**

Last rays of daylight. Christine peers out, as the everyday world passes her by. Leans forward, to see--

TIME CUT TO:

**EXT. PARIS OPERA - NIGHT**

In all its splendor, a row of parked carriages at the curb, being led away by their coachmen.

Near the front entrance, a poster is displayed for tonight's performance of "Faust".

There, a line is forming. Shaking hands and greeting the guests are Richard and Moncharmin.

**EXT. ROTUNDA SIDE OF THE OPERA - MOMENTS LATER**

The coachmen pull their horses to a stop, and wait. Among them, the very barouche seen earlier.

Atop the box, the Coachmen's face is concealed behind the long folds of a muffler, trying to stay warm.

From the shadows, a figure dressed in a long black cloak and soft black felt hat passes, examining the barouche, before moving away--

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul slips through the eager, excited crowd, wearing a top hat and tails.

Among the sea of faces, observing Raoul -- the Persian.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

Seats are filling. Curious eyes gawk up at Philippe's box.

**INT. PHILIPPE'S BOX - SAME**

Keeping a wary eye out, Philippe is indifferent to the attention around him.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Concealed behind the dressing wall, a small stack of luggage.

Dressed for the performance, Christine studies her reflection in the vanity mirror. Her expression is difficult to read.

Enveloping her, the lights begin to dim.

OVER BLACK, Christine's voice, mid-performance, thunders--

CUT FROM BLACK:

**INT. STAGE - NIGHT**

Christine sings, a sense of pain in her voice.

**INT. RAOUL'S BOX - SAME**

Raoul hears it. He turns away, studying the faces below, or an anonymous door man in the back -- anyone suspicious.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME**

Curious exchanges are exchanged by the audience -- something seems amiss about Christine's performance.

**INT. STAGE - SAME**

Christine senses the crowd, her self-assurance fading. In character, she tightens her fists, eyes welling in fear--

SLAM!

Eyes dart to the box beside the stage. Carlotta stands, making a sensational entrance.

Christine stops, peering at her rival.

Silence, save for the hushed gossip.

Moncharmin and Richard share an awkward glance.

Christine and Carlotta's eyes meet.

Carlotta sneers slightly -- a change washes over Christine.

She opens her mouth once more--

The heavenly voice, her very heart and soul, return.

The audience shifts in their seats.

**INT. UNDER THE STAGE - SAME**

MAUCLAIR, the gas-man responsible for the footlights, fails to notice the shadow moving silently about--

**INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER**

The last act. Christine sings to the angels on stage, her voice rising to another level. One even she didn't realize.

**INT. UNDER THE STAGE - SAME**

Erik listens, piercing eyes shining in awe behind his mask.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME**

She is triumphant!

Even Carlotta senses it. A regretful tear lines her face.

Christine has reached the epitome of the angels.

Moved, Raoul rises in his box, facing her.

CHRISTINE  
(singing)  
"Holy angel, in Heaven blessed..."

The audience turns in their seats.

Christine reaches out for him, delivering the divine cry--

CHRISTINE  
(singing)  
"My spirit longs with thee to rest--  
!"

BLACK. Everything goes dark--

Screams, confused cries--

FLASH IMAGES. Chaos. Stagehands rush the footlights. Panicked faces gawking everywhere. Raoul stunned--

The gas lights return, revealing--

An empty stage.

Christine is gone.

Gasps, shocked cries, dismay. Everyone shouts at once.

Raoul is already running--

Philippe notices his brother, springs to his feet.

Dumbfounded, Moncharmin and Richard shout orders as they exit their box--

MONCHARMIN  
Lower the curtain, get the  
magistrate here now!

**INT. BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul shoves through the chaos. A DANCER and STAGEHAND spy Raoul, laughing at him.

DANCER  
It's the lover!

RAOUL  
Get out of my way, please!

DANCER  
Read the papers, eh? The poor  
lover's brain has gone!

STAGEHAND  
No, it was the ghost!

Raoul rushes the stage as the curtain is lowered--

**INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Searching. Someone knocks his shoulder, spinning him around, toward the trap door in the stage.

He knows, bolting out--

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul passes Moncharmin, Richard, acting-manager Mercier, and REMY, their secretary, as they make for the manager's office.

RICHARD  
Where the hell is she?! This is a  
disaster!

MONCHARMIN  
Keep your voice down!

Thrusting their way into--

**INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Grabbing drinks vigorously. Richard motions to Remy, clutching a glass.

RICHARD	MONCHARMIN
Lock that door! No one comes in!	How were the lights darkened?!

MERCIER  
More bad news. Mauclair is missing.

MONCHARMIN  
Oh, god. Give me that bottle--

RICHARD  
What about his assistants?

MERCIER  
They've gone missing too.

RICHARD  
(taking a drink)  
What the hell is happening here?!

Moncharmin turns to Richard, dumbfounded.

**INT. DRESSING ROOM HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Through the crowd, Raoul reaches Christine's dressing room--

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Makes immediately for the mirror, violently shoving at it. Again and again. It doesn't give, nor break.

He knows -- it's not going to.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul approaches the manager's office. Before he reaches it, he feels, blowing past him, M. MIFROID, commissary of police, beating on the locked door.

M. MIFROID  
Open in the name of the law!

The door cracks enough for M. Mifroid to maneuver past Remy. Raoul rushes the door, screaming.



RAOUL  
Monsieur's, please, do you know  
what's become of Christine Da--?

SLAM! In his face. Raoul pushes against the jamb, at a loss.

THE PERSIAN (O.S.)  
Erik's secrets concern no one but  
himself.

The Persian stands before him, cloak over his arm.

RAOUL  
You--

THE PERSIAN  
I hope you haven't betrayed his  
secret.

RAOUL  
Why should I hesitate to betray a  
monster, monsieur? Is he your  
friend?

THE PERSIAN  
Erik's secret is also Christine's.

Aggravated, he rushes past The Persian.

RAOUL  
I have no time for this.

THE PERSIAN  
Where are you going?

RAOUL  
To find Christine, monsieur!

THE PERSIAN  
Then stay here. She's here. With  
Erik.

Raoul stops short, crosses back cautiously, speaking low--

RAOUL  
How do you know?

THE PERSIAN  
I was at the performance. No one in  
the world but Erik could contrive  
such an abduction.

Raoul sighs, thoughtfully.

RAOUL  
I don't know your intentions, but  
can you help me?

THE PERSIAN  
Yes. I can take you to her -- and  
to him. Come.

The Persian leads Raoul away.

In the background, Philippe tries to alert his brother, but  
is shoved back by the crowd. His cries are lost in the chaos--

**INT. SECRET PASSAGES - MOMENTS LATER**

Raoul has never visited these passages, up and down  
staircases. As they travel, he notices -- it's dead silent.

They pause at a door. The Persian shifts the cloak to his  
other arm, lifts a key from his pocket, and unlocks the door.

THE PERSIAN  
Your tall hat will be in your way.  
You would do well to leave it in  
the dressing room.

RAOUL  
Which?

The Persian pulls the door -- a hallway. Christine's dressing  
room is opposite.

THE PERSIAN  
Miss Daae's.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

They enter, surveying the room, then cross to the mirror.

RAOUL  
That won't do. I already tried it--

The Persian reaches into the cloak that he's carrying,  
produces a richly-carved case, puts it on the dressing table.

As he opens the case, Raoul circles curiously. A pair of long  
pistols. The Persian takes one, hands the other to Raoul.

RAOUL  
Do you mean to fight a duel?

THE PERSIAN

We must be prepared for everything,  
for we are to fight the most  
terrible adversary that you can  
imagine.

RAOUL

You must hate Erik.

The Persian glances sadly at Raoul, pocketing the pistol.

THE PERSIAN

I don't hate him. If I did, he  
would long ago have ceased to do  
harm.

Reaches for a stool, setting it against the wall beside the  
mirror. Jumps up.

RAOUL

But why do you betray him?

The Persian feels along the wallpaper, before pausing--

THE PERSIAN

Because I can no longer stand the  
injury he is causing...  
(finds something)  
--ah.

Raising his finger above his head, he presses against a  
corner of the paper, then hops down.

Nothing happens.

RAOUL

So? What's happen--?

The Persian takes Raoul's top hat from his head, instructing.

THE PERSIAN

Cover your shirt-front as well as  
you can with your coat...  
(doing so also)  
Turn up the collar. We must make  
ourselves as invisible as possible.

Raoul follows suit. The Persian shoves his palms against the  
mirror, struggling.

## THE PERSIAN

It takes a moment to release the counter-balance when you press on the spring from inside the room. Much different when you are behind and act directly on the counter-balance. Erik commands the walls, the doors, and the trap doors.

## RAOUL

(dumbfounded)

How? Why do these walls obey him alone? He didn't build them!

They lock eyes--

## THE PERSIAN

Yes, he did.

He suddenly silences Raoul--

Like disturbed water, the reflection shivers, ripples moving across the glass. The mirror turns like a revolving door.

The Persian's breath sharpens, psyching himself up, reaching for his pistol. Raoul does the same.

## THE PERSIAN

Do you know of the Punjab Lasso, monsieur?

## RAOUL

Only rumors--

## THE PERSIAN

It's his weapon. Keep your hand at the level of your head. Make ready to fire.

With all caution, they step forward--

BLACK

Movement, shuffled feet. A rustle of clothing--

SSHHH-FIZZ! A match is struck, illuminating.

The Persian is on his knees, feeling the ground. Raoul peers about, trying to conceal his fear. They're in the--

**INT. PASSAGEWAY BEHIND THE MIRROR - CONTINUOUS**

The one Erik first brought Christine.

A lantern glows orange. The Persian swings the light to Raoul, throwing sinister shadows about.

Places the lantern on the ground to investigate further.

THE PERSIAN

Where is i--ah.

The lantern is blown out. A faint click, then-- Raoul feels a whoosh of air against his face. Peeks an eye to the floor--

A pale, luminous square appears -- a trap door is opening.

The Persian shimmies down the door, whispering--

THE PERSIAN

Follow me and do all that I do.

The Persian holds his fingers by the rim of the opening, then vanishes.

Trusting, Raoul hands the lantern down, following suit. Shimmies through, holding on by his hands, afraid to let go. From below, whispered--

THE PERSIAN (O.S.)

Let go.

Raoul's fingers release.

**INT. CELLAR BELOW TRAP DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Lands in The Persian's arms. The Persian reaches, pulling the trap door shut. Yanks Raoul to the ground, both men flat on their stomachs.

Faint voices and a dim light are near.

Raoul makes to speak, but The Persian covers his mouth.

The Persian shimmies toward a wooden partition. Through the small opening, they spy a narrow stair with a door at the top landing, descending further into the cellars.

Past the landing, a small room. From that small room, come M. Mifroid and the Stage Manager, mid-conversation.

M. MIFROID  
Tell me about the lighting system.

STAGE MANAGER  
Everything's lit by hydrogen gas. A box is always reserved beside the prompter's box for the gas-man. Mauclair is there for every performance.

M. MIFROID  
He wasn't tonight.

STAGE MANAGER  
(calling)  
Mauclair! Where are you?!

His booming voice echoes into the cellars' depths.

Raoul spies scattered shapes by the staircase, mere feet from M. Mifroid and the Stage Manager. One on the landing, he spots two more at the bottom of the stair.

Raoul squints, making the shapes out, muffling back a cry -- three corpses lay there.

The Persian whispers--

THE PERSIAN  
He.

M. MIFROID  
(to the Stage Manager)  
Come here!

The Stage Manager rushes beside the kneeling M. Mifroid, looking over the corpse on the staircase landing.

STAGE MANAGER  
Mauclair, he's dead!

M. Mifroid calmly examines.

M. MIFROID  
No. Dead-drunk, which is not quite the same thing.

STAGE MANAGER  
Impossible, this would be a first.

M. MIFROID  
 Someone has given him a narcotic.  
 (nodding, rising)  
 There are his assistants.

Walks to them.

STAGE MANAGER  
 They're asleep!

M. MIFROID  
 Very curious business. To interfere  
 with the gas-man...and that person  
 unknown must have been working on  
 behalf of the kidnapper. Send for  
 the theater doctor, please.

The Persian gestures to Raoul to back away.

**INT. FOURTH CELLAR - SAME**

Rough glimpses through the darkness. A flutter of hair.  
 A gloved grip on an arm. Piercing eyes--

Erik pulls Christine roughly by the arm, almost dragging her.  
 The kind tone gone, his deep voice echoes.

ERIK  
 You betrayed me! I gave you  
 everything! I made you the toast of  
 Paris. I'm the only one that saw  
 your potential!

CHRISTINE  
 Let me return! Please--

Turns, pushing her against the wall.

ERIK  
 Who? To him?! He doesn't know your  
 heart like I do.

Sensing her fear, he stops, easing his grip on her. A beat.  
 Sensing his feelings, she embraces him.

CHRISTINE  
 I'm sorry...

Erik is taken aback, peers up. Distant voices, movement  
 throughout the cellars. Somberly, his eyes close.

ERIK  
 They'll come down to find you now.  
 What has happened?

Pulls her onward.

**INT. THIRD CELLAR - SAME**

Collectively peering at the ceiling, Raoul and The Persian hear echoed orders being shouted, door slamming, movement -- like inside of a giant ship.

VOICES (O.S.)  
 Close the doors...close the  
 doors...the trap doors are to be  
 shut!!

THE PERSIAN  
 The firemen making their rounds.

**INT. SECOND CELLAR - SAME**

The FIREMEN checking every passage.

FIREMAN  
 Clear! Next one!  
 (spies someone O.S.)  
 Monsieur, you can't be down here!

Philippe, searching. The Fireman tries to hold him back, but Philippe shoves him off.

PHILLIPE  
 Get out of my way! Raoul! Raoul!

**INT. LOWER CELLARS - MOMENTS LATER**

Philippe's cries are lost down this deep.

Coming to the bottom of a staircase, The Persian, his hand raised, peers to Raoul, stops -- shoving his hand up!

THE PERSIAN  
 Your hand up! He is quick with his  
 Punjab lasso! Please monsieur!

The Persian moves ahead, surveying--

Hand raised, Raoul makes to apologize for his ignorance--



The Persian only stares ahead. Raoul turns also--

Before them, at the hallway's end--

A HEAD MADE OF FIRE, shaped like a mans's, approaches slowly--

Screeching grows, echoing--

Both are too stunned to move. Through gritted teeth--

THE PERSIAN

I have never seen this before.  
It's not he, but he may have sent  
it.

The fiery head floats closer--

THE PERSIAN

We need to flee -- back the way we  
came. Down the stairs to the fifth  
cellar...

The Persian's side-eyes Raoul.

THE PERSIAN

NOW!

They frantically turn and run--

The screeching grows louder, demonic--

Raoul finds the stairs, almost plunging face first. Jumps to  
the landing.

The Persian peers behind -- the fiery face is within feet.  
Follows Raoul down, not slowing.

The screeching passes without notice, along with the face--

**INT. FIFTH CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Pitch black. Empty ancient spaces. Echoing footsteps.

Around a corner, they have stopped, gasping air. The Persian  
chances a peek -- nothing is there.

It's quiet--

The Persian offers Raoul a supportive pat, gaining their  
courage once more. Steps from the corner--

THE PERSIAN  
Take care to--

THE FIERY FACE IS THERE, STARING -- SCREECHING DEAFENING.

Raoul drops in shock, spying thousands of tiny figures among the screeching -- screaming in horror!

The Persian gazes into the fiery face -- eyes round, nose crooked and the mouth large. Face bright like a red moon.

The face vanishes! Terrifying blackness, screeching movement. Light bounces on the ground--

RATS!!!! THOUSANDS OF RATS!

Climbing, scratching, running, staring--

Petrified, Raoul tears at The Persian--

The Persian looks sick--

The light returns to the floating head. There's no fire, only a trick. The lantern is pointed up, selling the illusion.

THE FIERY FACE  
Don't move! Whatever you do, don't  
come after me. I am the rat  
catcher. Let me pass with my rats!

Raoul can't look away from the vermin--

The fiery face strides on, the high-pitched terror following--

Raoul and The Persian gaze, unblinking--

Soon--

Silence.

They are alone again.

Traumatized, Raoul can't pull himself up.

The Persian's hands shake. He clenches them into fists--

Takes deep breathes, collecting himself, he pulls Raoul up.

THE PERSIAN  
Are you okay?

Ignoring, he dusts himself off.

RAOUL  
Is the lake close?

THE PERSIAN  
We're never going to enter the  
house by the lake. A siren watches  
over those black waters.

RAOUL  
But you--!

THE PERSIAN  
There's another road. The third  
cellar. I shall show you. Come.

They venture back the way they came.

ERIK (O.S.)  
Christine, stop!!

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine SMASHES her head against the stone wall, bloody--

Erik pulls her back, both toppling over. He doesn't let go.  
Her face is ghastly, gushing, but determined. Confused tears  
flow.

CHRISTINE  
I-I cant...this is all too much...

Erik stands over her, breathing hard.

ERIK  
You need to choose...

**INT. BETWEEN SETS - SAME**

Raoul turns, sensing Christine.

Between the set piece and discarded scene from "Roi de  
Lahore", Buquet's murder scene, The Persian slips through,  
disappearing through the crack.

Holding the lantern, a shaken Raoul observes.

The space behind is a hidden room, wide enough for a body.  
The Persian feels at the stone wall, then pushes--

A hole opens in the wall.

Undeterred, Raoul shoves past. The Persian holds him back, examining beneath him.

THE PERSIAN

This is it.

Raoul swallows hard, steeling himself.

The Persian pulls his boot off.

THE PERSIAN

We have to drop a few yards without making a noise. Take yours off also.

Raoul does as instructed. The Persian tips to the wall's edge -- another trap door is there.

The Persian nervously takes a deep breath. Drops to his knees to shimmy through the trap door, peers to Raoul.

THE PERSIAN

I am going to drop myself into his house. You must do exactly the same as I.

(beat)

Don't be afraid. I'll be there.

He vanishes. A dull landing below.

Raoul makes ready, does the same, drops below--

**INT. DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS**

Into The Persian's arms. Standing, the Persian hushes him.

The darkness is thick, the silence heavy.

Where are they?

The Persian lights the lantern, reaches for the trap door above. Grasps nothing -- it's closed.

**INT. CIRCULAR STAIRWAY - CELLARS - SAME**

Philippe holds a lantern as he travels, growing concerned.

**INT. DARKNESS - SAME**

Using the lantern, The Persian studies the floor. Stops--  
Something--

Kneels and lifts it up, examining -- A CORD.

Flings it away, realization in his eyes.

                    RAOUL  
            What is it?

The Persian can't swallow, swings the lantern -- needing to know where they are.

                    RAOUL  
            Monsieur?

                    THE PERSIAN  
            The Punjab lasso...

                    RAOUL  
            What?

Anxiety drenches The Persian's brow.

Through the dim light, spies close walls everywhere--  
Until--

A tree trunk.

Quizzically, he approaches.

The trunk looks alive. Leaves spread and branches protrudes into the ceiling.

Raoul reaches out, his eyes deceiving him--

                    RAOUL  
            It's not wood.

Beyond the trunk, a ray of light bounces off the wall--

AND A HAND REACHING OUT--

Raoul gasps!

The hand is reflected. He steps back, realizing--

RAOUL  
It's a looking glass.

His back to Raoul, The Persian contemplates.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. BETWEEN SETS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Buquet stops, panting. Squeezes his eyes shut, in exhaustion.

Behind, a wisp of movement--

A CORD-LIKE NOOSE SUDDENLY RIPS ROUND HIS NECK.

HE'S VIOLENTLY JERKED OFF HIS FEET--

Eyes bulge in horror--

FLASH IMAGES. Feet kick. Shaking, fighting hands. Gloved palms, holding tight.

Erik's eyes behind his black mask -- unfeeling.

Buquet makes to scream, tongue hanging. A final GASP--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

The Persian shakes the vision, looking about.

THE PERSIAN  
This is Mazenderan all over again.  
(a whisper)  
We've dropped into the torture  
chamber.

Raoul's face drops, craning his neck. The entire chamber is mirrored, joined at the corners.

Distantly, a door closes--

Raoul rushes toward the sound--

RAOUL  
Listen...Christi--

The Persian covers his mouth, cutting him short--

Somewhere, a moan--

ERIK (O.S.)  
 ...the wedding mass or the requiem  
 mass. There's nothing else...

Collectively, they hold their breath.

Through the mirrored wall--

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

The once-beautiful drawing room is now a shambles of debris.

Unmasked, Erik binds a weeping Christine to a chair, her arms  
 pinned to the armrest.

CHRISTINE  
 I can't choose...please--

ERIK  
 My love, we can have a life  
 together. I can give you everything  
 you've ever wanted -- the requiem  
 mass is the alternate.

He grabs her, holding her tight, still trying to please.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 I can't go on living like this,  
 like a mole in a burrow.

Eyes the spilt music-book at his feet, his life's work.

ERIK  
 It is finished.  
 (beat)  
 I want to live now, like everybody  
 else. Have a wife -- I've invented  
 a mask that makes me look like  
 anybody else. No one will stare at  
 me. Not ever again.

The silence heavy, he's lost in his head. Turns to Christine.

ERIK  
 I've only ever wanted to be loved  
 for me. To be--

BRRRRINGGG! An electric bell blares--

Jolting Christine. Erik glides toward the front door--

ERIK

Who has come to bother us now?  
Wait here...I am going to tell the  
siren to open the door.

He slinks out. The door closes. Christine is alone.

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAKE - SAME**

Philippe stands on the far shore, peering over the dark  
waters, failing to see--

On the distant shore, Erik watching.

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Raoul and The Persian wait a beat, before--

RAOUL

Christine! Answer me!

INTERCUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine nearly jumps from her skin, waiting for one of  
Erik's tricks to manifest.

CHRISTINE

Raoul?

She tries to rise -- the bindings on her chair won't let her.

RAOUL

We're here to save you. If you hear  
him again, warn us.

CHRISTINE

He's mad! He's decided to kill  
everybody and himself if I don't  
concede...

Raoul shuts his eyes, with bated breath--

RAOUL

To what?

CHRISTINE

Be his wife. He's given me until  
eleven tonight to decide.



THE PERSIAN  
Where is Erik?

CHRISTINE  
He must have left the house.

THE PERSIAN  
Can you be sure?

CHRISTINE  
I can't move...where are you?  
Please come!

THE PERSIAN  
Do you see a door?

CHRISTINE  
The only one's I know are the one  
to my room, the front door and the  
torture chamber.

RAOUL  
We're here. There's no way out--

Raoul cries out, furious--

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAKE - SAME**

Philippe uncertainly rows the boat, eyes squinting--

Hears over the calming waters--

A woman's singing. Calming.

He looks ahead to the other shore -- there's nothing there.

The singing casts a spell over Philippe. He stops rowing, the  
oar sways, the boat drifts.

Leans over, enchanted. The singing is coming from the water.

Peers close--

MONSTROUS ARMS LEAP OUT, WRAP AROUND PHILIPPE'S NECK,  
SUBMERGING HIM WITH IRRESISTIBLE FORCE--

There's no struggle. The boat rocks gently. The waters calm--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

The Persian is as calm as he can be.

THE PERSIAN  
 Mademoiselle, it is absolutely  
 necessary that you should open that  
 door for us. Is there a key?

INTERCUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine looks about, desperate.

CHRISTINE  
 In a bag, near the organ. He's  
 forbidden me to touch them.  
 There's nothing that can be done.  
 He'll be back soon...

The Persian weighs his options--

THE PERSIAN  
 Why did he bind you?

CHRISTINE  
 B-because I tried to commit  
 suicide.

A sob erupts from Raoul.

THE PERSIAN  
 If he bound you, you can be  
 unbound. You just have to play the  
 part. He loves you, remember that--

The front door rustles--

CHRISTINE  
 (harsh whisper)  
 He's coming--!

She swings around, stops--

Erik stands in the door frame, drenched.

Anxiety is written all over her bruised face. Erik senses.

ERIK  
 Why did you cry out, Christine?

CHRISTINE  
 Because I'm in pain, Erik. Unloosen  
 my bonds...

ERIK  
 You'll try to kill yourself again.  
 No--

He crosses, but Christine persists--

CHRISTINE  
 No! You've given me until eleven  
 o'clock, Erik.

Erik blinks, contemplating -- this could go either way.  
 With a labored sigh, crosses, loosening her bounds.

ERIK  
 I'm so sorry I doubted you. Our  
 visitor has departed. The one  
 ringing the siren's bell. I wonder  
 if he's ringing at the bottom of  
 the lake.

She rubs her wrists, peering up at him.

ERIK  
 I must play his requiem.

Disappearing into his room.

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Erik plays at the organ, like a god of thunder.

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Raoul and The Persian hear it on the other side of the wall.

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine steps in, sheepishly approaching the organ. The  
 keys are hung nearby. Erik doesn't sense her intentions.

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Raoul presses an ear to the mirrored wall.

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine observes over Erik's shoulder. Behind, her fingers  
 slowly lift the bag off its hook--

And steps away--

Erik's eye darts -- stops playing.

ERIK  
Where is my bag?

Christine BOLTS for the door--

Erik violently snatches her, clawing for the bag--

ERIK  
That is why you asked me to release  
you. What did you want to do with  
them?!

She screams out in agony--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Raoul seethes, furiously banging fists against the mirrors--

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Erik rips the bag away -- turns slightly. Christine is flush, tense.

ERIK  
Did you hear, Christine?

CHRISTINE  
--I heard nothing.

ERIK  
I don't like the way you said that.  
You're lying! Come with me!

Grabs her wrist, he yanks her--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Raoul's eyes tense with rage, hopeless fear.

RAOUL  
What are we going to do?

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine is thrown on the bed, as Erik yanks back the curtained wall.

ERIK  
 You inquisitive little soul, there  
 is someone in the torture chamber,  
 isn't there? See for yourself!

Revealing a small slit in the wall. There, the faint outline of a door. At eye level, a rectangular window to view.

Erik beckons her--

ERIK  
 See for yourself, my love. I said  
 SEE!

Rips her from the bed, forcing her to peer in.

CHRISTINE'S POV -- pitch black, but can just make out Raoul and The Persian.

Through blinding tears, she tries to tear from his arms.

CHRISTINE  
 There's no one there, leave me be!

ERIK  
 Ah, you just need some  
 illumination...

Reaches for the black rope beside, gives it a yank--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

BLINDING LIGHT BLASTS THE CHAMBER -- MIRRORS BOUNCING INTENSE HEAT--

The Persian maintains calm, rubbing his eyes--

Raoul tears at his clothes, sharply breathing, fists SMASHING into the glass--!

The Persian grabs him. Raoul pushes him off--

RAOUL  
 Get off me! Christine!

THE PERSIAN  
 She cannot save you! You need  
 to stay calm. There's a way  
 out of here!

RAOUL  
 Christine, please!!

Ignoring Raoul, he rushes the mirrors to solve the "trick",  
 gazes to the ceiling--

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Erik drags Christine as she manically rips at him, toward the  
 mantle.

CHRISTINE  
 What are you to do?! Let them out!

ERIK  
 I've had enough of this! Yes or no!  
 If your answer is no, everybody  
 will be dead and buried!

Grabs two boxes from the mantle, puts them on a table.

CHRISTINE  
 What is this?

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

The Persian traces his fingers along portions of the glass  
 panels. Sections have been scratched, broken -- past victims.

Raoul paces in a frenzy, slapping the pistol in his hand.  
 The torture chamber's spell is working.

THE PERSIAN  
 There's a button. Microscopic. Once  
 I find that, a spring will release.  
 We'll be f-free--

The Persian blinks sweat from his pained eyes -- he's  
 starting to feel roasted.

THE PERSIAN  
 It's here...

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

ERIK  
 Your choice lies here.

The two boxes are opened. She peers inside--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Raoul gazes with resolve into the mirror, tapping the pistol against the glass--

The Persian catches Raoul's reflection behind, shouting--

THE PERSIAN  
It's not real! None of this. We're  
in a room! We're-- NO!!

Raoul points the pistol to his temple--

The Persian seizes him, toppling him to the ground -- the pistol flies from his grasp.

Raoul lays, withering.

The Persian snatches the pistol, shoving it in his waistband. Continues the search, only then realizing--

He's lost his spot.

Despair finally takes him.

THE PERSIAN  
Erik! Erik!

Collapses to his knees, then his side--

Against the foot of the iron tree, before the Punjab lasso, now waiting for him--

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

In one box, a mechanism shaped like a large scorpion. The other, a second mechanism shaped like a large grasshopper.

Christine stares longingly -- her death sentence.

Erik smiles sadly.

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Succumbing, The Persian reaches for the lasso, embracing it.

But--

Something catches his eye. There, in the ground -- a groove.  
 Flinging the lasso away, he pulls himself closer.

In the groove, a black-headed nail.

He blinks--

Raoul lifts his head.

The Persian pulls the nail slightly--

A cellar-flap door springs from the floor.

Both stagger up, gasping in the cool darkness below.

They share a look, anxious but wary.

Grabbing the lantern, The Persian hops down, then Raoul.

**INT. BELOW THE TORTURE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

The Persian thrusts his hands in the dark. Feels stone --  
 then another.

A staircase.

Raoul makes to rush past him--

THE PERSIAN

I don't know this room. Allow me...

Turns the lantern alight, descending. Raoul follows.

Darkness -- steps of the staircase, then--

Shapes--

Circular shapes. Many.

THE PERSIAN

Barrels!

In two symmetrical rows, barrels envelop the small room.

Raoul reaches for one, cracks the bung off--

A substance spills out, filling his palm.

Sadly--



RAOUL  
It's not water...

The Persian inspects with the lamp -- TOSSES IT SUDDENLY  
ACROSS THE ROOM. It shatters--

Plunging them in darkness once more.

THE PERSIAN  
Gunpowder...

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

ERIK  
If you turn the scorpion, you will  
be my bride. The grasshopper will  
mean otherwise.

Christine locks eyes with him. He grins grotesquely.

ERIK  
Careful with the grasshopper. It  
not only turns, it hops...

**INT. BELOW THE TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

RAOUL  
He means to blow the Opera up! He  
gave her til eleven!

Raoul knocks aside glass as they scatter back up the stair--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

Now dark as they rush in. Raoul shoves at the mirrors. The  
Persian fumbles in his coat pocket.

THE PERSIAN  
Is it eleven?! I can't find my  
pocket watch.

Raoul searches his pocket, producing a chain and watch --  
they can decipher the time.

He crunches it against a mirror, feeling at the naked face.

RAOUL  
I-I don't know...  
(screams)  
Christine, hear us! Please!

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine hears Raoul, as does Erik, his body tensing.

CHRISTINE  
He wishes to blow up the opera!

Eyes enraged, Erik is in her face--

ERIK  
Choose! The scorpion or the  
grasshopper! The grasshopper shall  
jump!

CHRISTINE	ERIK
No, I can't--!	The scorpion or the grasshopper!

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

RAOUL  
What does that mean? Turn the--?

Realization dawns on The Persian, shouting--

THE PERSIAN  
Don't turn either! Erik, listen!

INTERCUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS**

Erik's smile spreads. He knows that voice.

Christine is frozen with fear, staring at the two objects.

ERIK  
So you are not dead in there? Well  
then, keep quiet.

THE PERSIAN  
You don't want to do this--don't  
turn the scorpion!

ERIK  
Not a word, daroga, or I shall blow  
everything up! The honor rests with  
Mademoiselle, she has not touched  
the scorpion! Nearly eleven--!

RAOUL  
The Persian is right, don't  
turn it!

CHRISTINE  
I-I'm going to turn the  
scorpion. It's the only...

THE PERSIAN  
It's a trick! He's deceiving you!

Erik shoves her away, thrusting his palm over the boxes--

ERIK  
Your time has come! I shall turn it  
for you!

She tears at him -- battling for control.

CHRISTINE  
Erik, no!

Powerless, Raoul and The Persian brace--

RAOUL  
Christine!

Erik suddenly pitches to the ground.

Christine stretches, turns one. Triumphant--

CHRISTINE  
I have turned the scorpion!

Time stops--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Silence. They hold their breath.

Something cracks beneath their feet--

HISSING--

They twist to the trap door.

We thrust into the blackness--

The hissing builds, then OVERPOWERS--

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAKE - SAME**

The water slowly lowers.

On the far shore, the dead Philippe is laid out--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

Breath held, suddenly--

Water bubbles up through the trap door, spilling over--

Their eyes widen--

The Persian furiously bangs on the mirrors--

THE PERSIAN

Erik, turn it off! Turn the  
scorpion!

The water rises--

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Erik solemnly steps back. Christine reacts, rushing him--

CHRISTINE

You can't do this! Erik, please!

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

The volume trips them off their feet, plunging into a whirl.  
The mirrors CRACK as they're shoved against them.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

Christine claws at Erik, pleading--

CHRISTINE

This isn't you. This isn't your  
heart! You love me, as you say you  
do--

His intense eyes narrow, fighting--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

They kick in the inky dark, desperately trying to catch onto  
the iron tree.

RAOUL

Reach it!

Raoul snags a branch, holding on!

Pulls The Persian close, pulling him close to the trunk.  
Raoul peers up -- no way out.

Clinging tight, The Persian is lost in memory--

**INT. MAZENDERAN PALACE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Younger, masked Erik presents the child SULTAN his newest invention -- the Torture Chamber. An exact replica to Erik's beneath the Palais Garner.

Smiles and congratulations are exchanged, all around Erik.

MOMENTS LATER

In private, the Sultan confers with his ADVISOR, peering at Eric in the distance.

SULTAN

No one can know where this came  
from. Get rid of him.

Beside the nodding Advisor -- The Persian.

**INT. ERIK'S ROOM - MAZENDERAN PALACE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Erik sleeps soundly. Abruptly -- palace guards fill the room, ripping him from the bed, beating him to the ground--

**INT. MAZENDERAN PRISON CELL BLOCK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

The Persian skulks, approaching a sleeping GUARD. Across the way, sits a man in the cell, his back against the bars.

POP! A thud!

In the cell, the man turns, locking eyes with The Persian -- Erik.

Blood spills from the Guard's head onto the stone floor.  
The Persian holds a smoking pistol.

THE PERSIAN

You need to come with me...

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

THE PERSIAN  
 I saved your life!! You were  
 sentenced to death! Erik! You would  
 be dead now!

The water is rising fast. Raoul tilts his neck to keep his  
 mouth above the surface, bracing against the ceiling--

THE PERSIAN  
 Erik!

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - SAME**

The screams deafening, Christine clutches Erik, her decision  
 finally made--

CHRISTINE  
 I promise! I promise to be your  
 wife!!

A tear runs down Erik's cheek, turns to Christine--

**INT. TORTURE CHAMBER - SAME**

THE PERSIAN  
 Eri--!

The Persian dips below the surface. Clutching the branch,  
 Raoul tries to pull him up -- no good.

The Persian sinks, wildly grabbing at anything.

Raoul's strength leaves him. Desperate, a final plea--

RAOUL  
 Christine! Christi--

He vanishes.

Blackness, tossed limbs, water explodes upward. Deafening.

When suddenly--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - LATER**

Dead silence.

Water drips off the soaked furniture. Puddles form along the stone floors. Debris of the once-magnificent house are now a shambles -- like the bobbing remains of a sunken ship.

Raoul opens his eyes, takes a moment to come to.

He perches an elbow up on the couch, wrapped in a blanket. Hair and clothes are still soaked.

At his side, holding his hand -- Christine. He smiles.

Just out his peripheral--

A masked Erik watches like a spectre, "Don Juan Triumphant" gripped in his arms.

Raoul is taken aback, peers about--

                    RAOUL  
Where...is he?

Erik places the music down carefully, handing Raoul some tea.

                    ERIK  
He came to himself long before you.  
You are now saved, both of you.  
He's been taken back to the surface  
of the earth...  
                    (standing away)  
...to please my wife...

Raoul turns, meeting her sad, apologetic gaze.

                    RAOUL  
No...

                    CHRISTINE  
I'm sorry...

Christine rises. Raoul staggers to his feet--

                    RAOUL  
Wait...

Weakness overpowers him. He collapses back.

Christine approaches Erik, not out of fear, or obligation--

--but of love.

Holds her hand out for him--

CHRISTINE

My angel...

Takes Erik in her arms, gently rubbing his back, his arms, slowly raising her finger to his mask--

He flinches. Her searching eyes tell him it's okay.

Slowly, she lifts the mask, revealing -- the tear-stained, unusual beauty that is Erik.

Grazing her hand along his cheek, he closes his eyes, embracing the soothing touch.

Erik is unsure what to do. Only--

Kiss her.

Christine doesn't pull away, nor flinch. She kisses him back.

It's the most beautiful kiss...

Christine is crying, tears lining her porcelain skin, massaging her cheek against his.

Tears merge into one.

Their lips part, foreheads close. Looking deeply into each other's eyes.

She sense something in her hand. Looks down--

His plain gold ring -- thought to have been lost.

Her eyes search his, ready to say goodbye.

ERIK

Take it -- for you. And him--

Christine doesn't speak, mouth agape in sorrow.

He pulls away, stepping back.

ERIK

My angel cried with me...you've given me more than anyone ever has. That is enough for one lifetime.

He reaches down, helping Raoul to his feet.



Her back turned, Christine stares at the ring. Its weight--  
Slips the ring on, turns to Erik, uttering a firm--

CHRISTINE

No.

Both men turn.

CHRISTINE

This isn't the end for you and I.

Erik approaches, searching her eyes for an explanation.

CHRISTINE

I've been searching my whole life  
for something. I never knew what it  
was. Never knew what it looked  
like. Something that wasn't  
expected from me. From my Father,  
then the crowds, then my lover.

She smiles beautifully, a teardrop running--

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

It was you, Erik...

Erik cries now, speechless.

RAOUL (O.S.)

Christine...no...

Christine gazes upon a numbed Raoul.

RAOUL

He is a villain -- his treachery  
will never cease--

Raoul seethes, shoving Erik off his feet--

RAOUL (CONT'D)

NO! NOT THIS!

Raoul manically steps over Erik, beating him in primal rage.  
Erik doesn't fight back--

Christine pulls Raoul off--

CHRISTINE

No, Raoul! This is my decision!  
This is my only wish!

Raoul collapses on his side, defeated. Peers to Christine as she helps Erik up, coughing up blood.

Christine leans down to Raoul, compassionate--

CHRISTINE

You'll always be that little boy  
who rescued my scarf from the  
waters -- always. I will never  
forget him.

Raoul is unsure of everything. Nothing makes sense--

Did anything ever?

They lock eyes, a new sense of understanding.

Life will go on. It's heartbreaking, but this is the way--

Finally--

The Victome De Chagny stands nobly, takes her hand--

Reaches for Erik's--

Joins theirs together.

Christine's eyes well.

Raoul turns, with a satisfied smile.

RAOUL

Goodbye...

**EXT. RUE SCRIBE STREET - DAY**

Raoul steps through the gated door, eyes shuttering in the morning light.

Closes them, breathing in the clean air, before turning to the open door -- is something lingering there?

Pulls his lapels up, as he walks the deserted street, alone.

The empty door way. The gate closes with a small clank.

**INT. THE PERSIAN'S ROOM - FLAT - NIGHT**

BANG! BANG!

Distant -- coming from the front door.

The Persian's eyes open wide, surprised.

He's flat on his bed, dressed in the previous night's clothes

The door swings opens. DARIUS his servant steps in, politely--

DARIUS

Monsieur, there is a visitor to see  
you.

Out of sorts, The Persian shakes the cobwebs.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

He refused his name. He only wish  
to speak to the daroga. He would  
not show his face--

**INT. SITTING ROOM - FLAT - CONTINUOUS**

The Persian enters. Standing firm is a masked Erik,  
respectfully pulling his hat off.

ERIK

Forgive me...

THE PERSIAN

Where are they?! What have you  
done! Are they alive?!

Erik calmly sits, nodding. The Persian tensely sits.

ERIK

Yes. It was amazing. She loves me.  
How?

THE PERSIAN

What has happened?

ERIK

Something extraordinary..On all my  
travels, on all my adventures,  
her voice was guiding me. All this  
time, we were searching for each  
other...

THE PERSIAN

Is this true, Erik?

ERIK

I need your help. I can lay claim  
to the misery I've inflicted.

(MORE)

ERIK(cont'd)

That is my cross to bear...but my  
time for happiness...what time I  
have left...has come also...

Erik pleadingly locks eyes--

ERIK (CONT'D)

I need you to lie for me. To  
everyone. Do this for me, daroga--

The Persian lowers his head, unsure--

**EXT. THE PERSIAN'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Persian helps Erik into the back of a waiting cab. Erik  
leans in close.

ERIK

Lastly -- advertise my demise in  
the "Epogue". That's enough--

Holding his emotions in check, The Persian smiles with a nod.

Erik nods, satisfied.

ERIK (CONT'D)

It's a better day tomorrow...  
(turns to the driver)  
Go to the opera.

The cab descends away, leaving the Persian to observe.

**INT. DRAWING ROOM - HOUSE ON THE LAKE - NIGHT**

Christine flips an upturned chair, deep in song--

Erik emerges. Sensing, she turns, continues singing -- just  
for him. They embrace--

SMASH CUT TO:

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE, DEEP IN THE PAGES OF THE "EPOQUE":

**"THE OPERA GHOST IS DEAD"**

The long silence seeping in--

**INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - DAY**

Empty, save for the occasional cleaning woman.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY**

An empty auditorium.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY**

Empty. Scattered wardrobe, wigs, makeup accessories.

**INT. CHRISTINE'S ROOM - MAMMA VALERIUS HOME - DAY**

Empty closets, an unmade bed.

**EXT. FAMILY CEMETARY - DE CHAGNY ESTATE - DAY**

The wind kicks leaves against the funeral for the Count Philippe de Chagny. Surrounded by mourners, Raoul is front and center, his head bowed.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. PARIS GARDEN - DAY - 1900**

Beautiful, lush. Couples enjoy their afternoon strolls.

Among them, a slightly aged Raoul, now 31, walks alongside his beautiful young WIFE. Together, they push a stroller.

He smiles vibrantly, when--

A pair cross his path. Christine, and an average built man.

Raoul, mouth agape, twists his head as they meet his gaze.

The man's face is perfectly constructed, save for those piercing eyes. They will continue to haunt him--

**EXT. PARIS OPERA - NIGHT**

Crowds step inside for the performance of "The Marriage of Figaro".

**INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

Meg Giry now leads the ballet girls, preparing final touches.

**INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

The seats are filling, awaiting.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOX 5 - MOMENTS LATER**

An aged Madame Giry ushers the crowd, halting a couple as they make for Box 5--

MADAME GIRY

No!

The couple jump back in disbelief. Was she too harsh?

Madame Giry spies Richard and Firmin meeting her gaze, nodding in agreement, as they greet other guests.

MADAME GIRY

This box is reserved...

**INT. AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

The lights dim. The audience shifts in their seats as the music begins. A new woman's voice soars toward the heavens, as the red velvet curtain rises--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. UNDERGROUND LAKE - DAY - 1909**

Gripping the lantern tightly, Gaston's mouth is agape--

At the shore of the lake -- Christine.

Aged a further 10 years, she holds a burning candle over a plot of dirt in the dark. A wooden cross marks the plot.

Though she has aged, her beauty and grace have never wavered.

Sensing a presence, she turns, gasping.

Gaston holds a friendly hand out.

GASTON

Madame, I meant not to disturb you.  
I didn't know you would be here.

She doesn't respond, studying him as he approaches.

GASTON

I'm not sure you know of me, I'm--

CHRISTINE

The writer, monsieur. I know you.

Gaston is beside her now, staring at the cross.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Have you found the answers you seek? Which version of our tale shall you tell?

GASTON

I'm a reporter--

Gaston smiles, not turning. She follows his gaze, sadly--

CHRISTINE

We had so many good years -- so much happiness. I sang for him every day. Still, I promised him -- I would bring him here when it was all over.

*Back at his desk, Gaston writes. Pauses, and thinks--*

BACK TO SCENE.

Behind them, echoed steps approach, light bounces off the walls. Startled, Gaston turns--

Christine doesn't notice--

From the dark, the ghostly figures of a masked Erik and a seated Christine on the back of the horse emerge on that first night so many years ago--

Before Gaston knows it, the spectral figures have vanished.

CHRISTINE

Sometimes, I like to think...

*Gaston finds the right words, begins drafting the opening lines of his published Introduction--*

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

*...his music, his genius...his love will outlast us all...*

**"The Opera Ghost really existed..."**

BACK TO SCENE.

Satisfied, Christine smiles, placing the candle atop the simple grave--

We fall through, into the depths of the earth--

Through all that blackness, as--

The skeleton of Erik appears, no more beautiful, nor ugly, than any other man--

Arms folded across his chest, the plain gold ring on his finger--

Clutching the music of his eternal "Don Juan Triumphant".

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END