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Phantom of the Opera

By Eric Taylor

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Good evening,

Vercheres.

Shh!

Good evening,

Inspector.

You have missed half
of the opera, as usual.

I didn't come
to see the opera.

As usual.

Christine

Raoul!

I just got back from Rouen. Now I
must talk to you for a moment.

But I...

Raoul, I shouldn't
have left.

Christine, dear. I hurried
over to tell you something.

What?

That I love you.

Again?

Still.

What a wonderful audience tonight.

Wonderful.

And you were marvelous,
Biancarolli.

Oh, thank you.

We're having supper tonight
at the Caf de l'Opra.

I'm terribly
sorry, Raoul,

but I can't tonight. Why not?

Chris! Christine!

I'm coming, Jenny.

If you have another
engagement tonight, break it.

You've had your fling
at this for two years.

But I don't want to
give up the Opera.

Not until I've had
a chance to really sing.

And Anatole says
he has great faith
in my voice, and he's
going to help me.
Naturally. That's what
baritones are for.
You're in wonderful
voice tonight, monsieur.
Excellent.
Thank you, Marcel.
Christine! Why weren't you on the
stage for the end of the act?
Well, I...
You're all right, aren't you?
Oh, yes.
Mademoiselle DuBois?
Come here, please.
Don't worry.
Why weren't you on the stage for
the curtain calls, mademoiselle?
Well, I was ill...
No, you were not.
You were entertaining a friend.
A friend, mind you!
Now, for a singer to deliberately
absent herself from the stage
during a performance
is a gross breach of...
Oh...
You wish to talk
to me, monsieur?
With your permission,
I'd like a few words
with Mademoiselle DuBois in my
office after the performance.
Yes, she will be there.
Thank you.
Now, you bear in your mind
what I told you, mademoiselle.
Yes, monsieur.
Terrifying fellow, that
Vercheres, when he wants to be.
I'm very grateful,
monsieur.

I promise you I'll never
miss a curtain call again.
It's a promise.
Now, uh...
This young man who is more important
to you than your career...
Who is he?
But he isn't, monsieur. That is,
I'm very fond of him... I mean...
Oh.
Well, he's Inspector Raoul
Daubert of the Sret.
Inspector?
You mean a policeman?
But he's not an
ordinary policeman.
Even an extraordinary
policeman seems
a strange sweetheart
for an operatic soprano.
Does he sing?
I'm afraid you don't
understand, monsieur.
He's a graduate of the
military academy at Saint-Cyr.
And he's very intelligent
and very clever.
For a man who
means nothing to you,
he seems to have made quite
an impression, mademoiselle.
But I didn't say he meant nothing to me.
What I said was...
I know.
I know what you mean.
You have promise,
Mademoiselle DuBois.
But you must choose
between an operatic career
and what is usually
called "a normal life."
Though why it is
so-called is beyond me.
You can't do

justice to both.
The artist has
a special temperament,
and he must live his life exclusively
with those who understand it.
I understand, monsieur.
You'll find that music has
its compensations, my dear.
Good night.
Good night.
And thank you.
Oh, Mademoiselle DuBois, will you please
tell Monsieur Claudio to come in?
I think he's
in the anteroom.
Certainly.
Good night.
Good evening. Monsieur Villeneuve
asked that you come in now.
Thank you, mademoiselle.
Thank you.
Mademoiselle? May I speak
to you for a minute?
Certainly.
You weren't on
the stage tonight
for the third-act
curtain calls.
Everyone in the theater
seems to have noticed it.
It's really quite flattering.
Why weren't you there?
Oh, forgive me, but I've been
here so long that you...
Everybody,
everything connected with
the Opera is so
much a part of my life.
Of course. But Monsieur
Villeneuve is waiting.
Yes.
You weren't ill, were you?
You're not in any trouble?
Oh, it's impertinent

of me, I know, but, uh...
You're very kind.
Good night.
Christine!
Oh...
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Good night.
Good night.
Come in, please.
You know why I
sent for you, Claudio.
I think so, Maestro.
For some time now, I have sensed
discord in the violin section.
It was not until tonight that I definitely
located the source of the trouble.
Let me hear you play,
if you please, Claudio.
Yes, Maestro.
What was that,
Claudio?
A little song.
A lullaby.
From Provence,
where I was born.
You played it
very well.
Perhaps I was wrong.
No, it was you.
What could have been
the matter, Claudio?
You're an accomplished
musician.
Come, come now.
Let me hear you play the opening
movement in the third act of Marta.
It's no use, Maestro.
Something has happened to the
fingers of my left hand.
But you played that
lullaby perfectly.
It's a simple melody,
Maestro.

That's why I played it.
You were trying to
fool me, eh, Claudio?
Well, perhaps it's only temporary.
Perhaps it'll get better.
I hope so,
but in the meantime...
You know, Claudio, the aim of
the Paris Opera is perfection.
I'm sorry, old fellow.
Very sorry.
You've been with us a
long time, haven't you?
Twenty years.
What am I to do,
Maestro?
I know it's hard, Claudio.
No doubt you've saved a tidy
little fortune to retire on.
Yes, of course.
In appreciation of
your long service,
I shall arrange
with the directors
to have a season
ticket issued to you.
Thank you, Maestro.
Why didn't you get yourself
something to eat before the opera
instead of keeping me up all hours?
You're rich enough.
Same soup night after
night, week after week.
Oh, please don't
disturb yourself, Marie.
You're a fine one
to say that.
Why wouldn't I
be disturbed?
I'll come right to the
point, Monsieur Claudio.
What you do with your money
is none of my business.
If you want to hoard it and starve

to death, that's your affair.
But you haven't paid
me a sou for six weeks,
and that's as long
as I'm going to wait.
Marie, I haven't
any money. Not now.
If you'll be patient
just a little longer...
You haven't any money!
After working for the Paris
Opera all these years?
What do you expect to do with your money?
Bury it with you?
If you do, they'll dig
you up and steal it.
If you think
you're going to add
a few francs to your
fortune at my expense,
you're very much
mistaken.
Marie, you've been very kind.
You've been very patient.
You'll be paid,
I promise you!
Now, please
leave me alone.
It makes me sick to think of all
that money doing nobody any good.
Either I get my money,
or out you go!
That's my last word,
Claudio.
You are late, Monsieur Claudio.
The lesson is almost over.
I didn't come about that
today, mademoiselle.
She's not in voice today.
I'll tell Signor Ferretti...
Oh, please don't
interrupt the lesson.
Of course not.
I understand.

But I must announce the
time to Signor Ferretti
or he'll keep his
students for hours.

It's 11:

Signor Ferretti.

Thank you.

Mademoiselle, you
disappoint me this morning.

I'm sorry.

I'm a little upset.

If some man is upsetting you,
pitch him out of your life.

Music is first.

Music is everything.

I understand.

You don't understand.

Women never understand.

But they are docile.

Perhaps you're not
getting enough sleep.

Come later tomorrow,
say midday.

Thank you, monsieur.

Mademoiselle,
remember you have
responsibilities to others
as well as yourself.

I know.

I can never repay you
for what you've done for me.

Good day, monsieur.

Good day.

Would you come
this way, monsieur?

Monsieur Claudio
is here, Signor Ferretti.

Oh! Come in, Claudio.

Come in.

Won't you sit
down a moment?

Thank you.

I suppose you noticed your

protg was disappointing today.

Well, an off day

now and then...

You've done a lot

for her, Signor.

Nevertheless, she is making

definite progress, eh?

I was dismissed from the

orchestra last night.

Oh.

Then you will have to withdraw your

support from Mademoiselle DuBois?

Only for a little while, just until

I can secure another position.

I had hoped that you would

continue to instruct mademoiselle.

Claudio, if you don't mind me

saying so, you are a fool.

A man of your age might win a

young girl like Christine DuBois

if he happened

to be the director

of an Opera company

but a poor violinist...

Signor.

We agreed never to

discuss my motives.

Please. Won't you continue

to work with her?

Why should I?

Why should I

assume your burden

after you spent all

your money on her?

The girl means nothing to me.

But her career means more

to me than anything else.

I would never let you lose

anything on her account.

I'm sorry, Claudio.

Really sorry.

If I had the time...

But my expenses are great,

and you must

remember that many
who can pay are
waiting to study with me.
Well, I'll let her
come a few times,
and then I will tell her
she no longer needs me.
But that isn't true.
As a matter of fact,
if you had the money,
she might be launched
on a career very soon.
I assume that
Mademoiselle DuBois
has not the means to pay
for her own instructions.
Why, her month's
salary wouldn't be enough
to pay for one
of your lessons.
But, uh...
But I have written
a concerto.
Now, will you trust me if I can
arrange to have it published?
Every violinist has
written a concerto!
Come, come,
my dear Claudio.
But I have faith in this one,
as much faith as I had
in Mademoiselle DuBois when I
came to you three years ago.
Now, I was right about her, Signor.
And I'm right about this.
Pleyel and Desjardines
are certain to publish
it and they'll give me
a substantial advance.
You'll see.
It's a shame. Pleyel's in
there with his etchings.
Why don't they tell the poor
devil he won't see anyone today

instead of torturing
him like this?
Claudio.
He'll see me?
No. He is too
busy today.
Do you know whether
he's seen my manuscript?
Manuscript?
What manuscript?
My concerto.
I know nothing
about it.
Oh, but you yourself took
the portfolio into him.
If I did, you will
receive it in due time.
Now, my dear, the acid. Be careful,
or you'll burn yourself horribly.
Monsieur Pleyel.
What are you doing here?
I've been waiting to see
you since this morning.
Weren't you told I
couldn't see anyone today?
Yes, but my manuscript. I must
find out about my manuscript.
Would you mind giving this fellow
his manuscript, Georgette?
You'll find it on the desk,
if it's anywhere.
What is your name?
Claudio. Erique Claudio.
Claudio.
No, no, no,
it wouldn't be there.
It's a large manuscript in a portfolio.
It's a concerto.
Well, I'm sorry, but I
don't know where it is.
Oh, but it must be here.
If it is, it will turn up.
Call again in a few days.
You don't understand, mademoiselle.

It's the only copy I have.
It represents
two years' work.
You heard what
the lady said.
But it was brought
into this office.
It must be here!
It must be found!
Did we ask you to bring
your music to us, Claudio?
I've seen samples of
your compositions before.
Perhaps some employee
has thrown this one
into the wastebasket,
where it belongs.
Good night!
You think I was right,
then, Monsieur Liszt?
It's magnificent.
Tell me his name again.
Eriquo Claudio.
Claudio.
I've tried for years to persuade
Pleyel to publish his work.
But you know how Pleyel feels
about unknown composers.
Pleyel will publish
this, I promise.
That's my music!
I thought I told
you to get out.
Thief.
You've stolen my music.
Thief!
Maurice!
You're choking him!
You've stolen my music!
Thief! Thief!
You've stolen my music!
Argh!
What happened?
Stop him! What's

happened, mademoiselle?
Monsieur Pleyel's
been murdered.
Murdered? By that
madman, that Claudio.
Get a doctor, quickly!
You, get a doctor.
Somebody call the police.
You hear. Get the doctor!
Call police! Police!
Police!
Somebody stop him!
What happened?
Monsieur Pleyel
has been murdered!
He ran down that way.
Not here.
I am sorry, monsieur.
Move on and don't come back
into this district tonight.
Lecours,
how could we ever
have been induced
to accept the management
of this place?
It's not an opera house.
It's a madhouse.
Now this,
"Wanted for murder.
Eriue Claudio,
"former violinist
at Paris Opera House.
"Age, 48 years, height 5'8.
"The face has recently
been disfigured by acid."
It's an outrage.
After 20 years
with the Paris Opera,
this miserable Claudio has the
insolence to commit a murder.
After 20 years with the Paris
Opera, a man is capable
of
anything, my dear Amiot.

Come in.
Come in, come in!
Monsieur, there is
a thief in the Opera House.
Thief?
A costume has been stolen.
And two masks.
That's impossible.
That fool of
a wardrobe woman
must have lost them.
She should have been
dismissed long ago.
She's much too fat.
That's not all. The thief has
broken into the restaurant.
The restaurant?
Yes, monsieur.
There's missing a...
There's missing...
There's missing a bucket of
pickled pigs' feet in vinegar,
a ham,
and a pat.
Call the police at once.
This must be stopped!
Yes, monsieur.
Monsieur, I'm afraid
the police can't stop that.
It's he.
Who?
Please, don't start that
nonsense again, Vercheres.
At your age, you ought to know
that there aren't any ghosts.
Monsieur, you are skeptical,
but I don't like ghosts.
I'm a busy man.
What's that?
Our brilliant stage
manager insists there's
a malicious ghost
prowling about the Opera.
If anything goes wrong, he thinks

this ghost did it!
Oh, Monsieur.
It has a long nose
and a big red beard.
You make me nervous!
It's gone.
Did you hear that, Lecours?
My master key is gone.
Do you realize what
that means, Lecours?
With that key in
his possession,
the thief can
open 2,500 doors!
To say nothing of thousands
of closets and cabinets.
Perhaps the pickled pigs' feet
will kill him.
Oh, you don't
seem to understand.
Why, he can hide everywhere.
The entire police force
couldn't find him here.
You don't seem to realize the
extent of this place, Lecours.
You have never taken
the trouble to find out.
Why should I?
I have troubles enough.
What are you
waiting for?
Get the police!
Yes, monsieur.
Pat, a ham, pickled pigs'
feet and 2,500 rooms!
What is the
Opera coming to?
That's lovely.
What is it?
It's a lullaby of Provence.
I've known it all my life.
Hear those bells ringing
Soft and low
Bringing peace

Through the twilight glow
Calling to everyone
Night has begun
Tired from your weary toil
Day's work is done
Hear them ring
While my love and I
Drift and dream
To their lullaby
Hear those bells ringing
Soft and low
Ringing peace
Through the twilight glow
Calling to everyone
Night has...
Monsieur Daubert.
Madame.
They call this
rehearsing, monsieur.
I'm sorry to intrude,
but I must see you,
Christine.
Well, you see, I'm
busy right now, Raoul.
Christine!
Please remember that you are
speaking to a gentleman.
Well...
Come in, Raoul.
Rehearsals!
Anatole, well,
he's been helping me.
Oh, Monsieur
is very kind.
Not at all, monsieur.
I find it a pleasure.
I'm Anatole Garron
of the Opera.
Oh, I'm so sorry. This is
Inspector Daubert, of the Sret.
I've heard of you, Monsieur Inspector.
Your work must be exciting.
Not so exciting
as yours, monsieur.

It doesn't lend itself
to self-expression.
I didn't recognize that delightful
song you were singing, Christine.
But as you know, I am no
connoisseur of the opera.
It's not from an opera, Raoul.
It's a lullaby.
A lullaby.
It didn't seem very
effective as a lullaby.
Well, you
see, Monsieur Inspector,
a song is capable of many
interpretations by a musician.
By a detective, too.
Though no doubt the detective
is usually mistaken.
I must see you alone,
Christine.
I'm here on business
from the Sret.
With me?
What business could mademoiselle
have with the Sret?
What is it, Raoul?
If you don't mind,
I'd rather Anatole stay.
Very well,
Christine.
You know
Eriquer Claudio?
Well, yes.
How well?
I knew him only as a
violinist in the orchestra.
I encountered him
a few times in the foyer
or on the stage or
outside the Opera,
but that's all.
He... He acted
a little strangely,
but I assumed he was

that way with everybody.
Strangely? How do you
mean, strangely?
Well... I don't know.
He just seemed eccentric,
but harmless.
I thought he was a rather kind old
fellow until I read of the murder.
What is it, Raoul?
He was a kind and
inoffensive man,
until he thought Pleyel was
robbing him of his life's work.
Then something snapped, and
he became a homicidal maniac.
In his state, he may
commit other murders.
It's urgent that we capture
him as soon as possible.
But... But what has all
this to do with me?
We found something
in his room
that connects
you with him.
No doubt,
you can explain.
So that's what
became of it.
Be good enough to explain
yourself, monsieur.
Well, certainly.
That statuette is mine.
Yours?
Definitely. I made it.
I intended to make you a
present of it, Christine.
How nice of you, Anatole.
Unfortunately, it disappeared
from my dressing room.
It's an extraordinary
likeness.
My compliments on your
versatility, monsieur.

You must have posed
for this many times.
Every detail is you.
I never posed for it
Not once.
You did this
from drawings?
And from memory,
Monsieur Inspector. Oh.
To see Christine is
to carry her image
in your heart
and mind forever.
That old scoundrel Claudio
must have stolen it.
Why?
Isn't it obvious?
Speaking purely as an
inspector of the Sret,
I'm afraid that even the obvious
often needs confirmation.
But as a man, Monsieur Daubert,
you can understand that
sitting there in
the orchestra pit
night after night and
looking at Christine,
Claudio probably
fell in love with her.
You admit that
is possible, no?
Christine,
Claudio ever seek more than a
casual acquaintance with you?
No, never
Can you imagine so diffident
a lover, monsieur?
Claudio was barely 50.
Well, no doubt
he lacked assurance.
No doubt.
This is yours,
Christine.
You're giving it to me? Yes.

Well!

Then I'll accept it as
a gift from both of you.

Well, I seem to have got
the worse of this bargain.

In the future, Monsieur
Inspector, I detect, you model.

In any case, monsieur,
that was a bad clue.

Not so bad
as it seems.

It enabled me to recover
mademoiselle's statuette.

Thank you, Raoul.

Is that your carriage
at the door, monsieur?

Why, yes.

Would you be good enough
to give me a lift?

Which way are
you going, monsieur?

Oh, it doesn't matter.

As Inspector of Police,
I have business
all over Paris.

Yes, well,
in that case...

- Au revoir, Christine.

- Au revoir.

You've been most helpful, Christine.

Most helpful.

I hope you catch him soon.

Thank you.

Ready, monsieur?

At your service.

After you, monsieur.

Madame looks
beautiful tonight.

Don't I always,
Yvette?

But especially
tonight, madame.

Monsieur Garron, if he
has eyes in his head...

Madame Biancarolli, please.
The first act just started.
Thank you. Madame.
Good evening.
Marcel, do you think I
lead an enviable life?
Yes, monsieur.
Well, I do, but not for
reasons you're thinking.
I'm a very happy
man because I'm having
supper tonight with
Mademoiselle DuBois.
Christine?
You're going to be
a great and famous singer.
I'll help you.
Christine, you're going
to be a great and famous singer.
I'll help you.
What's the matter?
Why, someone
just said the very
same thing to me
a moment ago in my room.
Someone? Who?
I don't know.
It was just a voice.
I knew you'd hear
me sooner or later.
You mean it was you?
Of course.
I don't mean actually
but I've been saying
that ever since I saw
you and heard you sing.
And at last,
you heard me.
Your cue, monsieur.
I'll tell you again
tonight, at supper.
What is it, madame?
I don't know. I...
Help me!

Monsieur Vercheres!
Madame.
You, get the doctor.
Quickly.
Take her to her
dressing room.
What could
have happened?
What?
Quick!
Mademoiselle DuBois,
you must go on at once.
Madame Biancarolli has been taken ill.
Please get changed quickly.
Claire! Claire! Where is
that clumsy wardrobe woman?
Claire, get Mademoiselle
DuBois changed at once.
There isn't
a moment to lose.
She was drugged.
There's no doubt about it.
Now, who the devil
would want to drug her?
I'm sure she over-ate.
You're certain she'll
recover, Dr. Lefort?
Definitely.
What am I doing here?
I...
I should be onstage! I...
Doctor!
Madame...
She'll be all right now.
Why is she singing? What
is she doing out there?
What's happened?
Please, madame, control yourself.
I assure you that...
Come to the point, Amiot.
You were seized with
a touch of indigestion.
As your understudy, Mademoiselle
DuBois naturally took your place.

A touch of indigestion! Why, I was perfectly well when I went on the stage. Why, I was drugged.

Oh...

And you all know by whom.

Anatole Garron did it to make room for that baggage.

Madame, consider what you're saying!

Madame, please, compose yourself.

I demand Garron's arrest, and hers, too. She had a hand in it.

I demand an investigation.

Please, madame.

Let me go!

Madame, consider our position.

You were wonderful!

I assure you, monsieur, the property man swears that there was no opportunity for any human being to tamper with the drinks.

Monsieur Inspector, what are you waiting for?

I demand the arrest of Anatole Garron. You know he did it.

I know nothing of the sort, madame.

I am a police officer, not a psychic.

It is my duty to collect evidence, without prejudice.

Well, haven't you evidence enough?

Everyone knows...

Madame! Will you be seated, please?

It is true, Monsieur Garron, that you had the opportunity of placing the drug in Madame Biancarolli's glass.

Certainly,
Monsieur Inspector.
We all did.
It becomes, then,
a question of motive.
The motive is
very simple, monsieur.
He wanted to get
me out of the way
so he could make
room for that little...
- Are you referring to Mademoiselle DuBois?
- I am.
You heard, Monsieur Garron.
Madame is in good voice,
and most explicit.
Have you anything
to say, monsieur?
I deny madame's accusation.
Do you deny, monsieur, that you had
any motive in drugging madame?
I deny that I drugged her.
I don't understand
your reluctance
to make the arrest,
Monsieur Inspector.
You're not an
examining magistrate.
Can you substantiate
your charge that
Monsieur Garron had a
motive in drugging you,
and that the motive
was Mademoiselle DuBois?
Why, anybody with half an eye
would be able to tell you...
Hearsay is not
evidence, madame.
I'll go over your head,
Monsieur Daubert!
I have influence
at the Sret.
I was drugged tonight
to the point of death,

and I insist upon the arrest of
the criminal and his accomplice.
And if you don't, I... One
moment, madame. Please.
You have heard Monsieur Garron
deny that he drugged you.
As the inspector says, there is
no evidence to warrant an arrest.
And remember... Are you
suggesting that I...
And remember, madame,
if you insist upon his arrest and
fail to obtain a conviction,
you will find yourself in a very,
very difficult predicament.
Quite right.
And no matter what
the outcome, don't forget
that your career is
bound to the Paris Opera.
Whatever scandal
injures us or any member
of the company will
injure you as well.
Precisely.
Are you suggesting that I
forget the whole affair?
Yes.
For your own sake
as well as ours,
and purely as a matter of business
expediency, if nothing else.
That is exactly what
we propose, madame.
Exactly.
Very well.
That is,
under certain conditions.
I want a new understudy.
Christine DuBois
goes back to the chorus
and stays there for the two
years my contract has to run.
I won't permit it. I'll not

stand for such an outrage.
If any such arrangement
is made, I'll...
My dear Anatole,
I have not finished.
You suggest I forget I was
drugged tonight, monsieur?
Madame. Very well, I'll
go a step further.
I suggest that you forget
anything happened afterwards.
For once, madame,
I do not understand.
Oh, Monsieur Lecours,
it's so simple.
Nothing happened tonight.
I wasn't drugged.
And Christine
DuBois didn't sing.
But...
Madame, there are always
critics in the house.
You'll send word to the paper that
no mention of her is to be made.
You'll do nothing of the sort.
It's ridiculous.
Besides, what about
the public, madame?
Shall we send word to
the public to forget
that Mademoiselle
DuBois was a sensation?
If you're willing to
ruin the opera for the
sake of Christine DuBois,
that's your affair.
But you'll either do
as I say, or I'll charge
both of them with
trying to murder me.
Do you understand that?
"Murder me."
Madame was
magnificent tonight.

I was good, wasn't I?
Monsieur Garron must
be biting his nails.
Let him.
He'll come crawling back to
me on his hands and knees,
confessing the whole thing
and begging my forgiveness.
Madame!
Who are you?
Christine DuBois will
sing tomorrow night.
Leave Paris.
This is your last warning.
Take off that prop room mask!
What was that?
I don't know.
What is it? What happened? Shh!
Monsieur?
Madame Biancarolli and her
maid have been murdered.
Murdered?
Are you hurt?
What happened?
What were you doing?
I was chasing him.
Chasing whom?
The murderer, of course.
Do you mean to imply there
was someone else up there?
Why, certainly.
Everyone must've seen...
You saw him yourself,
didn't you?
No, monsieur.
I was chasing you.
But how long will the Opera remain
closed, Monsieur Inspector?
Yes, how long?
I do not know.
Are there any suspects? Yes.
Whom do the police suspect?
There is no one.
What is your theory on

the motive, monsieur?

I am not a theorist.

All I can tell you is that as long as the Opera House remains closed, everyone in all Paris, in all France, will be thinking of nothing but the murder and hounding us to make an arrest.

Inspector Daubert.

I came directly.

I got your message.

What has happened now?

Listen to this,

monsieur.

"Christine DuBois must replace Biancarolli, "who chose to ignore my warning."

I found this mysteriously placed on my desk after we got back from supper.

There is an excellent suggestion in this, monsieur.

You must reopen the Opera at once.

But, monsieur, your orders...

I'll countermand it.

You must reopen.

With Mademoiselle DuBois, monsieur?

Of course. That should pacify this madman.

And if he doesn't harm anybody, his being in the building doesn't matter.

Christine DuBois must not sing, monsieur.

What?

And the murderer must not be permitted to remain in the

building indefinitely.
It is my duty
to apprehend him.
I don't understand.
If Christine DuBois sings,
that will satisfy
the murderer,
and he may never appear.
Soto lure him from his hiding
place, someone else must sing.
Are you suggesting
that we reopen the Opera
with a murder as
an added attraction?
Please, Lecours, the...
I shall post police
throughout the building,
even with the
chorus on the stage,
with a special
bodyguard for the singer.
But, monsieur,
our reputation...
I am reluctant to
do this, monsieur,
particularly on
Mademoiselle DuBois' account,
but I can see
no other way.
And whom do you suggest as
bait, Monsieur Inspector?
Whomever you decide.
Madame Morency. She has
nerve, that woman.
Too much.
Very well, then.
The Opera will reopen.
Yes, monsieur.
Oh.
Good morning, Christine.
Good morning, Christine.
Good morning.
May I come in, Christine?
May I come in, Christine?

Yes. Do.

Well?

Christine, I...

Christine, I...

If I might have a
word with you... Yes?

What is it?

After you, monsieur.

Christine, I...

Christine, I...

Well, now, one at
a time, please.

You first, Anatole, because
your name begins with an

They're going to reopen
the Opera, Christine.

At last, you and I
are going to sing...

You are wrong, monsieur.

I'm sorry, Christine.

They are going to reopen the
Opera, but without you.

Circumstances connected with
the murder of Biancarolli
demand that someone else
sing the role in your place.

But Anatole...

Really?

You may be interested to
know, Monsieur Daubert,
that circumstances connected
with the murder of
Biancarolli demand
that Christine does sing.

Really?

I am aware that your profession
requires a certain self-assurance,
but aren't you
going too far?

Not at all.

I have a plan of my own for
apprehending the murderer.

So you have turned
detective, monsieur?

I have.
Very well,
if it amuses you.
But I advise you to
confine your hobby
to the entertainment of
yourself and your friends.
Now let's not
waste words, monsieur.
I've been assured by
Messieurs Amiot and Lecours
that as soon as the Opera reopens,
Mademoiselle DuBois will sing.
And I might add that my plan
is strictly confidential.
I'm sorry, Christine, but
in my official capacity,
I have had to
order Messieurs Amiot
and Lecours not to
permit you to sing.
But Raoul...
At least not for the present.
And I am not in the least
interested in your plan.
May I have a word with
you alone, Christine?
That's what I came for. May I
speak to you alone, Christine?
But I'm going out.
My carriage is outside.
My carriage is outside.
Well, I'm not
going right now.
I mean,
I'm going later.
I'll wait.
I'll wait.
Monsieur Villeneuve suggested
you might be willing to perform this
service in the cause of justice.
Do you really
think this Claudio
would be tempted to

leave his hiding place
and risk his life merely
to hear his own concerto?
Played by Franz Liszt himself?
Do you doubt it, Maestro?
So many crimes have been
committed in the name of music.
It seems only fair to
use it now to avert one.
I'm at your service,
monsieur.
Thank you, Maestro.
Thank you.
Most exciting, this detective work.
Most exciting.
Well, it's more
than exciting to me.
I had the honor of being
suspected of the crime.
Monsieur
Daubert. Please.
Listen to this, monsieur.
Another note.
How this phantom knows
everything is beyond me.
"If Madame Lorenzi sings, you will
be responsible for what happens.
"This is your last warning."
Our plan is
succeeding, then.
I don't like it, monsieur.
I don't like it.
What is to become
of the Paris Opera?
Policemen everywhere.
It's worse than a racetrack.
How is Madame Lorenzi?
She's enjoying it. Nothing will
keep her from singing now.
Well, you know how
opera singers are.
What with your matron from the
Sret in her dressing room
and that sphinx-like

fellow of yours
waiting to escort
her to the stage,
she feels quite important.
Madame Lorenzi, I trust
you're entirely composed.
Composed?
What are you
talking about?
Why not?
Maestro.
The piano has just
been tuned, Maestro.
And when do we
introduce the concerto?
Probably after the opera.
Inspector Daubert
has a plan of his own,
and we must give
it every chance.
Perhaps you'd enjoy seeing the
opera from the orchestra pit.
Thank you, gentlemen.
If you don't mind,
I'll be quite
comfortable here.
It'll give me the opportunity
to look through the score.
Excuse me.
The overture.
Thank you again,
Maestro.
You men are to remain onstage
throughout the performance.
You are to make yourselves
as inconspicuous as possible
and be on the alert
for anything suspicious.
The only persons who
have business backstage
are the members of the Opera
company, all of whom you know.
That is all.
Christine, I'd much rather

you'd stayed at home.

Surely you understand why I asked
them not to let you sing tonight.

But I couldn't
stay away.

We're introducing a new opera, and
Madame Lorenzi is a great artist, and...

And Anatole Garron
is the baritone.

I'm sorry, Christine.

But I'm really concerned
about what may happen tonight.

I know. I am, too.

Wait for me, please,
in your dressing room.

I'm sorry.

He's here, Gerard.

He's murdered one of our
men and stolen his cape.

He's probably wearing one of the masks.

Watch everyone closely.

Of course, monsieur.

I'm sorry.

What is it?

Come with me,
mademoiselle.

Are you one
of the police?

Where is

Inspector Daubert?

He's investigating the cause of the accident.

I will look after you.

You're not
one of the police.

Don't be frightened.

I'll watch over you.

I've always watched
over you. Come.

Shh!

You'll stay here with me,
my child, won't you?

It's been so
lonely without you,
but you've come to me

at last, haven't you?
Now you'll sing for me,
and I'll play.
And we'll be
together forever.
It's beautiful
down there.
Beautiful.
Come now, my little one.
Christine?
Where's Christine?
Oh, I don't know.
Isn't it horrible?
Hasn't she been here?
I haven't seen her.
There.
You're not frightened
now, are you?
You know I'll not
harm you, don't you?
How could I harm you?
I've always helped you.
Havent I?
Yes.
Yes, what?
Yes, you've always
helped me.
Of course I have.
Biancarolli knows.
She wouldn't let you sing.
She didn't know
how much I love you.
Now she knows.
But it doesn't
matter now.
Nothing matters except
you and me, Christine.
Now you'll sing
all you want,
but only for me.
You will,
won't you, my darling?
Of course.
There's a piano in the Opera foyer.

Let's go there.
You play,
and I'll sing for you.
But you don't understand.
We can't go back there ever.
It was I who made
the chandelier fall.
I for you, Christine.
But I warned them.
I told them there'd be
death and destruction
if they didn't
let you sing. Come.
See?
Didn't I tell you
it was beautiful?
You didn't know we had a lake
all to ourselves, did you?
They've poisoned
your mind against me.
That's why you're afraid.
Look at your lake,
Christine.
You'll love it here when
you get used to the dark.
And you'll love
the dark, too.
It's friendly
and peaceful.
It brings rest and
relief from pain.
It's right under the Opera.
The music comes down in the
darkness, distills it.
Cleanses it of the
suffering that made it.
And it's all beauty.
And life here is
like a resurrection.
Gentlemen, this is more than just
a performance of a new concerto.
The whole future of the Paris
Opera may depend upon it.
Garron. Garron, have

you seen Christine?
No. She's at home.
She came to the Opera House
earlier this evening.
Now she's disappeared.
We can't find her anywhere.
Play, Maestro.
Play.
Christine?
Christine?
Christine?
Christine?
Christine!
Georges, you two search that passageway.
Gerard, go that way.
Be careful. This madman
may do anything now.
Christine!
Christine!
My concerto.
Liszt is playing.
That was a brilliant
idea of yours, Garron.
Perhaps Claudio is up
there now, listening.
It sounds in front of us.
It is in front of us.
The whole place is
ready to crumble.
Sing, Christine.
Sing.
Don't move.
The whole place
is caving in.
The shots must've
started it.
He called that
his concerto,
and yet it's written around
the melody of my song.
Who was he?
He came from your
district in Provence.
Everybody there must have

known that old folk song.
He was almost
a stranger to me,
and yet somehow
I always felt
drawn to him
with a kind of pity,
understanding.
His suffering and madness
will be forgotten.
His music, his
concerto will remain.
I... I'm glad he
heard it before he...
Poor Claudio.
Oh, mademoiselle. You
were magnificent tonight!
Thank you, Celeste.
I was good, wasn't I?
Oh, wonderful!
Celeste.
Oh!
You were magnificent,
Christine.
Incomparable, beautiful.
A sensation!
Is that all?
I've just begun. It would
take days and years
to tell you how
superb you were.
We're having supper tonight
at the Caf de l'Opra.
Well,
I'm terribly sorry,
Anatole,
but I can't tonight.
Why not? Have you another
engagement? Yes.
With whom?
With Raoul.
That policeman?
Come in.
Christine?

Oh.
Oh.
Christine...
Christine...
You two know each other,
of course.
Of course.
Of course.
Well, how soon will you be ready, Christine?
The carriage is waiting.
I know Monsieur
Garron will excuse us.
Anatole has just asked me to supper too.
No doubt.
You won't be long,
will you, Christine?
I have an idea.
Why can't we three have supper together?
It's all ordered, isn't it?
I am not in the habit of
taking baritones to supper.
And I do not care to be seen
in public with the police.
Christine, you'll
have to make up your mind
finally and irrevocably
between the two of us.
Precisely.
Don't push, monsieur.
No, no, no.
Mademoiselle is very...
Excuse me.
Don't push,
monsieur. Please.
Would you join me for a bit of
supper at the Caf de l'Opra?
With pleasure,
monsieur.
Think we can get
through this crowd?
Certainly. After all, who'd pay any
attention to a baritone and a detective?
Quite right.
After you, monsieur.

After you, monsieur.