

# Andrew Lloyd Webber, Little Lotte/The Mirror

## LITTLE LOTTE

### CHRISTINE'S DRESSING ROOM

(Meanwhile RAOUL ANDRE, FIRMIN, and MME. FIRMIN are seen making their way towards the dressing room, the MANAGERS in high spirits, bearing champagne)

ANDRE

A tour de force! No other way to describe it!

FIRMIN

What a relief ! Not a single refund!

MME. FIRMIN

Greedy.

ANDRE

Richard, I think we've made quite a discovery in Miss Daae!

FIRMIN (to RAOUL, indicating CHRISTINE 'S dressing room)

Here we are, Monsieur le Vicomte.

RAOUL

Gentlemen if you wouldn't mind. This is one visit I should prefer to make unaccompanied.

(He takes the champagne from FIRMIN)

ANDRE

As you wish, monsieur.

(They bow and move off)

FIRMIN

They appear to have met before . . .

(RAOUL knocks at the door and enters)

RAOUL

Christine Daae, where is your scarf?

CHRISTINE

Monsieur?

RAOUL

You can't have lost it. After all the trouble I took.

I was just fourteen and soaked to the skin . . .

CHRISTINE

Because you had run into the sea to fetch my scarf.

Oh, Raoul. So it is you!

RAOUL

Christine.

(They embrace and laugh. She moves away and sits at her dressing table)

RAOUL

"Little Lotte let her mind wander . . ."

CHRISTINE

You remember that, too . . .

RAOUL (continuing)

". . . Little Lotte thought: Am I fonder of dolls . . ."

BOTH (CHRISTINE joining in)

". . . or of goblins, of shoes . . ."

CHRISTINE

". . . or of riddles.

of frocks . . ."

RAOUL

Those picnics in the attic . . .

". . . or of chocolates . . ."

CHRISTINE

Father playing the violin . . .

RAOUL

As we read to each other

dark stories of the North . . .

CHRISTINE

"No what I love best, Lotte said,  
is when I'm asleep in my bed,  
and the Angel of Music sings songs in my  
head!"

BOTH

"... the Angel of Music sings song in my  
head!"

CHRISTINE (turning in her chair to look at him)

Father said, "When I'm in heaven, child, I will send the  
Angel of Music to you". Well, father is dead, Raoul, and  
I have been visited by the Angel of Music.

RAOUL

No doubt of it. And now we'll go to supper!

CHRISTINE

No, Raoul, the Angel of Music is very strict.

RAOUL

I shan't keep you up late!

CHRISTINE

No, Raoul . . .

RAOUL

You must change. I must get my hat. Two minutes Little  
Lotte.

(He hurries out)

CHRISTINE (calling after him)

Raoul!

(quietly picking up her hand mirror)

Things have changed, Raoul.

(Tremulous music. CHRISTINE hears the

PHANTOM'S voice, seemingly from behind her dressing  
room mirror)

THE MIRROR

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Insolent boy!

This slave

of fashion

basking in your

glory!

Ignorant fool!

This brave

young suitor,

sharing in my

triumph!

CHRISTINE (spell-bound)

Angel! I hear you!

Speak -

I listen . . .

stay by my side,

guide me!

Angel, my soul was weak -

forgive me . . .

enter at last,

Master!

PHANTOM'S VOICE

Flattering child,

you shall know me,

see why in shadow

I hide!

Look at your face

in the mirror -

I am there

inside!

(The figure of the PHANTOM becomes discernible)

behind the mirror)  
CHRISTINE (ecstatic)  
Angel of Music!  
Guide and guardian!  
Grant to me your  
glory!

Angel of Music!  
Hide no longer!  
Come to me, strange  
angel...

PHANTOM'S VOICE

I am your Angel ...

Come to me: Angel of Music ...

(CHRISTINE walks towards the glowing,  
shimmering glass. Meanwhile, RAOUL has  
returned. He hears the voices and is puzzled. He  
tries the door It is locked)

RAOUL

Whose is that voice . . . ?

Who is that in there . . . ?

(Inside the room the mirror opens. Behind it, in  
an inferno of white light, stands the PHANTOM.  
He reaches forward and takes CHRISTINE firmly,  
but not fiercely, by the wrist. His touch is cold,  
and CHRISTINE gasps)

PHANTOM

I am your Angel of Music . . .

Come to me: Angel of Music . . .

(CHRISTINE disappears through the mirror,  
which closes behind her The door of the dressing  
room suddenly unlocks and swings open, and  
RAOUL enters to find the room empty)

RAOUL

Christine! Angel!