

Magical Lasso

Andrew Lloyd Webber

(BUQUET mysteriously appears, a length of fabric serving as a cloak, and a piece of rope as the Punjab lasso. He is showing off to the BALLET GIRLS)

BUQUET

Like yellow parchment
is his skin . . .
a great black hole served as the
nose that never grew . . .

(Demonstrating his method of self-defence against the Punjab lasso, he inserts his hand between his neck and the noose, and then pulls the rope taut. With a mixture of horror and delight, the BALLET GIRLS applaud this demonstration)

(explaining to them)

You must be always
on your guard,
or he will catch you with his
magical lasso!

(A trap opens up centre stage casting a shadow of the PHANTOM as he emerges. The GIRLS, linking hands, run off terrified. The PHANTOM, leading CHRISTINE, fixes his stare on BUQUET. Sweeping his cape around CHRISTINE, he exits with her But before they go GIRY has entered, observing. She turns on BUQUET)

GIRY

Those who speak
of what they know
find, too late, that prudent
silence is wise.

Joseph Buquet,
hold your tongue
he will burn you with the
heat of his eyes . .