

# WE WILL ROCK YOU

di Ben Elton

## Act 1

*(The front curtain is down, showing an image of a waterstained curtain. A bass note is played as the Queen image on the curtain is replaced by a series of dates, one after the other)*

1956 - Elvis releases Heartbreak Hotel

1964 - The Beatles conquer America

1969 - Woodstock

1975 - Queen release Bohemian Rhapsody

1977 - Sex Pistols banned from the BBC

1981 - Bucks Fizz win the Eurovision Song Contest

1990 - Jive Bunny ruin 12 songs on one record

1993 - Mr Blobby goes in at number 1

2001 - Hearsay manufactured

*(The bass becomes recognisably the introduction to 'Innuendo'. The timeline continues:)*

2002 - Hearsay disintegrate

2007 - First digitally created cyberstar tops the chart

2009 - Ugly people banned from the charts

2021 - Radio 1 plays the last non-computer-created tune

2030 - Kids require a licence to own electric guitars

2046 - ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS BANNED

**Hey!**

**While the sun hangs in the sky and the desert has sand**

**While the waves crash in the sea and meet the land**

**While there's a wind and the stars and the rainbow**

**Till the mountains crumble into the plain**

**Oh yes, we'll keep on trying**

**Tread that fine line**

**Oh, we'll keep on trying**

**Till the end of time**

**Till the end of time**

**Till the end of time**

*(The tabs go up. POP is sitting alone on a dark stage, reading a magazine. He takes out a recording device and speaks into it)*

**Pop:** Central state library, stardate (whatever the date is plus 300 years). I must make haste, for I fear my arrest is imminent. Although I never discovered the exact day on which the music died, it is clear to me that an ancient entertainment phenomenon known as Pop Idol played a central role. It seems that the Globalsoft Corporation acquired the franchise and replaced the human contestants with computer generated cyber celebrities. With no cultural stimulation, the kids stopped caring. Democratic government collapsed - and the age of GaGa had dawned.

*(A green cage of laser light appears around POP. KHASHOGGI and two MINIONS appear behind him)*

**Khashoggi:** Oh my. Oh my, oh my, what's this? Do I see a little silhouetto of a spy?

**Pop:** Bummer.

**Khashoggi:** Tell me, old man. Why do you concern yourself so much with what is past?

**Pop:** Because it is only the past which gives us hope.

**Khashoggi:** But you've read the secret histories. Surely you've learnt that there is no hope.

**Pop:** There is always hope! *(He waves his arm and burns it in the green laser)*

Hope is our birthright!

**Khashoggi:** Then where is it? Where is this 'hope'?

**Pop:** Any way the wind blows.  
**Khashoggi:** What do you know of the term 'living rock'?  
**Pop:** No more than that which the legend promises. That salvation is to be found there, at the place of the champions, and that a bright, bright star will show the way!  
**Khashoggi:** Oh, god, I hate hippies! Consign this miserable creature to the Seven Seas of Rhye.

*(the MINIONS put an orange helmet on POP's head)*

**Pop:** Make love, not war!

*(POP and the MINIONS descend into the stage. KHASHOGGI waits to one side for a moment to watch the school steps slide on stage, then leaves. Standing on the steps are three TEACHERS and the GAGA KIDS)*

**Teachers and Kids:**

**We sit alone and watch your light  
Our only friend, through teenage nights  
And everything we want to get  
We download from the internet  
No need to think, no need to feel  
When only cyberspace is real  
It makes us laugh  
It makes us cry  
It makes us feel like we can fly  
(Globalsoft)**

**Hope to record our life online  
Touch any key, the world is mine  
We're lost in space  
But we don't care  
Without your light our world's not there**

**Complete control, you are the power  
Our lives are programmed by the hour  
Globalsoft (Globalsoft)**

**All we hear is radio Ga Ga  
Video Goo Goo  
Internet Ga Ga  
All we hear is cyberspace Ga Ga  
Marketing Blah Blah**

**Always something new  
Globalsoft, all your world loves you**

**We watch our shows  
We watch your stars  
Across our screens for hours and hours  
We hardly need our eyes or ears  
We just log on and dreams appear  
(Globalsoft)**

**We're not alone  
We have our friends  
On cyber love we can depend  
So stick around cos we'd all miss you  
We need our graphics  
Need our visual**

**Complete control, you are the power  
We use our lives up by the hour  
Globalsoft (Globalsoft)**

**All we hear is radio Ga Ga  
Video Goo Goo  
Internet Ga Ga  
All we hear is cyberspace Ga Ga  
Marketing Blah Blah**

**Always something new  
Globalsoft, all your world loves you  
Loves you**  
*(GALILEO comes on stage and lurks behind the pillars)*

**Voice:** Students of Virtual High, school's out. Get out there and have some fun.  
**Gaga Girls:** Hurrah! Hurrah!

*(the KIDS and two of the TEACHERS leave the stage. One TEACHER remains and addresses GALILEO)*

**Teacher:** Hey mate, go out and celebrate! School's finished - your life is just beginning!  
**Galileo:** G-g-good! The s-s-sooner it begins the s-s-sooner it's over with.  
**Teacher:** Oh, come on, mate! You have so much potential. You could get a job in any division of Globalsoft you choose, yeah? How about - music programming!  
**Galileo:** I don't want to programme music. I want to make music, real music, my own music!  
**Teacher:** Hey mate! Cool it! Now listen, [www/Gordon@theJoneses.com](http://www/Gordon@theJoneses.com).  
*(everyone in the audience who's even vaguely internet-savvy cringes)*  
**Galileo:** My name is Galileo Figaro.  
**Teacher:** No, nobody is called Galileo Figaro. Where on Planet Mall did you come up with that?  
**Galileo:** I found it. In a dream. I have these dreams, see....and I hear noises. Screeching, thudding, b-b-banging noises....and words. Words just drop into my head. Too many words. Help - I need somebody. *(GALILEO clutches at TEACHER)* Help! Not just anybody!  
**Teacher:** I understand. I feel your pain. But come on, mate! You live in a perfect world. What more could you possibly want?

**Galileo:**  
**I want to break free  
I want to break free  
I want to break free from your lies  
You're so self-satisfied, I don't need you  
I've got to break free  
God knows, God knows I want to break free**

*(TEACHER exits, shaking her head)*

**I've fallen in love  
I've fallen in love for the first time  
In love with a world that's for real  
I've fallen in love, yeah  
God knows, God knows I've fallen in love**

**It's strange but it's true  
I know I'm different and there's some things I have to do  
But I have to be sure  
When I walk out that door  
Oh how I want to be free, baby  
Oh yeah, I've got to be free  
Oh yeah, I want to break free**

**This existence is wrong**

**I can't get used to living without, living without  
Living without hope, it's a lie  
I don't want to live alone  
God knows, I've got to make it on my own  
So people can't you see  
God knows I've got to  
God knows I need to  
God knows I want to break free**

*(green laser cage appears around GALILEO. KHASHOGGI and TEACHER enter stage right)*

**Khashoggi:** You say this boy wants to make his own music?  
**Teacher:** Yes. The little freak says he hears it in his dreams.  
**Khashoggi:** And he is aware that music other than that programmed by the Globalsoft Corporation is illegal?  
The act of an individual?  
**Teacher:** Of course - but he doesn't care.  
**Khashoggi:** Has he ever tried to make a musical instrument?  
**Teacher:** Once, in technical studies. He was caught trying to stretch plastic string across an empty lunchbox.  
**Khashoggi:** Did he...pluck it?  
**Teacher:** Yes, but claims he didn't know why.  
**Khashoggi:** I think I shall have to talk to this boy.

*(the green lasers disappear and GALILEO sinks into the floor)*

**Teacher:** Goodbye - mate!  
**Khashoggi:** Are there any other potential Bohemians in this year's graduation group, or is he the only one?  
**Teacher:** I'm sorry to have to report that there is one other. A repulsive creature - a girl.

*(SCARAMOUCHE enters on the school steps stage left, as KHASHOGGI and TEACHER exit stage right)*

**Scaramouche:**  
**I want to break free  
I want to break free  
I want to break free from your lies  
You're so self-satisfied, I don't need you  
I've got to break free  
God knows, God knows I want to break free**

*(five GAGA GIRLS enter. They're all wearing different colours so that's how we'll identify them)*

**Purple:** Check out the weirdo, girls!  
**Yellow:** Don't your mum download you anything decent to wear?  
**Scaramouche:** I make my own fashion statements!  
**Purple:** What's today's statement, then? 'Hello, I'm a pathetic ugly little zero?'  
**Blue:** How will you ever get with one of the boys from the boyzone dressed up like some sort of freak?  
**Green:** You're a disgrace to the GaGa girls!  
**Scaramouche:** I ain't no GaGa girl! And I'm not interested in the kind of boys-r-us, duh-brain zone-clones you hang out with!  
**Pink:** You are such a sad loner!  
**Scaramouche:** Well, you sure are right about that - bitch!  
**GaGas:** Oooh!

**Scaramouche:**  
**Can anybody find me somebody to love?**

*(laughter from GAGA GIRLS)*

**Scaramouche:**

**Each morning I get up I die a little  
Can barely stand on my feet (take a look at yourself)  
Take a look in the mirror and cry (and cry)  
Lord, what you doing to me  
I spent all my years to believe in you  
But I just can't get no relief, Lord  
Somebody (somebody), ooh somebody (somebody)  
Can anybody find me somebody to love**

**Purple:**                   Somebody to love you? Yeah, right!  
**Blue:**                     Hello! That is SO not going to happen.  
**Purple:**                   Stop daydreaming and get a virtual life!

**Scaramouche (& GaGas):**

**I work hard (she works hard)  
Every day of my life  
I work till I ache in my bones  
At the end (at the end of the day)  
I take home my broken heart all on my own  
I get down (down) on my knees (knees)  
And I start to pray (praise the lord)  
Till the tears run down from my eyes (oooh)  
Oh somebody (somebody), ooh somebody (somebody)  
Can anybody find me somebody to love**

**Everyday (everyday)  
I try and I try and I try  
But everybody wants to put me down  
They say I'm going crazy  
They say I got a lot of water on my brain  
I got no common sense  
I got nobody left to believe  
Yeah!**

**Got no feel, I got no rhythm  
I just keep losing my beat (You just keep losing and losing!)  
I'm OK, I'm all right (she's ok - she's all right)  
And I ain't gonna face no defeat  
I just gotta get out of this prison cell (prison cell)  
One day I'm gonna be free, Lord!**

**(Find me somebody to love  
Find me somebody to love)**

**Find me, find me oh...**

**(somebody, somebody, somebody, somebody  
Somebody find me somebody to love)**

**Can anybody find me somebody to love  
Somebody to love!**

*(KHASHOGGI and two MINIONS enter. GAGA GIRLS scatter and exit)*

**Khashoggi:** How very touching, young lady. But surely you understand that the company loves you. Arrest her.

*(the MINIONS grab SCARAMOUCHE and they sink into the floor. KHASHOGGI leaves. Video screens come down displaying the words 'GLOBALSOFT BOARDROOM')*

**Voice:** Workers of Globalsoft - junior executives, senior executives, vice-presidents, presidents, chairmen, chairwomen, chairtransexuals and chair-androgynous-artificially-created-lifeforms. Please prepare to welcome the chief executive officer of Globalsoft planet-wide - KillerQueen@Globalsoft.com/theWorld

*(audience cringes anew as a chorus of YES THINGS enters)*

**Yes Things:**

**She keeps Moet et Chandon  
In her pretty cabinet  
'Let them eat cake' she says  
Find me on the internet  
A built-in remedy  
For Kruschev and Kennedy  
At anytime an invitation  
You can't decline**

**Caviar and cigarettes  
Well versed in etiquette  
Extraordinarily nice**

**She's a Killer Queen  
Gunpowder gelatine  
Dynamite with a laser beam  
Guaranteed to blow your mind  
Anytime**

**Recommended at the price  
Insatiable in appetite  
Wanna try?**

*(KILLER QUEEN rises through the floor)*

**Killer Queen:  
To avoid complications  
I never keep the same address  
In conversation I email like a baroness  
Met a man from China  
Went down to Geisha Minah  
But then again incidentally  
If you're that way inclined**

**Perfume came virtually from Paris  
For cars I couldn't care less  
Fastidious and precise  
I'm a**

(+ Yes Things):

**Killer Queen  
Gunpowder gelatine**

**Dynamite with a laser beam  
Guaranteed to blow your mind  
Anytime**

**Killer Queen:  
Drop of a hat I'm as willing as  
Playful as a pussycat  
Then momentarily out of action  
Temporarily out of gas  
To absolutely drive you wild, wild  
I'm out to get you**

Commander Khashoggi!

*(KHASHOGGI enters stage right)*

The Globalsoft board and I have been discussing your recent security memo. We want answers. Can you hear me? Is the resistance destroyed?

**Khashoggi:** Yes - and no, ma'am.

**Killer Queen:** What?

**Khashoggi:** Yes, I can hear you. No, the resistance is not destroyed.

**Killer Queen:** Well, what of the old librarian you've been torturing? Do you take the text that he discovered seriously?

**Khashoggi:** Yes, ma'am, I'm afraid I do.

*(shocked gasp from YES THINGS. Raised eyebrow from KILLER QUEEN)*

The legend clearly stated that musical instruments still exist somewhere on Planet Mall, at the place of champions, hidden within the living rock.

**Killer Queen:** But which rock, and where? The whole damn planet's a rock, if you didn't know!

**Yes Things:** Ha ha!

**Killer Queen:** And what of this shining star that is supposed to guide us? I have had the company's finest astronomers combing the heavens for months. There is no new star!

**Khashoggi:** Not that we've spotted, ma'am, certainly.

**Killer Queen:** Well, star or no star, I intend to blast every rock on Planet Mall to smithereens, just in case! Stonehenge. Mount Rushmore. The famed Victoria Beckham Belly Button Diamond. If these grim tools of freedom do exist, I shall find them!

*(synchronised double clap from YES THINGS)*

**Khashoggi:** As always, ma'am, you leave me limp with excitement.

*(he leaves)*

**Killer Queen:** And now, let us return to the real business of Globalsoft. The business of the complete appropriation of the imagination of every kid on Planet Mall. Take a memo! Email to all consumers planetwide. 'Dear everybody in the world - get online you pleasure seekers, and download the Killer Queen!'

**Open up your mind and let me step inside  
Rest your weary head and let your heart decide  
It's so easy when you know the rules  
It's so easy all you have to do is fall in love  
Play the game  
Everybody play the game of love**

**When you're feeling down and your resistance is low  
Take a cyber-shopping trip and let yourself go  
Give me your life**

**Don't play hard to get  
It's a free world  
All you have to do is fall in love  
Play the game  
Everybody play the game of love**

**My game of love has just begun  
Love runs from my head down to your toes  
My love is pumping through your veins  
(Play the game)  
Driving you insane  
Come, come, play the game  
Play the game, play the game, play the game**

*(the rotaty bit rotates. It looks cool so I thought I'd mention it)*

**This is your life - don't play hard to get  
It's a free free world  
All you have to do is fall in love  
Play the game  
Everybody play the game of love  
Of love, of love, of love, of love**

*(Fade to black. Exit KILLER QUEEN and YES THINGS. Lights up to reveal GALILEO, seated in the green laser cage, and KHASHOGGI and two MINIONS standing behind him)*

**Khashoggi:** We found your laptop, boy. And read the notes you keep.  
**Galileo:** So pigs can read! You'll be flying next.  
**Khashoggi:** What does 'a-wop-bop-a-loo-bop, a-lop-bam-boo' mean?  
**Galileo:** Isn't it obvious? It means 'a-wop-bop-a-loo-bop, a-lop-b-b-bam-boo'.  
**Khashoggi:** Do you really have a girl named Daisy who almost drives you crazy?  
**Galileo:** Of course! And she knows how to love me, yes indeed, you don't know what she's doin' to me...  
**Khashoggi:** Then where is she? What is her email address? How does she love you? How does she drive you crazy? Is she a drug pusher?  
**Galileo:** You're madder than I am, pig! There is no girl named Daisy! I wish there was....I just wrote it, that's all. It appeared in my head!  
**Khashoggi:** Don't play games with me, boy! I'll make you wish you'd never been born!  
**Galileo:** Don't you think I wish that every day?  
**Minion 1:** Where is Penny Lane?  
**Minion 2:** What are the Strawberry Fields?  
**Khashoggi:** 'Under ground, over ground, wombling free'. What means this dark and cryptic text, boy?  
**Galileo:** I wish I knew! Oh, sweet mother, I wish I knew....

*(KHASHOGGI gestures and the 'cage' round GALILEO disappears)*

**Khashoggi:** Tell me, Galileo, do you know what a 'bohemian' is?  
**Galileo:** Haven't you got it yet? I don't know what anything is!  
**Khashoggi:** Excellent, excellent! I think I've found you just in time!

*(more MINIONS appear at the back of the stage, wheeling a gurney)*

**Minion 1:** The Seven Seas of Rhye, Commander?  
**Khashoggi:** No, not yet. Eventually, yes. But first I think this boy may have his uses!

*(the MINIONS pick GALILEO up, sit him on the gurney, and wheel it off)*

Khashoggi to Killer Queen!

*(the video screen descends, depicting KILLER QUEEN. Hands are primping her hair)*

**Killer Queen:** Yes, Commander?  
**Khashoggi:** Good news, ma'am!  
**Killer Queen:** It had better be; I'm having my hair done. *(to one side)* Get me a skinny latte! *(hands disappear)* So?  
**Khashoggi:** I believe the last of the remaining rebels will soon be within my clutches, ma'am!  
**Killer Queen:** Then you must crush them without mercy!  
**Khashoggi:** My, my, ma'am, you are an eager beaver.  
**Killer Queen:** Just leave my eager beaver out of this! We were discussing the rebels.  
**Khashoggi:** Yes. The last thing we want to do is worry the GaGa kids. Particularly now, with summer upon us once more.  
**Killer Queen:** There are no seasons in the virtual world, Commander!  
**Khashoggi:** Not online, ma'am, but sadly the physical world still exists. It's hot out there - hot, and edgy. The rivers are drying up, the lakes are evaporating, and resistance is growing.  
**Killer Queen:** The bohemians!  
**Khashoggi:** But of course, ma'am!  
**Killer Queen:** Who are these people? What do they want?  
**Khashoggi:** Oh, they want it all, ma'am, and they want it now. They want their 'rhapsody'.  
**Killer Queen:** That is a prescribed word, Commander! No such state of being exists!  
**Khashoggi:** Not yet -  
**Killer Queen:** Not ever! The bohemian rhapsody is a myth! A myth, do you hear me? Have you not reported that the euphoria they seek can only be unleashed through music? Real, live music?  
**Khashoggi:** That is certainly what they believe, ma'am.  
**Killer Queen:** Then there will be no rhapsody! For there are no instruments left on Planet Mall! And the kids will never, ever make their own music again!!

*(evil laughter. Intro to 'Death on Two Legs' plays. The video screen ascends and KHASHOGGI exits. MINIONS wheel on two gurneys and depart. GALILEO is lying on one (stage left) and SCARAMOUCHE on the other (stage right). They are toe to toe, lying down with bandages round their heads. They see each other and sit up)*

**Galileo:** Hey! G-g-gaGa girl! Who are you?  
**Scaramouche:** I ain't no GaGa girl! And I don't answer questions. Who're you?  
**Galileo:** I'm - I don't know who I am. But my name is Galileo Figaro.  
**Scaramouche:** Cool name.  
**Galileo:** Thank you!  
**Scaramouche:** I wasn't being serious. Mind if I shorten it?  
**Galileo:** Well, I suppose 'Galileo' would be -  
**Scaramouche:** So, Gazza, tell me, why were you arrested?  
**Galileo:** Well, because I hear sounds in my head. Words and sounds. I'm mad, you see.  
**Scaramouche:** I was arrested because they don't like the way I dress!  
**Galileo:** I think you dress beautifully.  
**Scaramouche:** That's nice. 'Cept coming from a self-confessed nutter, not. So what sounds do you hear?  
**Galileo:** I don't know -  
**Scaramouche:** Do you know anything?  
**Galileo:** Yes, I - I know I'm different! That's why the boys in the boyzone hate me.  
**Scaramouche:** The GaGa girls hate me.  
**Galileo:** Well, do you know why they hate you?  
**Scaramouche:** Yeah, they think I'm a lesbian because I don't wear pastels.  
**Galileo:** No, they hate you because they're scared of you. Because you're different - you're an individual.  
**Scaramouche:** What do you think they did to us?  
**Galileo:** I don't know!  
**Scaramouche:** Do you think they'll ever give up? And just leave us alone?  
**Galileo:** Don't you see? We're a threat! A virus on their hard drive. And they won't give up until they've pointed their little arrow at us...  
**Scaramouche:** ...and dragged us to trash!

**Both:**  
**Pressure! Pushing down on me**  
**Pressing down on you, no man ask for**  
**Under pressure**

**Galileo:**  
**That brings a building down**  
**Splits a family in two**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Puts people on streets**  
**Um ba ba be**  
**Um ba ba be**

**Galileo:**  
**De day oh**  
**Ee day oh**  
**Scaramouche:**  
**That's okay**

**Galileo:**  
**It's the terror of knowing what this world is about**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Watching some good friends screaming**

**Both:**  
**Let me out!**

**Galileo:**  
**Pray tomorrow gets me higher**

**Both:**  
**Pressure on people, people on streets**

**Galileo:**  
**Day day de mm hm**  
**Da da da ba ba**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Okay**

**Galileo:**  
**Chippin' around - kick my brains around the floor**  
**These are the days it never rains but it pours**  
**Ee do ba be**  
**Ee da ba ba ba**  
**Um bo bo**  
**Be lap**  
**People on streets - ee da de da de**  
**People on streets - ee da de da de da de da**  
**It's the terror of knowing**  
**What this world is about**  
**Watching some good friends screaming**

**Both:**  
**Let me out!**

**Galileo:**  
**Pray tomorrow gets me higher and higher**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Pressure on people, people on streets**

**Both:**  
**Turned away from it all like a blind man**  
**Sat on a fence but it don't work**

**Galileo:**  
**Keep coming up with love but it's all slashed and torn**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Why - why - why?**

*(they leap off the gurneys, push them off stage, and rip the bandages from their heads)*

**Love love love love**

**Galileo:**  
**Insanity laughs under pressure we're cracking**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Can't we give ourselves one more chance**

**Galileo:**  
**Why can't we give love that one more chance**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Why can't we give love, give love, give love, give love**  
**Give love, give love, give love, give love, give love**

**Galileo:**  
**'Cause love's such an old-fashioned word**

**Both:**  
**And love dares you to care for**  
**The people on the edge of the night**

*(they are now at opposite sides of the stage. They turn and start to walk towards each other)*

**And loves dares you to change our way**  
**Of caring about ourselves**  
**This is our last chance**  
**This is our last dance**

**Galileo:**  
**This is ourselves**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Under pressure**

**Both:**  
**Under pressure**

*(standing face to face, they almost kiss but turn away at the last moment)*

## **Pressure**

**Scaramouche:** So - where do we go?  
**Galileo:** Well - out into the night! Out into the streets! We're rebels now! 'Cause baby, we were born to run!  
**Scaramouche:** Don't call me baby!  
**Galileo:** I'm sorry, it was just a phrase I heard in my head -  
**Scaramouche:** Yeah? Keep it there.

*(they leave. A video screen descends, showing a TV PRESENTER standing in front of Stonehenge)*

**Presenter:** Stonehenge. Ancient monument to antiquity. Constant and unchanging, its mighty rocks will stand forever -

*(Stonehenge explodes, throwing the PRESENTER to one side and off-camera. KILLER QUEEN and KHASHOGGI enters stage right)*

**Khashoggi:** We've searched the rubble, ma'am. And what's more, no instruments were found.  
**Killer Queen:** Then we've won, Khashoggi. The bohemians will never achieve their rhapsody.  
**Khashoggi:** With respect, ma'am, the bohemians remain dangerous. All they need is a leader, that's all it takes. One young rebel, one crazy kid with a dream, a guitar, and a bad-arsed babe to fight for.  
**Killer Queen:** Could such a hero exist?  
**Khashoggi:** Oh, but he does already, ma'am. He just doesn't know it yet. He doesn't know himself at all. But I don't know, I've always had a talent for spotting potential.  
**Killer Queen:** And crushing it!  
**Khashoggi:** Well, that is my job, ma'am! And with the last dream extinguished, there'll be nothing left on Planet Mall but entirely untrammelled marketing, and completely uncritical consumers. You put them together and what do you get?  
**Killer Queen:** Alchemy, Khashoggi! Pure alchemy!

**One dream, one soul**  
**One prize, one goal**  
**One golden glance of what should be**

*(enter chorus of YES THINGS)*

**Yes Things:**  
**It's a kind of magic**

**Khashoggi:**  
**One shaft of light that shows the way**  
**No mortal man can win the day**

**Yes Things:**  
**It's a kind of magic**

**Khashoggi:**  
**The bell that rings inside your mind**  
**Is challenging the doors of time**

**Killer Queen:**  
**The waiting seems eternity**  
**The day has dawned of sanity**  
**Is this a kind of magic?**

**Yes Things:**  
**It's a kind of magic**

**Both:**  
There can't be only one  
This reign will last a thousand years  
We will live on

**Killer Queen:**  
This flame that burns inside of me  
I'm hearing secret harmonies

**Yes Things:**  
It's a kind of magic

**Killer Queen:**  
There rings a bell inside your mind

**Both:**  
We're challenging the doors of time

*(rotaty thing does its stuff)*

**Yes Things:**  
It's a kind of magic  
It's a kind of magic

**All:**  
This is (this is) a kind (a kind) of magic (yeah)  
There can't be only one  
This rage that lasts a thousand years  
Will soon be done  
Now we are one!

*(fade to black. Stage clears. We hear voices from off stage)*

**Brit:** It's pretty clear up there, Meat!  
**Meat:** Are you sure the cops have gone?  
**Brit:** I'm going up to the surface!  
**Meat:** Be careful - I'm coming up too!  
**Brit:** No!

*(The backdrop is now of a field of streetlamps and there is a broken van to stage right. BRIT enters through a trapdoor stage right. MEAT enters through a trapdoor stage left. BRIT crosses to MEAT)*

**Meat:** You are so stubborn!  
**Brit:** Yeah - but that's what you love about me!  
**Meat:** So, what we got?

*(MEAT drops a rucksack on the ground)*

**Meat:** Not much. It's mainly plastics and hydrocarbons. But, we got a sheet of tin that we can wobble. Some pebbles that make a nice rattle, and a bottle we can blow across, and a piece of wire to twang.  
**Brit:** Sweet, sweet music! If only we could find another bit of wood to bang against the one we've got.  
**Meat:** Yeah!

*(she throws her arms round him, then backs off and puts her hands on her hips)*

Oh, you naughty boy! I think I've found a piece of wood right here!

**Brit:** Oh yeah! No. Your job is to take this stuff back to the Heartbreak.

**Meat:** But Brit -

**Brit:** No. I travel alone. You know that. How can I do the things I have to do, if all I'm thinking about is you?

**Meat:** Sometimes I wish you didn't care so much about this stuff. Sometimes I wish we'd never even heard of 'the vibe'.

**Brit:** You don't mean that!

**Meat:** No, I suppose not. But I miss you so much, baby - it's tougher every time you go away.

**Brit:** I'll be back - I always come back! And one day, I'll bring the Dreamer with me.

**Meat:** Sometimes I think it's us that's dreaming. Perhaps the music really did die.

**Brit:** It's only sleeping, babes! It's in a deep, deep sleep. It won't be me that wakes it - but one day, I'll find the man who can. And if I could just find it, that lost vibe, then we could share our love with the whole world! And you know what we get then, don't you babes? We get it all!

**Adventure seeker on an empty street**

**Just an alley creeper, light on his feet**

**A young fighter screaming, with no time for doubt**

**With the pain and anger I can't see a way out**

**It ain't much I'm asking, I heard him say**

**Gotta find me a future move out of my way**

**I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it now**

**Both:**

**I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it now**

**Meat:**

**Listen all you people, come gather round**

**I'm gonna get me a game plan**

**Gonna shake you to the ground**

**But just give me what I know is mine**

**People do you hear me, just gimme the sign**

**It ain't much I'm asking, if you want the truth**

**Here's to the future hear the cry of youth**

**Both:**

**I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it now**

**I want it all, I want it all, I want it all**

**Meat:**

**And I want it now!**

**Brit:**

**I'm a man with a one track mind**

**So much to do in one lifetime**

**People do you hear me**

**Meat:**

**Not a man for compromise**

**And wheres and whys and living lies**

**Brit: So I'm living it all**

**Meat: Yes I'm living it all**

**Brit: And I'm giving it all**

**Meat: And I'm giving it all**

**Both:**

**I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it now  
I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it now  
I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it now  
I want it all, I want it all, I want it all, and I want it  
I want it, I want it, I want it now  
I want it all!**

*(we hear voices off stage. BRIT and MEAT hide behind the van. GALILEO and SCARAMOUCHE enter from the back of the stage. GALILEO is jumping about enthusiastically, SCARAMOUCHE is just mooching along)*

**Galileo:** My whole life, I mean all my life, I've always known that I had some kind of purpose, y'know, some special destiny! That has to mean something, surely.

**Scaramouche:** Oh, it does. That you're a self-important, arrogant asshole.  
Fine - what 'special destiny'?

**Galileo:** It has to do with the stuff I dream. The voices - they always come back to the same thing. Well - I see a big, wide space. And people - people everywhere. And noise - huge, huge noise! And then - then come the words.

**Scaramouche:** Ooh, what words? *(sarcastic)*

**Galileo:** 'Seek out the place of living rock. A bright, bright star will lead the way. Go to where the champions played!'

**Scaramouche:** Sounds like bollocks to me.

**Galileo:** Hey! Y'know, I dreamed a name for you too, I think.

**Scaramouche:** How could you do that? I mean, you only met me today.

**Galileo:** Yes, but I always knew I'd meet you. I always knew there was another rebel rebel out there, another wild thing.

**Scaramouche:** Okay - so what do you want to call me?

**Galileo:** Scaramouche.

**Scaramouche:** Scaramouche? Isn't that bit - sort of - crap?

**Galileo:** Well, I did dream some others, but frankly I thought it was the best.

**Scaramouche:** What were the others?

**Galileo:** Long tall Sally. Honky-tonk woman. Lucy in the sky with diamonds. Or fat-bottomed girl.

**Scaramouche:** Okay, I'll take Scaramouche. Scaramouche! Actually, I quite like it. Sounds kinda anarchic. It's almost like what I think they used to call a 'tune'.

**Galileo:** A tune? Yeah... Scaramouche, Scaramouche - will you do the fandango?

**Scaramouche:** You trying to get in my pants?

**Galileo:** No!

**Scaramouche:** What's doing the fandango?

**Galileo:** I think perhaps it's dancing.

**Scaramouche:** You mean like GaGa moves? Excuse me while I puke. Globalsoft write the songs, then work out the steps, and every kid on Planet Mall does exactly the same thing.

**Galileo:** No - I think that there was a time when dancing wasn't like that. When it was more free. You know? Kind of individually expressive.

*(GALILEO dances, allegedly)*

**Scaramouche:** I don't think I've ever seen anything quite so embarrassing in my life.

**Galileo:** Well, it looks better when I'm holding a tennis racket.

**Scaramouche:** It would have to!

**Galileo:** Look. Maybe doing the fandango is just about being friends.

**Scaramouche:** Friends? Well, I never had a friend.

**Galileo:** You amaze me.

**Scaramouche:** I always thought I'd quite like one, though.

**Galileo:** So, we are friends then?

**Scaramouche:** If you want.

**Galileo:** Oh, I do, I really do!

**Scaramouche:** Okay - so we're friends.

**Galileo:** This is so cool!  
**Scaramouche:** As long as you promise to work on your dancing.  
**Meat:** Let's get them!

*(MEAT and BRIT run out from behind the van. BRIT grabs GALILEO and shoves him against the side of the van. MEAT tries to grab SCARAMOUCHE but has less success)*

**Meat:** Quick, bitch! Where'd your boyfriend get those words?  
**Scaramouche:** What words?  
**Meat:** He calls you Scaramouche! He's read the fragments, he knows the holy texts!  
**Galileo:** I don't know any holy texts, I don't know what you're talking about!  
**Brit:** Long tall Sally! Honky-tonk woman! The words, man, the words from the past!  
**Meat:** You've seen the fragments - you've been to the Heartbreak Hotel! You're a spy!  
**Galileo:** No, I said I don't know what you're talking about, I hear these words in my head, that's all!  
**Brit:** Who are you?  
**Galileo:** I don't know! Why do people keep asking me that? I am the walrus! This is Major Tom to Ground Control. Can you hear the drums, Fernando? I am the dancing queen!  
**Brit:** You just hear these holy words, in your head?  
**Galileo:** Yes! I don't know where they come from! It's driving me mad, all these phrases and sounds, just stupid, useless phrases....I mean, what the hell is a tambourine man? What's the story, morning glory? Who WAS the real Slim Shady? It's torture! But all I know, and I don't even know why I know it, is that I really, really, really wanna zig-a-zig-ah.  
**Brit:** Meat, I think we've found him! This dude's the one! He's the man!  
**Meat:** I say he's a spy!  
**Brit:** No! He's the Dreamer! The one we've been waiting for!  
**Meat:** Then test him! And his chick!  
**Scaramouche:** His 'chick'? What am I now, poultry?  
**Meat:** Test him!  
**Brit:**  
**Mama, just killed a man**  
**Put a gun against his head**  
**Pulled my trigger, now he's dead**

*(BRIT points at GALILEO, who hesitates before continuing)*

**Galileo:**  
**Mama, life had just begun**  
**But now I've gone and thrown it all away**

**Brit:** He knows the text - but he's never read it! He's the man!  
**Meat:** But what does it mean? Tell us! Who is Mama, who's been killed, why has it all been thrown away?  
**Galileo:** I don't know!  
**Meat:** We've been searching for the meaning all our lives!  
**Galileo:** I said, I don't know, I see these things in my mind, that's all!  
**Mama, ooh-oooh-oooh -**

*(MEAT and BRIT grab him to shut him up)*

**Brit:** You have to come with us.  
**Meat:** Not her. We don't need her.  
**Galileo:** Hey, I'm not going anywhere without Scaramouche.  
**Scaramouche:** Who says I want to go anywhere? These people could be killers!  
**Brit:** We are, baby! Killers, thrillers, and bizmillahs!  
**Meat:** We're the resistance - the last hope!  
**Brit:** We are the bohemians!  
**Meat:** And now you have a choice. Are you ready to break free?  
**Brit:** Do you want it all?

**Meat:** To be a shooting star, a tiger?  
**Brit:** Defying the laws of gravity!  
**Meat:** Are you ready to be champions!  
**Scaramouche:** Nah, sounds a bit boring if you ask me.  
**Galileo:** What?  
**Scaramouche:** I'm joking, Gazza, of course I want to go!  
**Brit:** Then understand this! If you come with us, if you join the bohemians, there's no going back to GaGa land. You'll be an outcast, forever, no longer a member of the consuman race.  
**Scaramouche:** Sounds perfect. Let's go!

**Meat:**  
**And you're rushing headlong, you've got a new goal**  
**And you're rushing headlong out of control**

**Brit:**  
**And you think you're so strong**  
**But there ain't no stopping and there's nothin'**  
**You can do about it**

**Both:**  
**Woo! There's nothin' you can do**  
**No there's nothin' you can do about it**

**Brit:**  
**No there's nothing you can**

**Galileo:**  
**Nothing you can**

**Scaramouche:**  
**Nothing you can**

**Meat:**  
**Do about it**

**All:**  
**And you're rushing headlong you've got a new goal**  
**And you're rushing headlong out of control**  
**And you think you're so strong**  
**But there ain't no stopping**

**Galileo & Scaramouche:**  
**And there's nothing you can do about it**

**Meat:**  
**He used to be a man with a stick in his hand**

**All:**  
**Oop diddy diddy, oop diddy doo**

**Brit:**  
**She used to be a woman with a hot dog stand**

**All:**  
**Oop diddy diddy, oop diddy doo**

**Meat:**  
**Now you've got soup in the laundry bag**

**Brit:**  
Now you've got strings, you're gonna lose your rag

**Meat:**  
You're gettin' in a fight and it ain't so groovy

**Brit:**  
When you're screaming in the night  
Let me out of this cheap B-movie

**All:**  
Headlong down the highway  
And you're rushing headlong out of control  
And you think you're so strong  
But there ain't no stopping

**Meat:**  
And you can't stop rockin'

**All:**  
And there's nothin' you can, nothin' you can  
Nothin' you can do about it

**Scaramouche:** Where're we going?  
**Meat:** We're going down!

*(the van and the streetlamps disappear. A collage of sweet, fast food and clothing logos scrolls up and the Heartbreak Hotel forms at the back of the stage as the song continues)*

**Galileo:**  
When a red hot man meets a white hot lady

**All:**  
Oop diddy diddy, oop diddy doo

**Scaramouche:**  
Soon the fire starts to burn and gets 'em more than half crazy

**All:**  
Oop diddy diddy, oop diddy doo

**Galileo:**  
Oh, now they start freaking everywhere you turn  
You can't start walking 'cos your feet got burned

**Meat:**  
It ain't no time to figure wrong from right  
Cause reasons out the window, better hold on tight

**All:**  
Headlong down the highway  
And you're rushing headlong, out of control  
And you think you're so strong  
But there ain't no stopping and there's

**Brit:** Nothing  
**Meat:** Nothing

**Galileo:**           **Nothing**  
**Scaramouche:**   **Nothing**

**All:**  
**Nothing you can, nothing you can**  
**Nothing you can do about it**  
**Headlong!**

**Brit:**               Welcome to the Heartbreak Hotel!

*(the Heartbreak Hotel turns out to be the old, broken down Tottenham Court Road tube station. Other BOHEMIANS come on stage)*

**Big Macca:**       Who're these two, Brit?  
**Brit:**               I think I've found him. The one we've been waiting for.  
**Big Macca:**       The Dreamer? Just because he has a leather jacket does not make him the wild one. Looks like a clone from the 'zone to me.  
**Brit:**               He calls himself Galileo.  
**Big Macca:**       Galileo? Then he must have seen the texts! He's a spy!  
**Meat:**             That's what I said!

*(BOHEMIANS head towards GALILEO, threateningly)*

**Brit:**               Look, anyone who wants to kill the dude has to come past me!

*(the BOHEMIANS are suitably scared, and back off)*

                          He hasn't seen the texts. How could he? We guard them with our lives!

**Meat:**             He says he dreams the words.  
**Brit:**               He calls the chick Scaramouche.  
**Scaramouche:**   What is this chick business? Do I have feathers? Do I lay eggs?  
**Big Macca:**       Hey! Baby! We believe there was a time, when if a cool dude wished to refer to his red hot momma, he would use the term 'chick'. It was a mark of respect. Second only to 'bitch'.  
**Scaramouche:**   Something tells me you've got that wrong.  
**Big Macca:**       Well, well, we're getting off the point here. The point is that this dude is a spy.  
**Galileo:**         I don't know what you're talking about! I didn't ask to be brought here! I don't know who you people are, or anything about your stupid texts!  
**Brit:**               Look, he just knows the stuff! It's in his head!  
**Galileo:**         What are these texts, anyway?  
**Big Macca:**       Just fragments, nothing more. Stuff that we, and other bohemians across the Global Shopping Precinct have found.  
**Aretha (?):**       Yeah, tons of stuff. Magazines -  
**Scaramouche:**   What? Mag-a-zines?  
**Big Macca:**       They were like websites, but made of paper. You could touch them. And posters, which were weird, static commercials, stuck to walls. We take our names from these clues to the age of rock.  
**Aretha:**           I'm Aretha.  
**Big Macca:**       And I am Paul McCartney. They call me Big Macca.  
**Meat:**             I'm Meat. Meatloaf.  
**Madonna:**        I'm Madonna.  
**Prince:**          They call me Prince.  
**Cliff:**            I'm Cliff Richard.  
**Jackson 5:**       Jackson Five.  
**Bob:**             And I'm Bob. Bob the poet; Bob the rebel; Bob the prophet - I am Bob the Builder.  
**Galileo:**         And who are you? *(to BRIT)*  
**Brit:**             Me? I'm the biggest, baddest, meanest, nastiest, ugliest, most raging, rapping, rock'n'roll, sick, punk, heavy metal psycho bastard that ever got get-down funky. They call me - Britney Spears.

**Galileo:** And what is this place, this Heartbreak Hotel?  
**Big Macca:** It's a rebel base! The last free-thinking zone on Planet Mall!  
**Scaramouche:** But how'd you get all this great stuff?  
**Meat:** We find it! We're scavengers. There's tons of it if you know where to look. Here, help yourself if you like.

*(indicating a shopping cart full of clothes)*

**Scaramouche:** Like? I used to dream about getting my hands on gear like this!  
**Meat:** Well, get some on you! You're a bohemian now!  
**Scaramouche:** Ooh, what do you think about a red corset?  
**Meat:** Oh, that is so you -  
**Big Macca:** Girls, please! I am talking to the man!  
**Meat:** Makes a change from talking out of your bum. *(to SCARAMOUCHE)* Go on, hen, there's loads back there.

*(SCARAMOUCHE exits)*

**Big Macca:** As I was saying. This is a rebel base. But it is also a shrine. A shrine to everything we believe in. And, a place to remember the long dead king.  
**Galileo:** What king?  
**Big Macca:** Little is known about him, except that his name was Pelvis. A kid from nowhere, who sang like an angel, and danced like the devil. A teenage truck driver who broke free to become a mighty rebel - a rebel that spawned a thousand rebels!  
**Prince:** But he was too wild, too free. And when he wiggled his hips he made the kids feel good about themselves! So they took him and they cut off his hair.  
**Big Macca:** They shaved off his cool, greasy, standup quiff, like he was a convict...  
**Prince:** ...and they put him in the army.  
**Aretha:** Then they humiliated him. The king was forced to make foolish movies, singing nursery rhymes to gangs of grinning children. He was ashamed. It broke his spirit. He took refuge in drugs, pills and fast food.  
**Big Macca:** Just like a million kids that followed. The king was dead, and many kings and heroes died thereafter. Their songs are lost, but their names live on. We remember the ones that died young. Buddy Holly. Jimi Hendrix.  
**Aretha:** Kurt Cobain.  
**Bob:** Janis Joplin.  
**Prince:** Jim Morrison.  
**Big Macca:** Bob Marley. John Lennon.  
**Meat:** Freddie...

**A hand above the water  
An angel reaching for the sky  
Is it raining in Heaven  
Do you want us to cry**

**And everywhere the broken-hearted  
On every lonely avenue  
No one could reach them  
No one but you**

**One by one  
Only the good die young  
They're only flying to close to the sun  
Life goes on  
Without you**

**Another tricky situation  
I get to drowning in the blues**

**And I find myself thinking  
What would you do?**

**Yes, it was such an operation  
Forever paying every due  
Hell, you made a sensation (sensation!)  
You found a way through (found a way through)**

**All:  
And one by one  
Only the good die young  
They're only flying too close to the sun**

**Meat:  
We'll remember, forever**

**And now the party must be over  
I guess we'll never understand  
The sense of your leaving  
Was it the way it was planned?**

**And so we grace another table  
And raise our glasses one more time  
There's a face at the window  
And I ain't never, never saying goodbye**

**All:  
One by one  
Only the good die young  
They're only flying too close to the sun**

**Meat:  
Crying for nothing  
Crying for no one  
No one but you**

**Galileo:** So - you mean all those heroes died for rock'n'roll? But what is rock'n'roll?  
**Brit:** Gazza, baby! Rock'n'roll is anything you want it to be!  
**Cliff:** It's sex!  
**Prince:** It's style!  
**Brit:** It's rebellion!  
**Big Macca:** It's freedom!  
**Galileo:** Yes, but - what actually is it?  
**Big Macca:** We don't know.

*(enter SCARAMOUCHE, newly attired)*

**Scaramouche:** Ta da!  
**Meat:** Hey, this girl has taste!  
**Scaramouche:** What do you mean? It's all your stuff!  
**Meat:** Yeah, but it's all about the combinations! Isn't that right, Prince?  
**Prince:** Right! Exactly!  
**Big Macca:** People, please! I'm talking to the man!  
**Brit:** You tell 'em, Big Macca!  
**Big Macca:** All we know is that there came a day when rock'n'roll - died. But, we all believe that in time, there will come a man who carries the past within him. Someone who can remember. Somewhere on Planet Mall there are instruments, there must be. If Britney is right, you are the man who can find them.

**Galileo:** But I don't even know what they look like!  
**Brit:** I do!

*(BRIT goes off stage and returns with an instrument made out of a tea chest, a pole and some wire)*

I've been working on this for months! Can't play it though.

*(another bohemian takes it and plucks a few notes)*

Sweet, sweet noise! And when you get that vibe, all you need is your baby! You see, Galileo, what passes for music these days is only created for money, which is why it has no soul. But when rock'n'roll started, do you know why they did it?

**Galileo:** No, why?

**Brit:** They did it for their babies, of course! They did it for a crazy little thing called love! Oh yeah!

**This thing called love I just can't handle it**

**Meat:**

**This thing called love I must get round to it**

**Brit:**

**I ain't ready**

**Both:**

**Crazy little thing called love**

**Meat:**

**This thing (this thing)**

**Called love (called love)**

**It cries (like a baby)**

**In a cradle all night**

**Brit:**

**It swings (woo woo)**

**It jives (woo woo)**

**It shakes all over like a jelly fish**

**Both:**

**I kinda like it**

**Crazy little thing called love**

**Brit:**

**There goes my baby**

**She knows how to rock 'n' roll**

**She drives me crazy**

**She gives me hot and cold fever**

**She leaves me in a cool cool sweat**

**Oh yeah**

**I gotta be cool, relax, get hip**

**And get on my tracks**

**Take a back seat, hitchhike**

**Take a long ride on my motorbike**

**Until I'm ready**

**Crazy little thing called love**

**Galileo:**

**I gotta be cool, relax, get hip  
And get on my tracks**

**Scaramouche:  
Take a back seat**

**Galileo:  
Hitchhike**

**Scaramouche:  
And take a long ride on my motorbike**

**All:  
Until I'm ready  
Crazy little thing called love  
This thing called love I just can't handle it  
This thing called love I must get round to it  
I ain't ready  
Crazy little thing called love  
Oh yeah!**

*(sirens sound. KHASHOGGI and several COPS appear in and around the Heartbreak)*

**Khashoggi:** Oh yeah indeed. So finally I'm checking into the Heartbreak Hotel. So, Mr McCartney, I say hello, and you say goodbye...

**Brit:** No! You'll never take the Dreamer while I'm alive!

*(Fight, to the intro of 'Ogre Battle'. The COPS herd the BOHEMIANS off, and fight BRIT, who collapses to the floor. Lights out, safety curtain down, house lights up for the interval)*

## **Act 2**

*(the curtain rises on two rows of CONSUMERS, one on a tier above the other, in front of the video screens)*

**Consumers:  
One plan, one goal  
One mission  
No heart, no soul  
Just one solution  
One flash of light  
Yeah, one God, one vision  
One flesh, one bone  
One true religion  
One voice, one hope  
One real decision  
Wowowowowo  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah**

**Galileo (v/o):  
I had a dream when I was young**

**Scaramouche (v/o):**  
**A dream of sweet illusion**

**Galileo (v/o):**  
**A glimpse of hope and unity**

**Scaramouche (v/o):**  
**And visions of one sweet union**

**Bohemians (v/o):**  
**But a cold wind blows**  
**And a dark rain falls**  
**And in my heart it shows**  
**Look what they've done to my dreams**

**Consumers:**  
**One vision**  
**Give us your hand, give us your heart**  
**Ready? There's only one direction**  
**One world, one nation**  
**One television**  
**No hate, no fight**  
**Just excitation**  
**All through the night**  
**It's a celebration**  
**Wowowowowo yeah**  
**One one one one one one one**  
**All we hear is radio Ga Ga**  
**Video Goo Goo**  
**Internet Ga Ga**  
**All we hear is cyberspace Ga Ga**  
**Internet Ga Ga**  
**Marketing blah-blah**  
**Oh, oh!**  
**One flesh, one bone**  
**One true religion**  
**One voice, one hope**  
**One real decision**  
**Give us one light, yeah**  
**Give us one hope, hey**  
**Just give us**  
**One plan, one scam**  
**One star, one night, one day, hey hey**  
**Just gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme**  
**Fried chicken**  
**(vision, vision, vision, vision, vision)**

*(the video screens disappear and the van is back, plus a backdrop of graffiti'd concrete. GALILEO and SCARAMOUCHE climb up through a trapdoor stage left)*

**Galileo:** How did Khashoggi find the Heartbreak Hotel?  
**Scaramouche:** He must have some way of tracking us!  
**Galileo:** The hospital! When they operated on our heads!

*(he peers at SCARAMOUCHE's hair)*

I think I've found something!

*(SCARAMOUCHE produces a penknife and hands it to him)*

**Scaramouche:** Cut it out!

**Galileo:** What?

**Scaramouche:** Gazza, if there are bugs in our heads, then the police will track us down in hours! Cut it out.

*(he does)*

**Galileo:** He's had us from the start! He's heard everything!

*(SCARAMOUCHE takes the bug from him and talks into it)*

**Scaramouche:** Hello! Pervert! It's a short sentence, the second word is 'off'.

**Galileo:** All right, now me.

*(she does so and peers at both the bugs)*

**Scaramouche:** OK, crush them.  
What, a couple of state-of-the-art micro-transceivers? No way, I'll just activate the maximum negativity spectrum.

**Galileo:** What?

**Scaramouche:** I'll turn them off.

*(they sit on the edge of the mattress that is, conveniently, inside the van)*

**Galileo:** It's over, Scaramouche. Do you realise that? The bohemians are finished. The Heartbreak Hotel is destroyed. Only we escaped.

**Scaramouche:** Britney Spears died to save us. To save you.

**Galileo:** And he will not die in vain! It's up to us, now. We're part of the underworld, Scaramouche. You, and me. Cast adrift. There's no turning back now. Not ever.

**Scaramouche:** I never belonged anyway. Did you notice - you've lost your stutter?

**Galileo:** Well, I feel different.

**Scaramouche:** We're both different. For the first time in my life, I don't hate myself.

**Galileo:** And I don't want to die. I've found something to live for.

**Scaramouche:** The dream?

**Galileo:** No, you!

But....we will be caught in the end. You know that, don't you?

**Scaramouche:** Yeah. I know. And probably killed.

**Galileo:** I love you, Scaramouche.

**Scaramouche:** I love you too, Gaz.

**Galileo:** Do you think, just this once, you could use my full name?

**Scaramouche:** I love you too, Gazza....Fizza....

**Galileo:** Then if I have your love, time doesn't matter much at all, does it?

**Scaramouche:**

**There's no time for us**

**There's no place for us**

**What is this thing that builds our dreams**

**Yet slips away from us**

**Who wants to live forever**

**Both:**

**Who wants to live forever**

**Woo**

**Galileo:**

**There's no chance for us  
It's all decided for us  
This world has only one sweet moment set aside for us  
Who wants to live forever**

**Both:  
Who wants to live forever  
Woo  
Who dares to love forever**

**Galileo:  
Oh, when love must die!**

**Scaramouche:  
But touch my tears with your lips**

**Galileo:  
Touch my world with your fingertips**

**Both:  
And we can have forever  
And we can love forever**

**Galileo:  
Forever is ours today**

**Both:  
Who wants to live forever  
Who wants to live forever**

**Scaramouche:  
Forever is ours**

**Galileo:  
Who waits forever, anyway?**

*(they kiss and disappear inside the van. Fade to black, then lights up to reveal six BOHEMIANS (including MEAT and PRINCE), seated, each with a MINION to their right. KHASHOGGI is suspended in, well, a ship)*

**Khashoggi:** What do you know of the phrase 'living rock'? Where is the place of champions?  
**Bohemian 1:** They're freedom words, pig! Words the Dreamer used! We don't know what they mean!  
**Minion 1:** He tells the truth, Commander Khashoggi. I've applied a search program to one of his brain functions and I find no evidence of deceit.  
**Khashoggi:** Pity! Hurt him anyway!

*(the BOHEMIAN jerks backward)*

**Bohemians:  
Flash! Aah!**

**Khashoggi:** And I would rather you did not call me 'pig'.  
**Bohemian 2:** Pig's too good for you!  
**Khashoggi:** Hurt her, too!

**Bohemians:**

**Flash! Aah!**

**Khashoggi:** In fact - hurt them all!

**Bohemians:**

**Flash! Aah!**

**Khashoggi:** For what it's worth, your 'Dreamer' knows no more about the place of living rock than you or I. He's just a poor idiot, parroting phrases he does not understand. Still, he lead me to you, and for that I am grateful.

**Prince:** Are you going to kill us?

**Khashoggi:** Please, Mr Prince! Globalsoft is not some medieval inquisition! We're merely going to kill your souls - and empty your brains of such absurd notions as real music and individual thought.

**Bohemian 1:** You're sending us to the Seven Seas of Rhye!

**Khashoggi:** Precisely. Prepare the helmets.

*(each MINION places an orange helmet on a BOHEMIAN's head)*

**Meat:** Dreamer! Follow us! Bohemians, give him your power! Make your last thoughts the Dream!

**Khashoggi:** Good night, Miss Loaf....

**Bohemians:** Noooooo!

**Khashoggi:**

**Fear me you lords and lady preachers**

**I descend upon your Earth from the skies**

**I command your very souls you unbelievers**

**Bring before me what is mine**

**The seven seas of Rhye**

**Can you hear me you peers and privy councillors**

**I stand before you naked to the eyes**

**I will destroy any man who dares abuse my trust**

**I swear that you'll be mine**

**The seven seas of Rhye**

**Sister - I live and lie for you**

**Mister - do and I'll die**

**You are mine I possess you**

**I belong to you forever-ever-ever-aah**

*(KHASHOGGI leaves his ship and dances past the row of BOHEMIANS. One by one, their minds are emptied)*

**Storm the master-marathon I'll fly through**

**By flash and thunder-fire and**

**I'll survive - I'll survive - I'll survive**

**Then I'll defy the laws of nature and come out alive**

**Then I'll get you**

**Be gone with you - you shod and shady senators**

**Give out the good, leave out the bad evil cries**

**I challenge the mighty Titan and his troubadours**

**And with a smile**

**I'll take you to the seven seas of Rhye**

**Bohemians:**

**Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside**

**Oh, I do like to be beside the sea**

**There are lots of girls beside, oh I do like to be beside**

**Beside the seaside, beside the sea**

*(fade to black, then lights up to show the van again. It is the next morning)*

**Galileo:** Meatloaf - no - Prince - argh! The Seven Seas of Rhye!

*(he throws back the curtain and sits up. SCARAMOUCHE wakes and sits up beside him)*

**Scaramouche:** Well, good morning Gazza! Or perhaps I should use your full name - Shagileo Gigolo....

**Galileo:** I had this dream! And it was - *(pause)*  
Shagileo Gigolo? You - really think so?

**Scaramouche:** Oh, yeah.

*(she kisses him but he pulls away)*

**Galileo:** No! We don't have time! I have to go to the Seven Seas of Rhye! I had a dream about Big Macca and the others. I dreamt that there were these cops, and cages made of lasers, and -

**Scaramouche:** Gazza, there is nothing, and I mean nothing, more boring than people wanting to describe their dreams to you.

**Galileo:** No, but really -

**Scaramouche:** No, trust me on this. It kills relationships stone dead. The morning one partner wakes up and says 'it was amazing, there was a rabbit, in a bowler hat, cooking an omelette' - that is when love dies.

**Galileo:** But, Scaramouche, I'm sure of it! The bohemians are headed across the Seven Seas of Rhye!

**Scaramouche:** I know!

**Galileo:** I think it's somewhere in the Europrecinct of Planet Mall. And there was water. Lots of water! And - what?

**Scaramouche:** I know about the Seven Seas of Rhye. They're not seas at all, no, they're rivers. Rivers that supply a lake. They used to call it Lake Geneva. The spirit of rock is very strong there. It's where they put all the misfits, the rebels.

**Galileo:** But, this is incredible, Scaramouche! We had the same dream! It's like we're soulmates - split-aparts - kindred spirits!

**Scaramouche:** No, Gaz, I didn't have any dream. I just reversed the polarity on these micro-transceivers. I've been monitoring police headquarters.

**Galileo:** Gee. You really know how to make a guy feel inadequate.

**Scaramouche:** Bless. You could always let me make it up to you....

**Galileo:** No! I have to go the Seven Seas of Rhye!

**Scaramouche:** But it's pretty dangerous! I mean, the police are bound to still be looking for us. I say we should hide out here, on this mattress, for two or three days -

**Galileo:** No, Scaramouche! I still haven't found what I'm looking for! I want the world and I want it now! You can't stop until you get enough! Billie-Jean is not my lover. She's just a girl that claims that I am the one. The kid is not my son.

**Scaramouche:** What?

**Galileo:** Nothing. I don't know where that last bit came from. I'm going, but I will be back for you.

**Scaramouche:** Hang on, what do you mean? There'll be police all over the place. I should go, not you.

**Galileo:** Forget it, Scaramouche. This is my fight.

**Scaramouche:** How'd you work that out?

**Galileo:** Because I'm 'the man'. Britney Spears said so!

**Scaramouche:** Exactly! Which is why it's stupid of you to risk your life! I'm dispensable. You should stay here.

**Galileo:** Oh, right. Like I'm going to let my chick fight my battles for me.

**Scaramouche:** Let your chick?! Excuse me, but at what point in this relationship did you take the arsehole pill!

**Galileo:** That's it, Scaramouche! Must everything always be a fight with you? I thought you'd mellowed out!

**Scaramouche:** Well, I haven't!

**Galileo:** Well, it's really starting to irritate me!

**Scaramouche:** Oh no. My heart just broke.

**Galileo:** Look, you're my girlfriend! I want to protect you!

**Scaramouche:** No, you think just because you got your leg over that you own me, or something!

**Galileo:** You are such a pain with this constant female assertion thing!  
**Scaramouche:** Fine! Well, at least we know now where we stand!  
**Galileo:** Yes, we do!  
**Scaramouche:** Which is not together!  
**Galileo:** Well - if you say so!  
**Scaramouche:** Right! From now on, our relationship is purely professional. We've got a job to do, and we'll do it, and that's all.  
**Galileo:** Well, suits me! But I'm going to the Seven Seas!

*(he climbs through the trapdoor stage left and slams it after him. SCARAMOUCHE climbs halfway into the trapdoor stage right and shouts after him)*

**Scaramouche:** Well, so am I! And if, when we get there, you get caught, and the Dream is lost, and the kids are enslaved till the end of time - well, you're going to feel a bit bloody stupid, that's all!

*(she leaves, slamming the trapdoor after her. The scene changes to KILLER QUEEN's living room)*

**Recording:**  
**Are you gonna take me home tonight**  
**Ah, down beside that red firelight**  
**Are you gonna let it all hang out**  
**Fat-bottomed girls, you make the rocking world go round**

*(enter the KILLER QUEEN and KHASHOGGI)*

**Khashoggi:** Ma'am, I bring splendid news! My officers have been successful in breaking up the bohemian stronghold! The Heartbreak Hotel is destroyed!  
**Killer Queen:** But Khashoggi - this is wonderful! Incredible! A triumph! The resistance is vanquished! We've won!  
**Khashoggi:** Yes, ma'am. Unfortunately -

**Killer Queen:**  
**Tonight! I'm gonna have myself a real good time**  
**I feel alive**  
**And the world is turning inside out**  
**Floating around in ecstasy**

**Khashoggi:** Ma'am, if I might just interrupt -

**Killer Queen:**  
**Don't stop me now!**

**Khashoggi:** Ma'am, I hate to do it, but -

**Killer Queen:**  
**Don't stop me, 'cause I'm having a good time**  
**Having a good time**  
**I'm a shooting star leaping through the sky**  
**Like a tiger, defying the laws of gravity –**

**Khashoggi:** Maaaaaaaa'aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaam!!

*(KILLER QUEEN stops singing and gives KHASHOGGI a filthy look)*

I'm afraid you didn't let me finish. We broke up the bohemian stronghold, but I fear the Dreamer - and his bad-arsed babe - slipped our clutches. But I don't foresee this as a problem -

**Killer Queen:** You lost them?

**Khashoggi:** Lost them only in the sense of, don't know where they are.

**Killer Queen:** You fool! You imbecile! You talentless, flat-footed PC Plod! Those two pathetic losers are making idiots of us!

**Khashoggi:** They are individuals, ma'am! The most dangerous enemy of all! I'd rather face a massed army of nuclear-powered cyber-cops than one crazy kid with a dream.

**Killer Queen:** Don't be ridiculous.

**Khashoggi:** All right, perhaps I was pitching it a bit strong. But the point is, we're currently stretched to the limit! The summer heat is intense. We're encountering serious civil disorder. The rivers and seas that rose with global warming are receding again as the planet dehydrates.

**Killer Queen:** Who cares? I like hot weather.

**Khashoggi:** We're having to drain the lakes simply to supply the coke dispensers in the multiplexes.

**Killer Queen:** That's absurd.

**Khashoggi:** Well, have you seen the size of the cups these days? They've been getting bigger for three hundred years. 'Regular' is now the size of a dustbin. Only last week a small child fell into her Sprite and drowned.

**Killer Queen:** I am sick of excuses, Commander Khashoggi. And I am also sick of you. With your weary, sneery, posey, schmosey, look at me, I'm wearing sunglasses in doors crap! Oiling round the place with your snooty little booty in your Armani suity.

**Khashoggi:** Actually, ma'am, it's M&S. They've really rather raised their game recently, don't you think?

**Killer Queen:** Need I remind you, that as well as being businesswoman of the year, I am also dynamite with a laser beam!

**Khashoggi:** Oh, nobody admires you more than I do ma'am, your gentle manner, your quiet, unassuming sense of style, your kind and forgiving nature -

**Killer Queen:** You know what happens to people who disappoint me! I think I'll have to blow your mind!

*(enter chorus of YES THINGS)*

**Hey!**  
**She walks warily down the street**  
**With her brim pulled way down low**  
**Ain't no sound but the sound of her feet**  
**Machine guns ready to go**  
**Are you ready, are you ready for this**  
**Are you hanging on the edge of your seat**  
**Out of the doorway the bullets rip**  
**To the sound of the beat**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**And another one gone and another one gone**  
**Another one bites the dust, eh**  
**Hey, I'm gonna get you too**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**How do you think I'm going to get along**  
**Without you when you're gone**  
**I took you for everything that you've got**  
**And kicked you out on your own**  
**Are you happy ? Are you satisfied ?**  
**How long can you stand the heat**  
**Out of the doorway the bullets rip**  
**To the sound of the beat**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**And another one gone and another one gone**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**Hey, I'm gonna get you too**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**Another one bites the dust**  
**Another one bites the dust, hey hey**

**Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust  
There are plenty of ways that you can hurt a man  
And bring him to the ground  
You can beat him  
You can cheat him  
You can treat him bad and leave him  
When he's down, yeah  
But I'm ready, yes I'm ready for you  
I'm standing on my own two feet  
Out of the doorway the bullets rip  
Repeating to the sound of the beat  
Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust  
And another one gone and another one gone  
Yes, another one bites the dust  
Hey, I'm gonna get you too  
Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust, hey hey  
Another one bites the dust  
Another one bites the dust  
Yeah, yeah, yeah!**

*(two MINIONS enter, put an orange helmet on KHASHOGGI's head, and descend with him into the stage. Lights out then up again on a clear stage with the graffiti'd concrete backdrop. GALILEO walks on from up stage left, followed by SCARAMOUCHE)*

**Scaramouche:** Oi! OI! Slow down, will you!  
**Galileo:** No! You keep up!  
**Scaramouche:** I've got shorter legs than you.  
**Galileo:** Don't worry, your mouth makes up for it.  
**Scaramouche:** Well, you didn't have any objections to it last night!  
**Galileo:** That was below the belt.  
**Scaramouche:** Which seems to be all you think women are any good for!  
**Galileo:** Hey! This isn't some feminist achievement course we're on, here! It's a battle as big as the planet!  
**Scaramouche:** No, it's as big as your ego, more like.  
**Galileo:** Me? Egotistical? Let me just get a few things straight, all right? You are a girl. You're slower than me, weaker than me -  
**Scaramouche:** Cleverer than you -  
**Galileo:** What? Just because you reversed the polarity on a couple of micro-transceivers -  
**Scaramouche:** Yeah?  
**Galileo:** Well, my intelligence is more abstract. I have the mind of an artist.  
**Scaramouche:** A piss artist, more like.  
**Galileo:** A rock artist! And I've got a world to save, so if you hold me up -  
**Scaramouche:** Hold you up! Listen, mate! We're in this together! And despite the fact that you are a self-righteous, arrogant little prick - I'm staying.  
**Galileo:** Well, suit yourself.  
**Scaramouche:** Don't worry. I will.  
**Galileo:** Yeah.  
**Scaramouche:** Yeah.  
**Galileo:** What?  
**Scaramouche:** What?  
**Galileo:** Hey!  
**Scaramouche:** Hey!  
**Galileo:** Yeah!

**Here we stand or here we fall  
History won't care at all  
Wake the dead, fight the fight  
Lady Mercy won't be home tonight**

**Both:  
You don't waste no time at all**

**Galileo:  
Don't hear the bell but you answer the call**

**Both:  
It comes to you as to us all**

**Scaramouche:  
You're just waiting for the hammer to fall  
Hey!**

**Galileo:  
Hey!**

**Scaramouche:  
Yeah!**

**Galileo:  
Yeah, the hammer to fall!**

**Scaramouche:  
Every night, and every day  
A little piece of you is falling away  
But lift your face, the western way, babe  
Build your muscles as your body decays**

**Both:  
Toe your line and play their game**

**Scaramouche:  
Let the anaesthetic cover it all**

**Both:  
Till one day they call your name**

**Galileo:  
You know it's time for the hammer to fall  
Hey! The hammer to fall!**

**Scaramouche:  
Rich or poor or famous  
For your truth it's all the same  
Lock your door but rain is pouring  
Through your windowpane  
Baby now your struggle's all in vain**

**Both:  
What the hell we fighting for?**

**Galileo:  
Just surrender and it won't hurt at all**

**Both:**

**You just got time to say your prayers  
While you're waiting for the hammer to, hammer to fall  
The hammer to fall  
Hey? Yeah?  
The hammer to, hammer to, hammer to fall**

**Galileo:**

**Give it to me one more time!**

**Scaramouche:** In. Your. Dreams. Mate.

*(She stalks off. GALILEO follows her. POP climbs up through a trapdoor centre stage, carrying a beer crate)*

**Pop:**

**Sometimes I get to thinking  
I was back in the old days, long ago  
When we were kids, when we were young  
Things seemed so perfect then - you know?  
The days were endless  
We were crazy, we were young  
The sun was always shining  
We just lived for fun  
Sometimes it seems like lately - I just don't know  
The rest of my life's been just a show**

*(the backdrop goes up and reveal a barroom scene. The back of the stage and part of the bar are covered in white drapes. The BOHEMIANS sit slumped at tables. POP puts the crate on the bar and walks around room, replacing drinks and wiping the tables)*

**Pop & Bohemians:**

**Those were the days of our lives  
The bad things in life were so few  
Those days are all gone now but one thing remains**

**Pop:**

**When I look and I find no change  
You can't turn back the clock, you can't turn back the tide  
Ain't that a shame?  
I'd like to go back one time on a roller coaster ride  
When life was just a game  
No use in sitting and thinkin' on what you did  
You can lay back and enjoy it through the kids  
Sometimes it seems like lately - I just don't know  
Better sit back and go with the flow**

**Pop & Bohemians:**

**These are the days of our lives  
They've flown in the swiftness of time  
These days are all gone now but one thing remains**

**Pop:**

**When I look and I find  
Hope still survives  
Oh yeah**

*(GALILEO and SCARAMOUCHE enter, stage right)*

**Galileo:** Meatloaf! Guys, you're all here! Oh, it's so good to see you!

**Scaramouche:** How did you escape?

**Galileo:** This is fantastic! The bohemians are back! The fight is on!

*(the BOHEMIANS look at GALILEO and SCARAMOUCHE blankly)*

**Big Macca:** Do I know you, kid?

**Galileo:** But - it's me, Big Macca. You know. The man. The Dreamer. Galileo Figaro.

**Big Macca:** Nah, never heard of him. Buy us a drink.

**Galileo:** What?

**Meat:** Come on, you heard the man, buy us a soddin' drink!

**Galileo:** Meatloaf?

**Pop:** Your friends aren't there, dude. Their bodies are, but their spirits have gone. They've been processed.

**Galileo:** What do you mean?

**Pop:** This is where they all come - the guys and chicks who tried to break on through to the other side, and failed. They come to drown themselves in the Seven Seas of Rhye. Rhye whisky, man. The last comfort of those who have rocked.

**Scaramouche:** So - why do they come here?

**Pop:** You mean apart from in order to get permanently pissed?

**Scaramouche:** Yes.

**Pop:** There is something about this place. It's as if there's a spirit here. Long ago, before global warming, the lake was much smaller. Who knows, perhaps there's something down there, beneath the water. Something these washed-out mothers need to be close to.

**Scaramouche:** So who are you?

**Pop:** I was a librarian, astral babe. In the place where they keep the secret histories. I got a little too interested in the stuff I was reading.

**Scaramouche:** Did they process you?

**Pop:** They tried to, but I guess I knew too much. They couldn't zap it all. I may be pretty screwed up, but I'm still the most together guy here at the Seven Seas. That's why I'm the barman.

**Scaramouche:** So you remember something of what you read? Of the secret histories?

**Pop:** I remember one story. A legend so strong and powerful they could not wipe it from my brain. Would you like to hear it.

**Scaramouche:** Nah, I thought we'd just have a drink and bugger off. Of course we want to hear it, you hairy old git!

**Pop:** Whoa! That is one gutsy chick, man! I bet she takes some handling!

**Galileo:** Well actually, she's not my chick.

**Pop:** Lucky you, I reckon.

**Galileo:** Perhaps you could tell us your story, Mr - er...

**Pop:** Pop. They call me Pop.

**Galileo:** We'd love to hear it.

**Pop:** Well.

*(he gestures the two towards him, and they all sit on the bar stools)*

It seems that long ago, in the first decade of the twenty-first century, there were those who foresaw the nightmare that was to come. This was at the very beginning of music homogenisation. A time of boy bands. And girl bands. And boy and girl bands. And girl bands with a couple of boys in them that looked like girls. And boys who had left their boy bands to become just boys. And girls who were still in their girl bands but were nonetheless doing stuff as solo girls, sometimes in duets with solo boys. And also -

**Scaramouche:** All right, get on with it!

**Pop:** They called themselves bands, but they weren't bands. They were just pretty pretty dancers with multi-track voices.

**Galileo:** It's been that way ever since.

**Pop:** Exactly! A three hundred year bum vibe! But you see, some people saw what was coming. Take a look at this. It's a scroll of what I think they used to call 'celluloid'.

*(he presses a lever and a video screen descends)*

I stole this on the day I was captured, and through ten long years in a laser cell I've kept it hidden. Don't ask me where. It's only a fragment, but it's all that's left to us of a much longer, and seriously heavy message that was laid down for us in antiquity.

*(he presses a button and the start of the video to 'Bohemian Rhapsody' appears on the screen, very grainy)*

**Recording:**

**Is this the real life**

**Is this just fantasy**

**Caught in a landslide**

**No escape from reality**

**Open your eyes**

**Look up the skies, and see –**

*(the video ends)*

**Pop:** That's all there is. Those four young men, singing to us from three centuries ago, were members of a rock freedom fighter collective known as 'Queen'. Even then, those young soul visionaries knew that real life was fast becoming someone else's fantasy. Look –

*(he cues the video again)*

**Recording:**

**Is this the real life**

**Is this just fantasy**

*(and pauses it)*

**Galileo:** A fantasy - created by the computers of the global economy!

**Pop:** Exactly!

**Recording:**

**Caught in a landslide**

**No escape from reality**

**Pop:** They foresaw a time when the kids would be caught in a landslide of computer generated marketing, and there would be no escape from that reality. All Queen wanted was for us all to...

**Recording:**

**Open your eyes**

**Look up the skies, and see –**

**Scaramouche:** So that's what it meant. Blimey. Sounded like a pretentious load of old bollocks to me.

**Pop:** No way, crazy lady! These are the words of truth! If only we knew the rest of the text.

**Galileo:** I think I may know some of it! Tell me, old wise one. What does 'Bismillah, we will not let you go, let me go, no, no, no, no, no, mamma mia, mamma mia, mamma mia, let me go, Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me' mean?

**Pop:** Actually, I think that bit probably was a pretentious load of old bollocks.

But. Having issued their warning - and incidentally spent nine weeks at number one with it, despite what were quite frankly some rather dodgy stage outfits - Queen decided to fight back.

*(POP grabs a chair, takes it to centre stage and sits on it. CLIFF, who had been sitting on the chair, slowly falls over)*

You all right there, Cliff?

*(CLIFF, lying on the floor, gives a thumbs up)*

Don't worry about Cliff Richard, he's indestructible.

*(SCARAMOUCHE and GALILEO sit on the floor in front of POP)*

In order to protect the future of rock'n'roll, Queen decided to bury their finest instruments against a time when there would be none.

**Galileo:** Wait. You mean real instruments still exist - somewhere waiting to be found?

**Pop:** Yes. And they remain hidden. Queen wove deep and terrible spells to protect the precious weapons of freedom, from abuse by those not worthy of playing them. Even at the beginning of the dark age of globalisation, Queen knew that when the time was right a hero would be found and the instruments would reappear. Perhaps you are that man, man.

**Scaramouche:** But what happened to Queen?

**Pop:** The first of their number died young. Too wild, too beautiful for this world. The other three rocked on into the next century, but during Globalsoft's first battles for the soul of the planet, all three were captured and secretly killed. It is said that the hairiest of the gang - a man named Bri-Anne - was granted a final wish before execution. He asked to be able to play one last guitar solo, and was therefore able to postpone his death by three and a half days.

Where are the instruments, Galileo Figaro?

**Galileo:** Me? How would I know, 'man'? A couple of weeks ago I was virtually a Virtual Highschool dropout. Why would the rock gods tell me the answer?

*(there is the sound of heavy machinery)*

**Scaramouche:** What's going on?

**Pop:** Don't freak out, sweet lady, they're just draining the lake. They steal our water all the time now. It's almost down to its original level.

**Galileo:** Hey - hey, look! What's that, emerging from the water? A man!

**Scaramouche:** A statue.

**Galileo:** A hero - made of bronze and rock.

**Scaramouche:** Who is it? Who does it represent?

**Pop:** I know this man! I saw many images in the secret histories! He is one of the freedom fighters of Queen, the first to die! The greatest, brightest star of his time!

**Scaramouche:** Star...bright star! Gazza! Your dream! A bright star, that will show the way! It's not a star in the sky at all - it's a rock star!

**Pop:** Freaky.

**Galileo:** But what's it showing us?

**Scaramouche:** The way! It must be! The way to the place of living rock. Living rock isn't granite at all - it's music.

**Galileo:** But Queen buried the instruments there. How can they be buried in music?

**Pop:** No, man, the place of living rock. Live rock'n'roll music! It's pointing towards it, dude! The star is facing north! Well, north and a little bit west, actually. The place he once ruled - the place where people came together to play together and be together!

**Galileo:** The place where the champions played!

**Pop:** The place of champions! The old arena, I'm sure of it. The machines may have destroyed the stands and towers but they could never destroy the vibe of what they once called - Wembley Stadium.

**Scaramouche:** We must go, quickly! Well, now the stars shown us the way, it can guide the police there too. There's no time to lose.

**Pop:** I'll come with you, I can show you how to get there.

**Galileo:** But we need transport. I mean, we need wheels.

**Bohemians:**  
**Bicycle! Bicycle! Bicycle!**

**Scaramouche:** Bugger that! We're going to save rock'n'roll, we can't turn up on a bike!

**Pop:** Very eco.

**Scaramouche:** But it's not very cool.

**Pop:** You're right, crazy lady. We'll take my Harley.

*(black tabs and a video screen come down behind them as a motorbike rises through the floor)*

Rock's transport of choice. Not as fast, clean or efficient as a Japanese bike, but it sounds humungous.

*(he starts it and climbs on. To SCARAMOUCHE:)*

Get on behind me, baby.

*(she does so)*

Nice. It's been years since I've felt the soft warm thighs of a rebel chick wrapped round my skinny white arse.

*(apalled, SCARAMOUCHE jumps off the bike)*

**Scaramouche:** Forget it. I'll go in front.

*(she climbs back on, in front of him this time)*

**Pop:** All right, but don't blame me if I push the bone.

*(SCARAMOUCHE leaps away from him, right to the front of the seat)*

**Scaramouche:** I think I'm going to puke! Gazza, you get on behind me. And don't get any fresh ideas.

**Galileo:** It is time. Time to avenge the mighty Queen. Time to avenge them all!

**Scaramouche:** The word rhymes with 'banker'.

**Pop:**

**Get on your bikes and ride!**

*(GALILEO climbs on between POP and SCARAMOUCHE. The bike takes off (apparently) and flies to its destination. On the screen behind them we see the path of their journey - across the sea, past the remains of Stonehenge, overtaking Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, past the Millenium Dome with the Globalsoft logo on it, and finally to the gates of Wembley Stadium)*

**Galileo:** Rock'n'roll!

**Pop:** Find me a bat! I want to bite its head off!

**All:**

**And you're rushing headlong**

**Galileo:**

**Down the highway**

**All:**

**And you're rushing headlong**

**Scaramouche:**

**Out of control**

**All:**  
**And you think you're so strong**

**Pop:**  
**But there ain't no stopping**

**All:**  
**And there's nothing you can**  
**Nothing you can do about it**  
**Headlong!**

*(at the gates they get off the motorbike, which sinks back into the stage)*

**Galileo:** Nothing. Nothing at all.

**Pop:** Bummer.

**Galileo:** There aren't any instruments here! There isn't even any rock.

**Pop:** Just rubble.

**Galileo:** This place must have been destroyed centuries ago. It's no place of champions any more, if it ever was. I've failed, Scaramouche. I'll never find where the holy axe was hidden. I'll never play the lost riffs. My dreams - they never came true.

**Scaramouche:** Don't blame yourself, Gazza. It's not your fault.

**Galileo:** Thanks, Scaramouche.

**Scaramouche:** I mean it's not your fault you're a spineless, gutless, whinging little crybaby!

**Galileo:** Excuse me?

**Scaramouche:** I know why you can't find the guitar, mate! What was it Pop said? Queen wove deep and terrible spells to protect the instruments from those not worthy of playing them!

**Galileo:** You mean me?

**Pop:** Ouch.

**Scaramouche:** What do you think the mighty Queen died for? What? So you could act like a pathetic little coward? You wanted to be a rock star? They wouldn't let you in a boy band!

**Galileo:** Hey! Babe! I'm getting a little sick of this self-righteous thing of yours, all right? We tried, we failed. The instruments aren't here. Get over it!

**Scaramouche:** Then we'll just have to make music without them!

**Galileo:** What? A capella?

**Pop:** No!

**Scaramouche:** If necessary!

**Pop:** No! It is never necessary!

**Scaramouche:** Isn't that what it was all about? In the beginning? It was kids, doing it for themselves! They were playing in the streets, in the garages!

**Pop:** Yes, it was, it was!

**Scaramouche:** So come on, Gazza! Where's the bloke I used to love? Where's the bloke with the lead in his pencil? Where is Shagileo Gigolo?

**Galileo:** Right here, babe!

**Scaramouche:** Then prove it! Are we gonna rock, or what?

**Galileo:** Yes! Yes we are! I don't need any second-hand instruments to make music with, I can make music on my own. The music of a human being, and not of a machine!

**Scaramouche:** Right on!

**Pop:** Hello, Wembley!

*(silence)*

**Galileo:** But not without you, Scaramouche. Don't you remember what Britney Spears said before he died? Making music is about love. You do it for your baby. And I can only do it for you. I

love you with all my heart. Please come back to me. Because if you don't, I don't know if I can do this thing. And the kids'll forever be in chains!

**Scaramouche:** Oh, god. Talk about emotional blackmail...

*(she kisses him)*

**Pop:** Ooh, I've gone all tingly.

*(they part)*

**Scaramouche:** So - let's rock!

**Galileo:** Yeah!

I don't know how to start.

**Scaramouche:** Well, come on buddy, you're a boy....

**Pop:** Make a big noise!

**Scaramouche:** Playing in the street...

**Pop:** ...gonna be a big man some day!

**Galileo:** Wait - that's it.

**Buddy...**

**Buddy, you're a boy**

**Make a big noise**

**Playing in the street**

**Gonna be a big man some day**

**You got mud on your face**

**You big disgrace**

**Kicking your can all over the place**

**Pop:** What a curiously exhilarating collection of words!

**Galileo:** Scaramouche - can you hear it? The beat! It's returning!

*(sure enough, we hear the beat. Soon we can hear it all over the auditorium, as well)*

**Buddy, you're a boy**

**Make a big noise**

**Playing in the street**

**Gonna be a big man some day**

**You got mud on your face**

**You big disgrace**

**Kicking your can all over the place**

**Singing**

**We will, we will rock you**

**We will, we will rock you**

**We will, we will rock you**

*(suddenly, on the of the gateposts splits open, revealing a guitar)*

**Scaramouche:** What's happening?

**Pop:** Thunderbolts and lightning, very very frightening!

**Galileo:** An instrument! A real musical instrument!

**Scaramouche:** So they do exist, after all!

**Pop:** The dream machine! The greatest weapon on freedom known to mankind! An electric guitar! Seize it, Shagileo Gigolo! For none but the just shall play the hairy one's mighty axe! None but the kids!

*(GALILEO takes the electric guitar)*

**Scaramouche:** Wow. You're my guitar hero.

**Galileo:** Yes I am, baby. And now - let's rock!

*(he tries to play it but is very bad)*

**Pop:** Ooh, no, the rebirth of modern jazz.

**Scaramouche:** Give me that.

*(she takes the guitar and plays it)*

**Galileo:** The hairy one is back. And this time, she's a babe.

**Scaramouche:** So - I'll play, you sing.

**Pop:** And I'll be a groupie! Would anyone like to see my tits?

**Scaramouche:** Shut up, Pop!

**Pop:** Message received and understood. But first -

**Galileo:** What're you doing, Pop?

**Pop:** What do you think? I'm hacking into the Globalsoft mainframe, and emailing the power of rock to ever GaGa kid on the planet! Soon they'll all be bohemians!

**Scaramouche:** But Pop, Killer Queen will get your message too!

**Pop:** Oh, no, man! She just did! She wants to schedule a meeting....we're all going to be downsized!

*(a video screen descends, showing KILLER QUEEN)*

**Killer Queen:** Who dares to play live rock on Planet Mall?

**Galileo:** I do! Me - and my baby!

**Scaramouche:** Oi, steady!

**Killer Queen:** I've heard your music, boy, and you - you are going to be huge! You'll make a million trillion zillion! I'm thinking merchandising, spin-offs, rip-offs, GaGas, go go! Napster, crapster! By tomorrow morning your face could be on every coke can in the universe! What you need is a manager!

**Galileo:** I don't think so, Queen! Shagileo Gigolo only rocks for the kids.

**Killer Queen:** You mean, for free?

**Galileo:** Yes. Yes I do! Pop, get me my mike.

**Pop:** I shall be thy roadie!

**Killer Queen:** Nooooooooo!

*(her screen ascends)*

**Galileo:**

**Buddy, you're a boy**

**Make a big noise**

**Playing in the street**

**Gonna be a big man some day**

**You got mud on your face**

**You big disgrace**

**Kicking your can all over the place**

*(BOHEMIANS enter behind the gates. SCARAMOUCHE shows them the guitar, and POP breaks the lock so they can all come through)*

**All:**

**We will, we will rock you**

**We will, we will rock you**

**Galileo:**

**Buddy, you're a young man, hard man**

**Shouting in the street**

**Gonna take on the world some day**

**You got blood on your face  
You big disgrace  
Waving your banner all over the place**

**All:  
We will, we will rock you  
We will, we will rock you**

**Galileo:  
Buddy, you're an old man, poor man  
Pleading with your eyes  
Gonna make you some peace some day  
You got mud on your face  
You big disgrace  
Somebody better put you back into your place**

**All:  
We will, we will rock you  
We will, we will rock you  
We will, we will rock you  
We will, we will rock you**

**Galileo:  
I've paid my dues  
Time after time  
I've done my sentence  
But committed no crime  
And bad mistakes  
I've made a few  
I've had my share of sand  
Kicked in my face  
But I've come through**

**All:  
And we mean to go on and on and on and on  
We are the champions, my friends  
And we'll keep on fighting till the end  
We are the champions  
We are the champions  
No time for losers  
'Cause we are the champions of the world  
We are the champions, my friends  
And we'll keep on fighting till the end  
We are the champions  
We are the champions  
No time for losers  
'Cause we are the champions of the world**

*(walkdown music and bows. After everyone has taken a bow, the words 'Do you want Bohemian Rhapsody?' come up on the video screens. After more applause they are followed by 'Oh.....all right then.')*

**Galileo:  
Mama, just killed a man  
Put a gun against his head  
Pulled my trigger, now he's dead  
Mama, life had just begun  
But now I've gone and thrown it all away**

**Mama, ooo  
Didn't mean to make you cry  
If I'm not back again this time tomorrow  
Carry on, carry on, as if nothing really matters**

**Scaramouche:  
Too late, my time has come  
Sends shivers down my spine  
My body's aching all the time  
Goodbye everybody - I've got to go  
Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth**

**Galileo:  
Mama, ooo**

**Chorus:  
Anyway the wind blows**

**Galileo:  
I don't want to die  
I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all**

**Khashoggi:  
I see a little silhouette of a man**

**Chorus:  
Scaramouche, scaramouche will you do the fandango  
Thunderbolt and lightning - very very frightening me  
Galileo**

**Galileo:  
Galileo**

**Chorus:  
Galileo**

**Galileo:  
Galileo**

**Chorus:  
Galileo figaro magnifico**

**Galileo:  
I'm just a poor boy, nobody loves me**

**Chorus:  
He's just a poor boy, from a poor family  
Spare him his life from this monstrosity**

**Galileo:  
Easy come, easy go  
Will you let me go**

**Chorus:  
Bismillah! No, we will not let you go  
Bismillah! We will not let you go, let him go  
Bismillah! We will not let you go**

**Galileo:**  
Let me go

**Chorus:**  
Will not let you go

**Galileo:**  
Let me go

**Chorus:**  
Never let you go

**Galileo:**  
Let me go  
Never let me go

**Chorus:**  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no

**Galileo:**  
Oh mama mia, mama mia

**Chorus:**  
Mama mia let me go  
Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me  
For me, for me

**Killer Queen:**  
So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye  
So you think you can love me and leave me to die

**Chorus:**  
Oh baby, can't do this to me baby  
Just gotta get out, just gotta get right outta here

**Galileo:**  
Nothing really matters

**Scaramouche:**  
Anyone can see

**Galileo:**  
Nothing really matters  
Nothing really matters to me  
Anyway the wind blows...