

Killer Queen: Commander Khashoggi!

*[KHASHOGGI appears on the video screen.]*

Khashoggi: You...screamed for me, Ma'am.

Killer Queen: The Globalsoft board and I have been discussing your recent security memo. You speak of a legend. Do you take it seriously?

Khashoggi: Yes, Ma'am, I'm afraid that I do!

*[The YUPPIES all gasp.]*

Khashoggi: It is said that a single musical instrument still exists somewhere on the iPlanet, at the place of Champions, hidden within the living rock and that a bright bright star will show the way.

Yuppies: Oh No!!

Khashoggi: Oh Yes!

Killer Queen: Does such a place exist?

Khashoggi: It is said that a single musical instrument still exists somewhere on the iPlanet, at the place of Champions, hidden within the living rock and that a bright bright star will show the way.

Killer Queen: Star! What bright star? I am the only bright star that counts. Me! The Killer Queen! I, who was once a lowly character in a Globalsoft computer game! I who made the leap into real time! Uploading myself into my own programmer! I'm half human, half pixelated and all bad. There is no instrument, Khashoggi, and there is no star on the iPlanet but me!

*[The YUPPIES clap 3 times.]*

Killer Queen: Two more. *[The YUPPIES clap twice.]* That's it.

Khashoggi: Just so, Madam. But the rebels believe the legend and they remain a threat.

Killer Queen: The Bohemians!

Khashoggi: Of course.

Killer Queen: Who are these people? What do they want?

Khashoggi: They want it all, Ma'am. And they want it now. They want...their Rhapsody.

Killer Queen: That is a proscribed word, Commander. No such state of being exists.

Khashoggi: Not yet, Ma'am.

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, funky, get-down, booty-shakin', bump and grind, hip-hoppin', show-stoppin', be-boppin', Rock'n'Roll music?

Khashoggi: That is what they believe, Ma'am.

Killer Queen: Then there will be no Rhapsody, for there are no instruments left on the iPlanet and the kids will never, EVER rock again! Be gone!

*[KHASHOGGI disappears.]*

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 the iPlanet! They will laugh when I tell them! Cry when I tell them! And sing what I tell them to sing! Take a memo...