PREPARE 2 OF THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS – BECOME FAMILIAR WITH BOTH PARTS IN EACH

**GALILEO AND SCARAMOUCHE**

GALILEO We're all that's left now, Scaramouche. The Bohemians are finished. The Hard Rock destroyed. Only we escaped.

SCARAMOUCHE Britney Spears died to save us.

GALILEO And I don't want to die. I've found something to live for.

SCARAMOUCHE The dream?

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

SCARAMOUCHE Yes. I know. And probably killed.

GALILEO I love you, Scaramouche

SCARAMOUCHE Well -- I love you too...Gal.

GALILEO Scaramouche! I have to go back to the Hard Rock Cafe

SCARAMOUCHE Yeah, right. Duh. That’s clever because there’s no chance this might be a trap.

GALILEO I have to risk it.

SCARAMOUCHE Don’t be dumb. There could easily be cops all over the place. I should go, not you.

GALILEO Forget it, Scaramouche. This is my fight

SCARAMOUCHE Excuse me? How do you work that out?

GALILEO Because I’m The Man! Britney Spears said so.

SCARAMOUCHE Exactly. Which is why it’s stupid for you to risk your life. I’m dispensable. You stay here.

GALILEO Oh yeah, like I’m really going to let my chick go fight my battles for me!

SCARAMOUCHE Let your chick? Excuse me, but at what point in this relationship did you actually take the douche pill?

GALILEO Oh, you are such a pain with this constant female assertion thing!

SCARAMOUCHE Fine! Then I guess we know where we stand.

GALILEO You and me could write a Bad Romance!

**BRIT AND OZ**

BRIT Long live Rock ‘n’ Roll!

OZ Long live Rock ‘n’ Roll!

BRIT Whatever it is!

OZ Yeah!

BRIT Now your job is to take this stuff back to Vegas, back to the Hard Rock Cafe.

OZ But, Brit...

BRIT No! I travel alone. You know that. I can't do the things I have to do if all I'm thinking about...(does three Kung Fu moves)...is you.

OZ Sometimes I wish you didn’t care so much...that we’d never even heard of the ‘vibe.’

BRIT You don’t mean that.

OZ No, I guess not. But I miss you so much, Baby. It gets tougher every time you go away.

BRIT I’ll come back. I always come back. And one day...(throws out arm and looks at bicep) Babe...check out my guns!

OZ Lookin’ good, hun.

BRIT I know, right? What was I saying?

OZ One day.

BRIT And one day, I’ll bring the Dreamer with me.

OZ Maybe it's us that’s dreaming. Maybe the music really did die.

BRIT It's only sleeping, Baby. It's in a deep, deep sleep. It won't be me that wakes it, but some day...(does three Kung Fu moves)...I'll find the man who can.

OZ Oh I love it when you do that.

BRIT I know you do, Baby. I love it too. But if I could just find the lost vibe, well then we could share our love with the whole world. And you know what we get then, don't you, Babe?

OZ What?

BRIT We’d...get it...ALL

**KILLER QUEEN AND KASHOGGI**

KILLER QUEEN Commander Khashoggi!

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! It is said that a single musical instrument still exists somewhere on the iPlanet, hidden within the living rock, where the King sleeps and music hangs silent in the air.

KILLER QUEEN Does such a place exist?

KHASHOGGI Who can tell, Ma’am! The legend states that he who seeks it must first go where old Rockers never die and where 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!

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! 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...

**BUDDY AND X**

X Buddy, you’re here! I knew it! I dreamt it! The Bohemians are back in the Hard Rock and the revolution is on!

BUDDY They’re not there, Dude. Their bodies found their way home but their spirits never made the plane. They’ve been processed. They’ll end their days as washed-up, brain-dead casualties, living a twilight existence on beer, bourbon and memories. I could think of worse ways to go.

X Khashoggi did this to you?

BUDDY Yep. We all got processed.

X So how come you’re still standing?

BUDDY I was wondering the same thing myself, sweet lady. I think the vy-day-oh tappee protected me, cloaking me in the vibe.

X You managed to keep it from Khashoggi?

BUDDY It must have stayed with me for a purpose, that somehow it holds the key. But, I still have no way to unlock it. For all the use it is I might as well shove it in that slot in the box under the tee-lee-vy-zee-own.

X Oh my God. You’re not telling me you haven’t tried that?

BUDDY No. Why?

X Honestly...

BUDDY No way, sweet lady. Vy-day-ohs weren’t like no iCloud. They were real, physical, spinning gizmos, and when they jammed, they jammed. It foretells of a time when kids would be caught in a landslide of fantasy! iPhones and X-boxes. And computer-recorded-autotuned-pop. C-R-A-P.

X Crap.