

(BREATHE DEEPLY) (SIGHS) (COUGHS) RICHARD: It's 12:00 noon in London. 7:00 a.m. in Philadelphia. And around the world, it's time for Live Aid. Wembley welcomes their Royal Highnesses... the Prince and Princess of Wales. (AUDIENCE CHEERING) (SOMEBODY TO LOVE PLAYING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER) (HORN HONKING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER) David, look at me. (CROWD CHEERING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER) (GRUNTING) Oi! You missed one, Pakkie! I'm not from Pakistan. (DOING ALL RIGHT PLAYING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER ON TV) JER: Dinner is ready. I'm not hungry, Mum. Hmm, where are you going? - Out with friends. - A girl? - FREDDIE: Oh, Mum. - Look at you. Give your mother a kiss. I'm going to be late. You're always late. KASHMIRA: Hi, Papa. How was work? Out again, Farrokh? It's Freddie now, Papa. Freddie or Farrokh... what difference does it make when you're out every night... no thought of the future in your head? Good thoughts, good words, good deeds. That's what you should aspire to. FREDDIE: Yes. And how's that worked out for you? (INDISTINCT CHATTER) (SINGING DOING ALL RIGHT) (CROWD CONTINUES CHATTERING) MAN: Yeah, they're better than last week. - GIRL 1: They're a cool band. - GIRL 2: Yeah, not bad. GIRL 1: Yeah. BARTENDER: What can I get for you? FREDDIE: Pint of lager. - Thank you. - Thanks. (INDISTINCT CHATTER) (CONTINUES SINGING) (CROWD CHEERING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER) See you, mate. Humpty Bong? Humpty Bong. They're going places. They're gonna be big. Humpty Bong? Are you joking? Don't do it, Tim. No, I'm sorry, guys, but... we're not going anywhere with this. What? College gigs, pubs? (SIGHS) Gotta give it a go. So I just said to him, "No, you can't do that." MAN: You literally can't hear anything. MARY: It's a bit silly. But then everyone else was in, like, long dresses? How bizarre. You all right? Sorry. Oh, I was just looking for the band. They're usually out back. I like your coat. MARY: It's from Biba. She works there. MARY: Thank you. ROGER: I think he's right. That show was a load of bollocks. Well, there was room for improvement, yeah. I've got better things to do with my Saturday nights. I could give you their names. I enjoyed the show. - Thanks, man. - Thank you. I've been following you for a while, actually. Smile. Makes sense for a dental student. And you're astrophysics, aren't you? - Yeah. - Makes you the clever one. Yeah, I suppose it does, yeah. I study design here. - ROGER: Oh, yeah? - Yeah. Also, um, I write songs. Might be of interest to you. It's just a bit of fun, really. Well, you're five minutes too late. Our lead singer just quit. Well, then you'll need someone new. Any ideas? What about me? Uh, not with those teeth, mate. (ROGER CHUCKLES) I know what I'm doin' I got a feeling I should be doin' all right ALL: (HARMONIZING) Doin' all right (CHUCKLING) I was born with four additional incisors. More space in my mouth means more range. I'll consider your offer. Uh, do you play bass? Nope. (INDISTINCT CHATTER) Excuse me. Thanks. So, you found me, then. - How can I help you? - Oh. Um, I rather liked these. Do you think you have them in my size? This is the ladies' section, so I'm not exactly sure. There wasn't a sign or anything. I don't think it should really matter, do you? I thought you might like this. Are you even allowed to be in here? No, not really. One more thing. May I? You have such

an exotic look. I love your style. I think we should all take more risks. What do you think? WOMAN 1: Oh, cheers. Thank you. Hello, everybody. (SCATTERED CHEERING AND APPLAUDING) We've got a few fresh faces. This is John Deacon, our bass player. Yeah, and our new lead singer... Freddie Bul... Bulsara... Freddie Bulsara. That's right. And Roger, of course. The biggest member of them all. WOMAN 2: Hey, Roger! Hello, all you beautiful people. - (CHUCKLES) - Where's Tim? Who's the Pakkie? Ready, Freddie? Let's do it. (CROWD MOCKING AND LAUGHING) Keep yourself alive (CROWD EXCLAIMING) (GRUNTS) I was told a million times Of all the troubles in my way Mind you grow a little wiser Little better every day But if I rode a million rivers - And I crossed a million miles - No, no. - Still be where I started - Wrong lyric! - Bread and butter for a smile - Wrong lyric. Sold a million mirrors In shopping alley ways But I never saw my face In any window any day Now they say your folks are telling you Be a super star Tell you, just be satisfied And stay right where you are Keep yourself alive Keep yourself alive All you people Keep yourself alive Learn the song, Freddie. (CROWD CHEERING) (HORN HONKS) You're late. ROGER: This is bollocks! (JOHN GRUNTING) BRIAN: It's counterclockwise, I think you'll find, John. Oh, is it? Thank you, Brian. Would you like to do it? Please, feel free. No, no, no. Doing a good job. We sold out every pub and uni south of Glasgow... and I'm stuck in the middle of nowhere, eating a ham sandwich! Trouble is, we're just not thinking big enough. What have you got in mind, Fred? An album. We can't afford an album. Oh, we'll find a way. How much do you think we can get for this van? I hope you're joking. That's three months' wages. And a perfectly good van. Don't be so dramatic, darling. You're recording an album tonight. Let's go! (MUSIC PLAYING) (MUSIC STOPS PLAYING) Don't you think I sound like shit? No, it's good. - Can we try it again? - Sure, yeah. Sure, it's your money. Literally. (SINGING SEVEN SEAS OF RHYE) (VOCALIZES SOFTLY) Sounds a lot better. BRIAN: We need to get experimental. Try bouncing us left and right for the ah-ah-ahs. (RECORDED SONG PLAYING) Now dead center for the last. And then blast it! Yes! (LAUGHING) That's good, right? Do we have time to stack a few more? The studio opens at 8:00, so we got 30 more minutes. Hmm. - That sounds good, right? - Yeah. (INDISTINCT CHATTER) Oi, RT, who are these kids in the box? A student band doing some weird stuff. How about demos? You got some? (SIGHS) Been up all night, mate. (GRUNTS) (SIGHS) So the new name is Queen? As in "Her Royal Highness." And because it's outrageous... and I can't think of anyone more outrageous than me. (CHUCKLES) This is the most impractical bed. That's beautiful. Think it has potential. - I have to go to work. - I simply won't allow it. You're going to support me if I get fired? I'll always look after you. I'm going to... (CHUCKLES) I'm going to be late. How beautiful you are. MARY: When I was a little girl... I used to run around the house and hide and... he couldn't find me. Clever girl. Please tell your father it's nice to meet him. I have. Then thank him for the lovely birthday cake. I have. Then tell him his daughter's an epic shag. Freddie, he can read lips. JER: Mary... I can't tell you how long I have waited for Farrokh... to bring home a nice girl like you. Farrokh? Did Farrokh

not tell you he was born in Zanzibar? - No, he did not. - ROGER: I used to know a girl - who was Zanzibari. - One minute. I thought Freddie was born in London. - Oh, he was. At the age of 18. - Shut up. Our family is Indian Parsee. - Mum. Mum, Mum. - Mary... - Mum. - KASHMIRA: Mum, please... Here. Have a look at these. - Yes. Yeah. - Please! Please. - No stopping. - BRIAN: We need to see those. A thousand years ago, the Parsees fled to India from Persia... to escape Muslim persecution. BRIAN: Really? That's terrible. So why did you leave Zanzibar? BOMI: We didn't leave. He's so small. We were chased out with just the clothes on our backs. He was quite a good boxer, actually. (SINGING HAPPY BIRTHDAY) KASHMIRA: He had to be. His opponents went for his teeth always trying to punch them in. - (ALL LAUGH) - ROGER: Certainly a target. BRIAN: So how old is he in this photo? JER: I think three or four years old. BRIAN: Really? Boxing already at that age? KASHMIRA: So good. (CONTINUES SINGING) Mercury? No looking back. Only forward. So now the family name's not good enough for you? It's just a stage name. No, it's not. I changed it legally. Got a new passport and everything. - (CHUCKLES) - Kash, how old are you here? KASHMIRA: I don't know. It was before Freddie went off to boarding school. I sent Farrokh away to make a good Parsee boy of him. He was too wild and unruly. But what good did it do? Good thoughts, good words, good deeds. (PLAYING PIANO AND SINGING) (PHONE RINGING) You can't get anywhere pretending to be someone you're not. JER: Who'd like some cake? Cake is always good. Hello? Just a moment. Freddie Mercury. Phone call. FREDDIE: Quite like the sound of that. Freddie tells me that you're some sort of a scientist. - Astrophysics, actually. - Oh. Yeah, my father would've preferred it if I continued. - When? - JER: That's very clever. - He's a dentist. - I was never a dentist. That's a picture I want to see. He's a dentist. I see. That's also quite clever, actually. Kash... what are you doing later? Homework. (CLEARS THROAT) ROGER: Just making conversation. BRIAN: What kind of music was he listening to back in those days? JER: Uh, he was listening to Little Richard. - JOHN: Very good. - BRIAN: Richard, yeah. JER: And his first band... I have an announcement. One of the AR men... from EMI saw us recording. Gave our demo to John Reid. He looks after Elton John. Oh, my God. Mr. Reid wants to meet us... and possibly, even manage us. - Shut up. - You're joking! Oh, my God! (EXCITED CHATTER) ROGER: You're sure he said 12 o'clock? BRIAN: Yes. "Midday at the pub, don't be drunk." That's what he said. JOHN: You look a bit nervous, Brian. BRIAN: John, I'm fine. JOHN: You're usually so particular. ROGER: You just gotta be cool. - BRIAN: Wow! - MAN: Wanker. I didn't know it was fancy dress, Fred. I've gotta make an impression, darling. BRIAN: You look like an angry lizard. (LAUGHS) - JOHN: It's your best work. - Very subtle. JOHN: You gonna fly away? Can I borrow it for Sunday church? So, this is Queen. And you must be Freddie Mercury. You've got a gift. You all have. So tell me... what makes Queen any different from all the other wannabe rock stars I meet? I'll tell you what it is. We're four misfits who don't belong together, playing to the other misfits. The outcasts right at the back of the room... who are pretty sure they don't belong either. We belong to them. We're a family.

ROGER: But no two of us are the same. Paul. Paul Prenter... meet Queen... our new signing. Paul will be looking after your day-to-day. PAUL: Pleasure. If I can get you on the radio... maybe I can get you on television. - Top of the Pops? - Hopefully. And then? And then... it's only the biggest television program in the country. No one's ever even heard of you. Look, I admire your enthusiasm. If it goes well, if it happens... I've got a promotional tour of Japan in mind. We'll want more. Every band wants more. Every band's not Queen. - Listen, I understand. - Hurry up. I understand that it's the policy of the BBC. - DIRECTOR: We have procedures. - This is shit! I need you to explain it to the band, please. - Okay, let's make it quick. - PAUL: Freddie, boys. Look, chaps, it is going to be playback. Lip synch's all that's required. We do know how to play our instruments. FREDDIE: You want me to lip synch? I don't understand why we can't simply perform live. The audience will never know the difference. We'll know the bloody difference. This is the BBC. That's how things are done around here. All right? Don't be a nuisance. Freddie, it'll be great. You'll just have to make sure no one's looking at your lips. ROGER: Well, the way things are done are a load of bollocks, old chap. This is the BBC. I'm relieved. You would be. Perfect performance. (SONG PLAYING ON SPEAKERS) (LIP-SYNCING) She's a Killer Queen Gunpowder, gelatine Dynamite with a laser beam Guaranteed to blow your mind Anytime DIRECTOR: Number two, only above the waist. Camera up! Camera two! No one wants to see this while they're eating their meal. Drop of a hat she's as willing as Playful as a pussy cat Momentarily out of action Temporarily out of gas To absolutely drive you wild, wild (CROWD CHEERING) What was it like singing for all those people? When I know they're listening... when I know I really have them... I couldn't sing off-key if I tried. I'm exactly the person I was always meant to be. I'm not afraid of anything. The only other time I ever feel that way is when I'm with you. - Don't move. - (CHUCKLES) Don't move. You're the love of my life. Freddie. Which finger do I put this on? (GASPS LIGHTLY) Wedding finger. Will you marry me? Yes! Are you gonna leave it in the box? (MARY CHUCKLES) Freddie, it's beautiful. I love it. Promise me you'll never take it off. Oh, I promise. No matter what. I love you, Freddie. You're going to do such great things. We're going to do great things. ROGER: Your phone's off the hook. This is Crystal. Cheryl! Oh, that's right. My mistake. Where's your loo? Uh, just down the hall. Oh, come on in. Make yourselves at home. Don't mind us. Hello, Mary. How's your dad? Yeah, pretty well. Thanks. - Good. - What's going on, Brian? Well, if you'd answered your phone, you'd know already. This really isn't a good time, guys. John Reid called today. He has a little tour in mind for us. ROGER: It's not little, Brian. He's booked us a tour of America. The album's hit the charts in the U.S.! Oh, yes! (CHUCKLES) - Yes! - (LAUGHS) Yes! (ALL LAUGHING) BRIAN: It's happening! Now, who wants to take a ride? (FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS PLAYING) (CROWD CHEERING) FREDDIE: We love you, Cleveland! We love you, Houston! We love you, Denver! Very happy to be here! MARY: And are the crowds big? Well, we're selling out every night. I just wish you were here to see it. They really love us. We love you, Portland! He's got a big ass, too! We love you,

New Orleans! We love you, Atlanta! (CROWD CHEERING) FREDDIE: Rog, come down here and say hello. We love you, Pittsburgh! - Roger! - FRED-DIE: Now, hit it! MARY: I'm good. I just miss you. FREDDIE: What are you doing? You can't possibly be having any fun without me. Nothing as exciting as America. (CROWD CHEERING) Say hi to the boys for me. I will. Love you. Bye, Freddie. I love you. (SINGING FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS) (CROWD CHEERING) - (SIGHS) - (CLICKS TONGUE) (SIGHS) Hello. - JOHN: You're late. - FREDDIE: Am I? We saved you a seat. - Lovely. - REID: Okay. So, now that we're all here... Jim, this is Ray Foster. Ray, this is the band's lawyer, Jim Beach. Hello. You must stop calling him that. That's his name. No, we cannot keep calling him "Jim Beach." No, that's absurd, not to mention, unspeakably boring. - Miami. - (CHUCKLES) From now on, I dub thee "Miami Beach." The sun always sets behind you, doesn't it? On Miami Beach. Hmm, right. Now that everybody's got an acceptable name... let's get to it. Look... we just really need something special. More hits... like Killer Queen... only bigger. It's not bloody widgets we're making. We can't just reproduce Killer Queen. FREDDIE: No. We can do better. (OPERA MUSIC PLAYING) (CHUCKLES) It's opera. - Opera! - Opera! There seems to be an echo in here. (CHUCKLING) See, we don't want to repeat ourselves. The same formula over and over. Formulas are a complete and utter waste of time. Formulas work. Let's stick with the formulas. I like formulas. We'll call the album... A Night at the Opera. Are you aware that no one actually likes opera? I like opera. - Do you? - I do. FREDDIE: No, don't misunderstand, darling. It's a rock and roll record... with the scale of opera... the pathos of Greek tragedy... the wit of Shakespeare... the unbridled joy of musical theater. - It's a musical experience. - Yeah. Rather than just another record. Something for everyone... something... Hmm. Something that will make people feel belongs to them. We'll mix genres, we'll cross boundaries... we'll speak in bloody tongues if we want to. There's no musical ghetto that can contain us. - That's it. - No one knows what Queen means because it doesn't mean one thing. What do you think, John? I... agree with the band. Of course you do. How about you, uh... - Miami. - Hmm. Fortune favors the bold. Surely, a man of your... unique taste... isn't afraid of a little risk? Please don't make me regret this. You're fun. Recording studio? Well, the idea was to get away from all distractions. Right, I know it's not the Ritz. Not even close. - Roger, you're in here. - Right. Freddie, this is you. Biggest room. Brian, that's you. John, you're downstairs. (SIGHS) PAUL: And... this is all yours, John. Smaller rooms don't get nearly as cold. Okay. (CHUCKLES LIGHTLY) Hmm. (SNIFFLES) Oh, that's really good. FREDDIE: Love of my life, you've hurt me You've broken my heart And now you leave me Love of my life, can't you see? Bring it back, bring it back Bring it back, bring it back Don't take it away from me Because you don't know What it means to me PAUL: Hmm. It's beautiful. What's it called? Love of My Life. I wrote it for Mary. If you say so. (FREDDIE CHUCKLES) Don't misunderstand, Paul. Mary knows me in a way that no one else ever will. I know you, Freddie Mercury. Is that what you think? Oh, no, you don't know me. You just see what you want to see. We work together. That's all. (COWS

MOOING) (CHICKENS CLUCKING) I put my heart and soul into this song. No one is disputing that. And you don't like it because you want your songs on the album! - It's not that, Roger. - Then what is it? I'm in Love with My Car. Maybe it's not strong enough? ROGER: What does that even mean, "not strong enough"? I know I'm late. What did I miss? Discussing Roger's car song. BRIAN: Is it strong enough? That's all I'm asking. If I'm on my own here, then I apologize. How does your new song go, then, hmm? "You call me sweet... "like I'm some kind of cheese." - It's good. - Wow. "When my hand's on your grease gun..." That's very subtle, isn't it? It's a metaphor, Brian. It's just a bit weird, Roger. What exactly are you doing with that car? FREDDIE: Children, please. We could all murder each other... but then who would be left to record this album? Statistically speaking, most bands don't fail, they break up. FREDDIE: Why the hell would you say something like that? Roger, there's only room in this band for one hysterical queen. BRIAN: You know why you're angry, Roger? ROGER: Why? 'Cause you know your song isn't strong enough. - JOHN: Not... - Is that strong enough? What about that? BRIAN AND JOHN: Not the coffee machine! Goodbye, everybody I've got to go Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth Mama Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh I don't wanna die I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all (EXHALES AND CHUCKLES) (INHALES DEEPLY) (MUSIC STOPS) BRIAN: What next? That was pretty damn good. Brilliant. I love that. BRIAN: Press the button, Freddie. I know, I know where it is. I know where... Knock, knock. Good. FREDDIE: It's good. Um... You know, play it like you wrote it. Well, I did. I wrote that part. Taking the piss. BRIAN: Okay. Are you happy? I think it's beautiful. It's almost perfect. BRIAN: Almost? Yes, give it more rock and roll. I'm always up for that, Fred. FREDDIE: Put your body into it. Right. Okay. Put my body into it. I got it. Not like that. No, I got it. I got it. Bit more soul, yeah? All right. Give it more heart. I'll do that. We good to go? Roy, you good? Oh, and then there's the operatic section. You're gonna love it. The operatic section? - I know, it sounds crazy. - I love it, Fred. I love it. I don't know. It could be a flop. - It could work. - I love it! (CHUCKLES) What have we got to lose? (CHUCKLES) Nothing. If you say so. Okay, let's go. Deacy. (RECORDED MUSIC PLAYING) (SINGING BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY) ROGER: How was that? - JOHN: Freddie? - Higher. Can you go a bit higher? If I go any higher, only dogs will hear me. Try. Freddie's note. Sorry. ROGER: (GROANS) Go on, roll the tape. Overdub 24 of "Fred's Thing." (SINGING BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY) How was that? - Better? - Higher. Jesus! How many more "Galileos" do you want? Freddie wants to do a few more overdubs. Do we even have any tape left? I do have to say the tape is wearing out. It can't take much more. Yeah, we can't afford much more. We're already three weeks over schedule. Dub 26 of "Fred's Thing." One more, one more. FREDDIE: One more. Again. ROGER: Go on, roll the track. Who even is Galileo? My nuts feel like they're in my chest right now. - Are we done? - JOHN: That's it. He loves you. (MUSIC PLAYING) That's it. It's beautiful! Love it! (ALL SINGING) (HIGH-PITCHED SINGING) (ALL LAUGHING) (RECORDED SONG PLAYING) (SIGHS) (CHUCKLES LIGHTLY) (SIGHS)

Christ. Well... I'm not entirely sure... that's the album you promised us. No, it's better than the album we promised you. It's better than any album anyone's ever promised you, darling. It's a bloody masterpiece. - Christ. - It is a good album, Ray. We prefer "masterpiece." It's expensive, and as for... "Bohemian..." Rhapsody. Rhapsody. What is that? - It's an epic poem. - It goes on forever. Six bloody minutes. I pity your wife if you think six minutes is forever. (PAUL SNIGGERS) FREDDIE: And do you know what? We're going to release it as our single. (CHUCKLES) Not possible. Anything over three minutes... and the radio stations won't program it, period. And what on earth is it about, anyway? Scaramouche? Galileo? And all that "Ismillah" business! "Ismillah"? Bismillah. Oh, aye. Bismillah. What's it about, anyway? Bloody Bismillah? True poetry is for the listener. It ruins the mystery if everything's explained. Seldom ruins sales. Three minutes is the standard. John. Yeah, we need radio. Format is three minutes, I have to agree with Ray. I actually think the single's Love of My Life. No. Okay, how about John's song... You're My Best Friend? You know? "Ooh, you make me live." Catchy, stronger. What about I'm in Love with My Car? You're joking! Oh, Jesus. I love it. Well, that's the kind of song... teenagers can crank up the volume in their car... and bang their heads to. Bohemian Rhapsody will never be that song. It's a band decision, Bohemian Rhapsody. - That's it. - You're My Best Friend... and it's my money. Bo-Rap, period. Or we walk. MacArthur Park was seven minutes long. It was a hit. Look, I'm not arguing Bohemian whatever's... - musician-ship. - ...Rhapsody. But there's no way in hell the station will play... a 6-minute quasi-operatic dirge... comprised of nonsense words! Bismillah? Bullshit! I paid for this record, so I say what goes! BRIAN: Have we no legal recourse on this? Ray... you did Dark Side of the Moon, didn't you? I did. Yeah, I absolutely love that record. Legally, no. No, he's got all your balls in a vice. It's a different matter in the court of public opinion, of course. Ray Foster's a giant name in the music industry, but... to the average person... Say the name Queen, on the other hand... ears prick up. We're going with You're My Best Friend. - Done. - FREDDIE: No. We know what we have, even if you don't. It's called Bohemian Rhapsody. You will forever be known as the man who lost Queen. (PAUL SIGHS) (REID CHUCKLES) Temperamental artists, eh? They're well aware they're tied to a contract... but who knows what goes on... inside the inscrutable mind of the recording artist? Mark these words. If they're not careful... by the end of the year... no one will know the name Queen. - Christ! - (LAUGHTER) You can take that out of our royalties! - FREDDIE: Twat! - Wanker! BRIAN: You can shove your gold disks! You made a mistake, Foster! FREDDIE: Arsehole! You'll never have a gold disk... you medium talent! And to think I worked with Hendrix. KENNY: In the studio today... ...singer Frederick Mercury! So what have you got today for us? Have you got a little taste of the new record? I'm really not supposed to. Oh, forbidden fruit? Don't tempt me! - "I'm in Love with My Car!" - Other side. "Bohemian Rhapsody." I didn't know Freddie knew Kenny so well. FREDDIE: The BBC won't play it. Nor did I. In fact, no one will play it on the radio... so EMI won't release it. KENNY: What's wrong with this song? Nothing's wrong with it at all. Except that it's

six minutes long. Six minutes? You'd have to be mad to play it. Oh, you'd have to be bonkers. - I positively forbid it. - Let's hear it. Ladies and ladies... a Capital Radio exclusive... for the first time ever... Bohemian Rhapsody! Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye? (CROWD CHEERING) So you think you can love me and leave me to die? Oh, baby Can't do this to me, baby Just gotta get out Just gotta get right outta here Yeah (CROWD CONTINUES CHEERING) How much do they love him? Can't get enough. Nothing really matters Anyone can see Nothing really matters Nothing really matters to me Any way the wind blows (CROWD CHEERING) (NOW I'M HERE PLAYING) (CROWD CHEERING) (SINGING NOW I'M HERE) Tom, Jerry, can you hear me? Freddie, when do I get to see you? I'll be home soon, darling. Will you put Romeo on the phone so I can tell him I miss him? Do you miss me? What a stupid question. Of course I do. I love you. Good night. (INDISTINCT CHATTER) (LIGHT MUSIC PLAYING) PAUL: Morning, boss. Clean this mess up and get rid of your friend. Get dressed. (CROWD CHEERING) FREDDIE: According to Brian... it was the largest paying audience in history. The whole night... I didn't know if they understood a thing I was saying. And then... CROWD: Love of my life, you've hurt me You've broken my heart And now you leave me Love of my life, can't you see? Bring it back, bring it back Don't take it away from me They're all singing. Thousands of them. All singing to you. Because it's true. Freddie, what's wrong? Love of my life, don't leave me You've stolen my love And now desert me Something's been wrong for a while now. Say it. Say it. I've been thinking about it a lot. I think I'm bisexual. Freddie, you're gay. I've known for a while now. I just didn't want to admit it. It's funny, really. This is what I always settle for. "I love you, but..." "I love you, Mary, but I need space." "I love you, Mary, but I've met someone else." And now, "I love you, but I'm..." (BREATHES SHAKILY) And this is the hardest, because it's not even your fault. No, don't take it off. Don't take it off. You promised me you'd never take it off. What do you want from me? Almost everything. I want you in my life. Why? We believe in each other. And that's everything. For us. Your life is going to be very difficult. (DOOR OPENS) (DOOR CLOSES) (CRYING) What do you think? Gay-er? Not this, darling, the house. Isn't it amazing? Mary's already moved in next door, so she can visit the cats and me. ROGER: Uh-huh. Each cat will have his own room. Delilah's by the kitchen... Miko's next door. Tiffany, Oscar, Romeo, all upstairs. Lilly's room is even larger than this one! Spoilt thing. ROGER: Well, I'm not sure the echo is quite pronounced enough. (VOCALIZES) Eh-oh! (CHUCKLES) Oh, I knew you'd appreciate it. Stay for dinner. Anything you fancy. I can't. Wife, kids, you know. Of course. Well, come on. We'll eat off the floor. It's clean enough. Another time, Fred. (OPERA MUSIC PLAYING) (LINE RINGING) - MARY: Hello? - Mary. - Hi. - Hello, my love. Hi. I need you to do something for me. But you can't ask any questions. Freddie, what are you doing this time? No, I just told you... you can't ask any questions. Right. I want you to go to your bedroom window. Look out of it. (CHUCKLES) - Do you see me? - Yes, I do see you. Now, you do the same. Oh... (CHUCKLES) Keep yours on. Come



have a drink. - Now? - Right now. It's late, Freddie. Come on. Please. Do you have something to drink? I suppose. Go get it. Pour yourself something. Pour yourself a drink, darling. Do you have it? Yes. Cheers. Cheers. To you, my love. To you, Freddie. Good night. Good night. (LINE RINGING) - PAUL: Hello? - Paul. PAUL: Freddie? Sweetheart, I want to throw a party. PAUL: Okay. Who do you want to invite? People. I want you to shake the freak tree and invite anyone who plops to the ground. - (PAUL LAUGHS) - Dwarfs and giants... magicians, Zulu tribesmen, contortionists... fire eaters... and priests. We're going to need to confess. (CRAZY LITTLE CALLED LOVE PLAYING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER) - (CROWD EXCLAIMING) - (LAUGHTER) Fill me up, will you, Trixie? Marvelous, Fred! You've outdone yourself! Thank you, John. I'm so glad you love it! Mmm. They say money can't buy happiness, darlings! But it does allow you to give it away! I see you and Paul are getting along quite well. He's Trixie now... 'cause he's always up to something. - (CHUCKLES) - BRIAN: So, tell me, Rog... what's the sexiest part of a car? (WHISPERS INDISTINCTLY) WOMAN: Ah! Well, well, well! BRIAN: Ah, your majesty! No, I'm not her majesty! We're her majesty, darlings! - (ALL EXCLAIM) - (LAUGHS) - Cheers! - Cheers! - Cheers! - Cheers! - FREDDIE: Thank you, my loves! - Rog. Where's Mary? (SIGHS) It's not exactly her scene, is it, Freddie? Hmm. Fabulous, isn't it? If you say so. FREDDIE: (SNIFFS) Hmm. You're starting to look like each other. What's wrong with that, Brian? You're supposed to be in a rock band, Freddie. Not the Village People. (CHUCKLES) You might want to think about cutting your hair one day. Never. I was born like this. (LAUGHTER) - (HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYS) - Come on! - Let's dance! - Yes! I don't dance, Freddie. I need a few more of these for that. It's my party, and I demand you dance! We should go. - By royal decree! - (BOTH CHUCKLE) We're gonna go, actually. Oh, God! You're dull. If you were any more dull, you'd be Deacy. What are you complaining about? You've got your little pet. I have... and he's loyal. Loyalty's so important. Don't you think, Dominique? Careful, Fred. (SNICKERS SOFTLY) - Let's go. - FREDDIE: Where you going? ROGER: Home. Just a joke. Freddie, sometimes you're a total prick. - CHRISSIE: Good night. - (SCOFFS) Brian. Forget them. Come on! Your guests are waiting. They all want a little Mercury in their cup. Come on. All right! (GUESTS EXCLAIM) My darlings... the time has finally come... to get absolutely... - shit-faced! - (ALL CHEERING) (LAUGHING) Whoo! Senor, where's my marching powder? (GRUNTS) (PLAYING CHORD) (SERVER GRUNTS) (GASPS) You've got a set of balls. (SCOFFS) Go fetch me a drink and find out. I may work for you tonight... but put your hands on me again, and I'll thump you. Got it? (STAMMERING) I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I'm sorry. I won't do that again, all right? (SIGHS) Let me get you a beer. I wouldn't mind a beer. Can you just tell me where we keep them? (CHUCKLES) You're very handsome. I love a man in uniform. So do I. So, all your friends have left you alone. They're not my friends. Not really. Just distraction. From what? The in-between moments, I suppose. I find them intolerable. All of the... darkness you thought you left behind comes creeping back in. I know what you mean. Really? What is it that

you do with them? Spend them with real friends. You look like you could use a friend. I like you. I like you, too, Freddie. Come and find me when you decide you like yourself. Can I have your name at least? It's Jim Hutton. - Good night, Jim. - Good night, Freddie. Or should I say good morning? ROGER: I want a new boat. DOMINIQUE: This one is for me. This one. Didn't you say we were going to see him? - I've got an hour left. - Wait. What about this one? DOMINIQUE: No, I think we'll still make that. ROGER: It's a good size. Screw him. Everyone up on the drum risers! - Up on the drum risers. - Come on! Thank you, Chrissie. Showing some enthusiasm. - Wives and everyone, Brian? - Me? Yes! Come on, John. Everyone. - I'm not waiting any longer. - Let's go. Get up. - Bass? - No, you don't need it. Get up. - Come on, Rog, take your time. - ROGER: All right. What's this about? You remember our last concert? The crowd were singing our songs back to us. I mean, it was deafening, but it was wonderful. They're becoming a part of our show. I want to encourage that, so... I've got an idea to involve them a little bit more. Let's start with this. (STAMPING FOOT RHYTHMICALLY) Stamp to this beat. Genius. Thank you, John. Come on. - (ALL STAMPING ALONG) - Good. Now, I want you to clap on the third beat. - (WOMEN LAUGHING) - Don't speed up. Rog, keep that time. (PLAYS NOTE ON PIANO) No Prenter? It's unusual to see you without your clone. It's unusual seeing you be so bitchy. ROGER: It's usually me. BRIAN: Ah, you kept time, Rog. Good. What's going on? You'd know if you were on time. I'm a performer, darling, not a Swiss train conductor. Sorry I'm late. Again. All right. Now, will you please tell me why you're not playing any instruments? I wanna give the audience a song that they can perform. All right? Let them be part of the band. So, what can they do? (RESUMES RHYTHMIC STAMPING AND CLAPPING) (ALL JOINING IN) Imagine... thousands of people... doing this in unison. Huh? Well? What's the lyric? (CROWD CHEERING) (RHYTHMIC STAMPING AND CLAPPING) 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 Kickin' your can all over the place Singin' - We will, we will rock you - We will, we will rock you - We will, we will rock you - We will, we will rock you 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 Wavin' your banner all over the place - We will, we will rock you - We will, we will rock you Singin' - We will, we will rock you - We will, we will rock you Yeah! Buddy, you're an old man, poor man Pleading with your eyes Gonna get you some peace someday You got mud on your face Big disgrace Somebody better put you Back into your place Do it! - We will, we will rock you - Rock you - We will, we will rock you - Rock you Yeah! (GUITAR SOLO) - (MUSIC ENDS) - (CROWD CHEERING) All right! I feel like taking a bite out of the Big Apple! (CHEERING) Who wants to take a bite out of me? (CROWD SCREAMS) All right, play with me now. (VOCALIZING) Eh-oh! - CROWD: (VOCALIZING) Eh-oh! - Eh-oh! (SYNTH POP MUSIC PLAYING) Never seen anyone interact with a crowd like that. Bigger than any band, don't you think? I mean, Queen... how long can that last? Did he say something to you? Not explicitly. But we've

had some interest from CBS Records... about a solo deal. Well, that's a big number. That's a Freddie-size number. You should be the one to propose it. Hi, guys. How's it going? - Good. - REID: Everything's great. John, another drink? Er, no, I'm fine. BARTENDER: Here's the Coke. Coming right up. - Freddie. (GIGGLES) - Oh, there you are. Oh, God! Freddie! Put me down! You were brilliant. Ah, that's only because I knew you were watching. MARY: I've missed you. FREDDIE: We have so much to catch up on. Oh, thank you. This is my boyfriend, David. David, this is Freddie. Magnificent show. Thank you. It's so kind of you, I appreciate it. Thank you so much. Where's your ring? I just didn't want to travel with something so valuable. Freddie, there are some people here for you to see. You promised you'd say hello. - Oh, did I? - Mmm-hmm. We should go. Will I see you soon? (CHUCKLES) Yes, of course. Of course. Mwah! It's a pleasure to meet you, David. And you. And well done again. And you. Bye. Thank you for coming such a long way. Bye. REID: Then you've got the MTV interview... and the plane to Houston for the special. Back here on Friday. (CLEARS THROAT) Listen to me now. Do you know who sold 4 purchased last year? Worldwide? Michael Jackson. Not the Jackson 5. Michael Jackson. And I think you could do even better. In fact, I've had an offer from CBS Records. It's a lot of money for you, Fred, and I think you should consider it. Are you asking me to break up the band? I'm just pointing out what awaits you if you go solo. An end to your frustrations. My frustrations? Paul? I don't know what you're talking about, John. Perhaps I misunderstood. - (PRESSES BUTTON) - DRIVER: Yes, sir. Pull over. Stop the car, pull over. (TIRES SCREECH) - Get out. Out now! - What the hell? Get out of this car. You're fired. What're you talking about, fired? I said get out. - Freddie, you are high! - I said get out! What are you talking about? Out! Out or I'll kill you! Get out, you treacherous piss flap. You're not thinking clearly. Get your ass out of my car now. Get out! Out! Get your ass out of my car! Get out! You're firing the wrong snake, Freddie. You'll regret it. FREDDIE: Get your ass out of here! - (CARS HONKING) - (SLAMS DOOR) Drive! MAN: Hey! What the hell? Move! Hey, watch it! I'll run your ass over! - (CAR HONKS) - Move! (EXHALES) (SIGHS) Did you know anything about this? I warned him against it. Pure greed. Tried to break up my family. We can manage the band. We don't need him. What do you know about what I need? I know what it's like... not to belong. A queer Catholic boy from Belfast. You know... I think my father would rather see me dead... than let me be who I am. I'm gonna take care of you now, Freddie. If you'll let me. - (COMMENTATOR SHOUTING ON TV) - (CROWD CHEERING) What are you reading? Just the cricket. We're a rock and roll band. We don't do disco. - It's not disco. - Then what is it? It's Queen. FREDDIE: So sorry, my darlings! Lost all track! You fired Reid without consulting us! You don't make decisions for the band. Hey. Well, I'm terribly sorry, dear. It's done. Besides... Miami will manage us. - (CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY) - Won't you, darling? Erm... I'll think about it. - FREDDIE: No. - Are you high again? Well done, Columbo. You need to slow down, Fred. Oh, don't be such a bore. I'm here, aren't I? Are you? I don't care if you're shit-faced. As long as you can sing. No, John, I don't wanna play

it. Then I'm all for it. - (CHUCKLES SOFTLY) - What's that supposed to mean? I'm tired of the bloody anthems. I want the energy in the clubs. The bodies, - I want to make people move. - You mean disco? Why not? Do you mind pissing off? This is a band discussion. Drum loops? Synthesizers? - If you say so. - It's not us! - Us? - It's not Queen! Queen is whatever I say it is! (BRIAN SCOFFS) Well, you can play your own bloody drums, then. Fred. Okay, let's see how good a boxer you really are! Roger, take it easy! Take it easy! - (BASS PLAYING UPBEAT RIFF) - Take it easy. All right, Muhammad Ali. That's... That's quite a cool riff, actually. Hmm. You wrote that? That's really good. Yes, it will be... if you all can just shut up and play. - He started it. - Oh, shut up! (RESUMES PLAYING RIFF FOR ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST) Steve walks warily down the street With the brim pulled way down low Ain't no sound But the sound of his 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 Okay, I'll do it. To the sound of the beat I'll do it. (MUSIC PLAYING) Oh, just improvise. Just give it whatever you want. FREDDIE: I can do that. Let's go! Steve walks warily down the street With the brim pulled way down low Ain't no sound but the sound of his feet Machine guns ready to go Are you ready, hey Are you ready for this? Are you hanging on the edge of your seat? Out of the doorway the bullets rip Rip To the sound of the beat, yeah Another one bites the dust Another one bites the dust And another one gone And another one gone Another one bites the dust, yeah - That's a good idea. - Hey I'm gonna get you, too And then you double it, on top. How do you think I'm gonna get along Without you when you're gone? You took me for everything that I had And kicked me out on my 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 Look out! (PANTING) REPORTERS: Freddie! CRITIC 1: Freddie! Freddie, as the leader of Queen... as the leader of Queen... do you feel responsible for the success of the band? I'm not the leader of Queen, I'm only the lead singer. Freddie! A question for Freddie. Do you ever doubt your talent? No, that's a stupid question. - Take it easy, Fred. - What's next? CRITIC 2: Freddie, uh, your teeth! Why don't you get your teeth fixed? I live in Britain. I don't want to stand out. - (LAUGHTER) - Next... Why don't you have your manners fixed? That's an asshole question to ask anybody. That's an asshole question. In your song Life Is Real, what do you mean by the line... "Love is a roulette wheel"? Are you implying that the more partners you have... the more chances you have of... contracting something? What? I don't know, I haven't figured out love yet. But it implies something else, Freddie. That might be a better question for Rog. - Watch it. - (REPORTERS CLAMORING) CRITIC 1: Freddie, concerning your private life... there's lots of pictures of you in the tabloids... looking drunk or ill. Which one is it, ill or drunk? I had a cold last week, if anyone cares. As much as we'd love to answer questions about colds... I'd like to speak about the album. If anyone's got any questions about the music? ALL: Freddie! Freddie! Freddie! Freddie! Freddie, your parents... they're conservative Zoroastrians. I wonder, what do they make of your public persona? Is that music... My parents died in

a fiery wreck. I happen to know that's not true, is it? I just wanted to know whether they were proud of you. FREDDIE: Are your parents proud of you? Is this what they hoped for? I hope that they are. I surely don't think so. Anyone wanna talk about the album? ALL: Freddie! Freddie! Freddie! Could you answer my questions please? This better be good. MAN: Shut up! SHELLEY: Freddie, could you tell us about the rumors concerning your sexuality? What about the rumors concerning your lack of sexuality? I'm just a musical prostitute, my dear. SHELLEY: Can you answer the question? What's your name, dear? Shelley Stern. - Shelley. - Yes. That thing between your legs, does it bite? - Hah! - (PEOPLE EXCLAIM) Could you answer the question, please? We're here as a courtesy. You know, there's four of us up here. What are you afraid of, Freddie? (STAMMERING) What do you want? What is the truth? Can you be honest for once? REPORTER: Why are you lying about your parents, Freddie? I'm not lying about anything. I just, I'm... CRITIC 3: Your fans deserve to know the truth, Freddie. Can you answer the question, please? (STAMMERS) This is my business. REPORTER: No, you're a public figure. What are you afraid of, Freddie? - REPORTER: Your parents? - CRITIC 3: Can you tell us - about... - Your sexuality? What? Why, why... Can you just be honest? CRITIC 3: Contracting something. Your fans deserve to know the truth. (CLAMORING CONTINUES) CRITIC 4: Our readers want to know. What do your readers want to know? They want to know what? (LINE RINGING) (LINE CONTINUES RINGING) (PLAYS NOTES) But life still goes on I can't get used to living without Living without Living without you by my side I don't want to live alone (INDISTINCT CHATTER) Hey God knows Got to make it on my own So, baby, can't you see? I've got to break free ROGER: Brilliant! Can I get up now? What is happening? - JOHN: No, you can't. - (LAUGHTER) - BRIAN: I wanna be in it. - JOHN: Get off me! (KNOCKING ON DOOR) Freddie, you in there? Freddie? They're here. We can't put this off any longer. Freddie? FREDDIE: MTV banned our video. The youth of America. We helped give birth to MTV. BRIAN: It's America. They're Puritans in public, perverts in private. I'm never touring in the U.S. again. (CHUCKLES DRYLY) And I'm the one being blamed for it. Not you, dear... whose idea, I believe, it was to dress up in drag. And not you. Not even you, who wrote the bloody thing. No. Crazy, cross-dressing Freddie. Freddie the freak. Freddie the fag. (SIGHS) I'm tired of touring. Aren't you? Album, tour, album, tour. I want to do something different. We're a band. That's what bands do. Album, tour, album, tour. Well, I need a break. I'm sick of it. What are you saying, Freddie? I've signed a deal with CBS Records. - ROGER: You've done what? - Without telling us? What kind of deal? Look, I'm not saying we won't record or ever tour again. Queen will go on. But I need to do something different. Do you know what I mean? I need to grow. (STAMMERS) What's the song? "Fly away"? "Spread my wings and fly away." "Spread my wings and fly away." A solo album? PAUL: Two, actually. - Back to back. - Another word out of you... and I'll throw you out the bloody window. But that's years, Freddie. I mean... - that'll take years. - Ye of little faith. I don't believe this. How much? What did they pay you? I wanna know how much they paid you...

*4million!(SCOFFS)That's more than any Queen deal.Look, the routine is killing us.I mean, you must all want  
side, all of it.You must need a break.Freddie, we're a family.No, we're not!We're not a family!You've got fami*  
million. Perhaps you can buy yourself a family. FREDDIE: I won't compromise  
my vision any longer. - (SIGHS) - ROGER: Compromise? Are you joking?  
You were working at Heathrow before we gave you a chance. And without me...  
you'd be a dentist... drumming 12/8-time blues at the weekend at the Crown  
and Anchor. And you. Well, you would be Dr. Brian May... author of a fasci-  
nating dissertation on the cosmos... that no one ever reads. And Deacy... for the  
life of me... nothing comes to mind. I studied electrical engineering. Does that  
meet your standard? Perfect. You just killed Queen. Oh, give it a kiss one day.  
She might wake up. You need us, Freddie. More than you know. I don't need  
anyone. - (DRINK POURING) - (PHONE RINGING) (FREDDIE PLAYING  
PIANO) PAUL: Hello? Paul. Can I speak to Freddie? Oh, Mary. No, he can't  
talk right now. He's working day and night, constantly. Will you make sure to  
tell him that I called? Don't worry, he's in safe hands. I will certainly tell him  
you called. Cheers. (SYNTH ROCK MUSIC PLAYING) Freddie, it's really  
great. It's shit! Just leave it. PAUL: Yeah, hang on one second. (FREDDIE  
SINGING ON RECORDING) Give it more treble. (MEN SPEAKING INDIS-  
TINCTLY, LAUGHING) (LIVELY CHATTER AND LAUGHTER) BEACH:  
Where is he? Is he there? I wanna speak to him. He is working himself to the  
bone. I'm blue in the face trying to get him to take a break. BEACH: Paul, lis-  
ten to me. It's one performance for a good cause. It's a televised concert for the  
famine in Ethiopia. They're gonna have simultaneous performances in Philadel-  
phia and London. There's gonna be a billion people watching. Queen should be  
part of it. PAUL: He's just been really focused. But I'll be sure to pass it on.  
Sure you will. (COUGHING) (RAIN PATTERNING) (COUGHING) - (GLASS  
CLINKS) - (COUGHS AND SNIFFS) Hi. FREDDIE: Hi. Come in, come in.  
(BREATHES HEAVILY) Why did you come all this way? I just haven't heard  
from you in so long, and I phoned and phoned, and then... last night I just  
had this terrible dream that something bad had happened. FREDDIE: No, no.  
I've been working, that's all. Freddie, you're burning the candle at both ends.  
Yes, but the glow is so divine. Being human is a condition that requires a little  
anesthesia. - I miss you. - I miss you. I miss you so much. Listen, but I have  
to finish the second album. I need you. Stay. Stay here with me. Just you and  
me. I need the love of my life. Freddie... What about Queen? Jim told me he's  
been trying to contact you about Live Aid... and you won't take his calls. What  
is Live Aid? You haven't heard? Freddie, it's the biggest concert there's ever  
been or ever will be. It's for the famine in Africa. Well, perhaps Paul thought it  
wasn't a good idea. A distraction from my work. That's what's important, that  
I finish this album. Stay with me, darling, and I'll be all right. Freddie, I can't  
stay with you. Of course you can. I need you, Mary. Freddie, I'm pregnant.  
How could you? How could I? Freddie, this has nothing to do with you. PAUL:  
Come on. Let's get in. - I bought some nibbles. - (DOOR OPENS) Freddie. -  
Sorry we're late. - (MEN LAUGHING) Mary. What a pleasant surprise. Hans.  
Everyone, come in. Milan, make our guests comfortable. I wish I knew you  
were coming to stay. I'd have scrubbed the place. Actually, I'm not staying.

Wait. Mary, wait. Don't go. You told me you had a dream. What was it? I was trying to talk to you, but... it was like talking to my father. You needed to tell me something... but you couldn't say it. Because you had no voice. PAUL: Freddie, come and say hello to our new guests. - They're dying to meet you. - (SNIFFS) - (DOOR OPENS) - He'll be one second. FREDDIE: Mary! I'm happy for you, Mary. Truly, I am. It's just... I'm frightened. Freddie, you don't need to be. Because no matter what, you are loved. By me, by Brian, Deacy, Roger... your family. It's enough. And these people... they don't care about you. Paul doesn't care about you. You don't belong here, Freddie. Come home. Home. Freddie! What are you doing? You'll catch your death. Why didn't you tell me about Live Aid? The Africa charity gig? It'll be an embarrassment. I didn't wanna waste your time. You should have told me. Of course I did. You forgot. You're always forgetting things. Come in now and have a drink. You're out. PAUL: What do you mean? I want you out of my life. 'Cause I'm the only one left, you're blaming me for everything? I blame myself. So I'm out? Just like that? After everything we've been through? Just think of the photos I have. I know who you are, Freddie Mercury. FREDDIE: You know when you know you've gone rotten? Really rotten? Fruit flies. Dirty little fruit flies. Coming to feast on what's left. Well, there isn't much left for you to feast on anymore. So, fly off. Do what you like with your photographs and your stories. But promise me one thing. That I never see your face again. Ever. I didn't mean it. (UNDER PRESSURE PLAYING) I'm sorry! Freddie, come back! I'll make it better. PAUL: But, Peter, you might be right. I'm not even hurt by the fact that he's let me go as a friend. But you can only be there so much for a person. JOURNALIST: And so, Mr. Prenter... all these stories about Freddie Mercury and his lovers... that there were so many. PAUL: Yeah? - JOURNALIST: Is it really true? - PAUL: Yes, it is. His lovers were countless. Genuinely countless. Uh... All these wild, drug-fueled parties... where he'd find another lover every night... and a routine he couldn't get out of. JOURNALIST: So, you really did see behind the mask? I knew Freddie when he did Bohemian Rhapsody. And the Freddie we have now... he doesn't have the same passion about music. (PHONE RINGS) Hello? Hello? Miami? Freddie? How are you? There was this Africa concert... that wants Queen to play. Is that still... You mean Live Aid? They've announced all the bands, Freddie. It's too late. I need... I need to reconnect with the mothership. Freddie, they don't want anything to do with you. They're still very upset. Maybe if you ask them... they would meet me. Tell them I want to talk. Just talk. (INTERVIEW CONTINUES INDISTINCTLY ON TV) We're family. You know, family... have fights... all the time. I can call. Thank you... Jim. JOURNALIST: As this friend, somebody who... probably knows Freddie Mercury better than anybody else... how would you describe him inside as a person? For me, Freddie will always be... this frightened little Pakkie boy... who's afraid to be alone. JOURNALIST: I hope he sees this and realizes what he has lost in you. PAUL: I hope he does, too. JOURNALIST: A close and important friend. Where are they? They're late. (KNOCK ON DOOR) BEACH: Hi, guys. BRIAN: Jim. BEACH: If anybody wants any tea, coffee... bladed weapons... just ask. So... who wants to go first?

I'll start. I've been hideous. I know that, and... I deserve your fury. I've been conceited... selfish. Well, an asshole, basically. Strong beginning. Look, I'm happy to strip off my shirt... and flagellate myself before you. Or rather, I could ask you a simple question. I'm good with the flagellation. (SIGHS) What's it gonna take for you all to forgive me? Is that what you want, Freddie? I forgive you. - Is that it? Can we go now? - FREDDIE: No. I went to Munich. I hired a bunch of guys. I told them exactly what I wanted them to do... and the problem was... they did it. No pushback from Roger. None of your rewrites. None of his funny looks. I need you. And you need me. (PATS) Let's face it. We're not bad for four aging queens. So, um, go ahead. Name your terms. Could you give us a moment, please, Fred? Why'd you do that? - I just felt like it. - (CHUCKLES) They'll be all right. They just need a bit of time. What if I don't have time? What do you mean, Fred? (DOOR OPENS) You can come back in now, if you'd like. (SNIFFS, CLEARS THROAT) We decided... What did we decide? From now on... every song, no matter who wrote it, music, lyrics... it's by Queen. Not one of us, just Queen. All the money, all the credits, split four ways evenly. Done. We have a problem with the people around you. Paul is out. I fired him. - On what pretext? - Villainy. What else? Bob Geldof. I called to convince him to squeeze you guys into the lineup for the Live Aid concert... but he wants an answer now. You have to make a decision. Every ticket's already sold. 100,000 people at Wembley... 100,000 people at JFK Stadium in Philadelphia... a global TV audience around the world of 150 countries... 13 satellites. The Olympics only had three. We haven't played together in years. It's kinda suicide to play again... for the first time in front of millions. Try over 1.5 billion. (SCOFFS) "Who are these four dinosaurs?" "Where's Madonna?" It's a 20-minute set. Everyone gets the same. Jagger, Bowie... Elton... McCartney, The Who... Led Zeppelin... Phil Collins, REO Speedwagon... Bob Dylan. Certainly good company. BEACH: Anybody who is anybody is doing this concert. Look. All I know... is that if we wake up the day after this concert... and we didn't do our part... we're going to regret it till the day we die. Please. NEWS ANCHOR: Every day, in San Francisco, two more men hear the grim news... "You have AIDS, there's no cure." Since doctors in France and America isolated the virus in 1983... research has proceeded at a frantic pace. The method used by the virus to destroy the body's immune system... has been discovered... but a cure still seems many years away. A major breakthrough has been a new blood test... that should ensure that in future... nobody contracts AIDS from a blood transfusion. But it's only just been approved for use. BRIAN: What is this thing that builds our dreams Yet slips away from us? Who wants to live forever? Who wants to live forever? FREDDIE: There's no chance for us It's all decided for us This world has only one Sweet moment set aside for us DOCTOR: Do you understand? The way we go from here is that treatments are available. They're not particularly effective, Freddie. MAN: (VOCALIZES) Eh-oh! Eh-oh. (GASPS SOFTLY) (BAND PLAYING HAMMER TO FALL) (FREDDIE SINGING IN STRAINED VOICE) (SINGS OFF-TUNE) Yep. JOHN: Mmm-hmm. - Let's call it. Yeah? - Yeah, yeah. Sorry. I sound like shit. You all are lovely, you sound good. Been a while.



My throat feels like a vulture's crotch. - (ALL CHUCKLE) - ROGER: We still got a week. JOHN: We'll get there. BRIAN: Yeah, we're in a good place, Fred. You just need a bit of rest, that's all. Yeah. JOHN: Get a drink, Rog? ROGER: Yeah, there's a nice little pub - down the road, actually. - BRIAN: Can I come? JOHN: We're just an exclusive... ROGER: No, of course not. Invite-only. BRIAN: Yeah, that's kind of you. FREDDIE: Before you leave... Could I have a second? ROGER: Yeah. What's up? I've got it. Got what? AIDS. I wanted you to hear it from me. BRIAN: Fred, I'm so sorry. FREDDIE: Brian, stop. Don't. For right now... it's between us. All right? Just us. So, please... if any of you... fuss about it or frown about it, or, worst of all... if you bore me with your sympathy... that's just seconds wasted. Seconds that could be used making music... which is all I want to do with the time I have left. I don't have time to be their victim... their AIDS poster boy, their cautionary tale. No, I decide who I am. I'm going to be what I was born to be. A performer... who gives the people what they want. Touch of the heavens. Freddie fucking Mercury. You're a legend, Fred. You're bloody right I am. We're all legends. But you're right, I am a legend. - (ALL CHUCKLE) - Now, you give me a chance to get my bitchy little vocal cords in order... and we'll go and punch a hole through the roof of that stadium. Actually, Wembley doesn't have a roof. (ALL CHUCKLE) - All right. - No, he's right. It doesn't. Then we'll punch a hole in the sky. Now, even though you're crying like three little girls... I still love you. - All right, enough of this. - ROGER: All right. - BRIAN: Drink? - ROGER: Yes! JOHN: Or ten? (VOCALIZING) What are you looking at? You think you could do better? Everyone's a critic. RICHARD: It's 12:00 noon in London. - 7:00 a.m. in Philadelphia. - (CROWD CHEERING) And around the world, it's time for Live Aid. BOB: If you have credit cards... you can phone up with the number you want to give. But you can also pledge cash, and it's very important. There is not enough money coming in... and all these people are not playing for the good of their health. They're playing for the good of other people's health. So get your money out now! (SLAMS TABLE) And phone up and give us the money. You've got plenty of it, or if you got none of it... get it to people who are dying of starvation. We want to get a million pounds out of this country. On the telephone, before 10:00 tonight. (SOMEBODY TO LOVE PLAYING) Do you have any idea... how many Jim Huttons there are in London? Well, I didn't want to make it too easy for you. (CHUCKLES) How have you been, Freddie? I've been a bit lost, to be honest. You were right. I could do with a friend. Would you like to have tea with me? Tea? (CHUCKLES) So, Jim, how do you know Freddie? Do you work together? Jim's my friend. Wonderful to have friends. Mithai. Jer made it herself. JIM: Thank you. - KASHMIRA: Freddie? - JER: Your favorite, Freddie. FREDDIE: We have to go, Mum. But you just got here, beta. What do you mean, "go"? We've gotta get to Wembley. Would you believe it? Jim's never been to a rock concert. That's true. KASHMIRA: Queen are playing at Live Aid. FREDDIE: We're all doing our bit for the starving children in Africa... and nobody's taking any money. Good thoughts, good words, good deeds. Just like you taught me, Papa. Love you, beta. FREDDIE: Bye, Kash. Love you, too, Mama. In

fact... I'll blow you a kiss - when I'm on stage. - (BOTH CHUCKLE) (DOOR CLOSES) (BREATHES SHAKILY) Kashi... put on the telly. (ROCK MUSIC PLAYING ON TV) (KNOCK ON DOOR) - Hello, Mary! - Hi, Brian! We just came to wish you good luck. Hello, my love. Hi. Mary, David... this is Jim. Jim... Mary and David. JIM: It's nice to meet you. - Hi. - Hi. I'll see you after. I don't think you're gonna be able to see anything from here. Join them. (CROWD ROARING IN DISTANCE) (SIGHS) What do we think of David? Nice chap. I think he's gay. (ROGER CHUCKLES) ANNOUNCER: We'll be on in about one minute. One, two. One, two. That's almost us. BRIAN: We ready? Feel good? ANNOUNCER: So we have had a bit of a complaint about the noise. From a woman in Belgium. Anyway... it gives us enormous pleasure to introduce the next combo... who are... MAN 1: Queen! ANNOUNCER: Her Majesty... - Queen! - MAN 2: Check, two, check. (CROWD CHEERING) (INDISTINCT CHATTER) Nothing. (CHEERING AND APPLAUDING) (PIANO PLAYING) (PLAYS INTRO TO BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY) (CROWD CHEERING) Mama Just killed a man Put a gun against his head Pulled my trigger, now he's dead Mama - Life had just begun - (CROWD SINGING ALONG) But now I've gone and thrown it all away Mama Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh 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 (JER GIGGLES) Too late My time has come Sends shivers down my spine Body's aching all the time Goodbye, everybody I've got to go Gotta leave you all behind and face the truth Mama Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh I don't want to die I sometimes wish I'd never been born at all (GUITAR SOLO) (INTRO TO RADIO GA GA PLAYING) (CROWD CLAPPING TO BEAT) I'd sit alone and watch your light My only friend through teenage nights And everything I had to know I heard it on my radio You gave them all those old-time stars Through wars of worlds invaded by Mars You made 'em laugh, you made 'em cry You made us feel like we could fly So don't become some background noise A backdrop for the girls and boys Who just don't know or just don't care And just complain when you're not there You had your time, you had the power You've yet to have your finest hour Radio Everybody! - All we hear is - (CROWD CLAPPING RHYTHMICALLY) Radio ga ga Radio goo goo Radio ga ga All we hear is Radio ga ga Radio goo goo Radio ga ga All we hear is Radio ga ga Radio blah blah Radio, what's new? Radio Someone still loves you (CHEERING) Loves You (RAPTUROUS CHEERING, WHISTLING) (VOCALIZING) Eh-oh! CROWD: (VOCALIZING) Eh-oh! (VOCALIZING CONTINUES) (VOCALIZING IN HIGH PITCH) (CHEERING) (FREDDIE AND CROWD CONTINUE VOCALIZING) - All right! - CROWD: All right! FREDDIE: Hey! Hammer to Fall! (PHONE RINGING) FREDDIE: Here we stand or here we fall History don't care at all Make the bed, light the light Lady Mercy won't be home tonight You don't waste no time at all Don't hear the bell but you answer the call It comes to you as to us all Yeah! And it's time for the hammer to fall Every night, every day A little piece of you is falling away But lift your face the Western way Toe your line and play their game Then it's time for the hammer to fall Rich or poor or famous - MAN 1: Hello? Live Aid. - (PHONES RINGING) Hello? Live Aid. - MAN 2: Hello? Live Aid. - Hello?

This is Live Aid. Oh, no Lock your door Hello, Live Aid. - MAN 3: We just hit a million! - WOMAN: One million pounds! - (ALL CHEERING) - MAN 4: One million pounds! Thanks. Great. For you who grew up tall and proud In the shadow of the mushroom cloud Convinced our voices can't be heard Just wanna scream it louder And louder and louder What the hell we fighting for? And it's time for the hammer to Hammer to fall (GUITAR SOLO) Yeah Yeah, yeah One more time! Waiting for the hammer to fall (BAND PLAYING INSTRUMENTAL TAG) Give it to me one more time! - (DRUMROLL) - (CROWD CHEERING) I've paid my dues Time after time I've done my sentence But committed no crime - And bad mistakes - (CROWD SINGING ALONG) I've made a few I've had my share of sand kicked in my face But I've come through 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 - (PHONE RINGING) - 'Cause we are the champions - (CHEERING) - Of the world I've taken my bows And my curtain calls You brought me fame and fortune And everything that goes with it I thank you all (CROWD CHEERING) But it's been no bed of roses No pleasure cruise I consider it a challenge Before the whole human race And I ain't gonna lose 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 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 (BAND PLAYING INSTRUMENTAL TAG) (CROWD ROARING) So long and goodbye! We love you! (DON'T STOP ME NOW PLAYING) (BAND CONTINUES PLAYING DON'T STOP ME NOW) (THE SHOW MUST GO ON PLAYING)