

EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

A gray, rain-soaked city. Neon signs flicker against the puddles. Cars hiss by. The world feels heavy, exhausted.

A child, JAMIE (10), hood up, walks alone. Headphones on, backpack slung low. Eyes fixed on the sidewalk, lost in thought.

INT. CITY BUS - MORNING

Jamie sits at the back, knees pulled to chest, watching raindrops race on the window. The city blurs by outside.

He hums softly—a melody oddly familiar, haunting, echoing with grandeur.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Students flood the corridor, laughter and shouts bouncing off lockers. Jamie slips through, unnoticed, clutching his music notebook.

A TEACHER, MS. HARRISON (40s), notices Jamie.

MS. HARRISON

Jamie, you coming to choir today?

JAMIE

(shrugs, evasive)

I dunno. Maybe.

INT. SCHOOL MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Jamie lingers at the doorway, watching kids gather around piano. Ms. Harrison plays a simple scale.

Jamie's fingers twitch as if longing to play—but he stays put.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

Jamie sits alone on a swing, notebook open, scribbling music notes. Other kids play soccer nearby, oblivious.

A sudden gust scatters Jamie's pages. He scrambles, gathering them up, heart pounding.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walls plastered with music posters—old and new, Queen among them. Jamie lies awake, staring at the ceiling.

He hums again—the melody more distinct, echoing 'Bohemian Rhapsody.'

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Choir rehearsal. Jamie stands at the back, eyes fixed on sheet music. Ms. Harrison gestures for him to sing.

MS. HARRISON

Jamie, give it a try.

Jamie hesitates, then sings—shy at first. The sound is pure, haunting. The room hushes, kids turn, surprised.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jamie walks home in the rain, humming louder now. The city lights blur. A strange sense of déjà vu washes over him.

He glimpses his reflection in a shop window—just a kid, yet something in his eyes glimmers, older, wiser.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie sits at his desk, headphones on, scribbling frantically. Melodies pour onto the page—too complex for his age.

He whispers to himself, barely audible.

JAMIE

Why do I know this song?

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

Jamie pores over music history books. He stops at a photo of Freddie Mercury. The resemblance is uncanny.

A chill. His hand trembles.

INT. SCHOOL MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Jamie sits at the piano, alone. He plays a stirring, unfamiliar melody.

Ms. Harrison enters, listening, awestruck.

MS. HARRISON

Where did you learn that?

JAMIE

I... I think I made it up.

EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

Jamie stands on a rooftop, city lights below, wind in his hair. He closes his eyes, singing softly into the night.

His voice grows stronger, echoing across the skyline—part Freddie, part Jamie, wholly himself.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

School talent show. Jamie, trembling, stands center stage. A hush falls over the crowd.

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes—and sings. The performance is raw, electrifying, transcendent.

The crowd erupts, stunned into silence, then applause.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER NIGHT

Jamie walks home, applause still ringing in his ears. The city feels different—brighter, alive with possibility.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Jamie sits at his window, watching sunrise break through rainclouds. He hums a new tune—his own.

A smile. For the first time, he feels seen.

FADE OUT.