

## DISC-JOCKEY

Quite an honor to have the World's  
Greatest Rock Critic... and editor  
of *Creem* Magazine, back home in San  
Diego for a few days -- Lester Bangs.

Bangs searches for a worthy album from the radio station  
collection. He's tough to please.

## BANGS (CONTD)

The Doors? Jim Morrison? He's a  
drunken buffoon posing as a poet.

## DISC-JOCKEY

I like the Doors.

## BANGS

Give me the Guess Who. They've got  
the courage to be drunken buffoons,  
which makes them poetic. Give me  
some White Light, White Heat.

Bangs now finds the album -- vinyl flying everywhere now,  
with no regard for album jackets.

## BANGS (cont'd)

Iggy Pop! Amen! I should put this  
on. This isn't on your playlist.

## DISC-JOCKEY

Lester, isn't it a little early for  
this?

## BANGS

Not for me.

Bangs thuds the needle onto a copy of *Raw Power*. We're  
rewarded with a blast of Iggy and the Stooges' "Search and  
Destroy." Lester does an Iggy Pop impression, acting out a  
story for the d.j. that we cannot hear, never noticing the  
kid soaking in everything from the other side of this window.

EXT. RADIO STATION -- DAY -- LATER

Bangs walks with William, taking big swinging steps. Silent  
now, the streets are quiet. Bangs never mentions the kid's  
age, in fact he brusquely treats him as an equal.

## BANGS

So you're the one who's been sending  
me those articles from your school  
newspaper --

Start

ALMOST FAMOUS "Writing is damn good" D-M/M

WILLIAM

I've been doing some stuff for a local underground paper, too.

BANGS

What are you like the star of your school?

WILLIAM

They hate me.

BANGS

You'll meet them all again on their long journey to the middle.

The kid nods, they walk.

BANGS (cont'd)

Well, your writing is damn good. It's just a shame you missed out on rock and roll. It's over.

WILLIAM

Over?

BANGS

Over. You got here just in time for the death rattle, the last gasp, the last grope.

WILLIAM

Well. Least I'm here for that.

BANGS

What do you type on?

WILLIAM

Smith-Corona Galaxis Deluxe.

BANGS

You like Lou Reed?

WILLIAM

The early stuff. The new stuff, he's trying to be Bowie, he should be himself.

BANGS

Yeah, but if Bowie's doing Lou, then if Lou's doing Bowie, Lou's still doing Lou.

WILLIAM

If you like Lou.

BANGS  
Take drugs?

WILLIAM  
No.

BANGS  
Smart kid. I used to do speed and sometimes cough syrup and stay up all night writing and writing, like 25 pages of dribble about The Faces, or Coltrane, *just to write*, you know, with the music blasting.

WILLIAM  
Me too. The writing part...

Bangs laughs - an odd and charming laugh, the kind a tough guy keeps well hidden. They arrive at a corner, utterly alone on the streets of San Diego, no one else in sight.

BANGS  
Well, alright. It's been nice to meet you. Keep sending me your stuff. I can't stand here all day talking to my many fans. Goodbye.

WILLIAM  
Goodbye.

BANGS  
Goodbye.

But neither have anywhere to go on this early downtown morning.

INT. DINER -- DAY

William listens as the great Lester Bangs eats a sandwich.

BANGS  
-- so anyway, you're from San Diego and *that's good*. Because once you go to L.A., you're gonna have friends like crazy but they'll be *fake friends*, they're gonna try to *corrupt* you. The publicists! The bands! You got an honest face, they're gonna tell you *everything*. But you CANNOT make friends with the rock stars.

The kid takes out a green collegiate notebook and gestures -- *can I make a note?* Bangs nods.