

JEFF BEBE (cont'd)
 The Indefinable Thing, when people catch something from your music, the thing you put into it. I'm talking about... what am I talking about?

M/W

WILLIAM
 The buzz?

JEFF BEBE
 THE BUZZ! And the chicks, the WHATEVER, is an off-shoot of THE BUZZ. And like -- you saying you liked "Fever Dog?" That is the fucking buzz, man.

Dick arrives.

DICK
 Anyone who isn't in the band out!
 It's nearly showtime.

INT. BACKSTAGE STEPS -- NIGHT -- MINUTES LATER

William sits on the backstage steps, writing feverishly in his notebook. Behind him, two steps higher, Penny Lane scoots into place.

PENNY LANE
 I found you a pass.

WILLIAM
 Thanks. I got in with Stillwater.
 (amped)
 It's the best interview I've ever done... I've only done two, but you know... this is number one.

PENNY LANE
 You're learning. They're much more fun on the way up.

William nods, still scribbling. She eases down next to him. Her proximity causes him to look at her, his eyebrows rising. She smooths them down with two single fingers.

PENNY LANE (cont'd)
 How old are you?

WILLIAM
 Eighteen.

PENNY LANE
 Me too. How old are we really?

"Invisible"

ALMOST FAMOUS

D-M/W

WILLIAM
Seventeen.

PENNY LANE
Me too.

WILLIAM
Actually I'm 16.

PENNY LANE
Me too. Isn't it *funny*? The truth
just *sounds* different.

WILLIAM
I'm 15.

PENNY LANE
You want to know how old I really
am?

WILLIAM
No.

She looks down the hall, drawn to the sound of another band
tuning up. Music is her religion.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
How did you get started in all this?

PENNY LANE
It's a long story.

WILLIAM
Right. Right.

PENNY LANE
We live in the same city. We should
be friends.

WILLIAM
What's your real name?

She takes his backstage pass from his shirt and puts it on
his thigh -- the cooler location. Nearby, the dressing room
door opens, and band exits. Excitement level rises as they
mass in the hallway.

RUSSELL
The Enemy!

Russell approaches, as William stands. Penny watches, hanging
out of Russell's eyesight. The kid is anxious to introduce
his new friends.

WILLIAM
Russell, this is Penny Lane.

PENNY LANE
Pleasure.

~~RUSSELL~~
Penny Lane. ~~Like the song, right?~~

PENNY LANE
Have we met?

They shake, and do not let go for too long. They regard each other. Shot takes us to William, who puts two and two together. Once again, he is invisible.

WILLIAM
Well, I guess you've... you've met.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Stage lights dim on a crowd of fans. Applause.

INT. BACKSTAGE/STAGE -- NIGHT

Dick's flashlight dances on the ground just in front of the group, Penny Lane and William in tow. They reach the top of the stairs. Russell pulls William into the band's huddle. It's their band ritual, psyching together, arms on each other's shoulders in a circle. They sing a few lines of the classic "Train Kept A-Rollin'" or "Go See Cal." They break. Russell directs William and Penny to his side of the stage. Plugging in, Russell hits a chord -- *thwack*. Applause. Twenty feet away, Dick prepares to address the crowd from the darkened stage.

DICK
(to William)
How do I look?

WILLIAM
Good.

It is his favorite moment of the evening, the highlight of his job, as he speaks with perfect timing and great importance.

DICK
From Troy, Michigan. Please welcome.
Stillwater.

Light hits the stage, and the band launches into their opening song, "Fever Dog." Audience response is strong.

end