

Russell walks the outskirts of the pool area with William. William follows him through the sliding glass door to his room, facing the pool. Russell grabs his guitar. They stand for a moment, unheard by the others, and regard the living portrait twenty yards in front of them. The off-limits after-hours pool area has been overtaken by the Stillwater tour members. Jeff Bebe sits in a chair nearby. Dick laughs at a joke. Always the life of the party, Penny Lane dispenses stolen towels from a maid cart. And she is the first to slip into the pool for some after-hours, against-the-rules swimming. Effortlessly, she turns a collection of people into a party. They regard her, well out of earshot of the others.

RUSSELL

For a minute I thought you were actually a real journalist... which is... you know, it's great.

(beat)

Shut that thing off, and I'll tell you the truth.

William shuts his tape recorder off.

WILLIAM

It's off.

RUSSELL

Look. I trust you. I'm going to lay this right on you. Just make us look cool.

WILLIAM

I will quote you warmly and accurately.

RUSSELL

That's what I'm worried about. See - some of us have girlfriends back home. Some of us have wives. And... some of the people you meet on the road are really amazing people...

They both watch Penny Lane, sparkling, fresh from the pool. She places hotel furniture into the shallow end and inviting all, even other curious hotel guests, to join them in the pool.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

Like you. And some of the things that happen are good for just a few people to know about - as opposed to, say, a *million* people.

Dawn is breaking for William.

WILLIAM

Ohhhh. Oh. Yeah.

RUSSELL

You know what I mean?

WILLIAM

Right. Yeah.

RUSSELL

See, you're dangerous. Most people are just waiting to talk, but you *listen*.

WILLIAM

Right. Right.

RUSSELL

So your question you asked me. I think about it every fucking night. The "business." I hate it!

(quietly)

I grew up with these guys, okay? I can't play all that I can play, I'm past these musicians, do you understand?

WILLIAM

I do.

RUSSELL

The more popular we get, the more I can't walk on them, the bigger their houses get, the more pressure... you forget, man. You forget what it was like to be real, to be a *fan*. You can hear it in a lot of bands who've been successful - it doesn't sound like music anymore. It sounds like... like *lifestyle maintenance*.

(suddenly confessional)

I used to be able to hear the sounds of the world. Everything, to me, used to sound like music. Everything. Now I don't hear it. You know what I'm trying to say?

WILLIAM

(ruefully)

Yeah.

RUSSELL

Man, it feels good to say this stuff out loud. But what am I doing? I'm telling secrets to the one guy you don't tell secrets to.

WILLIAM

(feeling included)

No, that's okay. We'll do the interview tomorrow.

RUSSELL

This is good. So there's the "friend"

and then there's the "interview guy."

WILLIAM

Yeah.

RUSSELL

So tonight it's "friend".... and when we wake up tomorrow - "*interview guy.*" We'll figure it out as we go, buddy.

WILLIAM

Hey - for whatever it's worth - you guys are really good.

Russell laughs at the kid's easy naivete. He hands his guitar to the kid, and joins the party. William watches, part of the crowd... somehow feeling a little compromised. He doesn't care. Penny gestures for him to join them.