

William exits a backstage Portosan. Penny catches him by the grilling area where catering is preparing for the outdoor event. Their laminated passes swing from around their necks. Thudding in the distance, Stillwater plays for a cheering outdoor crowd. The sound of summer insects in the air.

PENNY

So it wasn't a birthday party, it was a farewell.

William doesn't answer. He looks at her, blowing some hair out of her face.

PENNY (cont'd)

You think you can fool me. I read you. I know what you're thinking.

WILLIAM

What's that?

PENNY

(touched)

You're *worried* about me and Russell.

WILLIAM

Yeah. I gotta work on that.

PENNY

You're so sweet. God -- if there was more of you in *him*...

WILLIAM

Don't tell me this stuff. I want to like him.

PENNY

(concerned for him)

Did you miss your test or something?

He shakes his head. It's so beyond a test.

PENNY (cont'd)

I know I'm not on the plane, and I'm not going on *some other band's bus*. I mean, I could go with the Sabbath road crew, but that would be pathetic. The girls are all going with Humble Pie. If you could find out from Russell --

WILLIAM

(quietly)

Penny -

PENNY

(a decision)

Forget it. I'm flying to New York myself. I have a bunch of partial tickets. I know his ex-wife, current girlfriend's going to be there -

William's eyebrows rise. She examines his face for clues.

WILLIAM

-- I'm not sure that's a good idea.

PENNY

(overlapping)

What? What are you saying? What do you know? Did Russell say something?

WILLIAM

I don't know anything.

PENNY

I know he wants me there. He gave me a cake. He wrote me that sweet poem.

WILLIAM

(loud)

Wake up! Don't go to New York!

PENNY

What are you telling me?

She looks so achingly beautiful to him.

WILLIAM

Because you're not who you said you were! I thought you were *retired!*

PENNY

You're right. I'm not who I said I was. I'm just like you. I love music, so this is my family. Some people like tractors, and they hang out with *tractor people*. What's the worst that could happen if I go to New York?

(little girl)

"I get my little heart broken?"

WILLIAM

Oh no. Never *you!* You eat people *alive!*

She tears some leaves off a tree. He looks at her, unable to formulate a response.

PENNY

(accusatory)

I'm sorry I told you so much. You have some way of making everybody tell you all their secrets.

WILLIAM

That's a good one. Tell me too much
and make it *my* fault.

He continues walking, she follows. They have ventured outside
the backstage area, onto adjoining Boston farmland. The show
booms in the background.

PENNY

Come on. You've seen what's happened.
Russell and I fell in love. How much,
I don't know... but this is the first
time I've fallen for someone, really
fallen... since Iggy, and I'm *not* happy
about it.

WILLIAM

(beat)

You slept with *Iggy Pop!*?

She says nothing.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

(sputtering)

Why don't you just tell me now, who
else -- so when I go to the record
store, I know who to be jealous of.
Because right now, it's looking like
the whole store!

He's upset. She stares at him.

PENNY

(teasing, defiant)

You'll remember me forever. I was
there when you lost your virginity.

WILLIAM

(upset at the memory)

So was Steely Dan! It was a crowded
room.

She laughs, can't help it. Then:

PENNY

You make me laugh. I think I'm gonna
cry.

WILLIAM

(continuing)

I thought we were going to Morocco!
There's no Morocco. There's never *been*
a Morocco. There's not even a Penny
Lane. I don't *even know your real*
name.

PENNY

If I ever met a guy in the real world,
who looked at me the way you just looked
at me...

WILLIAM

When and where does the real world
occur? I am really... confused here.
Fuck! All these Rules And all these
sayings... and nicknames...

PENNY

You know -- you're too sweet for rock
and roll.

WILLIAM

Where do you get off... where do you
get "sweet?" I'm not sweet. I'm dark
and mysterious and pissed-off and *I
could be very dangerous* to all of you...
I'm not sweet, and *you should know
that about me! I am The Enemy.*

PENNY

You're not any of those things and
that's what I love about you.

William stands there in disbelief, unable to look at her.

WILLIAM

You fall in love to *keep* from falling
in love.

PENNY

I don't want to go home!

WILLIAM

Well, I have to go home. *And you never
helped me.*

PENNY

Yes I did.

WILLIAM

That disc-jockey in Arizona got a better
interview than me... and he was *asleep.*

He starts walking back to the stage. She follows. They are
two very young kids thrashed by the seas of rock and roll.
His frustration increases. She just doesn't get it. Applause
in b.g. She grabs his shirt.

PENNY

Look. You should be happy for me.
You don't know what he says to me in
private. Maybe it *is* love. As much
as it can be with someone who --

WILLIAM

(blurts)

-- sold you to Humble Pie for fifty
dollars and a case of beer? I was
there!

He is instantly sorry. Her world privately crumbles, but she
tries to remain stoic and carefree.

PENNY

What kind of beer?