

Almost Famous Quotations – Part 2

Go over these lines from what we watched in Part 2 to review the characters and plot.

Jeff Bebe: I'm worried, man.

Russell Hammond: No, you can trust him. He's a fan.

Jeff Bebe: But it's *Rolling Stone*. He looks harmless but he does represent the magazine that trashed "Layla," broke up Cream, ripped every album Led Zeppelin ever made. Don't forget the rules, man. This little shit is the enemy. He writes what he sees. [*beat*] Although it would be cool to be on the cover.

Elaine Miller: May I speak with William, please?

Sapphire: He's still down in the bar with the band. They just got back from the radio station. Is this Maryann with the pot?... Hello?

Elaine Miller: No, this is not Maryann with the pot. This is Elaine. His mother. Could you give William a message for me, please? Tell him to call home immediately, and also tell him, "I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON."

Sapphire: All right. But I'm just going to say this, and I'm going to stand by it: you should be really proud of him. 'Cause I know men, and I'll bet you do too. And he respects women, and he likes women, and let's just pause and appreciate a man like that. You created him out of thin air, you know, you raised him right, he's having a great time, he's doing a good job, and don't worry—he's still a virgin. And we're all looking out for him, you know? And that's more than I've ever said to my own parents, so there you go. [*beat*] This is the maid speaking, by the way.

Sheldon the Desk Clerk: Are you Mr. Miller?

William Miller: Yeah.

Sheldon the Desk Clerk: [*politely*] You have a message from Elaine, your mother. [*pause*] She's a handful.

William Miller: I know.

Sheldon the Desk Clerk: [*seriously*] She freaked me out.

Russell Hammond: Look, ah, I trust you so I'm just going to lay this right on you. Just make us look cool.

William Miller: I will quote you warmly and accurately.

Russell Hammond: Well, that's what I'm worried about. You see some of us, have got girlfriends back home, you know? Some of us have wives. And some of the people you meet on the road are really amazing people. [*William is transfixed by looking at Penny, who is across the courtyard and blowing kisses at Russell. Then Russell turns to William.*] Like you. But some of the stuff that happens, it's good for a few people to know about as opposed to, say, a million people. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?

William Miller: Yeah.

Russell Hammond: You see I grew up with these guys, and I can't play all that I can play. I'm past them as musicians, but the more popular we get, the bigger their houses get, the more responsibilities, the pressure, you know, the harder it gets for me to walk out on them. What am I doing? I am telling secrets to the one guy you don't tell secrets to.

William Miller: No, no, we'll, we'll do the interview tomorrow.

Russell Hammond: Okay. So tonight it's, huh, friends. We trust you.

Jeff Bebe: I can't say any more with the writer here.

Russell Hammond: No, no, no. You can trust him, you can say whatever you want.

Jeff Bebe: I work just as hard or harder than anybody on that stage. You know what I do? I connect. I get people off. I look for the guy who isn't getting off, and I make him get off. [*to William*] Actually, *that* you can print!

Russell Hammond: From here on out, I am only interested in what is real. Real people, real feelings, that's it, that's all I'm interested in.

Russell Hammond: You, Aaron, are what it's all about. You're real. Your room is real. Your friends are real. Real, man, real. You know? Real. You're more important than all the silly machinery. Silly machinery. And you know it! In eleven years it's going to be 1984, man. Think about that!

Aaron from Topeka: Wanna see me feed a mouse to my snake?

Russell Hammond: Yes.

Russell Hammond: I am a golden god! [The crowd cheers, with fans saying things like "You rock!" and "I love you, Russell!]
I am a golden god! [The crowd cheers even more loudly.]

William Miller: Hey Russell, don't jump!

Russell Hammond: And you can tell Rolling Stone magazine that my last words were [lengthy beat]... I'm on drugs! [crowd cheers]

William Miller: Russell! Russell! I think we should work on those last words!

Russell Hammond: Okay, oh, I got it, I got it, I got it, I got it, I got it. This is better. Last words [lengthy beat] I dig music. [a few weak claps and lukewarm cheers] I'm on drugs! [crowd cheers]

William Miller: Just come on down and we'll go back to the hotel.

Russell Hammond: Okay. [Russell backs away from the edge. The crowd is disappointed, someone says, "Jump!" and others begin to chant it. Then Russell turns and leaps off the roof.]

Dick Roswell: He only means half of what he says.

William Miller: Which half?

Russell Hammond: I hurt the flower.

[Everyone riding on the bus—that is, everyone except for Ed, the drummer—is singing along to "Tiny Dancer" by Elton John.]

William Miller: I have to go home.

Penny Lane: You are home.

Polexia Aphrodisia: Let's deflower the kid.

William Miller: Don't you have any regular friends?

Penny Lane: Famous people are just more interesting.

William Miller: Well, I would be worried that they were using me. Not that they're using you.

Penny Lane: You know, if this were the real world. . .