

Do You Really Know Me

By

Justin Murphy

His Novella

INT.--JOHN CALEB HALVORSON'S ATTIC--DAY

GARY HALVORSON, opens his grandfather's old trunk and there are three items present. A letter from World War II he puts back, another is an old photo gets out at this moment.

GARY
What the...?

Gazes at the photo of his grandfather during his younger years with who appears to be none other than legendary actor JAMES DEAN. He squints his eyes out of confusion over this.

GARY
Wait...

Turns the old photo around and sees "Dalton, Georgia -- 1965" written on the back.

GARY
...this can't be.

The third item in this trunk remains irrelevant at this point, as he closes it.

INT.--JOHN CALEB HALVORSON'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Gary comes back down and gets on his laptop, which he now hooks up to his photo scanner. He places the old photo in the scanner and watches the photo upload to his computer.

GARY
Let's see here...

Opens the scanner, turns the photo on its back with the writing "Dalton, Georgia -- 1965" visible. This image also uploads to the computer. Gary signs on to FACEBOOK.

GARY
...how many responses are we going to get?

Posts the old photo of James Dean with his grandfather and the back of the photo on Facebook. Typing "Here's my grandfather John Caleb Halvorson with James Dean".

GARY
Just a little while longer...

Types "How could James Dean even know or meet my grandfather in Dalton, Georgia ten years after he was killed in car crash? The two photos now show up on Facebook.

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GARY

Oh wow...

There are a good number of replies and "likes" to his post almost immediately. One friend sends a message saying "Oh cool...I had no idea your grandfather knew James Dean!"

GARY

...neither did I.

Types "it looks like I'll have to go to Dalton, Georgia and investigate this" and sends the message. Switches to a travel website, icons display an airplane, car, and hotel.

GARY

Okay...

Clicks on the airplane icon and books a flight for Dalton, and now follows suit by clicking on the hotel icon, making arrangements for lodging there. He clicks on the car icon.

GARY

Damn!

Sees a friend instant message saying "I had no idea you had family in Georgia". Gary responds with "My grandfather was raised there". He now goes back to ordering his rental car.

GARY

Hope that takes care of everything...

Looks at the photo of James Dean and his grandfather.

GARY

What now?

Sees his friend is still messaging him and types "Sorry, I have to go now". Shaking his his head over this annoyance.

INT.--GARY HALVORSON'S BEDROOM--DAY

Gary plops the suitcase on the bed and opens it up before he places clothing and items within it. Such as his laptop and photo scanner inside, along with his grandfather's photo.

EXT.--AIRPORT--DAY

Gary boards the airplane with nothing more than the clothes on his back and the suitcases he carries in his hand. He does not even look back as he leaves for his destination.

EXT.--STREETS OF DALTON, GEORGIA--DAY

Gary drives down the street in his rental car when all of a sudden, this shiny car made of silver whizzes right by him. Catching up he sees it is a 1955 PORSCHE SPYDER riding by.

GARY

I don't believe this...

Sees an old man driving the car and holds up the old photo with James Dean and his grandfather for a comparison. It is indeed uncanny, now snapping a picture with his cell phone.

GARY

./..I just hope he gets it.

Texts the photo to a friend of his in Marion, Indiana before dialing him and pulling over on the side of the road.

GARY

Did you get it?

The friend picks up and answers.

FRIEND (O.S.)

Oh yeah...what's was the old guy in James Dean's car?

GARY

I don't know if it is even the same car, but didn't you find it a bit odd he and James Dean look alike?

FRIEND

So what? It's probably some old greaser who's a big fan of his...

GARY

You mean you don't find it just a little weird?

FRIEND

Well...a little...

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Since you're from Marion...do you think you could get hold of James Dean's birth certificate?

FRIEND

WHAT? Just because I live in the town where he was born? That's a tad weird in and of itself.

GARY

Do you find it weird James Dean was photographed with my grandfather ten years after his death?

Shrugs his shoulders.

FRIEND

That was probably a mistake...Dean probably took that photo with your grandfather in '55...not '65...

GARY

He was only ten years old in 1955, and besides, what was James Dean even doing in a town like this?

FRIEND

I don't know...

Gary looks out the window for about a second.

FRIEND

...and besides, can't you find stuff like birth certificates on Google or eBay these days?

Turns his attention back to the old photo with his grandfather and James Dean.

FRIEND

There's this website called Snopes.com on urban legends and even displays Walt Disney's will...

GARY

Seriously?

FRIEND

Oh yeah...give stuff like that a try before going to any Department of Records...

GARY

Alright...thanks...I'll do that!

Hangs up the phone.

INT.--VONDA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

JAMES BYRON DOUGLAS walks into the living room of his longtime roommate VONDA and sees a large poster on the wall reading ANNUAL JAMES DEAN FILM FESTIVAL and tries to leave.

VONDA

Oh, come on Jimmy...it'll be fun!

Douglas tries to ignore her, continues to head for the next room.

DOUGLAS

Not again...

Leaves the room.

VONDA

We go through this every year and then by the end of the film festival, we always have fun...

Douglas pops his head in the doorway once more.

DOUGLAS

Not this year we won't...

Vonda waves her hand and shrugs it off like it is no big deal.

VONDA

It's just some phase you're going through...you'll get over it.

As she walks out, Douglas gazes at the poster for the film festival once more. Looks at the sub-heading "three consecutive nights", sees the listing of James Dean films.

DOUGLAS

I don't think so...

Shakes his head.

DOUGLAS

...not this time...I've had enough of this crap...

Turns around as Vonda re-enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS
...like you said...every year we go
through this...

Paces around the room.

DOUGLAS
People wanting my autograph...to
take a picture...and those stupid
question and answer sessions...

Heads back toward the fireplace and slams his fist on the
mantle.

VONDA
You're actually this tired of it?

Places her hand on his arm.

VONDA
I just thought it was some phase
you were going through every
year...

Rubs his shoulder.

VONDA
...I had no you had such intense
feelings about this!

Gary picks his head up.

DOUGLAS
It's never a phase...

Looks at her.

DOUGLAS
...this has always been intense for
me.

VONDA
Don't you love meeting people at
the local drive in when we go to
these film festivals?

DOUGLAS
Not really...

Walks away from the mantle and the fireplace.

DOUGLAS

...just one big damn hassle every
year and there's no point to it...

Runs his fingers through his hair and sits down.

DOUGLAS

...I don't know why you think I
enjoy that crap!

Sits down next to him and lends him a shoulder.

VONDA

If it upsets you so much we just
won't go then...

DOUGLAS

Nah...if it means that much to
you...we'll go...

Gets up from the couch and nods at her.

VONDA

Well, not if it makes you
uncomfortable...

DOUGLAS

It's alright...

Shrugs his shoulders.

DOUGLAS

We'll go.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--DAY

Gary Googles "James Dean birth certificate" and switches
over to the "Images" section where he sees photos of said
birth certificate, death certificate, and accident report.

GARY

Hmmm...

Clicks on the photo of his birth certificate, which appears
larger in front of the website it is posted on. He now
clicks the "X" and sees the website, it is on eBay.

GARY

This is for sale?

Squinting, he looks at each of the documents on display here
with the heading GRANT COUNTY DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH MARION,
INDIANA and underneath it reads "CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH".

(CONTINUED)

GARY
Well, at least it's a copy of the
real thing...

At the very bottom of the listing, it mentions "All pages are photocopies from original documentation". There is also a signed photo of James Dean below this same mention.

GARY
Uh Huh...

He scrolls back up to the photocopy of James Dean's birth certificate for a second look. This confirms his birth name JAMES BYRON DEAN, his parents are WINTON and MILDRED DEAN.

GARY
What else is here?

The birth certificate also mentions Dean's birth date as FEBRUARY 8, 1931. Also revealing his father was born in Indiana while his mother was born in MONTANA, however.

GARY
Okay...

After gazing at the remaining info on the birth certificate, Gary returns to the listing on eBay, and now clicks on the photocopy of Dean's death certificate.

GARY
...now let's see...

He now clicks to see a larger version of James Dean's death certificate. The heading reads COUNTY OF SAN LUIS OBISPO with the sub-heading reading SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA.

GARY
Wow...

Reading the contents of his death certificate, he sees Dean's full name is once again listed. Along with the date of his tragic death being SEPTEMBER 30, 1955 at 5:45 PM.

GARY
Anything else...

Saying this to himself, he notices the death certificate acknowledges the location of the accident was CHOLAME, CALIFORNIA. One mile east at HIGHWAY 466 and 41 JUNCTION.

GARY
...Mmmm...

With his eyes darting further along the slots of the death certificate, Gary sees it also mentions the fatal accident also took place in the SHERMAN OAKS section of LOS ANGELES.

GARY
...no surprise there...

Going back to the upper slots of the death certificate, he reads such details as ACTOR, MOTION PICTURES, and NEVER MARRIED when he says this to himself at this very moment.

GARY
...need something more in depth...

Types "w" in the browser, in which the address for "Wikipedia" pops up and types in James Dean.

GARY
...now here we are!

Clicks the section labeled "Death" and start reading the details and almost leans back out of shock at this.

GARY
Ohhh....

Scrolls down to read some more.

GARY
...wasn't expecting this...

Leans in toward the screen for a closer read.

GARY
...even if I did hear about his
accident in the media for years...

Clicks the photo of James Dean Memorial Junction to get a larger view.

GARY
...so this is where it all
happened...

Goes back and now clicks on a larger view of the James Dean Memorial that was erected one mile east of the accident.

GARY
...no doubt.

Looks to his left and sees today's issue of THE DAILY CITIZEN, the local newspaper here in Dalton, Georgia. There is an article on The Annual James Dean Film Festival.

GARY
Oh, don't tell me...

INT.--VONDA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Douglas and Vonda get ready for the first night of The Annual James Dean Film Festival. Douglas is dressed in corduroy jeans and checkered shirt while looking at her.

DOUGLAS
Why do we have to break out these stupid costumes every year?

VONDA
Like I said, you don't have to go if you don't want to...

Wearing an old farming dress found in rural areas around the early 1900's.

DOUGLAS
Never mind...let's just go...let's get this over and done with...

Opens the door for her.

VONDA
Wait a minute...

Hikes up the skirt of her dress.

VONDA
...alright...let's go...

They both leave.

EXT.--VONDA'S HOUSE--NIGHT

Walking out the door, both Vonda and Douglas move toward the car. Getting his keys, he picks out the one he will use. Approaching his 1955 Porsche Spyder, unlocking her door.

VONDA
Why do we always take this insane car of yours?

Bursts out laughing while he opens the door like a true gentlemen.

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DOUGLAS

The fastest way to get there...

Vonda gets in the passenger's seat as he shuts the door behind her.

VONDA

Remember when you had that accident...in a car just like this?

Douglas gets in the driver's as he pauses when she says these exact words.

VONDA

I don't see why you don't get a car that's a lot more safe with a simpler design...

Puts key into ignition, cranks up the engine, driving off.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

Gary is still on Google Images gazing at black and white photos of James Dean's car accident from 1955. Photos the are no doubt a tad gruesome. Even causing Gary to flinch.

GARY

How can anyone survive that?

Shakes his head while twisting his lips at the mere sight of these snapshots.

GARY

Damn...

Clicks one of the images for a larger view.

GARY

...no sign of the body?

Sees no sign of James Dean in this particular photo, whether injured or dead, he is not visible in this photo whatsoever.

GARY

Wow...

Shrugs his shoulders.

GARY

...that's strange...

Still has no idea what to make of this photo.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

...I wish there was at least one
brief shot of him here...

Closes his laptop.

GARY

...but apparently not...

Gazes at the article on The Annual James Dean Film Festival
in Dalton's newspaper The Daily Citizen while the photo with
James Dean and his grandfather lie in the spot next to it.

GARY

Wait a minute...

Smiles, as if an idea is popping into his head.

GARY

...this might actually work!

Snaps his fingers.

GARY

Yeah...that wouldn't be so bad...

Takes out his cellphone and starts dialing it.

GARY

Hey...I think I know a way to to
raise interest of the possibility
James Dean might be alive...

EXT.--DRIVE IN--NIGHT

Douglas and Vonda drive in and there are so many people
dressed as turn of the century farmers. Looking around,
Douglas is less than amused as everyone in socializing.

VONDA

Come on...let's talk to a few
people before the movie
starts...it'll be fun...

Gets out of the car while Douglas sits here and broods a
little.

FEMALE MOVIEGOER (O.S.)

Oh my god...isn't this a great
turnout?

(CONTINUED)

VONDA

Well, it certainly is...

Turns back to the car and Douglas.

VONDA

It wouldn't hurt to say "Hi".

DOUGLAS

Oh alright...

Gets out of the car and joins her.

FEMALE MOVIEGOER

Oh Jimmy..good to see you here...

DOUGLAS

Yeah...how are you?

FEMALE MOVIEGOER

Oh I'm good, so are you ready to see one of your old films?

Douglas reluctantly nods his head.

DOUGLAS

I guess...

The female moviegoer.

FEMALE MOVIEGOER

You have to be more excited than this...aren't you?

VONDA

He's very excited...

Holds his hand in hers.

VONDA

...aren't you excited, Jimmy?

Douglas feigns a smile.

DOUGLAS

Yeah...I guess it'll be pretty good...

Not a very enthusiastic smile.

FEMALE MOVIEGOER

I'll see you two after the movie...

Gary pulls up in his rental car and sees all of these fans dressed in period garb similar to the characters in this movie, as if they are rejects from a comic book convention.

GARY
What in the hell?

Looks around at how odd all of this is, curling his lips in the process.

DOUGLAS
So, are you here to see this damn flick too?

Gary turns around to see James Byron Douglas.

GARY
Yeah...

DOUGLAS
You're not going to see much...

Nudges Gary.

DOUGLAS
...I've come every year since they started having this...

Points around at the drive in, much of it decorated like turn of the century farmland.

DOUGLAS
...I've seen this film so many times I'm sick of it...

Has no idea whether to laugh or be disgusted.

VONDA
Don't worry...he means only half of what he says...

Jimmy ooks half amused, half upset.

GARY
Which half?

Watching the two of them walk off with Vonda looking pissed at Douglas.

EMCEE
Hello everyone and welcome to the first night of The Annual James Dean Film Festival!

Gary looks around as everyone has returned to their cars and begins clapping at the introduction. The Emcee now stands at the front of the screen, speaking in front of a microphone.

EMCEE

For those of you who don't
know...this was the first of three
films James Dean made...

Gary gets a closer look at James Byron Douglas who sits down in the driver's seat of his 1955 Porsche Spyder. Getting his cellphone, he pulls up the photo he took of him earlier.

EMCEE

...this film was directed by the
great Elia Kazan and based on one
amazing novel by John Steinbeck!

Seeing that it is the same person from his cellphone photo, Gary gets on his laptop and looks at a blog he created entitled IS JAMES DEAN ALIVE? Snaps a few more photos.

EMCEE

No one in Hollywood knew how fast
his star would rise...

Looks at the photos on his cellphone as he continues to snap them.

EMCEE

...and no one knew his star would
fade so tragically in such a short
amount of time...

An usher gets in Gary's ear.

USHER

Excuse me...you'll have to dispense
with the laptop and cellphone...the
movie's about to start...

The usher leaves as Gary puts his laptop and cellphone aside.

EMCEE

...so without further ado...our
feature presentation!

The lights around the big screen darken as the opening credits appears on a painted background with the title card reading OVERTURE and some beautiful music playing.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS

Same old boring film I've watched
every year since it came out in
1954...

RANDOM MOVIEGOER (O.S.)

Shhh!

THE WARNER BROS. LOGO appears onscreen with title EAST OF EDEN now following it. The crowd here at the drive in almost immediately starts screaming at the top of their lungs.

DOUGLAS

Oh give me a damn break...

Shakes his head while Vonda enjoys it by eating some popcorn and taking a sip of her soda. Regardless of Douglas' mood.

RANDOM MOVIEGOER

Shhh!

Despite not being allowed to use his cellphone or laptop while the movie's playing, Gary smiles as it starts.

VONDA

Just watch the film Jimmy...

Whispers this in Douglas' ear.

DOUGLAS

Fine...

Vonda offers him a small bite of her chocolate candy, which he reluctantly eats.

DOUGLAS

...thank god that's over...

Around two hours later, the title card featuring THE END and the Warner Bros. logo appear as Douglas is ready to crank up the engine on his 1955 Porsche Spyder and get out of here.

VONDA

Jimmy...there's people around the
screen gathering to meet you...

Grabs his hand just as he puts it on the steering wheel.

VONDA

...just for a little while...and
then we can go...alright?

Douglas turns the engine off.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS
Okay...okay...

He and Vonda both get out of the car.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER
Can we have an autograph...or a
picture with you?

Douglas reluctantly nods.

DOUGLAS
I guess it wouldn't hurt...got a
pen or paper...or even a camera?

Gazes at these kids who seem clueless as to this question.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER
Well...here's something...

One of his friends gets out a scrap piece of paper from his
pocket.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER.
...yeah...here we go...

Douglas is handed this scrap with an old pen that has been
chewed and used to death. He signs it for them this second.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER
How about a picture?

Douglas hands him back the pen and paper, now standing with
him and a few of his friends while another stands in front
of them. Within a few seconds, there is a brief flash.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER
Thanks.

Shakes Douglas' hand.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER
So how was it working with Elia
Kazan?

DOUGLAS
Oh god...

Turns his head away from these young fans.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER
Was he difficult to work with on
set?

Gary chuckles as he overhears this while making a blog entry for "Is James Dean Alive?" on his laptop.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER

Is it true you didn't get along
with Raymond Massey?

Watching Douglas walk away from this, Gary tries to hold his laughter.

DOUGLAS

What? You're still here?

Douglas helps Vonda inside the passenger's seat of his 1955 Porsche Spyder as Gary just sits here continuing to watch.

DOUGLAS

Do you want an autograph or snap a
picture with me too?

VONDA

Jimmy...just leave the little boy
alone and let's just go...

GARY

Does this picture look familiar to
you?

Gary gets up, pulling the photo of James Dean and his grandfather out, showing it to Douglas.

DOUGLAS

Yeah...that's an old racing buddy
of mine...

GARY

This old racing buddy of yours is
my grandfather...

Douglas gazes at the photo, squinting his eyes with curiosity.

GARY

Is this actually you...

Stands here firm as he asks this question.

GARY

...are you really James Dean?

DOUGLAS

Look kid...I don't have time for
this, alright?

(CONTINUED)

Opens the driver's seat door with the key.

DOUGLAS

And if you're doing an article on me for your high school newspaper, then you can go straight to hell!

Douglas looks away from Gary before getting into the driver's seat of his 1955 Porsche Spyder and turns on the ignition. He and Vonda now pull out of this drive in.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

On his cellphone, Gary is speaking with his friend from Marion, Indiana, who shows up on the Caller ID. He is also checking the "Is James Dean Alive?" blog on his laptop.

GARY

Yes...I talked to him...

Nods as he speaks.

GARY

...the asshole blew me off when I showed him a photo of James Dean with my grandfather...

Places the photos he took tonight at the drive in into his photo scanner and they start appearing on his computer.

FRIEND (O.S.)

Well...there's your answer...he's not James Dean...

Gary now posts these photos to his blog.

GARY

You remember hearing about all of those who knew Dean saying he wasn't very sociable?

FRIEND

Yeah...

GARY

Well...maybe that's the same case here...someone who doesn't want to be bothered...

FRIEND

You're going on a bit of a wild goose chase by thinking he's James Dean anyway...love the blog though.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

But that still doesn't explain the old photo I found of him and my grandfather...or the year...

FRIEND

We've been over this...

GARY

There's something out there and I have find out what it is...

Shakes his head.

GARY

...whether this guy is James Dean or not I have to learn about his connection to my grandfather.

FRIEND

You need to learn to get a life and let go of this...

GARY

I think I'm going to ask around town about this guy...

FRIEND

About knowing your grandfather or whether or not this guy's actually James Dean?

GARY

Both...

Notices several comments on his blog regarding whether or not the grouchy old man he met at the film festival is indeed the tragic film icon in question. He reads them.

GARY

Have you noticed my blog? There's a flame war going on...

Chuckles a bit.

FRIEND

About whether or not he's James Dean? Oh god, what a bunch of losers...

Gary squints his eyes at a certain blog post that catches his attention.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

There's someone saying he's a phony
and he has proof...

FRIEND

See? I told you...

GARY

Maybe I should talk to whoever it
is...

FRIEND

You should...it'll clear the air
and get you off this James Dean is
alive kick you're on...

GARY

Who knows? Maybe it will...

FRIEND

Of course it will! Why not?

Gary continues to stare at this very same blog entry.

GARY

I guess...it's something I'll have
to figure out by myself...

Scrolls down by using the mouse on his laptop to look at
other comments left on his blog.

FRIEND

That's true.

EXT.--TRAIN--DAY

Gary sits atop the roof of this train as it moves forward
into the next county. With his cellphone, laptop, and other
assets handy, he looks to his left awaiting his destination.

EXT.--PLANETARIUM--DAY

Gazing at this out of the way domed building, Gary is a tad
wide eyed in this otherwise small town, rural setting. He
now goes inside to see what kind of secrets await him.

INT.--PLANETARIUM--DAY

Gary encounters THE CURATOR of this planetarium, an old man who is short and skinny, hiding behind a small set of bifocals. A pair he is now taking off at this moment.

GARY

Did you post on my blog about the old man at the film festival not being James Dean?

THE CURATOR

Oh, he's been claiming it for years...but he isn't...

Gary listens with his full attention.

THE CURATOR

Do you realize how many so called "tough guys", "rebels", and "hoods" wanted to be James Dean?

GARY

Probably many...

THE CURATOR

Exactly...

Raises his index finger.

THE CURATOR

...I even remember that grease monkey when he came here in the 1950's...

Paces around as he reflects.

THE CURATOR

...like all the others who wanted to emulate their fallen idol...with their fast cars and windbreakers...

Puts his bifocals back on as he gazes at planetarium slides.

THE CURATOR

...the only difference is they all grew out of their rebellious phase while he didn't...

Looks up from the slides toward Gary's direction.

(CONTINUED)

THE CURATOR
...oh, I do have some stuff on
him...

Hands Gary a scrapbook.

THE CURATOR
...here's all you need to know...

GARY
Why are you giving me this?

THE CURATOR
Open it...see what you find...

Leaves this section of the planetarium.

GARY
Oh wow...

Opens the first article about a car accident in 1955 caused by a "James Byron Douglas". Gary now flips to another newspaper clipping about a drunk driving arrest.

THE CURATOR
Now are you seeing the truth about
this so called "impersonator" who
professes to be James Dean?

Walks back into this section of the planetarium as he wipes his bifocals with a cloth before putting them back on.

THE CURATOR
Keep looking through that
scrapbook...I want you to see
everything!

Gary flips to another clipping about a bar fight involving James Byron Douglas.

GARY
You're quite obsessed with proving
he's a phony.

THE CURATOR
Well, at least I'm not the one who
set out to prove he's real...

Gary extends his hand to offer the scrapbook back, but the curator waves it off.

THE CURATOR

No, it's yours to keep, maybe it'll satisfy your curiosity and dispel any misconceptions you may have...

Gary pulls out the old photo of James Dean with his grandfather.

GARY

Then how do you explain this?

The curator adjusts his bifocals and takes a closer look at the photo before sliding it out of Gary's hands.

THE CURATOR

Did you doctor this with some fancy computer program to entertain those nobodies who frequent your blog?

GARY

I actually found it in my grandfather's trunk...

THE CURATOR

It sure looks like James Dean...but it's not him...

Hands the photo back to Gary.

GARY

Look at the date and location on the back of it...

Holds up the back of the photo.

GARY

...Dalton, Georgia...right in the next county...1965...ten years after James Dean was killed...

Hands the photo back to the curator who looks at the back of it.

GARY

I don't know where you got this photograph, why you doctored it, or why you wrote that on the back...

Hands the photo back to Gary once again.

THE CURATOR

...but for the last time it is not James Dean...now get out of here!

Leaves this section of the planetarium, as Gary puts the old photo and his cellphone back into his pocket. He also grabs the laptop, the photo scanner, and the curator's scrapbook.

EXT.--TRAIN--DAY

With his items, Gary now sits atop the train as it travels from this particular county in Georgia back to WHITFIELD COUNTY. He gazes to his right as it performs this task.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--DAY

Gary takes the old photos and newspaper clippings from the scrapbook and places them into the photo scanner. He also talks with his contact in Marion, Indiana on his cellphone.

FRIEND (O.S.)

So did he verify it wasn't James Dean?

GARY

No, but it gave me this interesting scrapbook with all sorts of stuff about the guy from the drive in.

Photos and clippings appear on the screen of his laptop.

FRIEND

Geez...I don't know why you even bother...

Gary now posts them on his blog.

GARY

He accused me of fabricating and doctoring the photo I found with James Dean and my grandfather...

FRIEND

Seems pretty legit to me...

Scrolls down with his mouse while looking at comments on his blog.

GARY

Got something here from that old woman I saw at the screening of East of Eden last night...

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

What old woman?

GARY

The one who was with the guy who might be James Dean...

FRIEND

What'd she say?

Gary starts reading her comment which reads "I know all of you are debating whether or not he's actually James Dean, but as to the owner of this blog, I do have documentation".

GARY

She claims to have proof that he is Dean after all...

FRIEND

I'm not buying into too much of this myself...but go ahead and give her a shot...

GARY

Yeah...I should do it before the next film festival screening tonight...

Clicks on the name of "Vonda", the woman who left the comment and opens a window for a private message. He now types the question "Where can we meet to discuss this?"

FRIEND

Well...if anything...I hope you find what you're looking for...

GARY

Thanks.

Hangs up his cellphone and clicks "Send" on the private message.

GARY

There!

Puts the last of old photos and clippings into the photo scanner.

GARY

Now I'll be able to find what is true about James Dean and this old man...and what isn't...

(CONTINUED)

These remainING old photos and clippings appear on his computer screen.

GARY
...definitely.

Posts the photos and clippings to his blog.

EXT.--VONDA'S HOUSE--DAY

Gary arrives here and takes a look at the 1955 Porsche Spyder in the driveway, and notices the front of the car does not have the number "130", as James Dean's had.

GARY
So he must've bought a new one...

Walks up to the porch and knocks on the door when Vonda opens it.

VONDA
May I help you?

GARY
You posted on my blog about having some proof the man you live with might actually be James Dean...

VONDA
Oh yes...come in quickly before he wakes up from his nap...

Waves him in as he comes inside.

VONDA
I don't want him to know I'm doing this...

Peeks her head out the door before closing it one inch at a time. Her eyes remain visible until the door closes.

INT.--VONDA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Vonda pulls out a folder and hands it to Gary almost immediately. He opens it and skims through these contents without a hitch. Vonda looks as if she has something to say.

VONDA
He did have an accident in 1955...I saw how badly hurt he was, lucky he wasn't dead on arrival...

(CONTINUED)

Leans forward as she quietly says this to him.

VONDA

...I was the nurse working the shift when he was brought in...and nursed him back to health...

Shrugs her shoulders and nods at him.

VONDA

...and I've been taking care of him ever since...

There are sounds of James Byron Douglas grumbling and waking up in the bedroom. Looking between the bedroom door and Gary, she pushes him toward the door almost immediately.

GARY

Hurry...before he sees you...

Vonda pushes him out door as James Byron Douglas enters the living room.

DOUGLAS

Who was that?

VONDA

Just a salesman...

Douglas scratches himself as he walks around the living room.

VONDA

...are you feeling any better?

Douglas turns to face her.

DOUGLAS

Miserable as always...

Vonda frowns.

VONDA

Do you feel like staying home...we don't have to go to that screening if you don't want to...

Turns around again in the direction not facing her.

DOUGLAS

No...it's alright...maybe we should...

Vonda places her hand on his shoulder while he props his arms up on the mantle of the fireplace.

VONDA

You know...I don't think we should...since you make a habit of acting so rude each time we go...

Bites a fingernail.

VONDA

...such as last night...

DOUGLAS

Oh god...don't start...

VONDA

These are just young kids who want a picture or an autograph...it wouldn't hurt you to be civil...

DOUGLAS

Like that kid who showed me that old picture of me with his grandfather...

Slams his fist on the mantle.

DOUGLAS

...and even had the gall to ask me if I was really James Dean!

VONDA

You're so complex Jimmy...you came here to get away from Los Angeles and avoid being sociable...

Douglas does not say a word.

VONDA

...yet you insist on going to these film festivals each time and being the center of attention...

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

Gary looks at the accident report Vonda gave him, and sees it is a copy of an earlier accident report with nothing but censor bars on it. Yet three details are evident to him.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Let's see...

The date of the accident is listed as September 30, 1955.

GARY

What else is mentioned here?

The location of the accident is listed as Cholame, California.

GARY

Hmmm...

The heading reveals this accident report was issued from San Luis Obispo County, California.

GARY

...same date, same location, same county...everything...except for...

James Dean's name is blacked out, along with any details regarding the accident itself. Anything regarding Dean's parents, or where he or they are from. Nothing whatsoever.

GARY

...everything else...

Walks over to his photo scanner and places this copy of the accident report inside before lifting open his laptop.

GARY

Okay...this'll take a few seconds to load for sure...

Gets his cellphone out of his pocket, checking messages, yet does not see one from his friend in Marion, Indiana.

GARY

Damn...thought he would've called!

Sees the copy of the accident report on his laptop.

GARY

Now let's put this up and see what kind of response it gets...

Posts the copy of the accident report on his blog.

GARY

...almost forgot that happens tonight...

Looks at the article on The Annual James Dean Film Festival in The Daily Citizen newspaper. Circles the name of a James Dean film with a pen, East of Eden has been crossed out.

GARY

...and I better get ready before
the film starts

He types on a blog entry "Will be going to the second night of The Annual James Dean Film Festival where they will be screening his next film, and I will be taking photos".

EXT.--DRIVE IN--NIGHT

James Byron Douglas drives Vonda here in his 1955 Porsche Spyder and comes to a stop before both of them get out and see everyone of these people driving 1950's style roadsters.

DOUGLAS

Dammit...

Sees each of the guys here with greaser style hairdos, red windbreaker jackets, white T-Shirts, and blue jeans, including himself. All copying the same look at this moment.

VONDA

They've all come out to honor their
hero...

Vonda, wearing a 1950's style teenage get up, smiles at him.

DOUGLAS

Oh...well that's nice.

Looking the other way, trying to ignore what she just said.

VONDA

Here's your crowd...

Pointing over to the young fans piling up and waiting for him.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER

Can we get a picture with you?

Douglas steps back, not at all interested.

VONDA

Well, what you waiting for...give
'em what they want!

(CONTINUED)

Seeing no other alternative, Douglas walks over to where these fans are standing and positions himself in front of a classic car they are also posing in front of at this moment.

DOUGLAS

Let's get this thing taken...

He barely even smiles as one of the young fans snaps a picture of his friends as they stand next to him.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER

There we go!

His friends split away from Douglas and reconvene near the young moviegoer, who now extends his hand outward.

YOUNG MOVIEGOER

Thank you!

Shakes Douglas' hand.

DOUGLAS

No problem...

VONDA

See? That wasn't so bad, now was it?

The two of them leave the young fans as they walk elsewhere.

DOUGLAS

I could take it or leave it...

Gary arrives with laptop and photo scanner in hand and sees everything about the 1950's represented here, the hot rods and clothing to celebrate the screening of tonight's film.

GARY

Wow...looks like they're all decked out.

Gets out of his rental car and snaps a few pictures with his cellphone. And sure enough, he turns around to see James Byron Douglas and his female companion Vonda are here.

GARY

So he's here for another night of aloofness...

Chuckles while he snaps a few pictures of them as they are not looking at this particular moment.

GARY

...yeah, I've got you on camera...

Smiles at cellphone.

GARY

...whether you're actually James Dean or not is still anyone's guess...

Snaps another picture.

EMCEE

It's the second night of The Annual James Dean Film Festival, and the screening of his best known film!

The crowd starts screaming at the top of their lungs.

EMCEE

For those of you who don't know, this is James Dean's second film, and was released after his death...

Gary is at the concession stand paying for soda, popcorn, and chocolate candy.

EMCEE

...based on the book by Robert M. Linder about criminal psychology and nothing to do with the film!

Gary pops a bite of popcorn into his mouth before heading back to his rental car.

EMCEE

An early screen test was even done with a young Marlon Brando close to a decade before this film was made!

There are a smattering of cheers, along with "oohs" and "aahs" from the crowd.

EMCEE

And now without further ado...our feature presentation...

The Emcee steps away from the microphone as the screen darkens. The crowd cheers loudly as the Warner Bros. logo come onscreen and the opening theme to this film blares.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS
Oh no...here we go...

RANDOM MOVIEGOER (O.S.)
Shhh!

The film's title REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE appears and the crowd screams once more.

VONDA
Just relax and enjoy
yourself...Jimmy...

RANDOM MOVIEGOER
Shhh!

Gary watch the opening scene with James Dean laying on the ground looking at the monkey marionette playing with cymbals. Yet his laptop and photo scanner merely sit here.

USHER
Just don't turn them on, alright?

Nods at Gary while passing through, Gary nods back.

USHER
Enjoy the movie!

Departs from this section of the drive in.

GARY
Thanks.

Looks over at Vonda and Douglas sitting in the 1955 Porsche Spyder.

VONDA
I think this film's getting off to
a good start...don't you think?

Whispers this in Douglas' ear to avoid being overheard and interrupted.

DOUGLAS
Hmmm...

Shrugs his shoulders.

VONDA
Oh come on...you've got to be
having a little fun...

Vonda chuckles a bit.

DOUGLAS
...a little.

Nods at her.

VONDA
Good...

Tugs at his arm.

VONDA
...for now at least.

Two hours later, THE END appears onscreen with the Warner Bros. logo appearing underneath. Douglas now cranks up the engine of his 1955 Porsche Spyder, holds the steering wheel.

DOUGLAS
Sat here for the entire film and my
ass went numb!

Vonda lets out a sigh.

VONDA
Well...you don't have to be so
happy about it...

A few young fans come up to Douglas with pens and paper, waiting to get his attention.

VONDA
...you might want to stop the car
for a minute...

Points Douglas toward these fans.

DOUGLAS
Oh...hey there...

Takes a pen from one and gives him the autograph.

DOUGLAS
...and here you go...

From a distance, Gary watches him sign autographs. With the zoom function on his cellphone, he gets a closer look at Douglas and snaps a few pictures of the reluctant icon.

GARY
Either you really are James Dean...

Snaps another picture of him.

GARY
...or you're some fraud copying and
falsifying his old documentation...

Snaps another.

GARY
...and now one more for my
wallet...

Snaps one more.

GARY
...sooner or later I'll find you
out...

Puts his cellphone back into his pocket.

GARY
...that's for sure...

Places his laptop and photo scanner into the rental car
before getting inside the driver's seat.

GARY
...but for now, it'll have to wait
another day...

Cranks up the engine of his rental car and pulls out of the
drive in.

INT.--VONDA'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Both Vonda and Douglas enter the living room a little tired
from the drive. Almost immediately, Douglas heads for the
couch yawning and can barely keep his eyes open at all.

DOUGLAS
Well, that was one boring little
movie...

Vonda, struggling to keep her eyes open, shakes her head.

VONDA
You seemed to be halfway enjoying
yourself during most of it...

Clasps both of her hands by her side.

VONDA
...yet at the beginning, end, and
after the movie you had to
complain...like always...

(CONTINUED)

Moves to an opposite end of the room from Douglas.

VONDA

...Jimmy...sometimes I just don't understand you...

DOUGLAS

I never said you had to...

VONDA

You see? That's what I mean...you always have to be so difficult!

Runs her fingers through her hair, almost ready to rip them out.

VONDA

And the main thing I don't get is why you always get the most difficult around young fans...

Moves closer to Douglas.

VONDA

...these are people who either grew up coming to the film festival or never saw your films before...

Sits down next to him on the couch.

VONDA

...and all they want is this chance to meet their hero...this legend they've heard about for years...

Holds his hand.

VONDA

...and what do you do? You turn them away!

Shrugs her shoulders.

VONDA

Why do you always do that?

DOUGLAS

You always want me to go to these stupid film festivals every year...

VONDA

Well...as I keep telling you...you never have to go...yet you insist on doing so...

DOUGLAS

Because it makes you feel better
for me to be sociable...

VONDA

I thought it would make YOU feel
better...

Paces around the room, shaking her head in disbelief.

VONDA

...I don't believe you...

Throws her hands up in frustration.

VONDA

...I truly don't believe you...

Turns away from Douglas, cannot even look at him.

VONDA

...you have always been so moody
and negative...

Moves to the other side of the room.

VONDA

...I have never gotten it.

Turns around halfway to face him, but is still partially
looking away.

DOUGLAS

That's what you've wanted since the
very beginning, isn't it?

VONDA

From the beginning, I've wanted the
side of you that is brilliant,
amazing, and wonderful...

Looks at him with her full attention once again.

VONDA

...but in one split second, you
become this grouchy son of a bitch
who I can't even stand be around...

DOUGLAS

Well, then don't be around me...

(CONTINUED)

VONDA
Fine...I won't...

Leaves the room.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

Gary hooks a small cable between his cellphone and his laptop with the photos he took at tonight's screening. They now appear on his laptop one photo at a time at this moment.

GARY
There we go...

Unhooks the cellphone and the small cable from his laptop, when all of a sudden the cellphone starts ringing. He sees "Marion, Indiana" listed on the Caller ID and picks up.

GARY
Why haven't you called?

FRIEND (O.S.)
Just something I had to take care of...so anything on that old guy claiming to be James Dean?

Gary posts the photos from the film festival to his blog.

GARY
I got the copy of an accident report...had all these censor bars on it...

Checking the blog to make sure the photos came out properly.

FRIEND
Why?

GARY
Don't know for sure...but a few details are consistent with Dean's death certificate...

FRIEND
Like what?

GARY
Both accidents took place at the same exact location on the same date in the same exact county...

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

So?

GARY

Which either means he is James Dean after all, or someone who is damn good at impersonating him...

FRIEND

Yeah...sure...

Gary scrolls for comments on his blog.

FRIEND

...I tend to believe the latter myself...

Gary reads the comments

GARY

Uh Huh...

FRIEND

Let me know if you find anything...probably won't amount to much, but I'd still like to know...

GARY

Alright.

Hangs up the cellphone before reading more blog comments.

GARY

Let's see what we have here...

Focuses on one blog comment that reads "I am sick and tired of everyone saying he is not the real James Dean, he has come into my diner for years and has always been humble..."

GARY

...Wow...

"...and even if he is not James Dean, a man of his character will always have a place at my establishment, much more than I can say for most people in this town..."

GARY

Okay...we have something...

Clicks on the user name of the person who left this comment, the form for a private message pops up and Gary now begins typing away. With his fingers going at a rapid fire pace.

(CONTINUED)

GARY
...here it goes...

Types in the message "May I come to your diner and ask some things about James Dean and this man who is allegedly him?"

GARY
...and there!

Clicks "Send" on the private message.

GARY
Whew!

Scrolls for more comments on the blog.

GARY
Anything else here?

Scrolls some more, not seeing anything of particular interest.

GARY
Nope...

Closes out the blog.

GARY
...apparently not...

Takes the photo of James Dean with his grandfather out of his pocket.

GARY
Who knows...maybe I'll get the answers I need...

INT.--1950'S DINER--DAY

Gary walks into this vintage eatery complete with a jukebox playing an old Buddy Holly tune and a few people being served ice cream soda before returning to their booths.

WORKER
How may I help you?

GARY
Got a message from someone here who told me he had something on an old man who claims to be James Dean...

The worker widens his eyes and looks both left and right.

(CONTINUED)

WORKER

Oh...you're the kid with the
blog...

Waves his hand, motioning him to the back.

WORKER

Come on...I don't want anyone to
see or hear us...

The two of them head toward the kitchen.

WORKER

...just don't tell anyone, okay?

Gary nods.

GARY

I won't.

INT.--KITCHEN--DAY

The worker here at this diner brings Gary into the kitchen where only a few sparse people are working quietly. Staying close, the worker tells Gary the whole truth of the matter.

WORKER

He's been coming here for well over
fifty years...and you know how I
know he's the real James Dean?

Takes the toothpick out of his mouth.

WORKER

His bones shake...

GARY

What do you mean?

The worker simulates this by shaking his arms.

WORKER

Every time anyone mentions the past
or his film career...he gets
nervous...

Points out toward the window.

WORKER

...he shakes real bad whenever he
looked at that car.

Gary looks toward the exact same window.

(CONTINUED)

GARY
Can you tell me anything about
this?

Pulls out the old photo featuring James Dean and his
grandfather.

WORKER
Wow...

Gary hands him the photo.

WORKER
...haven't seen this picture in
years...

Points to it.

WORKER
...I remember when and where this
was taken...

Gary squints his eyes out of confusion.

GARY
You do?

Shrugs his shoulders.

WORKER
Oh yeah...it was at the old
racetrack!

Waves his hand in midair.

WORKER
They've long since torn that down.

GARY
Was this actually taken in 1965?

The worker hands back the old photo.

WORKER
Yep...a whole ten years after
everyone believed Jimmy was dead...

Holding his hands outward, explaining this to him.

WORKER
...he wanted to get away from all
of that Hollywood bullshit...he had
had enough.

Shakes his head.

WORKER

He kept saying he wanted to direct,
but everyone kept seeing him as
this troubled youth or teen rebel.

Gary smiles at hearing this.

WORKER

Anyway...he's entitled to his peace
and everyone should leave him
alone...

GARY

Do you remember this other guy by
any chance?

Points to his grandfather, who is posing with Dean in the
photo.

WORKER

Oh...that's John Caleb
Halvorson...of course I remember
him!

Smiles when he looks at him next to Dean in the picture.

GARY

He's my grandfather...

WORKER

Wow...

Taken aback in amazement.

WORKER

...how is he these days?

Gary cringes over this being asked.

GARY

He passed away recently.

The worker lowers his head in a somber fashion, placing his
hands on Gary's shoulders.

WORKER

I'm sorry to hear that...

Shakes his head.

WORKER

...he was a great man...used to be
at the racetrack with Jimmy almost
every single day...

Leans in closer toward Gary.

WORKER

...but it's nice to hear he finally
settled down and had a family...

Steps away from Gary and points to a large box underneath
the sink.

WORKER

...this reminds me...I kept a box
of some old photos...

Gets a smaller shoebox out of this larger box.

WORKER

...here you go...

Gary opens the shoebox and sees many more photos of both
James Dean and his grandfather, now rifling through them.

GARY

Thanks!

Gary and the worker leave the kitchen.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--DAY

Gary gets the photos out of the shoebox he was given,
placing them in his scanner. Now picks up his cellphone and
speed dials his friend from Marion, Indiana at this moment.

GARY

Hey...you won't guess what I just
received...

FRIEND (O.S.)

Does it have anything to do with
that old guy posing as James Dean?

GARY

I talked to someone who knew both
he and my grandfather...

FRIEND

Really...who?

(CONTINUED)

GARY

He works at some retro diner around here...gave me a whole shoebox full of this stuff...

The photos appear on his laptop

GARY

...he had a bunch of pictures of James Dean and my grandfather, and confirmed they were from 1965...

FRIEND

Are you serious?

GARY

He even admitted it was a good ten years after the rest of the world thought Dean was dead...

Posts the photos to his blog.

GARY

...he also mentioned James Dean sought to get away from Hollywood as they wanted to typecast him...

FRIEND

You mean like the roles he played in East of Eden and Rebel Without A Cause?

GARY

Exactly! He also mentioned the long held rumor Dean wanted to direct...

FRIEND

I've also heard that myself...

GARY

It seems to be an balance as to whether or not he's James Dean...except for one thing...

FRIEND

What's that?

Not long after, Gary Googles "Grant County, Indiana Department of Health", and the search results reveal a website. He immediately clicks on this and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Alright...

Having now ended his cellphone conversation with his friend in Marion, Indiana, he clicks on the section for "birth records", and types "James Byron Douglas" and searches.

GARY

Ah-ha!

Sees the results appear on his laptop, seeing there is indeed someone with this name from where James Dean himself is. Whether it is him or not is a whole other story.

GARY

It might really be him after all...

Clicking on the link to the birth certificate of James Byron Douglas, he notices a pop up on this screen about charging a fee for this birth certificate to be delivered to him.

GARY

...Damn!

Selecting a credit card payment, he fills out a form and discloses details in each of the required slots. At last, he clicks "Send", and takes a deep breath as it is processed.

GARY

Oh, thank God that's over!

Still breathing and ruffles his hands through his hair.

GARY

Let me check and see if he's called back...

Looks at the Caller ID and does not see his friend from Marion, Indiana listed.

GARY

...no...apparently not.

Puts his cellphone back into his pocket.

GARY

Hmmm...

Types in the address for his blog "Is James Dean Alive?" and scrolls down to see there have already been a number of comments, but now turns to a copy of the local newspaper.

GARY

...just one more film...

Gazes at the article regarding The Annual James Dean Film Festival with the titles "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without A Cause" crossed out and he gazes at another.

INT.--VONDA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Vonda is straightening items around the house, one little item at a time, as Jimmy walks into the room. The two of them gaze at each other, not exactly pleased by any means.

VONDA

We're not going to this last screening for that film festival...so don't even bother...

DOUGLAS

Fine...we won't go then...

VONDA

Why do you always have to be so aloof and rude there anyway?

Locks eyes with Douglas.

VONDA

You moved here after the accident to get away from the Hollywood lifestyle...

Shrugs his shoulders.

VONDA

...but you go that film festival for the attention...yet at the same time you don't even want it...

Widens her eyes out of confusion.

VONDA

...I love you Jimmy...but you've always confused me...

Resumes straightening items around the house.

VONDA

...you've always confused me...

Looks away from Douglas.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS
I guess it wouldn't hurt to go see
that one last film...

Shakes his head.

VONDA
...but it would hurt you to be
sociable and speak with others,
wouldn't it?

Douglas shrugs his shoulders.

DOUGLAS
Well...I guess not...

Done with household chores, Vonda turns her full attention
to Douglas at this moment.

VONDA
You really want to go?

DOUGLAS
Maybe it wouldn't hurt...

Cracks a smile.

DOUGLAS
...we'll dress up like cowboys and
Texas oilmen...

Vonda nods at him.

VONDA
That would be fun...

Douglas' smile gets even wider.

DOUGLAS
So...do you want to go?

She nods again.

VONDA
Yeah...

They both stand here gazing at each other.

VONDA
...maybe we should.

The two of them hold hands for a brief second.

DOUGLAS
Okay then...

Heads for the bedroom.

DOUGLAS
...let's get ready.

They go inside.

VONDA
Oh god...we look so stupid...just
like we do every year!

Vonda laughs at both how she and Douglas are dressed, he dresses like a Texas oilman while she is dressed more along the lines of a female rancher. Both are in a festive mood.

DOUGLAS
Well...yeah...

Shrugs and nods.

VONDA
But at least we'll enjoy it...

Nods again.

VONDA
Won't we, Jimmy?

DOUGLAS
Sure.

Smiles at her.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--DAY

Gary's cellphone rings and he picks it up once he sees the Caller ID displaying "Marion, Indiana". Smiling, there has since been another development in this whole situation.

GARY
Was wondering when you'd call back!

FRIEND (O.S.)
So...have you found out anything
new?

GARY
I've ordered a birth certificate
from The Grant County, Indiana
Department of Health.

(CONTINUED)

FRIEND

What...you mean James Dean's birth certificate?

GARY

Actually...they had a listing for James Byron Douglas...

FRIEND

Really...the guy claiming to be him?

GARY

Oh yeah...it cost a little money...but his birth certificate is going to be here soon...

Gets on his laptop and starts checking his blog.

FRIEND

Wow...wasn't expecting that!

Exhales a deep breath over the phone.

FRIEND

As soon as you get that birth certificate...you let me know...

Gary smiles while checking his blog.

FRIEND

...I'm not entirely convinced he is James Dean, but I think you might be close to finding an answer...

GARY

Thanks...I will...

Types "Soon it will be time for the last night of The Annual James Dean Film Festival here in Dalton, Georgia...I need to get ready!" before he posts it on his blog.

GARY

...I'll talk to you later!

INT.--DRIVE IN--NIGHT

Gary drives here in his rental car, where he sees everyone is dressed as cowboys and Texas oilmen. With plywood and cardboard mock ups of oil rigs all throughout the drive in.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Wow...

Looks around to see how everyone here is into the spirit of things.

GARY

...yeah, I remember...no cell phones or laptops...

The usher walks by and holds his index finger in midair. and nods, seeing he has now made his earlier point with Gary.

USHER

Good...

The usher leaves.

GARY

And here they come...

James Byron Douglas shows up with his female companion, Vonda, riding in his 1955 Porsche Spyder which parks at a spot right here in the front row facing the screen.

GARY

...I may not be able to snap photos, but they sure are...

Watches Douglas reluctantly pose for pictures with some fans who are quickly running to him and act amazed to even stand in his presence. Gary does not know whether to laugh.

GARY

...whether you're James Dean or you're definitely getting what you deserve...

Sees Vonda is in good spirits, but Douglas' mood is starting to fade.

GARY

...yes you are...

Smiles while he eyes a few fans in the distance coming toward Douglas and asking him for an autograph.

GARY

...and I'm going to love watching every single minute of this!

Douglas signs one autograph.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS

Oh god...

Shakes his head out of frustration.

VONDA

Jimmy...we've discussed this...

Sees a few more fans coming in his direction.

DOUGLAS

Picture or autograph?

Staring at this little kid.

LITTLE KID

Both.

DOUGLAS

Okay...

Stands in front of the camera beside this little kid and takes this photo.

DOUGLAS

...and here you go!

Signs the instant photo and hands it to him.

DOUGLAS

Anyone else?

A few more fans come up to snap a picture before receiving an instant photo and walking off.

DOUGLAS

Anyone else want a picture or an autograph?

A fan hands him a notepad, which he signs before walking off.

FAN

Thank you...

VONDA

Very nice turn out, isn't it?

DOUGLAS

Hmmm.

Hums this for the sake of answering.

DOUGLAS

Wonder when they're going to start showing this damn movie...

Vonda chuckles a bit.

VONDA

Jimmy...you're always in such a hurry...

They both still face a handful of admirers.

DOUGLAS

Alright...now let's go...

Rushes them away after getting a picture.

DOUGLAS

Oh...it's about to start...huh?

Nods, as if Vonda or someone else is telling him this.

EMCEE

Welcome to the third and final night of The Annual James Dean Film Festival...

The emcee steps up to the microphone onstage in front of the screen.

EMCEE

...this was the last film Dean ever did prior to his tragic death...

Douglas and Vonda are now seated in his 1955 Porsche Spyder.

EMCEE

...also, keep in mind James Dean merely has a supporting role in this film...

Gary sits on the front end of his rental car.

EMCEE

...in fact, the film's real stars are Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor...

The Emcee looks to his left with a grin.

EMCEE

So now...without further ado...our feature presentation...

(CONTINUED)

The lights dim with the headlights of the cars coming, as The Emcee steps offstage. The Warner Bros. logo now appears followed by the opening titles for the film GIANT.

DOUGLAS

At least I'm not in this one for too long...even though it's one long ass boring movie...

Vonda shoots him a cold stare.

RANDOM MOVIEGOER

Shhh!

VONDA

Jimmy, you promised...

RANDOM MOVIEGOER

Shhh!

VONDA

Don't "Shhh!" me you little bitch!

Draws her hand back as if she is about to slap this person.

DOUGLAS

Okay...okay...I won't complain anymore...we'll just sit here and watch the film...

Vonda turns back around with a smile on her face.

VONDA

Good...

Three and a half hours later, "The End" appears onscreen with the Warner Bros. logo underneath. Douglas is wiping his eyes and yawning after sitting through this entire movie.

DOUGLAS

I'm bushed!

VONDA

I honestly keep forgetting that movie is this long.

Stretches her arms above her head.

DOUGLAS

Let's get out of here before they start asking for more autographs and pictures!

Attempts to turn on the ignition as Vonda stops him.

VONDA

We should stick around for a little while longer...

Nods at him.

DOUGLAS

Oh, alright...but I'm not getting roped into that question and answer session this year...

Points his index finger at Vonda while getting out of the driver's seat of his 1955 Porsche Spyder.

DOUGLAS

Okay...who wants my signature?

Holds his arm out and waves, trying to get everyone's attention.

DOUGLAS

How about a picture?

Sees mostly everyone has left, except for a few young kids standing near a car and laughing. He lowers his arm in disgust and turns around, walking back toward Vonda.

VONDA

Hurts not to be appreciated, doesn't it?

Douglas shrugs and nods at her.

DOUGLAS

I guess...

Opens the door of his car, and returns to the driver's seat while Vonda is seated next to him on the passenger's side.

VONDA

You should always appreciate what you have when you have it...that's what I kept trying to tell you...

Douglas cranks up the the ignition and he drives off with Vonda.

INT.--HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

With a small cable, Gary uploads photos he took after the screen of Giant at the local drive in with a few young kids standing at a safe distance from James Byron Douglas.

GARY

Well...well...well...

Posting these on his blog, he writes the heading above "Has This Small Town Grown Tired of The Alleged James Dean?". Smiling as he posts this and waits for reader's comments.

GARY

...forgot about that...

Sees a FedEx package on his bed from Grant County, Indiana and quickly opens it.

GARY

Damn...

He pulls out the birth certificate of James Byron Douglas, seeing it is almost identical to the one he saw of James Dean's online. He Googles "James Dean birth certificate".

GARY

...I don't believe this!

Goes to the "Images" section, clicks on the one displaying Dean's birth certificate. Comparing both, it is clear his is the original while Douglas' is a faded photocopy.

GARY

Could it possibly be true?

Asking himself this, he notices the heading of both documents display "Grant County Department of Health, Marion, Indiana." He now dials his friend there.

GARY

You won't believe what's just been mailed to me...

Looks over both versions which reveal Dean and Douglas were both born in Marion on February 8, 1931 to Winton and Mildred Dean. There is another characteristic they share.

FRIEND

That birth certificate?

(CONTINUED)

GARY

Not only that, but it's almost an exact copy of the original posted for James Dean online...

FRIEND

And you got this from The Department of Health here in Grant County?

GARY

Yeah I did...

Stumbles across something even more startling while the original lists the full birth name as "James Byron Dean", the photocopy reveals it to be "James Byron DOUGLAS".

FRIEND

Well...post it on your blog so we can all see it!

GARY

Give me a second...

Right clicks and saves the larger image of James Dean's birth certificate.

GARY

...now here we go...

Placing the photocopy of Dean's birth certificate with Douglas' name on it into the photo scanner for processing.

GARY

....loading it up...don't worry...

The photocopy of the birth certificate appears on the screen of his laptop.

GARY

Yep...

Posts both version of the birth certificate on his blog.

GARY

...both are on there now...

FRIEND

Good...

GARY

See them yet?

FRIEND

Yeah...they almost do look exactly
the same...how weird...

Gary sees a few comments on his blog almost immediately.

GARY

So are you now convinced he might
be James Dean after all?

FRIEND

I don't know...

GARY

I'm mostly convinced, but not
entirely sure myself...

Shrugs his shoulders.

FRIEND

Well...let me know if or when they
are any responses...

GARY

There have already been some...

FRIEND

Really?

GARY

Yeah...

FRIEND

What are they saying?

GARY

They're still pretty much debating
whether or not he is James Dean...

Scrolls down and looks at these comments.

GARY

...except this time it's even more
heated since I posted the birth
certificate...

Widens his eyes over some of these comments.

FRIEND

Not surprising.

Gary continues scrolling.

GARY

You should see some of this...I thought this blog would die down after the film festival!

FRIEND

Hey...James Dean has enduring popularity whether he's living or dead...

Gary zeroes in on one comment while listening to this.

FRIEND

...that car accident made him a legend...

GARY

There's no denying that.

Gazes at the photo with James Dean and his grandfather, and the shoebox filled with many other photos of them.

GARY

I think there's at least one more question that needs to be answered...

FRIEND

What's that?

GARY

Confronting him directly and seeing whether or not he's James Dean...

FRIEND

Do you think that'll work?

GARY

Tried to confront him once before at the screening for East of Eden, but he blew me off.

FRIEND

So, why risk that again? You'll only be disappointed...

GARY
This time it's a little
different...

Goes back to the photos he snapped from the screening of Giant where a few young fans barely even acknowledged him.

GARY
...he has nothing else to lose...

INT.--VONDA'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Douglas sits on the couch, reeling from last night's rejection of him by a few fans at the screening of Giant. Vonda opens the door and Gary stands right here.

GARY
Are you the real James Dean?

He lays down several items on a nearby coffee table, such as laptop showing his "Is James Dean Alive?" blog. Along with many photos of Dean and his grandfather in the shoebox.

GARY
Some say you are...some say you're
not...

Unveils the scrapbook he was given with numerous mentions of James Byron Douglas as a "thug" and a "troublemaker", and scrolls upward with his mouse while using his laptop.

GARY
...I want to know the truth...

Now positions the screen of his laptop toward the blog entry featuring James Dean's original birth certificate and the photocopy displaying the name "James Byron Douglas".

DOUGLAS
Why should I ever tell you...

Shrugs and laughs a bit.

DOUGLAS
...just because your granddaddy and
I were old racing buddies?

GARY
No, because this charade has gone
on long enough...

Walks toward Douglas.

(CONTINUED)

GARY

...now are you James Dean or not?

DOUGLAS

You don't even deserve to know...I don't owe you anything...

Looks at Gary's laptop and shakes his head.

DOUGLAS

...you have no idea what kind of person I am or what I've been through in my life...

Looks Gary right in the face.

DOUGLAS

...take your crap home and get out of this house before I call the police and have you arrested...

Gary takes his belongings and leaves this house.

INT.--BEDROOM--NIGHT

Douglas stands in front of a mirror shirtless as he examines all of the bodily scars he encountered in that car accident back in the 1950's. His entire midsection is a skin graft.

DOUGLAS

For my mother, Mildred, who always loved me...

Lays a Peony flower on the dresser drawer as a candle burns.

DOUGLAS

...for my father, Winton, who never understood me...

Lays another Peony flower across the first.

DOUGLAS

...and of course, I haven't forgotten about you guys...

Pulls an old faded photo of James Dean with Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor out of his pocket before laying it down.

DOUGLAS

...never would I do that...

Pulls out a similar photo of Dean with Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo before also laying this down.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS

...but at least you guys are still
alive...

Pulls out one last photo of Dean with Richard Davalos, Julie
Harris, and Lois Smith, holding it steady in his hand.