Do You Really Know Me

By

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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.

(CONTINUED)
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 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...

(CONTINUED)
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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 idea 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...

(CONTINUED)
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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

(CONTINUED)
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)
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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)
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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...

(CONTINUED)
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!

(CONTINUED)
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?

(CONTINUED)
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.
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.
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.

(CONTINUED)
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...
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.
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...

(CONTINUED)
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.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)
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.

(CONTINUED)
...or you’re some fraud copying and falsifying his old documentation...

Snaps another.

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

Snaps one more.

...sooner or later I’ll find you out...

Puts his cellphone back into his pocket.

...that’s for sure...

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

...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.

Well, that was one boring little movie...

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

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

Clasps both of her hands by her side.

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

(CONTINUED)
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)
CONTINUED: 40.

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)
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)
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.

(CONTINUED)
Continued:

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.
CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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.
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.
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.

(CONTINUED)
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 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...

(CONTINUED)
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 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...

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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.
GARY
...now are you James Dean or not?

DOUGLAS
You don’t even deserve to know...I
do’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.
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.