

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

The hatchback of a very crappy, bondo-covered car slams shut. It is full of boxes and bags. It is obviously parked in a tropical locale, Los Angeles. **Gordy Crbinak**, 28, walks around to the front of the car, pulls on the Film Crew baseball hat in his hand. He looks around himself, sighs, and gets in. HE LOOKS UP AND SEES THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN. HIS MOUTH CURLS A BIT. HE TURNS THE KEY AND THE ENGINE DOESN'T TURN OVER AT FIRST. HE TRIES A FEW TIMES. THEN smoke pours from the exhaust pipe as he pulls out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. US HIGHWAYS - DAY

Credits roll over a car driving in fast action across the entire country.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A black screen flips on as we see a hand pulling away from the lens. Standing in front of the lens is Gordy. Next to him is an enormous chunk of coal. There is a municipal town sign. It reads Holly Ridge, Pennsylvania. Population 8,812. Gordy turns and tries to write a 3 over the 2. The pen doesn't work, but he keeps trying at first. Then he clears his throat and stares into the lens.

GORDY

Three. It should say 8,813. (beat) Hi,
I'm Gordy Crbinak. This is my hometown,
Holly Ridge, Pennsylvania. I'm moving

back here today. Not for good, mind you. I've been in LA for the past six years and things just weren't working out. I guess us small town guys just aren't ambitious enough, or something. Anyway, when I was seven, I went to see Star Wars. From that moment, all I've ever wanted was either to make movies or to be a Jedi Knight. Right now, the whole Jedi thing seems a lot more realistic. (beat) It's not easy moving home, ya know, after all of these people were following my every move for years. Ya know how small towns are. But I'm here and I'm going to make the best of it. Heck, with the film and video industry growing the way it is these days, you don't need Hollywood to make movies. Maybe I can start doing it here. Commercials. Videos. Whatever. An entire industry? Right now, my new project is this documentary. Some of you might know it from the internet. I tape my life everyday and dump the highlights onto my website: GordyCam.com. This is just the beginning.

Gordy grabs the camera and gets in his car while he's talking. He drives along silently for a second. Then he rounds a large hill and points up to the side of it.

GORDY (cont'd)

Someday, maybe there'll be a Holly
RIDGE sign right up there.

Gordy points to the top of a large hill.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is driving through his hometown. Run-down brick buildings and corner bars dot the rough-looking landscape. Despite being run-down, the town has a quaint and cozy feel.

GORDY (VO)

So, this is Holly Ridge. It isn't what it once was. Or so they say. When I was about three, they started shutting all the coal mines. Then the steel mill went in Oakwood. Things have gotten a bit better in the past few years, but it's still pretty rough. Almost all the young kids leave. Or, they never do. No one comes here, that's for sure. Things kind of stopped moving forward here in the mid-70s. People are still into acid-washed denim and old Camaros. The music... well listen.

Gordy turns up his radio. Classic rock is pouring out. He pulls up and parks in front of a normal looking house.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy approaches the door of the house. There are autumn leaves falling all around. He stops before he gets to the door and looks around him.

GORDY

I'm going to go surprise my parents. No one knows I'm coming home. This should be a lot of fun. My Mom'll be so surprised.

He takes a deep breath and knocks. **Joan Crbinak**, a middle-aged woman wearing a bit too much makeup comes to the door. She is wearing a negligee and a bathrobe. Upon seeing Gordy she lets go of the robe and it swings. She is nearly naked in front of him.

GORDY

Uh, Hi, Mom.

JOAN

Gordy? Gordy. Hi.

There is an awkward silence.

GORDY

Uh, Mom. Your robe.

She quickly closes it. We hear a voice from upstairs. It is Gordy's father, **Herb Crbinak**.

HERB (OS)

Who is it? Joan?

JOAN

It's Gordy, Herb. It's Gordy.

There isn't glee in her voice, just surprise.

HERB

Who?

JOAN

(to Gordy)

He's going deaf. (to Herb) Gordy!

HERB

Who?

She ignores him and hugs her son.

JOAN

What are you doing here, son? Your father and I were just (1/4 beat) scouring the bathroom.

GORDY

Mom. I'm moving home.

Close on her eyes and nose. Her nostril twitches a bit.

JOAN

But you live in LA.

GORDY

Not anymore, Mom. Things weren't working out there. All of my friends are getting things going and I'm still in my dinky one-room apartment. So, I'm going to bring the film industry to Holly Ridge.

JOAN

Where are you going to stay while you're doing all this?

GORDY

In my room. Just until I get on my feet. Get some commercial clients. Ya know.

JOAN

I love you, Gordy. (beat) I see you're still keeping your video diary.

Joan shifts uncomfortably in front of the camera. Joan hugs her son. She looks at the back of his head while she's hugging him.

JOAN (cont'd)

(whispering)

You don't have a room anymore.

GORDY

What?

JOAN

(still whispering)

You don't have a room anymore. It's the new TV room.

GORDY

Oh.

JOAN

Well. Don't worry, dear. You can... Uh.
Sleep on the couch.

GORDY

Sure, that'd be great, Mom. I won't be
here long. Just a couple a weeks.

JOAN

Why didn't you let us know dear? Ya
know, that you were coming home?

GORDY

I wanted to surprise you. Plus, I guess
I was a little embarrassed.

JOAN

Well, don't worry. Hollywood's a
terrible place. Maybe now you can get a
job that has Benefits. Optical. *Dental*.
Huh?

GORDY

You don't need to console me, Mom. I'm
fine with this. I'm going to make this
thing work. It's like this: Hollywood
already has a film industry. Holly
RIDGE doesn't. With the internet the
world is so small, I can bring
Hollywood here.

JOAN

Or you could get a job at Channel 56.
Mr. Whitman still has the place and Ben
works there sometimes. I think.

Gordy looks very uninterested in that proposition. The
recognition of decades' old arguments crosses his face.
Gordy is about to resist his mother's job suggestions, but
he is distracted by the appearance of his father, **Herb
Crbinak**. Herb emerges from upstairs. As he's coming down
the steps he's tying the belt on his bathrobe. He has on a
t-shirt and white briefs. He smiles as he's sees his son,
but he looks shocked.

HERB

Gordy! Joan, why didn't you say he was here?

He claps his son on the shoulder and hugs him awkwardly. Gordy awkwardly hugs him back.

GORDY

Hey Dad. How are you?

HERB

What the hell are you doing here? California fall into the ocean?

GORDY

No Dad. I'm moving home.

HERB

To Pennsylvania?

JOAN

To here.

Herb seems shocked at this proposition.

HERB

No, seriously.

GORDY

Yeah Dad. I'm going to ride the couch until I get on my feet.

HERB

Um, sure. Where's your car?

GORDY

It's out front.

Joan looks out the window. She turns back to Gordy.

JOAN

Dear, could you park it out back?

GORDY

Sure. Once I bring my bags in.

JOAN

Herb, help him with his stuff. And
Gordy, don't put that camera on me; I
look terrible.

Herb doesn't hear her and he turns and heads upstairs. Joan
waits a minute and then turns to help Gordy, shrugging her
shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - EVENING

Gordy is trying to open the couch. Joan walks in and hands
him a pillow with cartoon prints on the pillow case. She
then gives him some similar cartoon sheets and a blanket.

JOAN

Here ya go, Gordy. That doesn't open.

GORDY

(crestfallen)

Oh.

Angle on: the little kids' pattern on the sheets.

Gordy is bouncing on the couch a bit, as if checking out a
mattress. The blue flicker of a TV dances on his face. He
is surrounded by duffel bags, backpacks and trashbags
overflowing with clothes and his stuff. He leans over and
picks up a trash bag. He begins rooting through it. He
pulls out a videotape. Written on its spine is "Gordy
Crbinak: Reel 1998." He turns to a backpack and pulls out
his small video camera and tripod. He sets it up.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - EVENING

Gordy's hand flicks on the camera and he settles in front
of its lens.

GORDY

Hello again. Well, the first day back is over. My parents seemed pretty shocked. I wasn't even in the door yet and Mom was on the job thing. At dinner tonight, she said she could get me a job at the Wal-Mart my Uncle Dave manages. Everyone in town works there. When I told her I didn't want to work there, things got a bit tense, but I'm going to visit Ben at the station tomorrow. Maybe he can get me some work as a cameraman. At least it'd be something. Well, good night.

Gordy leans forward and shuts off the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

We hear explosions and squealing tires. Gordy's eyes slowly open and shut as our point-of-view. People are walking by him in the TV room. He slowly becomes aware of what's going on. His brother, **Todd**, is playing a video game on the TV. Gordy stares at the screen for a few minutes.

GORDY

Hey Mr.Shitpants. Whaddarya doin? It's like 7 a.m.

Todd completely ignores him. He is engulfed in his video game.

GORDY (cont'd)

Hello. Yeah, it's good to be back. How have you been?

TODD

Hey, Gordy.

GORDY

Why are you playing video games in my room at 7 a.m.?

TODD

(paying 1/4 attention)

First of all, it's not your room anymore. Secondly, I'm getting ready for school. I'm taking a break.

Gordy throws a couch pillow at him and then he rolls over and buries his head under a bunch of other ones.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Gordy is putting the finishing touches on his morning ritual. He is looking in the mirror, combing his dark hair. He winks at himself and gives himself the click-click two-gun salute.

GORDY

(to himself)

Okay. Here goes nothin', Champ.

He turns and exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STATION - DAY

Gordy walks into the lobby of Channel 56. He looks across the office floor and sees his longtime friend, **Ben Whitman**, busily working on a large pile of junky video equipment. He strides up to him. Ben looks like a naturally laid-back guy who is painfully uncomfortable in his work clothes. He looks like a smart-ass. The top button is unbuttoned on his dress shirt and a black t-shirt shines through. A blue knit tie hangs crookedly from his neck.

GORDY

Benny.

Ben looks up, but he doesn't say anything at first.

BEN

Holy shit. Gordy.

They hug.

BEN (cont'd)

What are you doing here? I didn't expect to see you until Christmas.

GORDY

Well, I moved back here. I was tired of being broke. I was getting evicted. No Beemer for me. It's expensive to maintain the appropriate lifestyle out there.

BEN

Still carrying that camera everywhere? What happened to all those e-mails about how great LA is?

GORDY

I know. And it is great, in a way. Beautiful women. Perfect weather. Plus, it's the center of it all. I just needed to start over. (beat) I was actually wondering if you might have any work around here I could do. I haven't done news stuff since college, but...

BEN

Well, actually, I work here as little as possible. I still work at the video store. My dad always needs guys to go videotape borough council meetings for the local events shows. I hate it, but no one wants to do it, so I always wind up going. Pays \$25 a meeting.

GORDY

\$25 a meeting? Jesus, in LA'd you'd get twice that an hour to do it. (pause) I'll do it.

BEN

It's pretty boring, man.

Gordy hugs him. Ben seems very uncomfortable. He sits back down at a desk and opens the drawer. He pulls out a notebook and some paperwork. He hands it to Gordy.

BEN (cont'd)

Alright. There's a meeting at 7:30 p.m. tonight. Come and I'll show you the ropes. You write up some copy to go with it.

GORDY

No problem.

Gordy begins to leave. Ben calls after him as he does.

BEN

Listen. Do this one. If you like it, we'll keep going. But if it sucks too much, tell me that you can't do it.

Ben sits down at his desk and looks at his video equipment. He shakes his head.

BEN

(mumbling)

Hollywood.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Gordy is sitting on the couch that is now his home. He is slouched very low, watching TV. The phone next to him begins ringing. Gordy answers.

GORDY

Hello.

JOAN

Gordy. I talked to your Aunt Mindy and she said that Uncle Dave could probably get you that job at Wal-Mart.

GORDY

Mom. I told you last night. I'm not on this earth to run price checks on shower curtains and tricycles with those people.

JOAN

Listen. Ever since the plants closed, a lot of people can't find any work in this town. Wal-Mart's our savior. And besides, he said he can work you into the video department, eventually.

GORDY

(sighs)

I got a job already.

JOAN

Where?

GORDY

The station. Shooting stuff for Ben.

JOAN

Does it have benefits. Dental?

GORDY

No, Mom. It's just freelance. But it's a start.

He hangs up and turns to his camera.

GORDY (cont'd)

(to camera)

This whole thing better work and fast. She really thinks that pushing camcorders in Aisle 8 is the "film industry."

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy starts shooting. At first he just shoots wide, then he zooms to a hand pulling a small paper cup from a water cooler.

The camera then follows the cup up to the lips of the pourer, **Mayor Otis Brubaker**, a chubby American Legion looking man in his mid-50s. He has a cheap suit on and a very bad hairpiece. He makes a loud slurping noise as he drains the cup. He then pours another and walks over to the table in the front of the room. He sits down.

OTIS

Okay, let's bring this meeting to order. We're here to discuss the reallocation of plots 152-a and 152-b to the mid-density residential allotments allowed for under the provisions of the Township Expansion Plan, which as we all know was *modified* last November.

The council members all laugh. Otis sips his cup full of water. We see Gordy staring intently, ignoring Ben, who is whispering to him. Gordy is totally focused on Otis' hair and his tapping foot. All of the council members are slurping water.

BEN

Hey, you just set this so you get 'em all in the shot and let her rip. Change the tape when you roll out. That's it. Hello.

GORDY

(shocked)

Oh sorry. Roll out, yeah.

Otis continues talking but Gordy is staring at his head. Otis' voice fades to the background. Gordy sees that they're all either tapping their feet or tapping a pencil

or clicking a pen. He seems disgusted with this little town. Laughter in the room pulls him back again.

OTIS (cont'd)

Okay, then I guess that's it for this month fellas. Any questions? No.

A crazy-looking young man in a trench coat, Les, raises his hand.

LES

Yes. Yes. I have numerous questions. My name is Les Fanning. That's Fanning, not Fanny to the media. Yes. Yes. And I have some questions.

Otis bangs his gavel. Gordy and Ben walk up to Otis. We hear Les continuing to ramble nearly incoherently in the background.

BEN

Hello, Mr. Brubaker, this is Gordy Crbinak.

OTIS

Gordy. I knew I recognized you. How's Hollywood, son?

GORDY

Well, sir, I moved back here the other day. I'm working for the TV station now and I was wondering if I could ask you some questions about the meeting.

OTIS

Sure, son. Shoot.

GORDY

Jeez. Where to begin? I guess, first of all, what were you talking about? I was totally lost.

OTIS

(chuckles)

That's alright son, zoning is pretty tricky... Let me buy you a cup a water and we'll talk about it.

LES (OS)

Detroit. Detroit. There's a lot of cars there.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gordy is driving back to the station. He begins daydreaming.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AWARDS PODIUM - NIGHT

Gordy is approaching a decorative podium. Flashes fire all around him. He is wearing a tuxedo and has obviously just won an award, presumably an Oscar. We notice that he still has the video camera on his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gordy pulls into the lot, runs out of the frame, pops back in his car, sighs, and drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy pops the reel into the VCR. He sits back on the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. INFOMERCIAL STUDIO - DAY

The footage is all of Gordy in various studio audiences of infomercials, laughing and smiling and looking on with

disbelief. One time he runs down to the stage and helps with the product.

GORDY (ON TAPE)

Bob, I'm so hungry I could eat my own foot!

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy himself is watching the footage. He is smiling. He pulls out the video camera. Gordy's hand flips on the lens. He is sitting on the couch again. He is holding a slate that reads: **Video Diary, Entry 2,138. November 5, 2000.** He is slouched in front of his lens.

GORDY

I've been making these video journal entries for like 10 years now and I've been putting them on my website for two months. Now, I'm going to start something new: an ongoing, organic documentary. My whole life. The beginning of a Hollywood career as seen from a couch in my parents' TV room. I'm going to leave this camera hooked up to my computer and show you -- 24 hours a day -- what's going on in my life. This is the start of something big. Imagine if they had footage of Spielberg's career as it grew...

Gordy looks around for a second. He has nothing to do and nowhere to be. He turns to the couch he's been sitting on and brushes potato chip crumbs off his bed. There is long awkward silence. Gordy leans forward and turns off the lights and goes to bed. The image freezes.

CUT TO:

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Ben and Gordy are watching the footage that Gordy has shot. Ben's hand points to the freeze-frame and we pull out from the screen, with Gordy on screen, still distorted in the background.

BEN

The trouble is it's always one of two things: you talking to the camera or you in your parents' TV room. It needs some immediacy. It's boring now and remember film school: show, don't tell.

GORDY

I've been thinking that too, and I have an idea. Look, you need to rig something up so I can send live signal from wherever I go. Right now, I can only broadcast from bed... from the TV room. I don't do anything in there that's interesting.

BEN

No problemo. We'll just grab some very expensive gear that my Dad may or may not miss immediately and construct something.

GORDY

I'm serious.

BEN

Actually, so am I.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Ben is hard at work. He has a red wagon full of gear. Bit by bit he takes it outside and loads it into his truck. He is obviously up to something and the scene has the feel of Dr. Frankenstein assembling the various organs he needs for his monster. Slowly a large mechanical backpack takes shape.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy's hand flips on the lens. He is holding a slate that reads: video diary, entry 2,141. November 8, 2000. He is standing proudly, like a host, in front of his lens. The picture is a little grainy and weak at first, but it's totally live.

GORDY

Now we're getting somewhere. I'm going to start taking you all with me. Live. Everywhere I go. The movie of my life. THIS is the start of something big.

There is more awkward silence.

GORDY (cont'd)

Well, good night.

The light goes out, but the camera's still on.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - MORNING

Gordy is sitting in an old t-shirt and shorts at the kitchen table. He is eating a bowl of cereal and drinking coffee. He has the video camera on him as he eats. His dad walks into the kitchen and Gordy quickly grabs the camera and points it at his dad.

HERB

Decide to wake up before it got dark?

GORDY

Dad, it's like 9 a.m. to me.

HERB

Just how many days do you think it's going to take for your body to adjust to our time here on planet earth?

Herb chuckles at his own bad joke.

HERB (cont'd)

Anyway, I was talking to Earl Stauffer the other day and he said he might have some work for you at the realty office.

GORDY

Dad, I don't want to sell houses. I'm a filmmaker.

HERB

Listen Spielberg, it's doing video work for him. He hires people to do video tours of houses so he can show them to prospective buyers. It's easier than trekking them all through places. I told him you'd call Monday. And get that camera out of my face?

Gordy pulls the camera down, but he keeps filming, zooming in on himself.

GORDY

Sure, thanks Dad. That's great. This could be the start that Hooray for Holly Ridge Films needs.

HERB

What needs? Yeah, you're welcome. Listen, I'll give you 10 bucks to take your grandparents to the pharmacy. They won't let your grandad drive anymore.

GORDY

Okay. I was thinking about visiting them today anyway.

HERB

I'll give you 10 more bucks to rake the leaves this afternoon.

Gordy realizes he's basically back to being a kid. He turns the camera on himself.

GORDY
(to camera)
My first job.

HERB
(off camera)
Oh, I think your Mom has some other
chores for you to do too.

Gordy's face falls a bit. He turns off the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy is carrying a couple of large garbage bags out to the
curb.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - EVENING

Joan is sitting at the kitchen table, enjoying a quiet
moment with the paper. Gordy walks in.

GORDY
Mom. I talked to Mr. Whitman today
while I was down at the station.

JOAN
Thank God, you got a full-time job. Do
you have a tie? Wear a tie to the
interview. Tom Brokaw's in TV and he
always has a tie on.

GORDY
Mom! Listen. First of all, you watch
too much Dateline. Secondly, I was
watching the station last night and I
decided that a public access spot would
be the perfect place to launch my new
project and get this whole town to
notice.

JOAN

Where are you going to get the money?
TV's expensive.

GORDY

Actually, it's just \$35.

JOAN

Really. That is cheap.

Gordy is silent for a moment. Joan looks at him. He looks up at her. There is a very awkward moment that seems to linger for a long time. Finally, Joan grabs her purse, pulls out a wallet and digs out \$35.

GORDY

(sheepishly)

Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy is raking leaves in his parents' front yard. A new sedan drives by, beeps and the driver waves. Gordy waves back but the look on his face says that he has no idea who he's waving to. He goes back to raking. A girl, **Mandy**, appears from the yard next door. She is about 18 and looks very trashy. She's slowly sipping an enormous big gulp full of slurpee.

MANDY

(flirty)

Hi Gordy.

Gordy looks up from raking. He smiles politely.

GORDY

Hi, Mandy.

MANDY

How's Hollywood? Do you know any famous people? Do you know Tom Hanks? I seen him once, at the GasStop in Middlesex.

He was getting a jalapeno chili dog from the hot box. Tammi -- she's my friend -- she says it wasn't him, but it was.

GORDY

Tom Hanks. No, don't know him. Sorry.

MANDY

Why are you back here, Gordy?

GORDY

Trying to make movies here now.

MANDY

Do you think I could be in one?

GORDY

Oh, it's a whole big union issue, Mandy. We'll see. Watch Wednesday at 10 on Channel 56.

MANDY

Okay. Thanks, Gordy.

Mandy doesn't leave, instead she just stands there sipping her drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy's hand flips on the camera again. He sits in a folding chair to address the lens.

GORDY

(to camera)

Hello and welcome. This is Gordy Crbinak of Hooray for Holly Ridge Films. In my ongoing efforts to bring the film and video industry to this town, I've begun an experiment, right here at 412 Appletree Court. I'm going to document our lives in our town and

I'm going to bring them to the world, uncensored. I'm going to find the legends. The myths. The fables. Instead of being a character, so much, I'm going to be the eye. The camera. Thanks to Cyclops here, you'll always see what I see. This isn't Hollywood. It's real life. Maybe it's boring at times. Or uncomfortable. But it's our lives and THAT is interesting.

Gordy is displaying a large and ridiculous looking contraption that Ben has rigged up for him. It has a bunch of wires and crap that straps to his back to send the signals out that he needs. While he's speaking, he begins rolling a clip of the various scenes he's shot over the previous week. It is awkward and boring and strange. It lasts about 30 seconds. There are shots of Gordy brushing his teeth, filling his car with gas, sipping coffee that he looks very displeased with, and folding up the sheets on his couch. Mixed in with the shots of him are shots of the townsfolk sleeping on their porches, drinking beer around an old truck, throwing rocks into the river. We see one of the techies at the station looking for gear that is obviously now on Gordy's back.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - LATER

Gordy is watching the monitor as it shows the last couple of seconds. He looks mortified.

GORDY (cont'd)

Well, I can assure you that the stuff gets a lot better on the site. I am presenting my life in its entirety at www.Gordycam.com. Check it out. Completely live.

He turns the camera onto a TV monitor and it immediately fans out and gets an infinite loop of video feedback.

GORDY (cont'd)

See!

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is checking the hit counter on his site.

Angle on computer screen: HITS: 2.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

We see a close-up of Gordy's grandfather. It is Gordy's video camera shooting it. He's not looking through the viewfinder because he's driving. He's just holding the camera.

GORDY

Now don't pay any attention to the camera, it's not here. We'll just talk.

GRAMPS

Uhh... New family moved in next door. Ginsburgs. They seem nice. And, they don't act like Jews. They are though. I asked 'em.

Gordy's thumb very discreetly turns off the camera. We see him sigh slightly as he drives along. He turns on the radio. Very mellow folk music is playing. It is very soft. Gramps is picking the sun-hardened foam that is protruding from the dashboard. He seems appalled at how crappy Gordy's car is. Gordy discreetly turns the camera back on.

GRAMPS

I don't know how you kids listen to this garbage. It's all just a bunch of noise.

GORDY

Grandad... Never mind. I'll turn it...

As Gordy is talking we see a hand reach up from the back seat and try to fix the messed-up collar on gramps' shirt. He smacks the hand away.

GRAMPS

What the hell are you doing, woman?

GRANDMA

I'm trying to fix your collar.

GRAMPS

I can do it myself.

He doesn't fix the collar.

GRAMPS (cont'd)

You better slow down, Gordy. There's always a speed trap along here.

Gordy is going 36 m.p.h. The signs they pass read 45 m.p.h.

GRANDMA

You didn't fix your collar, Bill.

GRAMPS

Maybe I don't want to fix it. It's fine.

We see Gordy's knuckles are white and tightly clenching the steering wheel. We cut to a wide shot of the car rolling on down the road and turning into a pharmacy. The driver's door opens and we can hear the frustration in Gordy's voice.

GORDY

I have a half a tank.

GRAMPS

Well, I'm just saying.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - EVENING

Gordy is chugging milk from a carton. He puts it back in the refrigerator. His mom watches this, appalled.

JOAN

Gordy, you do not live alone anymore.
This isn't LA; there are rules here.
Don't drink out of the carton and don't
put it back empty.

GORDY

What does LA have to do with it? (beat)
You're right. In LA, all 13 million
people share one huge carton. During
the riots, people just ran from house
to house chugging milk...

Gordy stops himself.

GORDY (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Mom. I'm going for a drive.
I'll be back.

JOAN

For God's sake. Half of your friends
from high school own houses by now and
I still have to tell you about drinking
from the carton.

While Joan is talking, Gordy turns to leave.

GORDY

(over his shoulder)
Sorry.

JOAN

(yelling after him)
Do you need money for gas? Your
grandfather called a little while ago
and said you were almost out.

Gordy cringes.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gordy is listening to classic rock while he drives around his hometown. He has his video camera on the dashboard, shooting his POV. He's narrating. It's obvious that the town's hit hard times. Everything seems dirty and rundown.

GORDY (OS)

Well, up here on the right is the house we lived in until I was 12.

Gordy drives by his old high school. There is a sign that says: class of '90 10 year reunion, Nov. 11, 8 p.m. Welcome back.

GORDY (OS)

I guess that speaks for itself. That might be fun. It'd be a good place to shoot.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - LATER

Gordy is still driving around.

GORDY (cont'd)

...so Nicole was so impressed with my second-place in the pie-eating contest that I lost my virginity that night. A lot of people thought Nicole and I were it. I guess I thought so too. Not many women are impressed with pie-eating contests. But, she didn't want to go to LA and well, long distance relationships. Ya know. (beat) Funny, I'm back here now. And Mom *keeps* telling that she's married now.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is working on his website. He gets an email and opens it.

Angle on: computer screen. It reads: Gordy. Why stop taping when your grandfather talked about his neighbors? It was getting good. Show reality. No one does. Don't give us a tour of your hometown. Give us life, warts and all.

Gordy sits alone in the dark for a minute, contemplating the suggestion.

GORDY
(to himself)
Warts and all, huh?

Gordy checks the hit counter again on his site. It reads 832. He is astounded.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Gordy is lying on the couch. His dad comes into the room.

HERB
Alright, up. Up. It's almost noon. The Steelers're coming on soon.

Gordy, wrapped in blankets, sits up on the couch and, with his hair all over the place, he leans over and turns the camera. The camera watches his dad sit down with a huge bowl of chips and pretzels mixed. Herb has three beers in a cooler. He settles into the couch and leans to the side as if he's passing gas. Gordy just stares at the couch and then his dad.

GORDY
Dad, that's my bed.

HERB
What?

GORDY
(yelling)

Never mind. Can I have a beer?

HERB

You just woke up.

GORDY

You're drinking.

Herb hands him a beer. The two sit there watching the TV. Gordy tries to pat down the hair on his head. Herb is chomping potato chips and large crumbs are dropping all over Gordy's couch.

GORDY (cont'd)

(looking at camera)

How's that for some warts.

Gordy watches his dad eat for a second and then looks down at the crumb-covered couch. He realizes that this is where all of the crumbs have been coming from.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - DAY

Gordy is on the phone again. He's talking to Ted in Los Angeles. Ted is sitting at an outdoor cafe, using his cell phone. Gordy is at the kitchen table with a bowl of cereal and his beer.

GORDY

Hey, congratulations, man. I heard about the deal. All done.

TED

Oh, thanks. Yeah, it's great. You picked the wrong time to leave. We're going to shoot a new pilot in a few weeks. Coulda used ya.

GORDY

Sounds great. Maybe I could come out.

TED

Sorry buddy, all crewed up.

GORDY

That's alright. I have some stuff going here too. It's alright being home again. Everyone wants to know how many famous people I know. You should take a look at my website if you get a chance.

TED

(uninterested)

Okay.

While Gordy is talking, Joan picks up the phone and dials two numbers, then it stops.

JOAN

Oh.

GORDY

I'm on the phone, ma.

JOAN

Gordy, are you talking to California? Do you know what that'll do to the phone bill? Don't you think you should have a job before you make all these calls?

GORDY

Take it easy, Mom.

TED

Hey, I'll let you go man, I don't want you to get in trouble.

Gordy is really embarrassed. We see Ted eating a green salad. A beautiful woman is seated at his table with him.

TED (cont'd)

I'll talk to ya soon, buddy.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Gordy is wearing sweatpants and an old t-shirt. He is slouching very low in the couch, looking like he's in a coma. On his lap is a pile of pretzels that he's eating slowly and methodically. He's staring at the TV. There are blankets and newspaper pages piled all around him. His video camera captures this and the scene seems awkwardly dead.

GORDY

(mumbling, sarcastic)

I have some stuff going on here, too.

As he says this, the screen gets very static-y and begins to buzz. Gordy looks around for a second and then realizes.

GORDY (cont'd)

Mom, your vacuuming is messing up the image again.

JOAN (OS)

I have to vacuum, Gordy.

Gordy slumps back into the couch again.

GORDY

(angrily mumbling)

I have some stuff going on here, too.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Gordy is sitting at the bar, drinking a beer. There are people watching football games all around him. They are drinking and smoking. Gordy has a huge plate of chili cheese fries in front of him. He looks at it, takes a bite and looks disgusted. He sips his beer. Across the bar, a pretty young girl is looking at him. He smiles.

GIRL AT BAR

That's a nice hat.

Gordy takes the hat off his head. It has the WB logo on it.

GORDY

Warner Bros. Yeah. I used to work there.

He says this with a certain cockiness, expecting the next question.

GIRL

Yeah, at the Warner Store at the mall? My kid sister works there.

GORDY

No, in California.

GIRL

Is the store there pretty much the same? I'll bet it's bigger, huh?

GORDY

Uh. Yeah.

GIRL

I kinda figured.

Gordy, in resignation, slowly nods his head as he sips his beer.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Gordy walks in the front door. It is late and he's a bit drunk. He walks up to the TV room and he sees that the couch is covered with potato chip crumbs. He brushes them off and flops down. As he hits the couch he grimaces because there is an audible crunch. He rolls over and goes to sleep, fully clothed.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - MORNING

Gordy is on the phone with Mr. Stauffer. He looks sleepy and he's sipping a cup of coffee. He takes a sip and looks at it disgustedly, but after a moment he starts drinking again.

GORDY

Good morning, Mr. Stauffer, this is Gordy Crbinak, my dad said to give you a call about some real estate videography you need done.

STAUFFER

Vide-what-trophy?

GORDY

You need something taped?

STAUFFER

Gordy! Right. Yeah. We do these video tours of houses.

GORDY

My Dad explained. If you'd like, I could come in and we could talk about it.

STAUFFER

Come in around 12:30, right after lunch, and I'll give you a house to do. It pays \$10 an hour. I know that's not what you're used to getting in Hollywood, but it's the best I can do.

GORDY

That'll work, Mr. S. I'll see you this afternoon. Bye.

Gordy turns and dumps the coffee down the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. STAUFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordy is standing in front of Mr. Stauffer. He is holding a huge old VHS camcorder in front of him. He has a piece of paper with the address 131 N. 24th St. Written on it.

GORDY

Are you sure you don't want me to use my Mini-DV, Mr. S? It has a much much nicer picture, even after it's dumped over to VHS.

STAUFFER

Son, these people just want a quick run-through of a house, they don't want some Martin Scorseez movie. Just walk through every room and swing the camera around to show all the angles.

GORDY

You're the client. I understand. Walking. Pans. Can do.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - DAY

We see a leafy tree in the yard. We follow a golden leaf as it floats to the ground. The camera then pans over to an open door. We walk through the door and begin a slow and very dramatic tour through the house, all accompanied by Beethoven's "Ode to Joy."

CUT TO:

INT. STAUFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

The clock on the wall above Stauffer's desk says 4:30 p.m. Stauffer has just finished watching the tape. He looks up but before he can say anything, Gordy talks.

GORDY

I know it's a bit rough at places sir. I tried to edit in camera, but I'm not used to it and the VHS is a bit

unwieldy. I went home and added the sound.

STAUFFER

Son, you don't get it. I used to do this, did about five or six houses a day. It took you half a day to do this and it looks like some Swedish movie about suicide or something. No one's going to want to buy a suicide house, now are they?

GORDY

No, sir.

STAUFFER

No.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Herb is sitting next to Gordy on the couch. They are both silently watching TV. Without looking away from the screen at all, Herb addresses Gordy.

HERB

Your grandparents need to go to the pharmacy and the grocery store again tomorrow. I'll give you \$15 to do it.

GORDY

Why the raise?

HERB

Tomorrow's Tuesday. They have some seniors' special at the Dutch House Restaurant and you're going to have to stop there and eat dinner with them. At 4 p.m. If you can get out of it, more power to ya, but you won't.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - MORNING

Joan is slowly shaking Gordy awake. It is still dark and Gordy comes around very lethargically.

GORDY

What?

JOAN

Your brother's sick.

GORDY

So?

He rolls over to go back to sleep.

JOAN

Gordy. You need to do his paper route. It pays \$5 a day and you, young man, are in no position to turn down money. Any money.

GORDY

No way.

JOAN

Look, Gordy. I'm not going to argue about this...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Gordy is riding a bicycle down the street. The sun is just beginning to peak over the horizon. It is hazy and obviously cold. Gordy is trying to drink a cup of coffee while he rides the bike. He rides past his ex-girlfriend, Nicole, and a man who is presumably her husband. They are walking a stroller and the scene looks idyllic. Gordy begins mumbling to himself and he turns down a side street.

GORDY

Shit! Nicole.

CUT TO:

INT. DUTCH HOUSE RESTAURANT - DAY

A small, very angry looking man in a ridiculous uniform is standing at the front of a family-style restaurant.

MANAGER

(very droning)

Hello, and welcome to the Dutch House Family Restaurant. Home of the world's most famous genuine Amish-style Shoo-Fly Pie. How many of your family will be joining ours today for tempting Pennsylvania Dutch Style dishes and memories that are sure to last a lifetime?

CUT TO:

INT. DUTCH HOUSE RESTAURANT - LATER

Gordy and his grandparents are sitting in a booth. The clock says 3:45 p.m. The place is full of older couples. There is a waitress standing at the table. Gordy has his camera set up in the corner of the table.

GRAMPS

What do you mean you're only having coffee?

GORDY

I'm not really hungry, Gramps. It's not even 4.

GRAMPS

This is because you don't have a job, isn't it?

GORDY

No. It's because I don't eat dinner at 3:45.

GRAMPS

I'm paying son. Don't worry.

GRANDMA

They have great pot pie.

GORDY

Really. Coffee's fine.

GRAMPS

Suit yourself.

The waitress smiles at Gordy and walks away.

GRANDMA

That girl likes you, Gordy.

GORDY

She was just being polite, Grandma.

GRANDMA

No. She thinks you're a cool cucumber.

A man comes and fills the coffee cups on the table. Gordy begins sipping his and looks disgusted again.

GRAMPS

So, your grandmother had me go to this new doctor today. Our doctor's in India for three months or some Godforsaken place. So, I get to the office and the doctor's a colored woman. Cripes, a woman doctor's bad enough and I'm no bigot, but...

Gordy is eyeing turning off the camera, but he keeps on rolling and tries to change the subject.

GORDY

Ya know what, grandma, maybe she did smile at me.

GRAMPS

So this woman doctor gives me some new prescription to try. That's what we picked up.

GRANDMA

Now what channel is your show going to be on?

GORDY

It's on the Internet, grandma.

GRANDMA

We don't get that channel, do we Herb?

Gordy is exasperated. The waitress walks by and smiles sympathetically.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is sitting on the couch that is his bed. He is watching TV. Joan walks into the room and stands in front of him.

JOAN

Gordy, I just got off the phone with your uncle. There're no openings in the video department, but he needs someone in junior miss.

GORDY

Mom, I already told you that's not what I was born to do. I can't do it. I can't wear one of those damn vests. Do you think I could get a date or... or... clients if I worked in Junior Miss?

Todd walks into the room and sits down. He starts changing the channel. While he's still maintaining a conversation with Joan, Gordy tries to yank the remote from his kid brother's hand.

TODD

(sarcastically to himself)
Dates.

JOAN
All of your friends have lives now,
Gordy. They have houses and babies and
wives. And you're here on the couch. Is
THIS what you were born to do?

Todd is laughing in the background.

GORDY
Mom, I'll be out of here in no time. Do
you want me to leave now? Is that it?

TODD
I do.

JOAN
Todd. This is between your brother and
me. (beat) Of course we don't, dear.
But Mrs. Plack was just telling me
about the house the Thomas bought and
I've seen Jim Ritter driving around in
one of those new minivans.

GORDY
So what?

JOAN
It's one of the nice ones. It has
powersteering, air conditioning and
those new airbags. Not the bad airbags
that kill babies like I saw on CNN. He
showed it to me at the mall the other
day.

GORDY
All cars have airbags nowadays, Mom.

TODD
Yours doesn't.

Joan turns and glares at Todd as Gordy leans over and belts him on the arm. A newscaster on the TV in the background is rattling off a list of layoffs and plant closures.

JOAN

Well, what am I supposed to tell these other mothers about you when we see each other at the grocery store?

GORDY

Say I'm an unemployed, drug-dealing pornographer. What do I care?

JOAN

I'm just saying, that's all.

Gordy turns to the camera for salvation. He just stares. The TV in the background begins a feature story about the site. Reporting from outside the Crbinak residence is **Jack Lombardo**.

JACK

On a lighter note: It seems as if the worldwide web has ensnared little Holly Ridge. A local filmmaker has begun "webcasting" his entire life over the internet. Gordy Crbinak began broadcasting live pictures of this sleepy little borough about a week ago and hundreds of people have already visited the site, curious to see just what's happening in Holly Ridge. The mysteriously private Mr. Crbinak did not return numerous calls placed to his residence.

TODD

Sorry.

GORDY

Asshole!

Gordy hits his brother.

JOAN
Gordy! You're famous.

GORDY
Channel 6.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Gordy sprints outside the house as the news van is driving away.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gordy is driving around in his hometown. He is cranking classic rock. He has his camera on his face.

GORDY
(to camera)
This is my only solitude now. Me, the
tape deck and the open road. My alone
time. Tomorrow, I'll shoot more houses
for Mr. Stauffer. He'll see. Mine may
take longer, but those are the houses
that'll sell. My Mom keeps going on and
on about Tom Fuckin' Plack. You saw
him, he's the manager at the Dutch
House. Did he look happy?

We see that some people wave to Gordy as he passes.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - DAY

Gordy has the video camera from Mr. Stauffer in his hand. He is gliding it through the empty rooms of a large, empty house. He seems happy. After a bit he leaves the house.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - DAY

Gordy is in another empty house. He is rolling from room to room, trying different angles in each one.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - EVENING

Gordy is staring at the camera.

GORDY

Well, I did four houses today..

Just then a loud, piercing and shrill whistle fills the house.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - EVENING

He grabs his camera and runs into the kitchen to find his mom frying sandwiches on the stove as smoke rises from the burner.

JOAN

I'm making some grilled ham and cheese.
Do you want one, dear?

GORDY

Where's the alarm, I'll shut it off.
I'm trying to work.

JOAN

Don't worry, it'll go off on its own.

GORDY

Okay. Sure, I'll have a sandwich.

Gordy sits down on a stool. The alarm keeps going. He begins looking around on his own.

GORDY (cont'd)

Mom, I'll turn that off; where is it?

JOAN

Don't worry about it, Gordy. It happens every time I cook.

As she's talking, Herb walks into the kitchen. He doesn't even acknowledge the ringing.

HERB

It's how we know it's still working.

GORDY

But what about when it's real.

HERB

What?

GORDY

Ya know what, never mind.

Gordy just sits there, awaiting his sandwich and trying to ignore the ringing. He continues shifting uncomfortably in his seat. He finally gets up and walks out of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is at another meeting, pad in hand. He is jotting some things down and again he's watching the lips of the men and women slurping water. It seems really, really loud. He keeps staring and the sound gets louder, but he doesn't zoom in. He sees the tapping feet again and the pencils bouncing off legal pads. We see that Les is still intently rambling in the audience.

LES

(into Gordy's camera)

I understand you have a way of airing your grievances...

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The sound carries over to another shot: the waitress watching the site on her computer.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Gordy is sitting at an old computer. Ben is leaning against the desk next to him.

GORDY

They're my family and I love them, but I have to get out soon.

BEN

Hey, that reminds me. You were talking the other day about doing corporate video production work?

GORDY

Yeah.

BEN

Well, my uncle is a large animal vet. Ya know, for farmers. I saw him the other day and he said some farmer needs some stuff shot about porcine fertilization.

GORDY

Great. What's that? (beat) And why don't you do it?

BEN

I'll give you his number.

CUT TO:

EXT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is putting some boxes in the back seat. He closes the door and gets in. The song "Get Right Back" by Maxine Nightengale begins playing. He tries and tries the car. It won't turn over.

CUT TO:

INT. HERB'S CAR - DAY

The same song is still playing. Gordy is in the passenger seat of his Dad's van. He sits patiently at first and then he fidgets. Finally, his dad appears and gets in the car. Herb immediately starts singing.

GORDY

Thanks for driving me to the farm. I'll try to get my car running tomorrow. This has happened before. Usually I can get it goin' again. You gonna pick me up at 4?

HERB

Sure. Where's this farm, Mr. DeMille?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HERB'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is sitting silently in the passenger seat of Herb's car, while Herb drives along the country roads. He is quietly humming "Get Right back" along with the radio. Gordy discreetly begins taping him. All of a sudden Herb lays on the horn and leans out the window.

HERB

...love is real... ASSHOLE! (beat) ...love can be strong. We gotta get right back where we started from..

CUT TO:

INT. FARM - DAY

Gordy is crouched down, eyeing up his shot through the camera. He has some lights illuminating his unseen subject. The camera is mounted on a large tripod and Gordy is practicing some pans. Next to Gordy are Darryl and Dale Pfinefrock, local farmers.

DALE

Okay. Looks good to me. Are you ready yet, son?

GORDY

Just about. Notice if you will that I've thrown some light on the haunches to bring out some real depth to the shot.

DALE

Uhh. Yeah.

We finally see the shot through the viewfinder of Gordy's camera. It is two enormous pigs mating. As the male tries to mount the female, Gordy smoothly follows him with the camera, but the pigs keep going out of frame.

GORDY

Mr. Pfinefrock, can you get them to stop for a minute? I'm going to do this handheld.

Gordy immediately starts trying to pry the camera free in a hurry.

DALE

Son. How in the world would I do that?
(beat) Ya can't stop that. That's amoré.

GORDY

Okay, got it.

Dale is watching the video monitor as Gordy stands alongside the pen, shooting away. The look in Dale's eye is a little too intense.

DALE

Zoom in boy. Zoom in.

We cut back to the pig footage. It begins a fast rewind.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is now watching the footage on an editing console.
Ben is sitting alongside him.

BEN

Dude, this is awesome. Can I have a
copy?

Gordy stares at him a minute.

GORDY

No. Jesus. I'm done here for now. Let's
go get a beer. I'll buy you one.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Gordy and Ben are now sitting at the bar, slowly sipping
beers. In the background, five guys are standing around a
pool table, playing air guitar to some classic rock. Gordy
and Ben can see them in the mirror.

GORDY

Isn't that like the core of our high
school football team?

BEN

Yeah, they're the core of the township
lawn-mowing team now.

GORDY

And they're in an Air Band.

BEN

That too.

As Gordy and Ben are talking, one of the guys playing air
guitar, Jeremy Stauffer, looks up and recognizes him.

JEREMY

Well, if isn't Hollywood. My dad said
you were back in town.

GORDY

Yeah. How are ya man?

JEREMY

No complaints. (turning) Fellas, look who's here. It's Hollywood.

The other guys all come over and greet Gordy warmly.

GORDY

How're you guys doin'?

DEAN

Good. Jus' hangin' out. Stauffs, Fly, Johnson, Bull, ya know. Working for the city. Not for much longer, though. We're starting our own lawncare and landscaping company.

GORDY

Hey, that's great.

DEAN

Yeah. Whachu up to? Thought you got out.

GORDY

I'm back. Trying to start up a video production company here. Commercials. You know.

As the two are talking some loud arena rock begins coursing through the place. The guys surrounding Gordy begin playing air guitar. One guy is playing air drums.

DEAN

Well, we may be wantin' a commercial soon, Hollywood.

BEN

Or a music video?

Dean seems to like the idea. He chuckles and then looks confused.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK BAR - LATER

Gordy and Ben have returned to their stools. The lights flicker and the bartender rings a bell.

BARTENDER

Last call, folks.

GORDY

(to Ben)

So today, my Dad says I'm lazy. Says WE have no work ethic.

BEN

Look at what happened around here: everyone pins their hopes and dreams on steel. And then bam, no steel industry. Sorry folks. But hey, here's a parting gift: have a Wal-Mart.

GORDY

You know that line about "you can't go home again"? It's bullshit. I could've left yesterday. Everything's the same. My parents. The town. You.

The two sit in silence. Both of them drain the last sips from their beers and get up and walk out.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is sleeping, his face against the back of the couch. He is wearing only underwear and that is revealing the top bit of his buttocks. There is a blue flicker on his back. Todd and some teenage friends are sitting around the TV, playing video games.

TODD

(reacting with joystick)

Come on! Come on! DAMN!

Gordy stirs a bit and he rolls his head over and looks. He rolls back and pulls his sheet over his underwear.

GIRL
(disgusted)
Who is that?

TODD
That's my brother, Gordy. Just ignore him.

Gordy rolls back over and buries his head in the couch.

Angle on: The red light is on on Gordy's small video camera. It is on its tripod aimed at Gordy.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - MORNING

Gordy is sitting in front of the video camera, addressing it.

GORDY
(to camera)
Well, that whole idea about leaving the camera on all night seems like a bad one.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - MORNING

Gordy is in a bathrobe and standing at the front door of the house. He is opening a letter. It is his first check from the TV station. The check is for \$21.91. The camera lingers on Gordy's face. He takes a deep breath and walks into the kitchen. He pulls out the paper and sits down with a cup of coffee. He begins pouring over the want ads.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy's hand sets down and steadies the video camera. He is standing in the back yard.

GORDY

(to camera)

Well, we're about two weeks into this new GordyCam thing now. Things aren't quite going as planned..

There is a phone ringing in the background. Gordy runs out of frame. We can hear him answering the phone. Mandy appears in the frame. She waves to the camera and starts posing.

GORDY (OS)

Hello. Yeah. That's me. That'd be great. Tomorrow at 9 a.m. Sure.

Gordy runs back into the frame and shoos Mandy away.

GORDY (cont'd)

Come on, Mandy. I'm busy.

MANDY

I want to help you with your movie, Gordy. I want to act in it.

GORDY

It doesn't work like that, Mandy. You're already in it.

She immediately waves to the camera again and strikes a Marilyn Monroe pose.

GORDY (cont'd)

Not now.

She sulks away.

GORDY (cont'd)

(to camera)

Sorry about that. So, I got a job in Philadelphia. A PSAM job. Paid Studio

Audience Member for an infomercial.
Just one day. But hey, it's work.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Gordy is seated in the middle of about 50 other people. He is applauding and nodding enthusiastically. It is apparent he's in the audience of an infomercial again.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - EVENING

Gordy is taping himself again.

GORDY

(to camera)

It's good to be back at work.
Apparently, I'm a great audience
member. Paid my rent in LA. Plus, I
think it's helping me master certain
emotional "looks."

Gordy begins miming excitement, disbelief, awe,
frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Herb is shaking his son awake. Gordy stirs, slowly at
first.

HERB

Hey, wake up.

GORDY

What?

HERB

Did you get your car working yet?

GORDY

Yeah. Why?

HERB

Your grandparents.

GORDY

Dad, come on.

HERB

No, I just got called into work. It's important. Just pick them up and take them where they need to go.

Herb tosses a ten dollar bill on to Gordy's chest and then he leaves quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is sitting in his car, drumming on the steering wheel. He is idling outside a pharmacy. Eventually, gramps appears and gets in the car.

GRAMPS

Sonny, I'll tell ya what. I was a bit worried about that colored woman as my doctor, but this stuff she's got me on is fantastic.

GORDY

Something for your hip?

GRAMPS

No, it's that Viagla stuff.

Gordy shivers visibly and says nothing. He drives on in silence. Gramps is whistling while they drive.

GORDY

(mumbling)

ViagRa.

Gordy shudders.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR - EVENING

Gordy and Ben are sitting on stools.

BEN

Well go talk to her. Jesus. Use some of those Hollywood stories.

GORDY

Like what? That I worked with Patsie for a week? That I got into an argument with Gary Coleman over who was next in line at Starbuck's?

They both sit in silence for a bit.

BEN

Twenty years ago.

GORDY

What?

BEN

Twenty years ago, working with Patsie could get you laid.

GORDY

Ya think?

BEN

Oh yeah. Not like the Fonz could, but still... (beat) Plus, your grandpa doesn't have a camera on his shoulder.

Gordy nods.

GORDY

Plus, my website basically advertises the fact that I'm a loser.

The two sit in silence for a bit.

BEN (cont'd)

You going to the reunion?

GORDY

Yeah, I guess. You?

BEN

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see that the waitress from the Dutch House is watching the website on a computer screen. She begins typing: I love Patsie, Elizabeth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK BAR - LATER

Gordy and Ben are now at the bar. The same jocks from the other night are playing air guitar and pool in the background and Gordy is playing a little of it himself. He quickly stops himself. He goes back to drinking his beer.

GORDY

I've known you since when? '75?

BEN

Yeah, we were about 4. Nursery school.

GORDY

Well, you're the perfect person to ask then. I have this theory. You know heroic story structure?

BEN

Like Ulysses. Caesar. Luke Skywalker.
Yeah.

GORDY

I have this theory that enough exposure to anyone's life and stories emerge. We're all heroes. That's what I'm

trying to do show. Thousands of stories
and they overlap endlessly.

BEN

Your life: The Movie, huh?

GORDY

Yeah. But not just my life. Everyone's
in Holly Ridge. Why?

BEN

Just asking. (beat) Everyone's?

Angle on: the jocks playing air guitar to REO Speedwagon.

GORDY (OS)

Everyone's. (beat) Even yours.

CUT TO:

INT. STAUFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Gordy is standing, camera in hand, in front of Stauffer.

STAUFFER

Look, Gordy, you're a nice guy and your
dad's a good friend of mine, but I
can't really use you anymore. You just
take too long and the tapes are too
weird to sell the houses.

GORDY

But what about quality? Style.

STAUFFER

It's a video-tour, son.

We see Gordy's face. It still has that positive veneer, but
he's hasn't got much more left to give.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Gordy walks into the TV room to discover Todd and a ton of friends sitting there watching TV. He lets out a huge sigh, wheels around and leaves.

GIRL

Your brother's weird.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is driving along, singing really loudly. He is about to lose it. Perched on the dashboard of his car is the video camera, partially catching the side of his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BRIDGE - DAY

The video camera is bouncing along a wooded trail. It is aimed at the ground and being carried by hand. Gordy's hand sets the camera on the tripod. He is sitting on an abandoned bridge, Holly Ridge in the background.

GORDY

Things aren't going as planned around here. To say the least. My 10-year high school reunion is tomorrow tonight. I don't think I'm going to go. I thought I would...

While he's talking the camera begins jumping and getting a lot of video noise. Then it just dies.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Gordy is sitting next to Ben who is looking at the gear.

GORDY

No, I didn't do anything like that to it at all. It just died. (beat) Don't

worry about it; this whole idea's stupid anyway.

BEN

Shut up. It's a cool idea, man. I don't think I could do it. I mean, come on, no privacy? What if you want to have sex?

There is a pause and then they both start laughing.

GORDY

Women aren't exactly lining up to date a guy who lives on his parents' couch. Plus, Sputnik here (he taps the gear) is a little intimidating, if ya know what I mean?

BEN

I'm glad you brought that up. I have something for you that I whipped up.

Ben pulls out a very small video camera that clips onto a shoulder and is almost invisible.

GORDY

Wow. This is awesome. Did you invent this?

BEN

No. I just made some alterations.

GORDY

I still think I'm going to stop doing this whole thing though.

BEN

Yeah?

GORDY

Yeah. But, I'm sure we can do something cool with the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - DAY

Gordy is sitting on the couch. He is doing nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - LATER

Gordy is on his website. He sees that he has 418 e-mails. He has an e-mail from somewhere in Montana.

Angle on: computer screen. It reads: Hang in there Gordy.. Missoula, Montana.

Gordy raises his eyebrow. He clicks a few times and checks the hit counter on his website. It says 2,918.

GORDY

(to himself)

Wow.

Gordy opens up some of the e-mail he has. His eyes suddenly open very wide as he gets an instant message.

Angle on computer screen reading: Gordy, I admitted I like Potsie? What's a girl gotta do?

Gordy types: Do I know you?

The response says: Figure it out, cucumber.

Gordy looks confused and he goes on to the next one. It reads: Where's the site? Bring it back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - EVENING

Gordy clicks on the video camera.

GORDY

Alright folks, I'm back. Let's see what exciting adventures today has to offer...

He heads outside and is looking for some stuff in his car.
Herb comes out of the house.

HERB

Did you mess with the VCR?

GORDY

I just hooked mine up with it. So I
could edit my tapes. I need to end up..

HERB

(interrupting)

I don't care. I was trying to record
the new fishing show on Keystone
SportsNet.

GORDY

(chuckling)

Oh. Sorry.

HERB

It's not funny. I wanted to see it. Get
that thing outta my face.

Herb goes back inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Gordy is getting dressed in the bathroom mirror. He is
combing his hair as he looks into the camera. Gordy looks
very stressed.

GORDY

Things are starting to get a bit tense
around here. This whole endeavor better
lead to something soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - EVENING

As Gordy leaves his house we see his POV. He acknowledges that there's something going on off to the side.

GORDY

(to himself)

What have we here? (beat) Look folks,
it's the NEW minivan.

Gordy pans the camera around to reveal **Jim Ritter** sitting behind the wheel of a shiny new minivan.

JIM

Gordy. How are ya, man?

GORDY

Alright, how 'bout you?

Gordy shakes his hand with a lot of enthusiasm.

JIM

No complaints. It's been a long time,
my wedding, right?

GORDY

Yep. You're the king of the world
around this place. (gesturing to his
parents' house) My mom won't stop
talking about your new car.

JIM

This? Yeah, she seemed pretty excited
about it.

GORDY

This is the standard against which all
success is measured in old Joan's eyes.
You've got the package deal: Wife,
kids, car, starter house.

JIM

It's not always as great as it might
seem. (beat) Listen, Linda and I were
wondering if you'd like to come over
and have dinner tonight?

GORDY
Sure, I'd love to.

CUT TO:

EXT. JIM RITTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Gordy is walking up to an average, middle-class suburban house. In the driveway is a new car. Gordy quickly turns to the video camera.

GORDY
(to camera)
Well, this is it. The symbol of my failure in relation to my former classmates. Let's take a closer look, shall we?

Jim Ritter comes outside of his house and watches Gordy for a second.

JIM
What are you doin', Gordy?

GORDY
(swish panning camera)
Oh, nothing. Hey Jim.

As the two enter the house, Jim pats Gordy on the back.

JIM
Is my car going to be on your website?
(almost inaudible) It's got anti-lock brakes, ya know?

CUT TO:

INT. JIM RITTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Gordy is seated at a dining room table. Seated with him are Jim; Linda, Jim's wife; and three of Jim's four kids. They are screaming and laughing and throwing food, circling the table and crying. Gordy watches all of the activity and seems a little scared by it.

Angle on: Linda's mouth.

We see Katie dropping food and eating it. Zachary, 2, is pulling at his sister's hair.

LINDA

(to kids)

Katie, if you can't hold on to your cheese, just put it down. You can't eat it off the... Katie, Katie... Do you hear me young lady? You can't eat it off the floor. Zach, don't pull her hair. Zachary!

JIM

I know it's not your thing, Gordy, but we're always hiring down at the office. If you're hurting, I could get you an interview.

Jim talking pulls Gordy of the trance that the manic kid scene had put him in.

GORDY

Did my Mom put you up to this?

JIM

No, Gordy. But we're not kids anymore.

GORDY

And we do need our dental coverage.

JIM

Come on, Gordy. This is real life now. You don't want to wind up like Ben, do you?

GORDY

Hey, Ben is dedicated to his dreams.

JIM

Dreams of what?

GORDY

Well, I don't know actually; but I assume he does.

JIM

See. We're not three teenagers anymore.

Gordy and Jim both look at Gordy's video camera, which is lying on the table next to Jim. A baby is crying loudly offscreen. They ignore it at first and then Jim stands up.

JIM

My turn.

He leaves the room. Gordy looks around and continues eating in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. JIM RITTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jim and Gordy are drinking beers in Jim's backyard. They are sitting at a picnic table.

GORDY

You know, I was thinking about what you said about Ben earlier. I don't know what his dreams are, but I'll bet he does. He went to NYU Film School.

JIM

That's the point, Gordy. He works in a video store. He's one of those slackers. Dreams are one thing but...

GORDY

(interrupting)

Do you know what yours are? (beat) I don't want to argue, but I don't even know what you do for a living.

JIM

I'm living my dream Gordy. And there's nothing wrong with that. I process life-expectancy data that may or may

not correlate with current social trends. The information I provide then enables actuaries... Never mind.

Gordy takes a big swig of his beer.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy sets up his camera on the tripod.

GORDY

Well, maybe Mom's right. I mean Jim seems happy. Comfort's not such a bad thing. American Dream. All that. I don't know; making it this far in this town is really saying something.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Ben is standing at the counter of a small independent video store. He's looking up at a video monitor. The funky, steady bass of porn music is playing. Gordy walks in, taping the whole scene with his video camera.

GORDY (OS)

Welcome to Video Village. Here's our friendly neighborhood video consultant, brimming with viewing suggestions for us, the consumer. What do you have for us today?

BEN

Well, Mr. Customer. We've just gotten in remastered versions of the entire Ernest film canon, plus an exciting new line of European soft-core pornography from the people who brought us the Emmanuelle series. Not to mention 25 -- that's right, 25 -- new straight-to-video action titles, complete with

nearly naked women holding assault rifles. Speaking of assault rifles, we now have the complete collection of Ted Nugent hunting tapes. More than 20 hours worth.

While Ben is talking, Gordy pans across the store. We see a sign on the wall.

Angle on sign: Now showing -- The Happy Puppy Adventure.

Gordy continues his pan to the monitor hanging from the ceiling.

Angle on: a TV hanging from the ceiling is flickering with a video but the sounds are obviously not from "The Happy Puppy Adventure."

GORDY

Hey, I know you're unhappy with your career, but isn't this pushing it, even for you.

BEN

You don't know what it's like, man. All of these people renting all this crap. I just can't take it. Besides, it's 9 a.m. on a Sunday and it's pouring. Who's going to come in here?

GORDY

If you don't want to work here, quit.

BEN

What? And ride my parents' couch? I don't think so.

GORDY

At least I'm trying something.

BEN

I know. (beat) I saw you defending me the other night to that asshole.

GORDY

He's okay.

BEN

I'm not a slacker. He probably learned that term in Newsweek and he's been waiting like 10 years to use it.

Out of the corner of his eye, Ben realizes there's someone else standing there. He does a double take. Gordy does as well.

Angle on: a very small child is standing there, looking up at the monitor. He turns and runs away.

CHILD

Daddy, that's not the Happy Puppy Adventure.

A minister walks into the store and scoops up the boy.

MINISTER

What's that?

By this time, Gordy and Ben have switched off the movie. The father and son walk throughout the store. Peering over the dad's shoulder the kid looks traumatized. Gordy and Ben look at each other.

BEN

(whispering)

Don't worry. That guy rents porn in here all the time.

GORDY

Really?

Ben nods.

BEN

That reminds me: I want to ask you a question. Do you think that Bert and Ernie are related or do you think they're gay?

GORDY

I never really thought about it. (beat)
They bathe together though.

BEN

And they always wear turtlenecks.

GORDY

Is this what you spend your days
thinking about? (beat) Did someone else
have this conversation?

BEN

Someone's had every conversation at
this point.

GORDY

A couple of years ago, I think, they
were going to say, ya know, on Sesame
Street, that they were gay. Maybe it
was an urban legend. I don't know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Gordy walks out of the video store. As he does, Nicole, his
ex-high school girlfriend, walks by, pushing a stroller.

NICOLE

Gordy!

GORDY

Hello, Nicole.

NICOLE

I heard you were back in town.

GORDY

Yeah, small town.

NICOLE

Are you going to the reunion?

GORDY

I don't know yet. Yeah, I guess. Is that your kid?

NICOLE

Yeah, it's my third.

GORDY

Wow. Must keep you busy.

NICOLE

They do, but it's okay. I'm not working anymore. Michael got promoted to vice president at the company, so I'm a housewife. (beat) How's Hollywood? Rough, huh?

GORDY

No, it's great. It's not like you might think. What's being a housewife like?

NICOLE

The kids are great; they're everything.

GORDY

And the singing?

NICOLE

Just in church sometimes.

GORDY

Why'd ya give it up? You're so good.

NICOLE

I guess I just wasn't willing to struggle for it the way you are. I'm comfortable and that's good for me.

GORDY

Are you happy or just comfortable?

NICOLE

What's the difference.

Gordy seems shocked by this at first but then he nods.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

A montage of various people watching the website in the bedrooms and offices. Some interested. One woman, crying.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Gordy is standing next to a street sign but the signs on it are impossible to read. As he begins talking, he tilts up.

GORDY

Here we are folks, at the historic intersection of Hollywood and Vine. That's right. Just up the street is Mann's Chinese Theater.

Gordy pans the camera revealing nothing but farmland.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

Gordy's 10-year reunion is in full swing. There is music playing and people milling all around him. He has the newer, much smaller camera on his shoulder. He and Ben are standing at the drink table next to Jeremy Stauffer.

JEREMY

So, yeah, I've become a real Civil War buff. Actually, I'd say I'm a student of it. You know, the North. The South. All that stuff.

GORDY

Yeah?

BEN

(mumbling)
Details.

GORDY

Sure. Sure. Interesting stuff.

Jim approaches Gordy from behind.

JIM (OS)

Still taping, I see.

GORDY

Always.

JIM

I saw your website. I saw the commentary you shared on your dinner at my place. Do you actually think you're better than we are or anyone is because you live on your parents' couch? Is that success to you?

GORDY

No. Take it easy.

JIM

I'm not mad, Gordy. It's just you have this black and white view of these things and it's not that simple. Do you think everyone should run off and be a filmmaker? How crowded would the marketplace be then? Do you think your chosen path is innately better than mine?

GORDY

I never said...

JIM

You said enough.

JEREMY

We're not some hick town, Gordy. We have a Starbuck's now. And one of them Victoria's Secret factory outlets.

BEN

(under his breath)
Factory second lingerie. Hallmark of
civilization.

JIM
(to Ben)
You're an asshole.

Jim walks away. Paul Zook, another former classmate of
Gordy's, approaches him. He looks not at Gordy, but into
the lens.

PAUL
Hi Gordy, how have you been?

GORDY
Fine. Paul is it?

PAUL
Yeah. I heard about your website. (very
awkwardly) I now own the Frozen Jungle
at the intersection of Pine and Walnut
Streets. Our specialty is frozen
bananas on a stick, dipped in delicious
fudge. Only \$1.49.

GORDY
That's great, Paul. Hey, I gotta run.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

Gordy is now standing at the bar with Ben.

GORDY
I have to get out of here. Everyone who
talks to me doesn't talk to me. They
talk to this camera. That idiot, Paul
Zook, actually turned our chat into a
commercial for some banana thing.

BEN

Oh, those frozen fuckers are good
though.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

Gordy is now inundated with people and we see quick video cuts of people telling him movie ideas they have. One guy, Les, just keeps going and going.

LES

You know those bastards over at the
Moose Lodge beat us last year in the
teen finals, but I'm telling that
African kid is a ringer. Jesus. Anyway,
that would make a great movie...

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy is checking his e-mail. There's another one from
Elizabeth.

Angle on computer screen: Your grandmother was right, you
are a cool cucumber. Figure it out yet?

INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is driving, again listening to really loud music,
drumming on his wheel. He is eating a frozen banana. He's
talking to himself.

GORDY

(to himself)

Cool cucumber. Cool cucumber.

He shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Gordy walks in the store and approaches Ben, who's sitting at the counter.

BEN

I'm watching the old Godzilla cartoons, right. And I realize that when they send out the call for Godzilla, he appears in the ocean and it's up to his knees, the water level. But he came from under the water. Does that mean that until they call him he has to lay perfectly flat on the ocean floor?

GORDY

Listen. You work too much. Are you drinking?

Ben looks guilty but says nothing.

GORDY (cont'd)

Never mind. Can you get me a job here?

BEN

I couldn't do that to you, man.

GORDY

I'm serious. I have to get out of my parents' house. This whole thing is a nightmare. I have nowhere to go. I drive around in my car all the time just to get away from them. If I have to go to one more town meeting... (beat) I'm a failure. A complete failure.

BEN

I'll see if I can. But keep this in mind: At least you're trying. Always trying. That's something.

GORDY

Apparently, it isn't.

Gordy walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

As Gordy pulls up in front of the house, Joan appears out front. She hands Gordy a \$10 bill and without even turning off the car, he heads out.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - DAY

Gordy is driving Gramps and Grandma again. We can see that his knuckles are already clenched tight on the steering wheel. Outside his car window, it is apparent that the neighborhood is run-down.

GRAMPS

Ya know what, boy? I haven't seen your Dad since you moved back here.

GORDY

Well, he knows I need the money.

GRAMPS

Money? You mean he pays you to drive us?

GORDY

No. Well, yeah. But it's not like that.

GRAMPS

I don't want to be anyone's burden.

GORDY

Gramps. I like doing it. Dad knows that I don't get to see you much. He just pays me as a way of helping me keep afloat. Until I get a regular job, I guess.

GRAMPS

What do you mean you guess? Aren't there any companies around here that are hiring movie guys?

GORDY

It doesn't quite work like that, gramps. I'm trying to start my own business, but it's just not working out.

GRAMPS

It's tough. You hang in there. I remember when your Dad was trying to start his own business. I had to help him out all the time.

GORDY

Dad tried to start his own business?

GRAMPS

Oh yeah, as an artist.

GORDY

First of all, Dad's no artist. Secondly, that's not a business.

GRAMPS

Don't be a smart-ass. He wanted to do art for companies. You know for ads and stuff.

GORDY

Graphic design?

GRAMPS

That's it.

GORDY

Dad?

GRAMPS

He's quite a painter, Gordy. I still have his stuff at home.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAMPS' HOUSE - DAY

Gramps is holding up a painting of two women. Gordy is mesmerized and is videotaping the whole thing.

GORDY

My dad painted this?

GRAMPS

Yeah. When he was 18.

GORDY

What happened?

GRAMPS

You. He tried and tried, but once your Mom got pregnant he had to make a more consistent living. He started working at the steel mill.

GORDY

Gramps, he never told me any of this.

GRAMPS

He probably didn't want you to feel bad. Life's a bunch of trades. He traded that for you. And that's okay. He's okay with it. (beat) As far as your business goes, I don't have the slightest idea what you're doing with this camera. But I do know one thing, everyone in town's talking about it.

There is a bit of silence.

GORDY

Thanks, Gramps.

There is a shot of the newspaper lying on gramps' nightstand.

Angle on newspaper: **Holly Ridge on the Digital Map. Is it Hollywood East?**

Gordy goes to leave and his grandfather stuffs a \$20 bill in his hand.

GORDY (cont'd)
(whispering)
Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - MAGIC

Gordy pulls up in front of his house. There are three people standing out front, snapping pictures. As Gordy gets out of his car, they turn.

SEB
You're Gordy!

He takes a picture.

GORDY
Woa. Who are you?

Gordy focuses his camera on them.

SEB
We love your website. We are performance artists in New York. I'm Seb and this is Rupert.

RUPERT
(very pretentious)
I love the digital collage you paint of small town life. It has a brutal honesty and vicious elegance to it. Brutal Youth.

GORDY
What?

RUPERT

And that whole "My Struggle" thing to tie the bourgeois in with Hitler...

GORDY
Hitler?

RUPERT
Mein Kampf.

GORDY
(pretending to understand)
Oh, that.

RUPERT
This town you've created... Wow!. The Ultimate Piece of Pop Art!

The two snap more pictures. Gordy begins to back away while explaining.

GORDY
Look around, man. It's real.

RUPERT
Even that restaurant?

Suddenly, a look comes across Gordy's face as if he's just figured out a long lost mystery.

GORDY (cont'd)
(to himself)
The Dutch House. Grandma.

As Gordy disappears from the scene we are left with Seb and Rupert standing on the street, disappointed that their meeting has ended so abruptly.

RUPERT
(yelling after Gordy)
Can you tell us where we can get clothes around here like the ones on your site. It's so honest. That Atlantic City Casino Slot Monkey look.

Gordy doesn't answer. The two artists look disappointed.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy seems completely preoccupied and jumpy.

GORDY

(to camera)

As of today, my experiment is being
renamed after certain information has
come to light.

As soon as he finishes speaking, Gordy takes off, almost forgetting to take the camera with him. He comes back and grabs it and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - MAGIC

Gordy is driving down the main street in town. He passes a sign in front of an auto dealership.

Angle on sign: Gordycam TV Special...2001 Minivans. Stop in.

Gordy does a double-take and notices that there is a crowd gathered at the dealership. He stops the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MAGIC

Gordy walks up to the crowd, unnoticed at first. But that doesn't last. A person in the crowd turns away from the speaking car dealer.

CROWD MEMBER

Hey, it's Gordy.

GORDY

Hi folks.

A mob begins to form around Gordy. People want his autograph. A woman leans forward and waves into the camera.

WOMAN

I drove here from New York City, just to see your town for real.

GORDY

Why?

WOMAN

This place seems so real. It's like Mayberry or something.

GORDY

Mayberry's not a real town. And this is... sort of.

WOMAN

I might get one of these here.

GORDY

You could just get one in New York.

WOMAN

Really?

The car salesman approaches. He hasn't seen Gordy yet.

CAR SALESMAN

Not like this one. This is the official GordyCam model.

GORDY

No, it isn't. There isn't such a thing.

CAR SALESMAN

Actually, young man...

The salesman suddenly realizes who he's talking to. He sees the camera and freezes.

CAR SALESMAN (cont'd)

(very wooden)

Hello, out there. I'm Earl Palmer.

Gordy heads back to his car, the salesman running after him.

CAR SALESMAN (cont'd)

Wait, Gordy. Wait.

CUT TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - NIGHT

Gordy pulls the camera off his shoulder and sits it in his dashboard rest and starts talking to it.

GORDY

(to camera)

Well, obviously things have begun to grow here on the website. But I have bigger things to worry about right now. I think I'm about to have a date.

CUT TO:

INT. DUTCH HOUSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gordy, camera in hand, runs into the restaurant and up to Elizabeth, the waitress.

GORDY

Hi, I'm Gordy.

ELIZABETH

(smiling)

I know.

GORDY

Did you actually e-mail me?

ELIZABETH

(flirty)

Maybe.

GORDY

Could I buy you a drink tomorrow evening?

ELIZABETH

Ummm. Okay.

Elizabeth smiles at the camera on Gordy's shoulder.

GORDY

Is it okay if the camera comes along?

ELIZABETH

Sure. It's part of you, isn't it? If it wasn't for that, you wouldn't be here now, now would ya?

GORDY

Good point.

A manager approaches and looks into the lens.

MANAGER

And, we wouldn't have the new Official GordyBurger special for only \$3.99.

GORDY

What? There is no such thing.

Gordy pulls the camera off his shoulder and looks into it.

GORDY (cont'd)

(to camera)

Listen folks, there's no official GordyCam stuff. It's just me. It's all a bunch of profiteers using me.

MANAGER (OS)

In that case, Gordy. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Gordy walks out.

ELIZABETH (OS)

(calling after him)

Pick me up outside here tomorrow at,
say, 4.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - DAY

Gordy runs in the video store. Ben is at the counter.

BEN
(to customer)
How can you watch that?

The customer stares at him in disbelief as he leaves. Ben shrugs and turns to Gordy.

BEN (cont'd)
Well, well, well. Asshole.

A mother standing nearby looks shocked, takes her kid by the hand and quickly leads him out. Gordy and Ben don't miss a beat.

GORDY
You are never going to believe what happened.

BEN
(interrupting)
I don't care. Your damn website almost got me fired.

GORDY
How? You hate this job anyway.

BEN
Well, that footage you shot here when we were watching Big Boob Boat Ride?

GORDY
We?

BEN

Whatever. Anyway, my boss comes running in here. Apparently he's a fan of your site. So he comes in all pissed and he's screaming at me about showing porn and this kid seeing it. But then, right, these people start showing up. Like 20 at the same time. All of 'em heard about the store on the site. It's like free advertising. So, then he shifts his tune and he wants me to get you to hang out here. I think I could definitely get you a job here.

GORDY

Wow. Thanks. Do you think, he'll let me bring my camera in?

BEN

Of course, but I thought you were going to quit.

GORDY

I had an interesting talk with my granddad today. I'm not going to give up so quick. If I have to work here or in junior miss to make it while I'm chasing my dreams, so be it.

Gordy stands silently for a second.

GORDY (cont'd)

Anyway, guess what happened to me? I figured out who that Elizabeth was that emailed me. It wasn't a 38-year-old Trekkie Guy. It was the waitress. I went to the Dutch House and asked her out. She said yes.

BEN

Hey, great. We're becoming celebrities.

GORDY

Always with the "we." That's not the half of it. Today, I got an e-mail from some guy in Rhode Island. Wants to know all about Jim's van so he can get one.

BEN

No shit.

GORDY

And, the idiot that runs that used car dealership on Lincoln is selling 'em using my name. The Dutch House has a sandwich named after me. Plus, there's tourists showing up at my house.

Some customers walk by and wave into Gordy's camera. Then they sort of mug for the camera and move on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - MAGIC

Gordy pulls up in front of his house. As he turns to get out of the car, a very bright flash goes off in his face. Everything seems white for a moment.

FAN

That's him.

FAN 2

Can we get your autograph, Mr. Cribniak?

GORDY

Chur-binak. Who are you?

FAN 2

We're college students in Boston. This is Nat and I'm Charlie and we thought'd be cool to roadtrip to your place. So we loaded up the van and off we went.

GORDY

Do I know you?

FAN

We're huge fans of the site. We watch
your life everyday.

Gordy seems genuinely stunned by this. He stands for a
second thinking. One of the fans notices the camera on his
shoulder.

FAN 2

Are we on right now?

GORDY

What?

FAN 2

The camera. (turning to his friend)
Dude, we are on Gordycam. I wish we
were home right now to see this.

The first fan just stares at him for a second.

FAN 2 (cont'd)

Oh yeah, Huh huh. (beat) Anyway, sir,
we have a whole club on our college
campus for your site. Sometimes, on
Saturdays, we recreate the exciting
things that happen. And we play
drinking games.

FAN

Everyone has to drink every time
someone talks about dental benefits or
plays air guitar.

GORDY

Huh?

Both fans imitate the guys in the bar and Gordy.

GORDY (cont'd)

I really don't have a clue what to say
guys. (beat) Thanks.

As Gordy is getting ready to sign the autographs, Herb opens the front door and leans outside. He has on only a pair of white briefs.

HERB

What the hell is goin' on? Gordy?

Herb looks around.

GORDY

It's okay, Dad...

HERB

(interrupting)

What are these geeks doing in our yard?

The two fans seem oblivious to this insult. They start snapping pictures of Herb.

HERB (cont'd)

Knock that the hell off.

GORDY

Dad, just go in, I'll take care of this. It's fine.

HERB

Uhhrrgh!

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR - DAY

Gordy has the camera on as he and Elizabeth sit and talk.

GORDY

See, my theory is that 90 percent of life is really, really boring. At first, that worried me, but it's a slow build. It helps put the Big Moments into perspective.

ELIZABETH

Does it? Or is it just boring?

GORDY

Take those guys, for example. They spend almost every single night in this place, playing air guitar with their pool cues and drinking the most basic of American beers. Pretty routine. But when Jimbo wraps his F-150 around a tree cuz he's trying to deer-spot while going 45 and drinking his umpteenth beer of the day. That's a big moment. But it fits because we already know him. And. And the cop lettin' him off because he hunts with Jimbo's Dad... well that's when your story becomes an onion. Layer after layer, peeling off.

ELIZABETH

What about the fact that I'm an aspiring actress and I tracked you down, just so I could get some exposure on your website? Is that life's deeper story emerging?

Gordy's face falls a bit. Elizabeth holds out just long enough.

GORDY

Oh.

ELIZABETH

I'm kidding. (beat) Well, I am an actress, but I'm not using you. Actually, I wish the camera wasn't here.

GORDY

Sometimes I wish it weren't too, but I promised myself that I wouldn't turn it off anymore, ever, until this project is done.

ELIZABETH

When's that?

GORDY

I'll know, but I don't now. (beat) To tell you the truth, I don't even notice it anymore. Especially since Ben made me this smaller unit.

ELIZABETH

That's the small one? The whole town knows. Tom, my manager, was really pissed. He's trying to get people all over town to bar you from their stores. No one wants to though because it's good advertising.

GORDY

Outta control. A month ago, like five people in this town even knew what the internet was. Now...

ELIZABETH

It's good for Holly Ridge. Everyone's taking pride in their hometown again. It was on Hard Copy the other day.

GORDY

Really? They didn't interview me?

ELIZABETH

They interviewed Mandy.

They both chuckle and shake their heads.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MAGIC

Gordy and Elizabeth are walking down a street talking. They are very much into each other. Gordy doesn't even seem to notice that when people walk by them they all stare into the camera. Some wave.

GORDY

Did you ever notice that no one's ever happy with the quality of coffee where

they are? It's like that whole grass is
always greener saying.

Two redneck-looking men approach them on the street.

REDNECK 1

(to camera)

Are we on TV? Look Jere, TV.

The second redneck hits his friend.

REDNECK 2

No, he's that guy with the camera on
the email.

REDNECK 1

Huh?

REDNECK 2

It's that God damn global village
hippie shit.

Gordy politely smiles but he keeps walking. We can still
hear the two rednecks arguing in the background.

REDNECK 1

What village?

REDNECK 2

That one that Bill Gates runs.

Gordy and Elizabeth keep walking and suddenly one of the
rednecks reappears with his face right in the lens.

REDNECK 2 (cont'd)

(to camera)

Hi, I'm Jere Zook and if you need a
deer cleaned, give me a call. It's
almost that time of year.

The redneck is now running backwards to keep in Gordy's
frameline. He trips and disappears from the frame. We hear
his voice trailing off.

REDNECK 2 (cont'd)

(offscreen)

The number's 717-62...

GORDY

(to Elizabeth)

Okay, well not everyone understands the internet yet...

They both laugh. There is a brief pause. Gordy kisses her. She covers the lens.

GORDY

Bye.

ELIZABETH

Bye. (to camera) Tough.

She covers the camera again as she's moving in for another kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Gordy turns and begins walking down the street. A crazy looking man dressed like a preacher approaches. He is followed closely by two church ladies. They begin leading Gordy down the street, rattling off Bible scripture.

PREACHER

Use the power that the Lord has given you. Repent, my son. Spread the word of God on to your TV show. I'll be praying for you.

While the preacher is speaking, he pulls out a large cross and begins waving it in Gordy's face and in front of the camera. Gordy retreats a bit.

GORDY

(to camera)

Great. Show's over.

Gordy begins to walk away. The preacher follows him, yelling.

PREACHER

Do not forsake the almighty God. For I, Father Donnie, this very morning, walked with the Lord in the valley of darkness and I came across a quarter. Praise God, my son. Praise.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - MAGIC

Gordy walks up in front of his house. He sees a line of about 20 people gathered in the front. He gets out and walks up to the crowd. The people quickly surround him. In the background is a desk with Mandy sitting at it, pen in hand. A woman reaches out to Gordy with a pen and paper.

WOMAN FAN

Hello, Mr. Crbinak. It's a joy to meet you. Mandy here has been signing autographs until you got back.

GORDY

Has she now?

WOMAN FAN

Yep. She's one of my husband's favorite characters. (beat). You're mine.

GORDY

(flabbergasted)

Uhmmm. Thanks. Sure.

Gordy signs the autograph and hands it back to the woman. She is immediately replaced by numerous other sheets of paper.

MALE FAN 2

The character Ben? Is he gay?

GORDY (cont'd)

(to Mandy)
Did you organize this?

MANDY
No. They showed up looking for you. (to group) Don't forget to pick up your limited edition GordyCam T-shirts. \$14.95. Sizes small through extra-extra large. We also have beer huggies.

GORDY
What are you doing? Don't buy stuff from her, people.

MANDY
Gordy. Shut up. I'll cut you in.

GORDY
What are you wearing?

MANDY
Bubba Peterson gave me \$20 to wear this the next time I was on your show. Tomorrow at 11 a.m. is the two-hour bus tour of Holly Ridge, leaving from right here.

Angle on: Mandy is wearing a t-shirt and baseball hat that advertise Hubba Bubba Hub-Caps - The world's largest array of hubcaps, beautifully spread over 20 acres.

Gordy is just blown away by all of this. He stands there staring in this sea of white pieces of paper.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy TURNS AROUND AFTER CLOSING THE DOOR. AS HE HEADS TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, HE COMES ACROSS JOAN AEROBICIZING. SHE HAS ON A VERY OUTLANDISH OUTFIT. HE STOPS AND STARES FOR A SECOND AS HE REALIZES THAT HIS MOM IS THE "SLOT MONKEY" THAT THE ARTISTS WERE TALKING ABOUT. JOAN REALIZES HE'S THERE AND IMMEDIATELY FREAKS OUT.

JOAN

Gordy. Get out of here. If you're going to carry that thing with you everywhere you can't just walk up on people.

While Joan is talking she's fixing her hair and straightening out her clothing. Gordy begins to walk out of the room. Joan calls after him.

JOAN (cont'd)

And Gordy. Can't you show only stuff outside the house. It's always so messy. I didn't realize how many people could see it. The mayor's going to be on TV tonight talking about it.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Jack Lombardo is sitting, interviewing Otis.

JACK

Good evening, and welcome to Central PA Today, I'm Jack Lombardo. (beat) People often say that cyberspace isn't anywhere in particular, but one small town in Pennsylvania might like to claim otherwise. Holly Ridge, Pennsylvania, population 8,812, has become one of the most popular spots on the internet as millions of surfers stop in for a visit to see how things are in this rustic home away from home. We're joined now by Holly Ridge Mayor Otis Brubaker. Mr. Brubaker, what do you think makes your town so special?

OTIS

Well, Jack, I think that a lot of people look to us because they can stop in quick and see how things are going outside of New York or LA or Chicago.

We're just a small town and Gordy's just a regular guy living a quiet life here. And that's special.

JACK

Could Holly Ridge be to the internet what Hollywood is to movies?

OTIS

I think so, I really do. I'll have to bring that up at tonight's town meeting.

JACK

With desktop digital video becoming cheaper and more user-friendly do you think that Holly Ridge could be the center of a net-distributed cinema revolution?

OTIS

Huh?

JACK

Let's take a look now at a tape of the famous website from the past five minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Gordy is sitting on his couch, watching TV. He is slumped low. Ben is next to him.

BEN

With all these people coming to this little pimple of a town, old Otis is in Hog Heaven.

The TV set is showing Otis being interviewed.

GORDY

You'd think the town could buy the mayor a hair piece to replace the combover.

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Otis is watching the monitor and he's mortified, but he keeps on smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. OTIS BRUBAKER'S CAR - NIGHT

Otis is in his car, looking very irate now. He stops in a parking lot and starts to get out of his car. He stops and flips down his vanity mirror. He fixes his combover and checks out his teeth, all the while mumbling to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN COUNCIL MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy and Ben are setting up the video camera in the back of the room. A lot of people pat Gordy on the shoulder as they pass. Otis appears in the background. He stops and straightens his tie and then he approaches the two men. As soon as he sees Gordy, camera on shoulder, he begins staring at it.

OTIS

(wooden, to camera)

Son, I'd like to have a word with you.

GORDY

Sure, Mr. Brubaker. About what?

OTIS

I saw you two making fun of me earlier.
Who do you think you are?

GORDY

I wasn't trying to be mean. We were just talking.

OTIS

Well, you were. And on TV, too.

GORDY

Actually, it's not on TV...

OTIS

(interrupting)

Whatever. The point is, this is a nice little town. We have something special going on here. Now you and your big Hollywood ideas (beat) making fun of it.

Some of the people in the meeting room begin gathering around, paying attention to the conversation.

GORDY

I'm not making fun of it. I'm showing it.

OTIS

Your way. (beat) Plus, you live on your parents' couch. Who are you to be making fun of someone?

BEN

Hey, he's the reason everyone's coming to this dump in the first place.

GORDY

Look, Mr. Brubaker. We're on camera right now and I'm telling you I'm sorry. There's nothing wrong with your hair or your town. Our town. I'm trying to show our stories. Our lives. They mean something and, in case you haven't noticed, the world is interested. People look to this site because we do have something special here. Because

it's real. It's not always perfect or
pretty...

Cut to closeup of Otis' combover.

GORDY (cont'd)
...but it's real.

Otis has now begun staring very intently into the lens. The people in the room begin cheering. Otis is frozen. He gives a little tiny wave.

OTIS
(very awkwardly)
Okay, then. (to camera) Welcome to
Holly Ridge, world.

Otis walks away and we see that Mandy has been standing behind him all along. She waves to the camera. Gordy turns away.

MANDY (OS)
Hello, viewers...

Mandy and Les begin pushing at one another, trying to stay in Gordy's frame.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Gordy and Elizabeth are trying to have a quiet moment, talking in the bar. But people keep walking by and giving them the thumbs-up or waving to the camera. Flashes go off.

ELIZABETH
I feel like we're in a zoo.
GORDY
I'm sorry about all this. You must feel
like you're on stage.

ELIZABETH
(her face comes alive)

This is nothing like acting. This is really ME.

GORDY

But the audience...

ELIZABETH

When I'm acting, I can embody someone else, learn from that person, teach that person, BE that person every night. This is like a camera in the dressing room.

GORDY

Your face really comes alive when you talk about acting. You really love it, don't you?

ELIZABETH

More than anything in the world.

GORDY

Well, if my project takes off, maybe you'll get a break and really make it.

ELIZABETH

What do you mean, "make it?"

GORDY

A shot at becoming a real actress. Now you just do what, community theater?

ELIZABETH

Sure, I'd love to make a living at it, but I already get to do what I love. That's making it. You've told your story and the world's watching. That's making it Gordy.

GORDY

I live on my parents' couch.

ELIZABETH

You've forgotten what it's all about.
And until you drop all that Hollywood
bullshit about agents and sports cars
you'll never make it.

It's obvious that she's upset, but Gordy keeps the camera
on her.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
Please get that thing off me.

GORDY
(hesitatingly)
I can't.

She gets up to leave. He looks at his camera, considering
turning it off, but he doesn't. She exits.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - MORNING

Gordy slowly wakes up to the sound of a hammer hitting a
nail. He sees Herb hanging a large sign on the wall of the
TV room.

Angle on sign: Keystone Tires and Brakes. Since 1951.

GORDY
Dad, what the hell are you doin'?

HERB
They're giving me \$300 a month to hang
this up.

Gordy tries to tear the sign down but Herb holds him back.

GORDY
Dad, no way.

HERB
Look, I don't understand what you're
doin' here, but someone thinks it's

worth \$300 a month. Think of this as
your rent.

Gordy walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. CRBINAK KITCHEN - MORNING

Joan is standing at the stove. She turns as Gordy walks in.
She is stirring a bowl of pancake mix. She's wearing an
apron and looks just like a '50s commercial.

JOAN

Good morning, Sweetie. How would you
like some Pancakes. Made with Mrs.
Hufnagel's Old-fashioned Buttermilk
Mix.

GORDY

Jesus, Mom. You too.

JOAN

Oh sweetie, they came by yesterday. So
many different people. It's amazing. A
man from the car dealership called a
few minutes ago and they're going to
give me one of the nice vans like
Jim's. All I have to do is use it when
you're around.

GORDY

Don't you see? The whole reason I'm
doing this is to capture real life and
now your lives are like commercials.

JOAN

(over the top)
Isn't it wonderful dear?

Gordy starts to leave.

JOAN (cont'd)
(yelling after him)

I'll bet we could get an insurance company to give you benefits if we mention their name.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy storms out of the house. Mandy is sitting on her front porch. She sees him and stands up to run over to him. She stops and checks her make-up and hair in a small mirror.

MANDY

Gordy! Wait up!

GORDY

Not now, Mandy.

MANDY

Gordy, listen. These people called me yesterday and they want me to do a spin-off of your show. They're going to give me tons of money to wear different t-shirts everyday. But all the ones they sent me are too small. Anyway, you have to explain to me how the internet works.

Gordy is flabbergasted. He doesn't say a word. He just turns and walks away. He gets in his car. Mandy is still chasing him. He drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Gordy parks his car and gets out, hoping to be alone. There is a guy taking pictures of a dead animal on the side of the lot.

ANIMAL GUY

Hey, Gordy. I'm Keith. I make
art out of driftwood and
roadkill. I have a raccoon at
home, looks just like Nixon.

It's obvious that this man is actually talking to the lens,
not Gordy.

GORDY

That's great. Did ya hear that folks?

Gordy keeps walking. He sits down at the edge of the cliff,
looking across the river to Holly Ridge.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. DUTCH HOUSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Gordy is driving by the restaurant and he sees a row of
four customized SUVs full of people. They stop and Mandy
climbs out of the front one, holding up an umbrella. People
pile out of the rest of the trucks and follow her. She
leads the group of people inside. He steps on the brakes
and hops out of the car, racing in behind the group.

MANDY

If you continue watching in the coming
weeks folks, you're sure to see
something hot develop between them two.

Mandy is pointing at Elizabeth, who is waiting on a table
of customers. She looks mortified and runs into the back.

MANDY (cont'd)

She's a little shy folks. While we're
here, we'll have a 10-minute break
where you can peruse the gift shop and
maybe, if we're lucky, Miss Elizabeth
will poke her head out...

Gordy charges into the restaurant, screaming at Mandy.

GORDY

(interrupting)

Out. Out, Mandy, so help me. Get these people out of here. Now. You have no right to do this to her or to me.

Gordy is blinded as the tourists begin snapping flash pictures in his face. He sees Elizabeth in the kitchen and looks defeated.

GORDY (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

Elizabeth disappears.

FLASH TO:

INT. GORDY'S CAR - EVENING

Gordy is listening to some type of really hard rock, like old AC/DC and he's drumming on his wheel. He stops for a second and looks at his hands. After a brief pause, he goes back to drumming.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

The same music is still playing. Now, filling the frame are the air guitar guys. They are all playing imaginary instruments around a pool table. Gordy is standing there, just watching them intently. The song ends.

JEREMY

Hey Dude. Is that gonna be on TV?

GORDY

Well, it's not really... (surrendering)
Yeah, for the whole world to see.

A couple of the guys high-five each other. Gordy smiles at all of them and walks by. Ben is sitting at the bar and Gordy joins him. The two are sitting on their usual bar stools.

GORDY (cont'd)

Things are getting bizarre. There was this crowd at my place today. Everyone I want to see avoids me or isn't natural around me. Everyone I could care less about goes out of his way to see me so he can use me for free advertising.

BEN

This is getting huge. I went online the other night. Do you know there are chat rooms dedicated to you now?

GORDY

Someone emailed me and told me there were, but I never checked. I get like 350 emails a day.

BEN

You should go into one of the chat rooms. It's ca-razy. They totally think that his place is a fictional town. I mean, they know it's real. But to them it's a soap opera. (beat) They like me.

GORDY

I'm glad. Some lady called Mandy a "character." Another guy in that crowd wanted to know if you were gay?

BEN

I've seen that tossed around in some of the chat rooms? Do I seem gay?

They sit quietly for a moment.

GORDY

Do you know what this means?

BEN

Famous or not, I'm never gonna get laid.

GORDY

It means that my theory is right. They think it's stories, not life. All of our stories are interesting. Even mine. Even Holly Ridge.

BEN

(glances at air guitar band)
I don't know if it means that, buddy. It does mean that Otis told my dad you and I can't cover town council meetings anymore. I should stop hanging around with you. My views about the people in this town are becoming public. And that's very dangerous.

GORDY

Think about it. It's a story for everyone: the townsfolk get to be on "TV." I'm telling my story, and people can appreciate the town for its irony or as a simple and nice place.

BEN

Trouble is, you're not leading a real life anymore. It's even more artificial than TV. Hell, the whole town's fake now. The Johnstons are selling ad space in front of their house because they live by your parents. We're dangerously close to becoming a nice, normal town. We're like a new aesthetic: CyberQuaint.

GORDY

Look at this.

Gordy points to the TV in the bar. Jack Lombardo is now interviewing Mandy. The sound is turned down.

GORDY (cont'd)

That guy's talked to everyone EXCEPT me.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK BAR - NIGHT

Mr. Stauffer, dressed in a very nice suit, walks into the bar as Gordy is getting ready to leave for the night. He stops Gordy at the door.

STAUFFER

Son, you are just the man I'm looking for.

GORDY

Hi, Mr. Stauffer. Do you want me to shoot more house tours?

STAUFFER

No. I have something a bit bigger in mind. How would you feel about going in to business with me?

GORDY

Real estate?

STAUFFER

Let me finish. Before real estate, before Nancy and (sighs) before Jeremy, all I wanted to do was make Westerns. I don't know anything about it, but I've got lots of money. The rest is up to you. You must be doing something right, son. People all over the US of A are calling, wanting to come to Holly Ridge because they saw it on that Web Web Web thing of yours.

Gordy is silently pondering and mouthing the words Web Web Web.

GORDY

(ecstatic)

Really?

Gordy gathers himself.

GORDY (cont'd)

Great. Great. Let's talk. What kind of budget are we talking? You know, to get started.

STAUFFER

As much as you need son. How much does a movie cost? Ten, twelve thousand?

GORDY

Well, we'll work with it.

STAUFFER

I'm going to make my money back, right?

GORDY

Sure. Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - DAY

Gordy is again raking leaves in the front yard. His camera is on the tripod. He stops for a second and looks at the lens.

GORDY

(to camera)

Funny. Local movie mogul one minute, lawn boy the next.

A car pulls up in front of the house. Immediately, nine people, dressed only in men's white briefs pour out of the small car. Each one has a letter painted on his chest, spelling out H-E-R-B R-U-L-E-S. They start chanting.

CROWD MEMBERS

Herb! Herb! Herb!

Gordy is shocked at first and then starts laughing a bit. He gets the camera and frames them up nicely. We hear the door swing open behind Gordy. He turns around. Herb is standing there, also in only briefs. The crowd roars.

HERB

What the hell is this? Gordy, Jesus
Christ, who are these people?

It dawns on Herb, for the first time, that he's wearing nothing but underwear. He looks at the fans, looks at Gordy and then at Gordy's camera. He quickly retreats into the house. Gordy gives the fans a big thumbs-up. He then follows Herb inside. Herb now has a bathrobe on. We can still hear faint chants of Herb's name outside.

HERB (cont'd)

How'd they know about my underwear?

GORDY

Dad, you're on my site a lot.

HERB

No one sees that though, do they?

GORDY

(triumphantly)

It would seem as if they do.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD STUDIO OFFICE - DAY

Ted walks into a large office. Sitting at the desk in front of him is **Don Lindeman**, a studio exec dressed in an expensive suit and absorbed in his computer. He doesn't even look up.

EXEC

Hey Tom, have a seat.

The exec waves to a seat and Ted tentatively sits down, but the exec is enthralled with his computer screen.

TED

Ted, Mr. Lindeman. First of all, I'd like to thank you for taking time out to see me. You are a true luminary in this town. Heck, this world.

The exec isn't even pretending to pay attention. He's staring at his screen, chuckling occasionally.

EXEC

Yeah, thanks.

TED

Anyway, we've packaged this entire series to appeal to a wide demographic. It's both funny and believable. And it has an energy that's reminiscent...

EXEC (cont'd)

(interrupting)

Have you checked out this website?
GordyCam.

TED

What?

EXEC

GordyCam.com. It's this guy...

The exec tosses Ted a copy of a magazine.

Angle on: Infotainment Weekly magazine. It has a picture of Herb in his underwear on it and it says: **Is Gordy Crbinak The Digital Norman Rockwell?**

TED

(shocked)

Holy shit! Yeah, Gordy. I know him.
He's a friend of mine.

EXEC

Get me in touch with him. I love what he's doing. It's all over town. This whole "honest, boring life" thing. He has honesty, irony and sincerity. Great characters. He asked out this waitress in a diner the other day. Can ya imagine?

Angle on screen: Gordy's site is up on the exec's screen and we see that Gordy is sitting, wrapped in blankets, watching daytime TV.

TED

Yeah, I'll give you his number. It's in my car.

There is an awkward pause.

EXEC

Go. Get it. Go.

He begins shooing Ted out the door.

TED

Now?

EXEC

Yes. Now.

Ted trots out of the office.

EXEC

(yelling to a secretary)

Pat. Do you know how much those new Chryslers cost?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Gordy and Elizabeth are sitting on a bench in front of Gordy's house. Gordy leans in to kiss her. At first she seems interested and as she moves in she sees the small camera on his shoulder.

ELIZABETH

Ya know what Gordy? I can't do this. I don't want to interfere with your project, but I can't have my intimate

moments broadcast for all the world to see. You're a great guy...

GORDY

I can cover the lens again. Like before.

ELIZABETH

No, Gordy. I have to get to work anyway.

Elizabeth gets up to leave.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

Call me after your experiment's over.

She looks very sad but she walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BRIDGE - DAY

Gordy is just sitting on the bridge, contemplating all that has happened. He looks distraught and frustrated and confused.

Gordy takes the camera off his shoulder and looks into the lens. Gordy shrugs. He gets up and starts running.

CUT TO:

INT. DUTCH HOUSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gordy runs in the door of the restaurant and the manager immediately stops him.

MANAGER

(staring at the lens)

Listen, Gordy. I told you that you can't come...

GORDY

(interrupting)

Here.

Gordy struggles with and then frees the camera and hands it to the manager.

GORDY (cont'd)

Here. Plug your shithole restaurant all you want.

Gordy runs around the camera and up to Elizabeth who is in the background. We can see them talking but we can't hear them. In the foreground is the manager's face, staring into the lens.

MANAGER

(haltingly)

Welcome to the Dutch House Restaurant.
I'm Tom.

We see Gordy gesturing. He turns to the camera in Tom's hands.

GORDY

I'm done. Do you hear me? Done.

Elizabeth kisses him.

GORDY (cont'd)

Uh... Can you come over to my place when you get off. So we can talk.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Gordy and Elizabeth are on the couch. Gordy pulls her down on top of him. The computer in the background keeps beeping, telling Gordy he has mail.

COMPUTER

New mail. New Mail. New mail. New mail.
New mail. New mail. New mail.

JOAN (OS)

Gordy! Knock off that noise.

Gordy's hand reaches up and flips off his computer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRBINAK RESIDENCE - MAGIC

The black screen flips up and the image of an out-of-focus Gordy appears.

GORDY

(to camera)

Well folks. I guess that's just about it... Oh, wait a second.

Gordy comes up and the focus wheel spins a bit. He returns to his original position. Halfway through Gordy's speech, Mandy appears behind him, waving to the camera.

GORDY (cont'd)

Sorry. Anyway, I've pretty much wrapped things up with this project. And hey, I got the girl. I'm making a movie with Mr. Stauffer. Mandy made a fortune and she still has her tour company. Earl Palmer took my Mom's car back. Other than that, the town's returning to normal. Or as close as it gets. A lotta folks were mad at me for stopping, but now they seem to be learning about the net. Father Donnie has a site now. Otis is online. Maybe the internet will replace the steel industry. Funny thing is I'm still completely broke and ridin' the couch for now. Still no dental. (beat) Ted called me the other day, said that some studio exec was interested in talking to me. He hasn't called though. But I'm not waiting around. I'm making movies here in Holly Ridge. That reminds me: I'm unveiling a big surprise today. Why don't you come along while I show Ben.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEGLEY PARK - DAY

Gordy and Elizabeth are driving his car as it winds its way to its destination. We can hear the phone ringing. A machine answers and the development exec begins leaving a message.

EXEC (VO)

(through machine)

Hello. I'm calling for Gordy Crbinak. My name is Don Lindeman. I'm the head of development here at Halcyon Entertainment and we were interested in talking with you about your little project. You have a fresh take on things that we'd like to explore. Anyway, give me a call...

The voice slowly fades away. Gordy parks and runs up to Ben's door and knocks. After a second Ben appears, obviously still asleep.

GORDY

Come here, quick. Take a look, man. It took me all night. I'm going to need your help with the rest.

They start walking around back, being prodded along by Gordy.

BEN

So, apparently that footage of the pigs has become like this big cult thing on the web. I've seen it circulating on lots of sites.

ELIZABETH

What type of sites do you visit?

Gordy points up the hill where we see a giant 20-foot-high H. It immediately falls over and slides right down the edge. Gordy just stands there staring. He smiles.

We pull out from the frame to reveal the whole thing on a computer screen being watched by a little kid.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

I/E HOLLY RIDGE STREETS - DAY

We see a montage of people all over Holly Ridge with cameras on their shoulders. There are people mounting cameras on their cars, in their houses and in every imaginable place. We see people dancing suggestively in front of cameras in their homes and others hosting shows out of their living rooms.

FADE TO BLACK.