Who is Abe Jones?

Ву

Richard Longhorn

INT. AAET - DAY

ABE JONES (29) walks into the AAET(Artists Achieving Extraordinary Things) agency.

INT. CORNER OFFICE - DAY

BRUCE MATHERS (46) sits at a desk with his feet up.

INTERCOM LADY (VO)

Mr. Jones is here to see you.

BRUCE

Send 'em in.

Abe Jones walks into the office.

BRUCE

Take a seat, Abe.

ABE

Sure.

BRUCE

Cigar?

ABE

No thanks.

BRUCE

Suit yourself.

Bruce cuts off the end of a cigar and stuffs the cigar into his mouth. He lights it with a torch lighter and proceeds to smoke it.

BRUCE (cont'd)

This is a bit embarrassing. I forgot where you're from.

ABE

Austin.

BRUCE

Austin. Great city. You know I'm from Austin.

ABE

Really.

BRUCE

Yeah. Born and raised. What did you say you played, again?

ABE

The piano, the guitar, the harmonica, the tambourine, the bass, the drums, the--

BRUCE

Alright, alright. I get the idea. Do you write your own songs?

ABE

I do.

BRUCE

You sing 'em too?

ABE

Yes, sir.

BRUCE

Let me ask you something, Abe. Why did you come out here?

ABE

So you can represent me.

BRUCE

No not here. To Los Angeles? Why did you come to LA?

ABE

I want to go national with my music.

BRUCE

That's not an easy thing to do.

ABE

I know, but I wanna try.

BRUCE

You know the independent music scene is a boomin' in Austin?

ABE

I know. I just want people all over the country to hear my music.

BRUCE

So these songs that you write, like uhh... "In Church", You wanna sing 'em Nationally? Like in a stadium?

ABE

Yeah.

BRUCE

You know these days it takes a bit more than talent. It takes a look.

ABE

Like an icon?

BRUCE

Sort of. If we do represent you, and that's a big IF, then I want to how you think you're going to be marketed.

ABE

I don't understand.

BRUCE

I like you, Abe. I've heard a few of your songs, and they sound pretty good to me, but right now you're not the right fit for our agency.

ABE

Wait, Mr. Mathers.

BRUCE

Sorry, Abe. There is nothing I can--

ABE

What if I play something for you?

BRUCE

It won't change my mind, but I guess it won't hurt.

Abe gets out his Les Paul and quickly tunes it. He slings the strap over his neck and puts his fingers on the strings.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Abe finishes off the burger in his hand and throws the wrapper in the trash. He goes to the restroom.

INT. BUS STATION RESTROOM - DAY

A small, dirty restroom with a toilet, and a mirror. Abe splashes some water in his face. On the mirror are dozens of drawings, numbers, and letters in sharpie.

One of them says "Give up." Another says "Try Harder."

Another says "Why are you here?" Another says "Just Stop."

Another says "Loser." Another says "You should just kill yourself, Abe." Abe reads the last one and rubs his eyes. He looks at it again and it says something else.

He PUNCHES the paper towel dispenser. He repeatedly punches the metal paper towel dispenser until it breaks off the hinges and falls to the ground.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

People suddenly surround the outside of the bathroom.

INT. BUS STATION RESTROOM - DAY

Abe is PUNCHING the wall. His hands are bruised and bloodied. He calms down and splashes some more water on his face. He picks up his guitar case and exits the bathroom.

EXT. BUS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is staring at Abe. Blood profusely drips from his swollen hands.

INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Abe sits in the corner seat of the bus. People in the bus glance over at him. The Bus stops. Abe gets off.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Abe sits in the tub, naked, with water falling over him and filling up the tub. He gets out of the tub and opens the drawer next to the counter.

He takes out a leather doctor's bag. He opens the bag and retrieves a syringe, a rubber hose, a lighter, a spoon, and a bag of heroin.

He climbs back into the full tub. He turns off the water and lays back. He ties the rubber hose around his right arm. He opens the bag of heroin and taps some of it onto the spoon.

He gets the lighter and heats the bottom of the spoon. He uses the syringe to soak up the heroin and searches for a protruding vein.

He finds the vein and injects himself with the heroin. A couple of seconds later he falls back and into the water.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

An old phone rings loudly. It buzzes again. Abe jumps out of the shower, tripping over the bottom of the tub. He grabs onto the shower curtain and it rips, sending him crashing to the floor.

He gets up and sprints over to the phone. He picks it up.

ABE

Hello?

MARTIN (VO)

Cousin Abe?

ABE

Marty?

MARTIN (VO)

Yeah.

ABE

What do you want? It's early.

MARTIN (VO)

Early? It's three o' clock.

ABE

Jesus. Must have lost track of time, or something.

MARTIN (VO)

Whatever. Anyways, Abe. I want to have lunch with you. I'm buying.

ABE

Sure, where?

MARTIN (VO)

How about the Grove?

ABE

What time?

MARTIN (VO)

How about now?

ABE

Now?

MARTIN (VO)

Yeah. Get your ass down here. I know you won't pass up a free meal.

ABE

I might be a little late, but I'll meet you there.

EXT. THE GROVE - DAY

A sea of tourists flock towards different stores wielding cameras. Abe meets Martin at The Grove Bistro.

INT. GROVE BISTRO - DAY

Abe sits in the table near the window with Martin.

MARTIN

I ordered you an iced tea.

ABE

Alright.

MARTIN

You've lost some weight.

ABE

Yeah, a little.

MARTIN

You need to start eating more. This whole starving artist thing is crazy.

I'm fine, Marty.

MARTIN

How's the city been treatin' you?

ABE

Like it treats everyone else.

MARTIN

Listen, Abe. I got you here today because we're worried about you.

ABE

Who is we?

MARTIN

Your brother and me.

ABE

Why are you worried?

MARTIN

We just haven't heard from you for awhile. I gave you my number but you never called. Shit, Abe. I had to call ten different apartment complexes before I found yours.

ABE

Don't worry about me.

MARTIN

You know if you ever want a normal job, you can always just tell me. I will set you up at the firm.

ABE

Marty, no. I wanna try this.

MARTIN

You know there's two types of people living in Los Angeles. Those who made it and those who want to make it.

ABE

I know, I know.

MARTIN

This city will chew you up and spit you out without breaking a sweat.

Marty, really. I'm fine.

EXT. LA BREA TAR PITS - DAY

Martin and Abe sit on a bench looking at the tar pit.

MARTIN

You find anyone to represent you?

ABE

I'm still going over my options.

MARTIN

I'm guessing that means no.

ABE

I'm trying, Marty. No one cares about natural talent anymore. All they want is the icon. The figurehead. The model.

MARTIN

Music business is tough.

ABE

How long are you in town for?

MARTIN

Just this weekend, then I have to head back to Mendocino.

ABE

Tell my brother I'll meet him in San Diego later this month. I gotta go to work, I'll see you later.

MARTIN

Wait, you got a job?

ABE

Yeah.

MARTIN

Where?

ABE

Quiznos.

MARTIN

That's great.

I really gotta go.

MARTIN

Okay, I'll see you later.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER - DAY

Abe is dressed up as Jack Sparrow. He is taking pictures with tourists. The tourists take the picture and walk off. Another JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE approaches him.

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE Hey buddy, you need to leave.

ABE

What?

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE Yeah, you need to go.

ABE

Why?

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE (pointing to his outfit) Hello.

ABE

We can just split the hours.

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE No, no, no. We're not splitting anything. This has been my spot for almost a year. You can't just come in and take my spot.

ABE

Sorry, but I need the cash.

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE

So do I.

ABE

(waving to tourists)
Well I'm not leaving.

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE I'm not afraid to get Physical with you.

Physical? You wanna fuck me or something?

JACK SPARROW LOOK-A-LIKE

Leave, asshole.

ABE

I'm not going anywhere.

The Jack Sparrow look-a-like SMACKS Abe in the face. Abe falls to the ground. The Look-a-like jumps on top of him and starts hitting him some more.

Abe gets a good punch in and knocks the Look-a-like off of him. Abe stands up and starts KICKING the Look-a-like in the head.

The Look-a-like stops fighting back and starts losing consciousness. Everyone around them is terrified. Some of the tourists are videotaping the event.

The Police arrive. Abe bolts away from the scene, leaving the Look-a-like on the floor with a mouth full of blood and broken teeth. Two POLICE OFFICERS chase after Abe through the crowds of people.

Abe makes his way onto a red tourist bus.

EXT./INT. TOURIST BUS - DAY

He climbs onto the second deck of the bus and hides in between two rows of seats. The Tourist bus speeds away.

INT. CALADAIGO CREATIVE AGENCY - DAY

Abe strolls into the CCA building with his guitar case.

INT. CCA - CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Abe Jones walks into JIM FETHER'S (51) office. The TV is on.

JIM

You hear about this?

ABE

What, sir?

JIM

Some guy dressed like Jack Sparrow almost beat another guy to death. Jesus, man. Only in LA, Am I right?

ABE

Sure.

THE END