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I Saw the Light

By Marc Abraham

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Roy Acuff, as you know, has been a big star
at the Opry here for quite some time.

We have a company,

a music publishing company.

But, yeah, I liked Hank right off.

I think it's 'cause he didn't give a darn
if you liked him or not.

I tried so hard, my dear

To show that you're my every dream

Yet you're afraid each thing I do

Is just some evil scheme

A memory from your lonesome past

Keeps us so far apart

Why can't I free your doubtful mind

And melt your cold, cold heart

Another love before my time

Made your heart sad and blue

And so my heart is paying now

For things I didn't do

In anger unkind words are said

That made the teardrops start

Why can't I free your doubtful mind

And melt your cold, cold heart

You know what ti me

I get up every morning, Hank?

No idea, sir.

4:

Sun don't never ever beat me.

Then know what I did at 6:15?

Listen to my radio show?

- On WSFA?

- Uh-huh.

Nope. I had my breakfast.

Well, fair enough, I guess.

We ain't that big

or we wouldn't be singin' at that hour.

Nah, I was just kidding around.

I listen to your program

every now and then.

- You do?

- Yeah.

- What do you think?

- That's pretty good stuff.

Well, pretty fair.

All right, now.

Just a couple more

little Justice of the Peace details.

So, this is your license

and divorce decree, Miss Guy?

Well, I'm Miss Sheppard now.

Guy was Erksine's surname.

But these divorce papers

are in order, right?

They definitely are.

Mr. Guy and I took care of that.

You'll take notice that

it's been notarized as well?

Yeah, I see that.

- Just 10 days ago, huh?

- Yeah.

Well, to the business at hand.

Just because these ceilings aren't vaulted

and the windows aren't stained glass

doesn't mean this union is any less sacred.

Audrey Mae Sheppard,

do you take Hiram King Hank Williams

to love and honor in all duty and service,

to live with him and cherish him

according to the bonds of marriage?

I sure will.

And do you, Hiram King Hank Williams,

have this woman, Audrey Mae Sheppard,

to be your wife?

And will you promise faithfulness in all

love and honor and all duty and service

to live with her

according to the bonds of marriage?

I will.

Then by the authority vested in me,

from the County of Covington

in the state of Alabama,

I declare you husband and wife.

I've tried and I've tried

And all night long I've cried

But I can't get you off of my mind

All right, folks.

Now I'm gonna play a little tune for ya.
It might make sense to y'all.
Tonight or this mornin',
whatever the hell it is.
Don, don't screw it up.
- I'll try not to, bub.
- Let's roll.

When you are sad and lonely
And have no place to go
Come to see me, baby
And bring along some dough
And we'll go honky tonkin', honky tonkin'
Honky tonkin', honey baby
We 'll go honky tonkin'
'round this town...

How much you got there, Miss Lillie?

I'm under no obligation to you.

Well, that goes both ways, huh?

Call me up, sweet mama

And we'll go steppin' out...

He's drinking like a fish tonight.

You think so?

Honky tonkin', honey baby

We'll go honky tonkin' 'round this town

Thank y'all, folks.

Now, I'm gonna invite up here
my precious wife, Audrey.

Audrey, get up here.

Don't worry, Lillie.

Hank will hand it over to me
before we even get home.

Get up here.

She is a hell of a singer.

Say hi, Audrey.

Hi.

Hi.

Now we're gonna sing a little song here
called Blues Come Around.

Boys, let's roll.

Once I was happy as I could be

But I let a man make a fool of me

And ever since he let me down

The blues come around

When the sun goes down

As long as the sun is in the sky...

Hey, Williams!

You sound like a billy goat,
and so does she.

Sit down!

Sit down, you horse's ass.

When the sun goes down

Oh, the blues come around...

You skinny little shit!

When my wife wakes up,

she listens to you on the damn radio.

If she's listening tomorrow morning,

I'm gonna beat the hell out of her.

Well, partner, why don't you

just turn the damn thing off?

That's why they put knobs on it.

Wait, no!

Get off him!

- Get off!

- Get off!

Get off! Get off!

You need to control yourself, sir!

Damn.

Are you okay?

I'm fine, I'm fine.

I'm good.

You are late.

No, no, no.

No.

I know I birthed you, Hank.

I was there.

But where you came from

and how you got what you got

and why you got it,

I swear, nobody knows that.

Except maybe the Lord.

Maybe.

She's gonna be pissed about this.

You think I care?

Shoot. I'm doing everybody

at the station a favor.

That woman hasn't got a clue

who the star is around here.

And I haven't been driving you

all over the state for 10 years,
booking joints and schoolhouses,
to see her swoop in
like she is the Queen of England.
Know why you and Audrey don't get along?
One of you is afraid the other's gonna
beat her to my pocket when I get drunk.
That's a hurtful thing to say, son.
Yeah, I'm just whupped, that's all.
I wish that was all.
When's the last time you ate?
Can't recall.
Is your back sore?
It's fine.
If you want to be sure
you're getting the tops in quality
when you buy gas...
Hi, Laura.
Hey, Hank.
- How you doing?
- Good. How are you?
Now, you never write, you never call.
- What'd I do?
- Look, Hank, I got to get these to the office.
You got to go? Well, I'll see you soon.
Bye, Hank.
I'll miss you.
Hi, boys.
- Morning, boss.
- Howdy, Hank.
How are y'all?
I am moving slow today.
Well, where's the missus?
She ain't here.
Williams!
Where you get off
wasting 12 minutes of airtime?
That shit ain't gonna work.
And you smell like a damn still.
All of ya.
Why, I'm sorry, Mr. Pill.
Yeah, well, that don't mean nothing to me.
I'll boot you, I swear to God I will.
We're running a business here, asshole.

Oh, I surely know that, Mr. Pill.
Count him off.
Three, two, one.
Hey, a fine, very early good morning
to all you friends out there.
This is Hank Williams
and the Drifting Cowboys.
We're awful sorry we're
getting a late jump,
but last night, we got jumped ourselves
out on Highway 31.
Oh, yeah.
There's one more thing.
This looks like it's gonna be
our last program here at WSFA.
So, if any of you out there have enjoyed it,
we'd sure like to hear from ya.
You just write us and let us know.
Hey, Lycrecia, don't you love this book?
That's her cowboy.
I dreamed about you, baby
Even though...
Oh, bless you, honey.
You let me go
- Look at his hat.
- Honey, what you think?
I'd like a hat like that.
How long's it been
since Lycrecia saw her daddy?
Well, he's gonna stop by next week
when she's at Mom and Dad's.
Oh, my heart is oh so heavy
And these tears
No longer glow
Come on. Eat-up time.
I'm done dreaming
About you, baby
All because you let me go
So?
It's fine, baby.
It's fine?
Yeah. Fine.
Well, how's the stew?
It's fine.

Everything's fine, then, huh?
Just fine.
You know, if it's fine,
it doesn't need any ketchup.
But it isn't that fine.
The food or the song?
Well, they both
need a little ketchup, honey.
Screw you, Hank.
- Oh, come on, Auds.
- You come on.
You always do this.
Do what?
Well, you know...
Like you said that I could sing with you
on the program.
And there's been none of that at all.
Okay, fine.
What's that mean?
Geez, just what I said it means, okay?
Hi.
What are you writing, Hank?
Uh, maybe a little poem to the Lord.
Might turn into a song.
Can always use a new one.
Really?
Are you the religious sort?
Well, when I was a boy,
I spent a lot of time in church
listening to gospel.
You still are a boy.
You think so, Ellie?
Why don't you write me a poem?
Well, uh...
I might have to get to
know you a little better.
Get lost, Ellie.
Did you see Howard Pill called?
Hank's got to come back. He has a contract.
That's true, we do.
And it's a good job right now.
He also said he'd like me
to do some singing on the show.
That is not true.

Geez,
I was doing pretty good here.
Few more shows, I want to be done with him.
It's not so easy to get out of.
Well, he can do what he wants, Lillie.
What is this, a schoolyard?
Where are you going?
Right now, I'm gonna take a piss.
Then the day after tomorrow,
I'm going up to Nashville.
Charlie Holt gave me the name of a guy
who can help me get on the Opry.
Well, I pressed Charlie Holt.
You know that. I told you.
You did. I know, yeah.
That's just swell, Audrey.
Sounds good, huh?
So, when are we going, baby?
Friday.
Friday?
But Mama's bringing Lycrecia back then.
So, there you go.
- Hello, sir.
- Hey there.
- I'm Hank Williams.
- I heard that.
Well, I'll get down to it, then.
Charlie Holt gave me your name.
He said you'd tell me what I have to do
to get on the Opry.
There's only one way to do that,
and that's to audition for Jack Stapp.
Well, I... You know, I sure hate
those auditions, Mr. Collins.
Maybe I could just meet him.
Son, there are no shortcuts to the Opry.
Well, could you tell
Mr. Stapp that I'm here?
Hank, how old are you?
Twenty... Twenty-three
when I last checked, sir.
Well, that's old enough
that you ought to know
that's not how it works.

Now, you're gonna make an appointment,
and then you'll play for him,
and if he likes it, you'll play for Judge Hay.
And then what?
And then Judge Hay's likely to tell you
to come back
when you're hot enough to draw flies.
Well, I just might know how to do that.
Hank, you know Fred Rose?
I know of him.
Roy Acuff's partner.
Among other things.
You might want to know of him
a little bit better.
When he first came to see me,
he played some songs he'd written
and some other folks' material.
Well, actually, I believe Audrey, his wife,
had been calling here quite a bit,
pushing me to see him.
And I offered him a contract
right then and there as a songwriter.
Damn publishing deal.
Ten dollars per song, plus royalties.
Officially a paid songwriter.
So I suggest you address me
as Mr. Hiram Williams from now on.
Where the hell'd Hiram come from anyway?
From my old man.
Got it from King Hiram
of the Book of Kings.
Hiram the First of Tyre.
Can we get some strawberries later?
Lillie never mentions your daddy at all,
you know, like he never existed.
Yeah, she put him in
the Veterans Hospital when I was six.
The one down in Pensacola.
I don't know, it was a...
A war injury from France or something.
But a cousin told me
it was from a truck accident
in a lumberyard he was working in.
Anyway, he was all messed up, and...

That was about it for us.
Night-night, little bastard.
Better watch where you put that thing.
Hmm.
Howdy.
Hi.
I think we might have
a little bronco riding tonight.
Says who?
Says ol' Hank.
Well, I look forward to that event.
You should.
Especially since you're not drinking.
Oh...
Now, darling, that's uncalled for.
You're right.
Well, then come on and climb up, cowboy.
Ooh.
Oh, my back.
- It's gone again, baby.
- All right, then.
You love me?
You love me?
Do you really love me, honey?
Most of the time I do.
Came in
last night at a half past 10: 00
That baby of mine wouldn't let me in
So move it on over
Move it on over
- Move it on over
- Move it on over
Move over, little dog
'Cause the big dog's moving in
She changed the lock on our front door
And my door key don't fit no more
So get it on over
- Move it on over
- Scoot it on over
Move it on over
Move over, skinny dog
'Cause the fat dog's moving in...
Now, why don't you come down here,
and you'll see what I'm talking about.

Come down.

Now, you see that the left
is much higher than the right.

- Can you see it now?

- Sure, yeah. Yeah.

Now, good.

Now, why don't you go back up and fix it?

Yes, ma'am.

And watch your head.

I don't need no blood.

Hey, honey, get in here.

What?

I want to show you something.

What is it?

Well, get in here, and I'll show you.

Well, okay, then.

What do you have to show me?

- You see this?

- Mmm-hmm.

Now...

"Where the inspiration for Move It On Over
came from, Hank couldn't say.

"It surely wasn't his own married life.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hank Williams
lead a model domestic life."

Wait, you think that's funny?

I kind of do. Don't you?

- Ooh.

- Hmm.

Also says we've sold over 90,000.

My God.

If that's even half true,
I wonder what kind of money
that really adds up to.

Adds up to Hiram Williams
is a big damn deal.

Well, big deal, did you see
that note on the counter?

Howard Pill called, making sure
we're at the station tomorrow.

Oh, hell with that show.

I should have never gone back.

All right, folks.

I know it's 6:

but say you're milking a cow
or just going to the store
for some extra feed or supplies,
we sure appreciate you listening to us.
We really do.

Now, I got a young lady
gonna sing a song for you.

- You here?

- I'm here.

I'm up in here.

She's slowly approaching the microscope.

You good?

I'm fine.

Hey, you don't sound like you mean it.

- Well, I do.

- Well, good.

Now, she's gonna sing a little ol' song
called Pan American,
which some of you will know.

It's the locomotive that highballs it
from Cincinnati all the way to New Orleans
just about every day.

At least turn her mic down, for God's sake.

Set your clock by it.

All right, Byrd.

I have heard your stories

About your fast trains

And now I'll tell you about one

All the Southern folks have seen

She's the beauty of the Southland

Listen to that whistle scream

It's that Pan American

On her way to New Orleans...

Well, we got through that.

Barely.

Someone's got to do something about her.

Well, well, well.

You boys discussing the weather or Audrey?

Well, Hank, actually

we were discussing her singing.

Oh, you were?

Yeah.

Um, well, Hank,

she's awful.

Hey, you son of a bitch, that's my wife.

Well, now, look, Hank,
you know as well as I do.

- Now, come on.

- Well, maybe I do,

but that don't matter right now.

That's my wife you're talking about.

Well, screw you, my husband.

Hey, darling. Darling, you didn't hear
what I was saying back there.

I was defending you.

You did a hell of a job on that song.

- Just forget about it.

- Baby.

Baby, it's a beautiful morning.

You look beautiful.

We're doing really swell.

Oh, have another drink, Hank.

We're doing shit.

Why'd you got to say that?

You know people like my singing?

They tell me that. But not you.

Every time you get a chance,
you squash me like a bug.

What are you talking about, a bug?

More like a damn queen bee.

I bring you up there.

I stand by your side.

- Yeah, holding your nose!

- Holding my nose? No.

Yeah, I'm sick of feeling bad,
Hank, I'm sick of it!

Hey, we've got a hit record,
in case you don't know.

We got a new house, and you got
a goddamned fur coat.

Oh, you think that makes up for
all the drunken whoring around
bullshit I take?

- It ought to make up for something!

- Well, it don't!

Not for a second does it make up
for crushing a person's dreams.

What?

Yeah, I'll tell you what,
'cause it's clear as hell right now.

You can take your hit record,
wrap it up in that fur coat
and you answer the phone
when my lawyer calls.

Oh, great.

He can call right fucking now!

"Love each other."

"Hank, I'm opening my heart to you
because I love you like my own son.

"You and Audrey,
you surely love each other.

"But you both want to be the boss.

"Both of you have your pride.

"Pride is one of the most
destructive lies on Earth."

Say, how do I look?

Better than you did
when you came in, Mr. Williams.

Thank you, Miss Warwick.

I ain't coming in again.

I'm pleased to hear that.

- Don. How are ya?

- Pretty good.

- What, you brought me some candy?

- Yeah.

Thank you.

My darling valentine not with you, huh?

Well.

Winner and still champion.

"This day in April, 1948,

my husband, Hank Williams

"has a violent and ungovernable temper.

"He drinks a great deal,

and during the last month,

"he's been drunk most of the time.

"The past few months, he's been engaging

in the wildest extravagances

"and wasting the funds

which come into his hands."

I've been wasting the funds.

Audrey ran up a hell of a tab

at Lowry's Furniture.

The owner says he wants it all
by the end of this week.

Oh, does he now?

Well, you can tell that guy that every
month I put all my bills in a hat
and then I draw one out
and that's the one I pay.

And if he presses me up again
I ain't even gonna put
his damn bill in the hat.

All right.

The house is a push, essentially,
but you're out from under it.

And, well, here's the deposit.
\$2,250, in cash.

It's all just a bunch of papers,
some green and some bloody.

I don't see what the problem is
or why it's taking so long or maybe...

You talkin' to that divorcing bitch?

Look, it's the Opry, Fred.

That's what I want.

I always wanted it.

Yeah, I get it, I get it.

But it's not in the cards.

Okay, I'm talking to those boys down there,
but we're gonna have to prove ourselves.

And not just musically, frankly,
but with reliability.

Well I, the hell I with them then.

They can go screw themselves
if they think they're better 'n me.

That's right. They can kiss your ass.

I'm not the enemy, Hank.

Now, I got things just about set up
with the Hayride
down at Shreveport on KWKH.

- Okay.

- Okay?

Yeah, for the time being, yeah.

All right, good.

How's the family? How's Audrey?

- She's... She's just fine.

- Good.

She's a demon, that's what she is.

Women can be vengeful

when they're not on your side.

Don't you worry, Fred. She's on my side.

She's on her own damn side.

We'll get to Nashville, son.

- Crecia, why don't you come back inside?

- Okay, Mommy.

I'll be in in a sec.

Audrey.

Hank.

I'm goin' to Shreveport for the Hayride.

I want you to come with me.

Did you get the papers?

Yep.

You get the house money?

Uh-huh.

Come on, Auds.

You're always, "Come on."

We're about divorced,

in case you didn't know.

It's too hard, this divorce thing.

Well, you should've thought about that
a long time ago.

Yeah, I probably should have.

I couldn't see that far.

I couldn't see that, uh,

fighting with you

was better than being apart.

People do divorce all the time.

Trust me, you can do it.

I know.

But, uh,

I married the right woman

for a man like me,

and I ain't ready to say goodbye.

I don't exactly know what that means.

I need you with me, is what it means.

Besides, don't I look good?

Mmm-hmm.

You look okay.

I look okay.

Is Lillie goin'?

Uh-uh.

You think

you could treat me right, then?

Quit drinkin'?

Yes, I do.

But you can't.

I can try.

Come with me, Audrey.

I'm afraid to.

I love you.

Yeah.

You gonna quit fighting me
about singing together?

Well, yeah. Yes, I am.

You mean it.

I mean it.

Hey.

Mornin', darlin'.

How'd the road go?

You all right?

I'm pretty beat.

I'm sorry I woke you.

You didn't.

I haven't been sleeping worth a damn.

I know about that.

Nah, I haven't.

Mmm.

Hmm.

Hank.

Hmm.

- You listening?

- Hmm.

Um, kinda.

I'm driftin' off, though.

Well, I was gonna tell you somethin'.

Hmm.

You hearing me?

Hmm.

You're gonna be a daddy.

Hmm.

Audrey Mae.

My God. We're gonna have a baby?

Mmm-hmm.

- Really?

- Really.
I can't tell.
Well, you will.
- Oh, Audrey, I love you.
- And I love you.
This is gonna be great.
It's gonna be great!
You know, he's gonna have a real dad.
Yeah.
No, not like I had. Not like it was for me.
He's gonna have family.
Well, how do you know it's a boy?
Well, whatever it is,
he's gonna have a real family.
Fred wants me to head up Cincinnati
for a session.
Yeah, when?
Next week.
I'm good.
Look, thing is,
uh, Fred wants me to try out
some other boys to back me up on this one.
What the hell...
What'd you tell the man?
His call.
I don't like that much.
Well, I didn't figure you would,
but, uh, that's the way it's gotta be.
Well, maybe you don't need us at all.
Look, it don't mean nothin'.
It's just that Red Foley's band's
already up there
and Fred wants a record right away.
I see. It don't mean nothin'.
I don't need any shit, Shag.
Well, me neither.
What's he got in mind?
I wanna try Lovesick.
He ain't gonna like that.
You didn't even write it.
Well, that's true.
But I made it mine now.
All righty right.
Hey, Fred. We did a couple for you.

I got one for me.
I wanna do Lovesick. Right, boys?
Well, hell, screw you guys.
Hank, that song is painful,
and not in the right way.
It's out of meter.
You hang onto some of those notes
too damn long.
Well, when I find a note I like,
I like holdin' on to it.
Listen to me. I'm on the Hayride.
I sing that song, I walk off the stage,
I throw my hat back on the stage.
The hat gets an encore.
Come on, now.
All right. I'm getting a cup of coffee.
You got 15 minutes.
Thank you, sir.
All right, boys, Lovesick Blues.
Let's keep it simple.
No need to worry, Hank.
Isn't all this shit simple?
I got a feeling
called the blues, oh Lord
Since my baby said goodbye
Lord, I don't know what I'll do
All I do is sit and sigh...
I'll tell you somethin'.
I ain't buyin'.
Gonna have a burger there with the ketchup?
Yes, I am.
- Hey, Sammy, you get there yet?
- No.
I didn't start from the back.
Well, I guess in high school
you still read front to back, huh?
That's funny, Hank.
You ain't that much older, you know.
I was born older than you, Sammy.
Take a look at this.
Look at it.
Now, I'll tell you somethin'.
And this ain't bull.
If this don't get me to the Opry...

I'm gonna give it up.
No shit.
They'll have to come find me on a boat
full of bass and come beggin'!
What they'll have to do.
- Hank.
- Oscar!
What, somebody been chasing you or what?
It's Audrey.
- She all right?
- Yeah, yeah. You comin'?
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
Well, okay then! All right!
Hey, I told you I ain't buyin'.
Hey, Sammy,
keep a hold of that magazine, okay?
Doc. Everything all right?
Congratulations.
You have a son, Mr. Williams.
- I... I do?
- You do.
How's Mama?
She's good. She's strong.
- She all right?
- Yeah, yeah.
- And the boy, well, he's healthy, and...
- Yeah?
Big.
- He's big?
- Over 10 pounds.
- Well...
- Biggest this year.
Oh, he's a hoss, huh?
That's the truth.
Well, thank you, Doc. Thank you so much.
- Absolutely.
- Thank you.
We'll have her ready for you
to see in about 15 minutes.
- Yes, sir. All right.
- All right.
I'm gonna need my hand back.
Okay, all right, I'll let you go.
- All right. Sure.

- Okay. Thank you, sir.
All right, now.
Daddy's here. Daddy's here.
It's all right. It's all right.
Shh.
It's all right.
Daddy's here.
I wouldn't let my dear savior in
Then Jesus came
Like a stranger in the night
Praise the Lord
I saw the light
I saw the light
No more darkness
No more night
Now I'm so happy
No sorrow in sight
Praise the Lord
I saw the light
He was sleeping
pretty good there for a few days.
I guess they finally put the batteries in.
He sure likes his mama.
Hmm.
I'm going to the Opry, Auds.
Of course you are, honey.
I mean now.
Well, how'd he get past
Jack Stapp and that gang?
Oscar and Fred swore
I'd keep my nose clean.
I've been sober.
Well, I ought to be there.
I ought to be there, Hank.
But I can't, can I?
This peanut's too little.
It's not right.
I know. I know, honey.
I know.
I'm sorry.
It suddenly just happened that fast?
Not fast enough for me.
I'm walking the floor over you
I can't sleep a wink, that is true

I'm hoping and I'm praying
As my heart breaks right in two...

Hank.

How you doing, son?

- Pretty fair.

- Don't worry,
they can kill you, but they can't eat you.

Strangely comforting.

I'm real proud of you, Hank.

I say that as a friend.

- Well, I wouldn't be here without you, Pappy.

- Well.

It's everything I ever wanted.

Well, soon as he's done,
there's gonna be three commercials,
and then it's you.

Foley's boys are backing you.

They're down the hall.

- Jim.

- Fred.

Hank, Jim Denny, manager of the Opry.

Yes, sir. Thank you.

Sure. Good luck.

...just food and drinks and everything.

- You guys get a little hungry...

- Boys.

- Hey, Hank.

- Hey.

Hank.

Hank.

Jerry.

Ladies and gentlemen,
tonight's big-name guest
is making his first appearance
on the Prince Albert Grand Ole Opry.

Let's give a rousing welcome
to the Lovesick Blues boy,
Mr. Hank Williams!

I got a feelin' called the blues
Oh, Lord, since my baby said goodbye
Lord, I don't know what I'll do
All I do is sit and sigh, oh Lord
That last long day she said goodbye
Well, Lord, I thought I would cry

She'll do me, she 'll do you
She's got that kind of lovin'
Lord, I love to hear her when she calls me
Sweet daddy
Such a beautiful dream
I hate to think it all over
I lost my heart, it seems
I've grown so used to you somehow
Well, I'm nobody's sugar daddy now
And I'm lonesome
I got the lovesick blues
Well, I'm in love, I'm in love
With a beautiful gal
That's what's the matter with me
Well, I'm in love, I'm in love
With a beautiful gal
But she don't care about me
Lord, I've tried and I've tried
To keep her satisfied
But she just wouldn't stay
So now that she is leavin'
This is all I can say
I got a feelin' called the blues, oh Lord
Since my baby said goodbye
Lord, I don't know what I'll do
I lost my heart, it seems
I've grown so used to you somehow
Well, I'm nobody's sugar daddy now
And I'm lonesome
I got the lovesick blues
Glen Burnie, Maryland,
where local law enforcement
and the Air Force have turned up
some unusual evidence,
which may shed light
on the recent flying saucer sightings.
Baseball's greatest manager, Connie Mack,
was given a massive
ticker tape parade on Broadway.
Fifty years of managing!
And Grand Ole Opry performers
Roy Acuff, Minnie Pearl
and young heartthrob, Hank Williams,
have been on a tour

of US airbases in Germany.
Here's Hank and his wife, Audrey,
moving into a new house
on Franklin Road in Nashville, Tennessee.
Good luck, young lovers!

Santa baby
Just slip a sable under the tree for me
Merry Christmas, Fred.
Been an awful good girl
Santa baby
So hurry down the chimney tonight
Santa baby
I want a yacht and really that's not a lot
Been an angel all year
Santa baby
So hurry down the chimney tonight
Jesus, Hank, I've been looking for you.
What are you doing out here?
I love this thing. I love it.
- Come over here, push my button.
- No, you're crazy.
I'm gonna go back inside.
All right, well, bring me a drink, will ya?
Well, no, you don't need one.
Now, can you come back inside
before you get sick?
This is inspirational.
She builds me up,
she brings me down...
Baby, I'm so thrilled
that you're inspired now.
Now, could you please
come back in and join the party?
Hey, honey?
Did you like that necklace I got you?
- Yeah, I love it.
- Do ya?
Yeah.
Well, come over here and push my button.
No way. It's freezing, baby.
- Forget it, then!
- What, so now you're gonna be mad?
- No, I'm not mad.
- Okay, well, good,

'cause I'm gonna go back inside,
and you, you just...
You keep on playing
with that button of yours.
- Well, good, 'cause I love my button.
- Well, then you keep on
lovin' it!
You'll meet
many just like me
Upon life's busy street...
Yeah.
Yeah, Luke the Drifter was a pseudonym
that Hank sometimes used
to record certain songs.
They didn't sell well,
but they seemed to offer
some emotional relief for Hank.
Hank's first record for us
was Move It On Over.
And then in our second session,
he recorded I Saw the Light.
And Audrey Williams, did you work with her?
How should I say this?
We were happy to have
Decca release her material.
Miss Ragland!
Could you take the child?
- Operator.
- Hi, Operator.
Sheraton Hotel, Oklahoma City, please.
Well, I had me a woman
Who done me wrong
I wish I had the words
To fix this song...
Sorry, ma'am, still no answer.
Care to leave a message?
Yes. Could you tell him,
"I need to talk to you,
you son of a bitch"?
- Did you get that?
- Uh, yes, ma'am.
Good.
No, thanks.
Afternoon, Mr. Nowlin.

This ain't gonna cut it, fellas.
Yes, sir. I'm real sorry. I understand.
I... You see, Hank's come down
with something real bad,
and, well, he's just too damn sick
to perform up to our usual standards.
I don't know what's up with you, Williams,
but you're going up on that stage,
and you're gonna give these folks,
who've been waiting hours for your ass,
a fine piece of yourself.
You understand?
Thank you, sir.
That the doctor?
Or whatever he is
that does these kinds of things.
Well, come on in.
Let's get this over with.
I don't want to
wait a whole lot longer.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I have an announcement.
Hank Williams is here!
And he is ready to give you the show
you've been hoping for.
Hank Williams, everyone!
Come on, Hank!
Any of you folks know
my half-brother, Luke?
My good friend, Luke the Drifter?
Hell, I don't know
where they got the Luke part,
but I can sure tell ya
where they got the Drifter part.
I'd like to tell you a story.
About a family I once knew.
Why don't we call 'em William and Mary
and their little daughter Sue.
Now, Mary was just a plain mother,
and Bill, well, he was a usual dad.
And they had their own
little family quarrels,
but neither one ever really got mad.
And then one day something happened.

And it was nothing, of course.
But one word led to another,
and the last word led to a divorce.
Now, here were two grown-up people
who 'd failed to use common sense.
They strengthened their own selfish pride
at little Sue's expense.
...eight, nine, 10, 11, 12...
They sold me 13 roses.
You know, we'll save one for Hazel.
Thanks for doing all the driving, Don.
Sure. You want me to stick around?
Nah, you're fine.
Hank, I've been thinking.
Uh-oh.
We've been running pretty hard.
Maybe I've been too reluctant
to speak up about some things.
You've been fine.
Whatcha gonna do?
You know,
my uncle told me
Grant was drunk
every afternoon by 3:00.
But he still took Vicksburg.
Yeah, I guess he did.
I'll see ya, then.
I'll see ya.
Hey.
How long you been here?
A little bit.
It took you long enough.
I just got off the road.
- How are you?
- How'd you do?
We made out okay.
How's my boy?
He's okay.
How much?
Where's he at?
He's at the house. Where you think?
Billboard says we did
\$11,000 paid last week.
I heard you and Luke

had some trouble in Texas.
Yeah.
What is it, baby?
You gonna be okay?
Am I gonna be okay?
Hell.
You know, you come home
from God knows wherever you are,
and then we sleep together.
You haven't a damn clue.
You did this to me, Hank.
You're the bastard
that caused me to suffer like this.
What are you saying?
God, you're barely even here.
You're barely even a father now.
And, well,
you couldn't have handled
being more of one.
What did you do?
You can't... You can't do that without me.
Well, it's done.
Thank you,
ladies and gentlemen. Thank you very much.
Thank you, friends.
And that about wraps it up for today.
All right, all right,
there a little more in store, isn't there?
I almost forgot about the man y'all
come to say hello to and rightly honor.
He's my very, very good friend.
One of the finest songwriters
I've ever had the pleasure to know.
So, let's welcome,
at his Montgomery Homecoming Day,
a great and loyal son of Alabama,
Hank Williams!
Hank Williams!
Hey, buddy.
Well, hello, Montgomery.
It's always good to be back here.
I thank y'all so much.
I thank you.
I much appreciate the warm welcome

you've given to me and my family.
My mother, Lillie.
My beautiful wife, Audrey.
My little lady, Lycrecia.
My big boy, Bocephus!
Now, right now, I got a little song for ya.
It's been awful good to me and the boys.
It's bought us quite a
few beans and biscuits.
It's called
Good Looking, You Got Anything Cooking,
How About Cooking It Up With Me?
Hey, good lookin'
Whatcha got cookin'?
How's about cookin' something up with me?
Said, hey, sweet baby
Don't you think maybe
We could find us a brand-new recipe?
I got a hot-rod Ford and a two-dollar bill
And I know a spot right over the hill
There's soda pop and the dancing's free
So if you wanna have fun
Come along with me
Said, hey, good lookin'
Whatcha got cookin'?
How's about cookin' something up with me?
Don Helms.
I'm free and I'm ready
So we can go steady
How's about savin' all your time for me?
I like that hotel pretty good.
You think all hotels are good.
Oh, yeah.
Ah, here we are.
Where are you gentlemen going?
Perry Como Show.
Thank you, sir.
Thank you.
- It was a good show, man.
- It was.
You sure couldn't get
that damn jingle right, could you?
Don't you know there's 20 smokes
in a pack of Chesterfields?

I know damn well there's
20 smokes in a pack of Chesterfields.
And I'll tell you something else.
Ol' Hank didn't come all the way
from South Alabama to New York City
to sing in a damn cigarette commercial,
that's for damn sure.
Gentlemen want another round,
or have you hit your limit
- on soda water?
- Yes, ma'am! We do.
Yeah, I'm good.
Have a damn drink, boys.
Babysittin' hour's about up.
Thank you.
Yes, please, ma'am.
Mr. Williams.
James Dolan from the Tribune.
Really sorry I'm late.
You don't like doing this much, do you?
Well, it comes with the job.
You know what I don't like
is people pretending one thing
and they got something else on their mind.
You do what I do, you get where I am,
you see plenty of that.
People thinking they'll make a nice pie
with a slice of me.
Well, I'm only looking to give people
some insight into you.
Why you write what you write,
sing what you sing.
I write what I write and I sing what I sing
'cause that's what I do.
Ain't much choice, really.
As an artist.
That's your word.
You are offering your fans something.
What would you say that is?
Mr. Dolan,
everybody has a little darkness in them.
Now, they may not like it,
don't want to know about it,
but it's there.

Now, I'm talking about things like anger,
misery, sorrow, shame.
And they hear it.
I show it to 'em.
And they don't have to take it home.
You think that's what they expect from you?
They expect I can help their troubles.
Now, the reason I know that
is 'cause they write.
If their husband dies and they're left
with eight starving kids, they write.
If their sweetheart's done 'em wrong,
they write.
I don't know,
but I reckon they think
I'm some sort of Red Cross.
You can write this down.
Folk music, hillbilly,
it's sincere.
There ain't nothing phony.
Man sings a sad song,
he knows the sad.
There's, well, a lot of speculation
about the hard lives
that western or folk singers live.
What do you mean, "hard"?
Well, I mean, more like the women, whiskey.
If you're getting at something,
then get at it.
There are a lot of rumors, Mr. Williams,
that you have struggled with alcohol.
I didn't know you were
in the rumor business, Mr. Dolan.
I'm not. I don't mean to offend...
But since you obviously are,
why don't you say they're all true,
- every single one of 'em?
- Because that's not what I do.
You can do whatever you want to do,
but I'm done doing this.
Hunt 'em up, now. Hunt 'em up.
There you go, Zeke.
Hunt 'em up.
Here we go. Hunt 'em up.

Hunt 'em up.

Sit.

- Try gettin' birdy.

- Sit.

- God blessed!

- Birdy.

- Damn it!

- You're supposed to shoot 'em,

- not scare 'em off.

- Yeah, I'm trying.

Whoa, Zeke.

He's onto something.

Shit.

It's a coon.

Hank?

Hey, Hank!

Oh, God.

What are you doing down there, man?

- Here.

- No...

Give me a second, Burr.

Oh...

My back is fucked.

Mr. Williams?

Your back's not broken.

Well, I couldn't feel it if it was.

Yes, you've got quite a bit
of morphine in your system.

Have to get the recipe from ya.

How much do you know
about your condition?

Always had that bump.

Docs early on didn't want to
do much about it.

Well, there's a name for that.

It's called spina bifida occulta.

It means your vertebrae
aren't completely closed.

Now, people with the mildest form
of this type of spina bifida
often don't even know they have it.

Well, now I know it's got a name.

It's chronic, Mr. Williams.

It'll never go away.

Now, we can operate,
try and alleviate the pain
as much as possible.
Cure me or kill me, Doc.
I can't go on like I've been doing anymore.
Hey.
How you doing?
I suppose you've been out
with your friends, huh?
Mmm-hmm.
At a joint?
No, I was at a house.
Drinking?
Yeah, a little bit.
Exactly how sick would I have to be
for you to stick around
and provide a little comfort?
Well, a little comfort
is something that runs two ways.
Not in your case.
Damn.
Screw you, Hank.
Come over here and you can.
Oh, yeah, I doubt that.
Professional like you,
I'm sure it'd be no problem.
You son of a bitch.
All you do is you go out on the road
and you sleep with
a different woman every night,
and then you finally get home
and criticize me?
Well, you want it all, don't you, baby?
- You want to whore around...
- Uh...
...and still be Mrs. Hank Williams.
You know what?
You can keep your great Mrs. Hank Williams.
I'll give it back to you.
Baby, what are you doing up?
Come here. Let's get you back to bed.
I know I can't make D.C. or Baltimore, Jim.
Now, why can't we just
tell them the truth and live with it?

I'm sorry, Hank,
but I think we got to do it this way.
You're not hearing me.
I don't want to do it!
And I sure as hell don't want
Audrey standing in for me,
- or anybody else at the show.
- Hank,
I don't see a way around it.
It's simple.
I can't make it 'cause I'm laid up.
Now, I get the boys as soon as I can.
I go down there on my own money.
I'll make it right.
Connie Gay is putting these shows on.
Now, he and I go back forever.
Now, there's nobody else available.
I mean, I got the Opry spread
all over on New Year's Eve.
Toledo, Baltimore, Raleigh.
Says one every three hours.
I figure three every hour
ought to be that much better.
You good to go?
- Hell.
- Yes, sir.
Look,
you don't show, everybody will think
it's the whiskey talking,
and Connie Gay will be stuck bad.
And whether you like it or not,
I represent the Opry.
And as fond of you as I am,
if you want to stay a part of this,
you got to do it.
You need to record this.
We'll play it that night.
You always been a son of a bitch, J.D.
Well, that may be,
but it's 'cause I have to be.
But I always been solid by you.
Give me a pen.
I think I can write my own damn apology.
I'd really been looking forward to

visiting you folks in Washington today.
But, well, a couple weeks ago, I...
I had to have an operation on my back.
Fact is, I been in bed a couple weeks,
and, well, I sure am sorry
I couldn't be there tonight.
I hope y'all enjoy the rest of the show.
And thanks for buying my records.
Audrey,
I should've gone straight home.
No, it's fine. We'll just have a drink,
and they will just have to deal with it.
If you say so.
Yeah.
Hank?
Hank?
Why don't you two wait in here,
and I'll go see where he is.
Hank?
Doesn't appear
anyone's here to greet Mommy.
Yeah.
Where the hell is he?
What is he doing?
What the hell are you doing?
Killing bottles, waiting for
my loving wife to come home.
Okay, well, I'm home now.
Chri...
Hi, ladies.
Hello, Hank.
What are you... Are you drunk?
Are you?
Do you think that you could
wait till we're alone
before you start acting up?
You really have no couth, do you?
You son of a bitch.
I suppose you're right, dear.
Now die, you God-awful tiki wiki shit!
Hank Williams,
I will never live another day with you.
Never.
That's when he moved in with Ray Price.

Ray was a bit younger,
and innocent in many ways,
and he really looked up to Hank,
as a lot of the guys did.
And the house was a nice place
in the Natchez Trace area in Nashville.
One thing's for sure.

Ray wasn't ready
for what Hank was bringing.

I've got something
to shout about
A whole lot of lovin'
to talk about
My baby's comin' home
And that's what's
knocking me out
She's so sweet
and she's so fine
...likes everyone...

Hank, can you believe
I was gonna be a veterinarian?

- Hey, Ray?

- Look at me now.

I got the best party on the block.

- Look at you now!

- I should write a song

- called Look At Me Now.

- You should write...

Look at me now...

"His conduct was intolerable.

"He became abusive, cursing me,

"and even striking me

on numerous occasions."

- That's a damn lie, Ray.

- I'm sure it is.

Why'd she have to go that far?

Well, Hank, that's divorce in this country,
as far as I can tell.

This says I made 92 grand last year.

Hell, I didn't make that.

House at 55 grand, three Cadillacs.

"In the past months,

defendant has been enjoying

"a life of wild extravagance."

Hey, Bobbie, come here.
Come on, get a seat.
I'm rich.
And I'm dangerous.
Well, I guess there's worse things
you could be.
Says that I had an affair
with a highway patrolman
when he was on the road.
Mmm, and look at this.
I insisted on singing with him
when I had neither a voice
or musical ability.
How you doing up there, cowboy?
Just can't believe this place is yours.
For about another hour.
Was gonna build a house
over by that pecan grove,
but that ain't happening now.
Well, you'll get another
one somewhere else.
Somewhere else.
I've been there before.
And it ain't much better.
You know, sometimes I wish
I was back at WSFA making \$12 a week,
and knowing who my friends were.
- Hey, you know this man?
- By telephone only. He's okay.
I bet he's never heard one song.
You gentlemen may go in now.
- Thank you, ma'am.
- Thank you, ma'am.
Fred!
Sorry to keep you waiting.
- Welcome, welcome.
- How are you, Dore?
I'm fine, Fred, you know.
Hank, how are you?
I'm all right, Mr. Schary.
I'm all right.
Well, take your hat off.
Sit down. Just relax.
How was the flight in?

Uh, it was all right.
A little bumpy over Wichita.
Yeah?
Yeah, always is.
Hank, I'm very sorry to hear about
you and Audrey having troubles,
I mean, you know.
The business, it's tough on marriage.
Well, marriage is tough on marriage.
- Yep.
- Yeah.
Yeah.
What do you say
we just cut to the chase?
All right.
I saw your press release
announcing our deals.
You fellas played it up nicely.
We were generally pleased
with the response.
Well, we're thinking of a part
for Hank in Small Town Girls,
with Farley Granger and Jane Powell.
My wife loves Jane Powell.
Perfect.
So does America.
Yeah.
And as we discussed, Fred,
it would be no more than four weeks' work.
Right.
And a salary of \$4,500 a week.
That's quite a lot of money, isn't it?
Well, it's not as much cash
as I can make on the road.
Is it, Pappy?
Well, I'm sure between Fred and I,
we can come to an arrangement,
if we're all serious.
So, Hank, how tall are you?
About the same as my mother.
Six feet, six-one, thereabout.
Is that with or without the hat?
Because I don't think
I've ever seen you without it.

Well, me neither.
Would you mind?
I'd like to see, well,
your general look.
Your hair.
You do have hair, right?
Oh, yes, sir.
I got a whole drawer full of it.
I'm serious, Hank.
Me, too.
You know, I read something today.
It said I was a genius.
Why do you figure that makes me fearful?
Probably the load.
I miss them so much, Mama.
So damn much.
I know you do.
- I know.
- Ladies and gentlemen,
let me just give you the lowdown
on this next fella's...
But you are better off without her, son.
She was never worth a half of you.
I got a little boy I worry about, too.
...he's got a new song out there
that he wrote for us.
Ha.
Yes, sir.
I got a brand-new song,
ain't never been aired.
Ain't never been aired?
No, but it just might need it.
Doggone it, Hank!
All right, boys, let it roll.
Well, why don't you love me
like you used to do?
How come you treat me
like a worn-out shoe?
My hair's still curly and
my eyes are still blue
Why don't you love me like you used to do?
I ain't had no lovin'
like a-huggin' and a-kissin'
In a long, long while

We don't get nearer or further
Or closer than a country mile
Why don't you spark me like you used to do?
And say sweet nothings
like you used to coo
I'm the same old trouble
That you've always been through
Why don't you love me like you used to do?
Don Helms.

Burt Hale.

Well, why don't you be
just like you used to be?
How come you find so many faults with me?
Somebody's changed
so let me give you a clue
Why don't you love me like you used to do?
I ain't had no lovin'
Like a-huggin' and a-kissin'
in a long, long while
I just laughed it off.
I don't know.

Hey, girl.

You here with anybody?

Faron Young.

Boy guesting up in Shreveport?

That's him.

And that's him right over there behind you.

Hey, Faron.

Hank.

- Good to meet you.

- Good to meet you.

Billie?

You gonna marry this girl?

Well, are you?

Well, not likely.

She's far too good-looking for a wife.

Well, if you ain't gonna marry her,

ol' Hank just might.

- Is that right?

- That's right.

Oh, Son.

I hope I ain't causing you any pain.

Don't worry about it.

You're like an angel.

My two boys over there,
Alton and Sonny, big fans of yours.
Pregnant at 16.
So, Jeri Lynn there.
Married and pregnant, Mr. Jones.
Well, I'm not selling her short.
She is pretty tough.
Oh, I bet she is.
Nineteen years old,
what the hell do you know?
Yeah, I could barely tie my own shoes then.
Well, heck, I wasn't even wearin' them.
I like children a lot.
I got one of my own,
and my former wife had one, too.
Well, you're handsome,
talented and love kids.
How about that, Daddy?
- Hi.
- Hi.
- Hey, Ray.
- Hank.
Bobbie.
Hank.
You with him?
Nope.
You with him?
Bobbie, what are you doing here?
What do you think, Hank?
- Oh, that's nice.
- Thank you.
Billie, let me handle this, please.
Bobbie, we got to talk.
Talk?
Get her out of here.
Oh, I'm sorry, darling.
But who do you think you are?
Well, I was the woman he was gonna marry.
- Really? Lucky him.
- Billie.
Maybe you should have told some
of your other girls that, Hank.
- Bobbie.
- Well, you are right about that, honey.

Bobbie.

Billie. Billie!

Billie!

Billie, there isn't anybody else,
I swear to God!

She got it wrong about us, okay?

They get it that way sometimes.

"They"?

Boy, you're a real piece of work,
Hank Williams.

You know, I may just be a Bossier City kid,
but I got enough sense
to know you're trouble,
and you're gonna tear me up.

Billie.

Billie!

We're gonna have a big ol' time
at the Grand Ole Opry tonight!
That's right. We got quite a lineup.

We've got Bob Mayfield,
we've got Minnie Pearl,
and Hank Williams!

So, let's put our hands together.

Let's do a live and lively rousing welcome.

Hank?

Hank.

Hey, Jim.

Hank.

You want something? Cup of coffee?

No, thanks.

Where's Ray?

He moved out.

I don't want to know where you were
or why you weren't at the show.

- I'm sorry, J.D.

- I'm sure.

But sorry don't mean shit.

We're grown men.

Oh, I see.

Should I be taking notes on this lesson?

Opry's a brand

and you're pissing on it, Hank.

It means something to a lot of people.

Music, family.

Money?

You want to play the artist on me?

All right, then.

An artist like you,
a man who can make folks
forget their troubles,
you have an obligation.

You been working me pretty hard, J.D.
I mean, 100 out of 119 days on the road.
I don't really need any more obligations.
Nobody does.

I'm not trying to be disrespectful, Hank.
I'm not trying to put you down.

Don't you worry.

I gave up giving a shit
about what other people think
a long time ago.

All right, then.

Here's the deal.

August 9th in your regular Opry spot,
and August 10th
an Opry-sponsored show in Knoxville.

Sure, all right, okay.

I'm imploring you.

Don't let me down.

They'll get their money's worth, sir.

Okay.

Of course I mean, Cousin Minnie Pearl!

Howdy!

Jambalaya hit number one today,
you know that?

I had to do it, Red.

I had to let Hank go.

Hello?

Oh, hey, it's Hank.

Hey, Hank, it's Sonny.

Oh, hey, Sonny.

Uh, is your sister around?

No, I don't know where she is.

Hey, Sonny, help me out, will you?

Sure.

Thanks, man.

Hello.

Bobbie, it's me.

Hey, Hank.

Hey.

Listen, I was thinking,
why don't you pack a bag,
and I'll come by in about a half-hour?

Where are we going?

Uh, Lake Martin.

A lodge at Kowaliga Bay.

It belongs to a pal of mine.

What do you say?

Make it an hour.

Bobbie?

Oh, Bobbie.

You're drunker than ol' Hank.

Hank...

I'm not drunk.

- No?

- No.

I'm pregnant.

What?

What is it with me?

Every woman in my life has kids.

Every one of them.

Before I even got to them.

Man.

You're obviously very
attractive to mothers, Hank.

Jesus, Bobbie.

You're pregnant.

We could get married.

Baby, you don't want to marry me.

Uh-uh.

I will.

That's different.

Boy, I'm a professional
at making a mess of things.

Hank,

if we got married, things would be easier.

They'd be more stable.

And just think,

we'd have this little one right here.

Oh, Bobbie.

I love you.

But not like that.

Not...

Not that way.

'Sides, I'm gonna marry Billie Jean.

She know that?

Not exactly.

Listen, darlin'.

I'm gonna look after this little baby.

I'll send you money,

and I'll be its papa, even.

There ain't gonna be no marriage.

Hank, you are really screwed up.

I know.

I pulled every string

to get him back where he started,

the Hayride in Louisiana.

It wouldn't be the same money or exposure,

but at least he wouldn't be idle.

Hank idle, damn.

Before long, he had

a Nashville showgirl with child.

And shortly after that,

he married Billie Jean Jones

in the City Auditorium, New Orleans.

It's not just my back, baby.

I feel...

I feel like my chest is,

like, getting jumped on.

Who are you?

LeBeau, the promoter.

And you?

Dr. Marshall.

What kind of doctor?

I specialize in alcoholism.

What does that mean?

What you got, Doc?

What's the man have?

It means

I've been there and back, ma'am,

and I will help Mr. Williams

to a speedy recovery.

Let the man in!

It will be better, son.

Chloral hydrate.

So powerful, they use it

to sedate circus animals.
It's never supposed to be
administered with alcohol
or to someone with a heart condition,
which Hank likely had.
Marshall,
his diploma was from the Chicago
University of Applied Sciences and Arts.
He bought it off a salesman
at a gas station for \$25.
And then Hank called me
and told me he was in Marshall's care.
How you doing, son?
How long we got left?
We can be done, Hank.
Just call it a day.
I got something
I want to run past you.
You sure?
Your cheatin' heart
Will make you weep
You'll cry and cry
And try to sleep
But sleep won't come
The whole night through
Your cheatin ' heart
Will tell on you
When tears come down
Like falling rain
You'll toss around
And call my name
You'll walk the floor
The way I do
Your cheatin ' heart
Will tell on you
Hey.
I heard you got a new toy.
Oh, it's a choo-choo train.
Are you gonna play with me?
I'll be right there just as soon as I can.
You know how much I miss you,
don't you, Bocephus?
Than all the ants on the sidewalks,
and all the leaves in the trees.

Hmm.

That's right.

Hey, baby, can I talk to Daddy?

Thank you.

Hey, Hank? We got to go now.

It's getting past his bedtime,
and I don't want him getting worked up.

Audrey, why don't you
bring him up to Shreveport this weekend?

Well, that won't work out.

Well, why not?

I mean, it'd just be for the Saturday.

You could leave him here and,
you know, we'll bring him back.

Well, we got plans Saturday.

Well, how about Sunday, then?

No, that won't work.

We're just gonna have to find
a better time, okay?

So, I'm gonna talk to you later.

Okay, hon? Bye.

The first task of the new administration
will be to review and reexamine...

...we have a time-out
existing on the playing field
on the part of the University of Alabama...

Do you have to?

Yeah, I kind of do.

Well, honey,

I'm real glad you're skipping
some of them dates.

Taking some time.

And I'm real glad
we're getting out of Shreveport.

But to tell you the truth,
I don't really want to see your mother.

I know that.

Still, at least, she'll be happy to see me.

Lately, people see me coming,
they want to cross the street.

Well, that's just not true.

I'm sorry, baby.

For what?

Everything.

A.V. Bamford had booked Hank
for two dates at the end of December.
New Year's Eve in Charleston,
West Virginia,
New Year's Day in Canton, Ohio.
Hank looked around
for someone to drive him in his own car.
And when he couldn't find any friends
to take him up on that,
he called a buddy of his at
Lee Street Taxi in Montgomery.
And that fella
got his 17-year-old son,
Charles Carr, to do the job.
Charles was a freshman
at Auburn on holiday break.
Can you take care of that for me?
Yes, sir.
Be careful with that, Charles.
Come here, baby.
I'll call you when I get up to Charleston.
How come I can't come?
Go back to Shreveport,
I'll meet you in a couple days.
You don't have to stay.
I don't see the big deal, me coming along.
Well,
it's a long-ass trip.
And, truthfully,
we might get real sick of each other.
You might end up going at me, right?
Mmm-hmm.
One more for luck, huh?
- Watch your head, Mr. Williams.
- Thank you, sir.
What are you smiling about?
Well, another reason
I think you shouldn't come,
I could use the leg room.
Drive safe, Charles.
He's a real SOB, but I think I love him.
Yes, ma'am.
Listen to the boss, Charles.
I'll see you in Louisiana, darlin'.

Happy New Year.
Ladies and gentlemen,
I've been in show business
for almost 20 years.
But today,
will be the most difficult task
I've ever had to perform.
This morning,
on his way to Canton to do this show,
Hank Williams died in his car.
I wandered so aimless
Life filled with sin
I wouldn't let my
Dear Savior in
Then Jesus came like
A stranger in the night
Praise the Lord
I saw the light
I saw the light
I saw the light
No more darkness
No more night
Now I'm so happy
No sorrow in sight
Praise the Lord...
Montgomery, Alabama,
January 4th, 1953.
Hank Williams laid to rest in Dixie.
I saw the light...
The top singer-songwriter died tragically
of severe heart damage.
He was 29 years old.
In only six years of recording,
he had a remarkable 36 hit songs
and sold over 11 million records.
Fans, friends and family
gave the boy from Mount Olive
the state's largest send-off ever,
accompanied by the mournful sounds
of his buddies' steel guitars
and weeping fiddles.
No more darkness
No more night...
Hear that lonesome whippoorwill

He sounds too blue to fly
The midnight train is whining low
I'm so lonesome I could cry
The silence of a falling star
Lights up a purple sky
And as I wonder where you are
I'm so lonesome I could cry
And as I wonder where you are
I'm so lonesome I could cry
Goodbye Joe me gotta go,
me oh my oh
Me gotta go pole the pirogue
down the bayou
My Yvonne the sweetest one,
me oh my oh
Son of a gun we 'll have
big fun on the bayou
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie
and fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see
my ma cher amio
Pick guitar,
fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun we 'll have
big fun on the bayou
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie
and fillet gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see
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