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# Young Man With A Horn

By Carl Foreman

My name is Willie Willoughby,  
but they call me Smoke.  
I play piano in a run-of-the-mill  
dance band.  
Kind of monotonous.  
But there were times when I got my kicks.  
Not so long ago either.  
Like when I palled around with Rick Martin,  
the famous trumpet player.  
What a guy.  
We were in the thankless business  
of piecing little notes...  
...and phrases of music together  
into a mumbo jumbo...  
...that somehow turned out to be jazz.  
Strictly off-the-cuff, but a lot of fun.  
Of course, Rick is practically  
a legend now.  
People ask me about him  
and those times.  
Ordinarily, I don't talk much about it.  
But I think a lot about it.  
He had a lot of friends.  
In a way, he had no friends at all.  
He was a lonely kind of guy.  
Always, I guess from the time  
he was a kid.  
He never knew his father.  
And his mother died  
when he was 9 or 10.  
So he went to live with his sister.  
He did a lot of traveling  
for a kid his age.  
From Missouri...  
... on through Texas...  
... Oklahoma...  
... and finally, California.  
He never did get much out of school, and  
he made very few friends along the way.  
Why don't you go play  
with the other kids.  
Hanging around the house day after day.  
- You hungry?  
- No.

After you eat, don't forget to put  
the bread back so the ants don't get it.

Yes.

- What's wrong with you?

- Nothing.

I haven't got time.

Joe will be here any minute.

But I'll tell you one thing, either you gotta  
go back to school or get a job.

You just can't do nothing.

Hey, Marge, that man's here.

Hiya, Rick. Let's go, honey, we're late.

- I told you I'd be ready, didn't I?

- Gee, you look like a million.

Don't forget, the bread in the box.

So long. There's a little Chinese place  
on the corner of 2nd and Flower...

...I was thinking of tonight.

And now, my friends...

...the good Lord has provided.

And there'll be a hot meal served  
in the next room.

The story goes that by the time it got dark,  
he could play the piano.

He could play the whole song.

After that, he had a place to go to  
and something he really wanted to do.

And for a while, he wasn't  
quite so lonely anymore.

Hey, you've been banging  
that piano every night.

Now, get out of here.

Excuse me.

Hello, sir. Which one's the cheapest?

- You mean, the instruments?

- Yes, sir.

Well, let me see. I think the trumpet.

I can let you have this one for about \$9.

- You play a trumpet?

- No, but I could learn.

I started to learn piano.

Well, the piano's a little different.

So you're a musician, eh?

If I had one, I could carry it with me

and play it any time I wanted.

- You got the money?

- No, but I could get a job.

Well, now. I think maybe  
you are a musician.

Yes, sir.

And that kid out there...

... he had a perfect ear for it.

He could hear it, and he could feel it.

It hit that boy right where he lived.

Well, look at this.

- How about that.

- Hey, fellas.

Let's take a breather for a few.

What are you doing, boy?

- What do you want?

- Excuse me.

I was just listening to the music.

- Well, do you like the way we play?

- Oh, sure.

- Kind of late for you to be out, isn't it?

- No school tomorrow.

Well, you'd better come on in  
if you wanna hear some music.

- Thanks.

- Will you join us in a small collation?

- A ham sandwich, perhaps, Mr...

- Martin. No, thanks.

Oh, but you gotta.

You can't listen to music  
on an empty stomach.

Thanks.

You sure your folks won't care?

I don't have any real folks.

My sister wouldn't know  
if I came in or not.

Oh, I see.

Gentlemen, this is Mr. Martin.

He says he likes our music.

- Pleased to meet you.

- Hi.

- Mr. Martin, what would you like to hear?

- Would you wanna play...?

I don't know what you'd call it,

but it goes like this:

You know, where you start off, and then the clarinet comes in, and then the others.

- But you finish alone.

- That's "Moanin' Low."

But how do you know

who comes in where?

I can hardly remember myself most times.

You a musician, Mr. Martin?

Oh, I kind of play the piano a little.

Piano player, huh?

Yes, but what I really wanna learn is the trumpet, like you.

You hear that? Mr. Martin knows talent when he hears it.

What are we waiting for?

"Moanin' Low."

Have a chair, Mr. Martin. Sit down.

Thank you, Mr. Hazzard.

- Good luck, maestro.

- Thanks.

Have a cigar, Mr. Hazzard.

- It's a two-bit one.

- Well, shut me up if it isn't.

Thank you, Mr. Martin.

If he had to be a trumpet player, he was pretty lucky...

... because he couldn't have bought what he learned from Art Hazzard.

That's the way it started. There was no way of stopping or changing it.

He couldn't see anything but notes and couldn't hear anything but his trumpet.

He was cut out to be a jazzman the way the righteous are chosen for the Church.

You're playing sharp on the high notes.

You're getting a roll.

Not bad yet, but on the way.

What do I do wrong?

You're dropping your mouthpiece too low on your lip.

Once you get that roll, it closes your lips, gives you a choked feeling in your throat.

And you get tired after a half-hour

of steady playing. Try it again.

And it was about then that  
he started playing two ways.

One way for money,  
what there was of it...

... and one way for himself.

That was his way of talking.

Well, hello, Mr. Hazzard.

- How am I doing?

- Doing pretty good.

You don't sound as if you mean it.

What am I doing wrong?

Nothing.

What's the matter, pops?

- Did you know we're going on the road?

- No, I didn't.

How long will you be gone?

Booker's got a good deal for us  
in New York.

We've been figuring on staying there,  
maybe for good.

- Hey, swell. I'll go with you.

- You can't.

- Even if you could, you shouldn't.

- Why not?

You've got to think about  
what you're going to do.

- What you're going to be.

- That's easy.

I'm gonna be a trumpet man like you,  
get me a job with a good band...

You think that's all there is to it?

Well, you... You taught me to play  
a pretty good trumpet, didn't you?

You play a fine trumpet.

- Well, then...

- But what's it worth?

Look at me.

What have I got after 20 years of it?

A wife, kids, money in the bank?

- No.

- Why, you got the best band in the country.

I guess I'm playing with a heavy mute.

Look, boy.

You've got music in you.  
You've got it here.  
And you've got it here.  
But the way things are, very few people  
will ever know what you're saying.  
- Or what you're trying to do.  
- Who cares? I don't play for people.  
I play for myself.  
Look, boy.  
A man's got a lot of living to do  
in this world.  
But you, you're kind of locked up  
inside yourself.  
You're like a... Like a bird trying to fly  
on one wing.  
You'll stay up for a while.  
Then you're going to fall.  
Have a drink of milk.  
I'm gonna miss you, pops.  
Oh, I almost forgot.  
Thank you, Mr. Martin.  
- Take care of yourself.  
- I will.  
Finally, he got his first good job.  
And that was when I met him.  
I've never seen such an intense...  
... searching expression on anybody else.  
Even then, he looked like a guy  
very few people would understand.  
Hello.  
- Better get your skates sharpened.  
- Yeah.  
- Here, let me help you with that thing.  
- Thanks.  
Thanks a lot.  
- What kind of hotel towels you got in here?  
- Oh, that's my record collection.  
Mostly Art Hazzard.  
I got just about every one  
he made, I guess.  
- Really?  
- Yeah.  
- Taught me how to play.  
- Is that so?

Yeah.

Oh, my name's Martin. Rick Martin.

I'm Willie Willoughby.

They call me Smoke.

Never could figure out why.

Me neither.

You know Art Hazzard?

Boy, he's the greatest trumpet player  
in the world.

Glad to know you.

- Hi.

- Hello, boys.

- Hi, Smoke.

- Hello.

Honey, will you hand out  
the arrangements?

- How are you, Mr. Chandler?

- Fine. Glad to have you aboard.

Oh, you're over there. All right,  
let's get down to business.

Kenny, hand those out, please.

Johnny, this is for you.

- Graham.

- Rick Martin. How are you?

- Jack Flanagan. This is Tommy.

- This is Bill.

- Tommy.

- Thank you.

Hello, my name's Jo Jordan.

I sing in the band.

How do you do?

All right, boys, let's get with it.

As you know,

we open here Saturday night.

First, I want you to remember...

...we're a dance orchestra. Our job  
is to play a tempo they can dance to.

No blues and no low-down jive.

The public likes novelty stuff.

And that's what we're gonna give them.

I guess that's all. Now let's get started.

Number three in the new books,  
everybody.

We'll take yours first, Josie,



so you can get back to the hotel.

One, two...

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

Hold it. Hold it.

What's the matter, Martin,  
can't you read music?

- Sure.

- Then why don't you?

You want every number played  
how it's written?

Exactly. What do you think  
I bought these arrangements for?  
I don't know.

I mean, do we have to play every  
number the same way every time?

That's right. This is no jam session,  
it's a dance orchestra.

- I was just asking.

- Well, now you know.

All right, let's take it again  
from where it got torn.

One, two...

That was very good.

Thanks.

You must like it here to stay so late.

It's a good place to play.

No leaders and customers.

Nobody in the next room  
to tell me to shut up.

Oh, I'm sorry about the mix-up  
at that rehearsal.

If I hadn't stopped singing, maybe Jack  
wouldn't have been so hard on you.

It was your number. I didn't have  
any business butting in anyway.

It seemed kind of right.

Incidentally, you're about the best  
I've heard.

Well, thanks. You know something?

There's a guy on records who has a style  
very much like yours. Name is Hazzard.

- Art Hazzard.

- Do you know him?

Since I was a kid.

He taught me to play.  
He had a lot of trouble with me once.  
I was starting to get a roll.  
A what?  
When you drop your mouthpiece  
low on your lip.  
Keep playing that way, you get  
so you can't bring it up where it belongs.  
Worst thing can happen to a trumpet man.  
It gets you tired awful easy.  
But he straightened me out. He gave me  
an exercise and made me work on it.  
Boy, it did the trick.  
Yeah, he knows. He really knows.  
I guess it's his fault I switched to a  
trumpet. I always liked the piano before...  
...but the trumpet...  
I don't know.  
Maybe because it's so close to you, huh?  
It's like it's a part of you.  
The music doesn't have so far to go.  
How about it? This is a dance hall,  
not a hotel.  
- I gotta lock up.  
- Sorry, Bill.  
I was wrong.  
There's always somebody in the next room  
to tell me to shut up.  
Well, good night.  
Oh, Rick.  
- Aren't you going to the party?  
- What party?  
Well, Jack's buying drinks for all the boys.  
No, thanks, I'm not much for parties.  
Oh, excuse me.  
Oh, sorry.  
Thanks.  
You know, it's lucky you switched  
from the piano.  
The way you baby that thing,  
you'd think it was alive.  
Well, it's awful good company.  
Whatever you tell it to do, it does.  
Only better than you told it.

Never lets you down.  
You're kind of sold on it, aren't you?  
You gotta be sold, or you got no business  
playing the kind of music I wanna play.  
You gotta love it.  
Can't just like it and understand it the way  
the longhaired boys understand their music.  
You can't write it down and keep it.  
There aren't any notes.  
You can only hear it right while  
you're playing it...  
...and you feel it.  
Someday, when I'm really good...  
...I wanna do things with this trumpet  
nobody's ever thought of.  
I'm gonna hit a note  
that nobody ever heard before.  
You've got to have some other interest,  
or you'll go off your rocker. I know.  
You need a hobby, like collecting stamps,  
or a dog or...  
How about a girl?  
Don't pick on me, Rick.  
You're a married man.  
Married?  
You're married to that trumpet.  
I certainly wouldn't wanna  
come between it.  
Sorry.  
Well, I guess you wanna get  
to Chandler's party.  
I think I'd rather breathe some fresh air.  
Chandler wouldn't like this, would he?  
No. I guess he wouldn't.  
- Hey, Smoke, take over the rest of the set.  
- Lf you say so, boss.  
What do you say we grab a quick drink?  
- No, thanks.  
- You trying to brush me off?  
- No.  
- I never see you, except when we work.  
- It's just that I've been busy lately.  
- I know, with that trumpet player.  
Why do you have to say things like that?

Hey, Smoke.

How about playing something our way?

- You're kidding.

- Oh, come on.

Let's have a little change of pace.

You, me and a couple of the boys, huh?

- Well, I've been fired before.

- Great.

Everybody take five, except Frank,  
Jack, Ralph and you, Jim, down front.

- What's up?

- Oh, a little fun, maybe.

- Play a little jazz?

- Could be.

- Chandler won't like this.

- We can do it before he gets back.

- What will we play?

- How about "Get Happy"?

- Okay, but I ain't.

- You start it and see what happens.

Well, your answer won't be far off.

Here comes your answer.

I'm used to it. Well...

...it's been nice, fellas.

Thanks very much. See you around, Smoke.

I know, it's a dance band.

- You're through, Martin.

- I had a hunch I was.

You better watch your second trumpet.

He's starting to get a roll.

If the rest of you wanna keep your jobs,  
don't let that happen again.

Door's open.

Hi, Rick. I just talked with Chandler,  
and everything's all right.

I know he'll take you back,  
if you just ask him.

- Lf I'm a good boy, you mean?

- Yeah.

All right, he doesn't like you.

But he knows you're the best lead  
in the band.

Not in this band. I just couldn't take it.  
What made you do it, Rick?

I had to.

Was it that much fun?

- Guess so.

- Rick, what's the matter with you?

- Why do you live in left field all the time?

- I don't know.

If you keep on, you're gonna work  
in dives all your life.

Look, Jo, l...

You like what you're doing. You got a good  
job here, and you're gonna go places.

I don't know where I'm going. Well,  
like you said, some dive, I guess. But...

All right, Rick, you've made your point.

- Thanks a lot anyway.

- Forget it.

All the baggage you really need  
is right here.

- Your trumpet.

- Oh, thanks.

Can I lend you some money?

Wouldn't know what to do with it.

- You're probably broke.

- Probably.

Young man with a horn.

Crazy young man with a horn.

I'm sorry, Jo, I...

It's all right.

We'll keep in touch, huh?

Sure.

So long, Jo.

So long, Rick.

You know, that piano of mine's been out  
of tune since the day I got here.

How much can an artist take?

Smoke, you'll never amount to anything.

You know that, don't you?

You coming?

Boy.

Maxie.

- Tell them to play something with pep.

- Sure. Deal me out.

Hey, professor, how about  
something louder and funnier?

Mike wants something with more pep.

We're all through for the night.

We'll be leaving pretty soon.

- Hey, you hard of hearing or something?

- He told you, we're through for the night.

Maxie!

Max.

Hey, you. Trumpet player. Come here.

You're a handy guy.

Handy with the trumpet

and the fist.

He didn't have to do that.

Sit down.

Play me something snappy.

- You know "Ain't She Sweet"?

- Yeah.

Well, play it.

Don't stop. Keep playing.

What? Don't you like my beer?

No.

Try some more, you might

develop a taste for it.

Mike!

- Come on, let's have a drink.

- I'll have another beer.

- Deal me in, I feel lucky tonight.

- All right, what will it be?

Maybe I'm getting too old

for this music racket.

It's not much fun anymore, and you  
can't sell it for a bag of peanuts.

Sure you won't come with me?

- Indiana's awful nice this time of year.

- You mean out to old Aunt Mary's?

Oh, stop kidding. You'd like my folks.

We got plenty of room.

No, thanks, I'd only be in the way.

I ought to go see my own folks.

I think I will, honest.

Where do they live?

Texas.

Thought you said you were  
from Missouri.

I haven't any folks.

You just got one love,  
that little tin baby of yours.  
How you fixed for dough?  
Oh, loaded. Oh, this is it.  
Here.

- Oh, no, Smoke, l...  
- Take it.

Well, remember, it's only a loan.

- Will you write?  
- Sure.  
- So long, kid.  
- So long, Smoke.

Board!

See you soon, Smoke.

- Thanks for waiting.  
- I wouldn't have missed it.

I'm impressed. You're better than I thought,  
and I always thought you were good.

- Say, you look fine.  
- You too.  
- Oh, sure.

- You gonna buy me a sandwich?

I'd like to, but I'm anxious to find  
Art Hazzard. You know where he's playing?  
Yeah.

He's at a place called Galba's  
in the Village.

You haven't heard from him  
in a long time, have you?

Why?

Well, he doesn't play the way he  
used to, Rick. He's been sick.

Oh, but he's better now.

Mind if I go with you?

- It'll just take me a minute to change.  
- Sure.

Hello. I'd like you to meet my friend  
Rick Martin. This is Louis Galba.

- Trumpet player?  
- Never heard such a trumpet.

I hear lots of trumpets.

- Glad to see you anyway.  
- Thank you.

Eddie, table for Miss Jordan.

- Hello, Jo.
- Hello, Phil, Bridget.
- Hello, Jo.
- Good to see you.

I see what you mean.

He was the greatest.

Hi, pops.

- Is this really you?
- Nobody else.

Well, here.

Don't smoke it all at once.

Brought it all the way from Wheeling,  
West Virginia. It's a two-bit one.

Shut me up if it isn't.

- Hello, Art.
- Hello, Miss Jo.

I've been hearing some things  
about you here and there.

- I hear you're pretty good now.
- Well, I haven't got a roll, that's for sure.
- I'd like to hear you.
- Sure, sometime I'd...
- Come on.
- Oh, not now, Art.
- Now is as good a time as any.
- I don't...

Back this gentleman up,  
will you, boys?

- Why, sure.
- Hiya, fellas.
- It's all yours.
- What's it gonna be?

I'll think of something,  
but you'll have to carry me.

- Oh, go right ahead.
- Fine.
- What do you think?
- Who is he?
- Rick Martin.
- Who's he with?

He just came in from Chicago.

He's told me about offers. I don't  
know if he's made up his mind.

Boy's good. I could use him.



- I'll bring him over later to meet you.

- It's a deal.

Ladies and gentleman, this is Rick Martin.

I've known him from the time

he was a little boy.

I...

I taught him how to hold that

trumpet he just played for you.

But I didn't teach him how to play it.

Not the way he does.

That's something that you can't learn.

You've got to have it.

Oh, Rick. I just wanted to tell you

you were great tonight.

Oh, thanks. Thanks a lot.

How you live is your business, but I've been

around a long time. You know what I mean?

- No. What's the matter, Mr. Morrison?

- Why do you go to Galba's?

Don't you get enough trumpet playing here?

Well, not my kind of playing.

I pay you good money.

At Galba's, you play for free.

You're a big draw there,

just so old Hazzard keeps his job.

- That may be nice...

- Mr. Hazzard's a friend.

Okay, okay. It's just that you're

not doing yourself any good, Rick.

- Staying up all night.

- I thought you were satisfied with me.

I am, I am. I'm just telling you

for your own good.

Why bother with a bunch of...?

Wait a minute. Where are you going?

Galba's.

Violets, mister?

- Good evening.

- Hello, Louis.

There's no need to

ask about business.

It's packed like this every night.

But I got a table for you.

- Good.

- Come on, follow me, please.

This is that crazy musician

I talk about all the time.

Come on, let's sit down.

- Hi, Jo.

- Hello, Rick.

- Great.

- Thanks, Louis.

I want you to meet Amy North.

This is Rick Martin.

- Hello.

- It isn't there anymore.

- Well, what?

- The expression on your face.

Your whole mood.

When you were playing that trumpet,

you were exalted, sure of yourself.

You've undergone a startling

transition, Richard.

I'd rather call you Richard.

You don't mind?

People try to find security

in a lot of strange ways.

You've solved your problems. At least

while you're playing that trumpet.

I don't understand a word,

but I love your voice.

- It's got a rough spot in it.

- I should've warned you.

She talks like a medical book

and likes to analyze everything.

She's studying to be a psychiatrist.

Oh, well, how do I stack up?

My interest isn't purely professional.

When I meet a great talent,

I want to know him.

You don't mind, do you?

Not at all. Go on.

Tell me about jazz.

Do you think it's purely African?

I don't do much thinking

about it. I just play it.

- Lf you listen to it...

- I didn't come here to listen to it.

I came to study the people, watch  
their faces. They're interesting.  
Something about jazz releases inhibitions.  
It's a sort of cheap,  
mass-produced narcotic.  
I gather you don't like jazz.  
Not particularly.  
I know it's supposed to  
be our native art.  
Cotton fields, the levees,  
New Orleans and blues in the night.  
Excuse me, please.  
Would you do a number, please, Jo?  
- I don't like to ask, but...  
- All right, Louis.  
If you're a singer,  
they never let you talk.  
Sure, knock them dead.  
- Can I buy you a drink?  
- No, thanks.  
You don't like me, do you?  
I think you're very charming, Miss North.  
You can call me Amy.  
I bet I could.  
Only if I wanted you to, Mr. Martin.  
For just that long.  
I know what you're really thinking,  
and I don't blame you. I talk too much.  
Jo's interesting, isn't she?  
So simple and uncomplicated.  
Must be wonderful to wake up and know  
which door you're going to walk through.  
She's so terribly normal.  
She's a good singer too.  
Don't get out.  
Jo, you're breaking up the party.  
You go through with this mad plan,  
I'll never speak to you.  
I've got an early show tomorrow.  
Come on, Jo, you can sleep till noon.  
I will anyway.  
Good night, you night owls.  
I love your car.  
Oh, it's not mine. I just rent it.

Wouldn't it be simpler to buy one?  
Don't tell me you can't afford it.  
I don't wanna own a car or anything else.  
Gives you too many things to worry about.  
We should get along beautifully.  
We're completely different.  
I envy you, Richard, but I  
don't quite understand you.  
As far as you're concerned, doc,  
that goes double for me.  
Come in.  
Say, it's quite a deal you have here.  
Hey, who's this?  
Her name's Louise.  
She's my best friend.  
You ought to teach her to  
cough or stomp her feet.  
Kind of takes you by surprise.  
That's why I love her.  
We'll put your alter ego away.  
- My what?  
- Latin.  
A dead language that ideally suits me.  
It simply means "your other self."  
Scotch or bourbon?  
Oh, anything.  
- This is strong enough, I hope.  
- Oh, fine, thanks.  
Do you play?  
That's a silly question, I guess.  
No, I play, but the piano doesn't like me.  
It stiffens up every time I come near it.  
I know how to play one piece.  
Only one. A Chopin nocturne.  
I used to love it, so I hired a piano  
teacher once just to teach it to me.  
I paid her double rates and kept her  
here for three weeks. I learned it.  
How long have you been playing  
the trumpet?  
Since I was a kid.  
- Ever want to do anything else?  
- No.  
- Even when you were a kid?

- No.

Because even then you knew you'd play better than anyone else. That's it, isn't it? Me, I've been an intellectual mountain goat, leaping from crag to crag, trying everything. You don't know how lucky you are.

First, I wanted to be a writer.

Then I took a course in interior decorating.

Then I had an idea I'd fly a plane.

I even tried singing in one of those smart bars.

I was bad in all of them.

Now you're gonna get into people's heads and find out what makes them tick?

Yes.

Please don't be angry, but it's late, and I've got early classes tomorrow.

Oh, sure. I'm sorry.

Don't run away. Finish your drink.

Stay as long as you like. Only, please don't forget to turn the lights out when you go.

You do forgive me, don't you?

And you'll call me?

Sure.

What are you looking at?

Hey. Smoke.

Jo.

- Oh, it's so good to see you.

- Yeah. Where's Rick?

Oh, he couldn't come. He's sorry, Smoke. He asked me to meet you.

It's wonderful seeing you.

I've been hearing your records.

- I'm real proud of you.

- Thank you, Smoke.

- Rick has done all right too.

- We always knew he'd hit it.

It's gonna be like old times.

Let's go to Galba's.

Rick will meet us.

- Good. Can we get a drink?

- Yeah.

You know what?

This New York's a big town.

Oh, come on, Jo. Stop worrying.  
Rick's a grown boy. If he gets lost,  
he knows enough to go to a police station.  
That mother instinct comes out  
in me at the most unlikely times.  
You know, I think we've been stood up.  
He hasn't changed a bit.  
I'm glad about your new job.  
Goes to show you, if you work hard  
and have friends in high places...  
Yes, it was swell of Rick to get  
me in Morrison's band.  
We'd better get home before they  
throw a tablecloth over us.  
It's no use kidding ourselves,  
Rick won't be here.  
He hasn't been here in a long time.  
You see, Smoke, he has changed.  
Who is she?  
A friend of mine.  
And I introduced them.  
Boy, this is the closest I've  
ever been to a college.  
Is that why you insisted  
we stop by here?  
Maybe. Maybe it's  
because I want to know...  
...where you spend your time  
when you're not with me.  
Hey, it's pretty impressive.  
Maybe I could smuggle you  
into class with me.  
I bet they'd toss a mug like  
me right down those steps.  
There's certainly plenty of them.  
I think we'd better rest up  
before descending the Alps.  
Mustn't keep you out too late. You've

**got a 9:**

Please don't call me "doctor" anymore.  
I've got my reasons for hating it.  
Well, I won't, then, but...  
Well, psychiatrists

are doctors, aren't they?  
Why do you want to be one?  
Maybe because my father's a doctor.  
That makes sense, I guess.  
No, it doesn't.  
You see, I have no use for my father.  
He's very well thought of in the profession,  
as thoughts go in the profession.  
My mother was something else again.  
Something pretty wonderful.  
I used to go to pieces when she told  
me my handwriting was improving.  
I thought so highly of that lady.  
I can hardly remember my mother.  
She died when I was a kid.  
Yes, but you see, you've got  
something to take her place.  
My mother, when I was 12, started having  
headaches that nearly drove her mad.  
My father, who was a doctor,  
gave her aspirins for them.  
When it was too late, he stumbled on  
the idea that it was a brain tumor.  
But he never did anything about it.  
One night, that lovely lady  
didn't want any more of it.  
She fell out of a window.  
Only four stories, but it did the trick.  
Gee, I'm... I'm sorry.  
Thanks. You're very kind.  
Anyway, I've been in one school  
or another ever since...  
...memorizing all the wrong answers.  
He pays the bills, but I don't see  
him any oftener than I have to.  
He's married again.  
What he got serves him right.  
I don't know how you feel,  
but I'd like a drink.  
Okay.  
Good idea, putting a tip on a cigarette.  
Tells you where you are.  
You know where you are, Richard?  
I was starting to wonder.

Nonsense. You'll always  
know where you are.  
So steady.  
You and that trumpet of yours,  
your devotion to it.  
Gives you faith in yourself.  
Yes, you know where you are.  
Do I?  
Where do you live?  
Oh, at some high-class creep joint.  
Musician's hangout. You wouldn't like it.  
I'd like to see it.  
Look, Amy, I think I'm in love with you.  
Finish your drink.  
I told you you wouldn't like it.  
I think it's lovely.  
It doesn't pretend to be  
anything but what it is.  
You mean it's crummy.  
Knowing you, I'd say these  
are collector's items.  
Oh, the records.  
Yeah, some of them are scarce.  
I've had them a long time.  
They've been shipped across  
the country lots of times.  
I thought you didn't want  
to own anything.  
Sure, but that's music.  
That's different.  
I suppose it is.  
How about a drink?  
No.  
What is it? Have I...?  
It's not you.  
Are you talking in riddles again, Amy?  
I don't get you.  
I didn't expect you to.  
Is this that stuff you learn at school?  
Am I some kind of an experiment?  
- You ought to be grateful.  
- For what?  
You caught me off-guard  
for a moment.



- I may never be as honest again.  
- Oh, stop this crazy talk.  
You keep away, Richard.  
You and your fine frenzy.  
This is my first and last warning.  
You think you're falling  
in love with me.  
Well, don't.  
Don't take any chances with me.  
Only people who respect themselves  
can ever love fully, freely.  
I don't happen to respect myself.  
You sound like something out of a book.  
I only know what I feel.  
You're lucky. I feel half a dozen things  
at the same time.  
Will you take me home?  
What's the matter?  
Isn't this fancy enough for you?  
Please don't make me  
say something dull.  
I wouldn't try to make you do anything.  
- Then take me home.  
- But let's get this straight.  
People either like you or they don't.  
They don't act one way and  
then change the next minute.  
- They're rather dull, aren't they?  
- Well, at least you know where you stand.  
You know, I thought you were something  
wonderful, Amy. Something fine and...  
- Well, you're acting like a cheap...  
- Oh, don't stop now, Richard.  
You're just beginning to be interesting.  
You'd better go home, Amy.  
It's getting late.  
Aren't you taking me?  
Well, you like riding in cars so much,  
take a taxi.  
Thanks.  
Call me sometime.  
Call you what?  
Come in.  
Just about finished.

I hope you don't mind my barging in like this.

- Hi, Jo.

- You moving?

Yeah.

I can't say that I blame you, but I'm quite surprised.

I thought you were married to this place.

- Sit down, won't you?

- Thanks.

- It's been a long time, hasn't it?

- Well, I've been busy.

- I went out of town for a couple of days.

- You must be busy.

They've been worried about you down at Galba's.

Gee, maybe I can get there tonight.

Boy, I've sure missed it.

- Oh, cigarette?

- No, thanks.

- I've been meaning...

- I know it's none of my business...

...but you've been seeing a lot of Amy, haven't you?

I guess so. You see, Jo, I...

If I can make you believe I'm not here because I'm hurt or jealous.

- Don't say that...

- Amy isn't a stage-door pickup.

I know her better than you do.

She's a strange girl, and you've never known anyone like her before.

I can understand all that.

But inside, way inside, she's all mixed-up.

She's wrong for you, Rick.

She'll hurt you.

Precisely what I told him myself.

But he wouldn't take no for an answer.

Jo, you didn't give me a chance to tell you, but Amy and I were married yesterday.

Thanks for your good wishes.

I don't suppose you'll ever forget what I've said, but please try.

Amy stopped going to her classes  
in medical school...

... and they played all night  
and slept all day.

But they never really  
got to know each other.

Maybe they were afraid of that.

I don't know.

Oh, here's one that Art cut  
about 10 years ago.

Did I have trouble finding it.

I hit Seattle once. There was  
this secondhand store.

Not only had this one, but two more.

Boy, I grabbed them quick.

Wait till you hear what Art does.

He's got a break that'll knock you out.

You never heard such playing.

Oh, get a...

Amy.

- What's the idea of walking out on me?

- Nothing, it's late.

- Not for you.

- I'm afraid it will be from now on.

Hand me my robe, will you, Richard?

Have I done anything to upset you?

Whenever I make a decision you can't  
understand, you always blame yourself.

This has nothing to do with you. It's me.

I was off the track for a while.

I'm back on again.

Hey, I don't get it.

I'm going back to school,  
if they'll have me.

I wanna finish something I started  
a long time ago.

So from now on, it's going to be  
early to bed and early to rise.

- Hey, aren't you happy?

- Of course I'm happy.

The world, as it's presently constituted,  
needs doctors.

Who cares? If you go to school all day, and I  
work all night, we'll never see each other.

- It'll only be for a few months.

- Sure.

What do you wanna be a doctor for?

You don't like it, and we're married.

I want exactly what you want.

The only difference is, you have it.

You're not being at all understanding  
or generous, Richard.

Not even friendly.

Maybe it's because I'm not your friend.

I'm your husband.

So you are.

I guess that does rather complicate it.

Rick, don't you see?

You've got music, but I...

I've simply got to amount to something.

I've got to stay with it this time.

I guess you do.

You better take that record off, Richard.

Amy.

Going somewhere?

I wanted to talk to you  
before you got out.

It's been a long time.

Can't, Richard, I'm 12 minutes late now.

Besides, talk is vastly overrated.

- It's action that counts.

- I know it is.

And don't think I haven't wanted  
to crack you on the jaw before this.

I don't know why I haven't done it.

- Probably because I'm still in love with you.

- That's very sweet.

But that sort of conflict can lead  
straight to an ulcer.

My prescription for you  
is a double Bromo Seltzer.

- I am late.

- I've gotta talk to you, Amy.

- We've gotta get things straight.

- Don't be silly, this is no time.

I can't stand it any longer, Amy.

All right, look...

...I'll come home tonight as soon as I can.

Let's have supper together, talk this thing out, find out where we stand.

Very well, Richard.

- You got changed pretty quick.

- I'm in a hurry.

A bunch of the guys are going to Galba's tonight.

- Not tonight.

- You haven't been there for months.

- I know, but...

- Art keeps asking about you.

- How is he?

- Not so good.

He's liable to lose the spot.

Well, I can't make it tonight, Smoke.

I told you.

Good morning, Mr. Martin.

Hi there, Mr. Martin.

Kind of early, even for you, ain't it?

- Who asked you?

- Yes, sir.

- The usual?

- Yeah.

Hello, Rick.

Hi.

- What will it be, Mac?

- Oh, a glass of milk, please.

It's been a long time.

Yeah.

- I've been busy.

- Sure.

Listen, I didn't sign a contract with Galba's.

Of course not.

A man's gotta live his own life.

He's gotta live it his way.

You gotta take the breaks

the way they come.

That's right.

Yeah. I know what you think.

All right, we've been friends.

You did a lot for me.

I tried to pay you back, but...

If you're through, you're through. I can't

do anything. I can't hold you up forever.

I know.

A trumpet man, he plays

his little tune, and...

...then he's done.

I didn't come here to ask for anything.

But people talk.

I heard you had the misery.

And I thought maybe I could help you.

I don't need any help.

What am I, a kid that can't wipe his nose?

Everybody has to stick

his two cents worth into my life?

Telling me what to do, how to do it

and how to live. I'm sick and tired of it!

You're right.

People get old, they see things

wrong mostly.

A man's got to live his own life...

...just like you said.

I'd have felt the same way about it

when I was your age.

Everything's gonna turn out all right.

Don't let anybody worry you.

Just...

...take care of yourself.

What do you know,

somebody got hit.

Somebody got hit.

Let's have some service.

- Tough about Art Hazzard, huh?

- Yeah, I saw him this morning.

Think he's got much of a chance?

- What are you talking about?

- You mean, you don't know?

He got hit by a car. He's in Bellevue

in a pretty bad way, they tell me.

- Yes?

- A man named Hazzard. He got run over.

- Where is he?

- Hazzard, huh?

Hazzard.

I'm sorry, no visitors.

- I've gotta see him. Just for a minute.

- You heard me. No visitors.  
- I wanna see him. Where is he?  
- It's 344.  
But you can't go up there.  
Don't you understand?  
You're not allowed up there.  
- How is he?  
- I'm sorry.  
I know it's against the rules,  
but I gotta see him.  
I gotta tell him something. It's important  
to him too. Just for a minute.  
It's too late. I'm sorry.  
Sorry about our date.  
I got tied up and couldn't get home.  
It's all right.  
How's school?  
Fine.  
To tell the truth, I don't know.  
I haven't been there lately.  
I had a hunch you hadn't.  
Didn't I tell you?  
I flunked my finals.  
No, you didn't tell me.  
- But I'm sorry.  
- Don't be.  
Maybe I'll try again.  
Maybe I won't.  
Or maybe I'll go to Europe  
and try becoming a painter.  
I met a girl the other day, an artist.  
Maybe we'll go to Paris together.  
I used to paint when I was a child.  
Very well too.  
I can do a lot of things very well  
but not well enough.  
Nothing that really matters.  
You're tired, Amy.  
Why don't you go to bed.  
I think I will.  
I almost forgot.  
I'm having some people over  
for cocktails tomorrow.  
Have to celebrate my glorious defeat.

You'll be here, won't you?  
I want to show off  
my wonderful husband.  
Your husband.  
That's a laugh.  
Amy, why did you ever marry me?  
It was wonderful experience  
for both of us.  
Besides...  
...how do you know about anything  
until you try it?  
I don't mean to hurt you, Richard. It's...  
It's only that I'm jealous of you.  
Jealous?  
I'd give anything to have  
what you've got...  
...to be able to do one thing well  
and know it's worth something.  
It's the only real security in the world.  
Maybe that's really why I married you.  
I thought some of it would rub off on me.  
But it hasn't.  
Amy. I'm sorry, Amy.  
Don't you dare pity me!  
We are gathered here not only  
to pay homage to a great musician...  
...but to remind ourselves of the goodness  
in the soul of this man...  
...Art Hazzard...  
...and to meditate upon  
the unselfish spirit of generosity...  
...which was his.  
For he was truly a man's friend.  
And now a hymn will be given  
by his friends.  
I've never seen so many characters.  
Amy collects characters like  
some collect antiques.  
What happened to that  
trumpet player?  
Why, you're Amy's husband, aren't you?  
Rick Martin. You're unforgivably late.  
- You certainly are.  
- Amy promised us tunes. Now it's over.



Yes, it is.

I'm dying to see the rest  
of your sketches.

We'll have dinner out  
and then go back to my place.

How nice of you to come  
to the party, Richard.

This is my husband. Miss Carson.

I told you about her.

The girl who paints so well.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- See you at 9, then, Amy.

- Fine.

It's been a wonderful party.

You certainly made a fool of me.

- Didn't you get my note?

- It's in the fire.

Well, I'm sorry.

I told everyone you were going to be here.

You make it a point not to show up.

You know why I couldn't.

What could you do for him?

He's dead, isn't he?

So there's one less trumpet player.

So what?

Look, you're drunk, Amy.

And you're sick.

Maybe a trumpet player isn't much to be...

...but it's what Art Hazzard was,  
and that's what I am.

- You and your alter ego, that cheap brass.

- You can do a lot of things, Amy...

...so you don't do any of them.

I can only do one.

That trumpet's part of me.

It's the best part.

You almost made me forget that.

You're so confused yourself,  
you got me confused.

I'm not confused any longer.

I'm fed up with you.

I'm sick of you trying to touch me.

I'm sick of the sound of brass.

I never want to hear a trumpet again.  
Get these records out of here.  
I don't wanna listen to them again!  
You dirty...  
What a dope I was.  
I thought you were class, like a real  
high note you hit once in a lifetime.  
I couldn't understand  
what you said half the time.  
Well, you're like those carnival joints.  
Big flash on the outside,  
but on the inside, nothing but filth.  
- I hate you.  
- You've always hated me.  
What a swell combination we were.  
You said you wanted experiences, Amy.  
Well, here's one for you:  
- I'm leaving you.  
- I'd like to kill you.  
You almost did.  
You're a sick girl, Amy.  
You'd better see a doctor.  
Wrap it up, boys.  
That was a fine exhibition  
you put on out there, Rick.  
What you do on your own is your business,  
but my boys don't drink while working.  
- I can't sit sober listening to your music.  
- It seems you've done all right with it.  
Whoever heard of you  
until I gave you a break?  
- Lay off me tonight, please, Mr. Morrison.  
- I won't stand for a lush.  
What do you think this is,  
a spasm band like Hazzard's?  
Why, you stupid...  
Talking that way about him.  
If your tin ear could really hear the music  
he played, you'd go shoot yourself.  
- Watch it, Rick.  
- I know what I'm doing!  
You're looking for a new trumpet man.  
I'm through.  
You sure are.

Little off beat, aren't you?  
I don't think he wants  
to split up any more than you.  
But I do. I don't wanna work with anybody.  
I'm not gonna be tied down.  
From now on, I'm playing it my way.

- You want company?  
- You got a good job. Keep it.  
I don't care if I never get  
another cent out of it.  
Music's not a business to me.  
Hey, Smoke, how about getting  
together tonight with the guys?

- Go over to one of the Jersey joints?  
- Sure.  
You get the car,  
and I'll get the potato salad.

- What time is it anyway?  
- What's the difference?  
Hey!  
What's everybody quitting for?  
Oh, come on, Johnny.  
We got lots of time.  
But I got a recording date at 10:00,  
and I'm dead before I'll begin.  
I'm so tired I can't hold on to my horn.  
I got just the other trouble.  
This keeps sticking to my hand.  
I can't shake it off.

- Let's cut out. I'm beat.  
- See you at the studio.  
- Yeah.  
- Oh, come on. Let's kick it around.  
Hey, just once more, fellas,  
what do you say?  
Don't you ever sleep?  
Hey, Smoke, you stick by me, huh?  
Just a few more licks.  
Just a few...  
Hey, Rick, what's the matter?  
Hey, what's the matter?

- Are you all right? Well, get up.  
- I'm okay, I...  
- Where's my...?

- Right there. Sit down.  
And don't do that again.  
You really scared me.  
It felt like I fell a long, long way.  
- Here.  
- No, no, that's...  
Hey, Smoke.  
Hey, you know what we ought to do?  
We ought to make our own records.  
Make them the way we want.  
Boy, we could make records  
that'd really split them wide open.  
Make them sit up.  
Do some of the old ones Art  
used to do, like...  
..."Dinah" and "Twelfth Street Rag"  
and "Louisiana Blues."  
They won't buy them.  
- Who won't?  
- People.  
You know who buys records?  
High school girls.  
You know why?  
To learn the words. They only buy  
the new songs to learn the words.  
I never thought of it that way.  
Nobody knows what we're doing  
except us, the guys that do it.  
They don't hear us.  
They just hear the words.  
We could drop dead tomorrow,  
and nobody would know the difference.  
Are you really okay?  
- Sure.  
- Sure, you are.  
You're gonna stay okay.  
You come along with me.  
I got a little fixer-upper for you.  
- I'm all right.  
- Come on.  
After this, you better get some sleep.  
We got a recording session, remember?  
Down again.  
Hey. Like giving a dog a bath,

trying to fix you up.  
Only you could've told me  
you were going to shake.  
You're my pal, Smoke.  
You're the only guy left  
who cares what happens to me.  
Rick!  
That's all, boys.  
Man, he's really washed-up.  
All you need is some sleep.  
Get out of here, won't you?  
Leave me alone.  
All right, Rick.  
Rick, it was wonderful up to the finish.  
We'll get it right.  
Come on, we'll try it again.  
We'll work till we get it. Here.  
I don't want it.  
I don't want to ever see it again.  
Give it away.  
Give it to some kid who wants  
to play an instrument.  
Only tell him not to fall in love with it.  
That's what you told me once, wasn't it?  
But the record's fine, Rick.  
They only buy records to learn the words.  
Nobody cares about the music.  
- All we have to do is cut off the last part.  
- Why don't you leave me alone?  
- I won't let you do this to...  
- Leave me alone.  
What are you trying to do, Rick?  
Kill yourself?  
Because you tried for something  
that didn't exist?  
That's what you've done all your life.  
What do you think a trumpet will do?  
That note you were going for.  
That thing you were trying for.  
There is no such thing, Rick.  
Not on the trumpet.  
He dropped out of sight after that,  
and word got around he was washed-up.  
The truth is, the only thing in the world

he felt safe with was his trumpet.  
And when that let him down too,  
he just couldn't take it.  
He went to pieces,  
but not in any small way.  
Habit is a remarkable thing.  
It escapes no one.  
Not even Rick, as sick as he was.  
Because, at this point,  
he did a very strange thing.  
I'd like to see a trumpet  
you got in the window.  
No, not that one.  
That one. On the end there, see?  
Oh, on the end.  
- This one?  
- There.  
But it's no good, the valves are busted.  
It can't play.  
- That's the one I want.  
- I'll be honest with you.  
It's junk. I've been meaning  
to throw it out.  
- You don't want this one, mister.  
- How much?  
Seventy-five cents. It hasn't got a case.  
- That's all right.  
- I'll put it in a paper bag for you.  
Remember, I told you it was no good.  
Now, don't come back and complain.  
Thank you.  
Hey. You're drunk.  
Hello?  
Yeah.  
I'll be right down.  
A taxi driver brought him in.  
I assumed it was voluntary.  
It's no fault of ours, obviously.  
This is an alcoholic cure. We're not  
expected to handle medical cases.  
It's pneumonia.  
You should get him to a hospital.  
- Why didn't you send him to one?  
- We didn't have authorization.

You've got it now.  
Get an ambulance.  
I'm taking him out of here.  
Call these numbers.  
Tell them to get here right away.  
- Mrs. Martin, is that his wife?  
- Yes.  
- And the other one?  
- She's not his wife.  
- Hi, Smoke.  
- Hi, Rick. It's good to see you.  
I don't feel so good.  
A funny thing happened to me yesterday.  
I got lost.  
I'm getting you out of here, kid.  
It's gonna be all right too.  
He's fine. He's doing fine.  
The ambulance will be here in just a minute.  
Jo's here.  
It's Jo.  
Used to work for him.  
We couldn't get along.  
Never could get along with a band.  
You're gonna be all right, Rick.  
We have a lot of dates to play.  
Sure, we... We can play some  
of the old ones.  
The good ones we used to play.  
You and Smoke and me and Art.  
Hey, where is it?  
They don't have to listen to us.  
We can play for ourselves.  
We got no words. We...  
We can't say what we mean, we...  
...just gotta feel it.  
Hear it?  
Jo, hear it?  
You said I tried for something  
that didn't exist.  
There's no such note.  
Hear that note, Jo?  
It's clean and sweet.  
Gee, that's a good note.  
You see, Rick was a pretty hard guy

to understand.  
And for a long time,  
he didn't understand himself.  
But the desire to live is a great teacher,  
and I think it taught Rick a lot of things.  
He learned you can't say everything  
through a trumpet.  
A man doesn't destroy himself...  
...just because he can't hit  
some high note that he dreamed up.  
Maybe that's why Rick went on  
to be a success as a human being first...  
...and an artist second.  
And what an artist.