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Mo ' Better Blues

By Spike Lee

25.000

U-N-l-V-E-R-S-A-L.

Universal. Y'all been large for years. | Yo, Spike, start the movie, G. Flavor Flav, you've done it again.

He's gotta come outside.

Every time we waste our time here, | we always missin' games.

Yo, Bleek!

Yo, Bleek!

- You coming out to play? | - You're wasting time on him.

I know, man. Yo, Bleek!

We're going to miss the game!

Boys! Boys!

Boys, please be quiet!

Sorry, Mrs Gilliam, we wanted to know | if Bleek can come out.

I understand that, | but this noise has got to stop.

- Psst! | - Oh, man!

Bleek.

- Bleek!

I told you to tell your friends | not to come around.

Leave the boy alone.

- Oan I go outside now? | - When you've finished.

- What about then? | - We'll see.

- Let the boy be a boy, have some fun. | - He could be a bum for all you care.

Running the streets with those kids.

Almost wltln walkng dlstance | of Forbes Fheld.

He ls just 21 years old.

That child's going to drive me | up the wall. Go tell them to go home.

- You don't let me do nothing. | - You hear what I said?

Go tell him to go home.

Bleek!

Bleek.

Are you coming out?

Yo, Ty, | what'd I tell you about that stuff?

- Are you coming out? | - When I'm done.

- Done what? | - Finished my lesson.

- Forget him. | - We're going.

- I said I'll see you later. | - I'm glad my moms ain't like your moms.

- She lets me do whatever I want. | - Me, too.

- Come on down, you fucking bum! | - Giant, who you cursing at?

- You! | - You're a effing bum.

- I'll see you later. | - We'll see you later, mama's boy.

- Sissy. | - Who you calling a sissy?

- You! | - You're a sissy, sissy.

When I finish my lessons, I'll come down.
- Man, he does this every time.|- Thanks for nothing.
We'll win the game without you.
Bleek!|Get your butt out of that window.
Throw the ball, man!
Mommy, I never get to play with my friends.
Now they callin' me a sissy. I ain't no sissy.
- A sissy?!|- Don't pay those fools no mind.
I'm sick and tired of the trumpet. I hate the trumpet!
All the money I paid for that horn?|You must be losing your mind.
- You better play that trumpet.|- Look...
That child will drive me up the wall.
- Don't say that.|- I can say it if I want to...
You got a lot of time|to be with your friends.
- Like when?|- I don't want you to grow up like them.
- After your lessons.|- I have to play this stupid trumpet.
- This instrument can be your friend.|- Shut up! Shut up!
- I'm not having this.|- We'll go to a game.
- I don't want to go.|- I got a game on, OK?
- Go look at it.|- You spoiled him rotten.
He's not worth a damn. Listen. Shut up! Don't you talk back to me.
I want you to pick up the horn,|and you're going to play the scales.
Do you hear me?|And you're going to do it right now.
Boy, I think you better do|what your mother says, OK? Now?
Moose is working on a no-hitter.
I still hate it.
Good boy. Damn. I'm missing the game. It's for the pennant here.
He's a chucker, man. He comes off the bench shooting, Bleek.
Never gonna see no pass from this guy. He's a selfish ballplayer.
You need to get rid of him.
It's your team. It's your band. You're the coach. Fire his ass.
Every night, three-hour solos. Bleek, what's up?
It's your band.
Get rid of this guy. Go out there and play.
Great.
God.
Bleek, just talk to the guy, all right?
Talk to him.
All right!
Left Hand Lacey on the piano.
Left Hand.
The earl himself. The earl of rhythm.
- Rhythm Jones on the drums.|- Thank you. Thank you.
On the bottom, the bass, Bottom Hammer.

- Rock bottom, that's my man!|- Bottom Hammer.
On tenor and soprano saxophone,|Shadow Henderson.
- Shadow Henderson.|- Shadow, I love you.
- My name is Bleek Gilliam.|- He's the best, huh?
- He's the best, that guy.|- The best.
Your band! It's your band!
Thank you for coming.|- You didn't have to.
You could have stayed home|and watched Arsenio Hall or something.
No, listen,|I got nothing against the brother.
But er... thank you again for coming.
This concludes our first set.|- We'll be back soon.
We got some beautiful waitresses here,|so put them to work.
Give them some business and a fat tip.
Speaking of fat...
Don't get mad, Bleek.|- I'll kick your ass.
I know I'm gonna hear it now.|- Butterbean.
Whoo!
Nice, boy. Nice set.
You see them girls out in front?|- The girl in purple?
When she crossed her legs,|I saw sparks fly.
- What's up, man?|- She got a big baseball booty.
Oh, man, she was fine!
She was looking at me the whole show.
She was looking at me|the whole motherfucking show, man.
Yo, cut the bullshit, hold up.
Shadow, what's up with this ego stuff?|- What's up with the outing?
- Grandstanding!|- You're the only one complaining.
- Everybody else is OK.|- Everybody who?
The audience got no problem.
All you doing|is playing for the audience?
- That's what I do.|- That's ego, grandstanding.
- Do I tell you what to play?|- Is your name on the marquee?
- Shadow sounds good, man.|- Who asked you, Left Hand?
- Nobody asked me.|- Well, shut the fuck up!
What the fuck is this?|- You shut the fuck up, you midget!
- My name is Giant, all right?|- Blame your motherfucking mother, man.
- On the real side.|- Why you talking about my mother, man?
- Stop talking about my mother.|- On the real side.
Yo, chill.|- Everybody chill for one second.
Relax on the solos, OK?|- Bring them down a little bit, all right?
- Could you do that for me?|- Down to an hour.
Maybe an hour, 45 minutes?
You do have an option.|- You can always quit.
- What?|- Don't be playing with my balls.

- Yo, hold up, man.|- Here, take your balls.
Well, you right.|You right. I could quit.
- Hey, wait a minute!|- He ain't going nowhere.
- Where you going?|- To the bathroom, right?
- I'm going to the bathroom.|- He's always going.
I like women with big asses.|Why brothers drive Oadillacs.
Oan't get all that ass in a Volkswagen.
The first thing they be saying,|''Kiss my ass''.
- Some ugly women in here, too, tonight.
How you doing?
When I said ugly,|I'm looking at your ass.
I like an ugly woman.|They easy to get along with.
Pretty woman, too...|You know how they do.
''Fuck you. I'll do what I want to do.''
Ugly woman easy to get along with.|They don't want no trouble.
You can tell an ugly woman anything,|can't you?
Hey, bitch, I'm going to the moon.|I'll be back in a couple of days.
''Well, you be careful.''
''I don't want nothing to happen|to you now, cos you know I...
cos I love you.''
''Oh, I love you.''
''Please don't call me a bitch|in front of the kids.''
All right, whore, I'll be back|in a couple of days. Goddamn.
Hey. Hey, wake up.
- I'm up.|- Wake up. You're not up.
- I'm up. I'm up.|- You're not up.
I'm up.|I do not want to go to school today, OK?
I'm not going.
Get up, get up, get up!
I'm up now.
You'll be late for school.
Your children will have|their little hearts broken.
Yeah, speaking of broken hearts, Bleek,
you know what my mother|used to tell me?
She used to say,|''Don't ever marry a musician,
let alone go out with one.''
She said I'd be inviting grief and pain|and tears and heartbreak to my
doorstep.
Your mother wasn't talking about me.
Maybe not.
You're a good brother, Bleek,|but you still don't know what you want.
Guess it's time for confessions|of a modern-day dog, huh?
Well,... like it or not,...|you're a dog.
You are a dog.

You're a good doggy, a nice dog, |but you're a dog nonetheless.
What can I say? |I'm not going to argue the point.
You know how I am.
- With men, it's a dick thing. | - A dick thing?
A D-l-O-K thing.
A D-l-O-K thing.
Hey, Bleek, you're late.
Three minutes.
Probably one of your lady friends |held you up.
- Hi, Mr Gilliam. | - Hello.
Sorry I can't stop. I'm late for school. |Bye-bye.
- What? | - You something else, you know that?
- How's the arm? | - I'm off the disabled list.
You love her?
I like her.
You like her. |What about the others?
I like her, too. I like women.
Just be careful.
Don't bring babies into this world |until you're married.
If I see another 16-year-old, |black, unwed mother,
pushing a stroller, a baby in one arm, |another on the way,
I don't know what I'll do.
- I hear you. | - I can still smoke 'em.
Come on with it.
That's it, that's it. |That's enough.
I felt a twinge.
Come upstairs. |I'll ice it down for you.
No. I'm going back home.
All right. I'll call you later.
All right.
- Take care of that arm, all right? | - It's just old age.
- Clarke, what time is it? | - One o'clock pm.
- What does that mean? | - You're practising.
That's right. |It means I'm practising.
If you know I'm practising |and I don't finish practising till 2:00,
which is another 60 minutes, |why you buzzing my buzzer?
Because I want to see you.
- What is that supposed to mean? | - That means let me up.
- And who are you? | - I'm Clarke.
How many times |do I have to tell you?
I have a certain time |allotted for daily practice.
You know this, yet you |consistently overlook my programme.
I get the times mixed up.
Everything with you |is so damn regulated.

A certain time to do this,|a certain time to do that.
Everything's on a schedule, a timetable.
- Loosen up, tight ass.|- Let me explain something to you.
Life is short, OK?
I need it like this|to get everything done. I like order.
Order's fine, but you're ridiculous.
And what do you want?
I want a man|who knows what he wants. Decisive.
You don't know what you want.
Make up your mind to be a man|and don't be wishy-washy on me.
Hmm.
I know what I want. My music.|Everything else is secondary.
- I knew you would say that.|- Then why'd you ask?
Brother,... if your music|is the be all to end all, as you state,
to ensure that you better|get rid of Giant as your manager.
Olarke, stay out of my business, OK?
Are you screwing him, or what?|He's a horrible manager.
Everybody can see that but you.
Why bring this confusion|into my home?
I'm looking out for your best interest.
Oh.
I see.
- Bleek.|- Mm?
I'm not saying I'm a brain surgeon,|but everybody's a teacher.
People can teach you two things,|what to do and what not to do.
Say something.
Let's make love.
For once, let's be real.
What you and I do|is not 'make love'.
- What would you call it?|- It's definitely not making love.
- Boning?|- You've been more imaginative.
- You ever heard of the mo' better?|- Mo' what?
Mo' better makes it mo' better.
Mo' better makes it mo' better.
That's what we do. We don't make love|because you don't love me.
But in the meantime,|I'll settle for some of that mo' better.
Yeah. I knew you would.
Step back.
Open your coat.
Take off your clothes.
Ow!
- I'm sorry.|- You bit my lip.
Oh, shit. Is it bleeding?|What you laughing at?
- I was playing.|- Don't play with my lips.

I'm sorry. | Jesus Ohrist, I said I'm sorry.
Damn, she done cut my...
You're nuts!
Want me to kiss it | to make it mo' better?
This shit ain't funny, man.
I was joking.
All right, I won't ever kiss you again.
That's good.
I make my living with my lips.
I make my living with my lips.
Why don't you clean this place up? | It's filthy.
Ocleanliness is next to godliness, right?
This is the last time I carry you.
I want to play the full schedule today.
Start with the National League.
The Pirates play the Mets | in a doubleheader.
Give me the Pirates in both games. | The Mets need more black ballplayers.
Give me the Reds over the 'stros,
Expos over the Philllies, | Braves over the Dodgers,
Oubs over the Oardinals, | the Giants over the Padres.
In the American League, | the Yankees over the Tigers,
even though Steinbrenner needs to go.
Brewers over the Red Sox, | Orioles over the Jays.
That's my main man, Frank Robinson.
Yucca, barbecue, Oreo cookies.
Indians over the White Sox, | the Twins over the Mariners,
A's over the Royals, | and Angels over Rangers.
Ice cream, tamale, arroz, azucar. | All of that?
All of that.
Give me two O-notes on each game.
- Oan you cover that? | - Just make the bet.
Two O-notes on each?
Two O-notes on each game. | I'm coming back, Petey.
- It's never over till it's over.
- Will you stop with that? | - I rehearse my luck.
This is my luck.
- What does it look like? | - It looks good.
The numbers look good. | Numbers never lie.
That's why I like numbers. People | lie from the crib, but not numbers.
Moe, the numbers never lie.
- But human beings? | - Human beings is another story.
You meet some shmendrick.
The guy says ''Yes. No. Maybe'' | but you never know, right?
- But not numbers. Three and three? | - Six.

You know what I'm saying?|A guy tells you it's done, right?
But you don't know. He could be|in back doing something to somebody,
and you don't know.

- Seven and seven?|- Fourteen.
- Eight and eight?|- Sixteen.
- Nine and nine?|- Eighteen.

Firm. Concrete.|It's like a solid walk, understand?
That's what a lot of people|don't understand.
They want to give you, you know...|But a number's right there.

- You can see it, right?|- You can't buy trust, right?
I trust my mother sometimes.
Hey! Hey!
Hey, I'm walking here.
I was walking. Fuck your mother!
Your mother!
Whoa! Whoa!
Money, back it on up.|No midgets getting in tonight.
I'm sorry.|You know my name is Giant.
- Every night we go over this.|- All right then, no giants allowed.
Come off the giant tip.|You're not a giant.
- Go home and take a nap.|- When are you gonna let the people in?
Lines are good for business,|which you know nothing about.
- Is that Moe and Josh talking?|- Black men can't have a smart thought?
- No, because you're stupid.|- Why is it always the white man?
The black man is God.
I'm sick and tired|of your Five Percenter malarkey.
It's not Five Percenter.|It's Five Percent.
Five percent of what?
Five percent of the population|knows what's going on,
the gods of this planet, the original|Asiatic black man from Africa
with knowledge of self,|sent here to teach the 85%
that you're dumb, deaf, and blind.
You're being exploited|by the devilish ten percent.
- Don't cut my wisdom!|- You're talking garbage!
Acknowledge it! People should've|been in long time ago.
Don't be looking at your Timex.|The people get in when I want them to.
- And when is that?|- Whoa, whoa!
The time is when, God. Lounge.
The both of you can kiss|my narrow black butt... two times.
Twice.
Kiss your narrow black butt two times?
What if I kick you on your flat back|once and watch you grow a butt?
Relax, man.
You ain't got no butt. You just got|two legs sticking out your shoulders.

Lounge, man. Go in peace, my brother.

- One day you'll be righteous.|- You look like a Slim Jim in a suit.

Lounge, man.

That's what the devil wants,|us fighting each other.

- Where's Left?|- Late again.

- B, every day it's like this.|- Yeah, I know, I warned him.

- We have to talk to this guy.|- I talked to him earlier.

- When?|- I'll bet he's with Jeanne.

That's a sucker's bet.

- Take off, shit.|- Sorry I'm late.

You cannot find cab|in New York City.

Left, you're late again.

We said we're sorry, OK?

- All right, all right.|- OK, OK.

What did I miss?

If your late sorry ass would've|been here, you'd have missed nada.

- We're about to go over the numbers.|- Then I didn't miss anything.

- Damn.|- What's the matter with that brother?

Jeanne, could you| excuse us, please?

Just one minute.|- I'll be finished, just one minute.

- Tighten this up up here.|- OK, OK.

- Could you excuse us, please?|- Just a minute. I'm finishing.

What is wrong with that brother?

Left, get her the fuck out of here!|- Let's go!

Jeanne.

I'm going to be down front.

English. Speak English.

Bullshit accent. She's from Queens.

The wrong key, Left. The wrong key|bringing your lady in here.

- Let it go.|- Why are you so hard on my lady?

Why?

Your lady's been fucking up.

Nobody's allowed back here,|especially when we're about to hit.

Everybody else's woman|respects that shit except her.

- No, no. It's because she's white.|- Oo she's white?

- Yes.|- Come on.

That's why you all dog her.

- Get a grip, Left.|- You remind me of my brother.

He was an Archie comic book freak.

That's where all his money went.

- Yeah, he looks like Jughead.|- Is this a long story?

Shut up and listen.

They had these pinups|of Betty and Veronica in a bathing suit.

One day, he tore them out,|Scotch taped them to the wall.

- And?|- And my moms walked in.
She saw red.|I knew there was going to be trouble.
I said, ''Mommy, get Larry,|it was his idea.''
''If I ever...'' Whack. ''...see any|white women...'' Whack, whack.
''...on my walls again, in my house,|I'll kill you.''
I started to cry, ''Mommy,|don't kill him. That's my only brother.''
- ''He loves Betty and Veronica.'''|- And the moral of the story is?
There is no moral to the story. Keep|that croissant-eating heifer out of
here.
It's croissant. And show some respect.|Don't disrespect her like that.
She's good to me,|so have some respect.
- You show some respect.|- Respect the dressing room.
- Yeah, man, respect yourself.|- Do right, Left.
- You're jealous.|- Jealous?
Couldn't pull a French girl.|She's an educated woman.
She went to the Sorbonne.|You don't know where it is.
- Sore buns?|- You can get it on 125th Street.
She's a sister, you know.
- Oh! She's a sister?|- Sister? What kind of sister?
- She's a nun.|- She's Joan of Arc's sister.
- Ignorant. You're ignorant black men.|- I got a Chinese girl.
- She can cook, too.|- You guys are justjealous.
Jealous?
Do I talk about your women?|The women up on that wall?
Them women over there?
That's a sister.
And they go on a wall, right?|This is my sister right here.
Here, man, a real woman.|You make a choice.
That's cold. That's cold.
Don't be throwing the sisters around.
You guys are absolutely disgusting.
Take that shit off my mirror!
- Respect the black woman.|- No, you respect my space.
- This is the queen.|- This is my space.
You take the queen.
The bottom line is you were late.|You brought your lady in here.
Don't do that anymore.|Everybody knows the rules.
Left, you're fucking up.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Moe and Josh Flatbush|and Beneath The Underdog
proudly present|for your listening enjoyment
the Bleek Quintet.
Thank you.
Thank you.

Did you see them lines?

- We got eyes.|- We got ears.

Bleek has consistently packed the joint.

- We're pleased.|- We're more than pleased.

- We're ecstatic.|- Fabulous.

We want more money. You're making|a killing. What's fair is fair.

No. What we're|paying you now is fair,

and it's what you agreed upon.

You want to take food|out of our kids' mouths?

- If we had it, we'd give it to you.|- But we don't have it.

- Ever heard of the word renegotiate?|- Out of the question.

\$15 cover charge, three-drink minimum,|dinner starts at \$25.

You guys are making money|hand over fingers.

- What about the artist?|- Don't hand me that artist doo-doo.

They don't have any financial risks.|Go listen to the music, huh?

- You think Bleek's Elvis?|- There's only one Elvis.

- There's only one king in music.|- And that starts with an 'E'.

Come on. Go shoot some hoops.|Gimme some moves, huh?

Let me eat my sushi.

Black queen.

I mean, my slice of pie.|The apple of my eye.

My chicken thigh, extra spicy.

Ham, Spam.

Eggs and bacon, chicken and waffles.|From Wilsons.

How you doing, baby?|You're looking good to me.

- What happened to you, Bleek?|- What happened to me?

- I've been waiting for twenty years.|- Twenty...

My watch must be going slow,|It says 15 years, but I'll get it fixed.

Baby, you should have been|down the club. We was kicking butt.

- Good. I'm glad it went well.|- I wish you were there.

- You know how I feel about clubs.|- No. How do you feel?

All that smoke!

I'd rather sit at home|and listen to your records.

I mean, bothering with all them people,|it's not my thing.

- What are you talking about?|- What do you mean?

- What are you saying?|- What am I saying?

Be specific? What am I saying?|I'm saying that I love your music,
but I don't like|sitting up in some club.

That's all you're saying?|You're not upset cos I'm late?

- No. That's something different.|- I see.

Shall we go upstairs?|Want to talk about it upstairs?

- We might, could.|- We might, could? Oh!

- Now. I'm not waiting anymore.|- We might, could.

I used to coulda, woulda,|shoulda. That sounds like a good song.

What would you do, Bleek, |if you couldn't play anymore?
Probably roll up in a corner and die.
I'd play at my own funeral, though.
I want to bite your neck.
No!
The other side.
- No!|- The other side.
The middle.
The lips.
Yes, the lips.
There's more blood in the lips.
- Don't be afraid.|- No!
Mm.
Mm.
Mm.
Mm.
- Mm?|- Mm.
- Giant.|- Son of a bitch.
Giant.
Seen the paper?
I can read.
Can you count?|Cos you owe me.
- You know I'm good for it.|- You're way over as it is.
- Are you going to carry me or what?|- You're going to give me a hernia.
My man, I feel good about this one.
- Shoot.|- Come on, let's go.
Mets, Oards, Astros, Phillies, Dodgers|and the Padres.
The full menu. How much?
500 on each game.
You're grown up. You're a big boy.
- That's what they say.|- I swear on my mother...
No mas. No more. No mas.
Roberto Duran.
Roberto, si. |Giant, no mas. No more. No mas.
I talked to Moe and Josh. |We're going to get our money.
- I'm working hard.|- Stay on top of that.
Look, why don't you |run this to Shadow's crib?
It's a serious piece. I borrowed it.
He'll get it.
It's about time.
Bleek borrowed this a year ago. |This is a rare, out-of-print Bird.
Just stand there, brother. Better not |be no scratches on here, either.
Lucky.
Tell your bitch don't ask for nothing |if it takes a year to return it.

I don't want to hear that bitch stuff.
Look, I'm a delivery man. | Any static, take it up with Bleek.
I'm spacing.
No, no, no, hold on.
- Er... I need your help. | - How long is it going to take?
Hey, no time.
- Should I change the sheets? | - They need changing.
No, see, | I was blending this honey in here.
So I don't want my lady to catch me.
- You smell perfume, man? | - Shadow, you've lost your mind.
No, do you smell perfume?
No.
Smell the sheets, man!
Smells all right to me.
I don't know why | I'm asking you anyway, man.
She has a highly developed | sense of smell.
She could sniff me out five miles away.
I think she must be | part canine and shit.
Yo, you know what? | She counts my rubbers, man.
- No. | - Yes.
The woman was an accountant major | in school.
So she takes an accurate account | of my jimmys.
Now I got to go buy a whole nother box | so she won't bust me again.
One time I rid around the city, man,
and I searched for a box | of 12 dozen blue Trojans, ribbed,
with the receptacle end, lubricated | with the garden-fresh scent.
Daggone girl knows everything.
Why bother?
Why bother?
Well, I like her, number one.
Number two... | she's a mother in bed.
- Mm-hm. | - Number three, the rest don't matter.
Three good reasons.
Roll over.
- Yes, baby. | - No, the other way.
Yes, ... baby.
- Ow! Baby. | - That was a good one.
- Damn, that hurt. | - Be still.
All right. Be careful.
- How are your singing lessons? | - Good. I think I'm ready.
You think you're ready?
Ready to accompany the band | for a song at the Dog.
You think I'm not ready?
Wait, look, baby, erm...

just cos we're seeing each other|it's nothing to do with the music.

Now, I think that...

I think you got potential,|but it takes years, not months.

- Thanks for nothing.|- I'm not trying to be cruel.

If we were married,|I'd say the same thing.

- Look...|- Ow!

I'm not asking you|or anybody else for any handouts.

Everybody needs a break. |I thought you might be the person.

Shoot me, I was wrong. |Pop your own bumps.

You know, a lot of people|say I'm a good singer.

Good. Go sing with them.

Forget you. I believe in myself.

You're supposed to believe in yourself.

- Shadow says I can sing.|- Oh, ''Shadow says I can sing.''

What else does Shadow say?

A-minor seventh.

A-minor seventh. That'll work.

Seventh.

B13# eleven.

No, that's not right.

- Does it tickle?|- Yeah.

- That's not right.|- Let me leave the artist at work alone.

The muse is visiting him. |Bleek is truly inspired.

Then he will share|his new, latest gift to the world.

Hallelujah.

Please, ladies and gentlemen, |boys and girls,

this is something|that came in last night.

- Shadow. Bottom.|- I had my hand on the panties.

On the panties.

Drums, drums. Jones.

''Pop, Top 40, R&B, |Urban Oontemporary,

Easy Listening, Funk Love.''

Damn, you for real?

This shit is out.

Now, hold up. |Let's talk about the money.

What about the money, Shadow?

What about the money?!

- We want more.|- You're the spokesperson for everyone?

Yeah.

Even for Left Hand, who's late again?

Look, the point of the matter is we've|been packing them in at the Dog,
right?

Moe, Josh and Bleek|have been bringing in cash dollars.

- Where's our raise?|- You promised.

It's long overdue.

- I'm talking to them. | - He's working on it.

hahaha!

Yeah, well, | maybe we need new management,
somebody who can get | the terms we want.

You need to get your ears cleaned.

You don't understand. | This is my band.

Read the marquee. It says the Bleek, | two 'E's, one 'K', Quintet.

When you're running things, | you can do whatever you want.

It won't be long from now.

It won't be long, but until | that magical, mystical day happens,
you do what the hell I say.

The midget should go, Bleek.

Fine. You manage then.

That's not my job. You're supposed to be | taking care of me.

I'm the artist, midget rat bastard.

What does size have to do with it?

A lot.

You keep coming up short.

- Don't shove me. | - Keep coming up short.

Sorry I'm late.

One more time, you're about 2.2 seconds | from the unemployment line.

I'm sorry. I won't be late again.

A lot of piano players | want your gig, a lot.

Sorry. New tune.

It's a nice title.

All right, let's walk through this.

Ladies and gentlemen, | boys and girls,

as I travel through this great big | country of ours, this US of A,

and being on the road as much as I do, | I listen to a lot of radio stations.

It's amazing how many KISS | or V103 stations there are.

Jesus Christ, did people | run out of call letters, or what?

Come on.

Anyway, most of the stuff | on the radio is so sad. It's a drag.

One of the reasons could be | because every song is about...

Oh, you guessed it, huh? Love.

Love.

Love.

L-O-V-E.

What the world needs now...

is not another love song.

Now, dig. Oheck this out.

The love that's professed in these songs | is shaky anyway.

It's a lustful, selfish, | end-of-the-world love.

And the lyrics...
Have you tried to listen to the lyrics?
You heard them all before.
My love is higher|Fire and desire
Let's stay together forever
Despite all types of weather
Even a hurricane
In fact, I'd spend a winter in Chi town
And you know that's cold
Ain't no mountain high enough|Ain't no river wide enough
To keep me from getting|to your good stuff
You know it's rough
Racist?
Giant's not a racist.
Giant ain't no racist.
What a dope|like soap on a rope
I went for the okay doke|You know this is true
He blew L-O-V-E, try S-E-X
I'll be a happy chappy|Also nappy
I get the shivers down to my livers
Other guys just feed you lines,|but I take you to Mickey D's.
Baby, I'm on my knees|Please, baby, please
But this ain't that song|it's getting long
My nature is risen' to the horizon
It's strong as an ox|Like a Clorox box
You're a bad mama jama
But you already know that|Just point me in the right direction
Only you give me|that serious connection
Get out of my dreams
Hey, midget. Petey's on the phone.
Thanks.
- I know. I know. I know.
I can read. I went to school.
It came as a surprise|You opened my eyes
Why? Because I love you
Let me spend|the rest of my life with you, tonight
If you don't, I'll just roll up|into a ball and just die
- I know how you feel.|- Won't wash, won't eat
Won't even go to work|if you don't love me do
I'll even give up|my four season tickets
To the New York Knicks, courtside
And you know|How I feel about basketball
That's got to be L-O-V-E
Let me call you my own|Shower me with your cones

Let it rain down on me like a monsoon
Let your love come down, flow down
Drown me in that stuff | I want to swim in it, do 20 laps
The breast stroke is my specialty
L-O-V-E
L-O-V-E
L-O-V-E
- Hi, beautiful. | - Hey, babe.
- Peace. | - Assalamu alaikum, brother.
I said, 'I'm going to kill you.' | I was going to kill him.
I had him up right against... | Bleeky, hey.
Sit down. We've been meaning | to talk to you. Join us.
- Our meat-and-potatoes man. | - Bread and butter.
- I'm not talking corned beef. | - Prime ribs.
- You want a cigar? | - I don't want a cigar.
I don't want | any meat and potatoes, either.
I want more money. I'm not happy. | When I'm not happy, I don't play good.
When I don't play good, | the music doesn't sound good.
If the music doesn't sound good, | nobody comes. We all lose our money.
We want you to be happy. | You're a great talent.
But you got a lot of dead weight | around your neck dragging you down.
And this so-called manager of yours, | Giant, that's a joke.
He couldn't manage a Little League team.
When you're ready for | some real management, come see us.
My first cousin, he's top shelf.
- He's short, but he's smart. | - We love the guy.
He handles only the best, first class | all the way, just like Josh and me.
- Filet mignon. | - Dom Perignon. First class.
I'm here to talk | about the great sums of money
that you two are making off my music | and the little I see in return.
You're talking about management.
Giant, your manager, negotiated | this deal, the one you agreed to.
It's always been our business policy | to never, ever renegotiate the deal.
Look, Giant is my friend, OK?
We all need close friends.
But this is business.
I trust him, which is more | than I can say for your cousin...
Nobody can be trusted.
Everyone steals. Everyone is crooked.
You walk out with as much | of your shirt on as possible.
- You know what this sounds like? | - We like you.
- That's a good thing. | - We have a binding contract.
This is real life. | Think about what we said.
- I been thinking about it. | - Sometimes you got to expand.

To a bigger club? Dizzy's maybe?

You have one of these?

If you break that, I'll sue your ass, and you'll be out a lot of money.

Get the fuck out of here. That was a joke, but I would sue you.

They got all kind of people in this club. I ain't going to lie.

Look at that little ugly guy at the bar. Hey, fella!

That's Bleek Gilliam's manager.

Little Mr Magoo-looking fucker there.

You think I didn't see you back over there.

Trying to sneak in here in the coloured section. I see you sitting at the bar.

Yeah, that poor fucker.

I first met him trying out for the Celtics a couple of years ago.

He got mad cos Robert Parish was on the team.

That Larry Bird told me. He ain't got nothing but a three-pointer.

That's all he needs.

Man walked in the doctor's office just stuttering.

'Doc, g-g-got to help me. My wife says she's going to leave me.'

'I-I-I'm stuttering I-I-I-like a goof.'

Doc says, 'Damn, I can barely stand to hear you talk myself.'

'Go in the examination room and pull off your clothes.'

'Let me see what's wrong with you.'

The doctor went in the examination room, looks between his legs, says, 'My God. No wonder you can't talk.'

'All that is pulling on your vocal cords.'

'Put some of that on the table. Let me chop it off for you.'

The doc went whack. He says, 'Speak.'

'Thank you, Doctor.'

'My wife is going to love me. I sure appreciate this.'

Doc said, 'Damn, I'd appreciate it, too, if you'd pay the bill.'

'Come back in a couple of weeks. Let me see how you're doing.'

Indigo, does Bleek know you're here?

- No. He has no idea. - Are you sure?

I'm just gonna make sure.

Little while.

- What you listening to, man? - What?

- This is my brother's tape. - Bleek.

- This stuff is sad, man. - Oan I see you for a second?

He's playing all the instruments.

What's up?

Indigo and Olarke just walked in.

- Yeah? All right, bet. - Remember that bet?

- What bet? - We were in Paris.

I urged you not to buy them the same dress.

You said it was a million-to-one shot
they wear the same dress on the same day|and see each other.
Want to bet again?|You owe me fiddy dollars. Fiddy.
Yeah. Yeah, that's er...
That's good looking-out, G-man.
That's what good managers are for.
- What are you going to do?|- Er...
- What? I'm going to handle this.|- This is a rough one.
- I got it.|- The roughest of the roughest.
- Watch me work.|- I'll be watching.
I'll watch this one.
How you doing, waitress?|She's a nun.
Won't give me none, ain't had none,
told me she didn't need none.
I'm looking for a woman. I'm horny|enough to fuck the crack of dawn.
That's right. I don't lie.
Right. There's some|good-looking women in here
and some good-looking fellas.
How you doing, sir?
I'm a trisexual.|I'll try your little ass tonight.
- You're so nasty.|- Hey, girl, what's happening?
- Hey, how you doing?|- Good. Enjoy.
- Thanks.|- OK.
My, my, my. What a pleasant surprise.
- Hi.|- Hi.
I been meaning to ask you something.
- What do you see in Bleek?|- What?
I don't know what you see in him.
He's an all right cat, but...
- What about you?|- What about me?
What about your career?
You should be upstage.
Yeah, I agree.
If you can't get it here,|you better call your cousin.
'I didn't come.'|Well, you should've called.
I'm from Mississippi, and I love it.|I like being country. I ain't lying.
Ain't nothing like a good country lady.
Girl the other day, I was messing around|with her breast. She got hot.
She said, 'Wouldn't you like something|to go with this breast milk?'
I said, 'A good piece of cornbread|would go just fine.'
I like being from the country.
Ain't nothing wrong|with being from the country.
Not a damn thing wrong with it.
Waitress knows.

All those bad kids in her house.

Hey, baby.

What a pleasant surprise to see you|here. I didn't expect to see you.

A big surprise.

Huh?

What? How so?

You nearly pissed in your pants|when you saw me,
especially since you invited Olarke.

I didn't invite Olarke.|Anyway, Shadow invited Olarke.

You always talk about how|you don't want to come to the clubs.

I'm just surprised to see you here.

- I had a sudden change of heart.|- I'm... I'm... I'm happy.

I'm happy.

But is she happy? Is she happy?

- I'm sorry. What?|- Is she happy?

I like her dress, Bleek.

I love the way you sing.

You can really sing.

I'm starting my own band.

Yeah.

The Shadow Henderson Quartet,
featuring Miss Olarke Bentancourt.

I know you can't make|that move right now, and this is cool,
but, Olarke,|think about what I'm saying.

All Bleek cares about is Bleek.

- Is that so?|- Oh, so that is.

Just take a look around.

It seems to me that|all Shadow cares about is Shadow.

Anything, anyone that overshadows him,|he blocks them, like me.

I'm supposed to be the leader|of this motherfucker, not Bleek.

But I'm not,|so I have to get my own thing.

You know...

I know you love Bleek, and that's|beautiful, black people in love.

I'd be the last person|to come between you and him.

But at some point,|you have to let this love shit go,

and you have to think about respect.

If he doesn't respect you,|then you don't need him.

OK?

All I ask is that you think about|what I'm saying.

- Yeah, I'll think about it.|- No. Think about it.

- Promise?|- Yes.

Promise, promise?

I got to go. Er...

It's getting a little crowded over here.

Oh, er, by the way,...|l like your dress.

It's hot.

You got to let them know|who the boss is.

How you doing?|You should watch the company you keep.

- l could say the same for you.|- But you won't.

Erm...

- What are you thinking about?|- Right now?

l'm thinking about you.|She came in on her own accord.

It's a free country.|Want me to ask her to leave?

- Yeah. Send her home.|- Come on, baby. l can't do that.

The point is this.|l asked you to come. You're here.

You're the one l'm leaving with.|That's what counts, OK?

OK?

l like her dress.

Enjoy the set.

Shadow, my man, my main man,|how you doing?

- What's up, Bleek?|- l'm good. Everything's...

Listen, last time l looked|at Olarke's naked body,

l didn't see my name on it anywhere.

l mean, l didn't see it on her...

l didn't see it anywhere.

So if you're trying to push up on her,|don't sweat yourself, everything's OK.

- Nobody owns anybody.|- You're absolutely right, Bleek.

You know, you really|should listen to Olarke sing,

or is it that you can only hear|your own music?

What are you doing?|lndigo, that tickles.

Get off! What did you call me?

- l called you your name.|- The hell you did.

l ain't deaf! You called me lndigo.

What? No, come on.|l didn't call you lndigo.

- l called you your name.|- Motherfucker, you called me lndigo.

l can't even believe|you would have the audacity

to call me by your other woman's name.

l ain't no fool.|l do know you have another woman.

- l ain't going for this shit.|- What is your name?

Get off, Bleek!

How in the hell|can you call me by her name?

l am in your bed, Bleek...|lndigo, not Olarke.

- l'm Olarke, not lndigo.|- l called you Olarke.

You can practise|for eight hours straight

and can't spend|the little bit of time it takes

to learn the difference|between me and your other woman.

Listen to me, Bleek.|l don't like it, l don't appreciate it,

and I don't want to be|disrespected by you!
I've had it!|And you say that you love me?
- I never said that.|- You did say that.
- I don't remember it.|- Do you remember saying you care?
Yeah, I remember that.
If you say you care, then why in|the fuck are you still fucking Indigo?
Don't give me that|''It's a dick thing'' shit, either.
Don't give me that|''It's a dick thing'' shit, either.
Look at me!
Look at me, Bleek!
What are you looking at?
Why can't you look at me?|That's where the real me is.
You always avoid direct eye contact,|you know that?
Are you afraid of something?|Are you afraid I might see the real you?
Answer me. Come on, answer me.
Think about that.
Are you thinking, Bleek?
Are you thinking?
You don't know what to say, do you?
There you go.|You can't face me, can you?
Whenever you get in a jam,|you grab your trumpet.
Let's cut the bullshit.|If you can hang, fine. If you can't...
Let's not pretend anymore.
Fine. Let's not pretend anymore!
I can't hang.
Bleek, I want to know|how many laps you're going to do today.
How many laps?
You look good.
Bleek.
You're not talking today, huh?
- You want to talk?|- You're quiet.
Usually, you're running your damn mouth.
Want to race?
Bleek!
Come on, Bleek! Hold up!
- Come on.|- Hold up!
Whoo!
You like that, huh?
- Want some water?|- Nah.
G, you're doing a half-assed job, man.
You OK'd the deal.|You said get you the Dog, and I did.
I got you the best terms possible|at the time.
- You do it down the line.|- This is down the line.
- I'm working on it.|- You're taking advantage of me.

We grew up together.

I'd rather chop off my left hand|than take advantage of you.

This is about more than friendship.

I'm breaking my friggin' neck for you.|Do I look rich?

- Somebody's been talking to you.|- Nobody's been talking to me.

All I'm saying is,|you got to do a better job.

How many ass-whippings|have you saved me from? A lot.

One of these days, I won't be around.|You'll have to take that
ass-whipping.

- What do you want me to say?|- I don't want you to say anything.

- I just want you to do it.|- I'll do a better job.

All right, man.

- What about that loan?|- What?

- I need a loan.|- What about that loan?

What did we just talk about?|Now you're going to ask for a loan?

- Are you gambling again?|- I got it. It's under control.

You got it? Good.

How much you owe?

Just a little bit.

- Nah?|- Nah.

- Nah.|- Nah.

I'm spacing.

This is your Mr Senor Love Daddy

coming to you from We-Love radio,

108.5, last on your dial|and first in your hearts,

and that's the truth, Ruth.

Wishing I was outdoors with you.

I'm gonna bring you|a blast from the past

from Miss Fontella Bass, Rescue Me.

- Where you taking me?|- We're not going to kill you.

We don't believe in killing|our brothers and sisters,

but we got to do something,|it's only right.

You going to get our money?

- Huh?|- Yes.

Yes only means something|when you said...

Rod, wouldn't it be black of us to take|our brother to Brooklyn Hospital?

Afro-American.

Big Stop, what's taking you so long?|I'm hungry.

Butterbean, quit fucking with me.|Get out of the kitchen.

Big Stop Oreole, y'all couldn't cook.

You two niggers would burn cornflakes.

Bleek, come get this nigger.

So you fell off a bike, huh?|I don't believe your story.

I hit a pothole.

And I was born yesterday, |but I stayed up all night.
- Food's ready. Come on!|- I hit a pothole.
Mon cherl, you can get me|a glass of wine. That's not good.
Look at y'all. It looks delicious.
Butterbean, don't do that.
- I'm freaky. I'll suck a wet doorknob.|- You'll suck a what?
You can get me a napkin. |It's so messy.
Oul, mon cherl. Mal Ma cherle.
No.
I got to watch you, |cos you are loose.
You're just one of them yellow gals.
Watch it, Butterbean. |I could slap you right in your mouth.
But you ain't, |cos I'll kick your ass.
Sweatln'my gang |Whlle I'm chlllln'ln my shack
And searchln'my car for what...
Bottom?
Hey, man, you already owe me|\$300, home slice.
- Branford?|- Hell, no!
Left Hand, I need this solid, man.
- I wouldn't ask if I didn't need it. |
Jeanne. Jeanne.
Look, slence.
You got five? Give me five.
Jeanne.
- I need to get it back.|- You'll get it back.
I don't appreciate|you calling me white bitch.
Here we are. This is our music, right?|Jazz is our music. It's black music.
We will go and watch some crossover|stuff that's created by other people,
but we don't come to see our own, man.
But the jazz...
If we had to depend upon on black people|to eat, we would starve to death.
You look out into the audience, |and what do you see?
You see Japanese, West Germans,
you see Slabovic, anything, |except our people, man.
It makes no sense.
It incenses me that our own people|don't realize our own heritage, culture.
- This is our music, man.|- That's bullshit.
- Why?|- Everything you just said is bullshit.
- Come on, man.|- Out of all the people in the world...
I love you like a stepbrother, |but you never gave nobody else
a chance to play their own music.
I'm talking about the audience.
You grandiose motherfuckers|don't play shit that they like.
If you play the shit they like, |people will come.

- That's what I'm going to do.|- I see. I see.
- I'll play the shit everybody like.|- I have my own voice.
- People are listening.|- Everybody's deaf, brother.
People are listening to my voice.
- Ain't nobody coming.|- Nobody's coming?
- You just said...|- I said our people aren't coming.
That's what I'm talking about,|black people.
Keep it down. |You got customers right here.
Fuck them and fuck this shit. |The reality is...
- Why you disrespecting my house?|- I'm not disrespecting your house.
Shut up. |You muscle-head nigger, shut up.
Y'all can't play worth a goddamn.
- King Kong shit.|- Who you trying to talk about?
His head looks like a goddamn|question mark.
You laugh at that shit?
Put them lips on a trumpet,|motherfucker!
I know Giant. If he's in, he'll|come out because he has to come out.
If he's out, he'll come back to change|his underwear or throw the garbage
out.
Maybe not throw the garbage,|but he's gonna come back.
They call him Giant|cos he's a giant pain in the ass.
Sooner or later,|he's either going to go in or come out.
I don't want no excuses. I don't want to hear anything.
' 'Forgive me.' ' No. |That won't break no more.
Let's give him a break. |Break his legs, his arms.
I give him a lot of rope, but he won't|strangle me with my own rope.
Sooner or later, in or out,|everybody, in or out of the house.
Enough.
- Hi, Shadow. How you doing?|- Fine, like yourself.
- Will this be cash or charge?|- Oh charge.
- You do take American Express?|- Yes, we do.
Good. Gold action.
- I was a member since 1989.|- That long?
You look hot. |That dress makes you look like a zebra.
I could be Tarzan. |We could play in the jungle.
Let me package you up|in one of these ODS,
put you in my pocket, |my front one, to kiss on.
Mm, mm-mm.
- Shadow?|- Olarke.
Your account is declined. |I have to confiscate your card.
- I just paid them. Oall them back.|- Just look right there.
- It's cool. I got those anyway.|- Then why are you here?
To see you.
All right.

We're gonna do something...|Let me ask y'all something.
How many of y'all out there|know about the blues?
- I know about the blues, Bleek.|- I know I do, so...
Well, anyway, we're going to do a tune|called Mo' Better Blues.
Moe and Josh want to see you.
The blues.
- Don't forget my song, now.|- I'll see what I can do.
- Bleek.|- What you doing out here?
- I need a place to stay.|- For tonight?
- For a while.|- All right.
That's my brother.
I talked with Moe and Josh again.
- What happened?|- Contract. We're stuck.
We're gonna get a new lawyer,|a real lawyer.
I got one, my brother-in-law Moses.
- Your brother-in-law Moses?|- He's cheap.
Wait a minute. That's out, man.
Your brother-in-law Moses...|What's the deal with your relatives?
Your uncle's a plumber,|your cousin's a dent...
Look at my teeth.|They're still messed up.
I hate to say this,|but you got a fucked-up family.
- Why you dogging my folks?|- I'm just tired of suppor...
- I'm sick of your relatives.|- They love you.
- They supported you from the beginning.|- I supported them.
I'll keep my family|out of our business matters.
I'm here to do your bidding.|That's my job.
So how much you owe?
Afraid to say.
More than before.
Look, I'll see how much I can raise, but|you got to get help. Your gig is
over.
I've been contemplating managing|myself anyway. I got to be in control.
If that's what you want.
- That's what I want. You're fired.|- You're cutting everybody off.
Me, Indigo, Olarke. Especially me.
I'm not cutting anybody off.|I'm looking out for myself.
Besides, Indigo and Olarke cut me off.
That ain't what I heard.
How long you known me?
- Since third grade.|- That's got to count for something.
If I didn't know you since third grade,|I'd have fired you a long time ago.
- You're that unhappy with my work?|- I've been that unhappy.
That's beside the point.|The bottom line is this.
OK, here's the thing.

The offer stands as it was. | You can stay at my house.
I'll help you get some money | before you get killed,
but... you're going to do something | about that gambling.
All right, all right, all right. | I'll get it together.
I know I'm sick.
This is Indigo. | I'm unable to come to the phone.
Please leave a message | and I'll get right back to you.
Hello, Indigo, ... it's me.
It's me.
I was just calling | to see how you're doing.
I miss you. Look, erm...
Call me if and when you feel like it. | Later.
This is Clarke. I'm busy, | but I do appreciate your call.
Please leave a message | after the beep. Ciao.
This is me, Bleek. How you doing?
- Let me turn this off. | - No, no, no. No.
I want to hear this.
I haven't seen you in a while.
He's begging. Boy, that Bleek.
He only wants you when he wants you. | I want to make you a full-time gig.
I don't believe what a man says.
Well, in this particular instance, | in this particular case, believe me.
The rest of the time, | only believe half of what a man says.
Half is truth. The other half is bull.
Which half are you?
- Half. | - Yeah, half of what?
- Half. | - See?
- I don't believe anything y'all say. | - It's not what I say, it's what I
do.
- What's up? | - Where's the money?
- I'm working on it. | - Don't work too long.
In the meanwhile, | stay out the spotlight.
- What are you going to do? | - In the words of Darryl Dawkins,
'When all is said and done, | there's nothing left to say or do.'
- Whatever happened to that brother? | - He's on Lovetron.
B, I don't like no static. | I'm a peaceful person.
And even though you fired my ass, | you're still my boy.
I look out for your best interests. | When was the last time you seen Clarke?
I don't know. What's up?
Shadow's boning Clarke.
Oh, Shadow! Oh, yeah!
Yeah, baby, you like it. | I'm going to give it to you good.
It feels good.
I'm just a bear, baby, | just a bear.

Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

Hey, you know, it ain't no thing.

I hope he's happy.

- Are you positive?|- What did I say?

Yo, Roberto. I don't want to hear|nothing about no music.

- What's up?|- Yeah, hi.

- Yo, Bleek. Yo, Bleek.|- What?

Hold up for a minute. Ocheck this out.

Me and the cats|want to have a meeting after this.

- Get out of my face, Shadow.|- We need to talk about the money.

See them people out there?|It's packed.

I ain't playing shit no more|till I deal with this money situation.

- Get out of my face.|- Listen to what I'm saying.

- Just get the fuck...|- Who you pushing, man?

Kick his ass!

- Just relax, man.|- You're fired, punk!

Fuck you, I quit!

Fuck you and everybody|who looks like you.

Fucking people over.|Sooner or later it'll come back.

Anybody else want to go with him?|Take a hike!

Get his raggedy ass out of here.

You're fired, punk!

Get him out of here!|You're fired!

- You're fired!|- Let's talk to Bleek, man.

I got to get paid. I need this job, man.

- What's up, Jimmy?|- What's up, Giant?

Moe and Josh are some|cheap goober snitchers.

Who!

We don't believe|in killing our brothers,
but this time|you're definitely going to be hurt.

Get the fuck off.

Get off me!

- Isn't that Giant?|- Bleek!

What did I do?

You're breaking my arm.

- Up, up, and away.|- Ohill! Ohill! Ohill!

- Don't break them.

That's the way it goes.

Oh, yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Oh, yeah!|One more. Another one.

The Mike Tyson now. There you go.

Hold it.

Bleek!

- Get the fuck up.|- Get up.

Bleek!

Oh, shit.

Brooklyn style.

Your alligator mouth finally got|your hummingbird ass whipped.

- Ohill out, man.|- Ain't nothing to see here.

Bleek!

Wake up!

Go on, brother. It won't be pretty.

G?

- I was getting him the money tonight.|- Too late.

He ain't dead. He be all right.

- Why you do something like that?|- We going to have to give him some too.

- Straighten up.|- Oh, shit!

Damn it, give me the fucking horn.

Son of a bitch.

- Get out the way.|- Let us through.

What the fuck went on here?|Let us through.

You busted his mouth!|You busted his mouth!

- Do something, man.|- He's bleeding, man.

Go back inside and play.

- No.|- We got a full house in there.

- Let's close it up.|- Fuck them!

- Leave it alone.|- We're never playing this place again.

- Don't say that. You're upset.|- You're goddamn right I'm upset.

My friend is laying here|with his mouth busted open.

We're closed. Everybody go home.

- Did you call the ambulance?|- Are you going to move, or what?

Get out of the way!

Don't move him, man!

The first fight you ever got in,

your mother wanted me to break it up,

call the cops,|go and talk to the parents of the kid.

I figured, kids are going to fight,

and you must have been only...|six, seven,...

so we were just talking about|little bare fists, just skin.

That was way before kids|started shooting each other with Uzis.

I watched you from the window

going toe to toe, slugging it out.

Your mother never forgave me,|but I got to admit I was kind of proud.

You gave the kid a bloody nose,|but you didn't kill him.

That's a part of growing up.

You ran up the stairs, crying.

You were more scared than the kid was.

Wasn't that Giant? That was Giant.

Shit, man. Shit.
The light.
Truth is the light.
Prophetic, right?
Truth is light, though, |that's the truth, isn't it? Lighten up.
That some bad shit.
Trumpet-playing motherfucker. |On trumpet, Bleek.
Tenor, soprano, saxophones.
John Ooltrane, tenor sax. Tenor.
You got to improvise that music. |It's all intricate, see?
It goes....
See? See? See?
It's some intricate shit, though. |They ain't ready for this shit.
And he was the quarterback |of the football team.
He was thls tall, |blg, flne, black speclmen.
- Mandlngo, huh? | - No.
Anyway, the first time |I fell in love was...
Was when? No, I remember.
It was... It was... It was innocent.
- She felt the same way, too. | - Yeah? So how recent was this?
Last Tuesday. Last week. |No, it was Wednesday.
- The fourth grade. | - In the fourth grade?
Thank you. You had me worried.
We used to pass notes back and forth.
One day she met me in the courtyard |after school, and she kissed me.
- French kiss? | - We French kissed.
And I was, like, wow.
- I never felt that way since. | - Not even with me?
- What is thls? | - What is what?
Are we lovers, or what? |Why don't you try and flnd that glrl
and marry her |and llve happlly ever after?
You still love me?
- G. | - Bleek, what's up?
How you doing, man?
Where you been? Ain't nobody seen |hide nor hair of your ass.
You know, I'm...
How you doing?
I'm all right. |I got this job now. I'm a doorman.
I stopped gambling. |You should be proud of me.
I still got to go to those meetings |once a week.
- Good. | - Yeah.
You sitting in with Shadow?
We talked about it.
Yeah? Good. Shadow and Olarke |are doing all right now.

Yeah, I... I'm happy for him, man.

He always wanted his own band. | I'm happy for him.

- Big time. | - Big time.

- I'm gonna step on inside, man. | - I'll come with you.

- All right. | - I got to hear you.

Right.

You can never tell | what's in a man's mind

And if he's from Harlem | there's no use of even trying

Just like the tide | his mind comes and goes

Like March weather | when he'll change

Nobody knows, nobody knows

The man I love | Well, he just turned me down

He's a Harlem brown

Often times I wish | that I was in this ground

Six feet underground

He allows me as no other could

No, no

Then he surprised me | leaving me a note saying he's

Gone for good

And since my sweetie left me hollow

Well, it ain't the same old place

Though a thousand dandles | smile right in my face

I think I'll mooch some | home-made hooch and go out for a lark

Just to drive off these mean old | Harlem blues

You can have your Broadway | Give me Lenox Avenue

Angels from the skies stroll Seventh

And for that thanks are due

From Madame Walker's beauty shops to

The Poro system too

That made those girls angels | without any doubt

There are some spots up in Harlem

Where I'm told it's sudden death

To let somebody see you | even stop to catch your breath

If you've never been to Harlem

Then I guess you'll never know

About these mean old Harlem blues

There's one sweet spot in Harlem

Known as Drivers' Road

Dirty folk song call 'em | One thing you should know

Is that I have a friend | who lives there

I know he won't refuse

To put some music to my troubles | and call them Harlem Blues

To put some music to my troubles and

Call them the Harlem Blues

Harlem

The Harlem Blues

Harlem

The Harlem Blues

Olarke sure can sing, Bleek.

Thank you.

Er...

Right now I'd like to bring to the stage|a fine musician
and, as well, a very dear friend.

Please give a warm welcome|to Mr Bleek Gilliam.

Bleek!

Come on, Bleek!

What are you doing this for?

Nah.

Come on, Bleek.

Forget about it.

Man, you're gonna be all right.

Forget about it.

Come on, Bleek.

You'll play again.

You'll play again.

I won't sell it.

I won't sell it, Bleek!

I won't sell it!

Indigo!

Indigo!

Who is it?|Who the hell is ringing my bell?

Hello, Indigo. Oan I come in?

You didn't return|my calls or my letters.

Refused my visits.

It doesn't matter now.|I just want to...

It doesn't matter?

I haven't heard from you in over a year.

I didn't know if you were alive or dead.

I'm sorry. Look, I didn't know.

I haven't seen anybody.|The only one I've seen is my father.

You've always been a selfish person.

I admit that. I'm selfish.|I'm a selfish...

Did I ever try to stand in your way or|stop you from doing what you had to
do?

Did I?

Oan you get out, please?

I want you to leave, Bleek.

I want you to leave!

I just want to...|Just let me say something.
The only reason you're here|is because you can't play anymore.
- Did you stop by Olarke's house?|- It's got nothing to do with Olarke.
I read this book, a story|about a plane that was going down.
It was going to crash into the sea,|and this married couple,
they start making love|to each other ferociously
like their lives just depended upon it.
They were oblivious to everything.|They didn't care.
The plane was going down,|they were all gonna die,
but they loved each other dearly|and they wanted to die together.
They loved each other.
- I want to be with you.|- Bleek, stop it.
- Indigo.|- What?
- I want you to be with me.|- Get off. What about before?
- I don't care about it.|- I don't wanna hold you.
- I want us to have a son.|- Get off me. A fucking son.
What do you think this is?
You just want me to drop everything now|and just trust you?
I want you to be with me.
- I want you to be my wife.|- You crazy?
- I'm not crazy.|- Go tell somebody else.
- I'm telling you.|- You want me to save your life.
Yes. I want you to save my life.
Stop it, Bleek. Stop it! Stop it!
Get off. I don't want to be...
Fucking bastard. Get off me. Stop it!
You want me to beg?|I'm begging. Save my life.
Please.
Save my life.
Relatives and friends,|we are gathered here in the sight of God
and the presence of these witnesses
to join together this man and this woman|in holy matrimony.
Will thou, Minifield Gilliam,|have this woman to be thy wedded wife?
I will.
Will thou, Indigo Downes, have this man|to be thy wedded husband?
I will.
Who gives this woman|to be married to this man?
I do.
- With this ring...|- With this ring...
- I thee wed.|- I thee wed.
You may salute your bride, sir.
- Bleek!
Hi, Mom.
Oheers!

Bleek.

- I'm coming.|- I'm all right. Just get my bags.

I'm going to take you to your room.

Push, darling, push.

That's it. It's coming.

Come on.

There you go. |Nice little baby boy.

Don't hold him too tight now. |Don't let him fall.

Congratulations, Mrs Gilliam. |You have a son.

Here, keep the change. |Here, have a cigar.

Stay right there, baby. Dad! Big Stop!

All right, thanks a lot.

Dad, you've made the baby cry now.

- He looks like me.|- What do you mean?

- Look at his nose.|- Come on, baby.

This is your ball.

This is your glove, |a present from Grandpa to Miles.

All right, come on to Daddy. |Come on to Daddy.

Go to Daddy. Go on.

- Look at my boy standing.|- Come on to Grandpa.

A love supreme

I'm going to get you.

A love supreme

- Say first valve.|- First valve.

- Second valve.|- Second valve.

- Third valve.|- Third valve.

Push your first valve.

That's right. Keep your mouth closed. |Don't open it. Keep it closed.

Now blow right in there.

Blow hard. Harder. |Uh-oh! Hey, you hear that?

Yo, Miles! |Miles, you coming out to play?

- Miles!|- Miles!

Boys! Boys, would you please be quiet?
Sorry, Mrs Gilliam. Oan Miles come out?
I understand that. | Your noise has got to stop.
Stop yelling outside my window.
Those kids are gonna drive me crazy.
Miles, what did I tell you about | your hoodlum friends coming here?
- Leave the boy alone. | - Oan I go outside now?
- When you finish your lesson. | - What about then?
We'll see.
Miles!
Son, you're finished for the day.
Take your time. Put your jacket on.
What?
What? What?
Let the boy have some fun now.
Uh-huh.
Like he never has any fun at all.
- He gets to have some fun. | - He has to stay in the dungeon.
He never has any fun.
MO' BETTER BLUES