

### Intermediate scene 3

Theater stage.

Mykola: Do you know what sometimes happens to trumpeters? What is the worst thing that can happen to a trumpet player?

Christina: I read something about a broken embouchure.

Mykola: A broken embouchure is not a problem. Look at my lips. They are broken twice. Once I played at three funerals in a row, and then on the same day I went to a wedding and my lip was already cracking. I could not take G for six months. And the second time I trained before an important competition. My lip was torn in half. Then I lost a lot, because the competition was important ... But it's nothing compared to another catastrophe.

Christina: A broken jaw?

Mykola: Well, when you break your jaw, yes ... you will never play "Amapola" again ... but then you won't even think about playing. You'll look for something else. Do you understand? Here you'll realize that everything. The End. Go to teach solfeggio, or plaster walls in the conservatory. Well, the jaw is always an external factor. The musician is not to blame as a professional.

Christina: I was intrigued.

Mykola: One of my acquaintances started dating an orchestra violinist. He was the first trumpet, and she was the third violin. He was married, and she seduced him. He trotted after her like a dog at rehearsals and between rehearsals. They fucked where they could and where they saw a place, everyone in the orchestra knew about it.

In short, the wife found out and issued him an ultimatum. And he decided to stay in the family because he was a jerk. And the violinist is not used to losing anything and never. And she began to castrate him professionally.

Christina: How is it?

Mykola: It's very simple. She approached him before the concert and said in his ear some intimate nonsense, such as that she is without panties and all wet there, or that she still has a taste of IT in her mouth, well, you know what... And he, just like the Pavlov's dog, began to salivate and pour the crown, well, you know when performing a solo is unacceptable. He was worried, making a horrible sound, especially in the upper case. The trumpet buzzed like a Tula samovar.

He began to come just before the concert, so as not to hear or see her, played with swollen lips, tried not to look in her direction. But he still looked at her like at Viy, and she is a bitch walked in such outfits, a boobs dropped from her low neckline, with a slit to the intimate areas... And she looked with a vicious stare in his direction. And she drove the bow so specifically. Well, one day on the upper A he sclafted.

Christina: What did he do?

Mykola: He played out of tune. It was at an important concert, and everyone then said that it was the first bell. Well, when a soloist stumbles, it is psychologically very difficult to get rid of it later. When a person panics, well, for example, before jumping over an obstacle, he will not jump over in life...

When a musician panics in front of a note, it's a guaranteed stumble. You get to A and do not feel confident, and when you do not feel, one hundred percent you played out of tune. In short, he refused all the scores where this note is, became the fourth trumpet, and then left the orchestra altogether.

Christina: It would be better to leave his wife.

Mykola: Yes. Because his wife left him.

Christina: And the violinist?

Mykola: And who needs the fourth trumpet? Moreover, she did a blow job our conductor a couple of times and became the first violin.

Christina: You told "our" conductor because you also played in that orchestra?

Mykola: Yeah, started as the first trumpeter, then as the fourth...