

#1

Crewe/Frankie

FRANKIE

Get out here, you chickenshit; I'll rip your throat out!

*(A GOOD-LOOKING MAN enters in time to hear
FRANKIE's tantrum)*

GOOD-LOOKING MAN

Hey, watch your mouth, Toto. You're not in Newark anymore.

FRANKIE

(Turns)

Crewe?

(FRANKIE crosses and they hug)

Start

CREWE

As I live and breathe. Frankie Castellucio!

FRANKIE

No, it's Valli now. Frankie Valli. With an "i."

CREWE

And why not?

FRANKIE

Bobby, meet Bob Crewe. This guy's got the best ears in the business.

CREWE

All my body parts are outstanding, young man.

(Then)

Young, young, young, young man.

*(BOB looks awkwardly at the floor...CREWE
laughs at himself, lets BOB off the hook)*

At ease, sailor. You're perfectly safe.

(Then)

Doesn't say much, does he?

FRANKIE

Doesn't have to. He's the next Otis Blackwell. You two should do something together.

CREWE

(Re BOB)

Does it have a name?

FRANKIE

Bob Crewe, Bob Gaudio. Heavyweight producer, dynamite songwriter.

BOB

Hi.

CREWE

(Regards BOB, points)
Scorpio!

BOB

No, Gaudio.

CREWE

No, no--your birthday.

BOB

November 17th.

CREWE

(Pointing to himself)

November 12th! It's a sign! The stars are in alignment! Follow me, boys! Destiny awaits!

End

BOB

(To AUDIENCE)

I remember thinking at the time, there's something a little off about this guy. I mean, this was the 60s--people thought Liberace was just, you know--theatrical. Anyway, we play him some stuff, and right there, he offers us a Personal Services Contract.

MISS FRANKIE NOLAN (CONT.)

TO MY EYE

I, I LOVE YOU SO

HOW COULD YOU

HOW COULD YOU SAY GOODBYE

THE ROMANS (CONT.)

TO MY EYE

FRANKIE

(Higher than MISS FRANKIE NOLAN's singing)

OH

MISS FRANKIE NOLAN

'CAUSE I STILL CARE

I STILL CARE FOR

YOU

FRANKIE

'CAUSE I STILL CARE

(Topping her again)

OOO-WAH

ENGINEER

Billy Dixon and the Topix. "Trance." Take 3.

BILLY DIXON

LATE LAST NIGHT

STROLLIN' DOWN

THE STREET

I SAW A GIRL

SWEPT ME

OFF MY FEET

SHE

PUT ME

IN A TRANCE

CRAZY, CRAZY

TRANCE

THE TOPIX

TRANCE

DOO-DOO-DOO-DOOT

DOO-DOO-DOO-DOOT

DOO-DOO-DOO-DOOT

WA-BA-WA-BA-WA-BA-

WA-BA

TRANCE

TRANCE

(CREWE interrupts from the booth)

CREWE

No, no, stop tape! Guys, you're not hearing it the way I do.

TOMMY

How do you hear it?

CREWE

I hear it in sky blue. You're giving me brown.

TOMMY

That's because you're paying us shit.

start

CREWE

Excuse me?

TOMMY

Whatsa matter, Crewe? Famous ears get clogged up?

CREWE

Is there a problem, Tommy?

TOMMY

I'll tell you what the fucking problem is--

*(BOB puts a restraining hand on TOMMY's arm
to quiet him)*

BOB

(Not angry)

Here's the problem. You said we could go with you, do some backups and you'd record us. That was--what--a year ago? So when are you going to record us?

CREWE

When you give me a hit.

BOB

I've given you ten hits.

CREWE

Ten songs. Not ten hits.

TOMMY

How do you know what's a hit until you record it?

CREWE

I've got the ears, baby, remember?

BOB

OK, then listen to this. Either you give us a date when you're going to record us--four songs, like you promised--or we're going down the hall and make a deal with people who keep their word.

CREWE

You know your problem, gentlemen? You've got an identity crisis. Maybe if you found yourselves a name, and a sound, little Bobby here would know who he's writing for.

BOB

You know what? Maybe you need to find yourself another group.

CREWE

I see. You all feel the same?

TOMMY

Bet your ass.

CREWE

Frankie?

FRANKIE

If Bob goes, so do I.

CREWE

Nick?

NICK

I'm with them.

CREWE

(Cutting him off)

End

Such loyalty! Such devotion! All right, go, find yourselves. I release you from your servitude.

(CREWE takes the mic and leaves)

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| #12A: CRY / SILHOUETTES (UNDERScore) |
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BOB

(To AUDIENCE)

So we're back scrambling for gigs. I take a job in a printing factory, until one day I'm having lunch with my supervisor and he's got three fingers missing. "Yeah," he says, "you stick around here long enough, you'll lose a couple." I don't even finish my sandwich. Then Pesci gets us an audition to play the lounge at this bowling alley where he works in South Jersey.