

NICK

Everybody left.

HANK

Of course they left. You don't understand the nuances of my material.

TOMMY

Oh, yeah? OK, here's a nuance: take the ape suit and get the fuck out of here.

HANK

You want some advice? Don't give up your day jobs  
(He exits)

TOMMY

You believe that asshole?

FRANKIE

Tommy, I don't wanna go back to barber school.

NICK

Maybe this is a good time for me to start my own group.

TOMMY

What is it with you guys? A little setback and you start whining? This is the process! You experiment. You refine. I got ten ideas already. We get back to civilization, we find our fourth guy - and the sky's the limit - My hand to God.  
(to audience) Fact is, I'm all out of ideas. We're back to Three Lovers and zero bookings. So to generate some walking-around money, I'm working with this kid on a little project at a local bowling alley.

INT. A BOWLING ALLEY. DAY

(JOEY rushes in)

Start

JOEY

Tommy! I got your fourth guy!

TOMMY

Pick a card. (JOEY does)  
Three of hearts.

JOEY

Yeah, good. *(He puts the card back, and TOMMY continues shuffling.)* So this guy - he's got this jazz group, we're playing up in Bergenfield, and I'm thinking, Tommy's looking for a fourth -

*(He chooses another card.)*

TOMMY

Queen of spades.

JOEY

Good. I think this is the guy you're looking for!

TOMMY

For what?

JOEY

For the group! The Lovers or the Romans or whatever the fuck it is this week. This guy is a genius! You're gonna thank me for this!

TOMMY

What's his name?

JOEY

Gaudio. Bob Gaudio. He's a kid. But he plays like a madman - and he writes songs:

WHO'S GOT SHORT SHORTS? WE'VE GOT SHORT SHORTS.

THEY GOT SHORT SHORTS. HE'S GOT SHORT SHORTS.

I'VE GOT...

TOMMY

Joey! Can we take care of business first?

JOEY

Yeah, sure Tommy. I just thought -

TOMMY

We take care of business first, then we'll talk about you being a talent scout, OK?

JOEY

OK.

TOMMY

Now, make sure you're spotting lane six, you got it?

JOEY

Lane six, yeah, yeah -

TOMMY

OK, on the fifth frame, but not before, you start spotting the pins like we said.

JOEY

I know. A little off.

TOMMY

You don't fuck up, there's a C-note in it for you.

JOEY

If you want, I could arrange a sit-down.

TOMMY

What sit-down?

JOEY

With you and Gaudio.

TOMMY

Who are you, Al Capone? Let me handle sit-downs, you handle the bowling pins. Now get outta here.

(JOEY exits)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to audience) Joe Pesci. Yeah, that Joe Pesci, the actor. Who knew? Yeah, sure, I played the whole thing down about Gaudio, I hadda keep my game face on, but in here - bells were going off big time. "This is the one, Tommooch, this is the guy! Some kid from outta nowhere who sings, plays and writes songs! Sign him up, man - you just hit the trifecta!" What can I say - I got a feel for this stuff, OK? Never fails. Tommy DeVito delivers.

End

END OF SPRING