

# BOB CREW PACKET

## Side 1 (pgs 1 of 3)

### Read Stosh

### SCENE 9

*INSIDE A CAR*

*(STOSH drives, DONNIE sits in the shotgun seat, FRANKIE rides in the back)*

### START

**DONNIE**

Watch the curb, you don't wanna scratch Frankie's car.

**FRANKIE**

I don't understand. Why can't this guy just bring the stuff over the house?

**DONNIE**

He's a little nervous.

**STOSH**

You're wife's gonna love this shit, Frankie. Diamonds, couple a watches. He got it off some house in Saddle River. Hadda smack the broad around a little, but--

**DONNIE**

Shut up, he don't need to know that.

**STOSH**

Hey, Frankie's cool, right, Frankie?

**FRANKIE**

No problem.

**DONNIE**

Wait a minute. Stop the car.

*(He looks around)*

This isn't Bloomfield.

**STOSH**

No, it's Fairfield.

**DONNIE**

Not Fairfield. You fucking asshole. Bloomfield.

**STOSH**

You said Fairfield.

## Side 1 (pgs 2 of 3)

**DONNIE**

Why would I say Fairfield if it was Bloomfield?

**STOSH**

I dunno, Donnie. Maybe your brain is fucked up. And don't call me an asshole.

**DONNIE**

Why not? It's what you are, a piece of fucking shit asshole fucking moron--

**FRANKIE**

Fellas--it's OK--

**STOSH**

*(Snaps)*

You keep outta this.

**DONNIE**

Hey. Don't get outta line.

**STOSH**

Fuck him. And fuck you. I'm not the asshole. You're the asshole.

**DONNIE**

Don't talk to me like that.

**STOSH**

Yeah, asshole, what're you gonna do about it?

**DONNIE**

How about this?

*(DONNIE produces a pistol and shoots STOSH point-blank)*

**FRANKIE**

Holy shit! What are you, crazy?

**DONNIE**

Now who's the asshole?

**FRANKIE**

Jeez, Donnie, my God--

## Side 1 (pgs 3 of 3)

**DONNIE**

Go, get out--

**FRANKIE**

Yeah, but--

**DONNIE**

Get out. I'll take care of it. I'll call you tomorrow. Go, go.

*(FRANKIE runs off...STOSH comes back to life...he and DONNIE start laughing)*

You shoulda seen his face! I almost feel sorry for the kid.

**STOSH**

Well, don't. Just lean on him--hard. I want that money.

*(Big smile)*

Asshole.

**END**

~~FRANKIE  
Get out of 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, Fats. You're not in New York.~~

**Start**

**FRANKIE**

*(Turns)*

Crewe?

*(FRANKIE crosses and they hug)*

**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!

**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.

**END**

**MISS FRANKIE NOLAN (CONT.)**

TO MY EYE  
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)*

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

**CREWE**

*(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.



# 16. December '63 (Oh What a Night)

[Nov 2014]

Bob, Tommy, Nick, Barry, Francine, Lorraine, Mary (Joey, Hank, Norm, Crewe, band tenor, band bar, band bass)

FRANKIE OK, I'm in. BOB Great. So should we have somebody draw up a contract?  
 FRANKIE You mean like sign a piece of paper from a lawyer? BOB I guess.  
 FRANKIE You wanna do this thing? BOB Yeah. I just, I mean -  
 FRANKIE So we do it. You want a contract? Here - a Jersey contract.  
 [VISUAL CUE: ON HANDSHAKE: 4-MUSIC]

1 3 Bob

*f* Oh, what a night.

5

Late De - cem - ber back in six - ty - three. What a ver - y spec - ial

9

time for me. As I re - mem - ber, what a night. Oh, what a night.

13

You know I did - n't e - ven know her name, but I was nev - er gon - na

17

be the same. What a la - dy, what a night. Oh

21

I, I got a fun - ny feel - in' when she walked in the room, Yeah, and

25

I... as I re - call it end - ed much too soon...

Don't go, ba - by...\_\_\_\_\_

Don't go, ba - by...\_\_\_\_\_

14

me to take you back, we're all through. cause now I'm

Don't go, ba - by...

18 *mf*

leav - ing, no make - be - liev - ing, you made a

*p*

Ah Ah

22

fool of me so now I'm leav - ing you. ...love you

Ah I...

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11. Cry For Me

[Nov 2014]

26 *mf*

so. \_\_\_\_\_ much more than you'll ev-er know. \_\_\_\_\_ but you just

F, [Barry,BandTenor] / T, Joey,BandBar / N, [Hank,BandBs]

*mf*

Don't go, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_ Don't go, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_

30

cheat-ed and you lied. \_\_\_\_\_ go on and cry for me. \_\_\_\_\_ well, \_\_\_\_\_ you

Don't go, ba - by, \_\_\_\_\_

34

knew it from the start some - day you'd break my heart now we're all \_\_\_\_\_ through \_\_\_\_\_ so

(Barry) / F, BandTenor / T, Joey,BandBar / N, Hank,BandBs

Ah Ah Ah Go on and

38 *f*

cry \_\_\_\_\_ cry \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ me \_\_\_\_\_ just the way I cried for you. \_\_\_\_\_

F, [Barry,BandTenor] / T, Joey,BandBar / N, [Hank,BandBs]

*f*

cry cry cry cry Won't you cry for me baby? cry cry cry cry

42 *f*

won't you cry for me, baby, just the way I cried for you. Go on and cry \_\_\_\_\_ cry \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_

Won't you cry for me baby? cry cry cry - Yah...

46

me... \_\_\_\_\_

F / Joey

T (Barry) / N (Hank)

Ooo ee oo ee oo

Cry for me... \_\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'Cry For Me'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a box containing the number '46'. It features a melodic line with a long slur over the first four measures, followed by a final note. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, showing chords and a melodic line starting in the third measure. The bottom staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The lyrics are 'me...' followed by a line, 'Cry for me...' followed by a line. There are also vocalizations 'Ooo ee oo ee oo' in the third measure. Chord boxes are present: 'F / Joey' above the piano staff in the third measure, and 'T (Barry) / N (Hank)' above the piano staff in the second measure. The music is in 4/4 time and the key signature has two flats.