

SCENE 3

STREET CORNER

(TOMMY absently shuffles a deck of cards)

TOMMY

OK, very important. There are two types of women, Type A and Type B. You listening?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

TOMMY

Type A: at first they're real easy, jump right in bed with you, then later on they bust your balls. Type B: at first they play hard to get. Then later on they bust your balls.

FRANKIE

I don't get it.

TOMMY

Don't worry, you will. Say when.

FRANKIE

When.

TOMMY

(Holds up card)

Queen of Hearts.

FRANKIE

Yeah! How d'you do that anyway?

TOMMY

Magic. Hey, what's that on your shirt?

(TOMMY points, FRANKIE looks down, TOMMY smacks him playfully in the nose)

FRANKIE

Hey--

TOMMY

What? You don't like it? Huh? Huh? What're you gonna do? Huh? Big guy? C'mon!

(They have a mock tussle, TOMMY slapping at FRANKIE'S face, jabbing at each other... TOMMY'S playing, but suddenly it gets serious for FRANKIE and he's out of control and starts to try and land some punches... TOMMY grabs him in a bear hug)

TOMMY

Hey--whoa, whoa...come on, little brother--

(FRANKIE breaks loose, flustered)

FRANKIE

Don't do that. Don't hit me.

TOMMY

Whoa, whoa--

FRANKIE

And I ain't your little brother!

(FRANKIE pouts, starts off...TOMMY turns to the AUDIENCE: "See what I gotta deal with?")

TOMMY

(To FRANKIE)

You sang good tonight.

(FRANKIE stops, turns)

So, what happened with Angela?

FRANKIE

Who?

TOMMY

The redhead. I seen her looking at you. I think you could get in there.

FRANKIE

Nah. She's with somebody.

TOMMY

Not if you take her for a little spin.

FRANKIE

Like in what?

TOMMY

The Belvedere.

(TOMMY produces a set of car keys and dangles them enticingly)

#5 EARTH ANGEL

FRANKIE

(Skeptically)

You're gonna lend me the Plymouth.

TOMMY

I might.

FRANKIE

Bullshit.

TOMMY

Just don't wrap yourself around a tree. I don't wanna have to fill out a lotta forms.

(FRANKIE reaches for the keys...TOMMY pulls them back)

Listen--Tuesday night, me and my brother Nick're gonna knock over the Jewelry Mart on Frenchtown Road about midnight. You in or what?

FRANKIE

I dunno. My dad wants me home by eleven--

TOMMY

Tell him we're rehearsing. I figure your cut'll be a hundred fifty, maybe two.

(FRANKIE grabs the keys and runs off)

TOMMY

(To AUDIENCE)

He's a good kid. Just needs a little--you know--guidance. Even his mother thinks so.

(Lights up on FRANKIE'S MOTHER)

SCENE 8

MANGIO'S PIZZA RESTAURANT

(A table with a candle stuck into a Chianti bottle...two chairs...FRANKIE and MARY sit...by now, he's produced a lighter and lights her cigarette...she sips wine and smokes)

MARY

So that's your real name? Vally?

FRANKIE

No, Castellucio. Francis Castellucio.

MARY

Kinda long for a marquee.

FRANKIE

That's why I changed it. Vally. V-a-l-l-y.

MARY

No. V-a-l-l-i.

FRANKIE

How come?

MARY

Because y is a bullshit letter. It doesn't know what it is. Is it a vowel? Is it a consonant?

FRANKIE

I never thought about it.

MARY

Plus which you're Italian. You gotta end in a vowel. Delgad-O. Castelluci-O. Pizz-A. Vallee with an I. It says "This is who I am. You don't like it, you can go fuck yourself."

FRANKIE

So...this is a pretty nice place, huh?

MARY

Yeah. They don't sell slices. That's how you can tell.

FRANKIE

(Trying)

That's a very unusual fragrance. I never smelled anything like that before. What do you call it?

MARY

Soap.

FRANKIE

(Smiles)

Tommy warned me about you.

MARY

Yeah, what'd he say?

FRANKIE

He said I couldn't handle you.

MARY

That's because he couldn't.

(Sips drink)

So your group--

FRANKIE

The Varietones--

MARY

Yeah. It's just you and Tommy--

FRANKIE

And his brother Nick and this other guy Nicky.

MARY

So where are they?

FRANKIE

They went away for a while.

MARY

What for?

FRANKIE

They did some things.

MARY

With friends like that maybe you should just change your name to Sinatra.

FRANKIE

I'm gonna be bigger than Sinatra.

MARY

Only if you stand on a chair.

FRANKIE

Why you gotta say that kinda stuff?

MARY

C'mere.

(He leans in...she takes his face in her hands and gives him a long, sensual kiss on the mouth)

You got a nickel?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

MARY

Call your mother. You're gonna be home late.

TOMMY

(To AUDIENCE)

Mary had a couple years on him, and they're both looking for a way out. Up and out...

(Then)

Love? I'll be honest with you. I never knew what that was. Marriage is not love. Marriage is you take a shave while your wife sits on the can and clips her toenails.

(And)

Anyway, Frankie's married, we're playing clubs nights, Frankie's cutting hair in the daytime and it's their anniversary, so he decides to get Mary some jewelry. So he goes shopping--Jersey style.

SCENE 10

TOMMY'S HOUSE

TOMMY

OK, slow down. He shot a guy in your car and now he wants--how much?

FRANKIE

25 G's.

TOMMY

What for?

FRANKIE

Get rid of the body, get rid of the car--

TOMMY

Why should you pay? He shot him.

FRANKIE

You nuts? It's my car! There's a dead dago in it! My prints're all over it. He says the cops're gonna trace it! It's a murder rap, Tommy--

TOMMY

Frankie, it's a scam.

FRANKIE

What?

TOMMY

They fake a murder in your car, then they hit you for 25 G's to make it go away.

FRANKIE

No, no--there was blood all over. I saw it with my own--

TOMMY

Fake blood. Like in the movies? Lemme explain something. You shoot somebody, you gotta shoot the witnesses too. This is a basic rule. You go by his house, a hundred bucks says your car is sitting right in his driveway.

FRANKIE

But Donnie's my friend.

TOMMY

I'm your friend. Go home. I'll take care of Donnie.

FRANKIE

What're you gonna do, call Gyp?

TOMMY

Are you nuts? You don't bother Gyp DeCarlo with two-bit bullshit. I said I'll get your car back.

(Then)

Go home, make your wife happy.

FRANKIE

Thanks, Tommy. I owe you.

(FRANKIE runs off)

TOMMY

(To AUDIENCE)

What do you think--I didn't call Gyp? Of course I called Gyp. You want something done--or un-done--in New Jersey, Gyp DeCarlo was The Man. He made fifty problems like Frankie's disappear everyday before lunch.

(Very self-important)

And I had a very special relationship with him.

67

My folks won't let me cause they say that she's no good. She's a
could... Ooo *mp* ooo

71

mf Rag Doll, such a Rag Doll, tho' I
mf Rag Doll, Rag Doll,

75

love her so, I can't let her know...
love her so, let her know...

[Barry, Joey]

79

Ooo TOMMY Know what I do now?
[Lorraine, Hank] / [Mary, Norm, band tenor, band bar] / [Francine, Crewe, band bass]

All those other ones, the Oscars, the Emmies, whatever - you can buy that shit. But you can't buy this.

55

Ah _____

Ah _____ Ah _____ Rag Doll,

You know why? Because this is from the people!

59

Ooo _____ Ooo

Ooo _____ Ooo

Sad rag
mf

Bob, [Lorraine, Hank] /
 Tommy [Mary, Norm, band tenor, band bar] /
 Nick [Francine, Crewe, band bass]

Frankie, [Barry, Joey]

63

f I'd change her — sad rags in - to glad rags if — I could.

doll... _____ Ooo *mp* ooo If I
mf

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67

My folks won't let me cause they say that she's no good. She's a
could... Ooo *mp* ooo

71

mf Rag Doll, such a Rag Doll, tho' I
mf Rag Doll, Rag Doll,

75

love her so, I can't let her know...
love her so, let her know...

[Barry, Joey]

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Ooo TOMMY Know what I do now?
[Lorraine, Hank] / [Mary, Norm, band tenor, band bar] / [Francine, Crewe, band bass]
Ooo

Walk Like A Man

[Nov 2014]

Orchestration: Steve Orich

CREWE Look, Miss Congeniality - it's a metaphor. This is an anthem for every guy who's ever been twisted around a girl's little finger! Well, isn't it?

2x 132bpm

1 2 3

OK, Phil.
ENGINEER: Take 1. Rolling.

(On stage footstomps)

(Drum Solo)

f

4 F, [Lorraine,Joey] always 8va!

5 6 7

f Oo ü - oo wah...

B, [Barry, Hank] / T, [Norm, Gyp, band bar] / N, [Crewe, band tenor, band bass]

(Gtrs) *f* Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!

B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat

Play FootStomps & HandClaps

mf (Ac. Piano) (+ Drums plays time)

(Bass + Ky2)

mf

8 9 10 11 12 13

Oo ü - oo Walk like a man...

Walk like a man...

B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat F

14

15 16 17

Oh how you tri-eyed to cut me down to si-ize, tell-in' dirt-y li-ies to my friends.

T, [Hank, Barry, Gyp] / B, [Norm, band bar] / N, [Crewe, band tenor, band bass]

mf oo - wah - oo. oo - wah - oo. oo - wah oo - wah oo - wah -

B \flat C m7 B \flat C m7 B \flat C m7 B \flat C m7

18 My own— fa-ther said "Give her up, don't bother, the world is-n't com-ing to an end.
 oo. oo - wah - oo. oo - wah - oo. He said, —

19 20 21

N, [Crewe]

B \flat C m7 B \flat C m7 B \flat C m7 B \flat

(Drum solo)

22 **ff** Walk like a man, Talk like a man, Walk like a man, my son, —

B, [Hank, Barry, Gyp] / T, [Norm, band bar] / N, [Crewe, band tenor, band bass]

ff Walk like a man, talk like a man, walk like a man, my son, —

23 24 25 ³

E \flat A \flat E \flat A \flat E \flat G m F m7 B \flat

(+Gtr1 8va)

f

26

No wom - an's worth crawl - ing on the earth, — so walk like a man, my son... ———

No wom - an's worth crawl - ing on the earth...

E \flat A \flat E \flat A \flat E \flat G m A \flat F7

(+Gtr1 8va)

30

31 32 33

BOB Judging from the reaction, I guess more guys than we thought had been twisted around some girl's little finger.

(Flute)
mp

(Gtr)
(+ HH on 2+4)
mp

B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat

(w/ Bass)

(Ky 2 LH)