

**SCENE 5**

*COURTROOM*

**JUDGE**

How old are you?

**FRANKIE**

Sixteen, your honor.

**TOMMY**

Your Honor. Please. The kid didn't know what he was doing. I conned him into it.

**JUDGE**

*(To FRANKIE)*

I'm letting you off with a warning. I suggest you get yourself a new set of friends. I see you in my courtroom again you're going away. Get outta here.

**TOMMY**

Hey, Frankie. Sing good.

*(FRANKIE exits with HIS MOTHER)*

**JUDGE**

*(To TOMMY, opening his file)*

As for you, let's see...

*(Reads in one breath)*

Breaking and entering, possession of stolen property, possession of stolen property, breaking and entering, possession of a forged document, breaking and entering, illegal gaming...quite a resume.

*(Looks up, as if making small talk)*

So, the kid's a singer?

**TOMMY**

A good singer. And getting better every day.

**JUDGE**

*(Lowers the boom)*

Then he oughta be great by the time you get out. Six months.

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## SCENE 11

Start

*THE SEA BREEZE*

Tommy--

**DECARLO**

Yeah, Gyp?

**TOMMY**

You pick up my dry cleaning?

**DECARLO**

Sure, Gyp.

**TOMMY**

Good. Now tomorrow, you drive me to Belmont in time for the third race, you wait, and then take me over to Spring Valley so I can see my granddaughter.

**DECARLO**

No problem.

**TOMMY**

Hey.

*(Entering)*

**FRANKIE**

Frankie, you know Mr. DeCarlo.

**TOMMY**

Yeah, sure. Hi.

**FRANKIE**

Well, we better get ready.

**TOMMY**

Frankie, do me a favor, will you? Sing "My Mother's Eyes."

**DECARLO**

Sorry, I don't do that song any more, Mr. DeCarlo.

**FRANKIE**

We put my mother in the ground one year ago today. I'd consider it a real favor.

**DECARLO**

**TOMMY**

Yeah, we could probably do that song.

**FRANKIE**

No, we couldn't.

**TOMMY**

Yes we could.

**FRANKIE**

Tommy--

**TOMMY**

Mister DeCarlo would like to hear the fuckin' song!

**FRANKIE**

--I haven't done that song since I was fifteen.

**DECARLO**

Frankie--

**FRANKIE**

Yeah?

**DECARLO**

You get your car back?

**FRANKIE**

My car? Yeah.

**DECARLO**

Those guys, they went away?

**FRANKIE**

*(Looks at TOMMY)*

Yeah.

**DECARLO**

So I do you a favor, you do one for me. That's fair, isn't it?

**FRANKIE**

Sure, Mr. DeCarlo.

5 83bpm

6 Tommy *f* Earth

*mf* Norm, Barry, Gyp Ooo Woh Ooo

*mf* Nick, Crewe  
bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm

(Ky1)  
FRANKIE'S MOTHER Gaetano, he looks up to you. [3-4-]  
Ti prego, occupati di lui, eh?  
TOMMY No one's gonna lay a finger on him. My hand to god.

(Ky2)

(Gtr) Ab Fm Db Eb7

8

9 10

an-gel, earth an-gel, will you be mine? My dar-ling dear, I

Ooo ah-ooo Ooo ah-

bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm

(Ky1)

(Ky2)

Ab Fm Db Eb7 Ab Fm

29

11 12 13 Tommy

love you all the time. I

ooo

bm bm bm bm

DETECTIVE TWO That jog your memory?  
 DETECTIVE ONE Frankie, you're driving  
 Tommy's car, you got no license, you're one  
 block from the Jewelry Mart -  
 FRANKIE I dunno what you're talking about.  
 DETECTIVE TWO We got Tommy and his brother.  
 They already gave you up, numb nuts.

DETECTIVE TWO OK,  
 asshole, have it your way.

(R.S.)

G.P.

Db Eb7

14 81bpm

15 16 *rit.* 17

fell — for you, — and — I — knew

Barry, Norm/  
Gyp

Ooo —

bm bm bm bm bm bm bm (Clar)

JUDGE How old are you?  
FRANKIE Sixteen, your honor.  
TOMMY Your honor. Please.

(Ky1)

(Gtr) Db Dbm Ab *rit.* Ab/Bb Bb Eb7

18

The kid didn't know what he was doing. I conned him into it.  
[MUSIC OUT]  
JUDGE I'm letting you off with a warning. I suggest you get  
yourself a new set of friends. I see you in my courtroom  
again you're going away. Get outta here.  
TOMMY Hey, Frankie. Sing good.  
JUDGE As for you, let's see... Breaking and entering,  
possession of stolen property, possession of stolen property,  
breaking and entering, possession of a forged document,  
breaking and entering, illegal gaming... quite a resume.  
So, the kid's a singer?  
TOMMY A good singer. And getting better every day.  
JUDGE Then he oughta be great by the time you get out.  
Six months. [MUSIC start with visual: FILE]

(R.S.)

78bpm

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A tempo

Vamp (til cue)

19 20 21 22

Barry, Gyp

Nick, Crewe

Ooo \_\_\_\_\_ Ooo \_\_\_\_\_

bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm

Tommy *f*  
Oh, — Earth

TOMMY So it's back to the joint. Rahway Correctional Facility.  
 Somebody's always inside. Guys from the neighborhood,  
 my brother Nick - They got a revolving door on this place.  
 But before I go, I talk to my bass player, Nick Massi.  
 Nick is some kind of harmony genius. He hears it all in his  
 head, tells each guy what to sing. [FERMATA]

Teach him. And watch him.  
 Anything happens to Frankie,  
 you got a problem with me. [MUSIC OUT]

(Clar/Tpt/BsCl)

*mp*

A tempo

(Ky1)

(Ky2 "Gentle Organ")  
 (+Gtr arps)

(Band tacet)

FINE  
4th X

23 24 25

An - gel, — Earth An - gel, — The one I a - dore — Love you for - ev - er, —

Ooo — ah Ooo — Ooo — ah

bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm

(Clar/Tpt/BsCl)  
mp

(Ky1)

(Ky2 LH- plus RH pads)

(Gtr) Ab Fm Db Eb7 Ab Fm

26 27 28 29

and ev - er - more. — I'm — just a fool, — A — fool in love — with you...

Ooo — Ooo — ah Ooo — you... —

bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm bm — you...

rit.

rit.

Db Eb7 Ab Fm Bbm7 Eb7

NICK'S DATE  
Nicky,  
fa God's sakes-  
I thought we were  
going to the movies!

NICK Relax  
willya?  
Frankie, gimme  
the pliers.  
NICK'S DATE  
But I wanna  
see "The Blob".