

FRANKIE VALLI (Jersey Accent)

Summers in Jersey, you get a string of days that are so thick and humid that you can hardly breathe. Then, out of the blue, there's that one morning that's crystal clear and so cool, you thank God for the day you were born. That was my life all of a sudden. The song that almost never saw the light of day sells three million copies. And "Working My Way" puts the group back on the charts. I'm feeling good, I'm singing good. Between me and Bob, we finally pay off Tommy's debts--we're free and clear. Everything's copasetic. Even my kid, Francine--she calls me every Friday night wherever I am, and we talk and it's all getting better with us.

When I was a kid and we were going through hard times, my mother would say, "A da possa a nuttata." "This too shall pass." What I came to realize was, it cuts both ways. The bad passes--but also the good.

You pay your taxes, you put your trust in a system, you think your kids are safe. What are you supposed to do--put 'em on a leash, chain 'em to the bed? They grow up, they go out, and some motherfucker with a needle is waiting...and it's over.

TOMMY DE VITO (Jersey accent)

That's our song. "Oh, What a Night." "Ces Soirées-la." French. Number One in Paris, 2000. Ten weeks. Not bad for a song from thirty years ago. Our stuff's all over--radio, movies, commercials even. Look, I don't wanna seem--you know--Ubiquitous--but let's face it--we put Jersey on the map.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. You wanna begin at the beginning, I'm the guy you wanna talk to, because this whole thing started with me. Tommy DeVito, Belleville, New Jersey. Native son.

Of course, certain individuals aren't crazy about living in a state where you have to drive to a landfill next to a dump next to a turnpike to cheer for a team that's from New York. Anyway...so it's only natural to want something better. If you're from my neighborhood, you've got three ways out: you could join the army. You could get mobbed up. Or--you could become a star. Have your songs played in France. It could happen. It did happen.

You ask four guys how it happened, you get four different versions. And this is where all of 'em start. A thousand years ago. Eisenhower. Rocky Marciano. And a few guys under a streetlamp singing somebody else's latest hit.

BOB GAUDIO (Standard American Accent)

Around this time, there's a little dust-up called the British Invasion. Britannia is ruling the airwaves, so we start our own American Revolution. The battle begins on a Sunday night at eight o'clock--and the whole world is watching.

We weren't a social movement like the Beatles. Our fans didn't put flowers in their hair and try to levitate the Pentagon. Our people were the guys who shipped overseas...and their sweethearts. They were the factory workers, the truck drivers. The kids pumping gas, flipping burgers. The pretty girl with circles under her eyes behind the counter at the diner. They're the ones who really got us, who pushed us over the top.

NICK MASSI (Jersey Accent)

Even after I quit the group, it still had some kind of pull over me. Over the years, if Frankie was playing Atlantic City or anyplace near Jersey, I'd hop in the car and check it out. He'd bring me up on stage, we'd do a song or two, and he'd always have the same question. "Why'd you do it, Nicky? Why'd you walk away?"

Lemme clear that up. It wasn't the side deal. It wasn't the touring. It wasn't the bad food or rooming with Tommy. It just came outta my mouth. And once I said it, I knew it was what I wanted. I wanted to go home. That's what I needed—more than the girls or the booze. Or even starting my own group.

All right, I'll be honest with you, it coulda been an ego thing. Everybody wants to be up front. But if there's four guys, and you're Ringo...Better I should spend some time with my kids.

BOB CREWE (Standard American Accent)

It's been more than twenty years since these guys have appeared on the same stage together, and what better stage for a reunion than this one. We may be just a few hundred miles from where they started out, but it's taken them four lifetimes to get here--to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my old friends and brand new Hall of Famers, the original Four Seasons!

MARY DELGARDO (Jersey Accent)

Family? You dare say that to me? Your lips should fall off your face for using that word. You show up for a couple of days and you think that makes you a father?

You wanna switch places? Any time. There's the kitchen, there's the washing machine, knock yourself out.

You come home to play happy family once a month!! Your family's out there. So go. Tour outer fucking space for all I care. You'll still be what you always were--a dumb wop from Jersey who never even graduated high school. Mister Vally with a "y." Give me a fucking break.

GYP De CARLO (Jersey / New York Accent)

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

Frankie, do me a favour, will you? Sing "My Mother's Eyes.".....You know we put my mother in the ground one year ago today. I'd consider it a real favour.

JOE PESCI (Jersey Accent)

Tommy! I got your fourth guy!....This guy--we got this jazz group see, we're playing up in Bergenfield, and I'm thinking, Tommy's looking for a fourth. And I think this is the guy you're looking for!.....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!

LORRAINE (Boston Accent)

I can't do this. I have a small apartment. There's not enough room for your whole family. I mean what's the point Frankie? I gotta be out of town for the next week, then I come back and you're on the road, I don't see you for six more weeks----and it goes on and on and nothing changes--

I know "you're digging your self out of the hole"...that you dug for yourself. So, now he's out? Don't you get it? You're still working for him! You're sleeping alone in a two-bit motel in Toledo so he can play golf in Vegas. Was that your plan? Because that's one hell of a stupid plan--He used you, he ridiculed you, he did everything he could to destroy the group, and you take his debts!

FEMALE ENSEMBLE (Standard American Accent)

Bobby....of course! For you? Anything. I mean, "C'mon, Marianne," that's a winner. But this other one--the weird one--how come the big push?I know you want this for Frankie, and that moves me. In fact I'm humbled. That is--what can I say--all my years in this business, I never heard anything so beautiful. Look at me, I'm tearing up. So you got it, my friend. One hundred plays, this weekend. I promise you. On my mother's grave.

ALTERNATE MONOLOGUE CHOICE

Bobby, what can I tell ya? "C'mon, Marianne" I know what to do with. But this other one--it's too hard to be pop, too soft to be rock—why are you busting my chops? You come in here with some kinda fuckin' art song, you're never gonna get airplay. And hey, I know all about you and Frankie and the famous handshake, I get it, believe me, but-- may I be candid, my friend? Frankie's OK but he's no Neil Sedaka.

But hey--don't have a stroke in my office, OK? Alright. Call me sentimental. Here's the deal. You get the station to play it, I'll release the damn song. They say no, you can take your little work of art and stick it where the sun don't shine.

MALE ENSEMBLE (Standard American Accent)

And you're listening to me, Belson, WCFA Radio! We're in our seventeenth hour, locked inside this studio, and yes, we're still playing the same song! I mean, is that a different sound, or what? Who are these people? Four black guys? Three guys and a girl? What can I say--I LOVE THIS RECORD!!! We're gonna see this one go right to the top, my friends. And we're gonna see it happen this Saturday, on American Bandstand! Aw, what the hey, I think I'll play it again. Here it comes, all you submarine watchers! Put down that girl and lend an ear to--The Four Seasons!

ALTERNATE MONOLOGUE CHOICE

Hey, Frankie. Fabulous show. You guys get better and better. Tommy around? I'm Norman Waxman, Frankie. Friend of Tommy's. I need to talk to him about money.

I see you got a little success now, right Frankie? You got the records, the TV, the personal appearances. And we're all proud of you—But Tommy's put me in an awkward position. I've stalled my people as long as I can. But he's in too deep. They want their money now, before something unfortunate happens to one of you and it all goes up in smoke.