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SCENE 11

WEDNESDAY MORNING--A BROOKLYN STREET

(we hear the sound of a truck pulling down the street...lights up on street...the FACES are playing stickball)

DOUBLE-J

* Damn bread truck. He's gotta drive right through our game, huh?

JOEY

That's all right, we'll make sure we hit 'em double in the mornin'.

BOBBY

GAME ON! Hey, give me the ball.

GUS

(entering with a brown deli delivery box)

Fresh bread and doughnuts!

(the GUYS grab the bread and start eating)

DOUBLE-J

I still can't believe those dumb-asses just leave 'em outside the deli door.

BOBBY

I can't believe you guys get up this early to swipe the bread delivery. You never got up this early for nothin' in your whole life.

JOEY

You don't understand. This is no normal bread. We're talkin' Caputo's fresh semolina...still warm.

DOUBLE-J

It's so good it's like God gave birth in my mouth.

(beat)

JOEY

What the hell is wrong with you? That's disgusting!

GUS

Hey--did you see what the Yankees are gonna pay Jackson?

JOEY

Yeah--I heard. My Pop's all pissed off cause they're paying him more than Piniella. Just another case of a *paisan* gettin' screwed.

DOUBLE-J

Piniella ain't Italian.

JOEY

What?!

DOUBLE-J

No--he's like Bolivian or somethin'.

JOEY

You know, you just ruined my entire day.

GUS

If I had that type of money, I'd get myself a Mercedes, you know.

JOEY

You're never gonna get yourself a Mercedes...You'll never have that type of money.

DOUBLE-J

Hey you...you know I've had you up to here, you. That's your favorite speech!

JOEY

You're never gonna have that type of money in your whole life. Not you, not me, not anybody.

(A HISPANIC YOUTH GABRIEL, crosses carrying a bag of groceries.)

It's a dog-eat-dog world.

(GUS knocks the grocery bag out of GABRIEL's hands)

JOEY

Whoa! What the hell's your problem?

(GUS quickly jumps up and stands over the GUY...DOUBLE-J, BOBBY, and JOEY come running to back him up...GABRIEL slowly gets up...he's angry but he is out-matched and they all know it)

JOEY 3 g 3

GUS

Pffft--later.

(the GUYS reluctantly turn to go back to their game...GABRIEL holds his ground and gaze)

GABRIEL

Later what?

(he slides his hand in his pocket as if he has a hidden knife)

Later who? Later where?

(the FACES turn around and GUS steps up to him)

GUS

Hombre...you will die.

(GABRIEL thinks for a moment and decides to move on...he picks up the grocery bag, walks away, and exits)

JOEY

X Hombre, you will die? Hombre, you will die?

(the GUYS start laughing)

Where the hell did you hear that?

GUS

I don't know, the late-late movie or somethin'. It just sounded cool.

JOEY

Wait'll we tell Tony. I don't know if he's gonna kiss you or smack you. The cajones on this kid. Come on...let's get the hell outta here...Hombre.

GUS | JOEY | BOBBY | DOUBLE-J

Vocal Book

#2 Boogie Shoes from Saturday Night Fever

TONY: "Unbelievable. You know
you're turning God into a
telephone operator?"
[MUSIC]

2/15/17

Music and Lyrics by
Harry Casey and Richard Finch
Arranged and Orchestrated
David Abbinanti

Rockin', but not rushed (♩ = 115)

Safety A JOEY:

1 Girl, to be with you 3 is my fav-'rite thing. 4 Yeah.

BOBBY: JOEY:

5 Ahh. 6 I can't wait 'til I 7 see you a-gain. 8 Yeah. Yeah. 9 Ahh.

GUS/JOEY:
BOBBY/DOUBLE-J:

10 I wan-na put on 11 ma ma ma ma ma boo-gie shoes. 12 Just to boo-gie with you. 13

14 I wan-na put on 15 ma ma ma ma ma boo-gie shoes. 16 Just to boo-gie with you. 17

DOUBLE-J: JOEY: "Yeah - says the two -pump-chump."

18 I wan-na do it till 20 the sun comes up. 21 22

#2 Boogie Shoes

GUS:

"and enough, and enough, and enough."

GUS/JOEY:
BOBBY/DOUBLE-J:

23 I wan-na do it till 24 I can't get en-nough. 25 26 27 I wan-na put on

28 ma ma ma ma ma boo-gie 29 shoes. Just to boo-gie with you. 30 31 I wan-na put on

32 ma ma ma ma ma boo-gie 33 shoes. Just to boo-gie with you. 34

JOEY: "Aaaaaaaayyyyyy...Y-yo! (*pronounced "Why-yo"*) Here he is...lookin' sharp, heh?"

BOBBY: "Hey Tony, we've been waitin'. What happened to ya?"

TONY: "Seven Hail Mary's and an Act of Contrition.

Hey Bobby, Pauline came by the store today. She was askin' 'bout ya."

GUS: "Jesus Christ, Bobby. I thought we told you how to handle that. It's high school crap."

TONY: "What do ya know about high school? You barely finished the eighth grade."

BOBBY: "She's been callin' me all week...left seven messages with my mother, two with my father, and now you. Next, she's gonna take an ad in the Pennysaver."

JOEY: "Madone!"

BOBBY: "I just feel bad, you know."

DOUBLE-J: "You feel? You feel, what? What the hell is that?"

BOBBY: "I feel...you know, bad. I mean we grew up together."

JOEY: "No, Bobby, we grew up together. Us guys. She's just a chick from the neighborhood."

GUS: "Bobby, we told ya..." "It is, what it is."

BOBBY: "Yeah but--"

DOUBLE-J: "Bobby. It is...what it is."

BOBBY: "Tony, what do you think? I mean, I trust what you say. Tony...you and I, we're almost cousins."

TONY: "We're Italian, Bobby...everybody's our cousin."

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