



Thank you for auditioning for

**JERSEY BOYS**

**THEATRE RALEIGH**

**For this process please prepare:**

- The full material in this packet. You may or may not be asked for all of this material in the room, but be prepared just in case. \*there is no show-specific music to prepare for this role.
- 16-32 bars of your own song in the style of or from the show.
- Have your full book of music on hand, in case the team needs to hear anything else.

Note: You may be asked to return later, on this day, 1/25 for a dance/movement call. We will let you know in the room if we would like to see you then. Callbacks will be scheduled as needed for the morning of 1/26. Please let us know in advance if you are unable to return for the callbacks.

Please bring a hardcopy headshot/resume for us, or we will not have one in the room.

If you have any questions regarding material or difficulty accessing material, please email us at [staff@wojcasting.com](mailto:staff@wojcasting.com)

We are looking forward to seeing you!

Thanks so much-

Wojcik Casting Team

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**WOJCIK CASTING TEAM**

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# Crewe

**MISS FRANKIE NOLAN (CONT.)**

TO MY EYE  
I, 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

Start

*(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.

**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.

**End**

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*(CREWE takes the mic and leaves)*

**#12A: CRY / SILHOUETTES (UNDERScore)**

**BOB**

*(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.

**SCENE 16**

BAR

**START**

**BOB**

I was in his office. A hundred plays. He swore on his mother's grave.

**CREWE**

Bobby--this is the music business. These guys don't have mothers.

**BOB**

Son of a bitch.

**CREWE**

Face it, kid. They don't want the song.

**BOB**

I want it.

**CREWE**

We'll write another one.

**BOB**

No--this one. It's a hit.

*(Beat...BOB stares pointedly at CREWE)*

**CREWE**

*(Actually moved)*

OK, you wanna break the song? Where's Frankie now?

**BOB**

Detroit. The Rooster Tail.

**CREWE**

This asshole program director who hates the song--?

**BOB**

Yeah--

**CREWE**

You get him in there, you lay on the food, the booze, the full treatment. Frankie does the song, the crowd goes wild--the crowd goes wild, right?

**BOB**

Every night. The place comes apart.

**CREWE**

*(Of course!)*

Because it's a great song, that's why! And the guy, the asshole--he may be a moron, but he's not stupid. Once he hears the crowd, he'll play the song, don't worry.

*(CREWE throws down a couple of bills and leaves the bar...BOB follows him up the stairs)*

**BOB**

But that's just Detroit.

**CREWE**

Exactly. So you follow up.

*(CREWE gets into it...gesturing, conducting)*

Same thing in Philly--Boston--Chicago--San Francisco. You start a little movement. Word gets out. Stations start getting calls--

*(As a blue-collar guy)*

"Where's that song? We wanna hear that song! What's wrong with you people? PLAY THE FUCKIN' SONG ALREADY!"

*(Then, as himself)*

And it'll work. You know why?

**BOB**

Why?

**CREWE**

I did Frankie's chart. His moon is in Taurus.

*(Then)*

Only thing is, a campaign like this, it's gonna cost. The label's gonna have to cough up.

**BOB**

Forget the label. This one's on me.

*(The famous vamp begins, and a single spotlight picks up FRANKIE in concert)*

**END**