

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.

*(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.