

DANNY: (On stage, spoken introduction into "Be The Love Of My Life and I'll Never Be Lonely", etc.)

(Heckling from voice out front. Danny disregards and continues. Voice heckles again. Danny demands that he have courtesy to come up and show his face. Voice refuses. Danny asks Waiter to bring him on stage. Waiter brings character up, turns out to be Clarence. Short disagreement.)

CLARENCE: (Sings)  
If I ever found the love of my life,  
What would happen to the life that I love?  
I'm living a life to my liking,  
Why look for the lack that is lurking?  
If I love to loaf and for laughs I am looking,  
If I like a lark and my luck isn't leaking,  
Then why spike my spark, in a manner of speaking  
I'll take a fresh shave and I'll shove that ... off,  
For if I ever found the love of my life,  
What would happen to the life that I love?

DANNY: Well, as they say in French - Chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: Pahdon me.

DANNY: Chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: Chacun a son who??

Danny on stage - spoken introduction into: "Be the love of my life and I will never be lonely, etc".

Heckling from voice out front. Danny disregards and continues. Voice heckles again. Danny demands that he have courtesy to come up and show his face. Voice refuses. Danny asks waiter to bring him on stage.

Waiter brings character up - turns out to be Clarence. Short disagreement, Clarence sings:

If I ever found the love of my life,  
What would happen to the life that I love.  
I'm living a life to my liking,  
Why look for the lack that is lurking.  
If I love to loaf and for laughs I am looking,  
If I like a lark and my luck isn't leaking,  
Then why spike my spark in a manner of speaking  
I'll take a fresh shave and I'll shove ~~that~~..off  
For if I ever found a love of my life,  
What would happen to the life that I love.

Danny says:	Well, as they say in french -- Chacun a son gout.
Clarence says:	Pahdon me.
Danny says:	Chacun a son gout.
Clarence says:	Chacun a son who?

(As camera pans into <sup>Paul D'Or</sup>, Jerry singing "Chacun" in French. As the camera reaches him he continues to sing, but on the 4th bar a voice heckles:)

VOICE: How about a song ~~somebody~~ can understand, buddy?

(Jerry just looks. One-and-a half bars more:)

VOICE: Aw, shut up with that. How about "Melancholy Baby?"

(Jerry stops and says:)

JERRY: Young man, if you have anything to say, stop hiding. Come up here and say it or be quiet.

VOICE: I ain't gonna keep quiet and I ain't goin' any place.

JERRY: Waiter, find that man.

(Waiter carries Clarence on stage.)

JERRY: Now then, what were you saying?

CLARENCE: Aw, I travel 3000 miles and pay my good money, and I want to hear something I can understand. What was that you were singing?

JERRY: Chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: What?

JERRY: It's a very famous French expression meaning each to his own taste. I do what I like, you do what you like. Chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: Shack what a son who?

~~JERRY: (Starts singing it. End of first phrase.)~~

CLARENCE: (Whistles) Wait a minute. Stop the music.

JERRY: What is it?

CLARENCE: This is our closing night in Paris, right?

JERRY: Right.

CLARENCE: Will you do me a big favor?

JERRY: Well, it depends.

CLARENCE: Well, I don't know how to come out with this, but I been singin' here three weeks now, and you keep me talkin' in a Brooklyn accent, and everyone is gonna go away thinkin' I am just an ignoramus type ignoramus.

JERRY: So?

CLARENCE: So, I was just wonderin' if just this once you would let me sound a little more like a man of the world.

JERRY: Yes?

After laugh

D I love the smell of the sea  
 C It makes me sea-sick  
 D To ring a zong on the Zuyder Zee  
 C That makes me zee-sick  
 D Thea hunting calls  
 When winter falls -  
 C When winter falls  
 Look out for snow

Niagara falls  
 LOOK OUT BELOW -

(2)

DANNY: Chacun, <sup>Chacun</sup> a son gout

CLARENCE: Do what, but for you - *Keep it quiet, you  
it will widen you*

DANNY: Animals prove that it's true

CLARENCE: Did they put for you *Do they cooperate in you*  
 this a

DANNY: Why should a dog meow  
 Why should a cat bow-wow  
 Why should a donkey say "Moo" --

CLARENCE: True --  
 The chipmunk chips, the lynx he slinks  
 While the coo-coo goes coo-coo  
 The little skunk just sits and thinks  
 A most natural thing to do.

DANNY: <sup>D</sup> ~~Chacun~~ a son gout

D CLARENCE: Start to dig ya now *Frankly, if you*

DANNY: ~~Chacun Chacun~~ *(max front)*  
 Each to his own point of view

D CLARENCE: ~~Starts to figure now~~ *Good, apply it now*

I am a Brooklyn man, I meet a Giant fan  
 He says Dem Bums is all thru -

DANNY: (What do you do?)

CLARENCE: I do not paste him in the map  
 I do not holler, Aaah shaddap..  
 I mallerate 'im -- I kick 'is teeth in

DANNY: ~~Aah, aah -- Chacun a son gout.~~

*Sh Shacun a son gout*

CLARENCE: Maybe you *Sh Sh - what?*

But in Ebets' Field if I just try it  
 I would start a regular riot

I love the smell of the sea  
 It makes me sea-sick  
 To sing a zong on the Zuyder Zee  
 That makes me zee-sick

    hunting calls  
 When winter falls --

When winter falls  
 Look out for snow

Niagara falls  
 LOOK OUT BELOW --

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CLARENCE:

DANNY: Animals prove that it's true

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 Why should a cat bow-wow  
 Why should a donkey say "Moo" ---

CLARENCE: True --  
 The chipmunk chips, the lynx he slinks  
 While the coo-coo goes coo-coo  
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 A most natural thing to do.

DANNY: Chacun a son gout

CLARENCE: Start to dig ya now

DANNY: Each to his own point of view

CLARENCE: Starts to figure now  
 I am a Brooklyn man, I meet a Giant fan  
 He says Dem Bums is all thru --

DANNY: (What do you do?)

CLARENCE: I do not paste him in the map  
 I do not holler, Aaah shaddap..  
 I mallerate 'im -- I kick 'is teeth in

DANNY: Aah, aah --- Chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: Maybe you  
 But in Ebbets' Field if I just try it  
 I would start a regular riot

① DANNY: Chacun, chacun a son gout

② CLARENCE: It will widen you

③ DANNY: Animals prove that it's true

④ CLARENCE: Do they confide in you?

DANNY: C. Why should a dog meow  
D. Why should a cat bow-wow  
C. Why should a donkey say "Moo" --

CLARENCE: D. True --  
C. The chipmunk chips, the lynx he slinks  
D. While the coo-coo goes coo-coo  
C. The little skunk just sits and thinks  
D. A most natural thing to do.

~~CLARENCE: D. True --~~  
DANNY: D. Chacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: Chacun, chacun a son gout.

DANNY: Frenchify it now

CLARENCE: Chacun, chacun a son gout (real French)

DANNY: Good, apply it now

CLARENCE: I am a Brooklyn man, I meet a Giant fan  
He says Dem Bums is all thru -

DANNY: (What do you do?)

CLARENCE: I do not paste him in the map  
I do not holler, Aaah shaddap...  
I mallerate 'im -- I kick 'is teeth in

(Business with Clarence talking, Danny puts his hand over  
Clarence's mouth, and says)

DANNY: Shh, shh.

CLARENCE: Shh, shh -- ~~what?~~

DANNY: Shh, shacun a son gout.

CLARENCE: I got for *C - O de baba how does lala D. Chacun a son gout a*

DANNY: I'll TAKE AN opera, say by Verdi  
And you would you if you understood enough.

CLARENCE: Me, I think Verdi's for the birdies  
And I don't find Boris Good enough.

DANNY: Do you know Madame Butterfly?

CLARENCE: As well as any udder fly.

3