The Interview

Judy Garland

(Reporters) We are here to interview a lady known to you because of her ability as the glamorous, amorous lady they call...
(Butler) She's expecting you gentlemen, won't you please come in?
(Reporters) Now we don't mean Greta and we don't mean Bette or Loretta or the Song of Bernadetta. We mean the fabulous, fabulous lady they call...
(Butler) The other gentlemen are here. Please come in.
(Reporters) She's new; she's perfection; she's headlines; she's hot!
And in advance the critics are all in accord - she's gonna win the next academy award.
All her fans will be delighted, not to mention quite excited at her personal appearance presently. She's stupendious, tremendious, collosical, teriffical, she's got it! But, definitely! The glamorous, amorous lady they call...
(Judy) Flibbins, what is all this?
(Butler) The gentlemen of the press, my lady.
(Judy) Darlings! How utterly charming of you to have dropped in like this!
How delightfully informal of you to have dropped in like this!
I mean, how perfectly marvelous of you to have...
Well, you have dropped in, haven't you? And I...
Well, gentlemen, you have caught me pitifully unprepared.
And now, you may rise. And now, you may rise... Up, up! Come, get up, get up, get up, get up!
Let's get on with it. There, now, that's better, isn't it?
(Reporters) babbling, murmuring...
(Judy) Gentlemen of the press... members of the fourth estate... What can I do for you? Tell me, pray do.
(Reporters) Oh glamorous lady, oh amorous lady, oh hamorous lady, here's to you.
And humbly we're here to... Quite mumbly we're here to...
Hum-drumly we're here to interview you. We're here to pry into your private life.
We're here to seek your every secret. We're here to scoop a scoop, obviously.
What is your next vehicle to be?
(Judy) This is much too much.
A sort of a bit of a go and touch.
But, confidentially, gentelmen - and this is off the record of course...
(Reporters) Of course!
(Judy) But, about my next picture - I'm faced with a curious problem.
Shall I always be dramatic, biographically emphatic?
Should I devote my life to the legitimate art?
Or should I do what I'd adore so, do my acting with my torso, and give all the natives a start?
Must the roles I play be tragic, full of Oscar-winning magic, should I drink the cup of drama to its dregs? Or do you think it is permissible to be for once quite kissable and give them a peep of my leg?
I'd like to be a pinup girl, a cheesecake girl too.
And what is Ginger Rogers that I am not?

And what has Betty Grable got that I haven't got?
Oh, the cinema must exhibit me in roles that so inhibit me, I feel, well I feel just like a soldier out of step! There! But, would the episode outlive me, would my public quite forgive me if I tried to show the world I'm really hep? But, now you darlings, you adorable dear, dear boys, I'm going to tell you all about my next picture... What is my next picture? No, no, don't tell me! Don't tell me! Shhhh!
(shuffling through pile of manuscripts on table) Madame Crematante!
Madame Crematante, gentlemen, will be a monumental biographical tribute to a monumental biographical woman who toiled, searched, starved, slaved, suffered, pioneered so that the world - you and I - could reap the benefits of her magnificent discovery, the safety pin!
The story starts in a dark, dank, dingy tenement in Amsterdam, Holland you know, in the flat of a poor, impoverished family, but of rather good antecedants. Gretchen Crematante was a very brave and noble woman who, against the wishes of her father, the Baron, you know, married this young inventor who didn't have a sou! Penniless!
And there they were in Amsterdam!
(Reporters) In Amsterdam?
(Judy) Yes, there they were in a dark and dingy tenement flat with no food and no heat and no money for to pay the rent. But did they care?
(Reporters) No, they don't care!
(Judy) Madame Crematante, she don't care! 'cause she seen the light just the other day since then she been tryin' for to find a way for to bring to the world a big invent, and so she did!
(Reporters) And so she did!
(Judy) Whoop dee doodee, Madame Crematante did! She toiled and strived and sweat and slaved, a stretchin' her mind and beginnin' to rave, but the price she paid was worth the pain, for on a cold and frosty morn, the safety pin was born!
(Judy and Reporters) Halelujah, etc.
Shout Halelujah and a big amen for the lady with the safety pin. She really rocks about and gives what more do you want?
Hallelujah, etc.

Songwriters
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