

Clifford T. Ward, Screen Test

"I want - to be - a big - big star"

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The girl by the back-cloth is smoking her head off

While waiting for her turn to shine

While under the heat of the lights come and meet

The big men who could make her big time.

Oh there's such a lot of distance between

Her first audition and making the screen

Well she might do well

Or even excel

But somehow more likely they'll shatter her dream.

She has a lot to learn

And I hope she learns

For there's such a strong attraction

There's a fundamental reason

Which explains her action.

"I want - to be - a big - big star"

"I want - to be - a big - big star"

Well you must admire her conviction and fire

Let's hope it's sufficiently well lit

With all her devices avoiding the vices

Would seem an impossible skit.

Oh there's such a lot of distance between

Her first audition and making the screen

Well she might do well

Or even excel

But somehow more likely they'll shatter her dream.

She has a lot to learn
And I hope she learns
For there's such a strong attraction
There's a fundamental reason
Which explains her action.

"Alright Charlie, who've we got next?"
"Why not try the chick with the long hair?"
"Yeah! She, er she could be right
Why don't you have her up on the stage
And get her to do a few things?"

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The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.
It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.