

GEORGE BANKS (Monologue #1)

Winifred, the simple truth is you've engaged six nannies in the last four months, and they've all been unqualified disasters! I know you thought Katie Nanna would be firm with the children, but never confuse efficiency with a liver complaint. Would that we could find someone like my old nanny, but I'm afraid that's not realistic. Few women alive could manage Miss Andrews's standards of efficiency. Besides, we could never afford someone of her caliber. Winifred, if you do want to please me, then place an advertisement in *The Times* stating that Jane and Michael Banks require the best possible nanny at the lowest possible wage. Now, where's my hat?

GEORGE BANKS (Monologue #2)

Well, I never. So that's where I put them. Look...my stars. Gingerbread stars I hid from my nanny. I always knew I'd put them somewhere no one would find them. Trouble was I couldn't find them either. They're very bright, aren't they, even after all this time. I used to dream that when I grew up I'd learn everything there was to know about the stars. Funny, I haven't thought about that in years. I'm not usually sentimental. Not so sure it's a good thing, looking back. A man has dreams of becoming someone, doing something important, carving an indelible imprint on the world ...yet before he even gets the chance, the cup is dashed from his lips. The flame is snuffed aborning. He's brought to rack and ruin in his prime. You know what I think? It's Mary Poppins! From the moment she stepped into the house, things began to happen to me! It's that Poppins woman!

WINIFRED BANKS (Monologue #1)

Mrs. Brill, is the nursery tidy? If you knew how hard it was to track her down! Oh, my goodness, she'll be here any moment. Now, where is George? George, dear, you're going to be surprised! I do believe you're going to be proud of me for once! It's perfectly true - precision and order can really make a difference. Clear thinking, sound judgement. We shall regain a home you can be proud of! Hurry up, everybody! Into the hall! I want her to find everything spit-spot spic and span! Someone special is returning to Cherry Tree Lane!

WINIFRED BANKS (Monologue #2)

Yes, Daddy's really worried. But always remember that he loves you very much. And that's far more important than jobs or houses or anything else. I wish he'd let me go to the bank with him, but he won't. If only there were someone to be his advocate. To take his part. To show them what he's really like inside. He's such a proud man; he won't speak up for himself. It's not his fault. It's all because of his horrible nanny, Miss Andrew. I'd like to go with him, but women can't do that sort of thing. I'm afraid it just isn't possible. Is it?

MARY POPPINS (Monologue #1)

George and Winifred Banks live here, do they not? And you are looking for a nanny? I've come in answer to the advertisement. (*reads from a piece of torn paper*) Now, let's see..."Plays games, all sorts." Which I most certainly can. "Take us on outings, give us treats". We'll have to see about the treats, I'm afraid. "Rosy cheeks, and fairly pretty." There's no objection on that score, I hope? Oh, and I make it a rule never to give references – a very old-fashioned idea to my mind. The best people never require them now. In fact, the best people give their nanny every second Wednesday off from six 'til late, and that is what I shall take. I'll see the children now, thank you. Jane, don't stare. And close your mouth, Michael, we are not a codfish. Best foot forward! Spit spot!

MARY POPPINS (Monologue #2)

Did you like being up in the heavens with the stars and constellations, Michael? Would you like to go back? Well, you will, someday. Not for a very long time. But you can always keep an eye on the stars until you return. Here, it's my telescope. Keep it if you like, it's yours. It's a present. Now, run along in, it's getting cold. (*Watching him leave*) You're a fine boy, Michael Banks, and one day you'll be a fine man. I wish I might stay, but the chain has broken; you must do the rest on your own. Practically perfect...and I hope you remain so.

BERT

Stay right where you are. I'd know that silhouette anywhere. Mary Poppins! Well, I must say, you do look swell. Are these the children, then? I've seen 'em runnin' about chasin' a kite. So, what's the game to be today, eh – a walk in the park? Ooooh, that's one of me favorites – no one's charging for the trees and the sky, are they? When you walk with Mary Poppins, you go places you never dreamed of. And if she says it's a game, she's got something in mind. You can be certain of that. All that it takes is a spark, then something as plain as a park becomes a wonderland!

MRS. BRILL

All right. I will give you one task, and one task only. And, so help me, if you get this wrong, I'll swing for you and sing as they pull the lever! Put the icing tools next to the cake, and I'll need a bowl of hot water to warm them. I will make the icing as soon as I'm back. Now, do you think you can manage that? Madam wants me in the drawing room, Madam wants me in the kitchen...I don't know how I'm supposed to get it all done on time. Once the cake's done, I've the sandwiches next because Madam wants them fresh. So I can't start them until there's no time left to finish them. I swear, a slave in ancient Rome was on a pleasure cruise compared to my life in this house!

MRS. CORRY

Well, well, well...if it isn't Mary Poppins! With Jane and Michael Banks! And how is poor little Georgie Banks, your father? He used to give his nanny the slip and come into my shop here in secret. I remember everything! I remember Georgie used to love my gingerbread. Gingerbread pieces with gingerbread stars. Georgie always saved his stars. Now, Mary Poppins, what can I do for you? Listen, dearie, I'm all out of conversations, and I'm right out of words, too. You see, I've had a lot of chatterboxes in here today...but let me see what I have left. Ooooooh, I do have some letters – and a little bit of backchat. An ounce, you say? That'll be fifteen letters. Go on, take your pick.

MISS ANDREW

The journey here was thoroughly unpleasant. I never enjoy travel. You must be poor George's wife. Your flowerbeds are disgracefully untidy! Take my advice, plant evergreens. Or better still, have nothing there at all, just a plain cement courtyard. Only a very silly woman would plant flowers. It's not much of a house, is it? It obviously doesn't take a lot to keep you happy. Look at the dust! There! And there! Filth! Hasn't anyone ever cleaned those curtains? Positively disgraceful. Ah, you must be the children. (*looking them over*) Pity. You're Jane, I suppose. Why aren't you wearing stockings? Tut, what dreadful manners! These children have been spoiled. I've arrived here just in time; there is not a minute to lose! Your son will go to boarding school at once. As for the girl, I shall take charge of her myself!