

LIBRETTO

Disney by CAMERON MACKINTOSH

**MARY
POPPINS**
THE BROADWAY MUSICAL

A Musical based on the stories of P.L. Travers
and the Walt Disney Film

Original Music and Lyrics by

Richard M. Sherman and **Robert B. Sherman**

Book by

Julian Fellowes

New Songs and Additional Music and Lyrics by

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Co-Created by

Cameron Mackintosh

Character List

(in order of appearance)

BERT	QUEEN VICTORIA
GEORGE BANKS	BANK CHAIRMAN
WINIFRED BANKS	MISS SMYTHE
JANE BANKS	VON HUSSLER
MICHAEL BANKS	NORTHBROOK
KATIE NANNA	BIRD WOMAN
POLICEMAN	MRS. CORRY
MISS LARK	FANNIE
ADMIRAL BOOM	ANNIE
MRS. BRILL	VALENTINE
ROBERTSON AY	TEDDY BEAR
MARY POPPINS	MR. PUNCH
PARK KEEPER	DOLL
NELEUS	MISS ANDREW

ENSEMBLE: Park Strollers, Customers, Kite Flyers, Sweeps, *etc.*

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ACT ONE**SCENE 1: CHERRY TREE LANE – Rooftop, Street, Parlor**

#1 – Prologue

Bert

(London, 1910. It's autumn: a dark sky, scudding clouds. A landscape of early twentieth-century rooftops is spread out before us. BERT, a chimney sweep, enters and addresses the audience.)

Will incorporate some ensemble undertones to this section

BERT

WIND'S IN THE EAST, THERE'S A MIST COMING IN,
 LIKE SOMETHING IS BREWIN' AND 'BOUT TO BEGIN.
 CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON WHAT LIES IN STORE,
 BUT I FEEL WHAT'S TO 'APPEN ALL 'APPENED BEFORE.

(GEORGE BANKS appears out of the forest of chimneys, as does his wife, WINIFRED, and their two children, JANE and MICHAEL. All of them, in their different ways, are disconnected and alone.)

A FATHER, A MOTHER, A DAUGHTER, A SON –
 THE THREADS OF THEIR LIVES ARE ALL RAVELLING UNDONE.
 SOMETHING IS NEEDED TO TWIST THEM AS TIGHT
 AS A STRING YOU MIGHT USE WHEN YOU'RE FLYING A KITE.
 CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE CHIM CHER-OO.

(MICHAEL and JANE rush around with a makeshift kite, pursued by their nanny, KATIE NANNA.)

MICHAEL

Hurry up, Jane! Let's run!

KATIE NANNA

Come back here, you little blighters! You've got to do your lessons.

MICHAEL

I can't do my lessons if I'm flying a kite!

JANE

And you can't make us. You're only our nanny.

(The CHILDREN stamp on KATIE NANNA's foot and succeed in losing her. Their freedom is short-lived as they run straight into the local POLICEMAN.)

POLICEMAN

Oi! Not you two again! Come along home! Oi – come here!

(The POLICEMAN takes the CHILDREN away as BERT stops in front of No. 17 Cherry Tree Lane. MISS LARK is coming the other way with WILLOUGHBY, her lap-dog.)

MISS LARK

Good morning, Bert

BERT

Mornin' Miss Lark, and how's little Willoughby today?

MISS LARK

Oh, very well, thank you, Bert.

(WILLOUGHBY snaps at BERT.)

Willoughby!

(ADMIRAL BOOM enters, carrying some binoculars.)

ADMIRAL BOOM

By Jove, is that the beauteous Miss Lark I spy on the horizon?

MISS LARK

Oh Admiral...

(WILLOUGHBY barks.)

Willoughby!

(MISS LARK giggles coquettishly and continues on her way. ADMIRAL BOOM crosses to where BERT has been watching.)

BERT

Mornin', Admiral. How's it looking?

ADMIRAL BOOM

Dark clouds gathering at No. 17 – storm warning's overdue.

(ADMIRAL BOOM exits.)

BERT

OF ALL LONDON'S BY-WAYS WHERE I DOFF MY CAP,
THIS ONE'S THE HARDEST TO FIND ON A MAP.
CHERRY TREE LANE, AS SWEET AS A SONG,
BUT THE NANNIES WHO COME HERE, THEY DON'T STAY FOR LONG.
CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE CHIM CHER-OO.

#2 – *Cherry Tree Lane (Part 1)*Mrs. Brill, Winifred, Robertson Ay,
Jane, Michael, George

(BERT snaps his fingers and the interior of the house bursts into life. It's chaos: KATIE NANNA storms toward the door with her packed bags.)

MRS. BRILL

Katie Nanna! Katie Nanna!

KATIE NANNA

Those little beasts have run away from me for the last time!

(MRS. BRILL, the cook/housekeeper, bustles after KATIE NANNA. The house boy, ROBERTSON AY, follows them.)

MRS. BRILL

And who gets stuck with the children with no nanny in the house? Me! That's who!

KATIE NANNA

I've said my say, Mrs. Brill, and that's all I'll say. I've done with this house forever!

MRS. BRILL

Well, good riddance, then. And mind you don't stumble on your way out!

(KATIE NANNA stumbles. MICHAEL and JANE have run into the house. WINIFRED BANKS has appeared in time to witness KATIE NANNA storming out.)

WINIFRED

Katie Nanna? Where are you going? Katie Nanna!?

MRS. BRILL

KATIE NANNA'S GONE, AND IS IT ANY WONDER,
DRIVEN HALF DEMENTED BY YOUR CHILDREN'S PRANKS?

WINIFRED

DO YOU REALLY THINK I MADE ANOTHER BLUNDER?
WHAT ON EARTH AM I TO SAY TO MR. BANKS?

(knocks at the study door)

GEORGE, DEAR,
I'M FEELING SO BEREFT, DEAR.
ANOTHER NANNY'S LEFT, DEAR.
EVERY NANNY GOES.
WE'RE UNLUCKY I SUPPOSE.

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY, JANE, MICHAEL

WE ARE NEVER GOING TO FIND THE PERFECT NANNY!

(The study door flies open and GEORGE strides out.)

GEORGE

Nonsense!

PRECISION AND ORDER,
THAT'S ALL THAT I ASK.
THE RUNNING OF A HOUSEHOLD, A STRAIGHTFORWARD TASK.
THE CHILDREN, THE SERVANTS
ARE ALL YOUR DOMAIN
WHILST I REMAIN THE SOVEREIGN OF CHERRY TREE LANE.

Coat!

(GEORGE holds his arms out and WINIFRED helps him into it as he continues to berate her.)

The simple truth is you've engaged six nannies in the last four months, and they've all been unqualified disasters!

A NANNY SHOULD GOVERN.
A NANNY SHOULD RULE.
A NANNY IS A PARAGON WHO SUFFERS NO FOOL.
A NANNY'S A STALWART.
OUR CHILDREN WOULD GAIN
BY HAVING SUCH A NANNY IN CHERRY TREE LANE.

WINIFRED

Of course, George, but—

GEORGE

SO TAKE CONTROL OF SITUATIONS.
SHOW YOUR AUTHORITY WHEN INTERVIEWING STAFF.
YOU KNOW YOUR ROLE, THEY KNOW THEIR STATIONS.
EFFICIENCY AND FORETHOUGHT CUT THE JOBS IN HALF.

Briefcase!

(ROBERTSON AY dutifully delivers the briefcase.)

WINIFRED

I thought Katie Nanna would be firm with the children. She always looked so cross.

GEORGE

Winifred, never confuse efficiency with a liver complaint. Umbrella!

(WINIFRED gives an umbrella to GEORGE.)

WINIFRED

If only we could find someone like your old nanny.

GEORGE

I'm afraid that's not realistic, my dear. Few women alive could manage Miss Andrew's standards of efficiency. Besides, we could never afford someone of her caliber.

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

PRECISION AND ORDER,
HE WANTS NOTHING LESS.

ROBERTSON AY

IT'S LIKE AN ARMY BARRACKS—

MRS. BRILL

YES, AND WE'RE IN THE MESS!

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

NO WONDER THE NANNIES ARE DRIVEN INSANE.
WE'RE LIVING IN A MADHOUSE IN CHERRY TREE LANE.

GEORGE

Now, Winifred, if you do want to please me—

WINIFRED

You know I do, George.

GEORGE

Very well. Then place an advertisement in *The Times* stating that Jane and Michael Banks require the best possible nanny at the lowest possible wage.

(JANE and MICHAEL have been listening from the staircase.)

MICHAEL

We'd better give them ours before they make another mistake!

(MICHAEL and JANE descend the stairs as GEORGE continues.)

GEORGE

I would stress that—

JANE

Father.

WINIFRED

What's that you're holding dear?

JANE

We've written our own advertisement.

GEORGE

What on—

(GEORGE is irritated by the interruption, but WINIFRED notices the paper JANE is carrying.)

WINIFRED

Please, George. I think we should hear it.

GEORGE

Now, Winifred. None of your theatrics.

WINIFRED

It won't hurt to listen.

JANE

Wanted. A nanny. For two adorable children.

GEORGE

Adorable? Well, that's debatable, I must say.

#3 – *The Perfect Nanny*

Jane, Michael

JANE

IF YOU WANT THIS CHOICE POSITION,
HAVE A CHEERY DISPOSITION.
ROSY CHEEKS, NO WARTS.

MICHAEL

That's the part I put in.

JANE

PLAY GAMES, ALL SORTS.
YOU MUST BE KIND, YOU MUST BE WITTY.
VERY SWEET AND FAIRLY PRETTY.

GEORGE

Well, of all the ridiculous—

WINIFRED

George, please.

JANE

TAKE US ON OUTINGS, GIVE US TREATS.

MICHAEL

SING SONGS, BRING SWEETS.
NEVER BE CROSS OR CRUEL.
NEVER FEED US CASTOR OIL OR GRUEL.

Blech!

JANE

LOVE US AS A SON AND DAUGHTER.

MICHAEL

AND NEVER SMELL OF BARLEY WATER.

I put that bit in, too.

JANE

IF YOU WON'T SCOLD AND DOMINATE US,
WE WILL NEVER GIVE YOU CAUSE TO HATE US.
WE WON'T HIDE YOUR SPECTACLES SO YOU CAN'T SEE,

MICHAEL

PUT TOADS IN YOUR BED OR PEPPER IN YOUR TEA.

JANE

HURRY NANNY, MANY THANKS.

JANE, MICHAEL

SINCERELY,

JANE

JANE—

MICHAEL

AND MICHAEL

JANE, MICHAEL

BANKS.

#4 – *Cherry Tree Lane (Part 2)*

Winifred, Jane, Michael, Mrs. Brill,
Robertson Ay, George

GEORGE

That's quite enough tommy rot for one day!

(GEORGE takes and tears up the advertisement and throws it in the fireplace, where a gust of wind carries it up the chimney.)

Will you please go upstairs and let me get to work!

(The children go.)

WINIFRED

They were only trying to help.

GEORGE

It won't help anyone to make me late!

(The wind picks up outside.)

Where's my hat?

(MRS. BRILL rushes to get an overcoat while WINIFRED searches for the bowler hat.)

WINIFRED

GEORGE, DEAR,

GEORGE

(to MRS. BRILL)

Hat!

MRS. BRILL

(to ROBERTSON AY)

Hat!

WINIFRED

I THOUGHT YOU PUT IT DOWN HERE.

ROBERTSON AY

(in panic)

Hat!

MRS. BRILL

(shouting at ROBERTSON AY)

Hat!

WINIFRED

I'M SURE A BOWLER HAT CAN'T SIMPLY DISAPPEAR.

JANE, MICHAEL, MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL FIND A NANNY
WHO DOESN'T RUN AWAY?

WINIFRED

Ah! There it is!

(ROBERTSON AY presents GEORGE with his hat. GEORGE looks at it.)

GEORGE

He's brushed it with boot polish!

(ALL "mimic" GEORGE as he reiterates his mantra:)

ALL

PRECISION AND ORDER,
THAT'S ALL THAT I ASK.
THE RUNNING OF A HOUSEHOLD,
A STRAIGHTFORWARD TASK.
THE CHILDREN, THE SERVANTS
ARE ALL YOUR DOMAIN

GEORGE

WHILST I REMAIN THE SOVEREIGN,

Mind you use the day well!

WINIFRED

YOU REMAIN THE SOVEREIGN,

GEORGE

I shall be home at six o'clock sharp.

ALL (EXCEPT GEORGE)

HE REMAINS THE SOVEREIGN

ALL

OF CHERRY TREE LANE!

(The sound of wind above the house.)

SCENE 2: MARY'S ARRIVAL - Parlor

(MARY POPPINS appears among them. She is wearing a hat with cherries in the brim and carrying an umbrella with a handle shaped like a parrot's head.)

MARY POPPINS

Good morning.

GEORGE

(approaching MARY POPPINS)

Yes?

MARY POPPINS

I've come in answer to the advertisement.

GEORGE

What advertisement? We haven't placed any advertisement. Not yet.

MARY POPPINS

George and Winifred Banks live here, do they not?

GEORGE

Mr. and Mrs. Banks live here, yes.

MARY POPPINS

And you are looking for a nanny?

GEORGE

Well, I suppose—

MARY POPPINS

Very well then. Now, let's see.

(From her pocket, MARY POPPINS takes a torn but now mended piece of paper.)

"Play games, all sorts." Which I most certainly can. "Take us on outings, give us treats."

(GEORGE casts an uneasy look towards the CHILDREN. This sounds very like... but it can't be! He stares at MARY POPPINS blankly. JANE and MICHAEL listen from the staircase.)

JANE

Michael! It's our advertisement!

MARY POPPINS

"Rosy cheeks and fairly pretty."

(to GEORGE)

There's no objection on that score, I hope?

GEORGE

(blushing)

Oh, none at all.

MARY POPPINS

I'm glad to hear it.

(MARY POPPINS stares at him so firmly that, for a moment, it is like a ray of light passing right through him.)

GEORGE

But—oh, take it up with Mrs. Banks. She manages all that side of things. Nothing domestic has anything to do with me! And don't forget the references!

(GEORGE is gone, leaving WINIFRED and the newcomer staring at each other. After a moment, MARY POPPINS speaks.)

MARY POPPINS

I make it a rule never to give references.

WINIFRED

But I thought it was usual.

MARY POPPINS

A very old-fashioned idea to my mind. The best people never require them now.

WINIFRED

I see. You will have every third Thursday evening off from five until nine.

MARY POPPINS

The best people give every second Wednesday from six 'til late, ma'am, and that is what I shall take.

WINIFRED

Oh, I see... well... it's all settled then...

MARY POPPINS

As long as I am satisfied. I'll see the children now, thank you.

WINIFRED

Of course...

(turns back nervously)

You'll find they're very nice children...

(JANE and MICHAEL come screaming down the stairs and stand in front of MARY POPPINS.)

Now this is... oh.

(WINIFRED is surprised to find that she has employed someone without knowing her name.)

MARY POPPINS

Mary Poppins.

(For a moment, MARY POPPINS looks at the CHILDREN as if she were reading their souls. They stare back.)

Jane, don't stare. And close your mouth, Michael. We are not a codfish.

(But MICHAEL is not so easily conquered as he continues looking at MARY POPPINS. She gives a sharp nod and starts up the stairs.)

Best foot forward. Spit-spot.

#4A – Spit-Spot

orchestra

(MICHAEL and JANE run up the stairs in front of MARY POPPINS as the relieved WINIFRED watches. MRS. BRILL has joined her.)

WINIFRED

Mrs. Brill, we have a new nanny.

MRS. BRILL

She passed her interview, then?

WINIFRED

Or I did.

(WINIFRED and MRS. BRILL exit.)

SCENE 3: PRACTICALLY PERFECT – Nursery

(The nursery is an airy room, light and full of optimism. The CHILDREN rush in to find that MARY POPPINS is already there.)

MARY POPPINS

Very tidy, I must say. Tidier than I was expecting. Who's responsible for that?

JANE

Mrs. Bri—

MICHAEL

Me. I am. I like to keep things neat.

MARY POPPINS

Do you indeed? Well, I look forward to making use of that. If there's one thing I appreciate, it's a child whose word I can depend on.

(scoops up a boy doll)

Who's he when he's at home?

JANE

That's Valentine. He's mine.

MARY POPPINS

From the look on his face, I'm not sure he'd agree with you.

JANE

He's just a doll and I don't want to play with him now.

(JANE throws the doll into a box.)

MARY POPPINS

Treat him like that and he might not want to play with you. Now, first things first. I always say the proper place to hang a hat is on a hat stand.

#4B – Magic Music 1

orchestra

(MARY POPPINS reaches in her bag and takes out a hat stand. JANE and MICHAEL look inside as they move the bag.)

JANE

There's nothing in it!

MICHAEL

We'd better keep an eye on this one. She's tricky.

JANE

Mary Poppins, how could you know what we wanted in a nanny... when we made our list?

MARY POPPINS

Your "list"? I'm not an item in the weekly shop, thank you very much.

#4C – *Magic Music 2*

orchestra

(MARY POPPINS takes another item, perhaps a plant, out of her bag and places it strategically in the nursery.)

JANE

How did you come then? It was as if the wind just blew you here.

MARY POPPINS

It did. Now, stand over there!

#5 – *Practically Perfect*

Mary Poppins, Jane, Michael

(MARY POPPINS pulls a measuring tape from the bag, holds it against MICHAEL, and reads the measure.)

(MARY POPPINS)

Just as I thought. "A noisy, mischievous, troublesome little boy."

MICHAEL

You're making that up!

(Without a word, MARY POPPINS holds the tape for MICHAEL to read.)

"A noisy, mischievous, troub—"

(Stunned, MICHAEL looks at JANE.)

MARY POPPINS

Now you.

(holds the tape against JANE and reads)

"Thoughtless, short-tempered and untidy."

JANE

I don't believe you. Let me see —

MARY POPPINS

BY THE TIME THE WIND HAS BLOWN
THE WEATHER VANE AROUND,

(MARY POPPINS)

I'LL SHOW YOU, IF I CAN.
 NO MATTER WHAT THE CIRCUMSTANCE,
 FOR ONE THING I'M RENOWNED:
 MY CHARACTER IS SPIT-SPOT SPIC AND SPAN.

JANE

What about your measurement, Mary Poppins?

MARY POPPINS

I'M PRACTICALLY PERFECT IN EVERY WAY.

JANE

PRACTICALLY PERFECT?

MARY POPPINS

SO PEOPLE SAY.
 EACH VIRTUE VIRTUALLY KNOWS NO BOUND.
 EACH TRAIT IS GREAT AND PATENTLY SOUND.
 I'M PRACTICALLY PERFECT FROM HEAD TO TOE.
 IF I HAD A FAULT, IT WOULD NEVER DARE TO SHOW.
 I'M SO PRACTICALLY PERFECT IN EVERY WAY.

(MARY POPPINS pulls a mirror from her bag. She places it on the wall and admires herself as she puts on an apron.)

Ah... lovely!

BOTH PRIM AND PROPER AND NEVER TOO STERN.
 WELL EDUCATED YET WILLING TO LEARN.
 I'M CLEAN AND HONEST, MY MANNER REFINED.
 AND I WEAR SHOES OF THE SENSIBLE KIND.
 I SUFFER NO NONSENSE, AND WHILST I REMAIN
 THERE'S NOTHING ELSE I FEEL I NEED EXPLAIN.

I'M PRACTICALLY PERFECT IN EVERY WAY.
 PRACTICALLY PERFECT – THAT'S MY FORTÉ.
 UNCANNY NANNIES ARE HARD TO FIND,
 UNIQUE YET MEEK, UNSPEAKABLY KIND.

I'M PRACTICALLY PERFECT, NOT SLIGHTLY SOILED.
 RUNNING LIKE AN ENGINE THAT'S JUST BEEN FRESHLY OILED,
 I'M SO PRACTICALLY PERFECT IN EVERY WAY.

Well, those are my credentials. Perhaps you have a few questions.

MICHAEL

NOT TEMPERAMENTAL?

MARY POPPINS

Never.

MICHAEL

NOT GROUCHY OR GRUFF?

MARY POPPINS

The very thought.

JANE

WILL YOU STAY TENDER
WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH?

MARY POPPINS

Quite the contrary.

MICHAEL

DO YOU READ STORIES
WITHOUT A BIG FUSS?

MARY POPPINS

Mm-hmm.

JANE

OR HAVE OBJECTIONS
TO PLAYING WITH US?

MARY POPPINS

Oh, I like games. But I choose them.

JANE, MICHAEL

(protesting, variously:)

But— That's not fair!

MARY POPPINS

SOME MINOR IMPROVEMENTS MAY NOT GO AMISS,
BUT AT ALL TIMES YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS...

JANE, MICHAEL

YOU'RE PRACTICALLY PERFECT IN EVERY WAY.

MARY POPPINS

I GUARANTEE.

JANE, MICHAEL

PRACTICALLY PERFECT WE HOPE YOU'LL STAY.

MARY POPPINS

NO FLIES ON ME.
EACH VIRTUE VIRTUALLY KNOWS NO BOUND.
EACH TRAIT IS GREAT

(MARY POPPINS goes back to her bag and takes out some small objects, including a telescope.)

JANE, MICHAEL

AND PATENTLY SOUND.

MARY POPPINS

PATENTLY SOUND.

Spit-spot. Jane... doll's house please.

(The CHILDREN put a doll's house on a table. MICHAEL has picked up the telescope.)

I'll take my telescope, thank you.

MICHAEL

It's not fair!

MARY POPPINS

I didn't say I was fair. I said I was...

PRACTICALLY PERFECT, AND HERE'S MY AIM:
BY THE TIME I LEAVE HERE YOU BOTH WILL BE THE SAME.
YOU'LL BE PRACTICALLY PERFECT...

JANE, MICHAEL

PRACTICALLY PERFECT...

MARY POPPINS, JANE, MICHAEL

YOU (WE) WILL BE PRACTICALLY PERFECT IN EVERY WAY!

MARY POPPINS

Best foot forward. Spit-spot.

(JANE, MICHAEL, and MARY POPPINS exit.)

SCENE 4: JOLLY HOLIDAY - Park

#5A – All Me Own Work

Bert

(Park gates reveal the park beyond. BERT paints the scene as he addresses the audience.)

BERT

CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-OO.
I DOES WHAT I LIKES AND I LIKES WHAT I DO.
TODAY I'M A SCREEVER, AND AS YOU CAN SEE,
A SCREEVER'S AN ARTIST OF HIGHEST DEGREE.
AND IT'S ALL ME OWN WORK
FROM MY OWN MEMORY.

(A furious PARK KEEPER hurries towards BERT.)

PARK KEEPER

Oh, Lummy. Not these again!

BERT

Come on, Mr. Park Keeper. It's just me pictures like it always is. There's no 'arm in 'em.

PARK KEEPER

I'll be the judge o' that! This is my park and I say you're interfering with a public railing! I want 'em removed this—

(The PARK KEEPER trails off as he becomes aware of MARY POPPINS, who is with the CHILDREN. She looks firmly at him. BERT continues to draw without lifting his eyes.)

That is— I— er... just you watch it. That's all... just you watch it!

(The PARK KEEPER walks off, muttering. BERT speaks, still without raising his eyes.)

BERT

Stay right where you are. I'd know that silhouette anywhere: Mary Poppins!

MARY POPPINS

It's nice to see you, Bert.

(BERT turns his eyes from his drawing and looks up.)

BERT

Well, I must say you do look swell.

(MARY POPPINS snorts, but as she pats her hair, it is clear she agrees.)

MICHAEL

How does he know you? He can't know you! You've only just arrived!

MARY POPPINS

I wasn't born one minute before I walked into your house, Michael Banks. Have you met these two, Bert?

BERT

I've seen 'em runnin' about chasin' a kite.

MICHAEL

It isn't a real kite.

BERT

So, what are you up to?

JANE

Mary Poppins says it's a game. It's called "A Walk in the Park."

MICHAEL

Some game.

(kicks the pavement)

I'd rather eat spinach.

MARY POPPINS

Come on, Bert. You're due for a break, and you promised you'd take me out when we met again. Or have you forgotten?

BERT

'Course I ain't, Mary. But...

(BERT picks up his cap. There's only one coin in it.)

MARY POPPINS

Oh dear, is that all you've got? Never mind. My treat. And no one's charging for the trees and the sky, are they?

JANE

Mary Poppins, is he really coming with us?

MARY POPPINS

Why shouldn't he?

JANE

Well, to start with, he's very dirty, isn't he? Father would never approve.

BERT

What's that?

MICHAEL

(berates BERT)

You can't come with us. You're too dirty. And we don't want to go to the stinky park anyway.

BERT

(gives it right back to MICHAEL)

Oh, yes you do. 'Cause when you walk with Mary Poppins, you go to 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.

(BERT and the CHILDREN stand by his line of paintings.)

JANE

That's a picture of the park, isn't it?

MICHAEL

That's not the park. Not our park anyway. Look, that tree's a much brighter green and the sky's quite a different blue...

BERT

I think you'll find it's just the way I've drawn it.

#6 - *Jolly Holiday*

Bert, Jane, Michael, Neleus, Mary Poppins, Ensemble

(BERT)

All that it takes is a spark, then something plain as a park becomes a wonderland!

(BERT moves into the park with MARY POPPINS. The CHILDREN follow. PARK STROLLERS meander.)

ALL YOU 'AVE TO DO IS LOOK ANEW,
THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND...
WHY IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH MARY.
MARY MAKES YER HEART SO LIGHT.

MARY POPPINS

Oh, really!

BERT

WHEN THE DAY IS GREY AND ORDINARY,
MARY MAKES THE SUN SHINE BRIGHT.

MARY POPPINS

You do talk nonsense, Bert.

BERT

OH, 'APPINESS IS BLOOMING ALL AROUND 'ER.
THE DAFFODILS ARE SMILING AT THE DOVE.

MARY POPPINS

I haven't the faintest idea what—

BERT

WHEN MARY 'OLDS YOUR 'AND, YOU FEEL SO GRAND.
YOUR 'EART STARTS BEATIN' LIKE A BIG BRASS BAND.

PARK STROLLERS

Shhh!

MARY POPPINS

You've enough brass for all of us.

BERT

OH, IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH MARY.
NO WONDER THAT IT'S MARY THAT WE LOVE!

(to the CHILDREN)

Come on, you two.

(BERT and MARY POPPINS exit. JANE and MICHAEL lag behind until they are alone near a statue of a boy with a dolphin on a plinth.)

JANE, MICHAEL

BORING, JUST LIKE OTHER NANNIES
THINKING PARKS ARE GOOD FOR US.
IT'S JUST STATUES, DUCKS AND GRANNIES.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THE FUSS.

JANE

IS SHE DOING IT TO SPITE US?

MICHAEL

WE COULD LOSE HER FOR A LARK.

JANE

PERHAPS IT'S ALL A PLOT.

MICHAEL

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT,
SHE SEEMS SO DIFFERENT

JANE, MICHAEL

BUT I BET SHE'S NOT.

(JANE, MICHAEL)

THERE IS NOTHING TO EXCITE US
IN

(A creaking sound.)

THE

(Another creak.)

PARK.

(The creaking grows louder and more confident.)

JANE

What was that?

NELEUS

You're quite wrong, you know.

(JANE and MICHAEL look up. The statue of the boy, NELEUS, is apparently smiling at them. They are terrified.)

MICHAEL

Wha— who are you...?

NELEUS

I'm Neleus. Surely you know that. You've sat beneath me often enough. I've waited half a century to take a walk on a sunny day like this!

(MARY POPPINS appears with BERT, both of them sporting bright summer clothes. As BERT sings, the park is transformed: the grass and trees become the richest green imaginable, the sky the richest blue, the sun the brightest yellow. A series of bizarre events take place. MARY POPPINS weaves among the PARK STROLLERS, and the CHILDREN make the discovery that things are not as they seem. ALL watch the transformations from dull and gray to bright and colorful.)

BERT

AIN'T IT A GLORIOUS DAY,
RIGHT AS A MORNIN' IN MAY.

NELEUS

I FEEL LIKE I COULD FLY.

MARY POPPINS

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE GRASS SO GREEN?
OR A BLUER SKY?

PARK STROLLERS

BLUE, BLUE, BLUER SKY!

BERT, NELEUS

OH, IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH MARY.

BERT

BETTER DAYS I'VE NEVER KNOWN.

MARY POPPINS

YOU CAN ASK THE PASSING STATUARY,

MARY POPPINS, BERT, NELEUS, PARK STROLLERS

NOTHING'S EVER SET IN STONE!

(The POLICEMAN is instantly transformed into a colorful uniform.)

POLICEMAN

'Morning, Mary!

MARY POPPINS

'Morning, Constable.

BERT

You do look tip-top if I may say so.

MARY POPPINS

Thank you, Bert. And you may.

BERT

EACH MAN OUT WITH HIS DOG
WILL STAND AGOG
TO SEE A STATUE TAKE A GENTLE JOG.

BERT, NELEUS, MEN

OH, IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH MARY.

BERT

NO WONDER THAT IT'S MARY THAT WE LOVE.

(MARY POPPINS interrupts the praise as she and BERT have a moment to dance together.)

MARY POPPINS

IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH YOU, BERT.
GENTLEMEN LIKE YOU ARE FEW.
THOUGH YOU'RE JUST A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH, BERT,
UNDERNEATH YOUR BLOOD IS BLUE.

MEN, WOMEN

YOUR BLOOD IS BLUE!

MARY POPPINS

YOU'D NEVER THINK OF PRESSING YOUR ADVANTAGE.
FORBEARANCE IS THE HALLMARK OF YOUR CREED.
A LADY NEEDN'T FEAR WHEN YOU ARE NEAR.
YOUR SWEET GENTILITY IS CRYSTAL-CLEAR.

MEN, WOMEN

IT'S CRYSTAL-CLEAR!

MARY POPPINS, WOMEN

OH, IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH YOU, BERT.

MEN

IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY,

ALL

A JOLLY, JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH YOU!

(During an instrumental dance section, STATUES come alive. BERT and MARY POPPINS sit at a tea party and are then joined by NELEUS and the CHILDREN. After a bit, BERT leaves the party to examine the STATUES, which soon begin to chase him.)

BERT

Mary. Eh, Mary...

MARY POPPINS

You've only got yourself to blame, Bert.

BERT, MEN

LET'S GO FOR A JAUNTY SAUNTER.
WE ARE BOUND TO MAKE A MARK.
LOOKS LIKE ALL OF US WERE BORN TO
TAKE A PROMENADE IN THE PARK.

(The dance continues as STATUES leap around the park. One of QUEEN VICTORIA comes into view.)

TRANSFORMED CHARACTERS

OH, IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH MARY.
MARY MAKES YOUR HEART SO LIGHT.
WHEN THE DAY IS GREY AND ORDINARY,
MARY MAKES THE SUN SHINE BRIGHT.

BERT, NELEUS, STATUES

LET'S GO FOR A JAUNTY SAUNTER.
WE ARE BOUND TO MAKE A MARK.
LOOKS LIKE ALL OF US WERE BORN TO
TAKE A PROMENADE IN THE PARK.

(TRANSFORMED CHARACTERS)

OH, HAPPINESS IS BLOOMING ALL AROUND HER.
THE DAFFODILS ARE SMILING AT THE DOVE

(BERT, NELEUS, STATUES)

WITH OUR FINELY CHISELED FEATURES
WE CAN LOOK DOWN FROM ABOVE.

(QUEEN VICTORIA steps forward to "knight" BERT and give a regal token to the CHILDREN.)

ALL (EXCEPT MARY POPPINS)

WHEN MARY HOLDS YOUR HAND, YOU FEEL SO GRAND.
YOUR HEART STARTS BEATING LIKE A BIG BRASS BAND.
OH, IT'S A JOLLY HOLIDAY WITH MARY.
(IT'S NO WONDER THAT IT'S MARY THAT WE LOVE.)
NO WONDER THAT IT'S MARY THAT WE LOVE.
NO WONDER THAT IT'S MARY THAT WE LOVE!

#6A – *But How*

orchestra

(A rainstorm breaks. The STATUES and TRANSFORMED CHARACTERS disappear as the color drains from the scene. The dazed CHILDREN are left standing in front of NELEUS, who is back on his plinth.)

MICHAEL

Jane. Did that really happen?

JANE

Yes. But how?

NELEUS

Mary Poppins, of course.

(The CHILDREN gasp – then it wasn't a dream!)

MICHAEL

How do you know Mary Poppins?

NELEUS

(approaches the CHILDREN)

She's an old friend of my father.

MICHAEL

Your father! You're a statue. You can't have a father!

NELEUS

Well if that's true, why do I miss him so much?

JANE

Isn't he one of the other statues?

NELEUS

(shakes his head sadly)

No. He lives far away from here.

JANE

Do you really miss him?

NELEUS

Wouldn't you miss your father if you hardly ever saw him?

MICHAEL

I'll have to think about that.

(The PARK KEEPER runs on, followed by BERT and MARY POPPINS.)

PARK KEEPER

That's it! That's it! That's what it was!

BERT

What?

PARK KEEPER

This plinth is half empty. The statue's gone.

(Quick as a flash, BERT takes the PARK KEEPER's arm and spins him around.)

MARY POPPINS

Do you mean you've lost your marbles?

(NELEUS vaults into place.)

PARK KEEPER

This is your fault, ain't it? I knew we should have trouble when you first arrived! Now we've got a statue missing.

(sees NELEUS on his plinth and starts back with a cry)

What? Oh, Lummy!

(The PARK KEEPER exits.)

JANE

Will you play with us again?

NELEUS

Of course I will. I'm not going anywhere.

JANE

Then we'll see you soon.

(A small thunderclap.)

JANE, MICHAEL

Goodbye, Neleus.

NELEUS

Goodbye.

#6B – *A Bit of Imagination*

orchestra

(There's a big clap of thunder and it starts to pour. The CHILDREN run through the rain under MARY POPPINS's umbrella towards No. 17. As they reach the house, the figure of a small wizened woman [the BIRD WOMAN] passes them by.)

JANE

Neleus must be so lonely. Could his father ever come to stay?

MARY POPPINS

Anything can happen if you let it.

JANE

How long will you stay?

MARY POPPINS

We'll see.

MICHAEL

You won't leave us, will you, Mary Poppins?

MARY POPPINS

I'll stay until the wind changes. Now run along in.

BERT

Goodnight, Jane. Goodnight, Michael. Goodnight, Mary.

MARY POPPINS

Goodnight, Bert.

(The CHILDREN and MARY POPPINS enter the house.)

SCENE 5: LET'S HOPE SHE WILL STAY – Parlor

(WINIFRED is at the study door. GEORGE is working at his desk. The CHILDREN and MARY take off their outdoor clothes.)

WINIFRED

Jane and Michael want to say goodnight.

GEORGE

Tell them you've given me the message.

WINIFRED

George, please...

(GEORGE reluctantly comes out into the hall.)

JANE

Oh, Daddy! We've had a fantastic day! We sang with a busker, danced with a statue, and met Queen Victoria! You wouldn't have approved but—

GEORGE

If you know that, then why did you do it?

MICHAEL

Daddy, could I have a kite? A proper one?

GEORGE

Could you fly it?

MICHAEL

You could always teach me.

GEORGE

When would I have the time to do that?

(MICHAEL accepts this with a sad nod. He's used to it.)

JANE

Daddy, who was the father of Neleus?

GEORGE

Would you please let me get on! Goodnight!

(As the children go out, GEORGE returns to the study and takes up his pen with a sigh.)

WINIFRED

Poor Michael. All he cares about is flying kites, and his beloved astronomy of course.

GEORGE

I used to love astronomy at his age. My nanny, Miss Andrew, soon beat it out of me.

WINIFRED

I suppose we do need a nanny, George. It is out of the question to do without one?

GEORGE

Don't be absurd! Of course we need a nanny! All the best people have nannies! So the wives can do charity work and entertain. Which reminds me, how is your tea party coming on?

WINIFRED

I'm not sure. It seems so odd to send out invitations to people I hardly know.

GEORGE

But they're people you should know. Remember: "By your friends shall ye be judged."

WINIFRED

But that's the point. They're not my friends... Actually, I heard today from Clemmie Bunting. She's rehearsing a new play at the moment and I thought I might ask her—

GEORGE

How many times must I tell you? I wish you to sever all connection with that part of your life.

WINIFRED

George, I was an actress. Lots of people might find that interesting... though you always talk as if I should be ashamed of it.

GEORGE

Well, it's not exactly something to be proud of!

(GEORGE has hurt WINIFRED's feelings, which was not his intention.)

Winifred. Dearest. I'm only thinking of you. I want people to admire you, to respect you.

WINIFRED

I know, George. But sometimes it's hard—

GEORGE

It is not hard. It's your job, to be Mrs. Banks.

WINIFRED

And what is your job?

GEORGE

To pay for everything.

(GEORGE turns his attention to the desk again. WINIFRED leans in, startling him.)

(GEORGE)

What is it?

WINIFRED

I was only going to kiss you.

GEORGE

Oh... Oh! All right.

(GEORGE lifts his face for a rather unsatisfactory kiss. Sadly, WINIFRED starts for the door.)

Are you going to say something to Mary Poppins about this afternoon?

WINIFRED

I don't think so.

GEORGE

Very well. But just make sure she's doing things our way and not hers.

SCENE 6: SPOONFUL OF SUGAR – Street, Kitchen

#7A – *Winds Do Change*

Bert

(Some time has passed, perhaps a week or so. On the pavement outside No. 17, BERT sweeps the gutter and addresses the audience.)

BERT

WINDS DO CHANGE, TIDES CAN TURN.
SINK OR SWIM, SEE WHAT YOU LEARN.
ME, I WAS TOLD WHEN I WAS SMALL,
JUST LEARN A TRADE, SO I LEARNED 'EM ALL.
CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE –

(ADMIRAL BOOM and MISS LARK appear.)

ADMIRAL BOOM

'Morning, Bert. Swabbing the decks today, I see.

BERT

Gotta keep the street ship-shape, Admiral!

ADMIRAL BOOM

Tell me, how are things aboard No. 17? All plain sailing with Mary Poppins, I trust.

BERT

There's some rough weather on every voyage, Admiral.

(BERT resumes his sweeping, moving away from ADMIRAL BOOM and MISS LARK.)

ADMIRAL BOOM

(shaking his head)

Ah Miss Lark, what those children need is a touch of the cat and a night on the yardarm.

MISS LARK

What those children need, Admiral, is a touch of happiness!

(This is a novel idea for ADMIRAL BOOM, as he watches MISS LARK walk on, clutching WILLOUGHBY, who barks.)

Willoughby!

(In the kitchen, a nervous WINIFRED is with MRS. BRILL. All around are signs of preparations for the tea. ROBERTSON AY watches.)

WINIFRED

Mrs. Brill, don't make the sandwiches too early. They'll get stale before the guests arrive.

MRS. BRILL

Everything's under control, ma'am.

WINIFRED

What about the cake?

MRS. BRILL

Cooling on the tray, waiting to be iced.

WINIFRED

And you're quite sure you know how to ice it?

MRS. BRILL

Quite sure. And in case you're worried, I have not been exchanged by the fairies for a total nincompoop!

WINIFRED

No!

ROBERTSON AY

No...

WINIFRED

Well. I'll just go up and check the drawing room.

(WINIFRED leaves MRS. BRILL fuming. ROBERTSON AY pipes up.)

ROBERTSON AY

I'd like to be helpful.

MRS. BRILL

I'd like to be rich. But the Good Lord thought otherwise.

(JANE and MICHAEL come through the door.)

JANE

Mother wants you in the drawing room.

MRS. BRILL

Well she can't have me. I've got enough on my plate as it is.

JANE

She says you can tell Robertson Ay what to do.

MRS. BRILL

Does she indeed? Well, why don't I go and have a smoke near the gasworks for good measure?

ROBERTSON AY

Please, Mrs. Brill. I don't mind, honest.

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!

ROBERTSON AY

(filled with a sense of the task's importance)

What is it, Mrs. Brill?

MRS. BRILL

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.

ROBERTSON AY

(simultaneously committing the tasks to memory)

Icing tools... cake... hot water... I will make the icing as soon as I'm back...

MRS. BRILL

Now, do you think you can manage that?

ROBERTSON AY

Is that all?

MRS. BRILL

For you, yes. For me, no. 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 to finish them.

(MRS. BRILL storms out and slams the door behind her.)

JANE

Well, don't just stand there, Robertson Ay.

ROBERTSON AY

Right... no...

(ROBERTSON AY looks around.)

JANE

What are you looking for?

ROBERTSON AY

A bowl. For the water.

(ROBERTSON AY goes to the kitchen dresser. JANE has an idea.)

JANE

Michael, why don't we make the icing?

MICHAEL

Because we don't know how?

JANE

Don't be so feeble. Get the eggs. If Mrs. Brill can do it, it can't be that hard.

MICHAEL

Are there eggs in icing?

JANE

There are in mine.

(JANE starts to mix the sugar and water as MICHAEL finds the eggs. ROBERTSON AY carries the icing stuff to the table.)

ROBERTSON AY

I don't think Mrs. Brill will thank you —

JANE

Then she will be guilty of great ingratitude.

(MICHAEL and ROBERTSON AY look at Jane's mix.)

MICHAEL

Is it supposed to look like this?

ROBERTSON AY

It doesn't look like that when Mrs. Brill does it.

JANE

Don't be impertinent and get me the cake!

(ROBERTSON AY goes to the sink to fetch some water.)

ROBERTSON AY

Honestly, Miss Jane, I was only trying to be helpful. If you would —

(ROBERTSON AY burns his hand on the faucet and is thrown back by force. Ricocheting across the room, he destroys the entire kitchen and ends up in an unconscious heap.)

JANE, MICHAEL

Yeah!

WINIFRED (O.S.)

Mrs. Brill, go up and get ready now —

(WINIFRED appears in the doorway and breaks off, stunned.)

WINIFRED

(to JANE and MICHAEL)

What have you done! Robertson Ay! Robertson Ay! Oh dear, should I call a doctor?

MARY POPPINS

(entering, as if on cue)

I don't think that will be necessary, ma'am.

WINIFRED

(to JANE and MICHAEL)

How can you be so unkind, when you know how important my party is? You deserve some very nasty medicine! Just you wait 'til bedtime!

(MARY POPPINS enters and removes a medicine bottle and spoon from a cabinet.)

MARY POPPINS

Oh, I don't think we should wait 'til then, ma'am. Why not go up and get changed?

(to the CHILDREN)

We'll clear up, won't we?

(WINIFRED exits the kitchen.)

MICHAEL

But we're not ill! I won't take it, and you can't make me!

MARY POPPINS

In that, as in so many things, your information is faulty. Open.

(MARY POPPINS pours a spoonful of liquid into MICHAEL's mouth. He runs his tongue round his lips.)

MICHAEL

But... it's strawberry ice!

MARY POPPINS

Now you.

(MARY POPPINS walks towards JANE, who whispers anxiously.)

JANE

I'm not sure I like strawberry ice.

MARY POPPINS

I'm not sure I care. Open.

(JANE does, screwing up her face. She is similarly surprised.)

JANE

Lime Cordial!

MARY POPPINS

Now, off we go, you two. Michael, I know you like to keep things neat. Jane...

MICHAEL

I told you she was tricky.

JANE

Must we? Can't Robertson Ay do it when he wakes up? He is a servant.

MARY POPPINS

With that attitude, you'll get through a lot of staff before you're very old. Besides...

#8 – *A Spoonful of Sugar*

Mary Poppins, Jane, Michael,
Robertson Ay, Winifred

(MARY POPPINS)

In every job that must be done, there is an element of fun.

YOU FIND THE FUN AND SNAP! THE JOB'S A GAME.
AND EV'RY TASK YOU UNDERTAKE
BECOMES A PIECE OF CAKE.
A LARK! A SPREE!
IT'S VERY CLEAR TO SEE...

(MARY hands brooms to the CHILDREN and they begin to sweep.)

THAT A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN,
THE MEDICINE GO DOWN, MEDICINE GO DOWN.
JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN
IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY.

(A bird chirps. MARY POPPINS looks out the window.)

Oh, my point exactly.

THE HONEYBEES THAT FETCH THE NECTAR
FROM THE FLOWERS TO THE COMB
NEVER TIRE OF EVER BUZZING TO AND FRO,
BECAUSE THEY TAKE A LITTLE NIP
FROM EVERY FLOWER THAT THEY SIP.
AND HENCE

JANE, MICHAEL

AND HENCE

MARY POPPINS

THEY FIND

JANE, MICHAEL

THEY FIND

MARY POPPINS, JANE, MICHAEL

THEIR TASK IS NOT A GRIND.

FOR A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN,
THE MEDICINE GO DOWN, MEDICINE GO DOWN.

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN
IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY.

(MARY POPPINS takes a good survey of the kitchen.)

MARY POPPINS

Cups on saucers, please.

(with a flash, restores part of the kitchen)

Spit-spot!

(restores another part of the kitchen)

Is this how you usually do it, Michael?

(MARY POPPINS pulls out the medicine and takes a nip.)

Rum punch! My favorite!

(MARY POPPINS gives ROBERTSON AY a spoonful. He revives.)

ROBERTSON AY

AH AH-AH-AH-AH AH, AH-AH-AH-AH AH, AH-AH-AH-AH –

(Winifred enters.)

WINIFRED

Ah! Mary Poppins, you're a miracle worker! How did you get them to do it?

(JANE and MICHAEL look on expectantly.)

MARY POPPINS

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN,

WINIFRED

THE MEDICINE?

MARY POPPINS

GO DOWN, MEDICINE

WINIFRED

GO DOWN.

MARY POPPINS, JANE, MICHAEL

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN
IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY.

WINIFRED

So...

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN,

ROBERTSON AY

(in a grand vibrato, which shocks him)

THE MEDICINE GO DOWN!

WINIFRED

MEDICINE GO DOWN.

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN

MARY POPPINS

IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY...

ALL

IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY!

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN,
THE MEDICINE GO DOWN, MEDICINE GO DOWN.

JUST A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR HELPS THE MEDICINE GO DOWN

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL

IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY

MARY POPPINS

IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL

ALL

IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY!

MARY POPPINS

(to WINIFRED)

We'll be off now, ma'am.

(to CHILDREN)

Come along, children. Best foot forward.

(MARY POPPINS and the CHILDREN exit with ROBERTSON AY, passing MRS. BRILL, who is carrying a handful of envelopes.)

MRS. BRILL

(to WINIFRED)

I'm sorry, ma'am. Apparently, these came this morning, and Robertson Ay forgot to give them to you. They're apologies, ma'am, from your guests. They're not coming, none of them.

WINIFRED

(takes the envelopes)

Oh. Do you think we chose the wrong day?

MRS. BRILL

No, ma'am, I think you asked the wrong people.

(MRS. BRILL exits. The mood changes.)

WINIFRED

IN A MOST DELIGHTFUL WAY...

(Dejected, WINIFRED exits.)

SCENE 7: THE BANK – Bank

(MARY POPPINS, JANE, and MICHAEL exit No. 17 and walk towards the city.)

#9 – *Precision and Order*

Clerks, Chairman, Von Hussler, Northbrook

JANE

Mary Poppins, where are we going today?

MARY POPPINS

I thought we could play our next game.

MICHAEL

What game?

MARY POPPINS

“A Visit to the Bank.”

MICHAEL

That’s not a game! Did Daddy agree?

JANE

If he did, you must have put the idea into his head somehow.

MARY POPPINS

What an impertinent thing to say. Me, putting ideas into other people’s heads. Really!

(MARY POPPINS and the CHILDREN exit. The Bank is revealed: a hive of industry with neither heart nor soul.)

CLERKS

PRECISION AND ORDER,
COGS IN A WHEEL,
OPENING A LEDGER,
CLOSING A DEAL.
PRUDENT INVESTMENT,
FINANCIAL SENSE.
OUR PERFECT RAY OF SUNSHINE:
POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

(The CHAIRMAN of the bank gives his daily briefing to his BOARD, which includes GEORGE BANKS.)

MISS SMYTHE

Good morning, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN

Good morning.

GREAT MEN HAVE DREAMS OF POWER AND POSITION,
AND IT'S OUR JOB TO BACK THEM TO THE HILT.
FOR SHREWD INVESTMENT AND ADVICE
THEY'LL PAY OUR PRICE,

CHAIRMAN, CLERKS

THE BEDROCK ON WHICH BANKS ARE BUILT.

CHAIRMAN

Banks! A word...

(The BOARD MEMBERS go about their daily business. GEORGE lingers behind to listen to the CHAIRMAN.)

I see Herr Von Hussler is coming in again today. Have you made your decision?

GEORGE

I believe so, sir.

CHAIRMAN

Good, good. Be sure it's the right one.

CLERKS

IN EVERY TRANSACTION,
CREDIT OR DEBT,
SHEETS ARE ALL WELL BALANCED,
TARGETS ARE MET...
MET... MET... MET... MET... MET... MET... MET...

(In his office, GEORGE, with some papers before him, is in conversation with HERR VON HUSSLER.)

VON HUSSLER

Herr Banks, what objections can you have? My security is more than adequate and Latin America is an expanding market. What is the matter? Have you no courage?

GEORGE

But Mr. Von Hussler, what I haven't been able to grasp is: what exactly is your final product?

VON HUSSLER

What do you think? Money, of course!

GEORGE

Yes, money. But I wonder, making money out of money, is that enough?

VON HUSSLER

Are you man enough to be a banker?

A MAN HAS DREAMS
OF BUILDING AN EMPIRE,
TO MAKE HIS NAME IN MANY DISTANT LANDS.
AND IN THE NEW WORLD, I AM TOLD
WE'LL SOON STRIKE GOLD.
LET'S SEIZE THAT CHANCE WITH BOTH OUR HANDS.

CLERKS

ASSESSING THE MARKET,
LIMIT THE RISK.
LITTLE ROOM FOR ERROR,
BUSINESS IS BRISK...
BRISK... BRISK... BRISK... BRISK... BRISK... BRISK... BRISK...

(GEORGE is now in discussion with a second client, JOHN NORTHBROOK, an honest Northerner who presents his argument for a bank loan.)

NORTHBROOK

Have you come to your decision, Mr. Banks? There's a town of good people whose future depends on you.

GEORGE

I know that...

NORTHBROOK

Give us this chance. You won't regret it. The factory could be running in weeks and expanding before the year's out. Please, Mr. Banks. I'd give it everything I've got, believe me.

GEORGE

I do believe you, Mr. Northbrook, and I've tried to find a way, but there just is not the collateral.

NORTHBROOK

What about my workforce? Decent men who want a better life - they're my collateral!

MY MEN HAVE DREAMS
TO EARN AN HONEST LIVING,
A WIFE AND KIDS, A HOME TO CALL THEIR OWN.
IF YOU'D INVEST IN US TODAY,
IT PAVES THE WAY.
I PROMISE WE'D REPAY THE LOAN.

GEORGE

I'm sorry, Mr. Northbrook, but I...

(The CHILDREN burst in. MARY POPPINS follows. GEORGE is startled.)

JANE, MICHAEL

Hello, Daddy.

GEORGE

What on earth are you doing here? Can't you see I'm busy?

NORTHBROOK

No. We're done, and no man should be too busy for his own children.

(to MICHAEL)

What are you here for young man? Have you come for some money as well?

GEORGE

Hardly. What would they need money for?

NORTHBROOK

Well, it's never too early to learn its value...

(NORTHBROOK pulls two coins out and hands them to the children.)

MICHAEL

I know the value of this: sixpence.

NORTHBROOK

No, that's its worth. Its value's in how you spend it. Do good, and may you have good luck.

MARY POPPINS

And what do you say to Mr. Northbrook?

JANE, MICHAEL

Thank you!

NORTHBROOK

I'll wait outside.

(With a smile for the children, NORTHBROOK exits.)

GEORGE

What is the meaning of this? Really, Mary Poppins, I am not without a sense of humor —

MICHAEL

Aren't you, Daddy?

GEORGE

No, I am not! But when I was a little boy, I would never have dared interrupt my father.

MICHAEL

Were you ever a little boy?

GEORGE

Of course I was, but my nanny, Miss Andrew, kept me out of my father's way, and he'd have been very annoyed if she hadn't.

JANE

What about your mother?

GEORGE

I shouldn't think I saw either of them more than once a week.

JANE

Didn't they mind?

GEORGE

Mind? They were glad to be rid of me!

MICHAEL

Then who kissed you goodnight? Miss Andrew?

GEORGE

(this horrible image almost overpowering him)

Certainly not! There was no time for hugs and kisses and all that sappy nonsense.

(notices that the CHILDREN are aghast)

What's the matter?

MICHAEL

Poor Daddy.

GEORGE

"Poor"? What do you mean "poor"? That's what made me the man I am! Eh, Mary Poppins?

MARY POPPINS

Yes, I'm afraid it did.

(GEORGE is not sure he can have heard this correctly.)

GEORGE

That's enough. You've seen where I work, and I have a great deal to do.

JANE

When you invest the bank's money, what are you looking for, Daddy? A good man or a good idea?

GEORGE

I suppose I should say it's a good idea, but a good man is much rarer, and much more valuable.

MARY POPPINS

Come along, children.

(MARY POPPINS exits with JANE and MICHAEL.)

GEORGE

Mr. Von Hussler, I've considered your arguments, but I'm afraid my answer is no.

VON HUSSLER

So you don't recognize a good idea?

GEORGE

Perhaps not, but I recognize a good man when I see one.

VON HUSSLER

You will regret this, Herr Banks.

(VON HUSSLER leaves in a huff. GEORGE watches him go, thinking aloud.)

GEORGE

A MAN WITH DREAMS THAT LIFE HASN'T BROKEN,
A MAN WITH HOPES, AMBITIONS TO FULFILL,
A MAN YOU'RE CERTAIN AT FIRST GLANCE
DESERVES A CHANCE...

(GEORGE turns to find NORTHBROOK back in his office.)

Now, Mr. Northbrook, when exactly could the factory open?

NORTHBOOK

Thank you, sir. You won't regret it!

SCENE 8: FEED THE BIRDS – Cathedral Steps#10 – *Feed the Birds*

Bird Woman, Mary Poppins, Ensemble

(The austere columned facade of St. Paul's Cathedral. On the steps, the old BIRD WOMAN proffers seed to the CHILDREN and MARY POPPINS.)

BIRD WOMAN

FEED THE BIRDS, TUPPENCE A BAG,
TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE A BAG.

MICHAEL

There's that horrible old woman!

MARY POPPINS

Don't point. And for your information, she is not in the least horrible.

JANE

But she's just a bundle of rags!

MARY POPPINS

When will you learn to look past what you see?

EARLY EACH DAY TO THE STEPS OF SAINT PAUL'S
THE LITTLE OLD BIRD WOMAN COMES.
IN HER OWN SPECIAL WAY TO THE PEOPLE SHE CALLS:

BIRD WOMAN

COME, BUY MY BAGS FULL OF CRUMBS.
COME FEED THE LITTLE BIRDS,
SHOW THEM YOU CARE,
AND YOU'LL BE GLAD IF YOU DO.
THEIR YOUNG ONES ARE HUNGRY,
THEIR NESTS ARE SO BARE.
ALL IT TAKES IS TUPPENCE FROM YOU.
FEED THE BIRDS, TUPPENCE A BAG,
TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE A BAG.

MARY POPPINS

FEED THE BIRDS, THAT'S WHAT SHE CRIES
WHILE OVERHEAD HER BIRDS FILL THE SKIES.

ENSEMBLE (O.S.)

AH...

(MICHAEL reaches into his pocket and moves towards the BIRD WOMAN.)

JANE

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

I'm going to give her my sixpence.

JANE

What a waste!

MARY POPPINS

That's a matter of opinion.

(giving the BIRD WOMAN a coin)

Here. One bag, please.

(to MICHAEL)

Save your sixpence.

(MARY POPPINS gives the bag to MICHAEL, who throws the seed.)

All Cast

ALL AROUND THE CATHEDRAL

THE SAINTS AND APOSTLES

LOOK DOWN AS SHE SELLS HER WARES.

ALTHOUGH YOU CAN'T SEE THEM,

YOU KNOW THEY ARE SMILING

EACH TIME SOMEONE SHOWS THAT HE CARES.

Mary Poppins

THOUGH HER WORDS ARE SIMPLE AND FEW,

LISTEN, LISTEN, SHE'S CALLING TO YOU.

BIRD WOMAN

FEED THE BIRDS, TUPPENCE A BAG,

TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE,

MARY POPPINS, BIRD WOMAN

TUPPENCE A BAG.

MICHAEL

(shakes out the last of the seed)

All gone.

(MICHAEL tosses the bag on the ground, but catches MARY POPPINS's stare and quickly picks it up.)

BIRD WOMAN, JANE, MICHAEL

TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE, TUPPENCE A BAG.

(MARY POPPINS exits with the CHILDREN.)

SCENE 9: SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS – Park#10A – *Talking Shop*

orchestra

(BERT enters with WILLOUGHBY, who barks at him.)

BERT

You don't say. Well, here she is now. You can tell her yourself.

(MARY POPPINS and the CHILDREN enter. WILLOUGHBY barks.)

JANE

Isn't that Miss Lark's dog, Willoughby?

MARY POPPINS

Don't interrupt when someone's barking.

(to WILLOUGHBY)

You were saying?

(WILLOUGHBY barks again. MARY POPPINS answers in an acid tone.)

Really? Well, if she keeps wandering off, perhaps it would be better if you kept her on a lead.

MISS LARK

(offstage)

Willoughby!

MARY POPPINS

Ah look, here she comes now.

MISS LARK

Willoughby! It's all right. Mummy's here!

(MISS LARK hurries to WILLOUGHBY, who barks eagerly as she scoops him up.)

You know, sometimes you'd almost think he could talk.

(WILLOUGHBY barks. Smothering the dog with kisses, MISS LARK rushes off.)

JANE

Bert, can Willoughby really talk?

BERT

Of course he can. Getting him to stop is the problem.

MICHAEL

(to MARY POPPINS)

How do you learn to talk dog?

MARY POPPINS

How do you think? Master the grammar—

BERT

Practice when you can—

MARY POPPINS

And avoid mongrels.

MARY POPPINS, BERT

Far too much slang.

MARY POPPINS

Now, come along. I can't stand here all day talking shop.

MICHAEL

"Talking shop"? What a silly expression.

MARY POPPINS

There's nothing silly about it in the least.

JANE

What do you buy in a talking shop?

MARY POPPINS

Conversations, of course.

JANE

Well, I've never seen a talking shop.

MARY POPPINS

Well, there is only one, and it belongs to Mrs. Corry.

MICHAEL

Who's Mrs. Corry?

BERT

"Who's Mrs. Corry?" Mrs. Corry is older than anyone in the world. She talked to William before he went conquering, to Vlad before he went impaling, and to Alexander when he weren't so great.

MARY POPPINS

We'll have to call at her shop in the park.

JANE

There is no shop in the park.

MARY POPPINS

Remember, anything can happen if you let it.

Mrs. Corry's Shop magically appears behind them. Annie and Fannie are trying to help Mrs. Corry sell conversations to customers. They look more and more flustered.

MRS. CORRY

That's it! I've run out of conversations!

Annie: Run out of conversations? Fannie: We never run out! Mrs. Corry: Well, you two surely don't!

(Annie and Fannie giggle)

MARY POPPINS

Good day to you, Mrs. Corry.

MRS. CORRY

Well, well, well... if it isn't Mary Poppins! With Jane and Michael Banks!

MICHAEL

She knows us?

MRS. CORRY

And how is poor little Georgie?

MICHAEL

Who?

MRS. CORRY

Georgie Banks. Your father. He used to give his nanny the slip and come into my shop here in secret.

MICHAEL

But it can't have been the same George Banks! It would be forty years ago, and no one can remember back that far!

MRS. CORRY

Listen, dearie, I remember everything! I remember Georgie used to love my gingerbread. I wonder if we've got any left today? Annie! Fannie! Look lively!

Annie/Fannie: Yes, mother! Fannie: Sorry folks! Annie: It's time for our ten!

(MRS. CORRY hands JANE and MICHAEL a piece of her gingerbread, each one covered with little gold stars.)

Fannie: Here you are mother.

MRS. CORRY

Ah, yes. Gingerbread pieces with gingerbread stars.

(stops CHILDREN from eating and hands them a bag)

Uh-uh. Georgie always saved his stars. Now, Mary Poppins, what can I do for you?

MARY POPPINS

Well, I did want an ounce of conversations.

(MRS. CORRY looks at her shop full of customers.)

MRS. CORRY

I'm 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 we have left.

(motions to Annie and Fannie to get the letter jars)

Oooh, I do have some letters - and a little bit of backchat.

Annie: No you don't.

Mrs. Corry: An ounce you say?

#10B - Choosing the Letters

orchestra

(MRS. CORRY)

That'll be fifteen letters. Go on, take your pick.

MARY POPPINS

Jane. You can choose seven.

JANE

I've got a D, G, R, U, C, L, and I.

(The CUSTOMERS are impressed.)

MICHAEL

They're no good. You can't make a conversation out of them.

MARY POPPINS

Your turn, Michael. Seven more.

MICHAEL

A, F, S, E, T, O, and P.

(The CUSTOMERS are very impressed.)

MARY POPPINS

And I'll choose an... X!

(The CUSTOMERS are supremely impressed.)

Now, what words can we make?

JANE

Well, I see "Dog" and "Cat."

MRS. CORRY

"Rautoplex." That's nine.

BERT

"Lapitoferus." That's eleven. Nearly there.

JANE

Those don't count. You made them up!

MRS. CORRY

And where do you think words came from in the first place? Somebody had to make them up.

MARY POPPINS

You know, we can always use the same letter more than once. Now let me see... Super... calif... ragil... istic... expi... ali... docious!

#11 – *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious* Mary Poppins, Bert, Jane, Michael,
Mrs. Corry, Customers

MICHAEL

That's not a word.

MARY POPPINS

Of course it's a word. And unless I'm very much mistaken, I think it's going to prove a rather useful one.

WHEN TRYING TO EXPRESS ONESELF, IT'S FRANKLY QUITE ABSURD
TO LEAF THROUGH LENGTHY LEXICONS TO FIND THE PERFECT WORD.
A LITTLE SPONTANEITY KEEPS CONVERSATION KEEN.
YOU NEED TO FIND A WAY TO SAY PRECISELY WHAT YOU MEAN.

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS,
EVEN THOUGH THE SOUND OF IT IS SOMETHING QUITE ATROCIOUS,
IF YOU SAY IT LOUD ENOUGH, YOU'LL ALWAYS SOUND PRECOCIOUS.
SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS.

(The CUSTOMERS draw in and join MRS. CORRY in the chorus.)

MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS

UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.

JANE

But it doesn't mean anything!

MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS

UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.

MARY POPPINS

It can mean exactly what you want it to...

MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS

UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.

MARY POPPINS

WHEN STONE-AGE MEN WERE CHATTING,
SIMPLY GRUNTING WOULD SUFFICE.

MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS

UGH!

BERT

THOUGH IF THEY'D HEARD THIS WORD
THEY MIGHT HAVE USED IT ONCE OR TWICE.

MRS. CORRY

I'M SURE EGYPTIAN PHARAOHS WOULD HAVE GRASPED IT IN A JIFF.
THEN EVERY SINGLE PYRAMID WOULD BEAR THIS HIEROGLYPH.
OH, SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS.
SAY IT AND WILD ANIMALS WILL NOT SEEM SO FEROCIOUS.

CUSTOMERS

Grrr!

MARY POPPINS

ADD SOME FURTHER FLOURISHES—IT'S SO ROCOCOCOCIOUS.

MRS. CORRY

AH-AH-AH-AH-AH

MARY POPPINS

AH-AH-AH-AH-AH

BERT

AH AH AH AH!

MARY POPPINS, MRS. CORRY, BERT, JANE, MICHAEL

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS.

MRS. CORRY, BERT, JANE, MICHAEL, CUSTOMERS

UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.

BERT

THE DRUIDS COULD HAVE CARVED IT
 ON THEIR MIGHTY MONOLITHS.

MRS. CORRY

THE ANCIENT GREEKS I'M CERTAIN WOULD HAVE
 USED IT IN THEIR MYTHS.

MARY POPPINS

I'M SURE THE ROMAN EMPIRE ONLY ENTERED THE ABYSS
 BECAUSE THOSE LATIN SCHOLARS NEVER HAD A WORD LIKE THIS.

BERT, MRS. CORRY, MARY POPPINS, JANE, MICHAEL

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICXPALIDOCIOUS.

CUSTOMERS

YUM YUM YUM YUM YUM.

MARY POPPINS

IF YOU SAY IT SOFTLY THE EFFECT CAN BE HYPNOTIOUS.

BERT

CHECK YOUR BREATH BEFORE YOU SPEAK IN CASE IT'S HALITOTIOUS.

JANE, MICHAEL, CUSTOMERS

Yuck!

ALL

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICXPALIDOCIOUS.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
 UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.

MARY POPPINS

You know you can say it backwards, which is suoicodilaipxecitsiligarfilacrepus.

MICHAEL

She may be tricky, but she's bloody good!

(ALL gasp at MICHAEL's cheekiness!)

MARY POPPINS

SO WHEN THE CAT HAS GOT YOUR TONGUE,
THERE'S NO NEED FOR DISMAY.
JUST SUMMON UP THIS WORD
AND THEN YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO SAY.

BERT

PICK OUT THOSE EIGHTEEN CONSONANTS,
ADD SIXTEEN VOWELS AS WELL,
AND PUT THEM IN AN ORDER WHICH IS VERY HARD TO SPELL.

(As MARY POPPINS spells, BERT acts out the letters.)

MARY POPPINS

S-U-P-E-R, C-A-L-I-F, R-A-G-I-L, I-S-T-I-C-E-X-P-I-A-L-I-D

MICHAEL, JANE

(jumping in quickly)

O-C-I-O-U-S

BERT

Smarty pants!

(ALL join in the charades.)

ALL

S-U-P-E-R, C-A-L-I-F, R-A-G-I-L, I-S-T-I-C-E-X-P-I-A-L-I-D,
O-C-I-O-U-S.
S-U-P-E-R (S-U-P-E-R), C-A-L-I-F (C-A-L-I-F), R-A-G-I-L (R-A-G-I-L),
I-S-T-I-C-E-X-P-I-A-L-I-D, O-C-I-O-U-S.

(increasing in tempo)

S-U-P-E-R (S-U-P-E-R), C-A-L-I-F (C-A-L-I-F), R-A-G-I-L (R-A-G-I-L),
I-S-T-I-C-E-X-P-I-A-L-I-D, O-C-I-O-U-S.

BERT

Here we go!

ALL

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICXPIALIDOCIOUS,
EVEN THOUGH THE SOUND OF IT IS SOMETHING QUITE ATROCIOUS,
IF YOU SAY IT LOUD ENOUGH, YOU'LL ALWAYS SOUND PRECOCIOUS.
SUPERCALIFRAGILISTIC –

MICHAEL, JANE

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTIC –

SCENE 10: BAD NEWS – Street, Parlor

(BERT stands in front of the house. More time has passed at Cherry Tree Lane. The RESIDENTS go about their business.)

BERT

THE WINDS MAY BLOW, BUT WHO'S TO KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT IT'S BRINGING.
GOOD NEWS OR BAD, HAPPY OR SAD,
THE PENDULUM KEEPS SWINGING.

(MRS. BRILL and ROBERTSON AY appear in the hall. She has a feather duster and he carries a pair of steps. She stops near a shelf holding a precious vase.)

MRS. BRILL

Right, put the steps there and stand back. You are never to come near that vase nor no one else but me neither. That is "an heirloom."

ROBERTSON AY

Heirloom!

(ROBERTSON AY puts the steps below the shelf and carefully backs away as MRS. BRILL climbs up.)

MRS. BRILL

And while I do this, stay totally immobile.

ROBERTSON AY

Immobile.

MRS. BRILL

Do not move a muscle.

ROBERTSON AY

Muscle.

MRS. BRILL

Do not breathe. Do you hear me?

(ROBERTSON AY tries to hold his breath but then gasps when he can't any longer.)

ROBERTSON AY

I might as well be dead.

MRS. BRILL

(threatening with her feather duster)

Don't give me ideas.

BERT

A GAME IS PLAYED, A CHANGE IS MADE,
BUT STILL THE ROAD IS LONG.
AND THOUGH THEY MIGHT YET FLY A KITE,
SOMETIMES THE WIND'S TOO STRONG.

(GEORGE BANKS appears and enters the house. He looks extremely worried. He is greeted by a surprised WINIFRED. He puts down his briefcase as she helps him off with his coat.)

WINIFRED

George? What's happened? Are you ill?

GEORGE

No. Should I be?

WINIFRED

Of course not. Only... why on earth are you home so early? Is everything all right?

GEORGE

No, everything's all wrong.

WINIFRED

My dear, what is it?

GEORGE

If you must know, I refused some German chap a loan. It seems he went to our chief rivals. They gave him the money and now it's turned into a gold mine.

WINIFRED

Well, they can't expect you to get it right every time.

GEORGE

Can't they? That's exactly what they expect.

(Before GEORGE can say more, the CHILDREN run downstairs, followed by MARY POPPINS.)

JANE, MICHAEL

(à cappella)

OH! SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPALIDOCIOUS!
EVEN THOUGH THE SOUND OF IT IS SOMETHING QUITE ATROCIOUS,
IF YOU SAY IT LOUD ENOUGH—

GEORGE

That is more than loud enough! Go to your room!

MICHAEL

But we were just—

GEORGE

I don't care what you were "just"! Upstairs! Now! Where's my briefcase? I put it here...

(MICHAEL has hidden it behind his back. GEORGE turns towards him.)

Michael?

(MICHAEL has transferred the case to JANE. He holds up both hands.)

Jane?

(JANE slides the briefcase back to her brother and holds up her hands. But this time GEORGE has seen the maneuver and shouts.)

Will you give it to me!

(With a roar of fury, he spins MICHAEL around and roughly snatches the case away. ALL are shocked by the violence and intensity of his anger. He turns on WINIFRED.)

Must I put up with this behavior? You're their mother! Why can't you do something!

WINIFRED

(attempting to take control of the situation)

Well, I can try not shouting for a start.

GEORGE

Mary Poppins! You are here to teach the children manners, and just look at them! They're a pair of little savages! If I had my way, you'd be out of this house by—

WINIFRED

George! You're tired.

(GEORGE retires to the study, dejected, and closes the door.)

Mary Poppins, don't bring the children down tonight. Mr. Banks is quite exhausted. Perhaps you could keep them occupied.

MARY POPPINS

I hope you haven't forgotten, ma'am, tonight's my evening out.

JANE

What?

WINIFRED

Oh dear, I had forgotten. I suppose the best people wouldn't ask you to change your plans?

MARY POPPINS

No ma'am, they wouldn't.

WINIFRED

I thought not.

JANE

That's not fair! Daddy loses his temper and we're shut up in the nursery! Daddy's mean and rotten and I hate him!

WINIFRED

Jane! Take that back this instant! I will not have you criticize your father.

MICHAEL

Why not? He criticizes you! Last week he said you were neither use nor ornament.

WINIFRED

How dare you –

MICHAEL

I heard him say it and so did you!

(This one is below the belt. WINIFRED answers with some dignity.)

WINIFRED

Sometimes people say things they don't mean. Take the children upstairs please, Mary Poppins.

(JANE and MICHAEL follow the nanny up. WINIFRED goes to the study door. She hesitates, then opens it and enters.)

George?

GEORGE

What is it now?

WINIFRED

I thought you might like to talk about it.

GEORGE

What would be the point?

WINIFRED

Perhaps I can help.

GEORGE

Don't be ridiculous.

WINIFRED

I'm serious, George. If you have troubles, I'd like to share them.

GEORGE

Don't worry. You will.

(lifts his head, stares at WINIFRED)

The fact is I've been suspended without salary until they decide what to do with me.

(WINIFRED gasps with shock.)

#11B – *Twists and Turns*

Bert

BERT

TWISTS AND TURNS, UPS AND DOWNS,
ONE MOMENT SMILES, NEXT MOMENT FROWNS.
BUT BAD-TEMPERED FACES HAD BETTER CHANGE QUICK,
'CAUSE IF THE WIND CHANGES, THE FACE MIGHT JUST STICK.
CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE CHIM CHER-OO.

SCENE 11: PLAYING THE GAME – Nursery

(JANE and MICHAEL enter the nursery.)

JANE

It's not fair! You're going out, and we get left on our own!

MARY POPPINS

You've plenty of toys to play with.

JANE

I don't want to. They're boring!

MARY POPPINS

They might say the same about you.

MICHAEL

Why does Daddy get so cross?

JANE

Fathers are supposed to look after their children, not yell at them all the time.

MARY POPPINS

Maybe, but have you asked yourself who looks after the fathers when things go wrong?

MICHAEL

The mothers, I suppose.

MARY POPPINS

Not the children?

JANE

Wouldn't that be rather upside-down?

(MARY POPPINS continues to primp herself ready for her "evening out.")

MARY POPPINS

Sometimes families are upside-down, for a while anyway.

JANE

I don't want to be in an upside-down family. I wish I could run away.

MICHAEL

Why don't you? Somebody might adopt you.

JANE

But you'd miss me.

MICHAEL

No, I wouldn't. I could have your toys.

JANE

No, you could not!

MICHAEL

Yes, I could, and I jolly well would!

(MICHAEL grabs the doll called VALENTINE.)

JANE

Give that to me!

(JANE seizes one arm of the toy while MICHAEL pulls the other, tearing VALENTINE's arm in the process.)

Now look what you've done!

MARY POPPINS

(turns to the CHILDREN)

That's no way to treat Valentine. What's he ever done to you?

MICHAEL

He's a doll, silly! He couldn't do anything.

MARY POPPINS

That's all, you two. Now, into bed. At once.

JANE

But we haven't had our milk –

MARY POPPINS

There'll be no butts. And no milk, either. If you can't be good, you may as well be sorry.

JANE

I wish you'd just leave us alone!

MARY POPPINS

Be careful of the things you wish for.

MICHAEL

Well, I won't go to sleep, and you can't make me.

MARY POPPINS

In that, as in so many things...

JANE, MICHAEL

Your information...

MARY POPPINS

Is faulty.

(MARY POPPINS snaps her fingers, and JANE and MICHAEL fall instantly asleep.)

(MARY POPPINS)

PLAYING THE GAME,
HAVING A BALL.
THOSE WHO WON'T PLAY
SHAN'T PLAY AT ALL.

WILL WE MEET AGAIN?

MARY POPPINS

MAYBE WHEN you've LEARNED TO PLAY THE GAME.

(MARY POPPINS hears the sound of whistling, goes to the fireplace, and shouts up the chimney.)

(MARY POPPINS steps into the fireplace.)

SCENE 12: CHIM CHIMINEY – Roof#13 – *Chim Chim Cher-ee*

Bert, Mary Poppins

*(BERT sits on the roof, whistling and holding a chimney sweep's brush.)***BERT**

UP WHERE THE SMOKE IS ALL BILLOWED AND CURLED,
 'TWEEN PAVEMENT AND STARS IS THE CHIMNEY SWEEP'S WORLD.
 WHERE THERE'S 'ARDLY NO DAY NOR 'ARDLY NO NIGHT,
 THERE'S THINGS 'ALF IN SHADOW AND 'ALFWAYS IN LIGHT
 ON THE ROOFTOPS OF LONDON...

(MARY POPPINS appears.)

Coo... what a sight!

*(BERT helps MARY POPPINS onto the roof. She puts down her bag and umbrella.)***MARY POPPINS**

Oh. So you are a sweep now, are you?

*(BERT pats the seat on the chimney stack next to him and nods at the roofs of London spread out before their eyes. MARY POPPINS sits.)***BERT**

The best view in the world, eh? And who gets to see it? The birds, the stars, and
 the chimney sweeps. Nothing to beat it, eh?

NOW AS THE LADDER OF LIFE HAS BEEN STRUNG,
 YOU MAY THINK A SWEEP'S ON THE BOTTOM-MOST RUNG.
 THOUGH I SPENDS ME TIME IN THE ASHES AND SMOKE,
 IN THIS WHOLE WIDE WORLD, THERE'S NO 'APPIER BLOKE.

MARY POPPINS, BERT

CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE,
 A SWEEP IS AS LUCKY AS LUCKY CAN BE.
 CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-OO,

MARY POPPINS

GOOD LUCK WILL RUB OFF WHEN HE SHAKES HANDS WITH YOU.

BERT

OR BLOW ME A KISS,

MARY POPPINS

Bert...

BERT

AND THAT'S LUCKY TOO.

(MARY POPPINS stands and picks up her umbrella and bag.)

Oh, you're going then?

MARY POPPINS

The wind has changed.

BERT

But they're good kids, Mary.

MARY POPPINS

Would I be bothering with them if they weren't? But I can't help them if they won't let me, and there's no one so hard to teach as the child who knows everything.

BERT

So?

MARY POPPINS

So they've got to do the next bit on their own.

MARY POPPINS, BERT

CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE,

MARY POPPINS

WHEN YOU'RE WITH A SWEEP, YOU'RE IN GLAD COMPANY.

Goodbye, Bert.

(MARY POPPINS exits.)

BERT

CHIM, CHIM, CHIM-CHIM CHER-EE,

WHEN YOU'RE WITH A SWEEP YOU'RE IN GLAD COMPANY.

NOWHERE IS THERE A MORE HAPPIER CREW

THAN THEM WHAT SINGS CHIM CHIM CHER-EE CHIM CHER-OO.

CHIM CHIMINEY, CHIM CHIM CHER-EE CHIM—

(MARY POPPINS flies away into the sky.)

MARY POPPINS

Cheerio, Bert. Keep an eye on them for me.

(JANE steps out of the nursery window with Mary Poppins's note in her hand. She scans the horizon desperately. A moment later, MICHAEL joins her.)

MICHAEL

She can't have left us!

JANE

Oh yes, she can. And she's taken all our toys.

MICHAEL

What does the note say?

(Before JANE can speak, MRS. BRILL comes out behind them.)

MRS. BRILL

What in the name of heaven are you two doing out here? Where's Mary Poppins?

JANE

Gone.

MRS. BRILL

Gone? Well if that doesn't take the bloomin' biscuit.

#13A – *Au Revoir*

orchestra

JANE

Mrs. Brill, what does "*Au revoir*" mean?

MRS. BRILL

Why?

JANE

Because that's what she's written in this note: "Dear Jane and Michael: Keep playing the games. *Au revoir*. Mary Poppins."

MRS. BRILL

It's French, I know that. Does it mean "God bless you"? Or is it "Good luck"? No, I remember now. "'Til we meet again." Now, come inside before you catch your death.

(END OF ACT ONE.)