

SCENE 2: MARY'S ARRIVAL - Parlor

START → (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.

END

#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.)

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.

SIDE B: MARY, MICHAEL, JANE

WINIFRED

START

(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. *— END*

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

JANE, MICHAEL, WINIFRED

OUR SENSE OF EXCITEMENT IS HARD TO CONTAIN.

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

ORDER IS RETURNING,

WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL

WONDER IS RETURNING,

GEORGE, WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL,

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

SOMEONE IS RETURNING TO CHERRY TREE

(MISS ANDREW enters, a formidable-looking woman of uncertain age.)

GEORGE, WINIFRED, JANE, MICHAEL,
MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY, MISS ANDREW

LANE!

MISS ANDREW

Good morning.

GEORGE

The Holy Terror!

(GEORGE runs out of the house.)

WINIFRED

SIDE C: WINIFRED & MRS. ANDREW
START

Miss Andrew! It's so lovely to meet you at last! I do hope you had a good journey.

(The terrifying MISS ANDREW drops her bag and advances into the room with a covered birdcage. ROBERTSON AY struggles to move the surprisingly heavy bag to a table.)

MISS ANDREW

It 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.

WINIFRED

But dear Miss Andrew, I am so fond of flowers.

MISS ANDREW

Then you are a very silly woman. Where did George go?

WINIFRED

He...

(looks around)

I'm afraid he had... an urgent appointment.

MISS ANDREW

For which no doubt he was late as usual.

(MISS ANDREW removes a poinsettia from a sideboard, passes it to WINIFRED, and sets her birdcage down in its place. WINIFRED passes the plant to MRS. BRILL. MISS ANDREW looks about with a sneer.)

It's not much of a house, is it?

WINIFRED

We like it.

MISS ANDREW

Then it doesn't take a lot to keep you happy. Look at the dust! There! And there! Filth!

WINIFRED

Well, we are rather short-staffed at the moment.

MISS ANDREW

Hasn't anyone ever cleaned those curtains? END

ROBERTSON AY

Ooh!

MRS. BRILL

Now, just a minute —

MISS ANDREW

Ah. You must be the children.

(bends over to examine the CHILDREN then stands upright again)

Pity. I don't suppose you know who I am?

MICHAEL

Yes, we do. You're the Holy Terror.

MISS ANDREW

Impudent boy!

(to JANE)

You're Jane, I suppose. Why aren't you wearing stockings?

JANE

I don't like them.

MISS ANDREW

Tut! What manners! I can see there is not a minute to lose!

SCENE 2: LET'S GO FLY A KITE - ParkSide E: Bert, Jane &
MICHAEL

(At the park, BERT works on a welcoming painting. As he surveys the sky, the CHILDREN run straight into him. Perhaps it's the shock, perhaps it's because he's covered in soot, but they don't know him. They scream.)

BERT ————— **START**

Easy now, your old friend ain't going to hurt you.

JANE

Oh Bert, it's you.

MICHAEL

You're filthy.

BERT

P'raps a smudge or two. It so 'appens today I'm a chimney sweep. So, what's the matter and who's after you?

JANE

The nastiest nanny in the world.

BERT

The nastiest nanny in the world, eh? Well, you two should know. You've been through enough of 'em. Is she really as bad as all that?

MICHAEL

She looks like something that would eat its young.

JANE

Miss Andrew was Daddy's nanny.

MICHAEL

Which explains a lot.

JANE

Poor Daddy. Ever since he stopped working, he just sits and mopes... Mary Poppins used to say he needed our help, but now it's too late.

#16 - Let's Go Fly a Kite

Bert, Park Keeper, Jane, Michael,
Kite Flyers, Mary Poppins**BERT**

Oh, I wouldn't say that. I tell you what, why don't we start things off with a bit of a shake for good luck?

(BERT holds out his hand.)

JANE

Why would shaking hands with you bring us luck?

BERT

Didn't anyone ever tell you it's lucky to shake a sweep's hand?

(JANE does so, and so does MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL

But what do you do if you want some luck?

BERT

Oh, well I shakes 'ands with m'self. Now... what have we got here?

(BERT searches in his capacious bag and extracts a large and beautiful red kite with streamers.)

JANE

Michael, look! It's a real one!

(BERT holds the kite out to MICHAEL, who is resistant.)

What's the matter? You've always wanted to fly a proper kite.

MICHAEL

I've always wanted to fly one with Daddy.

BERT

(crouches before MICHAEL, speaking gently)

O' course you have. But you need to know how it's done. Get some training in, and you'll make him the proudest father in the country.

MICHAEL

Do you really think so? You're not just saying that?

(Oh, how MICHAEL wants to believe this.)

BERT

Did I say the country? The whole bloomin' Empire, more like.

END

WITH TUPPENCE FOR PAPER AND STRINGS,
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN SET OF WINGS.
WITH YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND YOU'RE A BIRD IN FLIGHT,
WITH YOUR FIST HOLDING TIGHT TO THE STRING OF YOUR KITE.

(MICHAEL takes the string, and BERT throws the kite up in the air.)

OH, LET'S GO FLY A KITE
UP TO THE HIGHEST HEIGHT.

MRS. BRILL

Excuse me, ma'am...

WINIFRED

Constable, I'm so sorry I bothered you, but it's quite all right. They're back and --

POLICEMAN

Not all of them, ma'am.

WINIFRED

What?

POLICEMAN

We found this one a-wandering in the park.

(steps to one side, revealing GEORGE)

G'night, ma'am.

SIDE F:

MARY, GEORGE, WINIFRED

(The POLICEMAN tips his helmet and goes. GEORGE steps into the parlor.)

WINIFRED

START

George.

GEORGE

Where is she?

WINIFRED

Miss Andrew? She left.

GEORGE

Left? But how?

(With a look to MARY POPPINS, JANE explains.)

JANE

She might have thought we were rude.

GEORGE

Rude? To Miss Andrew? Well, I can't forgive it, but I'll try to forget. In fact --

(fumbles in his pockets with no result)

I'd have given you sixpence if I had one.

(This deflates GEORGE again. WINIFRED intervenes.)

WINIFRED

George, you haven't noticed. Mary Poppins is back.

GEORGE

Is she? Mary Poppins. Well, well. I wonder if I...

(MARY POPPINS quickly and gracefully descends the stairs and crosses into the study.)

(GEORGE)

... might have a word?

(follows MARY POPPINS into the study, shuts the door, and clears his throat)

There's no point in beating about the bush. Things have not gone well for us since you left us and —

MARY POPPINS

About my wages, sir. If you don't mind, I won't take any just now. I should prefer to let them accrue.

GEORGE

But Mary Poppins, if you only knew how many payments are accruing as it is!

(Before GEORGE says more, MARY POPPINS nods and leaves the study. WINIFRED is waiting outside.)

WINIFRED

Is everything settled?

MARY POPPINS

It is. Now, I must get started. Jane, Michael, spit-spot.

#18A — *Practically Perfect (Reprise)*

Jane, Michael, Mary Poppins

(MARY POPPINS goes up stairs with JANE and MICHAEL. She halts for a moment, sniffing the air.)

Are the drains playing up, or is Mrs. Brill cooking?

(MARY POPPINS continues her ascent. Below, WINIFRED looks at her GEORGE. She goes to comfort him, stroking his hair. He starts to speak but can't.)

WINIFRED

Come along, darling. You made a wrong decision, but how bad is that? After so many years of good service? What's the worst that can happen?

GEORGE

(thinks for a moment)

Winifred... if I am to be dismissed by the bank, we'll be destitute. The servants will leave, the house will be repossessed, and we'll be outside with the children sitting on the frosty curbside.

(This is a blow to WINIFRED, but after a second, she recovers.)

WINIFRED

We'll still have what really matters.

(GEORGE looks at WINIFRED, bewildered. She smiles.)

The children. And each other.

(Against GEORGE's expectations, WINIFRED has comforted him. They exit together.)

END