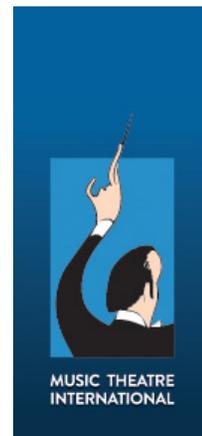


Music Theatre International

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Audition Central: Mary Poppins JR.



Script: Jane Banks

SIDE 1

MARY POPPINS

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

JANE

Mrs. Bri-

MICHAEL

Me. I am. 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. Now, first things first. I always say the proper place to hang a hat is on a hat stand.

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

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.

(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!

(MARY POPPINS pulls out a measuring tape, holds it against MICHAEL, and reads.)

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, trouble--"

(Stunned, MICHAEL looks at JANE.)

MARY POPPINS

Now you.

(She holds the tape against JANE and reads.)

"Thoughtless, short-tempered and untidy."

JANE

I don't believe you. Let me see--

(JANE looks at the truth-telling tape in disbelief.)

What about your measurement, Mary Poppins?

SIDE 2

BERT

What's the matter and who's after you?

JANE

The nastiest nanny in the world.

BERT

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.

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 chimney sweep's hand?

(JANE does so, and so does MICHAEL. From his large bag, BERT extracts a 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 whole bloomin' empire!

SIDE 3

MARY POPPINS

Hello, Bert.

BERT

Hello, Mary. Hello, kids.

JANE, MICHAEL

Hello.

MARY POPPINS

We're off to Mrs. Corry's Talking Shop. Care to join us?

JANE

Talking Shop?

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 before he weren't so great.

JANE

That's impossible!

MARY POPPINS

Anything can happen if you let it.

(They enter the shop.)

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. I remember Georgie used to love my gingerbread stars. Now, Mary Poppins, what can I do for you?

SIDE 4

MARY POPPINS

Good morning.

GEORGE

(stunned by the sudden intruder)

Yes??

MARY POPPINS

I've come in answer to the advertisement.

GEORGE

What advertisement? We haven't placed any advertise-

MARY POPPINS

Now, let's see.

(pulls a mended piece of paper from her pocket)

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

(Bewildered, GEORGE looks at the fireplace, then at MARY POPPINS. He can't believe what she holds in her hands. JANE and MICHAEL enter and listen.)

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

(flustered)

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.

(heads towards the door)

Nothing domestic has anything to do with me.

(turns back and raises a finger)

And don't forget the references!

(GEORGE exits.)

MARY POPPINS

I make it a rule never to give references.

WINIFRED

Oh, I see...

MARY POPPINS

I'll see the children now, thank you.

(JANE and MICHAEL step forward noisily and stand in front of MARY POPPINS.)

WINIFRED

Oh, of course... You'll find they're very nice children.

(realizing she doesn't know the new nanny's name)

Now this is... oh-

MARY POPPINS

Mary Poppins.

(looks at JANE and MICHAEL as if she were reading their souls)

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

(gives a sharp nod)

Best foot forward. Spit-spot.

(MICHAEL and JANE exit toward the nursery, followed by MARY POPPINS.)

WINIFRED

Mrs. Brill, we have a new nanny.

MRS. BRILL

She passed her interview, then?

WINIFRED

Or I did.

(WINIFRED and MRS. BRILL exit.)

SIDE 5

WINIFRED

Miss Andrew! It's so lovely to meet you at last! I do hope you had a good journey.
(*dropping her bag*)

MISS ANDREW

It was thoroughly unpleasant. Where did George go?

WINIFRED

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

MISS ANDREW

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!

MRS. BRILL

Now, just a minute-

MISS ANDREW

Ah. You must be the children.
(*examines the children*)

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*)

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!