MARY POPPINS

AUDITION MATERIALS

NOVEMBER 5th
AUDITIONS

NOVEMBER 13
1pm-4pm
CALL BACKS
CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY POPPINS: Jane and Michael Banks's new nanny. She is extraordinary and strange, neat and tidy, delightfully vain yet very particular, and sometimes a little frightening but always exciting. She is practically perfect in every way and always means what she says. A mezzo soprano with strong top notes, she should be able to move well. Female 20-30 years old

BERT: The narrator of the story, is a good friend to Mary Poppins. An everyman, Bert has many occupations, including hurdy-gurdy player, sidewalk artist, and chimney sweep. He has charm, speaks with a Cockney accent, and is a strong song-and-dance-man. Male 30-39 years old

GEORGE BANKS: The father to Jane and Michael Banks, is a banker to the very fiber of his being. Demanding "precision and order" in his household, he is a man who doesn't have much to do with his children and believes that he had the perfect upbringing by his nanny, the cruel Miss Andrew. His emotional armor, however, conceals a sensitive soul. A baritone, George may speak-sing as necessary. Male, 40-45 years old

WINIFRED BANKS: George's wife and Jane and Michael's mother. A former actress, she is a loving and distracted homemaker who is busy trying to live up to her husband's desire to only associate with "the best people" as well as be a model wife and mother. Female, 30-40 years old

MICHAEL BANKS: Cute and cheeky. Excitable. Naughty. Adores his Father and tries to be like him. Michael is the younger brother to Jane. Age 10 - 12.

JANE BANKS: The high-spirited daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, is bright and precocious but can be willful and inclined to snobbishness. Female, 11 years old

MRS. BRILL: The housekeeper and cook for the Banks family. Overworked and harassed, she's always complaining that the house is understaffed. Her intimidating exterior is a cover for the warmth underneath. Mrs. Brill doesn't have a high opinion of nannies in general and Mary Poppins in particular. A strong comedic actress. Female, 50-60 years old

MISS ANDREW: George's overbearing and scary nanny. With her bottle of nasty-tasting brimstone and treacle to keep naughty children in line, she is a bully who only knows one way of doing things - her way. A soprano with an alto belt.

ROBERTSON AY: The houseboy to the Banks family. Lazy, sleepy, and grumbling, he never gets things right and believes himself to be useless. Male.

PARK KEEPER: Uniformed and officious, he makes sure no one breaks park regulations. His life is defined by rules, but he secretly remembers the carefree days of his childhood.
ADIMIRAL BOOM: A retired Royal Navy man and neighbor of the Banks family. A physically large man with a loud and booming voice, he speaks in Navy jargon and has a soft spot for his neighbor, Miss Lark.

BANK CHAIRMAN: The head of the bank where Mr. Banks is employed, he is what is known as a “stuffed shirt” Male, 50-60 years old.

BIRD WOMAN: Covered in a patchwork of old shawls and her pockets are stuffed with bags of crumbs for the birds. She tries to sell her crumbs for the birds. Sings "Feed the Birds." Female, 50-60 years old.

POLICEMAN: A neighborhood fixture who is respected by and observant of the households on his beat which includes the Cherry Tree Lane where the Banks family lives. Male, 30-50 years old.

KATIE NANNA: Jane and Michael’s nanny at the beginning of the show. Overwhelmed and upset, she has absolutely had her fill of the Banks children.

MISS LARK: The haughty next-door neighbor of the Banks family who treats her dog, Willoughby, as if he were her child.

JOHN NORTHBROOK: An honest businessman seeking a loan to build a factory for his community. He speaks with an accent from Northern England. Male, 30-50 years old.

VON HUSSLER: A businessman seeking a loan from the bank for a shady business deal. He speaks with a German accent. Male, 30-50 years old.

MRS. CORRY: Owns a magical gingerbread shop. She is a mysterious woman of great age who speaks with a Caribbean accent (or any accent that would make her seem exotic). Female, 40-50 yrs old.

MISS SMYTHE: The Bank Chairman’s humorless secretary. Female.

NELEUS: The statue of a young boy posed with a dolphin in the park. Neleus was separated from his father, Poseidon, and misses him very much. A small and lonely being, he is very happy to befriend Jane and Michael. Role could be cast Male or Female. Ballet Experience preferred.

FANNIE & ANNIE: Mrs. Corry’s daughters

VALENTINE: Jane’s doll. Shares a song with the Nursery Toys

DOLL, MR. PUNCH, TEDDY BEAR: Nursery toys that come alive and share a song with Valentine.

QUEEN VICTORIA & POSEIDON: statues in the park.

ENSEMBLE/DANCE ENSEMBLE: Performers double as townsfolk, kite flyers, nursery toys, park goers, chimney sweeps, and dancing penguins.
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.
B. George, Michael, Jane, Mary Poppins

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 soppy 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.
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.
D. Winifred, George, Jane, Michael

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.)
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?
(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.)
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?
HIGH VOICE WOMEN

#08 – A Spoonful of Sugar

Mary Poppins: In every job that must be done there is an element of fun...

Vamp

Mary Poppins: You find the fun and snap! The job's a game.

Poco a poco rit.

Mary Poppins: And every task you undertake becomes a piece of cake. A lark! A spree! It's very clear to see...

Rall.

Mary Poppins: That a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down...

A tempo (d = 100)

Mary Poppins: The medicine go down. Just a spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down in a most delightful way.

Mary Poppins: Oh, my point exactly.

The honey
LOW VOICE - WOMEN

#15 – Brimstone and Treacle (Part 1)

MISS ANDREW: Colla voce

These children have been spoiled. I've arrived here just in time. By chance I've brought the punishment that best suits the crime.

In tempo (♩ = 130)

Brimstone and treacle and cod liver oil, liberal doses of each. These are the treats from which children recoil, the lessons I'm going to teach. Just follow my model and don't mollycoddle. It may lead the irksome to irk.

Poco più mosso

So seek satisfaction from punitive action. Brimstone and treacle will work.

[DIALOGUE]

7 MISS ANDREW:

Brimstone and treacle and carbolic soap.
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 happen all happened be-

fore.

A father, a mother, a daughter, a son-

the threads of their lives are all raveling undone.

Something is needed to twist them as tight as a

string you might use when you're flying a kite.

Meno Mosso

Chim chim-i-ney, chim chim cher-ee chim che-roo.
HIGH VOICE - MEN/BOY

#11 – Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Vivace \( (d = 100) \)

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.

Steady

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious, if you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious. Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS:

Um-diddleyum-diddleyum-diddleyay. Um-diddleyum-diddleyum-diddleyay.