Mary Poppins Sides:

Side 1 –

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.

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!