

Audition Lines Mary Poppins

All roles except Von Hussler should use a cockney or proper British accent

VON HUSSLER (With a German accent)

VON HUSSLER: Herr Banks, what objections can you have? My security is more than adequate and Latin America is an expanding market. 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 is that enough?

VON HUSSLER: Are you man enough to be a banker?

NORTHBROOK

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. 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.

WINIFRED & GEORGE

WINIFRED: Poor Michael. All he cares about is flying kites.

GEORGE: I used to love flying kites at his age. But my nanny, Miss Andrew, soon frightened it out of me.

WINIFRED: Is it out of the question to do without a nanny?

GEORGE: Don't be absurd! 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...

GEORGE: Winifred. Dearest. I'm only thinking of you.

MRS. BRILL, ROBERTSON AY

WINIFRED: Mrs. Brill, what about the cake? Are you 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!

ROBERTSON AY: I'd like to be helpful.

MRS. BRILL: I'd like to be rich. But destiny thought otherwise.

ROBERTSON AY: Please, Mrs. Brill. I don't mind, honest.

MRS. BRILL: All right. I will give you one task and one task only. Put the icing tools next to the cake. Do you think you can manage that?

ROBERTSON AY: Is that all?

MRS. BRILL: For you, yes. For me, no. I swear, a slave in ancient Rome was on a pleasure cruise compared to my life in this house! (*MRS. BRILL storms out.*)

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MARY POPPINS, JANE & MICHAEL *(Jane & Michael should also learn the lines with Bert)*

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?

BERT, JANE & MICHAEL *(Jane & Michael should also learn the lines with Mary Poppins)*

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!

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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?

JANE: 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?

MISS ANDREW

WINIFRED: Miss Andrew! I do hope you had a good journey.

MISS ANDREW: It was thoroughly unpleasant. Where did George go? *(looking around)* 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!

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!

KATIE NANA

KATIE NANNA: Those little beasts have run away from me for the last time. I've said my say, Mrs. Brill!

NELEUS

NELEUS: You're quite wrong, you know. When you take a walk with Mary anything can happen. *(JANE and MICHAEL look up. The statue of NELEUS is apparently smiling at them. They are terrified.)* I'm Neleus. I've waited half a century to take a walk on a sunny day like this!

MISS SMYTHE & CHAIRMAN

MISS SMYTHE: Good morning, Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN: Good morning. *(sees GEORGE)* Banks! A word...

HONEY BEES: Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, Buzz!