

Monologues for "Mary Poppins"

If you are interested in a character that doesn't have a monologue, don't worry.

Just select the monologue you feel works best for you and the role(s) you'd like to be considered for.

Mary Poppins *(female, singer, good mover) nanny*

Your nursery is rather like a bear pit, isn't it? Well, let's begin *(she opens her carpet bag)*

Well, first things first. I always say, the place to hang a hat is on a hat stand. *(Poppins pulls a full size hatstand out of her bag & hangs her hat, then...)* Every indoor room needs a little bit of the outdoor world *(pulls out a potted plant and places it in room)*. Tut. Tut. Children! Looking in a lady's bag. You may think there's nothing in it. Never judge things by their appearance. Even old carpetbags. I'm sure I never do. *(looks at her handiwork in the room)* Much better! Now, let me see. *(searches in her bag for one more item)* That's funny. I always carry it with me. It must be here somewhere. My tape measure. I want to see how you two children measure up. I know it's down here somewhere. Ah, ha-ha, ha-ha! Here it is. Good. Come along, then. Quickly. *(measures Michael's height)* Head up, Michael. Don't slouch. Just as I thought. "Extremely stubborn and suspicious." Now you, Jane. Mmm. "Thoughtless, short-tempered. Doesn't put things away." I thought so. As for my measurement....Hold this for me. Just as I expected. "Mary Poppins. Practically perfect in every way." Very well, then. You advertised for a nanny who plays games. Our first game is called "Tidy Up." Though it may not sound like a game, it all depends on your point of view. You see, in every job that must be done, there is an element of fun.

Bert *(male, singer, good mover) chimney sweep, street artist, friend to Mary*

That's me, at your service. It so happens that today I'm a chimney sweep. Now, now, don't carry on so, Jane. Who's after you? Your Father?! Well, now, there must be some mistake. Your dad's a fine gentleman and he loves ya! You know, begging your pardon, but the one my heart goes out to is your father. There he is in that cold, heartless bank day after day, hemmed in by mounds of money. They makes cages in all sizes and shapes, you know. Bank-shaped some of 'em, carpets and all. There's plenty of people to take care of you, but who looks after your father? When something terrible happens, what does he do? Fends for himself, he does. He just pushes on at his job, uncomplaining and alone and silent. I say, a father can always do with a bit of help. Come 'on, tikes. Let's go take a look at something lovely to behold. And then we'll take you home.

Jane Banks *(female, singer) child, lively, messy, compassionate, fun,*

Good morning, father. We had the most wonderful day yesterday. Mary Poppins taught us how to play, "Tidy Up." The toys came to life and did all the work, spit spot, we hardly had to do a thing. And then Mary Poppins made us play "A Walk in the Park" in the park. And the statues came to life--And the sky turned purple-- And we danced with street artists. Mary Poppins! What games are we going to play today?!

Michael Banks *(male though could be played by female, singer) child, brother to Jane, wants to fly a kite with his father*

Mary Poppins doesn't care what happens to us. I don't care if she only promised to stay 'til the wind changed. I don't care if the wind has changed. We still need her. Mary Poppins, you can't go now! Mum is crying in her handkerchief. Father's gone missing. The cook and Ellen are running in and out of the house in a panic. The Police are in the living room. Scotland Yard has been called in. And I am NOT exaggerating....It's all because of me I wouldn't give my tuppence to that old goat at the bank.

George Banks *(male, singer) Father of Jane and Michael, always serious, has forgotten how to have fun, wants to be upstanding and raise responsible children.*

Children, I am not interested in what Mary Poppins says or her ridiculous words, supercalifragi-whatever. Utter nonsense. Too much silliness is unhealthy for young minds. Nor do I wish to keep hearing her name for the remainder of the day. Where've you been anyway? You're late. Not so loud. Now come along! Michael, I will not permit you to throw your money away to feed some ragamuffin birds! When we go inside the bank, I shall show you what may be done with your tuppence. You will learn how to invest it and make it grow. And I think you'll find it extremely interesting. I expect you both to remain silent when we enter the bank. Now fix yourselves up. And bring out your best manners, I know you have them somewhere.

George Banks *(after he gets fired from the bank) Just one word, sir. Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious. You heard me, Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious. Mary Poppins was right. It's extraordinary. It does make you feel better! Oh, yes. It is a word. A perfectly good word, actually. Would you like to hear a perfectly marvelous joke? A real snapper! There are these two wonderful young people, Jane and Michael. And they meet one day on the street, and Jane says to Michael, "I know a man with a wooden leg named Smith." and Michael says, "Really? What's the name of his other leg?" (laughs joyfully) Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious. I'm feeling better all the time! (attempts to give Chairman Michael's tuppence) There's the tuppence. The wonderful, fateful, Supercalifragilistic- expialidocious tuppence. Guard it well. Good-bye! I have no idea what I'll do, but who cares. I might dance with statues or run around on the rooftops of London. Or I might just fly a kite! (he's laughing uproariously as he exits.)*

Mrs. Corry *(female, singer) In charge of the Talking Shop where the word 'supercalifragilistic' is discovered. You want to purchase a joke. (searches her inventory of "conversations") Let me see what I have. Ah-ha, How about this one, "Conversationalist #1 says: There once was a man with a wooden leg named Smith. Conversationalist #2 replies: Oh, Really, What was his other leg named?" Hmm. I thought it was funny. Well sorry folks. That's it. I've run out of conversations. Lookahere...if it isn't Mary Poppins! What can I do for you? I'm afraid we're all out of aphorisms, adages, and simple truths. There's been a run on everything. I'm even out of words. So many chatterboxes today!...But let me see what I have left. Oooh, I do have some letters. For an ounce, you can pick 15 letters. Have at it.*

Ellen *(female) The housemaid who thinks the family is out of control and everything always goes wrong. We don't give a fig about which way the wind is blowing, Admiral. Just use your binoculars and be on the lookout for Mr. Banks. The master's probably jumped in the river by now, and they'll have to drag it for his body. He never came home last night. The missus is distraught. The children won't come out of the nursery. And Mary Poppins is packing her bags. We sent the constable out this morning to check the bank. The only thing we discovered was, he'd been discharged last night. Poor Mr. Banks. They're all going to the poorhouse for certain. I'd best start packin' me bags.*

Katie Nanna *(female, no singing)*

The nanny who quits because she can't control the children

That's the final straw! Those children can swim to America, for all I care! I wouldn't stay in this house another minute, not if you heap me with all the jewels in the Vatican. Stand away from that door, Mrs. Brill! Those little beasts have run away from me for the last time. I said my say, and that's all I'll say. I've done with this house forever. Oh, there you are, Mrs. Banks, I would like a word with you, if you please. The children, madam, to be precise, are not here. They've disappeared again. And I for one have had my fill of it. I'm not one to speak ill of the children,
Now if you'd be good enough to compute my wages, I'll be leaving immediately.

Bank Chairman (*male or female, no solo singing*) *A crabby old man who runs the bank*

Tuppence, tuppence! That's precisely how I started. So you want to be a banker, young man? We can always use more money to, to put to work for the bank, can't we, boy? So, you have tuppence? May I be permitted to see it? Now give it to me. You don't want to use your tuppence to feed birds. Feed the birds and what have you got? Fat birds! You must put your money to good use. You can purchase first and second trust deeds. Land. Industry. Debtor sales. Opportunities. All manner of private enterprise. Corporations. It's the British way. While stand the banks of England, England stands. When fall the banks of England, England falls! (*grabs tuppence from Michael*) Welcome to our joyful family of investors.