

## **Monologues for the KYMTC Mary Poppins Auditions**

For those auditioning for KYMTC's production of Mary Poppins, you have the option to choose any of the monologues provided below to perform at your audition. It's important to note that you are free to choose the monologue you prefer and there is no good or bad choice- all these monologues are appropriate, regardless of your gender or your preferred role. Some of the monologues are from Mary Poppins (various versions) and some are from other musicals/plays. The decision of which monologue to perform should be based on what you feel most comfortable and confident in performing.

### **Jane Banks (from Mary Poppins)**

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?

### **Mary Poppins (from Mary Poppins)**

Good morning. I've come in answer to the advertisement. George and Winifred Banks live here, do they not? And you are looking for a nanny? Very well then. Now, let's see. "Play games, all sorts." Which I most certainly can. "Take us on outings, give us treats. Rosy cheeks and fairly pretty." There's no objection on that score, I hope? I'm glad to hear it. I make it a rule never to give references. A very old-fashioned idea to my mind. The best people never require them now. The best people give every second Wednesday off from six 'till late, ma'am, and that is what I shall take. I'll see the children now, thank you.

*(more monologues on the next page)*

### **Michael Banks (from Mary Poppins)**

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.

### **Ellen (from Mary Poppins)**

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.

### **George Banks (from Mary Poppins)**

Just one word, sir. Supercalifragilistic-expialidocious. You heard me, Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious. 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, Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious 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.)

*(more monologues on the next page)*

**Man (from “Drowsy Chaperone”)**

I hate theatre. Well, it’s so disappointing, isn’t it? You know what I do when I’m sitting in a darkened theatre waiting for the show to begin? I pray. Oh, dear God, please let it be a good show. And let it be short, on Lord in heaven, please. Two hours is fine, three hours is too much, And keep the actors out the audience...God. I didn’t pay good money to have the fourth wall come crashing down around my ears. I just want a story, and a few good songs that will take me away. I just want to be entertained. I mean, isn’t it the point? Amen.

(pause)

You know there was a time when people sat in darkened theatres and thought to themselves, “What have George and Ira Gershwin got for us tonight?” Or “Can Cole Porter pull it off again?” Can you imagine? Now it’s “Please Elton John, must we continue this charade?” It used to be, sitting there in the dark, you knew that when the show began you would be taken to another world, a world full of colour and music and glamour. And you thought to yourself, “My God. When are they going to bring up the lights?”

*(more monologues on the next page)*

## **Barry (from “Sparks in the Park”)**

All right... give me a break. I really think I'm going insane. Do you want to know why I'm going insane? Well, I'll tell you anyway. It's all because of this. Can you read it? It says, "Write a play and see it produced by two professionals in New York City in America's Annual Young Playwrights Festival". Pretty neat. My English teacher gave it to me just before school was out for the summer. Just the kind of thing an English teacher would give you right before summer. This thing has been like a curse. It's killing me. Don't get me wrong. It's not like I have to do this or anything. It's just become like a quest. I always thought... hey, I could write a play. I mean... listen. I have been to so many bad plays in my life. Stupid, idiotic plays... plays that make you say, "My God, what kind of madman wrote this?" And do you know why there are so many bad plays? **BECAUSE THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO WRITE!** I have been sitting in this stupid room all month. It's not that I don't have anything to say. That's just it. I have too much to say. I'm too incredibly smart. Write a play... write a play. Have you ever gone to a play and sat through about the first ten minutes, maybe even up to intermission, without having any idea what was going on? People are sitting around you, laughing, or crying their brains out, and you're just sitting there thinking, "God, my tongue hurts". What's worse is when you have to go to a play, one you really like, and they give it this completely moronic ending. I hate them. I have decided that I hate plays more than anything in the world. That's it. I give up. No more plays for me.

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