

(Mrs. Corry's Shop magically appears behind them. MRS. CORRY and her two daughters, ANNIE and FANNIE, are surrounded by clamoring CUSTOMERS demanding to buy conversations. But as they shout, their conversation starts to dribble into silence.)

MRS. CORRY

That's it! I've run out of conversations!

(MRS. CORRY turns from the CUSTOMERS and sees JANE and MICHAEL.)

MARY POPPINS

Good day to you, 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?

MICHAEL

Who?

MRS. CORRY

Georgie Banks. Your father. He used to give his nanny the slip and come into my shop here in secret.

MICHAEL

But it can't have been the same George Banks! It would be forty years ago, and no one can remember back that far!

MRS. CORRY

Listen, dearie, I remember everything! I remember Georgie used to love my gingerbread. I wonder if we've got any left today? Annie! Fannie! Look lively!

ANNIE, FANNIE

Yes, Mother!

(MRS. CORRY hands JANE and MICHAEL a piece of her gingerbread, each one covered with little gold stars.)

MRS. CORRY

There you are. Gingerbread pieces with gingerbread stars.

(stops CHILDREN from eating and hands them a bag)

Uh-uh. Georgie always saved his stars. Now, Mary Poppins, what can I do for you?

MARY POPPINS

Well, I did want an ounce of conversations.

(MRS. CORRY looks at her shop full of customers.)

MRS. CORRY

I'm out of conversations, and I'm right out of words, too. You see, I've had a lot of chatterboxes in here today... but let me see what we have left.

(rummages in one of her counters and pulls out a jar)

Oooh, I do have some letters – and a little bit of backchat.

(MICHAEL looks round at the little, squashed groups of CUSTOMERS.)

An ounce you say?

#10B – Choosing the Letters

orchestra

(MRS. CORRY)

That'll be fifteen letters. Go on, take your pick.

MARY POPPINS

Jane. You can choose seven.

JANE

I've got a D, G, R, U, C, L, and I.

(The CUSTOMERS are impressed.)

MICHAEL

They're no good. You can't make a conversation out of them.

MARY POPPINS

Your turn, Michael. Seven more.

MICHAEL

A, F, S, E, T, O, and P.

(The CUSTOMERS are very impressed.)

MARY POPPINS

And I'll choose an... X!

(The CUSTOMERS are supremely impressed.)

Now, what words can we make?

JANE

Well, I see "Dog" and "Cat."

MRS. CORRY

"Rautoplex." That's nine.

BERT

"Lapitoferus." That's eleven. Nearly there.

JANE

Those don't count. You made them up!

MRS. CORRY

And where do you think words came from in the first place? Somebody had to make them up.

MARY POPPINS

You know, we can always use the same letter more than once. Now let me see... Super... calif... ragil... istic... expi... ali... docious!

#11 – *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious* Mary Poppins, Bert, Jane, Michael,
Mrs. Corry, Customers

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.

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS,
EVEN THOUGH THE SOUND OF IT IS SOMETHING QUITE ATROCIOUS,
IF YOU SAY IT LOUD ENOUGH, YOU'LL ALWAYS SOUND PRECOCIOUS.
SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS.

(The CUSTOMERS draw in and join MRS. CORRY in the chorus.)

MRS. CORRY, CUSTOMERS

UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.
UM DIDDLE IDDLE IDDLE UM DIDDLE AY.