

START
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CHAIRMAN

Well, Banks, how did it happen? You turned down a scheme that was bound to make millions, and we want to know why.

(The assembled BANKERS wait. Firmly, GEORGE starts to speak.)

GEORGE

Then I'll tell you. I refused Mr. Von Hussler because his scheme was hollow. It had no product, it had no substance, it had no meaning outside the walls of a bank! Oh yes, he told me about assets and profits and growth, but there wasn't a word about people! I know that if a man puts any value on real life, then as far as you're concerned he's a wash-out, but I'm afraid I do value it, gentlemen. In short, George Banks, Esquire, has rediscovered the human race! I apologize for ruining the bank. But I do not apologize for understanding that there are more important things in life than making money!

(The silence that greets this is not one of indignation but rather of bewilderment. At last the CHAIRMAN speaks.)

CHAIRMAN

Ruining the bank? Ruining the bank? Ruining the bank? My dear chap, what are you talking about? You've saved our bacon! Haven't you heard? Von Hussler's scheme has ruined our rival! You've kept us out of the nastiest scandal since records began! We don't want your apologies! We're offering ours!

GEORGE

Oh my word.

CHAIRMAN

And another thing. Do you remember giving a loan to a fellow called Northbrook? Well, he's repaying it and opening two new factories. With the percentage you negotiated, we look set to make a fortune!

GEORGE

Oh my word!

CHAIRMAN

Well, that's just it. We very much hope you might tell us how you did it. Just give us the word. It'll be quite safe with us.

GEORGE

(immobile for a second, but only for a second)
Give you the word? Give you the word? I'll give you the word
all right: SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS!

STOP

(GEORGE suddenly starts to laugh and spin and crash and shout.)

(#23) GIVE US THE WORD (SUPERCAL IN E FLAT)

GEORGE (cont'd)

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

(kneels at the CHAIRMAN's feet)

Oh, Sir! Thank you!

CHAIRMAN

Now Banks...

*(The door bursts open. WINIFRED hurtles in, running to
GEORGE and guarding him with her body like a lioness.)*

WINIFRED

Forgive him. It's not his fault. It's all because of his
nanny, Miss Andrew!

CHAIRMAN

(starts up, a look of sheer horror on his face)
The Holy Terror! She taught me everything I know!

GEORGE

Then now's your chance to forget it!

WINIFRED

That's right! And if you want a fight about it, then you've
come to the right woman!

*(Placing herself in front of GEORGE, WINIFRED squares up
and raises her dukes.)*

GEORGE

It's all right, darling! It's all right! I haven't lost money
at all! I've made the bank a fortune!

WINIFRED

Really?