

APPENDIX 1



Title : NANNY MCPHEE

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APPENDIX 2 : DATA

Cedric : "*This is Nanny Whetstone, the nanny I **had** hired to look after my children.*"

Nanny Whetstone : *Aaaaagh...!*

Cedric's friend 1 : You don't happen to know
if... if she ever...ever, erm... remarried?
You know, number four?

Cedric's friend 2 : Mr Brown, you're not thinking what I
think you're thinking, are you, Mr Brown?

Cedric : 'Good **grief**, no! No, no. No. No.'

Cedric : Welcome **back**, Evangeline. You look well. Are
you well?

Evangeline : I am most content

Cedric : I need her to start right away. I'm late for a vital tea
dance.

Head of Nanny Agency : Nanny McPhee is not on our **book**.

Mrs Partridge : The person you need is Nanny McPhee.

Cedric : I need her to start right away. I'm late for a vital
tea **dance.**"

Mrs. Blatherwick : "Where are you? You **mewling** half-
bakes! (continuing speaking)

Mrs. Blatherwick : I'm ready for you. And I'm hard!

Nanny Mcphee : Best thin potato gruel with peelings in?

Mrs WalterBhalck : ‘‘That always got 'em groaning but kept 'em strong’’

Eric : Traditionally associated with witches, as it happens.

Tora : Well, one of 'em's **gone**.

Simon : I should have told you. I can see that now.

Cedric : If **I'd** discussed it with you before, we wouldn't be in this mess

Evangeline : Shall I **plump the cushion** on Mrs Brown's chair?

Cedric : I know you like to plump it yourself sometimes.

Evangeline : Oh, no, that's...that's all right.

Cedric : You **plump away**, Evangeline. Thank you.

Cedric : Well, dear, the agency has closed its doors. What am I to do? Aunt Adelaide says...

Aunt Adelaide : Your children are **out of control**, Cedric

Simon : Why **don't** we play here in the kitchen all night long?
Children : Let's, let's!
Sebastian : Excellent notion.

Chrissie : And Aggy's **gonna** go in the stockpot!
Simon : Put her back, Chrissie! Oh, for goodness' sake! Please, then!
Chrissie : Take Aggy off me!

Simon : Please, Nanny McPhee.
Lily : I'm going to jump!
Sebastian : Too late!
Sebastian : **Blimey.**
Nanny McPhee : Up to bed, please.

Simon : Since when did we do what we're told?
Chrissie : Since we nearly **got** Cook blown up and Aggy boiled.

Simon : What on earth are you doing?
Sebastian : Getting ready for **bed.** What she told us to do

Simon : May I just remind you of something? We **got** rid of the last nannies.
Simon : We're getting rid of this one too.
[children all shout]

Lily : You can't be Bum, Aggy. Sebastian's Bum.
You're Poop.
Aggy : Poop Bum.
Lily : You can't be **Poop and Bum**.

Simon : We think it **bight be the beasles**.
Aggy : Got measig

Chrissie : I'm stuck, too!
Sebastian : Hypnosis, eh? **Bang** goes that
theory

Cedric : Just excuse me a moment, would you?
Mrs. Selma : Cedric, let me not **beat** about the bush.
Your children are out of control.

Evangeline : It's a pity stories aren't about real
people. This one seems a farm girl,
but I'll bet a pound to a **penny**. he
finds out she's really an educated
lady.
Nanny McPhee : You must read it and find out

Cedric : I must be frank. There is no question of
your taking...
Aunt Adelaide : Hush now! **I'm** used to taking
responsibility for other people's mistakes. Now, where is
the bulk of your offspring? Ah. Here we are

Mrs. Selma : Oh, dear me, one does work up such
a thirst in this **heat**
Cedric : Oh, the heart of the house

APPENDIX 3 : DATA SOURCE

SCRIPT NANNY MCPHEE MOVIE

This is the story of my family,

of my seven children, who are all very clever but
all very, very, very naughty

Aaaaah! Aaaaah! Aaaaa-aaaagh...

This is Nanny Whetstone,

the th nanny I had
hired to look after my
children

- Aaaaagh..

She was the strictest, the toughest
and the most fearless nanny in all the land.

The person you need is Nanny McPhee

Is that you, Mrs Partridge

We think it bight be the beasles

Got measig

The person you need is Nanny McPhee.

I need her to start right away.

I'm late for a vital tea dance

Nanny McPhee is not on our book.

I won't have them dirty blighters
in my kitchen, and that is that!

I have it in writing. In writing!

- Stop fighting!

- Oi, you lot!

- Quiet!

Shall I **plump the**
cushion on Mrs
Brown's chair?

I know you like to **plump** it
yourself sometimes

Oh, no, that's...that's all right.

You **plump away**, Evangeline. Thank you.

I was wondering if I might make
Master Sebastian a piece of toast.

Yes, I should think...

Er...no, under no circumstances. No .

Now, you listen here, you pustular **tykes**.

You ain't allowed in this kitchen,
not now, not ever.

I have it in writing.

Well, dear, the agency has closed its doors.

What am I to do? Aunt Adelaide says...

Your children are **out of control**, Cedric.

And there was that thing she said
about their needing a female influence.

Where are you? You **mewling** half-bakes!

I'm ready for you. And I'm hard!

[boing!]

[children's laughter and shouting echoes]

This is fun!

We **got** Cook!

Yes, by all means, do...do come in.

- Hm.

- [thunder rumbles]

I understand you have
extremely ill-behaved children.

No. No, no. No.

No... Good **grief**, what a suggestion.

- Excellent notion.

- [Sebastian] Tomatoes!

Jump! Jump, jump! Jump!

- [magical wind rushes]

- [Chrissie] Jump, jump, jump, jump!

Oh, for goodness' sake! Please, then!

[Chrissie] Take Aggy off me!

Please, Nanny McPhee.

[Tora] Chrissie, **don't!**

- Say it!

- [Eric] Take Aggy out!

Blimey.

Up to bed, please.

Goodnight, Mrs Blatherwick.

- What on earth are you doing?

- Getting ready for **bed.**

- What she told us to do.

- Since when did we do what we're told

Since we nearly got Cook
blown up and Aggy boiled.

You can't be Poop and Bum.

[Chrissie] I'm stuck, too!

Hypnosis, eh? Bang goes that theory.

Good grief, no! No, no. No. No

No. No, no... no. What a thought. No. No

This one seems a farm girl,

but I'll bet a pound to a penny

That always got 'em
groaning but kept 'em
strong.

Oh, my... Oh, my goodness.

- Ah, Nanny McPhee.

- Pa!

You're looking very peely-
wally. Where's my tea? I
must have tea.

Of course. This way. At once.

Let me not beat about the bush, Cedric.
You have too many children.

- Ah, that.

- Don't interrupt.

Now, where is the bulk of your offspring?

- Ah. Here we are.

- [oinks]

(Nanny McPhee) A **bit** big for this nightie, aren't you, sweetheart? We'll have a new one made.

I'm sorry.

Welcome **back**, Evangeline.

You look well. Are you well?

I'm most content

You must be
very happy to
be marrying
again.

Oh, dear me, one does
work up such a thirst in this **heat**

Oh, the heart of the house