

ACT I

M 1 London rain – contrasts with rough and upper class themes for use with movement and life sized puppets before and perhaps during the dialogue.

Covent Garden at 11.15 p.m. Torrents of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the portico of St. Paul's Church. They are all peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing busily.

Woman [in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left]: I'm getting chilled to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes. He ought to have got me a cab by now.

A BYSTANDER He won't get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

Woman: But I must have a taxi cab. I can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER Man. Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

THE Woman. If Freddy had a bit of intelligence, he would have got one at the theatre door.

Freddy rushes in out of the rain and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress,

WOMAN . Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY. There's not one to be had for love or money.

WOMAN . Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

FREDDY. I tell you they're all engaged. The rain was so sudden:.

WOMAN .: Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

WOMAN . Did you try?

FREDDY. I tried .

WOMAN . You haven't tried at all, Freddy. Go again; and don't come back until you have found a taxi cab.

FREDDY . I shall simply get soaking wet for nothing.

WOMAN . And what about me? Am I to stay here all night in this

wind , with next to nothing on. You selfish pig--

M1 ends with the collision of the two worlds as Freddy knocks into Eliza.

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. [*He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into collision with a flower girl, who is hurrying in for shelter, knocking her basket out of her hands. A blinding flash of lightning.*]

THE FLOWER GIRL. Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah.

FREDDY. Sorry [he rushes off].

THE FLOWER GIRL [picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket] There's manners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad.

[She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all an

attractive person. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly: its mousy color can hardly be natural. She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be; but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist].

WOMAN : . How do you know his name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy atbaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me fthem? [Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London.]

WOMAN . No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL [hopefully] I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

WOMAN : Now [to the girl] This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Thank you kindly, lady.

WOMAN : Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I didn't.

WOMAN I heard you call him by it. Do not lie to me!

THE FLOWER GIRL [protesting] Who's lying? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant. [She sits down beside her basket].

WOMAN . Sixpence thrown away!

A gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella.

THE GENTLEMAN/Pickering . Phew!

WOMAN . [to the gentleman] Oh, sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago. [He goes to the plinth beside the flower girl; puts up his foot on it; and stoops to turn down his trouser ends].

WOMAN . Oh, dear! [She retires sadly].

THE FLOWER GIRL [taking advantage of the gentleman's proximity to establish friendly relations with him]. If it's worse it's a sign it's nearly over. So cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN. I'm sorry, I haven't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL. I can give you change, Captain,

THE GENTLEMEN. For a pound? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for tuppence.

THE GENTLEMAN. Now don't be troublesome: there's a good girl. [Trying his pockets] I really haven't any change--Stop: here's three hapence, if that's any use to you [he retreats to the other pillar].

THE FLOWER GIRL [disappointed, but thinking three halfpence better than nothing] Thank you, sir.

BYSTANDER [to the girl] You be careful: give him a flower for it. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. [All turn to the man who is taking notes].

THE FLOWER GIRL [springing up terrified] I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep out the road. [Hysterically] I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They--

THE NOTE TAKER [coming forward] There, there, there, there! Who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

THE BYSTANDER. It's all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. [Explaining to the note taker] She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.

THE NOTE TAKER [with quick interest] What's a copper's nark?

THE BYSTANDER [inept at definition] It's a--well, it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of Police informer.

THE FLOWER GIRL [still hysterical] I take my Bible oath I never said a word--

THE NOTE TAKER [overbearing but good-humored] Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

THE FLOWER GIRL [far from reassured] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just show me what you've wrote about me. [The note taker opens his book and holds it under her nose). What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.

THE NOTE TAKER. I can. [Reads, reproducing her pronunciation exactly]v"Cheer ap, Keptin; n' haw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

FLOWER GIRL [much distressed] It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. [To the gentleman] Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You--

THE GENTLEMAN. Charge! I make no charge. [To the note taker] Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me from young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.

THE BYSTANDERS [demonstrating against police espionage] Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did?

THE NOTE TAKER [turning on him genially] And how are all your people down at Selsey Town?

THE BYSTANDER [suspiciously] Who told you my people come from Selsey Town?

THE NOTE TAKER. Never you mind. They did. [To the girl] How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

THE FLOWER GIRL [appalled] Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. [In tears] Oh, boo--hoo--oo--

THE NOTE TAKER. Live where you like; but stop that noise.

THE GENTLEMAN [to the girl] Come, come! he can't touch you: you have a right to live where you please.

BYSTANDER Buckingham Palace, for instance!

THE FLOWER GIRL [subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket], I'm a good girl, I am. [still nursing her sense of injury] Ain't no right to mess with me, he ain't.

THE BYSTANDER [to her] Of course he ain't. Don't you stand it from him. You take us for dirt under your feet, don't you? You won't catch him taking liberties with a gentleman like him! Yes: tell him where he come from if you dare.

THE NOTE TAKER. Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.

THE GENTLEMAN. Quite right. [*Great laughter. Exclamations of He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he come from? etc.*]. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?

THE NOTE TAKER. I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

THE FLOWER GIRL [resenting the reaction] He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE WOMAN [out of patience, pushing her way rudely to the front and displacing the gentleman, who politely retires to the other side of the pillar] What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumonia if I stay in this wind any longer.

THE NOTE TAKER [to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"] Earlscourt.

THE Woman [violently] Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself?

THE NOTE TAKER. Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother was from Epsom, I think.

Woman: [advancing between her daughter and the note taker] How very curious! I was brought up in Largelady Park, near Epsom.

THE NOTE TAKER [uproariously amused] Ha! ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. You want a cab, do you?

Woman. Don't dare speak to me.

THE FLOWER GIRL [still preoccupied with her wounded feelings] He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.

THE NOTE TAKER. I don't know whether you've noticed it; but the rain stopped two minutes ago.

Woman: So it has. I can walk to a motor bus. [*She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand. All the rest have gone except the note taker, the gentleman, and the flower girl, who sits arranging her basket, and still pitying herself in murmurs.*]

THE FLOWER GIRL. Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worried and chived.

THE GENTLEMAN [returning to his former place on the note taker's left] How do you do it, if I may ask?

THE NOTE TAKER. Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession; also my hobby. Happy is the man who can make a living but his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his accent. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

THE GENTLEMAN. But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE TAKER. Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Shoreditch with 80 pounds a year, and end in smart Mayfair with a hundred thousand pounds. They want to drop poor old Shoreditch; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them--

THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl--

THE NOTE TAKER [explosively] Woman: cease this horrible boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place.

THE FLOWER GIRL [with feeble defiance] I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

THE NOTE TAKER. A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere--no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and The Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a sick pigeon.

THE FLOWER GIRL [quite overwhelmed, and looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head]

Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oo!

THE NOTE TAKER [whipping out his book] Heavens! what a sound! [He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly] Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--ow--oo!

THE FLOWER GIRL [tickled by the performance, and laughing in spite of herself] Garn!

THE NOTE TAKER. You see this creature with her bastard English: the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an Royal garden party. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires. And on the profits of it I do genuine scientific work in phonetics.

THE GENTLEMAN. I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and--

THE NOTE TAKER [eagerly] Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of Spoken Sanscrit?

THE GENTLEMAN. I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

THE NOTE TAKER. Henry Higgins, author of Higgins's Universal Alphabet.

PICKERING [with enthusiasm] I came from India to meet you.

HIGGINS. I was going to India to meet you.

PICKERING. Where do you live?

HIGGINS. 27A Wimpole Street. Come and see me tomorrow.

PICKERING. I'm at the Carlton Club. Come with me now and let's have a talk over some supper.

HIGGINS. Right you are.

THE FLOWER GIRL [to Pickering, as he passes her] Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short of a shilling for my rent.

PICKERING. I really haven't any change. I'm sorry [he goes away].

HIGGINS [shocked at girl's mendacity] Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL [rising in desperation] You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. [Flinging the basket at his feet] Take the whole blooming basket for sixpence.

M2

The church clock strikes the second quarter. A rather painful religious theme continues musically until money is found and tossed into basket.

HIGGINS [hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl] A reminder. The voice of God rebukes me for my lack of charity. [He raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows Pickering].

THE FLOWER GIRL [picking up a half-crown] Ah--ow--ooh! [Picking up a couple of florins] Aaah--ow--ooh! [Picking up several coins] Aaaaaah--ow--ooh! [Picking up a half-sovereign]

Aasaaaaaaaaah--ow--ooh!!!

FREDDY [springing out of a taxicab] Got one at last. Hallo! [To the girl] Where has the Lady gone who stood here?

THE FLOWER GIRL. She walked to the bus when the rain stopped.

FREDDY. And left me with a cab on my hands. Damnation!

THE FLOWER GIRL [with grandeur] Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in that taxi.

[She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his mistrust, she shows him her handful of money]. Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. [He grins and opens the door]. Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's coal shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop!. [She gets in and pulls the door to with a slam as the taxicab starts].

FREDDY. Well, dash me!

ACT II

M3 music to change scene – but can go from taxi cab zooming off to sedate and academic formality of Higgins tidy wealthy house.

Next day at 11 a.m. Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street. It is a room on the first floor, looking on the street, and was meant for the drawing-room. a flat writing-table, on which are a phonograph, a laryngoscope, a row of tiny organ pipes with a bellows, a set of lamp chimneys for singing flames with burners attached to a gas plug in the wall by an indiarubber tube, several tuning-forks of different sizes, a life-size image of half a human head, showing in section the vocal organs,

and a box containing a supply of wax cylinders for the phonograph. Pickering is seated at the table, putting down some cards and a tuning-fork which he has been using. Higgins is standing up near him, closing two or three file drawers which are hanging out. He appears in the morning light as a robust, vital, appetizing sort of man of forty or thereabouts, dressed in a professional-looking black frock-coat with a white linen collar and black silk tie. He is of the energetic, scientific type, heartily, even violently interested in everything that can be studied as a scientific subject, and careless about himself and other people, including their feelings. He is, in fact, but for his years and size, rather like a very impetuous baby "taking notice" eagerly and loudly, and requiring almost as much watching to keep him out of unintended mischief. His manner varies from genial bullying when he is in a good humor to stormy petulance when anything goes wrong; but he is so entirely frank and void of malice that he remains likeable even in his least reasonable moments).

HIGGINS [as he shuts the 1 drawer] Well, I think that's the whole show.

PICKERING. It's really amazing. I haven't taken half of it in, you know.

HIGGINS. Would you like to go over any of it again?

PICKERING No, thank you; not now.

HIGGINS [following him, and standing beside him on his left] Tired of listening to sounds?

PICKERING. Yes. It's a fearful strain. I rather fancied myself because I can pronounce twenty-four distinct vowel sounds; but your hundred and thirty beat me. I can't hear a bit of difference between most of them.

HIGGINS [chuckling, and going over to the piano to eat sweets] Oh, that comes with practice. You hear no difference at first; but you keep on listening, and presently you find they're all as different as A from B.

[Mrs. Pearce looks in: she is Higgins's housekeeper] What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE [hesitating, evidently perplexed] A young woman wants to see you, sir.

HIGGINS. A young woman! What does she want?

MRS. PEARCE. Well, sir, she says you'll be glad to see her when you know what she's come about. She's quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed. I should have sent her away, only I thought perhaps you wanted her to talk into your machines.

HIGGINS. Oh, Mrs. Pearce. Has she an interesting accent?

MRS. PEARCE. Oh, something dreadful, sir, really. I don't know how you can take an interest in it.

HIGGINS [to Pickering] Let's have her up. Show her up, Mrs. Pearce [he rushes across to his working table and picks out a cylinder to use on the phonograph].

MRS. PEARCE [only half resigned to it] Very well, sir. It's for you to say. [She goes downstairs].

HIGGINS. This is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make records. We'll set her talking!

MRS. PEARCE [returning] This is the young woman, sir.

M4 Liza theme music – rough here – allowing physical reaction from Higgins. She and the music are out of place.

The flower girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron, and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pathos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the presence of Mrs. Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some featherweight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

HIGGINS [brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, baby-like, making an intolerable grievance of it] Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: I've got all the records I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it. [To the girl] Be off with you: I don't want you.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Don't you be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. [To Mrs. Pearce, who is waiting at the door for further instruction] Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

MRS. PEARCE. Nonsense, girl! what do you think a gentleman like Mr. Higgins cares what you came in?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, we are proud! He ain't above giving lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS. Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Good enough for ye--oo. Now you know, don't you? I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em too: make no mistake.

HIGGINS: WELL!!! [Recovering his breath with a gasp] What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think. Don't I tell you I'm bringing you business?

HIGGINS. Pickering: shall we ask this baggage to sit down or shall we throw her out of the window?

THE FLOWER GIRL [running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay] Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--ow--oo! [Wounded and whimpering] I won't be called a baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

Motionless, the two men stare at her from the other side of the room, amazed.

PICKERING [gently] What is it you want, my girl?

THE FLOWER GIRL. I want to be a lady in a flower shop stead of selling on the street. But they won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him--not asking any favor--and he treats me as if I was dirt.

MRS. PEARCE. How can you be such a foolish ignorant girl as to think you could afford to pay Mr. Higgins?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Why shouldn't I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS. How much?

THE FLOWER GIRL [coming back to him, triumphant] Now you're talking! I thought you'd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. [Confidentially] You'd had a drop to drink, hadn't you?

HIGGINS [peremptorily] Sit down.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Nah!

HIGGINS [thundering at her] Sit down.

MRS. PEARCE [severely] Sit down, girl. Do as you're told. [She places the stray chair near the hearthrug between Higgins and Pickering, and stands behind it waiting for the girl to sit down].

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oo! [She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered].

PICKERING [very courteous] My dear woman, won't you sit down?

LIZA [cooly] Don't mind if I do. [She sits down.].

HIGGINS. What's your name?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Liza Doolittle.

M5 This declamation can and should be a song.

HIGGINS [declaiming gravely] Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess, They went to the woods to get a bird's nes':

PICKERING. They found a nest with four eggs in it:

HIGGINS. They took one apiece, and left three in it.

They laugh heartily at their own wit.

LIZA. Oh, don't be silly.

MRS. PEARCE. You mustn't speak to the gentleman like that.

LIZA. Well, why won't he speak sensible to me?

HIGGINS. Come back to business. How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

LIZA. Oh, I know what's right. A lady friend of mine gets French

lessons for eighteenpence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, you wouldn't have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French; so I won't give more than a shilling. Take it or leave it.

HIGGINS [walking up and down the room, rattling his keys and his cash in his pockets] You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling, not as a simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy pounds from a millionaire.

PICKERING. How so?

HIGGINS. Figure it out. A millionaire has about 150 pounds a day. She earns about two shillings.

LIZA [haughtily] Who told you I only--

HIGGINS [continuing] She offers me two-fifths of her day's income for a lesson. Two-fifths of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about 60 pounds. It's handsome. By George, it's enormous! it's the biggest offer I ever had.

LIZA [rising, terrified] Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I

never offered you sixty pounds. Where would I get--

HIGGINS. Hold your tongue.

LIZA [weeping] But I ain't got sixty pounds. Oh--
MRS. PEARCE. Don't cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.

HIGGINS. Somebody is going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you don't stop snivelling. Sit down.

LIZA [obeying slowly] Ah--ah--ah--ow--oo--o!
One would think you was my father.

HIGGINS. If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here [he offers her his silk handkerchief]!

LIZA. What's this for?

HIGGINS. To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember: that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

Liza, utterly bewildered, stares helplessly at him.

MRS. PEARCE. It's no use talking to her like that, Mr. Higgins: she

doesn't understand you. Besides, you're quite wrong: she doesn't do it that way at all [she takes the handkerchief].

LIZA [snatching it] Here! You give me that handkerchief. He give it to me, not to you.

PICKERING [laughing] He did. I think it must be regarded as her property, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE [resigning herself] Serve you right, Mr. Higgins.

PICKERING. Higgins: I'm interested. What about the Royal ball? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you can't do it. And I'll pay for the lessons.

LIZA. Oh, you are real good. Thank you, Captain.

HIGGINS [tempted, looking at her] It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low--so horribly dirty--

LIZA [protesting extremely] Ah--ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oooo!!! I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

PICKERING. You're certainly not going to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

MRS. PEARCE [uneasy] Oh, don't say that, sir: there's more ways than one of turning a girl's head; and nobody can do it better than Mr. Higgins, though he may not always mean it. I do hope, sir, you won't encourage him to do anything foolish.

HIGGINS [becoming excited as the idea grows on him] What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. I shall make a duchess of this draggletailed gutter rat.

LIZA [strongly deprecating this view of her] Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oo!

HIGGINS [carried away] Yes: in six months--in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue--I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We'll start today: now! this moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs. Pearce.. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS. PEARCE [protesting]. Yes; but--

HIGGINS [storming on] Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up Harrods for new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper till they come.

LIZA. You're no gentleman, you're not, to talk of such things. I'm a good girl, I am; and I know what the like of you are, I do.

HIGGINS. We want none of your Lisson Grove prudery here, young woman. You've got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs. Pearce. If she gives you any trouble wallop her.

LIZA [springing up and running between Pickering and Mrs. Pearce for protection] No! I'll call the police, I will.

MRS. PEARCE. But I've no place to put her.

HIGGINS. Put her in the dustbin.

LIZA. Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oo!

PICKERING. Oh come, Higgins! be reasonable.

MRS. PEARCE [resolutely] You must be reasonable, Mr. Higgins: really you must. You can't walk over everybody like this.

Higgins, thus scolded, subsides.

HIGGINS [with professional exquisiteness of modulation] I walk over everybody! My dear Mrs. Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intention of walking over anyone. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl.

Liza, reassured, steals back to her chair.

MRS. PEARCE [to Pickering] Well, did you ever hear anything like that, sir?

PICKERING [laughing heartily] Never, Mrs. Pearce: never.

HIGGINS [patiently] What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE. Well, the matter is, sir, that you can't take a girl up like that as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach.

HIGGINS. Why not?

MRS. PEARCE. Why not! But you don't know anything about her. What about her parents? She may be married.

LIZA. Garn! Who'd marry me?

HIGGINS [suddenly resorting to the most thrillingly beautiful low tones in his best elocutionary style] Good Lord, Eliza, before I've done with you, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your love

MRS. PEARCE. Nonsense, sir. You mustn't talk like that to her.

LIZA [rising and squaring herself determinedly] I'm going away. He's off his head, he is. I don't want no mad men teaching me.

HIGGINS [wounded in his tenderest point by her insensibility to his

elocution] Oh, indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs. Pearce: you needn't order the new clothes for her. Throw her out.

LIZA [whimpering] Nah--ow. You got no right to touch me.

MRS. PEARCE. You see now what comes of being saucy. [Indicating the door] This way, please.

LIZA [almost in tears] I didn't want no clothes. I wouldn't have taken them [she throws away the handkerchief]. I can buy my own clothes.

HIGGINS [deftly retrieving the handkerchief and intercepting her on her reluctant way to the door]

You're an ungrateful wicked girl. This is my return for offering to take you out of the gutter and dress you beautifully and make a lady of you.

MRS. PEARCE. Stop, Mr. Higgins. I won't allow it. It's you that are wicked. Go home to your parents, girl; and tell them to take better care of you.

LIZA. I ain't got no parents. They told me I was big enough to earn my own living and turned me out.

MRS. PEARCE. Where's your mother?

LIZA. I ain't got no mother. Her that turned me out the house were my sixth stepmother. But I done without them all. And I'm a good girl, I am.

HIGGINS. Very well, then, what on earth is all this fuss about? The girl doesn't belong to anybody--is no use to anybody but me. [He goes to Mrs. Pearce and begins coaxing]. You can adopt her, Mrs. Pearce: I'm sure a daughter would be a great amusement to you. Now don't make any more fuss. Take her downstairs; and--

MRS. PEARCE. But what's to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Do be sensible, sir.

HIGGINS. Oh, pay her whatever is necessary: put it down in the housekeeping book. [Impatiently] What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

LIZA [turning on him] Oh you are a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever saw the sign of gin on me. [She goes back to her chair and plants herself there defiantly].

PICKERING [in good-humored remonstrance] Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

HIGGINS [looking critically at her] Oh no, I don't think so. Not any

feelings that we need bother about. [Cheerily] Have you, Eliza?

LIZA. I got my feelings same as anyone else.

HIGGINS [to Pickering, reflectively] You see the difficulty?

PICKERING. Eh? What difficulty?

HIGGINS. To get her to talk grammar. The mere pronunciation is easy enough.

LIZA. I don't want to talk grammar. I want to talk like a lady.

MRS. PEARCE. Mr. Higgins, what is to become of the girl when you've finished your teaching?

HIGGINS. Well, when I've done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter; and then it will be her own business again; so that's all right.

LIZA. Oh, you've no feeling heart in you: you don't care for nothing but yourself [she rises and takes the floor resolutely]. Here! I've had enough of this. I'm going [making for the door]. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

HIGGINS [snatching a chocolate cream from the piano, his eyes suddenly beginning to twinkle with mischief] Have some chocolates, Eliza.

LIZA [halting, tempted] How do I know what might be in them? I've heard of girls being drugged by the like of you.

Higgins whips out his penknife; cuts a chocolate in two; puts one half into his mouth and bolts it; and offers her the other half.

HIGGINS. Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half you eat the other. [Liza opens her mouth to retort: he pops the half chocolate into it]. You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day. You shall live on chocolate!

LIZA [who has disposed of the chocolate after being nearly choked by it] I wouldn't have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my mouth.

M6 Chocolate eating orgy music.

HIGGINS. Listen, Eliza. I think you said you came in a taxi.

LIZA. Well, what if I did? I've as good a right to take a taxi as anyone else.

HIGGINS. You have, Eliza; and in future you shall have as many taxis as you want. You shall go up and down and round the town in a taxi every day. Think of that, Eliza.

MRS. PEARCE. Mr. Higgins: you're tempting the girl. It's not right.

HIGGINS. Nonsense! Now, Eliza: think of chocolates, and taxis, and gold, and diamonds.

LIZA. No: I don't want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a good girl, I am. [She sits down again, with an attempt at dignity].

HIGGINS. You shall remain so, Eliza, under the care of Mrs. Pearce. And you shall marry an officer in the Guards, with a beautiful moustache: the son of a Lord, who will disinherit him for marrying you, but will relent when he sees your beauty and goodness--

PICKERING. Excuse me, Higgins; but If this girl is to put herself in your hands for six months for an experiment in teaching, she must understand thoroughly what she's doing.

HIGGINS. How can she? She's incapable of understanding anything.

LIZA [overwhelmed] Ah--ah--ow--oo!

HIGGINS. There! That's all you get out of Eliza. Ah--ah--ow--oo! No use explaining. As a military man you ought to know that. Give her her orders: Eliza: you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop. If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and lazy you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick. At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out you're not a lady, you will be taken by the police to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other flower girls. If you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-sixpence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful and bad girl; and the angels will cry for you. [To Pickering] Now are you satisfied, Pickering? Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE [patiently] I think you'd better let me speak to the girl properly in private. Come with me, Eliza.

HIGGINS. That's all right. Thank you, Mrs. Pearce. Bundle her off to the bath-room.

LIZA [rising reluctantly and suspiciously] You're a great bully, you are. I won't stay here if I don't like. I won't let nobody wallop me. I never asked

to go to Bucknam Palace, I didn't. I was never in trouble with the police, not me. I'm a good girl--

MRS. PEARCE. Don't answer back, girl. You don't understand the gentleman. Come with me. [She leads the way to the door, and holds it open for Eliza].

LIZA [as she goes out] Well, what I say is right. I won't go near the king, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. I always been a good girl!

M7 Eliza exit music of struggle and cacophony resolved by soothing Mrs Pearce and quite of study development of music.

Mrs. Pearce shuts the door; and Eliza's plaints are no longer audible. Pickering comes from the hearth to the chair and sits astride it with his arms on the back.

PICKERING. Excuse the straight question, Higgins. Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

HIGGINS [moodily] Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

PICKERING. Yes: very frequently.

HIGGINS [dogmatically, lifting himself on his hands to the level of the piano, and sitting on it with a bounce] Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a damned nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and a tyrant. Women upset everything.

PICKERING. And how?

HIGGINS [coming off the piano restlessly] Oh, Lord knows! I suppose the woman wants to live her own life; and the man wants to live his; and each tries to drag the other on to the wrong track. So here I am unmarried at my age, a confirmed old bachelor.

PICKERING [rising and standing over him gravely] Higgins! You know what I mean. If I'm to be in this business, no advantage is to be taken of her.

HIGGINS. What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you. [Rising to explain] you see, she'll be a pupil; and teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred. I've taught scores of American millionairesses how to speak English: the best looking women in the world. They might as well be blocks of wood. I might as well be a block of wood. It's--

Mrs. Pearce opens the door. She has Eliza's hat in her hand.

HIGGINS [eagerly] Well, Mrs. Pearce: is it all right?

MRS. PEARCE [at the door] I just wish to trouble you with a word, if I may, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Yes, certainly. Come in. [She comes forward]. Don't burn that, Mrs. Pearce. I'll keep it as a curiosity. [He takes the hat].

MRS. PEARCE. Handle it carefully, sir, please. I had to promise her not to burn it; but I had better put it in the oven for a while.

HIGGINS [putting it down hastily on the piano] Oh! thank you. Well, what have you to say to me?

PICKERING. Am I in the way?

MRS. PEARCE. Not at all, sir. Mr. Higgins: will you please be more careful of what you say before the girl?

HIGGINS [sternly] Of course. I'm always careful.

MRS. PEARCE [unmoved] No, sir: you're not. You really must not swear before the girl.

HIGGINS [indignantly] I swear! [Most emphatically] I never swear. What the Hell do you mean?

MRS. PEARCE [stolidly] That's what I mean, sir. Your damning and blasting, and calling the devil!

HIGGINS. Really! Mrs. Pearce: this language from your lips!

MRS. PEARCE [not to be put off]--but there is a certain word I must ask you not to use. The girl has just used it herself because the bath was too hot. It begins with the same letter as bath. But she must not hear it from your lips.

HIGGINS [loftily] I cannot charge myself with having ever spoken it, Mrs. Pearce. [She looks at him steadfastly. He adds, hiding an uneasy conscience with a judicial air] Except perhaps in a moment of extreme and justifiable excitement.

MRS. PEARCE. Only this morning, sir, you swore at your boots, the butter, and the brown bread.

HIGGINS. Oh, that! Mere alliteration, Mrs. Pearce, natural to a poet.

MRS. PEARCE. Well, sir, I beg you not to let the girl hear you repeat it.

HIGGINS. Oh, very well, very well. Is that all? You're quite right, Mrs. Pearce: I shall be particularly careful before the girl. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE. No, sir. Might she use some of those Japanese dresses you brought from abroad? I really can't put her back into her old things.

HIGGINS. Certainly. Anything you like. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE. Thank you, sir. That's all. [She goes out].

HIGGINS. You know, Pickering, that woman has the most extraordinary ideas about me. Here I am, a shy, quiet sort of man. I've never been able to feel really grown-up and wonderful, like other men. And yet she's firmly persuaded that I'm a dictatorial, bossing kind of person. Why?

Mrs. Pearce returns.

MRS. PEARCE. If you please, sir, the trouble's beginning already.

There's a dustman downstairs, Alfred Doolittle, wants to see you. He says you have his daughter here.

PICKERING [rising] Phew! I say! [He retreats to the hearthrug].

HIGGINS [promptly] Send the dustman up.

MRS. PEARCE. Oh, very well, sir. [She goes out].

PICKERING. I'm afraid we shall have some trouble with him.

HIGGINS [confidently] Oh no: I think not. And we are sure to get something interesting out of him.

PICKERING. About the girl?

HIGGINS. No. I mean his dialect.

PICKERING. Oh!

MRS. PEARCE [at the door] Doolittle, sir. [She admits Doolittle and retires].

M8 Doolittle theme – rough and bright and cheeky – with “stern resolution” at end (as in text below).

Alfred Doolittle is an elderly but vigorous dustman, clad in the costume of his profession, including a hat with a back brim covering his neck and shoulders. He has well marked and rather interesting features, and seems equally free from fear and conscience. He has a remarkably expressive voice, the result of a habit of giving vent to his feelings without reserve. His present pose is that of wounded honor and stern resolution.

DOOLITTLE [at the door, uncertain which of the two gentlemen is his man] Professor Higgins?

HIGGINS. Here. Good morning. Sit down.

DOOLITTLE. Morning, Governor. [He sits down magisterially] I come about a very serious matter, Governor.

HIGGINS [to Pickering] Brought up in Hounslow. Mother Welsh, I should think. [Doolittle opens his mouth, amazed. Higgins continues] What do you want, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE [menacingly] I want my daughter: that's what I want. See?

HIGGINS. Of course you do. You're her father, aren't you? You don't suppose anyone else wants her, do you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's upstairs. Take her away at once.

DOOLITTLE [rising, fearfully taken aback] What!

HIGGINS. Take her away. Do you suppose I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

DOOLITTLE [remonstrating] Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? Is it fair to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her. Where do I come in? [He sits down again].

HIGGINS. Your daughter had the audacity to come to my house and ask me to teach her how to speak properly so that she could get a place in a flower-shop. This gentleman and my housekeeper have been here all the time. [Bullying him] How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

DOOLITTLE [protesting] No, Governor.

HIGGINS. You must have. How else could you possibly know that she is here?

DOOLITTLE. Don't take a man up like that, Governor.

HIGGINS. The police shall take you up. This is a plant--a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone for the police [he goes resolutely to the telephone and opens the directory].

DOOLITTLE. Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to the gentleman here: have I said a word about money?

HIGGINS [throwing the book aside and marching down on Doolittle with a poser] What else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE [sweetly] Well, what would a man come for? Be human, governor.

HIGGINS [disarmed] Alfred: did you put her up to it?

DOOLITTLE. So help me, Governor, I never did. I take my Bible oath I ain't seen the girl these two months past.

HIGGINS. Then how did you know she was here?

M9 Taking cue from text, a melancholy music

DOOLITTLE ["most musical, most melancholy"] I'll tell you, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you.

HIGGINS. Pickering: this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric.

Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild. "I'm willing to tell you: I'm wanting to tell you: I'm waiting to tell you." Sentimental rhetoric! That's the Welsh in him. It also accounts for his greed and dishonesty.

PICKERING. Oh, PLEASE, Higgins: My mother was Welsh! [To Doolittle] How did you know the girl was here if you didn't send her?

DOOLITTLE. It was like this, Governor. The girl took a taxi and I met the cab driver at the corner of Endell Street.

HIGGINS. A “pub”. Yes?

DOOLITTLE. The poor man's club, Governor: why shouldn't I?

PICKERING. Do let him tell his story, Higgins.

DOOLITTLE. He told me what was up. And I ask you, what was my feelings and my duty as a father?

HIGGINS. So you came to rescue her from worse than death, eh?

DOOLITTLE [appreciatively: relieved at being understood] Just so, Governor. That's right.

PICKERING. Do you intend to take her away?

DOOLITTLE. Have I said a word about taking her away? Have I now?

HIGGINS [determinedly] You're going to take her away, double quick. [He crosses to the hearth and rings the bell].

DOOLITTLE [rising] No, Governor. Don't say that. I'm not the man to stand in my girl's light. Here's a career opening for her, as you might say; and--

Mrs. Pearce opens the door and awaits orders.

HIGGINS. Mrs. Pearce: this is Eliza's father. He has come to take her away. Give her to him. [with an air of washing his hands of the whole affair].

DOOLITTLE. No. This is a misunderstanding. Listen here--

MRS. PEARCE. He can't take her away, Mr. Higgins: how can he? You told me to burn her clothes.

DOOLITTLE. Strewth! That's right. I can't carry the girl through the streets like a blooming statue, can I? *(Poses as if naked)*. I put it to you.

HIGGINS. You have put it to me that you want your daughter. Take your daughter. If she has no clothes go out and buy her some.

DOOLITTLE [desperate] Where's the clothes she come in? Did I burn them or did your missus here?

MRS. PEARCE. I am the housekeeper, if you please. I have sent for some clothes for your girl. When they come you can take her away. You can wait in the kitchen. This way, please.

Doolittle, much troubled, accompanies her to the door; then hesitates; finally turns confidentially to Higgins.

DOOLITTLE. Listen here, Governor. You and me is men of the world, ain't we?

HIGGINS. Oh! Men of the world, are we? You'd better go, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE. I think so, indeed, sir. [She goes, with dignity].

PICKERING. The floor is yours, Mr. Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE [to Pickering] I thank you, Governor. Well, the truth is, I've taken a sort of fancy to you, Governor; and if you want the girl, I'm not so set on having her back home again but what I might be open to an arrangement. My Liza's a fine handsome girl. All I ask is my rights as a father; and you're the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothing; for I can see you're one of the straight sort, Governor. Well, what's a five pound note to you? And what's Eliza to me? [He returns to his chair and sits down judicially].

PICKERING. I think you ought to know, Doolittle, that Mr. Higgins's intentions are entirely honorable.

DOOLITTLE. Course they are, Governor. If I thought they wasn't, I'd ask fifty.

HIGGINS [revolted] Do you mean to say, you callous rascal, that you would sell your daughter for 50 pounds?

DOOLITTLE. Not in a general way I wouldn't; but to oblige a gentleman like you - yes.

PICKERING. Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE [unabashed] Can't afford them, Governor. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, you know. But if Liza is going to have a bit out of this, why not me too?

HIGGINS [troubled] I don't know what to do, Pickering. There can be no question that as a matter of morals it's a crime to give this man a penny. And yet I feel a sort of rough justice in his claim.

DOOLITTLE. That's it, Governor. That's all I say. A father's heart, as it were.

PICKERING. Well, I know the feeling; but really it seems hardly right--

DOOLITTLE. Don't say that, Governor. Don't look at it that way. I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor: that's what I am. Think of what that means to a man. If there's any charity going, and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "You're undeserving; so you can't have it." But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow or crippled child. I don't need less than a deserving man: I need more. I don't eat less hearty than him; and I drink a lot more. What is middle class morality? Just an excuse for never giving me any money. Therefore, gentlemen, I ain't pretending to be deserving of charity.. I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and that's the truth. Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.

HIGGINS [rising, and going over to Pickering] Pickering: if we were to take this man in hand for three months, he could choose between a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.

PICKERING. What do you say to that, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE. Not me, Governor, thank you kindly. I've heard all the preachers and all the prime ministers- and I tell you it's a dog's life anyway you look at it. Undeserving poverty is my line. it's--it's--well, it's the only life that has any spice in it, to my taste.

HIGGINS. I suppose we must give him a five pounds.

PICKERING. He'll make a bad use of it, I'm afraid.

DOOLITTLE. Not me, Governor, so help me I won't. Don't you be afraid that I'll save it. There won't be a penny of it left by Monday: I'll give pleasure to myself and employment to others, and satisfaction to you to think it's not been thrown away. You couldn't spend five pounds better.

HIGGINS [taking out his pocket book and coming between Doolittle and the piano] This is irresistible. Let's give him ten. [He offers two notes to the dustman].

DOOLITTLE. No, Governor. Ten pounds is a lot of money: it makes a man feel serious like; and then goodbye to happiness. You give me what I ask you, Governor: not a penny more, and not a penny less. (Takes five poundnote).

HIGGINS [handing him a five-pound note] Here you are.

DOOLITTLE. Thank you, Governor. Good morning. Take my advice, Governor: marry Eliza while she's young and don't know no better. If you don't you'll be sorry for it after. If you do, she'll be sorry for it after; but better you than her, because you're a man, and she's only a woman and don't know how to be happy anyhow.

HIGGINS. Pickering: if we listen to this man another minute, we shall have no morals nor opinions left.

M10 Doolittle attempted exit in rushed triumph mixed with sudden Japanese culture clash. [He hurries to the door, anxious to get away with his booty. When he opens it he is confronted with a dainty and exquisitely clean young Japanese lady in a simple blue cotton kimono printed cunningly with small white jasmine blossoms. Mrs. Pearce is with her. He gets out of her way deferentially and apologizes]. Beg pardon, my lady.

THE JAPANESE LADY. Garn! Don't you know your own daughter?

DOOLITTLE: Bloody Hell! it's Eliza!

HIGGINS {simul- What's that! This!

PICKERING {taneously By Jove!

LIZA. Don't I look silly?

HIGGINS. Silly?

MRS. PEARCE [at the door] Now, Mr. Higgins, please don't say anything to make the girl conceited about herself.

HIGGINS [conscientiously] Oh! Quite right, Mrs. Pearce. [To Eliza] Yes: damned silly.

MRS. PEARCE. Please, sir.

HIGGINS [correcting himself] I mean extremely silly.

LIZA. I should look all right with my hat on. [She takes up her hat; puts it on; and walks across the room to the fireplace with a fashionable air].

Maybe M10 ends here with discord of hat?

HIGGINS. A new fashion, by George! And it ought to look horrible!

DOOLITTLE [with fatherly pride] Well, I never thought she'd clean up as good looking as that, Governor. She's a credit to me, ain't she?

LIZA. I tell you, it's easy to clean up here. Hot and cold water on tap, just as much as you like, there is. Woolly towels, there is; Soft brushes to scrub yourself, and a wooden bowl of soap smelling like primroses. Now I know why ladies is so clean. Washing's a treat for them. Wish they saw what it is for the like of me!

HIGGINS. I'm glad the bath-room met with your approval.

LIZA. It didn't: not all of it; and I don't care who hears me say it.

Mrs. Pearce knows.

HIGGINS. What was wrong, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE [blandly] Oh, nothing, sir. It doesn't matter.

LIZA. I had a good mind to break it. I didn't know which way to look. But I hung a towel over it, I did.

HIGGINS. Over what?

MRS. PEARCE. Over the looking-glass, sir.

HIGGINS. Doolittle: you have brought your daughter up too strictly.

DOOLITTLE. Me! I never brought her up at all, except to give her back hand now and again. Don't put it on me, Governor. She ain't accustomed to it, you see: that's all. But she'll soon pick up your free-and-easy ways.

LIZA. I'm a good girl, I am; and I won't pick up no free and easy ways.

HIGGINS. Eliza: if you say again that you're a good girl, your father shall take you home.

LIZA. Not him. You don't know my father. All he come here for was to touch you for some money to get drunk on.

DOOLITTLE. Well, what else would I want money for? To put into the plate in church, I suppose. [She puts out her tongue at him. He is so incensed by this that Pickering presently finds it necessary to step between them]. Don't you give me none of your lip; and don't let me hear you giving this gentleman any of it neither, or you'll hear from me about it. See?

HIGGINS. Have you any further advice to give her before you go, Doolittle?

PICKERING: Or a Father's blessing?

DOOLITTLE. No, Governors: I ain't such a mug. If you want Eliza improved, Governor, you do it yourself with a whip. So long, gentlemen. [He turns to go]. Afternoon, gentlemen. Afternoon, ma'am.

[He takes off his hat to Mrs. Pearce, who disdains the salutation and goes out. He winks at Higgins, thinking him probably a fellow sufferer from Mrs. Pearce's difficult disposition, and follows her].

M11 Doolittle's exit

LIZA: Old liar. You won't see him again in a hurry.

HIGGINS. I don't want to, Eliza. Do you?

LIZA. Not me. I don't want never to see him again, I don't. He's a disgrace to me, he is, collecting dust, instead of working at his trade.

PICKERING. What is his trade, Eliza?

LIZA. Talking money out of other people's pockets into his own Ain't you going to call me Miss Doolittle no more?

PICKERING. I beg your pardon, Miss Doolittle. It was a slip of the tongue.

LIZA. Oh, I don't mind; only it sounded so genteel. I should just like

to take a taxi to the corner of Convent Garden market and get out and tell it to wait for me, just to put the girls in their place a bit. I wouldn't speak to them, you know.

PICKERING. You shouldn't cut your old friends now that you have risen in the world.

HIGGINS: That's what we call snobbery.

LIZA. You don't call the like of them my friends now, I should hope. They've took it out of me often enough with their ridicule when they had the chance; and now I mean to get a bit of my own back.

MRS. PEARCE [coming back then leaving] Now, Eliza. The new clothes have come for you to try on.

LIZA. Ah--ow--oo--ooh! [She rushes out].

HIGGINS. Pickering: we have taken on a stiff job.

PICKERING [with conviction] Higgins: we have.

M12 Flourish to end scene "hanging" with suspense.

ACT III

M13 The scene change to the more respectable and aristocratic house of Mrs Higgins. There is a quick change for actress here so time is needed – perhaps Higgins enters BEFORE his mother he paces up and down with strain

It is Mrs. Higgins's at-home day. Nobody has yet arrived. Her drawing-room, in a flat on Chelsea embankment, has three windows looking on the river; and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension. The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots. If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows. In the corner diagonally opposite the door Mrs. Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within reach of her hand. It is between four and five in the afternoon.

The door is opened violently; and Higgins enters with his hat on.

MRS. HIGGINS [dismayed] Henry [scolding him]! What are you doing here to-day? I am having a tea party: you promised not to come. [As he bends to kiss her, she takes his hat off, and presents it to him].

HIGGINS. Oh bother! [He throws the hat down on the table].

MRS. HIGGINS. Go home at once.

HIGGINS [kissing her] I know, mother. I came on purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS. But you mustn't. I'm serious, Henry. You offend all my friends: they stop coming whenever they meet you.

HIGGINS. Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people don't mind.

[He sits on the settee].

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh! don't they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustn't stay.

HIGGINS. I must. I've a job for you. A phonetic job. I've picked up a girl.

MRS. HIGGINS. Does that mean that some girl has picked you up?

HIGGINS. Not at all. I don't mean a love affair.

MRS. HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS. Why?

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, you never fall in love with anyone here are some rather nice-looking young women about?

HIGGINS. Oh, I can't be bothered with young women. My idea of a loveable woman is something as like you as possible. I shall never get into the way of seriously liking young women: they're all idiots.

MRS. HIGGINS. Do you know what you would do if you really loved me, Henry?

HIGGINS. Oh bother! What? Marry, I suppose?

MRS. HIGGINS. No. Stop fidgeting and take your hands out of your pockets. *[With a gesture of despair, he obeys and sits down again].* That's a good boy. Now tell me about the girl.

HIGGINS. She's coming to see you.

MRS. HIGGINS. I don't remember asking her.

HIGGINS. You didn't. I asked her. If you'd known her you wouldn't have asked her.

MRS. HIGGINS. Indeed! Why?

HIGGINS. Well, She's a common flower girl. I picked her in the street.

MRS. HIGGINS. And invited her to my afternoon tea party!

HIGGINS *[rising and coming to her to coax her]* Oh, that'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders as to her behavior. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health--That will be safe.

MRS. HIGGINS. Safe! To talk about our health! about our insides! perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS : Oh, she'll be all right: don't you fuss. Pickering is in it with me. I've a bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months. I started on her some weeks ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet. She has a quick ear; and she's been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French.

MRS. HIGGINS. That's satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS. Well, it is and it isn't.

MRS. HIGGINS. What does that mean?

HIGGINS. You'll see,

They are interrupted by the parlor-maid, announcing guests.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mrs. Eynsford Hill. *[She withdraws].*

HIGGINS. Oh Lord! *[He rises; snatches his hat from the table; and makes for the door; but before he reaches it his mother introduces him. Mrs. Eynsford Hill is the woman who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden. She is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means].*

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL *[to Mrs. Higgins]* How do you do? *[They shake hands].*

MISS EYNSFORD HILL. How d'you do? *[She shakes].*

MRS. HIGGINS *[introducing]* My son Henry.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Your celebrated son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS *[glumly, making no movement in her direction]* Delighted. *[He backs against the piano and bows brusquely].*

Miss EYNSFORD HILL *[going to him with confident familiarity]* How do you do?

HIGGINS *[staring at her]* I've seen you before somewhere. I haven't the ghost of a notion where; but I've heard your voice. *[Drearily]* It doesn't matter. You'd better sit down.

MRS. HIGGINS. I'm sorry to say that my celebrated son has no manners. You mustn't mind him.

MISS EYNSFORD HILL *[gaily]* I don't. *[a little bewildered]* Not at all.

HIGGINS. Oh, have I been rude? I didn't mean to be.

MRS Higgins . Has Henry told you what he has come for?

HIGGINS *[over his shoulder]* I was interrupted: damn it!

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh Henry, Henry, really!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL *[half rising]* Am I in the way?

MRS. HIGGINS *[rising and making her sit down again]* No, no. You couldn't have come more fortunately: we want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS *[turning hopefully]* Yes, by George! You'll do as well as anyone.

The parlor-maid returns, ushering Freddy.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mr. Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS *[almost audibly, past endurance]* God of Heaven! another of them.

FREDDY *[shaking hands with Mrs. Higgins]* Ahedo?

MRS. HIGGINS. Very good of you to come. I don't think you know my son, Professor Higgins.

FREDDY *[going to Higgins]* Ahedo?

HIGGINS *[looking at him much as if he were a pickpocket]* I'll take my oath I've met you before somewhere. Where was it?

FREDDY. I don't think so.

HIGGINS *[resignedly]* It don't matter. Sit down.

He shakes Freddy's hand, and almost slings him on the ottoman with his face to the windows; then comes round to the other side of it.

HIGGINS. Well, here we are, anyhow! *[He sits down on the ottoman next Mrs. Eynsford Hill, on her left.]* And now, what the devil are we going to talk about until Eliza comes?

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry: you are the life and soul of the University soirees; but really you're rather difficult on more ordinary occasions.

HIGGINS. Am I? Very sorry. *[Beaming suddenly]* I suppose I am, you know.*[Uproariously]* Ha, ha!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL I sympathize. I haven't any small talk. If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS *[relapsing into gloom]* Lord forbid!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL But why?

HIGGINS. What they think they ought to think is bad enough, but what they really think would break up the whole show. Do you suppose it would be really 'nice' if I were to come out now with what I really think?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[gaily]* Are you so very cynical?

HIGGINS. Cynical! Who the Devil said I was cynical? I mean it wouldn't be decent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL *[seriously]* Oh! I'm sure you don't mean that, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. You see, we're all savages, more or less. We're supposed to be civilized and cultured--to know all about poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? *[To Mother]* What do you know of poetry? *[To Mrs. Hill]* What do you know of science? *[Indicating Freddy]* What does he know of anything? What the Hell do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS. HIGGINS *[warningly]* Or of manners, Henry?

THE PARLOR-MAID *[opening the door]* Miss Doolittle. *[She withdraws].*

HIGGINS *[rising hastily and running to Mrs. Higgins]* Here she is, mother. *[He stands on tiptoe and makes signs over his mother's head to Eliza to indicate to her which lady is her hostess].*

M 14 Entry and underscore of Eliza's smart entrance.

Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed, produces an impression of such remarkable distinction and beauty as she enters that they all rise, quite flustered. Guided by Higgins's signals, she comes to Mrs. Higgins with studied grace.

LIZA *[speaking with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and great beauty of tone]* How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? *[She gasps slightly in making sure of the H in Higgins, but is quite successful].* Mr. Higgins told me I might come.

MRS. HIGGINS *[cordially]* Quite right: I'm very glad indeed to see you.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

LIZA. How do you do? *[She sits down on the ottoman gracefully in the place just left vacant by Higgins].*

MRS EYNSFORD HILL *[impulsively]* How do you do? *[She sits down on the ottoman beside Eliza, devouring her with her eyes].*

FREDDY *[coming to their side of the ottoman]* I've certainly had the pleasure.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL *[introducing]* My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated.

HIGGINS [suddenly] By George, yes: it all comes back to me! [They stare at him]. Covent Garden! [Lamentably] What a damned thing!

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry, please! [He is about to sit on the edge of the table]. Don't sit on my writing-table: you'll break it.

HIGGINS [sulkily] Sorry.

He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the fire-irons on his way; extricating himself with muttered imprecations; and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so impatiently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs. Higgins looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing. A long and painful pause ensues.

MRS. HIGGINS [at last, conversationally] Will it rain, do you think?

LIZA. The shallow depression in the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of any great change in the high pressure front which may bring prolonged sunshine. to south of England.

FREDDY. Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

LIZA. What is wrong with that, young man? I bet I got it right.

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. I'm sure I hope it won't turn cold. There's so much influenza about.

LIZA [darkly] My aunt died of influenza: so they said.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [clicks her tongue sympathetically]!!!

LIZA [in the same tragic tone] But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

MRS. HIGGINS [puzzled] Done her in?

LIZA. Y-e-e-e-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through diphtheria right enough the year before. I saw her with my own eyes. Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead; but my father he kept ladling gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [startled] Dear me!

LIZA [piling up the indictment] What call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? What become of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them as pinched it done her in.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS [hastily] Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means to kill them. Murder.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [to Eliza, horrified] You surely don't believe that your aunt was killed?

LIZA. Do I not! Them she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a hat.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. But it can't have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that. It might have killed her.

LIZA. Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her. Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat that he knew the good of it.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA. Drank! My word! Drunk day and night!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. How dreadful for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. It never did him no harm what I could see. And he was always more agreeable when he had a drop o' gin in him. When Father was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like. There's lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with. [*To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter*] Here! what are you sniggering at?

FREDDY. The new small talk. You do it so awfully well.

LIZA. If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [To Higgins] Have I said anything I oughtn't?

MRS. HIGGINS [interposing] Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. Well, that's a mercy, anyhow. [Expansively] What I always say is--

HIGGINS [rising and looking at his watch] Ahem!

LIZA [looking round at him; taking the hint; and rising] Well: I must go. [They all rise. Freddy goes to the door]. So pleased to have met you. Good-bye. [She shakes hands with Mrs. Higgins].

MRS. HIGGINS. Good-bye.

LIZA [nodding to the others] Good-bye, all.

FREDDY [opening the door for her] Are you walking across the Park, Miss Doolittle? If so--

LIZA. Walk! Not bloody likely. [Sensation]. I am going in a taxi. [She goes out].

Freddy goes out on the balcony to catch another glimpse of Eliza.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [suffering from shock] Well, I really can't get used to the new ways. But I do not want to be so old-fashioned. Young women today keep calling everything filthy and beastly; though I do think it horrible and unladylike.

Freddy: It is all a matter of habit, Mamma. There's no right or wrong in it. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [rising] Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go. Freddy [rising] Good-bye, Mrs. Higgins. Good-bye, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [coming grimly at her from the divan, and accompanying her to the door] Good-bye. Be sure you try on that small talk at the the next tea party. Don't be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

Freddy [all smiles] I will. Good-bye. Such nonsense, all this Victorian prudery!

Mrs EYNSFORD: I don't want to be a prude. Is it really nonsense?

HIGGINS [tempting her] Such damned nonsense!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [convulsively] Such bloody nonsense!

FREDDY: Mamma! How wonderful!

[She goes out radiant, conscious of being thoroughly up to date, and is heard descending the stairs in a stream of silvery laughter].

FREDDY [to the heavens at large] Well, I ask you [He gives it up, and comes to Mrs. Higgins]. Good-bye. [He goes out].

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. Good-bye, Mr. Higgins. Mrs Higgins. – A damned wonderful afternoon!

HIGGINS. Bloody great. Good-bye. Good-bye.

M15 Music of their exit – smart the satirical after they have gone so Higgins may laugh and Mrs Higgins repress a snigger.

MRS Higgins: Oh dear me.

HIGGINS [eagerly] Well? Is Eliza presentable [*he swoops on his mother and drags her to the ottoman, where she sits down in Eliza's place with her son on her left*]?

MRS. HIGGINS. You silly boy, of course she's not presentable. She's a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker's; but if you suppose for a moment that she doesn't give herself away in every sentence she utters, you must be perfectly cracked about her.

HIGGINS:. But Mamma don't you think something might be done?

MRS. HIGGINS. Not as long as she is in your hands.

HIGGINS [aggrieved] Do you mean that my language is improper?

MRS. HIGGINS. No, dearest: it would be quite proper--say on a canal barge; but it would not be proper for her at a garden party.

HIGGINS [sulkily] Oh, well, if you say so, I suppose I don't always

talk like a bishop.

MRS. HIGGINS [:Henry will you tell me what is the exact state of things in Wimpole Street? But where does this girl live?

HIGGINS. With us, of course. Colonel Pickering and I Where would she live?

MRS. HIGGINS. But on what terms? Is she a servant? If not, what is she?

HIGGINS. Well, dash me ! I've had to work at the girl every day for months to get her to her present pitch. Besides, she's useful. She knows where my things are, and remembers my appointments and so forth.

Mrs HIGGINS : Well do you think about Eliza at all?

HIGGINS. I never stop thinking about the girl and her bloody vowels and consonants. I'm worn out, thinking about her, and watching her lips and her teeth and her tongue, not to mention her soul, which is charming but childlike.

MRS. HIGGINS. You and Pickering certainly are a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll.

HIGGINS. Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled: make no mistake about that, mother. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a quite different human. Yes, by George: it's the most absorbing experiment I ever tackled. She regularly fills our lives up. We're always talking Eliza. Teaching Eliza. Dressing Eliza.

MRS. HIGGINS. What!

HIGGINS. Inventing new Elizas. You know, she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear: just like a parrot. She is a is a genius. She is a genius! She -

MRS. HIGGINS [putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise] Sh--sh--sh--sh! Be quiet, Henry. Don't you realize that when Eliza walked

into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

HIGGINS Her father did. But we soon got rid of him.

MRS. HIGGINS. No, something else did.

HIGGINS . But what?

MRS. HIGGINS [unconsciously dating herself by the word] A problem.

HIGGINS Oh, I see. The problem of how to pass her off as a lady.

MRS. HIGGINS. No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures: the problem of what is to be done with her after all this.

HIGGINS. I don't see anything in that. She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her.

MRS. HIGGINS. The manners and habits that disqualify a fine lady from earning her own living without giving her a fine lady's income! Is that what you mean?

HIGGINS [rising also] We'll find her some light employment. She's happy enough. Don't you worry about her. Good-bye. Good-bye, mother. [He kisses her],

MRS HIGINS: I do worry.

HIGGINS : Well don't. Pickering and I shall take her to the Shakespeare exhibition at Earls Court. Her remarks will be delicious. What ripping fun! [He is heard laughing as he goes downstairs].

MRS. HIGGINS [rises with an impatient bounce, and returns to her work at the writing-table. At the third line she gives it up; flings down her pen; grips the table angrily and exclaims] Oh, men! men!! men!!!

M 17 – “Men” becomes almost but not quite a song as Mrs Higgins - grabs flowers from vase and attacks a bust of a man in the room.

THE BALL.

M19 – This is a dance piece with no words that uses large puppets and has Eliza at the Ball. – To be worked on in rehearsal – it can go from sedate Victorian to even Hip hop or Rock and Roll and back again...??

ACT IV

M20 The clock on the mantelpiece chiming – the bells of clocks can be a liet motif – it is late all are exhausted by the success of the Ball.

The Wimpole Street laboratory. Midnight. Nobody in the room. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. Presently Higgins and Pickering are heard on the stairs.

HIGGINS [calling down to Pickering] I say, Pick: lock up, will you. I shan't be going out again.

PICKERING. Right. Can Mrs. Pearce go to bed? We don't want anything more to drink, do we?

HIGGINS. Lord, no!

Eliza opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing in opera cloak, brilliant evening dress, and diamonds, with fan, flowers, and all accessories. She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there. She is tired: her pallor contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic. She takes off her cloak; puts her fan and flowers on the piano; and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent. Higgins, in evening dress, with

overcoat and hat, Pickering, similarly attired, comes in. He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on Higgins's when he hesitates.

PICKERING. I say: Mrs. Pearce will shout at us if we leave these things lying about in the drawing-room.

HIGGINS. Oh, throw them over the bannisters into the hall. She'll find them there in the morning and put them away all right. She'll think we were drunk.

PICKERING. We are. Are there any letters?

HIGGINS. I didn't look. [Pickering takes the overcoats and hats and goes down stairs. Higgins begins **half singing half yawning an air from La Fanciulla del Golden West. Suddenly he stops and exclaims – M21 – What is this tune, this song?]** I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

Eliza looks at him darkly; then leaves the room. Eliza returns with a pair of large down-at-heel slippers. She places them on the carpet before Higgins, and sits as before without a word.

HIGGINS [yawning again] Oh Lord! What an evening! What a bunch of bores! What a silly foolish ball! *[He raises his shoe to unlace it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord].* Slippers! Oh they're here!

PICKERING [stretching himself] Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. The garden party, and the Royal ball! Rather too much of a good thing. But you've won your bet, Higgins. Eliza did the trick, and something to spare, eh?

HIGGINS [fervently] Thank God it's over!

Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits stonily as before.

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the Palace? I was. Eliza didn't seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS. Oh, she wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. It was I who took the strain of the job all these months. It was interesting enough at first, the phonetics; but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadn't be the money I should have given the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly game: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come! the Royal ball was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS. Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simply Hell.

PICKERING. I rather enjoyed it all. Anyhow, it was a great success: an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do style at all.

HIGGINS. Yes: that's what drives me mad: the silly people don't know their own silly business. [Rising] However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without hating tomorrow.

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.

PICKERING. I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Good-night. [He goes].

HIGGINS [following him] Good-night. [Over his shoulder, at the door] Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs. Pearce to make coffee for me in the morning. [He goes out].

(Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor raging.)

HIGGINS [in despairing wrath outside] What the devil have I done with my slippers? [He appears at the door].

LIZA [snatching up the slippers, and hurling them at him one after the other with all her force] There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS [astounded] What on earth--! [He comes to her]. What's the matter? Get up. [He pulls her up]. Anything wrong?

LIZA [breathless] Nothing wrong--with YOU. I've won your bet for you, haven't I? That's enough for you. I don't matter, I suppose.

HIGGINS. YOU won my bet! You! Pompous insect! I won it. Why did you throw those slippers at me?

LIZA. Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didn't you leave me where you picked me out of the gutter in the market? You thank God it's all over, and that now you can throw me back again there in the dirt, do you? [She crimps her fingers, frantically].

HIGGINS [looking at her in cool wonder] The creature IS nervous, after all.

LIZA [gives a suffocated scream of fury, and instinctively darts her nails at his face]!!

HIGGINS [catching her wrists] Ah! would you? Claws in, you cat. How dare you show your temper to me? Sit down and be quiet. *[He throws her roughly into the easy-chair].*

LIZA [crushed by superior strength and weight] What's to become of me? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS. How the devil do I know what's to become of you? What does it matter what becomes of you?

LIZA. You don't care. I know you don't care. You wouldn't care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you--less than them slippers.

HIGGINS [thundering] THOSE slippers.

LIZA [with bitter submission] Those slippers. I didn't think it made any difference now.

A pause. Eliza hopeless and crushed. Higgins a little uneasy.

M22 This physical sequence requires some violent music to accompany it – maybe atonal variation on previous pleasant themes? Underscoring for much of this scene.

HIGGINS [in his loftiest manner] Why do you complain of your treatment here?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. Has anybody behaved badly to you? Colonel Pickering? Mrs. Pearce? The servants?

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I presume you don't pretend that I have treated you badly.

LIZA. No.

HIGGINS. I am glad to hear it. [He moderates his tone]. Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day. Will you have a glass of champagne? [He moves towards the door].

LIZA. No. [Recollecting her manners] Thank you.

HIGGINS [good-humoured again] This has been coming on you for some days. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the Royal ball. But that's all over now. [*He pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes*]. There's nothing more to worry about.

LIZA. No. Nothing more for you to worry about. [She suddenly rises and gets away from him by going to the piano bench, where she sits and hides her face]. Oh God! I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS [staring after her in sincere surprise] Why? in heaven's name, why? [Reasonably, going to her] Listen to me, Eliza. All this foolish anger is so subjective.

LIZA. I don't understand. I'm too ignorant.

HIGGINS. It's only imagination. Low spirits and nothing else. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers.

LIZA. I heard YOUR prayers. "Thank God it's all over!"

HIGGINS [impatiently] Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

LIZA [pulling herself together in desperation] What have you made me? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What am I?

HIGGINS [enlightened, but not at all impressed] Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? [*He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness*]. I shouldn't worry if I were you. You won't have much difficulty in settling yourself, somewhere, though I hadn't quite realized that you were going away.

[*She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her*]

You might marry, you know. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!); and you're not bad-looking; it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes--not now, of course, because you're crying and looking as ugly as the devil; but when you're all right, you're what I should call attractive. That is, to the marrying type of men. You go to bed and have a nice rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the mirror; and you won't feel so cheap.

Eliza again looks at him, speechless, and does not stir.

HIGGINS [a genial afterthought occurring to him] I think my mother could find you some man or other who would do very well--

LIZA. We were above that at Convent Garden market.

HIGGINS [waking up] What do you mean?

LIZA. I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I am for sale. I wish you'd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS: Tosh, Eliza. Don't you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it. You needn't marry the fellow if you don't like him.

LIZA. What else am I to do?

HIGGINS. Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Come! you'll be all right. I must clear off to bed: I'm devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something: I forget what it was.

LIZA. Your slippers.

HIGGINS. Oh yes, of course. You threw them at me. [He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and speaks to him].

LIZA. Before you go, sir--

HIGGINS [dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him sir] Eh?

LIZA. Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS [coming back into the room as if her question were the very climax of unreason] What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA. He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

M23 Underscoring in later parts of scene is sad, nostalgic, pathos. As Both H and L feel the loss.

HIGGINS [shocked and hurt] Is THAT the way you feel towards us?

LIZA. I don't want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.

HIGGINS. But what does it matter? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

LIZA. I want to know what I may take away with me. I don't want to be accused of stealing.

HIGGINS [now deeply wounded] Stealing! You shouldn't have said that, Eliza. That shows a lack of feeling.

LIZA. I'm sorry. I'm only a common ignorant girl; and in my position I have to be careful. There can't be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. So please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't?

HIGGINS [very sulky] You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. They're hired. Will that satisfy you? [He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon].

LIZA [drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply] Stop, please. [She takes off her jewels]. Will you take these to your room and keep them safe? I don't want to run the risk of their being missing. The risk of being taken for a thief.

HIGGINS [furious] Hand them over. [She puts them into his hands]. If these belonged to me instead of to the jeweler, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. [He perfunctorily thrusts them into his pockets, unconsciously decorating himself with the protruding ends of the chains].

LIZA [taking a ring off] This ring isn't the jeweler's: it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I don't want it now. [Higgins dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so threateningly that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims] Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS. Hit you! You beastly creature, how dare you accuse me of such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

LIZA [thrilling with hidden joy] I'm glad. I've got a little revenge.

HIGGINS [with dignity, in his finest professional style] You have caused me to lose my temper: a thing that has hardly ever happened to me before. I am going to bed.

LIZA [pertly] You'd better leave a note for Mrs. Pearce about the coffee; for she won't be told by me.

HIGGINS [formally] Damn Mrs. Pearce; and damn the coffee; and damn you; and damn my own folly in having lavished MY hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a heartless beggar.

[*He goes out with impressive decorum, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely*].

Eliza smiles for the first time; expresses her feelings by a wild pantomime in which an imitation of Higgins's exit is confused with her own triumph; and finally goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring. And exits.

SCENE CONVENT GARDEN.

Early morning Eliza is wandering the streets. She is suicidal – “trying to throw herself into the river”. Weeping she fails.

Man in Convent garden: Good morning, miss. Can I help you?

ELIZA (Looking hopefully into his face) Do you mind if I warm my hands?

MAN: Go right ahead, miss.

ELIZA Yes? (She kneels down to warm her hands. They all stare at her uncomfortably. One of them leans forward as if he knows her)

MAN (Now leaning forward) Excuse me, miss. For a second there I thought you was somebody else.

ELIZA Who?

SAME MAN: Forgive me, ma'am. Early morning Light playing tricks with me eyes. (He rises. They all do)

1ST MAN Can I get you a taxi, ma'am? A lady like you shouldn't be walkin' around London at this hour of the mornin'.

ELIZA (Sadly) No ••• thank you.

SAME MAN Good morning, miss.

BARTENDER Do come again, Mr. Doolittle. We value your patronage always.

DOOLITTLE (Grandy) Thank you, My good man. (He gives him a generous tip) Here, take the missus a trip to Brighton.

BARTENDER (Gratefully) Thank you, Mr. Doolittle. (He goes back into the Pub)

ELIZA (Who has been watching, astounded) Father!

DOOLITTLE (Seeing her) You see, Harry, he has no mercy. Sent her down to spy on me in my

misery, he did. Me own flesh and blood. (He goes up to ELIZA) Well, I'm miserable, all right. You can tell Him that straight.

ELIZA What are you talking about? What are you dressed Up for?

DOOLITTLE As if you didn't know! Go on back to that Wimpole Street devil Higgins and tell him what he done to me.

ELIZA What has he done to you?

DOOLITTLE He's ruined me, that's all. Destroyed me happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle-class morality. And don't you defend him. Was it him or was it not him that wrote to an old American tycoon blighter named

Wallingford that was giving five millions to found moral reform societies, and tell him the most original moralist in England was Mr. Alfred P. Doolittle, a common dustman?

ELIZA (Bitterly) That sounds like one of his jokes.

DOOLITTLE You may call it a joke. It put the lid on me, right enough! The bloke died and left me four thousand pounds a year in his bloomin' will.

JAMIE (Coming out of the pub) Oh, come on, Alfie. In a couple of hours you have to be at the church. (A group of DOOLITTLE'S friends also emerge And motion him to come on back)

ELIZA: C h u r c h ?

DOOLITTLE : (Tragically) Yes, church. The deepest cut of all. Why do you Think I'm dressed up like for a bloody funeral? Your stepmother wants to marry me. Now I'm respectable she wants to be respectable.

ELIZA If that's the way you feel, why don't you give the money back?

DOOLITTLE (With melancholy resignation) That's the tragedy of it, Eliza. It's easy to say chuck it, but I haven't the nerve. We're all intimidated. Intimidated, Eliza, that's what we are. And that's what I am. Bought up. That's what your precious professor has brought me to. Ruined by prosperity.

ELIZA He's not my precious professor.

DOOLITTLE Oh, sent you back, has he? First he shoves me in the middle-class, then he chucks you out for me to support you with my mone. All part of his plan. (Resourcefully) But you double cross him Eliza. Don't you come home to me. Don't you take a penny from me. You stand on your own two feet. You're a lady now and you can do it.

MAN: 'Urry up, Arfur, or we'll be late for your weddin'!

DOOLITTLE I say, Liza, you want to come and see me chained up this mornin'? St. George's church, Hanover Square, ten o'clock. (Sadly) I wouldn't advise it, but you're welcome.

ELIZA No, thank you, Dad.

MAN: Oi Lady, you want that taxi? You finished 'ere?

ELIZA (With great finality) Yes, I'm all finished here. Good luck, Dad. I'll take the taxi. I can't stay here.

MAN: You don't belong 'ere, Miss. Where can I take you?

M24 New scene established by Mrs Higgins theme – perhaps decorous and proper version of her last aggression to men theme?

Mrs. Higgins's drawing-room. She is at her writing-table as before. Higgins bursts in. He is in a state.

HIGGINS. Look here, mother: here's a confounded thing!

MRS. HIGGINS. Yes, dear. Good-morning. [He checks his impatience and kisses her, whilst the parlor-maid goes out]. What is it?

HIGGINS. Eliza's bolted, run away!

MRS. HIGGINS [calmly continuing her writing] You must have frightened her.

HIGGINS. Frightened her! nonsense! She was left last night, as usual, to turn out the lights and all that; and instead of going to bed she changed her clothes and went right off: her bed wasn't slept in. She came in a cab for her things before seven this morning; and that fool Mrs. Pearce let her have them without telling me a word about it. What am I to do?

MRS. HIGGINS. Do without, I'm afraid, Henry. The girl has a perfect right to leave if she chooses.

HIGGINS [wandering distractedly across the room] But I can't find anything. I don't know what appointments I've got. I'm— [Pickering comes in. Mrs. Higgins puts down her pen and turns away from the writing-table].

PICKERING [shaking hands] Good-morning, Mrs. Higgins. Has Henry told you? [He sits down on the ottoman].

HIGGINS. What does that ass of an inspector say? Have you offered a reward?

MRS. HIGGINS [rising in indignant amazement] You don't mean to say you have set the police after Eliza?

HIGGINS. Of course. What are the police for? [He sits]

PICKERING. The inspector made a lot of difficulties. I really think he suspected us of some improper purpose.

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, of course he did. What right have you to go to the police and give the girl's name as if she were a thief, or a lost umbrella? Really! [She sits down again, deeply vexed].

HIGGINS. But we want to find her.

PICKERING. We can't let her go like this, you know, Mrs. Higgins. What were we to do?

MRS. HIGGINS. You have no more sense, either of you, than two children. Why—

HIGGINS: I Paid my five pounds to her wretched father. I have my rights. Where is she?

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry: don't be absurd, you cannot buy a woman's independence! If you really want to know where Eliza is, she is upstairs.

HIGGINS [amazed] Upstairs!!! Then I shall jolly soon fetch her downstairs. [He makes resolutely for the door].

MRS. HIGGINS [rising and following him] Be quiet, Henry. Sit down.

HIGGINS. I—

MRS. HIGGINS. Sit down, dear; and listen to me.

HIGGINS. Oh very well, very well, very well. [He throws himself ungraciously on the ottoman, with his face towards the windows].

MRS. HIGGINS. Eliza came to me this morning. She passed the night walking about in a rage wandering Convent Garden. Then trying to throw herself into the river but being afraid to do so. She told me of the brutal way you two treated her.

HIGGINS [bounding up again] What!

PICKERING [rising also] My dear Mrs. Higgins, she's been telling you stories. We didn't treat her brutally. We hardly said a word to her; and we parted on very good terms. [Turning on Higgins]. Higgins: did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS. Just the other way about. She threw my slippers in my face. She behaved in the most outrageous way. I never gave her the slightest provocation. The slippers came bang into my face the moment I entered the room—before I had spoken a word. And she used very bad language!

PICKERING [astonished] But why? What did we do to her?

MRS. HIGGINS. I think I know pretty well what you did. The girl is naturally rather affectionate. She had become attached to you both. She worked very hard for you, Henry! Well, it seems that when the great day of trial came, and she did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two sat there and never said a word to her, but talked together of how glad you were that it was all over and how you had been bored with the whole thing. And then you were surprised because she threw your slippers at you! I should have thrown the coal bucket at you!

HIGGINS. We said nothing except that we were tired and wanted to go to bed. Did we, Pick?

PICKERING [shrugging his shoulders] That was all.

MRS. HIGGINS [ironically] Quite sure?

PICKERING. Absolutely. Really, that was all.

MRS. HIGGINS. You didn't thank her, or pet her, or tell her how wonderful she'd been?

HIGGINS [impatently] But she knew all about that. We didn't make speeches to her!

PICKERING [conscience stricken] Perhaps we were a little unfeeling. Is she very angry?

MRS. HIGGINS [returning to her place at the writing-table] Well, I'm afraid she won't go back to Wimpole Street but she says she is quite willing to meet you on friendly terms and to let the past be the past.

HIGGINS [furious] Is she, by God? Ho!

MRS. HIGGINS. If you promise to behave yourself, Henry, I'll ask her to come down. If not, go home!

HIGGINS. Oh, all right. Very well. Pick: you behave yourself. Let us put on our best Sunday manners for this creature that we picked out of the mud. [He flings himself sulkily into the Elizabethan chair].

MRS. HIGGINS. Remember your promise, Henry. [She presses the bell-button on the writing-table

The parlor-maid answers the bell.

MRS. HIGGINS. Ask Miss Doolittle to come down, please.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Yes, mam. [She goes out].

MRS. HIGGINS. Now, Henry: be good.

HIGGINS. I am behaving myself perfectly.

PICKERING. He is doing his best, Mrs. Higgins.

A pause. Higgins throws back his head; stretches out his legs; and begins to whistle.

MRS. HIGGINS. Stop that whistle.

Higgins groans. Another very trying pause.

HIGGINS [springing up, out of patience] Where the devil is that girl? Are we to wait here all day?

M26 The entrance of Eliza – a fortress of strength and resolve.

Eliza enters, sunny, self-possessed, and giving a staggeringly convincing exhibition of ease of manner. Pickering is too much taken aback to rise.

LIZA. How do you do, Professor Higgins? Are you quite well?

HIGGINS [choking] Am I— [He can say no more].

LIZA. But of course you are: you are never ill. So glad to see you again, Colonel Pickering. [He rises hastily; and they shake hands]. Quite cool this morning, isn't it?

HIGGINS. Don't you dare try this game on me. I taught it to you; and it doesn't fool me. Get up and come home; and don't be a ass.

Eliza takes a piece of needlework from her basket, and begins to stitch at it, without taking the least notice of this outburst.

MRS. HIGGINS. Very nicely put, indeed, Henry. No woman could resist such an invitation.

HIGGINS. You let her alone, mother. Let her speak for herself. You will soon see whether she has an idea that I haven't put into her head or a word that I haven't put into her mouth. I tell you I have created this thing out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent Garden; and now she pretends to play the fine lady with me.

MRS. HIGGINS [placidly] Yes, dear.

LIZA [to Pickering, taking no apparent notice of Higgins, and working away deftly] Will you drop me altogether now that the experiment is over, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING. Oh don't. You mustn't think of it as an experiment. It shocks me, somehow.

LIZA. Oh, I'm only a squashed cabbage leaf.

PICKERING [impulsively] No.

LIZA [continuing quietly]—but I owe so much to you that I should be very unhappy if you forgot me.

PICKERING. It's very kind of you to say so, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. It's not because you paid for my dresses. No it was from you that I learnt really nice manners; and that is what makes one a lady, isn't it? You see it was difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins always before me. I was brought up to be just like him, unable to control myself, and using bad language, swearing, cursing and...

HIGGINS. Well!!

PICKERING. Oh, that's only his way, you know. He doesn't mean it.

LIZA. Oh, I didn't mean it either, when I was a flower girl. It was only my way. But you see I did it!

PICKERING. No doubt. Still, he taught you to speak; and I couldn't have done that, you know.

LIZA [trivially] Of course: that is his profession.

HIGGINS. Damnation!

LIZA [continuing] It was only like learning to dance in the fashionable way. But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING. What?

LIZA [stopping her work for a moment] Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimpole Street. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. [She resumes her stitching]. You see, really and truly, the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

MRS. HIGGINS. Please don't grind your teeth, Henry.

PICKERING. Well, this is really very nice of you, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA. I should like you to call me Eliza, now, if you would.

PICKERING. Thank you. Eliza, of course.

LIZA. And I should like Professor Higgins to call me Miss Doolittle.

HIGGINS. I'll see you damned first.

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry! Henry!

PICKERING [laughing] Why don't you slang back at him? Don't stand it. It would do him a lot of good.

LIZA. I can't. I could have done it once; but now I can't go back to it. You told me, you know, that when a child is brought to a foreign country, it picks up the language in a few weeks, and forgets its own. Well, I am a child in your country. I have forgotten my own language, and can speak nothing but yours. I'm leaving Wimpole street but I can't leave your language.

PICKERING [much alarmed] Oh! but you're coming back to Wimpole Street, aren't you? You'll forgive Higgins?

HIGGINS [rising] Forgive! Will she, by George! Let her go. Let her find out how she can get on without us. She will be back in the gutter in three weeks without me at her side.

PICKERING. Eliza, do forgive him and come back to us. [coaxing] Do stay with us, Eliza. [He follows Doolittle].

Eliza goes out on the balcony to avoid being alone with Higgins. He rises and joins her there. She immediately comes back into the room and makes for the door; but he goes along the balcony quickly and gets his back to the door before she reaches it.

M28 From almost silent movie chase music when Higgins blocks her exit to a sparring, settling feel as the two face each other.

HIGGINS. Well, Eliza, you've had your little bit of revenge. Have you had enough? Or do you want any more?

LIZA. You only want me back only to pick up your slippers and put up with your bad tempers and fetch and carry for you.

HIGGINS. I haven't said I wanted you back at all.

LIZA. Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS. About you, not about me. If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you. I can't change my nature; and I don't intend to change my manners. My manners are the same as Colonel Pickering's.

LIZA. That's not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

HIGGINS. And I treat a duchess as if she was a flower girl.

LIZA. I see. [She turns away composedly, and sits on the ottoman, facing the window]. The same to everybody.

HIGGINS. Just so. The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

LIZA. Amen. You are a born preacher.

HIGGINS [irritated] The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat anyone else better.

LIZA [with sudden sincerity] I don't care how you treat me. I don't mind your swearing at me. I don't mind a black eye: I've had one before this. But [standing up and facing him] I won't be passed over.

HIGGINS. Then get out of my way; for I won't stop for you. You talk about me as if I were a motor bus.

LIZA. So you are a motor bus: all bounce and go, and no care for anyone. But I can do without you: don't think I can't.

HIGGINS. I know you can. I told you you could.

LIZA [wounded, getting away from him to the other side of the ottoman with her face to the hearth] I know you did, you brute. You wanted to get rid of me.

HIGGINS. Liar.

LIZA. Thank you. [She sits down with dignity]. **(Probable end underscore M28)**

HIGGINS. You never asked yourself, I suppose, whether I could do without YOU.

LIZA [earnestly] Don't you try to get round me. You'll HAVE to do without me.

HIGGINS [arrogant] I can do without anybody. I have my own soul: my own spark of divine fire. But [with sudden humility] I shall miss you, Eliza. I have learnt something from your idiotic notions: I confess that humbly and gratefully. And I have grown accustomed to your voice and appearance. I like them, rather.

LIZA. Well, you have both of them on your gramophone and in your book of photographs. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn the machine on. It's got no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS. I can't turn your soul on. Leave me those feelings; and you can take away the voice and the face. They are not you.

LIZA. Oh, you ARE a devil. You don't care a bit for me.

HIGGINS. I care for life, for humanity; and you are a part of it that has come my way and been built into my house.

LIZA. I won't care for anybody that doesn't care for me.

HIGGINS. Commercial principles, Eliza. Like [reproducing her Covent Garden pronunciation with professional exactness] s'yollin voylets [selling violets], isn't it?

LIZA. Don't sneer at me. It's mean to sneer at me.

HIGGINS. I have never sneered in my life. I am expressing my righteous contempt for Commercialism. I don't and won't trade in affection. You call me a brute because you couldn't buy a claim on me by fetching my slippers and finding my spectacles. You were a fool: I think a woman fetching a man's slippers is a disgusting sight: did I ever fetch YOUR slippers? I think a good deal more of you for throwing them in my face. No use slaving for me and then saying you want to be cared for: who cares for a slave? if you dare to set up your little dog's tricks of fetching and carrying slippers against my creation of a Duchess Eliza, I'll slam the door in your silly face.

LIZA. What did you do it for if you didn't care for me?

HIGGINS [heartily] Why, because it was my job.

LIZA. You never thought of the trouble it would make for me.

HIGGINS. Making life means making trouble. [jumping up and walking about intolerantly] Eliza: you're an idiot. I waste the treasures of my Shakesperian mind by spreading them before you. Once for all, understand that I go my way and do my work without caring twopence what happens to either of us. So you can come back or go to the devil: which you please.

LIZA. What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS For the fun of it. That's why I took you on.

LIZA [with averted face] And you may throw me out tomorrow if I don't do everything you want me to?

HIGGINS. Yes; and you may walk out tomorrow if I don't do everything YOU want me to.

LIZA. And live with my stepmother?

HIGGINS. Yes, or sell flowers.

LIZA. Oh! if I only COULD go back to my flower basket! I should be independent of both you and father and all the world! Why did you take my independence from me? Why did I give it up? I'm a slave now, for all my fine clothes.

HIGGINS. Not a bit. I'll adopt you as my daughter and settle money on you if you like. Or would you rather marry Pickering?

LIZA [looking fiercely round at him] I wouldn't marry YOU if you asked me; You are less of a gentleman than what he is!

HIGGINS [gently] Than he is: not "than what he is."

LIZA [losing her temper and rising] I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher now.

HIGGINS [reflectively] I don't suppose Pickering would, though. He's as confirmed a bachelor as I am.

LIZA. That's not what I want; and don't you think it.

HIGGINS: Oh, you want me to be as infatuated about you? Is that it?

LIZA. No I don't. That's not the sort of feeling I want from you. And don't you be too sure of yourself or of me. I could have been a bad girl if I'd liked. I've seen more of some things than you, for all your learning. Girls like me can drag gentlemen down to make love to them easy enough. And they wish each other dead the next minute.

HIGGINS. Of course they do. Then what the Hell are we quarrelling about?

LIZA [much troubled] I want a little kindness. I know I'm a common ignorant girl, and you a book-learned gentleman; but I'm not dirt under your feet. What I done [correcting herself] what I did was not for the dresses and the taxis: I did it because we were pleasant together and I come—came—to care for you; not to want you to make love to me, but more friendly like.

HIGGINS. Well, of course. That's just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza: you're a fool.

LIZA. That's not a proper answer to give me [she sinks on the chair at the writing-table in tears].

HIGGINS. It's all you'll get until you stop being a common idiot. If you can't stand the coldness of my sort of life, and the strain of it, go back to the flower market. Work till you are more a brute than a human being; and then cuddle and squabble and drink til you fall asleep. Oh, it's a fine life, the life of poverty. It's real: it's warm: it's violent. You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, don't you? Very well: be off with you to the sort of people you like. Marry some sentimental pig with muscles, and a rough pair of lips to kiss you with and a thick pair of boots to kick you with.

LIZA [desperate] Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me: I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that you're nothing but a bully. You know I can't go back to the dirt of the gutter as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldn't bear to live with a low common man after you two. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But don't you be too sure. I'll marry someone, anyone!

HIGGINS [sitting down beside her] Rubbish! you shall marry an ambassador, or a somebody who wants a deputy-queen. I'm not going to have my masterpiece thrown away on a nobody!

LIZA. I won't be coaxed round as if I was a baby or a puppy. If I can't have kindness, I'll have independence.

HIGGINS. Independence? That's middle class blasphemy. We are all dependent on one another, every soul of us on earth.

LIZA [rising determinedly] I'll let you see whether I'm dependent on you. I can teach. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS. What'll you teach, in heaven's name?

LIZA. What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS [rising in a fury] What! Teach my methods! my discoveries! You take one step in his direction and I'll wring your neck. [He lays hands on her]. Do you hear?

LIZA [defiantly non-resistant] Kill me. What do I care? I knew you'd hit me some day. [He lets her go, stamping with rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman]. Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! I'll advertise it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand pounds. I am as good as you!

HIGGINS [wondering at her] You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isn't it? [Rising] By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this.

LIZA. Yes: you turn round now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

HIGGINS. Of course I do, you little fool. Five minutes ago you were like a stone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength: a battleship. You and I and Pickering will be three old bachelors together instead of only two men and a silly girl.

(Mrs. Higgins returns, Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant).

MRS. HIGGINS. My carriage is waiting, Eliza. Shall we go for a drive?

LIZA. Certainly. Is the Professor coming?

MRS. HIGGINS. Certainly not.

LIZA. Then I shall not see you again, Professor. Good bye. [She goes to the door].

MRS. HIGGINS [coming to Higgins] Good-bye, dear.

HIGGINS. Good-bye, mother. [He is about to kiss her, when he recollects something]. Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, from Harrods. You can choose the color. [His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shows that he is incorrigible].

LIZA [disdainfully] Buy them yourself. [She sweeps out].

M30 – The music here has perhaps been building through Higgins and Eliza's speeches and now crescendos.

MRS. HIGGINS. I'm afraid you've spoiled that girl, Henry. But never mind, dear: I'll buy you the ham and gloves.

HIGGINS [sunnily] Oh, don't bother. She'll buy em all right enough. Eliza will be back. Good-bye. They kiss. Mrs. Higgins runs out. Higgins, left alone, rattles his cash in his pocket; chuckles; and disports himself in a highly self-satisfied manner.

M31 – a light end – flourish with a question mark.