

CHORUS: In classical Greece there lived an artist who carved a statue of a beautiful woman with whom he fell in love. The goddess Venus brought the statue to life and the artist married his creation. The name of the artist was Pygmalion.

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.

Woman [in the space between the central pillars]: 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 in Covent Garden Market 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 a taxi cab at the theatre door.

Freddy enters

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

FREDDY. There's not a taxi to be had for love or money, Mamma

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

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

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. Do as your mother tells you--

M1 fades out during scene

FREDDY. Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go.

Collision occurs between Eliza and Freddy

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

FREDDY. Sorry [*he rushes off*].

THE FLOWER GIRL: There's menners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad.

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 watbaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them?

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

THE FLOWER GIRL [hopefully] I can give you change for a tenner, 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.

WOMAN . Sixpence thrown away!

Pickering enters with an 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.

WOMAN . Oh, dear!

THE FLOWER GIRL: 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 a penny, if that's any use to you

THE FLOWER GIRL [disappointed] 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.

THE FLOWER GIRL: 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 shoes.

THE FLOWER GIRL: I take my Bible oath I never said a word--

THE NOTE TAKER : 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]. What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.

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

FLOWER GIRL: It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. [To the gentleman] Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge against 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: 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 west? You were born in the East End.

THE FLOWER GIRL [appalled] Oh, what harm is there in my leaving the East End? It weren'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!

THE FLOWER GIRL: 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.

BYSTANDER: (exclaiming) He knows all about it. Told him proper-

THE GENTLEMAN. May I ask, sir, do you do this for a living at a music hall?

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

THE FLOWER GIRL. He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE WOMAN [out of patience] What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get pneumonia if I stay in this wind any longer.

THE NOTE TAKER [to himself] Chelsea.

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: How very curious! I was brought up in Largetady Park, near Epsom.

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

WOMAN. Don't dare speak to me.

THE FLOWER GIRL [preoccupied] 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 exits*].

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

THE GENTLEMAN: 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 by 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. I can teach anyone--

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

THE NOTE TAKER [explosively] Woman: cease this horrible boo-hooing 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 the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and The Bible; and don't sit there screeching like a sick cat.

THE FLOWER GIRL [overwhelmed] 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] Garn!

THE NOTE TAKER. You see this creature with her bastard English: the English that will keep her in poverty 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: 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: Oi! 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 exits*].

HIGGINS [shocked] Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL: 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.*

HIGGINS [hearing in it the voice of God] A reminder. The voice of God rebukes me for my lack of charity. [He raises his hat; then throws a handful of money into the basket and exits].

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] Aasaaaaaaaah--ow--ooh!!!

FREDDY [*enters*] 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: Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in that taxi.

TAXI DRIVER: Y'what love?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's coal shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop!. [*She exits*]

TAXI DRIVER: Strewth.

FREDDY. Well, dash me!

M3 – My Old Man music for scene change ACT II

Next day at 11 a.m. Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street. Higgins and Pickering are copying the enunciation of 'Home' with vowel sounds.

HIGGINS Well, I think that's the whole show. Tired of listening to sounds?

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

HIGGINS [chuckling] Oh, that comes with practice.

[*Mrs. Pearce enters*] What's the matter?

MRS. PEARCE : 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 terrible, sir, really..

HIGGINS [to Pickering] Let's have her up. Show her up, Mrs. Pearce.

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

HIGGINS. This is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make

records. We'll set her talking!

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

M4 Eliza's entrance. *The flower girl enters in state.*

HIGGINS [brusquely] Why, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use: I've got all the records I want of her dialect; [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] 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 you. I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em too: make no mistake.

HIGGINS. Well!!! 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.

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

THE FLOWER GIRL [running away in terror] Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--ow--oo! [Wounded] I won't be called baggage when I've offered to pay like any lady.

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. Here I am ready to pay 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 [triumphant] Now you're talking! I thought you'd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of that money what you threw 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.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oo!

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

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

HIGGINS. What's your name?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Liza Doolittle.

M5 – Silly song

HIGGINS: Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy

PICKERING. and Bess

HIGGINS: Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy

PICKERING. and Bess

HIGGINS: 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.

'Silly Billy, Silly Sally...she sells seashells on the seashore'

LIZA: Oh will you stop being so 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. so I won't give more than a shilling for teaching me me own language. Take it or leave it.

HIGGINS: You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling as a percentage of this girl's income, it works out as 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 half of her day's income for a lesson. Half of a millionaire's income for a day would be somewhere about 60 pounds. It's enormous, by George! 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: But I ain't got sixty pounds. Oh sixty--(continues whimpering)

HIGGINS. Sit down

MRS PEARCE. Sit down

HIGGINS & MRS PEARCE: Sit down!
Eliza sits down

MRS. PEARCE. Don't cry, you silly girl. Nobody is going to touch your money.

HIGGINS. Somebody is going to touch you, with a big stick, if you don't stop snivelling. Be quiet

LIZA: 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. 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.

MRS. PEARCE. It's no use talking to her like that, Mr. Higgins: she doesn't understand you. [she takes the handkerchief].

LIZA [snatching it] Here! You give me that handkerchief. He give it to me, not 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] 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] There's more ways than one of turning a girl's head. I do hope, sir, you won't encourage him to do anything foolish.

HIGGINS [becoming excited] What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do. I shall make a duchess of this draggetailed gutter rat.

LIZA: 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.

HIGGINS. We want none of your proletarian 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 whack her.

LIZA [springing up] 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.

HIGGINS: All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl.

MRS. PEARCE. Sir, you can't take a girl up like that as if you were picking up a stone 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! No one would marry me.

HIGGINS: 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: I'm going away. He's off his head, he is. I don't want no mad man teaching me.

HIGGINS [wounded] 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: 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 off the street 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.

LIZA. I ain't got no parents.

MRS. PEARCE. Where's your mother?

LIZA. I've not 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. The girl doesn't belong to anybody--is no use to anybody but me. [to Mrs Pearce] 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: Oh you are a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever got the smell of gin from me.

PICKERING: Does it occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has some feelings?

HIGGINS: Oh no, I don't think so. Not any feelings that we need worry about. [Cheerily] Have you, Eliza?

LIZA. I got my feelings same as anyone else.

HIGGINS [to Pickering] 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 onto the street; 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. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

Eliza exits

HIGGINS [calling after her] Eliza! Have some chocolates!

M6 Chocolate eating orgy music.

LIZA [enters, tempted] How do I know what might be in them? I've heard of girls being drugged.

Higgins splits a chocolate in two and tempts her closer

HIGGINS. Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half you eat the other. [he feeds Eliza...she sits down and eats more chocolate]. You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them. You shall live on chocolate!

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. 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.

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 cannot understand 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:

M7 – military orders

Eliza: you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully. If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have 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 whacked by Mrs. Pearce with a big stick. 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 ten shillings 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 bathroom.

LIZA [*whilst exiting*] I won't let nobody whack me. I never asked to go to Bucknam Palace. I won't go near the king, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. I always been a good girl! I'm a good girl! I'm a good girl!

PICKERING. 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] Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and a tyrant. Women upset everything. So here I am unmarried at my age, a confirmed old bachelor.

PICKERING: Higgins! If I'm to be in this business, no advantage is to be taken of her.

HIGGINS. What! That thing! Pupils are sacred, I assure you.

Mrs. Pearce enters

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

MRS. PEARCE: I just wish to trouble you with a word, if I may, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS. Yes, certainly. Come in.

PICKERING. Am I in the way?

MRS. PEARCE. Not at all, sir. Mr. Higgins, 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.

HIGGINS. Oh, very well, very well. You're quite right, Mrs Pearce. 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. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE. Thank you, sir. That's all. [*She exits*].

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 like other men. And yet Mrs Pearce is firmly persuaded that I'm a dictator. 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 Phew! I say!

HIGGINS [promptly] Send the dustman up.

MRS. PEARCE. Oh, very well, sir. [*She exits*].

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

HIGGINS 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 [*enters*] Doolittle, sir.

M8 Dolittle entrance –

Alfred Doolittle enters

DOOLITTLE [uncertainly] Professor Higgins?

HIGGINS. Here. Good morning. Sit down.

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

HIGGINS [to Pickering] Brought up in Hounslow. Mother Welsh, I should think. [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? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's upstairs. Take her away at once.

DOOLITTLE [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? To take advantage of a man like this. The girl belongs to me. You got her. Where do I come in?

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?

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.

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

HIGGINS 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?

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 "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] 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 You're going to take her away, double quick. [*He 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 enters*

HIGGINS. Mrs. Pearce: this is Eliza's father. He has come to take her away. Give her to him.

Mrs Pearce exits

DOOLITTLE. No. This is a misunderstanding. Listen here-- (*he exits*)

ELIZA (*off stage*) Argh!!

Dolittle and Mrs Pearce re-enter

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*)

HIGGINS. Take your daughter. If she is stark naked, go out and buy her some clothes

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. (to Higgins) 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 exits*].

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 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?

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. 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 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?

M9 – Doolittle sadness scene

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 eat a lot more food and I drink a lot more beer. 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 labour 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. Pickering: if we were to take this man in hand for three months, he could choose between an evangelical pulpit in Wales and a seat in Parliament.

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 the 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 This is irresistible. 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. 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.

Eliza enters and walks past Alfred Doolittle, ignoring him completely. All men gasp at her beauty.

DOOLITTLE. Beg pardon, my lady.

LIZA. 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 too proud

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

MRS. PEARCE. Please, sir.

HIGGINS [correcting himself] I mean extremely silly.

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. Woolly towels, there is; Soap smelling like primroses.

PICKERING: Doolittle you have brought up a fine daughter.

DOOLITTLE. Me! I never brought her up at all, except to give her back hand now and again. She needs it.

LIZA. I'm a good girl, I am.

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 he grabs her wrist threateningly]*. 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, you do it yourself with a fist. So long, gentlemen. Afternoon, ma'am. *[He exits]*.

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. He's a disgrace to me, he is.

PICKERING. Why a disgrace, Eliza?

LIZA. He spends his days talking money out of other people's pockets and into his own. 'ere, 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 those 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. Don't call them my friends. Them market girls laughed at me often enough, and now I mean to get a bit of my own back.

MRS. PEARCE *[from offstage]* Now, Eliza! The new clothes have arrived from Harrods

LIZA. Ah--ow--oo--ooh! *[She exits]*.

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

PICKERING [with conviction] Higgins: we have.

Blackout

Higgins and Pickering are in their drawing room and Eliza is copying a voice recording

M10 Voice recording on record player

RECORDING: How Now, Brown Cow

ELIZA: (Cockney accent) How Now Brown Cow

HIGGINS: Brown Cow!

ELIZA: (Cockney) Brown Cow.

HIGGINS: No no no! It's useless

Eliza runs off stage upset. Blackout.

PICKERING. The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain

ELIZA: (Cockney) The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain

PICKERING (correcting) Rain. Rain

ELIZA: (Cockney) Rain, Rain

PICKERING AND HIGGINS. Rain, Rain.

Eliza runs off stage upset. Blackout.

Eliza enters, the two men are asleep on stage. She wakes them.

ELIZA. Oi!! (coughs) The rain in Spain stays mainly on the Brown Cow.

HIGGINS: By George! She's got it! *He runs to embrace Pickering.*

P & H: We did it, we did it, we did it!!

M11 A E I O U scene change music

ACT III

The scene change to Mrs Higgins house. Higgins enters BEFORE his mother he paces up and down with strain

Voice/ Parlous maid: Professor Higgins.

MRS. HIGGINS [dismayed howl] Henry [scolding him]! What are you doing here today? I am having a tea party: you promised not to come.

HIGGINS. Oh mother!

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. A love affair?

HIGGINS. No, not at all.

MRS. HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS. Why?

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

HIGGINS. My idea of a loveable woman is something as like you as possible. I shall never seriously like a young women: they're all idiots.

MRS. HIGGINS. Oh Henry, 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 off the street.

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

HIGGINS ; Oh, that'll be all right. I've taught her to speak properly; and she has strict orders. 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 at Buckingham Palace in six months. 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. Well that's satisfactory.

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

MRS. HIGGINS. What does that mean?

HIGGINS. You'll see,

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mrs. Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS. Oh Lord! (*hides behind sofa*).

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

MRS. HIGGINS How do you do. [*introducing*] My son Henry. Henry! (*Forcing him to reveal himself*).

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

HIGGINS [glumly, making no movement in her direction] Delighted. [*staring at her*] Found it! (*Pretending to find object on floor*) I've seen you before somewhere. I haven't the ghost of a notion where; but I've heard your voice.

MRS EYNSFORD: Really?

HIGGINS: (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. 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. Mr. Eynsford Hill.

HIGGINS. God of Heaven! another of them.

FREDDY. Ahdedo?

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

FREDDY [*to Higgins*] Ahdedo?

HIGGINS: 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.

HIGGINS. Well, here we are, anyhow! [*He sits down*] 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! *They all laugh*

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

HIGGINS. Lord forbid!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL But why?

HIGGINS. 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 to speak what we really think.

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?

MOTHER: Nothing

HIGGINS: [*To Mrs. Hill*] What do you know of science?

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL: Nothing

HIGGINS: [*Indicating Freddy*] What does you know of anything ?

FREDDY: Nothing

HIGGINS: What the Hell do you imagine I know of ..of -

MRS. HIGGINS [*warningly*] Good manners?

HIGGINS [*rising hastily and running to Mrs. Higgins*] Here she is, mother.

THE PARLOR-MAID (*offstage*): Miss Doolittle.

M12 Eliza's tea entrance.

LIZA. How do you do, Mrs. Higgins? 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?

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [impulsively] How do you do?

FREDDY: Have I had the pleasure?

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [introducing] My son Freddy.

LIZA. How do you do?

FREDDY: I do. *Freddy bows infatuated.*

HIGGINS [suddenly] Covent Garden market! [Lamentably] What a damned thing!

MRS. HIGGINS. Henry, please!

HIGGINS [sulkily] Sorry. *(All sit and sigh).*

A long and painful pause ensues. They all cough

M13 Tea Maschine

MRS. HIGGINS Tea? Henry! *[All drink tea. 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 change in the high pressure front which may bring prolonged sunshine to the 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-es, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza? She come through scarlet fever 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 spooning gin down her throat til she came to so sudden that she bit the end 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. It can't have been right for your father to pour gin down her throat like that. That 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 gin?

LIZA. Drank gin! My word! Father was drunk day and night!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL. How terrible for you!

LIZA. Not a bit. He was always more loving like when he had a drop o' gin. *[To Freddy, who is in convulsions of 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 shouldn'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 What I always say it.. *[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].*

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.

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, Professor Higgins. Good-bye, Mrs Higgins.

HIGGINS. 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

puritanical prudery! So old fashioned!

Mrs EYNSFORD: I don't want to be old fashioned Is it really nonsense?

HIGGINS [tempting her] Such damned nonsense!

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL [convulsively] Such bloody nonsense!

FREDDY: Mamma! How wonderful!

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

BOTH: Bloody wonderful! *(They exit saying goodbye)*

MRS Higgins: Oh dear me.

HIGGINS [eagerly] Well? Is Eliza presentable

MRS. HIGGINS. You silly boy, of course she's not presentable. She's a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker's; but she gives herself away in every sentence she utters. You must be perfectly mad about her.

HIGGINS [sulkily] Oh, well, if you say so.

MRS. HIGGINS :Henry will you tell me what is the exact state of things at your house? 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. And her soul, which is charming but childlike.

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

M14 – The Doll

(Eliza appears upstage on a pedestal, being tutored by Pickering).

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 started. 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 your house, something walked in with her: a problem.

(Stage image of Eliza on pedestal goes).

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

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

HIGGINS. 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!

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 HIGGINS: I do worry.

HIGGINS : Well don't. Pickering and I shall take her to the

Royal ball at Buckingham Palace. That will be delicious. What ripping fun! (Exits)

MRS. HIGGINS [rises with an impatient bounce, and exclaims] Oh, men! men!! men!!!

Pickering and Higgins as little boys appear around the edges of the flats, giggling

MRS HIGGINS: Men!

THE BALL.

M15 – This is a dance piece with no words

ACT IV – *Higgins' house late at night.*

HIGGINS. 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 enters.*

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.

HIGGINS & PICKERING. We are drunk. *(they laugh)* Champagne?

HIGGINS. 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.

HIGGINS [yawning again] Oh Lord! What an evening! What a bunch of bores! What a silly foolish ball! *[He catches sight of the slippers.]* Slippers! Oh they're here!

PICKERING [enters with Champagne] 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. Duchess Eliza foold them all, eh?

HIGGINS [fervently] Thank God it's over! *Eliza flinches violently; but they take no notice of her.*

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. It was a silly game: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come! This evening 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. 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.

HIGGINS. 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 triumph for you. Good-night. *[He exits].*

HIGGINS Good-night. 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 finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor raging).

HIGGINS [entering] What the devil have I done with my slippers?

LIZA [throwing slippers at him] 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--! 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 found me in the market? You thank God it's all over, and

that now you can throw me back again there in the dirt and the mud do you?

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

LIZA [gives a scream of fury, and 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. 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.*

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?

LIZA. No. 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. There's nothing more to worry about.

LIZA. No. Nothing more for you to worry about. Oh God! I wish I was dead.

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

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

HIGGINS. 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. What have you made me? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What am I?

HIGGINS [enlightened] Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? 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. 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 a cow; but when you're all right, you're what I should call attractive. I think my mother could find you some man or other.

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. Buying and selling! 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].

LIZA. Before you go, sir--

HIGGINS [dropping the slippers in surprise] Sir?!

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

HIGGINS What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

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

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

LIZA. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt. And 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?

LIZA. 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 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.

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, and turns on her so threateningly] 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: 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 your morning 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 intimacy on a heartless beggar.

(He exits and then is heard offstage)
DAMN!

Eliza smiles for the first time, and then becomes emotional. Exits and returns putting on a blanket. She exits the house.

SCENE CONVENT GARDEN.

M16 Blue Eliza. *Early morning Eliza is wandering the streets. She is suicidal –*

Poor woman Convent garden (Florrie): You alright love?

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

FLORRIE: Go right ahead, darling.

ELIZA Yes? (She kneels down to warm her hands)

FLORRIE: (Now leaning forward) Excuse me, do I know you?

ELIZA: No one knows me

FLORRIE: Well, early morning light playing tricks on me eyes. (offers a cup to Eliza) Cup of tea?

ELIZA: Thank you kindly (blanket falls off her shoulders as she takes the cup of tea)

FLORRIE: Cor blimey! You're a lady, you are!

ELIZA: Am I?

FLORRIE: Not half! A lady like you shouldn't be walkin' around London at this hour of the mornin'. Shall I call you a taxi cab?

ELIZA (Sadly) No thank you. I would not know where to go.

VOICEOFFSTAGE: Oi Florrie!

FLORRIE: Strewth! Four o'clock?! I gotta

get my cabbages (*exits*) Ta ra lady.

ELIZA: Goodbye. (*she sits warming over the fire*)

Singing of Roll out the Barrel is heard from the pub, then Wedding March.

BARTENDER Hope to see you tomorrow Alfred. You can have your honeymoon here at the Pig and Whistle pub.

DOOLITTLE (Grandly) Would that I could, But my wife-to-be is fixed on an honeymoon in Monte Carlo.

BARTENDER ET ALL. Oooooohhh we are posh!

DOOLITTLE. Shurrup! Here, (*He offers them money*) get yourselves a drink on me

BARTENDER: Thank you, Mr. Doolittle. You're a real gentleman. (*He exits*)

PUBGOER (offstage). Good luck at the church Alfie!

Doolittle staggers to pillar and has a drunken conversation with it.

ELIZA (noticing him) 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 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 named

Wallingford that was giving five millions to found moral reform societies, and tell him the most original moralist in England was Mr. Alfred 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 millionaire dies and leaves me four thousand pounds a year in his bloomin' will.

BARTENDER (Coming out of the pub) What are standing there for Alfred? You gotta get to the church on time!

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 to this moral millionaire?

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 money.

ELIZA He's not my precious professor.

DOOLITTLE Oh, sent you back, has he? First he shoves me in the middle-class, then he kicks you out for me to support you with my money. 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're a lady now and you can look after yourself.

ELIZA: Can I?

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

ELIZA No, thank you, Dad.

M17 – Ragtime Run (starting melancholically)

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

ELIZA (With great finality) Yes, I'm all finished here. Good luck, Dad.

Scene change into Mrs Higgins' house

Mrs. Higgins's drawing-room. Higgins bursts in. He is in a state.

HIGGINS. Mother! Mother!

MRS HIGGINS (*enters*). Yes dear

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

MRS. HIGGINS. Good-morning. [He kisses her cheek]. What is it?

HIGGINS. Eliza's bolted, run away!

MRS. HIGGINS: You must have frightened her.

HIGGINS. Frightened her! nonsense! She left last night, her bed wasn't slept in. What am I to do?

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

HIGGINS: But I can't find anything. I don't know what appointments I've got. I'm—

PICKERING [*enters*] Good-morning, Mrs. Higgins. Has Henry told you?

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

MRS. HIGGINS: You don't mean to say you have set the police after Eliza?

HIGGINS. Of course. What are the police for?

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?

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 AND PICKERING: Upstairs!!

HIGGINS [*amazed*] Then I shall fetch her downstairs.

MRS. HIGGINS: Be quiet, Henry. Sit down.

HIGGINS. I—

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

HIGGINS. Oh very well, very well, very well.

MRS HIGGINS. You too Colonel.

Pickering sits.

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.

HIGGINS [*bounding up again*] What!

MRS HIGGINS: She told me of the brutal way you two treated her.

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. Higgins: did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS. Just the other way about. She threw my slippers in my face.

PICKERING: But why? What did we do to her?

MRS. HIGGINS. I think I know pretty well what you did. When the great day of trial came, and Eliza did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two never said a word to her, but talked 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!

Eliza enters.

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. [*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. Come home; and don't be an ass.

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

HIGGINS. 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*] Colonel Pickering, will you drop me altogether now that you have ended the experiment.

PICKERING. Oh don't. You mustn't think of it as an experiment.

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 was from you that I learnt really nice manners; and that is what makes one a lady, isn't it? It was difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins 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, he doesn't mean it.

LIZA. Oh, I didn't mean it either, when I was a flower girl.

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*] But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING. What?

LIZA: Your calling me Miss Doolittle that first day. That was the beginning of self-respect for me. You see, really and truly, the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated.

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: 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; I'm leaving your house but I can't leave your language.

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

HIGGINS: Forgive! Will she, by George! Let her go. Let her find out how she can get on without her teacher. Without me at her side, she will be back on the street selling flowers for a penny.

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

M18 – Breakout. *Eliza exits. Chase sequence around the audience and scene change into Covent Garden. Chase between Eliza and Higgins.*

HIGGINS. Well, Eliza, you've had your little bit of revenge. Do you want any more?

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

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

LIZA. 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 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 don't care how you treat me. I can do without you.

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

LIZA: I know you did, you brute. You wanted to get rid of me.

HIGGINS. Liar.

LIZA. Thank you.

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

LIZA [earnestly] You'll HAVE to do without me.

HIGGINS [arrogant] I can do without anybody. But I shall miss you, Eliza. I have learnt something from your idiotic ideas. I confess that humbly. And I have grown accustomed to your voice and appearance. I rather like them.

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.

HIGGINS: Eliza, you're an idiot. I watshe the treasures of my Shakespearian mind by spreading them before you. 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 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. Oh! if I only COULD go back to my flower basket! I should be independent. Why did I give it up? I'm a slave now, for all my fine clothes.

HIGGINS. Not a bit. You could marry Pickering.

LIZA 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 I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher now.

HIGGINS [reflectively] I don't suppose Pickering would marry you.

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

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

LIZA. No I don't.

HIGGINS. Then what the Hell are we quarrelling about?

LIZA 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 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.

HIGGINS. Go back to the flower market. Work till you are more a beast than a human being. Oh it's a fine life, poverty. It's real, it's warm, it's violent. You find me cold, unfeeling, don't you? Very well, be off with you. Marry some sentimental pig with muscles and a thick 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. You think I must go back to your house because I have nowhere else to go. But don't you be too sure. I'll marry someone, anyone!

HIGGINS: 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? We are all dependent on one another.

LIZA. Well, I'm not dependent on you. I can teach. I'll go and be a teacher.

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

LIZA. I'll teach phonetics. (*turns to Man and teaches*) How, Now, Brown Cow.

HIGGINS: What! Teach my methods! my discoveries! I'll break your neck. [*He lays hands on her*].

LIZA [defiantly non-resistant] Kill me. What do I care? I knew you'd hit me some day. Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. I'll advertise it in the newspaper that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same 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, isn't it? By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this, 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 enters

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.

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

HIGGINS. Good-bye, mother. 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: Buy them yourself. [*She exits*]

MRS. HIGGINS. Never mind, dear: I'll buy you the cheese and gloves.

HIGGINS [sunnily] Oh, don't bother. Eliza will buy the gloves. Eliza will be back.

M19 The End statue sequence

Higgins takes out a chisel and hammer, and his creations appear around him.

M20 – the encore

THE END