

My fair lady

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TRANSCRIBED BY Graham (hepburn@unforgettable.com)

(Covent Garden in the evening. People are leaving the opera and heading for their taxis and cars which are pulling up outside, directed by a footman. It starts to rain torrents and all of a sudden there is a bustle as everyone rushes for shelter in the market or under the portico of St. Paul's Church whilst the street vendors in the market rush to cover their goods.)

(Two of the opera-goers are Mrs. Eynsford-Hill and her son, young Freddie Eynsford-Hill. They are hurrying out of the rain to the church.)

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(impatiently)

Freddie, go and find a cab.

(A young flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, is rushing for shelter also and almost walks into a barrow, pushed by its owner.)

BARROW BOY

(without stopping)

Sorry, lovey.

ELIZA

Get on with it, love.

(She hurries on her way.)

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(standing next to her son between two of the columns of the church)

Don't just stand there, Freddie, go and find a cab.

FREDDIE

Alright. I'm going, I'm going.

(He opens his umbrella and heads off across the street whistling for a cab, but he collides with Eliza who is rushing in the opposite direction. She falls to the ground spilling her flowers.)

ELIZA

(seeing the mess)

Ah-aw-oo. Look where you're goin, dear, look where you're goin!

FREDDIE

(bending down to help pick up her flowers)

I'm so sorry.

ELIZA

(picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket)

Two bunches o' violets trod in the mud. A full day's wages!

(Shakes her head disapprovingly at him and heads across the street towards the church.)

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(from across the street)

Freddie! Freddie! Go find a cab.

FREDDIE

Yes mother.

(He rushes off.)

ELIZA

(walks up to Freddie's mother)

Oh, e's your son, is e? Well if you'd done your duty by him as a mother should, you wouldn't let him spoil a poor girl's flowers and then run away without payin'.

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(looking out into the rain after Freddie)

Oh, go about your business, my girl.

(She walks away.)

ELIZA

And you wouldn't go on without payin' either.

(Muttering to herself as she sits down on the plinth of the column)

Two bunches o' violets trod in the mud.

(An elderly gentleman, Pickering, rushes in out of the rain,
folding his umbrella.)

PICKERING

Geor-- good heavens!

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(turning to Pickering)

Oh, sir, is there any sign of it stopping?

PICKERING

I'm afraid not. It's worse than before.

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

Oh dear.

ELIZA

(to Pickering; who puts his foot on the plinth of the column and
stoops down to attend to his wet trouser ends)

If it's worse it's a sign it's nearly over. Cheer up cap'n; buy a
flower off a poor girl.

PICKERING

I'm sorry I haven't any change.

ELIZA

Oh, I can change half a crown.

(She eagerly holds up some flowers to him)

'Ere, take this for tuppence.

PICKERING

I told you, I'm awfully sorry I haven't--oh wait a minute

(tries his pockets.)

Oh, yes, here's three haypennies, if that's any use to you.

(He walks away.)

ELIZA

(disappointed; drying the money on her coat)

Thank you, sir.

BYSTANDER 1

(approaches from behind the column)

'Ere, you be careful: better give him a flower for it. There's a bloke

'ere, behind that pillar, takin' down ev'ry blessed word you're

sayin'.

(He walks off.)

ELIZA

(leans around pillar curiously, then springs up terrified)

I ain't done nothin' wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right

to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb.

(Hysterically)

I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him 'cept so far

as to buy a flower off me.

(Various bystanders, roused by her outburst, are curious as to

what the fuss is about and begin to gather round.)

BYSTANDER 2

What's all the bit of a noise?

BYSTANDER 3

'S a tec takin 'er down.

ELIZA

(some bytanders act sympathetic to Eliza who is defending herself)

Well I'm makin an honest livin'!

(There are further words of:)

What's all that shouting? Where's it coming from?, etc.

ELIZA

(sees Pickering and turns to him for support, crying wildly)

Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. He dunno what it means to me.

They'll take away me character and drive me on the streets for speakin' t' gentleman!

HIGGINS

(Professor Higgins appears from around the pillar)

There, there, there, there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

ELIZA

On my Bible oath I never spoke a word--

HIGGINS

Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

ELIZA

(suspicious at this stranger)

Then what d'ya take down me words for? How do I know y' took me down right? You just show me what you wrote about me.

(Higgins opens up his book and holds it steadily under her nose.)

ELIZA

Oh-ow-oo.

(We see it contains strange shorthand symbols)

What's that? That ain't proper writin'. I can't read it.

HIGGINS

I can.

(He reads from the book, tracing the words with his pen for her, and reproducing her pronunciation precisely)

"I say, cap'n; n' baw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

ELIZA

Oh, it's cause I called 'im cap'n.

(To Pickering and much distressed)

I meant no harm. Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge against me for a word like that!

PICKERING

(calming her)

Charge? I'll make no charge.

(To Higgins, who has started taking down notes again)

Really, sir, if you are a detective you needn't begin protecting me against molestation from young women until I ask for it. Anyone can tell the girl meant no harm.

BYSTANDER 2

'E ain't no tec, he's a gentleman: look at 'is boots.

HIGGINS

(without looking up at the bystander)

How are all your people down at Selsey?

BYSTANDER 2

Who told you my people come from Selsey?

HIGGINS

(smugly, continuing to take notes)

Never mind; they do.

(To the girl)

How did you come to be so far east?

(Inspecting his notes)

You were born in Lisson Grove.

ELIZA

(appalled)

Oooh, what 'arm is my in leavin' Lisson Grove? It weren't fit for pigs
to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six.

(She bursts into tears.)

HIGGINS

(walking away, appalled)

Oh, live where you like but stop that noise.

PICKERING

Come, come! he can't touch you: you've a right to live where you
please.

ELIZA

I'm a good girl, I am!

PICKERING

Yes, yes.

BYSTANDER 2

(to Higgins)

Where do

(I)

come from?

HIGGINS

Hoxton.

BYSTANDER 2

Well, who said I didn't? Blimey, you know ev'ryfink, you do!

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(she approaches this bystander)

You, sir, do you think you could find me a taxi?

HIGGINS

(looking at the sky)

I don't know whether you've noticed it madam but it's stopped raining.

You can get a motorbus to Hampton Court.

(Turning to her directly)

Well that's where you live, isn't it?

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

(to Higgins, who has already started walking away)

What impertinence!

BYSTANDER 1

(to Higgins)

'Ere, tell him where 'e comes from 'f ya wanna go fortune-tellin'.

HIGGINS

(thoughtfully)

Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and er--

(glances at his notes)

--India?

PICKERING

Quite right!

BYSTANDER 1

Blimey. 'E ain't a tec, he's a bloomin' busy-body. That's what 'e is.

PICKERING

If I may ask, sir, do you do this sort of thing for a living, in a music hall?

HIGGINS

Well I have thought of it. Perhaps I will one day.

ELIZA

He's no gentleman; he ain't interfere with a poor girl.

PICKERING

How do you do it, may I ask?

HIGGINS

Simple phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession: also my hobby. Anyone can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his brogue, but I can place a man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

ELIZA

(speaking up from her resumed position sitting on the plinth)

Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

PICKERING

Is there a living in that?

HIGGINS

Oh yes. Quite a fat one.

ELIZA

Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl--

HIGGINS

(explosively)

Woman: cease this detestable boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

ELIZA

(with feeble defiance)

I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

HIGGINS

A woman who utters such disgusting and depressing noise 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 Milton and The Bible; don't sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon.

ELIZA

(indignant)

Ah-ah-aw-aw-oo-oo!

HIGGINS

Look at her: a prisoner of the gutter,

Condemned by every syllable she utters,

By right she should be taken out and hung,
For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue.

ELIZA

(very indignant)

Ah-ah-aw-aw-oo-oo!

HIGGINS

(whipping out his book)

"Ah-ah-aw-aw-oo-oo" Heavens! what a sound!

HIGGINS

This is what the British population,
Calls an elementary education.

PICKERING

Come, sir; I think you picked a poor example.

HIGGINS

Did I...?

HIGGINS

Hear them down in Soho Square,
Dropping "h"s everywhere,
Speaking English anyway they like.

You sir: did you go to school?

(sitting down beside a bystander)

A BYSTANDER

What d'ya tike me faw, a fool?

HIGGINS

Well, no one taught him "take" instead if "tike".

Hear a Yorkshireman, or worse,

Hear a Cornishman converse;

They'd rather hear a choir singing flat.

Chickens, cackling in a barn;

Just like this one.

(He points to Eliza.)

ELIZA

(laughingly)

Garn!

HIGGINS

(noting in his book)

"Garn"--I ask you, sir: what sort of word is that?

HIGGINS

It's "ow" and "garn" that keep her in her place,

Not her wretched clothes and dirty face.

Why can't the English teach their children how to speak?

This verbal class distinction, by now, should be antique.

If you spoke as she does, sir, instead of the way you do,

Why you might be selling flowers too.

PICKERING

(not sure what to make of this)

I beg your pardon.

(Higgins walks over to the coffee stand.)

HIGGINS

An Englishman's way of speaking absolutely classifies him.

The moment he talks, he makes some other Englishman despise him.

One common language I'm afraid we'll never get.

Oh why can't the English learn to--

(paying for his coffee)

Set a good example to people, who's English, is painful to your ears.

The Scotch and the Irish leave you close to tears!

There are even places where English completely disappears,

(receives his change)

Why, in America they haven't used it for years.

(The bystanders laugh.)

Why can't the English teach their children how to speak?

Norwegians learn Norwegian; the Greeks are taught their Greek.

In France every Frenchman knows his language from "A" to "Zed"--

The French don't care what they do, actually, as long as they
pronounce it properly.

(Chuckles from the bystanders.)

(Higgins sits next to Eliza on the plinth with his coffee.)

HIGGINS

Arabians learn Arabian with the speed of summer lightning.

The Hebrews learn it backwards which is absolutely frightening.

Use proper English, you're regarded as a freak.

Oh why can't the English--

Why can't the English learn to speak?

HIGGINS

(to a bystander; handing his cup to him)

Thank you.

(Turning to Pickering)

You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that will keep her in the gutter till the end of her days. Well, sir, in six months I could pass her off as a duchess at an embassy ball. I could even get her a job as a lady's maid or a shop assistant, which requires better English.

ELIZA

(curiously)

'Ere, what's that you say?

HIGGINS

Yes, you squashed cabbage leaf. You disgrace to the noble architecture of these columns! You incarnate insult to the English language! I

could pass you off as, er, the Queen of Sheba.

ELIZA

(laughing)

Ah-how-ow!

(To Pickering)

You don't believe that, cap'n?

PICKERING

Anything's possible. I myself am a student of Indian dialects.

HIGGINS

(eagerly)

Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of Spoken Sanscrit?

PICKERING

I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

HIGGINS

I'm 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

(shaking Higgins's hand)

Higgins!

HIGGINS

Pickering!

(They both laugh.)

Pickering, where are you staying?

PICKERING

At the Carlton.

HIGGINS

No you're not: you're staying at 27A Wimpole Street! You come along with me; we'll have a little jaw over supper.

PICKERING

Right you are.

(They turn and walk away.)

HIGGINS

Indian dialects have always fascinated me.

ELIZA

(Eliza stands and approaches them, presenting a flower eagerly to

Higgins)

Buy a flower, kind sir. I'm short for me lodging.

HIGGINS

(stopping to answer her)

Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

ELIZA

(shouting to Higgins as they walk away)

You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought! Here, take the 'ole
bloomin' basket for sixpence!

(She kicks the basket at Higgins.)

(The church clock strikes. The street is now largely empty,
except for some vendors finishing up in the market.)

HIGGINS

(Hearing the church bell he turns and raises his hat solemnly)

A reminder.

(He then drops a handful of money into the basket and continues
on with Pickering.)

HIGGINS

How many are there actually?

PICKERING

How many what?

HIGGINS

Er, Indian dialects.

PICKERING

No fewer than a hundred and fourty seven distinct languages are
recorded as vernacular.

(They disappear down the street.)

ELIZA

(picking up the coins)

Aaah-ow-oo!

(Counting them in her hand)

Aaaaaah-ow-oh!!

(Eliza turns to watch Higgins as he walks away, confused by his
apparent change in personality.)

COCKNEY 1

Shouldn't we stand up, gentleman: we've got a bloomin' heiress in our
midst.

COCKNEY 2

Would you be lookin' for a good butler Eliza?

ELIZA

Well you won't do.

(The vendors laugh.)

COCKNEY 3

It's rather dull in town,

I think I'll take me to Paree.

COCKNEY 1

The missus wants to open up the castle in Capri.

COCKNEY 2

Me doctor recommends a quiet summer by the sea.

CHORUS

Mmmm-mmm.

Mmmm-mmm.

Wouldn't it be lovely?

COCKNEY 1

Where're y' bound for this year, Eliza: Biarritz?

ELIZA

All I want is a room somewhere;

Far away from the cold night air.

With one enormous chair;

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

Lots of choc'late for me to eat;

Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;

Warm face, warm 'ands, warm feet,

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still!

I would never budge 'til Spring crep over me winder sill.

Someone's head restin' on my knee;

Warm and tender as he can be,

Who takes good care of me;

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

Lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely.

CHORUS

All I want is a room somewhere;
Far away from the cold night air.
With one enormous chair;

ELIZA

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?
Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
Warm face, warm 'ands, warm feet,
Oh wouldn't it be lovely?
Oh, so lovely sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still!
I would never budge 'till Spring crep over me winder sill.

CHORUS

Someone's head restin' on my knee;
Warm and tender as he can be,

ELIZA

Who takes good care of me;
Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

CHORUS

Lovely,

ELIZA

Lovely,

CHORUS

Loverly.

ELIZA

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

CHORUS

Loverly,

ELIZA

Loverly,

CHORUS

Loverly.

Wouldn't it be lovely?

(The vendors wave goodbye to Eliza as she is carried away on a horse-drawn cart.)

(Covent Garden the next day just before 5.00 a.m. It is deserted except for three scruffy-looking gentlemen milling around by the columns of the church. These are Eliza's father, Alfred P.

Doolittle, and his two friends: Jamie and Harry.)

JAMIE

Come on Alfie, let's go home now; this place is givin' me the willies.

DOOLITTLE

Home! What d'ya wanna go home for? It nearly five o'clock: my daughter

Eliza'll be along soon. She oughtta be good for half-a-crown for her father what loves 'er!

HARRY

Loves 'er? That's a laugh! You ain't bin near 'er for months.

DOOLITTLE

What's that got to do with it? What's half-a-crown after all I've give her?

JAMIE

When did you ever give her anythink?

DOOLITTLE

Anythin'? I give 'er everythin'; I give 'er the greatest gift a human being can give to another: life! I introduced 'er to this 'ere planet I did, with all its wonders and marvels. The sun that shines; the moon that glows; Hyde Park to walk through on a fine spring night. The whole ruddy city o' London to roam around in, sellin' 'er blimmin flowers. I give 'er all that; then I disappears and leaves 'er on 'er own to enjoy it. Now, if that ain't worth half-a-crown now and then, I'll take my belt orf and give 'er what for!

JAMIE

You've got a good 'art Alfie, but you want half-a-crown out of Eliza you better have a good story to go with it.

DOOLITTLE

(eyeing someone propped up on a cart, asleep)

Leave that to me my boy.

(Cheerily; to the person on the cart)

Good mornin', George.

GEORGE

(without opening his eyes)

Not a brass farthing.

DOOLITTLE

(unphased, he winks to his friends who follow him over to the nearby pub where the barman is cleaning the windows on the inside)

Good mornin', Algernon.

BARTENDER

(harshly; slamming the pub door)

No brass farthing!

(The men turn to watch people--pedestrians, and various people carrying or carting goods--filling the Square. Soon all is a bustle of activity in the market as the working day begins.)

DOOLITTLE

(eyeing the crowd, he spots someone)

There she is.

(He walks to her and taps her on the shoulder)

Why, Eliza: what a surprise!

COCKNEY WOMAN

(she turns around; laughing)

Hop along, Charlie; you're too old for me!

HARRY

Don't know your own daughter, Alfie?

JAMIE

How you gonna find 'er if you don't know what she looks like?

DOOLITTLE

I know 'er, I know 'er! Come on, I'll find 'er.

(They make their way over to the flower sellers. He sees Eliza, who is hunched over her basket, sorting through some flowers.)

DOOLITTLE

(in his most genial voice)

Eliza, what a surprise!

ELIZA

(without looking up from her work)

Not a brass farthing.

DOOLITTLE

(harshly; pulling her up by the arm)

Hey! 'Ere-- you come 'ere, Eliza!

ELIZA

Oi!

(Shakes herself free)

Y'ain't gonna take me 'ard-earned wages and pass 'em on to a bloody
pub-keeper!

(She walks away.)

DOOLITTLE

(flabbergasted)

Cor.

(He regathers himself and winks to his friends to follow him. He
approaches Eliza again and sits down beside her as she busies
herself with her flowers.)

Eliza: you wouldn't 'ave the 'art to send me home to your stepmother
without a drop o' liquid protection, now, would ya?

ELIZA

(without looking up)

Stepmother indeed.

DOOLITTLE

Well, I'm willin' to marry 'er. It's me that suffers by it. I'm a
slave to that woman Eliza; just because I ain't 'er "lawful husband".

(He puts his arm around her)

Ah, come on; slip your old dad just half-a-crown to go home on.

ELIZA

Well, I had a bit o' luck meself last night, so 'ere.

(She gives him a coin.)

But don't keep coming around counting half crowns from me!

DOOLITTLE

(to her back as she leaves)

Thank you, Eliza; you're a noble daughter.

(He tries to stand on his feet but it takes his friends' help to pull him up)

Beer, beer, g l o r i o u s beer. Fill yourself right up!

(Eliza walks over by a group of workers sitting around in a circle, shelling peas. She playfully steals some out of someone's basket. As she eats, Eliza hears the church bells--"a reminder":)

"You see this creature with her kerbstone English: the English that'll keep her in the gutter till the end of her days ... in six months I could pass her off as a duchess at an Embassy ball ... I could even get her a job as a lady's maid, or a shop assistant, which requires better English ..."

(She walks over to the pillars of the church.)

"You disgrace to the noble architecture of these columns!"

(She sits down on the plinth of the column.)

"I could even get her a job as a lady's maid, or a shop assistant, which requires better English."

(Eliza stands up by the pillar, thoughtfully.)

(Later that morning at Higgins's study in Wimpole Street. The study is on the ground floor of the house and has a stairwell leading up to a top encircling level containing the library.)

(Higgins and Pickering are studying sounds. Pickering is seated next to a desk covered in phonetics apparatus and, on his other side, a chart, containing strange symbols. On a small table opposite him is a phonograph and a rack full of many tuning forks of different sizes.

Higgins takes a tuning fork from the rack and makes it resound by striking it on the desk. He runs through different sounds to the pitch of the tuning fork while Pickering takes notes.)

HIGGINS

Aaaa-eeee-eeuu-aaaa. Now how many vowel sounds do you think you've heard altogether?

PICKERING

(looking at his notes)

I believe I counted twenty-four.

HIGGINS

Wrong by a hundred.

PICKERING

What?

HIGGINS

To be exact you heard a hundred and thirty. Now listen to them one at a time.

(He rolls up the chart hanging from the mechanism revealing another behind it.)

PICKERING

Must I? I'm really quite done up for one morning.

(Higgins turns on the phonograph. It emits similar sounds as what Higgins just pronounced only more slowly. They both listen intently: Higgins pointing to the chart while Pickering compares his notes.)

(Whilst they continue, outside in the hall the butler answers the door. It is Eliza.)

BUTLER

Your name, please?

(Eliza, unfamiliar with this procedure simply looks at him)

Your name, miss?

ELIZA

My name is of no concern to you whatsoever.

(She walks through past the butler, oblivious to protocol.)

BUTLER

(quickly overtaking her in the hall before she goes any further)

One moment please.

(He leaves.)

(A maid is cleaning nearby and stops, staring at Eliza.)

ELIZA

(seeing that it is her dirty face the maid is staring at she

walks over to a nearby mirror, wiping her face)

Oh, London is gettin' so dirty these days.

(In the reflection she notices Mrs. Pearce behind her.)

MRS PEARCE

I'm Mrs Pearce, the housekeeper. Can I help you?

ELIZA

Oh good morning, missus. I'd like to see the professor, please.

MRS PEARCE

Could you tell me what it's about?

ELIZA

It's business of a personal nature.

MRS PEARCE

Oh. One moment please.

(Mrs. Pearce enters the study nearby. Eliza can hear the strange

sounds from the phonograph and listens curiously outside.)

MRS PEARCE

Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS

(looking up from the chart he and Pickering are studying)

What is it Mrs Pearce?

MRS PEARCE

(speaking over the noise of the phonograph)

There's a young woman who wants to see you, sir.

HIGGINS

A young woman!

(He reaches over and turns off the phonograph)

What does she want?

MRS PEARCE

Well, 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

Has she an interesting accent?

MRS PEARCE

Simply ghastly, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS

Good. Let's have her in. Show her in, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS PEARCE

(only half resigned to it)

Very well, sir. It's for you to say.

HIGGINS

You know, this is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make records. We'll set her talking; and then I'll take her down

(points to the chart)

first in Bell's Visible Speech, then in broad Romic;

(walking over to his main desk at the other side of the room)

and then we'll get her on the phonograph so that you can turn her on whenever you want with the written transcript before you.

(He switches on the other phonograph on his desk to record.)

MRS PEARCE

(entering with Eliza behind her)

This is the young woman, sir.

ELIZA

Good mornin' my good man. Might I have the pleasure of a word with your--

HIGGINS

(brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment)

Oh no, no, no. 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; I'm not going to waste another cylinder on that.

(To Eliza, without looking at her; walking over to the other side of the room)

Now be off with you, I don't want you.

(He starts putting away the phonograph.)

ELIZA

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?

ELIZA

Oh, we are proud! Well he ain't above givin' lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS

Good enough for what?

ELIZA

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

W e l l ! And what do you expect me to say?

ELIZA

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 just throw her out of the window?

ELIZA

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

(Wounded and whimpering)

I won't be called a baggage; not when I've offered to pay like any lady.

PICKERING

(gently)

What do you want, my girl?

ELIZA

I want to be a lady in a flower shop 'stead of sellin' at the corner o' Tottenham Court Road. 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 favour--and he treats me as if I was dirt.

(Turning to Higgins)

I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS

How much?

ELIZA

(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 in, hadn't you, eh?

HIGGINS

(peremptorily)

Sit down.

ELIZA

Oh, well, if you're going to make a compliment of it?

HIGGINS

(thundering at her)

Sit down!

MRS PEARCE

(severely)

Sit down, girl. Do as you're told.

(She points to a chair, and stands behind it waiting for her to sit down.)

ELIZA

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

(She stands, half rebellious, half bewildered.)

PICKERING

What's your name?

ELIZA

Eliza Doolittle.

PICKERING

(very courteous)

Won't you sit down, Miss Doolittle?

ELIZA

(coyly)

Oh. I don't mind if I do.

(She sits.)

HIGGINS

Now,

(he motions to Pickering that the phonograph is recording and

sits down at his desk with his notebook ready)

how much do you propose to pay me for these lessons?

ELIZA

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 the same for teachin' me my own language as you would for French; so I won't give more than a shillin'. Take it or

leave it.

HIGGINS

(he pauses; then rises thoughtfully)

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 of erm... sixty or seventy pounds for a millionaire. By George, it's enormous! it's the biggest offer I ever had.

ELIZA

(rising, terrified)

Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? Where would I get sixty pounds? I never offered you sixty pounds.

HIGGINS

Hold your tongue.

ELIZA

(weeping)

But I ain't got sixty pounds. Oh-ho--

MRS PEARCE

Oh 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.

(Sharply)

Sit down.

ELIZA

(sitting down)

Anyone would think you was my father.

HIGGINS

If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Oh,

here

(he offers her his silk handkerchief.)

ELIZA

What's this for?

HIGGINS

To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. And remember: that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve; and don't confuse the one with the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

MRS PEARCE

It's no use to talk to her like that, Mr. Higgins: she doesn't understand you

(she takes the handkerchief off Eliza.)

ELIZA

(snatching it)

Here, give that handkerchief to me! He give it to me, not to you.

PICKERING

Higgins: I'm interested. What about your boast that you could pass her off as a duchess at the Embassy Ball, eh? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment that you can't do it. I'll even pay for the lessons.

ELIZA

Oh you're real good. Thank you, cap'n.

HIGGINS

(tempted, looking at her)

You know: it's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low. So horribly dirty.

ELIZA

(protesting extremely)

I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands before I come, I did.

HIGGINS

I'll take it! I'll make a duchess of this draggled-tailed guttersnipe.

ELIZA

(strongly deprecating this view of her)

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

HIGGINS

(carried away)

We'll start today: now! this moment! Take her away, Mrs. Pearce, and

clean her. Sandpaper, if it won't come off any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS PEARCE

(protesting)

Yes, but--

HIGGINS

(storming on)

Take all her clothes off and burn them and ring up and order new ones.

Just wrap her in brown paper till they come.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

We want none of your slum prudery here, young woman. You've got to learn to behave like a duchess. Now take her away, Mrs. Pearce, and if she gives you any trouble wallop her.

ELIZA

(springing up and running behind Mrs. Pearce for protection)

I'll call the police, I will!

MRS PEARCE

But I've no place to put her.

HIGGINS

Well put her in the dustbin.

ELIZA

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

PICKERING

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

(with complete innocence)

I walk over everybody! My dear Mrs. Pearce, my dear Pickering, I'd no intention of walking over anybody. I merely suggested that we should be kind to this poor girl. I didn't express myself clearly because I didn't wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours.

MRS PEARCE

But sir, 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.

ELIZA

Garn!

HIGGINS

There! As the girl very properly says, "Garn!"

ELIZA

Who'd marry me?

HIGGINS

(turning on his most impressive elocutionary style)

By George, Eliza, the streets will be strewn with the bodies of men shooting themselves for your sake before I've done with you.

ELIZA

(rising)

'Ere, I'm goin'. He's off his chump, he is. I don't want no balmies teaching me.

HIGGINS

Oh mad, am I? All right, Mrs. Pearce: don't ring up and order those new clothes.

(Deftly retrieving the handkerchief from Eliza on her way to the door)

Throw her out.

MRS PEARCE

Stop, Mr Higgins. I won't allow it. Go home to your parents, girl.

ELIZA

I ain't got no parents.

HIGGINS

(impatiently)

Well, there you are, she ain't got no parents. What's all the fuss about? Nobody wants her--she's no use to anybody but me--so take her upstairs.

MRS PEARCE

But what's to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Oh do be sensible, sir.

HIGGINS

What would she do with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

ELIZA

Oh you are a brute. It's a lie: nobody ever saw the sign of liquor on me.

(To Pickering)

Oh sir, you're a gentleman: don't let him speak to me like that.

PICKERING

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

HIGGINS

Oh no, I don't think so. No feelings that we should worry about.

(Turning to face her)

Well have you, Eliza?

ELIZA

I got me feelings same as anyone else.

MRS PEARCE

Mr. Higgins: I must know on what terms the girl is to be here. What is to become of her when you've finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little, sir.

HIGGINS

What's to become of her if we leave her in the gutter? Answer me that, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS PEARCE

That's her own business, not yours, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS

When I've done with her, we'll throw her back in the gutter; and then it will be her own business again; that'll be alright won't it?

ELIZA

You've no feeling heart in you: you don't care for nothing but yourself. Here! I've had enough of this. I'm going, I am
(making for the door.)

You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

HIGGINS

(snatching a tray from the piano, holding them up to her)

Have some chocolates, Eliza.

ELIZA

(halfway through the door she turns, tempted)

How do I know what might be in them? I've heard of girls being drugged
by the like of you.

(Higgins takes a chocolate and breaks it in two.)

HIGGINS

Pledge of good faith. I'll take one half

(he pops half in his mouth:)

and you take the other.

(Eliza opens her mouth to retort but he pops the half chocolate
into it.)

There are boxes of them, barrels of them, every day. You'll live on
them, eh?

ELIZA

(finishes chewing)

I wouldn't have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my
mouth.

HIGGINS

Think of it, Eliza. Think of chocolates,

(takes her hand and heads for the stairs in the hallway)

and taxis, and gold, and diamonds!

ELIZA

(pulling free of him)

Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow! I don't want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a good girl,
I am.

PICKERING

Higgins: I really must interfere. Mrs. Pearce is quite right. If this
girl is going to put herself in your hands for six months for an
experiment in teaching, she must understand thoroughly what she's
doing.

HIGGINS

(acknowledging, thoughtfully)

Hmmm.

(He turns to her)

Eliza: you are to stay here for the next six months learning how to
speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist shop. If you're good and
do whatever you are told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, have
lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis. But
if you are naughty and idle you shall sleep in the back kitchen
amongst the black beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a
broomstick. At the end of six months you shall be taken to Buckingham

Palace in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out that you are not a lady, the police will take you to the Tower of London, where your head will be cut off as a warning to other presumptuous flower girls

(Eliza looks up at him terrified.)

But if you are not found out, you shall have a present of seven-and-six to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you.

(Seeing by Eliza's reaction that she has understood every word he turns to Pickering, his former tone instantly changed to one of good humour)

Now are you satisfied, Pickering?

PICKERING

I don't understand a word you're talking about.

HIGGINS

(To Mrs. Pearce)

Well, could I put it more plainly or fairly, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS PEARCE

(half-resigned to it she follows his instruction)

Come with me, Eliza.

HIGGINS

That's right, Mrs. Pearce. Bundle her off to the bathroom.

ELIZA

(led by Mrs. Pearce up the stairs)

You're a great bully, you are. I won't stay here if I don't like and I won't let nobody wallop me.

MRS PEARCE

Don't answer back, girl.

ELIZA

If I'd known what I would've let myself in for I wouldn't come here.

I've always been a good girl, I have, and I won't be put upon.

(They disappear up the stairs.)

HIGGINS

(to Pickering, on their way back to the study)

In six months--in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue--I'll take her anywhere and I'll pass her off as anything. I'll make a queen of that barbarous wretch.

(A maid runs a bath in the bathroom adjoining Eliza's new bedroom. Mrs. Pearce and Eliza are making their way up the stairs.)

ELIZA

I've never had a bath in me life; not what you'd call a proper one.

MRS PEARCE

You know, you can't be a nice girl inside if you're dirty outside.

I'll have to put you in here. This will be your bedroom.

ELIZA

(looks about the room in awe)

Oh, couldn't sleep here missus; it's too good for the likes of me. I

shall be afraid to touch anything. I ain't a duchess yet, you know.

(She sees the room a maid is leaving and notices a tub inside,

full of water, with steam pouring from it)

Oooh! what's this? This where you wash clothes?

MRS PEARCE

(rolling up her sleeves)

This is where we wash ourselves Eliza; and where I'm going to wash you.

ELIZA

You expect me to get into that and wet meself all over? Not me!

(Two maids enter the room followed by Mrs. Pearce who shuts the door emphatically behind her. Eliza sees with unbelief what is going to happen.)

I shall catch me death.

MRS PEARCE

Come along now; come along; take your clothes off.

(Seeing no reaction from Eliza)

Come on girl, do as you're told: take your clothes off.

(Realising that Eliza clearly isn't interested)

Here, come on, girls...

ELIZA

(shrieking as they proceed to clutch at her clothing)

Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow! Get your hands off me! No! I won't! Let go of me! I'm a good girl I am! It ain't right! It ain't decent! I'm a good girl I am!

(Higgins is looking at a book in the library overlooking the floor of the study from where he can hear the commotion in the bathroom. Curiously, he opens the door which connects to the second floor hallway and sees the two maids carrying off Eliza's things. He then returns to his work in the study.)

PICKERING

(looking up to Higgins above)

Higgins, forgive the bluntness, but if I'm to be in this business I shall feel responsible for the girl. I hope it's clearly understood that no advantage is to be taken of her position.

HIGGINS

What! That thing? Sacred, I assure you.

PICKERING

Come now, Higgins, you know what I mean. This is no trifling matter.

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

Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let any woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a damned nuisance. And I find that the moment that I make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so.

HIGGINS

Well after all, Pickering,
I'm an ordinary man,
who desires nothing more than just an ordinary chance,
to live exactly as he likes, and do precisely what he wants...

An average man am I, of no eccentric whim,
Who likes to live his life, free of strife,
doing whatever he thinks is best for him,
Well... just an ordinary man...

BUT, let a woman in your life

and your serenity is through,
she'll redecorate your home,
from the cellar to the dome,
and then go to the enthralling fun of overhauling you...

Let a woman in your life,
and you're up against a wall,
make a plan and you will find,
she has something else in mind,
and so rather than do either you do something else that neither likes
at all.

You want to talk of Keats or Milton, she only wants to talk of love,
You go to see a play or ballet, and spend it searching for her glove,
Let a woman in your life and you invite eternal strife,
Let them buy their wedding bands for those anxious little hands...
I'd be equally as willing for a dentist to be drilling than to ever
let

a woman in my life.

I'm a very gentle man,
even-tempered and good-natured whom you never hear complain,
Who has the milk of human kindness by the quart in every vein,
A patient man am I, down to my fingertips,
The sort who never could, ever would, let an insulting remark escape

his lips.

A very gentle man.

BUT, let a woman in your life, and patience hasn't got a chance.

She will beg you for advice,

your reply will be concise, and she'll listen very nicely,

and go out and do precisely what she wants!

You are a man of grace and polish who never spoke above a hush,

now all at once you're using language that would a sailor blush,

Let a woman in your life, and you're plunging in a knife,

Let the others of my sex, tie the knot around their necks,

I'd prefer a new edition of the Spanish Inquisition than to ever let a
woman in my life.

I'm a quiet living man,

who prefers to spend the evenings in the silence of his room,

who likes an atmosphere as restful as an undiscovered tomb,

A pensive man am I, of philosophic joys,

who likes to meditate, comtemplate, free from humanity's mad inhuman
noise,

A quiet living man.

BUT, let a woman in your life, and your sabbatical is through,

in a line that never ends come an army of her friends,

come to jabber, and to chatter, and to tell her what the matter is

with YOU!

She'll have a booming boisterous family,

who will descend on you en mass,

She'll have a large wagnerian mother, with a voice that shatters
glass.

Let a woman in your life, let a woman in your life,

I shall never let a woman in my life.

(Covent Garden a little later and Doolittle and his friends are
being thrown out of the pub. The other patrons, amused by this,
look on from the inside.)

BARTENDER

(as he throws the two out the pub)

Get out of here!

(The two land on their backsides in front of the door. To
Doolittle, who he shows out)

Come on Doolittle, and remember: better to be paid for or not drunk.

(Snatches the pint that Alfred is holding in his hand.)

DOOLITTLE

Ha-ha! Thanks for your hospitality George. Send the bill to Buckingham
Palace

(the patrons laugh. To his friends)

Come on.

JAMIE

Eh Alfie, there's nothin' else to do. I guess it's back to work.

DOOLITTLE

What! Don't you dare mention that word in my presence again. Look at
all these poor blighters down here

(he points to some workers digging a drain.)

I used to do that sort of thing once, just for exercise. Not worth it:
takes up your whole day. Ah don't worry boys, we'll get out of this
somehow.

HARRY

How do you think you're going to do that, Alfie?

DOOLITTLE

Same as always: faith, hope, and a little bit o' luck.

DOOLITTLE

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron,

So he could do his job and never shirk.

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron but

With a little bit o' luck,

With a little bit o' luck,

Someone else'll do the blinkin' work!

THE THREE

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' luck you'll never work.

DOOLITTLE

The Lord above made liquor for temptation,

To see if man could turn away from sin.

The Lord above made liquor for temptation but

With a little bit o' luck

With a little bit o' luck,

When temptation comes you'll give right in!

THE THREE

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' luck you'll give right in.

DOOLITTLE

Oh you can walk the straight and narrow

But with a little bit o' luck you'll run amuck.

The gentle sex was made for man to marry,

To share his nest and see his food is cooked.

The gentle sex was made for man to marry but

With a little bit o' luck,

With a little bit o' luck,

You can it have it all and not get hooked!

THE THREE

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' luck you won't get hooked.

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' bloomin' luck.

DOOLITTLE

They're always throwin goodness at you,

But with a little bit o' luck a man can duck.

The Lord above made man to help his neighbour,

No matter where: on land or sea or foam.

The Lord above made man to help his neighbour but

With a little bit o' luck,

With a little bit o' luck,

When he comes around you won't be home!

JAMIE & HARRY

(as Alfred marches with a line of suffragettes passing by)

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' luck you won't get home.

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' bloomin' luck.

(As Alfred finishes, there are cheers and shouts from the crowd:)

You'll make a good suffragette, etc.

(An old cockney woman calls to Doolittle as he walks past.)

OLD COCKNEY WOMAN

(calling out from her basement-level window)

Ah! Why here's the lucky man now: the honourable Alfie Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE

(he stoops down to talk to her)

What are you doin' in Eliza's house?

OLD COCKNEY WOMAN

Her former residence--ha! You can buy your own things now, Alfie

Doolittle: fallen into a tub of money, you have.

DOOLITTLE

What are you talkin' about?

OLD COCKNEY WOMAN

Your daughter, Eliza. Oh you're lucky man, Alfie Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE

Well, what about Eliza?

OLD COCKNEY WOMAN

(to various bystanders listening with interest)

Ah! He don't know. Her own father and he don't know

(the bystanders laugh)

Moved in with a swell, Eliza has. Left here in a taxi all by herself

smart as paint and ain't been home for three days.

DOOLITTLE

Go on.

OLD COCKNEY WOMAN

Then this morning I gets a message from her: she wants her things sent over to 27A Wimpole Street, care of Professor Higgins

(laughs.)

And what things does she want? Her birdcage, and a Chinese fan. But, she says

(mysteriously:)

"never mind about sending any clothes".

(She and the bystanders, laugh.)

DOOLITTLE

(laughing)

I knew she had a career in front of her. Harry-boy: we're in for a booze-up. The sun is shining on Alfred P. Doolittle!

DOOLITTLE

A man was made to help support his children,

Which is the right and proper thing to do.

A man was made to help support his children but

With a little bit o' luck,

With a little bit o' luck,

They'll go out and start supporting you!

THE THREE

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' luck they'll work for you.

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' bloomin' luck.

DOOLITTLE

Oh it's a crime for man to go philanderin',

And fill his wife's poor heart with grief and doubt.

Oh it's a crime for man to go philanderin' but

With a little bit o' luck,

With a little bit o' luck,

You can see the bloodhound don't find out!

THE THREE

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' luck she won't find out.

With a little bit...with a little bit...

With a little bit o' bloomin' luck,

With a little bit o' bloomin' luck.

(Later on that day at Higgins's house. Higgins is in the hallway carrying some books to the study and is intercepted by Mrs.

Pearce.)

MRS PEARCE

The mail, sir.

HIGGINS

(absently)

Oh, pay the bills and say no to the invitations.

(Higgins walks to the door of his study but stops and looks in on Eliza instead, whom Higgins has put to work on some pronunciation exercises in the adjacent laboratory. She is connected to a machine via a cable which runs from her diaphragm to an apparatus that is drawing a graph on a sheet of paper wrapped around a rotating drum.)

ELIZA

(slowly and weakly, she pronounces her "a"s--apparently she has been doing this for some time)

Aaaaaaaaa... Aaaaaaaaa... Aaaaaaaaa...

(She stops as Higgins walks in.)

(As Higgins inspects the output of the machine on the paper, Eliza sneezes into a handkerchief. Higgins replaces the paper on the apparatus and motions to her to continue.)

ELIZA

(feebly continuing)

Aaaaaaaaa...

(Higgins leaves and after shutting the door behind himself she

adds, with angry defiance)

A a a a a a a ! ! !

(Higgins enters the study. Mrs. Pearce is waiting for him, while

Pickering is sat down reading a newspaper.)

MRS PEARCE

(to Higgins, as he proudly presents the read-out from the machine

to Pickering)

You simply cannot go on working the girl this way: making her say her alphabet over and over, from sun up to sundown, even during meals.

You'll exhaust yourself. When will it stop?

HIGGINS

When she does it properly, of course. Is that all, Mrs Pearce?

MRS PEARCE

There's another letter from that American millionaire, Ezra D.

Wallingford. He still wants you to lecture for his Moral Reform League.

HIGGINS

Yes, well throw it away.

MRS PEARCE

(as he walks up the stairwell to the library)

Oh it's the third letter he's written you, sir; you should at least answer it.

HIGGINS

Oh alright; leave it in the desk, Mrs Pearce. I'll try and get to it.

(Mrs. Pearce leaves the study and the butler enters.)

BUTLER

(to Higgins, who is busy with some books upstairs)

If you please, sir, there's a dustman downstairs, Alfred P. Doolittle, who wants to see you. He says you have his daughter here.

PICKERING

(rising)

Phew! I say!

HIGGINS

(promptly)

Well, send the blackguard up.

PICKERING

He may not be a blackguard, Higgins.

HIGGINS

Oh nonsense: of course he's a blackguard, Pickering.

PICKERING

Whether he is or not, I'm afraid we'll have some trouble with him.

HIGGINS

(confidently)

No: I think not. Any trouble to be had he'll have it with me, not I

with him.

BUTLER

(at the door)

Doolittle, sir.

(He admits Doolittle and leaves.)

(Alfred Doolittle enters, still dressed in his scruffy dustman's clothes.)

DOOLITTLE

(approaches Pickering)

Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS

(calling out from above)

Here!

DOOLITTLE

Where?

(Looks up)

Oh. Good mornin', Guvnor. I come about a very serious matter, Guvnor.

HIGGINS

Brought up in Houndslow; mother Welsh, I should think. What do you want, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE

I want my daughter: that's what I want. See?

HIGGINS

Well 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 in there; yes, take her away at once.

DOOLITTLE

(taken aback)

What!

HIGGINS

Take her away. You think I'm going to keep your daughter for you?

DOOLITTLE

Now, now, is this reasonable, Guvnor? Is it fairity to take advantage of a man like this? The girl belongs to me. You got her: where do I come in?

HIGGINS

How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me? You sent her here on purpose.

DOOLITTLE

No, no, don't take a man up like that, Guvnor.

HIGGINS

(making his way down the stairs)

The police shall take you up. This is a plant, a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone 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 this gentleman here:

(to Pickering)

have I said a word about money?

HIGGINS

Well what else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE

Well, what would a bloke come for? Be human, Guvnor

(he laughs hoarsely into Higgins's face.)

HIGGINS

(wipes his face with his handkerchief)

Alfred: you sent her here on purpose!

DOOLITTLE

So help me, Guvnor, I never did.

HIGGINS

Then how did you know she was here?

DOOLITTLE

I'll tell you, Guvnor, 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

You know 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." That's the Welsh strain in him.

(To Doolittle)

How did you know Eliza was here if you didn't send her?

DOOLITTLE

Well, she sent back for her luggage and I got to hear about it. She said she didn't want no clothes. What was I to think from that, Guvnor? I ask you, as a parent: what was I to think?

HIGGINS

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

DOOLITTLE

Just so, Guvnor. That's right.

HIGGINS

Yes. Mrs Pearce!

(To Mrs. Pearce, who enters at once)

Ah, Mrs Pearce: Eliza's father has come to take her away. Give her to him will you.

DOOLITTLE

Now, wait a minute Guvnor. Wait a minute. You and me is men of the world, ain't we?

HIGGINS

Oh! Men of the world, are we? Yes, well you'd better go Mrs Pearce.

MRS PEARCE

I think so indeed, sir.

DOOLITTLE

'Ere Guvnor: I've took a sort of a fancy to you and--

(he laughs hoarsely into Higgins face, who quickly moves away)

if you want the girl, well I ain't so set on havin' her back home

again but what I might be open to is er,

(confidentially)

an arrangement. All I ask is my rights as a father. You're the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothin'. I can see you're one of the straight sort, Guvnor. So, er, 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 honourable.

DOOLITTLE

Well course they are, Guvnor. If I thought they wasn't, I'd ask fifty.

HIGGINS

(revolted)

Do you mean to say you'd sell your daughter for 50?

PICKERING

Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE

(unabashed)

No, no. Can't afford 'em, Guvnor. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, mind you. But if Liza is goin' to have a bit out of this, why not me too? Eh, why not? Well, look--

(he dusts of the seat of a chair with his dirty hat then sits down. Higgins, offended, tests the shoulder for dust)

look at it my way. What am I? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeservin' poor: that's what I am. Now think what that means to a man. It means he's up against middle class morality for all o' time.

If there's anythin' goin', and I puts in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: "You're undeservin'; so you can't have it." But my needs is as great as the most deservin' widows that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband. I don't need less than a deservin' man: I need more. I don't eat less hearty than he does; and I drink--oh, a lot more. I'm playin' straight with you. I ain't pretendin' to be deservin'. No I'm undeservin'; and I mean to go on bein' undeservin'. I like it; and that's the truth. But 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 shes growed big enough to be interestin' to you two gentlemen? Well 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 a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales. We'd better give him a fiver.

PICKERING

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

DOOLITTLE

Ah not me, Guvnor, so help me I won't. Just one good spree for myself and the missus, givin' pleasure to ourselves and enjoyment to others, and satisfaction to you to know it ain't been thrown away. You couldn't spend it better.

HIGGINS

(taking out his pocket book)

This is irresistible. Let's give him ten.

DOOLITTLE

No. The missus wouldn't have the heart to spend ten. Ten pounds is a lot of money: it makes a man feel prudent like; and then goodbye to happiness. You just give me what I ask you, Guvnor: not a penny less, and not a penny more.

PICKERING

I rather draw the line at encouraging this sort of immorality,
Doolittle. Why don't you marry that missus of yours, eh? After all,
marriage isn't so frightening: you married Eliza's mother.

DOOLITTLE

Who told you that Guvnor?

PICKERING

Well, nobody told me: I concluded, naturally.

(Alfred shakes his head and winks at him.)

HIGGINS

If we listen to this man another minute, we shall have no convictions
left.

(Giving Doolittle a note)

Five pounds I think you said.

DOOLITTLE

Thank you, Guvnor. Thank you.

HIGGINS

Are you sure you won't have ten?

DOOLITTLE

(hurrying to the door, anxious to get away with his booty)

Ah no; perhaps another time.

ELIZA

(approaching from the laboratory in a temper)

I won't! I won't! I won't!!!

(Entering the study she collides with Doolittle)

DOOLITTLE

(not recognising his daughter)

I beg your pardon, miss.

ELIZA

(her attention fixed on Higgins)

I won't say those ruddy vowels one more time.

DOOLITTLE

Blimey, it's Eliza. Well I never thought she'd clean up so good
lookin'. She does me credit, don't she, Guvnor?

ELIZA

(she turns to him suspiciously)

'Ere: what you doin' here?

DOOLITTLE

Now, now, now: you hold your tongue and don't you give these gentlemen
none of your lip.

(To Higgins)

If you have any trouble with her, Guvnor, give her a few licks of the
strap. That's the way to improve her mind. Well good mornin',
gentlemen. Cheerio, Eliza

(smacks her behind.)

ELIZA

(sticking out her tongue as he leaves)

Maaaah!

HIGGINS

(to Pickering)

There's a man for you. A philosophical genius of the first water. Mrs.

Pearce: write to Mr. Ezra Wallingford and tell him that if he wants a

lecturer to get in touch with Mr. Alfred P. Doolittle, a common

dustman, one of the most original moralists in England.

MRS PEARCE

Yes, sir.

(She leaves.)

ELIZA

'Ere, what'd he come for?

HIGGINS

Say your vowels.

ELIZA

I know my vowels. I knew 'em before I come.

HIGGINS

If you know them, say them.

ELIZA

A, e, i, o, u.

HIGGINS

Stop!

(articulating them clearly)

"A", "e", "i", "o", "u".

ELIZA

That's what I said: a, e, i, o, u. That's what I've been saying for three days and I won't say 'em no more.

PICKERING

(kindly, he lays his hand on her shoulder)

I know it's difficult, Miss Doolittle, but try to understand.

HIGGINS

It's no use explaining, Pickering. As a military man you ought to know that. Drilling is what she needs. Now you leave her alone or she'll be turning to you for sympathy.

PICKERING

Very well, if you insist.

(As Pickering leaves)

But have a little patience with her, Higgins.

HIGGINS

Of course.

(To Eliza, sternly)

Now say, "a".

ELIZA

(defiantly)

You ain't got no heart, you ain't!

HIGGINS

"A".

ELIZA

(loudly)

"A".

HIGGINS

"A".

ELIZA

(with growing defiance; as Higgins starts to leave up the stairs)

"A".

HIGGINS

"A".

ELIZA

(almost shouting)

"A".

HIGGINS

(pausing on the stairs)

Eliza: I promise you you'll say your vowels correctly before this day

is out or there'll be no lunch, no dinner, and no chocolates.

(He disappears up the stairs.)

(Tempted to take make another angry exchange, Eliza runs to the top of the stair but sees him disappear into a room on the next floor.)

ELIZA

Just you wait 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

You'll be sorry, but your tears'll be too late!

You'll be broke and I'll have money;

Will I help you? Don't be funny!

Just you wait, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!

Just you wait 'enry 'iggins, till you're sick,

And you screams to fetch a doctor double quick!

I'll be off a second later,

And go straight to the the-atre!

Ah-ha-ha, 'enry 'iggins,

Just you wait!

Ooooooh, 'enry 'iggins!

Just you wait until we're swimmin' in the sea!

Ooooooh, 'enry 'iggins!

And you gets a cramp a little ways from me!

When you yell you're gonna drown,

I'll get dressed and go to town!

Oh-ho-ho, 'enry 'iggins,

Oh-ho-ho, 'enry 'iggins,

Just you wait!

One day I'll be famous!

I'll be proper and prim!

Go to Saint James so often I will call it Saint Jim.

One evening the King will say,

"Oh Liza, old thing,

I want all of England your praises to sing."

KING

"Next week, on the twentieth of May,

I proclaim Liza Doolittle Day!

All the people will celebrate the glory of you,

And whatever you wish and want

I gladly will do."

ELIZA

"Thanks a lot, King," says I, in a manner wellbred;

"But all I want is 'enry 'iggins 'ead!"

KING

"Done,"

ELIZA

says the King, with a stroke.

KING

"Guards, run and bring in the bloke!"

ELIZA

Then they'll march you, 'enry 'iggins, to the wall;

And the king will tell me:

KING

"Liza, sound the call."

ELIZA

As they raise their rifles higher,

I'll shout: "Ready! Aim! Fire!"

Oh-ho-ho, 'enry 'iggins,

Down you'll go! 'enry 'iggins!

Just you wait!

(Higgins appears at the top of the stairs, waking Eliza from her fantasy. She looks down at the empty spot where he was dead a moment ago, then again up at him standing there in person.)

HIGGINS

"A".

ELIZA

(obeying, she retreats slowly to the laboratory)

"A" ... "a" ... "a" ...

(Higgins, satisfied, leaves up the stairs.)

(Some days later, perhaps. Higgins is in the laboratory with Eliza. He is instructing her with a chart of mouth positions while she reads from a book.)

HIGGINS

Alright, Eliza, say it again.

ELIZA

The rine in Spine stays minely in the pline.

HIGGINS

(impatiently)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

ELIZA

Didn't I say that?

HIGGINS

No, Eliza, you didn't "sie" that; you didn't even

(say)

that. Now every morning where you used to say your prayers, I want you to say

(points to the text in the book)

"the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain" fifty times. You'll get much further with the Lord if you learn not to offend his ears. Now

for your "h"s.

(Taking a rubber tube from a shelf, he motions her to follow him.

They walk into the study where Pickering is reading.)

Pickering: this is going to be ghastly.

PICKERING

(looking up from his book)

Told yourself, Higgins: give the girl a chance.

HIGGINS

Well, I suppose you can't expect her to get it right the first time.

Come here, Eliza, and watch closely.

(Walking to the desk with the phonetics apparatus, he lights a burner, plugs the tube into the bottom of it, and sets a rotating drum with mirrored sides running.)

Now, you see that flame. Every time you pronounce the letter "h" correctly the flame will waver, and every time you drop your "h" the flame will remain stationary. That's how you'll know if you've done it correctly. In time your ear will hear the difference.

(Sitting down at the apparatus, he holds up the open end of the tube to his mouth)

Now listen carefully.

(Emphasising the "h"s)

In Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

Now you repeat that after me.

(He stands up, handing Eliza a sheet to read from as she sits down.)

ELIZA

In 'artford, 'ereford and 'ampshire, 'urricanes 'ardly hever 'appen.

HIGGINS

Oh, no, no, no. Have you no ear at all?

ELIZA

(eagerly)

Shall I do it over?

HIGGINS

No, please. Start from the very beginning. Just do this: go, "har, har, har, har".

ELIZA

Har, har, har, har

(the flame wavers correctly and she looks up at him proudly.)

HIGGINS

Go on, go on, go on.

ELIZA

Har, har, har, har,...

(He walks over to Pickering, leaving Eliza to continue on her own.)

HIGGINS

Does the same thing hold true in India, Pickering? Is there the peculiar habit of, not only dropping a letter like the letter "h", but using it where it doesn't belong: like "hever" instead of "ever". Or like the Slavs when they learn English have a tendency to do it with their "g"s: they say "linner" instead of "linger", then they turn right round and say "sin-ger" instead of "singer". Whereas the Slavs using it where it isn't needed, they learn English they have to do it with their "g"s.

(While Higgins is busy talking to Pickering, Eliza becomes hypnotised by the reflection of the flame in the rotating mirrors and absently she lets the sheet of paper drop until it touches the flame and catches fire. She stares at the burning sheet blankly. Pickering however, noticing the burning smell, looks round and rises, alarmed.)

PICKERING

The girl, Higgins!

HIGGINS

(without looking round; thinking that she has merely stopped her exercise)

Go on, go on, go on, go on.

(Eliza obeys nonetheless, the paper still burning.)

SERVANTS' CHORUS

Poor Professor Higgins,

Poor Professor Higgins.

Night and day he slaves away.

Oh, poor Professor Higgins.

All day long on his feet.

Up and down until he's numb.

Doesn't rest, doesn't eat,

Doesn't touch a crumb.

(Another day and Higgins is in the study, still at work with Eliza. He and Pickering, who is sat at the coffee table, are enjoying themselves with some cake and tea. Higgins is stood at a xylophone while Eliza sits nearby, awaiting his instruction.)

HIGGINS

Again, Eliza:

(playing the pitch of each word on the xylophone as he speaks it)

"how kind of you to let me come."

ELIZA

How kind of you to let me come.

HIGGINS

No, no. "Kind of you", "kind of you", "kind--", "how kind of you to let me come".

ELIZA

How kind of you to let me come.

HIGGINS

No, no, no, no. "Kind of you", "kind of you". Say, "cup of tea"; "kind of you". Say, "cup of tea".

ELIZA

(looking with longing at the cup of tea he is holding)

Cup o' tea.

HIGGINS

No, no: "a cup of tea".

(To Pickering)

Awfully good cake this. I wonder where Mrs Pearce gets it?

PICKERING

Mmmm. First rate; and those strawberry tarts are delicious. Did you try the

(in a cockney accent)

pline cike?

(He looks at Higgins, bewildered at what he just said. Higgins doesn't answer but refills his cup.)

HIGGINS

Try it again.

PICKERING

Did you try the--

HIGGINS

Pickering!

(To Eliza)

Again, Eliza.

ELIZA

(still longing after the cup of tea)

Cup o' tea.

HIGGINS

(he continues, oblivious to her thirst)

Oh no. Can't you hear the difference? Put your tongue forward until it squeezes on the top of your lower teeth and then say: "cup".

ELIZA

Cup.

HIGGINS

Then say: "of".

ELIZA

Of.

HIGGINS

Then say: "cup, cup, cup, cup, of, of, of, of".

HIGGINS & ELIZA

Cup, cup, cup, cup, of, of, of, of.

ELIZA

Cup, cup, cup, of, of, of--

(she tapers off, staring at Higgins's cake which he inserts
delicately into his mouth.)

PICKERING

By jove, Higgins, that was a glorious tea. Why don't you finish that
last strawberry tart? I couldn't eat another thing.

HIGGINS

No, I couldn't touch it.

PICKERING

Shame to waste it.

HIGGINS

Oh it won't be wasted: I know of someone who's immensely fond of
strawberry tarts.

(Eliza looks up hopefully as Higgins picks up the tart. However,
he walks to the birdcage and bends down to feed the tart to the
bird.)

Cheep! cheep! Cheep! cheep! cheep!

ELIZA

(appalled)

Aw-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!!!

SERVANTS' CHORUS

Poor Professor Higgins,

Poor Professor Higgins.

On he plods against all odds.

Oh, poor Professor Higgins.

Nine p.m., ten p.m.,

On through midnight every night.

One a.m., two a.m., three--

(At night in the library above the study. Higgins and Eliza are sat at a table. Higgins is inserting marbles, one after the other, into Eliza's mouth as she sits helplessly.)

HIGGINS

(counting as he inserts the marbles)

--four, five, six marbles. Now I want you to read this, and I want you to enunciate every word just as if the marbles were not in your mouth.

(Reading from a sheet of paper)

"With blackest moss the flower pots were thickly crusted one and all."

(Handing the sheet to Eliza)

Each word clear as a bell.

ELIZA

(reading from the sheet)

Wiv bra'ess moss the flo'er poss--

(in despair)

I can't.

(Pleading with him)

I can't!

PICKERING

(speaking up from the opposite side of the library)

I say, Higgins, are those pebbles really necessary?

HIGGINS

If they were necessary for Demosthenes, they are necessary for Eliza

Doolittle. Go on, Eliza.

ELIZA

Wiv bra'evs moss the flo'er poss were thi'y crus'ed one an'--

HIGGINS

(screwing up his face in disgust)

I can't understand a word! not a word!

ELIZA

(her tone becoming desperate)

Wiv bra'evs moss the flo'er poss were thi'y crus'ed one an' aw.

PICKERING

(speaking over Eliza who continues with the exercise)

Higgins: perhaps that poem's a little too difficult for the girl. Why don't you try something simpler, like the owl and the pussycat? Oh yes! that's charming one.

HIGGINS

(annoyed)

Pickering: I can't hear a word the girl is saying.

(Eliza emits a large "gulp", her eyes wide in horror.)

HIGGINS

(seeing Eliza's expression)

What's the matter?

ELIZA

(anxiously; emptying the marbles from her mouth into her hand)

I swallowed one.

HIGGINS

(calmly)

Oh, it doesn't matter; I've got plenty more. Open your mouth. One,
two--

(he continues filling her mouth.)

SERVANTS' CHORUS

Quit, Professor Higgins,

Quit, Professor Higgins.

Hear our plea or payday we will

Quit, Professor Higgins.

"A", not "I", "O" not "Ow",

Pounding, pounding in our brain,

"A", not "I", "O" not "Ow",

Don't say "Rine" say "Rain".

(Higgins's study very late at night. Higgins is laid back in a chair, with his feet up on his desk and a hotwater bottle over his forehead. Pickering is sitting down half-asleep in the armchair, with a newspaper over his face. Eliza is sitting on the sofa exhausted, holding a book.)

HIGGINS

(wearily)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

ELIZA

(in despair)

I can't. I'm so tired. I'm so tired...

PICKERING

For God's sake, Higgins, it must three o'clock in the morning. Do be reasonable.

HIGGINS

(rising)

(I)

am always reasonable. Eliza: if I can go on with a blistering headache, you can.

ELIZA

I got an 'eadache too.

HIGGINS

Oh. Here

(passes her his hotwater bottle.)

I know your head aches; I know you're tired; I know your nerves are as raw as meat in a butcher's window. But think what you're trying to accomplish.

(Sits down beside her.)

Think what you're dealing with. The majesty and grandeur of the English language: it's the greatest possession we have. The noblest thoughts that ever flowed through the hearts of men are contained in its extraordinary, imaginative, and musical mixtures of sounds. And that's what you've set yourself out to conquer Eliza: and conquer it you will.

(Eliza simply looks at him. Higgins lets out a sigh having done all he can and makes his way back to his desk.)

HIGGINS

(leans his head against his hand with a sigh)

Now try it again.

ELIZA

(very tentatively, yet enunciating correctly)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

HIGGINS

(he looks up, disbelieving)

What was that?

ELIZA

(slowly but more surely)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

(Eliza's expression changes to one of astonishment at herself.)

HIGGINS

(sitting up)

Again.

ELIZA

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

HIGGINS

I think she's got it, I think she's got it.

ELIZA

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

HIGGINS

By George she's got it!

By George she's got it!

Now once again: where does it rain?

ELIZA

On the plain! On the plain!

HIGGINS

And where's that soggy plain?

ELIZA

In Spain! In Spain!

THE THREE

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

(Higgins pats Eliza on the back with a)

Bravo!.

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

(shaking Pickering's hand.)

(Higgins walks over to the xylophone.)

HIGGINS

In Hartford, Hereford, and Hampshire...?

ELIZA

Hurricanes hardly happen.

(Higgins plays the notes to the phrase "How kind of you to let me come" on the xylophone.)

ELIZA

How kind of you to let me come.

HIGGINS

Now once again: where does it rain?

ELIZA

On the plain! On the plain!

HIGGINS

And where's that blasted plain?

ELIZA

In Spain! In Spain!

THE THREE

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

(They laugh.)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

HIGGINS

Pickering! Pickering:

(lifts up his red handkerchief to Pickering, miming a matador)

ole! ole!

(Pickering obliges, running through the handkerchief)

Ole!

(Higgins takes up Eliza and they dance around the room together.

She stands on a chair, clapping, as Higgins and Pickering dance

round back to back. They then have one last playful dance and

fall back onto the chairs and sofa, exhausted and laughing.)

HIGGINS

(putting away his handkerchief)

Ah! We're making fine progress, Pickering. I think the time has come

to try her out.

MRS PEARCE

(she enters the study wearing a dressing-gown)

Are you feeling alright, Mr. Higgins?

HIGGINS

Yes I'm feeling fine, Mrs Pearce; how are you?

MRS PEARCE

Very well, sir, thank you.

HIGGINS

Oh good.

(To Pickering)

Let's test her in public and see how she fairs.

MRS PEARCE

Mr. Higgins: I was awakened by a dreadful pounding; do you know what it might have been?

HIGGINS

(feigning innocence)

Pounding? I didn't hear any pounding; did you Pickering?

PICKERING

No.

HIGGINS

No, if this goes on Mrs Pearce you'd better see a doctor.

(Continuing, eagerly, to Pickering)

I know: we'll take her to the races.

PICKERING

The races?

HIGGINS

My mother's box at Ascot.

PICKERING

You've consulted mother first, of course?

HIGGINS

Oh yes, of course.

(He sees Eliza, who has fallen into in a reverie, staring at him)

Er, no, I think perhaps we'd better surprise her.

(Standing up)

Now let us go to bed. First thing in the morning we'll go out and
we'll buy her a dress.

(Turning back on his way out)

Now get on with your work, Eliza.

MRS PEARCE

But, Mr Higgins, it's early in the morning.

HIGGINS

What better time to work than early in the morning?

(He leaves the study with Pickering)

Where does one buy a lady's gown?

PICKERING

Whiteley's, of course.

HIGGINS

(stopping, puzzled)

How do you know that?

PICKERING

Common knowledge.

HIGGINS

(starting up the stairs)

Let's not buy her anything too flowery: I despise those gowns with,
sort of,

(gesticulating in the air)

weeds here, and weeds there. I want to buy something so it's simple,
modest, and elegant's what's called for.

(Describing on Pickering's person what is in his mind's eye)

Perhaps with a-- with a bow.

(Analysing his imagined creation)

Yes, I think that's just right.

(Pickering chuckles as they leave up the stairs.)

(Mrs. Pearce shakes her head as she watches them leave.)

MRS PEARCE

You've all been working much too hard; I think the strain is beginning to show. Eliza, I don't care what Mr Higgins says, you must put down your books and go to bed.

(In her reverie, Eliza doesn't look up as Mrs. Pearce takes her books off her. She sings as Mrs. Pearce leads her upstairs to bed.)

ELIZA

Bed, bed, I couldn't go to bed.

My head's too light to try to set it down.

Sleep, sleep, I couldn't sleep tonight,

Not for all the jewels in the crown.

I could have danced all night,

I could have danced all night,

And still have begged for more.

I could have spread my wings

And done a thousand things

I've never done before.

I'll never know what made it so exciting

Why all at once my heart took flight.

I only know when he began to dance with me

I could have danced, danced, danced all night!

(Two servants overlook Mrs. Pearce from the stair above as she

shows Eliza to her room.)

SERVANT 1

It's after three now.

SERVANT 2

Don't you agree now,

SERVANT 1 & 2

She ought to be in bed.

(Eliza and the maids sing as they prepare Eliza for bed.)

ELIZA / MAIDS

I could have danced all night,

You're tired out, you must be dead.

I could have danced all night,

Your face is drawn, your eyes are red.

And still have begged for more.

Now say goodnight; please turn out the light; please, it's really time
for you to be in bed.

I could have spread my wings,

Do come along, do as you're told

And done a thousand things

Or Mrs. Pearce is apt to scold.

I've never done before.

You're up too late; please, in your state, Miss, you'll catch a cold.

I'll never know

What made it so exciting

Why all at once my heart took flight.

I only know when he began to dance with me

Put down your book, the work will keep; Now settle down and go to
sleep.

I could have danced, danced, danced all night!

(The maids retire and Mrs. Pearce puts Eliza to bed.)

MRS PEARCE

I understand, dear.

It's all been grand, dear.

But now it's time to sleep.

(Mrs. Pearce turns off the light and closes the door behind her.)

ELIZA

I could have danced all night,

I could have danced all night,

And still have begged for more.

I could have spread my wings,

And done a thousand things

I've never done before.

I'll never know

What made it so exciting

Why all at once my heart took flight.

I only know when he

Began to dance with me

I could have danced, danced, danced

All night!

(Eliza collapses on her pillow and falls asleep.)

(Ascot Opening Day. The ladies and gentlemen, dressed elegantly in this year's Ascot fashion, are waiting for the start of the opening race.)

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Ev'ry duke and earl and peer is here

Ev'ryone who should be here is here.

What a smashing, positively dashing

Spectacle: the Ascot op'ning day.

At the gate are all the horses

Waiting for the cue to fly away.

What a gripping, absolutely ripping

Moment at the Ascot op'ning day.

Pulses rushing!

Faces flushing!

Heartbeats speed up!

I have never been so keyed up!

Any second now, they'll begin to run.

Hark! A bell is ringing,

They are springing forward

Look! It has begun...!

(They raise their field glasses, looking out at the track. The sound of the approaching horses grows into a thunder as they storm past the spectators. The spectators lower their field glasses again.)

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

What a frenzied moment that was!

Didn't they maintain an exhausting pace?

'Twas a thrilling, absolutely chilling

Running of the Ascot op'ning race.

(Higgins arrives, looking completely out of place in his brown suit. He sees his mother, whom he recognises from behind by her hat. She is busy talking to some friends.)

HIGGINS

Mother.

MRS HIGGINS

(turning around to face him)

Henry! what a disagreeable surprise.

HIGGINS

Hello mother

(he kisses her on the cheek.)

How nice you look.

MRS HIGGINS

What are you doing here? You promised never to come to Ascot. Go home at once.

HIGGINS

I can't mother. I'm here on business.

MRS HIGGINS

Oh no, Henry, you mustn't. I'm quite serious, you'll offend all my friends: the moment they've met you I've never see them again.

Besides, you're not even dressed for Ascot.

(She turns back to her friends.)

HIGGINS

I changed my shirt.

(Taking her up by the arm before she can continue; walking towards her box)

Now, listen mother, I've got a job for you; a phonetics job. I picked up a girl--

MRS HIGGINS

(pleased)

Henry.

HIGGINS

Oh no, dear, not a love affair; she's a flower girl. I'm taking her to the annual Embassy Ball but I wanted to try her out first.

MRS HIGGINS

I beg your pardon.

HIGGINS

Well, you know the Embassy Ball?

MRS HIGGINS

Of course I know the ball, but--

HIGGINS

So I invited her to your box today, do you understand?

MRS HIGGINS

A common flower girl!

HIGGINS

Oh, it's alright, I taught her how to speak properly. She has strict instructions as to her behaviour. She's to keep to two subjects: the weather and everybody's health; "fine day", and "how do you do", and not just let herself go on things in general. Help her along, darling, you'll be quite safe.

MRS HIGGINS

Safe! to talk about one's health in the middle of a race?

HIGGINS

(looking away; expecting Eliza and Pickering to arrive any moment)

Well, you've got to talk about something.

MRS HIGGINS

Where's the girl, now?

HIGGINS

She's being pinned; some of the clothes they bought her didn't quite fit. I told Pickering we should have taken her with us.

(A group of four people--an older couple and Mrs. Eynsford-Hill and her son, Freddie--come to join Mrs. Higgins in her box.)

MRS HIGGINS

Ah! Mrs Eynsford-Hill.

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

Good afternoon, Mrs Higgins.

MRS HIGGINS

(pointing to Higgins who is still looking out for Eliza)

You know my son: Henry?

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

How do you do?

HIGGINS

I've seen you somewhere before?

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

I don't know.

HIGGINS

Oh, it doesn't matter. You'd better sit down.

MRS HIGGINS

(greeting the other lady)

Lady Boxington.

HIGGINS

(anxiously)

Where the devil can they be?

MRS HIGGINS

(greeting him)

Lord Boxington.

HIGGINS

(with delight; seeing Pickering arriving with Eliza, who is
dressed spectacularly)

Ah!

(He motions for them to come over.)

(Eliza and Pickering walk towards them, but Eliza appears
slightly nervous. Pickering reassures her and she relaxes. They
join them in the box. Higgins scrutinises Eliza's behaviour as
they are introduced.)

MRS HIGGINS

Colonel Pickering, you're just in time for tea.

PICKERING

Thank you, Mrs Higgins. May I introduce Miss Eliza Doolittle.

MRS HIGGINS

My dear Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA

How kind of you to let me come.

(Higgins nods to himself, satisfied with her elocution.)

MRS HIGGINS

Delighted, my dear.

(Presenting her to Eliza)

Lady Boxington.

LADY BOXINGTON

How do you do?

ELIZA

How do you do?

MRS HIGGINS

Lord Boxington.

LORD BOXINGTON

How do you do?

ELIZA

How do you do?

MRS HIGGINS

Mrs Eynsford-Hill: Miss Doolittle.

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

How do you do?

ELIZA

How do you do?

(Freddie motions eagerly to Mrs. Higgins not to forget him.)

MRS HIGGINS

And Freddie Eynsford-Hill.

ELIZA

How do you do?

FREDDIE

(taking a great interest in her)

How

(do)

you do?

HIGGINS

(tipping his hat)

Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA

Good afternoon, Professor Higgins.

(Eliza forgets to sit down like the others so Higgins discreetly

mimes the action to remind her. She does so.)

FREDDIE

(sitting by her, infatuated)

The first race was very exciting Miss Doolittle; I'm so sorry that you missed it.

MRS HIGGINS

Will it rain, do you think?

ELIZA

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

(Higgins tries to recover the situation by doing a sort of Spanish dance. Embarrassed, he stops.)

But in Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

FREDDIE

Ha! ha! How awfully funny!

ELIZA

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

FREDDIE

Smashing!

LADY BOXINGTON

Hasn't it suddenly turned chilly?

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

I do hope we won't have any unseasonable cold spells. They bring on so much influenza and the whole of our family is susceptible to it.

ELIZA

My aunt died of influenza--so they said--but it's my belief they done the old woman in.

(Higgins and Pickering look at each other, worried.)

LADY BOXINGTON

(not understanding)

Done her in?

ELIZA

Yes, Lord love you. Why should she die of influenza when she come through diptheria right enough the year before? Fairly blue with it, she was. They all thought she was dead, but my father, he kept ladling gin down her throat.

HIGGINS

(to himself as he turns away in despair)

Oh...

ELIZA

Then she come to so sudden she bit the bowl off the spoon.

(Freddie chuckles.)

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

Dear me!

ELIZA

Now what call would a woman with that strength in her have to die of influenza? And 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.

LORD BOXINGTON

Done her in? Done her in, did you say?

LADY BOXINGTON

(perplexed)

Whatever does it mean?

HIGGINS

(hastily)

Ah, now that's the new small-talk: er, to do somebody in means to kill them.

MRS EYNSFORD-HILL

But you surely don't believe your aunt was killed?

ELIZA

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

(Higgins winces and looks over at Pickering who has his head buried in his hands.)

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.

ELIZA

Not her. Gin was mother's milk to her.

(Higgins takes his hat off and bows, discreetly retreating to the back behind Pickering)

Besides, he'd poured so much down his own throat, he knew the good of it.

LORD BOXINGTON

Did you mean that he drank?

ELIZA

Drank! My word! Something chronic.

(Higgins gasps in despair. To Freddie, who is giggling at her again)

Here! what are you sniggering at?

FREDDIE

It's the new small talk: you do it so awfully well.

ELIZA

Well, if I was doing it proper, what was you sniggering at?

(Innocently)

Have I said something I oughtn't?

HIGGINS

Oh, no...

MRS HIGGINS

(interposing)

Not at all, my dear.

ELIZA

Well, that's a mercy, anyhow.

(As Eliza starts to continue, Higgins gently pulls Pickering up by the arm.)

PICKERING

(startled)

What?

(To Higgins; realising what he wants)

Yes, yes, oh yes.

(To Eliza; taking up her arm)

I don't know whether there's enough time before the next race to place a bet, but come, my dear.

MRS HIGGINS

I don't suppose so.

FREDDIE

(to Eliza; as she is leaving)

I have a bet on number seven. I should be so happy if you would take it. You'll enjoy the race ever so much more.

ELIZA

(as she takes the card from Freddie)

That's very kind of you.

FREDDIE

His name is Dover.

PICKERING

Come along, my dear, come along.

(They make their way down to the fence where the other spectators
have gathered.)

LADIES & GENTLEMEN

There they are again, lining up to run.

Now they're holding steady,

They are ready for it

Look! It has begun!

(Everyone stands silent, waiting for the horses' approach.)

ELIZA

(looking out at the track)

Come on...come on, Dover.

(Becoming more excited as the horses near)

Come on...come on, Dover. Come on.

(Shouting; as the horses race past)

Come on, Dover! Move yer bloomin' arse!!

(Everyone gasps in shock; Higgins covers his mouth, suppressing a laugh; a lady faints; and Pickering quietly lowers his hat.)

(At the end of the day, Higgins and his mother are leaving with the crowd who are making for their cars.)

MRS HIGGINS

You're not serious, Henry: you don't expect to take her to the Embassy Ball?

HIGGINS

Don't you think she's ready for it?

MRS HIGGINS

Dear Henry: she's ready for a canal barge.

HIGGINS

Well, her language may need a little refining, but er...

MRS HIGGINS

Oh! really, Henry! If you cannot see how impossible this whole project is then you must be absolutely potty about her. I advise you to give it up now and not put yourself and this poor girl through any more.

HIGGINS

(shocked)

Give it up? Why, it's the most fascinating venture I've ever undertaken. Pickering and I are at it from morning to night; it fills our whole lives: teaching Eliza, talking to Eliza, listening to Eliza,

dressing Eliza.

MRS HIGGINS

What? You're a pretty pair of babies, playing with your live doll.

(Looking around)

Ah, here's the car.

HIGGINS

Ah.

(He shows his mother to her car as it pulls up. She climbs in and he waves her off.)

(Later that evening in Higgins's study. Eliza is sitting on the sofa, dejected. Pickering pats her on the shoulder sympathetically and sits down beside her.)

(Meanwhile, outside on the street, Freddie is waiting, carrying a bunch of flowers. A taxi pulls up outside number 27A and Higgins gets out and pays the driver.)

FREDDIE

I say, sir, er--

(Higgins pretends not to hear, and runs up the steps to the door and goes inside.)

(Inside, the butler greets Mr. Higgins.)

BUTLER

Good evening, sir.

HIGGINS

(in good spirits)

Ah! Is dinner ready? I'm famished.

BUTLER

Immediately, sir.

MRS PEARCE

(on her way to the study, carrying a glass of water on a tray)

Good evening, Professor Higgins.

(Without a word Higgins takes the glass and enters the study.

Mrs. Pearce shakes her head and leaves.)

(Outside, on the street, Freddie walks up to Higgins's door and rings the bell.)

FREDDIE

When she mentioned how her aunt bit off the spoon,

She completely done me in.

And my heart went on a journey to the moon,

When she told about her father and the gin.

And I never saw a more enchanting farce

Than the moment when she shouted: "Move your bloomin'--"

(He stops as Mrs. Pearce opens the front door.)

MRS PEARCE

Yes, sir?

FREDDIE

Ah, is, is Miss Doolittle in?

MRS PEARCE

Whom shall I say is calling?

FREDDIE

Freddie Eynsford-Hill. Oh, and if she doesn't remember who I am, tell her I'm the chap who was sniggering at her.

MRS PEARCE

Yes, sir.

FREDDIE

And will you give her these

(he gives her the flowers.)

MRS PEARCE

Yes, sir. Wouldn't you like to come in, sir? They're having dinner but you may wait in the hall.

FREDDIE

No, no, thank you. I want to drink in the street where she lives.

(Mrs. Pearce closes the door.)

FREDDIE

I have often walked down this street before

But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before;

All at once, am I

Several stories high.

Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?

Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?

Does enchantment pour

Out of ev'ry door?

No, it's just on the street where you live.

And oh! The towering feeling

Just to know somehow you are near.

The overpowering feeling

That any second you may suddenly appear.

People stop and stare. They don't bother me

For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.

Let the time go by,

I won't care if I

Can be here on the street where you live.

MRS PEARCE

(calling out to him across the street)

Oh, sir!

(Freddie rushes to the steps.)

I'm terribly sorry, sir, Miss Doolittle says she doesn't want to see

anyone ever again.

FREDDIE

But why? She was unbelievable.

MRS PEARCE

So I've been told, sir. Is there any further message?

FREDDIE

Yes: tell her that I'll wait.

MRS PEARCE

Oh but it might days, sir; even weeks!

FREDDIE

But don't you see: I'll be happier here.

(Mrs. Pearce returns indoors shaking her head.)

FREDDIE

People stop and stare. They don't bother me

For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be.

Let the time go by,

I won't care if I

Can be here on the street where you live.

(Inside, in the study, and Higgins and Pickering are eating dinner. Eliza sits at the table, downcast.)

PICKERING

It really is, Higgins, it's inhuman to continue. Do you realise what

you've got to try and teach this poor girl in a few weeks? You've got to teach her walk, talk; address a Duke, a Lord, a Bishop, an ambassador. It's absolutely imposs--

(he stops, seeing that Higgins has been too busy eating to be paying attention)

Higgins, I'm trying to tell you that I want to call off the bet. I know you're a stubborn man, but so am I. This experiment is over; and nothing, short of an order from the King, could force me to recant.

Now if you'd excuse me

(he stands up.)

Do you understand, Higgins: it's over.

(The evening of the Embassy Ball. Higgins and Pickering are in the hall upstairs, dressed for the ball.)

PICKERING

Higgins. Higgins: if there's any mishap at the Embassy tonight--if Miss Doolittle suffers any embarrassment whatever--it'll be on your head alone.

HIGGINS

Eliza can do anything.

PICKERING

Suppose she's discovered. Remember Ascot. Suppose she makes another

ghastly mistake!

HIGGINS

They'll be no horses at the ball, Pickering.

(They head down the stairs.)

PICKERING

Think how agonizing it would be. Oh! If anything happened tonight, I don't what I'd do.

HIGGINS

Well, you could always rejoin your regiment.

PICKERING

This is no time for flippancy, Higgins. The way you've driven the girl in the last six weeks has exceeded all bounds of common decency. For God's sake, Higgins, stop pacing up and down; can't you settle somewhere?

HIGGINS

Have some port, it'll quieten your nerves.

PICKERING

I'm not nervous.

(After a pause)

Where is it?

HIGGINS

On the piano.

(As Pickering goes to the piano the butler enters.)

BUTLER

The car is here, sir.

HIGGINS

Oh good. Tell Miss Doolittle, please.

BUTLER

Yes, sir.

PICKERING

(pouring himself a glass from the decanter)

Tell Miss Doolittle, indeed; I bet you that damn gown doesn't fit. I warned you about these French designers. We should have gone to a good English shop where we'd have known that everyone had been on our side. Have a glass of port?

HIGGINS

(warming himself with his back to the fire)

No, thank you.

PICKERING

Are you so sure this girl will retain everything you've hammered into her?

HIGGINS

Well, we shall see.

PICKERING

And if she doesn't?

HIGGINS

(simply; sitting down on the seat in the corner)

I lose my bet.

PICKERING

Higgins, it's one thing I can't stand about you that's your confounded complacency. At a moment like this with so much at stake it's utterly indecent that you don't need a glass of port.

(He takes a sip from his.)

And what about the girl: you act as though she doesn't matter at all.

HIGGINS

Oh rubbish, Pickering. Of course she matters. What do you think I've been doing all these months? What could possibly matter more than to take a human being and change her into a different human being by creating a new speech for her? It's filling up the deepest gap that separates class from class and soul from soul. Oh, she matters immensely.

(Higgins looks up and Pickering turns round as Eliza appears at the stairs, dressed in her ballgown. She walks slowly down and Pickering meets her at the bottom.)

PICKERING

Miss Doolittle, you look beautiful. Don't you think so, Higgins?

HIGGINS

(walks over to her, looking over her from top to bottom)

Hmmm, not bad. Not bad at all.

(Higgins walks through the open door to the study. He takes his boutonniere and pins it on. Seeing that everyone is busy in the other room getting ready, he sneaks himself a glass of port. He returns to the hallway where the butler puts his cape on him.

Higgins turns to leave for the door but checks himself and walks back to Eliza, where he presents her his arm. She takes it and the two of them walk out together, followed by Pickering.)

(The Embassy Ball. The grand lobby is filled with people magnificently dressed for the ball. A voice is announcing people as they arrive at the top of the stairs.)

(One of the men at the ball, Zoltan Karpathy, sees that Higgins is alone and unoccupied and walks up to him.)

ZOLTAN KARPATY

Maestro! Maestro!

(He promptly kisses him on both cheeks)

Don't you remember me?

HIGGINS

No.

(Straightening his collar with dignity)

Who the devil are you?

ZOLTAN KARPATY

I'm your pupil: your first, your greatest, your best pupil. I'm Zoltan Karpthy, that marvellous boy.

HIGGINS

(remembering)

Oh.

ZOLTAN KARPATY

Ah! I made your name famous throughout Europe. You teached me phonetics; you cannot forget me.

HIGGINS

Why don't you have your hair cut?

ZOLTAN KARPATY

Ah well, I don't have your imposing appearance: your figure, your brow. If I had my hair cut nobody would notice me.

HIGGINS

(examining the decorations on his jacket)

Where did you get all these old coins?

ZOLTAN KARPATY

These are decorations for language.

HIGGINS

Oh.

(Pickering approaches behind him.)

ZOLTAN KARPATY

The Queen of Transylvania is here this evening. I'm indispensable to her at these official international parties: I speak thirty-two languages; I know everyone in Europe; no imposter can escape my detection.

(Pickering appears worried at these words. A man approaches Karpathy.)

THE GREEK AMBASSADOR

(bowing his head as he passes by)

Professor Karpathy.

ZOLTAN KARPATY

(bowing in return; then, after he has gone)

The Greek ambassador. Greek my foot. He pretends not to know any English but he cannot deceive me. He's the son of a Yorkshire watchmaker. He speaks English so villainously that cannot utter a word without betraying his origin. I help him pretend but I make him pay through the nose; I make them all pay.

FOOTMAN

(approaching Zoltan Karpathy, politely)

Excuse me, sir: you're wanted upstairs. Your Excellency asks you.

ZOLTAN KARPATY

Oh. Excuse me.

(Bows emphatically to Higgins and Pickering and leaves.)

(Eliza joins the crowd and they go to meet her. Higgins and Pickering walk her to the stairs, watched curiously from above by Karpathy. They reach the top of the stairs where Pickering introduces himself and Eliza to the announcer.)

PICKERING

Eliza Doolittle; Colonel Pickering.

ANNOUNCER

Miss Eliza Doolittle; Colonel Pickering.

(Higgins follows them likewise)

Professor Higgins.

(The ambassador and his wife greet the guests as they enter. Mrs. Higgins, talking with some other guests nearby, sees them as they enter.)

AMBASSADOR

Good evening, Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA

Your Excellency.

LADY AMBASSADOR

Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA

How do you do?

LADY AMBASSADOR

Good evening, Colonel.

PICKERING

Good evening.

LADY AMBASSADOR

(as she watches Eliza as she is introduced by Mrs. Higgins to
some other guests)

Oh, Colonel: what an enchanting young lady you have with you this
evening.

PICKERING

(laughs good-naturedly)

Thank you.

LADY AMBASSADOR

(inquisitively)

Well, who is she?

PICKERING

Oh, a cousin of mine...and Higgins. Excuse me.

(He follows Eliza.)

LADY AMBASSADOR

(to Higgins as he shakes their hands)

Such a far away look; as if she's always lived in a garden.

HIGGINS

So she has...a sort of garden.

(When Higgins has left she motions to Karpathy to come her. This is seen by Pickering who takes Mrs. Higgins aside.)

PICKERING

Henry must take Eliza home at once. There's a language expert here, sort of...er, you know...sort of imposterologist.

MRS HIGGINS

I beg your pardon.

LADY AMBASSADOR

(to Zoltan Karpathy)

The young lady with Colonel Pickering: find out who she is.

ZOLTAN KARPATY

With pleasure.

PICKERING

(explaining to Mrs. Higgins)

The whole situation's highly explosive.

(Karpathy moves in on Eliza who is occupied in a conversation with some fellow guests. Before he has a chance to introduce himself Higgins distracts him with some conversation.)

HIGGINS

Tell me, Zoltan, some more about the Greek ambassador.

ZOLTAN KARPATY

Gladly, Professor, but first I would love you to present me to this glorious creature.

HIGGINS

Does he really come from Yorkshire?

(They are distracted by a fanfare. At once, the guests line up along either side of the hall. The announcer stands at one end of the hall in front of the doors.)

ANNOUNCER

Her majesty, the Queen of Transylvania; and his Royal Highness, Prince Gregor.

(Footmen open the doors behind him and the royals enter the hall.

The Queen walks with the ambassador while behind them follows Prince Gregor and the lady ambassador. They walk along the hall, the guests bowing to them as they walk past. The Queen notices Eliza and walks over to her. Eliza bows superbly.)

THE QUEEN

(holding Eliza's chin)

Charming. Quite charming.

AMBASSADOR

Miss Doolittle, ma'am.

(The royal party continues and when they have walked past,

Pickering winks to Higgins across the hall, who nods, smiling.)

(The royals make their way to the dais, where they sit. The guests then mingle, many of them greeting Eliza. The ambassador comes up to Eliza politely and asks her something. She smiles as he takes her arm and they walk across the way to the dais. All eyes are on Eliza as she walks up the steps and bows to the Queen.)

THE QUEEN

Miss Doolittle: my son would like to dance with you.

(The Prince walks up to Eliza and bows. He takes her arm and they walk down the steps to the floor. The music starts and they begin to dance. Others couples start to dance also until the whole floor is filled. Higgins and Pickering, watching them, acknowledge each other, thrilled with Eliza's success.

Later in the evening. The dancing continues and Higgins politely approaches Eliza.)

HIGGINS

Eliza.

(She takes his hand and they begin to dance, watched with pleasure by Pickering and Mrs. Higgins. Karpathy has been studying all of this too. As Higgins and Eliza circle the floor they come to Karpathy, who is still watching them. He offers

Eliza to him. Eliza is a little anxious, and Pickering and Mrs. Higgins seem concerned, but Karpathy takes her up gladly.)
(After the dance, Karpathy walks over and eagerly reports something to the lady ambassador. He then tells someone else and soon a whisper spreads through the guests. When Higgins hears what it is he laughs out loud for all to hear.)

(The Higgins house that evening and everyone has just arrived home from the ball. Higgins laughs out loud as he hands his hat and gloves to the butler.)

PICKERING

(joyously)

Absolutely fantastic!

HIGGINS

What a lot of tomfoolery.

PICKERING

It was an immense achievement.

MRS PEARCE

Well, Mr Higgins?

PICKERING

A triumph, Mrs Pearce, a total triumph.

(They walk into the study and Higgins lays back in the armchair.)

Higgins, you were superb, absolutely superb. Tell us the truth, now:
weren't you a little bit nervous once or twice?

HIGGINS

No, not for a second.

PICKERING

Not during the whole evening?

HIGGINS

Well, from the moment I saw we going to win hands down I felt like a
bear in a cage, hanging about with nothing to do.

PICKERING

It was an immense achievement.

HIGGINS

If I hadn't backed myself to do it I've have given it up two months
ago.

PICKERING

(leaving his cloak on the chair which the manservant takes)

Absolutely fantastic.

HIGGINS

What a lot of tomfoolery.

PICKERING

(holding his hat and bowing extravagantly)

Higgins, I salute you.

(He passes his hat to the manservant.)

HIGGINS

Oh! silly people don't know their own silly business.

(The butler gives him a light with which to light his cigar.)

PICKERING

Tonight old man you did it

You did it, you did it.

You said that you would do it

And indeed you did.

I thought that you would rue it

I doubted you'd do it

But now I must admit it

That succeed you did.

You should get a medal

Or be even made a knight.

HIGGINS

Oh! it was nothing, really nothing.

PICKERING

All alone you hurdled every obstacle in sight.

HIGGINS

Now wait, now wait, give credit where it's due,

A lot of the glory goes to you!

PICKERING

But you're the one who did it,

Who did it, who did it.

As sturdy as Gibraltar

Not a second did you falter.

There's no doubt it

You did it.

I must have aged a year tonight

At times I thought I'd die of fright

Never was there a momentary lull.

HIGGINS

Shortly after we came in

I saw at once we'd easily win

And after that I found it deadly dull.

PICKERING

You should have heard the "ooh"s and "ahh"s

Everyone wondering who she was.

HIGGINS

You'd think they'd never seen a lady before.

PICKERING

And when the Prince of Transylvania asked to meet her

And gave his arm to lead her to the floor,

I said to him you did it

You did it, you did it.

They thought she was ecstatic

And so damned aristocratic

And they never knew that

You did it.

HIGGINS

Thank goodness for Zoltan Karpathy; if it hadn't been for him I'd have
died of boredom.

MRS PEARCE

Karpathy, that dreadful Hungarian; was he there?

HIGGINS

Yes, he was there alright and up to his old tricks.

HIGGINS

That blackguard who uses the science of speech

More to blackmail and swindle than teach.

He made it the devilish business of his

To find out who this Miss Doolittle is.

Every time we looked around

There he was that hairy hound from Budapest.

Never leaving us alone

Never have I ever known a ruder pest.

Finally I decided it was foolish not to
Let him have his chance with her
So I stepped aside and him dance with her.
Oozing charm from every pore
He oiled his way around the floor.
Every trick that he could play
He used to strip her mask away.
When at last the dance was done
He glowed as if he knew he'd won.
And with a voice too eager
And a smile too broad
He announced to the hostess that she was: a fraud!

MRS PEARCE

No!

HIGGINS

Jawohl.

HIGGINS

Her English is too good, he said,
That clearly indicates she is foreign
Whereas others are instructed in their
Native language, English people ar-en't.
And although she may have studied with an

Expert dialectician and grammarian,

I can tell that she was born: Hungarian!

(Not only Hungarian, but of royal blood.)

(Pointing to Eliza)

(She is a princess.)

Her blood, he says, is bluer than the Danube is or ever was.

Royalty is absolutely written on her face.

She thought that I was taken in, but actually I never was.

How could she deceive another member of her race?

I know each language on the map, said he

And she's Hungarian as the first Hungarian rhapsody.

(Higgins collapses in the armchair, laughing. The servants sing as Pickering takes a vase from the mantel and hands it to Higgins on his knees in a mock ceremony. Higgins accepts his trophy and places it on the mantel.)

ALL

Bravo! bravo! bravo!

Congratulations, Professor Higgins

For your glorious victory.

Congratulations, Professor Higgins

You'll be mentioned in history.

MAIDS / MANSERVANT

Congratulations, Professor Higgins

This evening sir you did it, You did it, you did it.

For your glorious victory.

You said that you would do it, And indeed you did.

Congratulations, Professor Higgins

This evening sir you did it, You did it, you did it.

(unintelligible)

We know that we have said it that you did it

ALL

And the credit for it all belongs to you.

(The servants retire.)

HIGGINS

(lying back in the chair at his desk)

Well, thank God that's over. Now I can go to bed without dreading
tomorrow.

MRS PEARCE

Goodnight, Mr Higgins.

(She goes.)

HIGGINS

Goodnight, Mrs Pearce.

PICKERING

I think I'll turn in too. Goodnight, Higgins, it's been a great

occasion.

(He goes.)

HIGGINS

Goodnight, Pickering.

(After a pause)

Oh! Mrs Pearce! Oh, damn;

(he rises up and heads to the door past Eliza)

I meant to ask her to give me coffee in the morning instead of tea.

Leave a little note for her, Eliza;

(as an afterthought)

and put out the lights.

(He goes out.)

(Eliza, who's expression is almost tragic, goes to turn off the light. She sits down on the chair, darkly, but flings herself on the floor, leaning against the armchair, weeping.)

HIGGINS

(despairing outside)

...left it downstairs. Oh! darn it; I'll be leaving my head beind one of these days. What the devil have I done with my slippers?

(He appears at the door.)

ELIZA

H e r e are your slippers!

(Flinging them at him)

There! 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? is anything wrong?

ELIZA

No, nothing wrong with you. I've won your bet for you, haven't I?

Thats enough for you.

(I)

don't matter, I suppose.

HIGGINS

Y o u won my bet! You presumtuous insect! I won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for?

ELIZA

Because I wanted to smash your face. I could kill you, you selfish brute. Why didn't you leave me where you picked me out of in the gutter? You thank God it's all over, and that now you can throw me back again there, do you?

HIGGINS

(looking at her coolly)

Oh, so the creature's nervous, after all.

ELIZA

(gives a scream of fury, and instinctively darts her nails at his face.)

HIGGINS

(catching her wrists)

Claws in, you cat. How dare you show your temper to me? Sit down and be quiet.

(He throws her roughly into the armchair.)

ELIZA

(in total despair)

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?

ELIZA

You don't care. I know you don't care. You wouldn't care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you, not as much as them slippers.

HIGGINS

(thundering)

T h o s e slippers.

ELIZA

Those slippers. I didn't think it made any difference now.

HIGGINS

Why have you suddenly begun going on like this? May I ask if you complain of your treatment here?

ELIZA

No.

HIGGINS

Has anybody behaved badly? Colonel Pickering? Mrs. Pearce?

ELIZA

No.

HIGGINS

Well you don't pretend that I have treated you badly.

ELIZA

No.

HIGGINS

No, I am glad to hear that. Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day. Would you have a chocolate?

(He reaches for the tray.)

ELIZA

No!

(Recollecting her manners)

Thank you.

HIGGINS

(good-humored again)

Well, it's only natural that you should be anxious. But it's all over now.

(He pats her kindly on the shoulder)

Nothing more to worry about.

ELIZA

No. Nothing more for you to worry about.

(She looks away from him, hiding her face.)

Oh God! I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS

Why? in heaven's name, why? Now listen to me, Eliza: all this irritation is purely subjective.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

It's just imagination. Nothing's wrong. Nobody's hurting you. Now you go to bed and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers, and you'll feel very much more comfortable.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you're free and can do

what you like.

ELIZA

What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go?

What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS

Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? Oh, I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. I'm sure you won't have any difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other. I hadn't quite realised 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!) Anyway, you're not bad-looking; you're really quite a pleasure to look at sometimes; well, not now, of course, when you've been crying, you look like the very devil; but, I mean, when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I would call attractive. Now you go to bed and have a good night's rest and then get up in the morning and have a look at yourself in a glass; you won't feel so bad.

(After a pause)

I daresay my mother might find some fellow or other who'd do very well.

ELIZA

We were above that at Covent Garden.

HIGGINS

What do you mean?

ELIZA

I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else.

HIGGINS

Oh tosh, Eliza. Don't insult human relations by dragging all that cant about buying and selling into it. You don't have to marry the fellow if you don't want to.

ELIZA

What else am I to do?

HIGGINS

Oh, lots of things. What about the old idea of a florist's shop? I'm sure Pickering would set you up in one: he's lots of money.

(Chuckles)

Pay for all those togs you're wearing tonight; and that, with the hire of the jewellery, would make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Oh come on now, you'll be alright.

(Yawning)

Well I must be off to bed; I'm really devilish sleepy. I was looking for something: what was it?

ELIZA

Your slippers.

HIGGINS

Oh yes, of course. You shied them at me.

(He goes out to pick them up when she rises and speaks to him.)

ELIZA

Before you go, sir--

HIGGINS

(leaving the slippers as he is reaching down for them)

Eh?

ELIZA

Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS

What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

(Bending down he picks up his slippers.)

Why would you bother about that in the middle of the night?

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

(deeply wounded)

Stealing! You shouldn't have said that, Eliza; that shows a want of
feeling.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

(very sulky)

Take the whole damned houseful if you want. Except the jewellery; that's hired.

(He turns to leave.)

ELIZA

Stop, please.

(She goes to the mirror and takes off her jewels.)

Will you take these to your room and keep them safe? I don't want to run the risk of them being missed.

HIGGINS

(furious)

Hand them over.

(She puts them into his hands.)

If these belonged to me and not the jeweller, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat.

(He puts them in his pockets, protruding the ends of the chains.)

ELIZA

(taking off her ring)

The ring isn't the jeweller's: it's the one you bought me in Brighton.

I don't want it now.

(Higgins takes the ring and throws it so violently into the fireplace that she crouches in terror.)

Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS

Hit you! You infamous creature, how dare you suggest such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

ELIZA

I'm glad. I've got a little bit of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS

(with dignity)

You have caused me to lose my temper: a thing that has hardly ever happened to me before. I don't wish to discuss it further tonight. I am going to bed.

(He goes up the stairs.)

ELIZA

You'd better leave your own note for Mrs. Pearce about the coffee; for it won't be done by me.

HIGGINS

(turning to her, stopping halfway up the stairs)

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 guttersnipe.

(He spoils his exit by bumping into the phonograph which starts playing:)

"re-re er-ee er-ee ow-ah".

(He rushes to turn it off and then retires.)

(Eliza goes down on her knees to the fireplace and to recover the ring. She retrieves it and fits it on her finger.)

ELIZA

Just you wait, Henry Higgins, just you wait.

You'll be sorry but your tears'll be too late.

You will be the one it's done to

And you'll have no one to run to.

Just you wait--

(She takes the ring off again and leaves it on the mantel.)

(Outside, in the street, Freddie is waiting for Eliza.)

FREDDIE

I have often walked down this street before

But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before;

All at once, am I

Several stories high.

Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?

Can you hear a lark in any other part of town.

Does enchantment pour out of every door?

No, it's just on the street where you live.

And oh! the towering feeling

Just to know somehow you are near.

The overpowering feeling,

That any second you may suddenly appear.

People stop and stare, they don't--

(He stops as he hears Eliza, who is carrying a small briefcase as well as her handbag, shutting the front door of the house on her way out. He runs across the street to meet her.)

FREDDIE

Darling!

ELIZA

Freddie, whatever are you doing here?

FREDDIE

Nothing. I spend most of my nights here; it's the only place where I'm happy. Don't laugh at me Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA

(Still upset over Higgins, she snaps at him)

Don't you call me Miss Doolittle, do you hear? Eliza's good enough for me.

(She starts off down the street, but remembering herself she stops and turns to face him)

Freddie, you don't think I'm a heartless guttersnipe, do you?

FREDDIE

Darling, how could you imagine such a thing? You know how I feel. I've written two or three times a day telling you; sheets and sheets.

FREDDIE

Speak and the world is full of singing,
And I am winging higher than the birds.
Touch and my heart begins to crumble,
The heavens tumble, darling, and I'm--

ELIZA

Words! Words! Words! I'm so sick of words!

I get words all day through;

First from him now from you!

Is that all you blighters can do?

Don't talk of stars, burning above;

If you're in love, show me!

Tell me no dreams filled with desire

If you're on fire, show me!

Here we are together in the middle of the night!

Don't talk of spring! Just hold me tight!

Anyone who's ever been love will tell you that

This is no time for a chat!

Haven't your lips longed for my touch?

Don't say how much, show me! Show me!

Don't talk of love lasting through time.

Make me no undying vow.

Show me now!

Sing me no song! Read me no rhyme!

Don't waste my time, show me!

Don't talk of June, don't talk of fall!

Don't talk at all! Show me!

Never do I ever want to hear another word

There isn't one I haven't heard.

Here we are together in what ought to be a dream;

Say one word and I'll scream!

Haven't your arms hungered for mine?

Please don't "expose," show me! Show me!

Don't wait until rings wrinkles and lines

Pop out all over my brow,

Show me now!

(Eliza rushes off down the street, shaking her case from his grip
as he offers to carry it.)

FREDDIE

Eliza, where are you going?

ELIZA

To the river.

FREDDIE

What for?

ELIZA

To make a hole in it.

FREDDIE

(he stops her, holding her arm, turning to her seriously)

Eliza, darling: what do you mean?

ELIZA

(she pats his arm, acknowledging his concern, then turns to look
down the street)

Taxi!

FREDDIE

(as Eliza gives him her suitcase to carry as they run down the
street to the car)

Taxi!-- but I've no money.

ELIZA

I have.

FREDDIE

Where are you going?

ELIZA

Where I belong!

(They both run to the taxi.)

(Covent Garden a little later. Except for a few flower sellers, etc, cleaning up after the day, the street is empty. Freddie climbs out the cab, holding the door open for Eliza.)

FREDDIE

Darling, shall I come with you?

(She shakes her head and then starts slowly down the street.)

COCKNEY VOICE

With one enormous chair

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

COCKNEY VOICES

Lots of choc'late for me to eat

Lots of coal makin' and lots of 'eat

Warm face, warm 'ands, warm feet.

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh so lovely sittin' abso-bloomin'-lutely still!

I would never budge 'til Spring crept over me window sill.

Someone's head restin' on my knee,

Warm and tender as she can be.

Who takes good care of me,

Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

(She walks past carts filled with flowers and stops by a young flower girl.)

FLOWER GIRL

Buy y'a flower, Miss?

ELIZA

Yes, please.

(She takes one, looking at the flower girl, expecting that she will recognize her. Disappointed when she doesn't, she continues on her way.)

(Eliza makes her way along the vegetable stalls. She stops by two men leaning on some crates, talking to each other. The closest looks up, tipping his hat politely.)

A COCKNEY

Oh good mornin', Miss. Can I help you?

ELIZA

Do mind if I warm my hands?

A COCKNEY

Go right ahead, Miss.

(She walks over and bends down by a burner. A man warming himself looks up at her and seems to recognise her momentarily, rising to greet her.)

OLD COCKNEY

H--

ELIZA

(hopefully)

Yes?

OLD COCKNEY

Oh, excuse me, Miss. For a second I thought you was somebody else.

ELIZA

(eagerly)

Who?

OLD COCKNEY

Excuse me, ma'am; early mornin' light playin' tricks with my eyes.

A COCKNEY

Can I get you a taxi ma'am? A lady like you shouldn't be walkin' alone round London this hour of the mornin'.

ELIZA

(staring absently; then smiling at him)

No, thank you.

(She walks across the street towards the church.)

ELIZA'S VOICE

Someone's head resting on my knee;

Warm and tender as he can be,

Who takes good care of me,

Oh wouldn't it be lovely?

Lovely, lovely, lovely,

Lovely.

(She looks up at the pub nearby where several patrons are saying
goodbye to someone being shown out of the pub by the bartender.

His two friends follow behind him.)

BARTENDER

(sycophantically)

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

(Eliza looks up inquisitively at the mention of his name.)

DOOLITTLE

Thank you, my good man, thank you. 'Ere, come 'ere

(gives him some money.)

Take the missus on a trip to Brighton, with my compliments.

BARTENDER

Oh! thank you, Mr. Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE

(to his friend)

Charming spot this, Harry. We must visit it more often.

ELIZA

(suspiciously)

Father?

DOOLITTLE

(to Harry, so that Eliza can hear)

Oh no. You see Harry, he has no mercy: sent her down to spy on me in me misery he did; me own flesh and blood.

(Walking to Eliza)

Well I'm miserable, alright; you can tell him that straight.

ELIZA

What are you talking about? What're you dressed up for?

DOOLITTLE

As if you didn't know. Go on back to that Wimpole Street devil; tell him what he's done to me.

ELIZA

What's he done to you?

DOOLITTLE

Ruined me, that's all. 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, who wrote to an old American blighter, named Wallingford who was giving five millions to found Moral Reform Societies, to tell him the most original moralist in England was Mr. Alfred P. Doolittle, a common dustman?

ELIZA

Sounds like one of his jokes.

DOOLITTLE

You may call it a joke: it's put the lid on me, proper. The old bloke died and left me four thousand pounds a year in his blimmin' will. Who asked him to make a gentleman out of me? I was happy; I was free; I touched pretty nigh everyone for money when I wanted it, same as I touched him. Now I'm tied neck and heels; and everybody touches me. A year ago I hadn't a relation in the world except two or three that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages amongst the lot of 'em. Oh, I have to live for others now, not for myself.

(Scornfully)

Middle class morality.

JAMIE

Come one, Alfie, another couple of hours and we have to be at the church.

ELIZA

(surprised)

Church!

DOOLITTLE

Yeah, church; the deepest cut of all. Well, why do think I'm dressed up like a ruddy pallbearer? Your stepmother wants to marry me; now I'm respec'able she wants to be respec'able.

ELIZA

Well, if that's the way you feel about it why don't you give the money back?

DOOLITTLE

That's the tragedy of it, Eliza. It's easy to say "chuck it", but I haven't the nerve. We're all intimidated, that's what we are.

Intimidated; bought up. Yeah, that's what I am; that's what your precious Professor's brought me to.

ELIZA

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; that's all part of his plan.

But you double-cross him: don't you come back home to me; don't you take tuppence from me. You stand on your own two feet: you're a lady

now and you can do it! Yeah, that's right, Eliza: you're a lady now.

(Freddie comes up to them.)

FREDDIE

Eliza, it's getting awfully cold in that taxi.

DOOLITTLE

'Ere, Eliza: would you like to come see me turned off this morning, eh? St. George's, Hanover Square, ten o'clock. I wouldn't advise it but you're welcome.

ELIZA

No thank you, dad.

DOOLITTLE

(nodding his head, unsurprised)

No.

FREDDIE

Are you all finished here, Eliza?

ELIZA

(melancholy)

Yes, Freddie, I'm all finished here.

(Putting her hand on Doolittle's arm)

Good luck, dad.

DOOLITTLE

Thank you, Eliza.

(Freddie walks Eliza to the taxi. They climb in and drive away.)

JAMIE

Come along, Alfie.

DOOLITTLE

How much time have I got left?

JAMIE & HARRY

There's just a few more hours

That's all the time you've got.

A few more hours

Before they tie the knot.

DOOLITTLE

(walking to the pub)

There's drinks and girls all over London and I gotta track 'em down in

just a few more hours! Ha ha!

(To the barmaid)

Set 'em up me darlin'!

DOOLITTLE

I'm getting married in the morning!

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

Pull out the stopper!

Let's have a whopper!

But get me to the church on time!

I've got to be there in the mornin'

Spruced up and looking in me prime.

Girls, come and kiss me;

show how you'll miss me.

But get me to the church on time.

If I am dancin'

Roll up the floor.

If I am whistlin'

Whewt me out the door!

I'm getting married in the mornin'

Ding dong the bells are gonna chime

Kick up a rumpus, but don't lose the compass

And get me to the church

CHORUS

Get 'im to the church

DOOLITTLE

For Gawd's sake get me to the church on time.

DOOLITTLE & CHORUS

I'm/he's getting married in the mornin'

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

Some bloke who's able

Lift up the table,

And get me to the church on time.

If I am flying,

Then shoot me down.

If I am wooin'

Get her out of town.

For I'm/he's getting married in the morning

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

DOOLITTLE

Feather and tar me;

Call out the army;

But get me to the church

Get me to the church

For Gawd's sake get me/him to the church on time.

CHORUS

He's getting married in the mornin'

Ding dong the bells are gonna chime

DOOLITTLE

(Come on) Pull out the stopper, let's have a whopper

But get me to the church on time.

CHORUS

He's got to be there in the mornin'

Spruced up and looking in his prime

DOOLITTLE

Girls, come and kiss me;

Show how you'll miss me

But get me to the church on time.

If I am dancin'

Roll up the floor.

If I am whistlin'

Whewt me out the door!

CHORUS

Oh, he's getting married in the mornin'

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

DOOLITTLE

Drug me or jail me;

Stamp me and mail me;

But get me to the church

CHORUS

Get him to the church,

DOOLITTLE

For Gawd's sake get me to the church on time.

CHORUS

Girls, come and kiss him;

Show how you'll miss him

And get him to the church on time.

Kick up a rumpus, but don't lose the compass

And get him to the church on time.

MALE CHORUS

If I am flying, then shoot me down

If I am wooin' get her out of town.

CHORUS

He's getting married in the mornin'

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

COCKNEY

Some bloke who's able

ANOTHER COCKNEY

Lift up the table,

DOOLITTLE

And get me to the church on time.

CHORUS

But get him to the church,

Get him to the church.

(The pub-crawlers assemble outside in the street.)

JAMIE & HARRY

Starlight is reelin' home to bed now.

Mornin' is smearin' up the sky.

CHORUS

London is waking.

Daylight is breaking.

JAMIE & HARRY

Good luck, old chum,

Good health, goodbye.

DOOLITTLE

I'm getting married in the mornin'

Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime...

CHORUS

Hail and salute me

Then haul off and boot me...

And get me to the church,

Get me to the church...

For Gawd's sake get me to the church on time!

(Early that morning at Higgins's house.)

(Higgins emerges from a room in a panic and wearing his dressing gown, followed by Mrs. Pearce.)

HIGGINS

(calling out)

Pickering! Pickering!

(To Mrs. Pearce, following behind him)

Didn't she even say where to send her clothes?

MRS PEARCE

I told you, sir, she took them all with her.

HIGGINS

(as he knocks on Pickering's door)

Pickering!

PICKERING

(emerging, half-dressed, and putting on his jacket)

What's the matter?

HIGGINS

Here's a confounded thing: Eliza's bolted!

PICKERING

(astounded)

Bolted?

HIGGINS

Last night, Mrs. Pearce let her go without telling me a thing about it.

PICKERING

Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS

Well, what am I to do? I got tea this morning instead of coffee; I

don't know anything is; I don't know where my appointments are.

MRS PEARCE

Eliza would know.

HIGGINS

Course she'd know but, damn it, she's gone!

MRS PEARCE

Did any of you gentlemen frighten her last night?

PICKERING

Last night? We hardly said a word to her. You were--

(suddenly turning on Higgins)

did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS

You got that the other way round: she threw her slippers at me. I

never gave her the slightest provocation; her slippers suddenly came

"bang!" at my head before I'd uttered a word. She used the most

disgraceful language; I was shocked!

PICKERING

Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS

I don't understand it. We've always given her every consideration; she

admitted it herself.

PICKERING

Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS

Oh! Pickering, for God's sake stop being dashed and do something.

PICKERING

What?

HIGGINS

Well phone the police; what are they there for in heaven's name?

MRS PEARCE

Mr. Higgins, you can't give Eliza's name to the police as if she were a thief or a lost umbrella.

HIGGINS

Why not? I want to find the girl. She belongs to me; I paid five pounds for her.

PICKERING

Quite right.

(On the phone)

Hello...Scotland Yard please...Get me some coffee, would you please--

MRS PEARCE

Yes, sir.

PICKERING

Mrs. erm...Scotland Yard?...Pearce, of course...I beg your pardon, yes, Colonel Pickering speaking...Hugh Pickering, 27A Wimpole

Street...I want to report a missing person...a Miss Eliza

Doolittle...about 21...Oooh, I should say about five-foot seven...Her eyes? Oh, let me think now: her eyes...her eyes, er--

HIGGINS

(emerging temporarily from his room, as he takes off a slipper)

Brown.

PICKERING

Brown, yes...No, no, no...no...Her hair? Oh, good Lord, let me-- well, a sort of nondescript, neutral sort of--

HIGGINS

(emerging again from his room, taking off his other slipper)

Brown! Brown! Brown!

PICKERING

Do you hear what he said: brown, brown, brown, yes...No, no, no, (this)

is her residence; 27A-- yes, yes...Er, about between three and four

this morning I understand...yes, no, no, no no; rela--? no, she's no

relation, no...What? Well, just let's call her a good friend, shall

we?...I beg your pardon! Listen to me, my man: I don't like the tenor

of that question. What the girl does here is our affair. Your affair

is to get her back so she can continue doing it.

(He hangs up the phone)

Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS

What in all of heaven could've prompted her to go,

After such a triumph as the ball?

What could've depressed her;

What could've possessed her?

I cannot understand the wretch at all.

&nbs

(Higgins goes back in his room.)

PICKERING

Higgins, I have an old school chum at the home office; perhaps he can help. I think I'll give him a ring.

(He picks up the phone)

Whitehall seven-two-double-four please.

HIGGINS

(bursting out of his room)

Women are irrational, that's all there is to that!

There heads are full of cotton, hay, and rags!

They're nothing but exasperating, irritating vacillating, calculating, agitating,

Maddening and infuriating hags!

(Higgins goes back in his room.)

PICKERING

(on the phone)

Oh, I want to speak to Mr. Brewster Budgin, please...Brew--...yes,

I'll wait.

HIGGINS

(emerging thoughtfully)

Pickering: why can't a woman be more like a man?

PICKERING

I beg your pardon.

HIGGINS

Yes...

HIGGINS

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

Men are so honest, so thoroughly square;

Eternally noble, historic'ly fair;

Who, when you win, will always give your back a pat.

Well, why can't a woman be like that?

Why does ev'ryone do what the others do?

Can't a woman learn to use her head?

Why do they do ev'rything their mothers do?

Why don't they grow up-- well, like their father instead?

Why can't a woman take after a man?

Men are so pleasant, so easy to please;

Whenever you are with them, you're always at ease.

Would you be slighted if I didn't speak for hours?

PICKERING

Of course not!

HIGGINS

Would you be livid if I had a drink or two?

PICKERING

Nonsense.

HIGGINS

Would you be wounded if I never sent you flowers?

PICKERING

Never.

HIGGINS

Well, why can't a woman be like you?

One man in a million may shout a bit.

Now and then there's one with slight defects;

One, perhaps, whose truthfulness you doubt a bit.

But by and large we are a marvelous sex!

Why can't a woman take after a man?

Cause men are so friendly, good natured and kind.

A better companion you never will find.

If I were hours late for dinner, would you bellow?

PICKERING

Of course not!

HIGGINS

If I forgot your silly birthday, would you fuss?

PICKERING

Nonsense.

HIGGINS

Would you complain if I took out another fellow?

PICKERING

Never.

HIGGINS

Well, why can't a woman be like us?

(Higgins retreats to his room again.)

PICKERING

(on the phone)

Oh! Hello: Mr Brewster Budgin there?...Brewsy, Brewsy, you'll never guess who this is...You're quite right! yes it is; good heavens; by George, what a memory...How are you, Brewsy?...Nice to hear your voice...What?...Oh, don't say that; is it really thirty years? Good heavens...Yes, you're quite right; ever since the Boer...Listen, listen: Brucy, I'll tell you why I rang up. Something rather

unpleasant's happened this end; could I come and see you?...Hmmm, well
I could, yes; now; straight away...Righto; good; thank you, thank
you...Good bye, Brewsy; thank you very much.

(He puts down the phone and goes downstairs where he sees Mrs.
Pearce, who is carrying a tea tray.)

Oh, Mrs. Pearce: I'm going along to the home office.

MRS PEARCE

Oh, I do hope you find her, Colonel Pickering; Mr. Higgins will miss
her.

PICKERING

Mr. Higgins will miss her, eh? Blast Mr. Higgins!

(Taking his hat off the stand and putting it on)

I'll miss her.

(He goes out the front door.)

(Higgins, now dressed, is calling out upstairs.)

HIGGINS

Pickering. Pickering!

(He sees Mrs. Pearce downstairs and leans over the bannister)

Oh, Mrs Pearce!

MRS PEARCE

(looking up at him)

Yes, sir?

HIGGINS

Where's the Colonel?

MRS PEARCE

He's gone to the home office, sir.

HIGGINS

Oh, there you are: I'm disturbed and he runs for help; now, there's a good fellow.

(Becoming thoughtful)

Mrs. Pearce, you're a woman...

HIGGINS

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

Men are so decent, such regular chaps.

Ready to help you through any mishaps.

Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum.

Why can't a woman be a chum?

Why is thinking something women never do?

I mean, why is logic never even tried?

Straight'ning up their hair is all they ever do.

Why don't they straighten up the mess that's inside?

Why can't a woman behave like a man?

If I was a woman who'd been to a ball,

Been hailed as a princess by one and by all;

Would I start weeping like a bathtub overflowing?

And carry on as if my home were in a tree?

Would I run off and never tell me where I'm going?

Why can't a woman be like me?

(Higgins goes out through the front door.)

(That afternoon in the drawing-room of Mrs. Higgins's house.

Eliza and Mrs. Higgins are talking together; Eliza is sitting in a chair at a table in the middle of the room and Mrs. Higgins is watering a plant with a small gold-coloured watering can.)

MRS HIGGINS

(turning from the plant she is watering and walking over to Eliza)

Do you mean to say that after you'd done this wonderful thing for them without making a single mistake, they just sat there and never said a word to you; never petted you; or admired you; or told you how splendid you'd been?

ELIZA

(standing up)

Not a word. They just said they're congratulating each other on how marvellous they'd been; and the next moment on how glad their work was all over and what a bore it had all been.

MRS HIGGINS

This is simply appalling. I should not have thrown my slippers at him:

I should have thrown the fire irons.

(Outside there is the sound of the front door opening, and a male voice and that of the maid.)

ELIZA

What's that?

MRS HIGGINS

Henry. I knew it wouldn't be too long. Remember: you not only danced with a Prince last night, you behaved like a Princess.

(She leaves the room via the swinging doors to the patio.)

HIGGINS

(entering the drawing-room rather abruptly via the main door)

Mother, the most confounded thing: do you--

(he sees Eliza)

Y o u!

ELIZA

(as if nothing is the matter)

Good afternoon, Professor Higgins. Are you quite well?

HIGGINS

Am I...?

ELIZA

(continuing in mock innocence)

Of course, you are: you are never ill.

(Sitting down at the table)

Would you care for some tea?

HIGGINS

Don't you dare try that game on me; I taught it to you! Now you get up and go home and stop being a fool; you've caused me enough trouble for one morning.

MRS HIGGINS

(returning to the drawing-room from outside)

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

HIGGINS

Well how did the baggage get here in the first place?

MRS HIGGINS

(sitting down beside Eliza)

Eliza came to see me this morning and I was delighted to have her; and if you don't promise to behave yourself then I must ask you to leave.

HIGGINS

What, do you mean to say that I'm to put on my Sunday manners for this (thing)

that I created out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent Garden?

MRS HIGGINS

That's precisely what I mean.

HIGGINS

Then I'll see her damned first.

(Higgins retreats to the back of the room)

MRS HIGGINS

However did you learn good manners with my son around?

ELIZA

It was very difficult. I should never have known how ladies and gentlemen behave if it hadn't been for Colonel Pickering.

(Higgins looks up at her sharply.)

He always showed that he felt and thought about me as if I was something better than a common flower girl. You see, Mrs. Higgins, apart from the things one can pick up, the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she is 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 shall always be lady to Colonel Pickering because he always treats me as a lady, and always will.

(Higgins sits down at the back, sulking.)

MRS HIGGINS

Henry, don't grind your teeth.

THE PARLOUR-MAID

(coming in from the door to the hall)

The Bishop is here, madam. Shall I show him into the garden?

MRS HIGGINS

The Bishop and the Professor! good heavens, no. I shall be excommunicated. I'll see him in the library.

(The maid leaves.)

Eliza: if my son starts breaking up things, I give you full permission to have him evicted.

(Turning back to Higgins before leaves the room)

Henry, dear, I suggest you stick to two subjects: the weather and your health.

(After she has left, Higgins rises and walks over to the table, emphatically placing several sugar cubes in a cup.)

HIGGINS

Well, you've had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Now, have you had enough and are you going to be reasonable or do you want any more?

(He pours his tea.)

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

Now I didn't say I wanted you back at all.

ELIZA

Oh, indeed! then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS

Well, about you, not about me. If you come back you'll be treated as you've always been treated. I can't change my nature I don't intend to change my manners

(pouring his milk)

My manners are e

(actly)

the same as Colonel Pickering!

ELIZA

That's not true: he treats a flower girl as if she were a duchess.

HIGGINS

Well, I treat a duchess as if she were a flower girl.

ELIZA

Oh, I see; the same to everybody.

HIGGINS

Just so. You see the great secret, Eliza, is not a question of good manners, or bad manners, or any particular sort of manner, but having the same manner for all human souls. The question is not whether I treat you rudely or whether you've ever heard me treat anyone else better.

ELIZA

I don't care how you treat me; I don't mind your swearing at me;

(rising)

I shouldn't mind a black eye, I've had one before this: but I won't be passed over!

HIGGINS

Then get out of my way or I won't stop for you. You talk about me as though I were a motorbus.

(He sits down with his tea.)

ELIZA

So you are a motorbus: all bounce and go and no consideration for anybody. But I can get along without you; don't you think I can't.

HIGGINS

I know you can. I told you you could.

(He pauses, thoughtfully)

You've never wondered, I suppose, whether I could get along without you.

ELIZA

Don't you try to get around me; you'll have to.

HIGGINS

(sharply)

So I can, without you or any soul on earth.

(Sitting up thoughtfully)

I shall miss you, Eliza. I've learnt something from your idiotic notions; I confess that, humbly and gratefully.

ELIZA

(cautious at his change of tone)

Well, you have my voice on your grammophone: when you feel lonely without me, you can turn it on; it has no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS

Well, I--I can't turn your soul on.

ELIZA

Oooh! you are a devil! You can twist the heart in a girl just as easily as someone can twist her arms to hurt her. What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS

(standing up with gusto)

For the fun of it; that's why I took you on.

ELIZA

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.

ELIZA

And live with my father?

HIGGINS

Yes, or sell flowers. Or would you rather marry Pickering?

ELIZA

I would marry you if you asked me, and you're nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS

(correcting her)

Than he is.

ELIZA

(in angry defiance)

I talk as I like; you're not my teacher now. That's not what I want and don't you think it is. I've always has chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddie Hill writes me twice and three times a day; sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS

Oh! in short you want me to be as infatuated about you as he is, is that it?

ELIZA

No, I don't; that's not the sort of feeling I want from you. I want a little kindness. I know I'm a common ignorant girl, and you're a

book-learned gentleman, but I'm not dirt under your feet.

(Speaking gently)

What I done-- what I

(did)

, was not for the taxis and the dresses, but because we were pleasant together; and I come to-- came to care for you--not to want you want to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us--but more friendly-like.

HIGGINS

(smiling)

Well of course; that's how I feel--

(he remembers himself; adding hurriedly)

--and how Pickering feels. Eliza you're a fool.

ELIZA

That's not the proper answer to give me!

HIGGINS

It's the only answer you'll get until you stop being a plain idiot. If you're going to be a lady, you'll have give up feeling neglected if the men you know don't spend half their time snivelling over you and the other half giving you black eyes. You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, don't you? Well be off with you to the sort of people you like. Marry some sentimental hog with lots of money and a thick pair

of lips to kiss you with and a thick pair of boots to kick you with.

If you can't appreciate what you've got, you'd better get what you can appreciate.

ELIZA

(despairing; turning to go to the patio)

Oh, I can't talk to you; you always turn everything against me; I'm always in the wrong; but don't be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down. I'll marry Freddie, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS

Freddie! that poor devil who couldn't get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it? Woman, don't you understand: I've made you a consort for a King!

ELIZA

Freddie loves me: that makes him king enough for me. I don't want him to work. He wasn't brought up to it as I was. I'll go and be a teacher.

(She goes through the swinging doors to the patio.)

HIGGINS

What would you teach, in heaven's name?

ELIZA

(she turns to him over the top of the doors)

What you taught me: I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS

H a! h a! h a!

ELIZA

(with relish)

I'll offer myself as an assistant to that brilliant Hungarian.

HIGGINS

(storming after her, intensely annoyed)

What! that imposter; that humbug; that toadying ignoramous; teach him my methods, my discoveries? You take one step in that direction and

(holding his hands up near her neck, miming a strangling action)

I'll ring your neck, you hear?

ELIZA

Ring away! what do I care? I knew you'd strike me one day.

(With a sigh of despair Higgins sinks back into the nearby cane chair)

ELIZA

(reproducing her Covent Garden dialect exactly)

Ah! That's done you 'enry 'iggins, it has! Now I don't care

(gesturing with her hand)

(that)

f' yer bullyin' an' yer big talk.

(She sits down opposite him.)

ELIZA

What a fool I was!

What a dominated fool!

To think you were the earth and sky.

What a fool I was!

What an addlepated fool!

What a mutton headed dolt was I!

Now my reverberating friend,

You are not the beginning and the end!

HIGGINS

You impudent hussy! There's not an idea in your head or a word in your mouth that I haven't put there.

ELIZA

There'll be spring ev'ry year without you.

England still will be here without you.

There'll be fruit on the tree;

And a shore by the sea;

There'll be crumpets and tea without you.

Art and music will thrive without you.

Somehow Keats will survive without you.

And there still will be rain on that plain down in Spain,

Even that will remain without you.

I can do without you.

You, dear friend, who talk so well,

You can go to Hartford, Heresford and Hampshire.

They can still rule the land without you.

Windsor Castle will stand without you.

And without much ado

We can all muddle through without you.

HIGGINS

You brazen hussy.

ELIZA

Without your pulling it, the tide comes in;

Without your twirling it, the earth can spin.

Without your pushing them, the clouds roll by.

If they can do without you, ducky, so can I!

I shall not feel alone without you.

I can stand on my own without you.

So go back in your shell,

I can do bloody well without you!

(Higgins rises suddenly, facing her.)

HIGGINS

By George! I really did it, I did it, I did it,

I said I'd make a woman and indeed I did!

I knew that I could do it, I knew it, I knew it,

I said I'd make a woman and succeed I did!

HIGGINS

Eliza, you're magnificent. Five minutes ago you were a millstone round my neck, and now you're a tower of strength: a consort battleship! I like you this way.

ELIZA

Goodbye, Professor Higgins. You shall not be seeing me again.

(Eliza turns deliberately and leaves. Higgins pauses for a moment, alone in the room.)

HIGGINS

(suddenly calling out)

Mother! Mother!

MRS HIGGINS

(coming towards him)

What is it, Henry? What's happened.

HIGGINS

(sounding lost)

She's gone.

MRS HIGGINS

Well, of course, dear. What did you expect?

HIGGINS

Well what am I to do?

MRS HIGGINS

Do without, I suppose.

HIGGINS

(finding his resolve again)

And so I shall.

(He starts to leave, then turns to Mrs. Higgins, his resolve
gaining momentum)

If the Higgins oxygen burns up her little lungs better seek some
stuffiness that suits her. She's an owl, sickened by a few days of my
sunshine. Very well, let her go. I can do without her, I can do
without anyone. I have my own soul, my own spark of divine fire!

(Higgins leaves, watched with a smile by Mrs. Higgins.)

MRS HIGGINS

(to herself)

Bravo, Eliza!

(In the street and Higgins is hurrying home in a huff.)

HIGGINS

Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!

(He stops, suddenly thoughtful.)

HIGGINS

I've grown accustomed to her face.

She almost makes the day begin.

I've grown accustomed to the tune that

She whistles night and noon.

Her smiles, her frowns,

Her ups, her downs

Are second nature to me now;

Like breathing out and breathing in.

I was serenely independent and content before we met;

Surely I could always be that way again--

And yet

I've grown accustomed to her looks;

Accustomed to her voice;

Accustomed to her face.

(Later and Higgins reaches Wimpole Steet.)

HIGGINS

"Marry Freddie." What an infantile idea. What a heartless, wicked,

brainless thing to do. But she'll regret, she'll regret it. It's

doomed before they even take the vow!

HIGGINS

I can see her now, Mrs. Freddie Eynsford-Hill

In a wretched little flat above a store.
I can see her now, not a penny in the till,
And a bill collector beating at the door.
She'll try to teach the things I taught her,
And end up selling flowers instead.
Begging for her bread and water,
While her husband has his breakfast in bed.
In a year, or so, when she's prematurely grey,
And the blossom in her cheek has turned to chalk.
She'll come home, and lo, he'll have upped and run away
With a social-climbing heiress from New York.
Poor Eliza. How simply frightful! How humiliating! How delightful!
How poignant it'll be on that inevitable night
When she hammers on my door in tears and rags.
Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite.
Will I take her in or hurl her to the walls?
Give her kindness or the treatment she deserves?
Will I take her back or throw the baggage out?
(He stops outside the front door of 27A)

HIGGINS

But I'm a most forgiving man;
The sort who never could, ever would,

Take a position and staunchly never budge.

A most forgiving man.

BUT, I shall never take her back,

If she were even crawling on her knees.

Let her promise to atone;

Let her shiver, let her moan;

I'll slam the door and let the hell-cat freeze!

HIGGINS

"Marry Freddie"--h a!

(Higgins starts to unlock the front door, but stops, thoughtful again.)

HIGGINS

But I'm so used to hear her say "Good morning" ev'ry day.

Her joys, her woes,

Her highs, her lows,

Are second nature to me now;

Like breathing out and breathing in.

I'm very grateful she's a woman

And so easy to forget;

Rather like a habit

One can always break--

And yet

I've grown accustomed to the trace

Of something in the air;

Accustomed to her face.

(He opens the front door and enters the house. Alone, he walks through the hall and to the laboratory where he looks at the apparatus Eliza was once connected to measuring her "a"s. Slowly he enters the study where he turns to the phonograph. He turns it on and sits down in his chair.)

ELIZA

"Oh, we are proud! Well he ain't above givin' lessons, not him: I heard him say so. Well, I ain't come here to ask for any compliment; and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere."

HIGGINS

"Good enough for what?"

ELIZA

"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."

PICKERING

"What do you want, my girl?"

ELIZA

"I want to be a lady in a flower shop 'stead of sellin' at the corner o' Tottenham Court Road. 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 favour--and he treats me as if I was dirt."

(Eliza has entered the house and, hearing the phonograph playing, has walked to the door of the study, Higgins's back to her.)

ELIZA

"I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay. I won't give more than a shillin'. Take it or leave it."

HIGGINS

"It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low. So horribly dirty. I'll take it! I'll make a duchess of this draggle-tailed guttersnipe."

(Eliza reaches to the phonograph and turns it off.)

ELIZA

I washed my face and hands before I come, I did.

(Higgins, waking from his melancholy, turns his eyes up slowly.

Realising that it is she who is behind him his face softens.)

HIGGINS

(smiling)

Eliza.

(Resuming his accustomed character)

Where the devil are my slippers?

(Higgins lies back in his chair, covering his face with his hat,

watched fondly by Eliza.)

-- THE END --

THE CAST

AUDREY HEPBURN Eliza Doolittle

REX HARRISON Professor Henry

Higgins

STANLEY HOLLOWAY

Alfred Doolittle

WILFRED HYDE-WHITE

Colonel Pickering

GLADYS COOPER

Mrs. Higgins

JEREMY BRETT

Freddie Eynsford-Hill

THEODORE BIKEL

Zoltan Karpathy

MONA WASHBOURNE

Mrs. Pearce

ISOBEL ELSOM

Mrs. Eynsford-Hill

(Audrey Hepburn's Vocals: Marni Nixon)

(Jeremy Brett's Vocals: Bill Shirley)

"My Fair Lady" Starring Audrey Hepburn Rex Harrison

Co-Starring Stanley Holloway, Wilfrid Hyde-White,

Gladys Cooper, Jeremy Brett and Theodore Bikel

Based on the play "My Fair Lady" Book and Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner

Music by Frederick Loewe Produced by Herman Levin

From the play by Bernard Shaw Production and Costumes by Cecil Beaton

Music supervised by Andre Previn Music by Frederick Loewe

Screenplay by Alan Jay Lerner Produced by Jack L. Warner

Directed by George Cukor Restored by Robert A. Harris and James C. Katz

Technicolor SuperPanavision 70

My Fair Lady, Transcribed by Graham (hepburn@unforgettable.com)

Questo copione è stato visto: