

# MY FAIR LADY

Adapted from  
Bernard Shaw's  
"Pygmalion"

Book and Lyrics by  
ALAN JAY LERNER

Music by  
FREDERICK LOEWE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

- (1) ELIZA DOOLITTLE\* - A cockney flower girl from Lisson Grove working outside Covent Garden. Her potential to become "a lady" becomes the object of a bet between Higgins and Pickering.
- (2) COLONEL PICKERING\* - Retired British officer with colonial experience and the author of "Spoken Sanskrit."
- (3) MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL - A friend of Mrs. Higgins' and Freddy's mother.
- (4) MRS. HIGGINS - Henry's long-suffering mother.
- (5) HENRY HIGGINS\* - British, upper class professional batchelor, world famous phonetics expert, teacher and author of "Higgins' Universal Alphabet."
- (6) FREDDY EYNSFORD-HILL\* - Upper class young man who becomes completely smitten with Eliza.
- (7) ALFRED P. DOOLITTLE\* - Eliza's father; an elderly but vigorous dustman.
- (8) BARTENDER - George, works the Tottenham Court Road Pub.
- (9) HARRY\* - Drinking companion of Alfred Doolittle.
- (10) JAMIE\* - Drinking companion of Alfred Doolittle.
- (11) MRS. PEARCE\* - Henry Higgins' housekeeper.
- (12) MRS. HOPKINS - A cockney woman of Tottenham Court.
- (13) PROF. ZOLTAN KARPATY - A bearded Hungarian; former phonetics student of Henry Higgins.
- (14) A BYSTANDER - Opening scene, (2 men) a Bystander with Another Bystander outside Covent Garden.

\* principal vocal parts

- (15) FIRST COCKNEY, (16) SECOND COCKNEY, (17) THIRD COCKNEY  
- In Covent Garden Market; with a Fourth Cockney they form the male COCKNEY QUARTET.\*
- (18) BULTER - Henry Higgins household employee.
- FOOTMAN - Henry Higgins house, non-speaking.
- (19) LORD BOXINGTON - Friend of Mrs. Higgins, Ascot race patron.
- LADY BOXINGTON - At Ascot races, non-speaking.
- (20) FLOWER GIRL - Working in Wimpole Street.
- (21) FOOTMAN - Embassy employee.
- FOOTMAN - Embassy employee, non-speaking.
- (22) SELSEY MAN - Opening scene, bystander outside Covent Garden.
- (23) HOXTON MAN - Opening scene, bystander outside Covent Garden.
- TWO MAIDS\* - Henry Higgins household, non-speaking.
- THREE BUSKERS - Street performers outside Covent Garden, non-speaking.
- SIX SERVANTS - Henry Higgins household, non-speaking chorus singers, S-S-A-A-T-B.
- TWO STEWARDS - Ascot employees, non-speaking.
- SINGING & DANCING ENSEMBLES - The Ascot Race patrons, Embassy Ball guests including The Queen of Transylvania and her escort, the Ambassador and his wife and Dr. Themistocles Stephanos, Covent Garden scene Crowd, Tottenham Court crowd, etc.
- VARIOUS VOICES (Doubling roles with single spoken lines)
- ANGRY WOMAN - (Act I, Scene 2)
- ANGRY MAN - (Act I, Scene 2)
- CHARLES, Mrs. Higgins Chauffeur - (Act I, Scene 6)
- POLICEMEN, Wimpole Street - (Act I, Scene 8)
- QUEEN OF TRANSYLVANIA - (Act I, Scene 10)
- MAID, Mrs. Higgins employee - (Act II, Scene 5)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENESACT ONE

- Scene 1:       OUTSIDE COVENT GARDEN.  
              A cold March night.
- Scene 2:       A TENEMENT SECTION - TOTTENHAM  
              COURT ROAD.  
              Later that evening.
- Scene 3:       HIGGINS' STUDY.  
              The next day.
- Scene 4:       TENEMENT SECTION  
              (Same as Act I, Scene 2).  
              Mid-day, several weeks later.
- Scene 5:       HIGGINS' STUDY.  
              Later that afternoon.
- Scene 6:       OUTSIDE ASCOT.  
              A July afternoon.
- Scene 7:       ASCOT.  
              Immediately following.
- Scene 8:       OUTSIDE HIGGINS' HOUSE, WIMPOLE STREET.  
              Later that day.
- Scene 9:       HIGGINS' STUDY.  
              Evening six weeks later.
- Scene 10:      TRANSYLVANIAN EMBASSY PROMENADE.  
              Outside the Ballroom. Later that evening.
- Scene 11:      THE BALLROOM OF THE EMBASSY.  
              Immediately following.

\* \* \*

ACT TWO

- Scene 1: HIGGINS' STUDY.  
3:00 the following morning.
- Scene 2: OUTSIDE HIGGINS' HOUSE.  
(Same as Act I, Scene 8).  
Immediately following.
- Scene 3: FLOWER MARKET OF COVENT GARDEN.  
5:00 in the morning.
- Scene 4: UPSTAIRS HALL OF HIGGINS' HOUSE.  
11:00 the following morning.
- Scene 5: THE GARDEN OF MRS. HIGGINS' HOUSE.  
Later that morning.
- Scene 6: OUTSIDE HIGGINS' HOUSE.  
(Same as Act I, Scene 8)  
Dusk, that afternoon.
- Scene 7: HIGGINS' STUDY.  
Immediately following.

\* \* \*

The place is London,  
the time 1912.

\* \* \*

MUSICAL NUMBERSACT ONE

1. OVERTURE and OPENING SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene One

2. "WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH?" - (HIGGINS)
3. "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?" - (ELIZA & ENSEMBLE)

Scene Two

4. "WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK" - (DOOLITTLE, HARRY  
and JAMIE)
- 4A. CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene Three

5. "I'M AN ORDINARY MAN" - (HIGGINS)
- 5A. CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene Four

6. REPRIS: "WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK" -  
(DOOLITTLE and ENSEMBLE)
- 6A. CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene Five

7. "JUST YOU WAIT" - (ELIZA)
8. THE SERVANTS' CHORUS - (SIX SERVANTS)
9. "THE RAIN IN SPAIN" - (HIGGINS, ELIZA & PICKERING)
10. "I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT" - (ELIZA with  
MRS. PEARCE and TWO MAIDS)
- 10A. CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene Seven

11. "ASCOT GAVOTTE" - (FULL ENSEMBLE)
12. END OF GAVOTTE and BLACKOUT MUSIC - (Orchestra)

Scene Eight

13. "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE" - (FREDDY)

Scene Nine

14. ELIZA'S ENTRANCE - (Orchestra)
15. INTRODUCTION TO PROMENADE - (Orchestra)

Scene Ten

16. PROMENADE - (Orchestra)
17. THE EMBASSY WALTZ - (Orchestra, with  
HIGGINS, ELIZA, PICKERING,  
KARPATHY & FULL ENSEMBLE)

ACT TWO

18. ENTR'ACTE - (Orchestra)

Scene One

19. "YOU DID IT" - (HIGGINS, PICKERING,  
MRS. PEARCE & THE SERVANTS)  
20. REPRIS: "JUST YOU WAIT" - (ELIZA)

Scene Two

- 20A. REPRIS: "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE" - (FREDDY)  
20B. "SHOW ME" - (ELIZA & FREDDY)

Scene Three

21. THE FLOWER MARKET/REPRIS: "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY" -  
(ELIZA & COCKNEY MEN)  
22. "GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME" - (DOOLITTLE &  
ENSEMBLE)  
23. CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene Four

24. "HYMN TO HIM" - (HIGGINS)  
24A. CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

Scene Five

25. "WITHOUT YOU" - (HIGGINS & ELIZA)

Scene Six

26. "I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE" - (HIGGINS)

Scene Seven

27. MUSIC FOR CURTAIN CALLS - (Orchestra)  
28. EXIT MUSIC - (Orchestra)

/17 OVERTURE: OPENING SCENE - (Orchestra)ACT ONEScene 1

SCENE: OUTSIDE COVENT GARDEN.

TIME: After theatre, a cold March night.

AT RISE: As the curtain rises we are in the street before Covent Garden. There is a tenement house at Stage Left, some of the columns of St. Paul's can be seen at Stage Right. The exit of the Opera House can be seen upstage. The crowds that are leaving the Opera are frozen in action for a moment and then, with the lights coming up, they move towards the front. Calls of "Taxi!" can be heard. There is a smudge-pot fire in front of the tenement.

THREE STREET ENTERTAINERS (BUSKERS) are performing for the richly gowned and tailored crowd.

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL and FREDDY are seen emerging from the crowd at UL and cross to DRC. SHE is indicating to him, in the hub-bub, to dash along and find a taxi. HE is calling for one. Suddenly, one of the BUSKERS does a cartwheel and crashes into him. A cry of "Aaaaaaooooow!" is heard. There is a commotion. The crowd separates and ELIZA DOOLITTLE is discovered on the ground L of C her basket of flowers emptied around her.

ELIZA

Aaaoooww!

FREDDY

(R of ELIZA, trying to help HER)

I'm frightfully sorry.

ELIZA

(Wailing)

Two bunches of violets trod in the mud. A full day's wages. Why don't you look where you're going?



MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL

Will you get a taxi, Freddy. Do you want me to catch pneumonia?

FREDDY

I'm sorry, mother. I'll get a taxi right away.

(To ELIZA)

Sorry.

(HE exits UL.

A WOMAN enters UL, a bit disheveled and X's DR and off.

COLONEL PICKERING enters UL, dressed in evening clothes and looking for a taxi. HE X's DLC)

ELIZA

(To MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL)

Oh, he's your son, is he? 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 paying.

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL

(Exiting UL)

Go on about your business, my girl.

ELIZA

(Muttering to herself as SHE collects HER flowers)

Two bundles of violets trod in the mud.

PICKERING

(At DLC)

Taxi! Taxi!

ELIZA

(To PICKERING)

I say, Captain, buy a flower off a poor girl.

(TWO COCKNEY MEN enter UR.

X to UC)

PICKERING

I'm sorry. I haven't any change.

ELIZA

I can change half a crown. Here, take this for tuppence.

PICKERING

(Searches pockets)

I really haven't any - stop: here's three hapence, if that's any use to you.

ELIZA

(Disappointed, but thinking three  
half-pence better than nothing)

Thank you, sir.

(A BYSTANDER has been watching  
someone behind the C Pillar)

BYSTANDER

(Xes D to R of ELIZA)

Here, you be careful...Better give him a flower fer it.  
There's a bloke there behind the pillar taking down every  
blessed word you're saying.

(The CROWD turns to look at pillar.  
The HOXTON MAN Xes D from bench to UC)

ELIZA

(Rises - Terrified)

I ain't done nothin' wrong by speakin' to the gentleman.  
I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. I'm  
a respectable girl; so help me, I never spoke to him except  
to ask him to buy a flower off me.

(There is a general hub-bub,  
mostly sympathetic to ELIZA)

ANOTHER BYSTANDER

What's the row?

HOXTON MAN

What's all the bloomin' noise?

SELSEY MAN

There's a tec takin' her down.

(EVERYONE is staring at the  
pillar as if someone is behind)

ELIZA

(To PICKERING)

Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means  
to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the  
streets for speakin' to gentlemen.

(PROFESSOR HIGGINS pivots around  
the post into view and Xes D to R  
of ELIZA)

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

(Still hysterical - to HIGGINS)  
On my Bible oath, I never said a word....

HIGGINS

(Overbearing, but good-humored)

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

ELIZA

Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just show me what you wrote about me.

(HIGGINS opens HIS book and holds  
it before HER eyes)

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

HIGGINS

I can.

(Reads, reproducing HER pronunciation)

I say, Captain, buy a flower off a poor girl.

ELIZA

It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm.

(To PICKERING)

Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You....

PICKERING

Charge! I make no charge.

(Xes to L of HIGGINS)

Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against molestation by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see the girl meant no harm.

(HE Xes DR)

SELSEY MAN

(Xing to L of HIGGINS)

He ain't a tec. He's a gentleman. Look at his boots.

HIGGINS

And how are all your people down at Selsey?

SELSEY MAN

(Suspiciously)

Who told you my people come from Selsey?

HIGGINS

Never mind. They did.

(Xing to R of ELIZA).

How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

ELIZA (Appalled)

Oooooh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove?

(In tears, Xing to CS, picks up basket,  
Xes to C pillar and sits on orange  
crate in front of pillar.)

12  
1-1-5

The CROWD has dispersed leaving only the  
FOUR BYSTANDERS [BYSTANDER, ANOTHER BYSTANDER  
SELSEY MAN, HOXTON MAN] who are grouped at UL)

ELIZA (Continued)

It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay  
four-and-six a week. Oh, boo-hoo-oo --

HIGGINS

(X DL)

Live where you like; but stop that noise.  
(With pad in hand, HE listens to the  
accents coming from the men grouped  
around the bench)

PICKERING

(Xing to R of ELIZA)

Come, come! He can't touch you; you have a right to  
live where you please.

ELIZA

(To herself)

I'm a good girl, I am.

HOXTON MAN

Do you know where I come from?

HIGGINS

(Xing DC)

Hoxton.

HOXTON MAN

(X DL)

Well, who said I didn't. Blimey, you know everything,  
you do.

ANOTHER BYSTANDER

(Xing D from UR to HIGGINS.

Indicating PICKERING)

Tell him where he comes from, if you want to go fortune  
telling.

(X D to R of HOXTON MAN)

HIGGINS

(Staring at PICKERING)

Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge and India.

PICKERING

Quite right.

BYSTANDER

Blimey, he ain't a tec; he's a bloomin' busybody, that's  
what he is.

(THEY all disperse; 2 BYSTANDERS &  
SELSEY MAN exit UR, HOXTON MAN exits DL)

PICKERING

(As the groups leave)  
May I ask, sir, do you do this sort of thing for a living on the music halls?

(The stage is now clear except for HIGGINS and PICKERING at CS, ELIZA on the orange crate in front of C pillar, and the FOUR COCKNEYS grouped about the smudgepot at stage L)

HIGGINS

I have thought of that. Perhaps I will someday.

ELIZA

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

PICKERING

How do you do it, if I may 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. I can place a man within six miles; I can place him within two miles in London.

(X front of PICKERING to C Pillar)

Sometimes within two streets.

ELIZA

Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward!

PICKERING

But 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 (Feebly)

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

HIGGINS

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

14  
1-1-7

ELIZA

Aooooooooow!

/2/ "WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH"

HIGGINS

LOOK AT HER, A PRIS'NER OF THE GUTTERS;  
CONDEMNED BY EV'RY SYLLABLE SHE UTTERS.  
BY RIGHTS SHE SHOULD BE TAKEN OUT AND HUNG.  
(Spoken)

FOR THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE!

ELIZA

A-o-o-o-w!

HIGGINS (X DR)

Aooooow!

Heavens, what a noise!

(Sings)

THIS IS WHAT THE BRITISH POPULATION  
CALLS AN ELEMENT'RY EDUCATION.

PICKERING

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

HIGGINS

(X to R of PICKERING)

Did I?

HEAR THEM DOWN IN SOHO SQUARE,  
DROPPING AITCHES EV'RYWHERE,  
SPEAKING ENGLISH ANYWAY THEY LIKE.

(X to bench DL, to COCKNEY)

YOU, SIR, DID YOU GO TO SCHOOL?

COCKNEY

WHATYA TIKE ME FER, A FOOL?

HIGGINS

NO ONE TAUGHT HIM "TAKE" INSTEAD OF "TIKE."

(X to L of PICKERING)

HEAR A YORKSHIREMAN, OR WORSE,  
HEAR A CORNISHMAN CONVERSE.

I'D RATHER HEAR A CHOIR SINGING FLAT!

(X front of PICKERING to L of ELIZA)

CHICKENS CACKLING IN A BARN,  
JUST LIKE THIS ONE,

ELIZA

Garn!

HIGGINS

Garn!

I ask you, sir what sort of word is that?

IT'S "AOOOW" AND "GARN" THAT KEEP HER IN HER PLACE,  
NOT HER WRETCHED CLOTHES AND DIRTY FACE.

HIGGINS (Continued)

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

I beg your pardon!

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  
(X DL)  
SET A GOOD EXAMPLE TO PEOPLE WHOSE ENGLISH IS PAINFUL  
TO YOUR EARS?  
THE SCOTCH AND THE IRISH LEAVE YOU CLOSE TO TEARS.  
THERE EVEN ARE PLACES WHERE ENGLISH COMPLETELY DISAPPEARS.

(PICKERING meets HIGGINS DLC)

In America, they haven't used it for years!

(X CS)

WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH TEACH THEIR CHILDREN HOW TO SPEAK?  
NORWEGIANS LEARN NORWEGIAN; THE GREEKS ARE TAUGHT THEIR  
GREEK.

IN FRANCE EV'RY FRENCHMAN KNOWS HIS LANGUAGE FROM  
"A" TO "ZED"

(Aside)

The French never care what they do, actually, as  
long as they pronounce it properly.

(X DR)

ARABIANS LEARN ARABIAN WITH THE SPEED OF SUMMER LIGHTNING;  
THE HEBREWS LEARN IT BACKWARDS, WHICH IS ABSOLUTELY  
FRIGHT'NING.

(X to R of PICKERING CS)

BUT USE PROPER ENGLISH, YOU'RE REGARDED AS A FREAK.  
WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH...

(X UC, D to DC)

(2 measure orchestra response)

WHY CAN'T THE ENGLISH LEARN TO SPEAK?

(The music ends)

You see this creature with her curb-stone English; the  
English that will keep her in the gutter to 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  
place as a lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires  
better English.

16  
1-1-9

ELIZA  
(Rises, X to R of HIGGINS)  
Here, what's that you say?

HIGGINS  
(Turns to HER)  
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  
(Lifts HER hat to get a look at HER face)  
the Queen of Sheba.

PICKERING (X DL)  
Taxi!

ELIZA  
Aooow! You don't believe that, Captain?  
(SHE has directed this at PICKERING)

PICKERING  
Taxi....  
(Stops, turns)  
Oh, well, anything is possible. I myself am a student of  
Indian dialects.

HIGGINS  
Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the author of  
"Spoken Sanskrit"?

PICKERING  
I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you.

HIGGINS  
Henry Higgins, author of "Higgins' Universal Alphabet".

PICKERING  
(Taking a step to HIGGINS)  
I came from India to meet you!

HIGGINS  
(Taking a step, meeting PICKERING DLC)  
I was going to India to meet you!

PICKERING  
(Extending HIS hand)  
Higgins!

HIGGINS  
Pickering!  
(THEY shake hands)  
Where are you staying?

PICKERING  
At the Carleton.



HIGGINS

(Xing to UL with PICKERING)

No, you're not. You're staying at 27-A Wimpole Street.  
Come with me and we'll have a jaw over supper.

PICKERING

Right you are.

ELIZA

(Stopping them at L of C Pillar)

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

HIGGINS

Liar!

(X D to R of HER)

You said you could change half a crown.

ELIZA

You ought to be stuffed with nails, you ought. Here!

(Shoves HER basket at HIM)

Take the whole bloomin' basket for sixpence!

(The CHURCH strikes TWO BELLS)

HIGGINS

(HE raises HIS hat solemnly)

Ah. The church. A reminder.

(HE throws some coins into ELIZA's basket.)

(As HE and PICKERING exit UR)

Indian dialects have always fascinated me. I have records of over fifty.

PICKERING

Have you, now. Did you know there are over two hundred?

HIGGINS

By George, it's worse than London. Do you know them all?

(THEY are gone)

ELIZA

(Stunned through all this at HER good fortune.)

SHE now picks the coins out one by one,  
exclaiming happily at each coin)

Aooow! Aooooow! Aooooow!

(X to bench)

Aoooooooow!

(The music punctuates each exclamation)

FIRST COCKENY

(With a sweep of HIS hat)

Shouldn't you stand up, gentlemen? We've got a bloomin' heiress in our midst!

18

1-1-11

SECOND COCKNEY (Rises, snaps heels)  
Would you be lookin' for a good butler, Eliza?

ELIZA

You won't do.

(SECOND COCKNEY twirling moustache)

/3/ "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY"

SECOND COCKNEY

IT'S RATHER DULL IN TOWN;  
I THINK I'LL TAKE ME TO PAREE. MMMMM!

THIRD COCKNEY (Rises)

THE MISSUS WANTS TO OPEN UP  
THE CASTLE IN CAPRI. MMMMM!

FIRST COCKNEY (With a cough)

ME DOCTOR RECOMMENDS A  
QUIET SUMMER BY THE SEA.

THE COCKNEY QUARTET

MMMMMM! MMMMM!  
WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY!  
(ELIZA Xes D to C Pillar)

THIRD COCKNEY

Where're ya bound for this spring, Eliza? Biarritz?

ELIZA (At pillar)

ALL I WANT IS A ROOM SOMEWHERE;  
FAR AWAY FROM THE COLD NIGHT AIR.  
WITH ONE ENORMOUS CHAIR;  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?  
(X D, sits on orange crate)  
LOTS OF CHOC'LATE FOR ME TO EAT;  
LOTS OF COAL MAKIN' LOTS OF HEAT;  
WARM FACE, WARM HANDS, WARM FEET,  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?  
OH, SO LOVERLY SITTIN' ABSOBLOOMIN'LUTELY STILL!  
I WOULD NEVER BUDGE 'TILL  
SPRING CREPT OVER ME WINDERSILL.  
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 LOVERLY?  
LOVERLY! LOVERLY!  
LOVERLY! LOVERLY!

THE QUARTET (As ELIZA Xes to them)

ALL I WANT IS A ROOM SOMEWHERE;  
FAR AWAY FROM THE COLD NIGHT AIR.  
WITH ONE ENORMOUS CHAIR;

ELIZA

OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?

ALL  
LOTS OF CHOC'LATE FOR ME TO EAT;  
LOTS OF COAL MAKIN' LOTS OF HEAT.  
WARM FACE, WARM HANDS, WARM FEET;

ELIZA  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?  
(With tenor obligato)  
OH, SO LOVERLY SITTIN' ABSOBLOOMIN'LUTELY STILL!  
I WOULD NEVER BUDGE, TILL  
SPRING CREPT OVER ME WINDERSILL.

THE MEN  
OVER ME WINDER,  
SOMEONE'S HEAD RESTIN' ON MY KNEE,  
WARM AND TENDER AS SHE CAN BE,

ALL  
WHO TAKES GOOD CARE OF ME;

ELIZA  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?

THE MEN  
LOVERLY!

ELIZA  
LOVERLY!

THE MEN  
LOVERLY!

(DANCE)

(THE MEN WHISTLE A FULL CHORUS AS  
THE DANCE IS PLAYED)

ELIZA  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY!

THE MEN  
LOVERLY!

20  
1-1-13

LOVERLY! ELIZA

LOVERLY! THE MEN

ELIZA  
(As THEY ALL warm their hands  
by the fire)  
LOVERLY!

ACT ONE  
Scene 2

SCENE: TENEMENT SECTION, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.  
There is a Pub at LS, a tenement at RS.

TIME: Later that evening.

AT RISE: There is a commotion in the Pub and  
GEORGE, the Bartender is seen evicting  
HARRY and JAMIE from the Pub. HARRY  
and JAMIE are thrown across the stage  
to DL. GEORGE is in front of Pub and L  
of, it, calling in.

BARTENDER  
I ain't runnin' no charity bazaar. Drinks is to be paid for  
or not drunk. Come on, Doolittle. Out you go. Hop it now,  
Doolittle. On the double. On the double.

DOOLITTLE  
(X out of Pub to CS)  
Thanks for your hospitality, George. Send the bill to  
Buckingham Palace.  
(The BARTENDER Xes into Pub. DOOLITTLE  
Xes to between HARRY and JAMIE)

JAMIE  
Well, Alfie, I guess it's home we go.

DOOLITTLE  
Home? What do you want to go home for? Eliza should be  
along in a few minutes. She ought to be good for half a  
crown for her father what loves her.

HARRY  
Loves her? That's a laugh. You ain't been near her 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 anything?

DOOLITTLE  
Anything? I gave her everything. I give her the greatest  
gift any human being can give to another: Life! I  
introduced her to this here planet, I did, with all its  
wonders and marvels. This lovely world with the sun that  
shines, and the moon that glows;  
(X DRC)

1-2-15

(DOOLITTLE (Continued))

Hyde Park to walk through on a fine Spring night. The whole ruddy city of London to roam about in sellin' her bloomin' flowers. I give her all that, and then I disappears and leaves her on her own to enjoy it.

(X to JAMIE)

Now if that ain't worth half a crown now and again, I'll take off my belt and give her what for.

JAMIE

You got a good heart, Alfie, but if you want that half a crown from Eliza, you better have a good story to go with it.

(ELIZA enters UC, X DRC as HARRY whistles to ALFIE that SHE is here)

DOOLITTLE

Eliza! What a surprise!

ELIZA

(Passes HIM to go UL)

Not a brass farthing.

DOOLITTLE

(Grabbing HER arm, preventing HER exit)

Now you look here, Eliza. You wouldn't have the heart to send me home to your stepmother without a bit of liquid protection, now would you?

ELIZA

Stepmother. Ha! Stepmother, indeed!

DOOLITTLE

Well, I'm willing to marry her. It's me that suffers by it. I'm a slave to that woman, Eliza. Just because I aint' her lawful husband. Come on, Eliza, slip your old Dad half a crown to go home on.

ELIZA

(Takes coin out of basket, flips it in air, catches it)

Well, I had a bit of luck myself tonight. So here.

(Gives him coin, Xes to house UL)

HARRY

(Calls into Pub from across stage as DOOLITTLE grins happily)

George! Three glorious beers!

ELIZA

(From door)

But don't keep comin' around countin' on half crowns from me!  
(SHE exits as ALFIE Xes U and calls to HER)

DOOLITTLE

Goodnight, Eliza! You're a noble daughter!

DOOLITTLE (Continued)

(HE Xes D to R of HARRY and JAMIE,  
staring happily at coin)

You see, boys, I told you not to go home! It's just Faith,  
Hope and a little bit of Luck!

/4/ "WITH A LITTLE BIT OF 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 OF LUCK,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
SOMEONE ELSE'LL DO THE BLINKIN' WORK!

THE TRIO - JAMIE, HARRY & DOOLITTLE

(Dancing to Pub)

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
YOU'LL NEVER WORK!

DOOLITTLE

(Stopping them at Pub)

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 OF LUCK,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
WHEN TEMPTATION COMES, YOU'LL GIVE RIGHT IN!

THE TRIO

(Doing can-can, ALFIE Xes into  
Pub, and out UC)

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
YOU'LL GIVE RIGHT IN!

DOOLITTLE

(Xing DC, HARRY X D to L of HIM,  
JAMIE to R of HIM)

OH, YOU CAN WALK THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW;  
BUT WITH A LITTLE BIT OF 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 OF LUCK,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL AND NOT GET HOOKED.

THE TRIO

(Dancing to DL)

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
YOU WON'T GET HOOKED!

(Xing in chain dance)

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF BLOOMIN' LUCK!

(THEY FREEZE)

ANGRY WOMAN

(Sticking head out of tenement window)

Shut your face down there! How's a woman supposed to  
get her rest.

DOOLITTLE

(HARRY and JAMIE have hidden behind the  
tenement. DOOLITTLE Xes to DR)

I'm tryin' to keep 'em quiet, lady!

ANGRY MAN

Shut up! Once and for all, shut up!

DOOLITTLE

'Ere, 'ere - that's no way to talk to a lady!  
(X to CS)

(HARRY and JAMIE join HIM CS)

We've got to be neighborly-like, boys. After all:

(Sings)

THE LORD ABOVE MADE MAN TO HELP HIS NEIGHBOR;  
NO MATTER WHERE, ON LAND, OR SEA, OR FOAM.  
THE LORD ABOVE MADE MAN TO HELP HIS NEIGHBOR, BUT,  
(HE mouths the next two lines, whispering)

WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,

(Sings, roaring)

WHEN HE COMES AROUND YOU WON'T BE HOME!

JAMIE, HARRY & DOOLITTLE

(DOOLITTLE conducting the others)

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
YOU WON'T BE HOME!



DOOLITTLE

(Arms on their shoulders)  
THEY'RE ALWAYS THROWIN' GOODNESS AT YOU;  
BUT WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
A MAN CAN DUCK!  
(HE ducks, X to DR, hand on hip)

OH, IT'S A CRIME FOR MAN TO GO PHILAND'RIN'  
AND FILL HIS WIFE'S POOR HEART WITH GRIEF AND DOUBT.  
(HE turns L and kicks his leg in  
can-can style)

OH, IT'S A CRIME FOR MAN TO GO PHILAND'RIN', BUT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
YOU CAN SEE THE BLOODHOUND DON'T FIND OUT!

THE TRIO

(Xing up and around, yelling at houses  
as ALFIE does impromptu tap dance at LC)  
WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
SHE WON'T FIND OUT!  
WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF BLOOMIN' LUCK!

(THEY end with JAMIE and HARRY at DRC  
holding a pose pointing at DOOLITTLE -  
ALFIE continues his dance.

As DOOLITTLE dances at DLC the curtains  
close quickly and the music continues  
into the tag)

/4A/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

(In the darkness a voice (on record) is  
heard practicing vowel sounds. It  
continues in seemingly endless monotony)

ACT ONE  
Scene 3

SCENE: HIGGINS' STUDY

There is a staircase at one side leading up to a landing, a window looking out over the city, two downstairs doors, and much recording apparatus, including three turntables, a central switch for all three, large old-fashioned horns about, and a xylophone. There is a bird-cage UC.

TIME: The next day.

AT RISE: The room is in total darkness. The vowel sounds into which the cries at DOOLITTLE in the preceding scene have segued, continue. After a bit more of these sounds, PICKERING's voice is heard, from the direction of the wing chair DR)

PICKERING

I say, Higgins, couldn't we turn on the lights?

HIGGINS

Nonsense, you hear much better in the dark.

PICKERING

But it's a fearful strain listening to all those vowel sounds. I'm quite done up for this afternoon.

(MRS. PEARCE appears in the UC door)

MRS. PEARCE

Mr. Higgins, are you there?

HIGGINS

What is it Mrs. Pearce?

(HE turns down the volume of the machine)

MRS. PEARCE

A young woman wants to see you, sir.

HIGGINS (Turns machine off)

A young woman!

(X to light switch UC)

What does she want?

(Snaps on lights)

Has she an interesting accent?

MRS. PEARCE  
Oh, something dreadful, sir.

HIGGINS  
(To PICKERING)  
Let's have her up. Show her up, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE  
Very well, sir. It's for you to say.  
(SHE Exits UC door)

HIGGINS  
(Xes to desk, gets book and pencil)  
This is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make records. We'll set her talking; and I'll take her down in Bell's Visible Speech; then in Broad Romic;  
(X to C machine, gets cylinder and puts it in roller in machine)  
and then we'll get her on the phonograph so that you can turn her on as often as you like with the written transcript before you.  
(HIGGINS Xes back to desk, PICKERING rises by R of wing chair waiting for the girl)

MRS. PEARCE  
(Enters, stands by R of door)  
This is the young woman, sir.  
(ELIZA enters, nods to PICKERING, looks about room in awe as HIGGINS Xes to HER for a closer look)

HIGGINS  
Oh, 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; and I'm not going to waste another cylinder on it.  
(HE pulls the cylinder out of the machine, places it down, Xes to desk)  
Be off with you; I don't want you!  
(After throwing book and pencil on desk, HE Xes up into library, gets charts, and studies them)

ELIZA  
(X to L of sofa)  
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! 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.

28  
1-3-21

HIGGINS

(Xing D to L of HER)

Good enough for what?

ELIZA

(Turning to HIM)

Good enough for you. Now you know, don't ya? I've come to have lessons, I have. And to pay for them, too, make no mistake.

HIGGINS

(X to behind desk, puts charts down, sits)

Well!!! What do you expect me to say?

ELIZA

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

(Calling across room)

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

ELIZA

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

PICKERING

But what is it you want?

ELIZA

(X D to front of sofa. To PICKERING)

I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of sellin' flowers at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But then won't take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay - not askin' any favor - and he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost, and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS

(Xing to L of HER)

How much?

ELIZA

(Turning to HIM)

Now you're talkin'! 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. You'd had a drop in, hadn't ya?

HIGGINS

Sit down.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS  
(Yes to desk, gets pad and pencil again)  
Sit down.  
(Yes to C machine, puts cylinder on  
roller, and turns machine on)

PICKERING (X to R of ELIZA)  
What is your name?

ELIZA  
Eliza Doolittle.

PICKERING  
Won't you sit down, Miss Doolittle?

ELIZA  
Oh, I don't mind if I do.  
(SHE sits on sofa)

HIGGINS  
(Pantomiming to PICKERING that the re-  
cording machine is on, Yes D to L of sofa)  
How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

ELIZA  
Oh, I know what's right. A lady friend of mine gets  
French lessons for heighteenpence an hour from a real  
French gentleman. Well, you wouldn't have the face to  
ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you  
would for French; so I won't give more than a shilling.  
Take it or leave it.

HIGGINS  
(Yes behind sofa to L of PICKERING)  
You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling, not as a  
simple shilling, but as a percentage of this girl's income,  
it works out as fully equivalent to sixty or seventy pounds  
from a millionaire. By George, it's the biggest offer I  
ever had.

ELIZA  
(Rises, in great amazement)  
Sixty pounds! What are you talkin' about? I never  
offered you sixty pounds! Where would I get...

HIGGINS  
Oh, hold your tongue.

ELIZA (Close to tears)  
But I ain't got sixty pounds. Oh...

MRS. PEARCE  
Dont' 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: Now, sit down.

(ELIZA sits)

ELIZA

Aooooow! One would think you was my father!  
(SHE characteristically wipes HER sleeve over HER nose)

HIGGINS

(Xing behind to L of sofa)

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

(Pointing to each)

That's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

(X to front of desk)

PICKERING

(X behind sofa to R of HIGGINS)

Higgins, I'm interested. What about your boast that you could pass her off as a duchess at the Embassy Ball? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you can make that good.

(HIGGINS in thought, throws pad and pencil on desk, Xes DL, PICKERING follows)

I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you can't do it. And I'll even pay for the lessons.

ELIZA

Oh, you're real good. Thank you, Captain.

HIGGINS

(X to behind sofa)

It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low -

(X to R of sofa)

so horribly dirty!

ELIZA

Aooooow! I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

Aooooow!

HIGGINS

I'll start today; now! this moment!

(Pulls HER up, passes HER to MRS. PEARCE)

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

MRS. PEARCE

Yes: but --

HIGGINS

Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up and order some new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper 'till they come.

ELIZA (X to R of HIGGINS)

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. Take her away, Mrs. Pearce.

(Pushes ELIZA to MRS. PEARCE DR)

If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

ELIZA

I'll call the police, I will!

MRS. PEARCE

But I've no place to put her.

HIGGINS

(X UC, removes record from machine)

Put her in the dustbin.

ELIZA

Aooooow!

PICKERING

Oh come, Higgins! Be reasonable.

MRS. PEARCE

(X to R of sofa)

You must be reasonable, Mr. Higgins, really you must. You can't walk over everybody like this.

HIGGINS (Turns front)

I walk over everybody? My dear Mrs. Pearce, my dear Pickering. I never had the slightest intention of walking over anybody. All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl. If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours.

32  
1-3-25

MRS. PEARCE  
But, sir, you cant' 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?  
(Turns to ELIZA)  
She may be married.

ELIZA  
(Front)  
Garn!

HIGGINS  
There! As the girl very properly says: Garn!

ELIZA  
(Giggling)  
Who'd marry me?

HIGGINS  
(X to L of ELIZA)  
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  
Here! I'm goin' away! He's off his chump, he is.  
(SHE Xes to UC door)  
I don't want no balmies teachin' me.

HIGGINS  
(Xes behind wing chair, and U to door)  
Oh, indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs. Pearce, you needn't order the new clothes for her.  
(HE snatches HIS handkerchief back,  
Xes D to wing chair)  
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  
There you are. "She ain't got no parents." What's all the fuss about? The girl doesn't belong to anybody, and she's no use to anybody but me. Take her upstairs and --



MRS. PEARCE

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

HIGGINS

What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food  
and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

ELIZA (X to L of HIGGINS)

Oh, you are a brute. It's a lie; nobody ever saw the  
sign of liquor on me. (To PICKERING, taking step to HIM)  
Oh, sir, you're a gentleman; don't let him speak to me like  
that!

PICKERING

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

HIGGINS

Oh, no, I don't think so.  
(Puts glasses on and peers at HER)  
Oh, no! No! Not any feelings that we need bother about.  
Have you, Eliza?

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 I leave her in the gutter?  
Answer me that, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE

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

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

Oh, you've no feelin' heart in you: you don't care for nothing  
but yourself. Here! I've had enough of this. I'm going.  
(SHE starts to the UC door, HIGGINS leaps  
on the platform and grabs HER arm)

HIGGINS

Eliza!  
(Leads HER down to below secretary, takes  
chocolates off mantel, holds them before HER)  
Have some chocolates.

ELIZA

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

1-3-27

HIGGINS

Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half...

(HE does)

you eat the other.

(SHE opens her mouth in retort, HIGGINS

stuffs the chocolate in HER mouth)

You shall have boxes of them, barrels of them, every day.  
You shall live on them, eh?

ELIZA

(Speaking with a mouthful)

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

HIGGINS

(Leading HER up the stairs)

Think of it, Eliza. Think of chocolates, and taxis,  
and gold, and diamonds.

ELIZA

(At top of balcony. MRS. PEARCE X to  
front of wing chair)

No! I don't want no gold and no diamonds. I'm a  
good girl, I am.

PICKERING

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

HIGGINS

(HE walks a few steps in thought  
and turns to HER suddenly)

Eliza; you are to stay here for the next six months learning  
how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop.  
If you're good and do whatever you're told, you shall sleep  
in a proper bedroom and have lots to eat, and money to buy  
chocolates and take rides in taxis. If you're naughty and  
idle you will sleep in the back kitchen among the black  
beetles, and be walloped by Mrs. Pearce with a broomstick.  
At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace  
in a carriage, beautifully dressed. If the King finds out  
you're not a lady, you will be taken by the Police to the  
Tower of London where your head will be cut off as a warning  
to other presumptuous flower girls. 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 the most  
ungrateful, wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you.

(To PICKERING)

Now are you satisfied, Pickering?

(PICKERING turns upstage with a  
hopeless shrug.

To MRS. PEARCE)

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

MRS. PEARCE  
(Xing U stairs to upper balcony)  
Come with me, Eliza.

HIGGINS  
(Opening door)  
Thank you, Mrs. Pearce. Bundle her off to the bathroom.

ELIZA  
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  
(Xing to behind ELIZA, puts arm on HER shoulder)  
Don't answer back, girl.

ELIZA  
(As SHE goes)  
If I'd known what I was lettin' myself in for, I wouldn't have come up here. I've always been a good girl and I won't be put upon...  
(And SHE is gone with MRS. PEARCE.)

PICKERING X to R of wing chair)

HIGGINS  
(HIGGINS immediately closes the door and turns to PICKERING enthusiastically. Xing D stairs)  
In six months - in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue - I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. I'll make a Queen of that barbarous wretch.  
(HIGGINS has Xed into the library, picks up some more charts and studies them intently)

PICKERING  
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  
(Not even looking up)  
What? That thing? Sacred, I assure you.

PICKERING  
Now come, Higgins, you know what I mean! This is no trifling matter! Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

HIGGINS  
(Still not looking up)  
Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

PICKERING  
(X behind wing chair)  
Yes. Very frequently.

HIGGINS  
(X D to desk, puts papers down)  
Well, I haven't. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious and a damned nuisance. I find that the moment I let myself become friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical.  
(Having put all papers down, HE takes his glasses off and put them in his pocket)  
So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so. After all, Pickering:

/5/ "I'M AN ORDINARY MAN"

HIGGINS (Spoken)  
I'm an ordinary man,  
(Sung)  
WHO DESIRES NOTHING MORE  
THAN JUST THE ORDINARY CHANCE  
TO LIVE EXACTLY AS HE LIKES  
AND DO PRECISELY WHAT HE WANTS.  
AN AV'RAGE MAN AM I,  
OF NO ECCENTRIC WHIM;  
WHO WANTS TO LIVE HIS LIFE  
FREE OF STRIFE;  
DOING WHATEVER HE THINKS IS BEST FOR HIM.  
JUST AN ORDINARY MAN.

(X to PICKERING, front of platform  
and L of wing chair)  
BUT LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE  
AND YOUR SERENITY IS THROUGH!  
SHE'LL REDECORATE YOUR HOME  
FROM THE CELLAR TO THE DOME;  
THEN GET ON TO THE ENTHRALLING  
FUN OF OVERHAULING  
YOU.

(Leads PICKERING DC)  
OH, LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE  
AND YOU ARE UP AGAINST THE 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.  
(PICKERING sits on sofa)  
YOU WANT TO TALK OF KEATS OR MILTON;  
SHE ONLY WANTS TO TALK OF LOVE.  
AND GO TO SEE A PLAY OR BALLET  
AND SPEND IT SEARCHING FOR HER GLOVE.

OH, LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE  
AND YOU INVITE ETERNAL STRIFE!

HIGGINS (Continued)

(Yes, sits on front of desk)  
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!

(Rises, Yes, sits next to  
PICKERING on sofa)  
I'm a very gentle man;

(Sung)  
EVEN-TEMPER'D AND GOOD NATUR'D,  
WHOM YOU NEVER HEAR COMPLAIN;  
WHO HAS THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS  
BY THE QUART IN EV'RY VEIN.  
A PATIENT MAN AN I  
DOWN TO MY FINGER TIPS;  
THE SORT WHO NEVER COULD,  
EVER WOULD,  
LET AN INSULTING REMARK ESCAPE HIS LIPS.  
JUST 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,  
THEN GO OUT AND DO PRECISELY  
WHAT SHE WANTS!

(HE rises, Yes behind sofa to R of PICKERING)  
YOU WERE A MAN OF GRACE AND POLISH  
WHO NEVER SPOKE ABOVE A HUSH.  
NOW ALL AT ONCE YOU'RE USING LANGUAGE  
(X to L of wing chair)  
THAT WOULD MAKE A SAILOR BLUSH.

(X to behind sofa)  
OH, LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE  
AND YOU ARE 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  
(X to L of bird-cage)  
THAN TO EVER LET A WOMAN IN MY LIFE!

(HE "cheeps" at bird in cage)  
I'm a quiet living man  
(Xing to desk)

HIGGINS (Continued)

WHO PREFERS TO SPEND HIS EV'NINGS  
IN THE SILENCE OF HIS ROOM.  
WHO LIKES AN ATMOSPHERE AS RESTFUL  
AS AN UNDISCOVER'D TOMB.  
A PENSIVE MAN AM I  
OF PHILOSOPHIC JOYS;  
(HE sits in desk chair)  
WHO LIKES TO MEDITATE,  
CONTEMPLATE,  
FREE FROM HUMANITY'S MAD, INHUMAN NOISE.  
JUST A QUIET LIVING MAN.

(HE quickly rises and Xes to L of sofa)  
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, BOIST'ROUS FAM'LY  
WHO WILL DESCEND ON YOU EN MASSE.

(HE leaps on sofa)  
SHE'LL HAVE A LARGE WAGNERIAN MOTHER  
WITH A VOICE THAT SHATTERS GLASS!

OH, LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE,  
(HE jumps down off sofa, Xes U to C  
machine and turns it on)  
LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE,  
(HE Xes to machine on platform,  
and turns it on)  
LET A WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE.

(HE Xes to behind desk, turns on master  
machine, dials it louder and louder, and  
then turns it off.

After turning it off, HE sits at  
desk with HIS feet up on desk top)

I SHALL NEVER LET A WOMAN IN MY LIFE!

B L A C K O U T !

/5A/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT ONE  
Scene 4

SCENE: THE TENEMENT SECTION, TOTTENHAM  
COURT ROAD. Same as Act One, Scene 2.

TIME: Mid-day.

AT RISE: MRS. HOPKINS, a cockney woman  
surrounded by a crowd of cockneys  
is speaking as the crowd is laughing.

There is a commotion in the Pub  
stage Right.

MRS. HOPKINS  
How'd ya like that? Knocked me for a row of pins, it did.  
(The BARTENDER shoves HARRY and  
JAMIE out of the Pub exactly as HE  
did in the previous scene, the CROWD  
gets a big kick out of it)

BARTENDER  
Come on, Doolittle. Out you go. Hop it now. I ain't  
runnin' no charity bazaar.

DOOLITTLE  
(Xing out of Pub to CS)  
Thanks for your hospitality, George. Sen...

BARTENDER  
Yes, I know. Send the bill to Buckingham Palace.  
(The CROWD laughs)

MRS. HOPKINS  
You can buy your own drinks now, Alfie Doolittle.  
Fallen into a tub of butter, you have.

DOOLITTLE  
What tub of butter?

MRS. HOPKINS  
(X D to L of DOOLITTLE)  
Your daughter, Eliza. Oh. you're a lucky man,  
Alfie Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE  
What are you talkin' about? What about Eliza?

MRS. HOPKINS (To the group)  
He don't know. Her own father, and he don't know.  
(Crowd laughs)

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MRS. HOPKINS (Continued)

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. And then I gets a message from her this morning: She wants her things sent over to 27-A Wimpole Street, care of Professor Higgins. And what things does she want? Her bird-cage, and her Chinese fan.

(SHE hands them to HIM)

But, she says, never mind about sendin' any clothes!

(There is general laughter from the crowd)

DOOLITTLE

(X DL to HARRY and JAMIE, Laughing gleefully)

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

(Hands bird-cage and fan to HARRY and JAMIE)

/6/ REPRISE: "WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK"

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 OF LUCK,

(CROWD cheers)

WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
THEY'LL GO OUT AND START SUPPORTING YOU.

ALL - JAMIE, HARRY &amp; CHORUS (S-A-T-B)

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
THEY'LL WORK FOR YOU.

HE DOESN'T HAVE A TUPPENCE IN HIS POCKET;  
THE POOREST BLOKE YOU'LL EVER HOPE TO MEET.  
HE DOESN'T HAVE A TUPPENCE IN HIS POCKET, BUT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
HE'LL BE MOVIN' UP TO EASY STREET.

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF LUCK,  
HE'S MOVIN' UP.

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF BLOOMIN' LUCK!

(DANCE) (At end of dance, ALFIE gets birdcage  
and fan from HARRY and JAMIE and Xes  
UC with the crowd following)

ALL

WITH A LITTLE BIT, WITH A LITTLE BIT,  
WITH A LITTLE BIT OF BLOOMIN' LUCK!

/6A/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)



ACT ONE  
Scene 5

SCENE: HIGGINS' STUDY

TIME: Later that afternoon.

AT RISE: PICKERING is seated in the wing chair, reading HIS paper. MRS. PEARCE is at CS looking up at HIGGINS who is on the upper landing, looking through some books on the console table. MRS. PEARCE is holding a letter.

MRS. PEARCE  
Mr. Higgins, you simply cannot go on working the girl this way. Making her say her alphabet over and over, from sunup to sundown, even during meals - when will it stop?

HIGGINS (Looking through book)  
When she does it properly, of course. Is that all, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE  
No sir. The mail.

HIGGINS  
Well, pay the bills and say no to the invitations. Is that all?

MRS. PEARCE  
No, sir. There's another letter from that American millionaire, Ezra D. Wallingford. He still wants you to lecture for his Moral Reform League.

HIGGINS  
Throw it away.

MRS. PEARCE  
It's the third letter he's written you, sir. You should at least answer it.

HIGGINS  
Oh, all right. Leave it on the desk. I'll get to it.  
(MRS. PEARCE Xes up to desk, puts letter on it. A BUTLER enters UC door, looks around for HIGGINS, turns up to landing)

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

PICKERING  
(Coming to life)  
Phew! I say!

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1-5-35

HIGGINS  
Send the blackguard up.  
(The BUTLER exits)

PICKERING  
He may not be a blackguard, Higgins.

HIGGINS  
Nonsense. Of course he's a blackguard.

PICKERING (Rises Xes DR)  
Whether he is or not, I'm afraid we shall have some  
trouble with him.

HIGGINS  
Oh no: I think not. If there's any trouble he shall  
have it with me, not I with him.

BUTLER (At door)  
Doolittle, sir.  
(DOOLITTLE enters, XD to PICKERING,  
BUTLER exits)

DOOLITTLE  
(To PICKERING)  
Professor 'iggins?

HIGGINS (From balcony)  
Here. Good morning.

DOOLITTLE  
Where?!  
(Shocked by voice from above. HE  
looks up and back to PICKERING,  
trying to decide who HE is. To HIGGINS)  
Morning, Governor.  
(Backs up to get a better view)  
I come about a very serious matter, Governor.

HIGGINS  
(To PICKERING)  
Born in Houndslow, Mother Welch!  
(To DOOLITTLE)  
What do you want, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE  
I want my daughter. That's what I want. See?

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

DOOLITTLE  
What??!!

HIGGINS

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

DOOLITTLE

Now, now, look here, Governor. Is this reasonable? 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.

(HE Xes D stairs)

DOOLITTLE

Now don't take a man up like that, Governor.

HIGGINS

(Bottom of stairs, Xes to desk)

The Police shall take you up. This is a plant - a plot to extort money by threats. I shall telephone the Police.

DOOLITTLE

(X to area between sofa and desk)

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

What else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE (X to R of HIGGINS)

Well, what would a bloke come for? Be human, Governor.

(HE wheezes in HIGGINS' face, the whiskey breath drives HIGGINS away)

HIGGINS

Alfred, you sent her here on purpose?

DOOLITTLE

So help me, Governor. I never did.

HIGGINS

Then how did you know she was here?

DOOLITTLE

I'll tell ya, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell ya. I'm wanting to tell ya. I'm waiting to tell ya.

HIGGINS (X to L of PICKERING)

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."

HIGGINS (Continued)

That's the Welch strain in him.

(To DOOLITTLE)

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

DOOLITTLE

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, Governor? I ask you as a parient, what was I to think?

HIGGINS

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

DOOLITTLE

Just so, Governor. That's right.

HIGGINS (X to front of desk)

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

DOOLITTLE

(X to area between desk and sofa)

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

HIGGINS

Oh! Men of the world, are we?

(X U to behind desk, sits)

You'd better go, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE

I think so indeed, sir!

(Exits door behind secretary)

DOOLITTLE

(X U to R of HIGGINS, Leans on desk)

Governor, I've taken a sort of fancy to you.

(HE wheezes again, and again the whisky is too much for HIGGINS, who rises, XD to front of desk - DOOLITTLE follows)

And if you want the girl I'm not so set on havin' her back home again, but what I might be open to is an arrangement.

(HE pauses, HIGGINS slowly walks away to CS, DOOLITTLE follows)

All I ask is my rights as a father; and you're the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothing; for I can see you're one of the straight sort, Governor. (Pause) Well, what's a five-pound note to you? And what's Eliza to me?

PICKERING

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

DOOLITTLE (X to L of PICKERING)

Of course they are, Governor. If I thought they wasn't, I'd ask fifty.

HIGGINS (X one step to ALFIE)

Do you mean to say that you would sell your daughter for fifty pounds?

PICKERING

Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE

No! I can't afford 'em, Governor. Neither could you if you was as poor as me. Not that I mean any harm, mind ya...but...

(Cleans off the wing chair with HIS dirty hat and sits)

if Eliza is going to get a bit out of this, why not me, too?

(HE is cleaning his teeth with HIS tounge making a squeaking sound)

Eh? Look at it my way. What am I? I ask ya, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor, that's what I am. Think what that means to a man.

(HE is now scratching under HIS shirt with great delight at the pleasure of it)

It means he's up agenst middle-class morality for all the time. If there's anything going and I put in for a bit of it, it's always the same story: You're undeserving, so you can't have it.

(HE has been scratching through all this with HIGGINS and PICKERING watching in fascination. HIS hand now reaches HIS buttock)

But my needs is as great as the most deserving widow's that ever got money out of six different charities in one week for the death of the same husband.

(HE sits back and roars with laughter.

HIGGINS Xes to L of DOOLITTLE)

I don't need less than a deserving man, I need more. I don't eat less hearty than he does, and I drink a lot more. I'm playing straight with you. I ain't pretending to be deserving. I'm undeserving, and I mean to go on being undeserving. 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, fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow, till she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you, and I leave it to you.

HIGGINS (After a pause)

You know, Pickering, if we were to take this man in hand for six months, he could choose between a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales. I suppose we ought to give him a fiver?

PICKERING

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

DOOLITTLE

Not me, so help me, Governor, I won't. Just one good spree for myself and the missus, givin' pleasure to ourselves and employment to others, and satisfaction to you to know it ain't been throwed away. You couldn't spend it better.

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HIGGINS

This is irresistible.

(HE scratches a flea under HIS shirt)

Oh, damn!

(HE Xes to desk)

Let's give him ten.

DOOLITTLE

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

(HIGGINS Xes to desk, opens top drawer, looks for money in HIS wallet)

PICKERING

I rather draw the line at encouraging this sort of immortality. Doolittle, why don't you marry that missus of yours? After all, marriage is not so frightening. You married Eliza's mother?

DOOLITTLE

Who told you that, Governor?

PICKERING

Well, nobody told me. But I concluded naturally...

(DOOLITTLE shakes HIS head "no" - PICKERING echoes the gesture and nods "oh". HIGGINS by now has found the money and Xes back to L of the wing chair)

HIGGINS

Pickering, if we listen to this man another minute we shall have no convictions left. Five pounds, I think you said?

(HE offers DOOLITTLE the money)

DOOLITTLE

(Grabbing the money with a grin HE rises and Xes U to UC door)

Thank you, Governor.

(Just as HE reaches the door, ELIZA enters in a great hurry, followed by MRS. PEARCE)

ELIZA

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

(SHE crashes into DOOLITTLE as SHE Xes D to front of sofa)

DOOLITTLE

(Not recognizing who HE has bumped)

Beg pardon, Miss!

ELIZA

(After the bump, SHE Xes D to front of sofa)

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

DOOLITTLE

(Recognizing who HE has bumped,  
Xes D to HER)

Bly me, it's Eliza! I never thought she'd clean up so good-lookin'. She does me credit, don't she, Governor?

ELIZA

Here! What are you doin' here?

DOOLITTLE

You hold your tongue and don't you give these gentlemen none of your lip. If you have any trouble with her, Governor, give her a few licks of the strap. That's the way to improve her mind.

(HE bows low)

Good mornin', gentlemen.

(HE slaps ELIZA on the bottom)

Cheerio, Eliza.

(ELIZA sits on sofa, DOOLITTLE exits  
UC door laughing uproariously)

HIGGINS

(Xing U to door - PICKERING is  
behind wing chair and MRS. PEARCE  
is on platform R of HIGGINS)

By George, there's a man for you! A philosophical genius of the first water. Mrs. Pearce, write to Mr. Ezra Wallingford and tell him if he wants a lecturer to get in touch with Mr. Alfred P. Doolittle, a common dustman - but one of the most original moralists in England.

MRS. PEARCE

Yes, sir.

(SHE exits R door)

ELIZA (Rises)

Here. What did he come for?

HIGGINS

(X to and U stairs)

Say your vowels.

ELIZA

I know my vowels. I knew them before I came.

HIGGINS

If you know them, say them.

ELIZA

Ahyee, E, Iyee, Ow, You!

HIGGINS (X D stairs)

Stop! Say: A, E, I, O, U!

ELIZA

That's what I said: Ahyee, E, Iyee, Ow, You. I've been syin' them for three days, and I won't sy them no more!

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PICKERING

(X D to ELIZA)

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

HIGGINS

No use explaining, Pickering. As a military man you ought to know that. Drilling is what she needs. Much better leave her or she'll be turning to you for sympathy.

PICKERING

(Xing to UC door)

All right, if you insist, but have a little patience with her, Higgins.

(HE exits)

HIGGINS

Of course.

(To ELIZA)

Say "A".

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

"A".

ELIZA

Ahyee!

HIGGINS

(HE walks up the stairs saying "A" with each step, ELIZA echoing with "Ahyee".

When HE reaches the top, HE looks down)

Eliza, I promise you you will pronounce your vowels correctly before this day is out, or there'll be no lunch, no dinner, and no chocolates!

(HE exits through the UC door, slamming it for effect.

The music begins. ELIZA in a blind rage, slams HER study book down on the floor and stamps on it)

/7/ "JUST YOU WAIT"

ELIZA

(X DRC)

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!



ELIZA (Continued)

JUST YOU WAIT, 'ENRY 'IGGINS, TILL YOU'RE SICK,  
AND YOU SCREAM TO FETCH A DOCTOR DOUBLE QUICK!  
I'LL BE OFF A SECOND LATER,  
AND GO STRAIGHT TO THE THE-A-TRE!  
OH, HO, HO, 'ENRY 'IGGINS, JUST YOU WAIT.  
(X DLC, claws the air as if it was HIGGINS)  
OOOOOOOH, 'ENRY 'IGGINS!  
JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL WE'RE SWIMMIN' IN THE SEA!  
OOOOOOOH, 'ENRY 'IGGINS!  
AND YOU GET 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!

(Xes to behind sofa facing front)

ONE DAY I'LL BE FAMOUS! I'LL BE PROPER AND PRIM!  
GO TO SAINT JAMES SO OFTEN I WILL CALL IT SAINT JIM.

(X DC)

ONE EVENING THE KING WILL SAY, "OH, LIZA, OLD THING,  
I WANT ALL OF ENGLAND YOUR PRAISES TO SING.  
NEXT WEEK, ON THE TWENTIETH OF MAY,  
I PROCLAIM LIZA DOOLITTLE DAY!

(Bowling to the R)

ALL THE PEOPLE WILL CELEBRATE THE GLORY OF YOU,  
AND WHATEVER YOU WISH AND WANT I GLADLY WILL DO."

(Sits on sofa)

"THANKS A LOT, KING," SAYS I, IN A MANNER WELL-BRED;  
"BUT ALL I WANT IS 'ENRY 'IGGINS 'EAD!"  
"DONE," SAYS THE KING, "WITH A STROKE.  
GUARD, RUN AND BRING IN THE BLOKE!"

THEN THEY'LL MARCH YOU, 'ENRY 'IGGINS, TO THE WALL;  
AND THE KING WILL TELL ME: "LIZA, SOUND THE CALL."  
AS THEY RAISE THEIR RIFLES HIGHER,  
I'LL SHOUT: "READY! AIM! FIRE!"

(Stares at floor in front of HER)

OH, HO, HO! 'ENRY 'IGGINS!  
DOWN YOU'LL GO!  
(Screams)  
'ENRY 'IGGINS!  
JUST YOU WAIT!

B L A C K O U T

(As the lights come up in the study, ELIZA is discovered on the stool in front of the desk. HIGGINS is in the library holding a metronome. PICKERING is in the wing chair RS)

ELIZA (With a sigh first)  
The rine in spine sties minely in the pline.

HIGGINS  
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.  
(Puts metronome down, picks up an alcohol burner from table)

ELIZA  
Didn't I sy that?

HIGGINS  
No, Eliza, you didn't sy that. You didn't evey say that.  
(HE brings the burner down and Xes to R of ELIZA)  
Every night before you get into bed, where you used to say your prayers, I want you to repeat: The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain, fifty times. You will get much further with the Lord if you learn not to offend His ears. Now for your "H's". Pickering, this is going to be ghastly!

PICKERING (Reading HIS newspaper)  
Control yourself, Higgins. Give the girl a chance.

HIGGINS  
Of course. No one expects her to get it right the first time. Watch closely, Eliza.  
(HE Xes to desk and sits, ELIZA rises and Xes to R of HIM. HE lights the burner with match)  
You see this flame? Every time you say your aitch properly, the flame will waver. Every time you drop your aitch, the flame will remain stationary. That's how you will know you've done it correctly; in time your ear will hear the difference. Now, listen carefully...In Hartford, Heresford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

(The flame has wavered on all of HIS aitches. HE now rises and give ELIZA HIS seat in front of the burner)  
Now repeat after me: In Hartford, Heresford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

ELIZA  
(Echoing the last quick tempo that HIGGINS used)  
In 'artford, 'eresford and 'ampshire, ' urricanes 'ardly hever 'appen!

HIGGINS  
No, no, no, no! No idea at all, you know!

ELIZA  
Should I do it over?

HIGGINS

No. Please, no! We must start from the very beginning.

(HE kneels)

Do this - ha - ha - ha - ha.

(HE Rises)

ELIZA

Ha - ha - ha - ha.

(SHE stops, looks at HIM happily)

HIGGINS

Well, go on. Go on.

(ELIZA continues. HIGGINS Xes behind  
ELIZA to PICKERING. It is not long  
before ELIZA is running out of air)

Does the same thing hold true in India, Pickering? The peculiar habit of not only dropping a letter like the letter aitch, but using it where it shouldn't be? Like "hever" instead of "ever"? You'll notice some of the Slavic peoples when they learn to speak English have a tendency to that with their G's. They say "linger" (soft g) instead of "linger" (hard g); and then they turn around and say "singer" (hard g) instead of "singer" (soft g).

(HE Xes behind wing chair to above of it)

I wonder why that's so. I must look that up.

(HE starts up the stairs)

ELIZA

(Each "Ha" more tortured than the last)

Ha - ha - ha - ha...

HIGGINS

Go on! Go on!

(ELIZA Does one last "Ha" and blows  
the fire out. SHE looks shocked)

B L A C K O U T!

/8/ THE SERVANT' CHORUS

(In spotlight, the SIX SERVANTS,  
S-S-A-A-T-B, sing at LS)

SERVANTS

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.

(The lights come up. PICKERING is having tea in the wing chair with the tray R of HIM. ELIZA is on the sofa watching the food tortuously. HIGGINS is R of xylophone, cup in hand, and tapping out first three notes of "How kind of you to let me come")

HIGGINS  
Kind of you, kind of you, kind of you. Now listen, Eliza.  
(Plays)  
How kind of you to let me come.

ELIZA  
How kind of you to let me come.

HIGGINS  
(Putting mallet down, Xes to behind sofa)  
No! Kind of you. It's just like "cup of tea". Kind of you - cup of tea. Kind of you - Say "cup of tea".

ELIZA  
A cappatea.

HIGGINS  
(Xing to PICKERING)  
No! No! A cup of tea...  
(Takes a mouthful of cake)  
Mmmmm! It's awfully good cake. I wonder where Mrs. Pearce gets it?

PICKERING  
Mmmmm! First rate! The strawberry tarts are delicious. And... Oh, have you tried the pline caike?  
(HE stops bolt upright, realizing what HE has said. THEY both look at ELIZA, who is completely innocent)

HIGGINS (To ELIZA)  
Now, try it again!

PICKERING (In simple reflex)  
Have you tried the...

HIGGINS  
No, Pickering!  
(To ELIZA)  
Now, try it again, Eliza. A cup of tea. A cup of tea.

ELIZA (Longingly)  
A cappatea.

HIGGINS  
(Xes TO HER, sits on sofa)  
Can't you hear the difference? Put your tongue forward until it squeezes against the top of your lower teeth. Now say "cup".

ELIZA  
(With eyes on the cake in HIGGINS' hand)

C-cup.

HIGGINS  
Now say "of".

ELIZA  
Of.

HIGGINS  
(Puts the last bit of cake in HIS  
mouth, rises, Xes to PICKERING)  
Now say, cup, cup, cup, cup - of, of, of, of.

ELIZA  
(As THEY talk)  
Cup, cup, cup, cup - of, of, of of! Cup, cup, cup cup -  
of, of, of, of....etc.  
(HER voice becomes angrier as THEY  
pay no attention to HER)

PICKERING  
Yum, yum, yum, yum!! By Jove, that was a glorious tea,  
Higgins. Finish the strawberry tart, I couldn't eat  
another thing.

HIGGINS  
No, thanks, old chap, really.

PICKERING  
It's a shame to waste it.

HIGGINS  
Oh, it won't go to waste.  
(Gives cup to PICKERING, takes tarts)  
I know someone who's immensely fond of strawberry tarts.  
(HE Xes to the birdcage, ELIZA watching.  
HE begins to feed the bird the tart)

ELIZA  
Aaaaaaaaooooooooowww!!!

B L A C K O U T

(In spotlight, the SERVANTS sing at LS)

SERVANTS  
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 EV'RY NIGHT.  
ONE A.M., TWO A.M.,  
THREE...

(The lights come up. HIGGINS and ELIZA are facing each other DR. HIGGINS on stool, ELIZA on wing chair. PICKERING is on sofa)

HIGGINS

(Placing marbles in HER mouth)

Four - five - six marbles. There we are.

(Holding up a slip of paper)

Now, I want you to read this and enunciate each word just as if the marbles were not in your mouth. "With blackest moss, the flower pots were thickly crusted, one and all." Each word clear as a bell.

ELIZA

(Reading unintelligibly)

With blackest moss the flower pots...I can't! I can't!

PICKERING

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

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

HIGGINS

I cannot understand a word. Not a word.

ELIZA

(With renewed vigor)

With blackest moss, the flower pots were thickly crusted, one and all; the rusted nails fell from the knots that held the pear to the gable-wall...

PICKERING

(Speaking after ELIZA has said "blackest moss")

I say, Higgins, perhaps the poem is too difficult for the girl. Why don't you try a simpler one? Like: "The Owl and the Pussy-cat"? That's a damned fine poem!

HIGGINS

(Thundering)

Pickering! I cannot hear the girl!

(ELIZA gasps and takes the marbles out of HER mouth)

What's the matter? Why did you stop?

ELIZA

I swallowed one.

HIGGINS

Oh, don't worry. I have plenty more. Open your mouth....

(HE starts putting them into HER mouth again)

B L A C K O U T

(In spotlight, the SERVANTS are singing at LS)

SERVANTS  
QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!  
QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!  
HEAR OUR PLEA, OR PAYDAY WE WILL  
QUIT, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!  
"AY" NOT "I"; "O" NOT "OW";  
POUNDING, POUNDING IN OUR BRAIN.  
"AY" NOT "I"; "O", NOT "OW";  
DON'T SAY "RINE", SAY "RAIN"...

(The lights come up. It is very late at night, or very early in the morning. PICKERING is stretched out on the wing chair with a newspaper over HIS face. ELIZA is on the sofa in a complete state of exhaustion. HIGGINS is seated behind the desk with an ice-bag on HIS head)

HIGGINS

(Slowly)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

ELIZA

(Leaning on sofa)

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

PICKERING

(From under the paper)

Oh, for God's sake, Higgins. It must be three o'clock in the morning. Do be reasonable.

HIGGINS

(Rises, with ice-bag still on HIS head, Xes to behind sofa)

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

ELIZA

I have a headache, too.

HIGGINS

(Plopping ice-bag on HER head)

Here.

(SHE takes the ice-bag off HER head and burries HER face in it)

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1-5-49

HIGGINS (Continued)

Eliza, I know you're tired.

(Xes DL)

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

(Xes, sits next to HER on sofa)

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

(HE rises, SHE has been staring at HIM in great wonderment and inspiration. HE Xes to desk chair and sits, leaning back)

No, try it again.

ELIZA

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

HIGGINS (Not believing, sits up)

What was that?

ELIZA

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

HIGGINS (Rises)

Again.

/9/ "THE RAIN IN SPAIN"

ELIZA (Spoken in rhythm)

THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN.

HIGGINS

(X to DLC. Spoken)

I THINK SHE'S GOT IT!

I THINK SHE'S GOT IT!

ELIZA

(Sings)

THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN.

HIGGINS

(Spoken)

BY GEORGE, SHE'S GOT IT!

BY GEORGE, SHE'S GOT IT!

(Sings)

NOW ONCE AGAIN, WHERE DOES IT RAIN?

ELIZA

ON THE PLAIN! ON THE PLAIN!

HIGGINS

AND WHERE'S THAT SOGGY PLAIN?



ELIZA  
(Rises. As PICKERING rises)  
IN SPAIN! IN SPAIN!

ELIZA, HIGGINS & PICKERING  
(Joyously)  
THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN!

(HIGGINS and PICKERING shake hands behind ELIZA's  
back, and HIGGINS Xes to xylophone, pickes up  
the mallet, turns to HER, pointing with it)

THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN!

HIGGINS  
IN HARTFORD, HERESFORD AND HAMPSHIRE?..

ELIZA  
(Takes two steps to HIGGINS with push from PICKERING)  
HURRICANES HARDLY HAPPEN.

HIGGINS  
(Taps out on xylophone:  
"HOW KIND OF YOU TO LET ME COME")

ELIZA  
(Taking four steps to HIGGINS. Spoken in rhythm)  
HOW KIND OF YOU TO LET ME COME!

HIGGINS  
(Mallet down, forces ELIZA back to CS. Sings)  
NOW ONCE AGAIN, WHERE DOES IT RAIN?

ELIZA  
(Sings)  
ON THE PLAIN! ON THE PLAIN!

HIGGINS  
AND WHERE'S THAT BLASTED PLAIN?

ELIZA  
IN SPAIN! IN SPAIN!

ALL THREE  
THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN!  
THE RAIN IN SPAIN STAYS MAINLY IN THE PLAIN!

(The THREE do an impromptu Spanish  
fandango, and end up in peals of laughter  
on the sofa, as MRS. PEARCE enters thru UC  
door in HER nightrobe. SHE is astounded to  
say the least. TWO MAIDS enter from behind  
the secretary and remain on the platform.  
MRS. PEARCE Xes to front of wing chair)

58  
1-5-51

HIGGINS

Pickering, we're making fine progress. I think the time has come to try her out.

MRS. PEARCE

Are you feeling all right, Mr. Higgins?

HIGGINS

Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Pearce. And you?

MRS. PEARCE

Very well, sir, thank you.

HIGGINS

Splendid.

(To PICKERING)

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

MRS. PEARCE

Mr. Higgins, I was awakened by a dreadful pounding. Do you know what it might have been?

HIGGINS

Pounding? I heard no pounding. Did you, Pickering?

PICKERING

No.

HIGGINS

If this continues, Mrs. Pearce, you'd better see a doctor.

(MRS. PEARCE turns to the MAIDS as if to say "Did you hear a pounding?" THEY nod.)

HIGGINS to PICKERING)

Pickering, I know, let's take her to the races.

PICKERING (Rises)

The races!?

HIGGINS

(Rises, Xes to R of sofa)

Yes! My mother's box at Ascot.

PICKERING

(X U to behind sofa)

You'll consult your mother first, of course.

HIGGINS

Of course...

(Thinking better of it)

No! We'll surprise her. Let's go straight to bed. First thing in the morning we'll go off and buy her a gown.

(HE Xes up on platform)

Eliza, go on with your work.

MRS. PEARCE

But Mr. Higgins. It's early in the morning!

HIGGINS

What better time to work than early in the morning?  
(To PICKERING as PICKERING Xes to platform)  
Where does one go for a lady's gown?

PICKERING

(X to L of HIGGINS)  
Whiteley's, of course.

HIGGINS

How do you know that?

PICKERING

Common knowledge.

HIGGINS

Is it?

(Using PICKERING as a model)

Well, we mustn't get her anything too flowery. I despise those gowns with a sort of weed here and a weed there. Something simple, modest and elegant is what's called for. Perhaps with a sash.

(HE places the imaginary sash on PICKERING's hip and steps back to admire it)

Yes, just right.

(HE exits through the UC door. PICKERING looks down at HIS hip as if searching for the sash and follows HIGGINS out.)

ELIZA and MRS. PEARCE have been watching all this. ELIZA is seated on the sofa, MRS. PEARCE to the R of HER)

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.

(One of the servants picks up Pickering's newspaper and brings it into the library, after getting ice-bag from sofa)

/10/ "I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT"

ELIZA

BED! BED! I COULDN'T GO TO BED!  
MY HEAD'S TOO LIGHT TO TRY TO SET IT DOWN!

(SHE rises, Xes to DR, the other SERVANT straightens up the sofa)

SLEEP! SLEEP! I COULDN'T SLEEP TONIGHT!  
NOT FOR ALL THE JEWELS IN THE CROWN!

(MRS. PEARCE Xes to front of desk,  
ELIZA Xes to wing chair, sits)

ELIZA (Continued)

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.

(SHE sits bolt upright)

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!

FIRST MAID

IT'S AFTER THREE, NOW,

SECOND MAID

DON'T YOU AGREE, NOW,

BOTH MAIDS

SHE OUGHT TO BE IN BED?

ELIZA

(Simultaneously with MAIDS)

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.

MAIDS

(Simultaneously with ELIZA)

FIRST MAID

YOU'RE TIRED OUT.

SECOND MAID

YOU MUST BE DEAD.

FIRST MAID

YOUR FACE IS DRAWN.

SECOND MAID

YOUR EYES ARE RED.

BOTH MAIDS

NOW SAY GOODNIGHT, PLEASE.  
TURN OUT THE LIGHT, PLEASE.  
IT'S REALLY TIME  
FOR YOU TO BE IN BED.

FIRST MAID

DO COME ALONG,  
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.

SECOND MAID

OR MRS. PEARCE  
IS APT TO SCOLD.

BOTH MAIDS  
YOU'RE UP TOO LATE, MISS,  
AND SURE AS FATE, MISS,  
YOU'LL CATCH A COLD.

(MRS. PEARCE and a MAID X into  
library and get comforter)

ELIZA (Solo)  
I'LL NEVER KNOW  
WHAT MADE IT SO EXCITING;  
WHY ALL AT ONCE  
MY HEART TOOK FLIGHT.

(THEY return with comforter)

I ONLY KNOW WHEN HE  
BEGAN TO DANCE WITH ME  
I COULD HAVE DANCED, DANCED, DANCED, ALL NIGHT!

(THEY cover ELIZA)

FIRST & SECOND MAID  
(Singing simultaneously with ELIZA  
from the point where they return with  
comforter)

FIRST MAID  
PUT DOWN YOUR BOOK.

SECOND MAID  
THE WORK'LL KEEP.

BOTH MAIDS  
NOW SETTLE DOWN  
AND GO TO SLEEP.

(THE MAIDS exit through UR door)

MRS. PEARCE  
(As ELIZA rests SHE sings over HER)  
I UNDERSTAND, DEAR.  
IT'S ALL BEEN GRAND, DEAR.  
BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO SLEEP.

(MRS. PEARCE Xes up and  
turns out the lights)

ELIZA  
(After lights go out, from sofa)  
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

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1-5-55

ELIZA (Continued)

I'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE.  
(SHE throws off the comforter  
and sits up)

I'LL NEVER KNOW  
WHAT MADE IT SO EXCITING;  
WHY ALL AT ONCE  
MY HEART TOOK FLIGHT.

(SHE rises)

I ONLY KNOW WHEN HE  
BEGAN TO DANCE WITH ME,  
I COULD HAVE DANCED, DANCED, DANCED, ALL NIGHT!

/10A/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT ONE  
Scene 6

SCENE: OUTSIDE ASCOT.  
TIME: A July afternoon.  
AT RISE: PICKERING, MRS. HIGGINS and CHARLES, the chauffeur, are grouped at DLC with MRS. HIGGINS standing in the center.

MRS. HIGGINS  
Colonel Pickering, I don't understand - do you mean that my son is coming to Ascot today?

PICKERING  
Yes, he is, Mrs. Higgins. As a matter of fact, he's here!

MRS. HIGGINS  
What a disagreeable surprise. Ascot is usually the one place I can come to with my friends and not run the risk of seeing my son, Henry. Whenever my friends meet him, I never see them again.

PICKERING  
He had to come, Mrs. Higgins. You see, he's taking the girl to the annual Embassy Ball, and he wanted to try her out first.

MRS. HIGGINS  
I beg your pardon?

PICKERING  
You know.....the annual Embassy Ball...

MRS. HIGGINS  
Yes, I know the Ball....but what girl?

PICKERING  
Oh, didn't I mention that?

MRS. HIGGINS  
No, you did not.

PICKERING  
Well, it's quite simple, really. One night I went to the Opera at Covent Garden to hear one of my favorite operas - "Aida" - and as I was coming out - incidentally, they didn't do "Aida" that night - No, they did "Gotterdammerung" instead. I'd never heard "Gotterdammerung". By George, that's a racketsy one! Now, when this tenor chap...

64  
1-6-57

MRS. HIGGINS  
What about the girl, Colonel?

PICKERING  
Oh, yes. As I was coming out, I met your son, Henry,  
who, in turn, met Miss Doolittle, who now lives with Henry.

MRS. HIGGINS  
Lives with Henry? Is it a love affair?

PICKERING  
Heavens, no! She's a flower girl. He picked her up off  
the curb-stone.

MRS. HIGGINS  
A flower girl?

PICKERING  
Yes. Higgins said to me: "Pickering, you see this girl?  
In six months I could make a duchess of her." I said:  
"Nonsense." He came back with "Yes, I can." "All right,"  
I said, "I'll made a bet with you you can't." And I did.  
And he is.

(The ASCOT BELL is heard ringing)

CHARLIES  
The horses are leaving the paddock, Mrs. Higgins.

PICKERING  
Excuse me, Mrs. Higgins. I must fetch her.  
(X DL)

MRS. HIGGINS  
But Colonel - am I to understand that Henry is bringing a  
flower girl to Ascot?

PICKERING  
(Turns to HER)  
Yes, Mrs. Higgins. That's is, that's it precisely!  
Jolly good, Mrs. Higgins! Jolly good!  
(Exits DL)

MRS. HIGGINS  
Charles, you'd better stay close to the car. I may be  
leaving abruptly.

B L A C K O U T



ACT ONE  
Scene 7

SCENE: ASCOT.

It is a tent affair with two large Pouffes on either side of the archway CS.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: The ENTIRE ENSEMBLE, elegantly and appropriately attired, stand facing the audience, with a minimum of movement and expression, THEY sing:

/11/ "ASCOT GAVOTTE"

ALL

EV'RY DUKE AND EARL AND PEER IS HERE;  
EV'RY ONE 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!  
HEART BEATS 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!

(There is complete silence. With nerveless faces, the ENTIRE ENSEMBLE watch the progress of the race. When the race is over, THEY shift to the other foot and sing:)

WHAT A FRENZIED MOMENT THAT WAS!  
DIDN'T THEY MAINTAIN AN EXHAUSTING PACE?  
'T WAS A THRILLING, ABSOLUTELY CHILLING  
RUNNING OF THE ASCOT OP'NING RACE!

(To the strains of the Gavotte THEY enact, in pantomime, life between races. As the gavotte reaches the climax, the crowds

slowly disperse, and MRS. HIGGINS enters  
LS, Xes to CS bowing to some of the groups  
as they leave. As SHE reaches CS, HIGGINS  
is seen entering DR, HE Xes to R of HER at C)

HIGGINS

I don't know where the devil they could be?

(Sees MRS. HIGGINS)

Oh, darling, have you seen Pickering? Oh, you do look nice!

(Kisses HER cheek)

MRS. HIGGINS

I saw Colonel Pickering, and Henry, dear, I'm most  
provoked. I've heard you've brought a common flower  
girl from Covent Garden to my box.

HIGGINS

Oh, darling, she'll be all right. I've taught her to speak  
properly, and she has strict orders as to her behavior.  
She's to keep to two subjects - the weather and everybody's  
health - sort of "fine day" and "how do you do" - and not  
just let herself go on things in general. Help her along,  
darling, and you'll be quite safe.

MRS. HIGGINS

Safe? To talk about our health in the middle of a race?

HIGGINS

Well, she's got to talk about something.

MRS. HIGGINS

Henry, you're not even dressed for Ascot.

HIGGINS

I changed my shirt.

MRS. HIGGINS

Where is the girl now?

HIGGINS

Being pinned. Some of the clothes we bought for her didn't  
quite fit. I told Pickering we should have taken her with us.

MRS. HIGGINS

You're a pretty pair of babies playing with your live doll.  
(While SHE is saying the above, MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL  
and FREDDY, with LORD and LADY BOXINGTON enter DR  
and X to CS. LORD and LADY BOXINGTON stop by the  
R pouffe. Seeing them)

Ah, Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.....

HIGGINS

(Seeing the approaching crowd)

Oh damn, are all these people with you?

(X UL)

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL  
Mrs. Higgins, is this your celebrated son?

MRS. HIGGINS  
I'm sorry to say my celebrated son has no manners. He  
may be the life and soul of the Royal Society soirees,  
but he's rather trying on more commonplace occasions.  
(PICKERING enters UR, with ELIZA.  
THEY X to CS)

HIGGINS  
(Seeing them)  
Ah!

MRS. HIGGINS  
Ah, 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 (Slowly)  
How kind of you to let me come.  
(HIGGINS nods approval)

MRS. HIGGINS  
Delighted, my dear.  
(Turning to stage R group)  
Mrs. Eynsford-Hill. Miss Doolittle.  
(THEY exchange "How do you do's" with  
ELIZA speaking slowly and with much care)  
Lord and Lady Boxington. Miss Doolittle.  
(THEY exchange "How do you do's" with  
ELIZA using same care.  
As MRS. HIGGINS Xes to L pouffe)  
And Freddy Eynsford-Hill.

ELIZA  
(Turning to HIM at UL)  
How do you do?

FREDDY  
(Xing D to HER)  
How do you do?  
(MRS. HIGGINS pours tea.  
HIGGINS is behind L pouffe)

HIGGINS  
Miss Doolittle?

ELIZA  
(X to R of L Pouffe)  
Good afternoon, Professor Higgins.

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1-7-61

(HIGGINS motions for HER to sit, SHE looks at HIM blankly - HE pantomimes sitting down - SHE does.  
The STEWARDS bring chairs for PICKERING and FREDDY at UC, then pass tea to all the guests)

FREDDY

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

MRS. HIGGINS

(Handing ELIZA tea)

Will it rain do you think?

ELIZA

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.  
(HIGGINS irresistibly does a few fandango steps which win HIM peculiar looks. HE Xes UC)  
But in Hartford, Heresford and Hampshire hurricanes hardly ever happen.

FREDDY (Laughing)

How awfully funny.

ELIZA

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

FREDDY

Smashing.

(Takes tea from STEWARD)

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL

I do hope we won't have any unseasonably cold spells. It brings on so much influenza, and our whole famly is susceptible to it.

ELIZA

My aunt died of influenza, so they said.

(MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL clicks HER tongue sympathetically)

But it's my belief they done the old woman in.

(HIGGINS and PICKERING have a soundless argument, accusing each other of having taught ELIZA this last unrehearsed phrase)

MRS. HIGGINS

(Puzzled)

Done her in?

ELIZA

Yes, Lord love you! Why should she die of influenza when she come through diphtheria 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 for want of something  
else to do, balances HIS tea  
cup on HIS head and Xes UL)

ELIZA (Continued)

Then she came to so sudden that she bit the bowl off the spoon.

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?

(Sips tea)

Somebody pinched it;

(HIGGINS fans himself with silver tray  
off the tea cart)

and what I say is, them as pinched it, done her in.

LORD BOXINGTON

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

HIGGINS

(X to UC between PICKERING and FREDDY)

Oh, that's the new small talk. To do a person in means  
to kill them.

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL

(To ELIZA, horrified)

You surely don't believe your aunt was killed?

(HIGGINS and PICKERING expect the worst)

ELIZA

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

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL

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

ELIZA

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

(HIGGINS stiffens; PICKERING is tense.

HIGGINS bows and lifts HIS hat to MRS.

EYNSFORD-HILL in a gesture of farewell,  
and Xes DL.

Puts cup down on cart)

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

LORD BOXINGTON

Do you mean that he drank?

(LADY BOXINGTON tries to  
quieten LORD BOXINGTON but  
HE will not be silenced)

70  
1-7-63

ELIZA

(Giving tea cup back to MRS. HIGGINS)  
Drank! My word! Something chronic.  
(To FREDDY who is in convulsions  
of suppressed laughter)  
Here! What are you sniggering at!

FREDDY

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

ELIZA

If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at?  
(To HIGGINS)  
Have I said anything I oughtn't?  
(HIGGINS makes a helpless gesture)

MRS. HIGGINS

Not at all, my dear.

ELIZA

Well, that's a mercy, anyhow.  
(Now expansively)  
What I always say is.....  
(HIGGINS makes a number of  
desperate signals to PICKERING  
to stop HER at all costs)

PICKERING

(Rising, rushing to R of ELIZA)  
Er - I don't suppose there's enough time before the  
next race to place a bet?  
(Music starts. To ELIZA, lifting  
HER out of the chair)  
Come, my dear.

MRS. HIGGINS

I'm afraid not, Colonel Pickering.  
(THEY all rise as the ASCOT  
MUSIC begins and the crowd  
moves to the forestage)

FREDDY

(Rises, Xes to L of ELIZA)  
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.  
(HE offers HER a race ticket, SHE accepts)

ELIZA

That's very kind of you.

FREDDY

His name is Dover.  
(THE PEOPLE are now all downstage.  
HIGGINS remains behind ELIZA)

/12/ END OF GAVOTTE: BLACKOUT MUSIC

ENSEMBLE

THERE THEY ARE AGAIN,  
LINING UP TO RUN.  
NOW THEY'RE HOLDING STEADY;  
THEY ARE READY  
FOR IT...  
LOOK! IT HAS BEGUN!

(Again the silence. The heads in unison move from one side to another with the usual impassiveness.)

The one exception is ELIZA, who is really terribly excited. Clenching HER fists, head bent forward, crouched low SHE is rooting HER horse home. Precisely in the middle, when all are facing front, ELIZA can contain herself no longer)

ELIZA

(Sotto voce)  
Come on, come on, Dover.....  
(The crowd turns to stare at HER and then they all look at each other in wonder)  
Come on, come on, Dover!  
(The time SHE is louder.  
The CROWD moves perceptively away from the girl)  
Come on, Dover!!!! Move your bloomin' arse!!!!  
(There is a terrible moan from the crowd. The minute SHE says it SHE realizes what SHE's done and brings HER hand to HER mouth. SEVERAL WOMEN gracefully faint, and are caught by their escorts. LADY BOXINGTON is staggered. All are horrified.)

As the line breaks HIGGINS steps forward roaring with laughter, as PICKERING dashes off LS.

The music reaches a crescendo of cacaphony, reflecting the horror of the moment as we....)

B L A C K O U T !

72  
1-8-65

ACT ONE  
Scene 8

SCENE: OUTSIDE HIGGINS HOUSE.  
WIMPOLE STREET.  
There are steps leading  
up to the door at LS.

TIME: Later that day.

AT RISE: A POLICEMAN enters DL and Xes to  
CS. FREDDY enters DR, Xes to CS  
to L of POLICEMAN.

FREDDY

(At CS)  
Officer, I know this is Wimpole Street, but could you tell  
me where 27-A is?

POLICEMAN

(Indicating door)  
Right there, sir.

FREDDY

Thank you.  
(POLICEMAN exits DR. as FREDDY starts  
for the door, a FLOWER GIRL enters DL.  
Xes to C and R of FREDDY. HE sees HER  
and goes to HER)  
Are those for sale?

FLOWER GIRL

Yes, sir. A shilling.

(FREDDY takes a shilling from HIS pocket  
and throws it into the FLOWER GIRL's basket.)

Music starts)

FREDDY

Here.

FLOWER GIRL

(Handing HIM a bouquet)  
Thank you kindly, sir.

FREDDY

(Taking bouquet)  
Isn't it a heavenly day?



(SHE looks at HIM strangely and exits DR.

FREDDY Yes to stoop, knocks on the door,  
turns front. Sings:)

13 "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE"

FREDDY

(On first step)

WHEN SHE MENTIONED HOW HER AUNT BIT OFF THE SPOON,  
SHE COMPLETELY DONE ME IN.

(Steps down)

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'..."

(Music continues under dialogue)

MRS. PEARCE

(Enters on steps)

Yes, sir?

FREDDY

Is Miss Doolittle at home?

MRS. PEARCE

Whom shall I say is calling?

FREDDY

Freddy Eynsford-Hill. If she doesn't remember me, tell her  
I'm the chap who was sniggering at her.

MRS. PEARCE

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

(X U to HER)

And would you give her these?  
(Hands HER the bouquet)

MRS. PEARCE

(Leaving)

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

(Stopping HER)

You needn't rush. I want to drink in this street where  
she lives.

(X D to bottom of steps)

MRS. PEARCE

Yes, sir.

(SHE exits)

FREDDY

(Facing front)

I HAVE OFTEN WALKED DOWN THIS STREET BEFORE;  
BUT THE PAVEMENT ALWAYS STAYED BENEATH MY FEET BEFORE.  
ALL AT ONCE AM I SEV'RAL 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 OVER-POWERING 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.

(Music continues under dialogue)

MRS. PEARCE

(Enters on steps)

Mr. Eynsford-Hill?

FREDDY

Yes.

(Turns to HER)

MRS. PEARCE

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

FREDDY

(Xes two steps to HER)

But why? She was magnificent!

MRS. PEARCE

Magnificent? Do you have the right address, sir?

FREDDY

Of course. Tell her I'll wait.

MRS. PEARCE

But it might be days, sir. Even weeks!

FREDDY

(X to bottom of steps)

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

(MRS. PEARCE exits. FREDDY Xes to DLC)

FREDDY  
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.

(HE Xes to house, goes up onto the  
first step looking into the house)

ACT ONE  
Scene 9

SCENE: HIGGINS' STUDY. Set is untouched but for the presence of a decanter, two glasses and a carnation in water on the desk.

TIME: Evening. Six weeks later.

AT RISE: HIGGINS and PICKERING are on stage, in white tie and tails. PICKERING is by the wing chair. HIGGINS is pacing slowly in the area by R of desk, detached and in thought.

PICKERING  
Higgins, if there's any mishap at the Embassy tonight, if Miss Doolittle suffers any embarrassment whatever, it's on your head alone. I've been begging you to call off this experiment ever since Ascot.

HIGGINS  
Eliza can do anything.

PICKERING  
But suppose she's discovered? Suppose she makes another ghastly mistake?

HIGGINS  
There'll be no horses at the Ball, Pickering.

PICKERING  
But think how agonizing it would be. God, if anything happened tonight, I don't know what I'd do.

HIGGINS  
(X to behind sofa)  
You could always rejoin your regiment.

PICKERING  
Higgins, this is no time for flippancy. The way you've driven her these last six weeks has exceeded all the bounds of common... Oh, for God's sake, Higgins, stop pacing up and down! Can't you settle someplace?

HIGGINS  
Have some Port. It will quieten your nerves.

PICKERING  
I'm not nervous! Where is it?

HIGGINS

On the desk.

(PICKERING goes to it.)

MRS. PEARCE enters on top of  
landing)

MRS. PEARCE

The car is here, sir.

HIGGINS

(Behind sofa)

Thank you, Mrs. Pearce. Are you helping Eliza?

MRS. PEARCE

Yes, sir.

(SHE exits)

PICKERING

(Pouring Port)

Help her, indeed! I'll bet the damned gown doesn't fit.  
I warned you about those French designers. You should  
have gone to a good English store, where you knew  
everybody was on our side.

(HE drinks the wine)

Have a little Port.

HIGGINS

(X DR)

No, thank you.

PICKERING

It will quieten your nerves.

HIGGINS

(Still pacing)

No, thank you.

PICKERING

Are you so sure she'll retain all you've hammered into her?

HIGGINS

(X to front of sofa)

We shall see.

PICKERING

But suppose she doesn't?

HIGGINS

(Sits on sofa)

Then I lose my bet.

PICKERING

(X to L of sofa)

You know what I can't stand about you, Higgins? It's your confounded complacency. In a moment like this, with so much at stake, it's utterly indecent that you don't need a little Port. What of the girl? You act as if she doesn't matter at all.

(X DL)

HIGGINS

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? Why, it's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class, and soul from soul. She matters immensely.

/14/ ELIZA'S ENTRANCE - (Orchestra)

(ELIZA appears on the landing above. The Music of "I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT" begins with HER appearance. PICKERING looks up at HER; HIGGINS follows PICKERING's stare and looks up also. SHE is dressed for the Ball. Beautifully. SHE slowly walks down the stairs and into the room, DR. HIGGINS rises, and walks around HER, inspecting HER with half-concealed delight and wonderment)

PICKERING

Miss Doolittle, you look beautiful.

ELIZA

Thank you, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING

Don't you think so, Higgins?

HIGGINS

(R of ELIZA)

Not bad. Not bad at all.

(The BUTLER and FOOTMAN enter through UC door with coats and hats. ELIZA is given HER cape; PICKERING HIS cape and hat. HIGGINS is given HIS cape and hat. THEY all put their capes on except ELIZA who stands still gazing down at the beauty of hers.)

HIGGINS, dressed, Xes to the desk, and gets a carnation and puts in into HIS buttonhole. HE furtively looks around to see if anyone is watching HIM. All are intent on something else. HIGGINS pours a glass of Port and with another look, quickly downs it.

HIGGINS Xes to the UC door, then stops, looks at ELIZA, returns to HER, offers HER HIS arm. THEY start off together through the door. PICKERING following, as the CURTAINS CLOSE)

/15/ INTRODUCTION TO PROMENADE - (Orchestra)

(As the curtains close a regal theme is heard and TWO FOOTMEN enter DL and DR respectively. THEY X to CS and turn and page the curtain open onto the PROMENADE)

ACT ONE  
Scene 10

SCENE: THE PROMENADE OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM  
OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN EMBASSY.

TIME: Later that evening.

AT RISE: The FOOTMEN have paged the curtain  
about midway and have Xed into the  
Ballroom. One FOOTMAN Xes to the  
stairs at LS and the other exits DR.  
There are LADIES and GENTLEMEN,  
beautifully gowned and handsomely  
tailored, moving through the room.  
The music is heard.

/16/ PROMENADE - (Orchestra)

FOOTMAN

Sir Reginald and Lady Tarrington.

(A COUPLE enter, X to R pouffe.  
A COUPLE enter DR. with MRS. HIGGINS,  
X to DRC. MRS. HIGGINS moves to  
group DC)

Professor Zoltan Karpathy.

(KARPATY, a bearded Hungarian, enters,  
X D stairs to group UC)

Colonel Hugh Pickering.

(PICKERING enters, XD stairs to  
MRS. HIGGINS at DC.

Music plays through)

PICKERING

Mrs. Higgins!

MRS. HIGGINS

(To group SHE is with)

Excuse me.

PICKERING

Well, she got by the first hurdle. The Ambassador's wife  
was completely captivated.

MRS. HIGGINS

I know. I've heard several people asking who she is.  
Do tell me what happened.



PICKERING

Higgins said: "Madame Ambassador, may I introduce Miss Eliza Doolittle?" and Madame Ambassador said: "How do you do?" - and Eliza came right back with: "How do you do?"

MRS. HIGGINS

Is that all?

PICKERING

Oh, no! When it was my turn, both the Ambassador and his wife said to me: "Colonel Pickering, who is that captivating creature with Professor Higgins?"

MRS. HIGGINS

What did you say?

PICKERING

Well, I was stopped for a moment. Then I collected myself and I said: "Eliza Doolittle".

(A COUPLE enter DR - X to CS -  
A LADY enters DL - Xes to meet them)

MRS. HIGGINS

(X DR)

That was quick thinking, Colonel.

(A COUPLE enter DR, X to RC.  
A GENTLEMAN enters DR, X to a LADY  
who had entered DR and Xes to CS)

PICKERING

Thank you.

(X to L of MRS. HIGGINS)

Mrs. Higgins, do you think Eliza will make it?

MRS. HIGGINS

Oh, I hope so! I've grown terribly fond of that girl.

FOOTMAN

Professor Henry Higgins.

(Music stops. HIGGINS enters on  
landing, X D to CS, KARPATY  
immediately rushes to HIM)

KARPATY

Ah, maestro! Maestro!

(HE kisses HIGGINS on both cheeks)

HIGGINS

Oh! Oh!

82  
1-10-75

KARPATY

You remember me?

HIGGINS

No, I don't. Who the devil are you?

KARPATY

I am your pupil, your first, best and greatest pupil. I am Zoltan Karpathy, that marvelous boy. I have made your name famous throughout Europe. You teach me phoetics. You cannot forget me.

HIGGINS

Why don't you shave?

KARPATY

(Giggles)

I have not your imposing appearance; your figure, your brow. Nobody notice me when I shave.

HIGGINS

(Noticing the medals HE's wearing)  
Where did you find all those old coins?

KARPATY

(Giggles)

Decorations for language. The Queen of Transylvania is here this evening. I am indispensable to her at these international parties. I speak thirty-two languages. I know everybody in Europe. No imposter escape my detection. And now, Professor, you must introduce me to this glorious creature you escort this evening. She fascinate everyone. Not since Mrs. Langtry came to London...

FOOTMAN

His Excellency Dr. Themistocles Stephanos. *enter 4th*

(A well-decorated GENTLEMAN and LADY *on*  
X D stairs to DL - meet a LADY *left*  
and greet HER)

KARPATY

(Pointing out GENTLEMAN who has entered)

This so-called Greek diplomat pretends he cannot speak English. But he does not deceive me. He is the son of a Yorkshire watchmaker. He speaks English so villainously that he dare not utter a word of it without betraying his origin. I help him to pretend, but I make him pay through the nose. I make them all pay.

(HE begins to stroke HIGGINS' lapel)

I look forward to meeting your lady.

(HE bows, joins UC group.)

HIGGINS Xes to PICKERING and  
MRS. HIGGINS, DL)

PICKERING  
Higgins, I say!

MRS. HIGGINS  
Where's Eliza?

HIGGINS  
Upstairs. Last minute adjustment.

PICKERING  
I say, Higgins, let's not risk it. Let's collect her and leave immediately.

MRS. HIGGINS  
Henry, do you think it wise to stay?

HIGGINS  
Stay? Why not?

FOOTMAN  
(Together with HIGGINS' last line)  
Miss Eliza Doolittle.

(ELIZA appears on the landing, and Xes D the stairs. HIGGINS goes to HER. THEY both X together to DLC, where THEY turn to face the right side of the stage. KARPATY starts to X to them)

KARPATY  
Ah, Professor, you must introduce me....  
(HE stops as the music begins and ALL bow)

/17/ EMBASSY WALTZ - (Orchestra)

(The QUEEN enters with escort from DR and Xes slowly to the stairs. ON the way SHE sees ELIZA and is struck with HER beauty. SHE Xes D to ELIZA and places HER hand under ELIZA's chin)

QUEEN  
Charming. Charming.  
(The QUEEN turns from ELIZA and Xes to the stairs. SHE walks up two steps and turns to face the assembly, who rise as the QUEEN motions for the waltz to begin.)

84  
1-10-77

KARPATY takes a step to ELIZA, but  
HIGGINS turns in front of HIM and  
begins to waltz with ELIZA.  
KARPATY withdraws DL.

As HIGGINS and ELIZA waltz, the  
stages revolve into -)

ACT ONE  
Scene 11

SCENE: THE BALLROOM.

(The ENTIRE ENSEMBLE, dressed to the last molar, is on stage.

HIGGINS and ELIZA are waltzing DC. THEY slowly waltz UC as bit by bit the stage fills with waltzers. ELIZA and HIGGINS disappear in the swirl and appear from time to time. As the ENSEMBLE changes partners, KARPATY gets closer and closer to ELIZA.

At the climax of the dance, KARTHAPHY, at CS, Xes to ELIZA and waltzes with HER as the ENSEMBLE whirl about the stage. HIGGINS appears at DL, and PICKERING appears DR, gesturing to HIGGINS nervously. HIGGINS appears calm as the -- )

CURTAIN FALLS

END OF ACT ONE

/18/ ENTR'ACTE - (Orchestra)

ACT TWO  
Scene 1

SCENE: HIGGINS STUDY.

TIME: 3:00 in the morning.

AT RISE: Music segues from ENTR'ACTE to underscoring which continues into vocal number below. As the curtain rises the SERVANTS are discovered, asleep, all over the room. There are TWO MAIDS asleep at the desk, and TWO MAIDS asleep on the sofa. The BUTLER is asleep on the wing chair, and the FOOTMAN is asleep standing next to the wing chair. At the stroke of three, MRS. PEARCE enters through the library as there are the sounds of VOICES entering the house. There is a great hub-bub as the SERVANTS group around MRS. PEARCE at LS and the BUTLER and FOOTMAN stand behind the wing chair.

Suddenly HIGGINS, ELIZA and PICKERING enter. PICKERING is at a high peak of ebullience. HIGGINS is, too, but HE is trying not to show it. ELIZA is deadly glum and Xes to DL, facing front.

HIGGINS sits on the wing chair. PICKERING removes HIS coat and hat and gives it to the BUTLER, and then Xes D to 'L of HIGGINS. The BUTLER takes PICKERING's hat and coat out UR, and re-enters.

PICKERING  
Higgins, it was an immense achievement.

HIGGINS  
A silly notion. If I hadn't backed myself to do it, I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago.

PICKERING  
Absolutely fantastic.

HIGGINS  
A lot of tomfoolery.

PICKERING  
Higgins, I salute you.

HIGGINS  
Nonsense, the silly people don't know their own silly  
business.

(ELIZA is still unnoticed and unsung.  
SHE stands immobile, tired and tragic)

/19/ "YOU DID IT"

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  
IT WAS NOTHING. REALLY NOTHING.

(FOOTMAN hands cigar to HIGGINS)

PICKERING  
ALL ALONE YOU HURDLED  
EV'RY OBSTACLE IN SIGHT.

HIGGINS  
NOW, WAIT! NOW, WAIT!  
GIVE CREDIT WHERE IT'S DUE:  
A LOT OF THE GLORY GOES TO YOU.

(The BUTLER holds a match as  
HIGGINS Lights HIS cigar)

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 ABOUT IT,  
YOU DID IT!

(X behind sofa to MRS. PEARCE)

PICKERING (Continued)  
I MUST HAVE AGED A YEAR TONIGHT.  
AT TIMES I THOUGH I'D DIE OF FRIGHT.  
NEVER WAS THERE A MOMENTARY LULL.

HIGGINS  
(Rises, takes off hat and gloves,  
gives them to FOOTMAN)  
SHORTLY AFTER WE CAME IN,  
I SAW AT ONCE WE'D EAS'LY WIN,  
AND AFTER THAT I FOUND IT DEADLY DULL.

PICKERING  
(To MRS. PEARCE and MAIDS)  
YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE OOH'S AND AH'S;  
EV'RYONE WOND'RING WHO SHE WAS.

HIGGINS  
(Takes off coat, gives it to BUTLER)  
YOU'D THINK THEY'D NEVER SEEN A LADY BEFORE.

PICKERING  
(To MRS. PEARCE as HIGGINS removes HIS  
shoes, massages HIS feet, looks for  
HIS slippers)  
AND WHEN THE PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA  
ASKED TO MEET HER,  
AND GAVE HIS ARM TO LEAD HER TO THE FLOOR,

(HIGGINS puts HIS shoes back on,  
PICKERING Xes to L of HIGGINS)

I SAID TO HIM: "YOU DID IT!  
YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!"  
THEY THOUGHT SHE WAS ECSTATIC  
AND SO DAMN'D ARISTOCRATIC,  
AND THEY NEVER KNEW THAT  
YOU DID IT!  
(Music continues under dialogue)

HIGGINS  
(Rises, Xes to stairs, up two steps)  
Thank Heavens for Zoltan Karpathy. If it weren't for him  
I would have died of boredom. He was there, all right.  
And up to his old tricks.

MRS. PEARCE  
Karpathy? That dreadful Hungarian? Was he there?

HIGGINS  
Yes.



HIGGINS

(Sings)

THAT BLACKGUARD WHO USES THE SCIENCE OF SPEECH  
MORE TO BLACKMAIL AND SWINDLE THAN TEACH  
HE MADE IT THE DEVILISH BUSINESS OF HIS...

(Spoken)

"To find out who this Miss Doolittle is!"

(Xes D off stairs to DC as SERVANTS  
group around HIM there)

EV'RY TIME WE LOOKED AROUND,  
THERE HE WAS, THAT HAIRY HOUND  
FROM BUDAPEST.  
NEVER LEAVING US ALONE;  
NEVER HAVE I EVER KNOWN  
A RUDER PEST!  
FIN'LLY I DECIDED IT WAS FOOLISH  
NOT TO LET HIM HAVE HIS CHANCE WITH HER.  
SO I STEPPED ASIDE AND LET HIM DANCE WITH HER.

OOZING CHARM FROM EV'RY PORE,  
HE OILED HIS WAY AROUND THE FLOOR.  
EV'RY TRICK THAT HE COULD PLAY,  
HE USED TO STRIP HER MASK AWAY.  
AND 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

Yavol!

(Sings)

"HER ENGLISH IS TOO GOOD," HE SAID,  
"WHICH CLEARLY INDICATES THAT SHE IS FOREIGN."  
"WHEREAS OTHERS ARE INSTRUCTED IN THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE,  
ENGLISH PEOPLE AREN'."  
"AND ALTHOUGH SHE MAY HAVE STUDIED WITH AN EXPERT  
DI'LECTICIAN AND GRAMMERIAN,  
I CAN TELL THAT SHE WAS BORN HUNGARIAN!"

(Spoken, as HE Xes to L of wing chair)

"Not only Hungarian - but - of royal blood! She is a  
princess!"

(The SERVANTS rise, X to behind sofa,  
as HIGGINS Xes to front of sofa)

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(See page 129 for lyric omitted)

SERVANTS  
CONGRATULATIONS, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!  
FOR YOUR GLORIOUS VICTORY!  
CONGRATULATIONS, PROFESSOR HIGGINS!

(HIGGINS sits on sofa)

YOU'LL BE MENTIONED IN HISTORY!

(PICKERING Xes to mantel, gets a loving cup, Xes to R of sofa, picks up a pillow and presents the cup to HIGGINS who accepts it and flicks HIS ashes into it as HE sits on sofa. PICKERING rises, stands to R of sofa)

ONE SERVANT & PICKERING  
THIS EV'NING, SIR, YOU DID IT!  
YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!  
YOU SAID THAT YOU WOULD DO IT  
AND INDEED YOU DID!

THIS EVENING, SIR, YOU DID IT!  
YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!  
WE KNOW THAT WE HAVE SAID IT,  
BUT YOU DID IT AND THE CREDIT  
FOR IT ALL  
BELONGS TO  
YOU!

REST OF SERVANTS  
CONGRATULATIONS,  
PROFESSOR HIGGINS!  
FOR YOUR GLORIOUS  
VICTORY!

CONGRATULATIONS,  
PROFESSOR HIGGINS!  
SING A HAIL AND  
HALLELUIA  
EV'RY BIT OF CREDIT  
FOR IT ALL BELONGS TO  
YOU!

HIGGINS  
(Rises, Xes to wing chair, looking for something)  
All I can say is, thank God it's all over. Now I can go to bed at least without dreading tomorrow.

(MRS. PEARCE and SERVANTS begin to exit. SERVANTS through the library door).

MRS. PEARCE  
Good night, Mr. Higgins.  
(Exits C door)

HIGGINS  
Good night.

PICKERING  
I think I shall turn in, too. It's been a great occasion.  
Goodnight, Higgins.  
(Exits C door)

HIGGINS

(Still looking. Yes up, puts cup on mantel)  
Goodnight, Pickering. Oh, Mrs. Pearce...

(But SHE is gone)

Oh damn, I meant to tell her I wanted coffee in the morning instead of tea.

(Yes to library)

Leave a little note for her, Eliza, will you?

(HE is looking around the library)

What the devil have I done with my slippers?

(There is a moment of silence.

HE Yes to CS behind sofa)

ELIZA

(Snatching up the slippers, which were in front of the desk, SHE rises, Yes to L of the sofa and hurls them at HIM)

There are your slippers! And there! Take your slippers, and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS

(Turns slowly to HER)

What on earth? What's the matter? Is anything wrong?

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

You won my bet! You! Presumptuous insect. I won it! What did you throw those slippers at me for?

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

So the creature is nervous, after all?

(ELIZA instinctively darts HER nails at HIS face, but HE clutches HER hands)

Ah! Claws in, you cat! How dare you show your temper to me.

(HE throws HER roughly onto the sofa)

Sit down and be quiet.

ELIZA

What's to become of me? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS

(Rearranging HIS clothes)

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

92  
2-1-7

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 so much as them slippers.

HIGGINS

"Those" 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 whether you complain of your treatment here?

ELIZA

No.

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

No.

HIGGINS

You don't pretend that I have treated you badly?

ELIZA (After a pause)

No.

HIGGINS

Well, I'm glad to hear it.  
(X to mantel, gets chocolates)  
Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day?  
(X to L of wing chair)  
Have a chocolate?

ELIZA

No! ... thank you.

HIGGINS

I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious, but it's all over now. There's nothing more to worry about.

ELIZA

No, nothing more for you to worry about. Oh God, I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS

(Chocolate in mouth, steps to HER)  
Why, in Heaven's name, why? Listen to me, Eliza. All this irritation is purely subjective.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

It's only imagination. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl, and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers; that will make you comfortable.

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

(HE munches chocolate, Xes up)

Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you are 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

(Xes D to HER)

Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it?

(X DLC)

Oh, I shouldn't bother about that if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself somewher or other - though I hadn't quite realized you were going away. You might marry, you know.

(HE turns to HER, X to sofa)

You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort, poor devils. And you're not bad-looking. It's quite a pleasure to look at you at times.

(X above sofa to R of it)

Not now, of course. You've been crying and look like the very devil; but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. Come, you go to bed and have a good night's rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap.

(Peers into box of chocolates

in thought)

I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

ELIZA

We were above that in 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.

HIGGINS (Continued)

(Xes to mantel, puts chocolates away)  
You needn't marry the fellow if you don't want to.

ELIZA

What else am I to do?

HIGGINS

(X DR)

Oh, lots of things. What about that old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one. He's got lots of money.

(Chuckling, Xes below  
to L of wing chair)

He'll have to pay for all those togs you've been wearing; and that, with the hire of the jewelry, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Oh, come! You'll be all right. I must clear off to bed; I'm devilish sleepy.

(X to stairs, stops)

By the way, I was looking for something. What was it?

ELIZA

Your slippers.

HIGGINS

Yes, of course.

(Chuckling)

You shied them at me.

(HE Xes to slippers, picks them up,  
starts to go up stairs)

ELIZA

(Rises)

Before you go, sir -

HIGGINS

(Stops, turns to HER)

Eh?

ELIZA

Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS

What the devil use would they be to Pickering? Why need you start bothering 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

(Now 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 like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't?

HIGGINS (Very sulky)

You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the jewels. They're hired. Will that satisfy you?

(HE turns on HIS heels and  
is about to go)

ELIZA

Stop, please!

(Takes off jewels)

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

HIGGINS

(Putting HIS slippers under HIS arm)

Oh, hand them over!

(SHE gives HIM the jewels, HE puts  
them in HIS pocket)

If these belonged to me instead of the jeweller, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat.

ELIZA

(Taking a ring off)

This ring isn't the jeweller's; it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I don't want it now.

(SHE holds it out to HIM. HE grabs  
it and violently throws it in the  
general direction of the staircase.)

HE turns to HER suddenly. SHE cringes)

Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS

Hit you! You infamous creature, how dare you accuse me of 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 of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS

You have caused me to lose my temper; a thing that has hardly ever happened to me before. I prefer to say nothing more tonight. I am going to bed.

(HE Xes to stairs)

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

(Xing up the stairs)  
Damn Mrs. Pearce! And damn the coffee! And damn you!  
(At R of console table)  
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 lurches forward and crashes into  
the console table setting the recording  
machine going. HE opens the UC door  
and stops as HE hears the "vowels".  
HE snaps it off. It stops. HE pulls  
himself together and marches out UC door.

ELIZA, tears streaming down HER face,  
goes to the table by the staircase, and  
on HER knees, finds the ring. The  
music begins under.

ELIZA Xes D to R of wing chair)

/20/ REPRIS: "JUST YOU WAIT"

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, [HENRY HIGGINS, JUST YOU WAIT! ...]  
(SHE cries softly, the music swells)



ACT TWO  
Scene 2

SCENE: OUTSIDE HIGGINS HOUSE.  
(Same as ACT ONE, Scene 8)

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: FREDDY is seated on the steps of  
the house stationed exactly where  
we left him.

/20A/ REPRIS: "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE"

FREDDY

I HAVE OFTEN WALKED DOWN THIS STREET BEFORE;  
BUT THE PAVEMENT ALWAYS STAYED BENEATH MY FEET BEFORE.  
ALL AT ONCE AM I SEV'RAL STORIES HIGH,  
KNOWING I'M ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE.

(Yes to CS)

ARE THERE LILAC TREES IN THE HEART OF TOWN?  
CAN YOU HEAR A LARK IN ANY OTHER PARK TO 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 OVER-POWERING FEELING  
THAT ANY SECOND YOU MAY SUDDENLY APPEAR.

(ELIZA appears from the house. SHE has a  
coat on and is carrying a small wicker  
suitcase. FREDDY for the moment doesn't  
see HER and goes blithely on)

PEOPLE STOP AND STARE. THEY DON'T...

(HE sees HER now)

Darling!

(Music continues under dialogue into  
next vocal)

ELIZA

What are you doing here?

FREDDY

Nothing. I spend most of my time here. Oh, don't laugh  
at me, Miss Doolittle, but....

ELIZA

(Yes D off steps, puts suitcase down)

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

FREDDY

Oh, no, darling. How could you imagine such a thing? You  
know how I feel. I've written you two and three times a  
day telling you. Sheets and sheets.

/20B/ "SHOW ME"

FREDDY  
SPEAK AND THE WORLD IS FULL OF SINGING,  
AND I'M WINGING  
HIGHER THAN THE BIRDS.

(ELIZA is disgusted, turns front)

TOUCH AND MY HEART BEGINS TO CRUMBLE,  
THE HEAVENS TUMBLE,  
DARLING, AND I'M...

ELIZA  
(Xing in front of HIM to CS)  
WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!  
I'M SO SICK OF WORDS!  
(Xes to R of HIM)  
I GET WORDS ALL DAY THROUGH;  
FIRST FROM HIM, NOW FROM YOU!  
IS THAT ALL YOU BLIGHTERS CAN DO?

(Xes DR)  
DON'T TALK OF STARS  
BURNING ABOVE.  
IF YOU'RE IN LOVE,  
SHOW ME!

(Stamps foot.  
Moves to HIM)  
TELL ME NO DREAMS  
FILLED WITH DESIRE.  
IF YOU'RE ON FIRE,  
SHOW ME!

(SHE pushes HIM DL)  
HERE WE ARE TOGETHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!  
DON'T TALK OF SPRING!

(Xes to HIM)  
JUST HOLD ME TIGHT!

(Pushes HIM again)  
ANYONE WHO'S EVER BEEN IN LOVE'LL TELL YOU THAT  
THIS IS NO TIME FOR A CHAT!

(SHE is next to HIM, touches HIS cheek)  
HAVEN'T YOUR LIPS  
LONGED FOR MY TOUCH?

(Puts HER hand over HIS mouth)  
DONT'S SAY HOW MUCH;

(Pushes HIM)  
SHOW ME! SHOW ME!  
(SHE Xes LC)

ELIZA (Continued)

DON'T TALK OF LOVE LASTING THROUGH TIME.  
MAKE ME NO UNDYING VOW.

(SHE Xes to HIM)

SHOW ME NOW.

(Stamps foot again.)

SHE grabs FREDDY's arm and throws  
HIM to the ground CS)

SING ME NO SONG!  
READ ME NO RHYME!  
DON'T WASTE MY TIME;  
SHOW ME!

(SHE Xes above HIM to R of HIM)

DON'T TALK OF JUNE!  
DON'T TALK OF FALL!  
DON'T TALK AT ALL:  
SHOW ME!

(SHE pushes HIM again)

NEVER DO I EVER WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD.  
THERE ISN'T ONE I HAVEN'T HEARD.

(Bends down next to HIM)

HERE WE ARE TOGETHER IN WHAT OUGHT TO BE A DREAM;  
SAY ONE MORE WORD AND I'LL SCREAM!

(SHE pulls HIM up and puts HIS arms  
around HER as SHE faces front)

HAVEN'T YOUR ARMS  
HUNGRED FOR MINE?  
PLEASE DON'T EXPL'IN;  
(SHE pushes HIM to DR)  
SHOW ME! SHOW ME!

DON'T WAIT UNTIL WRINKLES AND LINES  
POP OUT ALL OVER MY BROW.

(X to L gets suitcase. Xes  
back to HIM)

SHOW ME NOW!

(For dessert, ELIZA crowns HIM with the  
suitcase, and marches out DR)

FREDDY

(Going after HER - arms outstretched)

Darling....Darling! .....

ACT TWO  
Scene 3

SCENE: COVENT GARDEN; FLOWER MARKET.

TIME: 5:00 in the morning.

AT RISE: A few VENDORS of Covent Garden and some FLOWER GIRLS are preparing for business. Bit by bit the stage fills with flowers and people.

/21/ THE FLOWER MARKET - REPRISE: "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY"

All of this is done in pantomime and music.

There are COCKNEY MEN grouped around the smude-pot fire trying to keep warm. At the peak of activity a COCKNEY enters DR whistling a few bars of "WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY" which the other COCKNEYS pick up.

(FIRST COCKNEY whistles first two lines of song)

SECOND COCKNEY

WITH ONE ENORMOUS CHAIR.  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?

ALL COCKNEYS (MEN)

LOTS OF CHOC'LATE FOR ME TO EAT;  
LOTS OF COAL MAKIN' LOTS OF HEAT;  
WARM FACE, WARM HANDS, WARM FEET,  
OH, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY?

(ELIZA has entered UL and Xed to UC,  
SHE hears the singing and Xes D to DLC  
listening to them. TWO FLOWER GIRLS X  
to HER and offer flowers for HER to buy -  
SHE makes no reply. THEY stare at HER  
as if they recognize HER and X URC)

OH, SO LOVERLY SITTIN' ABSOBLOOMIN'LUTELY STILL!  
I WOULD NEVER BUDGE TILL  
SPRING CREPT OVER ME WINDERSILL.

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 LOVERLY?

(SHE stands above them. THEY become aware of HER, and their voices trail off. A few of the COCKNEYS rise and wander off UL leaving just THREE sitting there. Music continues under)

FIRST COCKNEY  
Good morning, miss. Can I help you?

ELIZA  
Do you mind if I warm my hands?

SECOND COCKNEY  
Go right ahead, miss.

(SHE crouches down to warm HER hands. The THIRD COCKNEY stares at HER hard. ELIZA notices it)

ELIZA  
(Hopefully)  
Yes?

THIRD COCKNEY  
Excuse me, miss. For a second there I thought you was somebody else.

ELIZA  
Who?

THIRD COCKNEY  
Forgive me, ma'am. Early morning light playing tricks with me eyes.  
(HE rises. THEY all do)

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

ELIZA  
No...thank you.

FIRST COCKNEY  
Good morning, miss.

(THEY all wander U of HER, all somewhat embarrassed. Yet, still feeling that they know HER from somewhere.)

ELIZA sits on bench, picks up a bunch of violets from the basket next to the fire and sings:)

ELIZA  
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 LOVERLY?  
LOVERLY! LOVERLY!  
LOVERLY! LOVERLY!

(SHE stares out front deep in thought.)

Suddenly there is a loud commotion  
from the Pub. HARRY exits the Pub and  
appears DR, HE is well dressed)

HARRY  
Well, goodnight to you, Cecil.  
(Calls out)  
Time to go, Alfie!

(The BARTENDER appears from the Pub,  
followed by DOOLITTLE dressed in cutaways)

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

DOOLITTLE  
(Giving the BARTENDER a tip)  
Thank you, my good man. Here, take the missus a trip to  
Brighton.

BARTENDER  
Thank you, Mr. Doolittle.

ELIZA  
(At C)  
Father!

DOOLITTLE  
You see, Harry, he has no mercy. Sent her down to spy on  
me in my misery, he did. Me own flesh and blood.  
(HE Xes to R of ELIZA at CS)  
Well, I'm miserable, all right.  
(Xes to DL)  
You can tell him that straight.

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

DOOLITTLE  
(Xes back to L of HER)  
As if you didn't know. Go on back to that Wimpole Street  
devil and tell him what he done to me.  
(Xes to DRC)

ELIZA

What has he done to you?

DOOLITTLE

(X to R of HER)

He's ruined me, that's all. Destroyed me happiness. Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle-class morality. And don't you defend him. Was it him or was it not him that wrote to an old American blighter named Wallingford that was giving five millions to found moral reform societies, and tell him the most original moralist in England was Mr. Alfred P. Doolittle, a common dustman?

ELIZA

That sounds like one of his jokes.

DOOLITTLE

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

JAMIE

(Entering from Pub, Xes D to DR)

Oh, come on, Alfie. In a couple of hours you have to be at the church.

(A group of COCKNEYS enter from Pub and group around the BARTENDER and HARRY)

ELIZA

Church?

DOOLITTLE

Yes, church. The deepest cut of all.

(HE Xes up a bit, looking down at HER)

Why do you think I'm dressed up like a ruddy pall-bearer?

(HE Xes D to HER)

Your stepmother wants to marry me. Now I'm respectable - she wants to be respectable.

(HE Xes DR)

ELIZA (X to HIM)

If that's the way you feel, 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. Intimidated, Eliza, that's what we are. And that's what I am. Bought up. That's what your precious professor has brought me to.

ELIZA

(X to CS, facing front)

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. All part of his plan.

(HE Xes to R of HER)

But you double-cross him Eliza. Don't you come home to me. Don't you take tuppence from me. You stand on your own two feet.

(FREDDY enters from UL, Xes  
D to LS)

You're a lady now and you can do it.

FREDDY

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

DOOLITTLE

I say, you want to come and see me turned off this mornin'? St. George's, Hanover Square, ten o'clock.

(X DR)

I wouldn't advise it, but you're welcome.

ELIZA

No, thank you, Dad.

FREDDY

(X D to R of ELIZA)

Are you all finished here?

ELIZA

(Gazing about)

Yes, Freddy. I'm all finished here.  
(Takes FREDDY's arm, Xes UL)

Good luck, Dad.  
(SHE drops HER bouquet at CS.)

DOOLITTLE watches HER go, rubbing HIS hands in satisfaction at having disposed of a knotty problem. Xes CS, picks up violets)

JAMIE

Come along, Alfie...

DOOLITTLE

(Turns X D to DRC)

How much time do I have left?

/22/ "GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME"

JAMIE, HARRY & MALE CHORUS

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

(In despair, HE has put HIS hands  
in front of HIS face. A GIRL  
consoles HIM. Facing front)  
There are drinks and girls all over London, and I have to  
track 'em down in just a few more hours...

(Sings)

I'M GETTING MARRIED IN THE MORNIN'!  
DING, DONG! THE BELLS ARE GONNA CHIME!  
PULL OUT THE STOPPER,  
LET'S HAVE A WHOPPER,  
BUT GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME!

(X DL)

I GOTTA BE THERE IN THE MORNIN',  
SPRUCED UP AND LOOKIN' IN ME PRIME.  
GIRLS, COME AND KISS ME,  
(THEY do)  
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!

(X CS)

FOR I'M GETTIN' 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,  
GET ME TO THE CHURCH,  
FOR GAWD'S SAKE, GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME!

ALL (DOOLITTLE and S-A-T-B CHORUS)

(Circling the stage DOOLITTLE leading)

I'M GETTIN' MARRIED IN THE MORNIN'.  
DING, DONG! THE BELLS ARE GONNA CHIME!

DOOLITTLE

(At C)

DRUG ME OR JAIL ME,  
STAMP ME AND MAIL ME.

ALL  
BUT GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME!

I GOTTA BE THERE IN THE MORNIN'  
SPRUCED UP AND LOOKIN' IN ME PRIME.

DOOLITTLE  
SOME BLOKE WHO'S ABLE  
LIFT UP THE TABLE.

ALL  
AND GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME.

IF I AM FLYIN',  
THEN SHOOT ME DOWN.

DOOLITTLE  
(With a girl on each arm)  
IF I AM WOOLIN',  
(Pushing them away)  
GET HER OUT OF TOWN!

ALL  
FOR I'M GETTIN' MARRIED IN THE MORNIN',  
DING, DONG! THE BELLS ARE GONNA CHIME!

DOOLITTLE  
FEATHER AND TAR ME,  
CALL OUT THE ARMY;  
BUT GET ME TO THE CHURCH,

ALL  
GET ME TO THE CHURCH,

DOOLITTLE  
FOR GAWD'S SAKE, GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME!

STREET CAN CAN

(The CROWD pulls out the stopper and has a whooper. The dance is a wild spree. DOOLITTLE Xes to DL to watch as the BARTENDER enters with two steins of beer. With cries of "Drink her down!" and "Come on Alfie, one more gulp," DOOLITTLE drinks the two beers and is dragged off into the Pub.

As the dance ends there is a hush as dawn breaks over the Flower Market. The COCKNEYS all congregate at C waiting for DOOLITTLE)

HARRY

(With chorus background)  
STARLIGHT IS REELIN' HOME TO BED NOW.  
MORNIN' IS SMEARIN' UP THE SKY.

(DOOLITTLE enters from Pub,  
Xes to CS bowing to all)

ALL

LONDON IS WAKIN',  
DAYLIGHT IS BREAKIN';  
GOOD LUCK, OLD CHUM.

(HARRY and JAMIE X to DOOLITTLE  
at C shake HIS hand solemnly)

GOOD HEALTH, GOODBYE.

DOOLITTLE

(In deepest gloom)  
I'M GETTIN' MARRIED IN THE MORNIN'.  
DING, DONG! THE BELLS ARE GONNA CHIME!

(THEY all lift HIM over their heads)

ALL

HAIL AND SALUTE ME,  
THEN HAUL OFF AND BOOT ME.

(HE falls back and they carry HIM  
over their heads in a prone position.  
DOOLITTLE places HIS hat on HIS chest  
as if to add the final touch before  
the inevitable)

AND GET ME TO THE CHURCH,  
GET ME TO THE CHURCH,

(THEY carry HIM off UL)  
FOR GAWD'S SAKE, GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME.

/23/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT TWO  
Scene 4

SCENE: THE UPSTAIRS HALL, HIGGINS HOUSE.  
There are two doors at URC and  
ULC with a telephone table and  
stool between.

TIME: About 11:00, the following morning.

AT RISE: We hear HIGGINS calling from  
off stage.

HIGGINS (Offstage)

Pickering! Pickering!  
(HIGGINS enters from URC, dressed in HIS  
robe, shirt and pants followed by MRS. PEARCE.  
HE Xes to the UCL door and knocks on it)

MRS. PEARCE

I don't know where the girl went at all, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS

Pickering!  
(HE turns to MRS. PEARCE who has  
followed HIM out of HIS room)  
Didn't she say where to send her clothes?

MRS. PEARCE

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

PICKERING

(Enters by ULC door, stands ULC)  
What? What?  
(HE is dressed)

HIGGINS

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

PICKERING

Bolted?

HIGGINS

Yes, bolted! And Mrs. Pearce let her go without telling  
me a word about it.

PICKERING

Well, I'm dashed!

HIGGINS

What am I to do? I got tea this morning instead of coffee. I  
can't find anything. I don't know what appointments I've got.

MRS. PEARCE

Eliza would know.

HIGGINS  
Of course she would, but damn it she's gone.

MRS. PEARCE  
Did any of you gentlemen frighten her last night?

PICKERING  
You were there, Mrs. Pearce. We hardly said a word to her. Higgins, did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS  
Just the other way around. She threw the slippers at me. I never gave her the slightest provocation.  
(Xes DL)  
The slippers came bang at my head before I uttered a word. And she used the most perfectly awful language. I was shocked.

PICKERING  
Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS  
(X to L of PICKERING)  
I don't understand it. She was shown every possible consideration. She admitted it herself.

PICKERING  
Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS  
For God's sake, Pickering, stop being dashed and do something.

PICKERING  
What?

HIGGINS  
(X front of PICKERING to URC door)  
Call 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 her! The girl belongs to me! I paid five pounds for her!  
(HE charges into HIS room)

PICKERING  
Quite right.  
(Picks up phone)  
Scotland Yard, please. May I have some coffee, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE  
Yes, sir.  
(SHE exits DR)

PICKERING

(Into phone)

Oh, good morning, old chap. Colonel Hugh Pickering here....  
27-A Wimpole Street. I want to report a missing person.  
Anything you can do to assist in her recovery will be  
frightfully appreciated. I'm not without influence, and  
I'll see to it that your superiors...Oh, hmph, yes...Eliza  
Doolittle...about twenty-one...I should say about five foot  
seven....Her eyes?

HIGGINS

(Offstage - yelling)

Brown!

PICKERING

Brown....her hair? Well, it's a rather neutral, nondescript  
color, I should say more on the...

HIGGINS

(Appears at door, robe off, tieless)

Brown! Brown! Brown!  
(Exits)

PICKERING

Well, you heard what he said...brown...Yes, this is her  
residence...Between three and four in the morning...No...  
No...No...No relation at all. Let's just say a good friend.  
(HE laughs good-humoredly)

Hmph?

(A troubled look clouds HIS face)

Now, see here, my good man, I'm not at all pleased with 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...

(Hangs up)

/24/ "HYMN TO HIM"

HIGGINS

(Entering at URC door)

WHAT IN ALL OF HEAVEN COULD HAVE PROMPTED HER TO GO?  
AFTER SUCH A TRIUMPH AT THE BALL?  
WHAT COULD HAVE DEPRESS'D HER?  
WHAT COULD HAVE POSSESS'D HER?  
I CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE WRETCH AT ALL!  
(He exits)

PICKERING

(Calling offstage to HIGGINS)

Higgins, I have an old school chum at the Home Office.  
Perhaps he can help. I'll call him.

(Picks up phone)

Whitehall seven, two, double, four, please.

HIGGINS

(Enters again, singing, with tie  
half pulled on)

WOMEN ARE IRRATIONAL, THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO THAT!  
THEIR HEAD ARE FULL OF COTTON, HAY, AND RAGS!  
THEY'RE NOTHING BUT EXASPERATING, IRRITATING,  
VASCILLATIN, CALCULATING, AGITATING,  
MADDENING, AND INFURIATING HAGS!

(HE exits)

PICKERING

(Into phone)

Brewster Budgin, please.....Yes, I'll wait!

HIGGINS

(Enters in sweater)

Pickering, why can't a woman be more like a man?  
(PICKERING gives HIM a startled look)

Yes....

(Sings)

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.  
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 LIKE THEIR FATHER INSTEAD?

(X DR)

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN TAKE AFTER A MAN?  
MEN ARE SO PLEASANT, SO EASY TO PLEASE;  
WHENEVER YOU'RE WITH THEM, YOU'RE ALWAYS AT EASE.

(X to PICKERING)

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

(Spoken in rhythm)

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE LIKE YOU?

HIGGINS (Continued)

(Sings - Xes DL buttoning sweater)  
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!

(X DRC)

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BEHAVE LIKE A MAN?  
MEN ARE SO FRIENDLY, GOOD-NATURED AND KIND.  
A BETTER COMPANION YOU NEVER WILL FIND.

(X back to PICKERING)

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

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE LIKE US?  
(HE exits URC door. Music pause for dialogue)

PICKERING

(Into phone)

Hello, is Brewster Budgin there, please?

(Pause)

Boozy? You'll never, never, never guess who this is! ...  
Yes, it is. By George, what a memory! How are you, old  
fellow? It's so good to hear your voice again...Thirty  
years? Is it really? Yes...That's a lot of water under  
the...uh...thing. Boozy, old chap, I'll tell you why I  
called. Something rather unpleasant has happened at this  
end. Could I come right over and see you?  
Oh, good. I'll be right there. Thank you, Boozy.

(HE hangs up the phone as MRS.

PEARCE enters DR with the coffee)

I'm going over to the Home Office, Mrs...Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE

(Xes to C table, puts coffee down)

I do hope you find her, Colonel Pickering. Mr. Higgins  
will miss her.



PICKERING

Mr. Higgins will miss her! Blast Mr. Higgins! I'll miss her!

(HE exits DR)

HIGGINS

(Offstage)

Pickering! Pickering!

(Enters carrying hat and jacket.

Stops at CS, to MRS. PEARCE)

Where's the Colonel?

MRS. PEARCE

He's gone over to the Home Office, sir.

HIGGINS

You see that, Mrs. Pearce. I'm disturbed and he runs to help. Now there's a good fellow. Mrs. Pearce, you're a woman...

(At UC, singing)

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?  
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?  
(X D to MRS. PEARCE hands HER  
HIS coat and hat)

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE MORE LIKE A MAN?  
(SHE helps HIM into HIS coat,  
hands HIM HIS hat)  
IF I WERE 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?

(HE stalks off DR)

/24/ CHANGE OF SCENE - (Orchestra)

ACT TWO  
Scene 5

SCENE: THE GARDEN OF MRS. HIGGINS HOUSE.  
There is a tea table at C with  
three chairs around it and set  
for service for three.

TIME: Later that morning.

AT RISE: MRS. HIGGINS and ELIZA are  
having tea.

MRS. HIGGINS

And you mean to say that after you did 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

Not a word.

MRS. HIGGINS

That's simply appalling. I should not have thrown the  
slippers at him...I should have thrown the fire irons.

HIGGINS

(Offstage)

Mother! Mother!

MRS. HIGGINS

I thought it wouldn't be long.  
(ELIZA looks fearful and makes  
a move to leave)

Stay where you are, my dear.

HIGGINS

(Offstage)

Mother, where the devil are you?

MRS. HIGGINS

Remember, last night you not only danced with a prince,  
but you behaved like a princess.

HIGGINS

(Entering UL)

Mother, the damndest....

(Xes D to CS, sees ELIZA)

You!

ELIZA  
How do you do, Professor Higgins?  
(HE Xes D to L of the table)  
Are you quite well?

HIGGINS  
Am I....

ELIZA  
But of course you are. You are never ill. Would you care  
for some tea?

HIGGINS  
Don't you dare try that game on me! I taught it to you!  
Get up and come home and don't be a fool! You've caused  
me enough trouble for one morning!

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

HIGGINS  
How did this baggage get here in the first place?

MRS. HIGGINS  
Eliza came to see me, and I was delighted to have her.  
And if you don't promise to behave yourself, I shall have  
to ask you to leave.

HIGGINS  
You mean I'm to put on my Sunday manners for this thing  
I created out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent  
Garden?

MRS. HIGGINS  
Yes, dear, that is precisely what I mean.

HIGGINS  
(X UC)  
I'll see her damned first!  
(HE Xes through the arches and paces  
back and forth behind the flower boxes)

MRS. HIGGINS  
(To ELIZA)  
How did you ever learn 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 gives HER  
HIS best cold stare)

ELIZA (Continued)

He always showed me that he felt and thought about me as if I were 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 that I shall always be a lady to Colonel Pickering because he always treats me as a lady, and always will.

(There is a long grunt from HIGGINS)

MRS. HIGGINS

Henry, please don't grind your teeth.

MAID

(Enters UR, to URC)

The Vicar is here, ma'am. Shall I show him into the garden?

MRS. HIGGINS

The Vicar, and the Professor? Good Heavens, no! I'll see him in the library.

(The MAID curtsies, exits UR.)

MRS. HIGGINS rises, X to R of ELIZA)

Eliza, if my son begins to break things, I give you full permission to have him evicted.

(SHE Xes to UR, turns to HIGGINS)

Henry, dear, if I were you, I should stick to two subjects; the weather and your health.

(SHE exits UR.)

HIGGINS Xes to L of the tea table.

HE looks at ELIZA quizzically. Slowly HE pours HIS tea, drops in a lump of sugar, then another, and another, and still another)

HIGGINS

Well, Eliza, you've had a bit of your own back, as you call it. Have you had enough? And are you going to be reasonable? Or do you want any more?

ELIZA

(Places cup down, rises X DR)

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

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

(Turns to HIM)

Oh, indeed. Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

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

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

Oh, I see. The same to everybody.

HIGGINS

(Sits)

Just so... The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls. The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you ever heard me treat anyone else better.

(Lifts HIS cup of tea and stirs it)

ELIZA

(X to above table)

I don't care how you treat me. I don't mind your swearing at me. 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: for I won't stop for you. You talk about me as if I were a motor bus.

(Drinks tea)

ELIZA

(X behind table to L of HIM)

So you are a motor bus: all bounce and go, and no consideration for anyone. But I can get along without you. Don't think I can't.

HIGGINS

I know you can. I told you you could. You never wondered, I suppose, whether I could get along without you.

ELIZA

(X to above L pouffe)

Don't you try to get around me. You'll have to.

HIGGINS

And so I can. Without you or any soul on earth. But I shall miss you, Eliza. I've learned something from your idiotic notions. I confess that humbly and gratefully.

ELIZA

Well, you have my voice on your gramophone. When you feel lonely without me you can turn it on. It's got no feelings to hurt.

HIGGINS

I can't turn your soul on.

ELIZA

(X around pouffe to L of HIGGINS)

Oh, you are a devil. You can twist the heart in a girl as easily as some can twist her arms to hurt her. What am I to come back for.

HIGGINS

(Rises, puts cup down, X to R of HER)

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.

(HE takes a step U)

Or would you rather marry Pickering?

ELIZA

I wouldn't marry you if you asked me; and you're nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS

Than he is.

ELIZA

I'll talk as I like.

(X DRC)

You're not my teacher now. That's not what I want and don't you think it.

(Turns to face HIM.)

HIGGINS turns to HER)

ELIZA (Continued)

I've always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes to me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS

(X D to L of HER)

Oh, in short, you want me to be as infatuated about you as he is; is that it?

ELIZA

(Face to face with HIM at CS)

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 a book-learned gentleman; but I'm not dirt under your feet. What I done -

(Correcting herself)

What I did was not for the dresses and the taxis: I did it because we were pleasant together and I come - came to care for you; not to want you to make love to me, and not forgetting the difference between us, but more friendly like.

HIGGINS

Yes, of course. That's just how I feel.

(X DL)

And how Pickering feels. Eliza; you're a fool.

ELIZA

(Sits at chair R of tea table)

That's not a proper answer to give me.

HIGGINS

(Turns to HER)

It's the only answer you'll get until you stop being a plain idiot.

(X to L of table)

If you're going to be a lady you'll have to stop feeling neglected if the men you know don't spend half their time snivelling over you and the other half giving you black eyes.

(HE Xes to above table)

You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, don't you? Very well! Be off with you to the sort of people you like. Marry some sentimental hog or other with lots of money, and a thick pair of lips to kiss you with and a thick pair of boots to kick you with.

(X DR)

If you can't appreciate what you've got, you'd better get what you can appreciate.

ELIZA (Rises)

Oh, I can't talk to you: you turn everything against me. I'm always in the wrong. But don't you be too sure that you have me under your feet to be trampled on and talked down.

(Xes to HIM)

I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS

(Thunderstruck)  
Freddy!! That poor devil who couldn't get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman: do you not understand? I have made you a consort for a king?

ELIZA

Freddy 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.

HIGGINS

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

ELIZA

What you taught me. I'll teach phonetics.

HIGGINS

Ha! Ha! Ha!

ELIZA

(X DLC)  
I'll offer myself as an assistant to that brilliant Hungarian!

HIGGINS

What! That imposter! That humbug! That toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! My discoveries!  
(HE Xes D to R of HER)  
You take one step in that direction and I'll wring your neck.

(HE almost does)  
Do you hear?

ELIZA

(Defiantly)  
Wring away! What do I care. I knew you'd strike me one day.

(HIGGINS is startled)  
Aha, that's done you, 'enry 'iggins, it 'as. Now I don't care that -

(SHE snaps HER fingers in HIS face)  
for your bullying and your big talk.

/25/ "WITHOUT YOU"

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!  
NO, MY REVERBERATING FRIEND,  
YOU ARE NOT THE BEGINNING AND THE END!



HIGGINS

You impudent hussy! There isn't 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.

(X DRC)

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.

(X behind table C to ULC)

YOU, DEAR FRIEND, WHO TALK SO WELL,  
YOU CAN GO TO HARTFORD, HERESFORD AND HAMPSHIRE.

(HIGGINS is following HER every move  
with fascination and shock. There is  
a wry smile on HIS face.

Xing DLC)

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

(Standing still; but watching HER)  
You brazen wretch!

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.

(X to L chair, pulls it out to sit on it)

IF THEY CAN DO WITHOUT YOU, DUCKY, SO CAN I!

(Does not sit, turns front)

ELIZA (Continued)

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..

HIGGINS

(Breaking in, sings: "YOU DID IT")

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!

Eliza, you're magnificent! Five minutes ago you were  
a mill-stone round my neck. Now you're a tower of strength,  
a consort battleship! I like you like this!

ELIZA

(X to UL)

Goodbye, Professor Higgins. I shall not be seeing you again.  
(SHE turns and exits UL. For a moment  
HIGGINS stands stunned. HE Xes UL to  
where SHE has exited and -- )

HIGGINS

(Bellowing)

Mother! Mother!

(After a moment MRS. HIGGINS enters  
hurriedly from DL and Xes to DC)

MRS. HIGGINS

What is it, Henry? What has happened?

HIGGINS

She's gone!

MRS. HIGGINS

Of course, dear. What did you expect?

HIGGINS

(X DLC)

What am I to do?

MRS. HIGGINS

Do without, I suppose.

HIGGINS

And so I shall. If the Higgins oxygen burns up her little lungs, let her seek some stuffiness that suits her.

(Xes UL)

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 anybody! I have my own soul! My own spark of divine fire!

(HE stalks grandly out UL)

MRS. HIGGINS

(Facing front SHE begins to applaud)

Bravo, Eliza!

(SHE sits on R chair as Scene Ends)

B L A C K O U T

ACT TWO  
Scene 6

SCENE: OUTSIDE HIGGINS' HOUSE.  
(Same as Act One, Scene 8)

TIME: Dusk, that afternoon.

AT RISE: HIGGINS enters in great rage  
DR, Xes to DRC.

/26/ "I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE"

HIGGINS

Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! Damn!! I've grown accustomed to her face!

(Sings)

SHE ALMOST MAKES THE DAY BEGIN.  
I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE TUNE  
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.

Marry Freddy! What an infantile idea! What a heartless, wicked, brainless thing to do! But she'll regret it! She'll regret it. It's doomed before they even take the vow!

(X CS)

I CAN SEE HER NOW:  
MISSUS FREDDY 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 FLOW'RS INSTEAD;  
BEGGING FOR HER BREAD AND WATER,  
WHILE HER HUSBAND HAS HIS BREAKFAST IN BED!

HIGGINS (Continued)

IN A YEAR OR SO,  
WHEN SHE'S PREMATURELY GRAY,  
AND THE BLOSSOMS 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!

(Xing to top of stairs LS)

How poignant it will be on that inevitable night when she hammers on my door in tears and rags. Miserable and lonely, repentant and contrite. Will I let her in or hurl her to the wolves? Give her kindness, or the treatment she deserves? Will I take her back, or throw the baggage out?

(Xes D to CS)

(Spoken)

I'm a most forgiving man,

(Sung)

THE SORT WHO NEVER COULD, EVER WOULD  
TAKE A POSITION AND STAUNCHLY NEVER BUDGE.  
JUST A MOST FORGIVING MAN.

BUT I SHALL NEVER TAKE HER BACK!  
IF SHE WERE CRAWLING ON HER KNEES!  
LET HER PROMISE TO ATONE!  
LET HER SHIVER, LET HER MOAN!  
I WILL SLAM THE DOOR AND LET THE HELL-CAT FREEZE!

(HE Xes to top of stairs, get keys  
and begins to open door)

Marry Freddy! Ha!

(The refrain of "I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED  
TO HER FACE" begins again and HE pauses.

HE turns)

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,

HIGGINS (Continued)

I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE TRACE  
OF SOMETHING IN THE AIR;  
ACCUSTOMED TO HER....

(HIS voice trails from song to  
speech with a puzzled look)

FACE.

(Music continues through scene  
change and under dialogue)

B L A C K O U T

ACT TWO  
Scene 7

SCENE: HIGGINS STUDY.

TIME: Immediately following.

AT RISE: HIGGINS enters by the UC door. The room is not fully lit and has a soft glow. "I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE" is heard in the orchestra.

As HE enters the room, we see a HIGGINS who for the first time seems emotionally aware that something very important has gone out of HIS life. HE slowly looks about the empty room. HIS hat is still on. HE walks to the xylophone, picks up one of the mallets, and slowly walks to the UC recording machine. HE turns on the machine and the music changes to: "I COULD HAVE DANCE ALL NIGHT". A VOICE is heard. It is ELIZA's recording. HIGGINS Xes, sits at desk stool.

ELIZA'S VOICE

I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of sellin' flowers at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won't take me unless I talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay -

(ELIZA enters by UC door and stands by the recording machine, listening)

not askin' any favor - and he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost, and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS VOICE

It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low, so horribly dirty.

(Unseen by HIGGINS, SHE picks up the arm of the instrument. The music stops)

ELIZA

I washed my face and hands before I come, I did.

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2-7-43

(HIGGINS straightens up face front, joy on HIS face. HE would like to run to HER, but HE obviously doesn't know how. With contented comfort, HE stretches back on the stool, leaning against the desk, and pulls HIS hat down over HIS eyes)

HIGGINS

Eliza? Where the devil are my slippers?

(ELIZA smiles. The music of "I WANT TO DANCE ALL NIGHT" reaches a crescendo in the orchestra, as the CURTAIN FALLS for....)

THE END

/27/ MUSIC FOR CURTAIN CALLS - (Orchestra)

(The curtain rises again showing HIGGINS and ELIZA in the same picture as before. The curtain falls.

The curtain rises again showing HIGGINS and ELIZA at center. When the curtain is full up the stage revolves revealing the entire company who step down for the final curtain calls)

/28/ EXIT MUSIC - (Orchestra)



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HIGGINS

(Continues singing)

"HER BLOOD," HE SAID, "IS BLUER  
THAN THE DANUBE IS OR EVER WAS!  
ROYALTY IS ABSOLUTELY WRITTEN ON HER FACE!"  
"SHE THOUGHT 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!"

SERVANTS

BRAVO!  
BRAVO!  
BRAVO!

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\* Optional cut, this sequence was omitted in the New York production.

