

"MY FAIR LADY"

Screenplay
by
ALAN JAY LERNER

Based On
The Musical Play

With

Book and Lyrics
by
Alan Jay Lerner

Music
by
Frederick Loewe

From
Bernard Shaw's
"PYGMALION"

6/24/63

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

6/24/63

OPENING

Because everything about MY FAIR LADY is so extraordinary it was felt that the opening of the film should also be nothing less than extraordinary.

And a unique idea has been found!

We begin with

THE TITLES!!

The music under the titles is the overture from the play with an adjusted ending.

The background for the titles is a series of lush, vivid and radiant flowers as one might see in a flower market. The last title is a dazzling flower fantasy...that when the CAMERA PULLS BACK is discovered to be...

A. THE MATERIAL OF A LADY'S ROBE

B. THE STAIRWAY OF THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE

The opera has ended and magnificently attired ladies and gentlemen are descending en route to the street.

C. OUTSIDE COVENT GARDEN

It is raining. The above-mentioned "nobbies" are assembled waiting for the rain to stop. Suddenly it does! They gaze up with relief and pleasure and begin walking across the marketplace.

D. AS THEY WALK

there are a few puddles which the ladies gymnastically avoid. All at once the rain begins again. They scurry for shelter under

FADE IN:

1. THE PORTICO OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL arrives like a drowned rat.

2. UNDER THE PORTICO

She is with her callow son, FREDDY, who looks around helplessly.

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

Don't stand there, Freddy. Go find a cab. Do you want me to catch pneumonia?

3. FREDDY

He turns to dash off. Naturally he immediately crashes into someone. He fumbles an apology. Two or three yards farther on he runs head on into a flower girl who is passing among the crowd, and scatters her flowers. Her name is ELIZA.

ELIZA:

A-o-o-o-w! Look where you're goin', deah. Look where you're goin'.

FREDDY:

(trying to pick up the flowers)
I'm frightfully sorry.

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

ELIZA:

(wailing)

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

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

Freddy! Go find a cab!

FREDDY:

Yes, Mother.

(to Eliza)

I'm frightfully sorry.

He dashes off.

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:

Go on about your business, my girl.

ELIZA:

And you wouldn't go off without paying
either.

(muttering to herself,
as she collects her flowers)

Two bunches of violets trod in the mud.

4-5. COLONEL HUGH PICKERING

appears on the scene.

PICKERING:

Phew!

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

Sir, is there any sign of its stopping?

PICKERING:

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

ELIZA:

(coming forward)

If it's worse, it's a sign it's nearly
over.... So cheer up, Captain, buy a
flower off a poor girl.

(CONTINUED)

4-5 (Cont.)

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.

The "Swells" have been dispersing, and now there are only Cockneys, Buskers and a few taxi searchers. A Cockney bystander approaches Eliza.

BYSTANDER:

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

ELIZA:

(terrified)

I ain't don 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 hubbub, mostly sympathetic to Eliza.

BYSTANDER COCKNEY #1:

(middle class, busy store
owner, impatient)

Don't start hollerin'!

BYSTANDER ELEGANT #1:

(defender of causes)

Who's hurting you?

BYSTANDER ELEGANT #2:

(sympathetic, elderly lady)

Nobody's going to touch you.

(CONTINUED)

4-5 (Cont.A)

BYSTANDER COCKNEY #2:
(cockney bum)
What's the good of fussing?

BYSTANDER ELEGANT #3:
(refined man)
Steady on.

BYSTANDER ELEGANT #2:
Easy, easy.

Among the onlookers is a terribly, terribly grand couple.
The male member seems to have been born without a chin.
He sports a monocle.

MALE MEMBER:
(barely intelligible, and
almost blind besides)
Dea, dea, who's doin' all that shoutin'?
Where's it comin' from?

HOXTON MAN:
What's all the bloomin' noise?

SELSEY MAN:
There's a tec takin' her down.

BYSTANDER COCKNEY #3:
(another bystander; boy)
What's the row? What she do?

BYSTANDER COCKNEY #4:
(old crone, flower girl)
Where is he?

BYSTANDER COCKNEY #2:
What! Him?

SELSEY MAN:
Yes, him over there. Took money off the
gentleman.

(CONTINUED)

4-5 (Cont.1)

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.

6. THE PILLAR

PROFESSOR HIGGINS pivots around it and into public view.

7. HIGGINS, ELIZA AND ALL

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. A hostile crowd of Costermongers gathers about them.

8. THE NOTEBOOK

with strange hieroglyphics.

ELIZA:

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

9. HIGGINS, ELIZA AND ALL

HIGGINS:

I can.

(reads, reproducing her pronunciation)

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

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

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. 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.

SELSEY MAN:

He ain't no tec. He's a gentleman. Look at his boots.

HIGGINS:

(to Bystander)

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.

(to Eliza)

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

ELIZA:

(appalled)

Ooooooh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. Oh, boo-hoo-oo---

HIGGINS:

Live where you like; but stop that noise.

PICKERING:

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?

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.1)

HIGGINS:

Hoxton.

HOXTON MAN:

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

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

(to Hoxton Man)

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

HIGGINS:

I don't know whether you've noticed it, Madame, but the rain has stopped. You can take a motor bus...

(he points)

To Hampton Court.

Mrs. Eynsford-Hill turns, surprised and offended.

HIGGINS:

That's where you live, isn't it?

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

What impertinence!

She moves away from the crowd haughtily.

ANOTHER BYSTANDER:

(indicating Pickering)

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

HIGGINS:

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.

PICKERING:

May I ask, sir, do you do this sort of thing for a living at a music hall?

HIGGINS:

I have thought of that. Perhaps I shall someday.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.2)

ELIZA:

(sitting on the steps)
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 Yorkshire-
man by his brogue. I can place a man
within six miles; I can place him within
two miles in London. 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:

(suddenly turning on her)
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 sounds has no right to be any-
where - 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.

(he turns from her)

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.3)

ELIZA:

Aooooooooow!

HIGGINS:

(exploding to Pickering who
is stunned - sings)

Look at her - a pris'ner of the gutters;
Condemned by ev'ry syllable she utters.
By right she should be taken out and hung
For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue!

ELIZA:

Ao-o-o-o-w!

HIGGINS:

(imitating her)

Aooooow! Heavens, what a noise!
This is what the British population
Calls an element'ry education.

PICKERING:

(recovering slightly)

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

HIGGINS:

Hear them down in Soho Square
Dropping aitches everywhere,
Speaking English any way they like.
(to one of the Costermongers
at the fire)

You, sir, did you go to school?

COSTERMONGER:

Whatya tike me fer, a fool?

HIGGINS:

(to Pickering)

No one taught him "take" instead of "tike"
Hear a Yorkshireman, or worse,
Hear a Cornishman converse.
I'd rather hear a choir singing flat.
Chickens cackling in a barn...

(pointing to Eliza)

Just like this one -!

ELIZA:

-Garn!

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.4)

HIGGINS:

I ask you, sir, what sort of word is that?
It's "Aooooow" and "Garn" that keep her in her place.
Not her wretched clothes and dirty face.

Why can't the English teach their children
how to speak?
This verbal class distinction by now should
be antique.

If you spoke as she does, sir,
Instead of the way you do?
Why you might be selling flowers, too.

PICKERING:

I beg your pardon!

Higgins walks to the coffee stand. The terribly, terribly
grand couple is there sipping the black stuff.

HIGGINS:

(to the couple)

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 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.
In America they haven't used it for years!
Why can't the English teach their children
how to speak?
Norwegians learn Norwegian; the Greeks are taught
their Greek.
In France every Frenchman knows his language from
"A" to "Zed"
The French never care what they do, actually, as
long as they pronounce it properly.
Arabians learn Arabian with the speed of summer
lightning.
The Hebrews learn it backwards, which is
absolutely frightening.
But use proper English, you're regarded as a
freak.
Why can't the English,
Why can't the English learn to speak?

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.5)

HIGGINS: (Cont'd.)

(he is surprised to find a crowd around him including the shoelace vendor. He puts his coffee cup on the vendor's tray)

Thank you.

(to Pickering)

You see this creature with her kerbstone 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.

ELIZA:

(rising - with sudden interest)

Here, what's that you say?

HIGGINS:

Yes, you squashed cabbage leaf, you disgrace to the noble architecture of these columns, you incarnate insult to the English language; I could pass you off as the Queen of Sheba.

ELIZA:

Aooooow!

(to Pickering)

You don't believe that, Captain?

PICKERING:

Anything is possible. I myself am a student of Indian dialects.

HIGGINS:

(eagerly)

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

(amazed)

I came from India to meet you!

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.6)

HIGGINS:
(with enthusiasm)
I was going to India to meet you!

PICKERING:
(extending his hand)
Higgins!

HIGGINS:
(extending his)
Pickering!
(they shake hands)
Where are you staying?

PICKERING:
At the Carleton.

HIGGINS:
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.

They start off together.

HIGGINS:
Indian dialects have always fascinated me...

ELIZA:
(to Higgins - as they
pass her)
Buy a flower, kind sir. I'm short for
my lodging.

HIGGINS:
(shocked at the girl's
mendacity)
Liar! You said you could change half a
crown.

ELIZA:
(in desperation)
You ought to be stuffed with nails, you
ought... Here!
(showing her basket to him)
Take the whole bloomin' basket for sixpence!

The church choir is suddenly HEARD echoing from St. Paul's.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.7)

HIGGINS:

(he raises his
hat solemnly)

Ah. The church. A reminder.
(throws a handful of
money into the basket and
returns to Pickering)
How many are there, actually?

PICKERING:

(as he walks away)

How many what?

HIGGINS:

Indian dialects...

10. ELIZA

Looks at the fortune in her basket in stunned disbelief.

ELIZA:

(picking up half a
crown)

Ah-ow-ooch!

(picking up a couple
of florins)

Aah-ow-ooch!

(picking up several
coins)

Aaaaaaaaaah-ow-ooch!

(picking up half a
sovereign)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah-ow-ooch!!

(she skips to the fire to
display her wealth. If possible,
she is now at a different ANGLE
from view of St. Paul's)

11. COSTERMONGER

COSTERMONGER:

(with a sweep of his
hat)

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

12. ELIZA AND COSTERMONGERS

SECOND COSTERMONGER:
(rises and clicking heels)
Would you be lookin' for a good butler,
Eliza?

ELIZA:
(haughtily)
You won't do.

She walks away.

SECOND COSTERMONGER:
(sings)
It's rather dull in town,
I think I'll take me to Paree.

THIRD COSTERMONGER:
The missus wants to open up,
The castle in Capri!

FIRST COSTERMONGER:
Me doctor recommends
A quiet summer by the sea.

THE FOUR:
Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!
Wouldn't it be lovely!

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

13. CLOSEUP OF ELIZA

ELIZA:
(she sits down and leans
against the pillar, at first,
intensely - singing)
All I want is a room somewhere,
Far away from the cold night air;
With one enormous chair...
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?
(as she gets lost in the
dream, she begins to re-
lax and enjoy it)
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 lovely?

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.)

ELIZA: (Cont.)

(she leans forward with the
eager half-smile of a child
looking at candy through a
shop window)

Oh, so lovelly sittin' absobloominlutely
still,

I would never budge till spring

Crept over me winder sill.

(the smile turns to pathetic
longing, she straightens up)

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 lovelly?

Loverly! Loverly!

Loverly! Loverly!

As Eliza spins out her daydream, a few other Flower Girls and Vendors are drawn on and stand silently listening. When she finishes, the four at the fire beguiled into the mood repeat the refrain, as Eliza and the others act out a dinner in an expensive restaurant: the ordering, the wine, the food. During this Eliza passes the pillar where Higgins first stood and gaily bows to it as if thanking Henry for the meal. The sequence ends with her riding home in a taxi, i.e. a dust cart on which she disappears into the shadows.

FADE OUT.

14. OMITTED.

FADE IN:

14A. AT MARKET PLACE COVENT GARDEN

It is shortly before 5 A.M. The square is still and deserted. Three shabby figures emerge from the darkness and clip-clop slowly across the square.

14B. DOOLITTLE, HARRY AND JAMIE

JAMIE:

Come on, Alfie, let's go home now.
This place gives me the willies.

DOOLITTLE:

Home? What do you want to go home for?
It's almost five o'clock. My daughter,
Eliza'll be coming along soon. She ought to
be good for half a crown for a father what
loves her.

(CONTINUED)

14B (Cont.)

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 give 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. The sun that shines, and the moon that glows; 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. 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.

15-22. OMITTED.

22A. A HORSE-DRAWN LORRY

filled with vegetables bumpety-bumps across the square driven by a truckman called GEORGE.

DOOLITTLE:

(cheerfully)

Good morning, George!

GEORGE:

(as he goes by)

Not a brass farthing.

A man crosses the square with a basket on his head.

(In the following montage which depicts the flower market coming to life, it is suggested that there be no music but only the actual sounds of the marketplace produced in an

(CONTINUED)

22A (Cont.)

organized fashion...beginning first with the echo of the clip-clop of Doolittle and thereafter mounting and mounting in variety, rhythm, tempo and volume. It is also suggested that the length of each shot grow shorter and shorter to indicate the tempo of the market and to further establish the style of the photography that will be used later in the film. If that is done the sequence below would be rearranged to reach its climax at 22G, the marketplace; and the dialogue outside the pub, now 22E, would follow it.)

22B. A WINDING STREET

Two or three people stroll up the street as the lights begin to go on in tiny shops on either side.

22C. A STREET OFF COVENT GARDEN

Two or three trucks round a turn and head toward the marketplace.

22D. MARKETPLACE

It begins to bustle and fill with trucks and people. A man crosses with three baskets on his head.

22E. EXT. PUB AT COVENT GARDEN

It opens for business. Doolittle emerges from the bustle just as one, ALGERNON, is about to enter the pub for his "breakfast".

DOOLITTLE:

Good morning to you, Algernon.

ALGERNON:

Not a brass farthing.

He enters the pub. Doolittle turns away and starts peering around for Eliza.

22F. CRATES OF RADIANT FLOWERS

fly through the air. They are discovered to be in the process of being unloaded from a truck and the unloader is throwing them through the air to the waiting arms of a confrere who is loading them on a display rack.

22G. THE MARKETPLACE

Now a beehive of activity. Doolittle peers through the crowd for Eliza. Jamie and Harry are close behind. A man goes by with eight baskets on his head.

22H. A GROUP OF FLOWER GIRLS

arrive at the square. They are of various ages and stages of poverty and filth. They make their way to the:

22-I. FLOWER SECTION OF THE MARKET

The buyers are buying from the venders. As occasionally a nosegay or sprig falls to the ground, a flower girl immediately is there to pick it up.

22J. DOOLITTLE

sees a flower girl bending over in the distance.

DOOLITTLE:
(to Jamie and Harry)

Ah.

He makes his way toward the girl.

22K. DOOLITTLE AND GIRL

DOOLITTLE:
(with paternal joy)
Eliza! What a surprise!

The flower girl looks up. It is a middle-aged lady.

FLOWER GIRL:
(with several missing
teeth - good naturedly)
Hop along, Charlie, you're too old for me.

HARRY:
Don't you know your own daughter, Alfie?

JAMIE:
How are you gonna find her if you don't
know what she looks like?

DOOLITTLE:
I know her. I know her.

A man goes by with fifteen baskets on his head. Doolittle looks across the marketplace and sees two or three other flower girls. He makes his way through the crowd.

22L. FLOWER GIRL

with her back to us is watching the flower vender as he chucks away the bad flowers. With enormous skill she catches them. Doolittle appears.

DOOLITTLE:

Liza! What a surprise!

The girl turns. It is indeed, Eliza.

ELIZA:

Not a brass farthing.

She turns her back to him and continues catching them.

DOOLITTLE:

(grabbing her arm)

Now you look here, Eliza....!

ELIZA:

I ain't goin' to tyke my 'ard-earned wages and let you pass them on to a bloody pubkeeper.

DOOLITTLE:

(suddenly; wounded)

Eliza, would you have the heart to send me home to your stepmother without a bit of liquid protection? Would you?

ELIZA:

Stepmother, indeed!

DOOLITTLE:

I'm willing to marry her. It's me that suffers by it. I'm a slave to that woman, Eliza. Just because I ain't her lawful husband.

(lovably)

Come on, Eliza, slip your old Dad half a crown to go home on.

ELIZA:

(taking a coin from her basket,
flipping it in air and catching it)

Well, I had a bit of luck meself last night. So here.

(gives him coin)

But don't keep comin' around countin' on half crowns from me!

She turns back to her business.

DOOLITTLE:

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

22M. DOOLITTLE

He turns to Harry and Jamie.

(CONTINUED)

22M (Cont.)

DOOLITTLE:
(as the three start
towards the pub)
Beer! Beer! Glorious beer!

22N. ELIZA

She leaves the vender and makes her way in the general direction toward Covent Garden. As she approaches St. Paul's Cathedral, a flower truck comes by and a small box of beautiful fresh flowers falls from it. Eliza runs toward it but just before she gets there another truck comes up the street and crosses over the basket, leaving it unharmed. Eliza pulls back to avoid the wheels. She tries again and another truck prevents it. Then another truck. And another truck. And another truck. Finally one of the trucks rides right over the box crushing the flowers to death. Eliza looks up exhausted and starts to walk away. Her eyes fall again on the pillar of St. Paul's. She stands and gazes at it for a long moment, then slowly she turns and starts to walk away from the marketplace. As she walks, her determination hardens and her tempo accelerates.

23. HIGGINS' STUDY IN WIMPOLE STREET

It is a large two-story studio with stairs leading to a rather full balcony that comes out into the room, as one often sees in a fashionably converted mews. At the end of the balcony room there is a door, which we will discover, opens out into the corridor of the second floor.

The balcony is freighted with books, filing cabinets and various assorted equipment, among which is a recording machine and a speaker horn placed near the door.

Below the balcony is Higgins' desk. Also in the room is a small xylophone and other recording instruments. There is a large window, which opens onto a garden. By the window is a bird cage. There is a large sofa, among other seating equipment.

Higgins is standing by a recording apparatus; Pickering is seated in an easy chair.

24. OMITTED.

24A. HIGGINS IN THE ALCOVE

He makes a series of vowel sounds, using the five vowels and pressing various points on his face to produce different tones. He begins each vowel with a bang on the tuning fork.

(CONTINUED)

24A (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

How many vowel sounds do you think
you heard?

PICKERING:

I believe I counted twenty-four.

HIGGINS:

(delighted)
Wrong by a hundred.

PICKERING:

What?!

HIGGINS:

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

PICKERING:

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

Higgins turns on the machine, and some twenty odd vowel tones
are heard for each vowel. In his utter rapture of hearing
his own voice, Higgins turns up the machine. Pickering
develops a mastoid condition.

24B. INT. HIGGINS' ENTRANCE HALL

DAY

The servants in their morning clothes are working. The
butler has just opened the door and Eliza is standing in
the doorway. The recording booms through the hall and the
servants ignore it.

BUTLER:

(to Eliza)
Your name, please?

Eliza is frightened.

BUTLER:

(continuing)
Your name, Miss!

ELIZA:

(grandly)
My name is no concern to you whatsoever.

BUTLER:

One moment, please.
(he disappears through
service door)

(CONTINUED)

24B (Cont.)

For a moment, Eliza, who has followed the butler into the hall, bears the uncomfortable glances of the staff. Then she goes to the mirror over the mantel to inspect her face. She moistens a finger and cleans off a smudge on her forehead. She turns and notices a servant watching.

ELIZA:

London is getting so dirty these days.

MRS. PEARCE, Higgins' housekeeper, enters, also in her morning clothes.

MRS. PEARCE:

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

ELIZA:

(cowed by her imposing
demeanor)

Good morning, Missus. I would like to
see the professor, please.

MRS. PEARCE:

Could you tell me what it's about?

ELIZA:

It's business of a personal nature.

MRS. PEARCE:

OH.....! One moment, please.
(she turns toward
the study door)

As Mrs. Pearce opens the study door, the sound grows, as does Eliza's fright. For a moment she contemplates bolting, then changes her mind and hangs on courageously as we:

CUT TO:

25.-26. OMITTED

27. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY

DAY

As Mrs. Pearce enters.

MRS. PEARCE:

(shouting over
the machine)

Mr. Higgins!

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:
(shouting back over
the machine)
What is it, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE:
(still shouting)
There's a young woman...
(Higgins turns off
the machine)
...who wants to see you, sir!

HIGGINS:
What are you shouting about? What
young woman? What does she want?
Has she an interesting accent?

MRS. PEARCE:
(with deep disgust)
Simply ghastly, Mr. Higgins.

HIGGINS:
(joyously)
Oh, good! Let's have her up. Show her
up, Mrs. Pearce.

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

HIGGINS:
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; 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.

He takes a recording cylinder from the table.

MRS. PEARCE:
(returning)
This is the young woman, sir.

28. ELIZA

enters in state. Higgins' back is to her. He is busy
fixing a machine.

ELIZA:
Good mornin', my good man. Might I have
the pleasure of a word with you....face
to face?

29. HIGGINS AND ELIZA

HIGGINS:

(without turning recognizes
her voice and at once, baby-
like, makes an intolerable
grievance of it)

Oh, no, no. This is the girl I jotted
down last night. She's no use. I've got
all the records I want of the Lisson Grove
lingo, and I'm not going to waste another
cylinder on it.

(to the girl)

Be off with you. I don't want you.

He turns to replace the cylinder on the table.

30. THE ROOM

ELIZA:

Don't be so saucy. You ain't heard what
I came for yet.

(to Mrs. Pearce, who is
waiting at the door for
further instructions)

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 giving
lessons, not him. I heard him say so.
Well, I ain't come here to ask for any
compliment; and if my money's not good
enough I can go elsewhere.

HIGGINS:

Good enough for what?

ELIZA:

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

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(stunned)

Well!!!!

(recovering his breath
with a gasp)

What do you expect me to say to you?

ELIZA:

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

HIGGINS:

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

ELIZA:

(running away in
terror)

Ah-ah-oh-ow-o-wow-ooo!

(wounded and whimpering)

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

PICKERING:

(gently)

What is it you want, my girl?

31. ELIZA

ELIZA:

I want to be a lady in a flower shop
stead of selling at the corner of
Tottenham Court Road. But they won't
take me unless I can talk more genteel.
He said he could teach me. Well, here I
am ready to pay him - not asking any favor -
and he treats me as if I was dirt. I know
what lessons cost as well as you do; and
I'm ready to pay.

32. THE ROOM

HIGGINS:

(approaching her)

How much?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

ELIZA:

(coming back to him,
triumphant)

Now you're talking! I thought you'd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night.

(confidentially)

You'd had a drop in, hadn't you?

HIGGINS:

(peremptorily)

Sit down.

ELIZA:

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

HIGGINS:

(thundering at her)

Sit down.

MRS. PEARCE:

(severely)

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

ELIZA:

(still standing; half rebellious,
half bewildered)

A-o-o-o-w!

PICKERING:

(gently)

What is your name?

ELIZA:

Eliza Doolittle.

PICKERING:

Won't you sit down, Miss Doolittle?

ELIZA:

(coyly)

Oh, I don't mind if I do.

She sits down in the chair.

HIGGINS:

How much do you propose to pay me for the lessons?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.1)

ELIZA:

Oh, I know what's right. A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for heighten pence 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:

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:

(rising, terrified)

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

HIGGINS:

Oh, hold your tongue.

ELIZA:

(weeping)

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

MRS. PEARCE:

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

HIGGINS:

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

ELIZA:

Aooooow! One would think you was my father!

HIGGINS:

If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. Here -
(he offers her his silk handkerchief)

ELIZA:

What's this for?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.2)

HIGGINS:

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

MRS. PEARCE:

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

She takes the handkerchief.

ELIZA:

(snatching it back)

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

33. PICKERING

Crossing to Higgins.

PICKERING:

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

34. HIGGINS, PICKERING, ELIZA

ELIZA:

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

HIGGINS:

(tempted, looking at her)

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

35. THE ROOM

ELIZA:

Aooooooooow!

HIGGINS:

(carried away)

I'll start today! Now! This moment!
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:

(storming on)

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:

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. If she gives you any trouble,
wallop her.

ELIZA:

I'll call the police, I will!

MRS. PEARCE:

But I've got no place to put her.

HIGGINS:

Put her in the dustbin.

ELIZA:

Aooooooooow!

PICKERING:

Oh, come, Higgins! Be reasonable.

MRS. PEARCE:

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

Higgins thus scolded, subsides. The hurricane is succeeded
by a zephyr of amiable surprise.

(CONTINUED)

35 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(with professional exquisite-
ness of modulation)

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.

MRS. PEARCE:

But, sir, you can't take a girl up like
that as if you were picking up a pebble
on the beach.

HIGGINS:

Why not?

MRS. PEARCE:

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

ELIZA:

Garn!

HIGGINS:

There! As the girl very properly says:
Garn!

ELIZA:

Who'd marry me?

36. HIGGINS AND ELIZA

HIGGINS:

(suddenly resorting to the
most thrilling beautiful low
tones in his best elocutionary
style)

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

ELIZA:

Here! I'm goin' away! He's off his chump,
he is. I don't want no balmies teachin'
me.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(wounded in his tenderest
point by her insensibility
to his elocution)

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

He deftly retrieves his handkerchief.

37. THE ROOM

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 any-
body 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:

(impatiently)

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

ELIZA:

(turning on him)

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

(to Pickering)

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

PICKERING:

(in good-humored remonstrance)

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

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(looking critically at her)
Oh, no, I don't think so. Not any feelings
that we need bother about.

(cheerily)

Have you, Eliza?

ELIZA:

I got my feelings same as h'anyone h'else.

MRS. PEARCE:

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

HIGGINS:

What's to become of her if 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.

(he crosses to piano for
a chocolate)

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.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you
ought!

She starts toward the door. Higgins quickly picks up the
candy dish on the piano and stops her at the doorway.

HIGGINS:

Eliza!

(taking a piece of chocolate
from the dish, his eyes suddenly
twinkling with mischief)

Have some chocolates.

ELIZA:

(halting, tempted)

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

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.1)

Higgins breaks the chocolate in two, puts one half into his mouth and bolts it.

HIGGINS:

Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half and you eat the other.

Eliza opens her mouth to retort. Higgins pops the chocolate into it.

HIGGINS:

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

ELIZA:

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

HIGGINS:

(taking her by the hand and
leading her out the door)
Think of it, Eliza. Think of chocolates,
and taxis, and gold and diamonds.

38. INT. LOWER HALLWAY

DAY

As Higgins pulls Eliza to the stairs, and starts up them.

ELIZA:

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

39. INT. HALLWAY PICKERING

PICKERING:

(indignantly)

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!

40. HIGGINS AND ELIZA

HIGGINS:

(impressed with Pickering's
logic, considers for a moment)

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.

41. PICKERING

PICKERING:

(so confused he swallows his
words and speaking in a jumble)

I don't know what in the world you're talking about.

42. HIGGINS

HIGGINS:

(to Mrs. Pearce)

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

43. THE HALL

MRS. PEARCE:

(resigned, starts up
the stairs)

Come with me, Eliza.

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

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

44. ELIZA AND HIGGINS

ELIZA:

(reluctantly and
suspiciously)

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

MRS. PEARCE:

Don't answer back, girl.

She leads Eliza up the stairs.

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...

She follows Mrs. Pearce up the stairs, screaming.

45. HIGGINS

Watches her disappear, then walks down the stairs to Pickering.

HIGGINS:

(he looks at Pickering)

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.

46. INT. SMALL BEDROOM

DAY

The MUSIC UNDER the following sequence is dipped in violence. The scene is entirely performed in pantomime. Mrs. Pearce is struggling to undress Eliza. Eliza is terrified, having never undressed before a living soul in her life.

When Mrs. Pearce finally pulls her jacket off her, Eliza throws herself on the bed, trembling with fear and dread. Mrs. Pearce attacks the shoes and stockings. Eliza grits her teeth and takes it. The shoes and stockings insult Mrs. Pearce's olfactory senses, and all the clothes are placed in a pile. Mrs. Pearce starts on her dress. Eliza flees to a corner of the room - Mrs. Pearce after her. Mrs. Pearce starts pulling at the dress, and is hurled across the room, when the dress comes tearing off suddenly in rags. Eliza's hand is seen reaching for the window drape, which she pulls off and puts around her.

At that moment a door is flung open. It reveals the bathroom, and water running in the tub and the room full of steam. A maid emerges. Eliza stares at the bathroom in hysterical horror. The bathroom for one brief moment turns red with flame.

Mrs. Pearce starts pulling Eliza towards the bathroom. The maid helps. Eliza is finally dragged into the torture chamber. Mrs. Pearce takes the window drape from her. Eliza suddenly sees herself revealed in the mirror - she is horrified and grabs the drape from Mrs. Pearce and covers the mirror.

The maid picks up the heap of clothes, with her head turned away for protection.

47. INT. BALCONY OF HIGGINS' STUDY

DAY

Higgins is standing near the door, working with a cut-away model of a head showing vocal chords, etc. He twitches his nose slightly, glances through the open door toward the hall.

48. INT. STAIRWAY THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR

DAY

He sees the maid going down the stairs with Eliza's clothes. Mrs. Pearce follows.

49. BACK TO HIGGINS ON BALCONY

DAY

As he smiles and shuts the door.

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/3/63
36.

50. EXT. WIMPOLE STREET

DAY

Grey smoke emerges from several of the chimneys around Higgins' house. Suddenly the chimney of 27-A belches forth coal black smoke.

51. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY

DAY

Colonel Pickering is pacing up and down the room, apparently talking to himself.

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:

What? That thing? Sacred, I assure you.

PICKERING:

(gravely)

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:

Have you ever met a man of good character where women are concerned?

PICKERING:

Yes. Very frequently.

HIGGINS:

(dogmatically)

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

(sings)

I'm an ordinary man;
Who desires nothing more
Than just the ordinary chance
To live exactly as he likes
And do precisely what he wants.
(holding the head in his arm
he moves toward the stairs)

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

HIGGINS: (SONG. CONT.)

An average man am I
Of no eccentric whim;
Who likes to live his life
Free of strife,
Doing whatever he thinks is best for him.
Just an ordinary man.

(he starts down the stairs)

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.

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
Like at all.

You want to talk of Keats or Milton;
She only wants to talk of love.
You go to see a play or ballet,
And spend it searching for her glove.

By this time he has come all the way down the stairs and
moves forward, puts the head down on the desk and goes to
Pickering.

Oh, let a woman in your life
And you invite eternal strife!
Let them buy their wedding bands
For those anxious little hands;
I'd be equally as willing
For a dentist to be drilling
Than to ever let a woman in my life!

He sits on a stool in front of fireplace by Pickering's
chair.

I'm a very gentle man;
Even-tempered and good-natured,
Whom you never hear complain;
Who has the milk of human kindness
By the quart in ev'ry vein.
A patient man am I
Down to my fingertips,
The sort who never could,
Ever would,
Let an insulting remark escape his lips.
I'm a very gentle man.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.1)

He gets up from stool and starts around the room.

HIGGINS: (SONG CONT.)

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!

(as he moves around
couch and back toward
the desk)

You were a man of grace and polish
Who never spoke above a hush.
Now all at once you're using language
That would make a sailor blush.

Oh let a woman in your life
And you are plunging in a knife!
(he picks up the head
from the desk)

Let the others of my sex
Tie the knot - around their necks;
I'd prefer a new edition
Of the Spanish Inquisition
Than to ever let a woman in my life!
(the storm over, he goes
back to the stairs and
starts up)

I'm a quiet living man
Who prefers to spend his evenings
In the silence of his room;
Who likes an atmosphere as restful
As an undiscovered tomb
A pensive man am I
Of philosophic joys;
Who likes to meditate,
Contemplate
Free from humanity's mad, inhuman noise.
Just a quiet living man.

(with abrupt rage, he
rushes back down the stairs)

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.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.2)

HIGGINS: (SONG. CONT.)

(again he puts the head
on the desk)

She'll have a booming, boist'rous fam'ly
Who will descend on you en masse.
She'll have a large Wagnerian mother
With a voice that shatters glass!

Oh, let a woman in your life...

(he turns on one of the machines
at the accelerated speed, so that
the voice coming over the speaker
becomes a piercing female babble.
He runs to the next machine)

Let a woman in your life...

(he turns it on in the same way
and dashes to the next)

Let a woman in your life...

(he turns on the third; the third
being the master control, he slowly
turns the volume up until the
chatter is unbearable. Pickering
covers his ears, his face knotted
in pain. Having illustrated his point,
Higgins suddenly turns all the machines
off and sits down in the chair behind
his desk and leans back)

I shall never let a woman in my life!

Pickering shakes his head hopelessly.

DISSOLVE TO:

51A. OUTSIDE A PUB IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT

The street is torn up and a couple of dozen navvies are installing new pipes under the street. There are three or four spaced planks over the large hole. The atmosphere of the street is one of serious industry.

It is mid-afternoon. Harry and Jamie are picking themselves up from an obvious forced landing, as an enormous bartender is carrying Alfred P. Doolittle as if he is seated in a chair, except there's no chair.

BARTENDER:

(as he carries him)

And remember, Doolittle, drinks is to be paid for or not drunk.

He deposits him on top of a garbage can.

DOOLITTLE:

Thanks for your hospitality, George.
Send the bill to the palace.

JAMIE:

Well, Alfie, there's nothing else to do.
I guess it's back to work.

Doolittle casts a look at the hard-working navvies and his face contorts in agony.

DOOLITTLE:

Work!

(with tragic sympathy,
indicating navvies)

Look at them down there. Poor blighters.
I used to do that sort of thing once. Just
for the exercise, of course. It's not worth
it. Takes up the whole day.

(he pulls himself together)

Let's stand together, boys, and we'll get
out of it somehow.

HARRY:

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

ALFIE:

Just like always. With faith, hope, and
a little bit of luck!

(sings)

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!

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

6/24/63
40.

51A (Cont.)

THE THREE:

(singing)

With a little bit... with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck
You'll never work!

DOOLITTLE:

The Lord above made liquor for temptation,
To see if man could turn away from sin.
The Lord above made liquor for temptation - but
With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
When temptation comes you'll give right in!

THE THREE:

With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck,
You'll give right in.

DOOLITTLE:

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 THREE:

With a little bit... with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck
You won't get hooked.
With a little bit...with a little bit...
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

During the song the trio do everything possible to taunt the workers who regard them stoically. They move down the street, do a little jig on the planks as they go, and at the conclusion find themselves at the far end of the street, a few feet past the digging.

52. OUTSIDE ELIZA'S HOUSE A HALF BLOCK DOWN

Mrs. Hopkins, a Cockney lady, is conversing with two or three friends. She is holding a birdcage and a Chinese fan. They are all in gales of laughter. Nearby there is a pathetic maypole around which a few Oliver Twists are playing.

MRS. HOPKINS:

(pointing to Doolittle)

Why, there's the lucky man now: The
Honorable Alfie Doolittle.

Everybody laughs.

53. OMITTED

54. DOOLITTLE APPROACHING

DOOLITTLE:

Gor blimey, it's Eliza's house.

MRS. HOPKINS:

(mock grand)

Her former residence. You can buy your own drinks now, Alfie. Fallen into a tub of butter, you have.

DOOLITTLE:

What're you talkin' about?

MRS. HOPKINS:

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

DOOLITTLE:

What about Eliza?

MRS. HOPKINS:

(to the crowd)

He don't know. Her own father, and he don't know.

(she and her friends have
a good laugh at this)

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 Doolittle)

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

(she and her friends laugh up-
roariously. Doolittle's face
shines with paternal pride and
the prospect of prosperous days.)

DOOLITTLE:

I knowed she had a career in front of her! The sun is shining on Alfred P. Doolittle. Boys, we're in for a booze-up. I know'd something would turn up.

(sings)

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

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

DOOLITTLE: (SONG CONT.)

With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
They'll go out and start supporting you!

ALL:

(dancing around the maypole)

With a little bit... with a little bit...
With a little bit of luck,
They'll work for you.

DOOLITTLE:

They're always throwin' goodness at you;
But with a little bit of luck
A man can duck!

Oh it's a crime for man to go philanderin'
And fill his wife's poor heart with grief and
doubt.

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

With a little bit of luck,
With a little bit of luck,
You can see the bloodhound don't find out!

THE THREE:

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!

The trio during the preceeding quatrain moves down the street. At the end of the song Doolittle, with birdcage and Chinese fan in hand, turns to say goodbye to his two chums when an enormous object -- possibly a large flower-box or even a water tower, falls from the building and lands cleanly but safely between them. Doolittle smiles joyfully and continues on his way to the gold fields.

55. INT. LOWER HALL JUST OUTSIDE DINING ROOM DOOR

Higgins is just coming from the dining room, coffee cup in hand. Mrs. Pearce with him with a handful of correspondence. From a location undetermined at this point, the drone of Eliza's voice is heard:

ELIZA'S VOICE:

Ahyee ... Ahyee ... Ahyee ... Ahyee ...
Ahyee ... etc.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

MRS. PEARCE:

But the mail, sir.

HIGGINS:

Pay the bills and say no to the invitations.

The "Ahyee's" suddenly stop. Higgins crosses the hall and unlocks and opens a door near the study door and enters.

56. INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

It is a small room off the study, filled with strange and odd looking speech machines and pictures. Eliza, dressed conservatively and very nicely in either a mushroom or olive gray-green flannel dress with eyelet embroidery trim. Her hair is braided and coiled over her ears. She is sitting strapped in a chair. The chair has a metal framework to which are attached tubes, which in turn are attached to a machine with a drum-like cylinder, with a large sheet of paper. With every syllable Eliza utters, a needle records her every breath. Tears are streaming down Eliza's cheeks. She is just wiping her nose on her sleeve when Higgins enters. Seeing him she quickly reaches for a handkerchief on the desk. Higgins walks to the machine and looks at the hieroglyphics. Eliza blows her nose with an almighty snort - this effort makes a large blob on the chart on the machine, startling and offending Higgins.

ELIZA:

Ahyee ... Ahyee ...

Without a word Higgins removes the paper from the machine and goes out the door to the study closing it behind him.

(Voice machines and equipment to be verified by Technical advisor).

57. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY

DAY

Higgins moves to Pickering, seated at desk in alcove, to show him the chart. Mrs. Pearce is standing by waiting for him.

MRS. PEARCE:

(sternly)

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. You'll exhaust yourself. When will it stop?

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:
(detached, but still logical)
When she does it properly, of course.
Is that all, Mrs. Pearce?

Higgins crosses the room toward the stairs.

MRS. PEARCE:
There's another letter from that American
millionaire, Ezra D. Wallingford. He
still wants you to lecture for his Moral
Reform League.

HIGGINS:
Throw it away.
(he starts up the stairs)

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.1)

MRS. PEARCE:

(not to be put off)

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

HIGGINS:

(anything for peace)

Oh, all right. Leave it on the desk. I'll
get to it.

Mrs. Pearce places the letter on the desk. While she is
doing so, the butler enters and addresses Higgins.

BUTLER:

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

PICKERING:

(coming to life)

Phew! I say!

HIGGINS:

(promptly)

Send the blackguard up.

The butler goes.

PICKERING:

He may not be a blackguard, Higgins.

HIGGINS:

Nonsense. Of course he's a blackguard.

PICKERING:

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

HIGGINS:

(confidently)

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

The butler returns.

BUTLER:

Doolittle, sir.

58. OMITTED

59. INT. DOORWAY TO STUDY DAY

as Doolittle enters. He looks around the room and then approaches Pickering.

DOOLITTLE:
Professor Higgins?

The butler goes.

HIGGINS' VOICE:
Here!

DOOLITTLE:
Where?

60. WIDER ANGLE HIGGINS' STUDY

as Doolittle backs up and sees Higgins on the balcony.

DOOLITTLE:
Morning, Governor. I come about a very serious matter, Governor.

HIGGINS:
(to Pickering)
Brought up in Houndslow, mother Welsh, I should think.
(to Doolittle)
What do you want, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE:
(menacingly)
I want my daughter. That's what I want. See?

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

DOOLITTLE:
(fearfully taken aback)
What??!!

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

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

DOOLITTLE:

(remonstrating)

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:

(charging down the stairs;
bullying him)

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

DOOLITTLE:

(protesting)

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

HIGGINS:

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

He goes resolutely to the telephone on the desk.

DOOLITTLE:

Have I asked you for a brass farthing?
I leave it to this gentleman here.

(to Pickering)

Have I said a word about money?

HIGGINS:

What else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE:

(sweetly)

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

(he wheezes genially in
Higgins' face and rocks
him back several paces)

HIGGINS:

(recovering)

Alfred, you sent her here on purpose?

DOOLITTLE:

So help me, Governor, I never did.

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

6/24/63
47.

60 (Cont.1)

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:

Pickering, this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild: "I'm willing to tell you; I'm wanting to tell you; I'm waiting to tell you." That's the Welsh strain in him.

(to Doolittle)

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

DOOLITTLE:

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 parent, what was I to think?

HIGGINS:

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

DOOLITTLE:

(relieved at being so
well understood)

Just so, Governor. That's right.

HIGGINS:

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

DOOLITTLE:

(desperately)

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? You'd better go, Mrs. Pearce.

MRS. PEARCE:

I think so indeed, sir!
(she goes with dignity)

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.2)

DOOLITTLE:

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

(again he wheezes in Higgins' face, causing the latter almost to lose balance)

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

PICKERING:

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

DOOLITTLE:

(to Pickering)

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

HIGGINS:

(revolted)

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

PICKERING:

Have you no morals, man?

DOOLITTLE:

(frankly)

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 ... if Eliza is going to get a bit out of this, why not me, too? 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. It means he's up against 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. 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. 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

(CONTINUED)

6/24/63
49.

60 (Cont.3)

DOOLITTLE: (Cont.)

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:

You know, Pickering, if we were to take this man in hand for three months, he could choose between a seat in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales. 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.

HIGGINS:

This is irresistible. Let's give him ten.
(he goes to his desk for
his wallet)

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.

PICKERING:

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

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.4)

DOOLITTLE:
Who told you that, Governor?

PICKERING:
(stunned)
Well, nobody told me. But I concluded,
naturally....

Doolittle emphatically shakes his head to the contrary.

HIGGINS:
(returning with the
five-pound note)
Pickering, if we listen to this man
another minute we shall have no convictions left. Five pounds, I think you said.

DOOLITTLE:
(taking it)
Thank you, Governor.

HIGGINS:
Are you sure you won't take ten?

DOOLITTLE:
Another time perhaps.

He hurries for the door, anxious to get away with his booty. Just as he gets to the door, it bursts open, pushing him behind it. It is Eliza, in a rage.

ELIZA:
(screaming with hurt
and rage, as she pushes
the door open)
I won't! I won't! I won't!

DOOLITTLE:
(at the collision)
Beg pardon, Miss.

Mrs. Pearce, hearing the outburst also appears in the doorway.

ELIZA:
(ignoring him and
confronting Higgins)
I won't say those ruddy vowels one
more time!

DOOLITTLE:
(finally recognizing her)
Blimey, it's Eliza! I never thought
she'd clean up so good-lookin'. She
does me credit don't she Governor?

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.5)

ELIZA:

(her anger heightened
by his presence)

Here! What are you doin' here?

DOOLITTLE:

(sternly)

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 on the strap. That's the
way to improve her mind.

(as he bows low, Eliza

sticks out her tongue at him)

Good mornin', gentlemen.

(cheerfully whacking

Eliza on the backside)

Chéerio, Eliza.

(he goes out the door in such
high good spirits he cannot
resist laughing out loud)

HIGGINS:

(he moves around behind his
desk and finds a letter)

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 goes.

ELIZA:

Here, what did he come for?

HIGGINS:

(as he crosses to the door
and goes out into hallway)

Say your vowels.

60A. INT. HALLWAY

as Eliza follows Higgins out.

ELIZA:

(ready to explode at
the mention of vowels)

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

(CONTINUED)

60A (Cont.)

HIGGINS:
If you know them, say them.
(continuing to stairs)

ELIZA:
Ahyee, E, Iyee, Ow, You!
(following him)

HIGGINS:
(thundering)
Stop! Say: A, E, I, O, U!

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

PICKERING:
(as he crosses
from Study door)
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:
All right, if you insist, but have a
little patience with her, Higgins.

He goes down the hall.

HIGGINS:
(on his way up the stairs)
Of course.
(to Eliza)
Say "A".

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

HIGGINS:
"A"

ELIZA:
(following him up stairs)
Ahyee!

60B. VARIOUS CUTS OF
the servants. Shooting from below we see the servants,
interrupted at their several tasks listening to this row.

60C. BACK TO SCENE INT. LOWER HALLWAY AND STAIRS

Higgins walking up the stairs saying "A" with each step,
Eliza defiantly echoing "Ahyee." When he reaches the
landing, he addresses her with firm resolve.

HIGGINS:

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 continues up the stairs and exits. Eliza, in a blind
rage, starts back down the stairs.

ELIZA:

(sings)

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!

60D. ELIZA

crosses and goes into the laboratory.

ELIZA:

(continues:)

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-ater!
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins, just you wait!
Ooooooooooooooh, 'enry 'iggins,
Just you wait until we're swimmin' in the sea!
And you get a cramp a little ways from me!
When you yell you're going to drown --
I'll get dressed and go to town!

As she walks out of the laboratory and back into the hall,
closing the door after her:

ELIZA:

(continues:)

Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins!
Oh ho ho, 'enry 'iggins!
Just you wait!

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/3/63
54.

60E. INT. LOWER HALLWAY

DAY

Eliza sits in the big chair in the hall and continues her song.

ELIZA (SONG CONTINUED)

One day I'll be famous! I'll be proper and prim;
Go to St. James so often I will call it St. Jim!

She rises and bows low and as she sings the double doors to the study open and the King appears, moves over and sits in the chair Eliza has just vacated.

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!

He holds out his hand and pulls Eliza over to sit on his lap.

ELIZA'S VOICE:

All the people will celebrate the glory of you,
And whatever you wish and want I gladly will do."

ELIZA: (SONG CONTINUED)

"Thanks a lot, King," says I, in a manner well-bred;
"But all I want is 'enry 'iggins 'ead!

(she rises)

"Done", says the King, with a stroke.

(King rises)

"Guard, run and bring in the bloke!"

60F. THREE SHOT

as two guards march Henry Higgins down the stairs.

ELIZA (SONG CONTINUED)

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

60G. BACK TO SCENE him to the mantel)

And the King will tell me: "Liza sound the call."

(Eliza raises her arms in the
gesturing of firing)

As they raise their rifles higher,

I'll shout:

"Ready! Aim! Fire!"

There is a pleading look in Higgins' eyes. The guns blaze.
He falls in a long and dramatic hunk.

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/3/63
54A.

60G (Cont.)

ELIZA: (SONG CONTINUED)
(as she runs over
to his prone body
exultantly)
Oh ho ho! Henry Higgins!
Down you'll go! Henry Higgins!
Just you wait!!!

As she turns away from him we

CUT TO:

60H. MED. SHOT HENRY HIGGINS (IN REALITY) DAY

as he leans over the bannister to see what all the shouting
is about.

60J. BACK TO ELIZA

startled and horrified as she sees the real Henry
Higgins.

FAST FADE OUT.

FAST FADE IN:

61 INT. HIGGINS STUDY NIGHT
62.

Higgins is seated behind his desk, leaning forward with his
head in his hands. Eliza is seated opposite him. She is
wearing a different dress. Pickering is in his usual chair
reading the London Times.

HIGGINS:
All right, Eliza. Say it again.

ELIZA:
The rine in spine sties minely in the pline.

HIGGINS:
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

(CONTINUED)

6/24/63
55.

62 (Cont.)

ELIZA:
Didn't I say that?

HIGGINS:
No, Eliza, you didn't "say" that. You didn't even "say" that.
(he brings a gadget consisting of a flame and a revolving mirror to the desk)
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:
Control yourself, Higgins. Give the girl a chance.

HIGGINS:
(patiently)
Of course. No one expects her to get it right the first time. Watch closely, Eliza.
(he lights the flame and picks up a piece of paper to read from)
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 Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

Eliza sits down at a table in lower alcove.

HIGGINS:
(giving her the paper)
Now repeat after me: In Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen.

ELIZA:
(conscientiously - reading)
In 'ertford, 'ereford and 'ampshire,
'urricanes 'ardly hever 'appen!

HIGGINS:
(infuriated)
No, no, no, no! Have you no ear at all?

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.1)

ELIZA:
(willingly)
Should I do it over?

HIGGINS:
No. Please, no! We must start from
the very beginning.
(he kneels before the flame)
Do this: ha, ha, ha, ha.
(he rises)

ELIZA:
Ha-ha-ha-ha.
(she looks up at him happily)

HIGGINS:
Well, go on. Go on.

Eliza continues. Higgins strolls casually over to
Pickering, leaving Eliza to aspirate at the flame.
She becomes hypnotized by the revolving mirror.

HIGGINS:
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)

Eliza, now in a trance, gets the paper too close to the
flame and it catches fire. She is not aware of it.
Higgins sniffs once or twice and regards Pickering's
cigar suspiciously. Then he goes to mix himself a drink,
picking up a siphon of soda. Pickering suddenly notices
the fire.

PICKERING:
Higgins! The girl!

The two run over. Higgins takes good aim with the siphon
and puts out the fire.

CUT TO:

63. THE LABORATORY

Two servants are cleaning up the laboratory - straightening up and dusting pictures on the wall. The pictures are revealed to be photos of Eliza taken in various torturous poses with measuring instruments strapped around her head forcing her mouth open, etc.

SERVANTS:

(sing; as they're cleaning up)

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!

By the time the last line is sung, they have left the laboratory and gone into the hall where they are joined by two maids who have left the study and gone into the hall.

CUT TO:

64. HIGGINS' STUDY

DAY

Pickering is having tea. Higgins is at the xylophone with Eliza. He taps out eight notes.

HIGGINS:

(stuffing a biscuit into
his mouth)

How kind of you to let me come.

ELIZA:

How kind of you to let me come.

HIGGINS:

Kind of you, kind of you, kind of you.
Now listen, Eliza.

(he plays them again)

How kind of you to let me come.

ELIZA:

How kind of you to let me come.

(CONTINUED)

63. INT. THE LABORATORY

DAY

Two servants are cleaning up the laboratory. The pictures are revealed to be photos of Eliza taken in various torturous poses with measuring instruments strapped around her head forcing her mouth open, etc.

SERVANTS:

(sing; as they're cleaning up)

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!

By the time the last line is sung, they have left the laboratory and gone into the hall.

CUT TO:

64. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY

DAY

A maid and a butler, who have just finished setting out tea, are just leaving the room. Pickering is having tea, Higgins is at the xylophone with Eliza. He taps out eight notes.

HIGGINS:

(stuffing a biscuit
into his mouth)

How kind of you to let me come.

ELIZA:

How kind of you to let me come.

HIGGINS:

Kind of you, kind of you, kind of you.
Now listen, Eliza.

(he plays them again)

How kind of you to let me come.

ELIZA:

How kind of you to let me come.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(puts down the mallet
in despair, and walks
over to the tea table)

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:

(hungrily)

Cappatea.

HIGGINS:

No! No! A cup of tea...
(takes a mouthful of
cake from the tray)
It's awfully good cake. I wonder where
Mrs. Pearce gets it?

PICKERING:

Mmmm! First rate! The strawberry tarts
are delicious. And did you try the pline
cake?

Higgins looks at him in horror and then turns to Eliza.

HIGGINS:

(to Eliza)

Now, try it again.

PICKERING:

Did you try the...?

HIGGINS:

Pickering!

(to Eliza)

Again, Eliza.

ELIZA:

(longingly)

A cappatea.

HIGGINS:

Can't you hear the difference? Put your
tongue forward until it squeezes against
the top of your lower teeth. Now say "cup."

ELIZA:

(her attention only on the
cake in Higgins' hand)

C-cup.

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.1)

HIGGINS:
Now say "of."

ELIZA:
Of.

HIGGINS:
Now say, cup, cup cup, cup - of, of, of, of.

ELIZA:
Cup, cup, cup, cup - of, of, of, of. Cup,
cup, cup, cup - of, of, of, of...

PICKERING:
(as she's practising)
By Jove, that was a glorious tea, Higgins.
Do 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.
(he takes the last tart)
I know someone who's immensely fond
of strawberry tarts.

Eliza's eyes light up hopefully. But alas, Higgins walks
right past her and goes to the birdcage.

HIGGINS:
(pushing the cake through
the bars)
Cheep, cheep, cheep!

ELIZA:
(shrieking)
Aaaaaaooooocwww!!

CUT TO:

65. THE PANTRY

The servants are busy at some kitchen work.

(CONTINUED)

65 (Cont.)

SERVANTS:

(sing)

Poor Professor Higgins!
Poor Professor Higgins!
Oh he plods
Against all odds;
Oh, poor Professor Higgins!

65A. EXT. HIGGINS HOUSE MAID AND POLICEMAN DAY

They are in a conversation in front of the house.

SERVANTS:

(continuing singing)

Nine P.M.
Ten P.M.
On through midnight ev'rey night.
One A.M.
Two A.M.
Three...

CUT TO:

66. INT. HIGGINS STUDY BALCONY ANOTHER NIGHT

Higgins and Eliza are seated face to face in the alcove. Higgins has a small box of marbles in his hand. He is placing them in her mouth. Pickering can be seen seated on the opposite side of the balcony near the stairs, reading.

HIGGINS:

Four...five...six marbles. There we are.

(he holds 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 the blackest moss, the flower pots were thickly crusted, one and all." Each word clear as a bell.

(he gives her the paper)

ELIZA:

(unintelligibly)

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

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

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:

(trying again with no
better results)
With blackest moss, the flower pots were
thickly crusted, one and all....

HIGGINS:

I cannot understand a word. Not a word.

ELIZA:

(her anger coming through
the marbles and "flower pots")
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:

(soon after she has begun)
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 Pussycat?" Oh, yes, that's a charming
one.

HIGGINS:

(bellowing)
Pickering! I cannot hear a word the girl
is saying.
(to Eliza)
What's the matter?

Eliza gasps and takes the marbles out of her mouth.

ELIZA:

I swallowed one.

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.1)

HIGGINS:
(reassuringly)
Oh, don't worry. I have plenty more.
Open your mouth.

CUT TO:

67. THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

This chorus starts on one servant waking up out of a sound sleep; another servant getting out of bed, putting night robe on; a third servant coming out of her quarters and joining the other three servants at the top of the landing and ends with all four servants looking down over the stairway.

SERVANTS:
(sing)
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," says "Rain"....

CUT TO:

68. HIGGINS'S STUDY

Eliza is draped wearily on the sofa. Pickering is half asleep in the wing chair. Higgins is seated at his desk, an icebag on his head. The gray light outside the windows indicates the early hours of the morning.

HIGGINS:
(wearily)
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

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

PICKERING:
(half asleep)
Oh, for God's sake, Higgins. It must be three o'clock in the morning.
Do be reasonable.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(rising)

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

ELIZA:

I have a headache, too.

HIGGINS:

Here.

He plops the icebag on her head. She takes it off her head and buries her face in her hands, exhausted to the point of tears.

69. HIGGINS AND ELIZA

HIGGINS:

(with sudden gentleness)

Eliza, I know you're tired. 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.

(he 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, goes to the chair behind his desk and seats himself heavily)

Now, try it again.

70. ELIZA

ELIZA:

(slowly)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

71. HIGGINS

HIGGINS:

(sitting up)

What was that?

72. HIGGINS AND ELIZA

ELIZA:
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

HIGGINS:
(rising unbelievably)
Again.

ELIZA:
(sings)
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

73. THE ROOM

HIGGINS:
(to Pickering)
I think she's got it! I think she's got it!

ELIZA:
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

HIGGINS:
(triumphantly)
By George, she's got it!
By George, she's got it!
Now once again, where does it rain?

ELIZA:
On the plain! On the plain!

HIGGINS:
And where's that soggy plain?

ELIZA:
In Spain! In Spain!

Pickering jumps to his feet, and the three sing out joyously.

THE THREE:
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!
The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

Higgins walks excitedly to the xylophone.

HIGGINS:
In Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire...?

ELIZA:
Hurricanes hardly happen.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

Higgins taps out "How kind of you to let me come."

ELIZA:

How kind of you to let me come!

HIGGINS:

(putting down the mallet
and turning back to her)

Now once again, where does it rain?

ELIZA:

On the plain! On the plain!

HIGGINS:

And where's the blasted plain?

ELIZA:

In Spain! In Spain!

THE THREE:

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

Joy and victory! Higgins takes a handkerchief from his pocket and waves it in front of Pickering, who charges it like the finest bull in Spain. Higgins turns and grabs Eliza, and they do a few awkward tango steps, while Pickering jumps around like a flamenco dancer shouting "Viva Higgins, viva." Higgins swings Eliza onto the sofa and joins Pickering in a bit of heel-clicking. Eliza jumps down from the sofa. They throw themselves into a wild jig and then all collapse upon the sofa engulfed in laughter.

Mrs. Pearce enters in her night robe, followed by two of the servants, who have also been awakened.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.1)

HIGGINS:

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

MRS. PEARCE:

(making her presence known)

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:

(innocently)

No.

HIGGINS:

If this continues, Mrs. Pearce, I should
see a doctor. Pickering, I know! Let's
take her to the races.

PICKERING:

(rising)

The races!?

HIGGINS:

(rising too, excited by the idea)

Yes! My mother's box at Ascot.

PICKERING:

(cautiously)

You'll consult your mother first, of course.

HIGGINS:

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.2)

HIGGINS: (CONT.)

(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 dress. 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)

Where does one buy a lady's gown?

PICKERING:

Whiteley's, of course.

HIGGINS:

How do you know that?

PICKERING:

Common knowledge.

HIGGINS:

(studying Pickering carefully)

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 eye it.

HIGGINS:

(continuing)

Yes, Just right.

He goes out the door. Pickering looks down at his hip to reassure himself the sash is not there and follows after him.

Mrs. Pearce, whose face has been a study of amazement, goes quickly to Eliza.

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.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont. 3)

There is no answer from Eliza, who is still in an ecstatic daze. Mrs. Pearce leads her into the hall.

74. THE HALL

Eliza, lost on an errant cloud, only hears her from far below - sings:

ELIZA:

(singing)

Bed! Bed! I couldn't go to bed!
My head's too light to try to set it down!
Sleep! Sleep! I couldn't sleep tonight!
Not for all the jewels in the crown!

I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

75. FIRST FLOOR LANDING

ELIZA:

(continuing - singing)

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!

She whirls around.

FIRST SERVANT:

(to Eliza)

It's after three, now.

SECOND SERVANT:

(to Mrs. Pearce)

Don't you agree, now,
She ought to be in bed?

Mrs. Pearce nods emphatically.

CUT TO:

76. ELIZA'S BEDROOM

We see that the walls are covered with speech charts indicating correct pronunciations of words.

ELIZA:

(telling the servants).
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.

SERVANTS:

(simultaneously telling Eliza)
You're tired out.
You must be dead.
Your face is drawn.
Your eyes are red.
Now say goodnight, please.
Turn out the light, please.
It's really time
For you to be in bed.
Do come along.
Do as you're told,
Or Mrs. Pearce
Is apt to scold.
You're up too late, miss,
And sure as fate, miss,
You'll catch a cold.

CUT TO:

77. SAME ROOM EXCEPT ELIZA IS IN HER NIGHTIE

ELIZA:

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!

SERVANTS:

(simultaneously)
Put down your book,
The work'll keep.
Now settle down
And go to sleep.

Eliza gets into bed, and Mrs. Pearce covers her.

MRS. PEARCE:

I understand, dear.
It's all been grand, dear.
But now it's time to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

She turns out the lights, and she and the servants go.
The moonlight pours in through the window.

ELIZA:

(reliving it)

I could have danced all night!
I could have danced all night!
And still have begged for more.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

I'll never know
What made it so exciting,
Why all at once
My heart took flight.
(she throws off the covers
and jumps to her feet)
I only know when he
Began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced all night!

She stands at her window, looking out across London.

SLOW FADE:

FADE IN:

78. ASCOT

It begins with a series of live photographs - i.e. tableaux based upon photographs of the period - that cover the various aspects of Ascot before the race. The last photo is.....

79. BEFORE THE TENT

The Ladies and Gentlemen are seen either frozen in conversation or looking. The people do not move; movement is done by the CAMERA, which glides in rhythm from couple to couple. It is these couples, who although seen in isolation, are heard as part of a full chorus.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN:

(sing)

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.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

LADIES & GENTLEMEN: (CONT.)

(sing)

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...!

80. THE TENT

The Ladies and Gentlemen watch in paralyzed, stony, expressionless silence. In unison they move their heads imperceptibly to the right. Then glazed indifferent eyes, move slowly back to the center. It would seem at this point that they are viewing the track, behind THE CAMERA. Not at all! Suddenly, as distant crowd noises swell, a stream of streaking horses passes between the CAMERA and the Ladies and Gentlemen.

When the dust and furor have subsided, and the Ladies and Gentlemen are seen in full clarity, nothing, absolutely nothing, has changed. They have not moved a hair of an eyebrow.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN:

What a frenzied moment that was!
Didn't they maintain an exhausting pace?
'Twas a thrilling, absolutely chilling
Running of the Ascot op'ning race.

They disperse in odd directions, some going to the tea table for tea.

81. GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF MOVEMENT

Our friends turn and move towards the tea tent. This consists of a series of near tragedies. For example, a Lady and Gentleman, in conversation, are walking towards another Lady and Gentlemen in conversation and without looking, just turn away from collision on time.

(CONTINUED)

81 (Cont.)

Another Lady is walking with a large train. Another couple pass over the train, missing it by inches. Several times it would seem like two large hats must collide, but when they get close, the brim of one just fits under the brim of the other. There is one Lady, in particular, with an enormous hat. Three times a disaster is averted. At the end of the movement, she is in the clear, with all of the room in the world. Suddenly some clumsy chap in casual dress runs smack into her front on. Her assailant is Henry Higgins. He mutters some insincere apology which is interrupted by his seeing the person for whom he has been looking.

82. THE CORNER OF THE TEA TENT

HIGGINS:
(as he comes near)
Mother!

83. HIGGINS AND MRS. HIGGINS

MRS. HIGGINS:
(dismayed)
Henry! What a disagreeable surprise!

HIGGINS:
Hello, Mother.
(he kisses her)
How nice you look.

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

HIGGINS:
I can't, Mother. I'm here on business.

MRS. HIGGINS:
But you must. I'm quite serious, Henry. You offend all my friends. The moment they meet you I never see them again. Besides, you're not even dressed for Ascot.

HIGGINS:
I changed my shirt. Look, dear, I have a job for you - a phonetic job. I've picked up a girl.

MRS. HIGGINS:
(with a broad smile)
Why, Henry.....!

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

No, not a love affair. She's a common flower girl. I'm taking her to the annual Embassy Ball, and I want to try her out first.

MRS. HIGGINS:

I beg your pardon?

HIGGINS:

You know the annual Embassy Ball.

MRS. HIGGINS:

Of course, I know the ball, but ...

HIGGINS:

So I've invited her to your box at Ascot today. You understand?

MRS. HIGGINS:

You've invited a common flower girl ...

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 stick 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:

(resigning herself to
her fate)

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.

84. THE ENTIRE TENT

Mrs. Eynsford Hill and Freddy, with Lord and Lady Boxington enter.

MRS. HIGGINS:
Ah, Mrs. Eynsford Hill.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL:
Good afternoon, Mrs. Higgins.

MRS. HIGGINS:
This is my son, Henry.

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL:
How do you do?

HIGGINS:
(staring at her)
I've seen you somewhere, haven't I?

MRS. EYNSFORD HILL:
I don't know.

HIGGINS:
Oh, well, it doesn't matter.

He detaches himself from the crowd and starts looking for Eliza.

HIGGINS:
Where the devil could they be?

CUT TO:

85. PICKERING AND ELIZA

Approach the club tent. They walk into -

86. THE CLUB TENT

Eliza is moving cautiously, with contained nervousness. Exteriorly she looks lovely.

Pickering is silently attempting to give her all the assurance he can. They approach Mrs. Higgins.

MRS. HIGGINS:
Ah, Colonel Pickering, you're just in time for tea.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

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.

(she turns to introduce her)

Mrs. Eynsford-Hill....Miss Doolittle.

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

How do you do?

ELIZA:

(with extreme care)

How....do you do?

MRS. HIGGINS:

Lord and Lady Boxington....Miss Doolittle.

LORD AND LADY BOXINGTON:

How do you do?

Lady Boxington wears a hat that comes way below her nose.
Being rather short, her face is never seen.

ELIZA:

How....do you do?

MRS. HIGGINS:

And Freddy Eynsford Hill.

ELIZA:

How....do you do?

FREDDY:

(smitten on the spot)

How do you do?

HIGGINS:

Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA:

Good afternoon, Professor Higgins.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.1)

Everyone sits at the tea table. Higgins motions with his hand for Eliza to do the same. Out of sheer nerves, she doesn't quite get it. He swings his rump in the direction of the chair as a further indication. Now she sits.

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:

(brightly)

The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain.

Higgins irresistibly does a few fandango steps, which win him peculiar looks.

ELIZA:

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

FREDDY:

(laughing)

How awfully funny.

ELIZA:

(irked)

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

FREDDY:

Smashing.

LADY BOXINGTON'S VOICE:

Has it suddenly gotten chilly?

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:

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

ELIZA:

My aunt died of influenza, so they said.

Mrs. Eynsford-Hill clicks her tongue sympathetically.

ELIZA:

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.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.2)

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.

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

MRS. EYNSFORD-HILL:
Dear me!

ELIZA:
(darkly)
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?
(she pauses dramatically and sips her tea)
Somebody pinched it....

Higgins fans himself with silver tray.

ELIZA:
....And what I say is, them as pinched it, done her in.

LORD BOXINGTON:
Done her in? Done her in, did you say?

LADY BOXINGTON'S VOICE:
Whatever does it mean?

HIGGINS:
(quickly)
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.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.3)

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.

ELIZA:

Besides, he'd 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.

ELIZA:

(giving teacup 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:

(giving it to him)

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....

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.4)

Higgins makes a number of desperate signals to Pickering to stop her at all costs.

PICKERING:

(rising, rushing to Eliza)

Er - I don't suppose there's enough time before the next race to place a bet?

(to Eliza, lifting her out of the chair)

Come, my dear.

MRS. HIGGINS:

I'm afraid not, Colonel Pickering.

FREDDY:

(rises)

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 Eliza a race ticket. She accepts.

ELIZA:

That's very kind of you.

FREDDY:

His name is Dover.

Everyone rises and goes to the edge, the better to view the race.

87. THE TENT

EVERYONE:

(singing)

There they are again
Lining up to run;
Now they're holding steady,
They are ready {
For it -
Look! It has begun!

88. THE TENT

Our Ladies and Gentlemen stand immobile as usual....all but Eliza.

89. ELIZA

Her eyes begin to widen with excitement. Clenching her fists, she leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

ELIZA:
(sotto voce)
Come on ... come on, Dover ...

90. THE GROUP

Slowly - in horror - they turn to look at her.

ELIZA:
Come on ... come on, Dover!

The Ladies and Gentlemen move away from her as if she were contagious.

ELIZA:
Come on, Dover! Move your blinkin' arse!!!

There is a terrified moan from the Ladies. Two or three faint.

91. OMITTED

91A. THE CORRIDOR AT ASCOT

Just beyond the carriages and cars stop to collect their passengers. Higgins and his mother are waiting for their car. During the scene, shattered couple after shattered couple limps by them towards the vehicles.

MRS. HIGGINS:
(in despair)
You're not serious, Henry! You don't expect to take her to the Embassy Ball.

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

MRS. HIGGINS:
Henry, dear, she's ready for a canal barge.

HIGGINS:
Oh, her language may need a little refining, but ...

MRS. HIGGINS:
Really, Henry. If you cannot see how impossible the whole project is then you must be absolutely potty about her. I advise you to give it up now and not put yourself or that poor girl through any more. (CONTINUED)

91A (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

Give it up? Why, it's the most fascinating venture I've ever undertaken. Pickering and I are at it from morning till night. It fills up our lives. Teaching Eliza, talking to Eliza, listening to Eliza, dressing Eliza ...

MRS. HIGGINS:

What! You're a pretty pair of babies playing with your live doll. Oh, here is my car.

At his moment Mrs. Higgins' car drives UP. They get in and car drives OUT.

92. WIMPOLE STREET

Higgins walks towards his house. He is about to open the door when he hears a voice down the street.

VOICE DOWN THE STREET:

I say ...

He turns and looks and it is ...

93. FREDDY

Still dressed for Ascot, fairly skipping down the street with a bouquet in his hand.

94. HIGGINS

quickly opens the door and escapes.

95. THE HALL

The Butler is there and takes Higgins' hat.

BUTLER:

Good evening, sir.

HIGGINS:

Is dinner ready? I'm famished.

BUTLER:

Immediately, sir.

He heads quickly for the kitchen. Higgins walks down the hall and passes the little office. Eliza is seen at the desk, her head on her arm, sobbing. Pickering is standing above her, patting her shoulder tenderly but ineffectually.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

Higgins continues walking and passes Mrs. Pearce who comes around from under the stairs, carrying a glass of water on a tray. She is shaking her head in despair.

MRS. PEARCE:

(mournfully)

Good evening, Professor Higgins.

Higgins takes the glass of water and drinks it and continues on.

96. FREDDY

arrives at the door and beaming with joy, rings the bell.

97. FREDDY

FREDDY:

(while waiting - sings)

When she mentioned how her aunt bit off the spoon,
She completely done me in.
And my heart went on a journey to the moon,
When she told about her father and the gin.
And I never saw a more enchanting farce,
Than the moment when she shouted, "Move
your blinkin'...."

MRS. PEARCE:

(opening the door)

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:

(looking at him strangely)

Yes, sir.

FREDDY:

And would you give her these?
(hands her the bouquet)

MRS. PEARCE:

Yes, sir.

Mrs. Pearce takes the flowers.

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

MRS. PEARCE:

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

FREDDY:

No thank you. I want to drink in this
street where she lives.

MRS. PEARCE:

(looking at him strangely)
Yes, sir.

She exits and closes the door.

FREDDY:

(sings)

I have often walked down this street before;
But the pavement always stayed beneath my
feet before.

All at once am I
Several stories high,
Knowing I'm on the street where you live.

Are there lilac trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in any other part of town?
Does enchantment pour
Out of ev'ry door?
No, it's just on the street where you live!

And oh! the towering feeling
Just to know somehow you are near!
The overpowering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear!

People stop and stare. They don't bother me,
For there's nowhere else on earth that I
would rather be.

Let the time go by,
I won't care if I
Can be here on the street where you live.

Mrs. Pearce opens the door and appears.

MRS. PEARCE:

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

FREDDY:

But why, she was unbelievable.

MRS. PEARCE:

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

(CONTINUED)

97 (Cont. 1)

FREDDIE:

Yes, tell her I'll wait.

MRS. PEARCE:

But it might be days, sir, even weeks.

FREDDIE:

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

Mrs. Pearce shakes her head in amazement and goes back into the house.

FREDDIE:

(sings)

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 settles himself down on the
doorstep for the long wait)

98. INT. DINING ROOM

NIGHT

Higgins, Eliza and Pickering are at the dining room table, still dressed as they were at Ascot. One maid and the butler are serving them. Eliza has her head down and is not eating a thing. Pickering is nibbling politely. Higgins is eating like a starving stevedore.

PICKERING:

It really is, Higgins. It's inhuman to continue. Do you realize what you would have to teach this poor child in six weeks? To walk, to talk, to address a duke, a lord, a bishop, an ambassador.... Oh, no, it's quite impossible. Higgins, I'm trying to tell you I wish to call off the bet. I know you're a stubborn man, but so am I. This experiment is over! And nothing, short of an order from the King, could force me to recant.

(he rises)

Now, if you'll excuse me -

(he starts to leave and stops)

You understand, Higgins...Over!

CUT TO:

99. INT. LOWER HALL

NIGHT

Pickering is just emerging from the dining room. He is in white tie.

PICKERING:

Higgins.....!

100. INT. LOWER HALL

NIGHT

Higgins is pacing in front of the fireplace, also in white tie.

PICKERING:

Higgins! If there's any mishap at the Embassy tonight, if Miss Doolittle suffers any embarrassment whatever, it's on your head alone.

HIGGINS:

(calmly)

Eliza can do anything.

(he continues to stroll)

PICKERING:

But suppose she's discovered? Remember Ascot. Suppose she makes another ghastly mistake?

HIGGINS:

(good humoredly)

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:

(helpfully)

You could always rejoin your regiment.

PICKERING:

(exploding)

Higgins, this is no time for flippancy. The way you've driven her these last

(CONTINUED)

100. (Cont.)

PICKERING: (Cont.)

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 piano.

100A. OMITTED

101. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY

NIGHT

The piano is visible from where they are standing. Pickering
moves in to it and takes a glass.

102. INT. LOWER HALL

NIGHT

The Butler enters from service entrance.

BUTLER:

(to Higgins)

The car is here, sir.

HIGGINS:

Thank you. Tell Miss Doolittle.

BUTLER:

(starting for the stairs)

Yes, sir.

PICKERING:

(coming from the study)

Tell Miss Doolittle, 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 shop,
where you knew everybody was on our side.
Have a little port.

HIGGINS:

No, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont.)

PICKERING:

(exasperated)

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

HIGGINS:

We shall see.

PICKERING:

But suppose she doesn't?

HIGGINS:

Then I lose my bet.
(he settles himself
comfortably on the bench
at the right of the fire-
place)

PICKERING:

(slightly irritated)

You know what I can't stand about you,
Higgins? It's your confounded compla-
cency. 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.

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.

Eliza appears on the landing - a vision. She walks down the
stairs. A maid follows her, carrying her evening cloak.
Higgins rises. Pickering is overcome by her appearance.
Higgins circles her, inspecting her carefully.

PICKERING:

Miss Doolittle, you look beautiful.

ELIZA:

Thank you, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING:

Don't you think so, Higgins?

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont. 1)

HIGGINS:

(having decided the gown
is quite all right)

Not bad. Not bad at all.

The Butler and Footman enter with cloaks and hats. As one of them helps Pickering with his cloak, and the other Higgins - the maid helps Eliza. Higgins goes to:

103. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY THE PIANO

As Higgins comes in for his carnation, which he slips into his buttonhole, then looking furtively around to make certain Pickering (who is in the hall chatting with Eliza) doesn't see him, he pours himself a quick glass of port. Then starts briskly for the door.

6/24/63
88.

104. THE HALL

At the door, he pauses, turns and gazes at Eliza. He returns to her and offers his arm. She takes it, and they go out the door, Pickering following after.

CUT TO:

105. HALL THE EMBASSY

At the top of the stairs is the receiving line. The Ambassador, his wife and Footman can be seen.

106. ON THE BALCONY

Groups of people are chatting.

107. THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL

Higgins and Pickering check their coats, and for a moment Eliza is standing alone in the center waiting for them.

108. THE BALCONY

Bit by bit the people on the balcony become aware of Eliza, and soon all eyes are upon her.

109. THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL

Pickering joins Eliza first. Higgins is just about to do so, when he is suddenly accosted by an important-looking young man with an astonishingly hairy face. His chest clanks with medals. His name is Karpthy.

KARPATY:

Maestro! Maestro!

HIGGINS:

(surprised, annoyed
and wounded by the
whiskers)

Oh!

KARPATY:

You remember me?

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

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 phonetics. You cannot forget me.

HIGGINS:

Why don't you shave?

KARPATY:

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

HIGGINS:

(noticing his chest full
of medals)

Where did you get all those old coins?

KARPATY

(not at all offended - he
can't be)

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.

Pickering, at the word "imposter," takes Eliza's arm and hurries her toward the stairway. Needless to say, this doesn't escape the beady little eye of Professor Karpathy.

KARPATY:

(looking over at Eliza)

But, Professor, who is this glorious creature you escort this evening.

(indicating the balcony)

She is fascinating everyone.

A gentleman with a red ribbon across his chest passes Higgins and Karpathy.

RED RIBBON:

(nods)

Professor Karpathy.

KARPATY:

(bowing)

Your Excellency.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.1)

KARPATY: (Cont.)

(he turns to Higgins)

The Greek Ambassador. Greek, my beard. He pretends he cannot speak English, but he doesn't 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.

They start for the stairs.

KARPATY:

I do look forward to meeting your lady.

HIGGINS:

I'm sure you do.

CUT TO:

110. FIRST LANDING

Pickering and Eliza are about to be presented.

PICKERING:

(to Footman)

Miss Eliza Doolittle.

FOOTMAN:

(to the Ambassador and his Wife)

Miss Eliza Doolittle.

AMBASSADOR

Good evening, Miss Doolittle.

ELIZA:

Your Excellency.

(to the Ambassador's Wife)

How do you do?

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE:

Good evening, Miss Doolittle.

Eliza passes into -

111. A LARGE BALLROOM

Mrs. Higgins is nearby. Eliza goes to her. The Footman's voice is heard.

FOOTMAN'S VOICE:

Colonel Hugh Pickering.

112. FIRST LANDING ENTRANCE

PICKERING:
(to Ambassador)
Good evening, Your Excellency.

AMBASSADOR:
Good evening, Colonel. How nice to see you again.

PICKERING:
(to Ambassador's Wife)
Good evening.

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE:
Good evening, Colonel. What an enchanting young lady you have with you this evening.

PICKERING:
Er....thank you.

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE:
Who is she?

PICKERING:
A cousin.....er, of Higgins and mine...I mean, of mine. If you'll excuse me...
(he leaves and enters -)

113. THE ANTEROOM

Pickering goes to Mrs. Higgins. Eliza is now chatting with two or three people next to Mrs. Higgins.

PICKERING:
Mrs. Higgins....

MRS. HIGGINS:
Good evening, Colonel.

PICKERING:
Mrs. Higgins, you must persuade Henry to leave at once.

MRS. HIGGINS:
But, why, Colonel? Eliza is captivating everyone.

PICKERING:
There's a language expert here. You know....a sort of imposterologist.

MRS. HIGGINS:
I beg your pardon?

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

PICKERING:

You know....

He sees Higgins entering the room and motions to him to come over.

114. HIGGINS

is intercepted by a couple.

115. PICKERING AND MRS. HIGGINS

PICKERING:

Oh, dear. I tell you, Mrs. Higgins, with that language chap on the premises, I regard the entire situation as highly explosive.

MRS. HIGGINS:

Which one is he?

PICKERING:

(pointing)

There. Talking to Madame Ambassador. The sheep dog.

116. KARPATY AND AMBASSADOR'S WIFE

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE:

The woman with Professor Higgins and Colonel Pickering....Find out who she is.

KARPATY:

(bowing)

Excellency.

117. KARPATY

He sees Higgins crossing to Eliza. He follows. Just as he is about to approach them, there is announcement from the door.

118. THE ANTEROOM

FOOTMAN:

Her Royal Highness, the Queen of Transylvania,
and His Royal Highness, Prince Gregor.

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

The two Highnesses enter, followed by the Ambassador and his wife. Everyone bows low before them. As the Queen passes Eliza, she stops and looks down at her and places her hand lightly on her cheek.

QUEEN:

Charming, my dear. Charming.

There is a whispered rumble in the hall. The Highnesses pass. At one side of the room, chairs are prepared in throne-like fashion. Their Highnesses make their way to the chairs. Of course, no one moves until they are seated.

At that moment, the MUSIC to "THE EMBASSY WALTZ" is heard.

119. PRINCE AND QUEEN

The Prince whispers to the Ambassador. The Ambassador nods and goes to -

120. ELIZA

AMBASSADOR:

Miss Doolittle, His Majesty requests the pleasure of the first dance.

121. THE BALLROOM

Eliza takes his arm and they walk toward the Prince.

122. HIGGINS

very pleased.

123. ELIZA

She comes before the Prince and curtsseys. The Prince offers his arm and leads her to:

124. THE BALLROOM

They begin waltzing. They waltz alone as the rest of the guests watch and comment. From their reactions we see that Eliza is causing quite a stir. When they have completed one complete turn of the floor the Prince returns Eliza to Higgins and bows. Higgins bows in return and he and Eliza begin to dance. They are alone on the floor for a few seconds and then one by one other couples begin to dance until the floor is

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.)

whirling with waltzers. During this Karpathy keeps his eye on Eliza. It is not lost on Higgins. He waltzes by Karpathy once or twice and then suddenly, almost impetuously, he stops before Karpathy. Karpathy is astonished. Higgins presents him to Eliza and Karpathy takes her to the floor.

125 thru

126B. OMITTED

127-

128. OMITTED

128A. PICKERING

who is standing on the side, spots Eliza dancing with Karpathy.

129. ELIZA

is dancing with Karpathy. They are chatting animatedly. As they waltz, they whirl by -

130. PICKERING

He mops his brow.

131. HIGGINS

also is standing to one side watching.

132. ELIZA AND KARPATHY

whirl by Higgins. Karpathy looks at Higgins with a malicious gleam in his eye.

133. THE ANTEROOM

The Ambassador's Wife is chatting in a corner. Karpathy enters and goes to her. He is devilishly pleased. The Ambassador's Wife separates herself when she sees him. Karpathy whispers in her ear. The Ambassador's Wife is stunned! Her mouth frames the word: NO?! Karpathy continues to whisper. She continues to respond with a larger and larger: NO!!!! She turns to the couple nearest her and whispers some bit of news to them. They too answer with a: NO?! They whisper to the couple nearest them. That couple whispers to the next couple, etc., etc., ...into:

134. INT. THE BALLROOM

There are many people who are not dancing, rimming the floor. The whispering chain continues. All eyes turn to Eliza.

135. ELIZA

She is waltzing with an unknown Gentleman... She feels the glare of surrounding stares.

136. HIGGINS

Higgins is standing on the side. He too sees what is happening. He looks over to the entrance.

137. INT. ENTRANCE TO THE BALLROOM

It is crowded with people staring at Eliza. Karpathy pushes his way through, a broad grin on his face. He looks over at Higgins, victoriously.

138. THE BALLROOM

The ballroom is now crowded with spectators watching Eliza.

139. BACK TO HIGGINS

who continues to watch. The whispering chain reaches him. A lady whispers something in his ear. A broad smile stretches his cheeks, he begins to roar with laughter.

INTERMISSION:

140. INT. HIGGINS' LOWER HALL

Higgins and Pickering have just come through the door which the butler is holding open. They are in animated conversation both gay as grigs -- they may have had one too many. They chat as they walk into the hall. Mrs. Pearce comes forward to meet them.

MRS. PEARCE:

Well, Mr. Higgins.....?

Higgins makes a gesture of false modesty and moves on towards the study. We hold on Eliza.

140A. INT. HIGGINS STUDY

as they walk through the door.

PICKERING:

A triumph, Mrs. Pearce. A total triumph!

During this, the servants (butler, footman) have followed Mrs. Pearce into the study. The butler and footman take the cloaks and hats. Eliza, unnoticed, enters and stands in a corner.

PICKERING:

You were superb, Higgins. Absolutely superb. Tell the truth, old man, you must have been a little bit nervous some time.

HIGGINS:

Not for a second.

PICKERING:

Not once during the whole evening?

HIGGINS:

(he settles himself into chair. The butler brings him a cigar and lights it.

Higgins takes off his pumps)

When I saw immediately that we were going to win, I felt like a bear in a cage hanging about doing nothing.

(he looks on the floor on both sides of his chair)

Eliza seeing him searching for his slippers quietly exits to the hall.

PICKERING:

Higgins, it was an immense achievement.

HIGGINS:

A silly notion, when you think of it. If I hadn't backed myself to do it, I'd have chucked the whole thing two months ago.

141. OMITTED.

142. INT. HIGGINS' STUDY

During the following conversation, Eliza appears in the doorway with slippers in hand and listens.

PICKERING:

Absolutely fantastic.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

A lot of tom foolery.

PICKERING:

Higgins, I salute you.

HIGGINS:

Nonsense. The silly people don't
know their own silly business.

PICKERING:

(sings)

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.

PICKERING:

All alone you hurdled
Ev'ry obstacle in sight.

HIGGINS:

Now, wait! Now wait!
Give credit where it's due.

Eliza is putting the slippers down by his chair at this
point and expects a word of commendation for her accomplish-
ments at the ball.

HIGGINS:

(continuing)

A lot of the glory goes to you.

Eliza flinches but they take no notice of her. She recovers
herself and stands stonily as before.

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!

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/3/63
98.

142 (Cont. 1)

PICKERING: (Cont.)

(to Mrs. Pearce)

I must have aged a year tonight.
At times I thought I'd die of fright.
Never was there a momentary lull.

HIGGINS:

(puffing his cigar)

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 Servants)

You should have heard the ooh's and ah's;
Ev'ry one wond'ring who she was.

HIGGINS:

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

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.2)

PICKERING:

And when the Prince of Transylvania
Asked to meet her,
And gave his arm to lead her to the floor...!
(to Higgins)
I said to him: You did it!
You did it! You did it!
They thought she was ecstatic
And so damned aristocratic,
And they never knew
That you
Did it!

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous.

HIGGINS:

Thank Heavens for Zoltan Karpathy. If it
weren't for him I would have died of
boredom.

MRS. PEARCE:

Karpathy? That dreadful Hungarian? Was
he there?

HIGGINS

He was there, all right. And up to his
old tricks.

The Servants gather around him, hanging on every word.

HIGGINS:

(in his best dramatic
manner)

That blackguard who uses the science of speech
More to blackmail and swindle than teach;
He made it the devilish business of his
"To find out who this Miss Doolittle is."

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!

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont. 3)

HIGGINS: (Cont.)

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't.
And although she may have studied with an expert
Di'lectician and grammarian,
I can tell that she was born Hungarian!
(he and Pickering roar with
laughter)

Higgins walks back to Eliza.

HIGGINS: (Cont.)

Not only Hungarian, but of royal blood.
She is a princess!

(sings and he moves away from
her and back to his audience)

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!

The servants can no longer contain their admiration.

SERVANTS:

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

He accepts congratulations and falls back on the couch - spent.

SERVANTS: (Cont.)

Congratulations, Professor Higgins.
For your glorious victory!

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.4)

During the above, the two maids who have been watching from the balcony move downstairs to join the other servants. Col. Pickering crosses to the mantle, where he gets a silver trophy and takes it over to Higgins on the couch. Higgins shakes the ash from his cigar into the cup.

SERVANTS: (Cont.)
Congratulations, Professor Higgins!
You'll be mentioned in history!

Higgins accepts this spontaneous demonstration graciously. During the rest of the song he rises and crosses to his desk and puts out his cigar.

FOOTMAN:	REST OF SERVANTS:
This evening, sir, you did it!	Congratulations,
You did it! You did it!	Professor Higgins!
You said that you would do it!	For your glorious
And indeed you did.	Victory
This evening, sir, you did it!	Congratulations,
You did it! You did it!	Professor Higgins!
We know that we have said it.	Sing a hail and
But - you did it and the credit	hallelujah
For it all belongs to you!	Ev'ry bit of credit
	For it all belongs to you!

During the last bit of the above song, Higgins moves out from his desk to Pickering, pats him on the back and shakes hands with him. As the servants finish their song, they all go out.

HIGGINS:
All I can say is, thank God it's
all over. Now I can go to bed at
last without dreading tomorrow.

MRS. PEARCE:
Good night, Mr. Higgins.

She, too, goes.

HIGGINS:
Good night.

PICKERING:
I think I shall turn in, too. It's
been a great occasion. Goodnight,
Higgins.

He goes.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont. 4A-5)

HIGGINS:

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

He goes. Eliza moves out from behind the piano, trying to
control herself and feel indifferent. She crosses to switch
off the light. She is on the point of screaming. She sits
down, holds on hard to the arms of chair - finally gives
way and flings herself on the floor, raging.

HIGGINS' VOICE:

What the devil have I done with my
slippers?

He appears in the doorway. Eliza lifts her head, then turns
and crawls over by the chair, picks up the slippers and hurls
them at him with all her might, one at a time.

ELIZA:

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

HIGGINS:

(astounded)
What on earth?
(he crosses to her)
What's the matter? Get up.
(he pulls her to
her feet)
Is anything wrong?

ELIZA:

(seething)
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?

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.5)

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:

(looking at her in cool wonder)

So the creature is nervous, after all?

Eliza gives a suffocated scream of fury and instinctively darts her nails in his face. Higgins catches her wrists.

HIGGINS:

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

(crushed by superior strength and weight)

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

HIGGINS:

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

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:

(thundering)

Those slippers.

ELIZA:

(with bitter submission)

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

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.6)

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

HIGGINS:

(in his loftiest manner)

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:

No.

HIGGINS:

I'm glad to hear it.

(he moderates his tone)

Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day?

(he picks up a box of chocolates)

Have a chocolate?

ELIZA:

No.

(recollecting her manners)

Thank you.

HIGGINS:

(good-humored again)

I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious. But it's all over now.

(he pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes)

There's nothing more to worry about.

ELIZA:

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

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont. 7)

HIGGINS:

(in sincere surprise)

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:

(impatiently)

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

ELIZA:

(pulling herself together in desperation)

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:

(enlightened, but not at all impressed)

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

(condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness)

Oh, I shouldn't bother about that if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other - though I hadn't quite realized you were going away. You might marry, you know. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort, poor devils. And you're not bad-looking. It's quite a pleasure to look at you at times.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.8)

HIGGINS: (Cont.)

(he looks at her)

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.

(peering into the box of chocolates, in search of a creamy one. In the process, a genial afterthought occurs to him.)

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:

Tosh, Eliza, don't insult human relations by dragging all that cant about buying and selling into it.

(not finding a creamy one,
he puts the chocolates down)

You needn't marry the fellow if you don't want to.

ELIZA:

What else am I to do?

HIGGINS:

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

(chuckling)

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

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.9)

ELIZA:

Your slippers.

HIGGINS:

Yes, of course. You shied them at me.

He picks them up and starts out to the hall when she speaks to him:

ELIZA:

Before you go, sir -

HIGGINS:

(stopping - surprised at
her calling him "sir")

Eh?

ELIZA:

(as she crosses to him)
Do my clothes belong to me or to
Colonel Pickering?

HIGGINS:

What the devil use would they be
to Pickering?

(he walks away toward
the stairs)

Why need you start bothering about
that in the middle of the night?

143. INT. LOWER HALLWAY HIGGINS HOUSE NIGHT

ELIZA:

(following him)

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

HIGGINS:

(deeply wounded)

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

ELIZA:

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

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

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 in extremedudgeon.

ELIZA:

(drinking in his emotion
like nectar and nagging him
to provoke a further supply)

Stop, please!

(she takes off the jewels)

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

HIGGINS:

(furious)

Hand them over!

She gives him the jewels. He crams them into his pocket,
unconsciously decorating himself with the protruding ends
of the chains.

HIGGINS:

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

ELIZA:

(taking a ring off)

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

He throws the ring violently across the room into the fire-
place and turns on her so threateningly that she cringes,
with her hands over her face, and exclaims:

ELIZA:

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.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.1)

ELIZA:

(thrilling with hidden joy)
I'm glad. I've got a little of my own
back, anyhow.

HIGGINS:

(with dignity - in his
finest professional style)
You have caused me to lose my temper,
a thing that has hardly ever happened
to me before. I prefer to say nothing
more tonight. I am going to bed.

He starts up the stairs.

ELIZA:

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

HIGGINS:

Damn Mrs. Pearce! And damn the coffee!
And damn you! And damn my own folly in
having lavished my hard-earned knowledge
and the treasure of my regard and
intimacy on a heartless guttersnipe!

He goes up the stairs with impressive decorum. On the land-
ing he runs into the recording machine, which inadvertently
turns the machine on. Guttural vowel sounds come pouring
through the speaker. He turns it off violently, turns and
stomps off up the stairs.

Eliza runs to the fireplace. She goes down on her knees to
look for the ring.

ELIZA:

(with smoldering fury
sings)
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...

She finds the ring and considers for a minute what to do with
it. Finally, she rises and puts the ring down on the mantle
shelf, goes up the stairs in a rage.

144. THE STAIRS INT. HIGGINS' HOUSE
as Eliza runs up to -

145. THE SECOND FLOOR
as she runs down the hall to -

146. INT. HER BEDROOM NIGHT

She opens her closet and takes out a suitcase, starts pulling open the drawers of her bureau, intermittently tearing down speech charts on the walls.

147. EXT. HIGGINS' HOUSE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING NIGHT

Freddy, who has only left his post for changes of clothing, food and sleep, is seated on the doorstep.

FREDDY:

(undaunted - sings)

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 she is near!
The overpowering feeling
That any second you may suddenly appear!

Eliza comes out of the house. She is wearing a daytime suit and is carrying a small suitcase. For a moment, Freddy doesn't see her.

FREDDY: (singing)

People stop and stare. They don't...
(he sees her now)
Darling!

ELIZA:

(in a rage he does not
understand)

Freddy! Whatever are you doing here?

FREDDY:

Nothing. I spend most of my nights here.
It's the only place where I'M happy.
Don't laugh at me, Miss Doolittle.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA:

Don't you call me Miss Doolittle, do you hear? Eliza's good enough for me.
(suddenly she puts down her suitcase and grabs him by the shoulders)
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...

(sings)

Speak, and the world is full of singing,
And I'm winging
Higher than the birds.

In disgust, she turns away.

FREDDY:

Touch and my heart begins to crumble,
The heavens tumble,
Darling, and I'm...

ELIZA:

(turning on him violently - sings)

Words!
Words! Words! I'm so sick of words!
I get words all day through;
First from him, now from you!
Is that all you blighters can do?

Freddy is frightened.

ELIZA:

Don't talk of stars
Burning above;
If you're in love,
Show me!

Tell me no dreams
Filled with desire.
If you're on fire,
Show me.

He opens his arms to show her, and she pushes him away.

ELIZA:

Here we are together in the middle of the night!
Don't talk of spring! Just hold me tight!
Anyone who's ever been in love'll tell you that
This is no time for a chat!

Haven't your lips
Longed for my touch?
Don't say how much,
Show me! Show me!

(CONTINUED)

147 (Cont.1)

ELIZA: (Cont.)

Don't talk of love lasting through time
Make me no undying vow.
Show me now!

Bewildered but happy, he reaches for her again. She grabs his arm and fairly flings him down the street.

ELIZA:

Sing me no song!
Read me no rhyme!
Don't waste my time,
Show me!

Don't talk of June!
Don't talk of fall!
Don't talk at all!
Show me!

Never do I ever want to hear another word.
There isn't one I haven't heard.
Here we are together in what ought to be a dream;
Say one more word and I'll scream!

Haven't your arms
Hungered for mine?
Please don't "expl'ine",
Show me! Show me!

Don't wait until wrinkles and lines
Pop out all over my brow,
Show me now!

She picks up her suitcase and answers the longing look in his eyes by crowning him with it. Having released some of her anger against mankind in general, she marches off.

He follows her, his arms out.

FREDDY:

Darling...Darling... !

148. FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Freddy catches up with her.

FREDDY:

Eliza, darling. Where are you going?

ELIZA:

(still walking)

To the river.

FREDDY:

What for?

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA:
To make a hole in it.

FREDDY:
(horrified)
Eliza, darling. What do you mean?

A taxi pulls up.

TAXI MAN:
Can I drive you and the lady anywhere, sir?

ELIZA:
Yes.

She starts to get in.

FREDDY:
I have no money.

ELIZA:
I have.

FREDDY:
Righto. Ripping. Where are we going?

ELIZA:
Where I belong.

He jumps into the cab and slams the door. The taxi pulls off

CUT TO:

149. TRUCKS UNLOADING IN COVENT GARDEN

As in the beginning of the film, the workers are seen hurling the baskets to each other.

150. COVENT GARDEN IN THE EARLY MORNING

The flower mart is ever-so-slowly coming to life. A few trucks begin to appear. A few people are seen coming to work.

151. IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

As in the beginning, groups begin to warm themselves around a smudgepot fire. As they rub their hands, one of them starts whistling a few bars of the tune they sang. The others then pick it up.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

GROUP AT THE FIRE:

With one enormous chair...
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Lots of choc'late for me to eat;
Lots of coal makin' lots of heat;
Warm face, warm hands, warm feet...
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?

Oh, so lovely sittin' absobloominlutely still!
I would never budge till spring
Crept over me winder sill.
Someone's head restin' on my knee;
Warm and tender as he can be,
Who takes good care of me.
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely...?
Lovely! Lovely!...

CUT TO:

152. ELIZA'S TAXI

It pulls up on the outskirts of Covent Garden. Eliza looks out the window fearfully and nostalgically. She gets out of the taxi.

FREDDY:

Darling, shall I come with you?

Eliza doesn't answer, but walks tentatively towards the market place.

153. ELIZA

She walks among her old associates. Many people turn and stare at her. There is one Flower Girl Eliza obviously remembers. She goes to her hopefully.

FLOWER GIRL:

Buy a flower, Miss?

ELIZA:

(sadly)

Yes, please.

She gives the girl a coin, in return for which she receives a bunch of violets. She continues walking until she sees the men at the fire. She walks over to them. One of the men rises.

THAT ONE:

Good morning, miss. Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

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

THAT ONE:
Go right ahead, miss.

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

ELIZA:
Yes?

MAN LEANING FORWARD:
(now leaning back)
Excuse me, miss. For a second there
I thought you was somebody else.

ELIZA:
Who?

SAME MAN:
Forgive me, ma'am. Early morning light
playing tricks with me eyes.

He rises. They All do.

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

ELIZA:
(sadly)
No...thank you.

SAME MAN:
Good morning, miss.

She walks away from them toward CAMERA. They continue looking at her feeling that they know her from somewhere. The following REPRISE of "LOVERLY" is done with VOICE OVER, she is hearing it in her head.

ELIZA:
(more alone than
she has ever been)
Someone's head resting on my knee;
Warm and tender as he can be,

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.1)

ELIZA: (CONT)

Who takes good care of me;
Oh, wouldn't it be lovely....?
Lovely! Lovely!
Lovely! Lovely!

She is interrupted by a loud commotion from in front of a pub across the square. Harry is seen coming out of the pub. He is quite well dressed.

CUT TO:

154. IN FRONT OF THE PUB

HARRY:

Well, goodnight to you, Cecil.
(calls into the pub)
Time to go, Alfie!

Doolittle comes out of the pub. He is resplendently dressed as for a fashionable wedding and might be the bridegroom. A flower in his buttonhole, a dazzling silk hat and patent leather shoes complete the effect. He is followed by Jamie, also well dressed.

BARTENDER:

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

DOOLITTLE:

(grandly)

Thank you, my good man.
(he gives him a generous tip)
Here, take the missus a trip to Brighton.

BARTENDER:

(gratefully)

Thank you, Mr. Doolittle.
He goes back into the Pub.

DOOLITTLE:

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

Eliza, by this time, has approached.

ELIZA:

Father!

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

DOOLITTLE:

(seeing her)

Oh, no! You see, Harry, he has no mercy. Sent her down to spy on me in my misery, he did. Me own flesh and blood.

(he goes up to Eliza)

Well, I'm miserable, all right. You can tell him that straight.

ELIZA:

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

DOOLITTLE:

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

ELIZA:

What has he done to you?

DOOLITTLE:

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

ELIZA:

(bitterly)

That sounds like one of his jokes.

DOOLITTLE:

You may call it a joke. It put the lid on me, right enough! The bloke died and left me four thousand pounds a year in his bloomin' will. Who asked him to make a gentleman of me? I was happy. I was free. I touched pretty nigh everybody for money when I wanted it, same as I touched him. Now I'm tied neck and heels, and everybody touches me. A year ago I hadn't a relative in the world except two or three that wouldn't speak to me. Now I've fifty, and not a decent week's wages among the lot of them. I have to live for others and not for myself. Middle-class morality.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.1)

JAMIE:

(coming out of the pub)
Oh, come on, Alfie. In a couple of hours
you have to be at the church.

ELIZA:

Church?

DOOLITTLE:

(tragically)

Yes, church. The deepest cut of all. Why
do you think I'm dressed up like a ruddy
pall-bearer? Your stepmother wants to marry
me. Now I'm respectable - she wants to be
respectable.

ELIZA:

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

DOOLITTLE:

(with melancholy resignation)

Ah, 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:

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.

(resourceful)

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

Eliza looks at him almost in sad disbelief.

DOOLITTLE:

That's the truth. You're a lady now.

Freddy appears through the crowd.

FREDDY:

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

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.2)

DOOLITTLE:

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

(sadly)

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

ELIZA:

No, thank you, Dad.

FREDDY:

(to Eliza)

Are you all finished here?

ELIZA:

(with great finality)

Yes, Freddy, I'm all finished here.

(she takes his arm)

Good luck, Dad.

As a last gesture of farewell, she tosses away the violets
and goes off with Freddy. Doolittle watches her go,
rubbing his hands in satisfaction at having disposed of
a knotty problem.

JAMIE:

Come along, Alfie.

DOOLITTLE:

How much time do I have left?

JAMIE, HARRY AND FRIENDS:

(sing)

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 bows his head in despair.

DOOLITTLE:

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 morning!
Ding dong! The bells are gonna chime.
Pull out the stopper!
Let's have a whopper!
But get me to the church on time!

I gotta be there in the mornin'
Spruced up and lookin' in me prime.
Girls, come and kiss me;
Show how you'll miss me.
But get me to the church on time!

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.3)

DOOLITTLE: (CONT.)

If I am dancin'
Roll up the floor.
If I am whistlin'
Whewt me out the door!

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!

DOOLITTLE AND EVERYONE:

I'm getting married in the morning
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.
(he struts toward a pub, followed
by his friends, starts to enter pub)
Drug me or jail me,
Stamp me and mail me.
(he enters the pub)

ALL:

But get me to the church on time!

I gotta be there in the morning
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!

DOOLITTLE:

If I am flying
Then shoot me down.
If I am wooin',
Get her out of town!

ALL:

For I'm getting married in the morning!
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime.

DOOLITTLE:

Feather and tar me;
Call out the Army;
But get me to the church,

ALL:

Get me to the church....

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont. 4)

DOOLITTLE:

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

(NOTE: The number will continue here, with Doolittle and his chums going on an almighty pub crawl through the pubs of Cockneyland. The locations and pantomimic sequences to be determined later.)

As they proceed on the night's ribald adventure, the sky gets lighter. This almighty souse finally ends at -

155. HANOVER SQUARE WITH ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE

In the gray morning light of 9:00 A.M. London.

Standing on the steps of the church can be seen the shadowy outline of a large and imposing female. Doolittle sees her and the blood drains from his body.

ALL:

Starlight is reelin' home to bed now.
Mornin' is smearin' up the sky.
London is wakin'.
Daylight is breakin'.
Good luck, old chum,
Good health, goodbye.

DOOLITTLE:

(solemnly shakes hands with all.
In deepest gloom)
I'm gettin' married in the mornin'
Ding dong! the bells are gonna chime....
Hail and salute me,
Then haul off and boot me...
And get me to the church,
Get me to the church...
For Gawd's sake, get me to the church on time!

Doolittle is lifted high in the air and carried into the church.

DISSOLVE TO:

156. THE UPSTAIRS HALL OF HIGGINS' HOUSE

Higgins comes charging out of his bedroom in pajamas, his hair disheveled. He is followed by Mrs. Pearce. Higgins is in a highly volatile state. He pounds on one of the doors.

HIGGINS:

(calling)
Pickering! Pickering! Pickering!
(to Mrs. Pearce)
Didn't she say where to send her clothes?

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

MRS. PEARCE:

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

Higgins opens a door. Pickering is in his room fixing his
wing collar.

HIGGINS:

Pickering!

Pickering starts and by mistake one wing of his collar jumps
off the collar button under the tie - it stays that way for
the rest of the scene.

PICKERING:

What? What?

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 goes into the hall.

PICKERING:

Well, I'm dashed!

HIGGINS:

(pacing distractedly
up and down)

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:

(rage and frustration)

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

MRS. PEARCE:

Did either of you gentlemen frighten her
last night?

PICKERING:

You were there, Mrs. Pearce. We hardly
said a word to her.

(turning on Higgins)

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.1)

PICKERING: (Cont.)

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. The slippers came bang at my head before I uttered a word. And she used the most perfectly awful language. I was shocked.

PICKERING:

(stunned)

Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS:

I don't understand it. She was shown every possible consideration. She admitted it herself.

PICKERING:

(stunned)

Well, I'm dashed.

HIGGINS:

(wildly)

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

PICKERING:

What?

HIGGINS:

Call the police! What are they there for, in Heaven's name?

(he starts into his room)

MRS. PEARCE:

(stopping him)

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.

(he picks up phone)

Scotland Yard, please. May I have some coffee, Mrs.....?

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.2)

MRS. PEARCE:

Yes, sir.
(she goes)

PICKERING:

(after a moment)

...Pearce! Mrs. Pearce!

(sunnily, into phone)

Oh, good morning, old chap. Colonel Hugh Pickering, here...27-A Wimpole Street. I want to report a missing person. Eliza Doolittle...about twenty-one...I should say about five foot seven...Her eyes?

HIGGINS:

(yelling from his room)

Brown!

PICKERING:

(into phone)

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

HIGGINS:

(bounding from his room)

Brown! Brown! Brown!

(bounding back into his room)

PICKERING:

(into the phone)

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)

Humph?

(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!

(he bangs up, furious with
the inspector)

Higgins comes out of his room. He is now almost dressed. Vexation knots his face.

HIGGINS:

(sings)

What in all of Heaven could have prompted
her to go?

After such a triumph at the ball?
What could have depressed her?

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.3)

HIGGINS:

(continues singing)
What could have possessed her?
I cannot understand the wretch at all!
(shaking his head in exasperation, he goes back into his room to finish dressing)

PICKERING:

(who was only half listening, hits upon an idea. Calling 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.
(he waits)

Higgins ENTERS, struggling with his tie.

HIGGINS:

Women are irrational, that's all there is to that!
Their heads are full of cotton, hay and rags!
They're nothing but exasperating, irritating, Vacillating, calculating, agitating, Maddening, and infuriating hags!
(he returns to his room)

PICKERING:

(into the phone)
Brewster Budgin, please...Yes, I'll wait!
(he waits)

Higgins ENTERS.

HIGGINS:

Pickering, why can't a woman be more like a man?

Pickering looks at him, startled.

HIGGINS:

(sings)
Yes. Why can't a woman be more like a man?
Men are so honest, so thoroughly square;
Eternally noble, historically 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 everything their mothers do?
Why don't they grow up like their father instead?

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.4)

HIGGINS: (Cont.)

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.
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:

Why can't a woman be like you?

One man in a million may shout a bit.
Now and then there's one with slight defects.
One perhaps whose truthfulness you doubt
a bit.
But by and large we are a marvelous sex!

Why can't a woman behave like a man?
Men are so friendly, good-natured and kind;
A better companion you never will find.
If I were hours late for dinner, would you
bellow?

PICKERING:

Of course not.

HIGGINS:

If I forgot your silly birthday, would you
fuss?

PICKERING:

Nonsense.

HIGGINS:

Would you complain if I took out another
fellow?

PICKERING:

Never.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.5)

HIGGINS:

Why can't a woman be like us?
(he goes back into his room -
shutting the door behind him)

PICKERING:

(into phone)
Hello, is Brewster Budgin there, please?
(pause)

Boozy? You'll never, never, never guess
who this is!

(disappointed)

Yes, it is. By George, what a memory! How
are you, old fellow? It's so good to hear
your voice again... Thirty years? It is
really? Yes...oceans of water...yes...

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 as Mrs. Pearce
comes up the stairs with the
coffee)

I'm going over to the Home Office,
Mrs. Pearce.

He starts down the stairs.

MRS. PEARCE:

(following him)

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 goes out the door.

156A. INT. LOWER HALLWAY AND STAIRS

DAY

Mrs. Pearce places the coffee on the table as Higgins leans
over the stair railing.

HIGGINS:

(shouting)

Pickering! Pickering! Where's the
Colonel?

MRS. PEARCE:

He's gone to the Home Office, sir.

(CONTINUED)

156A (Cont.)

HIGGINS:

(he starts down the stairs)

Ah! You see, Mrs. Pearce? I'm disturbed
and he runs to help!

(touched)

Now there's a good fellow. Mrs. Pearce,
you're a woman.

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

Men are so decent, such regular chaps.

(he is down the stairs and

moves to her, handing her his

jacket and turning as she helps

him into it - during)

Ready to help you through any mishaps.

Ready to buck you up whenever you are glum.

Why can't a woman be a chum?

(crosses to the mirror)

Why is thinking something women never do?

Why is logic never even tried?

Straightening up their hair is all they ever do.

Why don't they straighten up the mess that's inside?

(he moves toward the

entrance hall)

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

If I were a woman who'd been to a ball,

Been hailed as a princess by one and 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?

(he opens the door)

Why can't a woman be like me?

(he exits - closing the

door behind him)

CUT TO:

157. INT. MRS. HIGGINS' HOUSE HER BEDROOM DAY

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?

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/3/63
127A.

157 (Cont.)

ELIZA:

Not a word. They just sat there
congratulating each other on how
marvelous they'd been, and the next
moment how glad they were it was all
over and what a bore it had all been.

MRS. HIGGINS:

That's simply appalling. I should
not have thrown the slippers at him,
I should have thrown the fire irons.

A loud slamming is heard below. They both start.

ELIZA:

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

MRS. HIGGINS:

Probably Henry. I didn't think it would be too long.

Eliza makes a frightened move. Mrs. Higgins takes her gently by the arm.

MRS. HIGGINS:

Come along, my dear. And remember, last night you not only danced with a prince, but you behaved like a princess.

They exit. Mrs. Higgins is walking, followed by Eliza.

158. THE DRAWING ROOM

Mrs. Higgins is at the threshold. Higgins is there.

HIGGINS:

Look here, Mother. Here's a confounded thing. What do you...

(stops! Amazed! Mrs. Higgins passes him! He sees Eliza! angry)

You!

ELIZA:

(giving a staggering exhibition of ease of manner, glides past him)

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

HIGGINS:

(choking)

Am I....

(he can say no more)

ELIZA:

But of course you are. You are never ill. Would you care for some tea?

She glides past him to the tea table.

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.

(CONTINUED)

HIGGINS:

How did this baggage get here in the first place?

MRS. HIGGINS:

Eliza came to see me this morning, 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:

(calmly)

Yes, dear, that is precisely what I mean.

HIGGINS:

I'll see her damned first!

He walks to the conservatory at the end of the drawing room and slams through the swinging doors. Thenceforth, he periodically appears and disappears.

MRS. HIGGINS:

(to Eliza)

How did you ever learn manners with my son around?

ELIZA:

(sweetly, but making certain
her voice carries)

It was very difficult. I should never have known how ladies and gentlemen behave if it hadn't been for Colonel Pickering.

(Higgins' head appears, scowling)

He always showed me that he felt and thought about me as if I were something better than a common flower girl.

(Higgins disappears)

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 strange gnashing NOISE coming from the conservatory.

MRS. HIGGINS:

Henry, please don't grind your teeth.

The parlor Maid ENTERS.

MAID:

The Bishop is here, madam. Shall I show him into the garden?

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.1)

MRS. HIGGINS:

(horrificed)

The Bishop and the Professor? Good
Heavens, no! I should be excommunicated.
I'll see him in the library.

The Maid goes. Mrs. Higgins rises to follow.

MRS. HIGGINS:

Eliza, if my son begins to break things,
I give you full permission to have him
evicted.

(at the door, she turns)

Henry, dear, if I were you, I should stick to
two subjects, the weather and your health.

(she goes)

Higgins APPEARS. He looks at Eliza quizzically; while
deciding on a method of attack. He charges through the doors.
Then he pauses. Then the swinging door hits him in the rump.
Then he walks, slowly, over to the tea table.

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:

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.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.2)

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.

(she rises composedly
and walks away)

The same to everybody.

HIGGINS:

Just so.

(he sits at the table)

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.

ELIZA:

(with sudden sincerity)

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.

ELIZA:

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.

(pause, seriously)

You never wondered, I suppose, whether I
could get along without you.

ELIZA:

Don't try to get around me. You'll have
to.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.3)

HIGGINS:

(arrogantly)

And so I can. Without you or any soul
on earth.

(with sudden humility)

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:

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:

(heartily)

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

ELIZA:

And you may throw me out tomorrow if I
don't do everything you want me to?

HIGGINS:

Yes. And you may walk out tomorrow if I
don't do everything you want me to.

ELIZA:

And live with my father?

HIGGINS:

Yes, or sell flowers. Or would you rather
marry Pickering?

ELIZA:

(fiercely)

I wouldn't marry you if you asked me; and
you're nearer my age than what he is.

HIGGINS:

(correcting her gently)

Than he is.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont. 4)

ELIZA:

(losing her temper and
walking away)

I'll talk as I like. You're not my teacher now. That's not what I want and don't you think it. I've always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets.

HIGGINS:

(coming to her)

Oh, in short, you want me to be as infatuated about you as he is. Is that it?

ELIZA:

(facing him, much troubled)

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. And how Pickering feels. Eliza, you're a fool.

ELIZA:

That's not a proper answer to give me.

HIGGINS:

It's all you'll get until you stop being a plain idiot. 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 sniveling over you and the other half giving you black eyes. 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. If you can't appreciate what you've got, you'd better get what you can appreciate.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont. 5)

ELIZA:

(desperate)

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. I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I'm able to support him.

HIGGINS:

(disagreeably surprised)

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.

(determinedly)

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:

I'll offer myself as an assistant to that brilliant Hungarian!

Aglow with the sense of impending triumph, she exits into the conservatory.

HIGGINS:

(in a fury)

What! That imposter! That humbug! That toadying ignoramus! Teach him my methods! My discoveries?

He strides after her into the conservatory.

159. THE CONSERVATORY

HIGGINS:

You take one step in that direction and I'll wring your neck. Do you hear?

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

ELIZA:

(defiantly nonresistant)

Wring away! What do I care? I knew you'd strike me one day.

Higgins, about to lay hands on her, recoils.

ELIZA:

Aha! That's done you, 'enry 'iggins, it 'as. Now I don't care that -

(snaps her fingers in his face)

for your bullying and your big talk.

(sings)

What a fool I was! What a dominated fool!
To think you were the earth and sky.

What a fool I was! What an addle-pated fool!

What a mutton-headed dolt was I!

No, my reverberating friend,

You are not the beginning and the end!

HIGGINS:

(wondering at her)

You impudent hussy! There isn't an idea in your head or a word in your mouth that I haven't put there!

Eliza picks up the watering can and begins to tend the flowers.

ELIZA:

There'll be spring ev'ry year without you.

England still will be here without you.

There'll be fruit on the tree,

And a shore by the sea;

There'll be crumpets and tea

Without you.

Art and music will thrive without you.

Somehow Keats will survive without you.

And there still will be rain

On that plain down in Spain,

Even that will remain

Without you.

I can do

Without you.

(sings)

You, dear friend, who talk so well,

You can go to Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire!

(a flower falls and she catches

it, like a proper Flower Girl)

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!

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont. 1)

HIGGINS:

(facing her)

You brazen hussy!

ELIZA:

(right to his face)

Without your pulling it, the tide comes in,
Without your twirling it, the earth can spin.
Without your pushing them, the clouds roll by.
If they can do without you, ducky, so can I!

(she stands back among the flowers,
looking never more ravishing)

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:

(triumphantly)

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 millstone around my neck. Now you're
a tower of strength, a consort battleship! I
like you like this!

Eliza stares at him stonily, then turns on her heels and
walks to the door.

ELIZA:

(quietly, at the door)

Goodbye, Professor Higgins. I shall not be
seeing you again.

She goes. Higgins is thunderstruck. He walks falteringly
into the:

160. INT. DRAWING ROOM

He looks down the long hall after Eliza. He is staggered.
He suddenly calls for help.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

HIGGINS:
Mother! Mother!

Mrs. Higgins speaks quite near him.

MRS. HIGGINS:
What is it, Henry? What has happened?

Higgins turns in astonishment and finds Mrs. Higgins in the drawing room behind him.

HIGGINS:
(more to himself)
She's gone!

MRS. HIGGINS:
(gently)
Of course, dear. What did you expect?

HIGGINS:
(bewildered)
What am I to do?

MRS. HIGGINS:
Do without, I suppose.

HIGGINS:
(with sudden defiance)
And so I shall! If the Higgins' oxygen burns up her little lungs, let her seek some stuffiness that suits her. She's an owl sickened by a few days of my sunshine! Very well, let her go! I can do without her! I can do without anybody! I have my own soul! My own spark of divine fire!

He marches off.

MRS. HIGGINS:
(applauding)
Bravo, Eliza!
(she smiles)

DISSOLVE TO:

161. EXT. STREETS OF LONDON (LOCATION TO BE SELECTED)

This brief sequence shows Higgins marching home. His attitude is one of continued defiance until, suddenly, he comes upon a Flower Girl who says:

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

FLOWER GIRL:

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

Higgins stares at her. The air leaves his defiance and he is immediately deflated and depressed. He walks on moodily. He will be seen walking along the mall. Probably here, he steels himself and he is next found at:

162. EXT. A BRIDGE IN LONDON

DAY

Higgins storms up the bridge.

HIGGINS:

Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!

He stops.

HIGGINS:

(continuing)

I've grown accustomed to her face!

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.

(reassuringly)

I was serenely independent and content
before we met;

Surely I could always be that way again -

(the reassurance fails)

and yet

I've grown accustomed to her looks;

Accustomed to her voice;

Accustomed to her face.

SET
CHG

162A. THE MEWS OFF WIMPOLE STREET

DAY

HIGGINS:

(walking)

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!

I can see her now;

Mrs. Freddy Eynsford Hill,

In a wretched little flat above a store.

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/19/63
139.

162A (Cont.)

HIGGINS: (Cont.)

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!
(fiendishly pleased)

In a year or so
When she's prematurely gray,
And the blossoms in her cheek have turned to chalk,
She'll come home and lo!
He'll have upped and run away
With a social climbing heiress from New York!
(tragically)

Poor Eliza:
How simply frightful!
How humiliating!
(irresistibly)
How delightful.

SET
CHG

162B. EXT. WIMPOLE STREET (IN FRONT OF HIGGINS' HOUSE) DAY

HIGGINS:

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?
(with sudden benevolence)

I'm a most forgiving man;
The sort who never could,
Ever would,
Take a position and staunchly never budge.

Just a most forgiving man.
(with sudden vindictiveness)

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 mounts the stairs to his front door.

HIGGINS:

Marry Freddy! Ha!

(CONTINUED)

"MY FAIR LADY"
FINAL

CHANGE
7/19/63
139A-139B.

162B (Cont.)

He takes out his keys to open the door, but stops in despair.

HIGGINS:

(continuing)

But I'm so used to hear her say:
Good morning every day.
Her joys, her woes,
Her highs, her lows
Are second nature to me now;
Like breathing out and breathing in.
I'm very grateful she's a woman
And so easy to forget;
Rather like a habit
One can always break - and yet
I've grown accustomed to the trace
Of something in the air;
Accustomed to her face.

He turns sadly and enters the house.

162C thru

162E. OMITTED

163. INT. ENTRANCE HALL TO HIGGINS' HOUSE

Higgins walks in. The hall is deserted. He slowly walks towards the study.

164. INT. STUDY

He enters and walks around the room. He comes to the xylophone and picks up the mallet and looks at it for a moment. He slowly walks over to the machine by the door and turns it on. Eliza's voice is heard on the speaker. He goes back to his desk and sits in his chair. The chair is swivelled so that his back is to the room. He still has his hat on.

ELIZA'S VOICE:

I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of selling 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, not asking any favor - and he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost, and I'm ready to pay.

165. ELIZA

walks softly into the room and stands for a moment by the machine looking at Higgins.

HIGGINS' VOICE:

It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low, so horribly dirty.

Eliza turns off the machine.

ELIZA:

(gently)

I washed my face and hands before I come, I did.

Higgins straightens up. If he could but let himself, his face would radiate unmistakable relief and joy. If he could but let himself, he would run to her. Instead, he leans back with a contented sigh, pushing his hat forward till it almost covers his face.

HIGGINS:

(softly)

Eliza? Where the devil are my slippers?

Eliza is seen over his shoulder. There are tears in her eyes. She understands.

FADE OUT.