

PENGUIN BOOKS

PL3

PYGMALION

BERNARD SHAW



PYGMALION

A ROMANCE IN FIVE ACTS

BY

BERNARD SHAW

WITH OVER

A HUNDRED DRAWINGS BY

FELIKS TOPOLSKI



PENGUIN BOOKS

Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England
Penguin Books Pty Ltd, Ringwood,
Victoria, Australia

The play first produced in London and New York, 1914
First published 1916

The film first produced in London,
6 October 1938

The film version published in Penguin Books 1941

Reprinted 1946, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1954, 1956,
1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961 (twice), 1962, 1963, 1964

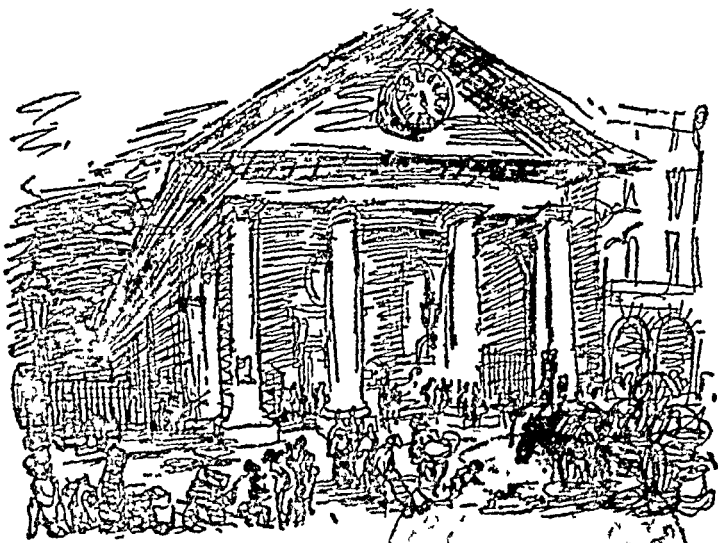
Made and printed in Great Britain
by R & R Clark Ltd
Edinburgh
Set in Monotype Baskerville

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Please note that business connected with Bernard Shaw's plays is now in the hands of THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS PLAYWRIGHTS AND COMPOSERS at 84 Drayton Gardens, London SW10 (Telephone, Fremantle 6642/3), to which all enquiries and applications for licences to perform should be addressed and performing fees paid. Dates and places of contemplated performances must be precisely stated in all applications. Accounts showing the receipts at each performance should accompany payments.

4

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of without the publisher's consent, in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published



PREFACE

A Professor of Phonetics

As will be seen later on, Pygmalion needs, not a preface, but a sequel, which I have supplied in its due place

The English have no respect for their language, and will not teach their children to speak it. They cannot spell it because they have nothing to spell it with but an old foreign alphabet of which only the consonants – and not all of them – have any agreed speech value. Consequently no man can teach himself what it should sound like from reading it, and it is impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman despise him. Most European languages are now accessible in black and white to foreigners. English and French are not thus accessible even to Englishmen and Frenchmen. The reformer we need most today is an energetic enthusiast: that is why I have made such a one the hero of a popular play.

There have been heroes of that kind crying in the wilderness

PYGMALION

for many years past. When I became interested in the subject towards the end of the eighteen-seventies, the illustrious Alexander Melville Bell, the inventor of Visible Speech, had emigrated to Canada, where his son invented the telephone; but Alexander J. Ellis was still a London patriarch, with an impressive head always covered by a velvet skull cap, for which he would apologize to public meetings in a very courtly manner. He and Tito Pagliardini, another phonetic veteran, were men whom it was impossible to dislike. Henry Sweet, then a young man, lacked their sweetness of character; he was about as conciliatory to conventional mortals as Ibsen or Samuel Butler. His great ability as a phonetician (he was, I think, the best of them all at his job) would have entitled him to high official recognition, and perhaps enabled him to popularize his subject, but for his Satanic contempt for all academic dignitaries and persons in general who thought more of Greek than of phonetics. Once, in the days when the Imperial Institute rose in South Kensington, and Joseph Chamberlain was booming the Empire, I induced the editor of a leading monthly review to commission an article from Sweet on the imperial importance of his subject. When it arrived, it contained nothing but a savagely derisive attack on a professor of language and literature whose chair Sweet regarded as proper to a phonetic expert only. The article, being libellous, had to be returned as impossible; and I had to renounce my dream of dragging its author into the limelight. When I met him afterwards, for the first time for many years, I found to my astonishment that he, who had been a quite tolerably presentable young man, had actually managed by sheer scorn to alter his personal appearance until he had become a sort of walking repudiation of Oxford and all its traditions. It must have been largely in his own-despite that he was squeezed into something called a Readership of phonetics there. The future of phonetics rests, probably with his pupils, who all swore by him; but nothing could bring the

man himself into any sort of compliance with the university to which he nevertheless clung by divine right in an intensely Oxonian way I daresay his papers, if he has left any, include some satires that may be published without too destructive results fifty years hence He was, I believe, not in the least an ill-natured man very much the opposite, I should say, but he would not suffer fools gladly, and to him all scholars who were not rabid phoneticians were fools

Those who knew him will recognize in my third act the allusion to the Current Shorthand in which he used to write postcards It may be acquired from a four and sixpenny manual published by the Clarendon Press The postcards which Mrs Higgins describes are such as I have received from Sweet I would decipher a sound which a cockney would represent by *zerr*, and a Frenchman by *seu*, and then write demanding with some heat what on earth it meant Sweet, with boundless contempt for my stupidity, would reply that it not only meant but obviously was the word Result, as no other word containing that sound, and capable of making sense with the context, existed in any language spoken on earth That less expert mortals should require fuller indications was beyond Sweet's patience Therefore, though the whole point of his Current Shorthand is that it can express every sound in the language perfectly, vowels as well as consonants, and that your hand has to make no stroke except the easy and current ones with which you write m, n, and u, l, p, and q, scribbling them at whatever angle comes easiest to you, his unfortunate determination to make this remarkable and quite legible script serve also as a shorthand reduced to in his own practice to the most inscrutable of cryptograms His true objective was the provision of a full, accurate, legible script for our language, but he was led past that by his contempt for the popular Pitman system of shorthand, which he called the Pitfall system The triumph of Pitman was a triumph of business organization there was a weekly paper

to persuade you to learn Pitman: there were cheap textbooks and exercise books and transcripts of speeches for you to copy, and schools where experienced teachers coached you up to the necessary proficiency. Sweet could not organize his market in that fashion. He might as well have been the Sybil who tore up the leaves of prophecy that nobody would attend to. The four and sixpenny manual, mostly in his lithographed handwriting, that was never vulgarly advertized, may perhaps some day be taken up by a syndicate and pushed upon the public as The Times pushed the Encyclopædia Britannica, but until then it will certainly not prevail against Pitman. I have bought three copies of it during my lifetime, and I am informed by the publishers that its cloistered existence is still a steady and healthy one. I actually learned the system two several times, and yet the shorthand in which I am writing these lines is Pitman's. And the reason is, that my secretary cannot transcribe Sweet, having been perforce taught in the schools of Pitman. In America I could use the commercially organized Gregg shorthand, which has taken a hint from Sweet by making its letters writable (current, Sweet would have called them) instead of having to be geometrically drawn like Pitman's, but all these systems, including Sweet's, are spoilt by making them available for verbatim reporting, in which complete and exact spelling and word division are impossible. A complete and exact phonetic script is neither practicable nor necessary for ordinary use; but if we enlarge our alphabet to the Russian size, and make our spelling as phonetic as Spanish, the advance will be prodigious.

Pygmalion Higgins is not a portrait of Sweet, to whom the adventure of Eliza Doolittle would have been impossible, still, as will be seen, there are touches of Sweet in the play. With Higgins's physique and temperament Sweet might have set the Thames on fire. As it was, he impressed himself professionally on Europe to an extent that made his comparative

personal obscurity, and the failure of Oxford to do justice to his eminence, a puzzle to foreign specialists in his subject I do not blame Oxford, because I think Oxford is quite right in demanding a certain social amenity 'from its nurslings (heaven knows it is not exorbitant in its requirements!'), for although I well know how hard it is for a man of genius with a seriously underrated subject to maintain serene and kindly relations with the men who underrate it, and who keep all the best places for less important subjects which they profess without originality and sometimes without much capacity for them, still, if he overwhelms them with wrath and disdain, he cannot expect them to heap honors on him

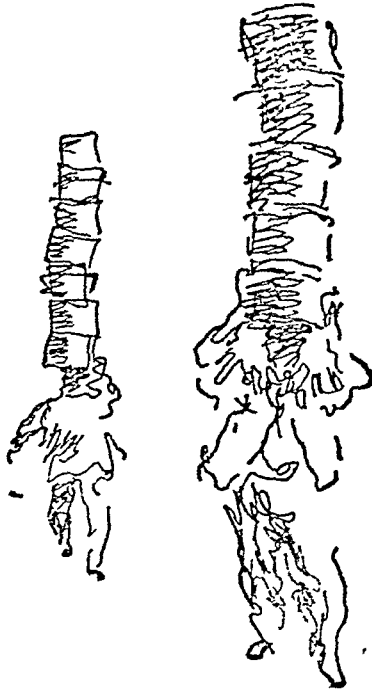
Of the later generations of phoneticians I know little Among them towered Robert Bridges, to whom perhaps Higgins may owe his Miltonic sympathies, though here again I must disclaim all portraiture But if the play makes the public aware that there are such people as phoneticians, and that they are among the most important people in England at present, it will serve its turn

I wish to boast that *Pygmalion* has been an extremely successful play, both on stage and screen, all over Europe and North America as well as at home It is so intensely and deliberately didactic, and its subject is esteemed so dry, that I delight in throwing it at the heads of the wiseacres who repeat the parrot cry that art should never be didactic It goes to prove my contention that great art can never be anything else

Finally, and for the encouragement of people troubled with accents that cut them off from all high employment, I may add that the change wrought by Professor Higgins in the flower-girl is neither impossible nor uncommon The modern concierge's daughter who fulfils her ambition by playing the Queen of Spain in *Ruy Blas* at the Théâtre Français is only one of many thousands of men and women who have sloughed off their native dialects and acquired a

PYGMALION

new tongue. Our West End shop assistants and domestic servants are bi-lingual. But the thing has to be done scientifically, or the last state of the aspirant may be worse than the first. An honest slum dialect is more tolerable than the attempts of phonetically untaught persons to imitate the plutocracy. Ambitious flower-girls who read this play must not imagine that they can pass themselves off as fine ladies by untutored imitation. They must learn their alphabet over again, and differently, from a phonetic expert. Imitation will only make them ridiculous.

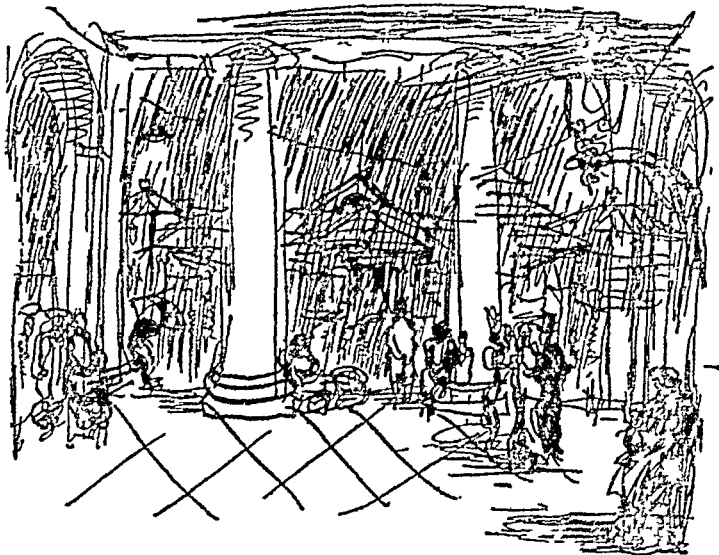




NOTE FOR TECHNICIANS A complete representation of the play as printed for the first time in this edition is technically possible only on the cinema screen or on stages furnished with exceptionally elaborate machinery. For ordinary theatrical use the scenes separated by rows of asterisks are to be omitted.

In the dialogue an e upside down indicates the indefinite vowel, sometimes called obscure or neutral, for which though it is one of the commonest sounds in English speech, our wretched alphabet has no letter.





PYGMALION

ACT I

London at 11 15 p m Torrents of heavy summer rain Cab whistles blowing frantically in all directions Pedestrians running for shelter into the portico of St Paul's church (not Wren's cathedral but Inigo Jones's church in Covent Garden vegetable market), among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress All are peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, wholly pre-occupied with a notebook in which he is writing

The church clock strikes the first quarter

THE DAUGHTER [*in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left*] I'm getting chilled to the bone What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes

PYGMALION

THE MOTHER [*on her daughter's right*] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER [*on the lady's right*] He wont get no cab not until half-past eleven, missus, when they come back after dropping their theatre faies

THE MOTHER. But we must have a cab. We cant stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER Well, it aint my fault, missus.

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

THE MOTHER. What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER. Other people got cabs. Why couldnt he?
Freddy rushes in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them closing a dripping umbrella He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet round the ankles.

THE DAUGHTER. Well, havnt you got a cab?

FREDDY Theres not one to be had for love or money

THE MOTHER Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You cant have tried

THE DAUGHTER. It's too tiresome. Do you expect us to go and get one ourselves?

FREDDY. I tell you theyre all engaged The rain was so sudden. nobody was prepared, and everybody had to take a cab Ive been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other, and they were all engaged

THE MOTHER. Did you try Trafalgar Square?

FREDDY. There wasnt one at Trafalgar Square.



THE DAUGHTER Did you try?

FREDDY I tried as far as Charing Cross Station Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER You havnt tried at all

THE MOTHER You really are very helpless, Freddy Go again, and dont come back until you have found a cab

FREDDY I shall simply get soaked for nothing

THE DAUGHTER And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this draught, with next to nothing on? You selfish pig—

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

THE FLOWER GIRL Nah than, Freddy look wh' y' gowin, deah

FREDDY Sorry [*he rushes off*]

THE FLOWER GIRL [*picking up her scattered flowers and replacing them in the basket*] Theres manners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad [*She sits down on the plinth of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right She is not at all a romantic figure She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and soot of London and has seldom if ever been brushed Her hair needs washing rather badly its mousy color can hardly be natural She wears a shoddy black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron Her boots are much the worse for wear She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be, but compared to the ladies she is very dirty Her features are no worse than theirs, but their condition leaves something to be desired, and she needs the services of a dentist*]

THE MOTHER How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

PYGMALION

THE FLOWER GIRL. Ow, cez yə-ooa san, ɪs eʔ Wal, fewd dan y' də-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than ran awy athaht pyin Will ye-oo py me f'them? [*Here, with apologies, this desperate*



attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as unintelligible outside London]

THE DAUGHTER Do nothing of the sort, mother The idea!
THE MOTHER Please allow me, Clara Have you any pennies?

PYGMALION

THE DAUGHTER No I've nothing smaller than sixpence
 THE FLOWER GIRL [*hopefully*] I can give you change for a
 tanner, kind lady

THE MOTHER [*to Clara*] Give it to me [*Clara parts reluctantly*]
 Now [*to the girl*] This is for your flowers

THE FLOWER GIRL Thank you kindly, lady

THE DAUGHTER Make her give you the change These
 things are only a penny a bunch

THE MOTHER Do hold your tongue, Clara [*To the girl*] You
 can keep the change

THE FLOWER GIRL Oh, thank you, lady

THE MOTHER Now tell me how you know that young
 gentleman's name

THE FLOWER GIRL I didnt

THE MOTHER I heard you call him by it Dont try to
 deceive me

THE FLOWER GIRL [*protesting*] Who's trying to deceive you?
 I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself
 if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant

THE DAUGHTER Sixpence thrown away! Really, mamma,
 you might have spared Freddy that [*She retreats in disgust
 behind the pillar*]

*An elderly gentleman of the amiable military type rushes into the
 shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella He is in the same plight as
 Freddy, very wet about the ankles He is in evening dress, with a
 light overcoat He takes the place left vacant by the daughter*

THE GENTLEMAN Phew!

THE MOTHER [*to the gentleman*] Oh, sir, is there any sign of
 its stopping?

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

THE MOTHER Oh dear! [*She retires sadly and joins her
 daughter*]

PYGMALION

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



PYGMALION

THE GENTLEMAN I'm sorry I havnt any change

THE FLOWER GIRL I can give you change, Captain

THE GENTLEMAN For a sovereign? I've nothing less

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

THE GENTLEMAN Now dont be troublesome theres a good girl [*Trying his pockets*] I really havnt any change—Stop heres three hapence, if thats any use to you [*he retreats to the other pillar*]

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

THE BYSTANDER [*to the girl*] You be careful give him a flower for it Theres a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word youre saying [*All turn to the man who is taking notes*]

THE FLOWER GIRL [*springing up terrified*] I aint done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman Ive a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb [*Hysterically*] I'm a respectable girl so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me



General hubbub, mostly sympathetic to the flower girl, but deprecating her excessive sensibility. Cries of Dont start hollerin. Who's hurting you? Nobody's going to touch you Whats the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy easy, etc., come from the elderly staid spectators, who pat her comfortingly. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her A remoter group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer. Whats the row? What-she-do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What! him? Yes: him over there. Took money off the gentleman, etc.



- THE FLOWER GIRL [*breaking through them to the gentleman, crying wildly*] Oh, sir, dont let him charge me You dunno what it means to me. Theyll take away my character and drive me on the streets for spealing to gentlemen They -
- THE NOTE TAKER [*coming forward on her right, the rest crowding after him*] There! there! there! there! who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?
- THE BYSTANDER. It's aw rawt. e's a gentleman: look at his bə-oots [*Explaining to the note taker*] She thought you was a copper's nark, sir.
- THE NOTE TAKER [*with quick interest*] Whats a copper's nark?
- THE BYSTANDER [*inapt at definition*] It's a - well, it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer
- THE FLOWER GIRL [*still hysterical*] I take my Bible oath I never said a word -
- THE NOTE TAKER [*overbearing but good-humored*] Oh, shut up, shut up Do I look like a policeman?

PYGMALION

THE FLOWER GIRL [*far from reassured*] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just shew me what youve wrote about me [*The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man*] Whats that? That aint proper writing I cant read that



PYGMALION

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

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

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

THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY [*demonstrating against police espionage*] Course they could. What business is it of your You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if she did? Nice thing a girl can't shelter from the rain without being insulted, etc., etc., etc. [*She is conducted by the more sympathetic demonstrators back to her place where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion*].

THE BYSTANDER. He aint a tec. He's a blooming busybody: that's what he is. I tell you, look at his bə-oots.

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

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

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

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



PYGMALION

THE NOTE TAKER Live where you like, but stop that noise

THE GENTLEMAN [*to the girl*] Come, come! he cant touch you you have a right to live where you please

A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [*thrusting himself between the note taker and the gentleman*] Park Lane, for instance I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would

THE FLOWER GIRL [*subsiding into a brooding melancholy over her basket, and talking very low-spiritedly to herself*] I'm a good girl, I am

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [*not attending to her*] Do you know where I come from?

THE NOTE TAKER [*promptly*] Hoxton
Titterings Popular interest in the note taker's performance increases

THE SARCASTIC ONE [*amazed*] Well, who said I didnt? Bly me! you know everything, you do

THE FLOWER GIRL [*still nursing her sense of injury*] Aint no call to meddle with me, he aint

THE BYSTANDER [*to her*] Of course he aint Dont you stand it from him [*To the note taker*] See here what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you?



THE FLOWER GIRL. Let him say what he likes. I dont want to have no truck with him

THE BYSTANDER. You take us for dirt under your feet dont you? Catch you taking liberties with a gentleman!

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER. Yes tell him where he comes from if you want to go fortune-telling.

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

THE GENTLEMAN. Quite right

Great laughter. Reaction in the note taker's favor Exclamation of He knows all about it Told him proper. Hear him tell the toff where he comes from? etc

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

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

The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off

THE FLOWER GIRL [*resenting the reaction*] He's no gentleman! he aint, to interfere with a poor girl

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

THE NOTE TAKER [*to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of 'moma'*] Earls Court

THE DAUGHTER [*violently*] Will you please keep your impertinent remarks to yourself

THE NOTE TAKER Did I say that out loud? I didnt mean to I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakably.

THE MOTHER [*advancing between the daughter and the note taker*] How very curious! I was brought up in Largelady Park near Epsom

THE NOTE TAKER [*uproariously amused*] Ha! ha! What a devil.

PYGMALION

of a name! Excuse me [*To the daughter*] You want a cab, do you?

THE DAUGHTER Dont dare speak to me

THE MOTHER Oh please, please, Clara [*Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug and retires haughtily*] We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab [*The note taker produces a whistle*] Oh, thank you [*She joins her daughter*]

The note taker blows a piercing blast

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER There! I knowed he was a plain-clothes copper

THE BYSTANDER That aint a police whistle thats a sporting whistle

THE FLOWER GIRL [*still preoccupied with her wounded feelings*]

He's no right to take away my character My character is the same to me as any lady's

THE NOTE TAKER I dont know whether youve noticed it, but the rain stopped about two minutes ago

THE BYSTANDER So it has Why didnt you say so before? and us losing our time listening to your silliness! [*He walks off towards the Strand*]

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER I can tell where you come from You come from Anwell Go back there

THE NOTE TAKER [*helpfully*] Hanwell

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER [*affecting great distinction of speech*] Thank you, teacher Haw haw! So long [*he touches his hat with mock respect and strolls off*]

THE FLOWER GIRL Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself?

THE MOTHER It's quite fine now, Clara We can walk to a motor bus Come [*She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand*]

THE DAUGHTER But the cab - [*her mother is out of hearing*] Oh, how tiresome! [*She follows angrily*]

All the rest have gone except the note taker, the gentleman, and

the flower girl, who sits arranging her basket, and still pitying herself in murmurs.

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

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

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

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

THE GENTLEMAN. But is there a living in that?

THE NOTE TAKER. Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with £80 a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them –

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

THE NOTE TAKER [*explosively*] Woman: cease this detestable boo-hooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

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

THE NOTE TAKER. A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere – no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech that your native language is the language of Shakespear and Milton



and The Bible, and dont sit there crooning like a bilious pigeon

THE FLOWER GIRL [*quite overwhelmed, looking up at him in mingled wonder and deprecation without daring to raise her head*] Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo!

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

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

THE NOTE TAKER You see this creature with her kerbstone English the English that will keep her in the gutter to the end of her days Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English

THE FLOWER GIRL What's that you say?

THE NOTE TAKER 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 [*To the Gentleman*] Can you believe that?

THE GENTLEMAN Of course I can I am myself a student of Indian dialects, and -

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

THE GENTLEMAN I am Colonel Pickering Who are you?

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

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

HIGGINS I was going to India to meet you

PICKERING Where do you live?

HIGGINS 27A Wimpole Street Come and see me tomorrow

PICKERING I'm at the Carlton Come with me now and lets have a jaw over some supper

HIGGINS. Right you are

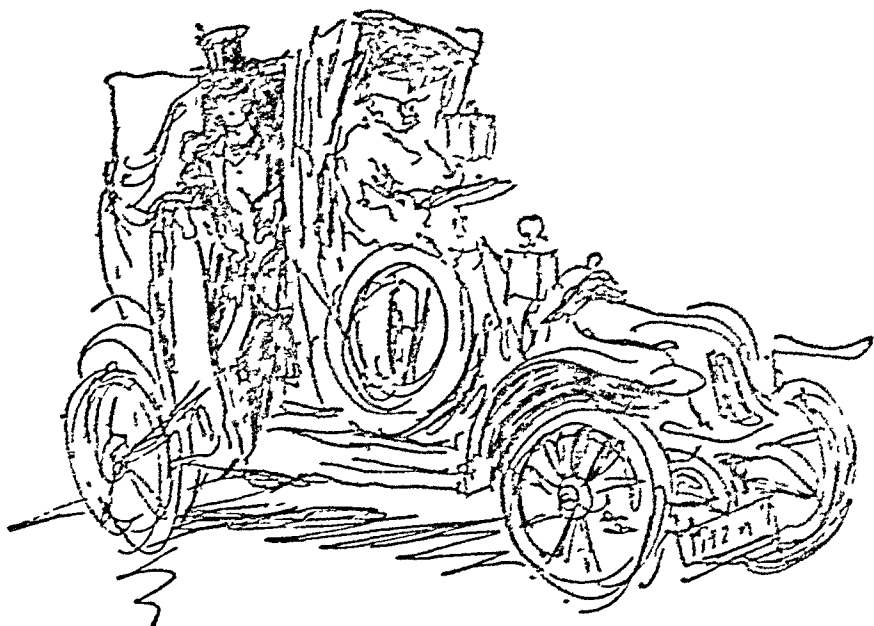
THE FLOWER GIRL [*to Pickering, as he passes her*] Buy a flower, kind gentleman. I'm short for my lodging
 PICKERING. I really havnt any change. I'm sorry [*he goes away*].

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

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

The church clock strikes the second quarter.

HIGGINS [*hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl*] A reminder. [*He*



raises his hat solemnly; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows Pickering].

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

PYGMALION

FREDDY [*springing out of a taxicab*] Got one at last Hallo!
 [*To the girl*] Where are the two ladies that were here?

THE FLOWER GIRL They walked to the bus when the rain stopped

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

THE FLOWER GIRL [*with grandeur*] Never mind, young man
 I'm going home in a taxi [*She sails off to the cab The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her Quite understanding his mistrust, she shews him her handful of money*] A taxi fare aint no object to me, Charlie [*He grins and opens the door*] Here What about the basket?

THE TAXIMAN Give it here Tuppence extra

LIZA No I dont want nobody to see it [*She crushes it into the cab and gets in, continuing the conversation through the window*]
 Goodbye, Freddy

FREDDY [*dazedly raising his hat*] Goodbye

TAXIMAN Where to?

LIZA Bucknam Pellis [*Buckingham Palace*]

TAXIMAN What d'ye mean - Bucknam Pellis?

LIZA Dont you know where it is? In the Green Park, where the King lives Goodbye, Freddy Dont let me keep you standing there Goodbye

FREDDY Goodbye [*He goes*]

TAXIMAN Here? Whats this about Bucknam Pellis? What business have you at Bucknam Pellis?

LIZA Of course I havnt none But I wasnt going to let him know that You drive me home

TAXIMAN And wheres home?

LIZA Angel Court, Drury Lane, next Meiklejohn's oil shop

TAXIMAN That sounds more like it, Judy [*He drives off*]

* * *

Let us follow the taxi to the entrance to Angel Court, a narrow little archway between two shops, one of them Meiklejohn's oil shop When it stops there, Eliza gets out, dragging her basket with her

LIZA How much?

TAXIMAN [*indicating the taximeter*] Cant you read? A shilling.

LIZA. A shilling for two minutes!!

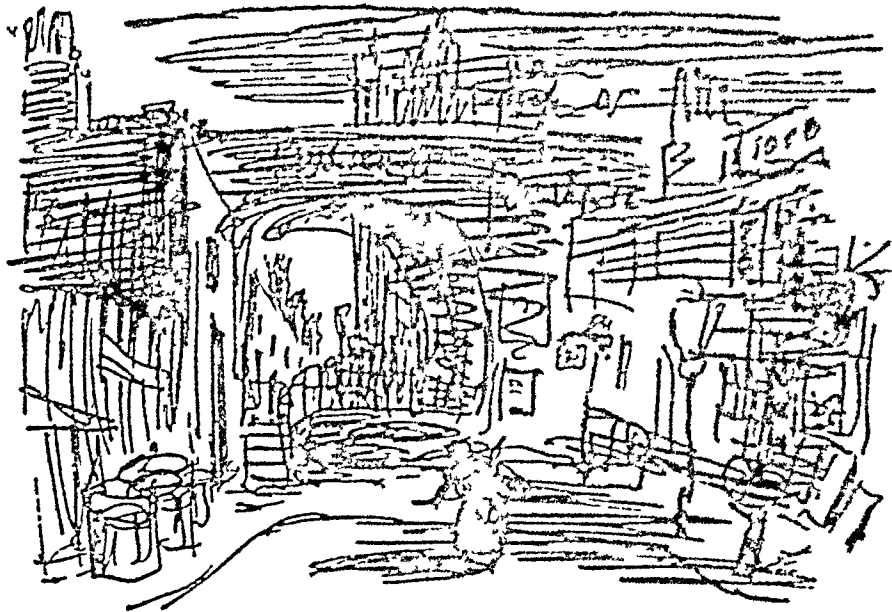
TAXIMAN. Two minutes or ten, it's all the same.

LIZA Well, I dont call it right.

TAXIMAN. Ever been in a taxi before?

LIZA [*with dignity*] Hundreds and thousands of times, young man

TAXIMAN [*laughing at her*] Good for you, Judy. Keep the



shilling, darling, with best love from all at home Good luck! [*He drives off*]

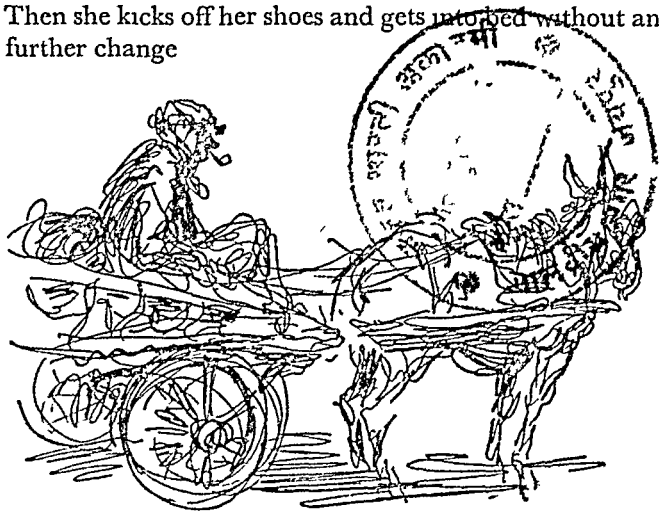
LIZA [*humiliated*] Impudence!

She picks up the basket and trudges up the alley with it to her lodging a small room with very old wall paper hanging loose in the damp places. A broken pane in the window is mended with paper. A portrait of a popular actor and a fashion plate of ladies' dresses, all wildly beyond poor Eliza's means, both torn from newspapers, are pinned up on the wall. A bird-cage hangs in the window, but its tenant died long ago. it remains as a memoria only.

PYGMALION

These are the only visible luxuries the rest is the irreducible minimum of poverty's needs a wretched bed heaped with all sorts of coverings that have any warmth in them, a draped packing case with a basin and jug on it and a little looking glass over it, a chair and table, the refuse of some suburban kitchen, and an American alarum clock on the shelf above the unused fireplace the whole lighted with a gas lamp with a penny in the slot meter Rent four shillings a week

Here Eliza, chronically weary, but too excited to go to bed, sits, counting her new riches and dreaming and planning what to do with them, until the gas goes out, when she enjoys for the first time the sensation of being able to put in another penny without grudging it This prodigal mood does not extinguish her gnawing sense of the need for economy sufficiently to prevent her from calculating that she can dream and plan in bed more cheaply and warmly than sitting up without a fire So she takes off her shawl and skirt and adds them to the miscellaneous bedclothes. Then she kicks off her shoes and gets into bed without any further change





ACT II

Next day at 11 a m. Higgins's laboratory in Wimpole Street. It is a room on the first floor, looking on the street, and was meant for the drawing room. The double doors are in the middle of the back wall; and persons entering find in the corner to their right two tall file cabinets at right angles to one another against the walls. In this corner stands a flat writing-table, on which are a phonograph, a laryngoscope, a row of tiny organ pipes with a bellows, a set of lamp chimneys for singing flames with burners attached to a gas plug in the wall by an india-rubber tube, several tuning-forks of different sizes, a life-size image of half a human head, shewing in section the vocal organs, and a box containing a supply of wax cylinders for the phonograph.

Further down the room, on the same side, is a fireplace, with a comfortable leather-covered easy-chair at the side of the hearth nearest the door, and a coal-scuttle. There is a clock on the mantelpiece. Between the fireplace and the phonograph table is a stand for newspapers.

On the other side of the central door, to the left of the visitor, is a cabinet of shallow drawers. On it is a telephone and the telephone directory. The corner beyond, and most of the side wall, is occupied by

PYGMALION

a grand piano, with the keyboard at the end furthest from the door, and a bench for the player extending the full length of the keyboard. On the piano is a dessert dish heaped with fruit and sweets, mostly chocolates.

The middle of the room is clear. Besides the easy-chair, the piano bench, and two chairs at the phonograph table, there is one stray chair. It stands near the fireplace. On the walls, engravings mostly Piranesis and mezzotint portraits. No paintings.

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

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

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

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

PICKERING [*rising and coming to the fireplace, where he plants himself with his back to the fire*] No, thank you. Not now. I'm quite done up for this morning.

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

PICKERING Yes. It's a fearful strain. I rather fancied myself

PYGMALION

because I can pronounce twenty-four distinct vowel sounds; but your hundred and thirty beat me. I cant hear



a bit of difference between most of them
HIGGINS [*chuckling, and going over to the piano to eat sweets*] Oh,
that comes with practice You hear no difference at first;

but you keep on listening, and presently you find they're all as different as A from B [*Mrs Pearce looks in she is Higgins's housekeeper*] Whats the matter?

MRS PEARCE [*hesitating, evidently perplexed*] A young woman asks to see you, sir

HIGGINS A young woman! What does she want?

MRS PEARCE Well, sir, she says you'll be glad to see her when you know what she's come about. She's quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed. I should have sent her away, only I thought perhaps you wanted her to talk into your machines. I hope I've not done wrong, but really you see such queer people sometimes - you'll excuse me, I'm sure, sir -



HIGGINS Oh, that's all right, Mrs Pearce. Has she an interesting accent?

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

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

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

HIGGINS This is rather a bit of luck. I'll shew you how I make records. We'll set her talking, and I'll take it down first in Bell's Visible Speech, then in Broad Roman, 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.

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

The flower-girl enters in state. She has a hat with three ostrich feathers, orange, sky-blue, and red. She has a nearly clean apron,

PYGMALION

and the shoddy coat has been tidied a little. The pothos of this deplorable figure, with its innocent vanity and consequential air, touches Pickering, who has already straightened himself in the



presence of Mrs Pearce. But as to Higgins, the only distinction he makes between men and women is that when he is neither bullying nor exclaiming to the heavens against some feather-weight cross, he coaxes women as a child coaxes its nurse when it wants to get anything out of her.

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

THE FLOWER GIRL Dont you be so saũcy You aint heard what I come 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?

THE FLOWER GIRL Oh, we are proud! He aint above giving lessons, not him I heard him say so Well, I aint come here to ask for any compliment, and if my money's not good enough I can go elsewhere

HIGGINS Good enough for what?

THE FLOWER GIRL Good enough for yə-oo Now you know, dont you? I'm come to have lessons, I am And to pay for em tə-oo make no mistake

HIGGINS [*stupent*] Well!!! [*Recovering his breath with a gasp*] What do you expect me to say to you?

THE FLOWER GIRL Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down, I think Dont I tell you I'm bringing you business?

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

THE FLOWER GIRL [*running away in terror to the piano, where she turns at bay*] Ah-ah-oh-ow-ow-ow-oo! [*Wounded and whumphering*] I wont be called a baggage when Ive offered to pay like any lady

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

PICKERING [*gently*] But what is it you want?

THE FLOWER GIRL I want to be a lady in a flower shop stead of sellin at the corner of Tottenham Court Road

PYGMALION

But they wont 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 zif I was dirt.

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

THE FLOWER GIRL. Why shouldnt I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS. How much?

THE FLOWER GIRL [*coming back to him, triumphant*] Now youre talking! I thought youd come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me

last night. [*Confidentially*] Youd had a drop in, hadnt you?

HIGGINS [*peremptorily*] Sit down.

THE FLOWER GIRL. Oh, if youre going to make a compliment of it –

HIGGINS [*thundering at her*] Sit down.

MRS PEARCE [*severely*] Sit down, girl Do as youre told.

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

PICKERING [*very courteous*] Wont you sit down? [*He places the stray chair near the hearthrug between himself and Higgins*]

LIZA [*cooly*] Dont mind if I do. [*She sits down. Pickering returns to the hearthrug*].

HIGGINS. Whats your name?

THE FLOWER GIRL. Liza Doolittle.

HIGGINS [*declaiming gravely*]

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess,

They went to the woods to get a bird's nes':

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

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

They laugh heartily at their own fun.

LIZA Oh, dont be silly.

MRS PEARCE [*placing herself behind Eliza's chair*] You mustnt speak to the gentleman like that.

LIZA. Well, why wont he speak sensible to me?

PYGMALION

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

LIZA Oh, I know whats right A lady friend of mine gets French lessons for eighteenpence an hour from a real French gentleman Well, you wouldnt have the face to ask me the same for teaching me my own language as you would for French, so I wont give more than a shilling Take it or leave it

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

PICKERING How so?

HIGGINS Figure it out A millionaire has about £150 a day She earns about half-a-crown

LIZA [*haughtily*] Who told you I only -

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

LIZA [*rising, terrified*] Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I never offered you sixty pounds Where would I get -

HIGGINS Hold your tongue

LIZA [*weeping*] But I aint got sixty pounds Oh -

MRS PEARCE Dont cry, you silly girl Sit down Nobody is going to touch your money

HIGGINS Somebody is going to touch you, with a broomstick, if you dont stop snivelling Sit down

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

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

LIZA Whats this for?

HIGGINS. To wipe your eyes To wipe any part of your face that feels moist Remember. thats your handkerchief, and thats your sleeve. Dont mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop

Liza, utterly bewildered, stares helplessly at him

MRS PEARCE. It's no use talking to her like that, Mr Higgins she doesnt understand you. Besides, youre quite wrong she doesnt do it that way at all [*she takes the handkerchief*]

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

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

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

PICKERING Higgins I'm interested. What about the ambassador's garden party? I'll say youre the greatest teacher alive if you make that good I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you cant do it And I'll pay for the lessons.

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

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

LIZA [*protesting extremely*] Ah-ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo-oo!!! I aint dirty I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

PICKERING Youre certainly not going to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

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

HIGGINS [*becoming excited as the idea grows on him*] What is life but a series of inspired follies? The difficulty is to find them to do Never lose a chance it doesnt come every day I shall make a duchess of this draggletailed guttersnipe.

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

PYGMALION

HIGGINS [*carried away*] Yes in six months – in three if she has a good ear and a quick tongue – I'll take her anywhere and pass her off as anything We'll start today now! this moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs Pearce Monkey Brand, if it wont come off any other way Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS PEARCE [*protesting*] Yes, but –

HIGGINS [*storming on*] Take all her clothes off and burn them Ring up Whiteley or somebody for new ones Wrap her up in brown paper til they come

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

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

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

MRS PEARCE But Ive no place to put her

HIGGINS Put her in the dustbin

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

PICKERING Oh come, Higgins! be reasonable

MRS PEARCE [*resolutely*] You must be reasonable, Mr Higgins really you must You cant walk over everybody like this

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

HIGGINS [*with professional exquisiteness of modulation*] I walk over everybody! My dear Mrs Pearce, my dear Pickering, I never had the slightest intention of walking over anyone All I propose is that we should be kind to this poor girl We must help her to prepare and fit herself for her new station in life If I did not express myself clearly it was because I did not wish to hurt her delicacy, or yours

Liza, reassured, steals back to her chair.

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

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

HIGGINS [*patiently*] Whats the matter?

MRS PEARCE. Well, the matter is, sir, that you cant take a girl up like that as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach

HIGGINS. Why not?

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

LIZA Garn!

HIGGINS. There! As the girl very properly says, Garn! Married indeed! Dont you know that a woman of that class looks a worn out drudge of fifty a year after she's married?

LIZA. Whood marry me?

HIGGINS [*suddenly resorting to the most thrillingly 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 Ive done with you.

MRS PEARCE. Nonsense, sir. You mustnt talk like that to her

LIZA [*rising and squaring herself determinedly*] I'm going away. He's off his chump, he is. I dont want no balmies teaching me

HIGGINS [*wounded in his tenderest point by her insensibility to his elocution*] Oh, indeed! I'm mad, am I? Very well, Mrs Pearce: you neednt order the new clothes for her. Throw her out

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

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

LIZA [*almost in tears*] I didnt want no clothes I wouldnt have taken them [*she throws away the handkerchief*] I can buy my own clothes.

HIGGINS [*defily retrieving the handkerchief and intercepting her on*

PYGMALION

her reluctant way to the door] Youre an ungrateful wicked girl
This is my return for offering to take you out of the gutter
and dress you beautifully and make a lady of you

MRS PEARCE Stop, Mr Higgins I wont allow it It's you
that are wicked Go home to your parents, girl, and tell
them to take better care of you

LIZA I aint got no parents They told me I was big enough to
earn my own living and turned me ov'

MRS PEARCE Wheres your mother?

LIZA I aint got no mother Her that turned me out was my
sixth stepmother But I done without them And I'm a
good girl, I am

HIGGINS Very well, then, what on earth is all this fuss
about? The girl doesnt belong to anybody – is no use to
anybody but me [*He goes to Mrs Pearce and begins coaxing*]
You can adopt her, Mrs Pearce I'm sure a daughter
would be a great amusement to you Now dont make any
more fuss. Take her downstairs, and –

MRS PEARCE But whats to become of her? Is she to be paid
anything? Do be sensible, sir

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

LIZA [*turning on him*] Oh you are a brute It's a lie nobody ever
saw the sign of liquor on me [*To Pickering*] Oh, sir youre
a gentleman dont let him speak to me like that

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

HIGGINS [*looking critically at her*] Oh no, I dont think so Not
any feelings that we need bother about [*Cheerily*] Have
you, Eliza?

LIZA I got my feelings same as anyone else

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

PICKERING Eh? What difficulty?

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

LIZA I dont want to talk grammar I want to talk like a lady in a flower-shop

MRS PEARCE. Will you please keep to the point, Mr Higgins. I want to know on what terms the girl is to be here. Is she to have any wages? And what is to become of her when youve finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little

HIGGINS [*impatiently*] Whats to become of her if I leave her in the gutter? Tell me that, Mrs Pearce

MRS PEARCE Thats her own business, not yours, Mr Higgins

HIGGINS Well, when Ive done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter; and then it will be her own business again, so thats all right

LIZA. Oh, youve no feeling heart in you you dont care for nothing but yourself [*She rises and takes the floor resolutely*]. Here! Ive had enough of this I'm going [*making for the door*] You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you ought.

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

LIZA [*halting, tempted*] How do I know what might be in them? Ive heard of girls being drugged by the like of you
Higgins whips out his penknife, cuts a chocolate in two, puts one half into his mouth and bolts it; and offers her the other half

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

LIZA [*who has disposed of the chocolate after being nearly choked by it*] I wouldnt have ate it, only I'm too ladylike to take it out of my mouth

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

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

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

MRS PEARCE Mr Higgins youre tempting the girl It's not right She should think of the future

HIGGINS At her age! Nonsense! Time enough to think of the future when you havnt any future to think of No, Eliza do as this lady does think of other people's futures, but never think of your own Think of chocolates, and taxis, and gold, and diamonds

LIZA No I dont want no gold and no diamonds I'm a good girl, I am [*She sits down again, with an attempt at dignity*]

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

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

HIGGINS How can she? She's incapable of understanding anything Besides, do any of us understand what we are doing? If we did, would we ever do it?

PICKERING Very clever, Higgins, but not to the present point [*To Eliza*] Miss Doolittle -

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

HIGGINS There! Thats all youll get out of Eliza Ah-ah-ow-oo! No use explaining As a military man you ought to know that Give her her orders thats enough for her Eliza you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a florist's shop If youre good and do whatever youre told, you shall sleep in a proper bedroom, and have lots to eat, and money to buy chocolates and take rides in taxis If youre 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 youre 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-sixpence to start life with as a lady in a shop. If you refuse this offer you will be a most ungrateful wicked girl; and the angels will weep for you. [*To Pickering*] Now are you satisfied, Pickering? [*To Mrs Pearce*] Can I put it more plainly and fairly, Mrs Pearce?

MRS PEARCE [*patiently*] I think youd better let me speak to the girl properly in private. I dont know that I can take charge of her or consent to the arrangement at all. Of course I know you dont mean her any harm; but when you get what you call interested in people's accents, you never think or care what may happen to them or you. Come with me, Eliza.

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

LIZA [*rising reluctantly and suspiciously*] Youre a great bully, you are I wont stay here if I dont like I wont let nobody wallop me. I never asked to go to Bucknam Palace, I didnt I was never in trouble with the police, not me. I'm a good girl -

MRS PEARCE. Dont answer back, girl. You dont understand the gentleman. Come with me [*She leads the way to the door, and holds it open for Eliza*].

LIZA [*as she goes out*] Well, what I say is right. I wont go near the King, not if I'm going to have my head cut off. If I'd known what I was letting myself in for, I wouldnt have come here I always been a good girl, and I never offered to say a word to him; and I dont owe him nothing; and I

dont care, and I wont be put upon, and I have my feelings the same as anyone else –

Mrs Pearce shuts the door, and Eliza's plaints are no longer audible

* * *

Eliza is taken upstairs to the third floor greatly to her surprise, for she expected to be taken down to the scullery. There Mrs Pearce opens a door and takes her into a spare bedroom.

MRS PEARCE I will have to put you here. This will be your bedroom.

LIZA O-h, I couldnt sleep here, missus. It's too good for the likes of me. I should be afraid to touch anything. I aint a duchess yet, you know.

MRS PEARCE You have got to make yourself as clean as the room. then you wont be afraid of it. And you must call me Mrs Pearce, not missus. [*She throws open the door of the dressing-room, now modernized as a bathroom*]

LIZA Gawd! whats this? Is this where you wash clothes? Funny sort of copper I call it.

MRS PEARCE It is not a copper. This is where we wash ourselves, Eliza, and where I am going to wash you.

LIZA You expect me to get into that and wet myself all over! Not me. I should catch my death. I knew a woman did it ever Saturday night, and she died of it.

MRS PEARCE Mr Higgins has the gentlemen's bathroom downstairs, and he has a bath every morning, in cold water.

LIZA Ugh! He's made of iron, that man.

MRS PEARCE If you are to sit with him and the Colonel and be taught you will have to do the same. They wont like the smell of you if you dont. But you can have the water as hot as you like. There are two taps. hot and cold.

LIZA [*weeping*] I couldnt. I dursnt. Its not natural. it would kill me. Ive never had a bath in my life. not what youd call a proper one.

MRS PEARCE. Well, dont you want to be clean and sweet and decent, like a lady? You know you cant be a nice girl inside if youre a dirty slut outside.

LIZA Boohoo!!!!

MRS PEARCE. Now stop crying and go back into your room and take off all your clothes. Then wrap yourself in this [*taking down a gown from its peg and handing it to her*] and come back to me I will get the bath ready

LIZA [*all tears*] I cant. I wont. I'm not used to it. Ive never took off all my clothes before It's not right it s not decent.

MRS PEARCE. Nonsense, child Dont you take off all your clothes every night when you go to bed?

LIZA [*amazed*] No Why should I? I should catch my death Of course I take off my skirt

MRS PEARCE Do you mean that you sleep in the underclothes you wear in the daytime?

LIZA. What else have I to sleep in?

MRS PEARCE You will never do that again as long as you live here I will get you a proper nightdress

LIZA Do you mean change into cold things and lie awake shivering half the night? You want to kill me, you do

MRS PEARCE I want to change you from a frowzy slut to a clean respectable girl fit to sit with the gentlemen in the study. Are you going to trust me and do what I tell you or be thrown out and sent back to your flower basket?

LIZA But you dont know what the cold is to me You dont know how I dread it.

MRS PEARCE Your bed wont be cold here. I will put a hot water bottle in it [*Pushing her into the bedroom*] Off with you and undress

LIZA Oh, if only I'd a known what a dreadful thing it is to be clean I'd never have come. I didnt know when I was well off I - [*Mrs Pearce pushes her through the door, but leaves it partly open lest her prisoner should take to flight*]

Mrs Pearce puts on a pair of white rubber sleeves, and fills the

PYGMALION

bath, mixing hot and cold, and testing the result with the bath thermometer She perfumes it with a handful of bath salts and adds a palmful of mustard She then takes a formidable looking long handled scrubbing brush and soaps it profusely with a ball of scented soap

Eliza comes back with nothing on but the bath gown huddled tightly round her, a piteous spectacle of abject terror

MRS PEARCE Now come along Take that thing off

LIZA Oh I couldnt, Mrs Pearce I reely couldnt I never done such a thing

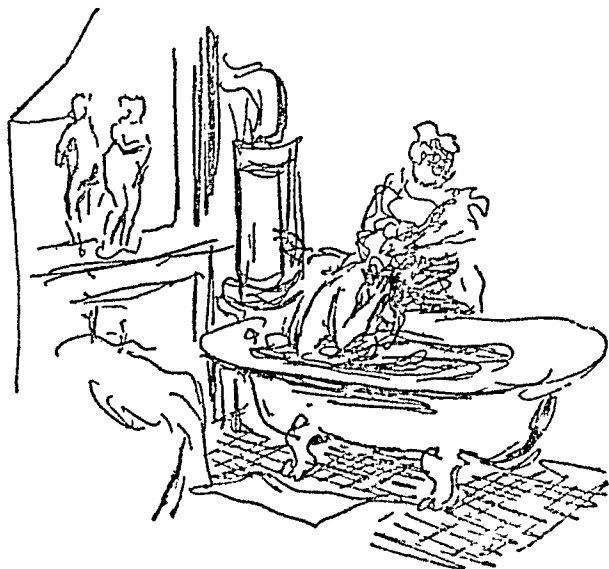
MRS PEARCE Nonsense Here step in and tell me whether it's hot enough for you

LIZA Ah-oo! Ah-oo! It's too hot

MRS PEARCE [*defly snatching the gown away and throwing Eliza down on her back*] It wont hurt you [*She sets to work with the scrubbing brush*]

Eliza's screams are heartrending

* * *



Meanwhile the Colonel has been having it out with Higgins about Eliza Pickering has come from the hearth to the chair and seated himself astride of it with his arms on the back to cross-examine him.

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

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

PICKERING. Yes. very frequently.

HIGGINS [*dogmatically, lifting himself on his hands to the level of the piano, and sitting on it with a bounce*] Well, I havnt. I find that the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious, and a damned nuisance I find that the moment I let myself make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. Women upset everything. When you let them into your life, you find that the woman is driving at one thing and youre driving at another.

PICKERING. At what, for example?

HIGGINS [*coming off the piano restlessly*] Oh, Lord knows! I suppose the woman wants to live her own life; and the man wants to live his, and each tries to drag the other on to the wrong track. One wants to go north and the other south; and the result is that both have to go east, though they both hate the east wind [*He sits down on the bench at the keyboard*]. So here I am, a confirmed old bachelor, and likely to remain so.

PICKERING [*rising and standing over him gravely*] Come, Higgins! You know what I mean If I'm to be in this business I shall feel responsible for that girl I hope it's understood that no advantage is to be taken of her position.

HIGGINS What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you. [*Rising to explain*] You see, she'll be a pupil; and teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred Ive taught scores of American millionairesses how to speak English. the best

PYGMALION

looking women in the world I'm seasoned They might as well be blocks of wood I might as well be a block of wood It's -

Mrs Pearce opens the door She has Eliza's hat in her hand Pickering retires to the easy-chair at the hearth and sits down

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

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

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

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

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

PICKERING Am I in the way?

MRS PEARCE Not in the least, sir Mr Higgins will you please be very particular what you say before the girl?

HIGGINS [*sternly*] Of course I'm always particular about what I say Why do you say this to me?

MRS PEARCE [*unmoved*] No, sir you're not at all particular when you've mislaid anything or when you get a little impatient Now it doesn't matter before me I'm used to it But you really must not swear before the girl

HIGGINS [*indignantly*] I swear! [*Most emphatically*] I never swear I detest the habit What the devil do you mean?

MRS PEARCE [*stolidly*] That's what I mean, sir You swear a great deal too much I don't mind your damning and blasting, and what the devil and where the devil and who the devil -

HIGGINS Mrs Pearce this language from your lips! Really!

MRS PEARCE [*not to be put off*] - but there is a certain word I must ask you not to use The girl used it herself when she began to enjoy the bath It begins with the same letter as

sure to get something interesting out of him.

PICKERING. About the girl?

HIGGINS. No. I mean his dialect.

PICKERING. Oh!

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

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

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

HIGGINS. Here. Good morning. Sit down.

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

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

DOOLITTLE [*menacingly*] I want my daughter: thats what I want See?

HIGGINS. Of course you do. Youre her father, arnt you?
You dont suppose anyone else wants her, do you? I'm glad to see you have some spark of family feeling left. She's upstairs. Take her away at once.

DOOLITTLE [*rising, fearfully taken aback*] What!

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

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

HIGGINS. Your daughter had the audacity to come to my

house and ask me to teach her how to speak properly so that she could get a place in a flower-shop. This gentleman and my housekeeper have been here all the time [*Bullying him*]



How dare you come here and attempt to blackmail me?
 You sent her here on purpose
 DOOLITTLE [*protesting*] No, Governor.

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

DOOLITTLE Dont take a man up like that, Governor.

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

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

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

DOOLITTLE [*sweetly*] Well, what would a man come for? Be human, Governor

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

DOOLITTLE So help me, Governor, I never did I take my Bible oath I aint seen the girl these two months past.

HIGGINS Then how did you know she was here?

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

HIGGINS. Pickering. this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild. 'I'm willing to tell you: I'm wanting to tell you I'm waiting to tell you' Sentimental rhetoric! thats the Welsh strain in him It also accounts for his mendacity and dishonesty.

PICKERING. Oh, please, Higgins. I'm west country myself [*To Doolittle*] How did you know the girl was here if you didnt send her?

DOOLITTLE. It was like this, Governor. The girl took a boy in the taxi to give him a jaunt Son of her landlady, he is He hung about on the chance of her giving him another ride home. Well, she sent him back for her luggage when she heard you was willing for her to stop here. I met the boy at the corner of Long Acre and Endell Street.

HIGGINS. Public house. Yes?

DOOLITTLE The poor man's club, Governor why shouldnt I?

PICKERING Do let him tell his story, Higgins

DOOLITTLE He told me what was up And I ask you, what was my feelings and my duty as a father? I says to the boy, 'You bring me the luggage,' I says -

PICKERING Why didnt you go for it yourself?

DOOLITTLE Landlady wouldnt have trusted me with it, Governor She's that kind of woman you know I had to give the boy a penny afore he trusted me with it, the little swine I brought it to her just to oblige you like, and make myself agreeable Thats all

HIGGINS How much luggage?

DOOLITTLE Musical instrument, Governor A few pictures, a trifle of jewlery, and a bird-cage She said she didnt want no clothes What was I to think from that, Governor? I ask you as a paient what was I to think?

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

DOOLITTLE [*appreciatively relieved at being so well understood*] Just so, Governor Thats right

PICKERING But why did you bring her luggage if you intended to take her away?

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

HIGGINS [*determinedly*] Youre going to take her away, double quick [*He crosses to the hearth and rings the bell*]

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

Mrs Pearce opens the door and awaits orders

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

DOOLITTLE No This is a misunderstanding Listen here -

MRS PEARCE. He cant take her away, Mr Higgins: how can he? You told me to burn her clothes.

DOOLITTLE. Thats right. I cant carry the girl through the streets like a blooming monkey, can I? I put it to you

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

DOOLITTLE [*desperate*] Wheres the clothes she come in? Did I burn them or did your missus here?

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

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

DOOLITTLE. Listen here, Governor. You and me is men of the world, aint we?

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

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

PICKERING The floor is yours, Mr Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE [*to Pickering*] I thank you, Governor. [*To Higgins, who takes refuge on the piano bench, a little overwhelmed by the proximity of his visitor; for Doolittle has a professional flavour of dust about him*]. Well, the truth is, Ive taken a sort of fancy to you, Governor; and if you want the girl, I'm not so set on having her back home again but what I might be open to an arrangement. Regarded in the light of a young woman, she's a fine handsome girl As a daughter she's not worth her keep, and so I tell you straight All I ask is my rights as a father, and youre the last man alive to expect me to let her go for nothing; for I can see youre one of the straight sort, Governor Well, whats a five-pound note to you? and whats Eliza to me? [*He turns to his chair and sits down judicially*].

PICKERING I think you ought to know, Doolittle, that Mr

PYGMALION

Higgins's intentions are entirely honorable

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

HIGGINS [*revolted*] Do you mean to say that you would sell your daughter for £50?

DOOLITTLE Not in a general way I wouldn't, but to oblige a gentleman like you I'd do a good deal, I do assure you

PICKERING Have you no morals, man?

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

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

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

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

DOOLITTLE Don't say that, Governor Don't look at it that way What am I, Governor's both? I ask you, what am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor that's what I am Think of what that means to a man It means that he's up agen middle class morality all the time If theres 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 him, and I drink a lot more I want a bit of amusement, cause I'm a thinking man I want cheerfulness and a song and a band when I feel low Well, they charge me just the same for everything as they charge the deserving What is middle class morality?

Just an excuse for never giving me anything. Therefore, I ask you, as two gentlemen, not to play that game on me. I'm playing straight with you I ain't pretending to be deserving I'm undeserving; and I mean to go on being undeserving. I like it; and that's the truth Will you take advantage of a man's nature to do him out of the price of his own daughter what he's brought up and fed and clothed by the sweat of his brow until she's growed big enough to be interesting to you two gentlemen? Is five pounds unreasonable? I put it to you; and I leave it to you.

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

PICKERING What do you say to that, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE Not me, Governor, thank you kindly. I've heard all the preachers and all the prime ministers – for I'm a thinking man and game for politics or religion or social reform same as all the other amusements – and I tell you it's a dog's life any way you look at it. Undeserving poverty is my line Taking one station in society with another, it's – it's – well, it's the only one that has any ginger in it, to my taste



HIGGINS I suppose we must give him a fiver.

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

DOOLITTLE. Not me, Governor, so help me I wont Dont you be afraid that I'll save it and spare it and live idle on it There wont be a penny of it left by Monday I'll have to go to work same as if I'd never had it It wont pauperize me, you bet. Just one good spree for myself and the missus, giving pleasure to ourselves and employment to others, and satisfaction to you to think it's not been throwed away You couldnt spend it better.

PYGMALION

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

DOOLITTLE No, Governor. She wouldn't have the heart to spend ten, and perhaps I shouldn't neither. Ten pounds is a lot of money. It makes a man feel prudent like, and then goodbye to happiness. You give me what I ask you, Governor, not a penny more, and not a penny less.

PICKERING Why don't you marry that missus of yours? I rather draw the line at encouraging that sort of immorality.

DOOLITTLE Tell her so, Governor, tell her so. I'm willing. It's me that suffers by it. I've no hold on her. I got to be agreeable to her. I got to give her presents. I got to buy her clothes something sinful. I'm a slave to that woman, Governor, just because I'm not her lawful husband. And she knows it too. Catch her marrying me! Take my advice, Governor, marry Eliza while she's young and don't know no better. If you don't, you'll be sorry for it after. If you do, she'll be sorry for it after, but better her than you, because you're a man, and she's only a woman and don't know how to be happy anyhow.



HIGGINS Pickering, if we listen to this man another minute, we shall have no convictions left. [*To Doolittle*] Five pounds I think you said.

DOOLITTLE Thank you kindly, Governor.

HIGGINS You're sure you won't take ten?

DOOLITTLE Not now. Another time, Governor.

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

DOOLITTLE Thank you, Governor. Good morning. [*He hurries to the door, anxious to get away with his booty. When he opens it he is confronted with a dainty and exquisitely clean young Japanese lady in a simple blue cotton kimono printed cunningly with small white jasmine blossoms. Mrs. Pearce is with her. He gets*

PYGMALION

out of her way deferentially and apologizes]. Beg pardon, miss.
 THE JAPANESE LADY Garn! Dont you know your own daughter?

DOOLITTLE *{ exclaiming* Bly me! it's Eliza!
 HIGGINS *{ simul-* Whats that? This!
 PICKERING *{ taneously* By Jove!

LIZA Dont I look silly?

HIGGINS. Silly?

MRS PEARCE [*at the door*] Now, Mr Higgins, please dont say anything to make the girl conceited about heiself.

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

MRS PEARCE. Please, sir

HIGGINS [*correcting himself*] I mean extremely silly.

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

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

DOOLITTLE [*with fatherly pride*] Well, I never thought she'd clean up as good looking as that, Governor. She's a credit to me, aint she?

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

HIGGINS I'm glad the bathroom met with your approval

LIZA. It didnt not all of it, and I dont care who hears me say it Mrs Pearce knows

HIGGINS What was wrong, Mrs Pearce?

MRS PEARCE [*blandly*] Oh, nothing, sir. It doesnt matter.

LIZA. I had a good mind to break it I didnt know which

PYGMALION

way to look But I hung a towel over it, I did

HIGGINS Over what?

MRS PEARCE Over the looking-glass, sir

HIGGINS Doolittle you have brought your daughter up too strictly

DOOLITTLE Me! I never brought her up at all, except to give her a lick of a strap now and again Dont put it on me, Governor She aint accustomed to it, you see thats all But she'll soon pick up your free-and-easy ways

LIZA I'm a good girl, I am, and I wont pick up no free-and-easy ways

HIGGINS Eliza if you say again that youre a good girl, your father shall take you home

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

DOOLITTLE Well, what else would I want money for? To put into the plate in church, I suppose [*She puts out her tongue at him He is so incensed by this that Pickering presently finds it necessary to step between them*] Dont you give me none of your lip, and dont let me hear you giving this gentleman any of it neither, or youll hear from me about it See?

HIGGINS Have you any further advice to give her before you go, Doolittle? Your blessing, for instance

DOOLITTLE No, Governor I aint such a mug as to put up my children to all I know myself Hard enough to hold them in without that If you want Eliza's mind improved, Governor, you do it yourself with a strap So long, gentlemen [*He turns to go*]

HIGGINS [*impressively*] Stop Youll come regularly to see your daughter It's your duty, you know My brother is a clergyman, and he could help you in your talks with her

DOOLITTLE [*evasively*] Certainly, I'll come, Governor Not just this week, because I have a job at a distance But later on you may depend on me Afternoon, gentlemen After-

PYGMALION

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

LIZA Dont you believe the old liar He'd as soon you set a bulldog on him as a clergyman. You wont see him again in a hurry

HIGGINS I dont want to, Eliza Do you?

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

PICKERING What is his trade, Eliza?

LIZA. Talking money out of other people's pockets into his own His proper trade's a navvy, and he works at it sometimes too - for exercise - and earns good money at it. Aint you going to call me Miss Doolittle any more?

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

LIZA Oh, I dont mind, only it sounded so genteel I should just like to take a taxi to the corner of Tottenham Court Road and get out there and tell it to wait for me, just to put the girls in their place a bit. I wouldnt speak to them, you know

PICKERING Better wait til we get you something really fashionable

HIGGINS Besides, you shouldnt cut your old friends now that you have risen in the world. Thats what we call snobbery.

LIZA You dont call the like of them my friends now, I should hope. Theyve took it out of me often enough with their ridicule when they had the chance, and now I mean to get a bit of my own back But if I'm to have fashionable clothes, I'll wait I should like to have some. Mrs Pearce says youre going to give me some to wear in bed at night different to what I wear in the daytime: but it do

PYGMALION

seem a waste of money when you could get something to shew Besides, I never could fancy changing into cold things on a winter night

MRS PEARCE [*coming back*] Now, Eliza The new things have come for you to try on

LIZA Ah-ow-oo-oooh! [*She rushes out*]

MRS PEARCE [*following her*] Oh, dont rush about like that, girl [*She shuts the door behind her*]

HIGGINS Pickering we have taken on a stiff job

PICKERING [*with conviction*] Higgins we have

* * *

There seems to be some curiosity as to what Higgins's lessons to Eliza were like Well, here is a sample the first one

Picture Eliza, in her new clothes, and feeling her inside put out of step by a lunch, dinner, and breakfast of a kind to which it is unaccustomed, seated with Higgins and the Colonel in the study, feeling like a hospital out-patient at a first encounter with the doctors

Higgins, constitutionally unable to sit still, discomposes her still more by striding restlessly about But for the reassuring presence and quietude of her friend the Colonel she would run for her life, even back to Drury Lane

HIGGINS Say your alphabet

LIZA I know my alphabet Do you think I know nothing? I dont need to be taught like a child

HIGGINS [*thundering*] Say your alphabet

PICKERING Say it, Miss Doolittle You will understand presently Do what he tells you, and let him teach you in his own way



LIZA Oh well, if you put it like that – Ah-yeec, bə-yeec, cə-yeec, də-yeec –

HIGGINS [*with the roar of a wounded lion*] Stop Listen to this, Pickering. This is what we pay for as elementary education. This unfortunate animal has been locked up for nine years in school at our expense to teach her to speak and read the language of Shakespear and Milton. And the result is Ah-yeec, Bə-yeec, Cə-yeec, Də-yeec [*To Eliza*] Say A, B, C, D

LIZA [*almost in tears*] But I'm sayin it Ah-yeec, Bə-yeec, Cə-yeec –

HIGGINS Stop Say a cup of tea

LIZA A cappətə-ec

HIGGINS Put your tongue forward until it squeezes against the top of your lower teeth Now say cup.

LIZA C-c-c – I cant C-Cup

PICKERING Good Splendid, Miss Doolittle.

HIGGINS By Jupiter, she's done it at the first shot. Pickering we shall make a duchess of her [*To Eliza*] Now do you think you could possibly say tea? Not tə-yeec, mind: if you ever say bə-yeec cə-yeec də-yeec again you shall be dragged round the room three times by the hair of your head [*Fortissimo*] T, T, T, T.

LIZA [*weeping*] I cant hear no difference cep that it sounds more genteel-like when you say it

HIGGINS. Well, if you can hear that difference, what the devil are you crying for? Pickering: give her a chocolate

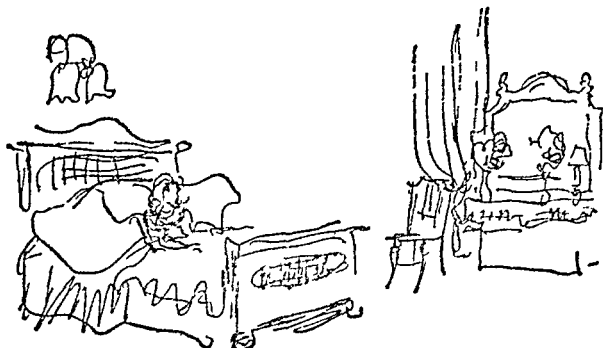
PICKERING. No, no. Never mind crying a little, Miss Doolittle you are doing very well; and the lessons wont hurt I promise you I wont let him drag you round the room by your hair.

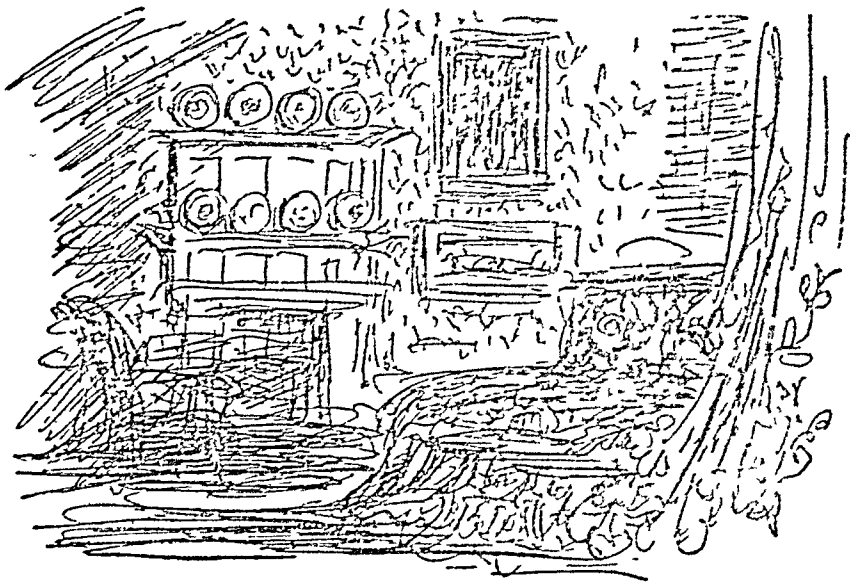
HIGGINS. Be off with you to Mrs Pearce and tell her about it Think about it Try to do it by yourself: and keep your tongue well forward in your mouth instead of trying to roll it up and swallow it. Another lesson at half-past four this afternoon Away with you.

PYGMALION

Eliza, still sobbing, rushes from the room

And that is the sort of ordeal poor Eliza has to go through for months before we meet her again on her first appearance in London society of the professional class





ACT III

It is Mrs Higgins's at-home day Nobody has yet arrived Her drawing room, in a flat on Chelsea Embankment, has three windows looking on the river, and the ceiling is not so lofty as it would be in an older house of the same pretension The windows are open, giving access to a balcony with flowers in pots If you stand with your face to the windows, you have the fireplace on your left and the door in the right-hand wall close to the corner nearest the windows.

Mrs Higgins was brought up on Morris and Burne Jones, and her room, which is very unlike her son's room in Wimpole Street, is not crowded with furniture and little tables and nicknacks In the middle of the room there is a big ottoman; and thus, with the carpet, the Morris wall-papers, and the Morris chintz window curtains and brocade covers of the ottoman and its cushions, supply all the ornament, and are much too handsome to be hidden by odds and ends of useless things. A few good oil-paintings from the exhibitions in the Grosvenor Gallery thirty years ago (the Burne Jones, not the Whistler side of them) are on the walls. The only landscape is a Cecil Lawson on the scale of a Rubens There is a portrait of Mrs Higgins as she was when she defied the fashion in her youth in one of the beautiful Rossettian costumes which, when caricatured by people who did not

PYGMALION

understand, led to the absurdities of popular estheticism in the eighties and seventies

In the corner diagonally opposite the door Mrs Higgins, now over sixty and long past taking the trouble to dress out of the fashion, sits writing at an elegantly simple writing-table with a bell button within



PYGMALION

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

MRS HIGGINS. Go home at once.

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

MRS HIGGINS But you mustnt. I'm serious, Henry. You offend all my friends. they stop coming whenever they meet you

HIGGINS. Nonsense! I know I have no small talk; but people dont mind. [*He sits on the settle*].

MRS HIGGINS Oh! dont they? Small talk indeed! What about your large talk? Really, dear, you mustnt stay.

HIGGINS I must I've a job for you A phonetic job

MRS HIGGINS. No use, dear. I'm sorry; but I cant get round your vowels; and though I like to get pretty postcards in your patent shorthand, I always have to read the copies in ordinary writing you so thoughtfully send me.

HIGGINS Well, this isnt a phonetic job.

MRS HIGGINS You said it was

HIGGINS Not your part of it I've picked up a girl.

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

HIGGINS Not at all I dont mean a love affair

MRS HIGGINS. What a pity!

HIGGINS Why?

MRS HIGGINS Well, you never fall in love with anyone under forty-five When will you discover that there are some rather nice-looking young women about?

HIGGINS Oh, I cant be bothered with young women My idea of a lovable woman is somebody as like you as possible I shall never get into the way of seriously liking young women some habits lie too deep to be changed [*Rising abruptly and walking about, jingling his money and his keys in his trouser pockets*] Besides, theyre all idiots

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

HIGGINS Oh bother! What? Marry, I suppose.

PYGMALION

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

HIGGINS She's coming to see you

MRS HIGGINS I dont remember asking her

HIGGINS You didnt *I* asked her If youd known her you wouldnt have asked her

MRS HIGGINS Indced! Why?

HIGGINS Well, it's like this She's a common flower girl I picked her off the kerbstone

MRS HIGGINS And invited her to my at-home!



HIGGINS [*rising and coming to her to coax her*] Oh, thatll be all right Ive taught her to speak properly, and she has strict orders as to her behaviour She's to keep to two subjects the weather and everybody's health - Fine day and How do you do, you know - and not to let herself go on things in general That will be safe

MRS HIGGINS Safe! To talk about our health! about our

insides! perhaps about our outsides! How could you be so silly, Henry?

HIGGINS [*impatiently*] Well, she must talk about something. [*He controls himself and sits down again*] Oh, she'll be all right dont you fuss. Pickering is in it with me Ive a sort of bet on that I'll pass her off as a duchess in six months I started on her some months ago; and she's getting on like a house on fire. I shall win my bet She has a quick ear; and she's been easier to teach than my middle-class pupils because she's had to learn a complete new language. She talks English almost as you talk French

MRS HIGGINS Thats satisfactory, at all events.

HIGGINS Well, it is and it isnt.

MRS HIGGINS What does that mean?

HIGGINS You see, Ive got her pronunciation all right; but you have to consider not only how a girl pronounces, but what she pronounces; and that's where -

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

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

HIGGINS Oh Lord! [*He rises, snatches his hat from the table, and makes for the door, but before he reaches it his mother introduces him.*]



Mrs and Miss Eynsford Hill are the mother and daughter who sheltered from the rain in Covent Garden The mother is well bred, quiet, and has the habitual anxiety of straitened means The daughter has acquired a gay air of being very much at home in society. the bravado of genteel poverty.

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

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

MRS HIGGINS [*introducing*] My son Henry.

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

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



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

HIGGINS [staring at her] I've seen you before somewhere I havnt the ghost of a notion where, but I've heard your voice [Drearily] It doesnt matter You'd better sit down

MRS HIGGINS I'm sorry to say that my celebrated son has

no manners You mustnt mind him
 MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*gaily*] I dont [*She sits in the Elizabethan chair*]

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*a little bewildered*] Not at all. [*She sits on the ottoman between her daughter and Mrs Higgins, who has turned her chair away from the writing-table*].

HIGGINS. Oh, have I been rude? I didnt mean to be.

He goes to the central window, through which, with his back to the company, he contemplates the river and the flowers in Battersea Park on the opposite bank as if they were a frozen desert.

The parlor-maid returns, ushering in Pickering.

THE PARLOR-MAID. Colonel Pickering [*She withdraws*].

PICKERING How do you do, Mrs Higgins?

MRS HIGGINS So glad youve come Do you know Mrs Eynsford Hill – Miss Eynsford Hill? [*Exchange of bows. The Colonel brings the Chippendale chair a little forward between Mrs Hill and Mrs Higgins, and sits down*].

PICKERING Has Henry told you what weve come for?

HIGGINS [*over his shoulder*] We were interrupted. damn it!

MRS HIGGINS Oh Henry, Henry, really!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*half rising*] Are we in the way?

MRS HIGGINS [*rising and making her sit down again*] No, no. You couldnt have come more fortunately.

we want you to meet a friend of ours.

HIGGINS [*turning hopefully*] Yes, by George! We want two or three people Youll do as well as anybody else

The parlor-maid returns, ushering Freddy

THE PARLOR-MAID. Mr Eynsford Hill

HIGGINS [*almost audibly, past endurance*]

God of Heaven! another of them

FREDDY [*shaking hands with Mrs Higgins*]

Ahdedo?

MRS HIGGINS. Very good of you to come.



PYGMALION

[*Introducing*] Colonel Pickering

FREDDY [*bowing*] Ahdedo?

MRS HIGGINS I dont think you know my son, Professor Higgins

FREDDY [*going to Higgins*] Ahdedo?

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

FREDDY I dont think so

HIGGINS [*resignedly*] It dont matter, anyhow Sit down

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

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

MRS HIGGINS Henry you are the life and soul of the Royal Society's soirées, but really youre rather trying on more commonplace occasions

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

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*who considers Higgins quite eligible matrimonially*] I sympathize I havnt any small talk If people would only be frank and say what they really think!

HIGGINS [*relapsing into gloom*] Lord forbid!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*taking up her daughter's cue*] But why?

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

MISS EYNSFORD HILL [*gaily*] Is it so very cynical?

HIGGINS Cynical! Who the dickens said it was cynical? I mean it wouldnt be decent

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*seriously*] Oh! I'm sure you dont mean that, Mr Higgins

PYGMALION

HIGGINS. You see, we're all savages, more or less We're supposed to be civilized and cultured - to know all about



poetry and philosophy and art and science, and so on; but how many of us know even the meanings of these names? [*To Miss Hill*] What do you know of poetry? [*To Mrs Hill*]

PYGMALION

What do you know of science? [*Indicating Freddy*] What does he know of art or science or anything else? What the devil do you imagine I know of philosophy?

MRS HIGGINS [*warmly*] Or of manners, Henry?

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

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

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

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

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

PICKERING How do you do, Miss Doolittle?

LIZA [*shaking hands with him*] Colonel Pickering, is it not?

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

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

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*introducing*] My daughter Clara.

LIZA How do you do?

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

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

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

LIZA How do you do?

Freddy bows and sits down in the Elizabethan chair, infatuated

PYGMALION

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

MRS HIGGINS Herry, please! [*He is about to sit on the edge of
the table*] Dont sit on my writing-table. youll break it.

HIGGINS [*sulkily*] Sorry.

*He goes to the divan, stumbling into the fender and over the
fire-irons on his way, extricating himself with muttered impreca-
tions, and finishing his disastrous journey by throwing himself so
impatently on the divan that he almost breaks it. Mrs Higgins
looks at him, but controls herself and says nothing.*

A long and painful pause ensues

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

LIZA The shallow depression in the west of these islands is
likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no
indications of any great change in the barometrical situa-
tion

FREDDY. Ha! ha! how awfully funny!

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

FREDDY. Killing!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL I'm sure I
hope it wont turn cold. Theres so
much influenza about. It runs
right through our whole family
regularly every spring.

LIZA [*darkly*] My aunt died of in-
fluenza: so they said.

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

LIZA [*in the same tragic tone*] But it's
my belief they done the old wo-
man in.

MRS HIGGINS [*puzzled*] Done her in?



PYGMALION

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

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*startled*] Dear me!

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

MRS EYNSFORD HILL What does doing her in mean?

HIGGINS [*hastily*] Oh, thats the new small talk To do a person in means to kill them

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Eliza, horrified*] You surely dont believe that your aunt was killed?

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

MRS EYNSFORD HILL But it cant have been right for your father to pour spirits down her throat like that It might have killed her

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

MRS EYNSFORD HILL Do you mean that he drank?

LIZA Drank! My word! Something chronic

MRS EYNSFORD HILL How dreadful for you!

LIZA Not a bit It never did him no harm



what I could see But then he did not keep it up regular [*Cheerfully*] On the burst, as you might say, from time to time. And always more agreeable when he had a drop in. When he was out of work, my mother used to give him fourpence and tell him to go out and not come back until he'd drunk himself cheerful and loving-like Theres lots of women has to make their husbands drunk to make them fit to live with [*Now quite at her ease*] You see, it's like this. If a man has a bit of a conscience, it always takes him when he's sober, and then it makes him low-spirited. A drop of booze just takes that off and makes him happy [*To Freddy, who is in convulsions of suppressed laughter*] Here! what are you sniggering at?



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

LIZA If I was doing it proper, what was you laughing at? [*To Higgins*] Have I said anything I oughtnt?

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

LIZA. Well, thats a mercy, anyhow [*Expansively*] What I always say is –

HIGGINS [*rising and looking at his watch*] Ahcm!

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

MRS HIGGINS. Goodbye.

LIZA Goodbye, Colonel Pickering.

PICKERING. Goodbye, Miss Doolittle [*They shake hands*]

LIZA [*nodding to the others*] Goodbye, all.

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

LIZA [*with perfectly elegant diction*] Walk! Not bloody likely. [*Sensation*]. I am going in a



PYGMALION

taxi [*She goes out*]

Pickering gasps and sits down
Freddy goes out on the balcony to
catch another glimpse of Eliza

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*suffering from shock*] Well, I really can't get used to the new ways

CLARA [*throwing herself discontentedly into the Elizabethan chair*] Oh, it's all right, mamma, quite right. People will think we never go anywhere or see anybody if you are so old-fashioned

MRS EYNSFORD HILL I daresay I am very old-fashioned, but I do hope you won't begin using that expression, Clara. I have got accustomed to hear you talking about men as rotters, and calling everything filthy and beastly, though I do think it horrible and unladylike. But this last is really too much. Don't you think so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING Don't ask me. I've been away in India for several years, and manners have changed so much that I sometimes don't know whether I'm at a respectable dinner-table or in a ship's fore-castle.

CLARA It's all a matter of habit. There's no right or wrong in it. Nobody means anything by it. And it's so quaint, and gives such a smart emphasis to things that are not in themselves very witty. I find the new small talk delightful and quite innocent.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*rising*] Well, after that, I think it's time for us to go.
Pickering and Higgins rise

CLARA [*rising*] Oh yes, we have three at-homes to go to still. Goodbye, Mrs Higgins. Goodbye, Colonel Pickering. Goodbye, Professor Higgins.

HIGGINS [*coming grumpily at her from the divan, and*



accompanying her to the door] Goodbye Be sure you try on that small talk at the three at-homes. Dont be nervous about it. Pitch it in strong.

CLARA [*all smiles*] I will Goodbye Such nonsense, all this early Victorian prudery!

HIGGINS [*tempting her*] Such damned nonsense!

CLARA Such bloody nonsense!

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*convulsively*] Clara!

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

FREDDY [*to the heavens at large*] Well, I ask you — [*He gives it up, and comes to Mrs Higgins*]. Goodbye.

MRS HIGGINS [*shaking hands*] Goodbye Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

FREDDY [*eagerly*] Yes, I should, most awfully.

MRS HIGGINS Well, you know my days.

FREDDY. Yes Thanks awfully. Goodbye [*He goes out*].

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Goodbye, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS Goodbye Goodbye.

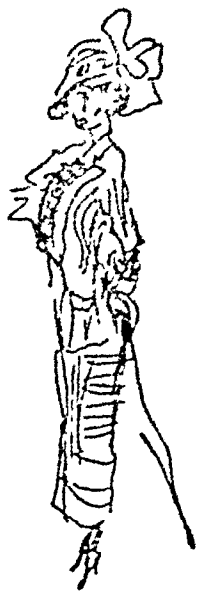
MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Pickering*] It's no use. I shall never be able to bring myself to use that word.

PICKERING. Dont It's not compulsory, you know. Youll get on quite well without it.

MRS EYNSFORD HILL. Only, Clara is so down on me if I am not positively reeking with the latest slang Goodbye.

PICKERING. Goodbye [*They shake hands*].

MRS EYNSFORD HILL [*to Mrs Higgins*] You mustnt mind Clara [*Pickering, catching from her lowered tone that this is not meant for him to hear, discreetly joins Higgins at the window*]. We're so poor! and she gets so few parties, poor child! She doesnt quite know. [*Mrs Higgins, seeing that her eyes are moist, takes her hand sympathetically and goes with her to the door*] But



the boy is nice Dont you think so?

MRS HIGGINS Oh, quite nice I shall always be delighted to see him

MRS EYNSFORD HILL Thank you, dear Goodbye [*She goes out*]

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

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

PICKERING But dont you think something might be done? I mean something to eliminate the sanguinary element from her conversation

MRS HIGGINS Not as long as she is in Henry's hands

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

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

HIGGINS [*deeply injured*] Well I must say –

PICKERING [*interrupting him*] Come, Higgins you must learn to know yourself I havnt heard such language as yours since we used to review the volunteers in Hyde Park twenty years ago

HIGGINS [*sulkily*] Oh, well, if you say so, I suppose I dont always talk like a bishop

MRS HIGGINS [*quieting Henry with a touch*] Colonel Pickering will you tell me what is the exact state of things in Wimpole Street?

PICKERING [*cheerfully as if this completely changed the subject*] Well, I have come to live there with Henry We work

together at my Indian Dialects, and we think it more convenient –

MRS HIGGINS Quite so I know all about that. it's an excellent arrangement. But where does this girl live?

HIGGINS With us, of course. Where should she live?

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

PICKERING [*slowly*] I think I know what you mean, Mrs Higgins.

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

MRS HIGGINS How does your housekeeper get on with her?

HIGGINS. Mrs Pearce? Oh, she's jolly glad to get so much taken off her hands; for before Eliza came, she used to have to find things and remind me of my appointments. But she's got some silly bee in her bonnet about Eliza. She keeps saying 'You dont think, sir': doesnt she, Pick?

PICKERING Yes: thats the formula 'You dont think, sir.' Thats the end of every conversation about Eliza.

HIGGINS. As if I ever stop thinking about the girl and her confounded vowels and consonants. I'm worn out, thinking about her, and watching her lips and her teeth and her tongue, not to mention her soul, which is the quaintest of the lot.

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

HIGGINS. Playing! The hardest job I ever tackled. make no mistake about that, mother. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to take a human being and change her into a quite different human being by creating a new speech for her. It's filling up the deepest gulf that separates class from class and soul from soul.

PICKERING [*drawing his chair closer to Mrs Higgins and bending over to her eagerly*] Yes it's enormously interesting I assure you, Mrs Higgins, we take Eliza very seriously Every week—every day almost — there is some new change [*Closer again*] We keep records of every stage — dozens of gramophone disks and photographs —

HIGGINS [*assailing her at the other ear*] Yes, by George it's the most absorbing experiment I ever tackled She regularly fills our lives up doesn't she, Pick?

PICKERING We're always talking Eliza

HIGGINS Teaching Eliza

PICKERING Dressing Eliza

MRS HIGGINS What!

HIGGINS Inventing new Elizas

HIGGINS	} [<i>speaking together</i>]	{	You know, she has the most extraordinary quickness of ear
PICKERING			

HIGGINS	}	{	just like a parrot I've tried her with every
PICKERING			

HIGGINS	}	{	possible sort of sound that a human being can make —
PICKERING			

HIGGINS	}	{	Continental dialects, African dialects, Hottentot
PICKERING			

HIGGINS	}	{	clicks, things it took me years to get hold of, and
PICKERING			



HIGGINS. }
 PICKERING } *[speaking together]* { she picks them up like a shot, right
 away, as if she had
 Beethoven and Brahms or Lehar
 and Lionel Monckton;

HIGGINS }
 PICKERING } { been at it all her life
 though six months ago, she'd never
 as much as touched a piano -

MRS HIGGINS *[putting her fingers in her ears, as they are by this time shouting one another down with an intolerable noise]* Sh-sh-sh - sh!
[They stop].

PICKERING I beg your pardon. *[He draws his chair back apologetically]*

HIGGINS. Sorry. When Pickering starts shouting nobody can get a word in edgeways.

MRS HIGGINS Be quiet, Henry Colonel Pickering. dont you realize that when Eliza walked into Wimpole Street, something walked in with her?

PICKERING Her father did. But Henry soon got rid of him

MRS HIGGINS. It would have been more to the point if her mother had But as her mother didnt something else did

PICKERING. But what?

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

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

HIGGINS I'll solve that problem Ive half solved it already

MRS HIGGINS No, you two infinitely stupid male creatures the problem of what is to be done with her afterwards

HIGGINS I dont see anything in that She can go her own way, with all the advantages I have given her

MRS HIGGINS The advantages of that poor woman who was here just now! The manners and habits that disqualify a fine lady from earning her own living without giving her a fine lady's income! Is that what you mean?

PICKERING [*indulgently, being rather bored*] Oh, that will be all right, Mrs Higgins [*He rises to go*]

HIGGINS [*rising also*] We'll find her some light employment

PICKERING She's happy enough Dont you worry about her Goodbye [*He shakes hands as if he were consoling a frightened child, and makes for the door*]

HIGGINS Anyhow, theres no good bothering now The thing's done Goodbye, mother [*He kisses her, and follows Pickering*]

PICKERING [*turning for a final consolation*] There are plenty of openings We'll do whats right Goodbye

HIGGINS [*to Pickering as they go out together*] Lets take her to the Shakespear exhibition at Earls Court

PICKERING Yes lets Her remarks will be delicious

HIGGINS She'll mimic all the people for us when we get home

PICKERING Ripping [*Both are heard laughing as they go downstairs*]

MRS HIGGINS [*rises with an impatient bounce, and returns to her work at the writing-table She sweeps a litter of disarranged papers out of the way, snatches a sheet of paper from her stationery case, and tries resolutely to write At the third time she gives it up, flings down her pen, grips the table angrily and exclaims*] Oh, men! men! men!!!



Clearly Eliza will not pass as a duchess yet; and Higgins's bet remains unwon. But the six months are not yet exhausted, and just in time Eliza does actually pass as a princess. For a glimpse of how she did it imagine an Embassy in London one summer evening after dark. The hall door has an awning and a carpet across the sidewalk to the kerb, because a grand reception is in progress. A small crowd is lined up to see the guests arrive.

A Rolls-Royce car drives up. Picking up in evening dress, with medals and orders, alights, and hands out Eliza, in opera cloak, evening dress, diamonds, fan, flowers and all accessories. Higgins follows. The car drives off, and the three go up the steps and into the house, the door opening for them as they approach.

Inside the house they find themselves in a spacious hall from which the grand





staircase rises On the left are the arrangements for the gentlemen's cloaks The male guests are depositing their hats and wraps there

On the right is a door leading to the ladies' cloakroom Ladies are going in cloaked and coming out in splendor Pickering whispers to Eliza and points out the ladies' room She goes into it Higgins and Pickering take off their overcoats and take tickets for them from the attendant



One of the guests, occupied in the same way, has his back turned Having taken his ticket, he turns round and reveals himself as an important looking young man with an astonishingly hairy face He has an enormous moustache, flowing out into luxuriant whiskers Waves of hair cluster



on his brow. His hair is cropped closely at the back, and glows with oil. Otherwise he is very smart. He wears several worthless orders. He is evidently a foreigner, guessable as a whiskered Pandour from Hungary, but in spite of the





ferocity of his moustache he is amiable and genially voluble
 Recognizing Higgins, he flings his arms wide apart and
 approaches him enthusiastically
 WHISKERS *Maestro, maestro [he embraces Higgins and kisses
 him on both cheeks] You remember me?*



PYGMALION



HIGGINS. No I dont. Who the devil are you?

WHISKERS. I am your pupil. your first pupil, your best and greatest pupil. I am little Nepommuck, the marvellous boy. I have made your name famous throughout Europe You teach me phonetic. You cannot forget ME.

HIGGINS. Why dont you shave?

NEPOMMUCK I have not your imposing appearance, your chin, your brow. Nobody notice me when I shave. Now



I am famous they call me Hairy Faced Dick
 HIGGINS And what are you doing here among
 all these swells?

NEPOMMUCK I am interpreter I speak 32
 languages I am indispensable at these inter-
 national parties You are great cockney special-
 ist you place a man anywhere in London the
 moment he open his mouth I place any man
 in Europe



*A footman hurries down the grand staircase and
 comes to Nepommuck.*

FOOTMAN You are wanted upstairs Her Excel-
 lency cannot understand the Greek gentleman

NEPOMMUCK Thank you, yes, immediately

The footman goes and is lost in the crowd

NEPOMMUCK [to Higgins] This Greek diplomatist
 pretends he cannot speak nor understand English. He can-
 not deceive me He is the son of a Clerkenwell watchmaker
 He speaks English so villainously that he dare not utter a
 word of it without betraying his origin I help him to pre-
 tend, but I make him pay through the nose I make them
 all pay Ha ha! [*He hurries upstairs*]





PICKERING Is this fellow really an expert? Can he find out Eliza and blackmail her?

HIGGINS We shall see If he finds her out I lose my bet.

Eliza comes from the cloakroom and joins them.

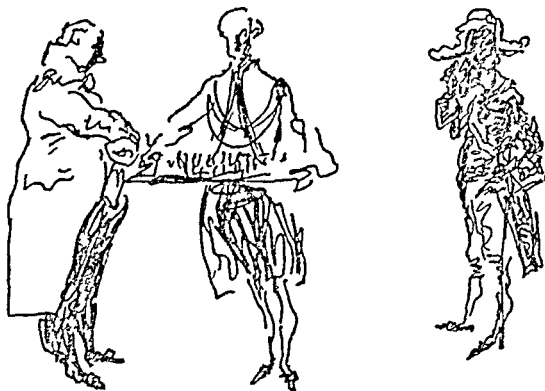


PYGMALION

PICKERING Well, Eliza, now for it Are you ready?

LIZA Are you nervous, Colonel?

PICKERING Frightfully I feel exactly as I felt before my first battle It's the first time that frightens



LIZA It is not the first time for me, Colonel I have done this fifty times – hundreds of times – in my little piggery in Angel Court in my day-dreams I am in a dream now Promise me not to let Professor Higgins wake me, for if he does I shall forget everything and talk as I used to in Drury Lane

PICKERING Not a word, Higgins [*To Eliza*] Now, ready?

LIZA Ready

PICKERING Go

They mount the stairs, Higgins last Pickering whispers to the footman on the first landing

FIRST LANDING FOOTMAN Miss Doolittle, Colonel Pickering, Professor Higgins

SECOND LANDING FOOTMAN Miss Doolittle, Colonel Pickering, Professor Higgins

At the top of the staircase the Ambassador



PYGMALION

and his wife, with Nepommuck at her elbow, are receiving.

HOSTESS [*taking Eliza's hand*] How d'ye do?

HOST [*same play*] How d'ye do? How d'ye do, Pickering?

LIZA [*with a beautiful gravity that awes her hostess*] How do you do? [*She passes on to the drawing room*].

HOSTESS. Is that your adopted daughter, Colonel Pickering? She will make a sensation.

PICKERING. Most kind of you to invite her for me. [*He passes on*].

HOSTESS [*to Nepommuck*] Find out all about her.

NEPOMMUCK [*bowing*] Excellency — [*he goes into the crowd*]

HOST. How d'ye do, Higgins? You have a rival here tonight He introduced himself as your pupil Is he any good?

HIGGINS. He can learn a language in a fortnight — knows dozens of them. A sure mark of a fool

As a phonetician, no good whatever

HOSTESS. How d'ye do, Professor?

HIGGINS How do you do? Fearful bore for you this sort of thing. Forgive my part in it [*He passes on*].

In the drawing room and its suite of salons the reception is in full swing Eliza passes through She is so intent on her ordeal that she walks like a somnambulist in a desert instead of a débutante in a fashionable crowd They stop talking to look at her, admiring her dress, her jewels, and her strangely attractive self. Some of the younger ones at the back stand on their chairs to see



PYGMALION

The Host and Hostess come in from the staircase and mingle with their guests Higgins, gloomy and contemptuous of the whole business, comes into the group where they are chatting

HOSTESS Ah, here is Professor Higgins he will tell us Tell us all about the wonderful young lady, Professor

HIGGINS [*almost morosely*] What wonderful young lady?

HOSTESS You know very well They tell me there has been nothing like her in London since people stood on their chairs to look at Mrs Langtry

Nepommuck joins the group, full of news

HOSTESS Ah, here you are at last, Nepommuck Have you found out all about the Doolittle lady?

NEPOMMUCK I have found out all about her She is a fraud

HOSTESS A fraud! Oh no

NEPOMMUCK YES, yes She cannot deceive me Her name cannot be Doolittle

HIGGINS Why?

NEPOMMUCK Because Doolittle is an English name And she is not English

HOSTESS Oh, nonsense! She speaks English perfectly

NEPOMMUCK Too perfectly Can you shew me any English woman who speaks English as it should be spoken? Only foreigners who have been taught to speak it speak it well

HOSTESS Certainly she terrified me by the way she said How d'ye do I had a schoolmistress who talked like that, and I was mortally afraid of her But if she is not English what is she?

NEPOMMUCK Hungarian

ALL THE REST Hungarian!

NEPOMMUCK Hungarian And of royal blood I am Hungarian My blood is royal

HIGGINS Did you speak to her in Hungarian?

NEPOMMUCK. I did. She was very clever. She said 'Please speak to me in English: I do not understand French.' French! She pretend not to know the difference between Hungarian and French. Impossible: she knows both.

HIGGINS. And the blood royal? How did you find that out?

NEPOMMUCK. Instinct, maestro, instinct Only the Magyar races can produce that air of the divine right, those resolute eyes. She is a princess.

HOST. What do you say, Professor?

HIGGINS I say an ordinary London girl out of the gutter and taught to speak by an expert. I place her in Drury Lane

NEPOMMUCK. Ha ha ha! Oh, maestro, maestro, you are mad on the subject of cockney dialects. The London gutter is the whole world for you

HIGGINS [*to the Hostess*] What does your Excellency say?

HOSTESS Oh, of course I agree with Nepommuck She must be a princess at least.

HOST. Not necessarily legitimate, of course Morganatic perhaps But that is undoubtedly her class.

HIGGINS I stick to my opinion.

HOSTESS Oh, you are incorrigible.

The group breaks up, leaving Higgins isolated. Pickering joins him.

PICKERING Where is Eliza? We must keep an eye on her
Eliza joins them

LIZA I dont think I can bear much more The people all stare so at me An old lady has just told me that I speak exactly like Queen Victoria I am sorry if I have lost your bet I have done my best, but nothing can make me the same as these people

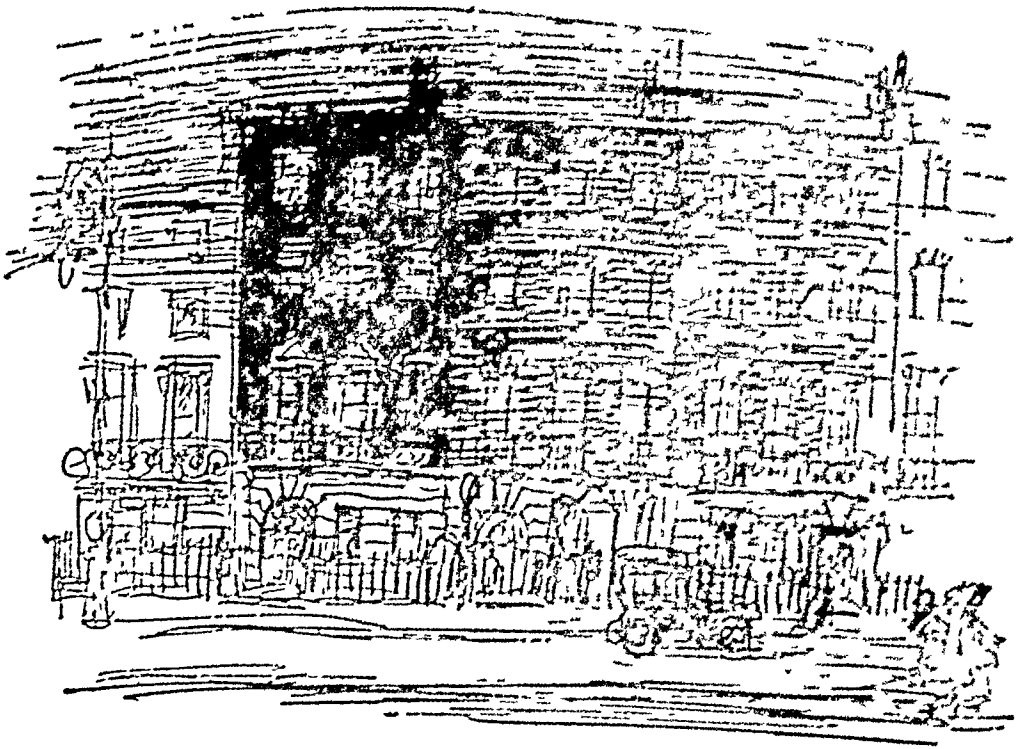
PICKERING You have not lost it, my dear. You have won it ten times over.

PYGMALION

HIGGINS Let us get out of this I have had enough of chattering to these fools

PICKERING Eliza is tired, and I am hungry Let us clear out and have supper somewhere





ACT IV

The Wimpole Street laboratory Midnight Nobody in the room The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. The fire is not alight it is a summer night.

Presently Higgins and Pickering are heard on the stairs.

HIGGINS [*calling down to Pickering*] I say, Pick lock up, will you? I shant be going out again

PICKERING Right Can Mis Pearce go to bed? We dont want anything more, do we?

HIGGINS Lord, no!

Eliza opens the door and is seen on the lighted landing in all the finery in which she has just won Higgins's bet for him She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there. She is tired her pallor contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic She takes off her cloak, puts her fan and gloves on the piano, and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent Higgins, in evening dress, with overcoat and hat, comes in, carrying a smoking jacket which he has picked up downstairs He

PYGMALION

takes off the hat and overcoat, throws them carelessly on the newspaper stand, disposes of his coat in the same way, puts on the smoking jacket, and throws himself wearily into the easy-chair at the hearth Pickering, similarly attired, comes in He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on Higgins's when he hesitates

PICKERING I say Mrs Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about in the drawing room

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

PICKERING We are, slightly Are there any letters?

HIGGINS I didnt look [*Pickering takes the overcoats and hats and goes downstairs Higgins begins half singing half yawning an air from La Fanciulla del Golden West Suddenly he stops and exclaims*] I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

Eliza looks at him darkly, then rises suddenly and leaves the room

Higgins yawns again, and resumes his song

Pickering returns, with the contents of the letter-box in his hand

PICKERING Only circulars, and this coroneted billet-doux for you [*He throws the circulars into the fender, and posts himself on the hearthrug, with his back to the grate*]

HIGGINS [*glancing at the billet-doux*] Money-lender [*He throws the letter after the circulars*]

Eliza returns with a pair of large down-at-heel slippers She places them on the carpet before Higgins, and sits as before without a word

HIGGINS [*yawning again*] Oh Lord! What an



evening! What a crew! What a silly tomfoolery! [*He raises his shoe to unlace it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had appeared there of their own accord*]. Oh! theyre there, are they?

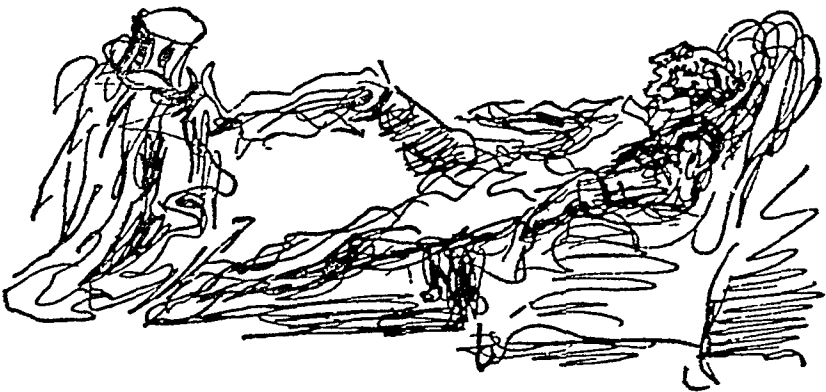
PICKERING [*stretching himself*] Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. The garden party, a dinner party, and the reception! Rather too much of a good thing. But youve won your bet, Higgins. Eliza did the trick, and something to spare, eh?

HIGGINS [*fervently*] Thank God it's over!

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

PICKERING. Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didnt seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS Oh, she wasnt nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No. it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics, but after that I got deadly sick of it. If I hadnt backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was



a silly notion· the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING. Oh come! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began beating like anything.

HIGGINS Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we

PYGMALION

were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING You've never been broken in properly to the social routine. [*Strolling over to the piano*] I rather enjoy dipping

into it occasionally myself. It makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success, an immense success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do it at all. They're such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position, and so they never learn. There's always something professional about doing a thing superlatively well.



HIGGINS Yes, that's what drives me mad. The silly people don't know

their own silly business. [*Rising*] However, it's over and done with, and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

Eliza's beauty becomes murderous

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

HIGGINS [*following him*] Goodnight. [*Over his shoulder, at the door*] Put out the lights, Eliza, and tell Mrs Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning. I'll take tea. [*He goes out*]

Eliza tries to control herself and feel indifferent as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she

gets there she is on the point of screaming. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself furiously on the floor, raging.

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

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

HIGGINS [*astounded*] What on earth –! [*He comes to her*]. Whats the matter? Get up [*He pulls her up*]. Anything wrong?

LIZA [*breathless*] Nothing wrong – with you. I've won your bet for you, havnt I? Thats enough for you. I dont matter, I suppose.

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

LIZA Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didnt 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? [*She crimps her fingers frantically*].

HIGGINS [*looking at her in cool wonder*] The creature is nervous, after all

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

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

LIZA [*crushed by superior strength and weight*] Whats to become of me? Whats to become of me?

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

LIZA. You dont care. I know you dont care. You wouldnt care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you – not so much as them slippers

HIGGINS [*thundering*] Those slippers

LIZA [*with bitter submission*] Those slippers I didnt think it made any difference now

A pause Eliza hopeless and crushed Higgins a little uneasy

HIGGINS [*in his loftiest manner*] Why have you begun going on like this? May I ask whether you complain of your treatment here?

LIZA No

HIGGINS Has anybody behaved badly to you? Colonel Pickering? Mrs Pearce? Any of the servants?

LIZA No

HIGGINS I presume you dont pretend that I have treated you badly?

LIZA No

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

LIZA No [*Recollecting her manners*] Thank you

HIGGINS [*good-humored again*] This has been coming on you for some days I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden party But thats all over now [*He pats her kindly on the shoulder She writhes*] Theres nothing more to worry about

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

HIGGINS [*staring after her in sincere surprise*] Why? In heaven's name, why? [*Reasonably, going to her*] Listen to me, Eliza All this irritation is purely subjective

LIZA I dont understand I'm too ignorant

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



say your prayers. that will make you comfortable.

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

HIGGINS [*impatiently*] Well, dont you thank God it's all over?

Now you are free and can do what you like

LIZA [*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? Whats to become of me?

HIGGINS [*enlightened, but not at all impressed*] Oh, thats whats worrying you, is it? [*He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness*]. I shouldnt bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you wont have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other, though I hadnt quite realized that you were going away. [*She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her, but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple*] You might marry, you know. [*He bites a large piece out of the apple and munches it noisily*]. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the

Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!); and youre not bad-looking it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes – not now, of course, because youre crying and looking as ugly as the very devil; but when youre all right and quite yourself, youre what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand You go to bed and have a good nice rest, and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you wont feel so cheap

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

The look is quite lost on him: he eats his



apple with a dreamy expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one

HIGGINS [*a genial afterthought occurring to him*] I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well

LIZA We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road

HIGGINS [*waking up*] What do you mean?

LIZA I sold flowers I didnt sell myself Now youve made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else I wish youd left me where you found me

HIGGINS [*slinging the core of the apple decisively into the grate*] Tosh, Eliza Dont you insult human relations by dragging all this cant about buying and selling into it You neednt marry the fellow if you dont like him

LIZA What else am I to do?

HIGGINS Oh, lots of things What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one he has lots of money [*Chuckling*] He'll have to pay for all those togs you have been wearing today, and that, with the hire of the jewellery, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds Why, six months ago you would have thought it the millennium to have a flower shop of your own Come! youll be all right I must clear off to bed I'm devilish sleepy By the way, I came down for something I forget what it was

LIZA Your slippers

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

LIZA Before you go, sir -

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

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



PYGMALION

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

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

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

LIZA. I dont want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were bunt

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

LIZA. I want to know what I may take away with me. I dont want to be accused of stealing.

HIGGINS [*now deeply wounded*] Stealing! You shouldnt have said that, Eliza. That shews a want of feeling.

LIZA. I'm sorry. I'm only a common ignorant girl, and in my station I have to be careful. There cant be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesnt?

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

LIZA [*drinking in his emotion like nectar, and nagging him to provoke a further supply*] Stop, please [*She takes off her jewels*] Will you take these to your room and keep them safe? I dont want to run the risk of their being missing.

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

LIZA [*taking a ring off*] This ring isnt the jeweller's. it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I dont want it now. [*Higgins dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so*

threateningly that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims]
 Dont 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

LIZA [*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

LIZA [*pertly*] You'd better leave a note for Mrs Pearce about the coffee, for she wont

be told by me

HIGGINS [*formally*] Damn Mrs Pearce, and damn the coffee, and damn you, and [*wildly*] 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 out with impressive decorum, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely*]

Eliza goes down on her knees on the hearthrug to look for the ring When she finds it she considers for a moment what to do with it Finally she slings it down on the dessert stand and goes upstairs in a tearing rage

* * *

The furniture of Eliza's room has been increased by a big wardrobe and a sumptuous dressing-table She comes in and switches on the electric light She goes to the wardrobe, opens it, and pulls out a walking dress, a hat, and a pair of shoes, which she throws on the bed She takes off her evening dress and shoes, then takes a padded hanger from the wardrobe,



PYGMALION

adjusts it carefully in the evening dress; and hangs it in the wardrobe, which she shuts with a slam. She puts on her walking shoes, her walking dress, and hat. She takes her wrist watch from the dressing-table and fastens it on. She pulls on her gloves; takes her vanity bag; and looks into it to see that her purse is there before hanging it on her wrist. She makes for the door. Every movement expresses her furious resolution

She takes a last look at herself in the glass.

She suddenly puts out her tongue at herself; then leaves the room, switching off the electric light at the door.

Meanwhile, in the street outside, Freddy Eynsford Hill, lovelorn, is gazing up at the second floor, in which one of the windows is still lighted.

The light goes out.

FREDDY. Goodnight, darling, darling, darling.

Eliza comes out, giving the door a considerable bang behind her

LIZA. Whatever are you doing here?

FREDDY. Nothing. I spend most of my nights here. It's the only place where I'm happy. Dont laugh at me, Miss Doolittle.

LIZA Dont you call me Miss Doolittle, do you hear? Liza's good enough for me. [*She breaks down and grabs him by the shoulders*] Freddy: you dont think I'm a heartless guttersnipe, do you?

FREDDY. Oh no, no, darling: how can you imagine such a thing? You are the loveliest, dearest -

He loses all self-control and smothers her



PYGMALION

*with kisses She, hungry for comfort, responds They stand there in
one another's arms*

An elderly police constable arrives



CONSTABLE [*scandalized*] Now then! Now then!! Now
then!!!

They release one another hastily

PYGMALION

FREDDY. Sorry, constable We've only just become engaged.

They run away.

The constable shakes his head, reflecting on his own courtship and on the vanity of human hopes. He moves off in the opposite direction with slow professional steps.

The flight of the lovers takes them to Cavendish Square. There they halt to consider their next move.

LIZA [*out of breath*] He didn't half give me a fright, that copper. But you answered him proper.

FREDDY. I hope I haven't taken you out of your way. Where were you going?

LIZA. To the river.

FREDDY. What for?

LIZA. To make a hole in it.

FREDDY [*horrified*]. Eliza, darling. What do you mean? What's the matter?

LIZA. Never mind. It doesn't matter now. There's nobody in the world now but you and me, is there?

FREDDY. Not a soul.

They indulge in another embrace, and are again surprised by a much younger constable.

SECOND CONSTABLE. Now then, you two! What's this? Where do you think you are? Move along here, double quick.

FREDDY. As you say, sir, double quick.

They run away again, and are in Hanover Square before they stop for another conference.



PYGMALION



FREDDY I had no idea the police were so devilishly prudish

LIZA It's their business to hunt girls off the streets

FREDDY We must go somewhere We cant wander about
the streets all night



PYGMALION

LIZA. Cant we? I think it'd be lovely to wander about for ever.

FREDDY. Oh, darling.

*They embrace again, oblivious of the arrival of a crawling taxi.
It stops.*

TAXIMAN. Can I drive you and the lady anywhere, sir?

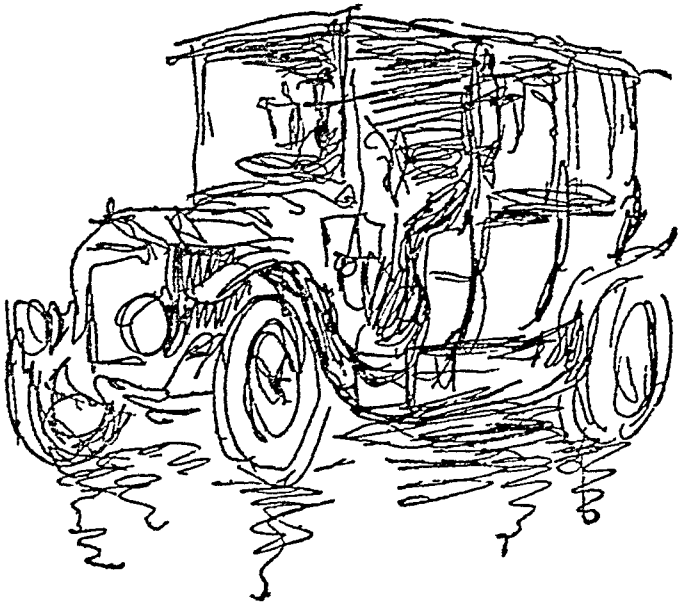
They start asunder.

LIZA. Oh, Freddy, a taxi. The very thing.

FREDDY. But, damn it, Ive no money.

LIZA. I have plenty The Colonel thinks you should never go out without ten pounds in your pocket Listen. We'll drive about all night; and in the morning I'll call on old Mrs Higgins and ask her what I ought to do. I'll tell you all about it in the cab. And the police wont touch us there

FREDDY. Righto! Ripping. [*To the Taximan*] Wimbledon Common. [*They drive off*].





ACT V

*Mrs Higgins's drawing room She is at her writing-table as before
The parlormaid comes in*

THE PARLORMAID [*at the door*] Mr Henry, maam, is downstairs with Colonel Pickering

MRS HIGGINS Well, shew them up

THE PARLORMAID Theyre using the telephone, maam
Telephoning to the police, I think

MRS HIGGINS What!

THE PARLORMAID [*coming further in and lowering her voice*] Mr Henry is in a state, maam I thought I'd better tell you

MRS HIGGINS If you had told me that Mr Henry was not in a state it would have been more surprising Tell them to come up when theyve finished with the police I suppose he's lost something

THE PARLORMAID Yes, ma'am [*going*]

MRS HIGGINS Go upstairs and tell Miss Doohittle that Mr Henry and the Colonel are here Ask her not to come down ul I send for her.

THE PARLORMAID Yes, maam

Higgins bursts in He is, as the parlormaid has said, in a state

HIGGINS Look here, mother heies a confounded thing!

MRS HIGGINS Yes, dear. Good morning.

[He checks his impatience and kisses her, whilst the parlormaid goes out] What is it?

HIGGINS Eliza's bolted

MRS HIGGINS *[calmly continuing her writing]*

You must have frightened her

HIGGINS Frightened her! nonsense! She was left last night, as usual, to turn out the lights and all that, and instead of going to bed she changed her clothes and went right off her bed wasnt slept in She came in a cab for her things before seven this morning; and that fool Mrs Pearce let her have them without telling me a word about it What am I to do?

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

HIGGINS *[wandering distractedly across the room]* But I cant find anything. I dont know what appointments Ive got I'm - *[Pickering comes in Mrs Higgins puts down her pen and turns away from the writing-table].*

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

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

MRS HIGGINS *[rising in indignant amazement]* You dont mean to say you have set the police after Eliza

HIGGINS Of course What are the police for? What else could we do? *[He sits in the Elizabethan chair].*

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



PYGMALION

HIGGINS. Done what, man?

DOOLITTLE This, I tell you. Look at it. Look at this hat.
Look at this coat.



PICKERING. Has Eliza been buying you clothes?

DOOLITTLE. Eliza! not she. Why would she buy me clothes?

PYGMALION

MRS HIGGINS Good morning, Mr Doolittle Wont you sit down?

DOOLITTLE [*taken aback as he becomes conscious that he has forgotten his hostess*] Asking your pardon, maam [*He approaches her and shakes her proffered hand*] Thank you [*He sits down on the ottoman, on Pickering's right*] I am that full of what has happened to me that I cant think of anything else

HIGGINS What the dickens has happened to you?

DOOLITTLE I shouldnt mind if it had only happened to me anything might happen to anybody and nobody to blame but Providence, as you might say But this is something that you done to me yes, you, Enry Iggins

HIGGINS Have you found Eliza?

DOOLITTLE Have you lost her?

HIGGINS Yes

DOOLITTLE You have all the luck, you have I aint found her, but she'll find me quick enough now after what you done to me

MRS HIGGINS But what has my son done to you, Mr Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE Done to me! Ruined me Destroyed my happiness Tied me up and delivered me into the hands of middle class morality

HIGGINS [*rising intolerantly and standing over Doolittle*] Youre raving Youre drunk Youre mad I gave you five pounds After that I had two conversations with you, at half-a-crown an hour Ive never seen you since

DOOLITTLE Oh! Drunk am I? Mad am I? Tell me this Did you or did you not write a letter to an old blighter in America that was giving five millions to found Moral Reform Societies all over the world, and that wanted you to invent a universal language for him?

HIGGINS What! Ezra D Wannafeller! He's dead [*He sits down again carelessly*]

DOOLITTLE Yes he's dead, and I'm done for. Now did you or did you not write a letter to him to say that the most original moralist at present in England, to the best of your knowledge, was Alfred Doolittle, a common dust-man?

HIGGINS Oh, after your first visit I remember making some silly joke of the kind.

DOOLITTLE. Ah! you may well call it a silly joke It put the lid on me right enough Just give him the chance he wanted to shew that Americans is not like us that they reckonize and respect merit in every class of life, however humble. Them words is in his blooming will, in which, Henry Higgins, thanks to your silly joking, he leaves me a share in his Pre-digested Cheese Trust worth four thousand a year on condition that I lecture for his Wannafeller Moral Reform World League as often as they ask me up to six times a year.

HIGGINS The devil he does! Whew! [*Brightening suddenly*]
What a lark!

PICKERING. A safe thing for you, Doolittle. They wont ask you twice

DOOLITTLE. It aint the lecturing I mind I'll lecture them blue in the face, I will, and not turn a hair It's making a gentleman of me that I object to. 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 you, Enry Iggins Now I am worried; tied neck and heels, and everybody touches me for money It s a fine thing for you, says my solicitor Is it? says I. You mean it's a good thing for you, I says When I was a poor man and had a solicitor once when they found a pram in the dust cart, he got me off, and got shut of me and got me shut of him as quick as he could Same with the doctors. used to shove me out of the hospital before I could hardly stand on my legs, and nothing to pay. Now they finds out

that I'm not a healthy man and cant live unless they looks after me twice a day In the house I'm not let do a hand's turn for myself somebody else must do it and touch me for it A year ago I hadnt a relative in the world except two or three that wouldnt speak to me Now Ive fifty, and not a decent weck's wages among the lot of them I have to live for others and not for myself thats middle class morality You talk of losing Eliza Dont you be anxious I bet she's on my doorstep by this she that could support herself easy by selling flowers if I wasnt respectable And the next one to touch me will be you, Enry Iggins I'll have to learn to speak middle class language from you, instead of speaking proper English Thats where youll come in, and I daresay thats what you done it for

MRS HIGGINS But, my dear Mr Doolittle, you need not suffer all this if you are really in earnest Nobody can force you to accept this bequest You can repudiate it Isnt that so, Colonel Pickering?

PICKERING I believe so

DOOLITTLE [*softening his manner in deference to her sex*] Thats the tragedy of it, maam It's easy to say chuck it, but I havnt the nerve Which of us has? We're all intimidated Intimidated, maam thats what we are What is there for me if I chuck it but the workhouse in my old age? I have to dye my hair already to keep my job as a dustman If I was one of the deserving poor, and had put by a bit, I could chuck it, but then why should I, acause the deserving poor might as well be millionaires for all the happiness they ever has They dont know what happiness is But I, as one of the undeserving poor, have nothing between me and the pauper's uniform but this here blasted four thousand a year that shoves me into the middle class (Excuse the expression, maam, youd use it yourself if you had my provocation) Theyve got you every way you turn it's a choice between the Skilly of the workhouse and the Char Bydis

of the middle class; and I havnt the nerve for the work-house. Intimidated: thats what I am Broke. Bought up. Happier men than me will call for my dust, and touch me for their tip; and I'll look on helpless, and envy them. And thats what your son has brought me to. [*He is overcome by emotion*]

MRS HIGGINS. Well, I'm very glad youre not going to do anything foolish, Mr Doolittle. For this solves the problem of Eliza's future. You can provide for her now.

DOOLITTLE [*with melancholy resignation*] Yes, maam: I'm expected to provide for everyone now, out of three thousand a year.

HIGGINS [*jumping up*] Nonsense! he cant provide for her. He shant provide for her She doesnt belong to him. I paid him five pounds for her. Doolittle. either youre an honest man or a rogue.

DOOLITTLE [*tolerantly*] A little of both, Henry, like the rest of us: a little of both

HIGGINS Well, you took that money for the girl; and you have no right to take her as well.

MRS HIGGINS. Henry: dont be absurd. If you want to know where Eliza is, she is upstairs

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

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

HIGGINS I -

MRS HIGGINS Sit down, dear; and listen to me

HIGGINS. Oh very well, very well, very well. [*He throws himself ungraciously on the ottoman, with his face towards the windows*]. But I think you might have told us this half an hour ago

MRS HIGGINS Eliza came to me this morning. She told me of the brutal way you two treated her.

HIGGINS [*bounding up again*] What!

PYGMALION

PICKERING [*rising also*] My dear Mrs Higgins, she's been telling you stories We didnt treat her brutally We hardly said a word to her, and we parted on particularly good terms [*Turning on Higgins*] Higgins did you bully her after I went to bed?

HIGGINS Just the other way about She threw my slippers in my face She behaved in the most outrageous way I never gave her the slightest provocation The slippers came bang into my face the moment I entered the room – before I had uttered a word And used perfectly awful language

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

MRS HIGGINS I think I know pretty well what you did The girl is naturally rather affectionate, I think Isnt she, Mr Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE Very tender-hearted, maam Takes after me

MRS HIGGINS Justso She had become attached to you both She worked very hard for you, Henry I dont think you quite realize what anything in the nature of brain work means to a girl of her class Well, it seems that when the great day of trial came, and she did this wonderful thing for you without making a single mistake, you two sat there and never said a word to her, but talked together of how glad you were that it was all over and how you had been bored with the whole thing And then you were surprised because she threw your slippers at you! I should have thrown the fire-irons at you

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

PICKERING [*shrugging his shoulders*] That was all

MRS HIGGINS [*ironically*] Quite sure?

PICKERING Absolutely Really, that was all

MRS HIGGINS You didnt thank her, or pet her, or admire her, or tell her how splendid she'd been

HIGGINS [*impatiently*] But she knew all about that We didnt make speeches to her, if thats what you mean

PICKERING [*conscience stricken*] Perhaps we were a little inconsiderate Is she very angry?

MRS HIGGINS [*returning to her place at the writing-table*] Well, I'm afraid she wont go back to Wimpole Street, especially now that Mr Doolittle is able to keep up the position you have thrust on her, but she says she is quite willing to meet you on friendly terms and to let bygones be bygones.



HIGGINS [*furious*] Is she, by George? Ho!

MRS HIGGINS. If you promise to behave yourself, Henry, I'll ask her to come down. If not, go home; for you have taken up quite enough of my time.

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

DOOLITTLE [*remonstrating*] Now, now, Enry Iggins! Have some consideration for my feelings as a middle class man

MRS HIGGINS. Remember your promise, Henry [*She presses the bell-button on the writing-table*] Mr Doolittle will you be so good as to step out on the balcony for a moment. I dont want Eliza to have the shock of your news until she has made it up with these two gentlemen. Would you mind?

DOOLITTLE As you wish, lady. Anything to help Henry to keep her off my hands [*He disappears through the window*]

The parlormaid answers the bell Pickering sits down in Doolittle's place.

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

THE PARLORMAID Yes, maam [*She goes out*].

MRS HIGGINS Now, Henry be good

HIGGINS I am behaving myself perfectly.

PICKERING He is doing his best, Mrs Higgins.

PYGMALION

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

MRS HIGGINS Henry, dearest, you dont look at all nice in that attitude.

HIGGINS [*pulling himself together*] I was not trying to look nice, mother

MRS HIGGINS It doesnt matter, dear I only wanted to make you speak

HIGGINS Why?

MRS HIGGINS Because you cant speak and whistle at the same time

Higgins groans Another very trying pause

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

Eliza enters, sunny, self-possessed, and giving a staggeringly convincing exhibition of ease of manner She carries a little work-basket, and is very much at home Pickering is too much taken aback to rise

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

HIGGINS [*choking*] Am I - [*He can say no more*]

LIZA But of course you are you are never ill So glad to see you again, Colonel Pickering [*He rises hastily, and they shake hands*] Quite chilly this morning, isnt it? [*She sits down on his left He sits beside her*]

HIGGINS Dont you dare try this game on me I taught it to you, and it doesnt take me in Get up and come home, and dont be a fool

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

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

HIGGINS You let her alone, mother Let her speak for her-



self. You will jolly soon see whether she has an idea that I havnt put into her head or a word that I havnt put into her mouth I tell you I have created this thing out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent Garden; and now she pretends to play the fine lady with me

MRS HIGGINS [*placidly*] Yes, dear; but youll sit down, wont you?

Higgins sits down again, savagely

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

PICKERING. Oh dont You mustnt think of it as an experiment. It shocks me, somehow.

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

PICKERING [*impulsively*] No

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

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

LIZA It's not because you paid for my dresses. I know you are generous to everybody with money But it was from you that I learnt really nice manners, and that is what makes one a lady, isnt it? You see it was so very difficult for me with the example of Professor Higgins always before me. I was brought up to be just like him, unable to control myself, and using bad language on the slightest provocation And I should never have known that ladies and gentlemen didnt behave like that if you hadnt been there

HIGGINS Well!!

PICKERING. Oh, thats only his way, you know. He doesnt mean it.

LIZA Oh, I didnt mean it either, when I was a flower girl It was only my way But you see I did it, and thats what makes the difference after all

PICKERING No doubt Still, he taught you to speak, and I

PYGMALION

couldnt have done that, you know

LIZA [*trivially*] Of course that is his profession

HIGGINS Damnation!

LIZA [*continuing*] It was just like learning to dance in the fashionable way there was nothing more than that in it But do you know what began my real education?

PICKERING What?

LIZA [*stopping her work for a moment*] Your calling me Miss Doolittle that day when I first came to Wimpole Street That was the beginning of self-respect for me [*She resumes her stitching*] And there were a hundred little things you never noticed, because they came naturally to you Things about standing up and taking off your hat and opening doors -

PICKERING Oh, that was nothing

LIZA Yes things that shewed you thought and felt about me as if I were something better than a scullery-maid, though of course I know you would have been just the same to a scullery-maid if she had been let into the drawing room You never took off your boots in the dining room when I was there

PICKERING You mustnt mind that Higgins takes off his boots all over the place

LIZA I know I am not blaming him It is his way, isnt it? But it made such a difference to me that you didnt do it You see, really and truly, apart from the things anyone can pick up (the dressing and the proper way of speaking, and so on), the difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves, but how she's treated I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will, but I know I can be a lady to you, because you always treat me as a lady, and always will

MRS HIGGINS Please dont grind your teeth, Henry

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

PYGMALION



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

PICKERING Thank you Eliza, of course

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

HIGGINS. I'll see you damned first.

MRS HIGGINS Henry! Henry!

PICKERING [*laughing*] Why dont you slang back at him? Dont stand it It would do him a lot of good

LIZA I cant. I could have done it once; but now I cant go back to it You told me, you know, that when a child is brought to a foreign country, it picks up the language in a few weeks, and forgets its own Well, I am a child in your country. I have forgotten my own language, and can speak nothing but yours Thats the real break-off with the corner of Tottenham Court Road. Leaving Wimpole Street finishes it

PICKERING [*much alarmed*] Oh! but youre coming back to Wimpole Street, arnt you? Youll forgive Higgins?

HIGGINS [*rising*] Forgiye! Will she, by George! Let her go Let her find out how she can get on without us She will relapse into the gutter in three weeks without me at her elbow

Doolittle appears at the centre window. With a look of dignified reproach at Higgins, he comes slowly and silently to his daughter, who, with her back to the window, is unconscious of his approach

PICKERING He's incorrigible, Eliza You wont relapse, will you?

LIZA No not now Never again. I have learnt my lesson I dont believe I could utter one of the old sounds if I tried [*Doolittle touches her on her left shoulder She drops her work, losing her self-possession utterly at the spectacle of her father's splendor*] A-a-a-a-a-ah-ow-oooh!

PYGMALION

HIGGINS [*with a crow of triumph*] Ah! Just so A-a-a-ahowoooh! A-a-a-ahowoooh! A-a-a-ahowoooh! Victory! Victory! [*He throws himself on the divan, folding his arms, and spraddling arrogantly*]

DOOLITTLE Can you blame the girl? Dont look at me like that, Eliza It aint my fault Ive come into some money

LIZA You must have touched a millionaire this time, dad

DOOLITTLE I have But I'm dressed something special today I'm going to St George's, Hanover Square Your stepmother is going to marry me

LIZA [*angrily*] Youre going to let yourself down to marry that low common woman!

PICKERING [*quietly*] He ought to, Eliza [*To Doolittle*] Why has she changed her mind?

DOOLITTLE [*sadly*] Intimidated, Governor Intimidated Middle class morality claims its victim Wont you put on your hat, Liza, and come and see me turned off?

LIZA If the Colonel says I must, I - I'll [*almost sobbing*] I'll demean myself And get insulted for my pains, like enough

DOOLITTLE Dont be afraid she never comes to words with anyone now, poor woman! respectability has broke all the spirit out of her

PICKERING [*squeezing Eliza's elbow gently*] Be kind to them, Eliza Make the best of it

LIZA [*forcing a little smile for him through her vexation*] Oh well, just to shew theres no ill feeling I'll be back in a moment [*She goes out*]

DOOLITTLE [*sitting down beside Pickering*] I feel uncommon nervous about the ceremony, Colonel I wish youd come and see me through it

PICKERING But youve been through it before, man You were married to Eliza's mother

DOOLITTLE Who told you that, Colonel?

PICKERING Well, nobody told me But I concluded - naturally -

DOOLITTLE. No· that aint the natural way, Colonel: it's only the middle class way My way was always the undeserving way. But dont say nothing to Eliza. She dont know: I always had a delicacy about telling her.

PICKERING. Quite right We'll leave it so, if you dont mind

DOOLITTLE. And youll come to the church, Colonel, and put me through straight?

PICKERING. With pleasure. As far as a bachelor can.

MRS HIGGINS May I come, Mr Doolittle? I should be very sorry to miss your wedding.

DOOLITTLE. I should indeed be honored by your condescension, maam; and my poor old woman would take it as a tremenjous compliment. She's been very low, thinking of the happy days that are no more.

MRS HIGGINS [*rising*] I'll order the carriage and get ready. [*The men rise, except Higgins*]. I shant be more than fifteen minutes [*As she goes to the door Eliza comes in, hatted and buttoning her gloves*] I'm going to the church to see your father married, Eliza. You had better come in the brougham with me. Colonel Pickering can go on with the bridegroom.

Mrs Higgins goes out. Eliza comes to the middle of the room between the centre window and the ottoman Pickering joins her.

DOOLITTLE Bridegroom! What a word! It makes a man realize his position, somehow. [*He takes up his hat and goes towards the door*].

PICKERING. Before I go, Eliza, do forgive Higgins and come back to us.

LIZA. I dont think dad would allow me. Would you, dad?

DOOLITTLE [*sad but magnanimous*] They played you off very cunning, Eliza, them two sportsmen. If it had been only one of them, you could have nailed him. But you see, there was two, and one of them chaperoned the other, as you might say. [*To Pickering*] It was artful of you, Colonel, but I bear no malice: I should have done the same myself. I been the victim of one woman after another all my life, and I

PYGMALION

dont grudge you two getting the better of Liza I shant interfere It's time for us to go, Colonel So long, Henry See you in St George's, Eliza [*He goes out*]

PICKERING [*coaxing*] Do stay with us, Eliza [*He follows Doolittle*]

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



HIGGINS Well, Eliza, youve 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?

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

HIGGINS I havnt said I wanted you back at all

LIZA Oh, indeed Then what are we talking about?

HIGGINS About you, not about me If you come back I shall treat you just as I have always treated you I cant change my nature, and I dont intend to change my manners My

PYGMALION

manners are exactly the same as Colonel Pickering's.

LIZA. Thats not true. He treats a flower girl as if she was a duchess.

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

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

HIGGINS. Just so.

LIZA. Like father

HIGGINS [*grinning, a little taken down*] Without accepting the comparison at all points, Eliza, it's quite true that your father is not a snob, and that he will be quite at home in any station of life to which his eccentric destiny may call him [*Seriously*] The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another.

LIZA. Amen You are a born preacher

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

LIZA [*with sudden sincerity*] I dont care how you treat me. I dont mind your swearing at me I shouldnt mind a black eye: Ive had one before this But [*standing up and facing him*] I wont be passed over.

HIGGINS Then get out of my way; for I wont stop for you
You talk about me as if I were a motor bus

LIZA. So you are a motor bus: all bounce and go, and no consideration for anyone. But I can do without you: dont think I cant

HIGGINS I know you can. I told you you could

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

HIGGINS. Liar.

PYGMALION

LIZA Thank you [*She sits down with dignity*]

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

LIZA [*earnestly*] Dont you try to get round me Youll have to do without me

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

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

HIGGINS I cant turn your soul on Leave me those feelings, and you can take away the voice and the face They are not you

LIZA Oh, you are a devil You can twist the heart in a girl as easy as some could twist her arms to hurt her Mrs Pearce warned me Time and again she has wanted to leave you, and you always got round her at the last minute And you dont care a bit for her And you dont care a bit for me

HIGGINS I care for life, for humanity, and you are a part of it that has come my way and been built into my house What more can you or anyone ask?

LIZA I wont care for anybody that doesnt care for me

HIGGINS Commercial principles, Eliza Like [*reproducing her Covent Garden pronunciation with professional exactness*] s'yollin voylets [*selling violets*], isnt it?

LIZA Dont sneer at me It's mean to sneer at me

HIGGINS I have never sneered in my life Sneering doesnt become either the human face or the human soul I am expressing my righteous contempt for Commercialism I dont and wont trade in affection You call me a brute because you couldnt buy a claim on me by fetching my

slippers and finding my spectacles. You were a fool: I think a woman fetching a man's slippers is a disgusting sight: did I ever fetch your slippers? I think a good deal more of you for throwing them in my face. No use slaving for me and then saying you want to be cared for: who cares for a slave? If you come back, come back for the sake of good fellowship; for you'll get nothing else. You've had a thousand times as much out of me as I have out of you; and if you dare to set up your little dog's tricks of fetching and carrying slippers against my creation of a Duchess Eliza, I'll slam the door in your silly face.

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

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

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

HIGGINS. Would the world ever have been made if its maker had been afraid of making trouble? Making life means making trouble. There's only one way of escaping trouble; and that's killing things. Cowards, you notice, are always shrieking to have troublesome people killed.

LIZA. I'm no preacher: I don't notice things like that. I notice that you don't notice me.

HIGGINS [*jumping up and walking about intolerantly*] Eliza: you're an idiot. I waste the treasures of my Miltonic mind by spreading them before you. Once for all, understand that I go my way and do my work without caring twopence what happens to either of us. I am not intimidated, like your father and your stepmother. So you can come back or go to the devil: which you please.

LIZA. What am I to come back for?

HIGGINS [*bouncing up on his knees on the ottoman and leaning over it to her*] For the fun of it. That's why I took you on.

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

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

PYGMALION

LIZA And live with my stepmother?

HIGGINS Yes, or sell flowers

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

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

LIZA [*looking fiercely round at him*] I wouldnt marry you if you asked me, and youre nearer my age than what he is

HIGGINS [*gently*] Than he is not ' than what he is '

LIZA [*losing her temper and rising*] I'll talk as I like Youre not my teacher now

HIGGINS [*reflectively*] I dont suppose Pickering would, though He's as confirmed an old bachelor as I am

LIZA Thats not what I want, and dont you think it Ive always had chaps enough wanting me that way Freddy Hill writes to me twice and three times a day, sheets and sheets

HIGGINS [*disagreeably surprised*] Damn his impudence! [*He recoils and finds himself sitting on his heels*]

LIZA He has a right to if he likes, poor lad And he does love me

HIGGINS [*getting off the ottoman*] You have no right to encourage him

LIZA Every girl has a right to be loved

HIGGINS What! By fools like that?

LIZA Freddy's not a fool And if he's weak and poor and wants me, may be he'd make me happier than my betters that bully me and dont want me

HIGGINS Can he make anything of you? Thats the point

LIZA Perhaps I could make something of him But I never thought of us making anything of one another, and you never think of anything else I only want to be natural

HIGGINS. In short, you want me to be as infatuated about you as Freddy? Is that it?

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

HIGGINS. Of course they do. Then what in thunder are we quarrelling about?

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

HIGGINS. Well, of course. Thats just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza, youre a fool.

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

HIGGINS. It's all youll get until you stop being a common idiot. If youre going to be a lady, youll have to give up feeling neglected if the men you know dont spend half their time snivelling over you and the other half giving you black eyes. If you cant stand the coldness of my sort of life, and the strain of it, go back to the gutter. Work til youre more a brute than a human being, and then cuddle and squabble and drink til you fall asleep. Oh, it's a fine life, the life of the gutter. It's real. it's warm. it's violent. you can feel it through the thickest skin. you can taste it and smell it without any training or any work. Not like Science and Literature and Classical Music and Philosophy and Art. You find me cold, unfeeling, selfish, dont 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 cant appreciate what youve got, youd better get what you can appreciate.

LIZA [*desperate*] Oh, you are a cruel tyrant. I cant talk to you. You turn everything against me. I'm always in the wrong. But you know very well all the time that youre nothing but a bully. You know I cant go back to the gutter, as you call it, and that I have no real friends in the world but you and the Colonel. You know well I couldnt bear to live with a low common man after you two, and it's wicked and cruel of you to insult me by pretending I could. You think I must go back to Wimpole Street because I have nowhere else to go but father's. But dont 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 [*thunderstruck*] Freddy!!! that young fool! That poor devil who couldnt get a job as an errand boy even if he had the guts to try for it! Woman, do you not understand that I have made you a consort for a king?

LIZA Freddy loves me that makes him king enough for me. I dont want him to work. he wasnt brought up to it as I was. I'll go and be a teacher.

HIGGINS Whatll you teach, in heaven's name?

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

HIGGINS Ha! ha! ha!

LIZA I'll offer myself as an assistant to that hairyfaced Hungarian.

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

LIZA [*defiantly non-resistant*] Wring away. What do I care? I knew youd strike me some day. [*He lets her go, stamping with*

rage at having forgotten himself, and recoils so hastily that he stumbles back into his seat on the ottoman]. Aha! Now I know how to deal with you. What a fool I was not to think of it before! You cant take away the knowledge you gave me. You said I had a finer ear than you. And I can be civil and kind to people, which is more than you can. Aha! [*Purposely dropping her aitches to annoy him*] Thats done you, Enry Iggins, it az. Now I dont care that [*snapping her fingers*] for your bullying and your big talk. I'll advertize it in the papers that your duchess is only a flower girl that you taught, and that she'll teach anybody to be a duchess just the same in six months for a thousand guineas Oh, when I think of myself crawling under your feet and being trampled on and called names, when all the time I had only to lift up my finger to be as good as you, I could just kick myself.

HIGGINS [*wondering at her*] You damned impudent slut, you! But it's better than snivelling; better than fetching slippers and finding spectacles, isnt it? [*Rising*] By George, Eliza, I said I'd make a woman of you; and I have. I like you like this

LIZA Yes you turn round and make up to me now that I'm not afraid of you, and can do without you.

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

Mrs Higgins returns, dressed for the wedding. Eliza instantly becomes cool and elegant.

MRS HIGGINS. The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

LIZA. Quite. Is the Professor coming?

MRS HIGGINS Certainly not. He cant behave himself in



PYGMALION

church He makes remarks out loud all the time on the clergyman's pronunciation

LIZA Then I shall not see you again, Professor Goodbye
[*She goes to the door*]

MRS HIGGINS [*coming to Higgins*] Goodbye, dear

HIGGINS Goodbye, mother [*He is about to kiss her, when he recalls something*] Oh, by the way, Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of reindeer gloves, number eights, and a tie to match that new suit of mine You can choose the color [*His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shews that he is incorrigible*]

LIZA [*disdainfully*] Number eights are too small for you if you want them lined with lamb's wool You have three new ties that you have forgotten in the drawer of your washstand Colonel Pickering prefers double Gloucester to Stilton, and you dont notice the difference I telephoned Mrs Pearce this morning not to forget the ham What you are to do without me I cannot imagine [*She sweeps out*]

MRS HIGGINS I'm afraid youve spoilt that girl, Henry I should be uneasy about you and her if she were less fond of Colonel Pickering

HIGGINS Pickering! Nonsense she's going to marry Freddy Ha ha! Freddy! Freddy!! Ha ha ha ha ha!!!! [*He roars with laughter as the play ends*]



THE rest of the story need not be shewn in action, and indeed, would hardly need telling if our imaginations were not so enfeebled by their lazy dependence on the ready-mades and reach-me-downs of the ragshop in which Romance keeps its stock of 'happy endings' to misfit all stories. Now, the history of Eliza Doolittle, though called a romance because the transfiguration it records seems exceedingly improbable, is common enough. Such transfigurations have been achieved by hundreds of resolutely ambitious young women since Nell Gwynne set them the example by playing queens and fascinating kings in the theatre in which she began by selling oranges. Nevertheless, people in all directions have assumed, for no other reason than that she became the heroine of a romance, that she must have married the hero of it. This is unbearable, not only because her little drama, if acted on such a thoughtless assumption, must be spoiled, but because the true sequel is patent to anyone with a sense of human nature in general, and of feminine instinct in particular.

Eliza, in telling Higgins she would not marry him if he asked her, was not coquetting: she was announcing a well-considered decision. When a bachelor interests, and dominates, and teaches, and becomes important to a spinster, as Higgins with Eliza, she always, if she has character enough to be capable of it, considers very seriously indeed whether she will play for becoming that bachelor's wife, especially if he is so little interested in marriage that a determined and devoted woman might capture him if she set herself resolutely to do it. Her decision will depend a good deal on whether she is really free to choose; and that, again, will depend on her age and income. If she is at the end of her youth, and has no security for her livelihood, she will marry him because she

must marry anybody who will provide for her. But at Eliza's age a good-looking girl does not feel that pressure. She feels free to pick and choose. She is therefore guided by her instinct in the matter. Eliza's instinct tells her not to marry Higgins. It does not tell her to give him up. It is not in the slightest doubt as to his remaining one of the strongest personal interests in her life. It would be very sorely strained if there was another woman likely to supplant her with him. But as she feels sure of him on that last point, she has no doubt at all as to her course, and would not have any, even if the difference of twenty years in age, which seems so great to youth, did not exist between them.



As our own instincts are not appealed to by her conclusion, let us see whether we cannot discover some reason in it. When Higgins excused his indifference to young women on the ground that they had an irresistible rival in his mother, he gave the clue to his inveterate old-bachelordom. The case is uncommon only to the extent that remarkable mothers are uncommon. If an imaginative boy has a sufficiently rich mother who has intelligence, personal grace, dignity of character without harshness, and a cultivated sense of the best art of her time to enable her to make her house beautiful, she sets a standard for him against which very few women can struggle, besides effecting for him a disengagement of his

affections, his sense of beauty, and his idealism from his specifically sexual impulses. This makes him a standing puzzle to the huge number of uncultivated people who have been brought up in tasteless homes by commonplace or disagreeable parents, and to whom, consequently, literature, painting, sculpture, music, and affectionate personal relations come as modes of sex if they come at all. The word passion means nothing else to them; and that Higgins could have a passion for phonetics and idealize his mother instead of Eliza, would seem to them absurd and unnatural. Nevertheless, when we look round and see that hardly anyone is too ugly or disagreeable to find a wife or a husband if he or she wants one, whilst many old maids and bachelors are above the average in quality and culture, we cannot help suspecting that the disentanglement of sex from the associations with which it is so commonly confused, a disentanglement which persons of genius achieve by sheer intellectual analysis, is sometimes produced or aided by parental fascination.

Now, though Eliza was incapable of thus explaining to herself Higgins's formidable powers of resistance to the charm that prostrated Freddy at the first glance, she was instinctively aware that she could never obtain a complete grip of him, or come between him and his mother (the first necessity of the married woman). To put it shortly, she knew that for some mysterious reason he had not the makings of a married man in him, according to her conception of a husband as one to whom she would be his nearest and fondest and warmest interest. Even had there been no mother-rival, she would still have refused to accept an interest in herself that was secondary to philosophic interests. Had Mrs Higgins died, there would still have been Milton and the Universal Alphabet. Landor's remark that to those who have the greatest power of loving, love is a secondary affair, would not have recommended Landor to Eliza. Put that along with her resentment of Higgins's domineering superiority, and her

mistrust of his coaxing cleverness in getting round her and evading her wrath when he had gone too far with his impetuous bullying, and you will see that Eliza's instinct had good grounds for warning her not to marry her Pygmalion.

And now, whom did Eliza marry? For if Higgins was a predestinate old bachelor, she was most certainly not a predestinate old maid. Well, that can be told very shortly to those who have not guessed it from the indications she has herself given them.

Almost immediately after Eliza is stung into proclaiming her considered determination not to marry Higgins, she mentions the fact that young Mr Frederick Eynsford Hill is pouring out his love for her daily through the post. Now Freddy is young, practically twenty years younger than Higgins—he is a gentleman (or, as Eliza would qualify him, a toff), and speaks like one. He is nicely dressed, is treated by the Colonel as an equal, loves her unaffectedly, and is not her master, nor ever likely to dominate her in spite of his advantage of social standing. Eliza has no use for the foolish romantic tradition that all women love to be mastered, if not actually bullied and beaten. 'When you go to women' says Nietzsche 'take your whip with you.' Sensible despots have never confined that precaution to women—they have taken their whips with them when they have dealt with men, and been slavishly idealized by the men over whom they have flourished the whip much more than by women. No doubt there are slavish women as well as slavish men, and women, like men, admire those that are stronger than themselves. But to admire a strong person and to live under that strong person's thumb are two different things. The weak may not be admired and hero-worshipped, but they are by no means disliked or



shunned; and they never seem to have the least difficulty in marrying people who are too good for them. They may fail in emergencies; but life is not one long emergency: it is mostly a string of situations for which no exceptional strength is needed, and with which even rather weak people can cope if they have a stronger partner to help them out. Accordingly, it is a truth everywhere in evidence that strong people, masculine or feminine, not only do not marry stronger people, but do not shew any preference for them in selecting their friends. When a lion meets another with a louder roar 'the first lion thinks the last a bore'. The man or woman who feels strong enough for two, seeks for every other quality in a partner than strength.

The converse is also true. Weak people want to marry strong people who do not frighten them too much; and this often leads them to make the mistake we describe metaphorically as 'biting off more than they can chew'. They want too much for too little; and when the bargain is unreasonable beyond all bearing, the union becomes impossible: it ends in the weaker party being either discarded or borne as a cross, which is worse. People who are not only weak, but silly or obtuse as well, are often in these difficulties.

This being the state of human affairs, what is Eliza fairly sure to do when she is placed between Freddy and Higgins? Will she look forward to a lifetime of fetching Higgins's slippers or to a lifetime of Freddy fetching hers? There can be no doubt about the answer. Unless Freddy is biologically repulsive to her, and Higgins biologically attractive to a degree that overwhelms all her other instincts, she will, if she marries either of them, marry Freddy.

And that is just what Eliza did.

Complications ensued; but they were economic, not romantic. Freddy had no money and no occupation. His mother's jointure, a last relic of the opulence of Largetady Park, had enabled her to struggle along in Earls Court with

an air of gentility, but not to procure any serious secondary education for her children, much less give the boy a profession. A clerkship at thirty shillings a week was beneath Freddy's dignity, and extremely distasteful to him besides. His prospects consisted of a hope that if he kept up appearances somebody would do something for him. The something appeared vaguely to his imagination as a private secretaryship or a sinecure of some sort. To his mother it perhaps appeared as a marriage to some lady of means who could not resist her boy's niceness. Fancy her feelings when he married a flower girl who had become disclassed under extraordinary circumstances which were now notorious!

It is true that Eliza's situation did not seem wholly ineligible. Her father, though formerly a dustman, and now fantastically disclassed, had become extremely popular in the smartest society by a social talent which triumphed over every prejudice and every disadvantage. Rejected by the middle class, which he loathed, he had shot up at once into the highest circles by his wit, his dustmanship (which he carried like a banner), and his Nietzschean transcendence of good and evil. At intimate ducal dinners he sat on the



right hand of the Duchess; and in country houses he smoked in the pantry and was made much of by the butler when he was not feeding in the dining room and being consulted by cabinet ministers. But he found it almost as hard to do all this on four thousand a year as Mrs Eynsford Hill to live in Earls court on an income so pitiably smaller that I have not the heart to disclose its exact figure. He absolutely refused to add the last straw to his burden by contributing to Eliza's support.

Thus Freddy and Eliza, now Mr and Mrs Eynsford Hill, would have spent a penniless honeymoon but for a wedding present of £500 from the Colonel to Eliza. It lasted a long time because Freddy did not know how to spend money, never having had any to spend, and Eliza, socially trained by a pair of old bachelors, wore her clothes as long as they held together and looked pretty, without the least regard to their being many months out of fashion. Still, £500 will not last two young people for ever; and they both knew, and Eliza felt as well, that they must shift for themselves in the end. She could quarter herself on Wimpole Street because it had come to be her home; but she was quite aware that she ought not to quarter Freddy there, and that it would not be good for his character if she did.

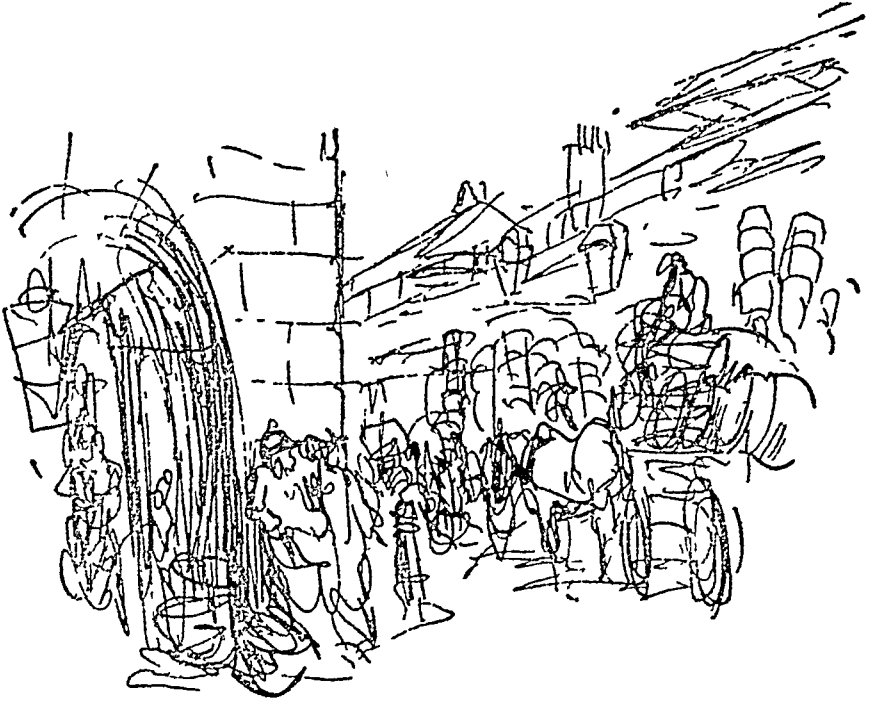
Not that the Wimpole Street bachelors objected. When she consulted them, Higgins declined to be bothered about her housing problem when that solution was so simple. Eliza's desire to have Freddy in the house with her seemed of no more importance than if she had wanted an extra piece of bedroom furniture. Pleas as to Freddy's character, and the moral obligation on him to earn his own living, were lost on Higgins. He denied that Freddy had any character, and declared that if he tried to do any useful work some competent person would have the trouble of undoing it: a procedure involving a net loss to the community, and great unhappiness to Freddy himself, who was obviously intended by

Nature for such light work as amusing Eliza, which, Higgins declared, was a much more useful and honorable occupation than working in the city. When Eliza referred again to her project of teaching phonetics, Higgins abated not a jot of his violent opposition to it. He said she was not within ten years of being qualified to meddle with his pet subject, and as it was evident that the Colonel agreed with him, she felt she could not go against them in this grave matter, and that she had no right, without Higgins's consent, to exploit the knowledge he had given her, for his knowledge seemed to her as much his private property as his watch. Eliza was no communist. Besides, she was superstitiously devoted to them both, more entirely and frankly after her marriage than before it.

It was the Colonel who finally solved the problem, which had cost him much perplexed cogitation. He one day asked Eliza, rather shyly, whether she had quite given up her notion of keeping a flower shop. She replied that she had thought of it, but had put it out of her head, because the Colonel had said, that day at Mrs Higgins's, that it would never do. The Colonel confessed that when he said that, he had not quite recovered from the dazzling impression of the day before. They broke the matter to Higgins that evening. The sole comment vouchsafed by him very nearly led to a serious quarrel with Eliza. It was to the effect that she would have in Freddy an ideal errand boy.

Freddy himself was next sounded on the subject. He said he had been thinking of a shop himself, though it had presented itself to his pennilessness as a small place in which Eliza should sell tobacco at one counter whilst he sold newspapers at the opposite one. But he agreed that it would be extraordinarily jolly to go early every morning with Eliza to Covent Garden and buy flowers on the scene of their first meeting—a sentiment which earned him many kisses from his wife. He added that he had always been afraid to propose anything of the sort, because Clara would make an awful row.

about a step that must damage her matrimonial chances, and his mother could not be expected to like it after clinging for so many years to that step of the social ladder on which retail trade is impossible.



This difficulty was removed by an event highly unexpected by Freddy's mother Clara, in the course of her incursions into those artistic circles which were the highest within her reach, discovered that her conversational qualifications were expected to include a grounding in the novels of Mr H. G. Wells. She borrowed them in various directions so energetically that she swallowed them all within two months. The result was a conversion of a kind quite common today. A modern Acts of the Apostles would fill fifty whole Bibles if anyone were capable of writing it.

Poor Clara, who appeared to Higgins and his mother as a disagreeable and ridiculous person, and to her own mother as in some inexplicable way a social failure, had never seen herself in either light; for, though to some extent ridiculed

and mimicked in West Kensington like everybody else there, she was accepted as a rational and normal – or shall we say inevitable? – sort of human being. At worst they called her The Pusher, but to them no more than to herself had it ever occurred that she was pushing the air, and pushing it in a wrong direction. Still, she was not happy. She was growing desperate. Her one asset, the fact that her mother was what the Epsom greengrocer called a carriage lady, had no exchange value, apparently. It had prevented her from getting educated, because the only education she could have afforded was education with the Earls Court greengrocer's daughter. It had led her to seek the society of her mother's class, and that class simply would not have her, because she was much poorer than the greengrocer, and, far from being able to afford a maid, could not afford even a housemaid, and had to scrape along at home with an illiberally treated general servant. Under such circumstances nothing could give her an air of being a genuine product of Largetady Park. And yet its tradition made her regard a marriage with anyone within her reach as an unbearable humiliation. Commercial people and professional people in a small way were odious to her. She ran after painters and novelists, but she did not charm them, and her bold attempts to pick up and practise artistic and literary talk irritated them. She was, in short, an utter failure, an ignorant, incompetent, pretentious, unwelcome, penniless, useless little snob, and though she did not admit these disqualifications (for nobody ever faces unpleasant truths of this kind until the possibility of a way out dawns on them) she felt their effects too keenly to be satisfied with her position.



Clara had a startling eyeopener when, on being suddenly

wakened to enthusiasm by a girl of her own age who dazzled her and produced in her a gushing desire to take her for a model, and gain her friendship, she discovered that this exquisite apparition had graduated from the gutter in a few months time. It shook her so violently, that when Mr H. G. Wells lifted her on the point of his puissant pen, and placed her at the angle of view from which the life she was leading and the society to which she clung appeared in its true relation to real human needs and worthy social structure, he effected a conversion and a conviction of sin comparable to the most sensational feats of General Booth or Gypsy Smith. Clara's snobbery went bang. Life suddenly began to move with her. Without knowing how or why, she began to make friends and enemies. Some of the acquaintances to whom she had been a tedious or indifferent or ridiculous affliction, dropped her: others became cordial. To her amazement she found that some 'quite nice' people were saturated with Wells, and that this accessibility to ideas was the secret of their niceness. People she had thought deeply religious, and had tried to conciliate on that tack with disastrous results, suddenly took an interest in her, and revealed a hostility to conventional religion which she had never conceived possible

except among the most desperate characters. They made her read Galsworthy; and Galsworthy exposed the vanity of Largetady Park and finished her. It exasperated her to think that the dungeon in which she had languished for so many unhappy years had been unlocked all the time, and that the impulses she had so carefully struggled with and stifled for the sake of keeping well with society, were precisely those by which alone she could have come into any sort of sincere human contact. In the radiance of these discoveries, and the tumult of their reaction, she made a fool of



herself as freely and conspicuously as when she so rashly adopted Eliza's expletive in Mrs Higgins's drawing room, for the new-born Wellsian had to find her bearings almost as ridiculously as a baby, but nobody hates a baby for its ineptitudes, or thinks the worse of it for trying to eat the matches, and Clara lost no friends by her follies. They laughed at her to her face this time, and she had to defend herself and fight it out as best she could.

When Freddy paid a visit to Earls Court (which he never did when he could possibly help it) to make the desolating announcement that he and his Eliza were thinking of blackening the Largetady scutcheon by opening a shop, he found the little household already convulsed by a prior announcement from Clara that she also was going to work in an old furniture shop in Dover Street, which had been started by a fellow Wellsian. This appointment Clara owed, after all, to her old social accomplishment of Push. She had made up her mind that, cost what it might, she would see Mr Wells in the flesh, and she had achieved her end at a garden party. She had better luck than so rash an enterprise deserved. Mr Wells came up to her expectations. Age had not withered him, nor could custom stale his infinite variety in half an hour. His pleasant neatness and compactness, his small hands and feet, his teeming ready brain, his unaffected accessibility, and a certain fine apprehensiveness which stamped him as susceptible from his topmost hair to his tipmost toe, proved irresistible. Clara talked of nothing else for weeks and weeks afterwards. And as she happened to talk to the lady of the furniture shop, and that lady also desired above all things to know Mr Wells and sell pretty things to him, she offered Clara a job on the chance of achieving that end through her.

And so it came about that Eliza's luck held,



and the expected opposition to the flower shop melted away. The shop is in the arcade of a railway station not very far from the Victoria and Albert Museum; and if you live in that neighbourhood you may go there any day and buy a button-hole from Eliza.

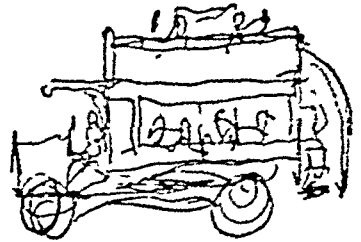
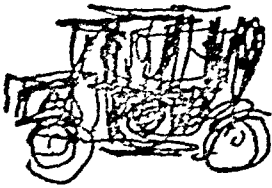
Now here is a last opportunity for romance. Would you not like to be assured that the shop was an immense success, thanks to Eliza's charms and her early business experience in Covent Garden? Alas! the truth is the truth: the shop did not pay for a long time, simply because Eliza and her Freddy did not know how to keep it. True, Eliza had not to begin at the very beginning: she knew the names and prices of the cheaper flowers; and her elation was unbounded when she found that Freddy, like all youths educated at cheap, pretentious, and thoroughly inefficient schools, knew a little Latin. It was very little, but enough to make him appear to her a Porson or Bentley, and to put him at his ease with botanical nomenclature. Unfortunately he knew nothing else; and Eliza, though she could count money up to eighteen shillings or so, and had acquired a certain familiarity with the language of Milton from her struggles to qualify herself for winning Higgins's bet, could not write out a bill without utterly disgracing the establishment. Freddy's power of stating in Latin that Balbus built a wall and that Gaul was divided into three parts did not carry with it the slightest knowledge of accounts or business. Colonel Pickering had to explain to him what a cheque book and a bank account meant. And the pair were by no means easily teachable. Freddy backed up Eliza in her obstinate refusal to believe that they could save money by engaging a bookkeeper with some knowledge of the business. How, they argued, could you possibly save money by going to extra expense when you already could not make both ends meet? But the Colonel, after making the ends meet over and over again, at last gently insisted, and Eliza, humbled to the dust by having to beg

from him so often, and stung by the uproarious derision of Higgins, to whom the notion of Freddy succeeding at anything was a joke that never palled, grasped the fact that business, like phonetics, has to be learned

On the piteous spectacle of the pair spending their evenings in shorthand schools and polytechnic classes, learning book-keeping and typewriting with incipient junior clerks, male and female, from the elementary schools, let me not dwell There were even classes at the London School of Economics, and a humble personal appeal to the director of that institution to recommend a course bearing on the flower business He, being a humorist, explained to them the method of the celebrated Dickensian essay on Chinese Metaphysics by the gentleman who read an article on China and an article on Metaphysics and combined the information He suggested that they should combine the London School with Kew Gardens Eliza, to whom the procedure of the Dickensian gentleman seemed perfectly correct (as in fact it was) and not in the least funny (which was only her ignorance), took the advice with entire gravity But the effort that cost her the deepest humiliation was a request to Higgins, whose pet artistic fancy, next to Milton's verse, was calligraphy, and who himself wrote a most beautiful Italian hand, that he would teach her to write He declared that she was congenitally incapable of forming a single letter worthy of the least of Milton's words, but she persisted, and again he suddenly threw himself into the task of teaching her with a combination of stormy intensity, concentrated patience, and occasional bursts of interesting disquisition on the beauty and nobility, the august mission and destiny, of human handwriting Eliza ended by acquiring an extremely uncommercial script which was a positive extension of her personal beauty, and spending three times as much on stationery as anyone else because certain qualities and shapes of paper became indispensable to her She could not even address an

nvelope in the usual way because it made the margins all wrong

Their commercial schooldays were a period of disgrace and despair for the young couple. They seemed to be learning nothing about flower shops. At last they gave it up as hopeless, and shook the dust of the shorthand schools, and the polytechnics, and the London School of Economics from their feet for ever. Besides, the business was in some mysterious way beginning to take care of itself. They had somehow forgotten their objections to employing other people. They came to the conclusion that their own way was the best, and that they had really a remarkable talent for business. The Colonel, who had been compelled for some years to keep a sufficient



sum on current account at his bankers to make up their deficits, found that the provision was unnecessary. the young people were prospering. It is true that there was not quite fair play between them and their competitors in trade. Their week-ends in the country cost them nothing, and saved them the price of their Sunday dinners; for the motor car was the Colonel's; and he and Higgins paid the hotel bills. Mr F Hill, florist and greengrocer (they soon discovered that there was money in asparagus; and asparagus led to other vegetables), had an air which stamped the business as classy, and in private life he was still Frederick Eynsford Hill, Esquire. Not that there was any swank about him. nobody but Eliza knew that he had been christened Frederick Challoner. Eliza herself swanked like anything

That is all. That is how it has turned out. It is astonishing



how much Eliza still manages to meddle in the housekeeping at Wimpole Street in spite of the shop and her own family. And it is notable that though she never nags her husband, and frankly loves the Colonel as if she were his favorite daughter, she has never got out of the habit of nagging Higgins that was established on the fatal night when she won his bet for him. She snaps his head off on the faintest provocation, or on none. He no longer dares to tease her by assuming an abysmal

inferiority of Freddy's mind to his own. He storms and bullies and derides, but she stands up to him so ruthlessly that the Colonel has to ask her from time to time to be kinder to Higgins, and it is the only request of his that brings a mulish expression into her face. Nothing but some emergency or calamity great enough to break down all likes and dislikes, and throw them both back on their common humanity – and may they be spared any such trial! – will ever alter this. She knows that Higgins does not need her, just as her father did not need her. The very scrupulousness with which he told her that day that he had become used to having her there, and dependent on her for all sorts of little services, and that he should miss her if she went away (it would never have occurred to Freddy or the Colonel to say anything of the sort) deepens her inner certainty that she is 'no more to him than them slippers', yet she has a sense, too, that his indifference is deeper than the infatuation of commoner souls. She is immensely interested in him. She has even secret mischievous moments in which she wishes she could get him alone, on a desert island, away from all ties and with nobody else in the world to consider, and just drag him off his pedestal and see

PYGMALION

him making love like any common man. We all have private imaginations of that sort. But when it comes to business, to the life that she really leads as distinguished from the life of dreams and fancies, she likes Freddy and she likes the Colonel; and she does not like Higgins and Mr Doolittle. Galatea never does quite like Pygmalion: his relation to her is too godlike to be altogether agreeable.



PYGMALION

was first produced in England at His Majesty's Theatre, London,
11 April 1914, with the following cast

HENRY HIGGINS	Sir Herbert Tree
COLONEL PICKERING	Philip Merivale
FREDDY EYNSFORD HILL	Algeinon Greig
ALFRED DOOLITTLE	Edmund Gurney
BYSTANDER	Roy Byford
ANOTHER ONE	Alexander Sarner
ELIZA DOOLITTLE	Mrs Patrick Campbell
MRS EYNSFORD HILL	Carlotta Addison
MISS EYNSFORD HILL	Margaret Busse
MRS HIGGINS	Rosamond Mayne-Young
MRS PEARCE	Geraldine Olliffe
PARLORMAID	Irene Delisse

PRINCIPAL WORKS OF BERNARD SHAW

- An Unsocial Socialist, 1884
Cashel Byron's Profession, 1885-6
The Irrational Knot, 1885-7
Love Among the Artists, 1887-8
Fabian Essays in Socialism (edited), 1889
The Quintessence of Ibsenism, 1891
Widowers' Houses, 1893
The Perfect Wagnerite, 1898
Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant, 1898
The Man of Destiny, 1898
Fabianism and the Empire, 1900
Three Plays for Puritans, 1901
The Admirable Bashville, 1901
Man and Superman, 1903
Is Free Trade alive or dead?, 1906
How he Lied to her Husband, 1907
John Bull's Other Island, 1907
Major Barbara, 1907
The Sanity of Art, 1908
The Doctor's Dilemma, 1911
Getting Married, 1911
The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet, 1911
Commonsense about the War, 1914
Misalliance, 1914
The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, 1914
Fanny's First Play, 1914
Androcles and the Lion, Overruled, and Pygmalion, 1916
Preface to the W E A Education Year Book, 1918
Great Catherine, 1919
Heartbreak House, 1919
Back to Methuselah, 1921
Saint Joan, 1924
Translations and Tomfooleries, 1926
The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism, 1928
Immaturity, 1930
The Apple Cart, 1930
Doctors' Delusion, Crude Criminology, Sham Education, 1931
The Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God, 1932
Short Stories, Scraps, and Shavings, 1932
Too True to be Good, 1934

Village Wooing and On the Rocks, 1934
The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, 1936
The Six of Calais, 1936
The Millionairess, 1936
Geneva, 1939
In Good King Charles's Golden Days, 1939
Everybody's Political What's What, 1944

THE PENGUIN SHAW

Bernard Shaw's *An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism, Capitalism, Sovietism, and Fascism* was one of the first Pelican books to be published, in May 1937. Since then many of his plays have been published as Penguins. All of them are complete with Shaw's original prefaces, which put the argument of the play in strong and witty terms and serve as examples of Shaw's individual and assertive prose style. The following are available:

ANDROCLES AND THE LION
also available in the Shaw alphabet edition

THE APPLE CART

BACK TO METHUSELAH

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

MAJOR BARBARA

MAN AND SUPERMAN

THE MILLIONAIRESS

PLAYS PLEASANT (*Arms and the Man, Candida,
The Man of Destiny, You Never Can Tell*)

PLAYS UNPLEASANT (*Widowers' Houses,
The Philanderer, Mrs Warren's Profession*)

PYGMALION

SAINT JOAN

THREE PLAYS FOR PURITANS
(*The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra,
Captain Brassbound's Conversion*)

and in Pelicans

G.B.S. ON MUSIC

NOT FOR SALE IN THE U.S.A.

*For a complete list of books available please write to Penguin Books
whose address can be found on the back of the title page*

