

# **PYGMALION**

by  
George Bernard Shaw

NOTE: some words/phrases (written in *italic*)  
contained within the lines of the play are “Cockney” English,  
the accent or dialect of English traditionally spoken by working-class Londoners,  
and have been translated into standard English at the foot of each page.

## L'autore

**George Bernard Shaw** nacque a Dublino il 26 luglio 1856 e nel 1876 si trasferì a Londra dove, pochi anni dopo, iniziò la sua attività di scrittore, di critico letterario e musicale e, più tardi, di drammaturgo. Nel 1884 aderì al movimento socialista e si dedicò a scrivere pamphlet per divulgarne il pensiero. Nel 1892 iniziò a scrivere per il teatro. Le sue prime pièce furono molto influenzate dalla sua visione politica e dalle sue ambizioni di riforme sociali. Ispirato dall'opera di Ibsen, Shaw individuò nel teatro il mezzo più efficace per affrontare le questioni etiche del suo tempo. Nel 1898 sposò l'irlandese Charlotte Payne-Townshend che gli fornì i mezzi per potersi dedicare solo alla scrittura teatrale. Nel corso della sua vita scrisse più di sessanta drammi, alcuni di grande successo. Il primo indiscusso trionfo londinese fu *Man and Superman*, che andò in scena nel 1905. Nel 1912 scrisse ***Pygmalion***, che divenne un musical (1956) e un film (1964) di fama mondiale. Nel 1925 fu insignito del premio Nobel per la letteratura. Abilissimo nel concertare dialoghi pieni di verve, non perse mai l'interesse per il dibattito politico né l'afflato riformista. Nel 1943 Shaw rimase vedovo e condusse da allora una vita molto solitaria. Continuò a scrivere fino a novant'anni passati. Morì ad Ayot St. Lawrence il 2 novembre 1950.

## Alcune opere

*Widowers' Houses* (1892) - *The Philanderer* (1893) - *Mrs Warren's Profession* (1893) - *Candida* (1894) - *You Never Can Tell* (1897) - *Caesar and Cleopatra* (1898) - *Man and Superman* (1902) - *John Bull's Other Island* (1904) - *Passion, Poison and Petrification* (1905) - *The Doctor's Dilemma* (1906) - *Getting Married* (1908) - *Misalliance* (1909) - *Fanny's First Play* (1911) - ***Pygmalion*** (1913) - *Heartbreak House* (1919) - *Saint Joan* (1923) - *The Apple Cart* (1928) - *Too True to Be Good* (1931) - *On the Rocks* (1932) - *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* (1934) - *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* (1939).

## La trama

Una giovane fioraia, Eliza Doolittle, le cui principali caratteristiche sono la vivacità di carattere e un impossibile accento dialettale che rende incomprensibile il suo modo di parlare, diventa oggetto di una scommessa tra il professore di fonetica Henry Higgins e il colonnello Pickering, appassionato linguista. Higgins sostiene, infatti, di poter trasformare la fanciulla fino a farla credere una duchessa della migliore società londinese, semplicemente migliorandone la pronuncia e le maniere. Così Eliza si trasferisce a casa del professore e inizia una formazione intensiva. Ma il suo mentore non ha fatto i conti con il forte carattere dell'allieva e con il suo rifiuto a lasciarsi plasmare

su misura a desiderio del suo Pigmaleone. Ottenuti a prezzo di scontri, conflitti e di duro lavoro su se stessa l'agognata trasformazione e il conseguente successo sociale, Eliza si rende conto di provare un trasporto sentimentale verso il professor Higgins che, invece, non si espone... lasciando la giovane allieva a decidere cosa scegliere per il proprio futuro.

## Note di regia

Un'opera di grande respiro sociale presentata in modo divertente: il regista **John O'Connor** (*Pride and Prejudice*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Waiting for Godot*, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*) esalta l'abbinamento tra la piacevolezza della commedia e la serietà della finalità sociale. Il nostro allestimento è ambientato tra la fine degli anni '40 e l'inizio degli anni '50, periodo in cui era ancora possibile indicare la classe sociale di qualcuno in base all'abbigliamento e all'accento, proprio come nell'epoca edoardiana. L'intento del regista è di rendere evidente questa etichettatura: è affascinante per il pubblico vedere l'evoluzione dei costumi di Eliza parallelamente alla sua trasformazione. La musica ha un ruolo importante per evocare il mondo in cui si muove la protagonista: una combinazione di grandi orchestre jazz e musica classica, con un suggestivo waltzer che predomina nella scena del ballo e diviene un leggero ma costante sottofondo che unisce danza e dialoghi per un grande effetto d'insieme. Le luci aiutano a creare atmosfere di gioia, conflitto, gelosia, minaccia e amore, e integrano la scenografia per meglio definire i vari luoghi e i momenti della giornata, mettendo in risalto l'imponente eleganza delle colonne fisse che costituiscono il set e l'agilità degli elementi mobili che completano e decorano le ambientazioni. Lo stile di recitazione è fedele alle intenzioni dell'autore: prevalentemente comico, con momenti più intensi da cui emergono i veri stati d'animo dei personaggi. Sono gli studenti a far uso della propria intelligenza per riflettere sul messaggio lanciato da Shaw.

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

### ACT I

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### ACT II

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## CHARACTERS

*(in order of appearance)*

H. HIGGINS - Henry Higgins - a teacher of phonetics  
MRS. E. HILL - Mrs Eynsford Hill - Freddy's mother  
ELIZA - Eliza Doolittle - a flower girl  
FREDDY - Mrs. E. Hill's son  
PICKERING - Colonel Pickering, a friend of Henry Higgins  
BYSTANDER  
CAB DRIVER  
MRS. PEARCE - Henry's housekeeper  
DOOLITTLE - a dustman - Eliza's father  
MRS. HIGGINS - Henry's mother  
MISS CLARA E. HILL - Freddy's sister  
NEPOMMUCK - a Hungarian - a former pupil of Henry  
HOSTESS - The Ambassador's wife  
POLICE CONSTABLE

## ACT I

### SCENE 1

*London at 11.30 p.m. The opera has finished, the audience exit from the theatre.*

*Whistles to call cabs.*

*A summer rainstorm forces pedestrians to shelter under the portico.*

*H. Higgins from behind, taking notes with his jotter.*

*Mrs. E. Hill, Eliza, Freddy, Bystander, Pickering, H. Higgins, Cab driver.*

**Mrs. E. Hill** (*shelters from the rain*). What can Freddy be doing all this time? He should have found a cab by now. I have been waiting for twenty minutes!

**Eliza.** You won't get one either until midnight, *missus*<sup>1</sup>.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** I must have a cab. I cannot remain here until twelve.

**Eliza.** Well, it *ain't*<sup>2</sup> my fault, for sure.

**Freddy** (*rushing through the rain*). There is not a cab to be had for love nor money.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You haven't tried.

**Freddy.** They are all taken. The rain was so sudden. Everybody has taken a cab.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Did you try Trafalgar Square?

**Freddy.** There wasn't even one.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Did you try?

**Freddy.** I tried.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** You really are very helpless, Freddy. Try again and do not come back until you have found a cab.

1) "*missus*": lady  
2) "*ain't*": is not

**Freddy.** Oh... Very well! I will go, I will go!

*He bumps into Eliza.*

**Eliza.** Oi you, *ain't* you<sup>3</sup> got eyes to see where *ya put ya*<sup>4</sup> feet?

**Freddy.** I beg your pardon.

*Runs away.*

**Eliza** (*picking up the spread flowers and putting them back into the basket*). How rude! *Te-oo bunches of voylets*<sup>5</sup> fallen into the *mad*. '*Ee*'<sup>6</sup>s your son, *ain't* he? Will *ye-oo*<sup>7</sup> pay for '*em*'<sup>8</sup>?

**Mrs. E. Hill.** I have only a six pence.

**Eliza.** I can give *ya* change for a six pence.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Here, this is for your flowers.

**Eliza.** Thank you kindly, lady.

*Pickering enters.*

**Pickering** (*rushing for shelter*). Phew!

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Oh, sir, is there any sign of it stopping?

**Pickering.** I am afraid not. It is worse than ever now.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Oh, dear!

*A bystander enters and approaches H. Higgins  
who keeps writing in the jotter.*

**Eliza.** If it's worse, it's a sign it'll soon stop. Cheer up, Captain (*to Pickering*), and buy a *flahr off*<sup>9</sup> a poor girl.

**Pickering.** I am sorry. I do not have any change.

3) "*ain't* you": haven't you  
4) "*ya put ya*": you put your  
5) "*Te-oo bunches of voylets*": two bunches of violets  
6) "*Ee*": he  
7) "*ye-oo*": you  
8) "*'em*": them  
9) "*a flahr off*": a flower of

**Eliza.** I can give you change, Captain.

**Pickering.** For a sovereign?

**Eliza.** *Garn*<sup>10</sup>! Come on, buy a *flahr* off me. Take these for tuppence<sup>11</sup>.

**Pickering.** Here is three hapence<sup>12</sup> if that's any use to you.

**Eliza** (*a little disappointed*). Thank you, sir.

**Bystander** (*to Eliza pointing at H. Higgins*). Be careful, give him a flower in exchange. There's a bloke there taking down every blessed word you're saying.

*All turn to H. Higgins.*

**Eliza** (*to H. Higgins*). I *ain't* done nothing wrong. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the pavement. I'm a respectable girl, so help me. I only asked '*im*'<sup>13</sup> to buy a *flahr*. (*She starts to cry loudly and everyone, in their own way, tries to calm her.*)

"It's not necessary to scream."

"Who's hurting you?"

"Nobody's touching you."

"Don't worry. Easy, easy."

**Eliza** (*towards H. Higgins, and screaming madly*). Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. They'll take away *ma*<sup>14</sup> licence and put me on the streets for speaking to a gentleman.

**H. Higgins.** There! There! Who is hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

**Bystander.** It's alright. He's a gentleman: look at his boots. (*Towards H. Higgins.*) She thought you *was* a copper.

**Eliza** (*still hysterical*). I swear on the Bible I never said a word, I'm...

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

10) "*Garn*": go on  
11) "*tuppence*": two pence  
12) "*hapence*": half pennies

13) "*im*": he  
14) "*ma*": my

**Eliza.** Then why did you take down what I'm saying? How do I know whether you wrote it down right? Show me what you wrote about me. (*She grabs the jotter.*) What's that? What language is that? I can't read that.

**H. Higgins.** I can. (*He reads producing her pronunciation exactly.*) "*Cheer ap, Keptin; n'ba-ee flahr orf a pore gel*"<sup>15</sup>."

**Eliza.** Is it because I called him Captain? I didn't mean to offend him. (*To the gentleman.*) Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge against me for a word...

**Pickering.** Charge! I make no charge. Are you a detective? Anyone can see the girl had no bad intentions.

**Bystander.** Of course. And you'd better mind your own business.

**H. Higgins.** And how are folks down in Selsey?

**Bystander** (*surprised*). Who told you my folks are from Selsey?

**H. Higgins.** Never you mind. I know it. (*To the girl.*) And you, how do you come to be in this quarter? You were born in Lisson Grove.

**Eliza.** It wasn't fit for a pig to live in, and to think I '*ad* to pay four shillings a week (*in tears*). Oh! Boo-hoo-oo.

**H. Higgins.** Live where you like, but stop that noise.

**Eliza.** I'm a good girl, I am.

**Bystander.** Tell us where he comes from (*points at Pickering*) if you want to play at fortune-telling.

**H. Higgins** (*looking at Pickering*). Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge and India.

**Pickering** (*laughing*). Absolutely right!

**Mrs. E. Hill.** What the devil is Freddy doing? I shall catch a cold if I stay in this place much longer.

15) "*Cheer ap, Keptin; n'ba-ee flahr orf a pore gel*": Cheer up, Captain; and buy a flower of a poor girl

**H. Higgins** (*pedantic, to everybody and pointing the lady*). Epsom. Without a shadow of a doubt.

**Mrs. E. Hill.** How curious! I was brought up in Epsom.

**H. Higgins.** You want a cab, do you?

*He takes out a whistle and blows it.*

**Eliza.** There! I knew ‘*ee*’ was a copper<sup>16</sup>.

**Bystander.** That *ain’t* a police whistle; it’s one of those sporting whistles.

**H. Higgins.** I do not know whether you have noticed it; but the rain stopped a couple of minutes ago.

**Bystander.** It’s true. Why didn’t you say so before? You’re making us waste our time listening to your silliness.

*The bystander exits.*

**Mrs. E. Hill.** Ah! Here is a cab! Thank you. Goodnight.

**Eliza.** Frightening people off like that. How does ‘*ee*’ do it?

**Pickering** (*to H. Higgins*). How do you do it, if I may ask?

**H. Higgins.** Simply phonetics. The science of speech. It is my profession and my hobby. I can place a man within six miles of where he was born. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two street. They do not have to do anything else but open their mouth.

**Eliza** (*muttering*). Ought to be ashamed of yourself, mind your own business and leave a poor girl alone.

**H. Higgins** (*to Eliza*). Woman, cease this detestable muttering instantly, or go somewhere else.

**Eliza.** I ‘*av*’<sup>17</sup> a right to be here if I feel like it, same as you.

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<sup>16</sup>) “*copper*”: policeman  
<sup>17</sup>) “ ‘*av*’”: have

**H. Higgins.** A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere.

**Eliza.** Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!

**H. Higgins.** Heavens! What a sound. (*He writes it down.*) Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo!

**Eliza** (*laughing a little*). *Garn!*

**H. Higgins.** You see this creature? It is her spoken English which keeps her in the gutter. Look, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at a garden party. I could get her a place as a ladies’ maid or a shop assistant, which needs fairly refined English.

**Eliza.** What’s that you say?

**H. Higgins.** Yes, you squashed cabbage leaf. You, who offend the English language: I could pass you off as the Queen of Sheba. (*To the gentleman.*) Can you believe that?

**Pickering.** Of course I can. I am myself a professor of Indian dialects; and...

**H. Higgins** (*stopping him*). Do you know Colonel Pickering?

**Pickering.** I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

**H. Higgins.** Henry Higgins.

**Pickering.** I came from India to meet you.

**H. Higgins** (*they shake their hands*). I was going to go to India to meet you.

**Pickering.** Where do you live?

**H. Higgins.** 27a Wimpole Street. Come and see me tomorrow.

**Pickering.** I am at the Carlton Hotel. Come with me now and let us have a chat over supper.

**Eliza.** *Ba-ee a flahr*, kind gentleman. I’m short of cash to pay for *ma* rent.

**H. Higgins.** Liar!

**Eliza.** May you ‘av an accident! (*She flings the basket at his feet.*) Take the whole basket for six pence.

*H. Higgins throws a handful of money into the basket and the two men exit.*

**Eliza** (*picking up a half crown*). Ah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up two florins.*) Aaah-ow-ooh!! (*Picking up several coins.*) Aaaaah-ow-ooh! (*Picking up half a sovereign.*) Aaaaaaaaah-ow-ooh!!!

**Freddy** (*arrives rushing*). Got one at last. Hallo! Where is the lady that was here?

**Eliza.** She left in a cab.

**Freddy.** But I have just found her one!

*The cab driver enters.*

**Eliza.** Never mind that, young man. I’m going home by cab. (*She shows the cab man a handful of money.*) A taxi fare ain’t no object for me!

*Eliza gives the basket to the cab driver.*

**Cab driver** (*looks at the basket and then looks at Eliza*). For the basket tuppence extra. Where to?

**Eliza.** Bucknam Pellis<sup>18</sup>. In Green Park, where the King lives. (*To Freddy.*) Bye.

**Freddy** (*taking off his hat, astonished*). Goodbye.

*Freddy exits.*

**Cab driver.** Bucknam Pellis? What business has someone like you at Bucknam Pellis?

**Eliza.** I ‘aven’t none, of course. But I didn’t want ‘im to know that. Take me ‘ome. Angel Court, Drury Lane, next to the oil shop.

**Cab driver.** Oh, well, that sounds more like it.

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<sup>18</sup>) “Bucknam Pellis”: Buckingham Palace

## SCENE 2

*Next day; 11 a.m.*

*H. Higgins’ study, Wimpole Street.*

*H. Higgins, Pickering, Mrs. Pearce, Eliza, Doolittle.*

*H. Higgins finishes to let Pickering hear some recorded phonetic noises.*

**H. Higgins.** Well, I think that is everything.

**Pickering.** It is amazing. There is so much to learn.

**H. Higgins.** Would you like to go over any of it again?

**Pickering.** No, thank you. I am exhausted.

**H. Higgins.** Tired of listening to sounds?

**Pickering.** There are so many. I cannot hear the least bit of difference between most of them.

**H. Higgins** (*laughing*). Oh, it comes with practice. Keep listening.

*Mrs. Pearce, his housekeeper, enters.*

**H. Higgins.** What is the matter?

**Mrs. Pearce** (*hesitating a little, as if unsure*). A young woman asks to see you, sir.

**H. Higgins.** A young woman! What does she want?

**Mrs. Pearce.** Well, sir, she says you will be glad to see her when you know what she has come about. She is quite... A common girl, sir... Very common, to tell you the truth.

**H. Higgins.** Does she have an interesting accent?

**Mrs. Pearce.** Dreadful, sir, really. I do not know how you could be interested.



**H. Higgins** (*to Pickering*). Let us have her up. Show her in, Mrs. Pearce.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Very well, sir. It is for you to decide.

*She exits.*

**H. Higgins.** This is a bit of luck. I will show you how I make records. We will start her talking and I will record her on the phonograph.

**Mrs. Pearce.** This is the young woman, sir.

**H. Higgins** (*recognising her at once*). But how, this is the girl I jotted down last night. She doesn't have any use. Be off with you. I do not want you.

**Eliza.** Don't you be so cheeky. You don't even know what I come for. (*To Mrs. Pearce.*) Did you tell him I come in a cab?

**Mrs. Pearce.** Nonsense, my girl. What do you think a gentleman like Mr. Higgins cares how you came?

**Eliza.** Oh, such a smell under your nose. Well, 'ee gives lessons. I 'eard 'im say so. If my money's not good enough I can go somewhere else.

**H. Higgins.** Good enough for what?

**Eliza.** Good enough for yeeou. You understand, don't you? I've come to 'av lessons, you understand? And, listen to me carefully, to pay for 'em too.

**H. Higgins.** Well! What do you expect me to say to you?

**Eliza.** Well, if you was a gentleman, you might ask me to sit down.

**H. Higgins.** Pickering, in your opinion shall we ask this baggage to sit down, or shall we throw her out of the window?

**Eliza** (*running she hides making strange verses*). Ah-ah-ow-owow-oo. I won't be called baggage when I've offered to pay like a real lady.

**Pickering.** Can you tell me what you want?

**Eliza.** I want to be a lady in a flower shop instead of selling them at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. 'Ee said 'ee could teach me. Well, 'ere I am, ready to pay... and 'ee treats me like rubbish.

**H. Higgins.** And how much would you pay?

**Eliza.** Now you're talking!

**H. Higgins** (*curtly*). Sit down.

**Eliza.** That's a nice way of asking, I'm sure.

**H. Higgins** (*shouting*). Sit down.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Sit down, girl. Do as I told you.

**Eliza.** Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-oo. (*Still standing.*)

**H. Higgins.** What is your name?

**Eliza.** Liza Doolittle.

**Pickering** (*courteously*). Won't you sit down, Liza Doolittle?

**Eliza** (*she tries awkwardly to do it in a polite way*). Don't mind if I do.

**H. Higgins.** Let us speak about business, then. How much do you intend to pay me?

**Eliza.** A friend of mine takes French lessons for eighteen pence an hour from a real French gentleman. Well, *aa I'm*<sup>19</sup> is English, you wouldn't dare ask the same for teaching me my own language, so I'll give you a shilling. Take it or leave it.

**H. Higgins.** Take it! (*Walking up and down the room.*) You know, Pickering, if you consider a shilling is half of her income, it means she earns about half a crown a day.

**Eliza.** Who told you I only earn...

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<sup>19</sup> "*aa I'm*"; as mine



**H. Higgins** (*to Pickering, stopping Eliza*). She is offering me two fifths of her daily income, that is about sixty pounds for a millionaire. For God's sake, it is the biggest offer I have ever received.

**Eliza** (*rising, terrified*). Sixty pounds! What are you talking about? I never offered you sixty pounds. Where would I...

**H. Higgins**. Hold your tongue.

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

**Mrs. Pearce**. Do not cry, you silly girl. Sit down. Nobody is going to touch your money.

**H. Higgins**. Here. (*He offers her a silk handkerchief.*)

**Eliza**. What's that for?

**H. Higgins**. To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that is wet. This is your handkerchief and that is your sleeve. Do not mix them up if you want to become a shop assistant.

**Mrs. Pearce** (*taking the handkerchief from her*). It is useless, Mr. Higgins, she does not understand.

**Eliza**. *Gimme* that! Give me back that 'an'kerchief. 'Ee gave it to me, not to you.

**Pickering** (*laughing*). It's true. I think it must be regarded as her property, Mrs. Pearce. Higgins, I am interested. The Ambassador's garden party is in six months. Could you pass her off as a Duchess? If you could, I will say you are the greatest teacher alive. I will pay all the expenses and for the lessons too.

**Eliza**. Oh, you are real good, you know.

**H. Higgins**. It is almost irresistible. She is so deliciously low, so horribly dirty...

**Eliza**. Ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oooo!!! I *ain't* dirty. I washed my face and 'ands afore<sup>20</sup> I come, I did!

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20) "afore": before

**Pickering**. You certainly do not have the intention to turn her head with flattery, Higgins.

**H. Higgins**. I shall make a duchess of this guttersnipe. In six months – in THREE if she has a good ear and a quick tongue – I will take her anywhere and pass her off as anything. We will start today; now! Take her away and clean her, Mrs Pearce. Is the fire lit in the kitchen?

**Mrs. Pearce**. Yes, but...

**H. Higgins**. Take off all her clothes and burn them. Make a telephone call for some new ones. Wrap her in brown paper until they come.

**Eliza**. You're no gentleman, you're not at all. I'm a good girl, I am. I'll call the police, I will.

**H. Higgins**. Take her away, Mrs. Pearce. If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

**Pickering**. Come on, Higgins, be reasonable.

**Mrs. Pearce**. You must be reasonable, Mr. Higgins. You cannot walk over everybody like this.

**H. Higgins** (*with a completely different tone*). I walk over everybody? My dear Mrs. Pearce, my dear Pickering. All I propose is to help this young girl prepare herself for her new life.

**Mrs. Pearce**. But you cannot just pick up a girl as if you were picking up a pebble on the beach.

**H. Higgins**. Why not?

**Mrs. Pearce**. How could it be "why not"? And her parents? She might be married.

**Eliza**. *Garn!*

**H. Higgins** (*changing tone*). Oh, dear Eliza, when I have finished with you, the streets will be covered with the bodies of young men who will have shot themselves for your sake.

**Eliza.** *'Ee's* mad!

**H. Higgins.** Oh, indeed... I am mad, am I? Very well, do not order clothes for her, throw her out.

**Eliza.** I *didn't* want *no* clothes, I can buy *ma* own clothes.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Where is your mother?

**Eliza.** I *ain't* got no mother.

**H. Higgins.** You could adopt her, Mrs. Pearce: I am sure a daughter would be a big hobby for you. Come on, do not dilly-dally. Take her upstairs and...

**Mrs. Pearce.** But what are we doing of her? Should we give her something?

**H. Higgins.** She will have food and clothes. If we give her money, she will only spend it on drink.

**Eliza.** Oh, what do you think! I never drink.

**Pickering.** Does it not occur to you, Higgins, that the girl may have some feelings and that you are hurting them?

**H. Higgins.** Oh, no, I do not think so. Not any feelings that are worth bothering about. Have you Eliza?

**Eliza.** I got my feelings, exactly as you got them.

**H. Higgins.** You see the difficulty we have. We have to teach her grammar, not just the pronunciation.

**Eliza.** I don't want to talk grammar, I want to talk like a lady in a flower shop.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Professor, you must get to the point. What is to become of her when you finish? You must look ahead.

**H. Higgins.** What is to become of her if I leave her on the streets?

**Mrs. Pearce.** That is her business.

**H. Higgins.** Well, when I have finished, we will throw her back on the streets and it will be her business again.

**Eliza.** Ooh! You've no *'art*. I've *'ad* enough of this, I'm going.

**H. Higgins.** Have some chocolates, Eliza!

**Eliza.** *'Ow* do I know what's in *'em*? They might be poisoned.

**H. Higgins.** I eat one half, you eat the other.

*He pops the choc in her mouth.*

**Eliza.** I wouldn't *'av* ate it, only I'm too lady like to spit it out.

**H. Higgins.** Listen, Eliza, in future you shall have as many chocolates, as many cabs, as many dresses as you want.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Mr. Higgins, you are tempting the girl. It is not right. We should think about the future.

**H. Higgins.** At her age! Nonsense! No, Eliza, think of chocolates, cabs, gold and diamonds.

**Pickering.** Excuse me, Higgins, I must interrupt. If this girl is to put herself into your hands for the next six months, she must understand thoroughly what she is doing.

**H. Higgins.** Eliza, you are to live here for the next six months, learning how to speak beautifully, like a lady in a flower shop. If you are good you shall have lots to eat and money to buy chocolates and rides in cabs. At the end of six months you shall go to Buckingham Palace in a carriage wearing a beautiful dress. If the King finds out you are not a lady, your head will be cut off. Otherwise you will be given seven shillings and sixpence to restart your life as a lady in a shop.

**Mrs. Pearce** (*aside*). I think it would be better talk to the girl privately.

**H. Higgins.** Good, Mrs. Pearce, bundle her off to the bathroom.

*He goes towards the exit, opens the door to let Eliza pass.*

**Eliza** (*leaving*). You're truly a great bully, that's what you are. I won't stay here if I don't like it. I won't let nobody wallop me. I won't go near the King, not if I'm going to 'av my head cut off. If I'd 'av known what I was letting myself in for, I would never 'av come 'ere...

*The two women exit.*

*There are a few moments of silence. Pickering studies H. Higgins.*

**Pickering.** Excuse the direct question, Higgins, but are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

**H. Higgins.** Do you know any man who is of good character where women are concerned?

**Pickering.** Yes, many. You know what I mean. I feel responsible for the girl. I hope it is understood that no advantage is to be taken of her.

**H. Higgins.** What? What? But this is sacrosanct, I assure you.

*Piercing screams emerge from the bathroom,  
where Eliza is being put in the bath by Mrs. Pearce.*

**H. Higgins.** Mrs. Pearce is obviously bathing the girl.

*Mrs. Pearce enters.*

**H. Higgins.** Well, Mrs. Pearce, is everything alright?

**Mrs. Pearce.** Mr. Higgins, will you please be careful to what you say in front of the girl, out of courtesy?

**H. Higgins.** I am always careful.

**Mrs. Pearce.** No, you are not, sir. You often swear.

**H. Higgins.** What the devil you mean? I never swear.

**Mrs. Pearce.** There you go, sir, you have just done it. Devil this, devil that. But there is one word you must absolutely not say in front of her... (*whispering*)... damn.

**H. Higgins** (*shocked*). I never say that.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Only this morning, sir, you used it to describe your shirt, the breakfast and the carriage that did not arrive.

**H. Higgins.** Oh, simple alliteration, Mrs. Pearce, it's all natural to a poet.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Should I put her in one of those Japanese dresses you bought abroad until the new clothes arrive?

**H. Higgins.** Certainly. Anything you like, Mrs. Pearce.

*Mrs. Pearce exits.*

**H. Higgins.** Really, that woman has the wrong idea about me. I am a very calm, very shy man and she thinks I am bossy, overbearing and untidy. I cannot understand why.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Excuse me sir, the trouble is beginning. There is a dustman downstairs, Alfred Doolittle. He says you have his daughter here.

**H. Higgins.** Send the villain up.

**Pickering.** He may not be a villain, Higgins.

**H. Higgins.** Nonsense. He certainly is a villain if she is his daughter. But he may have an interesting dialect.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Mr. Doolittle, sir.

*Doolittle enters with a suitcase.*

**Doolittle.** Professor 'Iggins?

**H. Higgins.** Here I am. So, what do you want, sir?

**Doolittle** (*with a firm tone*). Mornin', *Guv'ner*<sup>21</sup>. I've come about a very serious matter, *Guv'ner*. I want my daughter.

**H. Higgins** (*to Pickering*). Brought up in Hounslow. Welsh mother, I would say. (*To Doolittle.*) Your daughter is upstairs. Take her away at once.

**Doolittle**. What?

**H. Higgins**. Take her away. Do you think I want to keep her? She came here and had the cheek to ask me to teach her to speak properly so she could obtain a job as a lady in a flower shop. Ah!... You sent her here on purpose. (*He winks at Pickering.*)

**Doolittle**. No *Guv'ner*.

**H. Higgins**. Sure, you must have. How else would you know that she was here?

**Doolittle**. Don't treat me like this, *Guv'ner*...

**H. Higgins**. You see how the police will treat you! You want money...

**Doolittle**. Have I asked for a farthing? Have I said a word about money?

**H. Higgins**. What else did you come for?

**Doolittle** (*sweetly*). Well, what would a man come for? Be human, *Guv'ner*.

**H. Higgins**. So? Did you put it in her mind to come here? How did you know that your daughter was here?

**Doolittle**. I'll tell you if you'll let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell you. I'm wanting to tell you. I'm waiting to tell you.

**Pickering**. Do let him go on, Higgins.

---

21) "*Guv'ner*": Governor

**Doolittle**. The cab driver that's my friend informed me that my daughter asked him to bring her (*points the suitcase*) things here and me as a man... responsible... I wanted to do it in person!

**H. Higgins**. Why have you brought her luggage if you want to take her away?

**Doolittle**. Have I said a word about taking her away? Have I?

**H. Higgins**. You are going to take her, immediately.

*He rings the bell. Mrs. Pearce enters.*

**H. Higgins**. Mrs. Pearce, this is Eliza's father. He has come to take her away. Give her to him.

**Doolittle**. No. This is a misunderstanding... Listen to me...

**Mrs. Pearce**. He cannot take her away, sir. You told me to burn her clothes.

**Doolittle** (*relieved*). There. I can't take her without clothes, can I?

**H. Higgins**. Go and buy her some.

**Doolittle**. Listen a little, *Guv'ner*. You and me, we are men of the world, ain't we?

**H. Higgins**. I believe you had better go, Mrs. Pearce.

**Mrs. Pearce**. Actually, I was thinking the same, sir.

**Pickering**. The scene is yours, Doolittle.

**Doolittle**. I thank you, *Guv'ner*. (*Rounding on H. Higgins.*) Well, the truth is, I've taken a fancy to you and if you want the *gel*<sup>22</sup>, well I might be open to some sort of arrangement. She's a very nice *gel* so what's five pounds to you?

**Pickering**. I think you should know, Doolittle, that the intentions of Mr. Higgins are entirely honourable.

---

22) "*gel*": girl

**Doolittle.** Course they are. *If I thought they wasn't*, I'd ask fifty pounds.

**H. Higgins** (*revolted*). You mean you would sell your daughter for fifty pounds?

**Doolittle.** Generally speaking no, but to oblige a gentleman like you I would.

**Pickering.** Have you no morals?

**Doolittle.** Can't afford them, *Guv'ner*. Sit down. (*They sit, astonished.*) Look at me. What am I? I'm one of the undeserving poor; that's what I am. I've always been told "You are undeserving, nothing for you". But my needs are no less than any deserving man, actually, I need more. I don't eat less than him; and I drink more than him for sure. I also need amusement because I'm a thinking man. And for all this they make me pay exactly the same as the deserving man. So, I'm asking you, who are two gentlemen, don't play games with me. I play fair with you. I'm undeserving, and I want to be like this. So what's five pounds? Isn't it reasonable?

**H. Higgins** (*standing up and approaching to Pickering*). You know, Pickering? With a bit of effort he (*pointing at Doolittle*) ...could become a minister or a parish priest!

**Pickering.** What do you think of that, Doolittle?

**Doolittle.** Doesn't do it for me, *Guv'ner*, though I thank you a lot. They live a dog's life, they do. Poverty-stricken: this is my line, don't know if I explained well.

**H. Higgins.** I suppose we could give him five pounds.

**Pickering.** He will make bad use of it, I am afraid.

**Doolittle.** Bad use of it, me? Ah, not me, *Guv'ner*. I'll live on it, but ther'll not be a penny left by Monday.

**H. Higgins** (*taking money out of his pocket*). He is irresistible. I'll give him ten. (*Offers two banknotes to the dustman.*)

**Doolittle.** No *Guv'ner*. Ten pounds is a large amount of money, and could lead someone to go soft, and then it's bye bye enjoyment. Give me what I asked of you, not a penny more not a penny less.

**H. Higgins.** Five pounds you said. Are you sure you will not take ten?

**Doolittle.** Not now. Another time, maybe.

**H. Higgins.** Here is your money. You know, Doolittle, I have a friend, Ezra Wannafeler, who lives in America, who would be very curious to listen to one of your... speeches... **PAYING YOU NO MORE THAN 5 POUNDS** obviously. I will write him a letter this very day.

**Doolittle.** Thank you, *Guv'ner*. I see you've understood everything. Good morning.

*As he exits, he bumps into a Japanese lady.*

**Doolittle.** Beg your pardon, miss.

**Eliza.** *Garn!* Don't you know your own daughter?

**Doolittle.** Damn it... It's Eliza.

**H. Higgins.** What is happening?

*All together.*

**Pickering.** By Jove!

**Eliza.** Don't I look silly?

**H. Higgins.** Silly?

**Mrs. Pearce.** Now, Mr. Higgins, please do not say anything that could go to the girl's head.

**H. Higgins.** Oh! Quite right. Yes, damned silly.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Sir!

**H. Higgins.** I meant, extremely silly.

**Eliza.** I would look alright with my hat on.

*She picks it up and walks across the room.*

**Doolittle.** Well... I never thought she'd clean up as good as that.

**Eliza.** Well, here it's so easy, to be clean. Hot water on tap, scented soap. Now I know why ladies are so clean. (*Turning to H. Higgins.*) But what's he doing here? Come to touch you for money, has he? So he could get drunk?

**Doolittle.** What else is would I want money for. To give to the church? Well, bye, gentlemen.

**H. Higgins** (*imperious*). Stop. You will come and see your daughter regularly. It is your duty you know.

**Doolittle** (*evasive*). Certainly *Guv'ner*, but not this week, cause... I have a job out of town... Good afternoon, gentlemen.

**Eliza.** Don't believe him. You'll not see him in a hurry.

**H. Higgins.** Actually, I do not feel like seeing him, Eliza. And you?

**Eliza.** Me neither... I *don't never* want to see him ever again, if I can. For me he's a shame!

**Pickering.** What is his trade, Eliza?

**Eliza.** Taking money out of other people's pockets and putting it in his own. Aren't you going to call me Miss Doolittle no more?

**Pickering.** Oh, I am sorry, Miss Doolittle.

**Eliza.** It's only that it sounded so genteel.

**Mrs. Pearce.** Eliza, your new clothes have come, come and try them on.

**Eliza.** Ah-ow-ow-ow-ooh.

*She rushes out.*

**Mrs. Pearce.** Do not rush like that, my girl.

*She tries to walk with prettiness.*

**H. Higgins.** Pickering, we have taken on a very difficult job.

**Pickering.** Higgins. That we have done.

### SCENE 3

*H. Higgins' study.*

*This scene shows excerpts from Eliza's lessons interspersed with music.*

*H. Higgins, Pickering, Eliza.*

*Lesson n. 1 - The alphabet*

**H. Higgins.** Now, say the alphabet.

**Eliza.** I know the alphabet... *I'm not need to be taught like a child.* Ahyee, beyee, ceyee, deyyyy...

**H. Higgins** (*in despair*). Say the alphabet.

**Eliza** (*almost in tears*). But I'm *sayin'* it... Ahyee... beyee... ceyee...

**Pickering.** Say it slowly, Miss Doolittle... A... B... C... like this.

**Eliza.** Oh, well! If you put it like that... Ayee... Beyeee... Ceyeee... Deyeee.

**H. Higgins.** Say A... B... C... D...

**Eliza.** But I am saying it. Ayeee... Beyeee... Ceyee... Deyee...

**H. Higgins.** Stop.

*Lesson n. 2 - A cup of tea*

**H. Higgins.** A cup of tea.

**Pickering.** A cup of tea.

**Eliza.** Acappetetyee.

**H. Higgins.** Put your tongue forward until it squeezes against the top of your lower teeth. Now say: cup.

**Eliza.** C-c-c... I can't... Ccc-cup.

**Pickering.** Good. Splendid, Miss Doolittle.

**H. Higgins.** By Jove, she has done it at the first shot. Now do you think you could say “tea”?

**Eliza.** Teyee - tey - tee - tea.

**H. Higgins.** A cup - cup - cup.

**Eliza.** A cup – cup - cup.

**H. Higgins.** Of - of - of.

**Eliza.** Of - of - of.

**H. Higgins.** Tea - tea - tea.

**Eliza.** Tea - tea - tea.

**H. Higgins.** A cup of tea.

**Eliza.** A cup of tea. (*Three times. The last time, Eliza grabs the cup and gulps it down.*)

*Lesson n. 3 - Marbles*

**H. Higgins** (*to Pickering*). Now, Eliza, I want you to recite this... “Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day”... etc. etc.

*He pops three marbles into her mouth and she begins to recite.*

**Pickering.** Higgins, couldn’t you find something a little easier. How about three blind mice?

**H. Higgins.** Oh no...

*There is a sound of a gulp...*

**Eliza.** I swallowed one!

**H. Higgins.** Never mind, there are plenty more marbles here... in this box.

*Lesson n. 4 – The candle*

**H. Higgins.** Now, Eliza, watch this. When I say the aitch... H... the candle flame will flicker. In Hertford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly ever happen. Now you try.

**Eliza.** *In ertford, ereford and ampshire, urricanes ardly hever appen.*

*Lesson n. 5*

**H. Higgins.** Now Eliza I want to introduce you two topics of conversation, health and weather. Let us start with the...

**Pickering.** Rain.

**Eliza** (*tired voice*). I’m tired.

**H. Higgins.** The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain.

**Eliza** (*repeats this correctly*). The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain!

*Everybody is so happy, they start singing “The rain in Spain”:*

**Eliza.** THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS MAINLY ON THE PLAIN!



**H. Higgins.** BY JOVE, SHE DID IT! BY JOVE, SHE DID IT! NOW,  
AGAIN, WHERE FALLS THE RAIN?

**Eliza.** ON THE PLAIN! ON THE PLAIN!

**H. Higgins.** AND WHERE IS THIS HUMID PLAIN?

**Eliza.** IN SPAIN! IN SPAIN!

**All three.** THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS MAINLY ON THE  
PLAIN! THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS MAINLY ON  
THE PLAIN!

**H. Higgins.** NOW, AGAIN, WHERE FALLS THE RAIN?

**Eliza.** ON THE PLAIN! ON THE PLAIN!

**H. Higgins.** AND WHERE IS THIS DRY PLAIN?

**Eliza.** IN SPAIN! IN SPAIN!

**All three.** THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS MAINLY ON THE  
PLAIN!

THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS MAINLY ON THE  
PLAIN!

**H. Higgins** (*giving her a chocolate*). Now off to Mrs. Pearce and keep your  
tongue forward in your mouth. Back at half past four this afternoon. Walk!!!

## ACT II

### SCENE 1

*The drawing room at the house of Henry Higgins' mother.*

*It is her afternoon for visits.*

*Mrs. Higgins, H. Higgins and then Miss Clara E. Hill, Freddy, Eliza.*

*Henry bursts in and is obviously not welcome.*

**Mrs. Higgins.** Henry! What are you doing here? It is my afternoon of visits.  
You promised not to come. Go home at once.

**H. Higgins** (*bending to kiss her*). I'm sorry mother, I forgot.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Henry, you can't stay. You upset all my friends. They stop  
coming after they have met you. You must go.

**H. Higgins.** I have a job for you. I have picked up a girl.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Does that mean some girl has picked up you?

**H. Higgins.** It is not a love affair. I can't be bothered with young women.

**Mrs. Higgins.** What a pity!

**H. Higgins.** She is coming to see you.

**Mrs. Higgins.** I do not remember asking her.

**H. Higgins.** You did not. I asked her. She is a common flower girl and I  
picked her up off the streets.

**Mrs. Higgins.** And invited her to my afternoon visits!

**H. Higgins.** Oh! You do not need to worry yourself. I have taught her to  
speak properly and behave well. She is to speak about two things only: the  
weather and everyone's health. That should be safe.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Safe!?

**H. Higgins** (*without patience*). I have made a bet with Pickering to pass her off as a Duchess in a few months. I will win for sure! She has an excellent ear, and it is easier for me to teach her than my pupils of the good society.

**Mrs. Higgins.** But...

**H. Higgins.** You know, I have succeeded in making her pronunciation flawless; but you have to keep in mind not only pronunciation, also what she says, and it is here that...

**Voice-over.** Miss Clara Eynsford-Hill.

**H. Higgins.** Oh Lord! (*He tries to escape.*)

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** Good morning. How do you do?

**Mrs. Higgins.** My son, Henry.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** Your illustrious son! I have so longed to meet you, Professor Higgins.

**H. Higgins.** Delighted. It would be better if you sit down.

**Mrs. Higgins.** My son has no manners, you must not mind.

**Offstage.** Mr. Eynsford-Hill.

**H. Higgins.** Good heavens, another of them!

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** My brother, Freddy.

**H. Higgins.** I am sure we have met somewhere before. Where was it?

**Freddy.** I do not think so.

**Offstage.** Miss Doolittle.

**H. Higgins** (*jumping up*). Here she is now, mother.

**Eliza.** Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Higgins. Mr. Higgins told me I might come.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Quite right, I am very pleased to meet you, indeed.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** I feel sure we have met before, Miss Doolittle. I remember your eyes.

**Eliza.** How do you do?

**Freddy.** I have certainly had the pleasure.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** My brother Freddy.

**Eliza.** How do you do?

**H. Higgins.** By Jove, it all comes back to me. Covent Garden. What a damned thing!

**Mrs. Higgins.** Henry, please! Do not sit there, you will break it.

**H. Higgins.** Sorry.

**Mrs. Higgins** (*after a long pause*). Will it rain, do you think?

**Eliza.** The shallow depression to the west of these islands is likely to move slowly in an easterly direction. There are no indications of change.

**Freddy.** Ah! Ah! How awfully funny!

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

**Freddy.** Magnificent!

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** I hope it will not turn cold. There is so much influenza about.

**Eliza.** My aunt died of influenza, so they say.

*Miss Clara E. Hill makes a sound with her tongue as sign of participation.*

**Eliza.** But it is my belief they done the old woman in.

**Miss Clara E. Hill** (*puzzled*). Done her in?

**Eliza.** Ye-e-es, my Lord! Why should she die of influenza? She came through the diphtheria right enough the year before. We all thought she was dead but my father kept pouring gin down her throat till she recovered so sudden that she broke the spoon with a bite.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** Oh, dear me!

**Eliza.** Why would a woman so strong have to die of influenza? And what became of her new straw hat that should have come to me? Somebody pinched it; and what I say is, them who pinched it also done her in.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** What does “done her in” mean?

**H. Higgins.** Oh! That is the new slang. It means to kill her.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** Surely you do not you think your aunt was killed?

**Eliza.** Do I not? Those she lived with would have killed her for a hat-pin, let alone a whole hat. (*To Freddy, who doesn't stop laughing.*) Hey! What are you laughing at?

**Freddy.** The new slang. You do it so well.

**Eliza.** If I was doing it so well, why were you laughing? (*To H. Higgins.*) Have I said anything I oughtn't?

**Mrs. Higgins.** Not at all, Miss Doolittle.

**Eliza.** Well, that's a mercy. What I always say is...

**H. Higgins.** Ahem. (*Rises and looks at his watch.*)

**Eliza** (*rises too*). Well, I must go. So pleased to have met you. Goodbye.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Goodbye.

**Eliza.** Goodbye to all.

**Freddy.** Are you walking across the park, Miss Doolittle? Because if so...

**Eliza.** Walking? On foot? Not bloody likely! (*Sensational effect.*) I am going by cab.

**Miss Clara E. Hill.** Well, I really cannot get used to these new ways. After all, I think it is time for us to go.

**Freddy.** Yes, we still have a number of visits to make. Goodbye, Mrs. Higgins. Goodbye, Professor.

**H. Higgins.** Goodbye. Practise the new slang during the visits and don't be discouraged. Go hard at it. No nonsense.

**Freddy.** No bloody nonsense.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Would you like to meet Miss Doolittle again?

**Freddy.** I most certainly would.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Well, I will see what I can do... Goodbye.

**H. Higgins.** So, did you find Eliza presentable?

**Mrs. Higgins.** You silly boy, of course she is not presentable. She is a triumph of your art and of her dressmaker but she gives herself away in every sentence she speaks. She will never learn to speak well as long as she is in your hands.

**H. Higgins.** Do you mean my language is improper?

**Mrs. Higgins.** No, dear; it would be quite proper - say on a canal barge; but it is not proper for a garden party. In the eyes of others, you look cruel and insensitive, even if I know you are not. I wonder if I will see you in love someday.

**H. Higgins.** The only woman I love and always will is you – conversation closed.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Ok... Ok... Where does this girl live?

**H. Higgins.** With Pickering and I, of course, where should she live?

**Mrs. Higgins.** What does Mrs. Pearce think?

**H. Higgins.** Oh, she is very happy to have some help. Eliza is very useful, she knows where my things are, and remembers my appointments. Pickering and I do nothing but think about the girl. 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 strangest of all.

**Mrs. Higgins.** You certainly are a pair of babies, playing with your living doll... but be careful, she is not a doll!

**H. Higgins.** Playing! It is the hardest job I have ever tackled. But you have no idea how frightfully interesting it is to change a human being... Teaching Eliza, speaking of Eliza, inventing Eliza, dressing Eliza...

**Mrs. Higgins.** What? Do not you see what a problem you have created for yourself?

**H. Higgins.** Oh, yes. The problem of how to pass her as a lady? Well, I have half solved that already.

**Mrs. Higgins.** No, you fool; the problem of what to do with her afterwards.

**H. Higgins.** Oh, that will be alright, we will find her some light employment. She is happy enough, do not worry about her. Goodbye, mother.

*He exits.*

**Mrs. Higgins** (*impatiently*). Oh, men! Men! Men!

## SCENE 2

*The reception room at an Embassy in London.  
Pickering, Eliza, then H. Higgins, Nepommuck, Hostess.  
Scene in dim light.*

**Pickering.** Well Eliza, here we are. Ready?

**Eliza.** Are you nervous, Colonel?

**Pickering.** Terribly. I feel exactly as I felt before my first battle. It is always worse the first time.

**Eliza.** It is not the first time for me, Colonel. I have done this fifty times, a hundred, a thousand times, in my dump in Angel Court, when I daydreamed. I am dreaming now. Promise not to let Professor Higgins wake me, because if he does I shall forget everything and start talking like I did in Drury Lane.

**Pickering.** Ready?

**Eliza.** Ready.

**Pickering.** Let's go.

*The lights turn on and we see a rich hall with a wide entrance.  
Music, voices and clinking of sparkling wine glasses.*

**Nepommuck.** Maestro, maestro! Do you remember me?

**H. Higgins.** No, I do not. Who the devil are you?

**Nepommuck.** I am your first pupil. Your best pupil. Your greatest pupil. You cannot have forgotten me.

**H. Higgins.** And what are you doing here? Why do not you shave?

**Nepommuck.** I do not shave because I have become famous with my hairy face. I am here as an interpreter. I speak 32 languages. Thanks to your brilliant teaching I discovered that many of these people are false. They are impostors. They try to deceive me but I know they are pretending.

*Nepommuck exits.*

**Pickering.** Is this fellow really an expert? Could he find out that Eliza is a fraud and blackmail her?

**H. Higgins.** We shall see. If he finds out, I shall lose my bet.

*Eliza appears in a beautiful dress. She moves with grace.*

*H. Higgins steps backwards and pretends to be interested in a hung painting.*

*Immediately, the Hostess enters with Nepommuck,  
they approach Pickering and Eliza.*

**Hostess** (offering her hand to Pickering). How are you, dear Colonel Pickering?

**Pickering** (to the Hostess). Well, thank you. This is my adopted child, Eliza.

**Eliza** (with a perfect grace, which instils respect in the Hostess). How are you?

*Proceeds to the sitting room.*

**Pickering** (to the Hostess). She is wonderful, is she not?!

**Hostess.** She will be a sensation.

**Pickering.** Kind of you for inviting her. (*Proceeds.*)

**Hostess** (to Nepommuck). Find out everything about that young woman.

**Nepommuck** (with a bow). Your Excellency... (*Infiltrates the crowd.*)

**Hostess** (to H. Higgins). Ah, here is Professor Higgins. Tell us everything about that wonderful young lady, professor.

**H. Higgins** (looking like menacing). What wonderful young lady?

**Hostess.** You know well. I've been told there has never been anyone quite like her in London.

*The attention turns to Nepommuck who dances with Eliza.*

**Nepommuck.** I have never seen you before; tell me, where in England were you born?

**Eliza.** In London.

**Nepommuck.** I have never seen you before.

**Eliza.** This is my first reception of this kind.

**Nepommuck.** Vlas crums da ya magyar traghayad?

**Eliza.** Please, speak to me in English, I do not understand French.

*Nepommuck thanks Eliza for the dance and runs to the Hostess.  
Eliza exits.*

**Hostess** (aside). Ah, ah! The dance is over, now we will see who she is.

**Nepommuck** (to everybody). I have found out all about her, she is a fraud.

*Everyone gasps.*

**Hostess.** A fraud! Oh no!

**Nepommuck.** Yes, yes. She cannot deceive me. Her name cannot be Doolittle.

**H. Higgins.** Why?

**Nepommuck.** Because Doolittle is an English name. And she is not English.

**Pickering.** That is nonsense! She speaks English perfectly.

**Nepommuck.** Too perfectly. Only foreigners who have been taught to speak it, speak it well.

**Hostess.** But if she is not an English woman, what is she?

**Nepommuck.** Hungarian!

**Everyone.** HUNGARIAN!

**Nepommuck.** Hungarian. And of royal blood. She was very clever and pretended not to know Hungarian when I spoke to her. She is a princess.

**Hostess.** What do you say professor?

**H. Higgins.** I say she is an ordinary London girl out of the gutter and that an expert has taught her to speak.

**Hostess.** Nonsense, nonsense. I agree with him. She must at least be a princess...

**Nepommuck.** ...though not necessarily a legitimate one.

**H. Higgins.** I stick to my opinion.

**Pickering.** Where has Eliza gone?

**Eliza** (*entering and approaching Pickering*). I do not think I can bear much more, everyone is staring at me. An old lady just told me I speak exactly like Queen Victoria. I am sorry if I have lost your bet. I have tried 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.

**H. Higgins.** Let us get out of this place. I have had enough of chattering to these fools.

**Pickering.** Yes, I am tired... and hungry. Let us go and have some supper somewhere.

*The two men exit and head off leaving Eliza to follow alone,  
through the streets.*

### SCENE 3

*Back in Higgins' apartment.*

*After midnight, that evening.*

*H. Higgins, Pickering, Eliza and then Freddy.*

*They all enter, taking off their outer garments. Eliza still remains behind them.*

**H. Higgins.** Hey, Pick, lock up, will you? I shall not be going out again.

**Pickering.** Right. We do not need anything more, do we?

**H. Higgins.** I would say not.

**Pickering.** I think Mrs. Pearce will be furious if we leave these things on the floor.

**H. Higgins.** She will think we were drunk.

**Pickering.** We are, a little.

**H. Higgins.** What a crew! What a silly tomfoolery! I wonder where the devil my slippers are.

*Eliza leaves.*

**H. Higgins.** What an evening!

*Eliza has brought them in.*

**H. Higgins.** Oh, there they are! Thank God it is over!

**Pickering.** I was frightfully nervous at the reception. I do not think Eliza was nervous.

**H. Higgins.** No, she was not nervous. The whole thing has been such a bore.

**Pickering.** Oh come, my heart was beating like nothing before.

**H. Higgins.** Yes, for the first three minutes, but then I knew we were going to win. The whole thing was purgatory. Now I can go to bed without dreading tomorrow.

**Pickering.** I rather like dipping into society occasionally. It makes me feel good. I think I will go to bed now. The whole thing has been an immense success, a great success. A triumph for you. Goodnight.

**H. Higgins.** Goodnight. I'm going to bed too. Turn off the lights, Eliza. And tell Mrs. Pearce not to make coffee in the morning, I will take tea.

*During all this conversation,  
Eliza has become furious at being ignored.  
She grips the arms of the chair with fury and as he exits,  
she vents her anger punching the carpet. H. Higgins returns.*

**H. Higgins.** What the devil have I done with my slippers?

**Eliza** (*throwing them at him*). Here they are, your slippers...!

**H. Higgins.** What the devil... What is the matter? Get up. What is wrong?

**Eliza.** Nothing is wrong, for you. I have won the bet for you, isn't that enough? I am of no importance.

**H. Higgins.** You won my bet. You! Presumptuous insect. I won it. Why did you throw those slippers at me?

**Eliza.** Because I would like to smash your face in. I would like to kill you, you selfish brute.

**H. Higgins.** The creature has feelings after all.

*Eliza screams with fury and darts her nails at his face.*

**H. Higgins** (*catching her wrists*). Ah! Would you? Claws in you, cat! How dare you lose your temper to me. Sit down and be quiet.

**Eliza.** What is to become of me? I am nothing to you, less than your slippers!

**H. Higgins.** Slippers?

**Eliza.** Slippers. I do not think it makes any difference now.

**H. Higgins.** May I ask whether you complain of your treatment here?

**Eliza.** No.

**H. Higgins.** Has anyone ever treated you badly? Colonel Pickering, Mrs. Pearce, any of the servants?

**Eliza.** No.

**H. Higgins.** I presume you don't pretend that I have treated you badly.

**Eliza.** No.

**H. Higgins.** Would you like a glass of champagne?

**Eliza.** No... thank you.

**H. Higgins.** You are tired after today. But there is nothing to worry about.

**Eliza.** Nothing for you to worry about. I wish I were dead.

**H. Higgins.** Why in heaven's sake. Why? You might marry, you know, you are not bad looking; it is quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes - not now, of course, because you are crying and looking as ugly as the very devil. What about your idea of the flower shop? Pickering could set you up in one, he has plenty of money. I am going to bed, I am devilish sleepy. By the way, I came down for something. I forget what it was.

**Eliza.** Your slippers. By the way, sir...

**H. Higgins.** Eh?

**Eliza.** When I go, do my clothes belong to me or Colonel Pickering? I do not want to be accused of stealing. (*Taking off the ring.*) You had better take this for safety, the ring you bought me at Brighton.

**H. Higgins.** I would never have accused you of that. You have hurt me.

**Eliza.** I am glad. I have got a little of my own back. You had better leave a note for Mrs. Pearce, *I will not tell her nothing.*



**H. Higgins.** Damn Mrs. Pearce, damn the coffee and damn you. You are a heartless guttersnipe.

*Exits.*

*Night.*

*Eliza goes out with a bag.*

*She bumps into Freddy.*

**Eliza.** Whatever are you doing here?

**Freddy.** I spend most of my nights outside your house. It's the only place where I am happy. I heard the shouting. Do not laugh at me, Miss Doolittle.

**Eliza.** Do not call me Miss Doolittle. Eliza's good enough for me. Freddy, you do not think I am a heartless guttersnipe, do you?

**Freddy.** Oh no, no, my dear. You are the loveliest, dearest... *(He kisses her.)*

*A Police Constable walks along the street.*

**Constable.** Now then, now then.

*The two separate brusquely.*

**Freddy.** Sorry, Constable. We have just become engaged. Eliza, where are you going?

**Eliza.** I was going to... throw myself into the river.

**Freddy.** What do you mean? What is wrong with you?

**Eliza.** Now that I have come across you it does not matter. Nothing matters, does it Freddy? There is nobody in the world now except you and me, is there?

**Freddy.** No one.

**Eliza.** We will run away. You get a cab, Freddy.

**Freddy.** Damn it. I have no money.

**Eliza.** I have plenty. We'll drive about all night and in the morning I will call Mrs. Higgins and ask her what I ought to do. We will talk about it in the cab. Let's go. Let's go.

**Freddy.** Right! Let's go. *(Calls.)* Taxi!

## SCENE 4

*Painting room of Henry Higgins' mother.*

*Mrs. Higgins, H. Higgins, Pickering, and then Doolittle and Eliza.*

**Mrs. Higgins.** Good morning, dear. Now what is all the fuss? What is the matter with you?

**H. Higgins.** Eliza has gone. What am I to do?

**Mrs. Higgins.** Do without her, I am afraid. She has a right to go, you know.

**H. Higgins.** But I cannot find anything. I do not know which appointments I have got...

**Pickering** *(entering)*. Good morning, Mrs. Higgins. Has Henry told you about Eliza?

**H. Higgins.** What did that idiot inspector say? Did you mention about a reward for whoever finds her?

**Mrs. Higgins** *(standing up, indignant and surprised)*. Are you saying that Eliza has the police at her heels, because of you?

**H. Higgins.** Of course! Otherwise, what are the police useful for? And what else could we do? *(He sits down.)*

**Pickering.** We want to find her.

**Mrs. Higgins.** You are like two children.

**Offstage.** Mr. Doolittle.

**Doolittle** (*splendidly dressed for a wedding. He walks straight up to Mr. Higgins and accosts him*). See here! Do you see this? (*Points to his clothes.*) You done this.

**H. 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! No way. Why would she... (*To Mrs. Higgins.*) Oh, beg your pardon, ma'am<sup>23</sup>.

**H. Higgins.** What has happened to you?

**Doolittle.** This is something that you have done to me. Wasn't it you who wrote a letter to some fellow in America whose name is Ezra Wann... afff...

**H. Higgins.** Ezra Wannafeler. Yes, I would say it was... six months ago.

**Doolittle.** He closed the lid of the box over me. He destroyed my happiness. Delivered me into the hands of middle class morality.

**H. Higgins.** But how could he do that if he is dead?

**Doolittle.** Exactly... You told him I was the most original moralist in England...

**H. Higgins.** That was a joke.

**Doolittle.** But he didn't think it was at all. He respected my humble position and in his will left me shares of his cheese company on condition I lecture for his Wannafeller Moral Reform World League every time I am asked to, up to six times a year.

**H. Higgins.** What a lark!

**Pickering.** They will not ask you twice.

---

<sup>23</sup>) "ma'am": madam

**Doolittle.** I don't mind the lecturing. But who asked you to make a gentleman of me? I was happy and I was free. Now I have worries instead. Everyone touches me for money, I have to live for others and not for myself. That is what your joke has done to me.

**Mrs. Higgins.** This solves the problem of Eliza, you can provide for her now.

**Doolittle.** Yes, ma'am: I'm expected to provide for everyone now, for the next three thousand years!

**H. Higgins.** Nonsense. He cannot provide for Eliza. He will not provide for Eliza. Eliza does not belong to him anymore. I paid him five pounds for her do you remember? Doolittle, either you are an honest man or a rogue.

**Doolittle.** A little of both, 'Enry, like the rest of us.

**H. Higgins.** Well, you took that money for the girl, and you have no right to take her as well.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Henry do not be absurd. And if you want to know where Eliza is, she is downstairs.

**H. Higgins.** Downstairs! Then I shall go and take her and bring her upstairs.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Be quiet, Henry. Sit down.

**H. Higgins.** I...

**Mrs. Higgins.** Sit down, dear; and listen to me.

**H. Higgins.** Oh very well, very well. But I think you could have told me this earlier.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Eliza came to me this morning and told me of the brutal way you two had treated her.

**H. Higgins.** WHAT? She threw my slippers at me!

**Pickering.** Mrs. Higgins, she has been telling you stories. We did not treat her brutally, we hardly said a word to her...

**Mrs. Higgins.** Exactly! Did you thank her, or cuddle her, or admire her, or tell her how splendid she was?

**H. Higgins.** She knew all that. We did not need to.

**Pickering.** Is she very angry?

**Mrs. Higgins.** I am afraid yes and I think she will not come back, but she says she is willing to meet you on friendly terms and to let bygones be bygones.

**H. Higgins** (*furious*). Ah, is she? By Jove!

**Mrs. Higgins.** If you promise to behave yourself, I will ask her to come up. If not, I will go home, you have taken up far too much of my time already.

**H. Higgins.** Oh, alright. Pickering, behave yourself. Let us put on our best manners for this creature we picked up out of the mud.

**Doolittle.** Now, now, 'Enry 'Igins, have some consideration for my feelings as a middle class man.

**Mrs. Higgins.** Remember your promise, Henry. Mr. Doolittle, will you be so kind to step outside for a moment? I do not 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 keep her off my hands.

*Doolittle exits. Pickering runs around, worried.*

**Mrs. Higgins** (*to Pickering*). Eliza is waiting. Could you bring her here, my dear?

**Pickering.** Of course.

*Runs away.*

**Mrs. Higgins.** Now, Henry, behave.

*A pause. H. Higgins throws back his head,  
stretches his legs, starts to whistle.*

**Mrs. Higgins.** Henry, dear, you don't look nice at all, with that pose.

**H. Higgins** (*composing himself*). I'm not trying to look nice at all, mother.

**Mrs. Higgins.** It does not matter, dear, I just wanted you to talk.

**H. Higgins.** Why?

**Mrs. Higgins.** Because if you talk you cannot whistle.

**H. Higgins** (*nervous, but trying to hide it.*). Where the devil is the girl? Are we to wait here all day?

**Eliza** (*enters with Pickering, glad, confident*). Good morning, Professor Higgins. How do you do? Are you quite well? Of course you are, you are never ill. I am so glad to see you again. (*To Pickering.*) Colonel Pickering. Quite chilly, is it not? I owe so much to you, I should be very unhappy if you ever forgot me.

**Pickering.** It is very kind of you to say so, Miss Doolittle.

**Eliza.** And it is not about the dresses I wear, the ones you bought me. But it is from you that I learnt good manners, and that is what makes one a lady, isn't it? You understand, it was so difficult for me, always having to live up to the example of professor Higgins in front of me.

**H. Higgins.** This, then!

**Pickering.** But he does not do it on purpose, believe me.

**Eliza.** Neither did I, when I was a flower girl. It was my attitude, the only one I knew, that is all. But as you see, I learnt and came through all of it. That is the difference.

**Pickering.** Certainly. But, you know, he taught you to speak and you know very well I could not have done that.

**Eliza** (*with an indifferent tone*). Of course. It is his job.

**H. Higgins.** Damn it!

**Eliza** (*continuing*). It was like teaching somebody to dance in a decent way: nothing more. But do you know when my education started for real?

**Pickering.** When?

**Eliza.** The day you called me Miss Doolittle was the beginning of my becoming a lady. You see, the difference between a flower girl and a lady is not how she behaves, but how she is treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins because he always treats me as one, but I know I can be a lady with you, because you have always treated me as a lady. You can call me Eliza now, if you wish.

**Pickering.** Thank you, Eliza, of course.

**Eliza.** And I should like Professor Higgins to call me Miss Doolittle.

**H. Higgins.** I will be damned first!

**Mrs. Higgins.** Henry! Henry!

**Pickering.** Why do not answer in kind to him?

**Eliza.** I cannot. I cannot go back.

**H. Higgins.** You will relapse into the gutter language without me at your side.

**Eliza.** Never again. Not now. I have learned my lesson. I do not believe I could utter one of the old sounds if I tried.

*Doolittle enters behind her and taps her on the shoulder.*

**Eliza.** A-a-a-a-ah-owoooooh!

**H. Higgins.** Just so. A-a-a-a-ah-owoooooh! Victory!

**Doolittle.** You can't blame the *gel*. Don't look at me like that, Eliza, I came into some *dosh*<sup>24</sup>.

**Eliza.** You must have touched a millionaire this time, dad.

**Doolittle.** I have. But I'm dressed like this because I'm going to marry your stepmother.

**Eliza.** You have sank so low to marry that bad woman!

**Doolittle.** Won't you come and see me, Eliza?

**Eliza.** If the Colonel says I must, I will come.

**Doolittle.** I feel strangely nervous about the ceremony, Colonel, I would like that you come too.

**Pickering.** With pleasure.

**Mrs. Higgins.** May I come too, Mr. Doolittle? I should be very sorry to miss your wedding.

**Doolittle.** I should indeed be honoured by your condescension, ma'am.

**Mrs. Higgins.** I shall order the carriage and see you downstairs. Good morning, Henry.

*She exits.*

**Pickering.** Before I go, Eliza, do forgive Higgins and come back to us.

**Eliza.** I do not think dad would allow me. Would you, dad?

**Doolittle.** They played you off very cunning Eliza. If there had been one of them you could have nailed him, but there was two. One of them backed up the other. Goodbye, 'Enry. See you in the church, Eliza.

*He exits.*

---

24) "*dosh*": money

**Pickering** (*exiting*). Do stay with us, Eliza, please.

**Eliza** (*to H. Higgins*). You just want me to come back only to pick up your slippers and...

**H. Higgins** (*stopping her*). I have not said at all that I want you to come back.

**Eliza**. Oh! So, what were we talking about?

**H. Higgins**. About you, not me. If you return, I will treat you exactly as I have always done. I cannot change my character... I do not understand why you complain... I treat everybody in the same way!

**Eliza** (*standing in front of him*). I do not want to be oppressed.

**H. Higgins**. Get out of my way, then, because I will not stop to please you. But (*with sudden humility*) I will miss you, Eliza. I like your stupid ideas... your voice, your face...

**Eliza**. Well, you have them on your gramophone and in your book of photographs. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn on your machine. You never took care of me. Freddy Hill is in love with me and has asked me to marry him.

**H. Higgins** (*unpleasantly surprised*). Damn his impudence.

**Eliza**. He loves me.

**H. Higgins**. You have no right to encourage him!

**Eliza**. Every girl has a right to be loved.

**H. Higgins**. What? By a fool like him?

**Eliza** (*deeply upset*). I want a little kindness. I'm dirt under your feet. What I did was because we worked well together and I grew attached to you; but this does not mean that I want you to love me and that you forget the differences between us, just... a little friendship...

**H. Higgins** (*making fun of her*). Yes friends... I could adopt you, or you might marry Colonel Pickering.

**Eliza**. Colonel Pickering? I would not marry you either if you asked, and you are nearer my age than what he is.

**H. Higgins**. Than he is.

**Eliza**. You are not my teacher now. I will speak as I like.

**H. Higgins**. I suppose Pickering would not, though. He is as confirmed an old bachelor as I am.

**Eliza**. That is not what I want.

**H. Higgins**. You think I am cold, without feelings, selfish, do not you? Well: stay with those that you like. Marry a hearts-and-flowers man with a lot of money. If you are not able to appreciate what you have gained, better if you catch what you can appreciate.

**Eliza**. Oh, you are cruel. You make fun of everything. You are a bully. Do you know what you are saying? I'll marry Freddy, that is what I will do, as soon as I will be able to provide for him.

**H. Higgins** (*like shocked*). Freddy!!! That young idiot! That poor devil that could not obtain a job as bell-boy even if he had the courage to search for it? Woman, do you realise that I turned you into a queen?

**Eliza** (*with courage*). Freddy loves me and this is enough to make him a king in my eyes. That is not all. I will be a teacher!!! I will teach phonetics. Ah ah! A.B.C.D. A cup of tea. Ah ah! I will teach what you taught me.

**H. Higgins**. You just try to take my work away and I will wring your neck. Do you hear? (*He is about to slap her.*)

**Eliza**. Wring away, what do I care. I knew you would strike me one day. Aha! Now I know how to get you. You asked for it, 'Enry 'Iggins, you did. Now I do not care (*snaps her fingers*) about your bullying and big talk. I have only to raise my little finger to be at your level.

**H. Higgins**. Damned insolence! But it is always better than snivelling, better than wearing slippers and finding glasses, isn't it? By Jove, Eliza, I said I would make a woman of you and I have. I like you like this.

**Eliza.** Yes, here trying to trick me again, now that I am not afraid of you anymore and that I can do without you.

**H. Higgins.** Of course, you fool. Five minutes ago you were a ball and chain at my feet. Now you are strong, a warship like me. You, Pickering and I could be three old bachelors instead of being just two men and a silly girl.

*Mrs. Higgins appears again, dressed up for the marriage ceremony.  
Suddenly, Eliza turns to be again cold and refined.*

**Mrs. Higgins.** The carriage is waiting, Eliza. Are you ready?

**Eliza.** Yes. Is the professor coming with us?

**Mrs. Higgins.** Of course not. He cannot behave properly at church.

**Eliza.** I shall not see you again, professor. Goodbye.

*She goes to the door.*

**Mrs. Higgins** (*approaching to her son*). Goodbye, dear.

**H. Higgins** (*with happy voice, cheerful, strong*). Eliza, order a ham and a Stilton cheese, will you? And buy me a pair of size eight gloves and a tie to match to my new suit?

**Eliza** (*haughty*). You have three new ties, number eights are too small and Colonel Pickering does not like cheese... What will you do without me?

*She exits with decision.*

**Mrs. Higgins.** I'm afraid you have ruined that girl, Henry. I am glad she is so fond of Colonel Pickering.

**H. Higgins.** Pickering! How foolish! She is going to marry Freddy. Ah ah! Ah! Ah! Freddy! Freddy! Ah ah! Ah! Ah!

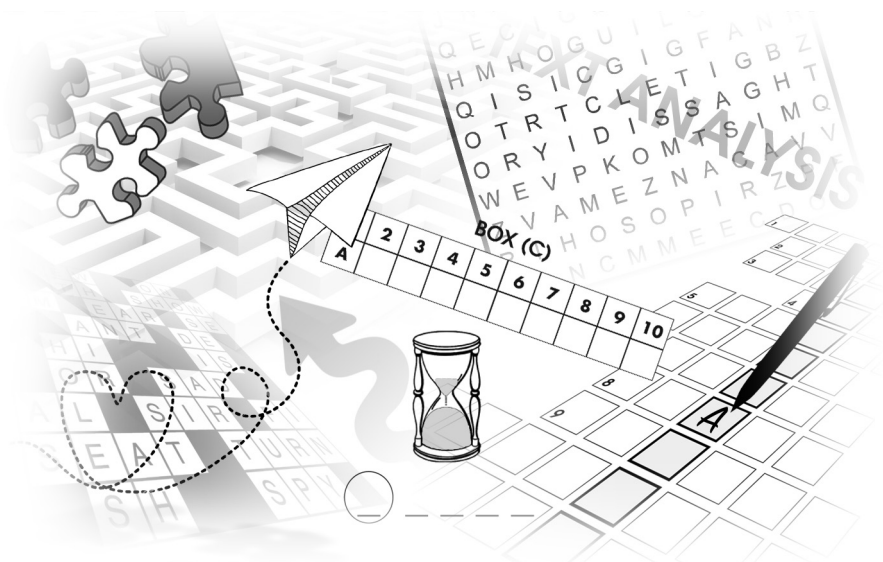
*He keeps laughing while the curtain lows.*

**THE END**

# ENJOY YOURSELF WITH OUR GAMES!

Practical exercises edited by Gianfranca Olivieri  
Theatrical Season 2016/2017

## Pygmalion



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## 1. RIDDLE

**What is Eliza determined to stop?**

*In box (A) there are 3 letters. Choose 2 of them and fill in the spaces in box (C), in order to obtain a meaningful word.*

↓

	BOX (A)	BOX (B)	BOX (C)
Example →	H (T) W	T	S <u>H</u> A D O <u>W</u>
	O N E		C A _ D L _
	C H B		C _ U R _ H
	S E P		_ A R I _ H
	O G O		T _ N _ U E
	P E S		_ L _ E V E
	U P D		P O _ N _ S
	I N R		F R _ E _ D
	E N C		A C _ E _ T
	G S T		_ U T _ E R
	S P R		C O _ P E _
	E S E		P _ R _ O N
	D L P		_ E O P _ E

*Now read, vertically, the solution in box (B).*

**Solution:** .....

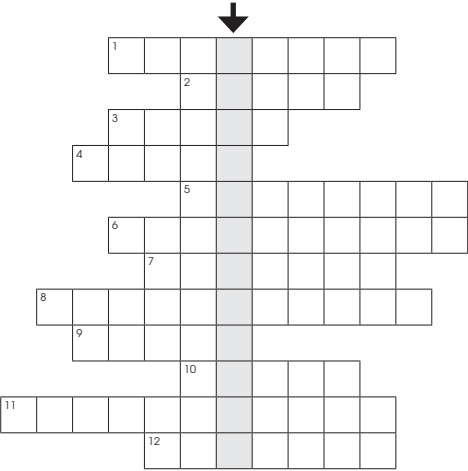


2. PUZZLE

Who speaks “cockney” in London?

Find the missing words in the sentences below, taken from the text, and write them in the puzzle.

- 1. Higgins obtains from Eliza a ..... pronounce.
- 2. Doolittle says that every one touches him for .....
- 3. Eliza is ..... of cash for her rent.
- 4. Higgins teaches Eliza to ..... properly.
- 5. Pickering is professor of indian .....
- 6. Higgins teaches phonetics with a .....
- 7. Freddy is ..... with Eliza.
- 8. Eliza says that she is a ..... girl.
- 9. Mrs. Higgins says that Higgins is ..... and insensitive.
- 10. Nepommuck has become famous with his ..... face.
- 11. Pickering feels ..... for Eliza.
- 12. Doolittle is a .....



Now read the column under the arrow and you'll find the solution.

Solution: THE.....

3. LETTERS AND NUMBERS

How would you describe Higgins' role in society?

14 sentences, taken from the text, have been divided in two parts. Match each "beginning" in box (A), to its corresponding "ending" in box (B), in order to read the complete sentence.

BOX (A)		BOX (B)	
PART 1 (BEGINNING)		PART 2 (ENDING)	
① I have the right to sell flowers	E	we are men of the world, ain't we?	
2 Simply phonetics	E	like Queen Victoria.	
3 You and me,	T	and that is what makes one a lady.	
4 She is willing to meet you	C	if I keep off the pavement.	
5 I speak exactly	N	keeps her in the gutter.	
6 I rather like dipping	G	you can turn on your machine.	
7 With a bit off effort he... could become	L	the science of speech.	
8 I have taught her	S	to be loved.	
9 It is her spoken English which	V	on friendly terms.	
10 When you feel lonely without me,	U	prepare herself for her new life.	
11 All I propose is to help this young girl	R	into society occasionally.	
12 A taxi fare	I	to speak properly and behave well.	
13 Every girl as a right	I	ain't no object for me!	
14 I learnt good manners,	L	a minister or a parish priest!	

Now match letters and numbers in box (C) and you'll find the solution.

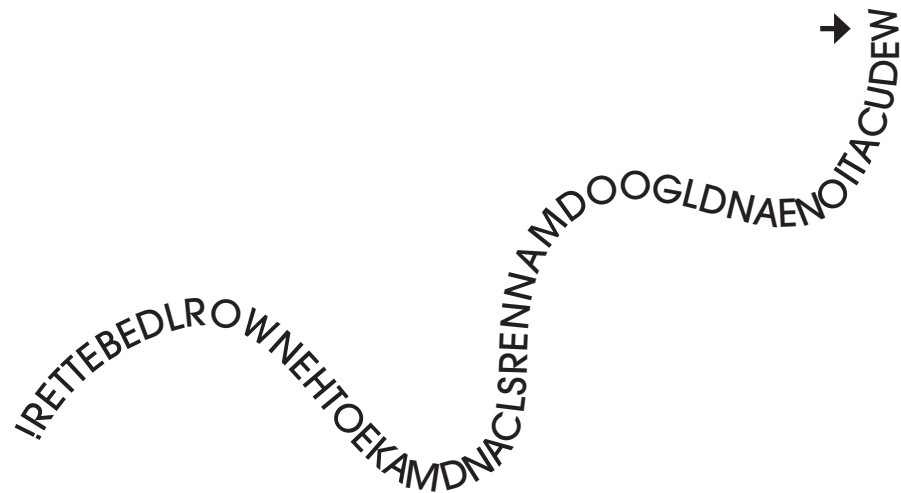
BOX (C)													
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
C													

Solution: .....

#### 4. WINDING LINE

What is the moral of the play “Pygmalion”?

Starting from the letter **W**, read the answer along the winding line. Be careful! There are some extra letters.



Write the extra letters in order on the line below. You will find a deserved compliment!

Solution: .....

#### 5. A SPOT OF RELAXATION

What a long name!!!

There's a certain Welsh village which has become worldwide famous simply because of its name, a name which enables the village to boast one of the longest railway station signs in the world. Situated on the beautiful island of Anglesey, it is called:

**LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWL LANTYSILIOGOGOGOCH**  
ST MARYS CHURCH IN THE HOLLOW OF THE WHITE HAZEL NEAR TO THE RAPID WHIRPOOL OF LLANTYSILIO OF THE RED CAVE



It's a good phonetic exercise to pronounce this long name, that is always read in the short version:

**LLANFAIRPWLL**

## TEXT ANALYSIS

### • The plot

- 1) In which part of London does the story begin? What is the name given to the historical period between 1903 and 1918 when the play is set?

.....

.....

.....

- 2) What is Eliza's occupation at the beginning of the play, and what are her projects for the future? What options does she have at the end of the play?

.....

.....

.....

- 3) Describe the bet between Mr. Higgins and Pickering?

.....

.....

.....

- 4) At the ball, Nepommuck mistakes Eliza for a princess... from what country? How does he explain his (incorrect) reasoning

.....

.....

.....

### • The characters

- 5) What is Mr. Higgins' occupation? Although he is outstanding in his profession, he lacks sensitivity and respect with regard to other people feelings. Give an example of situations when Higgins lacks of sensitivity and respect.

.....

.....

.....

- 6) Who is Mr. Doolittle and what is his relationship with Eliza? Why, unlike the main female character, does he not want to improve his social condition?

.....

.....

.....

- 7) Freddy, is the name of the man who eventually becomes engaged to Eliza. Describe his physical appearance and his character.

.....

.....

.....

### • Literary references

- 8) What is the origin of the word "Pygmalion"?

.....

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- 9) Name the titles of other works by the same writer and the year of their first-time printing.

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- 10) The musical version of "Pygmalion" is called "My Fair Lady". What, if you have seen it, are differences between the musical and the play? Do you know (the name of) a film that was also based on the play?

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