**Eliza - Piece 1**

Higgins [*brusquely, recognizing her with unconcealed disappointment, and at once, baby-like, 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 recordings I want of the Lisson Grove lingo; and I’m not going to waste more time on it. [*To the girl*] Be off with you: I don’t want you.

ELIZA. Don’t you be so saucy. You ain’t heard what I come for yet. [*To Mrs. Pearce, who is waiting at the door for further instruction*] Did you tell him I come in a taxi?

Mrs. Pearce. Nonsense, girl! what do you think a gentleman like Mr. Higgins cares what you came in?

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

Higgins. Good enough for what?

ELIZA. Good enough for ye — oo. Now you know, don’t you? I’m come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for em too: make no mistake.

Higgins [*astonished*] WELL!!! [*Recovering his breath with a gasp*] What do you expect me to say to you?

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

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

ELIZA. [*running away in terror, where she turns*] Ah — ah — ah — ow — ow — ow — oo! [*Wounded and whimpering*] I won’t be called a baggage when I’ve offered to pay like any lady.

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

Pickering [*gently*] What is it you want, my girl?

ELIZA. I want to be a lady in a flower shop stead of selling at the corner of Tottenham Court Road. But they won’t take me unless I can talk more genteel. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am ready to pay him — not asking any favor — and he treats me as if I was dirt.

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

ELIZA. Why shouldn’t I? I know what lessons cost as well as you do; and I’m ready to pay.

Higgins. How much?

ELIZA. [*coming back to him, triumphant*] Now you’re talking! I thought you’d come off it when you saw a chance of getting back a bit of what you chucked at me last night. [*Confidentially*] You’d had a drop in, hadn’t you?

Higgins [*peremptorily*] Sit down.

ELIZA. Oh, if you’re going to make a compliment of it —

Higgins [*thundering at her*] Sit down.

**Eliza – Piece 2**

ELIZA. 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.

ELIZA [*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.

ELIZA. And live with my stepmother?

Higgins. Yes, or sell flowers.

ELIZA. 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?

ELIZA [*looking fiercely round at him*] I wouldn’t marry YOU if you asked me; and you’re nearer my age than what he is.

Higgins [*gently*] Than he is: not “than what he is.”

ELIZA [*losing her temper and rising*] I’ll talk as I like. You’re not my teacher now.

Higgins [*reflectively*] I don’t suppose Pickering would, though. He’s as confirmed an old bachelor as I am.

ELIZA. That’s not what I want; and don’t you think it. I’ve always had chaps enough wanting me that way. Freddy Hill writes 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*].

ELIZA. 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.

ELIZA. Every girl has a right to be loved.

Higgins. What! By fools like that?

ELIZA. Freddy’s not a fool. And if he’s weak and poor and wants me, maybe he’d make me happier than my betters that bully me and don’t want me.

Higgins. Can he MAKE anything of you? That’s the point.

ELIZA. 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?

ELIZA. No, I don’t. That’s not the sort of feeling I want from you. And don’t you be too sure of yourself or of me. I could have been a bad girl if I’d liked. I’ve 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?

ELIZA [*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. That’s just how I feel. And how Pickering feels. Eliza: you’re a fool.

ELIZA. That’s not a proper answer to give me [*she sinks on the chair at the writing-table in tears*].