

PYGMALION



Script

 **recursos**

CHARACTERS

CORONEL PICKERING

GIRL

LIZA DOOLITTLE

MRS. PEARCE

NEPOMMUCK

PROFESSOR HENRY HIGGINS

WORKER

ACT I

(Torrents of heavy summer rain. All are peering out gloomily at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, wholly preoccupied with a notebook in which he is writing. Horse-drawn carriages are heard. Pickering stands on the right side in proscenium, facing the audience. Mrs. Pearce is located in the same term but on the right side. Professor Higgins is with his back to the audience, in the middle of the stage and at the back of the scene. He's constantly taking notes in his notebook. In the background of the scene is the West End Theatre.)

PICKERING: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

(Pickering tries to stop a horse carriage but they pass by very quickly. The scene seems funny.)

MRS. PEARCE: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

(It's the same with Mrs. Pearce in the other end.)

PICKERING: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

MRS. PEARCE: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

(Liza Doolittle enters the scene with her basket of flowers. She positions herself in the middle of the stage, in a proscenium, covering the presence of Higgins. She looks closely at Pickering and Mrs. Pearce.)

PICKERING: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

MRS. PEARCE: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

PICKERING: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

MRS. PEARCE: Tax... Tax... Tax...!

(Liza despairs and lets out a cry to finish.)

PICKERING AND MRS. PEARCE: Tax...

LIZA: iiiiiiiiii....!

(A song begins where they sing and choreograph the scene, using umbrellas and term changes between the four characters.)

*Consider buying from me a flower,
before I take a shower,
I really don't want to seem sour,
But I don't have.. any change.*

Tax, tax, tax, tax, tax...

(Pickering inadvertently pushes Liza and makes the basket with the flowers fall on her.)

LIZA: Ahhh! Look where you're going, dear.

HIGGINS: Interesting!

PICKERING: Sorry.

(Liza picks up her scattered flowers and replaces them in the basket.)

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

HIGGINS: Amazing!

(Liza is in a bad mood and, as she is picking up the flowers, she slips and falls over. Pickering catches her.)

*And she's lost, and she's lost,
she's lost, she's lost, she's...*

*Consider buying from me a flower,
before I take a shower,
I really don't want to seem sour,
But I don't have.. any change.*

MRS. PEARCE: Is the rain stopping?
 PICKERING: I'm afraid not. It's worse than ever.
 MRS. PEARCE: Oh no!

(Pickering and Liza are still embracing. They suddenly realize the situation and part ways. They all stand still, Higgins walks around them:)

HIGGINS: Come on, say something, I need to know where you were born. I need to take notes in my notebook.
 LIZA: Come on! Buy a flower.
 PICKERING: I'm sorry, I don't have any change.
 LIZA: I can give you change.
 PICKERING: For ten pounds?
 LIZA: Oh no! I can only change five pounds. Oh please buy a flower. Take this for fifty pence. I can sing a song for you too!
 PICKERING: Don't be annoying. ***(Trying his pockets.)*** I really don't have any change...

(Liza begins to sing a famous show tune. She has a nice voice, but insecure. Pickering interrupts her after a couple of lines.)

*Consider buying from me a flower,
 before I take a shower,
 I really don't want to seem sour,
 But I don't have.. any change.*

*Consider buying from me a flower,
 before I take a shower,
 I really don't want to seem sour,
 But I don't have.. any change.*

PICKERING: Wait: here's twenty pence.
 LIZA: ***(Disappointed.)*** Thank you, sir.

(Higgins has started to laugh, at first quietly, and then quite loud.)

MRS. PEARCE: What's he laughing at?

HIGGINS: Poor thing. What a horrible voice!

LIZA: What? I have a nice voice. My mother told me!

HIGGINS: Oh dear, oh dear. It's awful.

LIZA: How dare you? **(She is nearly in tears.)**

PICKERING: **(To Higgins.)** Really, sir. You should leave the poor girl alone.

MRS. PEARCE: Yeah, leave her alone.

PICKERING: Sorry sir, but... Why are you taking down every blessed word she is saying?

LIZA: I'm a respectable girl, so help me. **(Liza points to the audience.)** I never spoke to them except to ask them to buy a flower.

PICKERING: Are you a cop? **(To Higgins)**

LIZA: I'm making an honest living. Sir, don't let him charge me.

(Higgins asks for calm.)

HIGGINS: Calm down, calm down. Who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

LIZA: I never done anything wrong.

HIGGINS: Shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

LIZA: Then what did you take down me words for? You just show me what you wrote about me.

(Higgins shows her the notebook.)

LIZA: Oh... What's that? I can't read it.

HIGGINS: I can. **"Ahhh! Look where you're going, dear. Look where you're going."** Tell me... How do you come to be so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

LIZA: Oh, what harm is there my leaving Lisson Grove? It weren't fit for a pig to live in and I had to pay four and six a week...

HIGGINS: Live where you like, but stop that noise.

(Liza begins to cry and bellow.)

PICKERING: Come on... You've a right to live where you please.

LIZA: I'm a good girl, I am.

PICKERING: Yes, yes, yes.

(Higgins points to the audience.)

HIGGINS: And you are from *(name of the city where the play is taking place)*.

MRS. PEARCE: Oh, come on, doing the same thing every day. Stop bragging!

(Higgins turns to Pickering.)

PICKERING: Sir?

HIGGINS: You come from Canada!

PICKERING: Magnificent. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?

HIGGINS: I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall someday.

LIZA: He's no gentleman. He ain't. To interfere with a poor girl.

PICKERING: How do you do it, may I ask?

HIGGINS: Simple phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession. Also my hobby.

LIZA: Ought to be ashamed of himself, unmanly coward.

(Liza keeps moaning in the background.)

PICKERING: Is there a living in that?

HIGGINS: Oh, yes, quite a good one... Woman! Cease this detestable boohooing instantly.

LIZA: I have a right to be here if I like, same as you.

HIGGINS: A woman who utters such disgusting and depressing noises has no right to be anywhere. No right to live. Remember that your native tongue is the language of Shakespeare and Milton...

(Liza throws out an impertinent bellow. The second musical theme begins. Higgins insults Liza's vulgar speech. She defends herself.)

*Everyone is equal in human dignity,
and all of us are free to do any activity,
I'm like you,*

*you are like me,
So, don't trash my ability.*

LIZA: What do you think now? Do I sing well?
HIGGINS: Of course... You don't. I think it's going to rain again!
LIZA: You are a despicable being!
HIGGINS: You see this creature with her kerbstone English? Well, in three months I could make that girl the star in this musical (*Pointing at the theatre behind them. Liza looks up in wonder.*) That's what I can do.
LIZA: Here, what's that you say? Oh, you don't really believe that...
PICKERING: Anything's possible. I am myself a voice teacher in Canada; and...
HIGGINS: Are you? Do you know Pickering, at the Canadian Musical Theatre Company?
PICKERING: I am Pickering. Who are you?
HIGGINS: I'm Henry Higgins, author of Higgins' Universal Alphabet.
PICKERING: (*With enthusiasm.*) I came from Canada to meet you.
HIGGINS: I was going to Canada to meet you.

(They hold hands.)

PICKERING: Higgins!
HIGGINS: Pickering! Where are you staying?
PICKERING: At the Carlton.
HIGGINS: Let me walk you to the hotel, but from tomorrow you will stay at my house, at 27A Wimpole Street.
PICKERING: Done.
HIGGINS: Wait here, I'll make all the arrangements right now.

(Higgins turns to Mrs. Pearce.)

HIGGINS: Mrs. Pearce?
PICKERING: You know her.
HIGGINS: This is my maid, Mrs. Pearce.
MRS. PEARCE: Mr. Higgins, it stopped raining. You can get a taxi home.

HIGGINS: I see it's not raining. But that's not what I'm calling you for. Prepare the guest room. Tomorrow Mr. Pickering will stay with us.

MRS. PEARCE: *Uy sí, que el muchacho está muy apañado.*

HIGGINS: Mrs. Pearce, I teach you English in return for your services. One of the rules is not to speak Spanish.

(Higgins points to the theatre.)

MRS. PEARCE: *De acuerdo señor Higgins...*

HIGGINS: English!

MRS. PEARCE: Well! I'll get everything ready!

(Higgins turns to Pickering.)

HIGGINS: My friend... Do you prefer to walk?

PICKERING: Of course!

(They both walk. Liza follows them closely.)

LIZA: Buy a flower, kind sir.

HIGGINS: I would never pay someone who makes those horrible noises with their mouth. Awful singer.

LIZA: What? You are a horrible person! **(Flinging the basket at his feet.)**

(The church clock strikes the second quarter.)

(Higgins drops a handful of money into her flower basket and follows Pickering.)

HIGGINS: Just a reminder. How many cities have you visited with the theatre?

PICKERING: Oh, well... Let me list them for you: Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Calgary, Whistler, Edmonton, Victoria, Banff...

(Both leave the scene. Liza collects the money and is surprised by the amount.)

(A musical theme begins where both sing and two street workers come out to sing the chorus and dance with them. Finally, Liza is left alone on stage.)

LIZA: Oh! Oh! That person gave me a lot of money.
 MRS. PEARCE: I am very surprised. I am sure he made a mistake. He doesn't usually spend anything.
 LIZA: Really?
 MRS. PEARCE: *Es más agarrao que una bachata.*
 LIZA: What?
 MRS. PEARCE: Nothing, *hija*.
 LIZA: So... Are you working for him?
 MRS. PEARCE: Yes, I am. Oh! Am I saying that right?

(Mrs. Pearce takes an English dictionary out of her bag.)

MRS. PEARCE: Yes, I am. I score one point!

(Mrs. Pearce takes a notebook out of her bag and scores a point.)

Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?

Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?

LIZA: What's that?
 MRS. PEARCE: When I say something correctly in English, I score one point! Higgins is very strict.
 LIZA: You must be the unluckiest maid in the world.
 MRS. PEARCE: Can I give you some advice?
 LIZA: Yes, ma'am.
 MRS. PEARCE: Use that money to take classes from Higgins. He is a really good teacher.
 LIZA: And a silly monster.
 MRS. PEARCE: You are right... but...

(Mrs. Pearce points to the theatre.)

Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?

Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?

*Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?
Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?*

*I'm a Lady, I want to dream now,
I'm a Lady, I want to dream now,
Take the rains, let people say "Wow"
Take the rains, let people say "Wow"*

(They dance.)

MRS. PEARCE: You may be inclined to contact the casting director.

LIZA: Me?

MRS. PEARCE: Yes! He is Nepommuck. He is a former student of Professor Higgins. He is Spanish, like me.

LIZA: But...

MRS. PEARCE: Don't you want to fulfil your dreams? It's time to progress, don't you think?

LIZA: My dreams...

*Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?
Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?
Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?
Don't you want to fulfil your dreams?*

*I'm a Lady, I want to dream now,
I'm a Lady, I want to dream now,
Take the rains, let people say "Wow"
Take the rains, let people say "Wow"
Take the rains, let people say "Wow"
Take the rains, let people say "Wow"*

(They dance and the scene changes.)

LIZA: Well, this is my chance... Taxiiii!

ACT II

(Higgins' laboratory in Wimpole Street. He uses the fingerboard in front of Pickering. Then connects the gramophone to listen to the vowel variants. Mrs. Pearce enters the scene.)

MRS. PEARCE: Mr. Higgins... *Uy, ¡Qué bien le sienta el traje, señor Pickering!*

HIGGINS: What is it, Mrs. Pearce?

MRS. PEARCE: There's a young woman who wants to see you, sir.

HIGGINS: A young woman? What does she want?

MRS. PEARCE: She's quite a common girl, sir. Very common indeed.

HIGGINS: Has she an interesting accent?

MRS. PEARCE: Simply ghastly, Mr. Higgins. I hope I'm not wrong; but you see such strange people sometimes...

HIGGINS: Good. Let's have her in. Show her in, Mrs. Pearce.

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

HIGGINS: This is rather a bit of luck. I'll show you how I make records.

(Both enter the scene. Pearce advises Liza.)

LIZA: *(To Mrs. Pearce.)* But... How do I ask?

MRS. PEARCE: *(To Liza.)* Quiet little girl. Be yourself... *(To Higgins.)* This is the young woman, sir.

LIZA: Good morning, good man. Might I have the pleasure of a word with you face-to-face?

HIGGINS: Oh, no, no, no. This is the girl I jotted down last night. She's no use. I've got all the records I want of the West End Theatre. I'm not gonna waste another cylinder on that. I don't want you.

LIZA: Don't be so saucy. You ain't heard what I come for yet. Did you tell him I come in a taxi? 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?

LIZA: Good enough for you. Now you know, don't you? I'm come to have lessons, I am. And to pay for them too. Make no mistake.

HIGGINS: Well... And, what do you expect me to say?

LIZA: 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, should we ask this baggage to sit down or shall we just throw her out of the window?

(Liza utters a shrill cry.)

LIZA: Oh! I won't be called a baggage. Not when I've offered to pay like any lady.

PICKERING: What do you want girl?

LIZA: I want to learn to sing. I want to enter the casting in the West End Theatre. He said he could teach me. Well, here I am. Ready to pay him, not asking for any favour. And he treats me as if I was dirt. I know what lessons cost as well as you do, and I'm ready to pay.

HIGGINS: Sit down.

LIZA: Oh, if you're going to make a big deal of it...

HIGGINS: Sit down!

LIZA: Oh, anybody would think you was my father.

HIGGINS: If I decide to teach you, I'll be worse than two fathers to you. *(Liza cries and Higgins offers her a silk scarf.)* Here. It's almost irresistible. She's so horribly dirty.....

LIZA: What's this for?

HIGGINS: To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. And remember, that's your handkerchief and that's your sleeve. And don't confuse the one with the other if you want to become an actress.

PICKERING: Higgins, I'm interested. What's your name?

LIZA: Liza Doolittle.

PICKERING: Won't you sit down, Miss, uh, Doolittle?

LIZA: Oh. I don't mind if I do.

PICKERING: What about your boast that you could make Liza the star in that musical theatre, eh? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you can really make that come true. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment that you can't do it. I'll even pay for the lessons. Oh, you're real good. Thank you, Pickering.

HIGGINS: You know, it's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low. So horribly dirty.

LIZA: I ain't dirty. I washed my face and hands before I come, I did.

HIGGINS: I'll take it. I'll make a duchess of this draggle-tailed guttersnipe.

LIZA: Oh!

(Higgins and Pickering remain in the dark in an aside. Liza has prepared to take a bath. Pearce helps her.)

LIZA: I've never had a bath in me life.

MRS. PEARCE: You know, you can't be a nice girl inside if you're dirty on the outside.

LIZA: Oh, what's this? This where you wash clothes?

MRS. PEARCE: This is where we wash ourselves, Liza. And where I'm going to wash you.

LIZA: You expect me to get into that and wet myself all over? Not me...

MRS. PEARCE: Come along. Take your clothes off. Come on, girl, do as you're told. Take your clothes off.

LIZA: No, I won't! Take your hands off me!

Let me, let me go!

Come here!

Let me, let me go!

Let me, let me go!

Come here!

Let me, let me go!

LIZA: Nooo!!! Let me go!!! I am a good girl.

MRS. PEARCE: *Vamos, mujer, que hay que quitarte las costras que tienes...*

(The part where Higgins and Pickering are standing lights up.)

PICKERING: Higgins, if I'm to be in this business, I shall feel responsible for the girl. Are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

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

PICKERING: Yes, very frequently.

Let me, let me go!

Come here!

Let me, let me go!

MRS. PEARCE: I'm sorry sir. We'll be ready in a second.

HIGGINS: Well... Pickering. I find the moment I let a woman make friends with me, she becomes jealous, exacting, suspicious and a damned nuisance. And I find the moment that I make friends with a woman, I become selfish and tyrannical. So here I am, single and happy. And there's nothing that could change that.

(Liza enters with Mrs. Pearce. She is wearing a magnificent dress.)

HIGGINS: Pardon me, but what do you want?

LIZA: It's me.

PICKERING: Liza, are you ready for classes?

LIZA: Yes.

HIGGINS: Yes, I am. It's the polite way.

LIZA: Ok.

HIGGINS: You better say... all right, or I understand.

LIZA: Ok.

HIGGINS: Shall I fire her now?

PICKERING: Patience, Higgins.

HIGGINS: Sit down.

(Liza looks at him sharply.)

HIGGINS: Please.

(Liza sits down.)

HIGGINS: A little test. Say your alphabet.

LIZA: I know my alphabet. I'm not stupid!

HIGGINS: **(Thundering.)** Say your alphabet!

PICKERING: Say it, Miss Doolittle. You will understand. Do what he tells you; and let him teach you.

LIZA: Oh well. Maybe you're right - Ayeeee, bayee, saeye....

- HIGGINS: *(With the roar of a wounded lion.)* STOP! Listen to this, Pickering. This is the education we pay good taxes for. The result is 'Ayee, bayee, sayee...' Liza: say A. B. C. D.
- LIZA: *(Almost in tears.)* But I said it right. Ayee, bayee, sayee...
- HIGGINS: Stop! Say 'A cup of tea.'
- LIZA: A cuppa tae.
- HIGGINS: Put your tongue forward. Now say 'Cup'.
- LIZA: Cu-cu-cu. I can't! *(Finally.)* 'Cup'.
- PICKERING: *(Surprised.)* Good! Well done, Miss Doolittle.
- HIGGINS: That's it. Pickering, we will make her a singer *(To Liza.)*. Next step: say 'Tea' Not taye. If you say beaye, or caeye or daeye again, you will go away immediately. *(Fortissimo.)* T.T.T.T.
- LIZA: *(Weeping.)* I can't see the difference; but it sounds better when you say it.
- HIGGINS: Of course! Why are you crying?
- PICKERING: No, no. Don't worry, Miss Doolittle: you are doing very well. I promise we won't send you away.
- LIZA: Yes. I will practice, I promise.
- HIGGINS: Yes, you must practice. Say it!
- LIZA: I must practice.
- HIGGINS: Good. I must not speak like a horrible street girl.
- LIZA: I must not speak like an 'orrible street girl.
- HIGGINS: No! Did I say 'orrible? Did I?
- LIZA: Yes you did! Don't call me 'orrible.
- HIGGINS: Horrible! Horrible! There is an H at the beginning of that word! Pronounce it girl!
- LIZA: Orrible...
- HIGGINS: HHHHorrible!
- LIZA: Orrible... *(Nearly in tears)*
- HIGGINS: Listen to the sound. HOH!
- LIZA: Hoh...
- HIGGINS: HOHorrible!
- LIZA: Horrible...
- PICKERING: There you are! Well done, Liza.
- HIGGINS: About time. Hotel!
- LIZA: Hotel...

HIGGINS: Hippopotamus!

LIZA: Hippowassamus...

HIGGINS: Could you remember to say every H from now on?

LIZA: Yes, I will. I'm done my best.

HIGGINS: I am doing my best!

LIZA: I am doing my best...

HIGGINS: I am learning to speak English!

LIZA: I am learning to speak English...

HIGGINS: I am annoying my wonderful teacher!

LIZA: I am annoying my wonderful teacher...

HIGGINS: Yes, you are!

PICKERING: Give her a chance, Higgins!

HIGGINS: This is what she wanted! I am teaching her.

LIZA: There ain't no need to be rude to me.

HIGGINS: There is no need! There is no need! The correct way to say it is "there is no need". Ain't is completely incorrect English!

LIZA: There is no need... but I want to learn to sing...

HIGGINS: I will make you speak perfect English first. Then you will sing. You are going to do everything I say.

PICKERING: You must listen to him, Liza. He may be rude, but you will learn a lot from him.

LIZA: I will listen. I'm a good girl.

PICKERING: Let her have a break, you're making her nervous.

HIGGINS: Very well. Go to your room, and practice this: keep your tongue well forward in your mouth. Go away. *(Liza leaves the scene.)*

MRS. PEARCE: Mr. Higgins, we must talk. What is Liza going to do after the musical? You must think of the future.

HIGGINS: *(Impatiently)* Who cares? My shoes are killing me. Where are my slippers?

(Higgins takes off his shoes and looks for the slippers but can't find them.)

MRS. PEARCE: Ah, yes... That's her problem, not yours. ¡*Qué egoísta es el mamarracho!*

HIGGINS: Well, she can go back to the streets.

PICKERING: Excuse me, Higgins. Mrs. Pearce is quite right. If this girl is going to stay here for lessons, she must understand what she's doing.

(Liza enters the scene with the slippers. Higgins takes them and continues talking.)

- HIGGINS:** Oh very well. Liza: you will spend the next six months living here. I will teach you to sing, but also to talk and act like a lady. If you're good, you will sing in a new musical and be a star. If you're not you will go back to the streets immediately. Is that clear?
- LIZA:** *(Rising reluctantly and suspiciously.)* You're so cruel. You don't know how to treat people. I'm a good girl...
- MRS. PEARCE:** Don't talk back.
- LIZA:** I've always been a good girl; and I don't care what you say; and I have feelings...
- HIGGINS:** *Bla, bla, bla...* Are you ready for the next lesson?
- LIZA:** Ok.
- HIGGINS:** Ok? Ok? I'm going to kill myself.
- PICKERING:** Higgins... Please. *(Pickering whispers to Liza.)* "Yes, I am".
- LIZA:** Yes, I am.
- HIGGINS:** Ask for a cup of tea just like a lady.
- LIZA:** A cup of tea!
- HIGGINS:** Very good.
- MRS. PEARCE:** *(Clapping for joy.)* Very good! *La primera vez que lo dije yo fue algo como... Relaxing cup of café con leche.*
- HIGGINS:** Can you say... Have a nice day?
- LIZA:** "Havva nice daeye"
- MRS. PEARCE:** *Ya la hemos liao.*
- HIGGINS:** No, no, no, no, no! That will not do!
- LIZA:** Have a nice deeeeey.
- HIGGINS:** That's not what I said!
- LIZA:** Have a nice day!
- HIGGINS:** Perhaps you can be saved.

ACT III

(A party at Higgins' Laboratory.)

HIGGINS: Now, Liza. It's not just a question of singing. You need to act like an important singer.

LIZA: I understand.

HIGGINS: I'm going to introduce you to the Director of the musical. We need to convince him you can sing in the musical.

LIZA: But what if he doesn't like me?

HIGGINS: He will like you, don't be silly. Now, let's go and say hello.

(One of the guests at the party enters. He is an important-looking young man with an astonishing and hairy face. Recognizing Higgins, he opens his arms wide and approaches him enthusiastically.)

NEPOMMUCK: Maestro, maestro *(He embraces Higgins and kisses him on both cheeks.)* Do you remember me?

HIGGINS: Yes, I do.

LIZA: Great! Yes, I do is the correct form...

(Higgins steps on Liza's foot.)

HIGGINS: Why don't you shave?

NEPOMMUCK: I'm famous for my beard! They call me the bearded singer! And now I train young people to sing. Who is she?

HIGGINS: Oh! She is an amazing actress.

NEPOMMUCK: *(Taking Liza's hand.)* How do you do?

LIZA: *(With a beautiful gravity that awes her host.)* How do you do?

(Pickering enters and approaches Higgins.)

PICKERING: Are we making progress?

HIGGINS: She is talking to the director.

NEPOMMUCK: *(Conversationally.)* Will it rain tomorrow?

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 situation.

NEPOMMUCK: Ha! ha! How funny!

LIZA: What is wrong with that, young man? I'm sure I got it right.

HIGGINS: I'm afraid the plan will be spoiled. (*Higgins wants to go but Pickering stops him.*)

PICKERING: Wait. We must believe in her.

NEPOMMUCK: What is your surname?

LIZA: Liza Doolittle.

HIGGINS: Boom, and the plan blew up.

NEPOMMUCK: Excuse me Liza, Will you let me speak alone with these gentle gentlemen?

LIZA: Of course. (*Nepommuck approaches them.*)

NEPOMMUCK: Higgins... Can I ask you a question?

HIGGINS: Yes, you can.

NEPOMMUCK: Is she a fraud?

PICKERING: A fraud?

NEPOMMUCK: Her name cannot be Doolittle.

HIGGINS: Why?

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

PICKERING: She speaks English perfectly.

NEPOMMUCK: Too perfectly. Can you show me any English woman who speaks English properly?
Only foreigners speak so well.

HIGGINS: So, if she is not English, then what is she?

NEPOMMUCK: Spanish.

PICKERING: Spanish?

HIGGINS: Did you speak to her in Spanish?

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

PICKERING: Spanish and French...

NEPOMMUCK: What do you say, Higgins?

HIGGINS: I say she's a common London Girl taught to speak by an expert.

NEPOMMUCK: Hum... Anyway, she's perfect for the musical. I will ask her to attend the casting.

(Pickering becomes excited and makes gestures, as if wanting to celebrate.)

PICKERING: I feel pain in my back.

NEPOMMUCK: Well gentlemen, I'll see all three of you at Liza's casting.

HIGGINS: Nepommuck!

NEPOMMUCK: Higgins!

PICKERING: Nepommuck!

NEPOMMUCK: Pickering!

(Nepommuck leaves the scene.)

LIZA: I want to leave. Everyone is looking at me. An old lady has told me that I speak exactly like Queen Victoria. I have done my best; but it's impossible.

HIGGINS: You were perfect! You acted like a star! Let's go, it's enough for today and I don't really like these people...

(Higgins goes out but Pickering...)

PICKERING: Higgins, Aren't you going to tell her?

HIGGINS: Ah. Liza, you have an audition with Nepommuck next Friday.

LIZA: Really?

HIGGINS: Yes.

(Higgins goes out.)

PICKERING: Congratulations Liza!

(They hug.)

LIZA: Thank you Higg... Is he gone?

PICKERING: Pay no attention to him. You know how he is. Come, you need some more practice.

(Pickering leaves the scene. Liza leaves too, but looking sad.)

ACT IV

(Higgins and Pickering go down to the stalls to sit and watch the casting with the audience.)

HIGGINS: Well, here we are, Pickering.
PICKERING: I'm so nervous! I hope she does well.
HIGGINS: Oh, she will be fine.
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Well, here we are my friends. Let's see what Liza can do. Are you ready?
LIZA: Em...
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Liza Doolittle. This is your moment. Are you ready?
LIZA: Em...
HIGGINS: Oh, my...
PICKERING: Come on Liza, yes!

(Liza shyly approaches the proscenium.)

LIZA: Yes...
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Well, now. It's time to listen to your voice. Think about the stress you will have to endure.

(Stressful music.)

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): If you pass this test, you will be famous. You will go to all the theatres in the country.
 You will meet millions of people.
PICKERING: That's not fair. He is making the girl nervous.
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): You will walk away from your family.
HIGGINS: It doesn't matter. We know that her father is not exemplary. I have been able to mould her better.
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Even if you are surrounded by thousands of people, you will feel alone.
LIZA: I...
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): We will work so that you have a perfect interpretation.
HIGGINS: He won't be a better teacher than me.
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Are you prepared to endure everything I've said and more?
LIZA: I... don't...
NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Do you want to travel with this show and be my puppet?
LIZA: Puppet?

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Marionette.

LIZA: Marionette?

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): I will make a great artist out of you!

(The underlying theme reaches its zenith.)

LIZA: I... can't.

(Liza leaves and starts going downstairs, but finds Higgins.)

LIZA: Higgins!

HIGGINS: Where are you going?

LIZA: I'm not ready.

HIGGINS: Yes, you are.

LIZA: I feel like I can't.

HIGGINS: I haven't been teaching you all this time just for you to be a coward now. You know what? I agree. Go, run away. I don't need to waste my time. I thought you were my best work, but I see you weren't.

LIZA: What? I don't need your hurtful words.

HIGGINS: So... you need two pats on the back and to hear that you've done it right?

LIZA: NO! Maybe a friend. Maybe you could treat me like a human being. I'm not leaving, Higgins. I'm going to fight to be what I want to be.

(Liza returns to her position on stage.)

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Are you ready?

LIZA: Yes, but let me say something. I won't be anyone's puppet. I will be an actress who will strive to be better. I will work hard but I want to be respected like everyone else. Have all my terms been clear?

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Em... All right. If you succeed in this casting everything you say will be respected.

LIZA: Then we can go on.

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Miss Liza, please. Action!

(She is shy but she soon starts to sing.)

*Now is my moment,
and I can feel it,
don't step up to me,
don't be mordant!*

*I want my present,
and I can feel it,
and I will do it,
without your consent!*

*Don't bring me down,
don't bring me down*

*Now is my moment,
and I can feel it,
don't step up to me,
don't be mordant!*

*Now is my moment,
and I can feel it,
don't step to me,
you don't be mordant!
I want my present,
and I can feel it,
and I will do it,
without your consent!*

*I'll get this event,
and I can feel it,
I will fight for me,
I don't want comments!*

Now is my moment,

*Now is my moment,
and I can feel it,
don't step up to me,
don't be mordant!*

*I want my present,
and I can feel it,
and I will do it,
without your consent!*

*I'll get this event,
and I can feel it,
I will fight for me,
I don't want comments!*

(Pickering claps and they get excited. The two of them take the stage.)

NEPOMMUCK (OFF): Miss. You are in!

(Pickering holds her close. A girl enters the scene.)

GIRL: Would you like a flower, sir?

HIGGINS: No, thank you.

(Higgins leaves the scene.)

PICKERING: You did it! A great actress!

GIRL: Would you like a flower, sir?

PICKERING: I don't have any change, sorry

(Pickering leaves the scene.)

GIRL: Would you like a flower?

LIZA: No thanks.
 GIRL: You did great. Can I have your autograph?
 LIZA: My autograph? Yes...
 GIRL: I don't have any paper... or a pen.
 LIZA: I have an idea. Would you like to see the musical?
 GIRL: Of course!
 LIZA: You are invited.
 GIRL: Thank you!

(The girl holds her close and then leaves the scene.)

LIZA: Higgins?

(Liza leaves the scene.)

ACT V

(Higgins and Pickering enter the study room.)

PICKERING: Can Mrs. Pearce go to bed? We don't need anything else, do we?
 HIGGINS: Lord, no!

(Liza enters. She is tired. She sits down on the bench.)

PICKERING: Mrs. Pearce will be mad if we leave these things lying about in the drawing room.
 HIGGINS: Oh, chuck them over the bannisters into the hall. She'll find them in the morning and put them away. She'll think we were drunk.
 PICKERING: We are, slightly. Are there any letters?
 HIGGINS: I didn't look. I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

(Liza looks at him darkly; then rises suddenly and leaves the room.)

PICKERING: *(Pickering sees the letters.)* Only circulars, and this coroneted billet-doux for you.

(Higgins tears up all the letters. Liza returns with a pair of slippers. She places them on the carpet before Higgins.)

HIGGINS: Oh Lord! What an evening! What a crew! What 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.)* There they are!

PICKERING: Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. I am glad that Liza made it! Congratulations again!

HIGGINS: Thank God it's over!

PICKERING: Were you nervous at the casting?

HIGGINS: Oh, she wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. But this whole teaching thing... It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING: Oh come! The audition was frightfully exciting. My heart was beating like anything.

HIGGINS: Yes, for the first ten seconds. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a cage, hanging about doing nothing.

PICKERING: Liza was doing so well.

HIGGINS: However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without dreading tomorrow.

PICKERING: I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Goodnight. *(He leaves)*

HIGGINS: Goodnight. *(Over his shoulder, at the door)* Put out the lights, Liza; and tell Mrs. Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. *(He goes out)*

(Liza tries to control herself.)

HIGGINS (OFF): 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 strength.)* There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS: What on earth! What's the matter? Anything wrong?

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

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

LIZA: Because you are so selfish! What's going to happen to me?

HIGGINS: I don't know. What does it matter?

LIZA: You don't care. I know you don't care. Who cares if I'm dead, I'm nothing to you... like them slippers.

(Mrs. Pearce and Pickering poke their heads out.)

MRS. PEARCE: *¡Qué jaleo habéis montao!* Ups, sorry, sir. I know, in English. We want to sleep. Can you make less noise?

PICKERING: What's going on?

(They enter completely and sit down. They remain silent.)

MRS. PEARCE: *¡Qué tensión, madre mía!*

(Higgins eats a chocolate and then approaches each of them to offer some.)

PICKERING: No, thanks.

MRS. PEARCE: *Yo sí, que con lo agarrao que es usted hay que aprovechar.*

(He finally offers Liza one. She rejects him by looking away proudly. Higgins pours himself coffee and begins to add sugar.)

PICKERING: Is everything all right?

LIZA: Yes, as long as I'm here to give him the slippers, put up with his temper and fetch and carry for him.

HIGGINS: I don't need your help.

LIZA: No? Mrs. Pearce, Higgins has asked me to tell you that tomorrow he doesn't want coffee. He prefers tea.

HIGGINS: Damn Mrs. Pearce...

MRS. PEARCE: *Oye, mira este!*

HIGGINS: And damn the coffee; and damn you! I can't change my nature. I don't intend to change my manners. My manners are exactly the same as Pickering's.

LIZA: That's not true.

PICKERING: Thank you, Liza.

LIZA: He treats a flower girl as if she were a duchess.

HIGGINS: Well, I treat a duchess as if she were a flower girl.

LIZA: Oh, I see. The same for everybody.

HIGGINS: Just so. The question is not whether I treat you rudely, but whether you've ever seen me treat anyone else better.

LIZA: I don't care how you treat me. I don't mind you swearing at me. But I won't be trod over.

HIGGINS: You talk about me as though I were a motor bus.

LIZA: Just so, you are a motor bus. All bounce and go and no consideration for anybody. But I can get along without you. Don't you think I can't.

HIGGINS: I know you can. I told you, you could. **(Higgins approaches the audience.)** I suppose you've never wondered whether I could get along without you.

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

HIGGINS: So, I can, without you or any soul on earth. I shall miss you, Liza. I've learned something from your idiotic notions. I confess that, humbly and gratefully.

LIZA: Well, you have my voice on your gramophone. When you feel lonely without me, you can turn it on. It has no feelings to hurt. Pickering, will you forget about me now that the experiment is over?

PICKERING: Don't call it an experiment.

LIZA: Thank you for everything, Pickering. Thank you for everything, Mrs. Pearce. I must leave to get on with my life.

PICKERING: **(He shakes her hand.)** Thank you Liza. It was a real pleasure.

MRS. PEARCE: **(With tears in her eyes.)** Take care and take a shower every day.

LIZA: Every day?

MRS. PEARCE: Yes, *cochina*.

(Mrs. Pearce hugs her.)

LIZA: I am leaving and I will not see you again, Professor. Good bye. **(She goes to the door.)**

HIGGINS: Good bye. Oh, by the way, Liza, tomorrow buy me ham and cheese, will you? And buy me a tie to match that new suit. You can choose the colour. ***(His cheerful, careless, vigorous voice shows that he is incorrigible.)***

LIZA: ***(Disdainfully.)*** You have three new ties in the drawer. I don't know what you will do without me. But I learned one thing, I'm not dirt under your feet. ***(She sweeps out.)***

(Pickering and Mrs. Pearce gradually leave the scene. Higgins goes to the gramophone and turns it on to listen to Liza.)

(They stop and look at Higgins. Higgins looks at his bare feet.)

HIGGINS: What the devil have I done with my...?

(Suddenly, Liza enters with his slippers with the intention of smacking him. But she throws them on the ground for Higgins to put on. Then begins a theme song in which the four sing and dance.)

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

I'm a Lady, I want to live now,

I'm a Lady, I want to live now,

Take the reins, let people say "Wow"

Take the reins, let people say "Wow"

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

Don't you want to value my dreams?

I'm a Lady, I want to live now,

I'm a Lady, I want to live now,

Take the reins, let people say "Wow"

Take the reins, let people say "Wow"

Take the reins, let people say "Wow"

Take the reins, let people say "Wow"

THE END