

MY FAIR LADY

HARRY: Well, goodnight to you, Cecil [*Calls into the pub*] Time to go, Alfie!

[DOOLITTLE comes out of the pub. He is resplendently dressed as for a fashionable wedding and might be the bridegroom. A flower in his buttonhole, a dazzling silk hat, and patent leather shoes complete the effect.]

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

DOOLITTLE [*grandly*]: Thank you, my good man. [*He gives him a generous tip*] Here, take the missus a trip to Brighton.

BARTENDER [*gratefully*]: Thank you, Mr Doolittle. [*He goes back into the pub.*]

ELIZA [*who has been watching, astounded*]: Father!

DOOLITTLE [*seeing her*]: You see, Harry, he has no mercy. Sent her down to spy on me in my misery, he did. Me own flesh and blood. [*He goes up to ELIZA*] Well, I'm miserable, all right. You can tell him that straight.

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

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

ELIZA: What has he done to you?

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

ELIZA [*bitterly*]: That sounds like one of his jokes.

DOOLITTLE: You may call it a joke. It put the lid on me right enough! The bloke died and left me four thousand pounds a year in his bloomin' will.

JAMIE [*coming out of the pub*]: Oh, come on, Alfie. In a couple of hours you have to be at the church.