

MRS PEARCE: But what's to become of her? Is she to be paid anything? Oh, do be sensible, sir.

HIGGINS [*impatiently*]: What on earth will she want with money? She'll have her food and her clothes. She'll only drink if you give her money.

ELIZA [*turning on him*]: Oh, you are a brute. It's a lie; nobody ever saw the sign of liquor on me. [*To PICKERING*] Oh, sir, you're a gentleman; don't let him speak to me like that!

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

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

MRS PEARCE: Mr Higgins. I must know on what terms the girl is to be here. What is to become of her when you've finished your teaching? You must look ahead a little, sir.

HIGGINS: What's to become of her if I leave her in the gutter? Answer me that, Mrs Pearce.

MRS PEARCE: That's her own business, not yours, Mr Higgins.

HIGGINS: Well, when I've done with her, we can throw her back into the gutter, and then it will be her own business again: so that's all right. [*He is moved to a chuckle by his own little pleasantry.*]

ELIZA: Oh, you've no feelin' heart in you: you don't care for nothing but yourself. Here! I've had enough of this. I'm going. [*She makes for the door.*]

HIGGINS [*taking her by the arm*]: Eliza! [*Snatching a chocolate cream from the table, his eyes suddenly twinkling with mischief*] Have some chocolates.

ELIZA [*halting, tempted*]: How do I know what might be in them? I've heard of girls being drugged by the like of you.

[HIGGINS *breaks the chocolate in two, puts one half into his mouth and bolts it.*]

HIGGINS: Pledge of good faith, Eliza. I eat one half and you eat the other. [ELIZA *opens her mouth to retort. HIGGINS pops the chocolate*