

HIGGINS: It's only imagination. Nobody's hurting you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl, and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers; that will make you comfortable.

ELIZA: I heard your prayers. 'Thank God it's all over!'

HIGGINS [*impatiently*]: Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

ELIZA [*pulling herself together in desperation*]: What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS [*enlightened, but not at all impressed*]: Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? [*Condescending to a trivial subject out of pure kindness*] Oh, I shouldn't bother about that if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself somewhere or other - though I hadn't quite realized you were going away. You might marry, you know. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort, poor devils. And you're not bad-looking. It's quite a pleasure to look at you at times. [*He looks at her*] Not now, of course. You've been crying and look like the very devil; but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. Come, you go to bed and have a good night's rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap. [*Peering into the box of chocolates, in search of a creamy one. In the process, a genial after-thought occurs to him.*] I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well.

ELIZA: We were above that in Covent Garden.

HIGGINS: What do you mean?

ELIZA: I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me, I'm not fit to sell anything else.

HIGGINS: Tosh, Eliza, don't insult human relations by dragging all that cant about buying and selling into it. [*Not finding a creamy one, he puts the chocolates down*] You needn't marry the fellow if you don't want to.