

HIGGINS: To wipe your eyes. To wipe any part of your face that feels moist. Remember, that's your handkerchief; and that's your sleeve. Don't mistake the one for the other if you wish to become a lady in a shop.

PICKERING: Higgins, I'm interested. What about your boast that you could pass her off as a duchess at the Embassy Ball? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you can make that good. I'll bet you all the expenses of the experiment you can't do it. And I'll even pay for the lessons.

ELIZA: Oh, you're real good. Thank you, Captain.

HIGGINS [*tempted, looking at her*]: It's almost irresistible. She's so deliciously low – so horribly dirty!

ELIZA: Aooooow! I ain't dirty: I washed my face and hands afore I come, I did.

HIGGINS: I'll take it! I'll make a duchess of this draggled-tailed guttersnipe!

ELIZA: Aooooooooow!

HIGGINS [*carried away*]: I'll start today! Now! This moment! Take her away and clean her, Mrs Pearce. Sandpaper if it won't come off any other way. Is there a good fire in the kitchen?

MRS PEARCE: Yes, but –

HIGGINS [*storming on*]: Take all her clothes off and burn them. Ring up and order some new ones. Wrap her up in brown paper till they come.

ELIZA: You're no gentleman, you're not, to talk of such things. I'm a good girl, I am; and I know what the likes of you are, I do.

HIGGINS: We want none of your slum prudery here, young woman. You've got to learn to behave like a duchess. Take her away, Mrs Pearce. If she gives you any trouble, wallop her.

ELIZA: I'll call the police, I will!

MRS PEARCE: But I've got no place to put her.

HIGGINS: Put her in the dustbin.

ELIZA: Aooooow!