

extort money by threats. I shall telephone the police. [He goes resolutely to the telephone on the desk.]

DOOLITTLE: Have I asked you for a brass farthing? I leave it to this gentleman here. [To PICKERING] Have I said a word about money?

HIGGINS: What else did you come for?

DOOLITTLE [sweetly]: Well, what would a man come for? Be human, Governor. [He wheezes genially in HIGGINS' face and rocks him back several paces.]

HIGGINS [recovering]: Alfred, you sent her here on purpose?

DOOLITTLE: So help me, Governor, I never did.

HIGGINS: Then how did you know she was here?

DOOLITTLE: I'll tell ya, Governor, if you'll only let me get a word in. I'm willing to tell ya. I'm wanting to tell ya. I'm waiting to tell ya.

HIGGINS: Pickering, this chap has a certain natural gift of rhetoric. Observe the rhythm of his native woodnotes wild: 'I'm willing to tell you; I'm wanting to tell you; I'm waiting to tell you.' That's the Welsh strain in him. [To DOOLITTLE] How did you know Eliza was here if you didn't send her?

DOOLITTLE: She sent back for her luggage, and I got to hear about it. She said she didn't want no clothes. What was I to think from that, Governor. I ask you as a parient, what was I to think?

HIGGINS: So you came to rescue her from worse than death, eh?

DOOLITTLE [relieved at being so well understood]: Just so, Governor. That's right.

HIGGINS: Mrs Pearce, Eliza's father has come to take her away. Give her to him.

DOOLITTLE [desperately]: Now wait a minute, Governor, wait a minute. You and me is men of the world, ain't we?

HIGGINS: Oh! Men of the world, are we? You'd better go, Mrs Pearce.

MRS PEARCE: I think so indeed, sir! [She goes with dignity.]

DOOLITTLE: Governor, I've taken a sort of fancy to you. [Again he