

MY FAIR LADY

ELIZA 3.2

HIGGINS: Don't you dare try that game on me! I taught it to you!
Get up and come home and don't be a fool! You've caused me
enough trouble for one morning!

MRS HIGGINS: Very nicely put, indeed, Henry. No woman could
resist such an invitation.

HIGGINS: How did this baggage get here in the first place?

MRS HIGGINS: Eliza came to see me, and I was delighted to have her.
And if you don't promise to behave yourself, I shall have to ask you
to leave.

HIGGINS: You mean I'm to put on my Sunday manners for this
thing I created out of the squashed cabbage leaves of Covent
Garden?

MRS HIGGINS [*calmly*]: Yes, dear, that is precisely what I mean.

HIGGINS: I'll see her damned first! [*He walks to the rear of the conserva-
tory and paces back and forth noisily.*]

MRS HIGGINS [*to ELIZA*]: How did you ever learn manners with my
son around?

ELIZA [*sweetly, but making certain her voice carries*]: It was very difficult.
I should never have known how ladies and gentlemen behave if it
hadn't been for Colonel Pickering. He always showed me that he
felt and thought about me as if I were something better than a
common flower girl. You see, Mrs Higgins, apart from the things
one can pick up, the difference between a lady and a flower girl is
not how she behaves, but how she is treated. I shall always be a
flower girl to Professor Higgins because he always treats me as a
flower girl and always will. But I know that I shall always be a lady
to Colonel Pickering because he always treats me as a lady, and
always will.

[*There is a strange gnashing noise from the rear of the conservatory.*]

MRS HIGGINS: Henry, please don't grind your teeth.

[*The PARLOUR-MAID enters.*]

MAID: The vicar is here, madam. Shall I show him into the garden?

MRS HIGGINS [*horrified*]: The Vicar, and the Professor? Good Heavens,
no! I'll see him in the library.